a moment or two in thinkings, and then she mid, with simplicity, "I think he was a Nohrwendan or something last week." Washington started downtown now to bring his trunk, for the hospitable Sellerses would listen to no excuses; their house must be his home during the session. The Colone resurned presently and resumed work upon his plaything. It was finished when of robbing it. Washington got back. "There it is," said the Colonel, "all finished." "What is it for, Colonel?" "Oh, it's just a trifle. Toy to amuse the

children. Washington examined it.

'It seems to be a puzzle.'

16

"Yes, that's what it is. I call it Pigs in the Clover. Put them in-see if you can

put them in the pen." After many failures Washington suc ceeded, and was as pleased as a child. "It's wonderfully ingenious, Colonel; it's ever so elever. And interesting-why, I could play with it all day. What are you

going to do with it?" Oh, nothing. Patent it and throw it maide

"Don't you do anything of the kind. There's money in that thing." A compassionate look traveled over the

Colonel's countenance, and he said: Money-yes; pin money; a couple of Not more." hundred thousand, perhaps,

Washington's eyes blazed. "A couple of hundred thousand dollars?

Do you call that pin money?" The Colonel rose and tip-toed his way across the room, elesrd a door that was

slightly siar, tip-toed his way to his seat again and said, under his breath-

ou can keep a secret? Washington nodded his affirmative, he

Wrs too awed to speak. "You have heard of materialization-

materialization of departed spirits?" Washington had heard of it, "And probably didn't believe in it; and

quite right, too. The thing as practiced by guorant charlatans is unworthy of attention or respect-where there's a dim light and a dark cabinet, and a parcel of sentimental gulls gathered together, with their faith and their shudders and their tears all ready, and one and the same fatty degenera-tion of protoplasm and humbug comes out and materializes himself into anybody you want, grandmother, grandmidd, brother-Witch of Endor, John Milton, Sinmore twins, Peter the Great and all such frantic nonsense-no, that is all foolish and But when a man that is competent rings the wast powers of science to bear, it's a different matter, a totally different matter, you see. The specter that answers that call has come to stay. Do you note the mercial value of that detail?

When, I-the-the truth is, that I don't quite know that I do. Do you mean that such, being permanent, not transitory, would give more general satisfaction, and so enhance the price of tickets to the

Show? Polly-listen to me; and get ; good grip on your breath, for you are going Within three days I shall have completed my method, and then-let the orld stand aghast, for it shall see marvels ashington, within three days-ten at the outside-you shall see me call the dead of any century, and they will arise and walk? walk, with all the muscle and anting of their pristine vigor.

Indeed it does take one's breath away. Now do you see the money that's in it?"

"I'm-well, I'm-not really sure that I "Great Scott, look here. I shall have a

monopoly; they'll all belong to me, won't Two thousand policemen in the city Wages, \$4 a day, I'll of New York. place them with dead ones at half the

"Oh, prodigious! I never thought of o-u-r thousand a dollars a day. Now I do begin to see! But will dead policemen

Haven't they-up to this time? Well, if you put it that way-"

Put it in any way you want to. Modify

to suit yourself, and my lads shall still enperior. They won't eat, they won't don't need those things; they inh for each at gambling dens and uned run holes; they won't spark the maids, and moreover the bands of ughs that ambuscade them on lonely beats shoot and knife them will only domage the uniforms and not live long

nough to get more than a momentary satis-

kiss and be friends again." "But-Gwendolen! I don't know how "One-armed Pete they call him out there am ever going to stand that name. Why, a body wouldn't know Sally Sellers in it. It's too large for her; kind of like a cherub in -out in the Cherokee country, I mean. Robbed the bank in Tablequab." "Do they have banks in Tahlequah?" an ulster, and it's a most outlandish sort of a name, anyway, to my mind." "You'll not hear her find fault with it, my "Yes-a bank, anyway. He was suspected of robbing it. Whoever did it got away with more than \$20,000. They offered a relady. ward of \$5,000. I believe I saw that very man "That's a true word. She takes to any

"I certainly saw a man on the train the first day I struck the railroad that answered hasn't helped the matter any-just the other Way.

the description preity exactly-at least, as to clothes and a lacking arm." "Why didn't you get him arrested and claim the reward?" hoe College is the selectest and most aristocratic seat of learning for young ladies in our country. Under no circumstances can a girl get in there unless she is either very "I couldn't. I had to get a requisition, of course. But I meant to stay by him till I rich and fashionable or can prove four generations of what may be called Amer-ican nobility. Castellated college build-

"Well, he left the train during the night "Oh, hang it, that's too bad." "Not so very bad either."

"Why?" "Because he came down to Baltimore in the very train I was in, though I didn't know it in time. As we moved out of the station I saw him going toward the iron gate with a satchel in his hand."

"No; is that so?"

got my chance.

"Good; we'll catch him. Let's lay plan. Send a description to the Baltimor

police? "Why, what are you talking about? No. Do you want them to get the reward?

"What shall we do, then?" The Colonel reflected.

"I'll teil you. Fut a personal in the Bal-timore Sun. Word it like this: "A.-Drop me a line, Pete-" Which arm has he lost? "Hold on "The right."

"Good. Now then-"A.-Drop me a line, Pete, even if you have to write with your left hand. Address X. Y. Z., General Postoffice, Washington

From you know who. "There-that'll fetch him." "But he won't know who-will he?" "No, but he'll want to know, won't he?" "Why, certainly-I didn't think of that.

What made you think of it?" "Knowledge of human curiosity. Strong trait, very strong trait." "Now, I'll go to my room and write it out and inclose \$1 and tell them to print it to the worth of that."

CHAPTER IV.

