palace grounds," was the reply. her and ran off in an agony of ment, followed by his friends." "Perhaps they had been married and then vorced," said the lady. "I have it on

the best of authority that people in America marry there in one province (let us say Venezuela) this year and are divorced with perfect ease the next year in some other province (let us say California)." "Really? I am not surprised. Ameri-

cans are such curious creatures. But she's wonderfully handsome, that girl, don't you "Oh, of course," granted the lady, saying

no more and saying even thus much as though it was forced from her. "But I don't like the affected simplicity with which she has gowned herself, do you?" "I hadn't thought a bit about her attire," said the gentleman. "Where is she now? Do von know."

"Talking to a score or so of our best men," returned the lady, a little barshly, "over yonder near the door that leads to the picture galleries. Take me in that direction, will you? I want to have a better look at her. I may be wrong, but it struck me there was a sort of crookedness in one of her eyebrows—"
Meanwhile, as the Princess of Brindisi,

before dreamed of as possible to her proud spirit, was saying suave if rather void things to Alenne, the King slipped his arm within that of Eric Thaxter and mur-

mured to him:
"Come with me, my friend, into the conservatory. I have something that I must say to you at once."

Clarimond, his companion, were present-

ly in the sweet-smelling dusk of a spacious glass pavilion, where you heard the sounds falling water and caught its flashes, now and then, through coverts of shadowing leaves and blooms. They found the place quite vacant; as yet no flushed and fatigued dancers had sought it. Their feet struck with little hellow clangs on the marble pavements of the odorous avenues, and thus accentuated, as it were, the exceeding stillness. It was a stillness that Eric waited his master to break, and at length be did so, in these words:
"I suppose that Lispenard told you just

what passed between him and myself. "Yes, monsieur, he told me."
"Weli," said the King musinely, "then
rou, Eric, who knew so well, must have

seen that I-betraved myself." "Betrayed yourself, monsieur; how?"
"Oh, that I showed him I love the woman be loves. Did he not tell you that? No, do not reply; I will not permit you to tell me, even if so inclined. It would be unfair, almost dishonorable, for me to insist on any

"An injustice from you, monsicur, would be as impossible as darkness from the sun,' The King suddenly pansed. His face was touched with a vague yet revealing light, and Eric perceived on it a pallor, a serioushe had before noted, but which

now seemed intensified." "If I wanted a counsellor," he broke forth, and then he laid a hand on Eric's "But in this case I ought not to want one. I should be sufficient unto myself. Only, my friend, you would be the wisest and best of counsellors, that is all I mean," and he withdrew his hand, giving a long and deep sigh.

From what I know of you, monsieur," said Eric, "you have always been sufficient unto yourself."
"Not always, not always-but you are

'I am simply sincere monsieur. You were born to be a great ruler of men. I have felt it for months past. The more that I see of you, the more strongly you appeal to me as a power for good. The world would have had no need for republics if all kings had been as perfect as yourself."
Thanks, my Eric, thanks."

To the surprise of his hearer these words were very brokenly uttered. Clarimond re-mained immovable, so that the revealing light still clothed his face. And now Eric saw that his vivid eyes were shining as though with half depressed tears. Only a alight silence clapsed before he spoke again. "Then, if I am indeed worthy to be a great ruler, as you say I should know, Eric, how

"Pardon me, monsieur, but I do not un-The King's glance turned from right to

left, as though in the dimness he suspected either some newcomer or some ambushed listener. With great abruptness he soon esught Eric's hands in either of his own and held them strainingly, while his moist-beaming eyes plunged their look into the chscured face of his watcher. "Eric, I have never loved living woman

until now, and I could have her for my wife if I choose." "For your-queen" faltered Eric.

scarcely knowing why he spoke the words. "Queen" Queen" Clarimond flung back impatiently, "you are like everybody else. How otherwise could I have her for my wife, man! Have I not told you that those morganatic marriages are loathsome to me! but there it is! Instantly that "royalty" idea occurs to you. Well, you are not to blame. It occurs to everybody no doubt, the moment my marriage is thought of. It occurred to her. She accepted me. Are you smilling because she accepted me? Are you saying to vourself that she merely did what thousands of women would in like circonstances do! But you are wrong if you reason so, for she was sublimely frank. She made it clear to me, that she still loved Lis-penard, and that if she brought me a virgin poly the could not bring me a virgin

"She said this, monsieur?" "In substance, yes, Eric, if not in actual phrase. And I, knowing how this man and woman love one another-how the cruel worldliness of a single hard-grained being has kept them apart-I whom you have called great, pause, positively pause, before the fulfilment of my duty."

"Your duty, monsieur?"
The Kings eyes darted fire, for a second there in the dusk where he and Eric stood.
"I can units them, if I choose, almost by lifting my hand. If I do not choose, I can wed Kathleen. Which course is my duty? She will marry me, half from ambition, half because of her mother-that vicious, mannish, insatiable mother! Which course I say, is my duty? People talk of Quixo-tism! Bah! As if I did not know! There was never a meaner werd created than that Quizotism. It has been the cloak for countless acts of cowardice, and Cervantes, were be alive to day, would regret that his genius ever aided in its coming."
Etie drooped his head, and felt his eyes fill with tears. He knew just what great throbs of a noble nature underlay this

splendid bluster, this incomparable ve-"Monsieur." he replied, when able to school his voice so that he could speak with self-governance, "you have been very right in saving that you require no counsellor. I am Alonzo Lispenard's friend; I know

how he has suffered—how he suffers vet! am your devoted serviteur, and I realize the am your devotes servicur, and I realize the noble renunciation it is in your power to make. You yourself have hinted that you are capable of this fine self-effacement. But I did not need your own admission to that effect. I have direndy known you too long not to grasp the height and breadth of your

Clarimond turned on his heel like a flash, threw both hands behind him, joining them there, and then moved slowly away.
"I've horrible decayed you," he shot

"I've horrible deceived you," he shot ever his shoulder. "I brought you here in the hope that although an American you would prove yourself a good courtier, and show me ample cause that I should plight truth with the woman I love."

