"It's good advertisement." The last few weeks of the season dragged wearily on. One-night stands were fre-quent, travel terribly hard and Kildare sayagely sullen. Shall you be with him next year, Freda?"

Daisy asked. Do you know what you shall do?" "A dramatic agency has gotten me an offer in a stock in California."

"Shall you take it?"
"I think so." She covered her eyes a moment, then looking up, added steadily:
"Stickner is in it."

Stickner is in it.
"Oh, Freda! Shall you?"
"I shall give myself a chance to be happy, dear, though I am not worth it."

The last Sunday Freda sent for Kildare. Her trunks were packed and her room bare. After a sharp knock he entered. "I expected this before," he said.

you care for only to win. Robert, Robert, let me go free! I will go away. I will trust my strength no longer. Let me have my chance at life and at happiness. Let me shake off the curse that has fallen on me!"

her eyes, and in turning stumbled and fell. He dashed cold water in her face. As

her breath began to come he lifted her hand.
"She is worth them all," he said huskily.

CHAPTER XVIIL

Marguerite was married from her own

home, and Freds helped to throw slippers

after her. Fred Sticknor had come out to

the wedding from Chicago, where he was

doing a three weeks' summer engagement.
"Do come often again," said Mrs. Granite, when the weeding party was off, and

. THE BND.

But the next morning Freds was gone.

on me!"

"You forget," he answered, "I want you." At the change in his voice, Freda's lips turned white and drew back from her teeth as with deadly horror. She struggled fiercely till he loosed his hold.

"You shall have your chance at life and COL. SCOTT WAS THE SMUGGLER. happiness but with me. I know about this Stickner fellow, the man who The President Regarded It All as a Very

was in love with you, in the company last season, and whom you mean to join in California. You take your chance at life and happiness with me—not him."

He came toward her, his head bent forward. She lifted her arms as if to shield Grave Mistake. M'CLURE'S MEETING WITH LINCOLN



[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] NEVER met Abra ham Lincoln until early in January, 1861, some two months after his election to the Presidency. I was brought into very close and confidential relations with him by correspondence during the Pennsylvania cam-

sign of 1860, but never saw him. I was summoned to him at Springfield by telegram, and it is proper to say that this invitation was in answer to a telegram from me advising him against the appointment of General Cameron as Secretary of War.

The factional feuds and bitter antagonisms of that day have long since perished, and I do not propose in any way to rivive them. On the 31st of December Lincoln had delivered to Cameron at Springfield a letter notifying him that he would be nominated for a Cabinet position. The fact became known immediately upon Cameron's return, and inspired very vigorous opposition to his appointment, in which Governor Curtin halted Lincoln and Lamon at the door and inquired of Lamon whether he was well armed. Lamon had been chosen by Lincoln as his companion because of his exceptional physical power and prowess, but Curtin wanted assurance that he was properly equipped for defense. Lamon at one uncovered a small arsenal of deadly weapons, showing that he was literally armed to the teeth. In addition to a pair of heavy revolvers, he had a slung-shot and brass knuckles and a finge knife nestled under his vest. The three entered the carriage, and, as instructed by Scott, drove rocked in the evening. I had telegraphed Lincoln of the hour that I would arrive and the Executive Manslon, but when near there the driver was ordered to take a circuitous route and to reach the railroad depot within half an hour. The factional feuds and bitter antag-Wilmot and many others participated. Although the Senate, of which I was a member, was just about to organize. I hastened to Springfield and reached there about? o'clock in the evening. I had telegraphed Lincoln of the hour that I would arrive and that I must return at 11 the same night. I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself opening the door. DISAPPOINTED AT HIS APPEARANCE

I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill clad, with a homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I con-fess that my heart snnk within me as I re-membered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or account of the property dress cost with tightly distinguished. evening dress coat, with tightly-fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms, and all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence—such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours that I remained with him, and little by little as his earnestness, sincerity and cando were developed in conversation. I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed I learned not only to re-spect but, indeed, to reverence the man.

It is needless to give any account of the special mission on which I was called to Springfield, beyond the fact that the tender of a Cabinet position to Pennsylvania was recalled by him on the following day, al-though renewed and accepted two months later, when the Cabinet was finally formed in Washington. It was after the Pennsylvania Cabinet imbroglio was disposed of that Lincoln exhibited his true self without

CONFIDENCE ROSE WITH THE TALK.

For more than two hours he discussed the gravity of the situation and the appalling danger of civil war. Although he had never been in public office outside of the Illinois Legislature, beyond a single session of Congress, and had little intercourse with the public men of the nation during the 12 years office this return from Washington he after his return from Washington, he ex-hibited remarkable knowledge of all the leading public men of the country, and none could mistake the patriotic purposes that "inspired him in approaching the mighty re-sponsibility that had been cast upon him by sponsibility that had been case upon the people. He discussed the slavery questhe people. He discussed the slavery ques-tion in all its aspects, and all the various causes which were used as pretexts for rebellion, and he was not only master of the whole question, but he thoroughly understood his duty and was prepared to perform it. During this conversation I had little to say beyond answer ing an occasional question or suggestion from him, and I finally left him fully satis-fied that he understood the political conditions in Pennsylvania nearly as well as I did myself, and entirely assured that of all the public men named for the Presidency as

