self back against the cushions of the carriage, disheartened, disgusted.
From this ambuscade of shadow he could watch his mother, on whom the lamplight fell with somewhat cruelly telling ardor. She had not markedly altered during the long interval which had preceded their last meeting. Her figure was still of that fine if somewhat too masculine molding which had won her, years ago, many a compliment at the court of her imperial cousin. Her face was just as firmly chiseled as of old, sith its aguiline are of nostril and its over-full eyeballs too closely set together, im-plying both narrowness of judgment and a voluble art of defending it. Her hands, now cased in somber traveling gloves, just as her form was robed in a dark traveling gown of perfect fit, retained their happy grace of gesture, not too reposeful, not too emphatic. "I kiss the most beautiful hand emphatic. "I kiss the most beautiful hand in Europe," a famous conqueror had once said to her, and the courtesy had echoed from court to court. But on her chill ips dwelt the old insolent curve, though a few subtle little wrinkles had crept in dainty mockery about their corners. Her hair, once abundant and dark-shining, was visibly thinned and silvered at the temples. Otherwise she continued to be the Princess of Brindisi, distinguished in every movement of her frame, an incarnate quintessence of the aristocratic idea, redolent of pride, intolerance and the most vicious aims which caste had created in spite of Christianity, and preserved in spite of all human

all come to her.

Such a marriage as that would work in you the most helpful and steadying changes. Oh,

don't fancy that I mean for you to take Bianca as if she were a dose of medicine!

and perhaps if you were to lay your er wn

before her she would sweetly yet firmly refuse it. But ah, my Clairimond, if she should bend that golden head of hers for you to set it there, how invaluable would prove her wifehood! Her queenhood, too,

I should say, and you would revere in her both qualities. By degrees her influence

would tranquilize in your fevered mind all these wild and fruitless longings which are

and toleration, no matter how exacting or imperious might have been her own atti-tude. Nevertheless, he had in readiness at

them in no role of persena' resentment. As for the young lady whom you have brought

mother. The Princess would not lift an

What is the punishment for such a

orime?" asked Eric, who had thus far been simply repelled by the Princess, never pre-suming to cross the threshold of any cham-

ber in which she chose to enshrine her

august presence.
"Decapitation, I believe," said the King,
traci-comically. "My dear Eric." he went

"is not everything quite spoiled?"

Long and I," began Eric. And hen he described, in terse and swift pl rase, an im-

aginary fete, where the court would play

parts of masquerading martyrs and suppli-ants and the palace would be stormed by

'a lark' to speak your American slang! We

would give sanguinary orders to the maitre d'hotel. Plenty of blood and heads on

body would be mock-terrified until supper time, and then it would all end in amical

beakers. Did your beloved Alonzo suggest

that? No, I need not ask, Eric. It is too

"It is he, not I," replied Eric, fibbing shamelessiv. "When you know him better you will accredit him with the originality

"I know him well enough," said the King,
"to accredit him with much inventiveness.

"Tut, tut, Eric. If you 'Majesty' me will exile you from Saltravia."

"Don't let the slip occur again. But the Princess would never consent to such a fete. It would satirize too fiercely her well-known prejudices. 'Lonz," as you call him, will soon be back with some

Alonzo returned within the week, and

greatly pleased his new employer by one or two shrewd selections in the way of pur-chase. But when October had waned and

winter began and the court had become, under the Princess' haughty surveilance,

but seldom with harsh result. Alonzo

"I am positively jealous of you, my dear Lonz. Jealousy, you know, is the touch-stone of triendship. You leave me no re-source with the King except that of slander. I must whisper insidious things about you

"As if you could, Eric!" said Alonzo.

"Oh, I'm quite capable of it, I assure ou," said Eric. "I'll get the Princess to

"Oh, I'm quite capable of it, I assure you," said Eric. "I'll get the Princess to poison you. Still, no, on second thought, I can't. She's entirely too strong a hater of our trans-Atlantic Republic. If I talked with her about that Borgian Burgundy for you she would be certain to snub me for wishing to give you so Old World and aristocratic an extinction."

in the ear of Clarimond."

"Pardon, monsieur, it was a slip."

"Ah, yes, your Majesty, I-"

"Delightful," said Clarimond, "What

supposititious insurgents."

of the idea."

"We had thought of a sham revolution

even en pleine air

limited resources could bestow."

and preserved in spite of all human progress.

Her reception at the palace displeased ber more than the previous welcome had done. She had really been delayed in her journey to the frontier by an accident on one of the trains, but this fact seemed to her no possible reason why royalty should not have immediate and sumptuous means at its command for treating her with the same homage by night as by day. "A King," she said to her son, when at last they were alone together in a suite of chambers which even she, prepared to cavil and to damn with faint praise, could not but frankly admire for their simple yet noble splendor. "A King, my dear Clarimond, should never be caught without his magnificence."

"If I were in any sense a great King-" began Clarimond, with a laugh.
But the Princess stopped him frowningly.
"You're a very notable and rich one," she much from her in the future, since it already it had grown clear to him that she
had arrived with the intention of a permanent sojoure. But just now, notwithstanding that late effort at self control
which had resulted so successfully, the
King once more felt his nerves in danger
of tumult. He had never behaved to his
mother with the faintest lack of respectful
gallantry; he was indeed incapable of any
act toward her except one of gentleness
and toleration no matter how exacting or said; " almost as rich as the Emperor him-Well, granted." "Almost as rich," she went on, with a bitter laugh, "as an American."

"Oh, they're not all so rich, by any means. And you hate them as much as "They are barbarians," announced the Princess, leaning back in her chair and be-ginning to fan herself.

"How we differ, you and I!"
"Oh, naturally—since you've made one of
them your bosom friend, my son, and let his mental command a certain quiet yet cogent force of repulsion, which his great cogent force of repulsion, which his great position made it not seldom requisite for him to employ, and which he did not hesitate to employ now.

