"Not well at all," Freda returned shortly, "and you know it."

She rammed her hands into her pockets, and Kildare's manner changed.

"Just the same sulky manner, I see," he observed threateningly. "Let us hope your nature will undergo some much needed improvement this season."

Miss. Ellaine interrupted tearfully:

Miss Ellaine interrupted tearfully:
"Don't you two begin at once again—please,

heel and regained his place at the table. Freda, with a hasty "Never mind, Bird,"

sharply across the table.

went on, "See that girl over there-it's

But the star had already turned on his

IT IS VERY EASY OF ACCESS.

ug. 19.-"I know a bank where-"

"But I am not in search of wild thyme," medicine sleep, or that happy place where incessantly hammering out ideas, improvements, discoveries, fashions---

"It is not to be a tramp. If you can prom

noon.' No one hurries, there is plenty of time. No one worries, there is nothing worth worrying about. People go on interminably, they have such a confirmed

"There are nots. In countries where there are no mosquitos and no nets the flies awake you at 4 in the morning. Indeed, like eternal justice, they never sleep."

ON THE WAY TO PARADISE. Belleville is not difficult of access, even if it is primitive. We alight at Essex, the northern end. A fine young colored man and brother with mixed Italian and Hebrew features and confessedly Indian blood, looks after the luggage. There is no back. We plunge into a country road with a trodden path almost lost in grassy ways. Trees branch overhead, a few shining with cherries and stray robins eyeing them critically. For a quick discoverer of the largest and

AWAY FROM THE HAUNTS OF MEN. A spacious room, matted, not over crowded, refreshingly free from placques, banners, scarfs and fancy needlework. An immense jar of flowers, fern leaves, grasses and ends of scarlet maple that look like vades the air. Out of doors great beds of spice pinks. You think of lavender and rosemary. There is a rustling in the leaves and the wood robins are singing their tender plaintive early evening song. Ah, how sweet, how peaceful! We might be miles away from the haunts of men. bloom itself. A country sweetness per-vades the air. Out of doors great beds of

the porch and smokes his pipe. We three sit in the hammock and swing slowly. The Patriarch is past 80, hale and hearty, with snowy beard and pink cheeks. What mar-vels he remembers! Leaving his father's farm in Morris county he went to New York to learn a trade when but 16. Canal street was a skating pond in winter. Cen tral Park was country wild. "Greenidge" village was farms and gardens and the aris-teerats lived downtown, and not infrequently took their tea out on the front stoop in the warm evenings. The Battery was a promenade for lovers. When he walked out to Newark to see his relatives the ferriage and the toll over the bridges cost him 17 cents. Newark was a primitive town with no railroads. They were flouted and laughed at in those days. People had

And the lovely tranquil air! Is it ozone or poppy or mandragora? For we sleep and sleep. Never were there such nights out of childhood. We go downtown for our letters, the primitive method of obdowntown. The river side was once the aristocratic part. Here are mansions from 50 to 100 years old, and quaint little basement cottages, with only a half story above the parlor. Here in the old Van Benssethe parlor. Here in the old Van Rensse-laer mansion have gathered the elite of the surrounding towns, "beauty and chivalry" as well as in Byron's time. Statesmen and judges, the ladies and gentleman of the olden formal world. Sons and daughters have gone out and reared new alters and new families, and the glory has departed.
Years ago it was turned into a hotel.
Quiet elderly, people came and spent their summers and drove leisurely around the

not even learned how to burn coal.

churches of ancient lineage front on Main street. The vines and old trees cling loving-

TOO DELIGHTFUL TO READ. One source of amusement is a little on

octave. There is the chirr of the grasshopoctave. There is the chirr of the grasshop-per as he gives a long leap. A blue marten makes a ripple from tree to tree and answers his mate. There is one swift dazzle of a firebird, and we hold our breath. The cuckoo is calling—she has laid an egg in some neighbor's nest. Two or three cat-birds snarl for a while. Then one breaks

out into song.

Did you ever hear a cat-bird really sing?
If not, there is one delight still left. This is one of the birds that should be made to sing, but how, the old adage doth not explain. It is a thrill of exquisite melody. A few squirrels stare at you with beady eyes, and chatter. Will they be able to remember when game laws expire? The trees cast translucent shadows, now purple, now silvery, now touched up with pale gold—tints that would madden an artist.

"We might be in the woods at Lake George," says Nan, "it is all so solemnly still, so weirdly beautiful! And in an hour's time we could be in New York

"Don't," entreats the scribe.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE WOODS. We go home laden with wild flowers. Groat spikes of Solomon's Seal in waxen snowiness, and the pinkish lilac wild geranium with its silken soft leaves. We hunt up a few belated violets, and oh! here are wild roses in their virginal time, just unfolding. Great clusters of honey lucust shake out their sweetness. Ah, what trophies! The house is perfumed with

After dinner we settle ourselves in the most spacious of hammocks with high ends full of cushions, slatted and mattrassed so you do not sag in the middle. The scribe turns poetical and scribbles on the cover of her book. There is the luxury of drows-ing with not at ing with not a fly to crawl over you, not an insect to mar your peace. On this exquisite stillness comes a crushing, rumbling sound. Nan springs out and flies to the window. "What is it?" asks the scribe. Once

there was the rumble of an earthquake

even here.

"A wagon is going past. There must surely be a riot in the town!"

We consider the painful possibility. NEW JERSEY'S OLD COPPER MINE.

The patriarch takes us out driving with his gentle Betty. We visit the ruins of the old copper works. Certainly a ruin is not to be had everywhere. Here are the blackened and wenther-beaten print works, burned long ago. Second river runs blithely along, purling over its very pebbly bottom. On the other shore there is a hum of business, iron and steel works, but we leave them behind and meander through country ways. Here and there a magnificent old tree, some faded old houses that were once red. Fields of corn, of oats and rye. We alight at the quaint little mushroom sta-tion called Soho and sit on the bench built around a great tree with the thatch over our heads, and half persuade ourselves we are waiting to go to Greenwood Lake. The train goes by without us. We take Bloom-field and Montelair instead. What a wealth of pretty houses and gardens, of stately houses set on dainty hills and emerald lawns and foliage beds! But it is sweet to come back to our own wild roses.