Chicago, he was the most competent and the safest to take the helm of the ship of State and guide it through the impending storm. I next met Abraham Lincoln at Harrisburg on the 22d of February, 1861, when he passed through the most trying ordeal of his life. He had been in Philadelphia the night before, where he was advised by let-ters from General Winfield Scott and his prospective Premier, Senator Seward, that he could not pass through Baltimore on the 23d without grave peril to his life. His route as published to the world for some days, was from Harrisburg to Philadelphia on the morning of the 23d; to remain in Harrisburg over night as the guest of Governor Curtin, and to leave for Washington the next morning by the Northern Central Railway that would take him through Balti-

more about mid-day. THEY FEARED ASSASSINATION. A number of detectives under the direction of President Felton, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad and Allan Pinkerton, chief of the wellknown detective agency, were convinced from the information they obtained that Lincoln would be assassinated if he attempted to pass through Baltimore according to the published programme. A conference at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia on the night of the 21st, at which Lincoln was advised of the admonitions of Scott and Seward, had not resulted in any final determination as to his route to Washington. He was from the first extremely reluctant about any change, but it was finally decided that he should proceed to Harrisburg on the morning of the 22d and be guided by events as they should transpire

The two speeches made by Lincoln on the 22d of February do not exhibit a single trace of mental disturbance by the appall-ing news he had received. He hoisted the stars and stripes to the pinnacle of Inde-pendence Hall early in the morning and de-livered a brief address that was eminently characteristic of the man. He arrived at characteristic of the man. He arrived at Harrisburg about noon, was received in the House of Representatives by the Governor and both branches of the Legislature, and there spoke with the same calm delibera-tion and incisiveness which marked all his speeches during the journey from Spring-field to Washington. After the reception at the House another conference was had on the House another conference was had on the subject of his route to Washington; and, while every person present, with the excep-tion of Lincoln, was positive in the demand that the programme should be changed, he obstinately hesitated. He did not believe that the danger of assassination was serious.

IT WAS DECIDED AT DINNER. The afternoon conference practically decided nothing, but at dinner it was finally determined that Lincoln should return to Philadelphia and go thence to Washington that night. No one who heard the discussion of the question could efface it from his memory. The admonitions received from General Scott and Senator Seward were made known to Governor Curtin at the table, and the question of a change of route was discussed for some time by every one with the single-exception of Lincoln. He

HOW THE CROWD WAS FOOLED. There was a crowd of thousands around the hotel, anxious to see the new President and ready to cheer him to the uttermost. It was believed to be best that only one man and ready to cheer him to the uttermost. It was believed to be best that only one man should accompany Lincoln in his journey to Philadelphia and Washington, and Lincoln decided that Colonel Lamon should be his companion. Colonel Sumner, who felt that he had been charged with the safety of the President-elect, and whose silvered crown seemed to entitle him to precedence, earnestly protested against Lincoln leaving his immediate care, but it was deemed unsafe to have more than one accompany Lincoln, and the veteran soldier was compelled to surrender his charge. That preliminary question settled, Scott directed that Curtin, Lincoln and Lamon should at once proceed down to the front steps of the hotel, where there was a vast throng waiting to receive them, and that Curtin should call distinctly, so that the crowd could hear, for a carriage and direct the coachman to drive the party to the Executive Mansion. That was the natural thing for Curtin to do; that is to take the President to the Governor's Mansion as his guest, and it excited no suspicion whatever.

"Why? Just because the river from the SCOTT CUT EVERY WIRE. Sharpsburg bridge down to the Point may be designated a long, narrow chute, which in flood time becomes a swirling, seething mass of currents, too swift to be safe for any When Curtin and his party had gotten When Curtin and his party had gotten fairly away from the hotel I accompanied Scott to the railway depot, where he at once cleared one of his lines from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, so that there could be no obstruction upon it, as had been agreed upon at Philadelphia the evening before in case the change should be made. In the meantime he had ordered a locomotive and a single car to be brought to the Eastern entrance of the depot, and at the appointed time the carriage arrived. Lincoln and Lamon emerged from the carriage and entered the car unnoticed by any excepting those interested in the matter, and after a quiet but fervent "good-bye and God protect you," the engineer quietly moved his train away on its momentous mission.

As soon as the train left I accompanied Scott in the work of severing all the telegraph lines which entered Harrisburg. He was not content with directing that it should be done, but he personally saw that every wire entering the city was out. This was about 70 clock in the evening. It had been arranged that the II o'clock train from Philadelphia to Washington should be held until Lincoln arrived, on the pretext of delivering an important package to the conductor. The train on which he was to leave Philadelphia was due in Washington at 6 in the morning, and Scott kept faithful vigil during the entire night, not only to see that there should be no restoration of the wires, but waiting with anxious solitude for the time when he might hope to hear the good news that Lincoln had arrived in safety. To guard against every possible chance of of imposition a special cipher was agreed upon that could not possibly be understood by any but the parties to it.

PLUMS DELIVERED NUTS SAFELY. craft. To a stranger as I am, following day by day this river from its forest-clad shores up around Warren down to Sharpsburg, the stream suddenly assumes the appearance that I describe by the word chute. You have reduced its width until you confine its waters too much, and it roars along in flood time with a violence unknown above at points where its spread right and left is unrestricted. Therefore I will venture the assertion that raftsmen experience greater difficulty in holding their lumber at Herr's Island than they do above Sharpsburg. They are in the very midst of this narrowed channel, and consequently get more of its force,
"Just in proportion as these cinders and

