Unwritten History of the Wire-Working of National Conventions.

HOW GEN. HARRISON WON.

Tom Platt's Telegram to Sherman That New York Was for Him.

GAS PIPES BEAT BLAINE IN '76.

Garfield's Nomination the Result of a Spasm of Hero Worship.

\$90,000 IN GOLD WON FOR BUCHANAN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1

ASHING TON,

nations is never

which are made between candidates and the convention leaders. It does not know that Cabinet offices have been often promised as the price of the support of a delegation, nor does it understand the little tricks and queer turns which sometimes make or de-

feat a President. The story of the convention of 1888, when President Harrison was nominated, is full of unwritten history. The actors in it are all alive, but you will scarcely find one who is willing to say, over his own signature, just how the nomination came to be made, or how Sherman was beaten and Harrison nominated. One of the most prominent Senators from the West told me sch of the inside story of this convention last night, and when I asked him whether I might use his name in connection with the interview, he replied:

New York's Vote for Harrison, 'No, but you can ask Senator Sherma whether he received the dispatches which I have mentioned and if so this will be an evidence to you of the truth of my story. First ask him as to whether, on the Sunday fore Harrison was nominated, he did not get a telegram signed by Tom Platt and arner Miller saying that the New York delegation were going to cast their vote on the morrow for him, and whether, later on, he did not receive another stating they were going to give a complimentary vote to Har-

I asked Senator Sherman these questions, and he replied that he did receive these telegrams and that he believed they were sent in good faith. Now for the Senator's story.

Senator Sherman would certainly have been the nominee of the convention of 1888 had New York not decided to give one solid vote for Harrison on Monday. This vote was given more as a compromise than with the serious intention of making Harri-son the candidate, and the understanding was that after it the delegation was to be ounted solidly for Sherman

Harrison Was an Accident

"The vote for Harrison, however, turned the scale, and Harrison, much to their surprise, was nominated. New York came to the convention practically without a can-didate. The votes for Chauncey M. Depew in the first stages of the convention were more complimentary than serious, and the New York delegates did not consider him a possibility. Depew, however, took the vote for earnest, and he began to run wires to the other delegations which might have resulted in his nomination. resulted in his nomination.

"I knew that the West could do nothing with Depew as a candidate. He was the attorney of the Vanderbilts and a represent ative of the gold bugs, and his nomination meant certain defeat. I found, however, that he was getting considerable support and among others I talked with was Sena tor Sewell, of New Jersey. Said I 'Sewell, I understand that New Jersey is going over to Chauncey Depew, and I don't think it is a good move.' 'You are crazy,' replied Sewell, 'he can't get a vote in our delegation.' 'Well, look and see,' said I. Sewell thereupon polled the delegation, and he came back and told me that half of them were going to vote for Depew. I ther called upon the New York delegation and number of them told me there was nothing serious in Depew's candidacy, and shortly after that Depew's name was withdraw

How Sherman Lost the Presidency. "But how did New York come to vote for

Sherman?" said L
"There are a number of stories mixed up
in it," was the reply. "While the convenin it," was the reply. "While the convention was in session, Chauncey De; ew gave a dinner one night to the New York delegation and at that dinner it was agreed that the four delegates at large from New York should east the 70 votes of that State as they saw fit, and three of these delegates leaned toward Sherman. The four delegates were Warner Miller, Frank Hisoock, Tom Platt and Chauncey M. Depew. Warner Miller was from the beginning a Sherman man. Chauncey Depew preferred Sherman to the other candidates and so did Frank Hisoock. The only one who was in uncertain quantity in this regard was ex-Senator Tom quantity in this regard was ex-Senator Tom Platt, who got the credit of being both a Sherman and a Harrison man at this tim

during the convention.
"I am not sure as to the exact time of this dinner, but it must have been at the last of the week. New York had been drifting around and it had east 58 votes one or twice for Harrison. It was felt in the convention, however, that this meant nothing, but when the story got out about the Depew dinner the Ohio delegation realized that the candidate who could hold the solid vote of New York could be nominated.

## . Calico Charlie's Big Promises.

"The next morning after the dinner Charlie Foster, now Secretary of the Treasury, knowing that he could depend upon Miller, Hiscock and Depew, called upon Tom Platt with several other Sherman men and urged him to go in with the other three delegates at large and make New York solid for Sherman. He told Platt that Sherman appreciated the importance of New York and that if is brought about his nomination by costing its solid vote for him, he would certainly give it due recognition if he came etainly give it due recognition if he came to be President. Mr. Foster told Mr. Plat vention, Sherman was the only one who enough to carry out any promises his friends might make concerning him. At this Mr. Platt said that promises in such a case would handicap the candidate and that be felt satisfied that Sherman would treat he self satisfied that Sherman would treat his friends fairly. He gave the impression that he intended to vote for Sherman and I think up until late Sunday night this was his intention. I know that he and Warner Miller telegraphed Senator Sher-man on Sunday that New York would give him her solid vote on the him her solid vote on the morrow, and later on they telegraphed him that they would give one vote to Harrison and then vote for him. The other Sherman men who

Plast told Mr. Foster that he ought to have said that Senator Sherman would certainly feel that New York should have a place in his Cabinet, but Foster said that he could

Elkins' Ride With Platt.

"All this time," continued the Senator,
"Stephen B. Elkins was watching Tom
Platt. He had heard of the dinner and he
understood the situation as well as the
Sherman men did. As soon as Platt left
them he called and took him out driving.
What transpired during that drive I de not
know Platt is said to claim that Mr. Elkins
offered him the Secretaryship of the Treasury if the New York vote should be cast
solidly for President Harrison and bring
about his nomination. Mr. Elkins, I am
told, denies that he made this offer, and the
President says he never authorized anything of the kind to be made if it was made.
At any rate, Platt did not get to be Secretary of the Treasury.

