America.

It was in the White House that Colonel Hay first lived in Washington, and he came here as President Lincoln's private sceretary at a salary probably less than \$2,000 a

Began at Five Dollars a Week.

was in this way the half of mission. He is a very rapid writer and he writes, if any-thing, better than he talks. He has not been doing much writing since he left the Senate, but he has been put in a bad light

Senate, but he has been put in a bad light right along by the reporters and by his enemies in Kansas. He has, metaphorically speaking, been kicked and cuffed in every direction and by everybody, and his recent statement as to how his own party treated him during the last campaign is a fair example of the actions of some of his other so-called friends.

Trouble Made by a Lying Writer

Not long ago he came to Chicago. He arrived at the hotel with a blinding head-ache and a bad cold and went to his room, giving directions that he would see no one.

The reporters of the various papers called and sent up their cards and the word was sent back that Mr. Ingalls was not in. This was the case from time to time during the

whole afternoon and evening, and the next

whole afternoon and evening, and the next day there appeared in one of the papers what purported to be an interview with Ingalls. It stated that he could make big money out of all the information he gave to the newspapers and he had no ideas to furnish gratis in the shape of interviews.

This talk was copied far and wide, and the other newspapers men of the country.

this correspondent, but the man had some spite against him and made up the inter-view out of whole cloth. The day it ap-peared Senator Ingalls denied it and the man was at once discharged from the news-

The Ruinous Effect of Extreme License in Regard to the Day of Rest.

STRIKES AT THE FAMILY.

Recent Agitation by a League for Its Universal Observance.

LAWS THAT HAVE BEEN PROPOSED.

Effect of the Unreasonable Prejudice Against Catholics.

THE PENDULUM SWINGING BACK AGAIN

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE,)



puts on his best clothes Sunday morping and sallies forth at an early hour to make a day of it. He has laid out his route the night before. It is no easy matter for him to choose. He can go to Versailles or St. Cloud, or to

any other of the surrounding suburbs or parks and find the fountains playing and the people swarming. He can go to the race courses and spend his day waiting for races which do occur now and then, never less than an hour between, however. Or he can stay in the city and spend all he has saved in the last six days in the cafes and theaters, which turn all their inventive powers to beguiling him. Go to any one of the city gardens where

cafes and spectacles are allowed, say to the Champ de Mars, the famous Exposition grounds of 1889. The place is cowded; the Eiffel tower elevators are not idle an in-stant; the cases are doing a flourishing business; before one of them a pantomime invites you to enter; before another an orchestra; here a barytone sings the "Trouvere," there a soprane, conspicuously decollete, mouths a love song; clowns pour forth their nonsense; jugglers perform their mysteries. Paris does all she can to encourage this Sunday gaiety. There is no day when the balls are so vigorous, the theaters so lively, the races so crowded. Perhaps it may not be amiss to remark that there is no day when the amusements are better patronized by foreigners, especially

It Is the Continental Sunday,

On the surface a Paris Sunday is nicture of gaiety of abandon, of free-dom from care, and—do not forget this point—of good order and quiet, which cannot point—of good order and quiet, which cannot be surpassed on the face of the earth. Americans and English who believe in the sanctification of the day and resist the "swim" are shocked naturally. The French go into peals of laughter at their disapproval. They do not comprehend how any sentiment but that of the coldest austerity will forbid their form. sentiment but that of the coldest austerity will forbid their fun. It must not be concluded, however, that they have no Sunday question. That would be an error. The question is grave here. However, it is not religious but social. It is how to reorganize industrial and commercial life so that everybody in Paris can have the same day off for rest. There is a great need of such an under-taking, for if one looks outside of parks and places of amusement on Sunday he will find that to a large degree the day is one of labor. ruption. For the last six months I have watched the repairs making on a church near my lodging. The stone cutter chiseled away at the flutings on his columns Sun-days as well as Mondays. It was on Sunday that the protecting fence in front of the portal came down, and that the rubbish from the interior was cleaned away. All day long heavy carts freighted with enormous building stones and drawn by four or five stout Percherons hitched tanden, drag along the streets. Even the Government, which ordinarily allows its employes one day in seven, averages more than half of Sundays in building; thus carpenters are given every other Sunday for rest, but masons, plasterers, street pavers and cellar



diggers, but one in tour. Markets, butche shops, bakeries and groceries are always open. Multitudes of small shops never The great stores and factories pearly improve the opportunity to catch trade The laundress brings your linen then, and nothing can induce her to change the day. The postmen deliver letters five times and papers twice on Sunday, and make five collections of mail. In short, in France to-day fully 10,000,000 men, women and children, who have no regular weekly day of rest, are Sunday slaves. Paris as the largest city of the country has of course, a large per cent of this nur The suspension of business which does take place is among the prosperous.

day. It was not so unwise, however, as to do away with a regular day of rest, but substituted for the religious one day in seven the decade, that is one day in ten. It was no half-way law, for everybody who did not observe the decade or who did observe Sunday was to be punished by death. Sunday was restored in 1814, but in 1880 the law was repealed.