PLUMS DELIVERED NUTS SAFELY. It was a long, weary night of fretful anxfety to the dozen or more in Harrisburg who had knowledge of the sudden departure of had knowledge of the sudden departure of Lincoln. No one attempted to sleep. All felt that the fate of the nation hung on the safe progress of Lincoln to Washington without detection on his journey. Scott, who was of heroic mould, several times tried to temper the severe strain of his anxiety by looking up railroad matters, but he would soon abandon the listless effort, and thrice we strolled from the depot to the Jones House and back again, in aimless struggle to hasten the slowly massing hours, only to find account. in aimless struggle to hasten the slowly passing hours, only to find equally anxious watchers there and a wife whose sobbing heart could not be consoled. At last the Eastern horizon has purpled with the promise of day. Scott reunited the broken lines for the lightning messenger, and he was soon gladdened by an unsigned dispatch from Washington, saying: "Plums delivered nuts safely." He whirled his hat high in the little telegraph office as he shouted: "Lincoln's in Washington," and we rushed to the Jones House and hurried a messenger to the Executive Mansion to messenger to the Executive Mansion to spread the glad tidings that Lincoln had safely made his midnight journey to the Cap-

ital.
I have several times heard Lincoln refer I have several times heard Lincoln refer to this journey, and always with regret. Indeed, he seemed to regard it as one of the grave mistakes in his public career. He was fully convinced, as Colonel Lamon has stated it, that "he had fied from a danger purely imaginary, and he felt the shame and mortification natural to a brave man under such circumstances." Mrs. Lincoln and her suite passed through Baltimore on the 23d without any sign of turbulence. The fact that there was not even a curious crowd brought there was not even a curious crowd brought together when she passed through the city— which then required considerable time, as the cars were taken clear across Baltimore
by horses—confirmed Lincoln in his belief

LINCOLN WAS DISGUISED. The sensational stories published at the time of his disguise for the journey were wholly untrue. He was reported as having been dressed in a Scotch cap and cleak and as entering the car at the Broad and Prime station by some private alley-way, but there was no truth watever in any of these statements. I saw him leave the dining room at the Harrisburg depot and the only change in his dress was the substitution of a soft slouch hat for the high one he had worn during the day. He wore the same overcoat that he had worn when he arrived at Harrisburg, and the only extin appared he had time of his disguise for the journey were burg, and the only extra apparel he had about him was the shawl that hung over his

When he reached West Philadelphia he when he reached West Philadelphia he was met by Superintendent Kenney, who had a carriage in waiting with a single detective in it. Lincoin and Lamon entered the carriage and Kenney mounted the box with the driver. They were in advance of the time for the starting of the Baltimore train and they were driven around on Broad street, as the driver was informed, in search of some one wanted by Kenney and the detective, until it was time to reach the station. When there, they entered by the public doorway on Broad street and passed directly along with other passengers to the car, where their berths had been encaged.

The journey to Washington was entirely uneventful and at 5 o'clock in the morning the train entered the Washington station on schedule time. Saward had been advised, by the return of his son from Philadelphia, of the probable execution of this programme and he and Washburne were in the station and met the President and he party, and all drove together to Willard's Hotel. Thus ends the story of Lincoln's midnight journey from Harrisburg to the National Capital.

REIRSKLL SAGE'S LUCK COINS.

RUSSELL SAGE'S LUCK COINS.

Russell Sage, the millionaire railway magnate, has 64 coins, ranging from pennies, which form the majority of the collection, to silver dollars, of which there are four, I have heard, that could not be bought for a thousand times their face value, much as the good man likes money. The collec-tion represents Mr. Sage's finds on the the streets outside of the Wall street district. He picked the 64 coins up at differ-

has which he always carries with him He regards them as luck coins, although if taxed with being superstitious would probably deny the charge. That bag containing the coins is never away from him,

graphs shows the dirt and ash "dumps" in the Allegheny river at the foot of Tenth street. If the reader will suppose himself standing in the extreme lower left corner of the picture, looking straight up along the shore toward the P., Ft. W. & C. R. R. bridge in the distance, he will at a glance see the way the upper piles of ashes and refuse are insidiously creeping out into the steam, each one a little farther than the other. The lower left corner of the picture shows the river clear to edge of the photograph. The dirt piles fill in the middle field of the photograph on the left side.

TWENTY YEARS OF FILLING. BANKS For Years They Have Been Gradually Approaching Each Other.

THE DANGER LINE REACHED.

How the City's Big Furnaces Dump Their Refuse Into the Water.

RECENT ENACTMENTS OF CONGRESS

TTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

river contracted because of those solid banks of slag and cinders from your great iron mills and furnaces, and when I saw the utter

lack of thoughtfulness in your authorities

permitting the dumping of ashes and refuse from tens of thousands of kitchens farther and farther out into the river—when I beheld the result of this policy, why I re-marked to my companion that if I were a raftsman I would keep my timber moored

up above Sharpsburg somewhere rather than risk it down by Herr's Island in the

MAKING IT A CHUTEL

used to be, and each time the water is more violent and deeper on your streets. Why,

Allegheny River, Poot of Tenth Street.

in the name of common sense, if your au

throw up these slag and cinder embankment

above the business part of the city, do they

result in a system of levees or dykes to pro-

ONLY EIGHT FEET OF WATER.

engineer, puts it into words as follows:
"A shoal exists in the Monongahela river

come worse in recent years, the result of the

imprudent encroachments made by filling out the river banks and making its waters

the receptacle for the ashes and cinders of

numerous large manufacturing establish-ments, and of the refuse coal from mines along the river. Recent legislation has

been had from Congress looking to the cor-rection of the evils here complained of, and

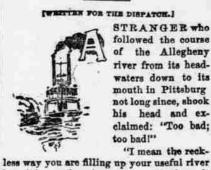
which have been for years a source of an-noyance to the interests concerned in the

burg, and efforts are now being made to have the law put in

Pitts

navigation of the rivers above burg, and efforts are now

teet your business front on the rivers."

