

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE A

"Dors, I have something very strange to tell you," said Gilbert, as he sat on the doorstep with his sister one evening and watched the last rays of the setting sun through the trees of the forest, near which the neat little cottage stood. "This morning as I was on my way to the city to buy roceries for aunt, I heard a rustling noise n the treetops. Looking up, I saw a pure white horse, with golden hoofs, flying through the air. I watched it for some time, and then saw its descend to the ground. On its back sat a little old man, with a robe green as the leaves, and on his long gray air this a sparkling crown. He had such a ausical, and I was sorry when he went

fild he really speak to you?" asked

tenth our good shed. He said that the stamping of the goat disturbed his people when they wanted to rest. The old man comises that if I move the shed I shall be

"Think of the dear little fairies | the dance was over the Queen said:

horse had paused before the golden door, which opened of itself, and Gilbert guided lofty arched roof of sparkling saphire was supported by golden columns, to which clung tender vines, bright with many colored flowers. The floor was of white marble studded with rubics and other gems. Fairy forms flitted here and there, and strains of the sweetest music could be heard.

the hand, approached to meet the new arrivals, and, after bidding Gilbert a hearty welcome into her realm, led the way to the banquet hall. There many tables were spread with such dainties as are found only in Fairyland. Several hours were spent in enjoying the feast. The fairies had heard hind tace that I did not fear him at all. how Gilbert had been unjustly condemned When he spoke his voice was sweet and to death, and of his little sister's great grief and they determined this night that they should have so much pleasure that all their sorrow would be forgotten. They Dors, who had been listening with rapt at paid every attention to their guests, and tention to her brother's words. "And what after the banquet all returned to the marble and what did he say?"

"Hie told me," continued Gilbert, "that he belongs to the tairy folk, and that part of his kingdom is underground, directly beneath our goot shed. He said that the Then, to the sound of merry music, the graceful little creatures, with their beautiful robes and flowing hair, seemed to float in the sir until Gilbert and Dora "We shall move it to-morrow," said clapped their hands with delight. When



STRUCK DOWN THE WHONG MAN

"We have your flute here, and we wish

to listen to those sweet airs, which in the

evening you play to your sister. Gilbert

while the fairies, charmed by the sound,

sing, soft and low, a pleasing melody, and in a short time, Dora and her brother had

fallen into a sweet slumber. How long they slept they did not know; but when

they awoke they were lying on a bed of soft moss, under a large tree in the forest near

them to awake.
"O brother, wasn't it beautiful?" asked

Dora, "and we can never forget how kind

the fairies have been to us."
"It was beautiful," replied Gilbert, "but

I fear our trouble is not over; for if I return

home I shall certainly be seized -34 carried

back into the city to be punished."

At this thought Dora : bright face grew

sad, and she asked: "Can we not hide some-

where until they find the one who really

saw a great crowd coming through the forest, and in their midst was Phillip bound,

not hanged, but he was driven out of the

Gilbert often goes to the castle to play for

laden with rich gifts for his sister and him-

RAT CATCHERS OF BRAZIL

Place of Cats in Houses.

Species of Boa Constrictors Takes the

In certain parts of Brazil, where the cli-

mate is intensely bot, and where rats are a

great nuisance, the common cat does not

thrive, but is replaced by a domestic rat

catcher, whose presence causes a decidedly

unpleasant sensation to visitors from the

North. An American who recently visited

"On the morning after my arrival, in de-

scending the staircase from my room to go

down to breaktast, I was frightened almost

half to death at seeing an enormous snake chried up on the floor exactly at the foot of

the stairs. The serpent was apparently

might not be preparing to strike at me. So

I ran back up the stairs with all the speed

I could manage, and then proceeded to shout for help. In two minutes the hall was full

of servants, all gazing at me in astonishment; and my host rushed out of his own

apartment.
"'What is the matter?" he asked in the

"I pointed at the coiled-up monster at

the foot of the staircase, who now had lifted up his head a little, and was sleepily look-ing about him. The servants held their

ing about him. The servants held their hands to their mouths, and my host laughed

"Why,' said he, 'that's only Pedro; that's

But how am I going to get downstairs?"

"I declined, however, to make the at-tempt, whereupon a servant came forward, and seizing the snake about the neck with

I asked uneasily.
"'Oh, you can step right over him."

said I, 'look there! Look at

asleep, but I was not at all sure that he

Brazil writes this account:

best of English.

that snake!

our giboia.

when he leaves he is always

country and was never allowed to return.