From our own observatory we take ex-tensive views. The Passaic threads its way in and out. That hive of industry below is Newark. Those long brick rows and that immensely high chimney belong to the thread works. There is a vague, half-hiden bridge over which cars are winding.

THE HOME OF PHIL KARNEY. That suggestive mansion peeping out from the trees was the home of a brave soldier and his beautiful wife. When the alarum sounded, dashing, impetuous Phil Karney, with one empty coat sleeve, went to his country's defense as bravely as many a man

with two good arms. When the glad notes of peace sounded he had gone over to the great, silent majority. There were heroes in those days, more than a quarter of a century ago.

Here flies out a flag among the greenery.
This rural inviting place is the Soldiers'
Home. This high picturesque bluff with
the end of a bridge is Arlington. Over yonder are wooded bills and farming lands.

How is a great level—the field of the clother

spoil it. You see Newark bay, Trinity Church, Brooklyn bridge, and, with a glass, Staten Island and the Narrows. Turning westward the long range of bluish verdurecovered hills rise higher and higher, a spur of the long mountain range extending from Georgia to Maine. And up among their nortuern peaks you may find as queer, strongly marked people as Charles Egbert Craddock found in the Tennessee Mountains, living among slate, limestone and iron

THE PLEASURES OF FARMING. Opposite our House Comfortable is a great clover field such as one rarely sees in these degenerate days, so says the Patriarch. Ah, the sweetness of its purplish pink and crimson bloom. Here and there a handful of daisies in gold and white coquet with the great clover heads. One afternoon there is the sound of the mower whetting his scythe, the long swish swish! We do not lesk at

the long swish, swish! We do not look on to see the array of blossomy people go to their doom. Our hearts would break. When the dew begins to fall we are steeped in fra-

ing with bees. The clusters of white on the red stems would do credit to a bit of painting. We have sheaves of oats nod-ding goldenly, and there are the little havcocks, monuments of former beauty. And now it is wild roses. We bring them home in all their silken soft delicary. Palest pink, large transparent, deeper pink, rarest roses, and such baby buds that open with a smile in the bowls and jugs of water. Ah what hand ever does their delicary. Ah, what hand ever does their delicate beauty justice!

BOATING ON THE RIVER. The party widens out. One friend from Yale, an athlete and oarsman, drops down upon us, and we are inducted into the mys-tery of shells and skifts and canoes and pulls and strokes. We go down to the pretty boathouse at Woodside, and sitting on the grassy banks watch the strife.
"How a man dares to trust himself in that

narrow brown line with the merest little well for his body is a mystery to me," says the

shady suggestive banks. The midsummer fragrance is deeper, richer, with flavors of growing fruit, the silking out of corn, the nutty odors of balsams, the pungency of

wild grape.
It is early evening when we resume our

boat. The sky is all a flare of crimson yellow, then pinky gold, then all the grays and lavenders, pale, green and blue, soft dun haze, coming to almost tintless space, then kindling again with the blues. A suggestive darkness settles along the brooks and inlets. The moon comes up over to the eastward. Even, our Bar Harbor friend admits it is a perfect picture. Down we go to the soft sound of the oars. The boats are coming out. Athletes in shells and skiffs, canoes costumes of blue and white or red. Ther is the sound of the guitar and flute and banjo. Shall we float on forever to land unknown-shall we re-echo the cry of the

Lotus Eaters?-Ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Golf Will Displace Tennis New York Tribune.]

Golf is the coming game! There seems hardly a doubt of it. Tennis has had its day; it has reigned without a rival for the past 18 years as the game par excellence, and it is high time we had a change. Golf, ltke tennia, is simply the revival of an old game. It was played in the time of James L of England, under rules similar to those WELSH HOME RULE

Details of the Bill Recently Introduced and the Feeling on It.

CARNARYON, WALES, Aug. 12 .- In the home rule bill, introduced into Parliament by Mr. Alfred Thomas, M. P., and backed by other members of the advanced section of representatives of Wales, a definite form and sub stance has been given to the political aspirations of the Cymry. In the first piace the bill provides for the appointment of a Secretary of State for Wales, to whom would be transferred the jurisdiction of the Local Government Board, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests and the Charity Commissioners, and he would take over from the Lord Chancellor the nomination of magistrates, to be selected from lists furnished by the County and Borough Councils A Welsh Education Department is also proposed, to put an end to the present system of governing the schools of Wales from London

bill is the provision for a National Council, This council would be specially concerned in watching over the interests of the indus-trial population of Wales, and among other things it would have to inquire into the trial population of Wales, and among other things it would have to inquire into the management of Crown lands and minerals, allotments, and the housing of the working classes. The bill also authorizes the institution of a Welsh University, to which would be affiliated the Colleges of Aberystwith, Bangor and Cardiff; the establishment of a Welsh National Museum, drawing the nucleus of a collection from objects of interest relating to Wales, which are at pressent deposited in the British Museum; and to deal with and pass all bills relating to harbors, piers, railways, trainways and cognate matters. By one section of the press the bill is described as "very small potatoes," but despite this it may safely be said that it is by far the most comprehensive Welsh bill ever brought into Parliament, and its very introduction marks a new era in the history of the Welsh national movement.

The Coming General Election. The recent speech of Mr. Balfour, in which be intimated that the next general election would in all probability be fought in the would in all probability be fought in the course of the next year, has roused both political parties to action, and "register" and "organize" are the orders of the day. In Wales, as in other portions of the Kingdom, preparations for the coming fight are being actively pashed on, and indications are not wanting that the general election of 1892 will prove to be one of the most hotly-contested of modern times. The Conservatives experience some difficulty in finding candidates to contest Anglesey and North and South Carnaryonshire against the sitting members, Messrs, T. P. Lewis, J. Bryn-Roberts and William Rathbone. It is announced that Mr. Morgan Lloyd, Q. C., who formerly represented the Anglesey Boroughs as a Liberal, is disposed to champion the Unionist cause in tunt county.

