16

through Barke, and I find that of William through burse, and that that of william the Conqueror's 64 natural ch-my dear, would you mind cetting me that book? It's on the escritcire in our boudoir. Yes, as I was saying, there's only St. Albans, Bue-cleugh and Grafton ahead of us on the listclength and Grafton alexa of al on hit ist-all the rest of the British nobility are in procession behind us. Ah, thanks, my lady. Now, then, we turn to William, and we find-letter for X Y Z? Oh, splendid-when'd you get it?"

"Last night; but I was asleep before you came, you were out so late; and when I enne to breakfast, Miss Gwendolen-well,

she knocked everything out of me, you "Wonderful girl, wonderful; her great erigin is detectable in her step, her car-riage, her fastures-but, what does he say? Come, this is exciting."

'I haven't read it-er-Rossm-Mr.-Ross

"M'lord! Just cut it short like that. It's the English way. I'll open it. Ah, now let's see."

To You KNOW WHO-Think I know you. Wait 10 days. Coming to Washington. The excitement died out of both men's faces. There was a brooding silence for a while, then the younger one said with a

sigh: "Why, we can't wait ten days for the

money." "No-the man's unreasonable; we are down to the bed rock, financially speakine.

"If we could explain to him in some way

as convenient for him to come at once it would be a great accommodation to us, and

"Which we-wh-"

right, if he's a man-got any of the feelings of a man, sympathies and all that, he'll be here inside of 24 hours. Pen and paper-

advertisements, but none were satisfactory. A main fault in all of them was urgency. That feature was very troublesome; if made prominent it was calculated to ex-cite Pete's suspicion; if modified below the suspicion point it was fist and mean ingless. Finally, the Colonel resigned and

"I have noticed, in such literary expe riences as I have had, that one of the most taxing things to do is to conceal your meaning when you are trying to conceal it. Whereas, if you go at literature with a free conscience and nothing to conceal, you can turn out a book every time that the very elect can't understand. They all do."

Then Hawkins resigned also, and the two agreed that they must manage to wait the ten days somehow or other. Next they caught a my of cheer; since they had something definite to go upon now, they could probably errow money on the reward-enough, at say rate, to tide them over till they got it; and meantime the materializing recipe would be perfected, and then goodby to

e noble Arkansas twins left our shores for England, consigned to Lord Rossmore, and Lord Rossmore's son. Kirkendbright Lianover Marjoribanks Sellers, Viscount Berkeley, sailed from Liverpool for Americs, to place the reversion of the earldom In the hands of the rightful peer, Mulberry Sellers, of Rossmore Towers, in the Dis-triet of Columbia, U. S. A.

These two impressive shipments would eet and part in mid-Atlantic, five days later, and give no sign.

CHAPTER VL.

In the course of time the twins arrived and were delivered to their great kinsman. To try to describe the rage of that old man would profit nothing, the attempt would fall so far short of the purpose. However, when he had worn himself out and got quiet again, he looked the matter over and decided that the twins had some moral rights, although they had no legal ones; they were of his blood, and it could not be fall so far short of the purpose. However, me to treat them as common clay So he laid them with their maiestic kin in the Cholmondeley church, with imposing state and ceremony, and added the supreme touch by officiating as chief mourner himelf. But he drew the line at hatchment:. Our friends in Washington watched the me backward, l'll recognize him every weary days go by, while they waited for time. We're all right. Now for the requi weary days go by, while they waited for cause of his calamitous procrastinations. Meantime Sally Sellers, who was as practiand democratic as the Lady Gwendolen Sellers was romantic and aristocratic, was a life of intense interest and activfire, and getting the most she could out of her double personality. All day long in the privacy of her work-room Sally Sellers entned bread for the Sellers family, and all the evening Lady Gwendolen Sellers supported the Rossmore dignity. All day was American, practically, and proud of the work of her head and hands, and its commercial results; all the evening she took holiday and dwelt in a rich shadow. and peopled with titled and coreneted tions. By day, to her, the place was a sin, unaffected, ramshackle old trap-just hat, and nothing more; by night it was samore Towers. At college she had

when he sees us sitting on the ash barrel, he'll say to himself: 'I saw one of those fel-lows on the train'-and then he'll pack his satchel in half a minute and ship for the ends of the earth. Hawkins turned sick with disappoint-

"Oh, dear, it's all up, Colonel-it's exactly what he'll do." "Indeed he won't." "Won't he? Why?"

"Because you won't be holding the ash barrel down, it'll be me. You'll be coming in with an officer and a requisition in plain clothes-the officer. I mean-the minute you see him arrive and open up a talk with

"Well, what a head you have got, Colonel Seliers! I never should have thought of that in the world." "Neither world any Earl of Rossmore, betwirt William's contribution and Mul-berry, as Earl; but it's office hours now; you see, and the Earl in me sleeps. Come, I'll

show you his very room." They reached the neighborhood of the police.

