

some sound advice: When you go back, if you find your nation up and ready to abolish that horrid tariff, lend a hand; but if that isn't the state of things and you get a chance to make an erudite, don't be a fool—you take it.

Tracy responded with earnestness and enthusiasm. "I live, I'll do it." "Barrows would do it."

"I never saw such a fellow. I begin to think you've got a good deal of imagination. The legislature is a body of men who are not really a breath. Why, you looked them as if it wouldn't astonish you if you did tumble into an erudite." Tracy blushed. Barrows added: "Barlow, Oh, yes, take it if it offers; but meantime we'll go looking around in a modest way, and if you get a chance to superintend a sausage-stuffer at \$10 a week, you just trade off the erudite for a hat, a pair of slippers and stick to the sausage-stuffing."

Tracy went to bed happy once more, at rest in his mind once more. He had started out on a high erudite that was in his credit, he argued; he had fought the best fight he could, considering the odds against him—that was his credit; he had been a democrat in that. His credit was nothing creditable in that. Being defeated, he had a right to retire with the honors of war, and go back without prejudice to the position in the world's society to which he had been born. Why not? Even the rabid republican chairman would do that. Yes, his conscience was comfortable once more.

He approached the door of his room. He had been born an aristocrat, he had been a democrat for a time, he was now an aristocrat again. He marvelled at the world's society to which he had been born. He had been born an aristocrat, he had been a democrat for a time, he was now an aristocrat again. He marvelled at the world's society to which he had been born.

"Oh, in public, then, if you prefer. Though it hasn't been my way." The boarders gathered to the spot, interested. "Speak out," said Tracy. "What is it you want?" "Well, haven't you—er—forgot something?" "I'm not aware of it."

"Oh, you're not aware of it?" "I refuse to stop and think. It doesn't interest me. If it interests you, speak out." "Well, then," said Marsh, raising his voice to a slightly angry pitch, "you forgot to pay your board yesterday—if you're bound to have it, you'll have to pay it."

"Oh, yes, this bill to an annual million or so had been dreaming and soaring, and had forgotten that pitiful \$3 or \$4. For penalty they made him laugh." Tracy's hand went down into his pocket with angry decision. But it didn't come out. The color began to ebb out of his face. The countenance of the man showed a growing interest, and some of them a frightened pause. There was an uncomfortable pause—then he forced out, with difficulty, the words: "I've been robbed."

"Old Marsh's eyes flamed up with Spanish fire, and he exclaimed: 'Johobob, is that your tune? It's too old—been played in this house too often; everybody plays it that can't get work when he wants it, and won't work when he can get it.' Tracy, who had been growing interested, and some of them a frightened pause. There was an uncomfortable pause—then he forced out, with difficulty, the words: 'I've been robbed.'"

"Yes, what an cleaned out his room clean; took his towels and a soap." "You're a busy man." "You're a busy man, as I tell you—en Misto Sumner's socks is gone, en Misto Naylor's turtleneck shirt."

SUCCESSOR TO LEO.

The Only Safe Prophecy Is That America Will Not Get Him.

ITALIANS ARE IN THE MAJORITY.

Among the Possible Popes Is One Who Knows How to Live Well.

POINTS ABOUT THE CANDIDATES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Among those who are best qualified to gauge the probabilities of the situation, the prediction now being so confidently uttered in the public prints of the almost certain accession to the papacy of some ecclesiastic of Italian birth when death shall remove Leo XIII receives no consideration whatever. The intrinsically, or as it is otherwise often called, the Ultramarine element, is the one which will rule in Rome when the next Pope is selected. They are unquestionably opposed to the selection of a foreigner as head of the church.

If there were really anything in this theory of a foreign Pope the United States might be more likely to supply the man for the place than any other country, because it is free from the international rivalries which affect the various European powers. Germany would object to a French Pope, France to an English or German one. The policy of the Vatican is to conciliate all countries and to avoid complications. But for this fact—and were a foreigner possible—the United States might be more likely to supply the man for the place than any other country, because it is free from the international rivalries which affect the various European powers.