The day wore itself out. After dinner the

two friends put in a long and harassing evening trying to decide what to do with the \$5,000 reward which they were going to get when they should find One-armed Peteand eatch him, and prove him to be the right person, and extradite him, and ship him to Tahlequah in the Indian Territory.



One-Arm Pete. But there were so many dazzling openings

for ready cash that they found it impossible to make up their minds and keep them made up. Finally, Mrs. Sellers grew very weary of it all, and said: cut it out and scrap-booked it: "What is the sense in cooking a rabbit be-

fore it is caught?" Then the matter was dropped for the time

"Is it patented?

"What will it retail for?"

"Spoken like my own true wife!" There, A BRIDE FOR NAPLES The Prince of Bad-Breath Fame to Wed the Princess Marie. GRAVE OF MRS. LIVINGSTONE.

kind of romantic rubbish like she was born to it. She never got it from me, that's sure. And sending her to that silly college Whispered Rumors That the Prince of

Wales is to Be Regent. "Now hear her, Hawkins! Roweno, Ivan FACTS ABOUT THE FOGS OF LONDON

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

After numerous reports to the effect that Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, was to be hetrothed to Prince Ferdinand, the lovelorn sprig of Ron-

much talked about

during the past year

and several others,

the matter has finally

resolved itself into a

contract with Victor

Emmanuel, Prince

of Naples and heir

to the Italian throne.

That individual had

been made the sub-

ject of similar ru-

ings-towers and turrets and an imitation moat-and everything about the place named out of Sir Walter Scott's books, and dolent of royalty and state and style; and Miller Land manian royalty, so all the richest girls keep phactons, and conchmen in livery, and riding horses, with 8 English grooms in plug hats and tight-but-toned coats, and top boots, and a whip handle without any whip to it, to ride 63 feet behind them—" "And they don't learn a blessed thing, Washington Hawkins, not a single blessed thing but choore subhish and un American thing but showy rubbish, and un-American pretentiousness. But send for the Lady Gwendolen-do; for I reckon the peerage

regulations require that she must con home and let on to go into seclusion and mourn for those Arkansas blatherskites she's lost." Princess Marie.

nors, in which he was to engage himself to "My darling! Blatherskites. Remember daughter of the Prince of Wales, the -noblesse oblige." "There, there, talk to me in your own Prince of Teck and an eminent member of tongue, Ross-you don't know any other, and you only botch it when you try. Oh, the royal house of Germany. The last report is likely true, as it has been semidon't stare-it was a slip, and no crime; officially announced by persons in a position customs of a lifetime can't be dropped in

to know. second. Rossmore-there, now, be appeased, and go along with you and attend to Gwen-The gossips may now set to work with dolen. Are you going to write, Washington --or telegraph?" "He will telegraph, dear." suggestions of how the affair has been aranged. There are many who would like to know how the religious differences have "I thought as much," my lady muttered, as she left the room. "Wants it so the adbeen bridged over. It is difficult to condress will have to appear on the envelope. It will just make a fool of that child. She'll naive that. Oneen Victoria would give her consent to one of her granddaughters going get it, of course, for if there are any other Sellerses there they'll not be able to claim over to the Roman Catholic faith, and it is certain that the Prince of Naples will not it. And just leave her alone to show it around and make the most of it. Well, adopt the English Church as his own.

The Prince of Naples is the individual maybe she's forgivable for that. She's so poor and they're so rich, of course she's had her share of snubs from the livery-flunkey who visited England a few months ago, creating a profound impression by means of sort, and I reckon it's only human to want an extremely bad breath. Princess Marie to get even." Uncle Daniel was sent with the teleis a bright, happy chit of a girl, but 16 years of age. Rather young to marry, but gram; for although a conspicuous object in a corner of the drawing room, was a telethe Italian heir is getting up in years, and not having an extensive field to select from cannot be very fastidious.

phone hanging on a transmitter, Washing-ton found all attempts to raise the central office vain. The Colonel grumbled some-thing about its being "always out of order The Grave of Mrs. Livingstone, when you've particular and especial use for it," but he didn't explain that one of the There is a movement on foot to bring to England the body of the wife of Explorer reasons for this was that the thing was David Livingstone. It has lain in a lonely only a dummy and hadn't any wires at-tached to it, and yet the Colonel often used grave in the African wilderness these 30 it when visitors were present-and seemed years past. It would hardly be possible to to get messages through it. Mourning paper and a scal were ordered, then the friends took a rest. place the remains beside those of the husband in Westminster Abbey, but they can at least rest nearer the beloved one whose Next atternoon, while Hawkins, by re-quest, draped Andrew Jackson's portrait with crape, the rightful earl wrote, of the perilous fortunes she shared so faithfully. Mrs. Livingstone endured but six years of family bereavement to the usurper in Engthe trials and privations of the explorer's land-n letter which we have already read life, but in that short time she abundantly He also by letter to the village authorities proved her courage and determination to be at Duffy's Corners, Ark., gave orders that the remains of the late twins be embalmed every bit the equal of her husband. It is by some St. Louis expent and shipped at once to the usurper, with bill. Then he drafted out the Rossmore arms and motto on a great sheet of brown paper, and he and Hawkins took it to Hawkins' Yankee furnot enough that the bones of Dr. Livingstone lie among the greatest of the great in grand old Westminster. The remains of the wife should be close at hand, instead of far away in the heart of an African jungle. Indeed, I believe the disposition made of niture-mender, and at the end of an hour came back with a couple of stunning hatch-ments, which they nailed up on the front the great explorer's body was a direct contradiction of his expressed wishes. In his of the house-attractions calculated to draw, and they did; for it was mainly an idle and journal many opinions and references to his lesires are made. In one place, bearing date shiftless negro neighborhood, with plenty of ragged children and indolent dogs to of June 25, 1868, is the following:

This is the sort of grave I should prefer This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miscrable, espe-cially those in the cold, damp clay, and without elbow room; but, I have nothing to do but to wait till He who is over all de-cides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary lies on Sheepanga brae. pare for a point of interest like that, and keep on sparing them for it days and days The new earl found-without surprisethis society item in the evening paper, and By a recent bereavement our esteemed fellow-citizen, Colonel Mutherry Sellers, per-

That wish for quiet and humble repose

many accidents occurring, some of them fatal Many theories have been offered in expla-nation of these fogs, as well as to bring about some mitigation of the evil. Those relating to the first point are interesting and probable enough, but none of the latter have proved practical so far.