In 1896 the sitting member (Mr. T. P. Lewis) obtained a majority of 206 out of a poil of 7,148. The flercest fight of all will be that in the Carnaryon boroughs, where Sir John H.

7.48. The flercest fight of all will be that in the Carnaryon boroughs, where Sir John H. Paleston, the present member for Devonport, seeks to oust Mr. Lloyd George, who was returned at a bye-election a couple of years ago. Sir John Puleston is not unknown in the States, where he served on Governor Cartin's staff in the war. He was also President for many years of the St. David's society at New York. A close contest is anticipated in the Denbigh boroughs and also in East Denbighshire. In the latter constituency Mr. Osborne Morgan was returned at the last election by a majority of 25 only, out of a poll of 7,046, his opponent being Sir Watkin Wyan, "the Prince in Wales." So far as the Principality is concerned the elections will probably be fought, not on the Irish Home Rule question, but that of the diseatablishment of the English Church in Wales. Church in Wales.

The New Principal.

markably successful career, both as student and professor. A police constable's son, he steadily worked his way from a village school to the University College at Aberystwith and thence to Oxford. At the age of 4 he was elected Professor of Greek at Cardiff, and now, at the age of 51, he succeeds to the principalship of the institution in which a few years ago he won honors as a student.

He is a member of the Baptist connexion, and was a local preacher with that body as the early age of 15. During his stay at Cardiff he frequently occupied the pulpits of the different denominations in the neighborhood. He is an ardent educationalist, and has taken an active part in every move-

borhood. He is an accent educationalist, and has taken an active part in every movement of recent years affecting the educational interests of the Principality. A Welsh Nationalist of the latest school, the national traditions which attach to Aberystwith are perfectly safe in his keeping. Welshmen will continue to watch with interest the career of the young professor, and he may be assured of the best wishes of his fellow countrymen in his new and responsible post.

The Census in Wales.

The figures of the recent census in Wales are not without interest to Welshmen in other climes. Of the 12 Welsh counties no other climes. Of the 12 Weish counties no fewer than 9 show a decrease of population as compared with that of 1881. In the other three—Denbighishire, Carmarthenshire and Glamorganishiro—there has been a considerable increase, especially in the latter county, which has now a population of 687,47, as against 511,432 ten years ago. The population of the whole of the 22 counties at the present time is 1,518,933, as against 1,362,993 in 181. The decrease in the nine counties is partly accounted for by emigration to the United Sunces, Australia and other quarters of the globe, and partly to the emigration of United States, Australia and other quarters of the globe, and partly to the emigration of large numbers of workmen to the industrial centers of England. The town of Cardiff, with its contributary boroughs, has increased in population from \$5,802 to 122,123 in the ten years. It has now become the first coal export port in the world, and its remarkable growth is one of the features of the census results. One of the causes of the decreased population in counties such as Carnarvon, Merioneth and Flint, which from the industrial resources, is to be found in the shortsighted policy of the Crown and private landlords in handicapping local caterories by means of exorbitant royalits.

In the death of the Rev. Owen Thomas D)., of Liverpool, the Calvinistic Methodist denomination has lost its foremost preacher, and in every quarter of the globe in which the Welsh race is settled, the news of his the Weish race is settled, the news of his death will be received with profound regret. The decensed divine was born at Holyhead, in Anglesey, in 1812, of pious and humble parents, and up to the age of early manhood he worked as a stonemason. He began to preach at the age of 23, and his services were soon in constant demand at preaching meetings and at the annual associations of his denomination. For the last 49 years he stood in the front rank of living preachers.

A well deserved tribute to the eloquence of the deceased was paid many years ago by Charles Dickens. The novelist was on a visit to Banger, North Wales, when Dr. Thomas was preaching at the Calvinistic Methodist Association held there. Without understanding a word of the sermon, Dickens saw that the multitude of \$000 or 10,000 persons were spell-bound by the preacher's words, and he observed that he knew of but few orators who could hold such a vast assembly together.

T. R. Roberts.

His Illustration Regarding the Angelus Easily Turned Against Him.

ton Herald.] When Scuntor Ingalls said, in his recent address at New York, that it only required brains to paint "The Angelus," which sold

HE HOBNOBS WITH THE GREAT. Social Calls Upon Cleveland, Booth, Jefferson and Robson.

THRILLING INTERVIEW WITH A BEAR

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH 1

came a fixed stare which he met with one of burning tenderness.

"Don't be afraid. I have been startled into speaking more abruptly than I should, and my gentle little girl is frightened. See, dear! I will begin as I should—as I followed you to do."

"What was it made you follow me?"
Daisy asked, piteously, catching at what she understood, and remembering that for no reason in the world of which she knew would the star follow her anywhere unless to speak of some fault in her playing. to speak of some fault in her playing.
"Have—have I done anything wrong?"
"What a baby it is!" Then he went on with soothing inflection. "I followed you

because I wanted to see you and talk to you done." "Oh, dear-what for?" "The deuce!" ejaculated Kildare with unconscious truth. He had been hunting for a match and found himself without one. To Daisy the remark was so irrelevant that her ear failed to catch it, especially as Kil-dare went on as if he had not spoken.

dare went on as if he had not spoken.

"Marguerite, try to forget for once that I am your employer—your star. Why, child, from the first moment I saw you I knew you for a sympatica. I knew we could help each other—care for each other."

Poor Daisy, almost crying with distress, here broke in tremulously: "Indeed, indeed; I don't understand you."

Kildare seemed to reflect a moment, then he went on: "Little one, have you not lived long enough to learn that no one can alone reach happiness?"

can alone reach happiness?"