New Gadsby about 9 in the evening, and passed down the alley to the lamp post. "There you are," said the Colonel, tri-umphantly, with a wave of his hand, which took in the whole side of the hotel. "There

it is-what did I tell vou ?" "Well, but-why, Colonel, it's six stories

high. I don't quite make out which win-dow you-" "All the windows, all of them. Let him have his choice. I'm indifferent, now that

that we are so situated that time is of the timest importance to us-"""Yes-yes, that's it-and so if it would be

one which

"Well, which we should sincerely appre-

"That's it-and most gladly recipro-

cate-""
"Certainly-that'll fetch him. Worded

come, we'll get right at it." Between them they framed 22 different

trouble for pood and all. The next day, May 10, a couple of things happened-among others: The remains of

MUST HE GO DOWN IN HIS SPECTRAL NIGHT DRESS? I have located him. You go and stand on tion. My lord answered it. The boy the corner and wait; I'll prospect the glanced wonderingly at each other, and from somewhere fell the comment: hotel The Earl drifted here and there through "English cowboy! Well, if that ain't the swarming lobby, and finally took a waiting position in the neighborhood of the curious.'

Another mental note to be preserved for the diary: "Cowboy. Now, what might a cowboy be? Perhaps-" But the Viscount elevator. During an hour crowds went up and crowds came down; and all complete as to limbs; but at the last the watcher got a perceived that some more questions were about to be asked; so he worked his way out of the crowd, released the sleeve, put on of the crowd, reteased away to seek an the coat and wandered away to seek an humble and obscure lodging. He found it, and went to bed and was soon asleep. In the morning he examined his clothes. pinned up to the shoulder. Then the ele-They were rather assertive, it seem

the red lamp which he knew indicated the place of a fire escape. The door of the room beside it was open. In the room the gas was burning full head; on a chair was a pile of clothing. He ran to the window, could not get it up, but smashed it, with a chair, and stepped out on the landing of the fire escape; below him was a crowd of men, with a sprinkling of women and youth, massed in a ruddy light. Must he go down in his spectral night dress? No-this side of the house was not yet on fire except at the further end; he would snatch on those clothes. Which he did. They fitted well enough, though a trifle loosely; they were just a shade loud as to pattern. Also as to hat-which was of a new breed to him, Buf-falo Bill not having been to England yet. Oue side of the coat went on, but the other the red lamp which he knew indicated the he would listen to no one and persi making for a stairway which would him to certain death, his case was

PITTSBURG

THE

him to certain death, his case was a over as a hopeless one. "Poor fellow," sighed Hawkins; "ar had friends so near. I wish we hadn't away from there-maybe we could saved him." The Earl looked up and said calmly: "His being dead doesn't matter. Ho uncertain before. We've got him, sur-time."

DISPATCH

time."

"Got him? How?" "I will materialize him."

"Rossmore, don't-don't triffe with me. Do you mean that? Can you do it?" One side of the coat went on, but the other one side of the coat went on, but the other side refused; one cf the sleeves was turned up and stitched to the shoulder. He started down without waiting to get it loose, made the trip successfully, and was promptly hustled outside the limit rope by the "I can do it, just as sure as you are sit-ting there. And I will."

'Give me your hand and let me have the comfort of shaking it, as I was perishing, and you have put new life into me. Get at it, oh. get at it right away."

"It will take a little time, Hawkins, but The cowboy hat and the coat but half on there's no hurry, none in the world-in the made him too much of a center of attraction for comfort, although nothing could be circumstances. And, of course, certain duties have devolved upon me now, which more profoundly respectful, not to say deferential, than was the manner of the necessarily claim my first attention. This poor young nobleman—" "Why, yes, I am sorry for my heartless-ness, and you, smitten with this new family ""." erowd toward him. In his mind he framed a discouraged remark for early entry in his diary: "It is of no use; they know a lord

affliction. Of course you must materialize him first-I quite understand that."

"I-I-well, I wasn't meaning just that, out-why, what am I thinking of! Of course I must materialize him. Oh. Hawcins, selfishness is the bottom trait in human nature; I was only thinking that now, with the usurper's heir out of the way. But you'll forgive that momentary weakness and forget it. Don't ever re-member it against me, that Mulberry Sellers was once mean enough to think the thought that I was thinking. I'll materialize him-I will, on my honor-and I'd do it were he a thousand heirs jammed into one, and stretching in a solid rank from here to the stolen estates of Rossmore, and barring the road forever to the rightful earl !" "There spoke the real Sellers-the other

had a false ring, old friend." "Hawkins, my boy, it just occurs to me-a thing I kept forgetting tomention-a mat

ter that we've got to be mighty careful about." "What is that?" "We must keep absolutely still about these materializations. Mind, not a hint of them must escape-not a hint. To say nothing of how my wife and daughter-high-strung, sensitive organizations-might might feel about them, the negroes wouldn't stay on the place a minute."

"That's true, they wouldn't. It's well you spoke, for I'm not naturally discreet with my tongue when I'm not warned." Sellers reached out and touched a bellbutton in the wall, set his eye upon the rear door and waited; touched it again and waited, and just as Hawkins was remark-ing admiringly that the Colonel was the most progressive and most alert man he had ever seen, in the matter of impressing into his service every modern convenience the moment it was invented, and always keeping breast to breast with the drum major in the great work of material civilization, he forsook the button (which hadn't any wire attached to it), rang a vast dinner bell which stood on the table, and remarked that he had tried that new-fangled dry battery, now, to his entire satisfaction, and had go enough of it, and added:

"Nothing would do Graham Bell but I must try it; said the mere fact of my trying it would secure public confidence and get it a chance to show what it could do. I told him that in theory a dry battery was just a curled darling, and no mistake, but when it came to practice, sho!-and here's the re-sult. Was I right? What should you say, Washington Hawkins? You've seen me try that button twice. Was I right?-that's the idea. Did I know what I was talking about or didn't 1?"