Points About Three Leaders. Cardinal Monaco, who was born Marquis La Valletta and is descended from the founder of the Knights of Malta, may possibly have a greater unimpeded term than either of his rivals. For neither of the latter is in a perfect state of health. Francesco Battaglini is the opposite of Monaco. He is well, the strongest and most energetic of the three Ultramarines, thus capturing the conservative majority of Cardinals, and he enjoys the best of health. Battaglini represents the moderate churchmen, but his tenure of life is precarious. In official status at the Vatican Monaco is the senior of the three. England is the former being now Dean of the Sacred College and Secretary to the Holy Office. Parocchi is Vicar to the Pope. Battaglini is Archbishop of Bologna. He holds a special office at court. Contiguity to the person of the existing Pope, however, is of little value to the prophet of succession, as I have already pointed out.

Repetition of the Liberals. The liberal party has two or three prominent representatives in the sacred college who are known to fame. These are Cardinal Almondo, Bishop of Turin; Cardinal San Felice, Bishop of Palermo; and Cardinal Hohenthorst von Schwillingen, a cousin general of the present heir to the crown of Austria. Almondo is a friend of the Italian royal family. San Felice is believed for his great public charity and benevolence.

The number of Cardinals is fixed by the laws of the Church at 70 members, but rarely has the total number in existence been any given time. Just now there are 60, and this number is equally divided, as to nationality, between Italians and foreigners. The ancient tradition that no cardinal should be stationed in his own diocese is applicable to the present situation. When Leo dies and the necessity presents itself of choosing a successor, the voice of the Church in foreign lands will be audible in any important degree in France only, for that country is alone in the possession of an ambassador in the Vatican. V. GHIBAUDO.

CRONIN DEFENDS TAMMANY. He Commends It and Counsels the Ignoring of Its Critics. The city of New York to-day, says Richard Croker in the North American Review, contains a political organization which, in respect of age, skillful management, unity of purpose, devotion to correct principles, public usefulness, and, finally, success, has no superior, and, in my opinion, no equal, in political affairs of the world over. I mean the Tammany Democracy. I do not propose to defend the Tammany organization, but I do I propose to defend Tammany as an exhibition of celestial mechanics, not a democratic form of government as an illustration of human liberty at its best.

Novelists have long exercised a free hand in introducing into their fiction. Some times no attempt whatever is made to disguise the characters, and, again, they are but thinly veiled, under names highly suggestive of the real ones. In many cases, no doubt, this has been very pleasing to the people portrayed, but more frequently it has been a cause of grave dissatisfaction to the original of the portraits; and in some cases the publishers have been held responsible for the too free use of the author's pen in this respect. In the case referred to—that of Pinner v. Chapman & Hall—the defendants were forced to pay \$1,000 damages, besides all the heavy expenses of a lawsuit.

Several authors practice this more openly than Mr. Stevenson, many of whose characters are drawn from real life. The original of John Silver, the one-legged pirate in "Treasure Island" is W. E. Henley, an old friend and schoolmate of Mr. Stevenson's, and now the editor of that sharp and caustic journal, the National Observer. Mr. Henley protested that the picture was not a fair one; Mr. Stevenson's reply: "No, perhaps it is not, but it is what you would have been a pirate. Another kind-hearted friend, Charles Baxter, a Scotch advocate, is dealt with even more unmercifully as "Pinner" in another work.

It is a somewhat curious fact that in acknowledging his indebtedness to an old drama for the central idea of his short story, "The Bottle Imp," which appeared in THE DISPATCH last year, Mr. Stevenson did not know that the story was published over 60 years ago in Germany in the Romanische and Novellisten library—a series of works in full volume. The story was laid in Germany, and the situations turned readily on the great variety of content in the German, each small kingdom having its own style, Germany being not then a composite empire with a uniform currency. Mr. Stevenson's home in Samoa is called "The Lodge of Vaillima." Its picture is to be in a photograph recently received. The surmise is that it was taken by Lloyd Osborne, Mr. Stevenson's stepson and collaborator.

DOING THE CAPITAL.

Bessie Bramble Looks in on the Nation's Law-Makers, and Then Takes a Whirl in Society.

