Clyde, and laid his warm, honest young heart at her feet. And his wish to make her his wife grew

stronger each day. They had been engaged a month, when we find him pleading to her to fix their wedding day, but with a restless sigh Miriam turned away her head, and looked pensively on the wild waters of the

northern sea. "I shall be forced to go, Miriam, in a "I shall be forced to go, Mirram, in a quarter of an hour," continued Sir James, looking at his watch; "there's a big 'at home' at the Colonel's this afternoon, and I shall be obliged to go, as he made me promise, so don't send me away without a

word to cheer me." "How many do you want?" answered Miriam, now raising her dark eyes to his face with a smile. "You know the one I want," he answered,

ardently; "the one little word-to name the happy day?"

Miriam Clyde shook her head coyly. "Not to-day," she said; "and if you are really going to Colonel Herbert's this afternoon. I do not think you have any time to spare.

The expression of Sir James' face changed. 'You are always putting me off," he said. "But how can we fix such a serious thing

in a hurry?" "If it wasn't that I had promised the Chief, I would not go at all," answered Sir

James, a little impatiently. "And disappoint the Miss Herberts?" smiled Miriam.

"You know very well I don't care about disappointing the Miss Herberts. That there's only one girl that I never would disappoint, though she's always disappointing

me." Miriam Clyde gave a little laugh, and looked half shyly, half kindly at Sir James' treckled face. He was not good-looking, yet he was decidedly not plain. He was tall and stalwart, had a fine figure in fact; and his features, though somewhat irregular, were not unpleasing, and his expression kindly and sensible.

"Well, I suppose I must be off," he said, unwillingly, taking Miriam's hand in his, and looking very tenderly in her face, "and before I go, Miriam, may I have one kiss?" certainly not," answered Miriam, "Don't you see the firing party quickly.

there?" and she pointed toward the long stretch of yellow sand beyond where they were standing, on which a company of red-coated soldiers were practicing firing at a target. "I forgot the firing party." said Sir

James, "But they, I dare say, have not forgotten you," answered Miriam, smiling; "it's Cap-tain Escourt's company. They passed me as I was coming down to the sands." "What kind of fellow is Escourt?"

"By no means brilliant, but rather good-

"Then are you going home now, or going to stay on the sands?" inquired Sir James.

"I shall stay out a little longer." "Goodby, then, Mirian-goodby, dear Miriam." He pressed her hand as he spoke, and then unwillingly left her, and Miriam Clyde gave a little restless sigh when she "Poor fellow," she was thinking, and again she turned her dark eyes in dreamy

fashion to the sea. She felt sorry for him sorry for his wasted love, and her inability to return it. Yet she liked him, and under stood his character well enough to know that he deserved a better fate from her "We can't help these things," she hands. thought with another sigh, and then she began walking slowly, with bent head, along the sands in the direction of the firing party, who were, however, quite half a mile distant from her.

She kept watching the firing vaguely, and suddenly she saw the soldier who was standing near the target marking, fall. Then several soldiers from the firing party ran toward the prostrate man. An accident had evidently occurred Miriam Clyde saw at once, and she now also ran forward, and presently met a soldier running in the irection of the village, where the barracks were situated.

"What has happened?" asked Miriam, as the man passed her. 'One of the men has been shot at the

target, miss," answered the soldier, salut-ing the commandant's daughter; "and I'm going for the doctor." lake haste, then," said Miriam, and Escourt at the door.

she diso made haste, and presently ran up breathless to the group of soldiers who were standing round the man lying in the

"I'll call and let you know," answered Captain Escourt, a slender, good-looking Escourt; "I am going to the hospital now ung man, with a weak face, stepped to to look after him. Thank you awfully for ward from the group when he saw Miss what you did for one of my poor fellows," Clyde approaching. "There's been an accident I am sorry to say, Miss Clyde," he said, addressing Miriam, "perhaps you had better not come and he touched his cap and turned away. Then Miriam went slowly into the house and walked feebly to her own room upstairs. any nearer for the poor fellow is bleeding All her strength and litheness seemed sudterribly. denly to have passed away from her, and when she reached her room she sat down nd covered her face with her hands.

Reed," said Captain Escourt; "she has bound up the poor fellow's leg, and it had been too much for her."

"She has probably saved his life," muttered the young doctor. "Come, Miss Clyde, I see Captain Escourt has a flask here; let me pour you out a sip, and that will proba-

bly put you all right." The doctor poured out some of the brandy and Miriam swallowed a little and then again pointed to the wounded man. "Give him some," she said, almost in a whisper, and the doctor knelt down on the

sand to comply with her request. "You have saved his life by your promptitude and courage," he said, turning round presently to speak to Miriam Clyde, after he had examined the wound; "one of the main arteries is shot through; the man would have bled to denth without immedi-

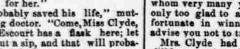
ate assistance. Miriam made no answer; the brandy had revived her a little, but still she stood with

lifted up and placed in it, and carried away by the soldiers; the doctor walking by its side. Then Captain Escourt offered to

"Let me see you safely to the village," he said, and Miriam accepted his offer. He

"How did it happen?" she asked, as they went.

n the range of the fire somehow or shots



children to obey her, and her manner to Miriam told you this. It was quiet, but firm, as though she quite expected that her words would have due effect. She had been

words would have due effect. She had been quiet, but firm also, when General Conray proposed to her eldest daughter, Joan, then a beautiful girl of 20; the General being fully 30 years her senior, and a friend of her father's. But he was a wealthy man, high in the service, and Joan Clyde was given very little choice in the matter. Her mother told her it was an excellent match for her, and one that herself and her hus-hard heartily approved of and that young

parents that strange look of fear on her face; still her eyes were fixed on the wounded sol-

dier. Presently an ambulance which the doctor had ordered to be brought down from the barracks arrived, and the wounded man was

gave the word of command to his company, and then walked behind it with Miriam.