An Archbishon Who Is Now Famons The plain of Aix, in France, was the scene 2,000 years ago of the rout of the Tcuton hordes that were sweeping

> 何日 ----officers whose chief pretensions to distinction were their aristocratic connec

powerless before the wild barbar Archbishop of Aiz. ians, and every time the two forces met, the Romans were swept aside like the sands of the desert in a simoom. Try as the would, the famous

10-S

the world, could offer no resistance to the myriads of Teutons and Cimbri that bore down npon them. Old Marius, however, was equal to the emergency. His militar skill enabled him to meet strength with strategy, and he defeated with crushing effect, the flower of the Teuton armies and practically changed the history of the sorld.

Had the Teutons defeated Marius, Rome would have been destroyed. There would have been no future opportunities for Cæsar, Pompev or Sulla, and the romance of history would have been robbed of some of its most herois and interesting characters. Aix has not been the scene of any such important historical event since, but the name has been frequently seen in print lately on account of its Roman Catholic

Bishop, the Mgr. Xavier Gouthe-Soulard's refusal to comply with the order of the French Government, forbidding archbishops leaving their diocese without permission. He was arrested, tried for the offense and fined, but the sensation the affair created throughout France and the world and the general sympathy extended the Archbishop, indicated a victory instead of a defeat. It is likely the affair will have considerable influence on the policy of the French Gov-ernment in dealing with the religious question in the future. Such a demonstration as was made in this venerable ecclesiastic's case makes deeper consideration of the sub-

ject imperative. Tummy Isn't Saving a Word.

England is at present disturbed by an inder-current effort, intended to install Albert Edward as Prince Regent. No one knows how the report originated or how much truth is contained in it. Many persons think the Queen a little too well up in years to administer the affairs of Government properly, but, nevertheless, a suggestion that she be displaced is considered omewhat brutal and not likely to receive what the Prince of Wales thinks of the move in his behalf is not stated, but he takes such good care to give no expression to his views on the subject that it is tacitly agreed in some circles that he is "in the hands of his friends" to be disposed of as they think fit. This retainds me that during the reign of

the two Hanoverian Kings it was the custom to appoint regents every time the monarch went outside his dominions. How the custom fell into disuse is unknown.

Progressive Chinese Statesman

Li Hung Chang, the Prime Minister of China, is said to be convalescing from his recent severe illness. But he is not yet well, and there is always ness. But he is

Forth a Crystal Fountain. THOUGHTS UPON DIALECT TALES. Why James Whitcomb Riley Writes Into

on to Rome, by the famous old General, Marius, Previous to that HOW WATER MANAGES TO GO UP HILL time, the Roman soldiery under command of incapable and inexperienced

typewriter across at the rectory or at the tions, were big oak on my neighbor's place, and at the church with its battlemented tower and the quiet resting places of those who sleep, and in a little while forget that I have any work to do, and indeed am not concerned whether my head is empty or full, or whether I have a head or not. fighting men of the ruling Government of This is pleasant, but it is neither magnifi-

ent, nor is it business. So I turn away from the view, look my typewriter in the I-she has two, just like a human being, only one of them has no dot and the other is lower case, poor thing-and ask her if she knows anything worth printing. She always replies in the affirmative when she makes answer at all, that is, she can say "A," and 'S," which have an affirmative sound, but she can't say anything that sounds like "No;" I think she should have an extra character-she has 75 or 80 good characters now-by which at the touch of a single key

the Hearts of People.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCEL1

she could say "Nawthin'." The Force of Dislect.

I suppose "Nothing" might do, but I should prefer "Nawthin'," if it please the typewriter makers. "Nawthin'" sounds on much more hopelessly empty than "Nothing." And when I do run ashore, I am beached just that high and dry, just that iar beyond the reach of anything but a roaring spring tide at the very turn of the flood, that nothing can express my condition but dialect. Grammar is good enough for out different Grammar is give output for a dying bed, perhaps, when a man has nothing else to do, but to be correct; but when a man is painfully alive, getting across a meadow with a bull behind him and a barb wire fence before him, and he has got to lift himself over that fence by his boot straps or get lifted over by Taurus

the bully, he thinks in dialect. It is his mother tongue, and it comes without callng. And I do think that a typewriter that has been setting her 26 caps for me, lo these four years, might talk dialect for me in

great emergencies. And speaking of dialect reminds me that I read somewhere in a newspaper the other day—that's the way a profound magazine writer always refers to a newspaper article when he is copying the extract he wishes to use from the very paper lying on his desk; it isn't the thing, you know, to recall where you saw a newspaper article; a great man can't remember the scribblings of a reporter-that a leading publisher-I am not sure indeed that it was not the leading publisher-says the dialect story has had its day; that the public is tired of it; that it has run its course and will be heard of no more. And then I picked up *Harper* for January and read the first story in it, a bit

of French-Canadian vayageur dialect. Storles Are Written for Cash.

