Four or five men kept the secret of the island treasure, but all the Provinces of Mexico were at last honeycombed with the plots of a broadening revolution, guided by a master hand. The Secretary of the Vicedreamer to a man of action and a master of events. At last he knew what a great destiny lay before the land of New Spain. Once separated from the mother country, it should extend from the isthmus of Dari to the Russian fur settlement of Sitka. It the Viceroy would lend in the revolution he should rule till the day of his death, but if the Vicercy could not rise to the situation he must be set aside. There were other men in the world, even he himself, the Sec-

In the midst of all this the Secretary was stricken with so sore a paralysis that he could neither speak nor move. The Vice-roy, already on the eve of his fatal recall, hastened to his side. So strange and pow-erful was the look in the eyes of the man that his master sat for hours trying to discover the secret that they tried to tell. "You have something to tell me?"
"Yes! yes!" said the agonized look.

"Is it the revenues?" the Viceroy asked

Yes! yes!" said the look of the Secre My poor friend, all that you have taken

from Mexico, Mexico gives to you, and asks no further question." Still the eyes glowed with stronger desire of expression and the master saw that there was more to tell, but he could not reach the full solution of the problem. He" only discovered that there was a treasure-a hidden reasure of enormous value, and that it had been accumulated for an especial purpose. There the clew failed, and Revillagigedou few days later followed the body of the Secretary to his grave.

The executors found nothing for many The executors found nothing to tarry years. At last, among the Secretary's papers, a bit of parchinent turned up, papers, a bit precise penmanship: "The papers, a bit of parenment turne headed in his precise penmanship: Revillagigedo Fund."

Then followed item for item, as follows: Estimated value of Yaqui gold. \$78,000,000
Value of pearls and precious stones: 13,000,000
Value of silver, in bars. 26,000,000
Value of other arricles contributed to the fund. 2,000,000

The Revillagigedo family were in old Spain, living in poverty on the memory of former greatness. The Viceroy was a feeble old man, who had lost all his mubitions. The Secretary's descendants and his execu-fors became almost frenzied with the lust of gold, and they it is who accumulated the gradual narrative which, in a dozen different handwritings, has now become the "family romance" of one of the most noted of one by shipwreck, that one in a low brawl in a Mex'enn "fonds," another the victim of an Apa-Arraid. All were gone, long before the searchers for the treasure knew that t lay in the rocky islands off the coast of

The revolution broke up the families that knew the storr, rendered them penniss, and made the immediate bread-andter demands of life so pressing that they had no time to think of the forgotten poli-tician's purse of Formanatus in the lava edy of the isle of Saint Thomas. A few of them sneaked over to the islands once or twice, in a half-hearted way, as fishermen or coast traders, but they found no treasure. Not thus lightly did that thief-hero, the pajest Secretary, hide his viceregal funds for equipment of fleets and the arming of Only a man that is as great as he n the elements of foresight and endurance shall ever cleave his way to the Revilla-

The California representative of this old Spanish family once planned to fit out an expedition to the island, but the American conquest of the province brought him to overty, and he was never able to carry out cheme. He prefers to sit in the wine loop and telk with his old companions of he days before the "Gringos" came. His old ambitions are dead, and he has no dereconnants. He keeps the manuscript that lates to the Revillagigedo treusure, as he come into his procession—none of them are none of them ever go out of his hands. But if a man has won of these old documents, and in this way the corv of the Viceroy and his Secretary came to my knowledge.

NOTE.-Even while this account is being prepared for the press, tidings come of the death of the man to whom this last parain the writer is indebted for the greater part of the information contained in the coling article, died a few days ago in an old Spanish mansion near Castro-ville, Monterey county. With him disappears one of the most stately relies of a anishing civilization. C. H. S.

AMERICAN SERIAL STORIES. THE DISPATCH has concluded arrange-

ments for serial stories by novelists of renown, whose names are a sufficient guar er of the intrinsic excellence of the works to be presented in these columns. They are Jules Verne, Bret Harte, Edgar Fawcett, Emma Sheridan and Anna Katharine Green. first novel of the series will begin in THE DISPATCH of Sunday next, June 21 it will be emitted "The Californians; or Captain and Captain's Wife," by Jules Verne, In this serial the great French author shows an astonishing familiarity with this country, its people, customs, geography and rees. Begin with the opening chapters NEXT SUNDAY.

CATCHING A SHOPLIFTER.

The Experienced Detective Doesn't Interrupt Her at Her Work. New York Sun. 1

The experienced detective allows his sus pected shoulifter to leave the store. He folows close behind, and often allows her to go a block or more before he touches her on the arm, lifts his hat politely, and says with a smile:

"Madam, don't you think it would be better to go back and pay for those articles you took from the store? If you take my advice you will go quietly, for I am a police officer and will arrest you right here if necessary. But there is no need of having a public scene unless you choose. Go back with me quietly and people will think I am an acquaintance of yours."

The woman generally accepts the situaon with a woman's quickness of compre hension, and returns with a bow and a But there is generally a scene of amentation in the quiet upstairs room, to which the detective takes her for an interview with the superintendent- of the store.

POCKET OF A SHOPLIFTER.

The Old Style Kind Would Held Enough to Start a Small Store. New York Sun, 1

nally so big that when fastened under the detective work he permits people to think dress at the waist, it reached below the | so. knee. There is a long opening through the dress just below the waisthand, sometimes hig enough to thrust a haby in. The opening is covered from view by a flap of the waist, which, however, can be lifted up. Semetimes these peckets are found with alnost enough merchandise inside to start a

Large pockets are seldem used nowadays, because most stores are so carefully watched that professional shoplifters are therefore contented with smaller daily hauls than formerly. Besides, modern fushions do not permit of the safe gathering of much bulk

Keeping Their Distance Philindelphia Times.]