"My dear mother," he said, bending over her hand and touching it lightly with his lips, "you surely must be fatigued with your journey; and if you will permit I will send to you your women. Perhaps I have been the reckless in my recent confidences, and if so, pray remembe that have uttered them in no role of personal resentment. As him tear to pieces the loveliest and most time honored spot in Saltravia."
Clarimond gave a weary smile. "Wait
until you see the changes Eric Thaxter
has wrought before you so coldly condemn

"I don't need to see them." "Oh, my mother, my mother!"

"Were not those homes of our great
nobles filled with the most reverend associations, legends and traditions?"

"They were frightfully ugly, and cursed by a most villainous drainage. If you could see the improvement in our health reports since their demolition! As for their age, the hideous is ever young, since taste almost ignores its very existence, while the beautiful, being an immortal element, has existed for all time. I think you have siready seen something of the palace. Surely you would not say that you prefer to it that majestic shanty in which my poor predecessor died. Eric's work has delighted more than one of the most famous

bredecessor died. Eric's work has delighted more than one of the most famous architects in Paris. He is a genius, and I was lucky enough to discover him. He is an American, and for that reason you detest him."

"Deluge me with words, if you will," said the Princess, and she smiled her iciest smile. "The palace is handsome, but it smells of fresh paint, so to speak, and I am sure that when I see its white marble grandeurs I shall only repeat the verdict already conveyed to me in Italy by the most competent judges—that it does not betray a recompetent judges—that it does not betray the started on the first of his missions, one said the Princess, and she smiled her icies; smile. "The palace is handsome, but it smells of fresh paint, so to speak, and I am sure that when I see its white marble grandeurs I shall only repeat the verdict already conveyed to me in Italy by the most competent judges—that it does not betray a sign of genius, but is just what hundreds of claver Americans could have accomplished. if given the same tremendous carte blanche which you gave-er-to that person."
"But I thought you considered all Ameri-

"But I thought you considered all Americans harbarians" the King replied, lifting his brows a little and beginning to pace the next autumn, to gather about herself a little spacious waxed floor of the grand apart-ment, with head somewhat drooped and hands clasped behind him.
"How you take one up! You should remember that I am you, mother, not your

"I have no courtiers. I've dispensed with all that flummery."
"Oh, indeed! And you wi" soon be giv-

ing your portfolio of state, no doubt, to this American nobody, "The American nobody, as you call him,

would not accept it. He is an artist, and politics, like all ugly things, are repellent The Princess heaved a resonant and irri-

igh. "Worse and worse," she mut-"God has called you to be King over this land where your ancestors have railed for nearly a thousand years," she went on, in strained, passionate falsetto. "Yet you seem to me on the verge of fling-ing your responsibilities to the winds-of easting your holy and annointed crown in the mud of the common highways!"
At this point Clarimond ceased from his impatient walk and paused directly in front

of his mother. Flashes left his eves that bespoke irony and yet carnestness as well. He had become quite pale and his demeanor, always full of dignity, was never statelier We might as well understand one an-

other," he began, "if such a result can ever be attained between two spirits as wholly opposite as yours and mine. Were it possible for me to abdicate to-morrow and make Saltravia a republic like Switzerland, instead of the petty, subservient monarchy that it is, I would give up my throne with

"But I know too well," he resumed, with londening voice and a curl of the lip far more sad than spleenful, "that any such act as this would only rouse the wrath of the Emperor and plunge my poor country in untold distress. Hence I must remain the miserable parody of a King that I am-I, pierced with disgust for the paltry preten-tions of all sovereigns, loving the broad, popular impulse of self-government with a love drawn from intuition, reflection and the wisdom of the world's highest thinkers. My tate is both a piteous and a terrible

He grew still pale, now, and for a moment covered his face with both hands, while a tremor stirred his frame like a sudden breeze that grasps a sturdy tree. "On every side of me I discero." he pursued, "the richest chances of rai ing, not merely this race over which I rule, but of setting to all mankind an example of liberty, fraternity, fellowship! And yet my limbs are bound with bonds, golden, if you please, but bonds that I cannot break. If I were only less of a King I might be more of a man. If I were only more of a King I might

'A slave! Clarimond! You do not merely spock, you horrity me!"
"Mother!" he cried, advancing toward her as she rose, "there are times when I horrify myself! If I were the Emperor this horrity myself! If I were the Emperor this bour I would make Europe ring with my self-abnegations, my revolts against abhor-rent creeds, my mercy and pity for those vast throngs of the crushed and despised people whom centuries of injustice have cursed! I am one of them, heart and soul. They tell me that history repeats itself. No; it contradicts itself; and such a King as I-the incarnate satire on all despotisme outrages, feudalisms of the past—is one of history's harshest contradictions!"

His excitement had flared up like live flame, but in an instant more it died, and he was again his calm self. The Princess, however, returned to her chair with ashen face and a staggering step. Words like these were literal blows of insult to her; they wrought in her the same sensation as the hooting of a mob at her window would

The Princess, though much more prosaic than a Borgia, had already contrived to "The fault has been mine-mine!" she exlaimed brokenly, as soon as any voice at il come to her. "I-I left you among your than a Borgia, had already contrived to make her son's little court a nest of discontentments. Her severities, her straigning edicts, had bathed in gloom all the merry abandon of Clarimond's environment, and by the time that May touched the valley with its tender promises she had filled it also with feuds and bickerings. It was her wish that the hotels adjacent to the springs should be closed permanently, but on this point the King showed firm disfavor. "The waters are wonderfully healing," he said. "Let those who choose come and drink of them."

"Bah," said his mothen "My dear Clarimond, you cheapen your charming little kingdom. And then those unspeakable Americans."

"Unspeakable indeed," said the King, father's people, and they have always flown in the face of order, with their horrid flown in the face of order, with their horrid heresies and paganisms. For you to feel as you tell me, Clarimond, is in my sight a fearful b asphemy," and here the Princess wrung her beautiful white hands. "But still, my son, if you think like this, you ne d not, for such reason, act like this. And at once—yes, at once, Clarimond—I wish to speak to you of your possible marriage. You have already seen Bianca d'Este. That she is lovely in face and form it will be foolish even to remind you; no one can look on her without conceding thus much. But her nature is no less winsome

much. But her nature is no less winsome than her person. I have dreamed of making her your wife; I-I will not say that I have come here with this positive purpose, but it has held over me an undoubted sway.

