please. Nothing goes free but your hand

"A hundred and forty francs."
"Twenty-eight dollars. There's some-thing wrong about that trunk business,

Next I met the porter. He said:

"You have not slept well, is it not? You have the worn look. If you would like a courier, a good one has arrived last night, and is not engaged for five days already, by the name of Ludi. We recommend him; dass heiss, the Grande Hotel Beau Rivage recommends him;"

Where the Letter of Credit Was.

I declined with coldness. My spirit was not broken yet. And I did not like having my condition taken notice of in this way. I was at the county jail by 9 o'clock, hoping that the Mayor might chance to come before his regular hour; but he didn't. It was dull there. Every time I offered to touch anything or look of anything or do anything or look of anything or look of anything or look of anything or do anything or look of anything or do a

thing, or look at anything, or do anything, or refrain from doing anything, the policeman said it was "defendee." I thought I would practice my French on him, but he wouldn't have that, either. It seemed to make him particularly bitter to hear his own teners.

own tongue.

The Mayor came at last, and then there

was no trouble; for the minute he had con-vened the Supreme Court-which they al-

ways do whenever there is valuable prop erty in dispute—and got everything ship-eshape and sentries posted, and had prayer by the chaplain, my unsealed letter was brought and opened, and there wasn't any-

thing in it except some photographs; because as I remember now, I had taken out the

as I remember now, I had taken out the letter of credit so as to make room for the photographs, and had put the letter in my other pocket, which I proved to everybody's satisfaction by fetching it out and showing it with a good deal of exultation. So then the Court looked at each other in a vacant lind of the court looked at each other in a vacant lind.

kind of way, and then at me, and then at each other again, and finally let me go, but

"How much did you pay on them?

I judged I saw what the trouble was, now. You see, I had bought the tickets in a cigar shop, and of course the tobacco

smell was on them; without doubt the thing they were up to was to work the tickets through the custom house and col-lect duty on that smell. So I resolved to

be perfectly frank; it is sometimes the best

"Gentlemen, I will not deceive you.

He Cheerfully Buys Without Money,

ness and gayety, while all the time you know that your own expedition, the treas

has been drawn two years ago."

way. I said:

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

These railway tickets—"
"Ah, pardon, m'sieur! These are not railway tickets." "Oh," I said, "is that the defect?"

"Ah, truly yes, monsieur. These are lottery tickets, yes; and it is a lottery which I affected to be greatly amused; it is all one can do in such circumstances; it is all one can do, and yet there is no value in it: one can do, and yet there is no vatice in it; it deceives nobody, and you can see that everybody around pities you and is ashamed of you. One of the hardest situations in lite, I think, is to be full of grief and a sense of defeat and shabbiness that way, and yet have to put on an outside of archmade the following legacy:

> having contributed indirectly to this addition of 100,000f. to the capital of the Acad-

To Find the Inhabitants First, But it is far from the cup to the lips, from the idea to the reality. To enter into communication with the inhabitants of Mars it

t is perhaps less bold than that of the tele-

unar formations could have given birth to

The hypothesis is not unreasonable the moon be just as curious as we are, more intelligent perhaps, more elevated in their aspirations, less hampered than we in the mire of material needs. Why shouldn't they suppose that the earth may be inhabited as well as their own world, and why shouldn't 'the object of these geometical appeals be to ask us whether we exist? Besides, it is not difficult to reply. They show us a triangle, we produce it here. They trace a circle, we imitate it. And lo ommunication is established between the beavens and the earth for the first time

Geometry the Same Everywhere Geometry being the same for the inhabit

The cold and deathly aspect of our pale sattellite did not encourage the realization of the project and the imagination sped more easily to the planet Mars, which, to be sure, never approaches nearer to us than feur million leagues, but which is the best known of all the lands in the heavens, and which offers so many points of resemblance to our world that we would scarcely feel to our world that we hold goods and transport them thither. The appearance of Mars, in fact, comforts us a bit for that of the moon. One would believe, indeed, that he was in some terrestrial country; continents, seas, islands, beaches, eninsulas, capes, gulfs, clouds, rains, floods, snows, seasons, winter and summer, springtime and autumn, days and nights, mornings and evenings; all these are there, occur there and succeed each other almost exactly as they do here. The years there are longer, for they last 687 days, but the intensity of the seasons is absolutely the ame as with us, the inclination of the axis of Mars being the same as earth's. The days there are also a little longer, since the diurnal rotation of that world is accom-plished in 24 hours 37 minutes 23 seconds, and note, that is a matter of exact knowl-

When on a beautiful starry night we examine this world through the telescope, when we see those polar snows that melt in summer, these continents clearly defined, these mediterranean seas with their great gulfs, this delightful and varied geographical configuration, we cannot refrain from asking whether the sun that lights nothing living there, whether these showers fertilize nothing, whether this atmosphere is breathed by no living being and whether this world of Mars, which whirls with such rapidity through space, is like a railway train traveling empty, without passengers,

The idea that the earth on which we are nent miracle of sterilizing

nature, which act there as they do here,

tice any project whatever for communica-tion between this world and our own the signals must be established on a much the moon. It will not be a matter of conures must be a hundred or more kilometres in extent and always upon the hypothesis:

—First, that Mars is inhabited; second, that the inhabitants are versed in astronomy! third, that they have optical instruments of sufficient power; Jourth, that they observe our planet with care, a planet which is to them a splendid star of the first magnitude,

Perhaps They Are Signalling Now.