"Monsieur," replied Erie, following him,

"I am far too good a courtier for that! Sincerely as I esteem your character in its entirety, there is one element of it to which must always pay primal obeisance."

"You mean" questioned the King, as Eric now reached his side again, in the irag ant twilight of their transient retreat. "Your pecrless conscience—your un-paralleled sense of right! ——?

As the festivity progressed, this evening, nearly everyone conceeded that there had been nothing at all resembling it in brilliance and buoyancy for many and many a month. Indeed, some of the native guests who could govern himself perfectly while roundly admitted that Clarimond's reign governing his people as well. Then he had yet seen no grand assemblage so delightful; for this season more foreigners coming vested with a tender yet rugged

"We saw | than usual had gathered at the hotels, and among these, where position and anteced-ents, made it possible, the royal invitations had been somewhat lavishly spread. As a pleasant result, the entertainment sparkled pleasant result, the entertainment sparkled with novelty. At midnight the doors of the banqueting hall were opened, and wine and viands furnished in profuse largess, wrought just the needed result of quickened gayety and enlivened social zest. The naughtiest Saltravian maids and matrons unbent and became affable to fellow-mortals of different grades or often of different countries from their own. rom their own.

Some little time after midnight, Eric touched Alonzo on the arm. The latter gave a kind of relieved start, and at once said:
"I'm so glad to find you. I mean to slip away, though of course you will not go

"You are tired so soon?" "Yes-of seeing her, ringed round with her new idolators. It's getting intolerable. I shouldn't have come at all!" "But, my dear Lonz, the King wishes to speak with you. He has just sent me ask you if you will not join him."

Aionzo stood for a brief while irresolute.

Then he tossed his head, bit his lip, and said in a voice almost irritable: "Of course-of course! How abourd of me! I'm almost forgetting that I'm a

"A slave, Lonz! You! As if I'd let you he! Come, now, take that horrible senti-ment back! You're as free as air, and you Alonzo slipped his hand into Eric's. "T'm very distressed," he answered, "and I'm a fool. Forgive me."
"It isn't for me to forgive you."

"Oh, then, I'll apologize to him."
"You needn't. He'll never know. Come

with me, dear boy."

They quitted the ballroom and passed through several dim corridors. "Where on earth are you taking me?" Alonzo murnured more than once, but Eric, as if the question needed no reply, kept pushing on. Presently, when it was for the third time repeated, he replied, while pushing open a gue door over which was a lamp shaped

like a drooping lotus flower:
"You ought to know. It's that little chapel. You told me, when I brought you here, one day, an age ago, that it was very good. You congratulated me on it, though you pronounced it a plagiarism from the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. It isn't, for the

simple reason that it's a copy."
"I remember," fell from Alonzo, as he stood in the full-lighted interior and gazed about him. As in the Saint Chapelle, there were 15 windows of superfine stained glass with their designs from Scripture and the lives of the saints, blossoming out of lovely traceries; there were the same polychrome adornments, and the same statues of the twelve Apostles over against the pillars.

"It was so different when I saw it last." Alonzo continued. "The sunshine then flooded it, and nowhere are these radiant candles. Why is it thus illumined? What that mundane and dazzling revel that we have just left?"

"It has but recently been lighted, as you will see," said Eric, pointed to a cluster of candles near by. "The King desired this."

"One of his whims, I suppose." "Does he attend service here?"
"Clarimond? My dear Lonz, you know
by this time as well as I do that the King
has no distinct religious creed. He has
given the use of this chapel to his mother "He has no whims."

during her stay here; the Princess' apartments are not far away from it. I have heard him say that if he should ever be married, his friend, Dr. Weuvermann, whom you already know, should perform the ceremony here between these walls. It will be a new shock to conservatism, course; for that kindly and intellectual old German, Wouvermann, is a thorn in the side of the recognized Saltravian clergy— but here is the King now. He is coming to

Clarimond was indeed advancing toward them along the central aisle. As Alonzo's lenged notice. The King extended his hand to Eric's friend, and its flesh felt so icily cold to him that he almost recoiled

"Thank you for coming," he said. "T will let me." Then he nodded to Eric, and swiftly added:

"Leave us, please, and carry out my other request. I am sure that you will succeed. And pray do not forget that you may freely And pray do not forget that you may freely use my name, sanction and authority." With a bow Eric Thaxter mutely departed, while Alonzo and his master stood together, in the silence and mellow splendor of the charming chapel. \* \* It may have been a half hour later when he returned, accepted the silence and mellow splendor. companied by a lady. The chapel was then quite vacant again, and the lady gave a little

joyful cry as she looked about her.
"Oh, this is lovely! And you say that the King wishes to see me here?" Then it seemed to Kathleen as if the King's presence was somehow revolved from out the glimmering softness of the place; and while he drew near to her Eric disappeared.

"You are very good to come," said Clari-mond. "I saw how they flocked about you, there in the ballroom. No doubt it was annoving to desert your scene of conquest. "No, monsieur. I came at your bid-

ding."
He smiled, and now she saw how very pale and sorrowiul his face was—how it plainly betokened some severe trial, though of course she could not conjecture what.

"You are to do something more at my bidding," he said; "that is, if you will." "It it lies in my power, monsieur-" she began, and then paused, wondering and alarmed because his mien was so full of

that strange, repressed despair.
"I hope it will lie within your desire as well," he answered. "If it does not, you need by no means rate it as an act of obedience." At this the King raised his hand, as if in signal to some one at the further end of the chapel. Kathleen noted the gesture, and presently receded, trembling.
"He, monsieur! I-I did not expect

"Do not refuse to see him," said Clari-mond, with great gentleness.