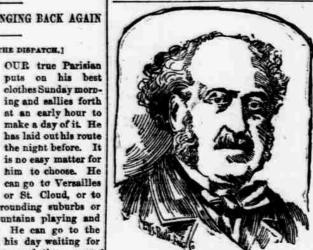
Church Facilies at the Bottom of It.

Church Feeling at the Bottom of It. Church Feeling at the Bottom of it.

The reason for the repeal was that it looked like a concession to the Catholics. France is willing any day to cut off her own nose to spite the Catholics. She certainly did so when she abolished Sunday. The day lost none of its prestige in reality. The rich kept it. The Government kept it. It was rooted into the people by 1,800 years of observation. A law could not tear out the tradition. Even the severe law of the Bevolution establishing the decade had iailed. "We do rest on the decade" said an Ouvrier of 1800, "but we change our shirts on Sunday." The harm fell on the masses where the prejudice and narrowness of Goy-

where the projudice and narrowness of Gov-ernments always fall.

The social evils resulting from having no legal day of repose have become evident to the economists of France. A determined struggle is going on to recover the privilege



Two of the most eminent statesmen of the day, M. Jules Simon and Leon Say, are conducting the campaign. Both are Academicians. The former is a member of the Senate, the latter of the Chamber of the Senate, the latter of the Chamber of Deputies. Both are upright men, who love France and deplore her follies. Especially are they interested in restoring to the country family life, the lack of which is so alarming to the thoughtful. One means to this end they regard as a unitorm legal day of rest for all working people. To aid in securing this they formed, two years ago, a league for creating sentiment in favor of the Sunday cause.

This league now includes a large number This league now includes a large number

eight or ten for repose because one day seven is of religious origin.

The Danger of the Extremes Certainly common sense ought to advise legislators that if religion or any agency can aid them to accomplish their social ends, that it is folly to refuse to accept it, but just now common sense has very little to do with the relations of Church and State in France, as the recent fall of the ministry amply proves. The whole case is one of warning to American cities. It ought to impress upon them that a great privilege like a day of repose is much easier lost than regained, and that when religious prejudice gets the uppermost in government it is very liable to injure most those who try to use it as a weapon.

liable to injure most those who try to use it as a weapon.

But it we may in our American cities take a warning from the experience of Paris in regard to abandoning Sunday laws, we can at the same time learn much from her in regards to spending the Sunday. There is no question, but that a city owes it to her poor to see not only that they have a day of rest, but that they have some place to spend it other than in growded tenements, with their dreary furnishings, and their bad air. Paris is a splendid example of generosity and thoughtfulness in this respect. She furnishes her people the most beautiful of parks and gardena. All through the warm months she sees to it that there is music on Sunday afternoon in many of them, that the fountains play and that the greatest liberty in enjoying their beauties is accorded. She opens, too, all her galleries and museums, and charges no admission to any of them.

Those who have watched the crowds of labories received.

and museums, and charges no admission to any of them.

Those who have watched the crowds of laboring people in Lincoln and Jackson Parks in Chicago on Sunday know that the working ability of that city is raised by the day her people enjoy in the sunlight and fresh air. They know, too, that the city is in less danger of riots and immorality because of it. Those who have watched the experiments made in New York in opening the Metropolitan Museum Sunday, and in Cincinnati in opening her Art Museum, believe that putting such refining and educating collections within the reach of the laboring class is a moral advantage as well as a means of culture. Observation of the people in similar places in Paris emphasizes the value of giving them these legitimate and rational pleasures.

There is no necessity in doing this, of going to the deplerable extreme to which Paris goes, and consecrating the day to amusement purely and simply.

IDA M. TARBELL.

RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

She Has an Income of Twenty-Five Milli

and Lives Like a Queen, The richest woman in the world—such she has long been acknowledged—is Dona Isadora Cousino, sometimes known as the "Cræsus of South America." Her various homes are in and near Santiago in Chile.



PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW PARIS ENJOYS ITS SUNDAY.

of well-known people. It is thoroughly liberal, admitting Jew and Gentile, Christian and free-thinker. It has established branches in all parts of France. It keeps her ancestry back to the days of the Spanish conquest. She has been a widow for about ten years, but even during her husband's lifetime she managed her an eloquent Catholic, Abbe Garnier, in the field. It publishes a monthly bulletin which keeps track of what is doing in all parts of the world. I find there a full account of the Sunday question in America, including the work of different leagues and Mr. Blair's bill, and not forgetting, of course, comments on the "peculiarity" of the "American consciences" which demand such an extraordinary proceeding as closing

the World's Fair on Su How Sunday Observance Is Progressing Through the efforts of this league the Postoffice Department in Paris has cut down the Sunday delivery of papers by one and the Sunday collections of mail by two. The Minister of Public Works was given an order to close the railroad freight depots at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, save in the case of perishable matter, which must be received and delivered up to noon, and to allow the person sending or receiving merchandise to request that it not be handled on Sunday. Since the agitation of this league began the Minister of the Ma-rine has ordered that the inspection of the personnel, which formerly took place Sunday morning, should be changed to Saturday afternoon, and in the army a law providing a day of absolute rest on Sunday for the rank and file, which had fallen into