But it may be said, Why do not the inhabitants of Mars themselves begin to try to enter into relations with us? It is by no means proved that they have not done so Look at the maps published by M. Schiapa relli, of Milan (of whom the testatrix has been equally thoughtful). You will see there the geometrical triangulations which gave rise very naturally to the idea that they should not be regarded as wholly for-eign to some rational design. Further, men have sometimes observed luminous points which appear placed very regularly. It is probably that these points represent moun-tains covered with snow. However, if our neighbors wanted to address us they could not do better than to trace lines of this kind. The supposition is a bold one, I confess; doubtless these cousins of the sky concern themselves about us no more than we concern ourselves about them; but, in a

end signals to them than to receive signals from them because of our position in space and because of our phases. It is the noc-turnal terrestrial hemisphere that is turned

The Delicacy of Our Instruments.

luminous spots on dark backgrounds, or dark spots on luminous backgrounds, that measure one-half second—that is to say, one-fiftieth of the diameter of the planet at the period of its closest proximity to the earth, or about 137 kilometers. These same instruments enable us to distinguish lumi-

It Would Require Millions, It would not be very, very difficult to try it. It would be throwing some millions into the sea instead of throwing them into bar-racks. Europe ought to be able to come to an understanding for such an attempt. But the result, sublime as it might be in itself, is so contingent and it would be so hampered by the deplorable conditions of our own atmosphere—on Mars there is almost always fine weather—that it would be almost fantas-

resemble any of those that we can think of now.

May not interastral magnetism play a part? All are familiar with the new idea of the great American inventor. Edison. Experimenting not long ago with a telephone line of great length supplied with a metallic circuit, the inventor often noticed strange sounds in the apparatus that could not have arisen from anything but terrestrial magnetism. As at this period solar cruptions were frequent and of great violence he did not hesitate to corelate the two orders of

ot hesitate to corelate the two orders of

Edison's Big Telephone to the Sun

sey, he verified at various times the sharp and relatively considerable deviations which confirmed him in his former ontnion. Moreover, that a corolation does exist bepetween the solar phenomena and magnetic disturbances upon the earth is beyond all point of view, and he thinks he will attain ward to an unknown death. A conductor strung upon poles winds 15 times about the mine, and the ends of the thread of this gigantic coil are brought to a telephonic observatory placed at one of the extremities of the lode. The great inventor is convinced that his apparatus will enable him to verify the formidable movements of which the sun is the theater, to judge of their intensity, and, adds the interviewer to whom he gave these details, to hear the noise which accompanies the tremendous solar tempests. At first sight such an assertion seems extraordinary. It is, indeed, well established that sound cannot be propagated in the entire absence of a material medium, solid, liquid or vaporous, and it is not less well established that between the earth and the sun, beyond our atmosphere, such a medium sun, beyond our atmosphere, such a medium

Thirteen Years for Sound to Travel.

to observations made here about 13 years

But the sounds heard by Edison through his telephone are due, according to all appearances, to terrestrial magnetic disturbances. If we admit that these may be no more than the consequences of phenomena more than the consequences of phenomena of the same order that take place in the sun the sound would be transmitted electrically in a manner analogous to that that passes over our telephonic lines, the impossibility disappears. We must hope, then, that the arrangements at the Orden mine are preparing us for important revelations. Let us pray that it will be so, and also that a savant will arise capable of interpreting them. The daily oscillations of the magnetic needle, daily oscillations of the magnetic ne magnetic intensity, the declination and the inclination, the number and splendor of the aurorae borealae, are related to the spots and the eruptions on the sun. Every great solar phenomenon has its counterpart in the manifestations of terrestrial magnetism in spite of the 149,000,000 kilometres which

A Possible Gate to Knowledge, There is a suggestion in this that should not be overlooked in our reflections. Then

and centuries yet will doubtless pass before we can think of it as practicable. But we can think of it as practicable. But perhaps it will come some day through a new and unexpected discovery. Even the idea of discovering the chemical composi-tion of the stars was decided absurd by Aguste Compte and other great thinkers a few years only before the analysis of the spectrum suddenly caused this revelation to fall from the sky. The glass is a marvel; before it was known people had no idea of before it was known people had no idea of anything in astronomy or micography. The electric telegraph is another maryel rhich has transfor here not exist between the planetary | nanities psychic lives that we do know of yet? We stand but at the ve

the Story of Many a Great Man's Death.

All Died the Same Way.

MODELS OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

The Late Senator Had the Biceps of &

WASHINGTON, January 2

ENATOR PLUMB'S seat in the Senate is draped in black and

his death stares his brother Senators in the face. He was more than any of them the personifica. tion of life-a steam engine in trousers, a mighty electric motor run by an inexhaustible storage battery; eternity rather than time seemed

and be pounded away day and night on public questions and private matters with neither rest nor leisure.

Of late years he worked harder than ever. With the accumulated mental savings and training of his lifetime he felt himself just ready for work and he rejoiced in his magnificent physique toughened by hardship and struggle. He had the idea that bodily strength meant perfect health, and when a few days ago he doubled up his great arm in the presence of one of his boy friends and looked proudly at the iron muscles of his biceps, he had no idea that the demon of overwork had dug its claws into the gray matter of his cranium and that his brain was doomed.