There is no denying that the ladies in charge will readily and familiarly talk to strangers over the telephone without the formality of an introduction, but no caviler will deny they keep them at a distance.

OF HAMLET. The Most Serious Was That a Chap

Named Shakespeare Played.

COULDN'T WORK ANY LOCAL GAGS.

The Play, Itself, Was Rotten, and Had Too

Much Red Blood on It.

CRITICISM WITHOUT ANY PASS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

HE following-so far as I know - unpublished criticism of the acting of Mr. William Shakespeare in one of his own plays, is given herewith, those parts only having been supplied where the writing has become so exceedingly dim that it cannot be longer de-

Last evening Mr. William Shakespeare appeared at this place in a piece which he has written himself, and called "Hamlet," a play with which he has been aforetime doing the one night towns. His troupe came in from the West on a lend of hay at about 11 o'clock and played before the Mayor at 2 oleldek in order to get a liceuse to play here this week at the Globe, under the management of John Burbage.

当份

Wanted an Unbinsed Criticism. We would naturally think that John Burbage would have enough "savey" about s 78,000,000 bage would have enough "savey" about him, even if this young scene eater of his 26,000,000 did not, to see that the press might be decently treated and suitable seats provided for its representatives, but, as nearly as we are able to make out, the bright young poacher from Avon desired to have an entirely imprejudiced opinion regarding his debut, and if he will east his eye over these columns he will probably read in these lines a good imitation of a man trying to write an unbiased and entirely unpartisan opinion of a play after paying for his tickets.

Dick Burbage, Larry Fletcher, Gus Phil-lipps, Jack Heminge, Hank Condell, Billy Sly. Bob Arnim and Dick Cowley supported Shakespeare fairly well, but not so well as Spanish Californians. But by the time that the story was gathered from so many sources, and by so many mosnic hints, the brother of the Secretary and the two or three men who had helped to hide the "Revillagigedo Fund" were dead, this souvenir night, and in answer to a loud and pressing call on the part of the public he would substitute "Fanchon," with Maggie Mitchell in the title role.

Shakespeare's Stomach Was Empty. "Hamlet" is a sort of Scandinavian or Danish play. Shakespeare takes the title role, but he lacks a good deal of taking the Most of the audience were worried all the evening, and several even inquired of the star openly what was eating him. Shakespeare said afterward that he thought the play was too subtle for our people. Also that he could have played better if he had had something to eat during the day. Shakespeare is essentially a tank actor, and when h tries to elevate the stage he should do it by mechanical means.

We could not help feeling sorry for Dick Burbage, who played Ophelia, last evening. His whiskers cast a gloom over the charac-ter, and when he stepped on his dress and tore out all the gathers in the front breadths he would have been indeed tough who could have sat there and laughed and cracked hickory nuts, as some near us done last night. The day may come when the stage will be elevated, but if Bill Shakespeare is going to do it he will have to get more of a move on him than he had last night, he can safely bet his sweet life. As it is now an actor is regarded here as a sort of a leper in grease paint, and we look to somebody with more intellectual pap and high purposes than this canvas covered Handet from the interior which it has sunk.

He Apple

this sad condition of things, for last even-ing after the alleged play, and while wash-ing off his makeup at the horse-trough back of the old Globe Theater, he was approached by a young schoolmistress from White-chapel road, who had a plush album, and graph refers. General Manuel Castro, to lafter drying his hands on her apron with profuse apologies, wrote as follows:

O for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners
breeds. noe comes it that my name receives a

brand, And almost thence my nature is subdued To what it works in like the dyer's hand.

"You are welcome to the verse," he said, as he gave her back the album and stylo-graphic pen, "but if there be yet anything in your dinner fail, e'en though it be but a despised Bacon rind, I would take it most kindly, fair one, II 1 magar beneath the lid and find, mayhap, besides, beneath the lid and find, mayhap, With that kindly, fair one, if I might sock my snoot



he did straightway clean out the dinner bucket of the wench, as he had fasted all the from Albuquerque, where he last

Hamlet, it would appear, is a prince whese father dies in such a manner as to create talk, and a sort of Staten Island inquest fails to throw any light on the subject, though Hamlet has his suspicions that his uncle and his mother together have put up a job on the old man. This works on Ha The shoplister's pecket is a well-known let so much that some think he is a little device. It is made of muslin and was origi- warped mentally, and in order to do a little

The Ghost Was Unsatisfactory.

His father finally returns in the form of a ghost and describes the whole thing to Hamld. Last evening the Ghost was played by an unknown party who has formerly played the Croak of a Concealed Frog in "Fanchon the Cricket." He has also played the croak in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He is not a good actor, being altegether too restless for a ghost. In a ghost the chief charms are, if you please, cheerfulness and repose. Moreover, the Ghost last evening was noticed by those who had good seats in front of members of the press—to wet its finger and pinch a flea that had concealed itself beneath the royal armor during the most tragic portion of the play.

And now, briefly, let us speak of the play. Passing over the fact that Shakespeare cannot act a little bit, and that all his methods are peculiarly the property of a former decade, also that his business is decade, let us treat of the play with which this sometime poacher and sometime play-

wright has come to town. Not only is Hamlet abnormally fatal, being nothing but a funeral procession and lunatic asylum on a

Was Soured on Religion We need not 'go far back in the career of this rural playwright to discover the cause of this attack upon all that is good. Shakespears, it seems, several years ago, at Avon, owing to his somewhat tardy nuptials and general shiftlessness, was blackballed by the Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor, and ever since that time he has sought in every way to get even. He now goes out of his way to say to the priest in

Wanted an Unbiased Criticism I tell thee, churlish priest, A ministering angel shall my sister be When thou liest howling.