While Kathleen stood, half defianl, half acquiescent, Alonzo came nearer, pausing at

you? The King, with untold goodness, has given me this happy chance. I fear you are very angry at me. I think you have every right to be."

"I—I am not sagry," quavered Kathleen. In her consternation, her piteous confusion, she had never looked lovelier than now. "You, monsieur," she said, with a sudden, tearful fierceness, to the King, "have told

him what I told you!"
"Every word," smiled Clarimond. And
then, as Alonzo caught her hand and stooped over it, raining upon it kisses, the King moved away, leaving them side by In a small sacristy, a few yards beyond

the chancel, he soon came face to face with Eric Thaxter.
"Monsieu," exclaimed Eric, with a sort of reverent whisper, "you are doing the noblest act of your life." "That is easily said," was the reply, "since my life has not yet been a long one,

and few of its opportunities for good deeds have been at all amply exploited." "Ah, do not say that! Thousands of your poor would certainly show gratitude enough to deny it! But you are suffering terribly.

The strain that you undergo is reflected in

Clarimond sank into a chair. "Yes," h said, in a muffled kind of voice, "I am suffering a great deal. The pull, the wrench, is harder than I fancied." As he fixed his eyes upon Eric's face they seemed to ray forth spiritual grandeur. 'My friend, I had no other course than this. There are things that a man must do just because he is a man. But if he be a King as well then the obligation grows double. We have often spoken together on this question of the rights of Kings. You know how I despise them-how they strike me as but a mildewed survival of ancient error. Yet there has always seemed to me something grand, nevertheless, in the idea of a King

paternity. In those rare historic cases where some such human union has existed, crowned and throned, I should say that the possible sacredness and dignity of kings have found their sole true medium of expression. You have seen Dr. Wouver-

as he was leaving the ball room, which he smilingly told me was no fit place for a clergyman."

ORIGINALLY A CONVICT COLONY. "Yes, monsieur. Luckily I met him just We may count on him, then?" "Oh, yes, monsieur."
"The signal from Lispenard is to be a few tinkles of that silver bell on the altar."

"You mean, if she consents?"
"If she consents—yes. If not, he will simply come to me and tell me of his failsimply come to me and tell me of his fall-ure, after having conducted her back to the ball. I hope," Clarimond musingly con-tinued, "that she will consent to let Dr. Wouvermann marry them to-night. They have both been through so much heart-breaking tribulation! And if, as you suggest Madame Kennaird has certain more ambitious views for her child, that lady will doubtless oppose their marriage in the future with a new zeal born of chagrin. She appears already to have brewed for both of them a prodigious amount of misery. From all that I can learn, her interference has

risen between them like a column of thick fume, through which they have viewed distortedly one another's acts. Her influence has been that of malignancy, and I shall regret if she remains in Saltravia, provided her daughter (as the wife of Lispenard) shall so choose. But what am I saying, dear Eric? Lispenard may choose to resign his office—who can tell?" his office—who can tell?"

"I am certain he will not resign it, mon sieur!" cried Eric. "I am certain, too, that he feels, this hour, as I feel. I am certain he realized, as I do, that you are the soul and center of all that is self-abnegating, grandly generous!"

grandly generous!"
"Thanks, Eric; those words are surely rich in encouragement. You know I do not care for eulogy; but when one strives toward an ideal of conduct as Istrive now, the cheer of a loved friend is like a warm hand-clasp in darkness—!

Just then a little silvery sound reached Just then a little silvery sound reached their ears. Clarimond sprang to his feet. Eric saw his lips twitch and his hands for a brief instant clench themselves at his sides. "The signal," he said. She has consented. Go for Dr. Wouvermann. You will be witness, you know, Eric, and I—" he smiled, but to his observer the smile teemed with a terrible melancholy—"I shall give the bride away."

In the bailroom they had begun to miss the King. When at last he appeared it was in company with Kathleen, Eric and Alonzo. The floor was full of dancers; conversation stimulated by rare and copious wines, reigned in merry babbles that almost threat-

ned to drown the music. Clarimond went to his mother, who sat talking with several gentlemen. Bianca d'Este, also seated, was at her side. The gentlemen slightly withdrew as he ap-proached, making a lane for him while he

mounted to the low estrade where these adies were placed.
"You are not looking well!" murmured the Princess to him. "Others have spoken "You are not looking well!" murmured the Princess to him. "Others have spoken of it; I do so hope, however, that your looks mean nothing serious. Bianca, here, has been quite anxious. Is it not true, my darling?" And the Princess, taking the Italian girl's hand, drew her forward a little, the marvelous corsage of precious stones giving forth jets of multi-colored light as she moved.

she moved.
"Yes, yes," fell from Bianca. "We were
both greatly worried!"
Clarimond sent a kindly glance straight into her blue, solicitous eyes. As he did so, it flashed through his mind:

"I will never love any other woman as long as I live. But this maiden might make me the worthiest of queens, the truest of wives. One day I may ask her handprovided my mother preserves her presen change from arrogance to kindliness. not now! Now it would be a horror!"

Mrs. Kennaird, during supper, had re-ceived with furtive tingles of delight the attentions of an Austrian archduke and a Russian ambassador. She had not noticed Kathleen's absence. The Archduke, who was past 60, but still handsome and of the snavest manners, had whispered in her ear that King Clarimond, who did whatever he the year. And here we disembark, armed to request the hand of her divine daughter. The elderly Russian Ambassador, over hearing this remark as be presented her iee and a glass of champagne, declared that his royal master would never have gone to Denmark for a bride if he had had the delight of seeing "Mademoiselle,

"Ah, Prince," cried Mrs. Kennard, ir her most genial trebles and with her very acceptable, if imperfect, French, "there has never yet been an American queen, and I imagine there never will be! My poor, innocent child has never dreamed of such an honor, and—really—if it were offered her, she would hardly know how to

wear it. The Austrian and Russian exchange glances. They were both men of very high rank, and it is probable that they abhorred the tenets of Clarimond while respecting and perhaps loving his character. That he should marry an American girl, though her beauty were brighter than the Spartar Helen's and her breeding beyond a Recamier's, no doubt struck them both as the essence of the ridiculous. But while they may (or may not) have thus quickly and tacitly told one another their mutual contempt and disapprobation, Kathleen suddenly appeared, with Alonzo in her wake. Kathleen, the wife, felt far bolder than if she were Kathleen, the unwedded. Or perhaps, because she was herself so intoxicated by joy, it seemed to her as if a few words, delivered aside to her mother, might soften the sense of calamity they im

This, however, was not true. Mrs. Ken-naird heard her low-voiced tidings and shivered, as though an arctic blast had in-vaded the ballroom.