"The poor fellow who is called Dare got but I can scarcely understand it, as he is a good soldier, though he has not joined us

Colonel Clyde was a very tall thin man, with white hair and white mustache and whiskers, and a bronzed, lined face. His wife had much influence over him, for her intellectual powers far exceeded his, though "Listen to me, Miriam. Sir James is a young man, in a good position; a young man whom very many young women would be only too glad to accept. You have been fortunate in winning his affections, and I advise you not to trifle with them." Mrs. Clyde had always brought up her children to ober her end her wanner to she was quite clever enough to disguise this fact from his knowledge, though everyone

else of their acquaintance knew it. He was a good soldier, brave, and some-what stern, but respected by officers and men alike. He was fond of his children, but like their mother, not very tender in his manner to them. Here his wife's influ ence came in. She would not allow him to spoil the girls, she said, and Miriam stood a little in awe of her father. Nevertheless when Captain Escourt had

repeated his story about the wounded soldier, and told how brave and cleves Miriam had been, the Colonel's face relaxed into a kindly smile, and he laid his hand on band heartily approved of, and that young girls of course must be guided by their her shoulder.

"I am glad to hear this, my girl," he said; So Joan married the General after shed-"glad that a soldier's daughter could be of some little service to a soldier in his need." "I did very little, father," answered So Joan married the General after shed-ding many tears, some in secret, and some in the presence of her firm mother, who, however, gave her no encouragement to indulge in any such weaknesses. And Joan Miriam. "But the very little did some good it went away with her General, who was firm

seems," continued Colonel Clyde. -"I must go and see the poor fellow by and by; thank you for coming to tell me about it, also, and a rigid disciplinarian at home and abroad; and his young wife was afraid of Escourt. At this moment the drawing room door again opened, and the soldier servant an-

him, and not over happy it was shald of him, and not over happy it was said, but Mrs. Clyde never allowed this. "Poor Joan is not very strong-minded," she used to say with a smile; "and she needs a guiding hand, and I am glad to see that the General keeps her in order." And one daughter according to her ideas "Dr. Reed."

And one daughter, according to herideas, being so successfully disposed of, she was by no means pleased to hear that Miriam

ned inclined to trifle with her good luck. Mrs. Clyde had never sought to attract men daughters, knowing well that her for her

J. PIERFONT MORGAN ON PATIENCE All rich men agree that it is easier to make money than to keep it. It is not what a man makes, but what he saves and invests to advantage, that causes him to become rich. The most puzzling question that confronts a young man who has begun to save money and to get a little ahead in the world

is what to do with it. He does not want to follow the example of the bad servant in the parable, who "went and digged in the earth and hid his lord's money." He does not wish to hoard up his savings in a bureau

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. SUNDAY, MAY 29.

drawer nor in an old stocking. On the contrary, he desires to invest his five talents,

"Ab, Reed," said the Colonel, extending his hand: "and how is your poor patient getting on? I mean the man who has been or dollars, in something which will make them breed five more in the shortest possible space of time consistent with good security.

MAKING MONEY WORK

Advice of Famous Rich Men as to the

Investment of Savings.

CLEVELAND SAYS REAL ESTATE.

Carnegie Quotes Statistics and Henry

Clews Likes Stocks.

shot at the target on the sands." "I hope fairly well, sir," answered the young doctor, and as he did so he glanced Desiring to obtain the best possible answer to the question, "What is the best way to invest money?" a young friend of is if unconsciously at Miriam, who stood listening to his words with eager eyes and a fast-beating heart. "He's very low, for he's lost a tremendous lot of blood, and but THE DISPATCH recently addressed a letter of inquiry on this subject to several of the for Miss Clyde here he would have been a most famous rich men of our time. In the dead man by this time. Your daughter, sir, behaved splendidly, if she will allow hope of benefiting other young men desirous of investing their savings to the best ad-"I am glad she was of some little help," vantage, he has kindly permitted the pub-

said the Colonel. "But, doctor, won't you have some tea?" ication of some of the replies he has received, as follows: Dr. Reed accepted this invitation, and

Henry Clews Says Stocks and Bonds, Mrs. Clyde poured it out for him, and then Henry Clews, the millionaire banker and rose from the table and began taiking to her husband and Captain Escourt, and for a broker of Wall street, naturally favors moment Dr. Reed had an opportunity of speaking a few words in a low tone to investing money in personal property, he having acquired his large fortune by Miriam, who was sitting near the tea table. "I have something for you; something very strange," he said. dealing, in securities. "My answer to your question," he writes,

In a moment Miriam's face had flushed "would be that there is no better investcrimson, and then as quickly grew deadly ment for money than gilt-edged stocks and bonds. Some of the wealthiest and shrewd-

pale. "I don't want the others to hear," conest men the world has ever known have pretinued Dr. Reed; "best not; in fact the man asked me not to let anyone see the few words he has written in pencil to you. How can I give them to you unobserved?" ferred this form of investment, and some of the most colossal fortunes of which we have