A year ago he began to have headacher

and his doctors warned him, but he laughed at them and went on without cessation of work or change of life. The result was apoplexy, paralysis and death. It is the ame old story, the story of Manning, of Folger, of Matt Carpenter and a score of others, the story of that disregard of intellectual health which always ends in a

from Albany his eye was bright, his step was steady and his massive frame worked like that of a wiry Satyr. His blood was full of iron and the joints of his ponderous physique were well oiled. He was in perfect physical condition and he had kept himself so by exercise. His mind was as clear and healthy as his body and when he took hold of the Treasury Department he threw his whole soul into it. He dropped his exercise to devote more time to it, and he studied on day and night until the lemon of overwork grabbed him and he fell down in his office in an apoplectic fit. He was taken to his home and for some time ha lived on a diet of beef tea, but he died within a few months after leaving the de-

How Secretary Folger Went,

Folger. He jumped at our financial system and was bound to know it not only in its great problems, but in its petty details. Seated behind the great desk in his office he boiled his brain day by day working away hours after his employes had left the building, and taking no exercise whatever. The result was that congestion of the brain, the friend of the demon, dropped up on him

utation as a statesman and as a S eled with him in Ohio, and was surprised at his wonderful endurance and his remark-

was on October 29 that he stood up before a harge audience in McCormick Hall, and made what was said to be the master effort of his life. He had felt tired during the last few speeches of the campaign, and that night had said that he was glad that this was the last speech he would have to Upon his return to his hotel he got a tel-

him hear, and upon the door being opened, Chandler was found dead in his bed, lying with his head propped upon two pillows and his coat thrown about his shoulders. The doctor said it was heart disease or apoplexy

Kept Up on Stimulants.

The demon of overwork was defied for years by Senator Matt Carpenter, but it wears by Senator and Carbennes, out to killed him at last. His death was a currou one. It was caused by mental labor and disregard of the laws of health, though it did not come in the form of apoplexy. H flad an iron constitution, but he ruined is

He Knew the Hour of His Death. He had a register which told the story he condition of his blood and as he look

TWAIN'S HARD LUCK

He Undertakes to Play Courier for His Expedition but Gets Mixed.

AWFULLY ABSENT-MINDED

Wanders Up and Down the Streets of Geneva Like a Wild Man.

FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF POLICE.

Buys Lettery Tickets Mistaking Them for Railroad Passes

FINALLY RESIGNS HIS HIGH OFFICE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] BAYREUTH, December 12. TIME came when we must go from Aix-les-

Baines to Geneva, and from thence, by a series of day-long and tangled journeys, to Bayreuth in Bayaria. I should have to have a courier, of course, to

erable a party as mine. But I prograstinated. The time slipped along, and at last I woke up one day to the fact that we were ready to move and had no courier. I then resolved upon what I felt was a foolhardy thing, but I was in the humor of it. I said I would make the first stage without help, and I did it.

I brought the party from Aix to Geneva by myself-four people. The distance was two hours and more, and there was one change of cars. There was not an accident of any kind, except leaving a valise and some other matters on the platform, a thing which can hardly be called an accident, it is so common. So I offered to conduct the

party all the way to Bayreuth.

The Trouble Began at Geneva. This was a blunder, though it did not seem so at the time. There was more detail than I thought there would be: (1) Two persons whom we had left in a Genevon pension some weeks before must be collected and brought to the hotel; (2) I must notify the people on the Grand Quay who store trunks to bring seven of our stored trunks to the hotel and carry back seven which they would find piled in the lobby; (3) I must find out what part of Europe Bayreuth was in, and buy seven railway tickets for that point; (4) I must send a telegram to a friend in the Nether and we must look sharp and be ready for the first night train and make sure of sleeping car tickets; (6) I must draw money

It seemed to me that the sleeping-car tickets must be the most important thing, so I went to the station myself to make sure; hotel messengers are not always brisk people. It was a hot day, and I ought to have driven, but it seemed better economy to walk. It did not turn out so, because I

ost my way and trebled the distance.

He Began to Lose His Head, I applied for the tickets, and they asked me which route I wanted to go by, and that embatrassed me and made me lose my head, there were so many people standing around and I not knowing anything about the routes and not supposing there were going to be two; so I judged it best to go back and map out the road and come again.

I took a cab this time, but on my way up-stairs at the hotel I remembered that I was out of cicars, so I thought it would be well to get some while the matter was in my mind. It was only around the corner and I But I kept on; there seemed no other way, l asked the cabman to wait where he was. Thinking of the tele-gram and trying to word it in my head, I gone. I tried to be jocund out of a heavy forgot the cigars and the cab, and walked heart. I tried to touch the other hearts on indefinitely. I was going to have the hotel people send the telegram, but as I could not be far from the postoffice by this fun and making the whole ghastly thing time, I thought I would do it myself. But it joyously humorous incident, but this ide was further than I had supposed. I found the place at last and wrote the telegram and handed it in. The clerk was a severence of one line in those offended faces relaxed. ooking, fidgety man, and he began to fire French questions at me in such a liquid form that I could not detect the joints between his words, and this made me lose my

head senin. The Clerk Insisted on an Address,

But an Englishman stepped up and said the clerk wanted to know where he was to send the telegram. I could not tell him,



Can't Have You Sceping Here All Day because'it was not my telegram, and I explained that I was merely sending it for a member of my party. But nothing would pacify the clerk but the address; so I said at if he was so particular I would go back

and get it. However, I thought I would go and collect those lacking two persons first, for it would be best to do everything systematically and in order, and one detail at a time Then I remembered the cab was eating up my substance down at the hotel vonder; so I called another cab, and told the man to go