While the brother and sister talked they

struck the Count?"

being disturbed by an ugly goat. But, brother, I heard at school to-day that Phillip is very anory, and declares that he will punish you because the Count gave you a gold piece, and said that you could play the flute better than any other boy in the

gathered about the throne, and listened almost breathlessly. Gilbert played until he became so weary that the flute dropped from his hands. Then the fairies began to Gilbert, a strong, sturdy boy of 15, only laughed at his sister's fears, and thought that Phillip would not dare to harm him. Gilbert was so busy the next few days moving the reat shed that he neither saw per thought of Phillip; but Phillip had not rgotten his determination to punish Gil pert for carrying off the prize. After think-ng over many plans, he at last decided upon one. He learned that Gilbert was going again into the city, and would not return all night. Phillip determined to hide in es which bordered the forest path, and when Gilbert passed he would spring at and beat him. The long-looked for night was dark and cloudy. There was no moon, and not even a star was to be seen. Phillip, armed with a club, hid himself in the ushes, and listened for Gilbert's step. He ad not waited long when he heard some one walking along the path. As the steps drew nearer, the boy sprang out, and erving: "So you were not afraid of Phillip. I shall teach in iron chains. The true criminal had been found and Gilbert was sate. Phillip was u to take the prize from me." dealt such a blow that his victim fell heavily to the ground, and Phillip, fearing he had killed his former friend, fled in great haste. It was not Gilbert, however, whom Phillip

had struck, but the Count, who was hurryag home after a day's bunt in the forest An hour later, Gilbert on his way bome stumbled over the insensible Count. The made a fire tried by its light to find the injuries of the wounded man. While he was come into the forest in search of their mas When they saw Gilbert bending over the Count the, st once thought that he had given the blow, and would listen to no words of defense. While some of the men carried the still unconscious Count to the castle, the others dragged Gilbert back into the city, where in the morning he was brought before a Judge, who declared that Gilbert was guilty and for such a crime he must be hanged just at sunset. This news spread like wildfire through the little vil-lage where Gilbert lived, and poor Dora

was nearly sick with weeping.
Phillip had not intended to punish his enemy so severely; but he was afraid to tell he had injured the Count, and he thought no one knew. When evening came great rowds collected in the public square to strendy mounted the scaffold, and the out his neck, when a strange st over head attracted the attention of people. A white horse with golden is was flying over the city. The rider as the little man in the green robe and with the sparkling crown. He guided his used directly to the scaffold, and snatching be rape from Gilbert's neck, he placed the aw like the wind from the astonished owd. Gilbert and his friend rode on their b-sutiful horse over forests, villages and titles until the sun disappeared and it began grow dark. Then Gilbert asked the old

where they were going.
You have suffered so much to-day," was "that I am going to give high of plea ure. We are going to Fairy-

Kind friend," said Gilbert, "I do not wish to seem ungrateful to you, but could I not first go to my sist r who is grieving for She will be glad to know that I am

"Your sister already knows of your ruscue," replied the old man, "and she awaits you in our beautiful kingdom."

As the old man was speaking, Gilbert the a gimmer of light through the trees, and as they drew nearer, he heard the ringing of silver halls." and as they drew nearer, he heard the ring-ing of gilver bells. A moment later, the They are a species of small boa constrictor."

man who has made a living by eracking other people's safes, by housebreaking and by his friend entered into a wide hall. The robbery-who has "done time" in various prisons and who is under police surveillance everywhere he goes? The man with the cast iron countenance, the shifty eyes and the hunted look? Not the "Spike" Hennessys and "Kid" McCoys of the melodrama, but the more hardened and still un-The Fairy Queen herself, leading Dora by regenerated ruffian of the streets of New York? Not the man behind the bars or in the prisoner's dock, but the criminal who has recently been turned loose upon society and who is, that unseen watch apart, as free to come and go as you are?

Of course not. You would shrink from such society. Yet there is a certain novelty in the sensation. Such men pass you on the street and leave no more distinct impression than the touch of a bank president who has absorbed the money of his depositors and is yet at large unexposed. It is only when you are brought face to face with the burgiar in a dark room with his blinking bull's-eye shining in your face and the cold muzzle of his pistol pressed against your temples that the sensation is experi-enced in all its blood-curdling intensity. And I feel sure you would rather be ex-cused from such a meeting.

Is to Get Elected Cashier.

FAILING THAT, TOOLS WILL DO IT.

An Immense Amount of Genius Displayed

in an Approved Kit.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

INTRODUCED BY A POLICEMAN. To have an old friend "on the force" say To have an old friend "on the force" say to you suddenly some day, "Would you like to meet a burglar? Here he is now"—and raising a significant finger draw a plainly dressed and shambling figure from the passing Broadway throng into a back room and say, "this man is a bank sneak and burglar," conveys a different and per-haps a more agreeable sensation. And that is the sensation I have just experienced.

"When'll you fellers let up on a man?"
was the first and rather plaintive inquiry of the ex-convict. His face took on an innocent and woe-begone look.

The officer addressed him familiarly, asked him what he was doing on Broadway and a whole string of questions; not severely, but rather inviting confidence and conversation. When the man found he was not wanted and that a newspaper man was his other auditor he talked quite glibly. He had been read-ing a recent interview with a well-known

safe manufacturer.
"There isn't a bank vault or safe lock made," said the burglar, "that can't be opened by an expert. I became an adept at the business while in the employ of a safe manufacturer. I picked locks as a legit-imate business from New York to San Francisco. Every safe company has men who can do the same thing.