His artist soul was stirred at the unconscious pathos of the girl's innocent perplexity. When was ever a woman seen on the stage who would listen like that hands clasped, head lifted and eyes steady, despite tremulous, half-parted lips; but his words flowed smoothly. "How more than



way to a woman's confidence is as good as another. "Help you? We will help each other. Side by side we will conquer art, side by side we shall be recognized." Daisy's face fell. "Side by side." A

"Bird—poor little Bird." He spoke gently, as one speaks of a tenderly regarded invalid. "She has no strength, no power. You can see that," and he lifted his eyebrows, while a smile of commiscrative kindliness softened the lines about his mouth. "Bird is all very well in these light things I am doing now, but as I mount

school-a chubby, light-hearted soubre school—a chibby, light-hearted souprette, and now her woman's soul was shocked at Kildare's easy dismissal of the matter.

"Poor little Bird," he went on, "I think a great deal of her, and have tried to make her days brighter. They will not be many. I shall always be the friend I always have been to her." fourth finger were two pearls and a large fourth finger were two pearls and a large turquoise. The veins along the back of the hand were almost as blue. Bird traced them idly with a finger of her right hand,

been to her."
He shook his head, as if he had retired to commune with his own tender heart.

Through the introspective unconsciousness of his expression shone what to Daisy seemed unmistakable sign of a feeling which must be genuine since it so betrayed itself while the man himself had forgotten her presence. She dared not speak, but as his face cleared to recognition of herself, she felt all doubts melt away. Her confidence in all things good sprung joyfully to her heart and belief in his integrity became a

It is for you to stand by me.

together."
"What do you want me to do?"

"Daisy, I have never before turned to a woman as I turn to you now. Let your gentle heart speak for me."

She moved back and lifted her earnest eyes to his. Then, with infinite pity and regret in her voice, and a pink flush rising from throat to brow, she spoke: "Forgive me, you are so good—so kind! But—but—I don't love you. Indeed, indeed, I don't at all."

Kildare was almost moved. He gathered.

Kildare was almost moved. He gathered her in his arms and kissed her.

"Oh, please don't," she sobbed; "please don't! It is all so sudden. I—I will try to love you, but I—I can't all at once."

"How long must I wait?" he begged.

make it right."

What Made You Follow Met true this is of us-of you and of me; both working at the same clusive art, both needing help and sympathy, as only we of this life can need it. Come to me, Marguerite.

Let me help you."

Let me help you."

"Oh! how good you are," cried Daisy, the tears in her eyes falling suddenly to make way for the happiness that sprung into her face. "How good you are! I do get discouraged, though I try so hard. Sometimes I have felt like giving up. I never dared hope anyone like you would help me. If you only will, I shall improve so fast. I shall not bother you much."

Kildare was somewhat staggered, but one way to a woman's confidence is as good as

the face of the little leading lady, Miss Ellaine. She faltered the name, and Kil-dare was for a moment dashed. "She is your leading lady, and, anyhow, I am far too stupid." At this he gathered himself.

him from its very lack of color and beauty, for he said with a change to gentleness: "Likely it is far. You stay here and keep quiet—there! I'll wrap you up." After tucking the robes about her, he patied her cheek, and, turning up his great collar, said "Goodby, Baby," and left. His last inflection was half caressing, half mocking. Bird lay still, where he had left her, on the in my art I must leave Bird-I cannot de pend on her." Daisy choked. She had understood that the star and the little, pale leading lady couch in the little private saloon at the end of the parlor car. The place was packed were matrimonially engaged. Besides, even if the reported betrothal were not true, somehow Bird's faded cheek and wan smile with traveling cases, rugs, shawls, a big open box of cut flowers lay on the seat op-posite, and filled the close air with heavy had made strong appeal to Daisy's sympathies. Daisy remembered her at perfume, a small dog curled in a basket on the floor, and a half closed hamper showed tissue paper wrapped packages, and fresh fruit. Presently Bird lifted her left hand, a

"I shall always feel kindly to the little girl," Kildare went on, "but I cannot shackle my artist freedom with her in-Again Daisy's gentle heart turned toward Bird. She remembered the dog-like look of devotion with which those sad brown eyes often followed Kildare. Her woman's sym-pathy was quick to realize the pain another

woman might find in loving and again she the said: "But-but," and again Kildare understood.

"I suppose so," he sighed, shaking his head as if to himself. "No one was ever kind to her but me. Yet, my Marguerite, hers is a shallow nature. A pet loves the hand that feeds it. I shall always be all I hand that head has my work must go on, and I understood.

can to her, but my work must go on, and I must have help."
"Help?" Daisy's breath came fast.
"The help of a strong, loyal woman's nature. A nature like yours. To you I come. We can stand side by side and work

On his own account, Kildare a desire to laugh. As an artist he was filled with adiration. He laid his hand over hers, as it lay on the railing, and his voice athrill with passion and earnestness, the voice he used in the third act, he said, bending his head that he might spenk more softly: "Daisy, I have never before turned to a

She laid her hand against his to push him back, and spoke with a new and very sweet dignity: "I cannot promise to be your wife till I am sure I love you well enough to

[To Be Continued Next Sunday.] Copyrighted, 1891, by the Author's Alliance THE CAPE COD FOLKS.

Jefferson and Cleveland homes. Deer are plenty, and we ran upon a bear while out walking. "Hist!" said Charles. "I will creep up on him." I said why not go home and spend the evening pleasantly at bac-carat? Why kill, perhaps, a parent bear whose little ones might come to want? Bill Nye Runs Up to Cohasset From His Skyland Thought Works. NYE THOUGHT BEST TO LEAVE. At this I started toward the house, deftly bounding over a sassafras bush and carrom-ing on a tree by means of my head. At that

moment the crack of Charley's rifle rang out through the gathering twilight. I saw the head of the low, coarse brute droop and fall from the log over which it had been peering.

Then we all rushed forward to see him, though I hung back a little, being only a guest, of course, and so a little reticent, also remembering, too, that one of my ancestors who once went up to take the temperature of a wounded bear never came home any more, though over 100 years have CAPE COD, MASS., Aug. 20 .- Marvelous are the ways of travel in these days, and

I Bounded Away.

Jefferson also. The bear was a taxidermed rug, which the reader may see at the home of Mr. Jefferson on a still day.

a bright little son of his own, but who is compelled to laugh at the humorous re-

marks of another boy as given by his father.