This shows the littleness of the Smart Alick of Avon, who has come to town to elevate the metropolitan stage. And now regarding the fatal nature of "Hamlet." From the time the curtain goes up on the first act until it descends on the last ope there is nothing but death and lunacy. We there is nothing but death and lunacy. We came home last night wondering why some enterprising man did not go to Denmark and open an asylum with an embalming works connected with it. While the rightful King is sleeping off the effects of a dinner and reception given to Major Pond and Henry M. Stanley on the previous evening, his wife, who has been looking over the royal bedstead with a small can of corrosive sublimate, suddenly decides to fill the old man's ear with what she has left, and in less than a week the throne has been

A Veritable Jack the Ripper

And so it goes. Death reigns everywhere after that. Each act closes with enough carnage to tickle the palate of Front Bout or to gorge the appetite of Herod the Great. In fact Shakespeare may be termed the Jack the Ripper of the English stage.



Shakespeare Explains.

bushes and kills Polonius. Ophelia gets to thinking too hard on The Higher Education and goes crazy, after which she jumps off the dock. Finally, the fifth, or Philip Armour abattoir act, closes the play with tour dead people on the stage and 150 dead-heads in the audience.

Shakespeare ought to dramatize The Deluge, or The Plague, or Custer's Last Charge, or Greenwood Cemetery. "Hamlet" does not give him scope enough. An old lady who sat in the shall forward of our own last verying woodered why. Shakespeared did. evening wondered why Shakespeare did not marry Hamlet and Ophelia, and put them in charge of a large and thrifty asylum, instead of killing them off. We could not tell her.

No one could tell her. How It Might Be Improved. "Hamlet," in short, is morbid and imossible. Denmark was chosen as the seen because no one knows anything of Denmark, and an unprincipled dramatist feels free to toy with the truth in his treatment and his metif. We predict that "Hamlet" will finish out the week with a papered house and a biting frost. The play will never again be heard of. It is ephemeral, ribald, coarse, morbid, sacrilegious, untruthful, devoid of cal gags, and does not in any way appeal to the better element of this place

If Hamlet could jump into the tank and rescue Opheia, and then sing a popular song while she was putting on some dry clothes, she getting back in time to strike in with : clear contralto and skirt dance, the play might go on, but instead of this Lacrtes in sults the priest at the grave of his own sister, Hamlet picks on his mother through five acts and then gives her a gourd full of poisoned boneset, stabbing his stepfather and cutting Laertes open from the anterior convolution of the windriff southwest to the left lobe of the watch pocket, thus allowing the cold night air to whistle through the drapery of his digestive doings. Briefly, let us say to the provincial press and managers that "Hamlet" will not do. We are glad to hear that the company is mbarrassed. In an interview with a porter of this paper last evening, when asked about his gestures, Shakespeare flip-pantly replied that his "Hamlet" gestures were attached at Jasper, and so last night he had to use the gestures that belong

EDISON AS A MONOPOLIST.

He Owns the Magnetic Ore and Will Make the Iron Men Sweat,

New York Sun.] It is not generally known that Edison is a mine owner and an iron smelter. But it is a fact that he probably controls more iron ore than any other one man. There are vast beds of magnetic iron ore in New Jersey, but the process of smelting magnetites was not profitable because of its difficulty. It struck Edison one day that he could separate the iron from the rock by means of a magnet. He broached his scheme to several large iron smelters, and they laughed at him. He kept trying, he said recently for several years to interest iron men in his plan for the reduction of magnetites, but without success. Finally, he determined to

go into it himself. He organized a company among the work-men in his laboratory. The company se-cured leases on every magnetic bed of prom-ise this side of Michigan. There are plenty of iron men now who are wildly anxious to go into the scheme. But Edison does not want them. "They can't get in now," he says. "I've got all the magnetite beds. I can make pig iron lots cheaper than those fellows can, and I'm going to wipe those Lehigh Valley fellows off the face of the

RYE THAT INTOXICATES.

It Doesn't Have to Be Put Through a D tillery to Do H, Elther.

Paris Edition New York Herald.] In several of the commune situated in the Department of the Dordogne the rye of last year's crop has shown singular and very clearly marked poisonous properties. Persons who had caten it were seized with a general sensation of numbress, and some of them fell into such a condition of torpor and distress that it was necessary to pick them up and carry them home.

Animals, dogs, pigs and poultry, to which bread made from this rye has been given, became listless and stupid, and refused to eat or drink for 24 hours. The effects produced by this poisonous rye are not similar to those produced by ergot; it should also be mentioned that a similar occurrence has recently happened pear Vladivostock in

recently happened near Vladivostock, the Russian possessions in Asia. The study of the grains of the intoxicating rye has shown that there is in their interior fungous growth that invades the external

ONCE tried, no more corns. Daisy Corr

Cure. 15 cents; of druggists.

CLUBS FOR WOMEN.

Not Those of Wood, but the Kind That Have Constitutions.

SOME LEADING ORGANIZATIONS. The Third Term Question and What the Fair

Sex Think of It. USUAL EFFECT OF PRAYER MEETINGS

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. As we all know there is an unwritten law in the United States against a third term for a President. Perhaps it should be called a pet prejudice. Why a man whom the people are deligted to honor, who has endeared himself to them by his uprightness and ability in their service, who has shown himself to be worthy of the high position by purity of character and exalted powers of statesmanship, who has filled the office with credit to himself and in a manner to best serve the interests of the country, should not be eligible to a third term is hard to see, and can only be explained that though "a fear of change perplexes monarchs," change for the people has great charms. Or else the idea is held as principle that eight years upon a throne is honor enough for any man.