Now I like the dialect stories; I don't write them, so I can speak as a disinterested witness. And I know that other people like them as well as myself, otherwise the publishers would not bring them out. Save only the Baptist Publication Society and the Methodist book concern, the American Tract Society and other publishing houses of that class, I have known very few publishers who bring out books and stories for the poor ploughing on the horses, as is my love, or for the elevation of the public taste. Very few indeed. Not more than none, I should say, and possibly not less than half that number. I don't know what would become of the iterature of the world if we should "cut the dialect. Take two such masters of dia lect as James Whitcomb Riley and Robert Browning: how much the world of people and the smaller planets of superior beings would lose were the poems of these kings in the realms of dialect blotted out. I prefer Riley's myself, because it is so easy to un-We don't have to organize clubs derstand. to find out what Riley means when he says anything. It seems to me, since we must have a dialect literature, the best dialect is that which the wayfaring man, though not

dam at Minneapolis? It would silence for-ever the chant of Ningara if you put an overshot wheel at the breast of a cataract. It would also silence the overshot wheel, in BURDETTE RUNS DRY. about two seconds. And I am glad of it. Useful things are very useful, sometimes. But Out of Mere Emptiness Brings But useless things are very useful also, sometimes. So where is the difference?

To Scatter the Dialecticians. I champion the cause of the useless for

I champion the cause of the useless for mine own sake. There has got to be some place in the reserved seats for the useless things of this world. If you crowd us all up in the gallery, we will snap peanuts and drop our programmes down on your learned heads all through the performance; we will split the air with our shrill whistles when you softly pat your gloved hands in correct

approbation, and when we disapprove we will "cat-call" till your blood runs cold, and woe be fo the "cop" who comes into the What does a fellow do when his head is gallery after we get started. So you see, it "plumb empty?" I mean, other fellows? I is much better to scatter the dialecticians through the audience than to pen us up by know what I do, and the complaint is fast developing chronic symptoms with me. ourselves. We might even break down the gallery. It's always a hard, troublesome thing to When I get that way, which is several

times in the course of a space of time teach water to run up hill. Ob, it can be amounting to more or less, according to done, but it makes no end of money, and duration, I sit and stare over the top of my powerful machinery, and fire, and and tremendous pumps. And then when the water gets beyond the power of the pump it won't keep on going up; it always comes right back again, in its own old way. It will run up hill of itself, if you let it alone. And it always climbs just as it comes down in the easiest, most natural way in the world. In all the lightness and grace and

beauty of the spray of the leaning cascade: in the fleecy clouds of mist that drift up through the sunshine just as naturally and gently as though it was the only thing in the world for water to do, to float from the sea up to the clouds, rather than drop from cloudland to the earth. Who ever heard of rain coming down ? Why, it always goes up. But you can't make it go up, son. It has to be drawn up. Not by a great, noisy, clanging, thumping, sucking pump, either It is drawn up lovingly, gently, noiselessly, by a mighty force, strong enough to lift the cean from its bed.

Two Kinds of Teachers.

I have known some teachers who could but he stood his ground. I guess his curiwalk ahead of their scholars and lead them in just that way-who could draw them up the steepest heights after them, never hur-rying them, never worrying, never fretting osity was excited to know what I was about, anyway. He did not have long to wait, for I threw down the lever and put in a new shell. At the next fire he them. I know some teachers who are disappeared, but from the crack-ing of the brush (the fires having doing that work to day, just because they have learned the secret of the sun, just be-cause they have found the secret of His burnt through there last summer), I concluded he was badly hurt, so, putting power, just because they have this earnestanother load in, I walked up to the ridge and saw him kicking his last about 20 feet d gentleness, this steadfast enthusiasm that is the silent soul of their work. So, too, I have known teachers, in the from where he stood when I shot him. He family and in the school and in the pulpit. who walked behind the children club, and roared at them and whacked them through, of course. I dressed him where along and drove them up hill-unless the children broke away and took to the woods he lay, and finding no live timber on which and escaped into the wilderness-with such went to town and borrowed a buck-board from Mr. McQuade and got him safely home scolding and threatening and yelling as a cowboy uses while he whacks his horned herd over the alkali plains. that same evening.

And it is something to be devoutly grate-ful for, that this "Bull-whacker" style of county) and I, hunted down the lake 12 miles but did not get any shots. We saw a good number of deer tracks, and the tracks style of teacher is out of style in this year of grace. He ought to be dead and buried. At any of two bear, but the snow was so nearly melted we could not follow them with any rate he ought to be buried; I wouldn't be particular to a hair about his being dead, but I'd stand with all the resolute firmness without any result, except seeing plenty of tracks, and scaring, some days, as many as a dozen deer without so much as even seeing of the patient mule, on his being buried. See, wasn't it just last week I resolved that I wouldn't preach every time I sat down to play the typewriter? I think it that the deer would hear me, go as carefully as I might. I saw two or three and missed was either last week or this. Well, I'll

have to start over again. This time doesn't count. Because it isn't my fault. I gave you fair warning at the top of the column that I was empty as a drum, and if you've ploughed across the whole width of the rush lot all the way to this fence, you can't blame me because you've turned up nothing but roots, and have jammed the plough handles into your ribs every other tep.

No Apologies to Offer.

I knew it was a scrub oak barren when I run the first furrow across it, and I didn't dream you were following me. "Why didn't I look back and see?" Because, my "Why

rise. I had shot him through the lungs, but did not know it. This was before 11 son, "he that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back" is going to run a furrow like a cow path. "Why didn't I holler, then?" Because, my boy, the handles were A. M., and after dressing him I followed two others many miles without even seeing them. They went down to within 100 yards then?" Because, my boy, the handles were knocking all the breath I had in my system of the lake, and I thought perhaps they had taken to the water to get rid of me, as they clear out of my perishing frame every time I struck a root. "Holler" back to you? I sometimes do to escape the dogs, but the Duluth and Iron Range train came along and they ran back to the hills, where I did hadn't breath enough to lay the blame of not follow them, as it was nearly There are a great many door killed about Duluth and Superior. The shops were full usual cussed 'em.