"Well, you know how I feel about you, Colonel Sellers, and always have felt. It seems to me that you always know every-thing about everything. If that man had known you as I know you, he would have taken your judgment at the start and dropped his dry battery where it was." "Did vou ring, Marse Sellers?" "No, Marse Sellers didn't."

"Den it was you, Marse Washington. I'se heah, sub.

"No, it was'nt Marse Washington, the air and that most fantastic of Parisian

TITIODOTIO DIOLATON			and the second
had been seen flying, along one of the halls of the hotel in his underclothing and ap- parently out of his head with fright, and as he would listen to no one and persisted in making for a stairway which would carry him to certain death, his case was given over as a hopeless one. "Poor fellow," sighed Hawkins; "and he had friends so near. I wish we hadn't come away from there-maybe we could have saved him."	Four Systems of Rapid Transit Slower but Better Than Ours.	is a prolonged hiss. One can dismount at any point. A convenient system of correspondence in tickets is also carried on, by which, if there is no direct line to one's destination, he can change to another without paying extra fare. The method of marking the cars is both simple and sufficient. On each side is a long sign bearing the names of the ter- mini, as "Madeline-Bastile." Below are the names of all the principal places passed en route. 'At the end is the name of the	
soven nim." The Earl looked up and said calmly: "His being dead doesn't matter. He was uncertain before. We've got him, sure, this time." "Got him? How?" "I will materialize him." "Rossmore, don't-don't trifle with me. Do you mean that? Can you do it?" "I can do it. inst as sure as you are sit-	Pretty Little Boats.		How the Slumming Habit Brings the Metropolis \$250,000 a Night. FRESH GOSSIP FROM MURRAT'S PEN

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 1892

RESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. PARIS, Jan. 5.

> CITY cannot be said to have a satisfactory system of public transit until its people can go from one end to the - other speedily and cheaply and with-out danger of delays, accidents, chills or fevers. Paris has no rapid transit in our

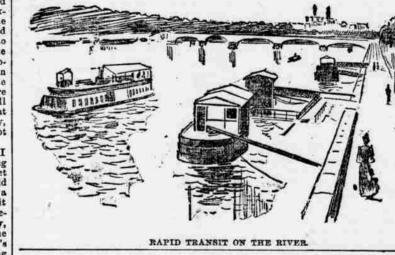
American sense of the phrase-no underground or elevated roads, cable or 10 electric cars. But she has some

things which we

have not-conveni ence, security method. She does not America's System. ask you to wait on

the sidewalk in the rain. She does not translate omnibus "always room for more." She does not carry you off into a strange part of the city and set you down without connections to the right or left. In short she avoids several of the besetting sins of American transit and thus gains in a degree what we seek by speed alone.

nately the matter was adjusted. One of the most familiar of Parisian street sights is the line of public cabs which stands near every place of interest. The There are four means of city travel in Paris-the omnibuses, street cars, cabs and river boats. About the only difference beshining carriage, the well-kept horses, gen-erally with their noses in dingy oat bags; tween the first two is that one runs on a track and the other does not. Both have their fixed courses, both are drawn by gossiping in groups or drinking m some con-



horses, the plans of construction are similar, the price the same.

The Big Two-Story Vehicles. Ordinarily these huge two-story vehicles commodate 40 or 41 persons with sents nd six more are allowed to stand on the

platform. Twenty of the seats are inside; 20 more on the imperiale, as the roof is called. The imperiale is reached by a staircase running up behind and to my mind it

carrages in Paris at present, nearly 8,000 of them belong to the Compagnie Generale des Voitures. This great monopoly had its beginning in 1855. In 1862 it obtained the exclusive privilege of running cabs and public carriages in Paris until 1910. In reis the pick of the places. Here one gets turn for its franchise it was to pay the city

a franc (20 cents) a day for each carriage

was to be subject to the authorities, and

was to divide its surplus revenues. In 1866

the privilege was revoked and the cab busi

ness made free to all who would submit to

and obtained a judgment against the city

There are about 10,000 of these

public

on his knees, his hands thrust in either end, and had a far-away look in his eyes. The ladies exchanged amused glances. The gen-tlemen regarded the muff with various de-Every Once in Awhile the Dizzy Old grees of wonder and contempt. Town Gets Awfully Moral. FEW MURDERS BRING THEM ON. straws-" How the Slumming Habit Brings the other. Metropolis \$250,000 a Night.

commodate the ordinary demand. The speed is not great but as satisfactory as can be expected from horses. The Par-isian omnibus horse is a stalwart beast

trained by degrees to a steady trot. No lover of horseflesh can visit Paris without

taking delight in his splendid proportions

(he usually comes from Normandy or Perche), his intelligence, and his kind-lineas. His treatment explains his behavior.

For 616 omnibuses which the company ran

1890 it furnished each, daily, an average of

1495-100 horses. They are ordinarily driven three abreast and the three must match in

color and size. One bay, one gray and one black would be an offense for which the

compagnie generale would have to answer to a severe tribunal-the public taste of Paris. The food of the horse is the result of long

Horses Far Better Than Men.

CONDESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 NEW YORK, Jan. 16 .- "If this moral reform wave keeps np," muttered a hotel livery man with a sigh, "there won't be anything worth seeing in New York. You might as well be in Philadelphia. First they shut all the games, then they jumped on the pool rooms, and now they're going in to close all the dives. When a guest asks me now what he can do with himself to spend a night, I tell him he can go to the theater and then go and look at the Cathedral by moonlight or go to bed. There ain't anything else. That is, there ain't anything wide open. No moral waves can shut people off from deviltry, but this crusade business shuts it out of the general view.

study. Their quarters are the best. When they become "run down," their feet are sore, or any accident happens to them they are retired for recruiting to a farm near "It never lasts long," he added cheerfully, as if the moral wave interfered in Paris which the company keeps as a sani-tarium for its four-footed servants. some way with business. "It does," said he when the suggestion was thrown out. "It injures business. Perhaps you never It is pretty certain that the compagnie saw it in that light, but I tell you that not generale des omnious takes better care of less than an average of 20,000 strangers are its horses than it does of its men. The staying in New York to-night because it is strike of the latter in May last brought out New York, and not because they have any the fact that they were obliged to work 15 and 16 hours a day. Hard service it is, too, business, and there are as many every night and the pay is small. The first year they receive \$1 or \$1 10 a day; each year after an increase of 10 cents a day is given them. The strike in the spring was terminated by in the year, Not less than 10,000 of them are slumming around every night in the year 'seeing the sights.' During the 24 hours they are at it they drop from \$10 to the company reducing the hours to 12. This contract, the men claim, has not been faith-\$500 apiece. Put it at an average of \$20fully kept, and they threatened to leave their work again in November, but fortuthere's \$200,000 a day. A quarter of a million a day would not be too high a figure, counting hotel bills. Now, that is-let's see," figuring on a card-"that is from \$70,-000,000 to \$90,000,000 a year! N-no, I don't know as we ought to let the laws be violated and turn all sorts of immorality loose just to draw as crowd. But it's fact that every hotel man in New York is perfectly familiar with, that strangers don't

stay here and run around much if there ain't no place running where they can see something-and if they don't stay and run around they don't blow in much money. See?" The tone of this lament would have made even Brother Talmage laugh.

How the Moral Waves Wave, There is something singular in these spaspodic official awakenings. The Goulds and McGlorys spring right out of them. In a few months some reporter has a paragraph about the resort. A few months later the "place" is reported to the police. The police investigate and report "no evidence." In the meantime the place becomes known from Bangor, Me., to Brownsville, Tex., and people from out of town on a drunk can find it any hour of the day or night without a guide. It runs all night and Sundays, Scores of imitators spring up in every direction. There is not a man-about-town, a newspaper man, a cab driver, a rounder of venient rendezvous des cochus; the auto-matic moving up of the whole line when a carriage is taken out, are features that everybody who has seen Paris will remem

any degree, but is perfectly familiar with the facts. It is the police authority alone that is ignorant. A few months later some-body who has been knocked down or robbed in the "place" makes a loud complaint. Then the newspapers take another whack at it. Whereupon the police authority says "du tell!" It is astonished—amazed. It sends for the captain of the precinct. The cantain of the precinct is also astonished—

Then comes a perfect storm of indignation from all sources. Then some arrests are

made. Prosecutions begin. Organized raids

are made on the scores of imitators and everybody marvels that such a state of

things can be. The moral wave sweeps over the city and engulfs all transgressors

who have unheeded the repeated mutterings

worked over once more. That is the way it is in New York.

Scandal Is No Aid to Gentus,

her play," said General Furlong, at the

Fifth Avenue, "any previously conceived

notions of her individuality fade from my

mind at once. All the miserable scandals T

"When I hear a great artiste sing, or see

"Newest style" suggested one gentleman to another. "Yes; it's going to be a cold day to-morow. When you see the pigs carrying "That beats me!" came in a stage whisper from across the way. "Wonder if he wears corsets," said an-"What is it, anyhow?" "Sorry I torgot my muff." "I'li steal my wife's sealskin sack tonight. "Poor fellow! Somebody ought to see m home sately." him he

Amid these remarks the man with the muff sat quietly looking out of the window. He must have overhead some of them—he must have known that he was the object of universal curiosity and ridicule, but he gave no sign. It appeared, however, that he was only collecting himself for some final effort, for when he arose to leave the car at Seventy-second street he suddenly

"This is my wite's muff," he said bluntly. "She left it on the bargain counter. I had to go back and get it. I'm taking it home. If you see anything funny in that I'm durned if I do."

But everybody else did, somehow, for the crowd broke into a shout of laughter. They were laughing at each other.

Stuff Some Men Are Made Of.

A heavy truck loaded with lumber was being driven slowly along Thirty-third street Monday morning. In front of a small combination grocery and butcher shop stood an empty, horseless, one-horse delivery wagon parallel with the curb. The shafts were turned carelessly somewhat toward the street. There was at least 40 feet of roadway clear, but the truckman consciously or unconsciously drove over the shafts, smash unconsciously drove over the shafts, smash-ing them like they were matches. Both the grocer and his wife saw the act and rushed to the door. He was a big fellow, and I stopped to hear that truckman get his deserved blessing, perhaps worse. It was a case for justifiable profanity at least. The man looked at me a moment and seemed to comprehend the fact that I expected something. He laughed: "That fellow had the whole road, and yet

had to drive over my shafts. It's a good thing for him my wife joined the church only yesterday, for he'd got it, sure!"