disuse, has been revived by several com-The Municipal Council of Paris has declared itself emphatically in favor of the cause, and has begun reform by giving the workmen in the sewers a day of rest and by workmen in the sewers a day of rest and by ordering its various departments to study how work can be arranged to allow a weekly holiday to its employes. There has been great agitation among the various trades on the question, especially since the Berlin Congress of March, 1890, where, it will be remembered, it was voted that sgitation in favor of Sunday rest should be carried on. The typographers of Paris have asked that that the journals be reorganized so that each man can have one day of rest each week, not Sunday but any day. The grocers, shoemakers, jewelers and hatters have asked for closing at noon on Sunday. The butchers ask for the day after 4 P. M., the hardware men want the entire day. Such demands have been made all over France and with good results. At the congress held in February by the League it was reported that nearly all the factories in the north were closed and many illustrations were given to show that among the farmers less work was done than formerly.

than formerly.

A Day for Women and Children.

The suspension of business which does take place is among the prosperous.

Monday a Day of Drinking.

But men must rest sometime, and so the habit has grown among many workmen, who were not given Sunday, of taking Monday. There is an expression common among the French which shows the result of this habit. It is faire le Lundi, that is "to make Monday." literally, but freely "to go no a spree" or "to paint the town red." As a rule their wives and children, if they have them, are at work. They pass the day at the saloons and spend all they have. Among the poorest class of workmen whose-shops or factories close on Sunday it is the habit to take Monday too. They spend the former day in the open air, the latter in the saloon. They probably would take Tuesday, too, if they had a sou left.

This state of things strikes at the weekest spot in Parisian life—the family. Among the working people of the city this institution scarcely exists. Marriage is infrequent. Nearly one-third of the children born are Illegitimate. But what can be expected when lather and mother work from 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning unt "8, 8 or 9 in the week, and rarely with a common holiday? The family, if undertaken, falls to pieces because there is no chance to cultivate the associations necessary for its existence.

Paris, France, has not always been without a Sunday. Until the Revolution, religion, sided by law, preserved the day. Then in the struggle against the abuses of the clerty the government substituted persecution for purification. It attacked Sun-

own property, worth many millions, which came from her ancestral estate.

The Cousino estate—now representing the property of her late husband, as well as her property of her late husband, as well as her own, with the increments due to her executive ability, which is said to be greater even than her husband's, consists of millions of money in bank, of cattle and sheep, of coal mines, of copper and silver mines, of iron steamships, of real estate in the cities of Santiago and Valparaiso, smelting works, of railroads and farming lands.

From her coal mines alone Senora Cousino is said to have an income of \$80,000 a month or \$960,000 a year. This income

sino is said to have an income of \$80,000 a month, or \$960,000 a year. This income from one form of wealth alone represents a branch of her estate which should be considered, at a fair capitalization of its income, to amount to \$25,000,000. The extent of her coal property, however, is known only to herself; but whereas it costs only \$1 35 a ton to mine her coal, she readily realizes for it \$7 50 a ton. Her own fleet of eight iron steamships carries her coal and ore to market.

ore to market.

She owns every house in the town of Lota, which has 7,000 inhabitants, also ninetenths of the houses in the mining town of Soronel. The town of Lota is her favorite residence. There she has a magnificent mansion in the center of the finest private park in the world. It is supplied with all the luxuries that untold wealth can procure, brought to her very doors from the ports of Europe, Asia and Africa by her own steamships.



She has another park and palace aboutan hour's drive from Santiago on the finest plantation in Chile. Her vineyard at Macul has upon it a single cellar 500 feet long by 100 wide which is kept constantly full of wine, and supplies the markets of all Chile. She has another large estate about 30 miles from Santiago, also a great town-house in that city built mostly of red cedar brought from California. This house is decorated by Parisian artists; it is said, by those who have seen it, to be finer than any residence in New York City.

in New York City.

The income of Senora Cousino is put at \$25,000,000 a year, and South Americans say her estate would realize not less than \$200,000,000. This would make her not only the richest woman but the richest per-

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK

It is well known that a large propo It is well known that a large proportion of persons who embark in business, possibly from 90 to 95 per cent, tall at some period of their career. A compiler of industrial statistics, after years of careful study of this question, classifies the causes of failure as follows: Six-tenths ensue from inexperience, extravagance, and negligence; two-tenths from innate and incorrigible dishonesty; one-tenth from speculation, and one-tenth from misfortune.

HOUSEHOLD goods packed for shipment. HAUGH & KRENAN, 33 Water st.

Congressman Harter Is Devoting His Life to the Honest Dollar. GAVE UP BUSINESS FOR POLITICS. His Devotion to Cleveland and the Tariff

GOSSIP ABOUT BLAND AND OTHERS CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPARCE. WASHINGTON, March 19 .- The silver dis-

Reform Propaganda.

cussion which is now going on in Congress is largely the result of the efforts of Michael D. Harter, one of the new Congressmen from Ohio. Mr. Harter has only been a few months in the House, but he has already acquired a national reputation as a bright thinker, a shrewd and able debater and a bold and audacious leader. With no practical experience whatever in politics, he has jumped like Minerva from the head of Jove full-fledged into the arena of the House and is giving the older members some points in their own business.