HUNTING AT DULUTH. Sportsmen Go Out After Deer on the Electric Cars Up There.

USUALLY BAG ONE BEFORE NOON

And Carry Home a Supply of Venison Before the Sun Goes Down.

BEAR AND PLENTY OF SMALLER GAME

Lovers of good hunting will be interested in the following extracts from a private letter just received in this city from Duluth. Minn. The writer enjoys the rather novel experience, judged from an Eastern standpoint, of riding out to the street car terminus and then getting off and shooting deer in the adjacent woods, starting at 8 A. M., getting deer by 11, and returning with them to town in the afternoon. He varies

In regard to my hunting, of which you

kindly inquire, he says in his letter, the

deer season opened November J. I went

out on a Superior street car to the end of

the line, leaving home about 8 o'clock. I

hunted along the ridge toward Lester Park,

and killed a nice buck a mile back of Lon-

don before 11 A. M. There was a light

snow on the ground, but I saw the deer be-

fore I discovered his tracks. I had my

Winchester along, but shot and missed him

twice, when he ran away. I followed his

trail, scolding myself for want of skill, but

keeping a good lookout far shead, when I

saw him sgain. This time, when I tried to

take a sure aim, the gan missed fire and the

deer ran away. I still followed the tracks,

and saw him again just on the crest of the

ridge. I tried to take a sure aim and fired,

was shot through the neck, about two inches

in front of his shoulder, the hall going

I could hang him up, left him there until

The next two days, Mr. Rex (from

success. I went several times afterward

You may think that strange, but the

brush was so thick where the tracks led

a shot at one. One day, however, I got a good shot at a

nice buck, not a hundred yards away, and, was very much chagrined to see him run

away as if nothing was the matter, and was blaming myselt for missing him, as I could find neither hair aor blood upon his trail. However, I trudged along on his track,

hoping to get sight of him again, and, per-

chance, another shot. I did not go over a quarter of a mile when I was equally sur-

prised to see him on the ground, unable to

chickens that were thus lured to their doom.

I also shot some partridges and a few ducks

and caught a very few fish, the best a 16-

A Youthful Diplomatist.

Talleyraud, informed his mother upon his

A sturdy S-year-old, with the craft of a

pound muskallonge.

the programme by hunting bear.

Why, Colonel, if you can furnish policemen, then of o

ertainly-I can fornish any line of oods that's wanted. Take the army, for anne-now 25,009 men; expense, \$22,-000,000 a year. I will dig up the Romans, I will resurrect the Greeks, I will furnish be Government, for \$10,000,000 a year, 10,drawn from the victorious legions of all the ages-soldiers that will se Indians year in and year out on materialized horses, and cost never a cent for The armies of Europe er :: \$2,000,000,000 a year now-I will re them all for \$1,000,000,000. I will dig the trained statesmen of all ages and all and furnish this country with a Cougress that knows enough to come in out of the rain-a thing that's never happened yot since the Declaration of Independence, and asked: ad never will happen till these practically dead people are replaced with the genuine for it?" I will restock the thrones of Eu the best brains and the best ornis that all the royal sepulchers of all the centuries can furnish-which isn't promright?" ig very much-and I'll divide the wages he wivil list, fair and square, merely tairing my half and_"

nel, if the half of this is true, times's millions in it-millions. on each one."

"Billions in it, billions; that's what you runn. Why, look here; the thing is so class at hand, so imminent, so absolutely said: immediate, that if a man were to come to the new and say, 'Colonel, I'm a little short, and if you could lead me a couple of billion collars for-Come in?

This in answer to a knock. An enerectic-looking man bustled in with a big ook in his hand, took a paper from it and presented it, with the curt remark: Seventeenth and last call; you want to out with that \$3 40 this time without fail,

Colonel Mulberry Sellers." Colonel Mulberry Seners. The Colonel began to slap this pocket and that one, and feel here and there and everymuttering:

What have 1 done with that wallet?let me see-nm-not here, not there-oh, I non t have left it in the kitchen; I'll just run No you won't-you'll stay right where

you are. And you're going to disgorge, too, this time. Washington innocently offered to go and

took-When he was gone the Colonel said: "The fact is, I've got to throw myself on your indulgence just this once more. Sugges: you see, the remittances I was expect-

Hang the remittances-it's too stale-it wan'i answer. Come!"

The Goloaci glanced about him in despair. Then his face lighted; he ran to the wall and began to dust off a peculiarly atrocious chromo with his handkerchief. Then he brought is reverently, offered it to the col-lector, averted his face and said:

"Take it, but don't let me see it go. It's the role remaining Rembrandt that-Rembrandt be -; it's a chromo."

'Oh, don't speak of it so, I beg vou. It's the only really great original, the onl preme example of that mighty school of art

'Art! It's the sickest looking thing I-" The Colonel was already bringing another orror and tenderly dusting it.

"Take this one, too-the gem of my colion-the only genuine Fra Angelico Illuminated liver pad, that's what it is.

Give it have. Good day! People will think I've robbed a barber shop." As he slammed the door behind him, the

Colonel shouted with an anguished accent. "Do please cover them up-don't let the damp got at them. The delicate tints in the Atter

But the man was gone.

Washington reappeared and said he had oked everywhere, and so had Mrs. Sellers and the servants, but in vain, and went on to say he wished he could get his eye on a ain man about this time. No need to

Placet - - - - -

ody, succeeds, as rightful lord, to the great being and all went to bed. Next morning, carldom of Rossmore, third by order of precedence in the earldoms of Great Britain, being persuaded by Hawkins, the Colonel and will take early measures by suit in the House of Lords, to wrest the title and estate made drawings and specifications and went down and applied for a patent for his toy from the present usurping holder of them Until the season of mourning is past the usual Thursday evening receptions at Ross more Towers will be discontinued. puzzle, and Hawkins took the toy itself and started out to see what chance there might ore Towers will be disco be to do something with it commercially

ual member at large of

orether.