Impregnated With Western Flavor.

The other evening a gentleman from Montana sat in the Hoffinan House art gallery among several well-known New Yorkers. He was a New Yorker himself by birth and education and had lived here all his life, but had spent the last few years in the far West. There was a Western flavor about him-about his dress, in his manners, on his tongue-that set him distinctly apart from the rest. He saw it himself and seemed somewhat embarrassed by it. He knew these men had always known them. He was better equipped mentally than any of them, and knew that also. But it seemed to puzzle him to understand how three or short years in a Western city could

make so much difference between him and them. It puzzled the rest of us, too. It was not easy to point out any one particu-lor-it was the flavor of the whole. It is remarkable how rapidly and thoroughly a man will become impregnated with his daily surroundings.

The Butterfly's First Season.

If you should chance to pause in front of any Broadway window where theatrical faces are displayed you will invariably sur-prise some footlight fairy looking at her counterfeit presentment. The worse the counterfeit-the more it flatters her-the oftener she will be there to look at it. The mere act of looking is not so satisfactory to her; but it attracts attention. Other people look to see what she is looking at. The chances are that somebody at some time will note a faint resemblance somewhere captain of the precinct is also astonished-also amazed. He will inquire into it at and will say "There she is, now"-and then once. The newspapers print the interview between the police authority and the captain everybody within hearing will stare at her and whisper. Then the footlight fairy of the precinct in full. The captain of the go away happy. I have seen a soubrette playing a Broadprecinct talks to the reporters freely-which is also printed. Then a special detail is instructed to look into the "place." way engagement stop every day pictures in the windows. If there were They find nothing wrong about the a dozen to the block she would stop from So far as they can see it is nothing but an one to ten minutes to silently worship each ordinary, respectable eating house with the usual all-night constituency. In a few more one. Such is the glory of the first season "on the road." months a man is murdered in the "place.



med a trade without knowing it. The girls had tound out that she was the designer of her own gowns. She had no idle moments after that, and wanted none; for the exercise of an extraordiis the supremest pleasure in life, and it was manifest that Sally Sellers possessed a gift of that sort in the matter stume designing. Within three days home she had hunted up some work; before Pete was yet due in and before the twins were fairly asleep in English soil she was already nearly swamped with work, and the sacrificing of the family chromos for debt had

got an effective check. "She's a brick," said Rossmore to the ajor; "just her father all over; prompt to our with head or hands, and not ashamed of it; capable, niways capable, let the enterwhat it may; successful by naturedon't know what deleat is: thus, intensely and practically American by inhaled nationalism, and at the same time intensely and aristocratically European by inherited nobility of blood. Just me, exactly: Mulberry Sellers in matters of finance and invention after office hours what do you find? The sime clothes, yes; but what's in them? Rossmore of the peerage.

The two friends had haunted the general postoffice daily. At last they had their reward. Toward evening the 20th of May they got a letter for XYZ. It bore the ngton postmark; the note itself was not dated. It said:

Ash barrel back of lamp post Black he aliey. If you are playing square go and set on it to-morrow morning 21st 10:22 not sooner not later wait till I come.

The friends cogitated over the note profoundly. Presently the Earl said: "Don't you reckon he's afraid we are a

sheriff with a requisition?" "Why, m'lord?"

"Because that's no place for a scance. Nothing friendly, nothing sociable about it. And at the same time, a body that wanted to know who was roosting on that ash barrel, without exposing himself by going near it or seeming to be interested in it, could just stand on the street corner and take a glance down the alley and satisfy himself, don't you see?" Yes, his idea is plain, now. He seems to

be a man that can't be candid and straight-forward. He acts as if he thought weshucks, I wish he had come out like a man and told us what hotel he-"

"Now you've struck it! you've struck it ere, Washington; he has told us." "Has he?"

"Yes, he has; but he didn't mean to. That alley is a lonesome little pocket that runs along one side of the new Gadsby. That's his hotel." What makes you think that?"

"Why, I just know it. He's got a) that's just across from that lamp post. He's going to sit there perfectly comfortal e be-hind his shutters at 10:22 to-morros, and

vator snatched the vision aloft, and the watcher fied away in joyful excitement and rejoined the fellow conspirator.

"We've got him, Major-got him I've seen him-seen him good; and I don't

They got it after the delays usual in such cases. By 11:30 they were at home and happy, and went to bed full of dreams of ike.

the morrow's great promise. Among the elevator load which had the suspect for fellow-passenger was a young kinsman of Mulberry Sellers, but Mulberry was not aware of it and didn't see him. It was Viscount Berkeley.

CHAPTER VIL

Arrived in his room, Lord Berkeley made preparations for that first and last and allhe-time duty of the visiting Englishman he jotting down in his diary of his "impressions" to date. His preparations conisted in ransacking his "box,' for a pen. There was plenty of steel pens on his table with the ink bottle, but he was English. The English people manufacture steel pens for pineteen-twentieths of the globe, but they never use any themselves. They use exclusively the pre-historic quill. My lord

not only found a quill pen, but the best one he had seen in several years-and after writing diligently for some time, closed with the following entry: But in one thing 1 have made an immense mistake. I ought to have sunk my title and changed my name before I started.