"Another curious thing about the convention and the New York delegation was that
the most of them were willing to give Allison a vote at one time rather in the way of
compliment than anything else, but that
Depew, whom they had made withdraw on
account of the objections of the Grangers,
said that Allison was a Granger candidate
and if the Grangers objected to him, he
would be hanged if he would go with the
Grangers, and with that the vote was given
to Harrison with the idea of afterward coming over to Sherman." Elkins' Ride With Platt.

ing over to Sherman.

How Bayes Was Nominated. I called on Judge James N. Tyner, At-torney General of the Postoffice Depart-ment, the other day and asked him to tell me the inside history of the nomination of President Hayes in 1876. Judge Typer was world gets the world gets the ballots and the speeches of the National Conventions, but it never sees the wires which are pulled behind the scenes, nor hears of the trades of the trade at this time, as he is now, one of the lead-

nwritten history. Said he: "For some time before the convention, it was ror some time before the convention, it was evident that Blaine would be the strongest candidate to come before it. He had an enthusiastic following and when the convention met at Cincinnati we at once saw that it was Blaine against the field. The relations between Senator Morton and Senator Blaine were by no means friendly ones. Morton thought Morton thought

Blaine Had Injured Him.

and next to his hope of receiving the nom-ination himself was his hope that if he could not be nominated that the nominee should not be Blaine. For a number of reasons I did not deem it wise or safe that Blaine should be our nominee, and I thought that some other candidate would be more accept-able to the people. There were 756 votes in the convention and 379 were necessary in the convention, and 379 were necessary to a choice. On the first ballot Blaine had 291 votes, and Morton came next to him with 125. Then tollowed Bristow, of Kentucky, who was still in Grant's Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, but who was not at all in harmony with the President. He had 113 votes, and next to him stood Conkling, whom Grant was auxious to see nom-inated, and after Conkling came Hayes, of Ohio, and Hartranft, of Pennsylvania. The Blaine forces were solid. They were well organized, and they were in the fight to stay. We cast five ballots, the candidates not varying much from their original strength. But at the end of the sixth ballot it was evident to me that a break was bound to come very soon, and that a straw one way or the other would result in the nomination of the candidate toward whom

"Now I had had a long conversation with Mr. Morton before I left Washington, in which I told him we would nominate him if we could, but that I thought it would be a miracle if we succeeded in doing so. 'It is your physical condition,' said I, 'that will, in all probability, defeat your nomination. There will be great opposition to the nomination of a candidate however great who is in the physical condition that you are. If you could stand upon your feet as you once did, nothing could defeat your population you could stand upon your feet as you once did, nothing could defeat your nomination. Still, there is a chance, and we will stick to you as long as there is the least possibility of our success, but if at the last moment we see that that possibility has gone by, I want you to give me the right to vote for the person I think can be nominated. I will telegraph you at that time, and I would like to have the authority for withdrawing your name. Senator Morton withdrawing your name. Senator Morton said he was perfectly willing to take my judgment in that matter after conferring with his other friends in the convention, and so at the close of this ballot, when I saw that the next ballot would either see a

change or would result In the Nomination of Blaine

Bristow, I telegraphed Senator Morton at his hotel, the Ebbit House, at Washing-ten, telling him that his nomination could not be made, and asking the authority to withdraw his name. Mr. Morton had a private wire to his room in the Ebbitt House, and the answer came quickly back. It was 'Don't you think there is a chance for

"To this I replied, 'No,' and within a short time I got another telegram, which read as follows:
"I leave the matter to you and my

friends, but see that our vote counts.'
"That telegram brought about the nomination of Hayes. At the beginning of the seventh ballot I rose and asked that the Indiana delegation be allowed to go out of the convention and consuit. The whole convention knew what this meant. It meant that the Morton strength would in all probability be thrown so some other candidate, and it was seen that this would decide the fate of the nomination.

Poor Gas Fixtures Fixed Blaine.

"In the meantime the Blaine strength had fought bard against the field, and it was all we could do to keep the forces of the other candidates in their ranks. At one time when the Conkling strength was wavering, a number of the other candidates loaned him number of the other caudidates loaned him votes to keep his strength up and to keep them from going to Blaine, and during the first day's session we torced an adjournment, for we saw that another ballot would result in Blaine's nomination. We accomplished this adjournment by a trick. We knew that the Blaine men could outvote us on the question of adjournment, but the man who had charge of the convention hall was a friend of Hayes', and it, began to grow dark jest about the time that this ballot was to be taken. He came to the convention hall and told the leaders that the gas fixtures of the hall leaders that the gas. fixtures of the hall were all out of order, and that if they atwere all out of order, and that if they at-tempted to light them there would cer-tainly be an explosion. The result was that the convention had to be adjourned till next day, and that story about the gas brought about Blaine's defeat. It enabled his opponents to make combinations against him and many of the delegates sat up all night, myself among the number.

Combination With Governor Noyes. Combination With Governor Noyes.

"Hayes at this time had not much more than the vote of Ohio. I called upon Governor Noyes and he wanted me to throw the Morton strength to Hayes. I told him I thought Morton could be nominated, and we finally left with the understanding that if the time came in the convention when it was seen that either Morton or Hayes could be nominated by the aid of the other that the best man would have the votes of the other at that time. This was a private arrangement between myself and Governor

arrangement between myself and Governor Noyes. There was no other candidate in-cluded in it.