"Unspeakable indeed," said the King, in occasional instances." What do you mean?" asked the Princess,

"I mean the enchanting American lady of whom I caught a glimpse last evening," he replied. "I've not yet found out her name, but Eric has promised to get it for me. Perhaps Lispenard might know her, but as you are probably aware, he is now in Munich." The Princess gnawed her nether lip and

The Princess gnawed her nether lip and said nothing. Her son's civilities to Bianca d' Este had not been half as accentuated, of late, as she desired them to be.

The name of this "enchanting young American lady," in whom the King found himself uncommonly interested, was Kathleen Kennaird. On the morrow Eric Thaxter wade that discovery and at tonce in ter made that discovery and at once imparted it to Clarimond. For some reason Eric refrained from mentioning the forme Eric retrained from mentioning the former relations between Kathleen and his absent friend. All the time, however, he was telling himself that it was a very small world and wondering if Alonzo would not agree with him to this effect when he returned from Munich.
"I should like greatly to know that girl,"

the fatal pride of intellect alone. You would slowly realize that kings are the sacred vicars of God's will, and that the only safe watchword of the great, common, wit-less mass is "obedience." You would slowly realize, again, my dear son..." But here Clarimond ventured an interthe King said to Eric a day or two later. "Her face some how haunts me. Do what you can about it, won't you?"

If Mrs. Kennaird had heard those words ruption. He had borne much from his from royal lips it is certain that her mother in the past; he was prepared to bear much from her in the future, since it alwould have given a very lofty leap indeed.
[To Be Continued Next Saturday.]

RESTAURANTS OF BERLIE.

A Man Who Likes Good Living Need Not Spend Over a Dollar a Day.

The fine hotel and first-class restaurants of Berlin, of course, charge good prices, although not so high as in Boston and Pitts-burg, writes Edmund Hudson, in the Boston Herald. But I have no difficulty in getting a very good dinner (five courses) for 87% cents, with an excellent bottle of wine for as much more. This dinner is served to me in an elegant restaurant, whose street front is one great sheet of plate glass, and whose interior decorations are elegant. The waiter is as good as any at Parker's or Newell's. If I choose to go to the old part of Berlin, I can have an excellent mid-day meal for half a mark (1234 cents), and a glass of beer costs there only 234 cents. At some of the larger restaurants and coffee houses, beer costs 7½ cents, but the glass is a large one. The price of beer to the aver-

to Saltravia with the expectation of making her my wife, it would be idle in me to place the attractions of either my throne or my personality against those of her mother cheaper places. The ordinary first breakfast of the Ber-The ordinary first breakfast of the Berliner costs at a coffee-house on Unter den Linden, near the Friedrichstrasse, 12½ cents. It consists of two eggs, a glass of coffee and bread or sweet cakes. At this place no fee is paid to the waiter, all payments being made by the patrons to the cashier at the desk. A stranger can fare well in Berlin for 50 cents a day if he sharest tables and I do not say the patrons. church. Surely she will there find pro-tounder consolation than any that my more This, even from son to mother was a sort of royal dismissal. But the Princess, who might be got rid of for a night, could not be waived aside more durably. As one of her detested Americans might have said, she chooses to do so, and I do not see why one could not live here comfortably the year round for \$1 a day.

THE FADS OF ROYALTY. What They Do in the Way of Collecting and Preserving Oddities.

The Prince of Wales, as everybody knows, is a diligent collector of pipes, but he is not by any means the only one among European royalties who indulges in the "collecting Ped." The Czar of all the Russias, for inclever Americans could have accomplished the King bored himself with etiquette and stance, collects stamps and the eggs of birds furnished employment for neither the enof prey; William, of Germany, has a fine collection of autographs, the passion for which he shares with his "brothers," the

coterie of supporters, and for a time a new political party was talked of. But her son's entire indifference may have gone far to prevent such imprudent measures.

"My mother has tortured us for eight weeks," Clarimond at last said to Eric. "I wonder how much longer she will insist upon making it a crime for a man to be seen smoking a cigarette within 20 yards of her,

TEN GOVERNMENTS SUPPORT IT. The Cape Spartel Lighthouse, Which

the Ward of Many Nations. New York Sun. 1 This lighthouse stands on the extreme northwest coast of Africa, and its name is

the Cape Spartel Lighthouse. It is a fine and solid piece of stone work.

The Government of Morocco thought it was very hardly treated when it was compelled to build this lighthouse. The other Governments requested Morocco to build the lighthouse as an aid to navigators, but Morocco bluntly refused. Then diplomatio pressure was brought to bear, and, with the united voice of the commercial nations de-manding that he adorn Cape Spartel with a lighthouse, the Sulton consented after con-siderable grumbling. The contract was given to a French firm and a French enprise.



The Cape Spartel Lighthouse.

the Princess had given every sign that she did not choose to reseek her dear Italy, Clarimond declared himself pitcously hand-The lighthouse is noteworthy also for the remarkable manner in which it is sup-ported. Ten Governments contribute a fixed sum annually to keep its light burn-ing. The agreement with Morocco was that if the Sultan would build the lighthouse, charmond declared nimself piteously hand-icapped. Bianca d' Este was forever thrust at him, and the young lady's 'accom-plishments' were made as drearily ordinary to him as the details of his toast and coffee if the Sultan would build the lighthouse, the other nations would attend to its maintenance. Ten of them, therefore, contribute annually \$300 apiece, and this money pays for the services of the lighthouse keeper and his assistants and the oil a dother material needed. The foreign diplomatic agents at Tangier form the Board of Lighthouse Supports and the Marketing and th at breakfast time. He could discover in Bianca nothing that interested him. The one sombre monotony. Winter in Saltravia was never severe; snow fell and blasts blew, Tangier form the Board of Lighthouse Su-pervisors, and the Moroccan Government has nothing to do with the management. Cape Trafalgar is plainly in sight to the north. It was here that the great naval battle was fought on October 22, 1805, when Nelson defeated the French-Spanish fleet. thoroughly fitted to his new position, acquitted himself with skill and tact. He made several new journeys, and each bore its fine artistic fruit. The King became almost as devotedly his friend as he was the friend of Eric. When a fresh spring had lavished its green beauty on the Saltravian hills. Eric declared to his fellow lodger:

"That Dudeley has the oddest way

blowing about and puffing himself." "What did he say? "He was boasting this morning that he was sick last year with inflammation of the brain.