Meanwhile the ball went on, eddying,

Meanwhile the ball went on, edaying, whirling, billowing, in that ecstacy of dance beloved by the young of opposite sexes. The sweet, mild means of the violins were rancous screeches in the ears of Mrs. Kennaird, but in other feminine ears they were tender melodies of promise, of elation, of delicious inebriety.

Bianca d'Este heard them and hoped. The

Princess of Brindisi heard them and half hoped, half doubted. Eric Thaxter heard hoped, half doubted. Eric Thaxter heard them and sighed, because of that mystic and grievous Parisian past, concerning which he had perchance by this time spoken still more disclosingly to his dearest friend. Clarimond, King of Saltravia, heard them and thrilled with the pain of sacrifice, though gladdened by that sense of self-con-quest which is the sweet wages of honor, as sense of self-debasement is the bitter

Alonzo and Kathleen heard them, and the voluminous cadences they breathed built for both heavenly castles of ex-

And so the music played on-music which so throbs, when art is its minister, with souvenirs and prophecies, memories and anticipations!

Angry, austere, choked with a passionste feeling of defeat and insult, Mrs. Kennaird stood beside her daughter, a half

hour or so later, that night, when Alonzo laid his hand in the hand of Kathleen. The two ladies were waiting for their carriage, closked and ready, and at the portals of the palace.

"Good by, good by," Alonzo said. "Till to-morrow!"
"Till to-morrow!" Kathleen repeated.
"Till to-morrow, my wife!"
"Till to-morrow, my wife!"

"Till to-morrow, my wife!"

"Fill to-morrow—husband!"

Mrs. Kennaird had overheard the two
last murmurs of farewell. With her face
pale and full of nervous tremors, she
moved toward Alonzo.

"Till never forgive you," she gasped.
"Never! You've kept her from a crown—
a throne!"

Alonzo, stung, was about to reply;
Alonzo, stung, was about to reply;
but Kathleen caught her mother by
the wrist, and with the same ardor of selfassertion which had more than once repelled the spirit of even this woman's
unsurpassable worldliness and ambition,
she affirmed in eager whisper:

"He gives me, mamma, all the crown I
want—his love! He gives me all the throne
I want—his name and his protection!"

ernmost City of the World.

A Graphic Pen Picture of the South-

It Rains or Snows Every Day and the

Slush Is Always Ankle Deep. THE LAST GLIMPSE OF THE ANDES

PUNTA ARENAS, PATAGONIA, Nov. 1 .-When we rounded Cape Froward-which, as every school boy knows, is the southernmost point of the Western Hemisphere, Cape Horn being on a tiny island 200 miles further south—the usual snowstorm prevailed, for we are months too early in these waters for a pleasure trip, which should only be made during their brief summer time, in December, January or February.

On the right gleamed a stupendous bluegreen glacier, shining like glass between snowy meuntains; on the left, a line of wonderful craggy peaks, snow crested all, looked like stucco work against the wintry sky, or a series of gigantic images done in plaster. Just ahead, a dark mass of rock loomed up from the water's edge to a height of 1,200 feet, joined to the range by a low strip of land, and that black mass is Cape Froward, the tip end of the southern continent, a place familiar enough in school-day annals, but which few of us expect to behold with our mortal eyes.

Last Glimpse of the Andes. Directly south of it, Mount Sarmientothe most striking island mountain of the whole archipelago-rears its almost perfect pyramid 7,000 feet into the blue. A little farther eastward is Mount Darwin, a peak as lofty if not so famous; and south of both runs Darwin Sound, on whose southern shore, in an English mission station, a few devoted men and women are striving (but without pronounced success) to Christianize the benighted Tierra del Fuegoans. At dinner that day the Captain happened to remark that this was our very last evening within sight of the Andes, for the ship's course would change during the night so that those mountains would no longer be risible. We felt as if he had said that some old-time friends were about to bid us a final dieu; and though snow was falling and a bitter wind coating everything with ice, I stole out alone from the well-warmed cabin, where others were waltzing to the music of zither and guitar, for a last half hour with those glorious heights which for two years have been ever present companions—a per-petual delight and inspiration, and an un-tailing solace when dangers or home-sickness assailed.

Beautiful Land of the Sky. From sailing due southward we had peared to have sunk in our wake, while a halo of crimson and gold jet lingered on the distant Andes—transfigured m untains now, no longer barren and icy, but clothed in rosy tints like a true "land of the sky."
But not for long. In less time than it takes to tell it the brilliant colors faded and they became mere ghosts of mountains, shadowy and pale, wrapped in misty shrouds. In and paie, wrapped in misty shrouds. In the deepening twilight they seemed to be keeping tryst with one who loved them well, standing on tip-toe and peering one over the shoulders of another, to return my nute farewell-till darkness hid them from

The following morning we found ourselves at anchor off the coast of the nineteenth province of Chile, opposite Punta Arenas, the southernmost city on the face of the earth; the home of the penguin, the sea lion and the guanaco, where wind and storm and and equipped with sundry letters of intr duction to the Consul, the Governor and other persons in authority, purposing to spend three or four weeks (until the next steamer of the line comes along and picks us up), in exploring what we can of Southern Patagonia and the Islands of Tierra del

Fuego. Southernmost City of the World.