OLD STYLE COMBINATIONS EASY. "The first thing a bank official, or anybody else does, when the safe lock gets out of order, is to send to the manufactory and they send an expert who opens the safe. The ordinary combination lock is easily picked. There are time locks which canno be done so easily, especially some modern ones. S me combination locks have a mi-crometer proof attachment. That? Why, it's an arrangement which is supposed to prevent the successful use of the microme-ter, a little machine which can be attached to the handle of the lock and has an Indicator which shows the thickness and varia-tion of the tumblers. Some of these cheap combination locks have a bell-like sound, or some combinations run in grooves and can be detected at once. You might as well have a house door lock and latch key on a

safe as one of them.
"The latest and best combination lock gives out no sound whatever, and, while it may be opened, it would require an expert and a good deal of time to get it-more time than is at the disposal of a man in the night business. There is a good deal of sameness about the old style combination locks, and when you get used to them they are as easily opened as a street door.

QUALITY BETTER THAN QUANTITY "While the modern bank 'sirglar must be, and usually is, an expert on combinations he by no means relies upon that. A dozen years ago I could open any lock within 45 minutes. The improvements have been such, however, that that method their home, and the morning sun was urging cannot longer be depended upon. It isn't them to awake. interview, that the safes operated upon successfully by burglars are simply fire proof safes and that no so-called burglar

proof safes are being cracked.
"All that formidable looking array of bolts you see on a burglar proof sale amounts to nothing if you can pick the lock. The two side bolts are the important ones. The others catch the eye but don't make the safe any stronger. The weight of material is not so formidable to a burglar as the quality and there are lots of poor materials put into safes. Now there is a weakness in almost every safe and it is the burglar's art to find it. Some have better steel in the back than in the front and sometimes the steel is tougher and better tempered in one part than another. I can tell at once as to the hardness and thickness of steel plating. I've had drills, however, that would go through anything. I could put a hole through two average steel plates in 30

GENIUS IN THE BURGLAR'S ART. The skill and genius that have been expended upon burglar's tools is something extraordinary. And the pains that are taken sometimes to lay the foundation of great burglaries or a system of small on es would be astonishing to honest people. I know of a case where a valuable safe was purchased for the experimental work. For instance, several county banks may be found using the same safe. By the purchase of one of the same kind and make the experts had an indefinite time to study out its washingsess. They then descended. ts weaknessess. They then descended upon the selected spoils and got away with the boodle. Another way is to go right to the manufactory and see how they are made, just like the fellow did who wrote that peated burglaries in certain sections within a very short time. Well, they are usually

on a certain set of safes.
"Blowing a safe is often the quickest way to get into it. But it's noisy and danger-ous except in village stores. No burglar ever fools with a safe in any way unless he possesses inside information as to the money likely to be in it. As to banks, it is the study of weeks and months-other schemes can often be sprung in a day or two or even in a few hours. In case of a bank you've got to be a depositor—a customer, and do a great deal of coming and going to get the

lay of the land. ONE WAY TO FORCE A SAFE. If I was going to force a safe I might drill ands to their mouths, and my host laughed tright.
"Why, said he, 'that's only Pedro; that's combination. With that off, the bolts are giboia." Oh, 'said I gasping, 'I thought it was a noise I'd put in a taper tap, follow it with great snake." 'It is a snake,' said my host, 'but it is perfectly harmless, except to rats. You will not find a house in this part of Brazil without one. They keep the premises clear of rats. Pedro wont hart you.'

"But how am I rought to gast demonstrate?"

"But how am I rought to gast demonstrate?" pleasant interruption is probable. That partner holds a string which is fastened to my leg, see, and can signal according to a prearranged code. On a safe or vault door in the full light of the gas and exposed to the street the work would be intermittent,

"Another way to get into a safe is to drill

ART OF THE BURGLAR. the side just beyond the inside doors. Then both sets of doors can be blown off at the same time. There are contrivances for pumping powder, dynamite, gas, etc., into such a hole. There is one machine with The Best Way to Rob a Bank Vault which you can fill a safe with gas from the nearest burner through a hose and thus blow it up with material right on the premises.

A KIT OF BANK TOOLS. "Burglars' tools? Oh, yes; there is a great variety. They are bought and sold in New York every day. They are made here, too. A first-class bank kit of tools comprises a large assortment. The ne plus ultra of the crackman's kit is the drilling maof the crackman's kit is the drilling machine. It is a piece of steel frame shaped somewhat like a horseshoe with a bar running out from the toe. It has set screws at the toe and heel to fasten it on the bolt handle of a safe door. When it is all set up, all you have to do is to turn a crank and feed the drill. There are bits made that go through the best tempered and toughest steel in the world HOW CRACKSMEN DO THEIR WORK NEW YORK, Oct. 24.-Did you ever meet a real live fiesh-and-blood burglar? I mean

steel in the world. "There are calipers, dividers and spirit levels for finding the correct measurement in the door. There is a force screw about nine inches long threaded the whole length so you can screw it right into the lock and force the detent off. Then there is the taper tap and its brother, a plug used in outting threads in the hole. All of these punches have copper heads on them to deaden the sound of blows. There are files and steel saws that will cut the hardest metal. There are jimmies—small ones for fine work and large sectional jimmies that can be taken

apart. ACCESSORIES OF THE LAY-OUT.