"You mean the man who was shot?" "You mean the man who was shot?" asked Miriam with clammy, faltering lips. "Yes," answered the doctor, "he is con-scious now, and as soon as he became so he asked for paper and a pencil, and begged me to carry what he has written to you. I hope you do not consider it a liberty, but the poor fellow was so terribly in earnest.' "Oh! no, no," said the poor girl, in terrible distress, with her frightened eyes fixed on her mother, whose back was turned to

Shall I slip the note into that book lying there?" asked the doctor, who saw there was some secret about the wounded soldier

that Miss Clyde evidently knew. "Yes," half whispered Miriam, and as she spoke Dr. Reed rose, and helped himself to sugar with affected carelessness, and at the

same time slid a small envelope between the leaves of the book he had indicated. "Do you like this book?" he said, hand-ing it to Miriam, who eagerly slutched the volume in her trembling hand

"I do, Dr. Reed," said Mrs. Clyde, turn-"Captain Escourt's company were prac-ticing firing at a target, and this poor man was marking, and I suppose was accidentng round; "it is interesting with a certain mount of dramatic power," and she put ing round; out her hand as though to take the book

rom Miriam. But with a sudden gesture almost of des-pair Miriam grasped it closer, and then Miriam's voice faltered against her will as she made this explanation, and her mother looked at her somewhat curiously. without a word rose, and hurriedly left the room, while her mother's eyes followed her "You seem quite upset, Miriam, by this ceident; did you see it?"

n grave surprise. "This affair on the sands seems to have "Yes, mother, I saw it, and I believe the quite upset my daughter," she said, a mooor soldier would have bled to death before ment later, speaking to Dr. Reed. "That is only natural." he answered:

"many young ladies can't bear the sight of blood, but there is no doubt Miss Clyde lecting the income from those that pay inbe insured against fire. But when you buy In the meanwhile Miriam had breathlessly reached her own room, and locked the door behind her, and then with trembling fingers be sure that you get the best. Be sure also, that you buy at the right time. Fi nancial panics occur periodically and at such times the very best securities feel the effect of the general depression and decline in price. Then is the time to purchase." opened the book containing the note the doctor had placed there. It was enclosed in an envelope, which she also tore open, and then read with starting eyes the few feebly written penciled word The Opinion of J. Plerpont Morgan.

near Washington, cleared over \$100,000. He speaks for himself as follows: "In reply to your letter I would say that I think real estate, which is likely to increase in value, the best possible investment that you can make of whatever you are able to save. However small your means, you will be able to purchase some small piece of property with a building improvement on it, for which you can obtain rent. You can pay whatever money you have and can give your note for the remainder, securing them by a mortgage. Have these notes fall due at short intervals, so that you may pay what you can on them, and renew them for smaller amounts from time to time, in case you are not able to pay them off in full as they mature. Devote to paying of these notes all that you are able to save from your salary or the profits of your business, and also whatever surplus is left from

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ness, and also whatever surplus is left from the income of the property you have pur-chased after paying the taxes and insurance. By faithfully following out this policy you will soon have your property paid for. If it is in a locality that will improve, it will increase in value. While waiting for it to to so you can keep on saving, and can again invest your savings in another piece of property as you did in the former one, and thus in a comparatively very short time you can have a very considerable invest-

ment.' Hon. R. A. Alger Would Purchase Land. Hon. Russell A. Alger, Michigan's tavorite son, has acquired his large fortune to a great extent through the rise in value of imber lands, and consequently favors similar investments, as will he seen below: "There is no better investment for money than in land which can be purchased cheaply and eventually sold at a higher price. Old Meyer Rothschild, the founder of the great house of Rothschild, was once asked by a young man what he must do to become rich. "Well," said old Meyer shrugging his shoulders, "I buys cheap and sells dear." That is the whole philosophy of the thing is a nutriell. thing in a nutshell. If a young man buys land at a bargain his principle is secure. No one can steal it from him. He has nothing to fear from the dishonesty of bank presidents or cashiers. If he has thoroughly satisfied himself, before investing, that his

purchase is destined to increase in value, and his judgment is correct, he will event-ually be able to sell for a sum more than sufficient to pay a large rate of interest on the money invested. Real estate of any kind is the most taugible, permanent and least hazardous of all forms of investment." What Senator Leland Stanford Thinks.

Hon. Leland Stanford, United States Senator from California, and a Presidental possibility, sends the following:

Andrew Carnegie Says Real Estate.

"In considering the best way for a young any knowledge consist almost wholly of man to invest his money much depends on such securities. Notable cases in point are the circumstances and surroundings of each individual case. The great end to be attained in any investment is to secure the highest possible rate of interest consistent with the Vanderbits, Rothschilds and Baron

Hirsch. "Such an investment of money has several advantages over investstments in real estate. perfect security. This may often be accomplished by loaning money either on good First of all, securities are always readily marketable. They can be turned into cash at anytime. For real estate, on the contrary, it is often difficult to find an immediate purcollateral or on mortgage upon real estate. Nothing grows faster than interest money which is saved and put at interest in its turn. Money at interest works for you all chaser, and if forced on the market to effect a quick sale it must generally be sold at less than its real value. Then again, real estate is a constant care. the time, day and night, in wet weather and dry, Sundays and holidays. It stops not to rest. It never takes a day off to go to a There are also taxes and water rents to be paid and repairs to be made constantly. Great trouble may be experienced

with tenants who are constantly defaulting in their rent, and who finally move out be-tween two days to parts unknown, leaving the real estate owner to mourn man's in-humanity to man. Then real estate is subject to the risk of fire. True, that may be

guarded against by insurance, but insurance is only another tax on the property and is an additional care and trouble, as well as expense, to the real estate owner. Bad tenants may not only evade the payment of rent but they may depreciate the value of the property by defacing it or by putting it to an improper use and giving it a bad reputation.