A poor, weak, miserable King serves as a ruler for life by virtue of his blood, but fear of change perplexes monarchs," change

ruler for life by virtue of his blood, but no man in this country is permitted to assume the powers of President for more than eight years by either blood or brains. This is a good rule when Presidents, as does occur, are merely puppets set up by poli-ticians for their own purposes, or when they are only the creatures of accident or compromise, as has happened.

Where We Are Inconsistent. Why this undefined law of change should hat goes in for and learns to play Moody be enforced as to some officers of the Gov-Why this undefined law of change should ernment and not to others is somewhat of a mystery. The judges of the Supreme Court are rarely selected for eminent ability, but rather by favoritism, partisan, or political influence. They are, to be sure, presumed to be learned in the law and to be above reproach as to character, but not necessarily to be men possessed of the greatest brains and powers of judgment. They are appointed by the President and serve during good behavior, which means mostly for life.

The Supreme Court is held in vast respect, but after all some of its members have in no way distinguished themselves beyond the ordinary lawyer. They are lucky in hering attained to life positions, high henors and fat salaries. A softer sit than that of a Supreme Judge it would be hard to find \$10,000 for the lot; the building will cost in the way of an office. No thorns as to re-moval or the chances of election in his pillow if he behaves himself. No uncertain-ties, no fidal waves of change upset his soul or roll across his peaceful breast. He can sit around in silken gown with the satisfaction of security in place and power. No rushing or hustling in canvassing for votes or mending of fences print wrinkles upon his brow or give care to his heart. How Men Do in Business.

As concerns their own special business men believe in continuity of office and not retation. A faithful, capable man is held on to with tenacity. On the presumption that it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of "old and tried servants" are preferred. In all companies, cornerations and associations for making corporations and associations for making money trusted men of years and experience are the mainstay and the rock of repose for their employers. To men versed in the best methods of conducting business, it would seem the height of idiocy to retire their trained and efficient assistants at the end of a four years' term and take on new and green hands. The New York Central would not dream of retiring Chauncey Depew as President to give some other man a chance to show his mettle. It would never occur to the Pennsylvania Railroad to continually change their officers on the chance of getting better ones. Having men position, they are retained in office regardess of any rules of rotation. By a raise in wages, by increase of privileges and other devices of appreciation, valuable assistants and treasured officials are retained in both

business and domestic life. Only in politics is "rotation in office" held as a principle. No matter how good a No matter how good a man the Mayor of this city may be, no mat-ter how well fitted he may show himself for the place, nor how well pleased the people may be with his administration, he steps down and out at the end of his term, and makes way for a new and untried man. A President, however popular, may get a sec-ond term, but not a third.

Washington Couldn't Get Three Terms. Even the beloved Washington was subected to the most scurrilous abuse and detraction to prevent any prospect of his elec-tion for a third term. Not that he desired it, for he keenly felt the truth of Ben Jon-son's saying: "His cares must still be son's saying: "His cares must still be double to his joys, in any dignity." Jef-ferson, one of the greatest of Americans in judgment and intellect, was accorded but two terms. Jackson, the idol of the people, was retired at the end of eight years, though he may be said to have been smart enough to have secured a third term through Van Buren. Lincoln, so loved and revered, had he lived, would doubtless have been "left" y his party at the close of his second term. by his party at the close of his second term.

Even Grant, the great General and beloved President, failed of the third term, so aniently desired and so bitterly opposed. The mighty power of the famous 306 could not beat down the prejudice against a third term. The luck of obscure men, not wanted by the people, in attaining the high honor of the Presidency is famous—and, we may add, inlamous. To rise to the princely powers of the White House chair, does not powers of the White House chair require that the candidate should be a man of towering intellect or the possessor of noblest executive powers, but rather that he should be a man managable by the poli-ticians or an embodiment of a compromise.

What Women Think of It. All of the arguments pro and con on this subject of rotation in office seemed to be on the ends of the tongues of the women composing the Council of the Confederation of Woman's Clubs. A limited term of office was stoutly and ably advocated by several of the sisters with reference to the official organization of the Confederation. But eir views met with strong opposition. The diversity of opinion made the discussion exceedingly entertaining, but no conclusion was reached. Having no pecuniary per-quisite attached, with no official gifts to be stow, with much of work and responsibility the position of President of a woman's club is not "run after" as is the Presidency of the Republic. But, as a show of trust and mark of appreciation, it is highly valued, and that it is not unworthily bestowed was made very plain at the recent council, which represented the woman's clubs

hroughout the country.

Julia Ward Howe, who has been President of the New England Woman's Club, since it was organized a number of years ago, will never be allowed to retire from the position judging from the enthusiasm of the club women of Boston in her favor, and the prestige of her name. Although over the three score years and ten limit, she seems to be yet in the prime of her intel-lectual powers. With her wealth of knowledge, her wisdom in management and "wearing the triple grown of poet, scholar and reformer," she maintains her hold upon the hearts and votes of her fellow mbers as firmly as does Gladstone upon the Liberal party of England.

She Keeps to the Front, Her daughters-Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott nd Mrs. Florence Howe Hall-are following closely in their mother's intellectua footsteps and are winning fame as writers, but she is no more remanded into the chimney corner or the retired list than are Salisbury and Brother Blaine. As may be inferred, she is something of a mugwump on the Massachusetts pattern, and favors the

retention in office as long as the incumbent is honest, capable and deserving.