"There is a dark lantern, too, and a threaded bar of steel, which we call a 'lag,' for forcing off the lock of street doors. Then you have to have a key hole saw which cuts square hole as well as a round one. There are several sizes of nippers and tongs. When are several sizes of nippers and tongs. When there is a key in the key hole you can simply insert one of these, and, nipping the key, can unlock the door from the outside as easily as you could do it with the key itself in the inside. When there is no key we can use tasters or pick the lock. There is a great variety of drills or bits, and there are braces, wedges, chisels, suction pumps, force pumps, electric hatteries nitroforce pumps, electric batteries, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, gas hose and a device for heating the spindle and drawing temper and fulminating caps and all that sort of

"I have said that there are a good many ways of getting into a safe or a bank vault, yet there is one way." added the burglar with fine irony, "which I have not yet mentioned. This is to get elected cashier or President of the bank, and then you can get away with all the funds at once without danger and without exciting suspicion and without being liable to have your head blown off during the operation. This sort of burglary has about knocked out all safe-cracking artists, and throws everything else in the same line completely in

CHARLES THEODORE MURBAY. PUTTING DOWN CODFISH.

The Operation of Salting is Much More Dellcate Than One Would Think. Harper's Weekly. 1

The salting of the cod is done in the hold. Each "banker" brings from France its cargo of salt, an ingredient which, it is needless to say, plays a capital role in the just below the canal to await daylight. fishing campaign. The salting is one of the Why this delay? The St. Mary's river is most important and delicate operations. If 60 miles long, or thereabouts, and its nar-there is not enough salt on the fish, it will count of the "Soo" there is not enough sait on the fish, it will canal. At best, this is perilous for large not keep; if there is too much, the fish is steamers to navigate at night—in fact it is black and moist. A good salter is just as next to impossible—because steering a boat valuable to the owner of a "banker" as a is done by means of "ranges" on the shores, black and moist. A good salter is just as good captain.

Four men are generally employed to salt the fish in the hold. One, with a sort of curved trident, shovels down the salt to the level of the piles of fish already made; the other receives the fish that are thrown down from the deck, and passes them to the piler, who places them with minute care in close invers; finally the salter comes with his shovel in his hand, spreads salt over the lavers of fish, and looks after the methodical and regular execution of all these processes.

This work has to be done quickly and well.

As soon as the fish has been washed it ought not to remain on deck, but be stowed away as quickly as possible. Furthermore, if the codfish is not packed regularly, without the edges touching, and if the layer of salt is too thick or too thin, the salting is compromised, and the drying of the fish, which is done especially at Bordesux and Cette, will give a cod of poor quality.

The Goldfinch IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR 1 Oh, do you know the Goldfinch, The summer yellow-bird? Who sits on a thistle, When he wishes to whistle?

Oh, yes, I know the yellow bird, The sweetest song I ever heard



Is his of "Summer is here! Oh, sweet! sweet How good is this thistle seed, tweet! tweet! He likes the leaves of the tender young

beets,
Though he mostly snips off more than he cats,
He also is fond of the ripe lettuce seeds,
But he never eats more of these than he

This bright little bird is known by dif-ferent names, such as Salad-bird, Thistle bird, etc., given on account of his fondness for the seeds of these plants as well as those of the sunflowers, dandelion and other weeds. He is known to naturalists as tristis, a Latin word meaning sad or melan-choly, from his low and plaintive note of "sweetie sweet." but to me there is nothinff sad about his song, which seems one of intense happiness. Although living almost entirely on seeds in the fall, during the summer the Goldfinches, especially when they have young, consume large numbers of insects of different kinds and are consequent-

ly of great benefit to farmers as are almost all of our small birds, In summer the male is of a bright vellow color on the back and breast, and this, to-gether with his black cap and dark brown— almost black—tail and wings, make him a very conspicuous object as he swing on the top of a wild lettuce stalk, but toward fail he loses his black cap and changes his gay yellow dress to one of a dull olive tinge, much like the one worn by the female. Samuels says: "This bird seems to be more of a dandy, and consequently less of a family man than most of our other species, and leaves the great part of the burden of the family cares on the shoulders of his mate. While the females are sitting the males often assemble together and pass the time in bathing and trimming their feathers. I have heard some of the goldfinches sing almost as sweetly and with as varied a song as our canary bird."

AUNT CLARE

A FEW FEET OF WATER

Make a Great Deal of Difference in Pittsburg's Ore Supply.

HOW THE JOHN HARPER MANAGES. Rubbing the Bottom of the Soo Canal and

Riding St. Mary's River. UNLOADING PRECIOUS BROWN DIRT

cession of ships through the "Soo."

This reminds me that up in Wisconsin I found that the Governor of Michigan had [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Article No. 4.