He did not have to go far. In a small, old, wooden shanty, which had once been occu-Lady Rossmore's comment-to herself: 'Receptions! People who don't rightly pied as a dwelling by some humble negro family, he found a kneen-eyed Yankee enknow him may think he is commonplace, but to my mind he is one of the most un raged in repairing cheap chairs and other second-hand furniture. This man examusual men I ever saw. As for suddenness and capacity in imagining things, his beat ined the toy indifferently; attempted to do don't exist, I reckon. As like as not it the nuzzle; found it not so easy as he had wouldn't have occurred to anybody else to expected: grew more interested, and finally emphatically so; achieved a success at last, name this old rat-trap Rossmore Towers, but it just comes natural to him. Well, no doubt it's a blessed thing to have an imagination that can always make you feel satisfied, no matter how you are fixed. Uncle Dave Hopkins used to always say, 'Turn me into John Calvin, and I want to know "Patent applied for." "That will answer. What do you want

which place I'm going to; turn me into Mul berry Sellers, and I don't care."

The rightful earl's comment-to humself It's a beautiful name, beautiful. Pity I didn't think of it before I wrote the

down; but I'll tell what I'll do. I'll make usurper. But I'll be ready for him when it and market it and pay you 5 cents royalty he answers. [To be continued next Sunday.]

Washington sighed. Another dream disappeared; no money in the thing. So he

"Well, 25 cents, I should think." "What will you give for the exclusive

"I couldn't give \$20, if I had to pay cash

"All right, take it at that. Draw me a Controversy Between Richard Harding Davis and Charles D. Gibson.

or a woman.

along.

little point in etiquette as that."

Old's Notion of a River.

He went his way with the paper, and dropped the matter out of his mind-[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] dropped it to make room for further at-People who are interested in Richard tempts to think out the most promising way Harding Davis will like to know that to invest his half of the reward, in case a partnership investment satisfactory to both the handsome athletic young man, with the smooth-shaven face and square chin with a beneficiaries could not be hit upon. He had not been very long at home when cleft in it, that Charles D. Gibson is so fond Sellers arrived sodden with grief and boom-ing with glad excitement-working both of putting into his illustrations is Richard Davis, and Richard Davis capitally drawn these emotions successfully, sometimes separately, sometimes together. He fell on at that. When the "Anglomaniacs" was

Hawkins' neck sobbing, and said: "Oh, mourn with me, my friend, mourn for my desolate house; death has smitten my last kinsman, and I am Earl of Rossmore ougratulate me!" He turaed to his wife, who had entered

while this was going on, put his arms about her and said: "You will bear up, for my sake, my lady-it had to happen, it was decreed." She bore up very well, and said:

"It's no great loss. Simon Lathers was a poor, well-meaning, useless thing and no account, and his brother never was worth shucks,

The rightful Earl continued: "I am too much prostrated by these conflicting griefs and joys to be able to concen-trate my mind upon affairs; I will ask our good friend here to break the news by wire r post to the Lady Gwendolen and instruct her to-

"What Lady Gwendolen?" "Our poor daughter, who, alas-"Sally Setlers? Mulberry Sellers, are

you losing your mind?" please do not forget who you are, There

and who I am; remember your own dignity, be considerate also of mine. It were best to cease from using my family name, now, Lady Rossmore. "Goodness gracious! well I never! What

am I to call you, then?" "In private the ordinary terms of eadcarment will still be admissible to some degree, but in public it will be more becoming if

your ladyship will speak to me as my lord, or your lordship, and of me as Rossmore, or the earl, or his lordship, and-' sent! I can't ever do it, Berry." "Oh. "But indeed you must, my love; we must live up to our altered position and submit

with what grace we may to its require-"Well, all right, have it your own way:

I've never set my wishes against your com-mands yet, Mul-, my lord, and it's late to begin now, though to my mind it's the rottenest foolishness that ever was

has never been fulfilled. stone's grave is located near the home she coupied for some time during her sojourn in Africa. A great baobab tree, one of the largest in the country round, stands alongthe mound, but does not shade or obside scure it half so well as the shrubs, grass and tangled briars that are matted above and

nearly conceal it from view.

27 1Am --. 1 then they GUESSING A WRITER'S SEX. And the

Mrs. Livingstone's Grave

The English people owe something to Mrs. Livingstone. They are usually solic-itous of honoring their distinguished dead. If nothing else be done, they should see that the ashes of the missionary's daughter and the great explorer's wife should be brought home to rest where they rightfully belong.

The Dense Fors of London.

The recent great fog in London lasted running in one of the magazines, Gibson four days, and during that time more than chose Richard Davis as the original of the 30 persons are said to have wandered off striking picture of Lord Melrose. At that time the author of the brilliant story was the docks into the river and drowned. It still a matter of conjecture, and opinion was is difficult to imagine a mist as dense as all evenly divided as to whether it was a man that, although Pittsburg has had some experience with fogs herself. But we are Gibson had just made an illustration for taught to believe that the worst that we the story with Richard Davis (as Lord Melhave here are not to be compared with those of London at all. A London fog is a pecurose) walking down Fifth avenue with the young woman of the story. He had put on liar natural phenomenon, and has come to the young Englishman a sack coat and a silk hat. The sketches were submitted to be considered distinctive. Scientists have found three different kinds of more or less the unknown nuthor and returned with severity. George Catlin, the artist, who rethe criticism that no careful man, especially sided in London for some years, once said that he had seen a fog so thick that in midif he were an Englishman, would walk down the fashionable street in a sack cost day a man walking could no more discern and silk hat in the morning, which was the his knees than if he were immersed in ink. time designated in the story. Mr. Gibson told Mr. Davis of the criti-This seems hard to believe, but there is no questioning the truth. Loudoners and travelets tell us that in broad daylight, cism and asked, "Now what does that indicate to you as to the authorship-is it a man with all the lamps lighted in the streets or a woman?" """ "A man," said Mr. Davis promptly; "a and houses, it is no uncommon experience to be unable to see 30 inches distant. The people grope their way along the houses. oman would not be likely to know such a "A woman," hazarded Mr. Gibson; "women know all about such little things, A street lamp can hardly be seen when standing directly beneath it. Business is generally suspended, and the sidewalks be-come crowded with groups of men and and no one but a woman would care." The sequel proved that Gibson was right. women a fraid to move and anxiously wondering how they will reach their homes. Coachmen lead their horses. Pedestrians FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THINGS. dare not cross the streets. Sho uts, onths. Johnny's Idea of Rowing and a Three-Yearinquiries, cries of distress and shricks for