This Is Told for Truth.

Harper's Young People.1

A tame rattlesnake belonging to an Ari sons farmer sleeps every night on the front gate of his owner's garden, coiling himself around the gate and gatepost, so that a lock and chain to keep out intruders are not

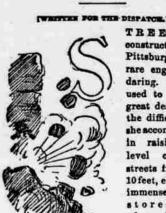
PATHS THROUGH ROCK.

Some Daring Engineering Feats in the Streets of Pittsburg.

OPENING THE BLUFF DISTRICTS. Rock Work Unequaled on the Pennsy at

TELEGRAPH POLES IN THE SHADOWS

Locust and Boyd Streets.



Pittsburg with rare engineering daring. Chicago used to boast a great deal about the difficult task she accomplished in raising the streets from 8 to 10 feet, elevating immense hotels, churches by means of steam

TREETS are

constructed in

lack-screws, and filling in the ground under them. But when this is said, all is said, for Chicago is built upon a plain with only a fall of 14 feet from the old western line of the City of the Lake, and it was about as easy to lay out her regular, level streets as it would be to pencil off a checker-board on a paper tablet.

Boston engineers never had the heart or backbone to attempt to straighten the crooked streets of that city, or widen its narrow ones. They said to the architects : "Here, we can't do anything with these beastly alleys; you make the best of them.' So to-day late descriptions of Boston read : "The city contains 350 miles of streets. In the older portions many are crooked and narrow, but after the fire of 1872 advantage was taken of this feature to make architectural effects in the new buildings, which are very pleasing, and would have been impos-sible had the streets been more regularly

IN BALTIMORE AND PHILADELPHIA. Baltimore shirked engineering problems in the same manner, only it turned its streets over to the landscape gardener instead of the architect, and such spots as Eutaw Place, Mount Vernon Square, and Druid Hill were the result—pretty enough, it is true, but not a comparison to what Baltimore would look like if some of her projection. unsightly "humps" were graded off. Philadelphia never had respect enough for herself to even improve what easily made thoroughfares she has, and her cobble-stone pavements still attest that statement. Philaand thus she stands to-day. Her level streets



intersected one another at right angles, and peer erchitect por gardener At last the nathematician got hold of them, and upon the paralellograms resulting from the regu-lar monotonous occurrence of corners, based which he shares with his "brothers," the Kings of Roumania and Sweden.

The Queen of Italy, again, gathers in what shoes and gloves she can that have been worn by sovereigns of the past and present. She is the proud possessor of the shoes of Marie Antoinette, of Mary Stuart, the Empress Josephine, Queen Anne and the Empress Catherine of Russia. The latter were the present of her son, the Prince of Naples, who brought them last year from St. Petersburg.

The monotonous occurrence of corners, based a comprehensive system of numbering houses. It was a schoolboy sort of idea. The more profound questions of street utility and improvement will await the removal of Pittsburgers to that ancient Delphian vale. But Pittsburg municipal engineering has never yet been staggered. It conceived the eutting away of the Fifth avenue "hump," and it proposed the widening of Diamond street.

PITTSBURG DOESN'T LIKE FLATS.

Locust Street, Looking East.

PITTSBURG DOESN'T LIKE FLATS. Some feats not so well known as these are what I have in my mind just now. To hew streets through solid rock might strike some streets through solid rock might strike some cities as too expensive and impracticable—wild schemes, perhaps. With us such enterprises are public economy. Pittsburg has been growing for many years past in a way that older cities seem to be totally unable to realize. Her thrifty people think that it is safer to put money into land than in the pockets of landlords who own "sky-scrapers."

the city has been bought and built upon, will the 10, 15 and 20-story "flats" flourish here, and it doesn't matter a fig whether the ground is on the level of Smithfield the ground is on the level of Smithheld street or 400 feet above Penn svenue. It's land all the same, and the 60-foot lot that far above Carson street is hidden by the morning fogs of the Monongahela river, one-third of the whole year, is just as valone-third of the whole year, is just as vai-uable to its artisan owner as the old post-office corner is to its prospective bidders. The hillside lot has made one more resident of Pittsburg a free-holder, perhaps, and the more free-holders the city has the more solid must her foundations become.

BURROWING IN THE BOCK. Shingess street was one of the steep thoroughfares with which the city had to follow bughfares with which the city had to follow these small property holders up the hill southeast of the Court House. Then the people began to spread east and west upon that mountain. They had ascended by Magee street also, and extended their line of homes toward Shingess street. But midway between these two streets there arose a rock-ribbed promontory. It was an effectual parrier to communication between the two points. If a resident of Shingess street wished to call upon friends in Magee street he had to descend to Forbes street, at least, and make a detour in the shape of semi-circle. The business that grew up with that neighborhood was interfered with, and so the city authorities undertook to burrow out a communicating street through that hill of rock.