N THE previous papers of this series I have been picturing a sort of grand, triumphal passage of the iron ore fleet across the Great Lakes. In the being of this paper it becomes necessary for me to haul in some of my sail, and make a few necessary explanations. Pittsburg's iron industry has much at stake in the statements I am about

The Captain on watch. to make. When the steamship John Harper arrived at the "Soo" Canal I saw lying above the lock a large steamer, out of the hold of which fron ore was being hoisted and carried over on cranes to a smaller vessel known as a "lighter." Probably 200 tons were thus taken away from the larger boat, and one of the mates of the Harper laughed, as he re-marked: "The charges of that 'lighter' will amount to something on the owners of the

The trouble was the large vessel was drawing too much water to go through the "Soo" Canal. Since last winter an oak platform on the bottom of the lock has been cessary to protect the lower miter-sills, and that has reduced

THE DEPTH OF THE CANAL

o such an extent that the authorities will permit no vessel drawing more than 14 feet 2 inches to pass through. The large vessel was too heavily laden and had to be "light-This was one reason why the John Harper was compelled to leave the Ashland docks with a scant 2,000 tons of ore when she could just have easily loaded 500 tons more. When it is remembered that ore is worth anywhere from \$5 to \$8 per ton, and that a lake vessel charges \$1 25 per ton freight, it will be seen at a glance what the John Harper and all other vessels in the Lake Superior trade lose by having to carry light cargoes. So the wise captain of the Harper oid not have to go through the ex-pensive operation of "lightering," but with a load that weighted his vessel down to 14 feet draft, he went through the canal with flying colors.

But, as I stated, his boat had to lay by and these are not distinguishable after nightfall. The depth of the river in some parts of this channel is under 14 feet, though the river has an average depth of 16 and 18 feet.

THE RIVER LOW THIS YEAR.

Now, for some reason which even scien Now, for some reason which even scientists are puzzled over, the St. Mary's river is 11 or 13 inches lower this year than it was in 1890. "And that drop of 11 inches makes a big difference in the size of the car-

of ore when they get it at Escanaba, on Lake Michigan, because they are not to pass through the St. Mary's river and canal, but when they go up to Ashland, Marquette or Two Harbors, on Lake Superior, where most of the ore comes from, they must drop

After the Harper left the foot of the Sault Canal at daylight Wednesday morning, the Captain took h s lofty position on watch on top of the wheelhouse, and he remained there a good part of that day. In the narrowing channel and comparatively low water of the river it kept him contact. stantly "sighting" the shore ranges, and his voice seemed to never cease as he bawled down the speaking shaft to the wheelman: "Port!" "Starboard, a little!" "East, half by south!" Steady, now!" It was worth the caution, certainly.

There were aboard \$12,000 worth of ore. \$150,000 more invested in the craft itself, and a score of fast competitors in the imme diate neighborhood watching a chance to be first out on Lake Huron with their rich

THE LAKE COVERED WITH SHIPPING. Lake Huron safely reached at last, and all over that body of water we meet more and more ships. The influence of Chicago's great trade with Buffalo is here felt for the first time, and the lake itself seems to assume that busy appearance characteristic of the second metropolis of the country. Thursday morning found the Harper entering the St. Clair river, and emerging from that upon pretty Lake St. Clair, the Captain again had o go attentively to his watch on the bridge. There are some shoals in this lake that are an enemy to sale nati-gation, and in the neighborhood of the st. Clair flats the Government's \$1,000,000 channel has not yet fully relieved the mariners. Once, the Harper's bottom stirred up muddy water, but she suffered no par fenlar delay.

There is a movement on foot to have Con-gress deepen all the channels and rivers in the lake system to a uniform stage of 21 feet. If that be done, one-third more traffic can be carried from every port on every lake. Add a third of 9,000,000 tons of iron ore to the shipments of the Lake Superior region for each year and you will readily see the significance of that 21-foot movement for Pittsburg furnacemen. Will t make iron ore cheaper?

WHAT CONGRESS WILL DO.

A stage of 21 feet of water in the St. Mary's river, in the St. Clair channel, and in the Detroit river; and the completion of the Government's new 19-foot lock at the Sault, will remove all the obstacles that I have explained in this article. The John Harper, and all other steamships, may then carry their full draft out of Superior. To-day St. Clair river steamers drawing 15 and 16 feet of water are constantly grounding, when they are capable of running with a draft of 20 feet.

The public-spirited men back of this movement expect to be able to show Congress this winter that the continuous 21-foot channel will only cost \$3,339,568. To work up a sentiment in favor of the im-provement the vessel owners association, this summer, treated members of the Con-gressional Appropriation Committee to through voyages on the big ore steamers. They will find, as I have, that a ride on one of these leviathans is beter instruction than reading volumes about the increase in lake commerce. There is an astonishing ignor-ance, though, on the part of public officials in these matters. Some fellow up in Michigan claimed that the valves used in the canal at Sault Ste. Marie were an infringement of his patent, and he entered suit. became necessary during this litigation, this spring, to have an expert exam ne the gearing of the locks.

WHAT A STOPPAGE ENTAILS.

AUNT CLARE.

A Chance for Uncle Jerry.

A Chance for Uncle Jerry.