He sat admiring that pen awhile, and then went on:

All attempts to mingle with the comm An attempts to imagic with the common recepte and become permanently one of them are going to fail, unless I can get rid of it, disappear from it, and reappear with the solid protection of a new name. I am astonished and patient to see how eager the most of these Americans are to get ac quainted with a lord, and how diligent they quainted with a lord, and how diligent they are in pushing attentions upon him. They lack English servility, it is true-but they could acquire it, with practice. My quality travels shead of me in the most mysterions way. I write my family name without addi-tions on the register of this hotel, and im-agine that I am going to pass for an obscure and unknown wanderer, but the clerk promptly calls out: "Fronti show his lord-ship to 482" and before I can get to the lift there is a reporter trying to interview me, as they call it. This sort of thing shall cease at once. I will hunt up the American claim-ant the first thing in the morning, accom-plish my mission, then change my lodging

plish my mission, then change my lodgi and vanish from scrutiny under a fictitio odging He left his diary on the table, where

would be handy in case new "impressions" should wake him up in the night; then he went to bed and presently fell asleep. An hour or two passed, and then he came slowly to consciousness with a confusion of mys terious and augmenting sounds hammering at the gates of his brain for admission; the next moment he was sharply awake, and those sounds burst with the rush and roar and boom of an undammed freshet into his ears. Banging and slamming of shutters; smashing of windows and the ringing clash of falling glass; clatter of flying feet along the halls; shricks, supplications, dumb moanings of despair within, hoarse shouts shouts of command outside; cracklings and snap pings, and the windy roar of victoriou

fames. Baug! bang! bang! on the door, and cry:

cry: "Turn out! The house is on fire!" The cry passed on, and the banging. Lord Berkeley sprang out of bed, and moved with all possible speed toward the clothes press in the darkness and the gathering smoke, but fell over a chair and lost his bearings. He ground descentally shout on his bearings. He groped desperately about on his hands and presently struck his head against the

table, and was deeply grateful, for it gave him his bearings again, since it stood close by the door. He seized his most precious possession, his journaled "Impressions of America," and darted from the room. He ran down the deserted hall toward

him, but they were new and clean, at any rate. There was considerable property in the pockets. Item, five \$100 bills. Item, near \$50 in small bills and silver. Plug of tooacco. Hymn book, which refuses to open, found to contain whisky. Memo-randum book bearing no name. Scattering

entries in it, recording in a scrawling, ignorant hand, appointments, bets, horse trades, and so on, with people of strange hyphenated names-Six-Fingered Jake, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Shadow, and the

No letters, no documents. The young man muses-maps out his course. His letter of credit is burned; he will borrow the small bills and the silver in these pockets, apply part of it to advertising for the owner, and use the rest for sustenance while he seeks work. He send

out for the morning paper next, and pro-ceeds to read about the fire. The biggest line in the display head announces his own death. The body of the account furnishes all the particulars; and tells how, with the inherited heroism of his caste, he went on aving women and children until escape for himself was impossible; then, with the eyes of weeping multitudes upon him, he stood with folded arms, and sternly awaited the approach of the devouring fiend; "and so standing, amid a tossing sea of flame and on-rushing billows of smoke, the noble young heir of the great house of Rossmore ras caught up in a whirlwind of fiery glory, and disappeared forever from the vision of

The thing was so fine and generous and knightly that it brought the moisture to his eyes. Presently he said to himself: "What to do is as plain as day now. My Lord Berkeley is dead-let him stay so. Died

creditably, too; that will make the the easier for my father. And I don't have

report to the American claimant now. Yes, nothing could be better than the way matters have turned out. I have only to furnish myself with a new name and take my new start in life totally untrammelled. Now I breathe my first breath of real free dom; and how fresh and breezy and inspiring it is! At last I am a man! A man on equal terms with my neighbor; and by my manhood, and by it alone, I shall rise and be seen of the world, or I shall sink from sight, and deserve it. This is the gladest day, and the proudest, that ever poured its sun upon my head.

CHAPTER VIIL

"God bless my soul, Hawkins." The morning paper dropped from the Colonel's nervous grasp.

"What is it?" "He's gone-the bright, the young, the gifted, the noblest of the illustrious racegone. Gone up in flames and unimaginable

glory." "Who?" "My precious, precious young kinsman-Kirkeudbright Llanover Marjoribanks Sellers Viscount Berkeley, son and heir of

asurping Rossmore." "No." "Its true-too true," "When?"

> "Last night." "Where?"

"Right here in Washington, where he arrived from England last night, the papers

"You don't say." "Hotel burned down." "What hotel?" "The new Gadsby."

"Oh, my goodness! And have we lost both of them?" "Both who?"

"One-arm Pete." "Oh, great guns, I forgot 'all about him Oh, I hope not. "Hope? W

port and stay.'

They searched the paper diligently, and were appalled to find that a one-armed man

either. "De good lan,' who did ring her den?" "Lord Rossmore rang it!"

The old negro flung up his hands and ex claimed:

"Blame my skin if I hain't gone en forgit dat name agin! Come heah, Jinny-run heah, honey Jinny arrived.

"You take dish yer order de lord gwine to give you. I's gwine down suller and study dat name tell I git it."