A Solemn Warning to the Voters of Pennsylvania to Watch Quay.

USING UP SUNDAY WITH EULOGIES

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 13.—It might have been supposed that the Law and Order Committee of the House of Representatives with the frequency with which the words "Sabbath" and "observance" and "keeping holy" and kindred expressions—so familiar to the ear—were heard. However, after a time, above the din and racket, and amid the smoke below, I made out that the discussion was a resolution offered by one of the members that, on the score of economy of time and money, the eulogies pronounced upon deceased members should be given on Sunday afternoons instead of during the working hours of the week.

It was urged, with some reason, too, that Sunday was a day especially appropriate for men to consider their latter end, and what is better adapted to inspire solemn thoughts, to impress upon men's minds the shortness of life, the vanity of all things here below, the folly of worldly ambition and the necessity of making their election in the next world, sure—than funeral orations. It is a rule that members of Congress like papers shall be buried at public expense, and have their names extolled at the cost of the country to the extent of \$1,000 a day. Eulogies, it will be seen, are rather expensive, but if they resulted in impressing Congressmen with a realizing sense of sin and total depravity, and in leading them to repentance and newness of life, the money would be considered well spent.

That such would be good work will not be questioned. It is lawful to do good upon the Sabbath day. This is a better thing than to make the starting point of some such thought and arguments were probably at the bottom of the idea advanced that the "eulogies" upon deceased members should be given on Sunday afternoon, though the chance proposed was based mainly upon economy. The statement was made that 40 days of the last Congress were given up to deal members of the House of Representatives. The funeral, eulogies, printed copies of the proceedings and all the rest of the honors were counted up they would amount last year to the sum of \$200,000, and this year he was a millionaire 20 times over.

It seems strange that Congress still persists in this abuse of public trust, but such expensive sorrow seems to be an established custom. However, he has now given the eulogies upon Sunday afternoon was denounced as an infraction of the holiness of the day—as laboring on the "Sabbath" and as a loss of the time of the country. It was easy to see that the members who advocated these views were posing and prating for effect.

Antes of Pennsylvania's Senators. A visit to the Senate disclosed the fact that the Pennsylvania Senators, Quay and Cameron, were present, and hobnobbing together. Cameron, who is growing quite gray and elderly in appearance, was looking as benign as usual through his glasses. No favorite of fortune, blessed with the richest gifts of the gods, could appear to be in a more calm and heaven-fraught mood than the senator, Mr. Quay looked cool and ill at ease. At his feet was a shower of open envelopes stowed there with an impatient hand. After what seemed a close confab of interest to both, Cameron crossed the chamber to Senator Vest, and that their conversation was interesting to both was to be seen from their emphatic gestures.

Why She Feels Elevated. Bessie Bramble. Arabella—Why is Miss Pascoe so proud? Isabella—Well, there are 20,000,000 engagements rings in the world, and she has one of them.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HOME IN SAMOA.

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WILL BE KEPT BUSY.

The New Khedive to Have Many Affairs of State to Deal With.

TWO NOTED ENGLISH SCIENTISTS.

Facts That Indicate a Great Antiquity for Cliff Dwellers.

A PURCHASE UNCLE SAM PROPOSES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The new ruler of Egypt, Abbas Fasha, is described by those most intimate with him as a most exemplary young man, without a single touch of the disagreeable haughtiness so much apparent in his heirs to throne. He has been a very diligent student, the thought of his succeeding to power so early in life never entering his mind. Herr Blum, a very clever old German who has been a very diligent student, the thought of his succeeding to power so early in life never entering his mind.

Blum will likely find plenty of use for all those accomplishments. Judging from the assurance with which both England and France dictate to his country it is almost certain the new Khedive will require knowledge of both military and civil law before his career is ended. The really great differences of opinion as to the individual rights of the countries named in the land of the Pharaohs will be almost certain to result in an discussion at arms. In any event Abbas needs all the knowledge he can acquire without regard to its being either civil or military.