I had a long, hot walk to collect those people, and when I got there they couldn't satchers and must have a cab. I went away to find one, but before I ran across any tierd that I had reached the neighbor hood of the Grand Quay—at least I thought I land—so I judged I could save time by stepping around and arranging about the I stepped around about a mile, and although I did not find the Grand Quay, I found a cigar shop and remembered about the cigars. I said I was going to Bay The man asked me which route I was going I said I did not know. he would recommend me to go by Zarich and various other places which he named, to seil me seven second-class through tinkers for \$22 apiece, which would swing of the discount which the railreads allowed him. I was already tired of

riding second class on first-class tickets, so I took him up. Loses bits Letter of Credit. By and by I found Natural & Co.'s storage office, and told them to send seven of our trunks to the notel and rate them up in the lobby. It seemed to me that I was not delivering the whole of the message, still it was all I could find if my head. Next I ound the bank and asked for some money, but I had left my letter of credit somewhere and was not able to draw. I remembered now that I must have left it lying on I

the table where I wrote my telegram; so I got a cab and drove to the postoffice and went upstairs, and they said that a letter of credit had indeed been left on the table, but that it was now in the hands of the police authorities, and it would be neces-They sent a boy with me, and we went out the back way and walked a couple of miles and found the place; and then I remem-bered about my cabs, and asked the boy to send them to me when he got back to the postoffice. It was nightfall now, and the Mayor had gone to dinner. I thought I would go to dinner myself, but the officer on duty thought differently, and I stayed. The Mayor dropped in at 10:30, but said it was too late to do anything to-night—come at 9:30 in the morning. The officer wanted to keep me all night, and said I was a sus-pleious looking person and probably did not own the letter of credit, and didn't know what a letter of credit was, but merely saw the real owner leave it lying on the table, and wanted to get it because I was probably a person that would want anything I could get, whether it was valuable or not. But the Mayor said he saw nothing suspicious about me, and that I seemed a harmless person and nothing the matter with me but a wandering mind. So I thanked him and he set me free, and I went home in my three

Jollying Up the Expedition.

As I was dog-tired, and in no condition to answer questions with discretion, I thought I would not disturb the expedition at that time of night, as there was a vacant room knew of at the other end of the hall; but I did not quite arrive there, as a watch had been set, the expedition being anxious about me. I was placed in a galling situation. The expedition sat stiff and forbidding on four chairs in a row, with shawls and things all on, satchels and guide-books in lap. They had been sitting like that for four hours, and the glass going down all the time. Yes, and they were waiting-waiting

wish to be too hard on you, though you must acknowledge yourself that you have cost us all a good deal of trouble, and some of it not necessary. How much did you "Well, I-I had an idea that-that-" "That-well, it seems to me that in the ircumstances-so many of us, you know, "What are you mooning about? Do turn your face this way and let me-Why, you

"Well, the banker said—" "Never mind what the banker said. You must have had a reason of your own. Not a reason, exactly, but something which—" "Well, then, the simple fact was, that I

after all, for thinking of that, and I don't

hadn't my letter of tredit."
"Hadn't your letter of credit?" "Hadn't my letter of credit." "Don't repeat me like that. Where was

"At the postoffice." "What was it doing there? "Well, I forgot it and left it there. "Upon my word, I've seen a good many couriers, but of all the couriers that ever

"I've done the best I could." "Well, so you have, poor thing, and I'm wrong to abuse you so when you've been working yourself to death while we've been working yourself to death while we've been sitting here only thinking of our vexations instead of feeling grateful for what you were trying to do for us. It will all come out right. We can take the 7:30 train in morning just as well. You've bought

the tickets? Froud of the Ticket Deal. "I have-and it's a bargain, too. Second

" 'I'm glad of it. Everybody else travels second class, and we might just as well save that ruinous extra charge. What did you

pay?"
"Twenty-two dollars apiece-through to Bayreuth.

"Some people can't, maybe; but some people can—of whom I am one of which, it

appears.""It seems a rather high price."

-I bought them at a ciga

"What do you mean by that?"
"Oh, that's all right; I'll take care of—"

"Well. I think I left it at the cigar shop

"Where is that umbrella?"

"Where-are-your-rubbers?"

"Police officer; but the Mayor, he

"Mayor of Geneva; but I said-"

Confessing to Being Near Jall,

Wait. What is the matter with you?

"Where have you been? What's kept you out till half-past 10 at night?"

"O, you see, after I lost my letter of tredit, I-"

"You are beating around the bush a good

deal. Now answer the question in just one

straightforward word. Where are those

to the expedition humorous. Neither did it

to me, at bottom.

I had to explain the whole thing, and of

take the early train, because that would

leave my letter of credit in hock still. It did look as if we had all got to go to bed

estranged and unhappy, but by good luck that was prevented. There happened to be

"There, you are just as good and thought-ful and painstaking and intelligent as you can be, and it's a shame to find so much

fault with you, and there shan't be another word of it, You've done beautifully, ad-

airably, and I'm sorry I ever said one un-

This hit deeper than some of the other

things and made me uncomfortable, because I wasn't feeling as solid about that trunk

errand as I wanted to. There seemed some

how to be a defect about it somewhere,

though I couldn't put my finger on it and didn't like to stir the matter just now, it

seing late and maybe well enough to let

vell enough alone.

Of course, there was music in the morning

when it was found that we couldn't leave by the early train. But I had no time to

wait; I got only the opening bars of the overture, and then started out to get my

letter of credit.
It seemed a good time to look into the

trunk business and rectify it if it needed it, and I had a suspicion that it did. I was too late. The concierge said he had shipped the trunks to Zurich the evening before. I asked him how he could do that without ex-

"Not necessary in Switzerland. You pay

for your trunks and send them where you

Didn't Need Gratitude Just Then.

of the trunks, and I was able to

mention of the trunks, and I we say I had attended to that feature.

grateful word to you.

hibiting passage tickets.

ourse it came out then that we couldn't

"Dealer?"

out anyway-'

our rubbers?

They-well-"

"What officer?"

'What Mayor?"