The site of Punta Arenas-which is Spanish for "Sandy Point"—was certainly not chosen for its beauty. It occupies a long spit, extending out into the strait, backed by mossy fields and low hills covered with charred timber, and behind these rises a range of lottier hills, covered with perpet-ual snow, though their altitude is barely

Looking on a map you will see that the town is considerably nearer to the South Pole than any other on the globe—nearer even than the Cape of Good Hope or any inhabited island—altogether too near for any sort of comfort, for when it is not snowing in the strait it is always raining, high winds never cease their howling, and a rag-ing surf in the shallow bay prevents boats from landing about five days out of every seven. The squalls are known to seamen by the Patagonian name of williwauas. Soo as the locality is approached sails are close ly reefed and all light gear made secure, for the "williwauss" usually come on without the slightest warning and for the moment

blow with the fury of a hurricane.

How did it happen that a town ever grew in so distant and desolate a spot? Nearly half a century ago (in 1843, I think) the Chilean Government, looking around for the most forsaken and cheerless place where human beings could possibly exist to which they might banish certain political offenders, chose this remote corner of Patagonia

Originally a Penal Colony. From it there seemed no way of escap-but in speedy death, and immediately after ward the penal colony of Port Famino-which had long occupied the site of San Felipe, the old Spanish town which Sarniento founded-was removed to this point. When the prisoners, most of whom were men of intelligence and education, were men of intelligence and education, were driven from their northern homes, 1,000 miles aways they left behind all traces of civilization as well as all hopes of return. Here they had no neighbors but the wild and war-like tribes of Patagonia and the savages of Tierra del Fuego, while on the west and south the dreary wastes of the Pacific stretched away half the width of the world, on the north a great untrodden wilderdess and on the east an impressable wilderdess, and on the east an impassable

wall of snow-clad mountains. The history of their early hardships and struggles for existence will never be known. Nobody dreamed that they would survive generation after generation, much less that they could elbow their way through such a sea of discouragements and by and by compel the mother country to acknowledge her castaways as valued citizens. Naturally their first care was to construct homes some sort, for many of them had been ac-companied into exile by their

Tenderly Reared Wives and Families. Except for the lack of tools, they had no Except for the lack of tools, they had no great difficulty in building houses from the trees of the surrounding forest. Shell fish are abundant hereabouts, and they found the finest celery and mushroons growing spontaneously. By experimenting they soon ascertained that certain vegetables—notably potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce—can be profitably grown during the short summer time, if given very careful attention.

Their earliest care was also to establish friendly relations with the Patagonian In-dians, with whom they commenced the pur-chase of hides and furs to sell to passing chase of hides and furs to sell to passing vessels. In this way the desolate sand-spit began to be known as a trading post, and certain ships anchored regularly in the little harbor—the English and French being particularly anxious to secure supplies of celery and mushrooms, for which they paid good prices. From time to time other prisoners were added, and though the new arrivals were not always agreeable companions, there is in numbers not only strength, but increased opportunities. Gold was discovered in paying quantities, and in due time the convicts organized themselves into a town, which they named Punta Arenas, under certain rules and regulations. AHEAD OF HER TIME.

Prosperity in Black Diamonds, Later on a large quantity of coal was found, and that discovery marked a new era in the life of the lonesome colony. They lost no time in communicating the important fact to passing vessels—their only way of advertising. Some Peruvian warships were the first to purchase the commodity, and before long Punta Arenas became known to all European and American vessels in these waters as a convenient place to obtain

As the condition of the colony grew better and better, the land east of the town, for a distance of several miles, was divided into farms for the raising of cattle, horses, poultry and such vegetables as will grow in poultry and such vegetables as will grow in this latitude. Wheat will not mature, but hard grasses were introduced from Germany, and the cattle of the section became noted as among the finest in the world, fat, round and sleek, with peculiarly soft, velvety hair. A church was built, costing 3,000 hard-earned dollars, followed by a school house commodious enough to hold all the children. By this time Chile began to feel proud of her distant colony and to pay it so much unwelcome attention that the liberty of the exiles was more and more restricted. A exiles was more and more restricted. A rather handsome Government building was rather handsome Government building was erected by order of the President, also a new cuartel, or jail, and the settlement was put under military control with 40 additional soldiers in uniform, ostensibly to do police duty and be ready for attacks from long-friendly Indians.

A Revolt of Criminals. At length, in 1877, the injudicious sever-

ity of a Federal Governor of that day provoked revolt among the convicts, whose numbers had been so many times augmented by reinforcements of all classes of criminals from every prison in Chile, that the respectable pioneers, to whom belonged all the credit of prosperity, were an unconsidered minority. The desperate revolters overcame their keepers, set fire to the houses, and forced all the officials and peaceable inhabitants to fly to the forests. For a time pandemonium prevailed, until by some fortunate accident, a Chilean war vessal reached Sandy Point while disorder was at its height, when the insurgents were speedily overpowered and the ringleaders executed. It happened that the weather continued unusually mild for this climate, so that the houseless refugees, among whom were many women and young children, suffered less than might have been expected while new homes were being constructed. After this no more convicts were sent to Punta Arenas. In 1868 it made liberal grants of land to immigrants, and sent out new Governor with 300 settlers. Timber for building purposes was taken along, and plenty of supplies to last until the immi-grants could clear and cultivate farms for

The Last of the Guards During the war with Peru, when Chile found herself in need of all the soldiers she could muster, the military guard was with drawn from the old convict station, all the prisoners who would consent to fight the Peruvians got an honorable discharge and ticket-of-leave, and marched gaily away with their late keepers to cut the throats of

their neighbors.