Mr. Harter is a business man and his success here is largely due to his introducing business methods in the carrying out of his ideas. He is one of the best advertisers in the country. He has for years been the president and business manager of the Aultman and Taylor Threshing Machine Company and has had charge of one of the biggest businesses of Ohio. The main shops of this company are located at Mansfield and it ships its machines by the thousands all over the West, South and North and it has a big trade in Europe, Australia, Mexico and South America.

Pre-Eminently a Business Man, Mr. Harter has also other large investments which have given him a good business training. He owns in connection with others, two big flour mills, each of which turns out hundreds of barrels of flour every turns out hundreds of barrels of flour every day and one of which belongs to him and Secretary Foster. This mill is near Fosteris, O. It is run by steam produced by natural gas and it is finished with all the polish and fancy woods of a fine residence. Mr. Harter has had considerable experience as a banker. He was the founder of one of the leading banks of Mansfield, C., and his whole life has been spent as a manufacturer and banker.

whole life has been spent as a manufacturer and banker.

He has throughout his life been a student as well as a business man and has been known in Ohio for years as an enthusiastic free-trader and a hard money man. He is a great admirer of President Cleveland and his work here in Congress is devoted to the opposition of free coinage, the support of tariff reform and the endeavor to have Cleveland nominated. He is pushing his ideas as no new member has ever pushed ideas before. His business ability has enabled him to organize schemes by which enabled him to organize schemes by which he has waked up the whole country.

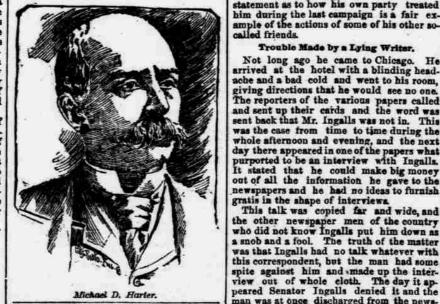
Not Afraid to Spend His Money.

He is a man of independent means and he is willing to spend money in carrying out his schemes. He first attacked silver through the Grand Army Posts and it cost him while he was doing it from \$100 to \$200 a week in postage and clerk hire. He next sent circulars to the bankers of the country and now he has, I understand, a new circular which is to go to all labor organizations of the United States, and which in simple language urges them to insist upon their Congressmen voting against free silver. He will in this way probably extend his campaign to every interest in the Union and if money and brains will accomplish what he wants, he will probably succeed.

Mr. Harter is now just 42 years old. He is a straight businesslike looking man with a dark rosy face, a bright, sparkling eye and hair which is sprinkled with gray. He dresses in business, clothes, is quick in his movements and is packed full of nervous activity. He is a well-read man, a pleas-Not Afraid to Spend His Money.

activity. He is a well-read man, a pleas-ant talker and a member of the most prominent Democratic clubs of the country. He has for years been connected with the Cobden Club of London and he is also one of the Reform Club of New York.

Given Up Business for Politics Mr. Harter has given up busines since he has taken up politics. He says he does not believe in a man's whole life being devoted to money making, and, though he might become a rich man if he continued to chase he dollar, he prefers to have less and en-



joy more. Mr. Harter's home at Mansfield. O., is a pretty red brick with a large lawn about it. It is just opposite the mansion of Senator Sherman, and is presided over by Mrs. Harter, who has attracted attention here as one of the finest looking of the later here as one of the finest looking of the later arrivals in Washington society.

I took a good look yesterday at Silver-Dollar Bland. He is the reverse of Harter in every respect. He is short, fat and sallow. Harter's face is as fresh as that of a baby. Bland's looks like tanned leather. Harter looks clean. Bland appears to belong to the great unwashed. He may be clean, but he don't look it, and his pantations make me think of those of the late Senator Van Wyck, which were said to have been cut with a circular saw. Bland is about ten years older than Harter. It is now 14 years since he got the silver dollar bill, of which Senator Allison is said to be the anthor, through the House, and it was

the author, through the House, and it was through it that he made his great reputa-tion. He has been fighting for silver ever Bland Not a Pleasing Personality

Bland Not a Pleasing Personality.

Mr. Bland is of medium height, and he would weigh, I judge, about 175 pounds. His voice is deep, hoarse and unpleasant, and his words come forth from rathers large mouth, the chin of which is ornamented with a sandy brown beard, and the upper lip of which has a mustache of the same color. Bland cares but little for appearances. He sits half the time on his spine, and he looks as though he could bite a nail. He talks but little to those around him and he has none of the sociable qualities of Harter. He is a man of fair average ability, however, and his character is above represent.

however, and his character is above reproach.