"The investor in gilt-edged securities has none of these annoyances to contend with. business, so that their stock has been wiped In many of our States personal property of this kind is not taxed at all, and where out. In view of these facts there can question that good real estate is the very satest and best of all investments for say it is, the tax is generally paid by the corporations issuing the securities. Stocks and bonds require no repairs and pay no ing, and the one of all others most likely to increase in value." water rents. There is no difficulty in col-

J. Pierpont Morgan, of Drexel, Morgan

& Co., is one of the most widely known of

American bankers. He learned the busi-

ness with the great millionaire philan-

thropist, the late George Peabody, whose

years he has devoted his energies largely to

Of late

partner he ultimately became.

PUZZLING JOHN BULL.

soon as possible."

1 States

# THE PILGRIMS AT HURDWAR.

banhinia. It is readily recognized by its IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.I striking foliage and superb blossoms, the scent of which fills the air with heavy but Nearly every day the cables report fresh outbreaks of the cholers. Some few cases pleasing perfume. In the dense woods hide myriads of parhave occured in France, but they are isolated, while in India, that hotbed of this

tridges, pencocks, monkeys and all sorts of wild life peculiar to the country. Even terrible plague, we hear of entire districts the tiger is by no means uncommon. But the famous man-eater is not likely to bother being depopulated by its ravages. This year the chief starting point of the the traveler, as the roads are crowded with cholera has been the town of Hurdwar, a pilorims on the way to and from Hurdwar. most interesting place in Hindoostan, though A seemingly endless throng they appear. Some on foot and others in all sorts of little known in the Western world. Regularly every year about this time it is the vehicles, or mounted on camels, elephants, Mecca of a vast Brahmin pilgrimage. That horses or bullocks. Virtue of the Water of the Ganges. business may be combined with pleasure many merchants visit the place with outfits There are two halting places in the Keeree Pass, one, the Mohun Chokee, at of ware of all kinds and an immense fair is the entrance: the other, the Shoupore Chokee, within the pass, from which the road proceeds directly to Hurdwar, or more continued during the same period in which

hundreds of thousands visit the place. Every twelfth year the pilgrimage assumes an extraordinary importance on account of the belief that the spiritual advantages are much greater in those years marked astronomically by the entrance of Jupiter into Aquarius or the sun into Aries. On these occasions the attendance swells to 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 persons.

Easy Victims of Disease.

ful Brahmin plunges, confident that the pure waters will restore his failing health, and give him blessed immortality. Happy he who commits suicide in these waters; a As the town is really capable of providing for a mere 3,000 or 4,000 guests, the balance are compelled to encamp in the open air, on the immense swampy flats surrounding the town. There, mixed in tremendous confusion, are to be found thousands of Sikh pilgrims, usually entire familles, Arab and Persian horse dealers and merchants from all parts of the Indian Em-

heavenly future is surely his. As a result the lovely stream is often filled with dead bodies, a fruitful cause of disease. It is to this point that the majority of the pilgrims come that they may fill their jars with the pure, sacred water and convey it home. Often messengers in the pay of rich persons come from remote parts for the water. The pots are carried in a frame work decorated with flowers and hanging pire, some with bears, others with leopards, tigers, deer of all kinds, monkeys, Persian from bamboos which the natives carry on their shoulders. These water-carriers en-

correctly Hari-dwar, which translated into

English means "The Gate of Vishnu." The town is situated at the base of a mountain,

on a piece of land which was once covered by forest. Nearby the great Gauges bursts

from the mountain side and flows in a broad stream across the plain. Into it the faith-

ov immunity from all attacks except from

the thugs, who consider it an act of duty to

Bhowanne, the goddess of destruction, to

The Town Isn't Very Pretentious, Hurdwar is a small place, but it contains number of imposing structures. There is

but one street of consequence, running

houses, belonging to rich merchants and Brahmins from all parts of India. The

town is so situated that the foundations of

some of the finest buildings are laid in the bed of the river. A strange sight to the

tourist are the troops of monkeys which cover the roofs of the houses. During the

fair the half-submerged plains surrounding Hurdwar are covered with large tents of

different kinds, but for the richer pilgrims,

who have no permanent stopping place, huts

of thatch and grass mats on a bamboo frame

are made and then covered with flowers, the

Crushed to Death in the Street.

through the principal street, especially at the time when ablution at the ghat or bath

road has been widened, however, and there

When night falls the scene is most beau-

is not so much danger as formerly.