"To return to the convention, as I said, everyone saw that the decisive moment had arrived when I asked that the Indiana delegation be allowed to retire and consult, and most thought that it was to withdraw Morton as a candidate. As soon as the delegation was alone, I told them that I thought the time for the withdrawing of Morton's name had come and I gave them the substance of the telegram I had received and of other telegrams which had been received by others. I told them of my conversation with Senator Morten before I left Washing-

ton, and when the vote was put as to the withdrawal of his name, it was agreed to. The result was that we got 25 out of the 30 Indiana delegates to votes for Hayes. When this result was declared to the convention, the shout that went up, almost took the roof off. Hayes had 384 votes and Blaine had \$51.

Speaking of the enthusiasm of the convention in 1876, the most enthusiastic convention in 1876, the most enthusiastic convention in cur history was the Garfield convention of 1830. Secretary Foster, who was the leader of the Sherman forces of this convention, told me net long ago that the applause that began during the last ballot, when it was seen that Garfield was going to be nominated, lasted over an hour and that they were still applauding when he took Garfield out of the convention. Said he:

"Garfield did not know what to do. He turned as white as a sheet and he sat there looking like death while the convention cheered. While we waited, telegrams began to pour in and he would hand these over to me and I would open them. We got in that hohr ever a hundred telegrams, and congratulatory telegrams came from long distances before the result was officially announced by the Chairman of the convention. I remember one from Baton Rouge, La, and there were others equally far away. At last Garfield said, 'Can't you get me out of here?' And I told him that I would try. With that we got up and pushed our way, arm in arm, out of the convention hall.

Tore Off the Roof of Garfield's Carriage.

lore Off the Roof of Garfield's Carriage. "I got Garfield into a carriage at just about the time the crowd realized that he was coming out, and as I did so the crowd seemed to grow wild. They tore the roof right off the carriage in their anxiety to see Garfield, and I remember that I had to pay \$65 to the cabman to make the thing source."

"What in a nuishell was the cause of Garfield's nomination?" I asked.

"The nomination of Garfield," said Secretary Foster, "was almost directly the result of here worship. The convention of 1880 was one made up of here worshipers. The followers of Grant and Blaine were full of enthusiasm, fire and of the determination to nominate their candidates. The rest of the delegates were actuated by the same feeling. Every man seemed to have come to the convention with a purpose, and, as the convention went on, this enthusiasm spread, and, as the contest was narrowed down to two or three candidates, it became stronger and stronger. Soon after the convention was called to order, it was seen that it was Grant against the field.

How Conkling Was Worshiped.

How Conkling Was Worshiped.

"Roscoe Conkling was the idol of the friends of Grant. He was cheered again and again whenever he rose in the hall, and his speeches were received with long and continued applause. I thing that Conkling enjoyed his, position. He never looked better nor stronger than he did at Chicago, and he seemed to feel his power. Now, the opposing elements required an idol, and that idol they found in Garfield. He was pre-eminently the great leader of the opposition, and his eloquence, his magnificent presence, and the courage he showed on the floor, made him the god of the anti-Grant men of the convention.

men of the convention.

I don't think Garfield encouraged this I don't think Garfield encouraged this sentiment. He would not have been mortal had he not liked it, but he was modest about it and he did not court applause nor pose for it, as it seemed to me Conkling did. As the convention went on, this worship of the leaders grew stronger and stronger, and when the time came that Garfield's name was sprung by those 16 votes from Wisconsin, it was at its climax. It created a perfect stampede toward him and in two ballots he was nominated."

How Buchanan Defeated Douglas. I heard a curious story the other night about the nomination of Buchanan in 1856. It was brought about by \$90,000 in gold coin presented by New York and by the withdrawal of Stephen A. Douglas. Mr. Charles P. Button, who was a relative of Senator Douglas and one of his confidential agents.

agenta, tells me the story. Said he:
"Before I left Washington to go to Cincinnati, Senator Douglas wrote a letter
withdrawing his name from the convention in favor of Buchanan and he gave this into my hands and that of another Illinois friend with the instruction that sented to the convention if there was no chance of his being nominated. He was no prevailed upon to do this by some of Buchanan's friends who promised him that if he did so, Buchanan's forces would support him four years later. They said that him four years later. They said that Douglas was a young man and Buchanan was an old one and that Douglas could afford to wait. Well, when we got to Cincinnati we found the chances were pretty good for Douglas, but the Buchanan men got around the other man who had charge of his letter and kept him in a chronic state of inebriety during the convention and through this condition the letter was given out. Buchanan had a strong support from New York and Isaiah Rynders, who was one of the leaders of the New York delegation, had parlors in the Burnett House upon the floor of which he had \$90,000 in gold spread out which he showed the delegates and told them that New York would give that to the campaign if Buchanan was nominated." campaign if Buchanan was nominated."
FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ONE OF NATURE'S CANTEENS.

A Quantity of Water Enclosed in a Beauti ful Sphere of Chalcedony.

> A very remarkable curiosity occupies little shelf at the Geological Survey. It is a lump of chalcedony as big as a child's fist, white and translucent. It is but a thin shell, and, when held to the light, is seen to be nearly filled with water, which flows about as the object is turned this way and that. What makes it interesting is that the water has undoubtedly been enclosed and hermetically scaled in this natural receptacle for thousands and thousands of years. Probably it was there long before Moses was been, and yet not a drop of it has evaporated. Originally there was a cavity in the rock, formed by a volcause bubble. Water percolated into it, bringing in solution silex, which was deposited on the walls of the little holiow in a coating of chalcedony. At length it would have been filled up solid with beautiful crystals, forming one of those "geodes," as they are called, which are nature's treasury-caskets, found concealed in rocky formations where least expected and revealing wonders of brilliant color. Agates are made in the same a lump of chalcedony as big as a child's fist, expected and revealing wonders of brilliant color. Agates are made in the same fashion. However, in this instance the small channel by which the water flowed in and out became closed up in some way, and so the process stopped. After the lapse of no one can tell how many centuries, the stony mass containing the chalcedony chamber with its liquid contents was broken open and it fell out, being loose.