The return of Whitelaw Reid to the
United States and the probable appointment of Colonel John Hay as his successor,
recalls the Washington careers of two of the
most remarkable men in public life. Both
Hay and Reid came to Washington poor
and unknown, and both are to-day rich and
famous. Both have marfed other fortunes
in the daughters of millionaires. Colonel
John Hay is one of the managers of Amasa
Stone's cetate, which amennes to millions,
and he has an income which would enable
him to make a social success of any diplo-

matic position to which he might be ap-SHARING OF PROFITS

Reid's Residence Cost a Million.

Whitelaw Reid's wife is the daughter of the noted millionaire, D. O. Mills, and Mr. Reid's country home at White Plains is said to have cost \$1,006,000. The grounds upon which John Hay's big Washington home stands cost, about ten years ago, \$6 a foot, and it fl worth \$15 a foot to-day. You would have to carpet it with \$2 greenbacks to buy it, and the mansion which Colonel Hay has built upon it is a triumph of architecture in brick. It was designed by Richardson, and the brick of its walls and chimneys is so arranged that it looks as if Will Be Possible Only When the Millennium Comes, According to

THE VIEWS OF SENATOR FARWELL.

It Hight Do for the Manufacturers but Not for the Merchants. chimneys is so arranged that it looks as if it might have been carved out of an im-mense old mountain of red sandstone, and its interior is one of the most beautiful in

ULTIMATELY IT MEANS SOCIALISM

[WBITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.] The division of labor as a means to the best results in almost every kind of business has been so successfully applied that no large enterprise of any kind can succeed without it. What else can be done to increase the efficiency of labor and capital? Natural adaptation to some special work, and continued application in that special work, make experts, and experts make success—other things being equal—and cap-ital and labor are equally interested in success, as without a fair compensation for both long-continued prosperity is not pos-

In this country fortunes have been made so rapidly in many lines of business that competition has sprung up as the legitimate counterpart of large gains, until capital, which began with large profits, while pay-ing large remuneration to labor, was obliged to reduce wages to make even a fair interest on capital invested, and now a dissatisfied capitalist has to meet dissatisfied labor and olve the problem of fair compensation to each. Both as a citizen and as a merchant of nearly 50 years' experience I have had ccasion to give a good deal of attention to the labor problem, and among other things have studied the profit-sharing principle as applied to my line of business.

year. He was a good writer, however, and he could have made a big income outside of his official career, and he made, I am told, something like \$50,000 out of the magazine publication of his history of Lincoln. Practicable In the Iron Business Let me begin by saying, in a broad sense labor does share in the profits of business more largely in America than in any other Began at Five Dollars a Week.

When Whitelaw Reid came to Washington he was not making much more than Colonel Hay. He began here as correspondent of the Cincinnati Gastie, and he helped out his salary by getting an appointment as librarian of the House of Representatives. He had been engaged in newspaper work in Ohio, and I heard him once say that his first work as a correspondent was on the Cincinnati Times, and that his wages were \$5 a week. He soon made a reputation here at Washington, and he more largely in America than in any other country in its relative receipts from the results of labor and capital combined—in wages now paid. The question is, can an additional motive be added by capital to wages, which shall inure to the benefit of both, in the form of a share in the profits over and above wage receipts? If so, both must accede to it by the ultimate law of human nature in business, namely, self-interest. reputation here at Washington, and he added to the fame he had gotten as war cor-

In some manufacturing concerns, notably iron mills, where physical more than brain force produces results, I should say that this added motive would serve both capital and labor in comparatively larger outputs and greater harmony, and is therefore practicable. In business establishments for the sale of manufactured goods the same motive could only operate on a small number of employes, whose intellectual force and practical experience, combined with strict integrity, make them competent to manage departments. Capital may well share profits with such men for the use of their experience and intellectual force, but to extend this motive beyond that line, so as to make it effective in better service from all employes, would not, in my opinion, be a workable proposition.

Why It Will Not Work Elsewhere. In some manufacturing concerns, notably added to the fame he had gotten as war correspondent. He was given an interest in
the Cincinnati Gazette, and then went to the
New York Tribune and made a fortune,
Both Hay and Reid have been good friends
for years, and during Mr. Reid's shorter absences in Europe, Colonel Hay has sometimes taken his place as the editor of the
New York Tribune. times taken his place as the editor of the New York Tribune.
Colonel Hay is a charming writer, and has true poetic genius. Years ago he wrote "The Pike County Ballads" in order to ridicule the dialect poems of Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, and he was rather surprised when he found his poetry taken in sober earnest and himself famous through it. He is, I am told, rather ashamed of these poems now, and his work in poetry which has lately appeared in the Contury has been on a higher plane. During his stay in Spain he wrote "Castilian Days," and if he remains in Paris we may get some of his pretty pictures of French life.

Senator Ingalls and the Reporters.

higher plane. During his stay in Spain he wrote "Castilian Days," and if he remains in Paris we may get some of his pretty pictures of French life.

Senator Ingalls and the Reporters.