In former years the throng rushing

parallel to the stream and composed of fine

murder anyone.

picule, nor does it ever 'step out for a minute' to take a drink with a friend. It just goes on working for its owner all the time without a moment's cessation. There-fore, let a young man with money to invest get it out at interest with good security as Andrew Carnegie, the wealthy iron master, thus closes this interesting symposium: "Statisticians tell us that in many of our large cities within the past fifty years nearly all improved real estate has paid taxes and interest and quadrupled in value, while 90 per cent of merchants and traders have failed, and 90 per cent of all business corpo-rations have done likewise or gone out of

THE ROAD TO HURDWAR.



#### SHE GREW DEADLY PALE AND FELL BACKWARD.

tremendous lot of blood in a minute or two. It was awfully plucky of you to manage as you did, awfully! I don't understand about these things." "I took some lessons at an ambulance

class," answered Miriam, in a low tone. "Well, you have profited by them. You did it splendidly. You heard the doctor say you had saved the man's life, for I expect he'll pull through. He's a well-built young fellow, and handsome, and ought to be eternally grateful to you for your goodness.

> CHAPTER IL THE SOLDIER'S MESSAGE.

When Miriam, escorted by Captain Esourt, arrived at the whitewashed house in the barracks yard, where her father and mother lived, she parted with Captain

Dr. Reed came, for Captain Escourt did not "I should like to know," she said, as she seem to understand what to do, but as I had shook hands with him, "how the poor man gained some knowledge from the ambulance classes last year I helped to stop the bleedgoes on."

"Do you think he will get better?" asked Miriam, with quivering lips. "Oh, I dare say he will, though he lost a thought Miriam was acting foolishly in hesitating to fix the wedding day. "Did Sir James tell you I approved of an early marriage?" she asked.

"Yes, mother; but please don't talk of it any more just now-such a dreadful thing has happened to-day since I saw Sir James. One of the poor soldiers has been shot on the sands. "That is terribly sad. How did it hap-

ally shot.

"But are you not trying to stop the bleeding?" asked Miriam, excitedly. "In "Is

no one trying to stop it?" "I have sent for the doctor," answered Captain Escourt. "But he may bleed to death before the

doctor comes," said Miriam; "I know some thing about these things;" and she pushed her way through the group of soldiers, and knelt down by the one who was lying wounded on the sand.

"Break my sunshade stick in two pieces," she said hastily to one of the soldiers, and then from her steel chatelaine she untastened a pair of scissors, and proceeded at once to cut the wounded soldier's trouser up to the part from which the blood was pouring. He had been shot above the knee, and as soon as she had bared the wound, Miriam drew out her handkerchief and bound it tightly round the man's leg, above the wound, and then asked for one-half of the stick of her sunshade, which the soldier she had re-quested to do so, had already broken.

The soldier handed her the stick, which she put between the handkerchief and the limb, and then twisted it round and round, thus tightening the bandage until the blood ceased to flow

"Now hold it firmly as it is," she said to the soldier who had broken the sunshade stick; "and someone give me another handkerchief."

Captain Escourt upon this produced a handkerchiei, which Miriam soon bound round the man's leg below the wound, just as she had bound her own handkerchief above it, and then with the other half of the stick she so effectively tightened the band-age that the bleeding entirely stopped.

"Has any one a flask?" she now asked, glancing round. "He will be all the better for a little brandy if he can get it?"

Again Captain Escourt came to her assistonce and held toward her a silver flask, and with this in her hand Miriam rose from her knees, after directing another soldier to hold the second stick that she had twisted in the bandage in the same manner that the first soldier was doing, and then as she opened the flask she looked into the wounded man's face, whose eyes were fixed on her own with a strange, wild look of recognition and tear. And no sooner had Miriam glanced at

And no sooner had Miriam glanced at that pallid countenance than she, too, grew deadly pale and staggered back, while a taint cry escaped her whitening lips. "Miss Clyde! you are not well, this has been too much for yon," said Captain Escourt, taking hold of her arm as if to support her, and Miriam, who a moment here to dealer as here are much clamat before had been so brave, so quick, clung to him, trembling in every limb.

"Lean on me; let me lead you away from this," went on Escourt; "do not look at the poor fellow, he's all right now."

But with a wild stare in her eyes, a stare something like a reflection of the wounded man's, Miriam still looked on the white face lying on the sand; still clung trembling to Captain Escourt's arm.

"flere is the doctor, thank God!" exclaimed Escourt, a few moments later, for he really did not know what to do, and the surgeon attached to the regiment was now to be seen approaching, accompanied by the soldier who had been sent for him. He was a tall, fair, rather good looking

young Scotchman this doctor, and as he drew near he first thought that something must have happened to Miss Clyde, she looked so deadly pale.

What is the matter Miss Clyde?" he said, going up to her and taking one of her trembling hands.

"Nothing," faltered Miriam, with her clammy lips; "look to him," and she pointed to the wounded soldier. Miss Clyde has done far too much,

ing until the doctor came. Again the girl's voice faltered, and Mrs. Clyde noticed this, and that her daughter's oval cheeks were very white. "I am glad you were able to be of some

"Oh! this is terrible, terrible," "What shall I do-what if he were to die!" She was evidently in the deepest perplexity and distress. Presently she started

r feet, and began pacing the room with restless and uneven footsteps, and as she andered backward and forward a rap came o her bedroom door. With an effort she endeavored to compose

herself, and said, "come in;" and after having done so the door of the room opened, and the face of her mother's maid appeared. "Oh! Miss Miriam, please," said the maid; "your mamma sent me to tell you that tea is ready and to ask you to come iown. "Very well, I shall be down in a moment