Mrs. Robinson, also from the good old town of Boston, who has somehow gained the name of a "chronic kicker" made a strong speech in opposition. Her idea was change, change, change so as to give every woman a chance to show her powers every woman a chance to show her powers. Her plea was not so much to hold fast to that which is good, but to let go every year in the hope of catching on to something better. The sense of the meeting seemed to be against this view. Many old saws, the condensed wisdom of poverbs, and modern instances were quoted by both sides in lively style. In very many of the clubs repre-sented the term of office is unlimited. With a secret ballot as the rule, full freedom of choice is given and the members follow bus-iness principles and hold on to those who recommend themselves by good work and

executive ability.

The President of the Confederation. Which plan is most desirable and profit able is for the members of each club to deeide for themselves. But it is a matter of larger moment as to the Confederation, which now includes somewhere about 150 clubs. Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, the now acting President of the Confederation favors rotation in office. She argues strongly that fairness and common justice demand rotation—that "it tends to harmony and good fellowship, that it sets up new milestones in the march of progress and prevents falling into ruts." Mrs. Brown's argument was directed chiefly at the presidence of the president of the presiden

skill in warding off antagonisms. She is a near relative of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and shows some of the philosophical traits of character of that great man. On of the best off-hand speakers was Mrs. Ketcham, of the Indianapolis Woman's Club. She re ports that in Indiana the club idea i raging. In that part of the country the old-fashioned sun-bonnet meant darkness, the adoption of a hat is the first step in pro-gress, the next is when the wearer of the she joins a woman's "club," and enlight-ment follows. In Indianapolis the women have erected a fine three-story building for club uses at a cost of \$20,000. There are 400 stockholders, the shares were \$25, and the money was raised with but little trouble. The originator of the project was Mrs. May Wright Sewall. It is named classically "the Propylacum." Some of the misguide "the Propylacum." Some of the misguide men soon christened it "the Cockalorum"

much to the amusement of the sisters.

Don't Like Hensel and Pattison. Another of the good speakers was Mrs. Mary A. Numford, President of the New Century Club of Philadelphia, organized in the centennial year. The women of this about \$30,000. The shares are \$50, and have all been taken except \$3,000 by the members of the club. This New Century is the club which applied for a charter, and the Attorney General Hensel decided that such could not be issued to married women. In this opinion Brother Pattison coincided. This rather gave the club sisters a cold chill, and the most conservative of them felt that they had not all the rights they wanted. In order to lose no time they de-cided to take out the charter in the names ot the "spinsters" in the club. By this time the fact was brought out that Mr. Hen-sel and Governor Pattison were wrong, so

the charter was secured without going into the Legislature for a new law. The hall of this clubhouse will be rented for women's meetings and various purposes for which it is suitable, and the club mem-bers have no fears that it will not be a paying investment. In the town of Fryburg, in Maine, the Woman's Club had secured headquarters by one of its wealthy mem-bers paying the rent and buying the carpet, while each member contributed her own

chair. How the world has changed as to women and their ways in a score of years or less!

The direst things were predicted of the homes and the cradles when women began to hold meetings and attend conventions, none of which have come to pass.

Women find in their club meetings rest, refreshment, new thoughts and fresh inspiration for their business in life. One busy mother of six children told the writer that she never had time to go anywhere but to "the club," and this did her more goo even than going to church. In her busy hours of sewing and doing housework she had new ideas, new knowledge to think over and talk over with the children, and thus she was educating them, in this way,

The prayer meeting used to be supposed to be about the only little bit of recreation that a busy and burdened mother should steal an hour for, but whoever found rest and refreshment from the melancholy and long-winded prayers of an old drone of a deacon who fondly imagined he was gifted in that line? Whoever found recreation and enjoyment in dolorous hymns that moved to nothing but depression and the blues. The same old story of sin and satan of punishment and death, the horror of non-

ection, and the uncertainty of salvation do not conduce to cheerfulness or joy. A woman's club widens a woman's mind t lessens prejudices and kills superstition. It gives her pleasure to meet her it answers to her desire for knowledge, trains her to express her thoughts, and takes from her that narrowness of mind takes from her that narrowness of mind which can see no good outside of her own creed or set. It leads her to recognize the good in all and to respect the rights and opinions of those who differ. It encourages her to think for herself, to use her own brains, to cultivate her own powers. Although the clubs for women are growing on all sides, the home is still preserved, the country is still safe, and the world still goes around as of old.

The croakers are not all dead, but they

are a little more chary of their prophecies of evil. The men who once professed to be greatly alarmed over women's wanting to know, you know, are beginning to get over their scare. They are not "yammering" so much now for the angelic beings so sweetly ignorant as not to know that two and two made four without asking their husbands at The day has gone by when wome only showed brains enough to be bigoted charms. BESSIE BRAMBLE.

HOW THE BANANAS GROW. The Mission of a Tree Is Finished When It Has Borne One Bunch.

It is a peculiar fact that but one bunch of bananas grows on a tree. After the fruit has been cut the tree is then cut down to the ground, and from the stump another tree sprouts, which bears another bunch the following year. The greatest trouble of farmers is to keep the farms clear of spouts. They shoot up from the roots of the tree for a radius of ten feet and grow like weeds. As the fruit is cut from the trees it is ed on the backs of little pack donkeys and transported in this way to the coast. One donkey can carry from three to six bunches, according to the size of the buncher and the distance from the coast. In the season at Baracoa there are more than 3,000 donkeys that stretch along in a line for miles plodding toward the coast with their loads of bananas. During the past year or two, however, this mode of transportation has been improved upon at Baracoa by the advent of a railroad. The fruit from Jamaica is considered by dealers to be the largest, best and most salable. This is said to be owing to the fact that the fruit is allowed to remain larger on the trees and is more fully however, this mode of transportation remain longer on the trees and is more fully matured than from any other section.