Speaking about public men as writers, I understand that Senator Ingalls is again working on the Washington novel which he had about ready for the press when the fire occured at his house in Atchison and burned his valuable library. This fire destroyed a large amount of manuscript and important letters and it wiped out in one night the bottled up results of Senator Ingalls' intellectual life. Ingalls had a way of keeping his notes upon the subjects he was studying in the shape of marginal references on the pages of the books connected with them. If a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright idea struck and it was a bright sentence or a bright in the case of a large processed in safe or in the fixed was a somew Why It Will Not Work Elsewhere.

a bright sentence or a bright idea struck him while he was reading he jotted it down on the side of the page and his memory was such that he could always tell just where such a note was to be found and his library such a note was to be found and his library was in this way the half of his soul. He is a very rapid writer and he writes, if anywage interest in the business in hand, and real merit never fails to increase its cash

prevails when such a system is maintained, and that civilization and refinement follow individual, independent action in the accumulation of wealth.

mulation of wealth.

This being so, the mental and moral constitution of the race must be radically changed before the principle of profit-sharing can be practically utilized to better the conditions of society. The millennium must come, not in theory, but in practical power, as a fact, in which every man can divide as a lact, in which every man can divide brain, muscle and means with every other man and be proud of the privilege of doing it, and then the King of Righteousness Himself can again give Himself to the race for its complete redemption from the power of human settishness.

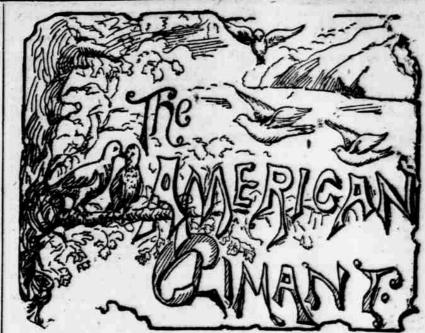
estion Often Asked and Fully Answered at Last.

THEORY VERIFIED BY PRACTICE.

Mr. W. T. Black, of Schuyler Co., Ill., writes: "The Pe-ra-na Drug Manufacturing Co., Calumbus, C.—It affords me great pleasure to be able to add my testimony to that of many others who have used your medicines. I was afflicted with catarrh for several years. I used about three bottles of Pe-ra-ns and some Man-a-lin, and I think I am entirely well. I had been troubled with constipation for several years. I had been dieting for it, and that had failed to do any good. I used Man-a-lin until I became regular, and am now entirely well. I think it can not be equaled, and I think Pe-ra-na and Man-a-lin are all that is claimed for them. I keep them in the house all the time. Anyone doubting the genuineness of this testimonial can write me—inclesing a stamp for reply—and I will answer."

Cases of as long standing as this one often have to take much more than three bottles of Pe-ra-na before a cure is effected, although it is by no means rare that three bottles are sufficient. Notwithstanding that day after day we are in receipt of letters from grateful patients, who, like the above, have been cured of catarrh, yet thousands of people go on asking the oft-repeated question, "Can catarrh be cured?" Certainly catarrh can be cured. Thousands are cured of whom we never hear by taking Pe-ru-ns. Thousands are cured who write of the fact, asking us to publish their letters for the benefit of others. But an unnumbered multitude of people whose tives are made miscrable by chronic catarrh have yet to hear or become convinced that Pe-ru-ns is precisely the remedy for which they have been vainly searching all these years. Pe-ru-ns cures; it does not simply relieve temporarily. Once cured by Pe-ru-na and the fortunate individual is permanently well.

A valuable pamphlet of 32 pages, setting forth in detail the treatment of estarrh, oughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis and consumption, in every phase of the disease, will be sent free to any address by the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co., of Columbus, O. This book should be in every



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY MARK TWAIN,

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

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Lord Berkeley, estensibly 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 bad to bear. Finally he becomes a hero by thrashing the bully of the house. The latter leaves, taking Tracy's money with him. The landford insults Tracy for fict paying his board. Discouraged, he telegraphs his adopted name to 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 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. Ilve in a tumbled-down house in Washington, which now becomes Rosmore Towers. He mourns the young Lord as dead, and came near sending the old Lord a basket of ashes from

CHAPTER XXIII.

Tracy wrote his father before he sought his bed. He wrote a letter which he believed would get better treatment than his cablegram received, for it contained what ought to be welcome news; namely, that he had tried equality and working for a living; had made a fight which he could find no reason to be ashamed of, and in the matter of earning a living had proved that he was able to do it; but that, on the whole, he had arrived at the conclusion that he could not reform the world single-handed, and was willing to retire from the conflict with the fair degree of bonor which he had gained, and was also willing to return home and resume his position and be content with it and thankful for it for the future, leaving further experiment of a missionary sort to other young people needing the chastening and quelling persuasions of experience, the