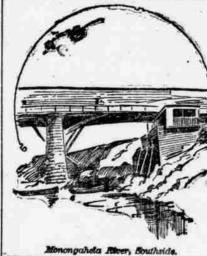


The third photograph illustrates the heighth of the "made ground" on the banks of the Allegheny river at the foot of Garrison alley. The shore was first filled in rison alley. The shore was first filled in and wooden piles driven on which to build the freight branch of the Junction Railroad. Below this again dirt and ashes have been dumped, year after year, until the railroad seems quite a distance back from the river. Yet from the ground beyond the top of the flat cars standing on the tracks, down to the edge of the water was once free and sloping. The white-whiskered toll-collector at the Hand street bridge, just below here, says he has seen the river driven STRANGER who followed the course of the Allegheny river from its headwaters down to its mouth in Pittsburg not long since, shook below here, says he has seen the river driven back, yard after yard, in the 20 years that his head and exclaimed: "Too bad; too bad!" "I mean the reck-

he has been on duty at this point.
On the north bank of the Allegheny river, about a mile above the Forty-third street bridge, a blast furnace company, finding it had not room enough for some new build-ings and yards it was about to erect, comhere," he continued. "Above Pittsburg it is a beautiful stream, and capable of great menced filling up the river bank with slag.

As this bank extends farther and farther out into the river, it adds to the railroad track, which carries the dinky locomotive utility. As I came down along its shores I saw many rafts of timber, and looking out upon its many majestic eddles and its safe, gently-sloped banks, I said to myself: "This and slag cars to the water's edge. is surely a good river for these raftsmen-no rapids to shoot, no dangerous currents to stem! But when I reached your city, and saw plainly how the width of the

TWENTY YEARS OF FILLING.



There the slag, still a red-hot mass of molten stuff, is dumped off. It rolls down the embankment actually blazing, and finally hissing in clouds of steam as it touches the water. This is the same at every other furnace along the Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio rivers. The slag is dumped while it is still red hot, and makes the great artificial banks all the more solid, the slag fusing together in an improcessible. the slag fusing together in an impenetrable

THEY HAVEN'T ENOUGH ROOM. But, serious as this question of river en-groachments is, there is equal gravity in the dirt encroachments into your river increase, the extent of damage done in your city by floods is greater. The lower parts of your two cities—down around the junction of the two rivers—is inundated oftener than they croachments is, there is equal gravity in the question, "What are you going to do about it?" Every large manufacturing establishment in Pittsburg and Allegheny—Allegheny county you may almost say—is located upon the river banks, or in proximity to them. There are 15 miles of river front on the Monongahela river in the city, counting both shores. On the Allegheny river in the city limits there are 13 miles more, and on the Ohio from the Point to Davis Island dam eight miles. That makes 36 miles of a river frontage for the two cities, more than one-half of which is closely occupied by furnaces, steel and iron mills, ccupied by furnaces, steel and iron mills, foundries, brass and copper works, and glass factories. What shall they do with their refuse? With the exception of the Edgar Thomson and Carrie Furnaces, these corporations have room enough only to store a month's supply of ore for their actual necessities. Colonel Roberts says that so much heavy tonnage business is nowhere, perhaps, in the world transacted upon such

confined areas as about the furnaces and the steel and iron mills of Pittsburg.
So greatly cramped for room for his actual needs, what, therefore, is the from carpet-ter to do with his chips and shavings if the United States engineers, now at work on the problem, build an imaginary fence L. E. STOFIEL along the rivers?

THEY KEEP THE FIRES BURNING. and the Women of New Guines Tell For

not compel them to build embankments of the same character and height along the river clear down to the Point? That would lew York Herald.] There is a beautiful custom among the natives of New Guinea which carries a valua-ble lesson in it. Once a year the men of New Guinea set out on a trading expedition. It is an enterprise of great peril, for they are liable to shipwreck on the coast, and to the attack of hostile tribes who This filling in of the rivers has a sort of "double back action" result which the stranger above quoted failed to note. Colonel T. P. Roberts, the well-known local would capture their boats and property. There is a prevalent belief that those who stay at home—their mothers, wives and daughters—have, much to do with their return. If, during the absence of their loved above the Tenth street bridge, where for a distance of about 400 feet the channel depth is only eight feet when the Davis Island dam is full. This particular shoal has be-

ones, they keep the fire constantly burning on the hearth the men will return in safety; but, if, through neglect, the fire burns out some evil will occur All the time that the expedition is away the women guard most jealously and in person the burning fire, fearing to commit the duty to others lest they, not having the same affection for the loved one absent, should allow it to go out. Thus they watch and wait until the shouts of the villagers give the glad news that the expension returning, when they put on their best attire and gladly go forth to meet the reactive and gladly go forth to meet the reactive and gladly go forth to meet the reactive who during his turning. Any woman who, during his absence, has allowed her fire to go out is held by her neighbors to have lost the love of her husband.

There is a lesson here for both domestic and religious life.

· Fort Worth's Flowing Well. Fort Worth can now boast of the largest flowing well in existence, the largest hitherto known being at Bourne, Lincolnshire, England, which discharges a half-million gallons daily. At Aire, in the province of Artois, France, from which province is derived the name of artesian wells, there is a well from which the water has continued to flow for more than a century, and at the old Carthusian Convent at Lillers there is another which dates from the twelfth century. But Fort Worth's well breaks the record. It gives 600 gallons per minuta, makes 864,000 gallons daily.