PUNCTUATION IN TELEGRAMS.

A Funny Experience Major Pend Had With a Chicago Newspaperman, Three years ago, on a professional trip with Mr. Riley, and while my wife was with me bound for the coast, writes Bill Nye, we got word at Kansas City that the children had been attacked simultaneously with scarlet fever, and so it was necessary to give up

the California trip.

Our manager hated to give up the tour entirely, and, in order to make it more impressive, wired that I was ill, which was all right for a manager, but would not do for anybody else. He sent the following message, totally unpunctuated, to Eugene Field, of Chicago:

Eugene Field, Nans, Chicago: Nye very ill west of Missouri what would you take for 60 nights with Riley? POND, Eugene did not seem to understand the telegram, I judge, for he wired back: J. B. Pond, Kansas City:

I also am sick west of the Missouri, but do not know wint I would take.

Yes. I find the Safe Deposit Department German National Bank, Wood street and Sixth avenue, the most convenient place to keep my papers and valuables, its location being so central. Boxes rented at \$5 and upward per year.

NEW FORMS OF DEATH

Planned by Nihilists for a Propaganda of Destruction in Russia.

AN ANONYMOUS PROPHET OUT. Ingenious Bomb Which Has Been Christened the Czar's Pancake.

DYNAMITE PREFERRED TO GLYCERINE

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The very recent Anarchist outbreak at Xeres in Spain has been referred to both in the cable dispatches and in the local newspaper comments as an ordinary riot devoid of any political significance. But there is something portentous behind it all. It has been decided to take more active measures o push the Anarchist movement forward, und, strangely enough, the fields selected for active operations are extremes, being in fact, Russia and Spain. Three months before the outbreak at Xeres, secret instructions were issued by the leaders, and in-formation has reached New York from reliable sources which indicates an active policy on their part.

Who are these leaders? The principles of the Anarchist movement are ably repre-



Ramos, the Spe sented in the various countries of Europe by individual men. Head and front of it and with his influence paramount in all lands is, of course, Prince Krapotkin, the Russian of noble birth who has submitted himself to a decree of outlawry and exile in the pursuit of his convictions. Born in a station calculated to foster in his mind a sympathy with everything autocratic, his thoughtful speculations on the condition of the masses in Russia and elsewhere culninated in his positive rejection of the existing social law.

His Brother Assassinated by Nihilists. The evolution of his character is the more emarkable when viewed in connection with the attitude of his brother, whose actions rendered him so obnoxious to the Nihilists in Russia that they effected his assassination at Karkoff some years ago. A refugee from Russia, Krapotkin found himself subsequently in danger of prosecution in France, the Government there having taken umthe Government there having taken umbrage at his promulgation of extreme socialistic views. From his present asylum in London he directs the operations of his followers in all parts of the globe, who regard him as their head center and apostle.

In France we have Elise Reclus, the distinguished man of science and probably the most famous geographer of his time, whose connection with the commune in 1871 necessitated his joining the colony in Geneva of expatr: ted fellow theorists.

The Italian believers in extremes are headed by Cipriani, who has to some extent

sought the adoption of parmamentary methods to help the cause. Germany pos-



Elise Rechus, the French Leader.

sesses an uncompromising leader of anarchical thought in Bruno Wille, who has been the mainspring of the revolt against the moderates in the German Social Democracy. Wille is a poet. He has been at the head of the secessionists who fell away from the Social Democracy under the conviction that the latter was fast degenerating into a vast political machine.

The Leader in Spain.

Ramos is the life of the restless element in Spain. This fiery leader, whose impetuous temperament rejects all restraint, and who, appearing at the Socialist Congress in Brussels last September, as a delegate, refused to entertain the policy of reasonable agitation—seeking to force upon the Congress a plan of physical force and open destruction resultion in his ejection from the Maison du Peuple—has been selected, as the world has seen, to raise the red flag as the world has seen, to raise the red flag in Spain. And so five weeks ago when news of the revolt reached these shores Ramos was known to be its instigator. He



was well calculated to make an efficient was well calculated to make an efficient leader. Under the guise of a peasant he penetrated into the remote poverty-stricken districts of Xeres, where most of the soil is occupied by the vineyards of large territorial proprietors. Here was a promising field for the exercise of his skill and a suitable stage for the first act of the drams of blood.

The peasantry of the Xeres country, having nothing to risk except their lives, and an almost intolerable existence to escape from, readily accepted the propaganda of Ramos, who utilized for his purposes a follower named Zarsuelas. Zarsuelas led the band of infatuated peasants against the bayonets of the military and fell a victim,

Activity Transferred to Bu

Activity Transferred to Bussis.

To sum the matter up, the attempt has proved an utter failure, and the central leaders, believing that Ramos deceived them as to the preparation among the people for successfully revolting, decided to turn their attention to Russis, which, because of the famine, they consider the ripest field for the accomplishment of their ends at the present moment.

Right here it will be of great interest to state that a copy of a manual of about 100 pages which is about to be sentin quantities to Russia for circulation in the famine districts and which bear neither signatures nor imprint, has just been received in New York. This little book, which has all the appearance of having recently been issued from the press and is in the Russian tongue, is an address to the rural proletariat. It is written in the simplest possible language so that it may be comprehended by the most unsophisticated peasant, able to read, into whose hands it may fall. It is not difficult to infer that his birthplace is Geneva, Switzerland, and its creators certain well-known Nihilist conspirators.

Nihilist conspirators.

Curiously enough it begins with an appeal to the "brotherhood of man" and then proceeds, within the limits of the first of the three parts into which it is divided, to give instructions for the prosecution of secret warfare, including the construction of mines, hand grenades and bombs, and the methods of operating and using them. Dynamite Better Than Nitro-Glycerine

Dynamite Better Than Nitro-Glycerine.