that was suffering all the different kinds of distress there are, from stomach ache to rabies. But Sellers liked it. He said it was just himself all over—a portrait that sweated moods from every pore, and no two moods alike. He said he had as many different kinds of distress there are, from stomach ache to rabies. But Sellers liked it. He said it was just himself all over—a portrait that sweated moods from every pore, and no two moods alike. He said he had as many different kinds of distress there are, from stomach ache to rabies. But Sellers liked it. He said it was just himself all over—a portrait that sweated moods from every pore, and no two moods alike. He said he had as many different kinds of distress there are, from stomach ache to rabies. But Sellers liked it. He said it was just himself all over—a portrait that sweated moods from every pore, and no two moods alike. He said he had as many different kinds of distress there are, from stomach ache to rabies. But Sellers liked it. He said it was just himself all over—a portrait that sweated moods from every pore, and no two moods alike. He said of a deadly work of art, maybe, but it was a starchy picture for show; for it was life size, full length, and represented the American earl in a peer's scarlet robe, with the three ermine bars indicative of an earl's rank, and on the gray head an earl's rank and on the gray he omident was the opportunity now so happily afforded to reconcile York and Laneaster, graft the warring roses upon one

stem, and end forever a crying injustice which had already lasted far too long. One could infer that he had thought this

which had already lasted far too long.
One could infer that he had thought this thing all out and chosen this way of making all things fair and right, because it was sufficiently fair and considerably wiser than the renunciation scheme which he had brought with him from England. One could infer that, but he didn't say it. In fact, the more he read his letter over the more he got to inferring it himself.

When the old earl received the letter the first part of it filled him with a grim and snarly satisfaction; but the rest of it brought a snort or two out of him that could be translated differently. He wasted no ink in this emergency, either in cablegrams or letters; he promptly took ship for America to look into the matter himself. He had stanchly held his grip all this long time, and given no sign of the hunger at his heart to see his son, hoping for the cure of his insane dream, and resolute that the process should go through all the necessary stages without assuaging telegrams or other nonsense from home, and here was victory at last. Victory, but stupidly marred by this idiotic marriage project. Yes, he would step over and take a hand in this matter himself.

Turing the first ten days following the

step over and take a hand in this matter himself.

During the first ten days following the mailing of the letter Tracy's spirits had no idle time; they were always climbing up into the clouds or sliding down into the earth as deep as the law of gravitation reached. He was intensely happy and intensely miserable by turns, according to Miss Sally's moods. He never could tell when the mood was going to change, and when it changed he couldn't tell what it was that had changed it. Sometimes she was so in love with him that her love was tropical, torrid, and she could find no language fervent enough for its expression; tropical, torrid, and she could find no language fervent enough for its expression; then suddenly, and without warning or any apparent reason, the weather would change and the victim would find himself adrift among the icebergs and feeling as lonesome and friendless as the North Pole. It sometimes seemed to him that a man might better be dead than exposed to these devastating varieties of climate.

The case was simple. Sally wanted to believe that Tracy's preference was disin-

believe that Tracy's preference was disinterested; so she was always applying little tests of one sort or another, hoping and expecting that they would bring out evidence which would confirm and fortify her belief. Poor Tracy did not know that these experiments were being made upon him consewhich would confirm and fortify her belief. Poor Tracy did not know that these experiments were being made upon him, consequently he walked promptly into all the traps the girl set for him. These traps consisted in apparently casual references to social distinction, aristocratic title and privilege, and such things. Often Tracy responded to these references heedlessly, and not much caring what he said, provided it kept the talk going and prolonged the scance. He didn't suspect that the girl was watching his face and listening for his words as one who watches the Judge's face and listens for the words which will restore him to home and friends and freedom, or shut him away from the sun and human companionship terever. He didn't suspect that his careless words were being weighed, and so he often delivered sentences of death when it would have been just as handy and all the same to him to pronounce acquittal. Daily he broke the girl's heart; nightly he sent her to the rack for sleep. He couldn't understand it.

Some people would have put this and that together and perceived that the weather never changed until one particular subject was introduced, and then that it always changed. And they would have looked further, and perceived that that subject was always introduced by the one party, never the other. They would have argued, then, that this was done for a purpose. If they could not find out what that purpose was in any simpler or easier way, they would ask. But Tracy was not deep enough or suspicious enough to think of these things. He noticed only one particular; that the

weather was always sunny when a visit began. No matter how much it might cloud up later, it always began with a clear sky. He couldn't explain this curious fact to himself, he merely knew it to be a fact. The truth of the matter was, that by the time Tracy had been out of Sally's sight six hours she was so famishing for a sight of him that her doubts and suspletons were all consumed away in the fire of that longing, and so always she came into his presence as surprisingly radiant and joyous as she wasn't when she went out of it.

In circumstances like these a growing

In circumstances like these a growing portrait runs a good many risks. The portrait of Sellers, by Tracy, was fighting along, day by day, through this mixed weather, and daily adding to itself ineradicable signs of the checkered life it was leading. It was the kennest nortrait in leading. It was the happiest portrait, in spots, that was ever seen; but in other spots a damned soul looked out from it; a soul that was suffering all the different kinds of

when Sally's weather was sunny, the por-trait made Tracy chuckle; but when her weather was overcast, it disordered his mind and stopped the circulation of his blood. Late one night, when the sweethearts had been having a flawless visit together, Sally's interior devil began to work his specialty, and soon the conversation was drifting toward the customary rock. Presently, in the midst of Tracy's serene flow of talk, he felt a shudder which he knew was not his felt a shudder which he knew was not his shudder, but exterior to his breast although

shudder, but exterior to his breast although immediately against it. After the shudder came sobs; Sally was crying.