A Literary Light Extinguished Humboldt, just returned from his travels Mr. Editor, I have a journal of-Mr. Editor-Thank heaven! James! Show his machinist where that new journal is wanted on the broken shaft, and be mighty ively about it!

A Wise Man's Discoveries [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 What Massachusetts must have-Ha-

A foolish group-The Scilly Isles. Always shows its teeth-The rake. A ship that doesn't sail-The township A troublesome trio—I. O. U.

Requires a tip—The billiard cus.
A great French go—Hugo.
Up in arms—Babies.
Plenty of rocks—In mid-ocean.
Abundant crops—At the hair cutters.
The pugliist's shell fish—The muscle.
The great American if—Tariff.
Frequently mixed—Paints.
Not necessarily a Chinaman—Yan-kes.
Rivets his attention—The bollermaker.
The public speaker's rum—Rostrum.
Up for life—The gallows.
A good place for those desiring to marry—Iniontown. A troublesome trio-I. O. U.

Effect of Wines on Pensin Dr. Hugouneng, after experimenting with

Spend \$114,000,000 a Year.

ADVERTISING IS NOW A SCIENCE. The Middlemen or Agents Are Making Any Amount of Money.

ODD FACTS ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

NEW YORK, Sept. 19 .- The publisher of the country newspaper who gets a New York advertisement set in pearl or agate type and an offer of so much job type at commercial rates, or a gross of patent medicine in payment for a certain number of insertions at the top of column next to reading matter; and who must set the same .matter in nonpareil taking twice the space and finds at settlement day that more than half the time checked off against him by reason of the "ad" not being set or inserted according to contract, knows what a New York advertising agency is. A good many other people do not. Yet the advertising agent is now one of the most important factors of all speculators in printer's ink.

Upwards of \$114,000,000 are now expended in the United States every year for advertising in periodicals and newspapers. That is a very large sum, and if the cash laid out in hand-bill poster, bill-board ink and rock and ience paint were added the ag-gregate would be much larger. Advertising expenses are now estimated by every business man as one of the primary and necessary items in conducting a successful business, the same as rent, clerk hire, etc.

ORIGIN OF COLOSSAL FORTUNES. Yet modern advertising is quite as far in advance of what it was a quarter of a cen-tury ago, as is the general character of com-mercial life itself. The shrewd business men who have been quickest to recognize this have made colossal fortunes; those who have not caught the spirit of the times have been left stranded and broken upon the shifting sands of competition.

The extraordinary growth of advertising systems in this country is an index of the modern commercial spirit and prosperity. The fundamental principle was never better expressed than to me a day or two ago by one of the greatest and most successful ad-vertisers in the United States: "There is more money in an indifferently good article well advertised than in the best thing kept in a corner."

There are now a dozen large advertising agencies in New York besides numerous lower grades, with an aggregate invested capital of about \$1,000,000. Thirty years ago the advertising agent as such was unknown. From spasmodic and uncertain ventures advertising has BECOME AN EXACT SCIENCE

in the sense employed in commercial transactions. There are quite a number of New York merchants who set aside from \$20,000 to \$50,000 a year for advertising expenses. A. T. Stewart, in his day the most successful dry goods merchant in New York, used to spend \$100,000 a year in letting people know what he had to sell. A score of the best New York houses lay out about \$25,000 each year in the newspapers alone and rightly consider the amount well invested. A new store of prominence goes considerably over that amount and from \$40,000 to \$50,000 in advertising the first year is not

considered extravagant.

Among the many liberal advertisers in the metropolitan press their efforts at \$4,000 or \$5,000 a month would probably not excite remark. The competition of merchants for space is what makes the immense metropolitan Sunday issues possible and profitable—the subscription price scarcely covering more than the cost of the white paper. Two hundred dollars per column in these issues is not thought too much for the returns on the expenditure. On evening papers the prices run from \$50 to \$100 per column.

ADVERTISING CONTINUOUSLY. This newspaper space is mostly taken by local merchants and business men of all kinds. But there are certain men and business firms and articles advertised that are familiar to every householder in the civilized world, and these can be found in almost every newspaper in the world, every periodical, and on the rocks and fences wherever civil ized people can be found. They are so common that they even disarm the hostility of the blue pencil of the editor, great and small, who has constitutional objections to advertising anybody or anything except through the commercial channels of the

business office. Mark the moral! Do these great advertisers act on the narrow principle of many country merchants and cease or curtail these wast expenditures on the ground that everybody knows them and what they sell, and that therefore continued efforts in this line is a waste of money? Not a bit of it. They know better. They not only keep at it, but increase their advertising bills. They re-double their efforts and invent new schemes with the dull season and thus stimulate slackened trade. By doing so they add to

ARTICLES THAT NEVER DROP OUT. What man, woman or child of intelli-gence but knows of Pear's Soap, Hood's Sarsaparilla, Hop Bitters, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Pyle's Pearline, Sapolio, Beecham's Pills, Douglas' \$3 shoe, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Lydia Pinkham, and scores of other similar people and things that are flaunted in the face at every turn? face at every turn? Do they drop out of the list? Not at all. Yet \$100,000 a year seems a very tidy sum. A man can get lots of fun out of \$100,000, and why put it in printers' ink every year? Because experi-ence shows the money thus paid out yields a rich harvest and that to withdraw the expenditure is to withdraw from the commer-

The newspapers who preach advertising have made money by practicing what they preach. From the first grand efforts of Robert Bonner, who advertised the New York Ledger by columns and pages in his contemporaries to the rival daily newspapers of this city who use each other's pages for the same purpose every week, there have been con-spicuous examples of the newspaper faith in newspaper advertising. When a metroin newspaper advertising. When a politan newspaper pays \$1,000 over THE COUNTER OF A RIVAL

for a single insertion of a display advertise ment it is about the highest testimonial of belief in the efficacy of ink. Bonner used to place the opening chapters of his Ledger stories in the most widely circulated papers and pay reading-matter prices. He paid out thus systematically all the money received over expenses, and the result was the founding of a great story paper, and finally a fortune that enabled him to pay \$50,000 for one of his pleasure horses.