help are heard on all sides. On January 21, 1865, the density of the It was Johnny who described at 3 years fog was so extraordinary during the mornof age a skiff ride on the river as follows: ing hours that in the streets where there "And papa just took the shovels and shovere spiendidly lighted windows one could eled the river away, and the boat went right not see the ground when erect, nor objects two feet away. When the shops were closed it was utterly impossible to see any-But it was another 3-year-old who replied, when asked at her first view of the thing. Midway between street lamps, standing within 40 feet of each other and river: "What is it Katie?" "It's just a great big drink." burning brightly all the time, it was im-possible to locate either. Lines of link Firs-All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Gres Nerro Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Mar velous cures. Traitiss and \$1 00 trial bottle free to Pit cases. Dr. Kline, \$2 Arch et., Phila. Fe. 19 men stretching for miles were stationed within eight feet of each other, but even that pressution afforded but poor rules,

Mrs Living. man has passed his 71st year. His life or death means much to China and probably the world generally. He is the one Chinese statesman

who has been tol-Li Hung Chan erant to foreigners. He has made his coun

try more accessible to visitors than it ever vas. He built the first railroad. He developed the extensive mining resources. He gave the country its telegraph system. He organized the army and created the navy. More than the mere northern portion of

China is restless at the present time. The uprisings against the Government, as well as the foreign element residing in the country, would surely take greater shape in case of Li Hung Chang's death. His withdrawal from control at the present time means much to China and perhaps more to other nations than they would admit. There is always a chance of a conflict with the fongolians, in case the outrages on aliens in the country become too pronounced.

Forty Savages Shake the World,

The telegraph reported a few days since that the natives of Pahang, a state of the Malayan Peninsula, had rebelled against British rule. No doubt John Bull made a rush for his portfolio on hearing this news, oestimate the extent of the new danger threatening the Empire, but was reassured on discovering that the entire province of Pahang, including its capital city, has a population of only 40 wild, half-starved

and poorly armed savages. I am sure it cost a good many dollars to cable the story from abroad, and it would seem to even the inexperienced that the cable managers are rather poorly informed on geographical matters, or they would have put their property to better use than creating the impression through a free use of sensational sentences, that the peace of the English nation was seriously threatened by a fresh complication, when, in fact, the matter was so trivial. WILKIE.

LENGTH OF IMPRISONMENT.

The Sentence for Life and for the Term of a Man's Natural Life.

There is a distinction and also a difference between imprisonment for life and imprisonment for the term of a man's natural life. says a criminal lawyer in the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Literally the latter means that the prisoner must be confined until liberated by death, while in the case of the former the condemned only serves the average term of life he may reasonably expect, and as determined by actuarial tables. A man who gets a life sentence at 40 is nearly sure to be at liberty by the time he is 55, provided he lives as long, while the man who is similarly sentenced at 20 will be ont long before he is 40.

Penitentiary will show how very few men have served more than 15 years, pardon, death, escape or release on good behavior intervening within that period. In European countries, where pardons are very sel-dom granted, men frequently serve 20 and even 30 years, but the average is very much

Found His Lot.

New York Weekly.1 Bouttown-Where did you go on your vacation? -I went out West to look at a Laschand rner lot I bought by mail.

Find it? Yesy went swimming in it.

Highly Cultured, may read, and not err therein. There is a great deal of dialect in the medical journals that is Greek to me, and I have looked into-merely looked into and scrambled out with ail speed before I

drowned-some theological works that were nearly all Hebrew, and what wasn't English was a great deal worse. I confess that I go clear around, by a back lane and through the woods, sometimes, to get to the other side of certain dialect articles in the Popular Science Monthly.

Shop Talk in Dislect.

And yet, dialect is always entertaining, even when you can understand it but vaguely. It is always pleasant to hear a man talk the dialect of his own business. It lends a charm to the talk of a railroad man and a theologian; a horse trader and a physician, a stock broker and a school eacher. And the dialect which we can all understand is the language of the people, it seems to me. From Harvard University to the Mission School at San Diego, people can understand Riley. The multitude lis-tens and "every man hear him speak in his own language," "saying, one to another 'How hear we every man in our own tongue "saying, one to another,

wherein we were born?"" Ah, that's the secret of the hold that "dialect" has upon all people. We didn't always speak grammatically; we weren't born with correct accent and exact enuncia-tion; we used to flat the "a," and drop the final "g," and drive Jersey matches of sin-gular nouns and plural verbs, and when we were rebuked for a saying, "Me are," we re formed and said "I is," except in New Eng-land, where we changed to "I be," and stuck to it until death parted us from our grammar, maybe; and it required long years of instruction, and many books and great patience and floods of tears to make us abandon the free, lawless dialect of childhood and bow our thoughts to the iron bondage of the dialect of the schools. Ah, my boy, that's the hold which "our own tongue, wherein we were born," has upon us.