"Oh, my darling, what have I done, what have I said? It has happened again! What have I done to wound you?"

She disengaged herself from his arms, and gave him a look of deep reproach.

"What have you done? I will tell you what you have done. You have unwittingly revealed, oh, for the twentieth time, though I could not believe it, would not believe it, that it is not me you love, but that lieve it, that it is not me you love, but that foolish sham, my father's imitation earl-dom, and you have broken my heart!" "Oh, my child, what are you saying! I

never dreamed of such a thing!"
"Oh, Howard, Howard, the things you have uttered when you were forgetting to guard your tongue have betrayed you."
"Things I have uttered when I was forgetting to guard my tongue? These are hard words. When have I remembered to guard it? Never in one instance. It has no office but to speak the truth. It needs no guarding for that."

no guarding for that."
"Howard, I have noted your words and weighed them, when you were not thinking of their significance—and they have told me more than you meant they should." more than you meant they should."
"Do you mean to say you have answered
the trust I had in you by using it as an ambuscade from which you could set snares
for my unsuspecting tongue and be safe
from detection while you did it? You have
not done this—surely you have not done
this thing. Oh, one's enemy could not do
it."

This was an aspect of the girl's conduct which she had not clearly perceived before. Was it treachery? Had she abused a trust? The thought crimsoned her cheeks with

Was it treachery? Had she abused a trust? The thought crimsoned her cheeks with shame and remorse.

"Oh, forgive me," she said, "I did not know what I was doing. I have been so tortured—you will forgive me, you must; I have suffered so much, and I am so sorry and so humble; you do forgive me, don't you—don't turn away, don't refuse me; it is only my love that is at fault, and I love you, love you with all my heart; I couldn't bear to—oh, dear, dear, I am so miserable, and I never meant any harm, and I didn't see where this insanity was carrying me, and how it was wronging and abusing the dearest heart in all the world to me—and—and—oh, take me in your arms again, I have no other refuge, no other home and hope!"

There was reconciliation again—immediate, perfect, all-embracing—and with it utter happiness. This would have been a good time to adjourn. But no, now that the cloud-breeder was revealed at last; now that it was manitest that all the sour weather had come from this girl's dread that Tracy was lured by her rank and not herself, he resolved to lay that ghost immediately and permanently by furnishing the best possible proof that he couldn't have had back of him at any time the suspected motive. So he

at any time the suspected motive. So he said:

"Let me whisper a little secret in your ear—a secret which I have kept shut up in my breast all this time. Your rank couldn't ever have been an enticement. I am son and hoir to an English earl!"

The girl stared at him one, two, three moments, maybe a dozen, then her lipe parted:

"You," she said, and moved away from him, still gazing at him in a kind of blank amazement.

"Why—why, certainly I am. Why do you act like this? What have I done now?"

"What have you done? You have certainly made a most strange statement. You must see that yourselt."

"Well," with a timid little laugh, "it

investment with an aggresive application of It Means Socialism Eventually, But carried to its legitimate conclusions, profit-sharing universally applied in industrial and mercantile pursuits means a community of interests and resolves itself into socialism pure and simple. The history of the world reveals the fact that barbarism

JOHN V. FARWELL IS CATARRH CURARLES

He Called Ingalls a Liar. Mr. W. T. Black, of Schuyler Co., Ill., Had he said he was sick instead of saying he was not in to the reporters at Chicago, he might have had no trouble. It was this apparent falsehood which made some of them angry and one of them told me last night his experiences with the Senator at this time. ud he:
"We hung around that hotel all afternoon

"We hung around that hotelall afternoon and we could not get at Ingalls. I sent up my card three times and it came back every time with the reply that the Senator was not in. At last I saw a telegraph messenger come in with a telegram for Ingalls and I thought to make surety sure by giving my card to him. If the message stayed the Senator was in and I would know he was playing me false if my card came back. I sent it up and the message stayed and down came my card with the same story. I was rather angry and I took out my card and wrote on the head of it, "Senator John J. Ingalls, what a liar you are?" and signed my name to it. I put the card in an envelope and left it in the Senator's box. The next day I again sent up my card and I was ope and lett it in the Senator's box. The next day I again sent up my card and I was told to come right up. Senator Ingalls first asked me what I meant by the card I had sent him. I told him my experience in trying to get at him and said I was mad at the way he had answered me. He explained that he had refused to see anyone because he was sick and he then began to chat with me and gave me a very good interview. He did not seem very angry at my action in writing the note and he passed the whole thing off with a laugh." FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A local gossiper said the other day that shoemakers were in the hebit of guarding against sneak-thieves by never showing boots and shoes in pairs, and thus making theits toe profiles for the risk incurred.

This practice prevailed very extensively years ago, but nowadays the precaution is generally overlooked. Some tradesmen have, however, adopted the pian of only sending out single shoes when ordered on