In 1868 the population of Punta Arenas was hardly 200, in 1888 it was 2,000 and now it is little more than half the latter number. And it is no disgrace, though some-what inconvenient, to be a Punta Arsman. where you can purchase New York and London papers, often three or four months old but still fresh to the long voyager, and shops in which Paris confectionary and other luxuries of life can be had at Pata-

gonian prices,

How does the place look? Well, there is hills, with some rising ground intervening. Three or four hundred houses are set in the mud and slush along this beach and on the rising ground behind it, mostly one-storied, built of wood, without regularity, yet dis-posed in lines so as to form streets and a niserable attempt at a plaza.

Human Flotsam and Jetsam.

There is a fort, a church, a custom house and one or two other public buildings-not omitting the postoffice, at which every traveler in this region drops letters to far-away friends, simply because they will bear the nearest possible postmarks to the South Pole. There is a long, rickety wharf in the foreground, over which you must pick your way with care to avoid a sudden plunge into the icy water beneath. Mud or slush is always ankle deep, and you might search

the world over to find a more dreary, deso-late and altogether uninviting place. Among its thousands or more inhabitants it is said that an interpretor for every modern language of the world may be found. Certainly a more polyglot country was never gotten together. Though the place belongs to Chile, English is the language most generally spoken, and there are hu-man flotsam and jetsam representing all sorts and conditions of men-deserters from her application to the study of art and science, and her deep and abiding interest in subjects with which the women all navies, convicts, fugitives from justice and shipwrecked mariners-many of whom would not be willing to tell you where they of the day rarely bothered their heads, and which were deemed dangerous for even men came from, what their true names were some other part of the world, and most of whom would not remain another minute if they could help it. There are a few good women in the settlement, but as for me the females here-poor things, drinking, fighting, swearing creatures of every nationality—the least said about them the better. For all practical purposes the nearest civlized neighbors to the lonesome Punta Arenians are the English colonists, on the Falkland Islands, but with an interval be-tween of 500 miles of the stormiest ocean on

the globe. mutual intercourse is neither frequent nor easy. FANNIE B. WARD. A COMPLETE LIGHTING PLANT.

fortune Awaits the Genius Who Will Fur

nish Independent Outfits. A correspondent of a leading electrical journal calls the attention of electrical nanufacturers to the fact that no adequate manufacturers to the fact that no adequate provision has been made for certain classes of people who would be only too glad to avail themselves of electric lighting if they could obtain the necessary current. What is wanted is a complete plant for say from 15 to 50 incandescent lamps. It should include the gas engine, the dynamo and the necessary shafting and belts, all ready to set up and run. It is suggested that if some company will take this matter in hand, conduct the needful experiments, give the public the facts, keeping well within bounds as to the actual facts and cost, then make a specialty of manufacturing and setmake a specialty of manufacturing and set-ting up such plants, the commercial outlook for such an undertaking would be one of

great promise. A Praying Wheel of Mongolia, On the streets of Ourga, Mongolia, says the Illustrated News of the World, the praying wheel is not an uncommon sight. The il-



Instration is from a photograph of one ir the operation of giving relief to an appli

Much-Abused Frances Wright.

MEETS HER IDEAL OF A WOMAN. Her Skepticism a Natural Result of Liter-

AS A LECTURER AND AS A WIFE

ary Surroundings.

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Carlyle says somewhere that a deep, great enuine sincerity is the first characteristic of a hero. Judged by this test, Frances Wright, who came under condemnation some 60 years ago as a free thinker, was nero. She was a "knight errant to the ast" in her devotion to the cause of humanity and truth. Her aspiration in life was to "an awakener of sleeping minds, a champion of the universal love of mankind," a worker in behalf of the poor and helpless.

In view of the miseries of the world about her, and as shown in history, she formed the idea that some great fault or vice must be the cause, and at the age when most girls are contemplating a debut into society, and a round of pleasures ending in love, marriage and happiness, she determined to do her best to redress the wrongs which made the world unhappy. No man or woman has more zealously engaged in the work of converting the heathen, or evangelizing the masses, than did "Fanny Wright" enter into what she deemed the cause of truth and the advancement of

The Beginning of Parties. When he was born the battles of the American Revolution had been fought, and freedom had been established under the bulwark of the Constitution of the United States. Cincinnati, where she spent some of her later years, was a little stockade fort, defended by the troops of "Mad Anthony" Wayne. Thomas Jefferson had just returned from France and was red hot with republicanism. He had no love for Adams, the Vice President, and became imbued with the idea that Adams and Hamilton were aristocrats, who desired the establishment of a monarchy, and that Washington might be led to countenance their views as to government. With such suspicions in his mind, he recorded their every word that seemed to give basis to this thought. The antagonism of these great statesmen resulted in the formation of the two great political parties which kept up incessant warfare upon each other. No pure patriot was ever more scandalously abused and calumniated than was Washington, and it is not wonderful that he longed for retirement and refused a

nomination for another term. It was during this test of republican prin-ciples in this country, and while the revolutionists of France were struggling with the evils that followed the horrors of the great tragedy that laid waste their hopes and and ruined their cause, that Frances Wright was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1795. Her father was a scholarly man, and a member of several scientific associations. The British Museum has been enriched by his donations of antique coins and medals, and by the result of his researches in the domains of science and literature. On her mother's side she was connected with Baron Rokeby, primate of Ireland, the famous Mrs. Mon-tague, General William Campbell and others