"Well-the fact is-"

FERENTLY.

for me. It seemed to me that nothing but a

sudden, happily-contrived and brilliant tour de force could break this iron front and

make a diversion in my favor; so I shied my hat into the arena, and followed it with

a skip and a jump, shouting blithely: "Ha, he, here we all are, Mr. Merryman!" Nothing could be deeper or stiller than

the absense of applause which followed.

there and soften the bitter resentment in those faces by throwing off bright and airy

was not well conceived. It was not the

I thawed nothing of the winter that looked

A Series of Explanations.

I started one more breezy, poor effort, but the head of the expedition cut into the center of it and said: "Where have you

I saw by the manner of this that the idea

was to get down to cold business now. So

I began my travels, but was cut short

been in frightful auxiety about them.

o'clock" Where did you leave them?"

"Why didn't you bring them?"

"How did it happen so?"

old cab and send it away."

the expense, wouldn't it?"

continue the expense" I didn't say anything.

leet that when I-

walk to the pension?"

lands, and-

gram-

think of us?

And so I thought-"

"Oh, they're all right. I was to fetch a

Sit down! Don't you know it is 11

Because we couldn't carry the satchels

"Thought! You should not try to think.

One cannot think without the proper ma-chinery. It is two miles to that pension. Did you go there without a cab?"

"I-well I didn't intend to, it only hap

"Because I was at the postoffice and I re-

membered that I had left a cab waiting

here, and so to stop that expense I sent another cab to-to-

the new cab was to have the hotel pay the

"Well, I don't remember now, but I think

"What good would that do?"
"What good would it do? It would stop

"By putting the new cab in its place to

The Story of the Telegram,

"Oh, that's what I did. I remember now.
Yes, that is what I did. Because I recol-

"Well, then, why didn't it come back for

"To the postoffice? Why, it did."
"Very well, then, how did you come to

"I-I don't quite remember how that hap-

pened. Oh, yes, I do remember, now. I

wrote the dispatch to send to the Nether

"Oh, thank goodness, you did accomplish something! I wouldn't have had you fail

You are trying to avoid my eye. That dis-patch is the most important thing that—

"You didn't need to. Oh, dear, I wouldn't have had that telegram fail for

"Oh, never mind, let it go, explanation

"Oh, that's all right, that's all right, he'll

think we gave the telegram to the hotel peo-ple, and that they--"
"Why, certainly! Why didn't you do that? There was no other rational way."

Confusion Worse Confounded.

mind that I must be sure and get to the bank and draw some money-"

"Yes, I know; but then I had it on my

"Well, you are entitled to some credit

help the matter now-what will he

You haven't sent that dispatch!"
"I haven't said I didn't send it."

anything. Why didn't you send it?" "Well, you see, with so many things to do and think of. I—they're very particu-lar there, and after I had written the tele-

'Why didn't you have the new cab com

out of those frosty eyes.

each other again, and matry let me go, our said it was imprudent for me to be at large, and asked me what my profession was. I said I was a courier. They lifted up their eyes in a kind of reverent way and said "Du lieber Gott!" and I said a word of courteous thanks for their apparent admiration and hurried off to the bank. A Journey With a Sleepy Cabby. However, being a courier was already making me a great stickler for order and system and one thing at a time and each thing in its own proper turn; so I passed by the bank and branched off and started for the two lacking members of the expedition. A cab lazied by, and I took it upon persuasion. I gained no speed by this, but it was a reposeful turnout and I liked reposefulness. The week-long jubilations over the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Swiss liberty and the Signing of the Compact was at flood tide, and all the streets were clothed in fluttering flags. The horse and the driver had been drunk three days and nights, and had known no stall nor bed meantime. They looked as I felt—dreamy and seedy. But we arrived in the course of time. I went in and rang, and asked a housemaid to rush out the lack-

and asked a housemand to rush out the lacking members. She said something which I
did not understand, and I returned to the
chariot. The girl had probably told me
that those people did not belong on her
floor, and that it would be judicious
for me to go higher and ring from
floor to floor till I found them;
for in those Swiss flats there
does not seem to be any way to find the does not seem to be any way to find the right family but to be patient and guess your way along up. I calculated that I must wait fifteen minutes, there being three details inseparable from an occasion of this sort: 1, put on hats and come down and climb in: 2, return of one to get "my other glove;" 3. presently, return of the other one to fetch "my French Verbs at a Glance." I would muse during the fifteen minutes and take it easy. Interviewed by a Policeman. A very still and blank interval ensued,

and then I feit a hand on my shoulder and started. The intruder was a policeman. I THOUGHT I WOULD GO TO DINNER MYSELF, BUT THE OFFICER THOUGHT DIP. glanced up and perceived that the new scenery. There was a good deal of a crowd, and they had that pleased and interested look which such a crowd wears when "'Why, I didn't know you could buy through tickets anywhere but in London and Paris." they see that somebody is out of luck. The horse was asleep, and so was the driver, and some boys had hung them and me full of gaudy decorations stolen from the innumerable banner poles. It was a scandalous spectacle. The officer said:

'T'm sorry, but we can't have you sleep-ing here all day."
I was wounded and said with dignity: "On the contrary. The dealer knocked off his commission."

"That reminds me. We shall have to get up pretty early, and so there should be no packing to do. Your umbrella, your "Well, you can think if you want to, but you've got to think to yourself; you disturb the whole neighborhood." obbers, your cigars—what is the matter?"
"Hang it, I've left the cigars at the It was a poor joke, but it made the crowd augh. I snore at night, sometimes, but it s not likely that I would do such a thing "Just think of it! Well, your umbrella?" n the daytime and in such a place. The "I'll have that all right. There's no officer undecorated us and seemed sorry for our friendlessness and really tried to be numane, but he said we mustn't stop there any longer or he would have to charge us ent_it was the law he said and he went "It's just the merest step-it won't take on to say in a sociable way that I was coking pretty mouldy, and he wished he

I shut him off pretty austerely, and said I roped one might celebrate a little these "Take your feet out from under that thing. It's just as I expected! Where are days, especially when one was personally "Personally?" he asked. "How?"