Buzzard's Bay is destined to be a very prosperous and well-known locality—possi-bly too much so to please those who have gone there to make a quiet home. While we sat on Mr. Jefferson's porch several car-

THE CLICK OF THE KODAK.

riages were driven in over the private drive, came up timidly, turned so that the occu-

pants could get a good view of the group, a kodak lunch box clicked, then they drove

EXPERIMENTING IN THE LYMPH.

Cautious About Results.

gaining a foothold among the medical pro-

how little sympathy is given to the tale of now crept slowly by, Lorena. When we got there we saw that the bear was dead.
We also saw a string—a long, white string—attached to the bear and leading off toward a large tree. It was attached to Thomas the tired old "tie wig" of other times who moans over the loss of "them good old days." So far as I am concerned, he is welcome to his good old days. I, too, have tasted of the times when travel was free from conventionality and coal dust, but I do not pine for the return of those days. I can recall the days when our family clothed itself from the wool of their own slender flock, and when my mother cut out my clothes by means of a pruning knife. People who criticise my appearance now should have cast their eyes over me then. But look now at the swift and beautiful schedules of our vast railway systems, gridironing, as I may say, the great and prosperous land. Everywhere, too, new pleasure and health resorts are springing up. From Bar Harbor to St. Augustine, the entire Atlantic coast is fringed with beautiful seaside cottages and taverns for the rich, the middle-sized rich, and even those who can afford only a day or two by the side of the old smelling sea.

HE ARRIVED WITHOUT CHANGE. I started a few weeks ago from my North Carolina retreat, and in 24 enjoyable hours was in New York without change. It was not the first time I had found myself in New York without change, and by a recent arrangement the Pennsylvania Railroad-which, by the way, I have always regarded as one of our most talented and gifted roads
—has established a sleeping car service, by
means of which, without change, the New
Yorker may, inside of 24 hours, find himself in the high and healthful hills of

Western North Carolina with an appetite western North Carolina with an appetite certainly out of proportion to his income.

Reversing this order, I came up on a train, arriving at Jersey City at 4:30. I then walked on board a Fall River boat at then walked on board a Fall River boat at 5:30, on whose decks as I arrived a delight-ful band was playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Hastily doffing my dapper little speckled straw hat, I placed in charge of the steward, Mr. David Washington, a large watermelon, which I had hurriedly bought and concealed in a shawl strap, and, going forward, was soon seen chatting gayly with a bunko man, who said that he had often been delighted by my rare genius and such things as that. He was a man, too, such things as that. He was a man, too, whom I do not remember ever to have saw before nor since. How many new acquaintances one may pick up about New York if he shows a pleased and joyous nature.

LIKE A COUNTRY TO MANY TO BE THE BOOK A COUNTRY TO BE THE BOOK A COUNTRY

LIKE A COUNTRY HOUSE IN TOWN. New York is about eight sizes too large for me I sometimes think. Cohasset is more my size. Large towns make me shy and snort like a grass-fed elderly farm horse at the Fall of Babylon fireworks. Inferior people notice me with scorn in New York and comment on my sylvan methods, but up here associating with Mr. Cleveland and Herr Joseph Jefferson and Mr. Booth and Mr. Gilder and Mr. Robson, all of whom are sturdy woodsmen, raising their own regetables at enormous expense, I feel less

skittish.

Mr. Jefferson said: "Come up. Here you are safe. There is not a bunko man on Buzzard's Bay."

So we took passage on the Why? a new steam yacht which Mr. Robson is having repaired most of the time, he says, for the rare exhilaration afforded by knowing that he has a nice yacht at the paint shop or the plumber's "just getting the finishing touches put on it." He claims that a yacht most always needs something done to it tomorrow, and then it takes a day or two for the paint to dry, and then you suddenly look at your watch and find that the summer is gone and work begun. Is it not so generally in this life? Oh, how often I sometimes think that terrapin and Johannisberger go with insomnia, while health and hunger often go with low spirited bread

and prune sauce. PINING FOR THE LONG AGO Oh, take me back, I often erv at night, as he soft winds moan through the costly laces of my casement; take me back and lay



His Old-Time Clothes,

me once more across my mother's knee as of yore, only taking care to have me placed the other side up. Charles Jefferson was the pioneer of Buz-Charles Jefferson was the pioneer of Buzzard's Bay. He bought at \$32 per acre what is now selling by the front foot along the beautiful waters of Buttermilk Bay, I think it is, an arm of Buzzard's Bay, and now one may see at eventide the hale and sleek Charles gloating over his ill-gotten gains, while near by is the hospitable roof of his father's cheery house on one side and the pretty cottages of Tom and Mr. Jefferson's

pretty cottages of Tom and Mr. Jefferson's sister Conny on the other I was surprised to find Mr. Booth's health so good and his endurance so great. He listened to an entire play of mine and then walked two or three miles. He said he did not mind to walk after hearing the play. There is more humor about Mr. Booth than I thought after seeing him as Hamilet. Hamilet hamil tet, he says, does not give him much chance that way. I have offered to brighten np Hamlet for him on a royalty and he is going to think it over for a few weeks. As I wrang his hand at parting he said he might not do it the coming season and possibly

not the season after, so I will have plenty of time to do it in a satisfactory way. BOOTH AND JEFFERSON AS HOSTS. Mr. Booth, I have no doubt, is reserved and quiet with strangers, and on short acquaintance does not seek to be the life of the party, but when he is among old friends he is at his best, and his fine eyes often twinkle in a way to make you forget the Cordelia affair and the bad break made by

Mr. Jefferson is a good host because he is not a host at all. He does not restrain you by taking you in charge constantly. His air is that of one who gives you the key to the premises and then says help yourself. The etiquette of being a host cannot be leaved from beach or being a host cannot be Hamlet's mother. Ane enquette of being a host cannot be learned from books or bought with money. Kindliness of heart and unselfishness of purpose are the spinal column of hospitality. With them fried mush and molasses are toothsome, and without them magnificence is misery and pomp and pie are powerless.