Garbling Geographical Names. In a short article on geographical "don'ts," recently published in "Goldsworthy's Geographical Magazine," a warning is given newspaper readers not to accept the spelling of geographical names published in those journals as being always or generally accurate. The point is certainly well taken, for, if there is anything irritating to the student of foreign affairs it is to have names of places familiar to him garbled out of recognition. The worst feature of these mistakes of the cable companies is rather the rule than the exception. Cases are, however, in which the orthography of well-known places have appeared in half dozen different forms, not one of which was correct.

One of the World's Great Scientists. Sir George Biddell Airy, the English scientist who died a week or so ago, was very little known to the people of the present day as an active worker, but he well earned the quiet, dignified repose he enjoyed during his last years. In early life he was a hard worker in the field of science, and many steps in the way of progress were carried out by great men at a time when many famous persons of this time were mere children or unborn.

How Lord Randolph Churchill Was Fleeced in the Park Continent. Horse racing was inaugurated here to-day, writes Lord Randolph Churchill from Melbourne in THE DISPATCH, but under circumstances which, so far as he is concerned, do not appear to be very promising. I had matched a horse which I had sold a few days previously to beat at even weights over a distance of five furlongs a horse belonging to Dr. Rutherford Harris. Mr. Slater, the owner of the horse I had nominated, gave his consent to the match. This horse was three parts bred and I knew him very well. He was a good looking, thick-set brown colt, pug face. I had little doubt as to his ability to beat the other horse. The betting varied from 10 to 20 to 1 against my opponent. I was somewhat alarmed by Mr. Gifford, the manager of the Beethunaland Exploration Company's expedition, was to ride Dr. Harris' horse. Sergeant Major Montgomery rode for me.

To my horror the horse which I had nominated appeared on the ground with drooping ears and a tail that was as limp as a flannel. The other horse looked blooming. Things were getting "hot." The riders having weighed out, were started off and the race was on. The horse I had nominated was a flyer, tried in vain to canter for 50 yards and then relapsed into a trot, out of which no efforts of his rider could move him. Dr. Harris' horse cantered past the winning post alone. I believe a good lot of money changed hands on this odd business. If Lord Durham and Mr. James Lowther could say a flying start here. Horse-racing prospecting might prove otherwise there are three or four jockeys out of employment in England to whom I can confidently recommend this place as a congenial spot for the exercise of their peculiar talents.

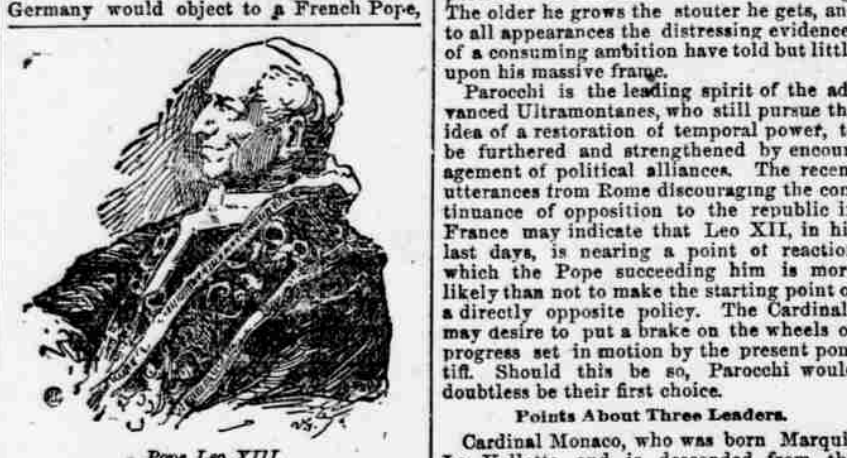
A Wonderful Machine.