"Because 600 years ago an ancestor of mine signed the compact." "Where are your rubbers?"
"It's got so dry now-well, everybody Had Evidently Aged in Appearance. says there's not going to be another drop He reflected a moment, then looked me over and said: "Ancestor! It's my opinion you signed it yourself. For of all the old

"Well, you see-well, it was this way. First, the officer said-" about that. What is it you are waiting here for so long?" I said: "I'm not waiting here so long at all. I'm waiting 15 minutes till they forget a glove and a book and go back and get them."
Then I told him who they were that I had "Who, me? Nothing. They both tried o persuade me to stay, and-"

incient relies that ever I-but never mind

He was very obliging, and began to shou inquiries to the tiers of heads and shoulders projecting from the windows above us. Then a woman away up there sung out:
"Oh, they? Why I got them a cab and

they left here long ago-8:30 o'clock, I should say."

It was annoying. I glanced at my watch, ut didn't say anything. The officer said:
"It is 11:45 o'clock, you see. You should have inquired better. You have been asleep three-quarters of an hour, and in "They—well; they're in the county jail."

I started a placating smile, but it petrified. The climate was unsuitable. Spending three or four hours in jail did not seem such a sun as this. You are baked—baked black. It is wonderful. And you will miss your train, perhaps. You interest me greatly. What is your occupation?" I said I was a courier. It seemed to stun him, and before he could come to we were

gone. The Courier Deserted by His Party. When I arrived in the third story of the hotel I found our quarters vacant, I was not surprised. The moment a courier takes his eye off his tribe they go shopping. The nearer it is to train time, the surer they are I sat down to try and think out wha I had best do next, but presently the hall boy found me there and said the expedition had gone to the station half an hour before. It was the first time I had known them to do a rational thing, and it was very confus-

Just as matters are going the smoothest, his people will strike a lucid interval, and down go all his arrangements to wreck and The train was to leave at 12 noon sharp It was now 12:10. I could be at the station in ten minutes. I saw I had no great amount of leeway, for this was the lightning express, and on the continent the lightning presses are pretty fastidious ab ting away some time during the advertise day. My people were the only ones remain-ing in the waiting room, everybody else had passed through and "mounted the train," as they say in those regions. They were exhausted with nervousness and fret.

but I comforted them and heartened them up, and we made our rush. Were Not Railroad Tickets at All. But no; we were out of luck again. The doorkeeper was not satisfied with the tickets. He examined them cautiously, rom the Kimball (S. D.) Graphic. 1 While the columns of the Grapaic are

various articles of merchandise auvertised. Particularly is this true of patent medicines. But there are exceptions occasioning. This is one of the things that make a courier's life so difficult and uncertain. ally, and a noteworthy exception is the celebrated Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This now universally known medicine has been advertised in the Graphic for four or five years, but not until recently had we any personal knowledge of its wonderful efficacy, which has come about through the prevailing influenza and the stubborn cough that has so often attended it. In the writer's family this medicine has on several occasions this winter cured a cough that baffled any and all other remedies; and the numof families in Kimball and vicinity in ich this remedy has been used with like effects attests to its value as a specific for coughs and colds of every nature.

The William H. Holmes Company

from the Sister Planet More Easily Seen

Toward the end of July a lover of astron my wrote me that a very aged lady, Mme. Guzman, who died on the 30th of June last in Pau, had been deeply interested, especially during her last years, in the description of the planet Mars which I have given in my works, and the theoret-ical possibility set forth therein of communication between our planet and the neighbor worlds. Furthermore, expressing in her will a desire peculiarly astronomical, she

ures of your heart, and whose love and reverence you are, by the custom of our civilization, entitled to, are being consumed with humiliation before strangers to see you earning and getting a compassion which is a stigma, a brand—a brand which certifies you to be—oh, anything and everything which is fatal to human respect.

I said cheerily, it was all right, just one of those little accidents that was likely to happen to anybody—I would have the right tickets in two minutes, and we would catch the train yet, and moreover have some-thing to laugh about all through the jour-ney. I did get the tickets in time, all stamped and correct, but then it turned out that I couldn't take them, because in taking so much pains about the two missing members, I had skipped the bank and hadn't the money. So then the train left, and there didn't seem to be anything to do but go back to the hotel, which we did; but it was kind of melancholy and not much said. I tried to start a few subjects, like scenery emy of Science, designed to encourage as

The Full Realization of Danger.

weather right.

and transubstantiation, and those sorts of

things, but they didn't seem to hit the

We had lost our good rooms, but we got some others which were pretty scattering but would answer. I judged things would brighten now, but the Head of the Expedition said send up the trunks. It made me feel pretty cold. There was a doubtful something about the trunk business. I was almost sure of it. I was going to sug-

But a wave of the hand sufficiently re-strained me, and I was informed that we would now camp for three days and see if we could rest up.
I said all right, never mind ringing. I
would go down and attend to the trunks myself. I got a cab and went straight to Mr. Charles Natural's place and asked what

order it was I left there.
"To send seven trunks to the hotel." "And were you to bring any back?"