"Very well, I shall be down in a moment or two," answered Miriam, tremulously. "Aud they say, miss," continued the maid, "that one of the soldiers has been killed on the sands. Banks saw them carry-

ing him up, and they said he was dead, poor "No, no," said Miriam. in sudden excite-

ment and visible distress; "not dead, sarely, Ford-not dead!" "Well, that's what Banks said, miss, but it mayn't be true for all that, and perlmans

he might run round to the hospital to 'Yes, send him, and I will wait

until he comes back. Tell him to go as fast as he can. Upon this Ford disappeared, and Miriam was left to her own distracting thoughts. She was in a terrible state of anxiety, and wrung her hands together in almost uncon-trollable emotion. And for at least ten minutes this went on, and then Ford once

more appeared at the room door. "No please, miss, he's not dead," she said; "Banks saw one of the orderlies, and he says the poor fellow is still alive, though they don't expect him to last, but Dr. Reed and another doctor are with him, and they

are doing all they can." And with these dismal words ringing in her ears, Miriam a few minutes later went down to her mother's drawing room, trying to assume a composure and courage she did not teel.

Mrs. Clyde was sitting before her tea-table drinking tea out of valuable china cup. She was a remarkable looking woman; remarkable for the regularity and beauty of her features, and for a certain acuteness of exfeatures, and for a certain acuteness of ex-pression, which told to a keen observer that she was a woman of talent and tact. She looked at her daughter and smiled as

Miriam entered, and in a moment perceived by the girl's face that something unusual had occurred "Have you been in long, my dear?" she

asked, pleasantly. "Not very long, mother," answered Miriam.

"And did Sir James persuade you to fix the happy day?" she continued, still with her fine dark eyes fixed on her daughter's lace. "He came here shortly after you went out, and he seems a very eager lover, and is most anxious to have the time of your wedding fixed; so I sent him down to you on the sands, and I suppose you saw him?" "Yes, I saw him," said Miriam with

owncast eyes. "Aud is anything settled?" "No, mother; he wished to be married in

mouth, but I thought that was too soon.' "My dear, is this wise?" "We have been engaged such a short time -oh! it is far too soon," said Miriam, with a touch of impatience in her tone.

"Your father and I do not think so, Miriam.

"But mother-

use," she said; "but you look quite pale, my dear, and I fear this has been a little too much. Have a cup of tea, Miriam, and

it will revive you." So Miriam drank, the tea, and when she was doing so her mother once more returned to the subject of fixing the wedding

day. "When is Sir James coming again?" she

"He said something about to-morrow, or the next day," answered Miriam uneasily. "Then I shall see him," said Mrs. Clyde, calmly. "I do not approve of long engage ments, and of course about these things young girls must be guided by the advice of their parents."

She had said almost the very same words to Joan Clyde, when General Conray had been anxious to fix his wedding day, and she had carried her point then, and she meant to carry it now. She was a determined woman, with her quiet manner and her placid smile. And Miriam knew this, and grew a little paler as she sat there drinking her tea. But any further conversation on point was now interrupted by the direct and teach, as well as feed and

soldier-servant Banks opening the room door and announcing-"Captain Escount." With a charming smile Mrs. Clyde held

out her white and shapely hand to welcome "You have just come in time for tea." she said. "But what is this sad accident Miriam has been telling me about, Captain Escourt?

"About the poor fellow who was shot on the sands," answered Captain Escourt. "It's an awful bad business, but Reed thinks he will pull him through." "Oh! I am so glad. Colonel Clyde would

"Oh! I am so glad. Colonel Clyde would be so distressed if anything serious were to happen to any of the men under his com-mand," said Mrs. Clyde graciously. "And he is one of your company, is he not?" "Yes; and a very good soldier, too. It seems it was a blundering fool called Smith who fired the shot that hit him, for Dare was, I believe, not out of his position. If Dare die Smith ought to be hanged in my Dare dies, Smith ought to be hanged, in my "Let us hope that Dare will not die then

Of course the other man will be punished?" "Yes, there will be a court martial held on him; but I called to tell Miss Clyde how, on him; but I called to tell Miss Clyde how Dare is going on, as she was kind enough to wish to hear. You ought to be proud of your daughter, Mrs. Clyde, though I dare say you always are." "And why should I be especially proud of her to-day?" asked Mrs. Clyde, looking smilingly at Miriam's pale face. "Because she behaved so splendidly, so pluckily. Dare would have been dead by this time if Miss Clyde had not contrived

this time if Miss Clyde had not contrived to stop the bleeding, for one of the main arteries was shot through, Reed saya But I should not talk thus; you must forgive me, Miss Clyde, for I am making you quite white."

white "I think Miriam is a little upset," said Mrs. Clyde.

"But not at the time: not when she could be of use; she was as brave and as calm as any surgeon could be," answered Captain

ple are content to dispense smiles, subscrip-tions of more or less value, to lend the prestige of their name and to preside at oc-He admired Miriam Clyde, as many other He admired Miriam Clyde, as many other men admired her; admired her grace and beauty, and a certain dignity also in her manner which was unusual in so young a girl. But Mrs. Clyde, though she was al-ways gracious to them, did not encourage the attentions of young officers of no es-pecial means, and the young officers were quite conscious of this fact. She was ware charming to them hat still casional meetings, or to visit the various institutions founded under their patronage at stated times carefully fixed beforehand so that naturally everything is in apple-pie

She was very charming to them, but still she made them quite understand that they were to have no intimate triendships with

her daughter. Therefore she was pleased when Colonel Clyde, her husband, entered the room and began talking to Capt court, thus diverting his attention from

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contained. They were very brief :-"For God's sake,keep my secret." This was the message from the wounded oldier to Miriam Clyde.