The uniform use of dynamite is recommended in preference to nitro-glycerine—which was used in the assassination of Car Alexander—as being more reliable and effective. The book recites that American experiments have demonstrated the superiority of dynamite for all purposes over every other known explosive.

A careful description is given of a peculiar form of bomb whose design displays considerable originality and ingenuity. This object is about three inches in diameter and is shaped much like an ordinary pancake, with the exception that it is a good deal thicker. It contains a tube into which is inserted a dynamite cartridge. The object is affixed to the waistcoat or whatever other covering may happen to be whatever other covering may happen to be worn upon the breast, much after the fash-ion of the detective vest camera so much in ion of the detective vest camera so much in use a few years since. It can be suspended from the neck like a scapular. Connected with the mechanism is a short string which hangs against the body as a bell rope might against the wall. The conspirator, armed with one of these weapons, when he desires to destroy, has only to open his outer coat, and, standing in such a position that the disc of the machine is focused on his victim, draw the depending string downward, when he cartridge is immediately propelled outward from the tube in the machine. It Kills at a Hundred Feet.

The projectile has a range of 100 feet, and is estimated to possess a sufficiently deadly force to destroy at least a dozen persons in a dense crowd. The pamphlet gives this machine the name of Gossudarny-blinee,



The Pitfall for the Soldiers.

which, when translated from Russian into most famous geographer of his time, whose connection with the commune in 1871 necessitated his joining the colony in Geneva of expatr; ted fellow theorists.

The Italian believers in extremes are headed by Cipriani, who has to some extent sought the adoption of parliamentary methods to help the cause.

English, means "Czar's pancake," So much for the first section of the book.

The second part is addressed specially to the peasantry who inhabit districts far removed from transit facilities, who cannot in consequence be easily reached by large bodies of troops and are thus in a position to carry on succession. to carry on successfully a guerilla warfare. These are advised and instructed in the art These are advised and instructed in the art of constructing hidden pitfalls under such roadways as exist in their vicinity, and over which any armed force dispatched for their suppression would be likely to pass. In this connection, as in others, the manipulation of explosives is enjoined. As there are small facilities, however, in remote districts for the people to manufacture com-plicated explosives they are told how to make ordinary gunpowder, the materials of which are comparatively easy to obtain—saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal. The pamphlet further deals, in its third part, with the methods of storming the larger towns and gives directions for attempting

such a mode of warfare with prospects

Southes as Implements of Death. How to repel the attacks of mounted gen-darmerie is another matter treated of. The use of soythes as weapons is advocated and the point is made that terrible execution was done during the Polish revolution of 1863 by bodies of peasants thus armed. The traditions of that time still exist in very many rural ports of Russia, and the successes of the scythe wielders against the formidable bodies of heavy cavalry which opposed them are remembered to a large ex-tent. These allusions are calculated, the writers of the book evidently conceive, to writers of the book evidently conceive, to promote a war spirit among its readers and to inspire them with some self confidence.

"No quarter," says the book, "must in any single case be shown to the Tchinovniks," which proves that there is no abatement in the sentiment of revenge against officialism in general, which is supposed to be the keynote of all Russian anarchistic movements. Simultaneously is inculested. be the keynote of all Russian anarchistic movements. Simultaneously is inculcated a pacific policy toward the Church. Peas-ants are advised to exempt from violence all members of the priesthood. The reason for this may be found, no doubt, in the growing conviction among Nihilists that the Church as an institution is too firmly rooted and exerts too strong an influence on the reasonar mind to render interference with it

popular mind to render interference with it either sbie or advisable at present. Smuggling in the Pamphlets.

The Nihilists have dispatched their special agents, determined, resolute men, to the confines of the Russian Empire, charged with the distribution of this manifesto. It may be a subject of wonderment to some how the books can be safely smuggled acreas the frontier. There are many ways of doing this, however. These pamphlets are printed on very thin paper and occupy little spage. There are portions of the harness of the sleighs which cross into Bussian territory from foreign soil especially available for the effective concealment of contraband. In addition to this the Russian officers on the frontier are not by any means always superior to the influence of a bribe. Before these words appear in print the dissemination of the Nihilist tracts may have served its purpose. Smuggling in the Pamphlets, served its purpose.

What will the effect of all this be upon

What will the effect of all this be upon the United States, and will the Anarchists in this country indulge in any sympathetic display when their brethren abroad are heard from? The best reply is found in the opinions of several leading New York Anarchists whom I have interviewed. The opinion of the most enlightened and intelligent among the extremists in America is that the best and surest means of attaining the objects of anarchy in America is to promote the organization of radical trades unionism.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

with the others who were captured, to the DANCE OF THE SOULS.

Weird and Beautiful Ceremony Lafcadio Hearn Saw in Japan.

GIRLS OF GRACE INDESCRIBABLE

Mysteriously Gliding in Perfect Lines in the Soft Moonlight.

SCENES LIKE THOSE OF DREAMLAND

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) In my wanderings in Japan we come at last to Shimo-Ichi—in the heart of the land. We halt at a dingy little inn, and while the landlord conducts me to the bath, where he insists upon washing me himself as if I were a child, the wife prepares for us a charming little repast of rice, eggs, vegetables and sweetmeats. She is strangely in doubt about her ability to please me, even after I have eaten enough for two men, and apologizes too much for not being able to offer me

"There is no fish," she says, "for to-day is the first day of the Bonku, the Festival of the Dead-being the 13th day of the month. On the 13th, 14th and 15th days of the month nobody may eat fish. But on the morning of the 16th day the fishermen go out to catch fish, and everybody who has both parents living may eat of it. But if one has lost one's father or mother, then one must not eat fish—upon the 16th day.
Even while the kind soul is thus explai

Even while the kind soul is thus explaining, I become aware of a strange, remote sound from without—a sound I recognize only through memory of tropical dances—a measured clapping of hands. But this clapping is very soft and at long intervals. And at still longer intervals there comes to us a single, heavy muffled booming, the tap of a great drum—a temple drum.