Johnstown, Pa. Rev. Solomon E. Dorer, of the German Baptist denomination, says:
We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera
and Diarrhoea Remedy on several occasions.
Once on a boy for cholera morbus. It gave
relief in 20 minutes. I believe it is a good
medicine and should be in every home. LEARNING TO

Most People Do Not Do It Until It Is Too Late to Be of Use.

THE NONSENSE ABOUT INSOMNIA.

Well-Meaning Cooks Are Responsible for Brainworkers' Woes.

NEED OF GOOD FOOD AND PHILOSOPHY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] O doubt between 3 and 45 we learn more

than in the generation we lived before. Between 40 and 45 we accomplish more, probably, than in the score of working years which precede that time. Alas, that when the machine runs at its surest and smoothest we awaken to its pos-

sibility of wearing out, and have perforce to learn the last and wisest lesson of usefulness-how to rest and take care of ourselves. We have made attempts and pretenses at rest before, which consisted in changing one pleasing toil for another, racing through Europe or the Pacific tour, or spending summer at a seaside hotel or the Thousand Isles, which is very much like going to a Dutch dance for a night's repose.

In the forties, just half way through life,

with its ripest and best before us, we are compelled to learn to recruit in earnest. We have spent much more than half our vital force in half our lives. There are but two alternatives, to go on as others do, keeping ourselves up to the mark by men-tal and physical stimulants, to feel our energies die out as miserably as most or to tudy the real wants of the human machine, to keep it in good working order to the

The Art of Living.

A few accomplish this in every age, not A few accomplish this in every age, not seldom against untoward circumstances, and the result is so enviable that it is a wonder the race does not make it a prime study to learn how to live. The art is very little understood, and those who think they know it best are signally wanting. The people who live by rule lay life out on too natrow lines; they think entirely of the oiling and cleaning and polishing of the machine, not of the lacework or the finely forced steel it turns out. Between taking forged steel it turns out. Between taking pills and powders and "treatments" of some sort and testing their effect, they lose effi-

ciency for anything else.

If you and I could go back to 20 years again, don't you think we would lay our lives out differently? Instead of romance and sentiment, we would have paid more attention to physiology, read fewer two volume novels at a sitting, sat up fewer nights talk-ing till 2 o'clock and routed a host of melancholy moods and nervous symptoms by discovering that outdoor work half the ime was the one thing indispensable for nervous-muscular people.

What Might Have Been. Instead of worrying about questions of love and whether the attraction of the moment was the lifelong destiny or not, we would have kept crude susceptibilities well in hand, secure that years would render them no less keen, but vastly more vibrant possessing and inspiring. We would not have taken failures to heart in such prostrating fashion, foreseeing that men outlive many failures in a life and many burnt fingers, and we should have quit worrying about the universe and trying to shoulder its woes much sooner than we did, and have attended strictly to our own affairs till we had the mastery of them before undertaking much for those of others. Still, 40 is not oo old to begin over again, with health or the capacity for regaining health. Nature is very much kinder than we think, and often offers us terms of relief we are too

blind or too despairing to see. She says softly, "There ar iere are lost, in which the memory of mistakes how-ever dreadful can be overlaid by so much that is blessed and happy that no mortal is health for the distempers which you suffer. You can outlive this chronic inflammation, this ulcerated lung, this tumor, this prostration. The world will look very different to you then. You can begin to do in matters of sleep, rest and diet, and omit the things you ought not to have done, and there will be new health in you."

Good Living and Bearing Trouble. Settle it in your mind that you will be well if you have to study out your own case and read much medicine yourself to learn how to do without it. At midlife, health and happiness are exchangeable terms. You are well and failures do crush, for you can work out success againou are well, and untoward things do chafe and gall beyond endurance, and black houghts do not close down over your mind. It is a great relief when one learns to say to one's self: "Things look hopeless this morn-ing, I will wait and see how they seem after breakfast," when somehow they turn bearable after all, or you see a way out which escaped a famished brain. Affairs are apt to look very dismal to people who lay awake nights, when memories grow heartbreaking, the future unbearable and it is a very ray from heaven which says to the overburdened spirit, "Wait till you have had sleep. You will find God not so unheeding of you, life not so merciless after all." And it is a fact that after middle age few troubles are unbearable, provided we can have right food and plenty of sleep.

What Good Food Will Do. You recall that best saying of Colonel Ingersoll, asking at a hotel if they had good butter-he had been wayfaring-and, getting the landlord's cautious answer that "it was tolerably good butter," the Colonel shouted "Tolerable butter! I'd as lief have a tolerably virtuous wife." food will do for you in any description. It must be perfection in essentials, and if anyone thinks this is an easy matter to attain let him try it. Still, it is worth the pains

and the money. The next ingredient indispensable in the hygiene of happiness is sleep, and those to suffer from wakefulness will agree with me that of all rubbish in the name of advice the greatest is talked about going to sleep. "Lic perfectly still," says the Mensleep. "Lic perfectly stall, says the tor. "Do not move even a finger, this will tor. "Do not move even a finger, this will save unnecessary expense of nerve force," when the trouble nine times out of ten is that the overwrought nerves need to balnce their strain by muscular exertion, and the tossing relieves tension just as a laugh

or a cry does.
"You have overworked and time and again forced the unwilling body to labor from which it shrank," says Mentor, "so now we can meet and conquer only by force of will. Do not complain or hesitate to use your will to keen yourself perfectly quiet."

REST: | forced to labor, read brain, for the over-worked body is usually only too willing to to sleep when it has the ghost of a chance, as mothers with sick babies fall asleep after walking the floor with them hight and day, and worn out soldiers sleep while walking. It is overwrought brain with too It le muscular exercise which brings on sleeplessness, especially with in-digestion to aid the demoniac work.