Other story paper publishers subsequently outdid Bonner, and one spent \$75,000 on a single issue of his paper to be given away on the street corners in every city of the Union simultaneously. The result was im-Union simultaneously. The result was immediate, and the new paper became at once one of the most widely read in the United States. This is but an example illustrative of newspaper faith in the advertising doctrine. Every successful newspa-per in New York to-day owes that success as much to its enterprise in letting the pub-lic know it existed and exists as in its enterprise in printing a good newspaper.

And these great journals, homed in palaces of stone and iron, never abating one jot of advertising effort, are splendid monumenta

of advertising shrewdr ABOUT THE MIDDLEMEN. As before remarked there are now great agencies, middlemen, who have come to occupy a position between the advertiser

vertising agencies, while a good many news-Business Men of the United States

own special men here.

Perhaps the aggregate salaries and commissions of these men would not be overstated at half a million per annum. Some of these agents make as high as \$15,000 per year in commissions—a great number from \$2,000 to \$5,000—which is more than most first-class editors and general all-round newspaper men get. This applies only to the "hustlers"—men who actually solicit. The managers and firms realize considerably more. They are generally wealthy. Their fortunes are built upon from 10 to 15 per cent of the advertising business they handle.

THE WORK OF THE AGENT. The advantage of the agent to the general advertiser can be seen at a glance. If you had a certain advertisement which you wished to place in a certain class of publications it would be a long and difficult job to arrange with each of such publications separately, and the aggregate cost would be more thus taken, to say nothing of the difficulty of watching your advertisement to see that it appeared according to contract papers or more, it would be an impossibility. So you hire a man to do it. That is, you go to the advertising agent, who has a long list of newspapers, magazines, etc.
He can give you the relative value of each
as to circulation and importance for your
purpose, the rates in each and everything.
He will have an experienced writer of advertisements get up your advertisement and a clever artist draw the designs of your cuts, if any are to be used, and he will have these cuts made and a proof of the whole as it is to appear in print, submitted to you for your approval. If the "ad" is for a magazine, a cut of the page and a proof thereof will be furnished showing just how it will look subtingly with other

it will look relatively with other adver-WATCHING THE PAPERS.

Once approved the "ad" will be sent out to the papers and periodicals agreed upon. When it has begun to run the agent will inspect every issue in which it is to appear under contract and the appearances will be checked up in the books, deductions will be made where it has been left out or appears in the wrong place, and the publisher must make the error good. You have nothing to except in the trifling exception of settling the bill on account rendered. As in the meantime you have became pretty busy answering correspondence connected with the "ad" you don't mind that.

The benefits derived from this system are not for the advertiser alone, but equally accrue to the publishers, whose business complications are greatly simplified. The great advertising agents are to the business office of a newspaper or periodical what the Associated Press is to the news department. The discounts are not larger than the cost of special service. Some very respectable journals cling to their old tra-ditions, but the magazines have wholly surrendered to the advertising agents. Such men as George P. Rowell & Co., J. Walter Thompson & Co., W. W. Sharpe & Co., Dauchy & Co., the National Advertising Agency, Frank Kiernan & Co. and others of like respectability

LARGELY CONTROL NEW YORK general advertising and cut a pretty wide swath in local advertising outside of "Wants" and "For Sales" and similar items. It keeps the big papers busy, root and branches, looking after these.

It is said by Mr. Hill, who has been with

the firm of J. Walter Thompson & Co. since that establishment started seven years ago, with two clerks and has grown to 85, and therefore knows the business thoroughly, that upwards of \$600,000 a year in advertising comes here from abroad. The English advertisers, especially, are indefatigable in reaching for our market. This is more noticeable every year. Several enterprising Americans have established agencies in London with American branches, and several American houses have organized London and Paris branches. These make a specialty of international advertising and take in some \$300,000 of our money

year. English advertising differs in same respects from ours. The English postal laws are not so stringent as ours in respect to ad-vertisements and you can stick an "ad" in an English magazine anywhere. Philadelphia and Boston divide the greater part of New York.

CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's 79th birthday was pleasantly celebrated by that charming old lady Wednesday, August 26. Mrs. Beecher was her husband's senior by en months, but she never appeared younger during the last ten years than she does Mrs. Beecher's activity in literary

and social pursuits is as great as at any time NINETEENTH CENTURY ENTERPRISE. A Climax Reached-Valuable Information

to Book Buvers. barrier to self-education is now removed by the reproduction of the greatest of all literary works, the Encyclopædia Britannica, being placed before the public at a marvelously low price and on easy pay-Thirty volumes, which include the five

volumes of American supplement, consti-tute this work, which gives information equivalent to that of a library of a thousand volumes, so condensed as to iurnish the in-formation in the least possible space, with-out omitting anything necessary to the fullest understanding of the subject.