A little while we proceed along the main street, then, traversing a narrow passage between two houses, we suddenly find ourselves in a great open space flooded by moonlight. This is the dancing place; but the dance has ceased for a time. Looking about me, I perceive that we are in the court of an ancient Buddhist temple.

Muffled Hum of Solemn Voices.

Muffled Hum of Solemn Voices.

In the center of the court is a framework of bamboo, supporting a great drum; and about it benches have been arranged—benches from the schoolhouse—on which villagers are resting. There is a hum of voices—voices of people speaking very low, as if expecting something solemn—and merry treble cries of children betimes, and soft langhter of girls. And behind the court, beyond a low hedge of somber evergreen shrubs, I see far off white lights, and a host of tall, gray shapes throwing long shadows, and I know that the lights are the white lanterns of the dead (those hung in cemeteries only), and that the gray shapes are shapes of tombs.

Suddenly a girl rises from her seat, and taps the huge drum once. It is the signal for the dance of souls.

Out of the shadow of the ancient temple a processional line of dancers files into the moonlight and as suddenly halts—all young women or girls, clad in their choicest attire; the tallest leads; her comrades follow in order of stature—loves of little maids of 10 or 12 years compose the end of the procession. Figures lightly poised as birds—figures that somehow recall the dreams of shapes circling about certain antique ,vases; those charming. Isnaese robes educations. In the center of the court is a framework

that somehow recall the dreams of shapes circling about certain antique vasses; those charming Japanese robes, close-clinging about the knees, might seem, but for the great, fantastic, drooping sleeves, and the curious, broad, comely girdles confining them, designed after the drawing of some Greek or

A Dance Words Cannot Describe. And, at another tap of the drum, there be And, at another tap of the drum, there begins a performance impossible to picture in words—something unimaginable, phantasmal, beautifully weird—a dance—an astonishment. All together glide the right foot forward one pace—without lifting the sandal from the ground—and extend both hands to the right, with a strange floating motion as of swimming floating motion, as of swimming, and a smiling, mysterious obeisance. Then the right foot is drawn back, with a repetition of the waving of hands, and the mysterious bow. Then all advance the left foot, and repeat the previous movements, half turning to the left. Then all take two gliding paces forward, with a single simultaneous soft clap of the hands, and the first performance is reiterated, alternately to right and left—all the sandaled feet gliding together—all the pliant bodies bowing and swaying together. And so—slowly, weirdly, beautifully—the processional movement changes into a grand processional movement changes into a grand round, circling about the moonlit court, and around the voiceless crowd of spectators. And always the white hands sinuously wave

together, as if weaving spells, alternatel without and within the round—now wit without and within the round—now with palms upward, now with palms downward— and all the elfish sleeves hover duskily to-gether, with a shadowing as of wings—and all the beautiful feet poise together—with amazing synchronism—with such a rhythm of complex motion, that, in watching it, one feels a sensation of hypnotism—as while striving to watch a flowing and shimmering The Silence of the Tomb.

The Silence of the Tomb.

And this soporous allurement is intensified by a dead hush. No one speaks—not even a spectstor. And, in the long intervals between the soft clapping of hands, one hears only the shrilling of the crickets in the trees and the shu-shu of sandals, lightly stirring the moon-silvered dust. Unto what, I ask myself, may this be likened? Unto nothing—yet it suggests some strange fancy of somnambulism; dreamers, who dream themselves flying, dreaming upon their feet.

And there comes to me the thought that I am looking at something immemorially old—something belonging to the unrecorded beginnings of this oriental life—perhaps to the crepuscular Kamiyo itself, to the Magibeginnings of this oriental life—perhaps to the crepuscular Kamiyo itself, to the Magical Age of the Gods, a symbolism of motion whereof the meaning has been forgotten for innumerable years. \* Yet more and more unreal the spectacle appears—with its silent smilings—with its silent bowings, as of obeisance to watchers invisible—and I find myself wondering whether, were I to utter but a whisper, all would not vanish forever—save the gray mouldering court and the desolate temple. The Chapt for the Dead.

But no! those gracious, silent, waving shapes are not of the Shadowy Folk, for whose coming the white fires were kindled—a strain of song, full of sweet, clear, quavering as the call of a bird, gushes from some girlish mouth—and 50 soft voices join the chant: tne cuant: Sorota soroimashita odorikoga sorota, Soroikite kita hare yukuta.

Sorotkite kita hare yukuta.

Sorotkite kita hare yukuta.

Uniform to view (as ears of young rice ripening in the field), all clad alike in summer festal robes, the company of dancers have assembled.

Again only the shrilling of the crickets, the shu-shu of feet, the gentle clapping; and the wavering, hovering witchery of the measure proceeds in silence, with measure ilentor—with a nauvete of grace which, by its very strangeness, seems old as the encircling hills.

Suddenly a deep male chant breaks the hush. Two giants have joined the round, and now lead it—two superb young mountain peasants, towering head and shoulders above the whole of the assembly. Their yukatas are rolled about their loins like girdles, leaving their bronzed limbs and toroso naked to the warm air; they wear nothing else save their huge picturesque straw hats, and white tabi (Japaness digitated stockings,or,rather, sucks) domned expressly for the festival.

Never before among such people saw I such men, such thews; but their smilling, beardless faces are comely and kindly as those of Japanese boys. They seem brothers—so like in frame, in movement, in the very timber of their voices, as they intone a song.