There is no doubt that man is a fine mechanism, but like every other machine he wears out by friction. It is said that he is born again every two or three years. His body is virtually re-made from food. To retard this making over is radically wrong, as a man loses so much vitality in the delayed process that it takes a long time to recuperate. The process of making anew is so accelerated by purging with Brandreth's Pills that a new man, as it were, may be made in two or three months, and the change in the mechanism is such that the worn out part is replaced by the new without the usual running down of the entire machine. You don't have to stop for repairs. Purge away with Brandreth's Pills the old, diseased and worn out body. They are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

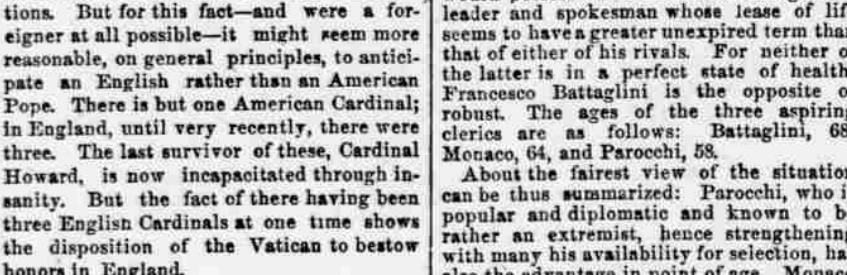
Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.



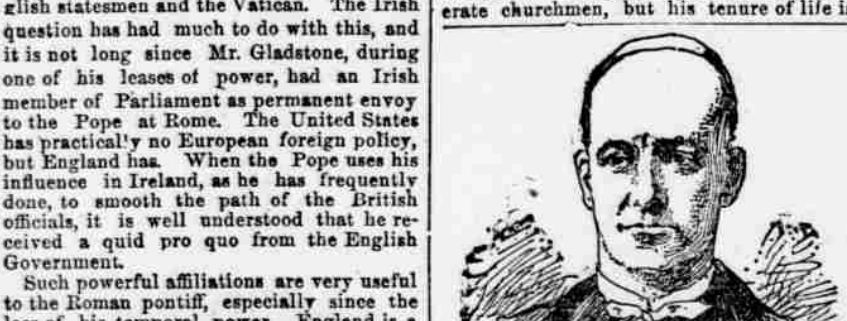
Cardinal Monaco.



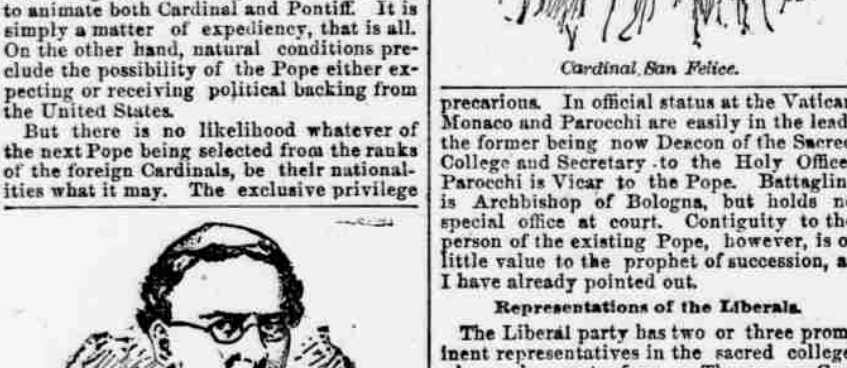
Cardinal Parocchi.