The purpose of an encyclopasdia is to con-centrate upon every topic all that is known to date of that topic, rendering it possible for every man who wishes to keep pace with the progress of the world in every to do so. This great storehouse of knowledge, into which over 2,000 of the ablest scholars of the Nineteenth century have poured their offering, appeals to all classes. To the parent, because upon them more than upon all others is placed the responsithe right kind of influences; they can, by a little personal effort, inculcate in their chil-dren a desire for more extended knowledge of the natural sciences and, by an occasional reading to them from the Britannics, incite in them an inclination to know more of it, and thus lead them toward a real practical

education, more practical often than they will obtain at their regular studies. To the student it appeals, for at no time in life is it so essential that the impressions made upon the mind and character shall be the most correct and of the highest order as during the student life.

during the student life.

To the teacher it appeals; for in the thousands of perplexing questions which present themselves, requiring research, the Britannica will render it easy to obtain all the information required, besides offering something new and valuable at every turn of the page.

To the artisan it appeals, for every trade

there is stored within the Britannica a very mine of valuable information. Every artisan will make himself more valuable and every mechanic will command bester wages by using his spare time in the study of these books. He will obtain ideas that

will be of constant assistance to him.

To the professional man, the literary man,
we would say if there is a man among you who does not realize the great importance of possessing the Britannics, permit us to send you a volume of the work for your ex-amination, and we feel confident that your name will soon appear among the thousands of your professional brethren buyers of the of possessing the Britannica, permit us to Britannica.

Heretofore the cost of this work has placed it beyond the reach of most people, the price being \$145 00 to \$260 00, according to style of binding. To the latest advancement in photography and printing, and no restriction by copyright law, is due the credit of our ability to reproduce this valuable work of 24,000 pages of text matter, 8,000 illustrations and 700 maps, without an error or omission, and to offer it at \$1 50, \$2 and \$2 50 per volume, this being two-

and the press that is very important. All great advertisers, especially those desirous of reaching the general public, operate through the advertising agents. In New York some 500 men are engaged in the set of the standard stand

would only drag me down."
"There, then, is your place, in my arms. Little girl, you beat against the cage that surely holds you." He spoke tenderly, his arms about her. Freda lifted her head that their eyes might meet.

"Go from me," she said weakly, "I pray you, let some good in you speak for me. You do not love me, be merciful, forego the short-lived triumph of attaining the thing with a few drops of glycerina.

Even in the first of these we see the distinguished monarch, characteristically enough, saluting in military fashion; and at the various stages of his youth he looks

Fred began speaking of his return train.

"Do come often again. Miss Sonaday visits me a few days to help me get over dear "To close for next season." I have already refused." You did the same thing last season "I shall be glad," said Sticknor, gravely. "Why not talk business on the train to-srow," he added, Mrs. Granite was sniveling. "If you will excuse me—I—it's half an hour before your train—I will get you some lunch—you will entertain each other, won't you?. I—you have met before—I—mother's heart—oh, dear!" and Mrs. Granite, dabbing her eyes, "Ah," he returned mockingly, "you have sent to say "Farewell, sweet playfellow, dear Hermia!" How touching!"

THE GERMAN

EMPEROR.

BORN 1859.

"What do you suppose I want?"

"I have sent to know what Bird meant the

Kildare stroked his chin. He had paled

a little, but his eves were cold and steady.
"I may as well tell you. It may alter

your decisions in some directions. She thought herself my wife. That piece of

paper would have been misleading to im-prejudiced parties."

"Have you no human nature in you?"

She buried her face to her hands.

you must come to me. Come now.

other way," he answered gently. "I will never marry any one."

The girl mouned.

lie stood beside her his hand on her

His face was very grave.

"You love me," he went on. "That

She lifted her head and laughed, while

"How little you know me after all; your wife or your sweetheart would be an equal degradation. My love shall not be my law.

It is so that every drop of red blood in me leaps at your touch; that at your voice the heart in me crowds down to the place under

your feet where all who love you must come, yet I know my love is the law of the

worst in me. Weak as my woman heart is,

I tell you my soul sees you as you are. To come to you is to degrade my soul to your level, and to the level of the depths within

me. I will not do it. I stand above you

for the womanhood in me, which is not mine to degrade. A woman's purity of

soul is not her own; it belongs to God, and

a right her whole nature will recognize.

shoulder tightening.
"No!" she cried, shaking herself free

am beaten down by the storm of my own

mad heart, not because you are he.

better nature in you must lift me up

"You are not. If I fall now it is because I

"Low as I am, we are one I say. The

"It is not true! Though my blood

to the man who one day may claim her by

am he," said Kildare, his grasp on her

You fight against your salvation, and

o, I fight against a curse, and I fight

now, and I will hold my place."

Freda stared at him. Then she said

Very little, except what you can touch

Freda winced.

leave to night."

departed. "Freda?" seked Sticknor, "have you no word for me?

Freds lifted her brown eyes sadly, and out out her hand. "Look, Fred," she answered. There was an ugly, crescent-live scar upon it. "Let it heal," she said, "that the hand may be white when I give it. There is a scar on my heart, too. The best of my heart is yours, but let the scar be outgrown first. Let me wait a little while, Fred."

[THE END.]

THE NEXT SERIAL STORY.