Baltimore American. I

Artificial rainmaking is rather unseasonable now, but the department might go to work to invent something that will give us a real snow at Christmas I

To do that, all the water in the canal would have to be emptied, and the task would have taken three or four days to perform. One of the highest officials in the War Department at Washington City ordered this done. The message was received at the Sault during the busiest days of this year's business, and it fell like a thunder-

bolt among the mariners. An effort was at once made to explain to the War Department official what four days' delay at the Sault canal meant. He was told that last fall when a break occurred in the canal, and it was closed just for three days, exactly 150 ships accumulated at either end, their cap-tains howling for admission and the iron

manufacturers screaming for ore. Of course the order from Washington was quickly revoked and the examination of that triffing valve will wait until navigation closes in winter. This official was of the class whom vessel owners were anxious to visit the lakes this summer. They took pleasure in showing them the constant pro-

just affixed his signature to a bill passed by the Legislature last winter repealing a specific tax on ore mining properties. The Marquette range. Even Michigan's Govern-ment was slow sizing up the importance of

A BILL AFFECTING PITTSBURG. Pittsburg, however, once found almost t her sorrow, the extent of Congressional ignorance. In 1871, just as Congress was adjourning, it passed a bill limiting the maximum amount of steam to be carried by steam vessels to 110 pounds to a square inch. The august body did not know to handle the coal tows of the Ohio river it is necessary to have 150 pounds, and sometimes 180 pounds of steam. That bill placed an embargo on Pittsburg coal. Fortunately a long summer drought intervened, or else Pittsburg people would have lost tens of thousands of dollars through that act. In the Congress assembling the next December an amend-ment to the bill from Pittsburg was very

quickly adopted.

To return to the John Harper, however. To return to the John Harper, however. From the Detroit river she passed into Lake Erie, and shortly after midnight sighted the lighthouse at the Pittsburg docks, of Fairport, O. Before the crew retired that night they had the hatches opened, the decks cleared, and all made ready for the dock laborers to begin work unloading the boat Friday morning at 7 o'clock. The method is entirely different from that used at Ashland to put the load on with. Along the docks are huge tram-ways, probably twice the width of railroad tracks. Next to these rest the staunch timbers and pillars supporting "cantilever browns.

A TON IN EVERY BUCKET. A "cantilever brown" extends out over the water, so a ship moors immediately under it, very much in the same manner as in dry goods stores on an overhead wire comes the cash-box, bringing your change from the cashier's office, does a car spin along this cantilever track in the air. It has suspended to it a heavy iron tub which will hold a ton of ore. Reaching the end of the track, directly over a hatch on the ship, the car, by an automatic attachment drops the tub, and held by a chain it descends like lightning into the ship's hold. Down there laborers fill this bucket, a signal is given the men in the little aerial house fixed like a pigeon roost among the timbers back over the ore piles. The bucket with its ton of ore rises out of the hold swiftly, and the moment it touches the little aerial car there is a snap, and the car speeds back to the stock piles on the pier, where by another catch the tub is suddenly overturned and the ore poured out on one of the artificial mountains of stock.

Several of these "cantilevers," with their I-ton tubs, were put to work on the Harper's load. For a little while they averaged one ton per minute lifted out of the hold, and I am fold the work is often more rapid than that. Probably a score of laborers down in the Harper's hold would relieve the ship of her 2,000 tons of ore in the course of the

day. LOADING CARS DIRECT. But I heard, while watching all this, an rder given to transfer some of the Harper's load to railroad cars direct for shipment to certain mills at Pittsburg. That called into play a different set of apparatus. One was in 1890. "And that drop of 11 inches makes a big difference in the size of the cargoes taken out of Lake Superior." Captain Mills informs me.

Boats may carry from 2,500 to 3,000 tons

into view. This it landed just over the first hatch of the Harper and down from its end swung a one-ton bucket into the hold Hauling it up again the shanty made another dizzy spin around and emptied the bucketful of ore into the car. It kept this up until several cars were loaded with Norrie ore. That afternoon those cars started off be-

hind a panting lecomotive for Pittsburg, and two days later, when I had returned to Pittsburg myself, I was riding on a Penn avenue car and as it passed under the Junc-tion Railroad bridge at Thirty-third street I saw a lot of ore aboard a train of Pittsbury and Western freight cars, and these were probably the same I saw loaded at Fairport. completed indeed my journey from the iron ore mines of Lake Superior to the furnaces at Pittsburg.

CAN'T UNDERSTAND AMERICA. Novellet Howells' Amusing Experience

With an Official in Venice. Youth's Companion.] The ways of English and Americans are still appalling to the more indolent and less cleanly Southern nations, who have had for many decades large opportunities for studying these race peculiarities and yet have never ceased to wonder. When Mr. W. D. Howells was Consul at Venice an attempted burglary in the palace occu-

auggestive incident: In my account of this affair to the Commissary of Police I said that the burglary occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window-sill, and his hand extended to prev upon my wardrobe.

pied by him gave occasion for the following

"Excuse me, Signor Console," inter-rupted the Commissary, "how could you "Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."
"The window was open!" gasped the Commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly."
"Pardon," said the Commissary, suspiciously, "do all Americans sleep with their windows open?" "I may venture to say they all do in summer," I answered. "At least, it is the

general custom." Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the com-missary's experience, and but for my of-ficial dignity I am sure I should have been effectually browheaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his arm-chair and stared at me fixedly for some moments. Then he recovered himself with another 'Pardon!" and turning to his clerk, said: "Write down that, according to the

American custom, they were sleeping with their windows open."