The Voice of Sweet Nature.

We love the cradle tongue, the words that ran in prattling music broken as the song of a brook, babbling and murmuring or the very joy of life, the mirth of the sunshine, the sweet fancies of the shadows, the gleam of the white pebbles, with no rule and no guide and no law, save to run the easiest way, follow the slope of the hill, and laugh the louder when the way was broken and rough, and break into brighter sparkles and dimpling ripples when the rocks builded a tiny leap from the sunshine into the sleeping pool in the shadow. It is the voice of Nature that charms us, and sings to us in the numbers that draw us back to the longing mother breast, back to the days when we lay with our taces close to the great heart of nature and drew our closest inspirations with the breath of life.

Longfellow found inspiration in the dain-ty cascade, the talls of Minnehana that "flash and gleam among the oak trees," al-though by going a few miles farther he would have found a much greater water power. A poet might have been inspired to sing in lofty numbers to the great organ accompaniment of the Falls of St. Anthony a few years ago, but to rise to sublime flights of sentiment and poesy over the mill

Utstam Sonnet.

When as with busy hand you bend to write Epistles upon business all your own, Seeking the time of one to you unknown of them. I have seen three dead bear this fall, but no live ones. In Outober I went out on the Northern Pacific road 70 miles, where I remained a week at a house kept by a section boss. The With what soft phrase your thoughts you

With what some pursues . may indite, Framing your sentences with speech polite, Set in your offering this precious stone, That for crude workmanship will all iving was very good and heard 25 a week. I had the advantage of a ride up and down the road three miles either way, morning, noon or night, which was a great advantage, some sweet folded nook-just half in

Like a shy wind flower, tinted like the

giving me easy command of 10 or 12 miles of track. The large amount of grain spilled along the track attracted some kinds of game, and I shot a number of prairie Coy peeping from its winter's bed, moss damp, wakened by the soft and mellow horn

Of April zephyrs, rousing all the camp of bud and blossom, beauties yet unborn-Right where he'll see it first thing-stick a

And if you forget this, he won't forget to forget to answer that letter, don't you for get that. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Cannol Steal His Own.

"I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for

some years for myself and family, and, as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief

for most of the aches and pains which fiesh is heir to. I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for

the London Daily Telegraph:

cisco. But the doctor's prescriptions, and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared

the tropics, and, is particular, a couple of ALL cock's Porous PLASTRIN clapped on one on the chest and another between the shoulder-blades-

Russell Sage, the well-known

" 556 FIFTH AVENUE, "NEW YORK CITY, December 20, 1890.

"For the last twenty years I have been using

my side and back, and, whenever I have a ld, one on my chest and one on my back

Marion Harland, on page 103 of

her popular work, "Common Sense

for Maid, Wife, and Mother," says:

wearing. It should be kept over the sent of the uncasiness for several days-in obstinate cases, for

ALLCOCK'S FORDUS PLASTERS. They have re-

pentedly cured me of rheumatic pains and pains

My family are never without them."

soon set me right."

financier, writes:

speedily relieve me.

rhaps a fortnight.

return from school that "Will Brown and "God can do all things," said mamma another fellow got a licking at school to-"No," said Marjorie, "God cannot steal." day." And Tommy's masoma might never have been the wiser, had not Tommy's sis-"Why?" said mamma, expecting the re-ply, "Because He is good." "Because," said the little sage, "every-thing is His." ter burst into the room soon after and announced: "O! mamma, Tommy and Will Brown got whipped at school to-day."

WELL-ATTESTED MERIT.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writer The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse writes: "40 ODANCE STREET, "DROOMLYN, N. Y., February 11, 1890,

"BEDFORD PLACE, RESEALL SQUARE, "LONDON, DECEMBER 10, 1538. "I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use I find Allocce's POROUS PLAS-TERS in my family and amongst those to whoth I have recommended them. I find them a very breastplate against colds and coughs."

W. J. Arkell, publisher of Judge and Frank Leslie's Illustrated News-

paper, writes :

all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and by fre-quent experiments find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars. "The above is the only restimonial I have ever given in favor of any placter, and if my name has been used to recommend any other it is without my authority or sanction." " JUDGE BUILDING, " Cor. FIFTH AVE. and SIXTHENTH STREET,

"New Yosk, January 14, 1801. "About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I George Augustus Sala writes to oplied an ALLCOCK'S PORDES PLASTIR, and in a short time obtained relief. "In my opinion, these plasters should be in

"I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor-a very experienced maritime medico indeed-who tended me most kindly durevery household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprins, bruises or poins of any kind. I know that is my case the results have been entirely satisfac-tory and beneficial." ing a horrible spell of bronchitis and spannodic asthma, provoked by the sen-fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Fran-

Henry Thorne, Traveling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., writes:

"EXETER HALL, STRAND, "LONDON, February 2, 1998.

"I desire to bear my testimony to the value of ALLCOCK's POROUS PLASTING. I have used them for pains in the back and side, arising from theunatic and other causes, never without deriving henefit from their application. They are easily applied and very conforting. Those engaged, as I am, in public work which involves exposure to sudden changes of temperature, will do well to keep a supply of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Hon. James W. Husted says:

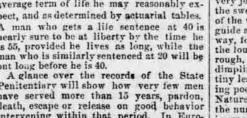
in their portmanteaus."

"When suffering from a severe cough, which threatened pulmonary difficulties, which I was recommended to go to Florida to relieve, I deterwhich I was nined to test ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I applied them to my chest and between the shoulder-blades, and in less than a fortnight was entirely cured."

Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., "For the aching back ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLAS-TER is an excellent comforter, combining the sen-tation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the late Government chemist, certifies:

"My investigation of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLAS-THE shows it to contain valuable and essen ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.



lower in America.