The Nerves Must Have Rest.

This talk about going to sleep by force of will power is poppycock, as one knows who has tried it night after night to the verge of distraction. There is just as much will power in getting up and taking a warm bath to rest both muscles and brain, with a good rubbing down and a warm, clean bed to get into after, or a cool, clean one, according to the season. If you fall sleepless in town these warm nights don't put your taxed The Nerves Must Have Rest. the season. If you fall sleepless in town these warm nights don't put your taxed nerves in irons by forcing yourself to lie still without moving a finger till you sleep, for you may go delirious before. Your nerves are stronger than you, and they may jump on you some time when you little expect it. Get out of bed, dress, if the bath don't make you sleepy, and take a walk. An hour of pure breeze and gentle motion will do more to calm your nerves and get them under control than chloral or any amount of "will power."

amount of "will power."

If the trouble lies with digestion, a draught of plain hot soda may set it right, or a laxative, like compound licorice pow-der. If nourishment is needed, a cup of hot cocoa or chocolate, with a coarse cracker or two, is a good sleeping draught, or a fresh egg broken and stirred into a half cup of bouillon such as you can have for 50 cours a bouillon such as you can buy for 50 cents a bottle, and make with cold water. The liquid foods, when fresh and good, answer admirably as nightcaps, with the advantage of being easy to take, but they are either very good or very bad—very good when perfectly fresh, kept very cold and free from the slightest change; very dangerous when change begins. The fresh egg beaten in liquid beef extract with a toasted cracker is much better, when one cannot be sure of the quality of liquid food. Malt foods injure by creating or adding to the interior ferment which causes the mischief, and one had better get the soporific influence of malt liquors by taking a dose of hop tea. Alcoolic stimulants are safer than malt.

The Mind at Games.

The stock prescriptions for going to sleep are counting a flock of sheep, repeating poetry, saying the multiplication table or preaching a sermon, but I have for years een looking for anyone who was ever sent to sleep by these means, and have failed to one. The device which catches the fag end of one person's mind and furls it into close recfed sleep will not do for any one else. I hesitate to mention my own prescription, which has secured sleep a thousand nights, to read a bright novel five or ten minutes on going to bed. A dullone does not hold the mind.

But I can give an unfailing recipe for not going to sleep in case of people who use their brains during the day, and that is to spend an evening in those diversions so dear to people whose minds are not much called upon, word making with shuffled letters, "authors' games"—save the mark—and "buried cities," tasks with which the juvenile mind delights to tax fagged elders.
There are many who share the repulsion for these tasks in name of pleasure with me, and find rest massacred by a round game of cards or a Chautauqua lesson evenings more effectually than by a hard day's work in of-fice hours. I had rather do a day's work in a day than to play at any of the popular amusements an evening. Light chat, good humored and diverting, is the only real rest for a tired mind, but this is an accomplish-

nent not taught in children's magazines. Follow Your Own Bent. The secret of rest, of health, of happiness and long life is to follow one's own bent, under control of right principles. What injures is to be given up. But, this aside, men serve God and the world better by following their natural gifts and tastes than by any distorted life. The world has but half learned this, and to-day crowds more duties upon all who aspire to any social place. Women's clubs and societies squander time and effort to keep up a thousand petty organizations, each having hundreds of notifications to be sent out, the annual fuss of elections and skirmishes over new members. The societies for small benevolences entail more work for willing members than they ever begin to do good. The hunting up and sending off old newspapers and books, making benevolent scrapbooks, bedquilts and post card autograph collections, wastes work and nerves for ends which by no means recompense the wear and tear of strength involved. I have had this so ground into my own experience that for years, in writing to busy persons, the clos-ing sentence has been, "No answer needed,"

their courtesies are brief or taken for granted, and no one is the worse for it. The people with no interest in life and little to do may indulge in these benevolent ways of killing of time, but the moment one finds real work in the world, their pastime kills

the person, too.

Taking Life as It Is. Pretending is very hard work save for natures which are spawn of the Old Ser-pent, and somehow people find them out by the hiss, the rattle or the sting. It is easier to be sincere, and tells less on the nerves in the long run. The most fascinating woman I have known for a long time is one of the frankest, and she never wastes herself un-necessarily. She has laid out her life for naving the good of it, and refuses to assume any responsibility which will interfere with She knows how to take hold of worries by the handle, not the poker end. the is a very efficient business woman, but business done she leaves lesser duties to those whose work it is. She will not nake her own bed or hang up her own gowns, for she pays some one else to save her these exertions.

She takes time for punctilious toilet, and to see her come to you as fresh as the morning, sweet as bath and violet powder, well washed and coiffed hair and a becoming gown can make her, is as reviving as the fragrance of a newly opened ros. She works hard and she rests well, amuses hersolf to her taste evenings, and sleeps soundly. She has had heavy losses, but bears them well, and recoups herself admi-rably by taking the best personal care of herself; and a bright brain repays her by good spirits, which are a delight to all about her; clear sense, which prompts the right word and action, and poise which it is not

easy for circumstances to disturb.

Men and women both like her, she is so sound and sweet, and not afraid to speak the most unwelcome truths when necessary. Speaking the truth is an accomplishment with her, she says it so fully, and yet without ill natured sting; you get the good of it, and yet your feelings are saved all that

You know people put salt with rose leaves to keep the scent. SHIRLEY DAKE. Rev. Adam Baker's Cure for Dysentery.

We used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, and will say that it proved itself to be an excellent medicine.

REV. ADAM BAKER, All right, only for the unwilling body I wsu. Shady Grove, Franklin county, Pa.

H. P. B. IN HISTORY. An Estimate of Madame Blavatsky

HER WORTH NOT YET REALIZED.