Good hunting and fishing occur near the

entirely different way. The very silence that the best physicians maintain convinces STEALING THE RUSSIAN CROWN. One of the Robbers Died Under the Know

and Another Went to Siberia. Philadelphia Press. 1 Several attempts have been made to steal the Russian crown from its repose in the Kremlin at Moscow. The latest was in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, about the beginning of the Crimean war. A grand master of the court named De Stackelberg was said to be at the head of the conspiracy.
The actual robbers, two young men of good
families in Moscow, had obtained access to
the repository of the precious treasure,
when accidentally detected by a sentinel.

represent is sending out weekly something over \$10,000 worth of the precious fluid.

They were captured and imprisoned They confessed that De Stackelberg had supplied them with information as to the locality of the crown jewels, and how to obtain access to them, and that the intention was to break up the crown, and dispose of was to break up the crown, and dispose of the gold in Europe, and the gems, so far as possible, in Egypt and other Oriental coun-tries. Grinevitch, tho one who had taken the more active part in the attempted rob-bery, died under the knout; Zakharjevski, the other robber, was banished to farther Siberia. De Stackelberg protested his into-Siberia. De Stackelberg protested his inno-cence, and there being no evidence against him, other than the confession of the criminais, he was dismissed from his post at court, but not otherwise punished.

THE BUTCHER OF CHINA.

As Pork Is All He Has to Deal With He Gets to Be Very Expert. The principal article of meat diet with the Chinese is pork. It is to them what beef is to the true son of Albion's isle. The Chinese butcher, having only the one species of animal on which to exercise his skill, has become by practice a hog anatomist in the full sense of the word. A fat porker as soon as it is placed on the block in a retail Chinese butcher shop is scientifically rid of all its bones. The carcass is expertly cut into strips, so that every customer gets an equal quantity of fat and lean with his purchase. It is sold salted, smoked or roasted ready for eating.

It is also smeared with nut oil and disposed of in a semi-dried state. The hungry celestial is frequently to be seen investing a 5-cent piece in a large strip of roasted pork, which he eats with every evidence of satisfactory relish as he strolls along the street. the Chinese is pork. It is to them what

JERSEY PARADISE. Cozy, Rural Retreat Amanda M. Douglas Selects for Her Outing.

All the Delights of the Frontier Within an

Hour of New York. THE PLEASURES THE PLACE OFFERS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

BELLEVILLE TO AQUACKANONCK. N. J., says the scribe, austerely. "If you know of poppy and mandragora and the arts that make there are no mountains to climb, no piano, no band, no hops, no changing of gowns, no clatter of waiters, but only the soft silence that heals the blows of the too busy world,

"Come with me," says the Queen, "I will show you that place. The days will be as long as the days of your childhood, the nights filled with enchanting slumber. The ambitious hurrying world has not invaded it. For 200 years and more it has been screnely indifferent to the march of It may date back to the dispersion at Babel, where every man went out to grow up with his own language and his own country. It is a little nook in New Jersey."

The Queen flares up. She is a true blue Jersey woman. Her ancestors did not come over in the Mayflower for the same reason the Scotch woman gave for the Gordons not being saved in the Ark—they had a boat of

PATRIOTIC TO THE CORE. They were among the old lords, proprie-tors of the State; they wintered at Valley Forge, they gave freely of their small treas-ures and their lives that their children might have a country. When you look at the Queen you believe at once in reincarnation. She has seen so much, she knows so many things, her hair is so golden above her smooth, young brow. She is proud of her country and her native State.

or Mr. Jenerson on a still day.
Several present laughed at thia. I
laughed with them, but it was like the hollow and simulated mirth of a man who has "Good!" The accent is withering. "Are we not tourist and boarder-ridden from one end of the State to the other? From Amboy to Cape May they bathe, promenade, flirt and dance. You find them and their Alpenstocks from Eagle Rock, viewing Trinity Church and Brooklyn bridge, and then climbing on and on. There are hills and mountains, wildernesses for camping, hunting and fishing. There is the beautiful Delaware on one side, the ocean and the Hudson on the other. There are lakes and rivers—"

ise the sleep," says the scribe. "And it must not be ten miles from a lemon or civ-"It is the land where it is 'always after

home while I was there. She seemed to think that I was a good deal younger man habit of living."
"But mosquitos-" than she had expected to see. This will help Mr. Cleveland very much in the com-ing campaign. People who find me much younger and more attractive than they had been led to believe will always find in me a

stanch friend.

Mrs. Cleveland also looks more younger "Arise, let us go." brighter and more charming than I had ex-pected even to find her. She still shows the same elasticity of step and straightforward glance of sincere and unstudied welcome that made her the first lady in the land. In closing, I may add that whatever Mrs. Cleveland's age may be, she doesn't look it by at least a year and a half. BILL NYE.

Pittsburg Doctors Buy Lots of It, but Are Since the papers have thrown Koch's cure in which he tips his head and winks at yo

in which he tips his head and winks at you suggests that if you out-general him you must rise early in the morning to go in search of wisdom.

Friendly blackberry sprays reach out cordial hands, alders with their creamy blossoms, a tangle of shrubs and oh, a thicket of wild roses hardly yet budded. The road rises up over a hill, but we turn, pass a strip of woods, and here is the house in the midst of a great level place, with hills up back of us, and down below houses enough for safety. A four-gabled house with wide porches and vines running up to a balcony swinging out under the eaves, spacious rooms and high ceilings, a house built in the swell times before Black Friday, when money was no object. over the rail it might be supposed that it was abandoned, says Lucius Einholl, traveler for a large wholesale drug firm, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is really fession only since the papers dropped it.

My firm is importing the lymph—importing it in large quantities, and I am selling it daily all over the country. I sell in quantities large in proportion to its value. You must remember that an ordinary beer bottle full of it is worth about \$25,000. You may see it can not be used as a beverage. To tell the truth, almost every physician in the country, who does anything in the way.

now quietly testing this lymph in his own day, when money was no object. private practice.