Who's vo' nigger las "I take de order! ear? De bell rung for you." "Dat don't make no difference. When a

bell ring for anybody, en old marster tell me to-

"Giear out, and settle it in the kitchen!" The noise of the quarreling presently ank to a murmur in the distance, and the sank Earl added: "That's a trouble with old ouse servants that were your slaves once and have been your personal friends always."

"Ves, and members of the family " "Members of the family is just what they become-the members of the family, in fact. And sometimes master and mistress of the household. These two are mighty good and loving and faithful and honest, but, hang it, they do just about as they please; they chip into a conversation whenever they want to and the plain fact is they ought to be killed."

It was a random remark, but it gave him an idea-however, nothing could happen without that result.

"What I wanted, Hawkins, was to sen for the family and break the news to them." "Oh, never mind bothering with the ser-vants then. I will go and bring them down.

While he was gone the earl worked his idea.

"Yes," he said to himself, "when I'v got the materializing down to a certainty, will get Hawkins to kill them, and, after that they will be under better control. Without a doubt a materialized negro could easily be hypnotized into a state resembling silence. And this could be made perma nent-yes, and also modifiable, at willsometimes very silent, sometimes turn on more talk, more action, more emotion, ac-cording to what you want. It's a prime, good idea. Make it adjustable-screw or something."

The two ladies entered now with Haw kins, and the two negroes followed, unin-vited, and fell to brushing and dusting around, for they perceived that there was matter of interest to the fore, and were willing to find out what it was.

Sellers broke the news with statelines and ceremony, first warning the ladies, with gentle art, that a paug of peculiar sharp-ness was about to be inflicted upon their hearts-hearts still sore from a like hurt. still lamenting a like loss-then he took the paper, and with trembling lips and with in his voice he gave them that heroic death picture. The result was a very genuine outbreak of sorrow and sympathy from all the hearers, "Have they found the body, Rossmore?"

asked the wife. "Yes, that is, they've found several. It must be one of them, but none of them are

recognizable." "What are you going to do?" "I am going down there and identify one of them and send it home to the stricken

father. "But, papa, did you ever see the young "No, Gwendolen-why?" "How will you identity it?"

"I-well, you know, it says none of them are recognizable. I'll send his father one of them-there's probably no choice." Gwendolen knew it was not worth while to argue the matter further, since her

to argue the matter further, since her father's mind was made up, and there was a chance for him to appear upon that sad scene down yonder in an authentic and official way. So she said no more—until he asked for a basket. "A basket, paps? What for?" "It might be ashes." [To Be Continued Mat South.] "Hope? Well, I should say. Oh, we can't spare him. We can better afford to lose a million viscounts than our only sup-

spectacles, the street, and he pays just half the price of a seat below, that is 3 cents instead of 6. At first one may feel about the imperiale as the Egyptian who anid to a friend of mine when she described to him the high buildings of Chicago, "Al the municipal regulations and pay the license. The company went to the courts Mlle., they are too near the Good God, but he gets over his hesitancy after his first for \$60,000 a year each year until 1910. ride. Nothing manufactured is firmer on its feet than a Parisian omnibus. In stormy

because uncovered. All the omnibus and street car lines of Paris are managed by one company, ex-cepting two short lines in the suburbs.

The tariff is the same for all public can riages: 30 cents a drive for two persons, or 40 cents a drive for four persons, or an hour. The inevitable nourvoire for the

the poor and it is no unusual thing to see

weather the imperiale is out of the question drive must be added to this. The cheap rates put the cabs within the reach of



This company has an exclusive privilege until 1910. It pays the city for each omni-bus \$400 a year, for each tram car \$300. In on Sundays and holidays, family parties four or more "doing" the swell drives the Bois de Boulogue in a one-horse cab.

cities which are so fortunate as

threaded by rivers would make of them as delightful a means of transportation as the city of Paris has made of the Seine.

FURNITURE upholstered and repaired. HAUGE & REENAN, 83 Water street.

IDA M. TARBELL

1890 this tax amounted to \$327,400. Besides Riding on the River Seine. its licenses the company is obliged to as-sist the city in disposing of the snow in win-The most delightful method of transit i Paris is by the river boats. The Seine runs ter and in sprinkling sand on slippery from east to west through the city, almost touching the center at one point. On it there are three lines of boats, which in 1889 nd it must furnish 500 carts with men and horses for the former service. carried 29,653,436 passengers-an unusual number because of the Exposition. The The Compagnie Generale des Omnibus is strictly under the direction of the city auboats are great favorites, especially with tourists—if they discover them, which they thorities and in all cases where the public demands improvements which the company do not always do. They are light steamer hesitates to make the municipal council can with two cabins and one deck. The forme if it thinks best, compel it to action. For are warmed in winter, the latter covered in summer. They fly noiselessly up and down

example, there has long been a demand that the omnibuses be heated in winter. The the river, for they carry no whistle, their only signal with a sound being a bell, which company has pleaded various excuses but as it has been demonstrated that the vehithe conductor rings at the stations. The cost of riding is very low-2 cents cles can be warmed at an expense of but 8½ cents a day, and as the secounts of the company show that it is well able to afford within the city limits, except on Sundays and holidays, then 4. For persons living this outlay, the counsel has been consider near the river they are especially conven-ient, as their stopping places usually are not far from the omnibus bureaus. ing this winter the advisability of using its

authority. Under this proceed, the com-pany has become tractable and the Presi-dent has recently announced that before long we shall be able to ride in Parisian The comfort and convenience of these poats is equaled by the pleasure they give Running between the massive quays and under the stately bridges, they pass one view of beauty after another. From their decks can be seen with peculiar effect Notre omnibuses with our feet on a hot brick and doors closed. He also hinted that covered imperiales are not out of the question decks can be seen with peculiar effect Notre Dame, the Hotel de Ville, the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, and hosts of less famous places. The shifting river scenes, the heavy barges, the unloading of coal and flour and wine, the bathing of dogs and horses, and a thousand other picturesque sights add to the interest of the ride. Would that all dities which each other pictures and the state

A System of Reserved Seats.