(To be Continued next Sunday.)

EMPRESS FREDERICK'S CHARITIES. The Only Woman of Rank Who Is The

the reorganization of crippled railroads, oughly Practical in Her Work.

It has been affirmed, and certainly with little of that adulation common in speaking of royal personages, that the Empress Frederick of Germany is one of the most distinguished women of Europe on account of her true humanity, her liberal-mindedness and large-heartedness. Ruskin has said that the words rex and regina properly understood, as applying to the kingly function, mean right-doers, those who

Empress Frederick

clothe. The Empress Frederick and her

lamented husband, whose premature death was a loss of incalculable measure to Ger-

many, ever strove to live up to this high

The Empress Frederick is the only royal

lady who really initiates works of benevo

lence and labors like any common mortal to put them into good working order and to

further their prosperity. Most royal peo-ple are content to dispense smiles, subscrip-

order whenever they come, whatever may

be the case at other times. Not so the Em-press Frederick. Whatever she undertakes

to do she does with all her strength and all her might, and, active and energetic like

her imperial son, she too comes swooping down on the institutions under her charge

at unsuspected hours and times, and keeps vigilant surveillance over their doings.

SULTANA AWNINGS, new and very brilliant at Mamaux & Son's, 539 Penn avenue. Then

ideal

and in that line of effort has proven himself a financial physician of great skill, restoring to sound health many a thoroughly. lisabled corporation. His views on the subject of investment are appended.

"For the young man about to invest what money he has been able to save, the most important thing to remember is that no matter in what he invests he must have patience to await the fullness of time and the accomplishment of the purpose of his

investment, whatever that purpose may be. If you buy a stock or a bond at a time of financial depression for a low price, believ-ing that it will soon greatly advance, do not grow weary after a few weeks or even months of waiting, and sell out before the anticipated rise has come. If you invest in a piece of real estate, teeling sure that it is destined to grow more valuable, and panics should come and cause it to decline in price, do not become disgusted and think to yourself, 'oh, well, I was foolish. It

will never be worth any more than it is 'now. Let it go.' On the contrary, have patience to await the fullness of time and accomplishment of your original purpose. "Again, in investing money always bear in mind that famous saying of the Iron Duke

of Wellington, 'Good interest means bad Do not be tempted by the security. romise of large interest to risk your savings hazardous ventures. Remember that very low rate of interest with good security for the principal is better than a far rate where the security is doubtful. It is always better to make a little sure money then to take great risks on the chance of making big money. Remember that all things come to him who waits, and that

Wait and Win' is a good motto. Grover Cleveland Likes Real Estate. Hon. Grover Cleveland, who has once been President of these United States, and who may be again, is an advocate of invest-

PIPE

BOILER

FUEL

FUEL

ng money in real estate, as might very naturally be expected of one who by his shrewd purchase of his estate at Oak View, | as about three to one in favor of the bicycle

AN INTERESTING SUBMARINE BOAT.

LEAD PALLAST The above illustration shows an interior view of Baker's sub-marine boat. The three tiers in the forward end are the storage battery cells. The torpedo is shown just above them. The vessel is 40 feet long, 9 feet wide, 14 feet deep, and, with machinery and bal-last, weighs 75 tons. When hermetically sealed it contains 1,500 cubic feet of air. The nower of the storage battery is equal to that of 50 horses, and the craft is designed to make from seven to eight miles an hour in any depth of water. The shell is made of oak Mr. Baker has made two successful tests in the channel of the Detroit river. The main purpose of the boat is for torpedo service.

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WATER WATER WATER FUEL

Little Contrivance That Threatens Rival Pigs in Clover,

greyhounds, cats of all kinds and rare birds. John Bull's proverbial phlezma and all-In fact, all sorts of the richest and rarest the-year-around lassitude has been aroused to almost fever heat by a puzzle compared

to which our discarded "Pig in the Poke" affair was tame indeed. The new puzzle consists of a glass-covered box, on the bot-tom of which is painted the red-nosed physiognomy of a sot. A hole in the bottom of the box forms the mouth of this grim-look-

Have One With Met

ing personage. The box contains also a tiny bottle, and the trick is to bring the mouth of the bottle into the facial cavity of he man, as shown by the second cut. It by no means easy to do this. A pretty sure way to accomplish it is to throw the bottle against the glass top at the side of the box, and then incline the box quickly the other way. It has created quite a stir, and is cerainly proving a success.

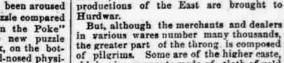
IN FAVOR OF THE BICYCLE. force Expended in Driving a Bicycle Con pared With That Exerted in Walking. Pearson's Weekly.]