I have just returned from Pittsburg, where I talked with 13 doctors who had been trying it in the last three months on from 1 to 18 patients, the latter number oc-curing in the practice of a specialist in pulmonary diseases. I cannot get from them definite statements of their verdict as to its value. The ludicrous uproar and hubbub over its first appearance made them extremely cautious in this particular. They seem to think it worth carrying on extended experiments with, since the firm which I

have heard some very good reports of its use, and I should not be at all surprised if next winter should witness a renewal of the the excitement over the remedy, but in a

> AIR THAT MAKES ONE SLEEP. beautiful winding ways. Its wide arching stately trees remain to keep it company. Then here just above is the old burying ground with epitaphs of primitive poetry and the more modern well kept plots. Two

One source of amusement is a little one-horse car, in which you ride from the Midland bridge to Essex for a penny. The avenue is broad and finely kept, the main driveway to the county line. We alight and stroll up Joralemon's lane and come to a lovely bit of woods, carpeted with velvety turf and mosses. A brook babbles down in the hollow. We sit on a fallen tree trunk and take out our books, but can we read? The sun is sifted down in golden grains and tremulous waves of changeful green. The crickets chirn through the full grains and tremulous waves of changeful green. The crickets chirp through the full

WHAT THE LAST CENSUS SHOWS. The Campaign of 1892 Will Be Waged Upon Disestablishment.

DEATH OF THE REV. OWEN THOMAS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] squandering our money-do you realize

Probably the most important feature of

The Council of the University College at Aberystwith is to be congratulated upon its selection of principal. Probably no worthier successor to Principal Edwards could be found at the present time than Pro-For a quick discoverer of the largest and loveliest strawberry and the ripest side of a cherry commend me to Robin. The manner in which he tips his head and winks at you

erprise by means of exorbitant royalties. The Late Rev. Owen Thomas.

WHEN INGALLS WAS OFF.

for \$100,000, and that no one else was pro-hibited from painting it, he was trying to illustrate his point that any man could be a millionaire if he had the brains. As it hap-pens, he could scarcely have chosen a more falincious prop to his argument.

Nobody doubts that the painter of that

Nobody doubts that the painter of that picture had brains, but we presume nobody believes that it was the painter who received the sum which will be often quoted in the future as the nineteenth century's noble tribute to art. On the contrary, the paltry hundreds he was paid have been too often named. Mr. Ingalls' remarks about brains are brilliant, but not sound.

from a sudden shock speaks with unthinking candor. "What a mockery it would have been had my coming—" he shuddered and glanced over the bank down to the tumbling water.

Daisy shuddered, too. Then, finding his eyes upon her, fixed in a glare of tenderness, she fell into sudden embarrassment and modes faint move as if to go at which Villeria. the better off. He had found good women either stupid or not so good after all. His knowledge of Marguerite had been a half-recognized protest against this classification, or, at least, and he winced, her stupidity
had seemed attractive. This disappearance
of hers and her jump upon the stage irritated him—first with her; he had expected
her to keep still till he was ready to take
her, and next, and more largely, with himshe rell into studen embarrassment and made a faint move as if to go, at which Kil-dare vocalized a single breath into a sort of sob, wrung from the depths of his soul, and catching her two hands, kissed them one self. If he meant to marry her, why hadn't he done so before and avoided this break of after the other.
"Don't be frightened, darling. Think! I hers. If she belonged to the "other class" at heart, why hadn't he discovered it before, that is, before he felt this interest in her. He did not like to take Marguerite on the level of nearly lost you a moment ago."

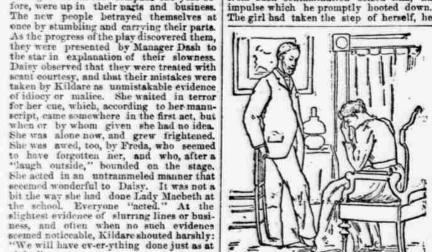
Daisy's wild-eyed look of questioning beame a fixed stare which he met with one of

Marguerite Granite."

"From the school? Is—is she with us this "Yes."

Here Kildare broke in, rapping his stick 'his fancy. He really could not think of her as being or coming to be like this girl Sona-day. Bewitching girl that! Quick as a flash and not easy to get hold of—bewitch-ing! almost worth chasing, but Marguerite! Marguerite growing like that! Marguerite "Come, come, come, come let's get to work, ladies and gentlemen, let's get to Miss Ellaine shrunk back. Everyone became attentive and began to tall into gaining the experience which alone would place, but all eyes kept watchfully on Kil dare. The piece was a reproduction from o equip a woman with such provocative fascination. An impulse to hasten at once to her and take her authoritatively away the last season, and nearly all the actors having been in the company the year be-fore, were up in their parts and business. from such contamination seized him, an impulse which he promptly hooted down. The girl had taken the step of herself, he

"Not well at all," Freda returned his own theory that the unmarried man is



Opera Flyers." Not there! Then he tried the R's. "Rapid Transit Co." "Rainbow Burlesquers;" "Rent Asunder Co.;" "Rice Pudding Burlesque;" "Robert Kildare." Ah! "Washington 3— week."

Besides he would not mind a glimpse of

CHAPTER III.

LET ME HELP YOU.

A breakdown near Ningara. The train

was run off on a side track and word went

through the cars that no start would be

shaking himself into his heavy coat. "Come,

The girl's face was white.

"No. Bob-

fourth finger,

"Lucky it's Sunday night," Kildare said.

"Isn't it rather a walk?" she asked

Kildare looked gloomily down on her.

The contrast between the two was striking. Possibly her frail, childish face appealed to

thin white hand, the nails manicured care-

fully. Each finger was ringed. On the

then began slowly turning the stones of her rings toward her palm. As the plain gold circles showed on her fourth finger her eyes shadowed. She pulled off all the rings from her left hand, except one, and this one had the jewel toward the palm of her fourth finger.