But I know that for all his politeness, he considered this habit a relic of the time when we Americans abode in wigwams.

SALT WATER ON HAIR

A Good Tonic if Rightly Used, but Wrongly It Causes Baldness. Pall Mall Budget.]

Much is said pro and con as to the effect of salt water on the hair. When properly applied salt water is not only not injurious, but is an excellent tonic. If allowed to remain in a damp mass, however, it will cause the hair to fall out. The strands should be carefully combed after the bath, and not put



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY EDGAR FAWCETT

Author of "The House at High Bridge," "Romance and Reverie,"
"The Adventures of a Widow," numerous songs and poems and several plays.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The story opens with a ball Alonzo Lispenard has given in his palatial residence in honor of his betrothed, Kathleen Kennaird, the daughter of a cold and calculating mother, In the milist of the festivities, Alonzo's Uncle Crawford arrives and informs him that by the rascality of a member of his firm who has just committed suicide, his immense fortune has been swept away. After the ball Alonzo informs his sister, Mrs. Van Santvoord, a frivoleus society woman who has set apartan allowance for her husband on condition that he leave her free to enjoy society without his company. The news almost prostrates Mrs. Van Santvoord. At her home, Alonzo and her husband, Hector, quarrel, the latter claiming Alonzo's neglect of the business made the defalcation possible. Mrs. Van Santvoord restores peace and Alonzo goes back to his home to meditate. After learning the worse Alonzo visits Kathleen and thinks he observes a coldness in her manner. A few days later he requests his close friend, Philip Lexington, to ask Kathleen her real feelings. Philip turns on him, and Alonzo discovers that all Philip's recard for him vanished with his fortune. Desperate, he visits Kathleen. Mrs. Kennaird meets him and says Kathleen is ill, and, furthermore, that the engagement must be broken. In a rage Alonzo calls Kathleen, who comes to him, avowing love and constancy. But Mrs. Kennaird exercises a kind of mesmerism over her daughter and forces her to repuise Alonzo. When affairs are finally adjusted it is found that Alonzo and his sister have \$5,000 a year each. Alonzo sets apart half of his for his sister. Just at this point Alonzo's friend, Exic Thaxter, confident of the King of Saltravia, offers him the position o' art superintendent for the realm. Alonzo accepts and goes to Saltravia. Meanwhile Kathleen, disgusted with herself for repulsing Alonzo, with her mother for her mercenary motives, and with society for its hypocrisy, resolves to sell her jewels to pay off her mother's debts and then take her to Stutigart to live a quiet and eco

CHAPTER VI.

Eric's voice, however, struck reassuringly on his ear. "Yes, my dear Alonzo; it is the King. I had no idea that he would pay us this honor. But he is so exquisitely gracious that one never knows what new act of kindness he will commit. The persons who surround him are quite harmless beings, I assure you. They, perhaps, possess all the native ill-breeding of high-bred aristocrats, but are well aware that the faintest act of discourtesy toward anyone whom Clarimond favors would promptly. end in their exile from the court. I pray you have not the least sense of awkwardness. The King never permits it to live in his presence. He has a really wondrous gift—that of destroying idle ceremony. Do not address him as 'Your Majesty.' He greatly dislikes that form, so separative and "your majes so constantly reminiscent of his royal rank. into French.

aid to this easy method of introduction Indeed, as the minutes now slipped by, Alouzo began to have the sensation that he had entered within a circle of delicious sorcery where nature, like that other nature which towered and undulated so picturesquely on every side of him, teemed with only the fairest lures. He soon found himself walking in the direction of the palace, solely accompanied by the King. All the others,
including Eric Thaxter, had drawn a little
backward, and their gay conversation floated
so buoyantly and fearlessly on the scented
evening-air as to dissipate every hint of that austerity which we are told usually surrounds a monarch.

"You have been away but a short time from America?" asked Alonzo's companion, regarding him softly, and yet with what he suspected to be veiled keenness as well.

"Yes, monseigneur," repl ed Alonzo, won-dering if Eric's English veto as regarded 'your majesty" might be thus translated

so constantly reminiscent of his royal rank. I am sorry enough, dear Lonz, that you should see him so soon. I had wanted that we should talk for hours about him before you and he were brought face to face. He is so remarkable, so preminently distinguished. I am sure there



AS THE KING PASSED HE PUT HIS HAND INTO THAT OF ALONZO.

was never a King like him in all the world before. I sometimes think there has never been a King either so great or so good, hough that, of course, is saying much. But if our century is productive of anything ineresting and extraordinary it should be her Kings, which are both anomalies and her Kings, which are both anomalies and absurdities. I think Clarimond plainly re-alizes this fact. I could have consumed hours in talking of him to you before you and he met, if it had not been his caprice to come and greet you as he has done. has just left the palace, you know. You can get a good view of it yonder on the spur of the mountain, now that the sun has sunk. I called it my bee-in-the-bonnet, that pal-ace, until it was quite finished. Do you ace?