This was named Locust street. That part of it from Magee to Shingiss street is only 2,000 feet long. In that distance Evan Jones, the contractor, removed 75,000 yards of rock, 60,000 of which was solid blue rock that could only be torn out by thousands of pounds of powder. It is a misapplication of terms to say that Locust street was dug through the hill. Powder and dynamite was substituted for the pick and spade, and

THE BUILDING OF BOYD STREET. The value of property in that locality continued to increase, more homes were erected and additional population was planted in this out of the way quarter. Not long ago there came a demand for still better means of accessibility—another street was wanted. An ordinance went through City Councils locating Boyd street, from Forbes to Locust street. It is but a short distance, but egain it was through the heart of a but again it was through the heart of a stonequarry. However, Locust street itself stonequarry. However, Locust street itself had been hewn out of rock, and now it needed another outlet, and why should a rock deposit interfere? It didn't. Boyd street is now approaching completion. Some tons of explosives were used upon it also, and thousands of yards of rock carted away. The junction which Boyd street forms with Locust is perhaps the most

imposing "corner" in Pennsylvania for nat-ural embellishment. There is not to be found on the mountain division of the Pennsylvania Railroad a more striking specimen of heavy rock work than right here. Looking up Boyd street you will see a huge over-hanging rock, the top of which is like a massive table. From back of this sweeps a canyon—it is Locust street—against the back wall of which Boyd street comes to an end. That opposite side of Locust street is a crag of rock, or solid wall, on top of which

are erected several houses. A SUGAR-LOAF OF BOCK. Passing around Locust street in the other direction, I faced the great mass of rock left standing at the corner of Boyd and Locust with the camera. The accompanying photograph conveys a truthful idea of the appearance of this sugar-loaf of blue rock. It is 50 feet high and overtops the neighboring telegraph poles. Looking straight up Locust street the depth of the cut through the rock is readily comprehended. It

Locust street the depth of the cut through the rock is readily comprehended. It varied from 60 down to 30 feet.

In all the hill districts of Pittsburg more or less of this heavy work is encountered in opening and improving streets. On Webster avenue, from Kirkpatrick to Sumer streets, probably 800 feet of shale rock was excavated. There was considerable of it along Center avenue when it was extended toward the East End. Booth & Flinn had to construct their heaviest machinery for that thoroughfare and some others opened within the past 10 and 15 years. Soho street and Liberty avenue, as well as some parts of Sylvan avenue, produced great quantities of rock. The continuation of Barton street toward Forbes is another and a later bit of heavy work in street conlater bit of heavy work in street con-

WHAT THE WORK COSTS. It costs from two to three times as much to hew a street through rock as it does to dig it out from yielding earth. On account of so much rock excavation here, a general nized, which, perhaps would not be found in a city of Chicago's level character. In



Rock at Boyd and Locust Streets.

round numbers this may be stated to be cavation in common earth; from 35 to 45 cents per yard through shale rock; from 50 to 80 cents for work in solid rock.

One of the most potent factors in making up a contractor's estimate on street conup a contractor's estimate on street con-struction, however, is the peculiar geo-graphical features of Pittsburg. "Dumps" cannot be established frequently in the lower part of the city for this reason, and when a contractor has to haul his wagon loads of rock and dirt from one to two miles before he find a place for it, it adds to the cost. One contractor tells me that for this reason the cost of the street work is one-third higher in the old city than elsewhere. But long haul or short haul, rocks, shale or dirt, it pays Pittsburg to have plenty of streets. Natural obstacles are surmounted with skill and fearlessness, and were the Supreme Court so readily mastered, our streets would rank with the best in the country.

L. E. STOFIEL

FEELING IN AN ABSENT ARM.

The Remarkable Tale for Which a Veterar Cheerfully Vouches.

The doctors say that a man can nothing in the arm that has been cut off, but that is nonsense, says a one-armed veteran in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Any man who has lost an arm or a leg will tell you that the fingers and toes on the missing members sometimes get as cold as any other part of his anatomy. I knew a man who was shot in the arm at Shiloh, and after the battle was over he was taken to a farmhouse near by, where the doctors performed the amoutation. The man of the ouse put the arm in a candle box, nailed it up and buried it in the orchard. The next day the wounded soldier complained that his arm troubled him. It was all doubled up, he said, and the fingers felt cramped. He grumbled for two or three days without anybody paying much attention to him, for the house was full of wounded men, and the doctoes were too busy to spare the time to look after an amputated arm, but finally the man became so troublesome that they concluded to try a little ex-

So, without telling him what they were So, without telling him what they were going to do, they went to the orchard, dug up the arm, took it out of the candle box, laid it straight, placed the fingers in a natural position, wrapped it in cotton batting, put it in a longer box and buried it again. The man declared be felt his arm This explains two peculiar things about Pittsburg; first, why "flats" have never been built here for residence purposes; second, why so many thousands of homes cling to dizzy hill sides.

Not until every foot of ground around the city has been bought and built upon, will the 10, 15 and 20-story "flats" flourish

GORGEOUS SAUSAGE SHOPS.

In Germany They are More Splendid Than America's Drug Store Palaces.

Nothing strikes the Yankee mind as mor curious than the substitution of the sausage for the apothecary shop which he notices everywhere in Germany. The "apotheke" is an infrequent and a modest establishment in Berlin, but the sausage shop blossoms out in all the glories of illuminated tiling, elaborate cornices and handsome frescoss on all the best streets of the city. Go in to the the best streets of the city. Go in to the gay Friederichstrasse and pick out the finest jeweler's shop and the best florist's window, and right between them will be the sausage vender's parlor, fitted out in all the splendor of Thompson's lunch place by the Rogers building on Washington street.

Behind the counters are well dressed

Behind the counters are well dressed women, who are evidently employed for their good looks and their neatness. It appears that places in these sausage shops are quite as desirable as any mercantile business in which women engage. No wonder Minister Phelps feels proud as he walks about in front of these brilliant windows and reflects that through his persistent efforts American pook is "in" easin. As to and renects that through his persistent efforts American pork is "in" again. As for the Chicago pork packer, I should suppose he would have to put leaden weight in his pockets to keep himself down to the ground when he comes to Berlin and sees how exalted above all other flesh is that of the despised swine which he packeth by the

THE COOKERY OF GERMANY.