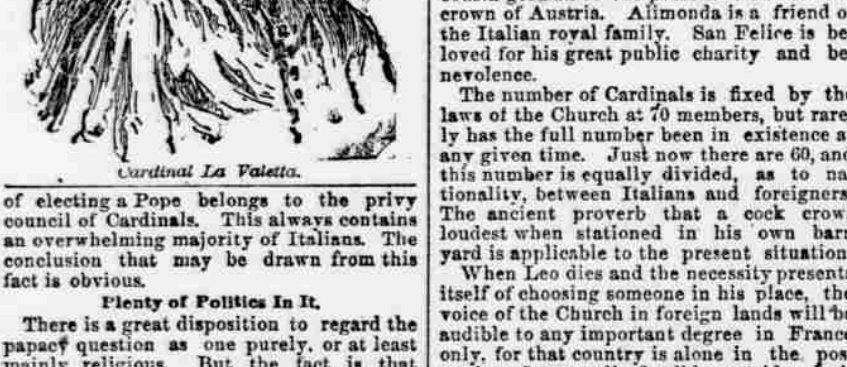
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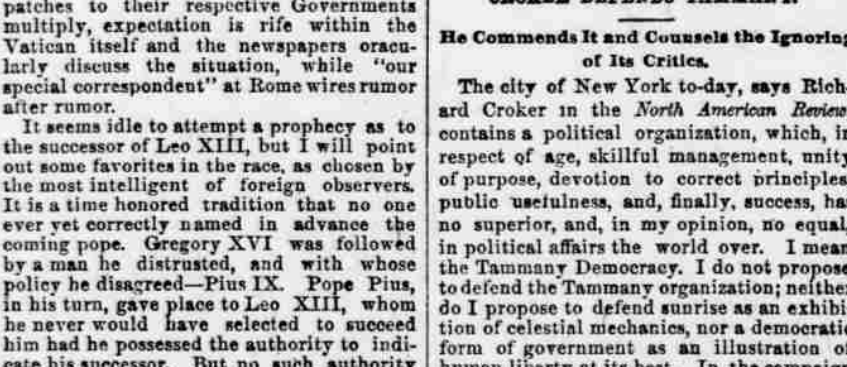
Cardinal San Felice.



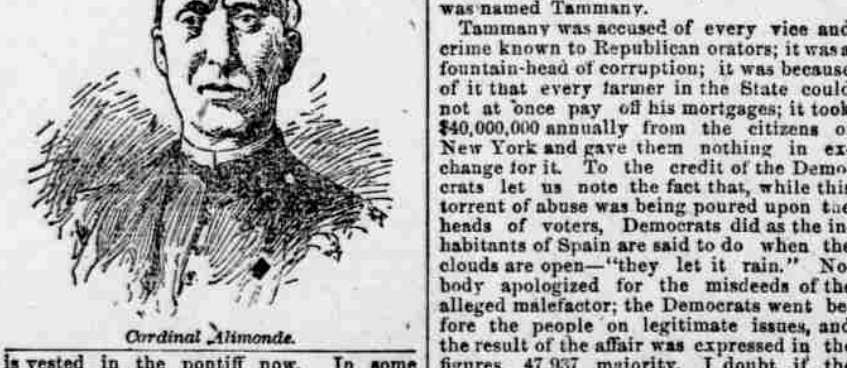
Cardinal Almondo.



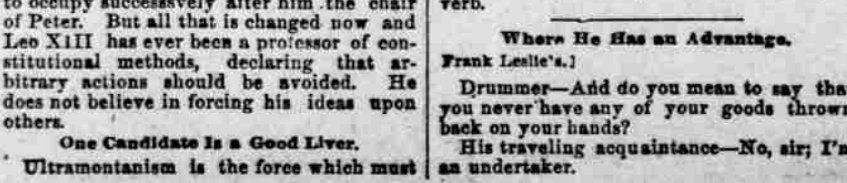
Cardinal Hohenthorst von Schwillingen.