And song follows song—and the round ever becomes larger—and the hours pass unfelt, unheard, while the huge moon wheels slowly down the blue steeps of the west. A deep low beem of bronze rolls suddenly across the night—the rioh tone of some temple bell telling the twelfth hour. Instandly the witcheraft ends—like the wonder of some temple bell telling the twelfth hour. Instandly the witcheraft ends—like the wonder of some temple bell telling the twelfth hour. Instandly the witcheraft ends—like the wonder of some temple bell telling the twelfth hour. Instandly the witcheraft ends—like the wonder of some temple bell telling the twelfth hour.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY MARK TWAIN,

Author of "Innocents Abroad," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Lord Berkeley, ostensibly Earl of Rossmore, has a son who has studied the claims of one simon Leathers of America to Chalmondelay Castle and the vast estate, and becoming convinced that he and his father are usurpers, starts to America to make his own fortune. He is imbued with democratic ideas. His father declares the son is stark mad, but he starts to America nevertheless. In Washington he narrowly escapes death at a hotel fire, and having been reported burned in the newspapers, adopts Howard Tracy as his name. At the fire he accidentally gets the clothes of One-Armed Pete, a cowboy, who is also reported burned. In the pockets is a sum of money which Tracey puts in bank. He fails to find work and drifts to a cheap boarding house. The habits of the boors is the worst trial he has had to bear. Finally he becomes a hero by thrushing the bully of the house. The latter leaves, taking Tracy's money with him. The landlord insuits Tracy for not paying his board. Discouraged, he telegraphs his adopted name to his father, expecting help. The announcement that he expects a cablegram from his father, expecting help. The announcement that he expects a cablegram from his father, who is an English Earl, convinces the boarding house folks that his failure to get work has set him crazy. At last Tracy gets a cablegram. It reads simply, "Thanks." Despondent to the last degree, Tracy finally takes up with an old sailor and a German who paint abominable pictures. He begins to make money for the first time since he came to America. Simons Leathers and his brother get killed at a log rolling out West, and Colonel Mulberry Sellers, the central character of the story, becomes the American claimant to Chalmondelay Castle. He and his old wite, with a sprightly daughter, live in a tumbled-down house in Washington, which now becomes Rossmore Towers. He mourns the young Lord as dead, and came near sending the old Lord a basket of ashes from the botel fire as his son's remains. He is always full of chimerical schemes, among them a Pigs-in-

Tracy made slow progress with his work, for his mind wandered a good deal. Many things were puzzling him. Finally a light burst upon him all of a sudden—seemed to, at any rate—and he said to himself, "I've got the clew at last; this man's mind is off its balance; I don't know how much, but it's off a point or two, sure; off enough to explain this mess of perplexities anyway.

These dreadful chromos, which he takes for old masters; these villainous portraits, which to his frantic mind represent Rossmores; the batchments, the pompous name of this ramshackle old crib, Rossmore Towers, and that odd assertion of his that I was expected. How could I be expected? That is, Lord Berkeley. He knows by the papers that that person was burned up in

the New Gadsby.
"Why, hang it, he really doesn't know who he was expecting; for his talk showed that he was not expecting an Englishman, nor yet an artist, yet I answer his requirements notwithstanding. He seems sufficiently satisfied with me. Yes, he is a little off; in fact, I am afraid he is a good deal off, poor old gentleman. But he's interesting—all people in about his condition are, I suppose. I hope he'll like my work; I would like to come every day and study him. And when I write my father—ah, that here's I would like to come every day and study him. that hurts! I mustn't get on that subject; it isn't good for my spirits.

"Somebody coming—I must get to work.
It's the old gentleman again. He looks bothered. Maybe my clothes are suspicious; and they are—for an artist. If my conscience would allow me to make a change—but that is out of the question. I wonder



It Was Love at Pirst Sight. what he's making those passes in the air for, with his hands. I seem to be the ob-ject of them. Can he be trying to mesmer-ize me? I don't quite like it. There's something uncanny about it."

The Colonel muttered to himself, "It has

The Colonel muttered to himself, "It has an effect on him, I can see it myself. That's enough for one time, I reckon. He's not very solld, yet, I suppose, and I might disintegrate him. I'll just put a sly question or two at him, now, and see if I can find out what his condition is and where he's from."

he's from."

He approached and said affably:
"Don't let me disturb you, Mr. Tracy. I
only want to take a little glimpse of your
work. Ah, that's fine—that's very fine indeed. You are doing it elegantly. My
daughter will be charmed with this. May

"I sit down by you?"

"Oh, do; I shall be glad."

"It won't disturb you? I mean, won't dissipate your inspiration?"

Tracy laughed, and said they were not ethereal enough to be very easily discommended. moded.

The Colonel asked a number of cautious

and well-considered questions—questions which seemed pretty odd and flighty to Tracy—but the answers conveyed the information desired, apparently, for the Colonel said to himself, with mixed pride

Colonel said to himself, with mixed pride and gratification—
"It's a good job as far as I've got with it. He's solid, solid and going to last; solid as the real thing. It's wonderful—wonderful. I believe I could petrify him."

After a little he asked, warily:
"Do you prefer being here, or—or there?" there?"
"There? Where?"

"There? Where?"

"Why—er—where you've been?"

Tracy's thought flew to his boarding house, and he answered with decision:

"Oh, here, much!"

The Colonel was startled and said to himself, "There's no uncertain ring about that. It indicates where he's been to, poor fellow. Well, I am satisfied now. I'm glad I got him out."

Well, I am satisfied now. I'm glad I got him out."

He sat thinking, and thinking, and watching the brush go. At length he said to himself, "Yes, it certainly seems to account for the failure of my endeavors in poor Berkeley's case. He went in the other direction. Well, it's all right. He's better off."