Especially That of the Middle Classes Not to Be Compared With the Wine. Writing of German dishes and drinks, Mrs. M. E. Sherwood says: The curious bill of fare of a middle class German table is something like this: They begin with a pudding. They serve sweet perserved fruit with the meat, generally stewed cherries. They go on with dreadful dishes of cabbage, preparations of milk, curdled, soured and

Dr. Lieber, the learned philologist, was Dr. Lieber, the learned philologist, was eloquent on the subject of the coarseness of the German appetite. He had hardly corrected his by a visit to Italy, and he remarked, with his usual profundity, that it was "the more incomprehensible as nature had given Germany the finest wines with which to wash down the worst cookery."

A favorite dish is potent paneater. The A favorite dish is potato pancakes. The raw potatoes are scraped fine, mixed with milk, and then treated like flour cakes, served with apple or plum sauce.

A DOCTOR FROM TROY,

Though He Is Named but Three Times in the New Testament,

WAS A GREAT POWER FOR GOOD.

The Man Was St. Luke, Whom St. Paul Sent Out With Titus.

LESSONS FROM HIS LIFE'S WORK

"We have sent with him the brother, whose praise is in the gospel throughout all

St. Paul was writing to the church at Corinth. He had just informed the Corinthians in his letter that he was about to send a visitor to their parish in the person of Titus. The mission of Titus was to get money. St. Paul was urging the Corinthians to show their Christianity by their generosity. The curch in Jerusalem was very poor. Nowhere was the old religion so hostile to the new, nowhere was the old orthodoxy so bitter against the new heresy, as in the city of the scribes and pharisees. Christians lost their places in society and in business. Nobody would associate with a Christian, buy anything from a Christian, or employ a Christian. The Christians needed help. It seemed to St. Paul that it would be a help in more ways than one if he could persuade to the assistance of these Hebrew Christians the hearts and purses of the Gentile Christians over in Europe. Generosity on the one side and gratitude on the other would leave no room for partisan misunderstanding.

ST. LUKE WEST WITH TITUS. So he wrote to the church at Corinth: and with his letter he sent Titus, who had been at Jerusalem and who knew just how bad things were there. And with Titus he sent "the brother whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the churches." Nobody knows for certain who this brother was, but the probabilities indicate St. Luke. The traditional address of the Corinth letter, set down in the Bible at the end of it, names the messengers to whom it was intrusted "Titus and Lucas." The name of Luke is so familiar to us, it

stands at the head of so many pages in the New Testament that we learn with some surprise that it is really written in the New Testament itself only three times. Of course, the authorship of such important books as the Third Gospel and the Acts of the Aposthe Third Gospei and the Acts of the Apos-tles was not likely to be a mystery among the people of the generation in which they were first read. All men knew who wrote them. And the one name associated with them from the beginning, as the name of Cicero is associated with his orations and the name of Virgil with his poems, was the

LUKE NEVER THOUGHT OF SELF. Luke, however, never mentioned his own name at all. The writer of these books had no thought of fame, had no longing after a literary nor even an ecclesiastical reputation. He was in possession of certain won-derful, valuable and helpful facts, and his whole concern was to get those facts, plain, straight, unadorned, uuchanged, into the hearts and minds of the people of his time.

St. Luke, accordingly, set down nothing about himself. Some have imagined that he was one of the 70 whom our Lord sent out to preach; others have fancied that they recog-nized him in one of the two men who were w.lking out one memorable day to Emmaus. The probability, however, is that St. Luke never looked i to the face of Christ. It is

Master from St. Paul. He was a Gentile, living possibly in Troas where we first find trace of him; a physician. Some think from the acquaintance that he shows with the rigging of a ship, as evidenced in the account he gives of a notable wre k off the Island of Melita, that he was a ship doctor; that he had his residence to all. that he had his residence at old Troy there by the water, and plied back and forth in the Freeze Sea between the seast of Mess the Ægean Sea between the donia and Asia Minor. PAUL AN INCESSANT PREACHER. Somehow, this physician had come into equaintance with St. Paul; very likely in the practice of his profession. It is probable that St. Paul was never perfectly well. It sore need of a doctor. He may have called in Luke, and while Luke ministered to Paul's body, Paul may have ministered to Luke's soul. That was like St. Paul. The one supreme purpose to which that apostle had devoted his whole life was the preaching of the gospel; he wanted to make men everywhere know what he had to teach them about Christ, Christ the divine example of human manhood; Christ the Savior of sinners; and he never lost an

opportunity. He never did anything else but preach, He was never too busy weaving tent-cloth for his daily bread, never too tired on his Then Luke met Paul and was converted.

The Christian gospel never won its way in the world by the means of two sermons on a Sunday. It was carried out into that first century in the hearts of men who were so in earnest about it that they thought of nothing else; they preached the gospel saving and the soul is Jesus Christ, and server where saving the time and the soul is Jesus Christ, and the soul is Jesus Christ Christian Christian Christian Christian Christian Christian Christian in earnest about it that they thought of nothing else; they preached the gospel everywhere, and all the time, and to every-body they talked with. So Paul found Luke, and made a Christian out of the

THE WRITER AS A WITNESS. The time when St. Luke actually joined himself to the company of St. Paul. and became a physicisn of the soul as well as a physician of the body, is indicated in the Acts of the Apostles by a simple change of pronoun. "And they, passing by Mysia cane down to Troas. And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, come over unto Macedonia and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia." Then the story continues in the first person. The

writer is a witness of what he tells.

St. Luke, then, was present and assisting at the first Christian service that was ever held in Europe, in the city of Philippi. Paul and the others went on, the pronoun changing again, to Thessalonica, and Borea, and Athens; Luke stayed at Phillippi. It seems to have been some seven years before St. Paul came back again. Meanwhile, Luke was the minister of the converts at Phillippi. He was the first pastor of a Christian congregation in Europe. He preached in the first parish that was ever organized in all this western division of the

LUKE FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH. From Philippi Luke went over to Corinth with St. Paul's letter. He accompanied his friend and master on his last journey to Jerusalem. He was with him when he was carried as a prisoner to Rome. He shared his first imprisonment; probably his second also. He stood by Paul when all other men

also. He stood by Paul when all other men torsook him. Paul wrote to Timothy that all had le:t him, save only Luke. No doubt he was with him at his death.