Comparisons based on the length of the stride in walking and the portion of the circumference of the wheel revolved by one stroke of the pedal are not very reliable, as they vary with almost every make of maphoto taken on a dark day. chine

chine. The shortest way of arriving at the ap-proximate truth is to compare the amount of work actually accomplished in a given time by each method of progression. This has been pretty accurately done, and it was found that, while a smart walker in good training accurately for wiles in a horn any the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway in up-per Hindoostan has left famed Lucknow about 100 miles behind, he reaches the town of Shahjahanpur, a half-ruined place, whose chief possessions, are an old castle and a half dozen stately training can walk five miles in an he and down hill, the same man on a bieycle nosque. At Shanjahanpur commences the can cover 15 miles in the same time with route by which it is usual for pilgrims or out incurring more fatigue. Of course the tourists to penetrate the beautiful valley of same man doing his best at both exercise the Devrah Dhoon to Hurdwar, or the more can only exert a given amount of force in distant recesses of the Himalayas and the the given time. The only difference is in the application of the force, and that is here It is not absolutely necessary that the trav eler should leave the railroad at this point

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BIRRRINAR/ARAM



shining in garments made of cloth of gold and surroaded by many followers, some half naked or barbarously ill-clad; here and there are native priests, soldiers and re-ligious fanatics, half beggar and half bandit, and everywhere are mendicants, fakirs and beggars of all descriptions, many of them eing from filth, distortion or nakedness the most disgusting objects imaginable Amid such a congregation of half-starved, naked, dirty, maimed and already moribund people it is not difficult for deadly disease o gain a foothold.

The Shrine a Veritable Pandors's Box.

whole forming a unique and rather attrac-The greatest wonder is that cholers or an tive structure. As may be surmised the equally dread epidemic should not result from these fairs every year. As it is, this is not the first time that Hurdwar's annual noise is something deafening. As each new arrival or departing pilgrim passes by he calls "Mahadeo Bol," which is in turn fair has been the spring and center of a plague that has destroyed thousands of caught up by the occupants of the huts and repeated on all sides, until the air resounds with a continuous roar of "Bol Bol." As lives. Often in the past have the roads been jammed with pilgrims and tourists fleeing soon as the pilerim reaches the town he is from some fearful disease generated among the faithful multitude which had gathered bound to press onward to the river.

around the town to sell goods and worship Vishnu between whiles. However, if one does not fear contagion there is hardly a more interesting place in the world than Hurdwar at this time. was considered most efficacious was often so great that many lives were lost. On one A visit to the place is all the more interest-ing, from the fact that so few persons from occasion no less than 700 fell victims to the crush in the main street of Hurdwar. The western countries go there. It is true that not a year a year goes by that some European or American does not journey to Hurdwar, but the majority of these have tiful. The town, pagodas, bowers and tents are all ablaze with lights, varied by occamade their stay short, because they find, I suppose, such poor accommodations. The consequence is that the impression they have received of Hurdwar and its fair The

nual fair or a tour of that tremende

that forever hang about the summits of this

A Picturesque Road to Travel.

Sometimes the rays of the sun break through the clouds and for an instant or two the rocky erags reflect back alternate tints

of silver and gold and then the clouds close up again, hiding the secrets of this mys-terious land. As for the road by which the

tourist must travel, it is wild enough, even so close to the town. The foothills of the

main range which skirt the road on all sides

are luxuriantly clothed with the richest of

foliage, such as can only be found in the Indian jungles. Prominent among the

various species of plant life is the acknowl-

edged monarch of the creepers, scandent .

place to begin it.

giant of mountain chains.

other town nearby, Kunkul, but it might as well not be there so iar as accommodating the Hudwar overflow is concerned. is as much lacking in detail as a snap-shot Route the Fligrims Take.

Under the circumstances is it surprising that this fair region should be poisoned by disease? The filthy, half-starved, sickly pilgrim who is compelled to eat raw and When the northward bound traveler on often rotten rice in lieu of better food and encamp in the middle of a swamp is a prime subject for contagion of any kind. The wonder is that Hudwar is not permanentl cholera stricken. W. G. KAUFMANN. permanently

sional bursts of fireworks. There is

### THE DEED WAS NOT MADE.

#### Prophet, Who Had Arranged for the End of the World, Cornered.

ources of the rivers Jumna and Ganges. A prophet, who has arranged for the disappearance of the earth from the solar system on April 11, 1901, says Pearson's Weekly, but, if a visit to the town of the great an was lecturing on the arrangements which us range have been made to insure the success of the catastrophe. A listener suddenly asked of mountains forming the northern boundary of India is contemplated, this is the whether the soothsayer was prepared to hand over all his property to a charity on

Leaving Shahjahanpur, the road almost the date mentioned. immediately enters Keeree Pass, surely the portal to one of the fairest regions on this

the date mentioned. "But," said the prophet, "nobody would be living to benefit by any money." "Never mind that," replied the skeptic; "in case any poor did survive your property may be useful, and I and another gentleman earth. Before entering this pass the view of the distant mountains is faint and indef inite, but as seen from Keeree the range resolves itself into valleys and slopes, rising would be glad to act as trustees. So make tier above tier until lost amid the clouds

San Francisco to New York.

J. Edwin Stone, the pedestrian now en route from San Francisco to New York,

wrote from Logan, Ia, on his arrival there: "Sines I have been on my walk across the

continent I have suffered greatly from disrthrough change of water. I was in-

duced to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera

and Diarrheea Remedy, and say with pleas-

ure that it is an article of merit and has

done all for me that it was represented to

do." Every traveler and every family should be provided with a bottle of this

remedy. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by

## The deed was not made out.

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do.

druggists,