"Come! Give up fighting it," said Kildare, his eyes gleaming. "The girl who is dead need no longer stand between us. You One of the most interesting of America novelists is EDGAR FAWCETT. The best have stood by her like your brave, loyal self, but she's gone. She was never anywork of his life he has put into a novel he has just finished. He calls it AMERICAN PUSH. The hero (Lispenard) is a rich New thing to me, that you know. That is not between us. Freds, dear one, listen to our own better unture; listen to your York gentleman. At the opening of the story he has just become engaged to a Miss Kath-She rocked to and fro, but did not speak, leen Kennard, a young girl with slight social position and a tremendously ambitious and he went on gently: "You love me, you always have, you always will. Some time nother. Almost at once a financial crash ruins Lispenard. He has been regarded by his friends as a luxurious idler, but now he rises to the situation and reveals great force of character. In his sweetheart, Kathleen, "I will not," she said through her clenched teeth.
"Be in this the woman you are in every he reposes the ulmost confidence; but, to his horror and anguish, she shows that the sordid feelings of her mother have had weigh with her—or at least he believes so. "You cannot marry, for you love me. Do not wreck both our lives by a stubborn ad-An American friend of Lispenard's named Eric Thaxter, has obtained a position for him with the young King of Carpathia—a fin de siecle sort of King, whom Mr. Fawcett herence to a benighted custom. Men and women are not to be tied together cave by meshs to make a new and remarkable character in fictional literature. Lispenard becomes a power behind the throne. Mrs. unity of purpose and of soul. Such bond is between us. You are mine." "You can do nothing without me," he Kennard, through her intrepid maneuver "I cannot do my best without you. I ings, gains an audience with the King, Kath. en is self-disgusted and resolved that she sap from you your strength, your life even. will never marry, now that her lover is lost Place your hand in mine and all will be to her, but she greatly fascinates the King. Meanwhile the King's mother gets wind of She bent her hands against her heart, an-

his attachment and uses potent means of anger and disapproval.

All this time Lispenard has kept in the ackground, though he has watched the machinations of Mrs. Kennard. He has grown to greatly admire his royal patron, and, though he still loves Kathleen, he has a strong sense of contempt for her seeming infidelity. The little (mythical) German realm is almost shaken to its foundations by the King's meditated decision to marry untitled foreigner. But suddenly he discovers that the American girl has throughout remained faithful to her early love, and

the story ends with the dramatic defeat of Mrs. Kennard's schemes, and the noble sacrifice and self-repression of the King. This great story has been secured by THE DISPATCH and its publication will begin Sunday, September 27. It will be one of th literary treats of the year.

BEGINS NEXT SUNDAY.

A FLORAL BAROMETER. The Flowers Change Their Color When the Weather Changes. New York Recorder.

A small bequet of artificial flowers is made of white tissue paper-a bunch of asters, for instance. When finished they are dipped in a solution of the following ingredients: One grain of chloride of cobalt, one-half grain of common salt, oneclumors kinship with you, our souls are quarter grain of gum arabic, one-eighth strangers, I could not lift you up, you grain of calcium chloride and three grains quarter grain of gum arabic, one-eighth of water. Proportions can be increased ac-The flowers of this floral barometer be-come light red in color when the weather is damp. In dry weather they assume a violet hue, and in protracted spells of drouth they show a beautiful deep blue. In

How He Was Smuggled Into Wash-

ington to Escape Assassins.

was the one silent man of the party, and when he was finally compelled to speak, he unbestiatingly expressed his disapproval of the movement. With impressive earnestness, he thus answered the appeal of his friends: "What would the nation think of its President stealing into the capital like a thief in the night?"

It was only when the other guests were unanimous in the expression that it was not a queetion for Lincoln to decide, but one for his friends to determine for him, that he finally agreed to submit to whatever was decided by those around him. It was most fortunate that Colonel Thomas A. Scott was one of the guests at that dinner. He was wise and keen in perception and bold and swift in execution. The time was short, and if a change was to be made in Lincoln's route it was necessary for him to readh Philadelphia by il o'elock that night or very soon thereafter. Scott at once became master of ceremonies, and everything that was done was in obedience to his directions.

fairly away from the hotel I accompanied

He Keeps Them in a Little Bag and Always Carries Them. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.[

ent periods extending over 30 years and holds on to them like grim death to a negro. As he found them he placed a mark on them and put them into a little buckskin taining the coins is never away from him, sleeping or waking, and if some enterprising highwayman wants to make a haul he can do so by holding up the thrifty Mr. Sage, and, securing the 64 coins, hold them for a princely ransom. The first coin Mr. Sage found was a penny—one of the old sort—and he, of course, values that more then one of the others. Next to the Island was a penny—one of the old sort—and he, of course, values that more then one of the others. Next to the Island was a penny—one of the others. Next to the Island was a penny—one of the others. Next to the Island was a penny—one of the others. Next to the Island was a penny—one of the others. Next to the Island was a penny—one of the others. than any of the others. | Next to the Iowa

Allegheny River, Post of Garrison Alley.

force. If this were done, and particularly if the banks of the Monongahela were ex-tended out to properly prescribed lines, this particular shoal would disappear of itself, and in any event its removal by dredging to permit of its passage by vessels drawing ten feet of water, is a matter which would involve only a trifling cost."

SOME OF THE ENCROACHMENTS. One of the photographs accompanying this article is of the south bank of the Monongahela river, just below the Tenth street bridge. The fill-in of rolling-mill cinders has been going on for so many years that it not only extends out into the water a considerable distance, but is filled up even with the mainland. The edge of the embankment therefore presents a sheer fall into the river of at least 20 feet. A shantyboat, shown in the picture, has been built on huge timbers and props to maintain it on the surface of the "fill." Standing just below this shanty-boat and looking up river, I saw an embankment of cinders had been built up pretty well under the bridge, extending from the first pier to shore. That represented a visible filling-in of the river of some 20 or 30 feet additional to the engraphments already attained by

Another place—Alliance. Never blows its own horn—The cow. Up for assault—Lot's wife. old wines, without exception, interfere with the action of pepsin, but it is found that the acidity of new wines is calculated to aid the