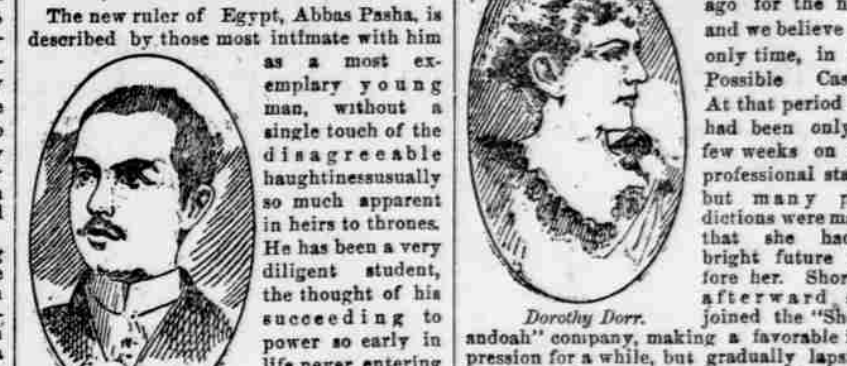
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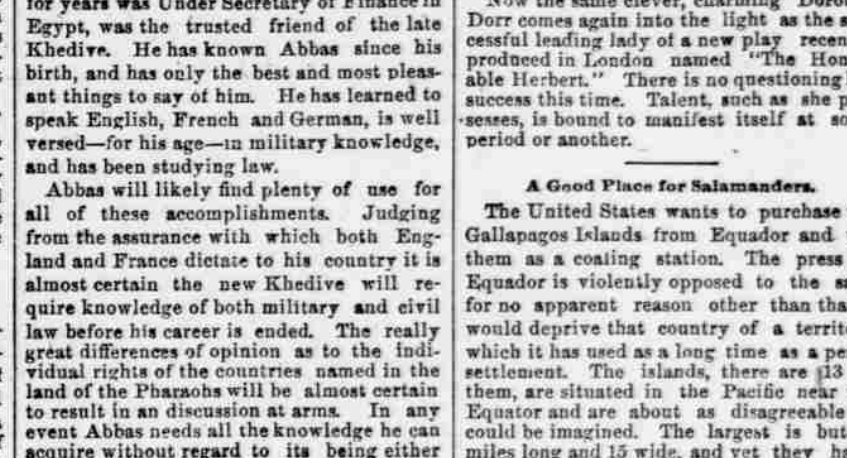
Cardinal Parocchi.



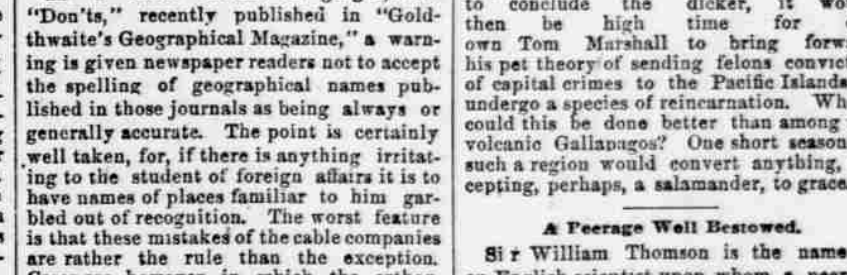
Cardinal Monaco.



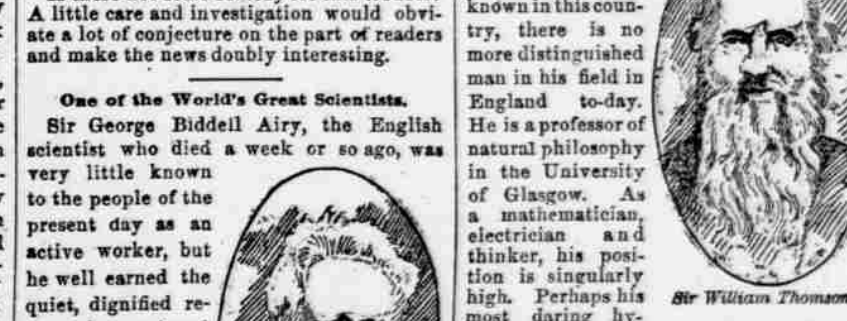
Abbas Fasha.



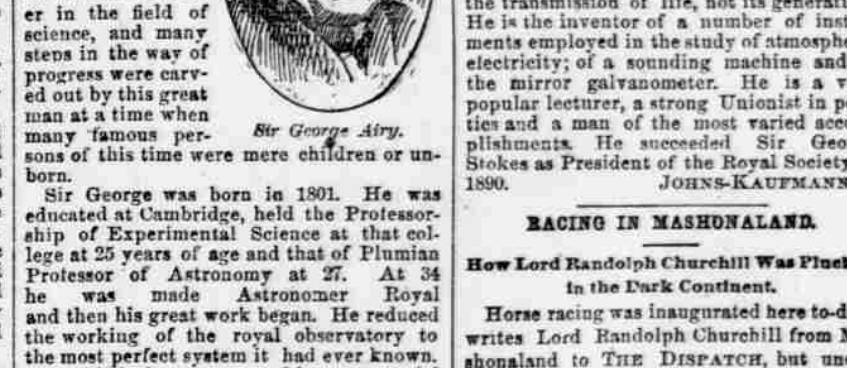
Herr Blum.