Sally Sellers entered from the street now, looking her divinest, and the artist was introduced to her. It was a violent case of mutual love at first sight, though neither party was aware of the fact, perhaps. The Englishman made this irrelevant remark to himself, "Perhaps he is not insane, after all." Sally sat down and showed an interest in Tracy's work, which greatly pleased all." Sally sat down and showed an interest in Tracy's work, which greatly pleased him, and a benevolent forgiveness of it which convinced him that the girl's nature was cast in a large mold. Sellers was anxious to report his discoveries to Hawkins, so he took his leave, saying that if the two "young devotees of the colored muse" thought they could manage without him he would go and look after his affairs. The artist said to himself, "I think he is a little eccentric, perhaps, but that is all." He reprosched himself for having injuriously judged a man without giving him any rair chance to show what he really was.

Of course the stranger was very soon at his case and chatting along comfortably. The average American girl possesses the val-

uable qualities of naturalness, honesty and inoffensive straightforwardness; she is nearly barren of troublesome conventions and artificialities, consequently her presence and her ways are unembarrassing, and one is acquainted with her and on pleasant terms with her before he knows how it came about.

This new acquaintanceship-

indeed—progressed swiftly; and the unusual swiftness of it, and the thoroughness of it are sufficiently evidenced and established by one noteworty fact—that within the first half-hour both parties had ceased

the first half-hour both parties had ceased to be conscious of Tracy's clothes.

Later this consciousness was reawakened; it was then apparent to Gwendolen that she was almost reconciled to them, and it was apparent to Tracy that he was.

The reawakening was brought about by Gwendolen's inviting the artist to stay to dinner. He had to decline, because he wanted to live, now—that is, now that there was something to live for—and he could not survive in those clothes at a gentleman's table. He thought he knew that. But he went away happy, for he saw that Gwendolen was disappointed.

And whither did he go? He went straight to a slop shop and bought as neat and reasonably well-fitting a suit of clothes as an Englishman could be persuaded to wear. He said—to himself, but at his conscience—"I know it's wrong; but it would be wrong "I know it's wrong; but it would be wrong not to do it; and two wrongs do not make a

right."
This satisfied him, and made his heart This satisfied him, and made his heart light. Perhaps it will also satisfy the reader, if he can make out what it means. The old people were troubled about Gwendolen at dinner, because she was so distraught and silent. If they had noticed they would have found that she was sufficiently alert and interested whenever the tells trimbled upon the artist and his work. talk stumbled upon the artist and his work; but they didn't notice, and so the chat would swap around to some other subject, and then somebody would presently be priand wondering if she were not well, or if something had gone wrong in the millinery

Her mother offered her various reputable patent medicines and tonics with iron and other hardware in them, and her father even proposed to send out for wine, relent-less prohibitionist and head of the order in the District of Columbia as he was, but

these kindnesses were all declined—thank-fully, but with decision.

At bedtime, when the family were break-ing up for the night, she privately looted one of the brushes, saying to herself, "It's the one he has used the most."

the one he has used the most."

The next morning Tracy went forth wearing his new suit, and equipped with a pink in his buttonhole—a daily attention from Puss. His whole soul was full of Gwendolen Sellers, and this condition was an inspiration artwise. All the morning his brash pawed nimbly away at the canvasses, almost without his awarity—awarity, in this sense being the sense of being aware, though disputed by some authorities—turning out marvel upon marvel, in the way of decorative accessories to the portraits, with a felicity and celerity which amazed the veterans of the firm and fetched out of them continuous explosions of applause.

veterans of the firm and fetched out of them continuous explosions of applause.

Meantime Gwendolen was losing her morning and many dollars. She supposed Tracy was coming in the forenoon—a conclusion which she had jumped to without outside help. So she tripped downstairs every little while from her work parlor to arrange the brushes and things over again, and see if he had arrived. And when she was in her work parlor it was not profitchly was in her work parlor it was not profitable, but just the other way—as she found out to her sorrow. She had put in her idle mo-ments during the last little while back in designing a particularly rare and capable gown for herself, and this morning she set about making it up: but she was absentabout making it up; but she was absent-minded, and made an irremediable botch

When she saw what she had done, she knew the reason of it, and the meaning of it, and she put her work away from her, and said she would accept the sign. And from that time forth she came no more away from the audience chamber, but remained there

and waited.

After luncheon she waited again. A whole hour. Then a great joy welled up in her heart, for she saw him coming. So she flew back upstairs thankful, and could hardly wait for him to miss the principal brush, which she had mislaid down there.

but knew where she had mislaid it.

However, all in good time the others were called in, and couldn't find the brush, and

but knew where she had mislaid it.

However, all in good time the others were called in, and couldn't find the brush, and then she was sent for, and she couldn't find it herself for some little time, but then she found it when the others had gone away to hust in the kitchen and down ceillar and the woodshed, and all those other places where people look for things whose ways they are not familiar with.

So she gave him the brush, and remarked that she ought to have seen that everything was ready for him, but it hadn't seemed necessary, because it was so early that she wasn't expecting—but she stopped there, surprised at herself for what she was saying; and he felt caught and ashamed, and said to himself, "I knew my impatience would drag me here before I was expected, and betray me, and that is just what it has done; she gees straight through me, and is laugning at me, inside, of course."

Gwendolen was very much pleased on one account, and a little the other way in another; pleased with the new clothes and the improvement which they had achieved; less pleased by the pink in the buttonhole. Yesterday's pink had hardly interested her; this one was just like it, aut somehow it had got her immediate attention and kept it. She wished she could think of some way of getting at its history in a properly colorless and indifferent way. Presently she made a venture. She said:

"Whatever a man's age may be he can reduce it several years by putting a bright-colored flower in his buttonhole. I have often noticed that. Is that your ser's reason for wearing a boutonniere?"

"I fancy not, but certainly that ireason