She Inherited Her Patriotist Her father took a deep interest in the stirring events of the French Revolution. His sympathies and hopes were on the side of liberty. He circulated Paine's "Age of of liberty. He circulated Paine's "Age of Reason" and "Rights of Man," and subjected himself to the suspicions of the English Government by his outspoken repubferred that Fannie Wright was endowed with her turn for innovation, and her bias toward free thought by virtue of inheritance. When she was not yet 3 years old, she and her brother and sister were deprived of the loving care and tender guardianship of their parents by death. The son was taken in charge by his uncle, Prof. Mylne, of Glasgow University, and the lit-tle girls fell to the care of a maternal aunt. But "in all this cold and hollow world, there is no fount of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within a mother's heart." That Frances Wright had reason to mourn and miss her mother seems evident, since she says in the story of her youth that to the solitude of her life as an orphan, and to the absence of sympathy with the views and characters of the members of this aunt's

family are due her devotion to books,

to discuss. Truth Was Thought Dangerous, "Can truth be dangerous?" was a question she submitted to a shrewd and deepthinking man. "It is thought so," was his reply. On this occasion, as she relates, she first learned that "truth was still to b found, and that men were afraid of it." As she had access to extensive libra-ries and sheltered "solid literature" she mastered much of science and of history.
As her father was possessed of the democratic ideas that had led to the establishment of American democracy, it is likely that the works of Rousseau, who is held to be the "Father of Democracy," and the writings of Voltaire, who stood at the head of the European literature of his day, had for her mind a fascination and gave impulse to her powers of reason. The works of Vo.'to her powers of reason. The works of Vol-taire made a stir in every department of human thought. He made philosophy and history, not interesting only to the scholar, but to the general public. The influence of his mind was all the more powerful because in the expression of his sentiments he kept close to the heart and understanding of the common people. Hume's History of England and his Political Discourses were at that time people. Hume's History of England and his Political Discourses were at that time among the books that were stirring the minds of men as never before, and that they were detested and denounced by Whigs and Tories, by clergy and laity, patriots and politicians made them all the more likely politicians made them all the more likely to be read. That they raised their author from poverty to wealth is not a matter for wonder in view of such valuable advertisement. Gibbon's History of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire had but lately been published, and with all that could be said against it by the critics, and the English divines, who seemed to see in it an extent upon religion, it has received the it an attack upon religion, it has received the stamp of the very highest rank of English classics." This great book, says a learned professor, "must always be considered as one of the most extraordinary monuments that have appeared of the literary powers of a single mind, and its fame can perish only with the civilization of the world."

A Skeptic by Force of Circumstances. The works of such writers and others of lesser note marked an age when skepticism lesser note marked an age when skepticism was growing. That Fanny Wright, by the reading and study of such works and by using her ability to think, had gained courage to step out of the beaten track laid out for women in her day becomes evident from her after life. When hardly more than 15, the sufferings of humanity had especially enlisted her sympathy. The poor around her, their misfortunes, oppressions and hardships endured at the hands of wealthy and greedy landlords, turned her thoughts to America, the land of freedom and plenty—the Utopia of so many ardent dreams. With girlish enthusiasm she saw in this country the solution of Henry George's problem as the solution of Henry George's problem as to progress and poverty.

She took up the study of the new repub

lic with ardent zeal. She gloried in its heroes and exulted in its victories.

Possessed of wealth and the worldly advantages of birth and high position, she yet determined to leave her home and care of criminals in Mongolia.

friends for the land where the Goddess of Liberty made every tyrant tremble. Here she remained for some years, becoming ac-quainted with the laws and principles and Bessie Bramble's Estimate of the nstitutions of the country where every citizen was a sovereign—in theory. Upon her return to England she published her first book, entitled "Views of Society and Manners in America." This was a forerunner of the book that made her friend, Miss. Trollope, famons several years afterward.
Then followed a visit to France where, by virtue of her wealth, family and literary reputation she was cordially received by the best society. Here she was distinguished by the friendship of La Favette, and received great attention from both emissions. both eminent Republicans and Royalists.

Her Slow Project in Tennessee. While in America she had been greatly surprised and shocked by the fact of negro slavery existing in a land of boasted freedom. With the zeal that counts self-sacrifice as little compared with the good end in view, she determined to devote her means and energies to elevating the slaves. means and energies to elevating the slaves, and to showing their capacity, when educated, for independence. With this end to be attained she bought 2,000 acres of land in Tennessee, and established a community of negroes, where for several years she devoted her time and talents to siding and education that the series of freedom. aiding and educating the slaves for freedom Here she was visited by her friend Mrs Trollope, who said afterward that to her "desolate was the only word and the only feeling that presented itself." But she added "I never heard or read of any enthusiasm approaching that of Miss Wright in this enterprise except in a few instances

in ages past of religious fanaticisn."
Owing to a breakdown in the health Owing to a breakdown in the health of Miss Wright, and other causes, this experiment proved a failure, as did that of the New England philosophers at Brook Farm and other practical tests of Fourier's social theories. When compelled to give up her hopes, she gave her slaves their freedom, sent them safely to Hayti, and furnished each of them with a small capital to begin life under the sun of freedom for themselves.

A Woman on the Pla

Robert Owen had established a community Robert Owen had established a community at New Harmony, in Indiana. With a warm side for the success of this project, Fanny Wright accepted the invitation of Owen to take the position of editor of the New Harmony Gazette. While writing for this paper she became convinced that the God-in-the-Constitution people and the clerical party in politics were bent upon the re-union of church and state, and thus endanger the liberties of the people. To endanger the liberties of the people. To the end of arousing public opinion upon this matter, she courageously decided to do what no other woman had dared to venture -to go upon the platform as a speaker. She delivered her first lecture in Cincinnati. Away back in 1828 for make her appearance upon the platform re-quired the courage of a hero. Such a thing was shocking, dreadful, utterly incompati-ble with what was deemed modest and

ble with what was deemed modest and proper for a woman.

As might be supposed, she encountered bitter opposition. But her earnestness, her wonderful gift of elequence, her amazing power of expression and her splendor of intellect produced an extraordinary effect. She was opposed and abused by the clergy and the press, but, as John W. Forney relates, "she maintained an undaunted front and persevered to the last." That she was gifted with great powers of mind was shown gifted with great powers of mind was shown by the fact that her upholders included some of the best intellects of the country. In all of the large cities she lectured upon political subjects. She was strongly against slavery, and its supporters and defenders branded her as an "infidel," and left no stone unturned that might be used to attack her.