She looked at her hand, bared save this

one band of plain gold, and, while a smile touched her lips into a new sadness, the tears rolled down her cheeks. To check

herself she turned her palm that she might see the stone the plain band held, but at

sight of the pearl she began to sob, and so,

Meanwhile, Kildare walked briskly up the track. As he neared the bridge spanning the rapids he sprung down the bank to continue his tramp along the cliff. The sun was cleaving through dull orange and red clouds, low at the west, and a ruddy glow suffused exerciting through the high

suffused everything, turning the high lights of the snow to a pink and giving the

railing along the cliff a bronze edge. A little way down the rapids two girls leaned over the rail. Kildare looked at them curi-

ously. One spoke and her voice reached

"I'm getting the horrors, Daisy; I'll go back to the train. No reason why you shouldn't stay, only don't get left."
"Freda," said Kildare to himself, im-

At the crunching of the snow behind her

draw from his hold, but, with one arm still about her, and feeling he had made a fine

start, he leaned heavily upon the rail.
"I thought you were going over," he explained; "it turned me ill for a moment."

"If you are going to whine about it-

Sonaday.

night."
Whenever the star's angry orbit brought ESTAGE? him near to Miss Ellaine she pleaded softly. We Tried to Dissuade Marguerite. The rest of the company looked stolidly would give himself a good chance to see what it meant. He wouldn't at his time of life make a fool of himself and marry s Kildare eried: "Go on," and nothing went woman to keep her away from others. If others could get her they were welcome, and he'd take his chances at her himself if he "Well-well-well" he growled,

"what is it—what is it?"
"It's Meg's entrance," said Freds, valiantly, breaking the panse.
"Well, where's Meg, then?"
At this the manager hastily buttonholed him. The star said "Oh" and "Ah" and glanced under his brows at Daisy, who rose rembling. Mr. Dash came toward her and shook hands kindly, saying: "Let me take to you--" but Kildare had followed and

"Miss Granite. Ah, I am so glad to see

you, my dear." I have told Mr. Kildare of yor," said "And I am sure we shall like each other," went on the star.
He seemed another man. He stood and chatted a few seconds, Daisy feeling uncomfortably involved in discourtesy to the other people. Presently he remembered them. With a sweeping gesture, and lift-

extended his hand.

ing his voice, he said:

good enough to make your entrance—upper left with—um—you have not yet met—" and Daisy followed him to the little red-haired woman. "Miss Ellaine," he said, "let me present—" Ellaine came forward hastily. "I believe I know Miss Granite," she said, "we--we were at school together." Then shyly to Daisy, "We enter left upper."

Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Granite,

who takes Miss Davis' place. Have you your part, Miss Granite? Ah-will you be

CHAPTER IL. HENROYD BRETON. Mrs. Granite gave a little sob and put her handkerchief to her eyes. "Ah Mr. Bremade for a couple of hours. ton," she said, "what you say is true. We tried to dissuade Marguerite. Rather would I have worked my fingers to the bone,

Bird, we will take a look at the falls." but-she would. She is so brave and Henroyd Breton paced the floor, a heavy faintly. scowl on his face. He glanced at Mrs. Granite's prettlly gowned figure, and the old-fashioned diamond rings on the fingers which she was ready to work to the bone. Then he said shortly: "Mrs. Granite, I will confess I am interested, deeply interested in your daughter, and I trust my alarm for her

welfare in her present position will not be regarded as impertment." "You!-my dear husband's dearest friend! Oh, Mr. Breton, how often have I heard him say if a man like Henroyd Breton

out-," and Mrs. Granite gurgled into in

Come, Let's Get to Work! sight of the pearl she began to sob, and so, with the back of her wrist against her closedrawn lips, and her hand elenched, she lay crying, while the loose lot of scattered jewels gleamed in the folds of the rug. coherency—then depreciatingly, "I assure you, Marguerite is well cared for. Mr. Kildare is very kind to her."

"Mr. Kildare be hanged! I beg your

"And there is a young lady with the

troupe who was with Marguerite at the Dramatic school," "A very levely young lady of whom Marguerite thinks a great deal, Miss Sonaday."

Breton stepped his walk. "Sonaday— "Yes, Marguerite writes of her as Freda."

"Humph! A young woman whom I met ast August with a party on the Casino roof; a young lady who with a turn of hor eyes and a laugh, gave me permission to call, at that first meeting. Oh, a very "I am sure it is not the same lady," sald Mrs. Granite undisturied. "This lady must be quite proper or Marguerite would

patiently, watching her as she swung up the crisp path. The look that followed her was not a pleasant one. Her freedom of movement, the well-poised grace of her run never like her so much. They are together Breton ground his teeth "all the time." up the bank to the track, the flash of her red Tam, and the gleam her brown hair Marguerite! The child be had seen grow from sweet, solemn-eved babyhood into the took in the slanting orange light, all irri-tated him, Daisy? So the other girl was Miss Granite. He looked at Marguerite's charm of later years, dragged around to Casino roofs and getting used to it—getting used to it! He spoke gravely: "Had I been here at the unfortunate time of your daughfigure discontentedly and then again after "Wish it had been the other way," he grumbled, and strode briskly toward Marter's decision I should have endeavored to influence you against permitting it. As it is, may I beg your authority to reader Miss Granice such protection as she may be inguerite.

she turned with a cry, and receding came heavily sgainst the unsteady railing. Kildare, with a hoarse exclamation, sprung for-ward and caught her in his arm. Then, reon your head! If you only had been here, dear Mr. Breton, things might have been far different—but—" and again Mrs. Granite moving his cigar, made an exclamation under his breath. "I—you—I didn't know who it was," stammered Dalsy.
Kildare dld not heed her move to with-

clined to permit, should my duties happen

gurgled into incoherency.
"On the stage! On the stage!" Breton rammed his hands into his pockets and shrugged himself impatiently as he strode to the station. What an infernal thing to happen. Matters had been bad enough as they were—thinking to marry a girl like that—of no family and no money—not that he had decided to marry her. He knew his family didn't expect him to marry unless he secured a fortune by so doing. It was bluntly, as does a man who in the reaction