care for it?" "Care for it! Good heavens, Eric!" Alonzo felt his blood best as only the blood of an artist can when he gazes upon work that seems to him noble and grand. The faded daylight had now brought out new tints, dark and rich, in sward and foliage. From a slope of the dim and majestic mountains towered King Clari-mond's abode. As a masterpice of building it was no less delicate than sublime. Wrought entirely of white marble, it loomed against the undulant lawns and terraces that compassed it, in an intricate maze of turrets and spires. It was enormous with of turrets and spires. It was enormous with respect to the space that it covered, and yet so lace-like in its etherel proportions that you might have named it the very filament or cobweb of architecture. To Alonzo the King's deep regard for Eric was instantaneously plain. Such commingled airiness and solidity, such flower-like blossoming in atone, such frost-like beauty and grace blent with dignity and power, could but be the work of genius alone. It flashed through the gazer's mind that perhaps Ludwig of Bavaria, mad though he possibly was, admired and revered Wagner no more than Clarimond of Saltravia admired and revered the creator of this enchanting edifice.
"It's a magnificent bee to have had in

one's bonnet, my dear Eric," presently murmured Alonzo. "In this light, seen as we see it now, its loveliness appears miracu-

"Those are words that drop right down into my heart's core," said Eric. And now, ns the group of people drew nearer, one figure quietly parted itself from the others. "The King," whispered Alonzo's friend, and with an outstretched hand and a face that seemed to radiate sunshine, Clarimond of Saltravia advanced.

of Saltravia advanced.
"You are most welcome," he said, in very
fluent and perfect French. "You see," he
continued, "I do not wait to be presented to you, but take the liberty, like this, of claim-

Ing your acquaintance."

This form of phrase from royalty might well have been called graciousness, not to say condescension. But the young King who now spoke somehow contrived to make of self. Here, in this incomparable spot, it appear like neither. His voice was rich and sweet, his manner affable without the vaguest trace of patronage, and his person gard for the soul whence it had sprung, to irresistibly charming. Alonzo quickly felt hear words of expectant confidence in that he could not be called by any means a lower of esthetic insight! It seemed that he could not be called by any means a lower of esthetic insight! It seemed and sweet, his manner affable without the man physically faultless, and yet in his tall, compact figure, his wavy golden locks and his radiant gray eyes, dwelt a world of

attraction. Almost before he knew it the stranger found his sense of strangeness oddly vanishing. Clarimond made him acquain ed among the ladies and gentlemen of his little ing. Clarimond made him acquained among the ladies and gentlemen of his little court with no more seeming difficulty than by a wave of the hand, a happy sentence, or even a fleeting smile. The manners of those who composed his train were certainly an into the big European sea of art and fetch

ran his next words. "And you like Paris? Or are you in that one respect "I like it beyond all other places." Alonzo answered. And then he added:

"Except Saltravia." "Saltravia is perhaps the most opposite place to Paris," smiled Clarimond, "that the world contains. Besides, you do not know it yet."
"Ah, but I have been able to see how

beautiful it is." "That is because your friend has made it so."
"These airy villas are his work, Mon-

sleur, no less than your astonishing pal-"Nearly all are his work. As soon as I felt how remarkable was his genius for architecture, I said to him in so many words,

Transform my little kingdom for me. And he has done so. "But surely with great expedition." The King laughed, shrugging his shoul-lers? "Our Eric declares himself lazy. Is ders? it not absurd? True, I have assisted him with large funds and hordes of workmen. But he has labored with fine industry."

"A labor of love, surely."
"Of art, which never succeeds in its schievements unless love spurs and guides it. One can do nothing well without lowing to do it-or so I imagine. This particmasterpiece of country represents Erio's masterpiece of effort. Westward are the homes of people who have neither the fortunes nor the culture to live artistically. And on the further side of the palace Saltravia assumes an aspect which is inevitably more commonplace. There are the two large hotels, the four celebrated springs and the Casino. Eric improved rather than rebuilt all that. It is more populous, far less rural than the prospects which now greet us, and may remind you of certain places like Carlsbad, or Homburg, or Baden. Eric has his own little abode, how-ever, in which I believe you are to inhabit a suite of chambers. It is near the palace, and commands a view of just these heights and dells for which you have already de-clared a liking. In a short time we will reach it, and there, monsieur, I will ven-ture to leave you. To-morrow, after you and your old friend have had time for a memorial chat, and when a few hours of re-freshing slumber have followed the excelfreshing slumber have followed the excel-lent glass of wine which I am sure you will get at dinner, I shall be greatly pleased to receive you at the palace. We will walk through the picture galleries, talk a little over what is there already, and then ask one another what sorts of unsecured can-vases would prove the most desirable. Eric tells me that he trusts no one's perception of thereach weeth in art so implicitly as he

of self. Here, in this incomparable spot, almost under the shadow of that glorious marble poem which filled him with new realmost like a merciless mockery. He shock his head, and in very faltering tones re-sponded: "My dear friend has over-rated me to a sad degree, Monsieur, I assure

you."
"Hush," said the King, with a gesture of