"You are sure I didn't tell you to bring mack seven that would be found piled in the lobby? "Absolutely sure you didn't." "Then the whole 14 are gone to Zurich or Jericho or somewhere, and there is going to

e more debris around that hotel when the Expedition—"

I didn't finish, because my mind was getting to be in a good bit of a whirl, and when you are that way you think you have finished a sentence when you haven't, and you go mooning and dreaming away, and the first thing you know you get run over by a dray or a cow or something.

by a dray or a cow or something. The Courier Would Resign. I left the cab there—I forgot it—and on my way back I thought it all out and concluded to resign, because otherwise I should be nearly sure to be discharged. But I didn't believe it would be a good idea to re-sign in person; I could do it by message. So I sent for Mr. Ludi and explained that I was wounded and said with dignity:
"I beg your pardon, I was not sleeping, I count of incompatibility or fatigue or something." days, I would like to insert him into that vacancy if he thought he could fill it. When everything was arranged I got him go up and say to the Expedition owing to an error made by Mr. Natural's

people we were out of trunks here, but would have plenty in Zurich, and we'd better take the first train, freight, gravel or construction, and move right along. He attended to that and came down with an invitation for me to go up-yes, certainly; and, while we walked along over to the bank to get money, and collect my organs and tobacco, and to the cigar shop to trade back the lottery tickets and get my um-brella, and to Mr. Natural's to pay that cab and send it away, and to the county jail to get my rubbers and leave p. c. c. cards for he Mayor and Supreme Court, he described the weather to me that was prevailing on the upper levels there with the Expedition,

and I saw that I was doing very well where

The Defects of the Administration. I stayed out in the woods till 4 P. M., to et the weather moderate, and then turned up at the station just in time to take the 3 o'clock express for Zurich along with the Expedition, now in the hands of Ludi, who conducted its complex affairs with little apparent effort or inconvenience.
Well, I had worked like a slave while I

was in office, and done the very best I knew how; yet all that these people-dwelt upon or seemed to care to remember was the defects of my administration, not its credi-table features, They would skip over a thousand creditable features to remark ipon and reiterate and fuss about just one et, till it seemed to me they would wear it ut; and not much of a fact, either, taken by itself-the fact that I elected myself courier in Geneva, and put in work enough to carry a circus to Jerusalem and yet never even got my gang out of the town.
I finally said I didn't wish to hear any more about the subject, it made me tired. And I told them to their faces that I would never be a conrier again to save anybody's life. 'And if I live long enough I'll prove it. I think it's a difficult, brain racking overworked and thoroughly ungrateful office, and the main bulk of its wages is a sore heart and a bruised spirit. MARK TWAIN.

The Best Thing for a Stubborn Cough.

open to any and all unobjectionable adver-tisements, yet it is quite impossible for us to speak knowingly of the merits of the

Are direct importers of port, sherry, claret, Madeira, Burgundy sauterne and Rhine wines, fine French brandies in bulk and bottled, Scotch and Irish whiskies Jamaica St. Croix and bay rums, etc., etc., as well as distillers of the celebrated "Holmes Best" and Holmes' old Economy pure rye whiskies. Office and warehouse 158 First avenue and 120 Water street.

tickets, and called another official. These called others, and the convention discussed and discussed, and gesticulated and carried on, until I begged they would consider how time was flying, and just pass a few resolutions and let us go. Then they said very courteously that there was a defect in the tickets, and asked me where I got them SIGNALING TO MARS.

.Flammarion Sees a Ray of Hope in Edison's Big Telephone. TRIANGLES OF ELECTRIC LIGHT

PRETTY SPECULATIVE PROBLEM

resent time a means of communicating with a star (planet or otherwise) and of ecciving a reply. The testatrix has especially in view the planet Mars, upon which the attention and investigation of savants has been directed already. If the Institute of France does not accept the legacy it will pass to the Institute of Milan, and in case of new refusal to the Institute of New York. The Academy of Science has accepted the legacy. Such a discovery, doubtless, does not lie in the near future, therefore the testatrix was wise in authorizing the Institute to apply the income of the fund to meeting the expenditures for investigations that should result in increasing our knowledge of the physical construction of the planets. confess frankly that I am very proud of

would be necessary to photophone them, 'Hello! are you there?" and then it would be necessary that they should be there, and that they should understand. The idea in itself is not at all absurd, and

hone or the phonograph or the photophone or the cinetograph. It was first suggested with respect to the moon. A triangle traced in luminous lines on the lunar surface, each side from 12 to 15 kilometers long, would be visible from here by the aid of our tele scopes. We observe details even very much smaller—for instance, the peculiar topo-graphical formation noted in the lunar circle of Plato. It follows then that a triangle, a square or a circle of the dimension stated, constructed by us upon a vast plain by means of luminous points, reflected in the daytime by solar light and lighted at night by electricity, would be visible to the astronomers of the moon, if such astronomers there are, and if they have optical instruments as good as our own. Proof of a Geometrician

The logical consequence is most simple.

If we should observe upon the moon a correctly constructed triangle we should be somewhat puzzled, we should distrust our eyes, we should ask whether the chances of a regular figure. Without doubt we should in the end admit this exceptional possibility, but if all at once we should see the tri-angle change into a square then some months later be replaced by a circle we should admit logically that an intelligible effect proves an intelligent cause, and we should think with some reason that such fig-ures reveal without question the presence of a geometrician upon the neighbor world.