There are many conveniences in vorue or the lines. The little stations which occur every two or three blocks enable one to be comfortable while waiting his car. The ar-rangement for giving a number at these stations, by which a seat is secured in the stations, by which a seat is secured in the coming carriage—if there are not too many numbers given out before you—is an ad-mirable feature of the system. When all the seats are exhausted a placard appears at the end, "Complet," and no one is allowed to enter until somebody gets out. It is when full that a Parisian omnibus ever re-fuses to stop between stations. The signal

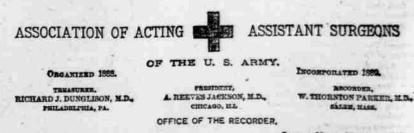
Pipes and Cigarettes Barred.

The pipe habit bids fair to rival the nuls ance of the cigarette habit in New York. The pipe habit is too deucedly English, don't you know, and for this reason, combined with the economical feature, it is of the coming storm. A month or so later all is forgotten-the "place" starts quietly up again and the whole social scheme is likely to become popular. It is not uncommon to to see swell gentlemen about town on upper Broadway puffing the fragrant briarwood. This imitation of the Strand and London clubs was practiced to some extent last year, but the notice "No pipes here" in certain chophouses affected hy swelldom had the decided tendency to choke off the innovation. If a fellah couldn't 'it 'is pipe in 'is chops, y'know, where could 'e 'it it, y'know? But there are chophouses and cafe managers who are dead set against hitting a pipe in their places, and it is al-leged that a fashionable club has interdicted may have read about her are forgotten. I

see and hear only the genius that causes me the pipe in certain rooms where cigars are to forget them. When I first saw Berntolerated. In a good many private snuggeries about hardt abroad all Paris was ringing with her town frequented by theatrical people of both sexes the legend "No cigarettes" has long stared the habitues in the face. This reputation. 1 went to the Comedie Francaise full of the prejudice excited by these stories. Five minutes after she appeared on the stage I had dismissed everything but is absolutely necessary from the fact that it is usually the cigarette crowd that form the the great artiste from my thoughts. People who think scandal helps an actress are in phalanx of "Johnies," and the unrestricted indulgence of their habit would make close error-genius survives scandal, buds and blooms in spite of it. If Bernhardt had lived an unspotted life she would now be rooms intolerable. Broadway happily af-fords ample space for both pipe and cigarette, and if some amicable arrangement could be made whereby the pipe and cigarette could be confined to one side of the street, they would not be objectionable CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

A Monarch's Advice.

The other day a well-dressed man sat in a Harper's Bazar.] Boulevard car going up town. The day was Charles the Second," said Charles the First, addressing his son, just before the cold, the car was full and the usual discomexecution, "let my fate be a warning to you; never be without an axeident-insurance forts of surface transit were turned on. The man mentioned was the observed of all observers. He carried a common black muff policy.



SALEM, MASS., March 23, 1891.

When at Stutigart, Germany, during the Winter 1881-82, I was suffering from a severe attack of Bronchitis, which seemed to threaten Pneumonia. I met, at the Hotel Margnardt, Commander Beardslee, of the United States Navy. In speaking of my sickness, he remarked : "Doctor, you Bendance, of the United States May. In speaking of all and a temarine is "Dottor, you can cure that chest trouble of yours by using an ALLCOCK's Ponous PLASTER." "That may be tree." I answered, "but where can I got the plaster ?" "Anywhere in the civilized world, and surely here in Stattgart. Whenever I have a cold, I always use one and flud relief." I sent to the drug store for the plaster, and it did all that my friend had promised. Ever since then I have used it whenever suffering from a cold, and I have many times prescribed it for patients.

The ALLCOCK's PLASTER is the best to be had, and has saved many from severe illness, and indoubtedly, if used promptly, will save many valuable lives. Whenever one has a severe cold he should pat on an ALLCOR'S PLASTER as soon as possible. It should be placed across the chest, the upper margin just below the neck : some hot beef tes, or milk, will aid in the treatment-

This is not a patent remedy in the objectionable sense of that term, but a standard preparation of vaine. The government supplies for the United States Army and Indian Hospital stores contain

ALLCOCK's PLASTERS, and the medical ofession throughout the world is well aware of their reliability and excellence. I shall always recommend it, not only to break up colds, but as useful in aliaying pains in the chest and in the back. It is a preparation worthy of general

Whenter Partie and tote and sayun flong -

much greater than she is. Crimes against good morals never helped anybody-women and men have merely risen to eminence in spite of them." A Man Carrying a Muff.

THE TWO-STORY BUSSES AND A STATION.