Was Consistent and the Mistress of Hidden Laws of Nature.

From One of Her Followers.

NEVER BOASTED OF HER PHENOMENA

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Mr. William Q. Judge, of New York City, lawyer and theosophist, gives the following interesting facts concerning the de-

ceased Madame Blavatsky in the June num-

ber of the Path: I met H. P. B., he says, in 1875, in the city of New York, where she was living in Irving Place. There she suggested the formation of the Theosophical Society, lending to its beginnings the power of her individuality, and giving to its President and those who have stood by it ever since the knowledge of the existence of the Mahatman. In 1877 she wrote "Isis Unveiled" in my presence, and was helped in the proof reading by the President of the society. This book, she declared to me then, was intended to aid the cause for the advancement of which the Theosophical Society was founded. Of this I speak with knowledge, for I was present, and, at her request, drew up the contract for its publication between her and her New York publishers. When the document was signed she said to me on the street, "Now, I must go to India."

As an Organizer in England. In November, 1878, she went to India, and

continued the work of helping her colleagues to sprend the society's influence there, working in that mysterious land until she returned to London, in 1887. There was then in London but one branch of the sosociety-the London Lodge-the members of which thought it should work only with the upper and cultured classes. The effect of H. P. B.'s coming here was that branches began to spring up, so that now they are in many English towns, in Scotland and in Ireland. There she founded her magazina Lucifar; there worked night and day for the society loved to the core of her heart; wrote the "Secret Doctrine," the "Key to sophy" and the "Voice of the Sile and there passed away from a body that had been worn out by unselfish work for the good of the few of our century, and of the

many in the centuries to come.

It has been said that she went to
India because she merely left a barren field here, by sudden impulse, and without a purpose. But the contrary is the fact. In the very beginning of the society, I drew up with my own hand at her request the diplomas of some members here and there in India, who were of different faiths, and who were in correspondence. Some of them were Parsees.

Always Intended to Visit India.

She always said that she would have to go to India as soon as the society was under way here and "Isis" was finished. And when she had beer in India some time her many letters to me expressed her intention to re-turn to England, so as to open the move-ment actively and outwardly there, in order that the three great points on the earth's surface, India, England and America, should have active centers of theogophical work. This determination was expressed to me before the attempt made by the Psychial Research Society on her reputation—of which also I know a good deal to be used at a future time, as I was present in India before and after the alleged expose—and she returned to England to carry out her purpose, even in the face of charges that she could not stay in India. But to dispreve these she went back to Madras, and then-

again rejourneyed to London. Her Phenomena Only Incidental.

Much has been said about her "phenomena," some denying them, others alleg-ing tricks and device. Knowing her so many years so well, and having seen at her hand in private the production of more and good fortune of all others of her friends put together to see, I know for myself that she had control of hidden powerful laws of nature not known to our science, and I also know she never boasted of her powers, never advertised their possession, never publicly advised anyone to attempt their acquire ment, but always turned the eyes of those and when some scrupulously polite public who could understand her to a life of alperson felt obliged to send thanks, etc., I truism based on a knowledge of true phil-Mid not feel complimented at all.

Newspaper people are the only ones who know the value of time and nerves, and cidents in the life of its leader, H. P. Blaosophy. Such phenomena were not the aim of the society nor were ever more than in-

vatsky. Further on Mr. Judge quotes approvingly from an editorial in the New York Tribun

as follows: Few women of our time have been Few women of our time have been more persisently misrepresented, siandered and defamed than Mdme. Blavatsky, but though malice and ignorance did their worst upon her, there are abundant indications that her life work will vindicate itself, that it will endure, and that it will operate for good.

* * For nearly 20 years she has devoted herself to the dissemination of doctrines the fundamental principles of which are of the lottiest ethical character. However Utopian may appear to some minds an attempt in loftiest ethical character. However Utopian may appear to some minds an attempt in the nincleenth century to break down the barriers of race, nationality, caste, and class prejudice, and to inculcate that spirit of brotherly love which the greatest of all Teachers enjoined in the first century, the nobility of the aim can only be impeached by those who repudiate Christianity. Madame Blavatsky held that the regeneration of mankind must be based upon the development of altruism. In this she was at one with the greatest thinkers, not alone of the day, but of all time. * * This alone should entitle her teachings to the candid and serious consideration of all who respect the influences that make for rightcousness.

One Good Result of Her Work.

One Good Result of Her Work. In another direction, though in close association with the cult of universal fraternity, she did important work. No one in the present generation, it may be said, has done ore toward opening the long sealed treasures of Eastern thought, wisdom and treasures of Eastern thought, wisdom and
philosophy. No one certainly has done so
much toward elucidating that profound
wisdom — religion wrought out by the
ever cogitating orient, and bringing into
the light those ancient literary works whose
scope and depth have so astonished the
Western world. * * * Her own knowledge of Oriental philosophy and esotericism
was comprehensive. No candid mind can
doubt this after reading her two principal
works. * * * The tone and tendency of
all her writings was bracing and healthful works. * * * The tone and tendency of all her writings was bracing and healthful and stimulating. Her work has already borne fruit, and is destined apparently to produce still more marked and salutary effects in the future. * * A broader humanity, a more liberal speculation, a disposition to investigate ancient philosophies from a higher point of view, have no indirect association with the teachings referred to.

A full and trustworthy account of the

A full and trustworthy account of the life of this remarkable woman is probably one of the forthcoming events of the not far distant future. The above quotation moreover would seem to indicate a growing comprehension of Madame Blavatsky's real character and real worth, so long un-justly overshadowed by the persistent efforts of certain disgruntled and malicious detractors.

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