In Advance of Her Time. Frances Wright, or Fanny as she was familiarly called, who 60 years ago was slandered and persecuted for her radical views on slavery, the cruelty of creeds, and the rights of women by the pulpit, the press, and the narrow-minded of all conditions is justified in the present. The reforms she then advocated have been ac-cepted. "One of the deepest thinkers of all ages"-Giordano Bruno, was burned at the stake for his heretical opinions in 1600. statue erected in his honor within the very walls of Rome. Who knows but that Fanny Wright, whose most ardent desire was for the good of humanity, may be like-wise honored as the pioneer of the Woman's

Rights movement. Judging by her picture she was a beautiful woman. As described by one who saw her, she was tall and finely developed. Her expression was rather serious, but her smiles and sweetness of manners made her charming. Her hair, naturally eurly, she wore short, which was held to be one of her sins. The magnetism and eloquence of her speak-ing are said to have been thrilling and pow-erful beyond description. For ten years she was before the public as a lecturer. Her advanced views upon slavery, and the right and duty of women to use their talents rather than to bury them, endeared her to the Quakers. When she appeared upon the platform in Philadelphia she was surrounded by a body guard of sweet Quaker women, who henored her for her bravery and took pride in her ability. When not lecturing her pen was never idle. Tracts, pamphlets, books, editorials, witty, spicy, to the point, were sowing the radical seeds that have made this latter part of the nineteenth cen-

ury rich with truit. What Might Have Been Expected. After her sister's death had left Fanny Wright alone in the world, she married a Freuchman named D'Arusmont. For a time it would seem as if they had lived hap-pily together, but, like most marriages with pily together, but, the most marriages with foreigners, it proved in the end disastrous. He demanded whole and sole possession of her property under the laws that then made a wife a part of her husband's goods and chattels. He had nothing of his own, and his soul panted to obtain her wealth to use as he saw fit. They separated, and he took her daughter from her, as he was justified

by the law in doing.

The brilliant and gifted woman, whose last days were thus clouded in sorrow, died in 1852, and was buried in the Spring Grove Cemetery at Cincinnati. The visitor to that beautiful city of the dead will find a very handsome monument to her memory erected by her daughter. A portrait of this hero in reform is carved upon this beautiful memorial, which also bears the inscription of her name, her birth and her death, with the following extract from her own words:

I have wedded the cause of human in provement; staked on it my fortune, my reputation and my life. \* \* \* Human kind is but one family; the education of its youth should be equal and universal.

Prisoners at Ourga. This illustration, which is taken from the Mustrated News of the World, shows two prisoners photographed at Ourga, Mongolia.



A NEW KIND OF HORSE BACING. The Animals Are Wooden and the Speed

Depends on the Riders' Skill. Les Nouvelles Inventions, The Paris Garden has for some time past been offering a new source of amuse in which the horses roll upon rails. One can thus have the treat of a true horse race that has nothing in common, as regards rapidity, with the races of Longehamps, but in which it is the most skillful that will triumph. One of the rails is formed of a flat iron, and the corresponding wheels have channels which fit



into it perfectly. The other rail, on the contrary, is V-shaped, and the wheels that engage with it are simply rollers. As a consequence of the rocking motion of the horse on the supports the carriage rolls to a certain extent upon rails, carrying along the ratchet, which slides along the rack, placed between the rails. If the impetus has been sufficient to make the raichet advance the distance comprised between two teeth, its extremity, engaging with another tooth, prevents the system from moving backward in the rocking motion in the opposite direction, but if this result into it perfectly. The other rail, on the the opposite direction, but if this result fails the horse simply returns to the startingpoint. It is thought that owing to this little artifice the sport will assume some interest, and that people will soon be, if they are not already, betting heavily on these singular racers. singular racers.

TRICHINE AND RHEIMATINE.

Many People Who Suffer From the Former Think They Have the Latter. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A great many persons afflicted with triching suppose themselves the victims of rheumatism. It is a mistake to think that all trichinæ-smitten patients die. A small percentage undoubtedly do, but the greater number get well after passing through an attack which closely resembles inflammatory rheumatism and is often mistaken for it.

Having passed the acute stage, they are no longer in danger, as the insects then lie dormant in the system, and many a man is full of triching without in the least suspect-ing the fact. Watchsprings and Weather.

The breaking of the drouth and the spell f damp, rainy weather brought in an immense number of watches with broken mainsprings. It is singular that a spring confined and protected as in a watch should be seriously affected by the weather, but in the trade it is quite common to look for a run on mainsprings at certain times of the year, and during August the call for them is heavier than during two ordinary months, presumably because there are generally thunder storms and sudden changes during

## DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers sumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It flamed membrane, promotes expectoduces repose. Try soothes the in-brane, pro-ration, and in-Don't be without it in the house. Sallie E. Stone,

Hurt's store, Va., writes: "I have found. in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs.' "Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly re-duced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."—Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

It is better to take Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil when that decline in health begins-the decline which precedes consumption rather than wait for the germ

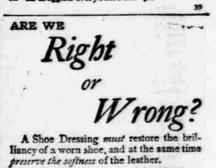
cure;" and surer. The saying never was truer than

to begin to grow in our lungs.

"Prevention is better than

What is it to prevent consumption? Let us send you a book on

CAREFUL LIVING; free. Scorr& Bowns, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.



liancy of a worn shoe, and at the same time preserve the softness of the leather. LADIES will the Dressing you are

using do both? Try it! Pour a dessert spoonful of your Dressing into a saucer or butter plate, set it aside for a few days, and it will dry to a substance as hard and brittle as crushed glass. Can such a Dressing be good for leather?

Wolff's ACME Blacking will stand this test and dry as a thin, oily film which is as flexible as rubber. 25 Dollars worth of New Furniture for