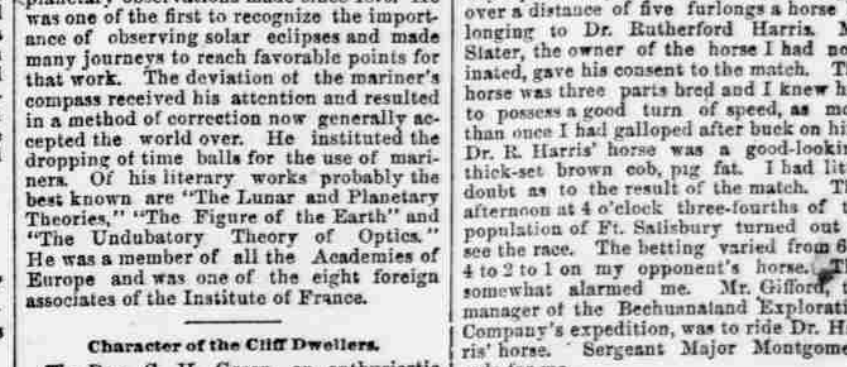
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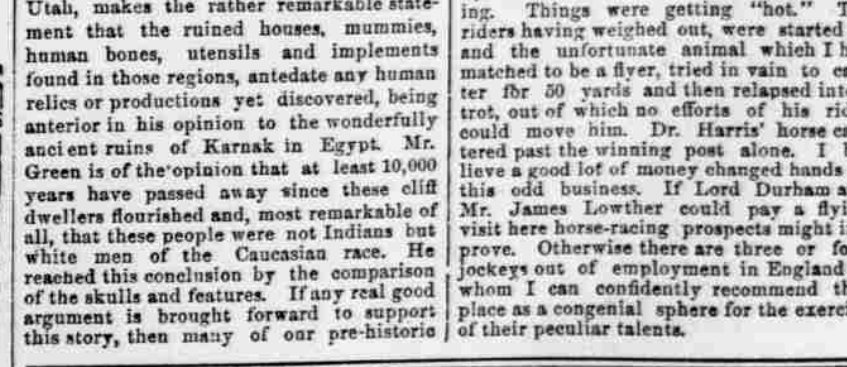
Lord Randolph Churchill.



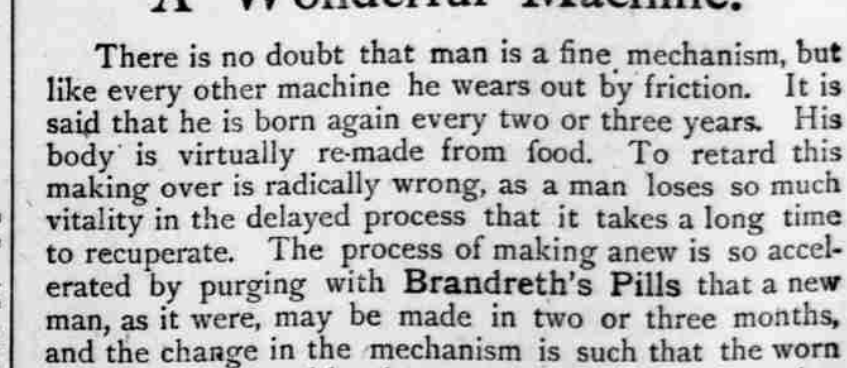
Dr. Rutherford Harris.



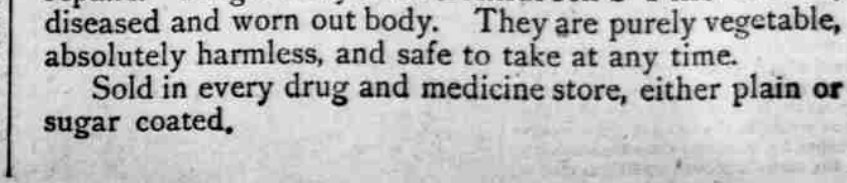
Mr. Slater.



Mr. Gifford.



Mr. James Lowther.



Mr. Durham.