From this point to seeking the reason for from this to asking ourselves with what object our unknown brothers formed these designs, is but a step very quickly taken. Would it be with the idea of entering into relations with us? People set it forth or discuss it or reject it as arbitrary, or defend it as ingenious. And why, after all, shouldn't the inhabitants of

ants of all the worlds, two and two make four in every region of the infinite, and the sum of all the 'angles of a triangle being equal to two right angles everywhere, th ionals thus exchange between the earth and the moon would not have even so m obscurity as the hieroglyphs deciphered by Champollion, and the communication once established would speedily become regular

and fruitful.

like exiles if we were to pack up our house-

edge, the diurnal rotation being calculated nearly to one-tenth of a second. Reasons for Peopling the Planet.

could take its course as it does about the sun without being inhabited by any manner of creatures seems so inconsistent that it is difficult to entertain it. By what permacould they remain eternally inactive and unfruitful?

But if we ever attempt to put into prac-

A prize of 100,000f is bequeathed to the Institute of France (science section) for the person, no matter of what nationality, who hall discover within ten years from the word, if they should do so, they could go about it in this way. It will always be more difficult for us to toward the planet Mars in the period when we approach most nearly to it, and it shows us in full its lighted hemisphere. From here we can perceive upon Mars tracts of land of the size of Sicily. In fact, good instruments admit of recognizing either tronomical research, and I hope that some day the legacy will reach its destination.

earth, or about 13t Kilometers. These same instruments enable us to distinguish luminous lines upon an obscure background, or dark lines upon a bright background, or dark lines upon a bright background, or about 68 kilometres in breadth. We make out these configurations whose extent does not surpass that of Ireland, of Sicily, of Italy, the Adriatic, or of the Red Sea.

Mr. Asaph Hall, of the observatory at Washington, who discovered the moons of Mars and measured them as well as possible, considering their extreme smallness, not exceeding three or four one-hundredths of a second—true, these are brilliant detached points upon the dark background of the sky—himself alluded to the proposal of which we have been speaking—that is, of attempting communication with the moon by the aid of geometrical figures, and he concluded with these words: "It is by no means a chimerical project."

If the inhabitants of Mars could observe us by the aid of methods giving results analogous to ours, we should then have to trace by electric light geometrical figures of a rather large extent.

It Would Require Millions.

fine weather—that it would be almost fantastic to enter upon the path without a convenient exit at hand. It would be what they of
the seventeenth century called "a philosophic amusement," but to-day life passes
too quickly, and we no longer have the time
to solve the impossible.

Let us not forget, however, that in the history of progress the impossible of yesterday
becomes the reality of to-morrow. The
method of interastral communication, if
ever one be discovered, will probably not
resemble any of those that we can think of
now.

Later, making magnetic observations near the Ogden mine, his property in New Jerdoubt to-day. From the beginning Edison had resolved to pursue his studies from this point of view, and he thinks he will attain his end by following the method in which the Ogden mine plays the leading part. This mine is formed of an almost com-pact mass of magnetic iron, 1,600 meters long by 120 broad, which extends down-ward to an unknown depth. A conductor

oes not exist.

Furthermere, if sound could be propaated from the sun to the earth, following to traverse the distance. We could not then make comparisons between the sounds perceived and the sun spots without referring

eparate the earth from the sun.

we know nothing of the nature of astral magnetism. By this gate, it may be, we enter upon an avenue that is immense and fall of surprises. Let us not shut our eyes. The sphere of our conceptions will increase with the progress of science. Very surely the problem of interastral communication will not be solved to-day,

bule of knowledge of the universe. Let use the let use of knowledge of the universe. Let use the let u

reater scale than if we were signalling to structing triangles, squares and circles To a Tired Brain Has Been measured by a few kilometres, but the fig-PLUMB'S CASE IS A TYPE. the morning or the evening star, and, in the morning or the evening star, and, in their sky. We are, indeed, for them "l'etoile du Berger," or our Venus, and their mythology Manning, Folger and Carpenter

Blucksmith or Athlete.

TRAGIC ENDS OF BRILLIANT CARRERS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1



written on his brow,

He Laughed at His Doctors

tragedy and a funeral. When Dan Manning came to Washington

partment.

The demon of overwork killed Secretary

and Bright's disease, its chief officer, came in and kitled him. The death of Zach Chandler was not unlike that of Senator Plumb. He had a physique almost as good as that of the late Kansas Senator, and his muscles had tough ened and his frame hardened with his fight with the world. He had grown wealthy as Plumb had, and he had made a great rep-Plumb's death was largely due to the brain exhaustion, caused by the last campaign, ir which he made the Kepublican fight for Kansas almost aloue. Zach Chandler's death resulted from overwork during the Garfield campaign. He had stumped a number of the States of the Union. I trav-

able vitality. Death After a Great Speech. Leaving Ohio he had spoken in Indians, and had then made a number of seeches in Wisconsin, and now at the close of the campaign he was to speak in Chicago. It

egram asking him to make a speech at De-troit, and he arranged to be called at 7 o'clock the next morning in order that he might leave for Detroit at 8. When the boy went to call him at 7, he could not make

caused from overwork.

by indiscretions. For years he did all hi atudying at night. He would begin at 11 o'clock with a strong eigar and a champagne to stimulate his work, and from 1 o'clock to 4 he kept himself awake by sipping brandy. At 4 he would go to bed and sleep until 9, and these five hours of rest seemed to make him as fresh as a

hisy. He went on in this way for 20 years an then he went to pieces like the old Deacon's chaise. He found he could do nothing. He had terrible headaches and upon his cor ing his physician, he was told that he within a year. Senator Carpenter tox this decree as fate and he accepted it like a hero. He told no one but his partner about it. He never complained and he wer about his business as usual. He looke into his own case and studied it as carefull and as coolly as though it were that of

stranger.

at this from day to day he would say to he partner, "I see that I have only so man more days to live." Three days before he death he said to him, "I find that I cann