This was the brother whose praise is in the gospel. That sounds as if St. Paul meant that there were a great many good things written about St. Luke in one of the good. But that it a mistake What St. gospels. But that is a mistake. What St. Paul intended was that this good brother Paul intended was that this good brother Luke was to be praised for his allegiance to the gospel. The best things that could be said about Luke were about his faithfulness as a preacher, and his diligence as a prac-tiser, of the Christian gospel. The highest praise of Luke was that he was an excellent Christian. A man may write a "Life of Christ" and a Church history, as Luke did, and not be a Christian at all. Religious writing and religious talking do not make a Christian. Knowledge of religious truth does not constitute a Christian. One might know the whole Bible by heart without being a Christian.

ST. LUKE'S CHRISTIAN SPIRIT. The one essential of Christianity is a Christian spirit. One of the good Christian characteristics of St. Luke was his humility. The word humility comes from a Latin word which means the "ground." One might perhaps infer that the humble man was he who kept his eyes always toward the ground and were many toward the ground. and never presumed to look up. That, how-ever, would be both an artificial and an unreal humility. It would be a sort of humility which is synonomous with self-conceit. Whoever looks down, looks at himself. And true humility does not spend

himself. And true humility does not spend much time thinking of self.

No; the better way to think about it is that the humble man is he who has his feet set firmly on the ground, knows where he is, stands on the solid foundation of reniity. A humble man does not desire to think of himself or of anybody else in any untrue way. If he is wiser or better in any respect than his brother, he has no wish to tell himself lies about it. Probably in some other respect his brother is wiser and better than respect his brother is wiser and better than he is. Almost every honest man discoveres that: The Christian grace of humility does not consist in disparaging ourselves, nor in thinking of ourselves more meanly than we ought to think. All that the genuinely humble man desires is to stand on the good

LUKE HAD CONFIDENCE. If St. Luke had been hindered by a false humility he would never have under-taken the writing of a gospel. The gospel had already been written: who was this ob-scure Troy doctor that he should write a new one? Luke would have kept in the background, persuading himself that he was not competent to that good work. Yes; and worse than that, he would probably have worse than that, he would probably have stayed on silently at Troy and never have joined himself to the company of Paul, arguing that that great apostle could prob-ably get on very well without him, that there could hardly be any need for such an inexperienced and inefficient person as he ras.

The church is all the time losing the ser-

vices of good people who distrust themselves. They hold back from the work of the church They hold back from the work of the church because they do not believe in putting themselves forward. They do not even come into the church at all, but stay on the outside, reminding themselves of their manifold imperiections, and thinking that God surely cannot want any such poor Christia s as they are. They need to be taught that old German proverb, "The best is often the enemy of the good." That means that we will not attempt to do the good because we cannot start off with the good because we cannot start off with the achievement of the ideal best.

AN END TO ALL ENDRAVOR. Why, that would spoil nine-tenths of all the excellent work in the world. If we are not to preach unless we preach like St. Peter, if we are not to teach in the Sunday school unless we can teach like St. Paul, if we are not to enter into Christian discipleship, not to join the church, unless we are as good Christians as St. John-why, there

s an end to all endeavor.

That is not Christian humility. great ground truth which is the foundation of real humility is the truth that the work is of more importance than the worker. Whoever realizes that must have some share in the work, cannot be contented without doing something in the service of God, which is also the service of man. But how much or how little credit he may get for it, how high or how low in the list of workers his name may stand, he does not care at all. St. Luke was so interested in the great work that Christ did, and that Peter and Paul did, that, though he was constrained to do his share in it, he forgot himself entirely.

THE GRACE OF HELPFULNESS. St. Luke, accordingly, was possessed of a very strong desire to help his fellow men. He forgot himself because he was thinking so much about them. That is the best way to cultivate the grace of humility-to emphasize the grace of belpfulness. is really thinking a good deal about others is not likely to be thinking very much about himself. This is another Christian characteristic of St. Luke, which it will be profitable for us to think about—his help-

fulness.
One of the most helpful individuals in One of the most helpful individuals in any community is the doctor. Nobody knows the amount of good that is done every day by a good doctor. No doubt but Luke, before he ever saw Paul, was going about doing good. Probably at Philippi, during his seven years' pastorate in that kind of missionaries we have to-day is the medical missionary. And a doctor does not need to go to China to be a medical missionary. He can do that service right here in Pittsburg. We are learning more and more that the body influences not the mind only but the soul. The physician of the soul must be helped by the physician of the body. There is a real connection between body. There is a real connection between

HEALTH AND HOLINESS, between sanctive and sanitation. Luke, the doctor first, setting things straight physically, getting wholesome conditions of living, clearing out the slnms, tearing down the tenements, letting in the light, feeding starving people with decent food; and then, Luke the evangelist. The gospel is vitally concerned with the bettering of the bodily condition of the people. If the devil does not actually cause disease he has a hand in it and profits by it. The doctor and the parson must work together to cast the devil

ut. Then Luke met Paul and was converted. that if he wanted to save anybody's soul h must first make Jesus Christ real to that soul. And so he listened to everything that anyone could tell him about Jesus Christ, and he wrote it down and made a gospel of it.

WROTE FOR THE GENTILES. Probably St. Paul taught him more than any other. The Third Gospel is the Gospel according to St. Paul. The great characteristic of St. Paul's teaching was that Christ came for the Gentiles. Compare it with St. Matthew's and you will see the with St. Matthew's and you will see the difference. St. Matthew wrote in Judea for Hebrew Christians, and his gospel is full of old prophecies, and Jewish customs, and quotations from the Hebrew Scriptures. St. Luke wrote in Greece for Gentile Christians. He remembered better than any of the others how Christ held out his hand of commendation and invitation to those who commendation and invitation to those wh were not counted in the ancient fold. H alone tells us of the Samaritan who helped the man by the wayside, and of the other S matarian who alone of the ten lepers came back and gave Christ thanks. He alone records the parable which set the publican above the pharisee, and the feast in the house of Zaccheus the publican.

To desire to know all that we can about the works and the words of Jesus, to try to puttern our lives according to his life to

pattern our lives according to his life, to think as he thought, to be just as broad and just as narrow as he was, to go about doing good as he did, to make the will of Jesus the rule of our life, and to teach whatever we know ourselves to all others whom we have a chance to teach, is to be the sort of helpful Christian that St. Luke was. Whoever takes his will as the working principle of his daily conduct, and tries the best he can to live in Pittsburg as Christ lived in Capernaum, has touched the real heart of the Christian religion.

GEORGE HONGER

Harper's Young People. 1 A smart little boy was told the other day about a man who kept two little alligators. "And," said the teller, "what do you think he called them?" "Couldn't say!"
"He called them Right and Left-be

cause they were a pair of 'gators!".
"Humph!" said the smart little boy, 'then they went on feet, of course!'



CATARRH THE CAUSE OF A HOST OF DISEASES.

Head, Throat, Lungs, Stomach—All Subject to Catarrh-What the Medical Profes sion Says.

If any medical authority were asked to name the disease which most rarely destroys life he probably would name catarrh. But, were he further asked to name the disease which sets up in the system oftenest diseases which do destroy life he would be obliged to again name catarrh. Catarrh, while it remains simply catarrh, a life although it Catarrh, while it remains simply catarrh, very rarely destroys a life, although it makes life miserable; but catarrh surely leads to a host of diseases many of which are fatal to life. The following list of diseases, too well known in this country, are each and all simply catarrh affecting different organs of the body: Sore eyes, deafness, running ears, discharge from the nose, sore mouth and throat, bronchitis, hoarseness, consumption, enlarged tonsils, quinzy, dyspepsia, chronic diarrhea and dysentery are each thought by most people to be esare each thought by most people to be es-sentially different diseases; but the truth is sentially different of seases; but the truth is they are estarrh of the mucous lining of the various organs. A medicine that is appli-cable to any one of the above list of diseases is applicable to them all, and each one has for its cause the same condition. Catarrh is catarrh wherever located, and the remedy

catarrh wherever located, and the remedy that will cure it in one organ of the body will also cure it in any other organ.

In the majority of cases (especially those of less than two years' duration) catarrh can be cured in a few weeks by the proper use of Pe-ru-na. Some cases are cured by six bottles, others by four, and we have not a few testimonials who have professed a cure from even one bottle of this iemedy. Where a case of catarrh has existed for five or ter years a permanent cure cannot be reasonably hoped for in less than three or four months, hoped for in less than three or four months, and in some rare cases the continued use of Pe-ru-na for one year has been necessary to effect a permanent cure. But, unless the case is very old or complicated, a prompt and lasting cure is sure.

The following cases, given in the language of the patient, is a fair illustration of the effect of Pe-ru-na in chronic catarrh.

KYLE, TEX., March 21, 1891.

For ten years I have been a sufferer of that dreadful disease, chronic catarrh. The doctors all pronounced my case to be catarrh in its worst form. I took many kinds of treatment to no avail. I have tried every catarrh cure, but nothing seemed to benefit me in the least. I lost all confidence in medicine. At last I heard of Peru-na.

in medicine. At last I heard of Peruna. I commenced to use it, and am now entirely rid of all catarrhal symptoms. I would give \$10 a bottle for Peruna rather than be without it. It has restored me to perfect health. Mrs. M. J. Tamblin.

It would be difficult to describe a worse case to cure than the above. The length of time it had run, the fact that it had continually grown worse, and the further fact that it had already developed the symptoms of the dry, or atrophic stage of catarrh, combine to make this a very remarkable cure, quite impossible to be made with the ordinary treatment. The cure was effected by Peruna alone, and no spray, gargle or inhalant was used. Peruna, with directions for use, can be had at most drug stores.

Any one desiring further particulars are at liberty to write to Mrs. Tamblin, who will cheerfully answer any questions.

will cheerfully answer any questions. Those desiring to become well informed as to the nature and cure of catarrhal diseases should send for the Family Physician No. 2. Sent free by the Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, O.



This young lady examines the

young scholar. "Johnnie, where is Carlsbad?" "Part of it in every drug store in the United States."

"How do you make that out?" "The Carlsbad Sprudel Salts are imported from there, and are the solid evaporations of the Sprudel Springs."

"What have they done for you that you know so much about them?" "Why, they have cured papa of his dyspepsia, and in the place of a cross father, they have given me a

kind and loving parent." Dyspepsia will spoil the most angelic temperament. Too much bile inactivity of the liver will start it. Try the Carlsbad Sprudel Salts. A standard, a never-failing remedy. The genuine have the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York," on every bottle.

We Can't do it

but are willing to pay for learning how to make as good an article as WOLFF'S ACME.
BLACKING of cheap material so that a retailer can profitably sell it at 100. Our price is 20c.

The retailer says the public will not pay it. We say the public will, because they will always pay a fair price for a good article. To show both the trade and the public that we want to rive them the best for the least money, we will pay

\$10,000.00 Reward

For above information; this offer is ope until January 1st, 1893. WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia

Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. New wood painted with it looks like the natural wood when it is stained and varnished. **PAINTERS AND BUILDERS**

IMPROVEMENT, THE PROMISE OF CURE.—No array of words can give a dyspentic one-half the hope that comes from the relief which always follows the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, and the promise of

will find it profitable to investigate

oure is never broken. "Having suffered from dyspepsia for two or three years, I decided to try B. B., and after taking one bottle I found myself so much better I got another bottle, and after taking that I had no more need of medicine. "MRS. G. C. WHITE, Taberg, N. Y."

Don't pay for daily bread and then groan with dyspepsia when a bottle of B. B. R. will give you relief. Repeated tests with uniform success prove that dyspepsia cannot with stand B. B. B.

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