and the contract to the large particles

knowledge that Lady MacKennon doesnot like me makes it very difficult-for me

Dear, she does not know you, that is all, and she will. I am sure, be pleased to hear from you when you will so soon be her daughter. How pleased and proud I shall Miriam—to take my dear young wife."

Miriam did not answer. She was half wishing that Sir James was other than he

"I should not be so ashamed of myself then," she thought. But her reflections were interrupted by the entrance of her mother, who at this moment came into the

room radiant and smilling.

"I have come especially to invite you to dinner, Sir James," she said, with a warm clasp of her hand. "And I want to tell you, too, how delighted we all are with your mother's splendid gift. It is beautiful, and I am quite longing to make Lady MacKennon's acquaintance. I hope she will be our guest at the wedding, and when Miriam writes to thank her for her magnificent present I shall write also to invite her

"It is very good of you," answered Bir James; "but my mother rarely leaves home, and I have never known her to leave Scotland; but perhaps on such an occasion—"
and he laughed and looked at Miriam.
"At all events we must hope that she will
be prevailed upon to come," said Mrs. Clyde,
smiling. "It will please us all so much,

and make my little daughter here feel as it she were truly welcome to her new mother.

## CHAPTER XII. IN STORM AND DARKNESS.

Nevertheless, Lady MacKennon declined the invitation to the wedding which Mrs. Clyde penned in her most gracious, graceful style. She wrote back in that stift, oldfashioned handwriting of hers that she was too old to leave home, but that she would he pleased to welcome her son's wife there. It was not a warm nor cordial letter, but still there was nothing in it to find fault with. Lady MacKennon was evidently a reserved woman, Mrs. Clyde decided from her guarded words; and she thought also, though she did not say so, that Miriam's would be a somewhat difficult person to deal with.

In the meanwhile Miriam was trying to summon up her courage to seek another interview with Hugh Ferrars. A final interview, she told herself, for she would see him no more. He must take the 200 Sir James had given her and go away and leave England for ever. Nothing else was safe for him, and she would not seem so false to Sir James if she knew it were absolutely impossible that she should ever

meet Hugh Ferrars again.
Poor Miriam! Her heart pulled ber one way and her conscience another. But, then, she knew she could not follow the dictates of her heart. She knew Hugh Ferrars could be nothing to her were she to sacrifice everything for his sake. He must forget her, and she must try to forget him. They ad no choice—the danger that dogged his outsteps was real and terrible, but it would be made ten times more real and terrible were she to link her fate with his.

And then she must compromise herself again in the eves of Ford; of Ford, who knew about the diamonds that had come from Sir James' mother; who knew about the preparations for the wedding; and yet she was obliged to allow Ford to think that went out alone at night to meet Dr

But there was no help for it. She could not send a large sum of money by the post to Private Dare; and, moreover, she be-believed that Hugh Ferrars would return it If she did. She knew his fiery, impetuous nature, but she hoped to prevail on him by personal influence to take it. So sh must see him, and she could only see him by the assistance of Ford. Luckily Sir James had not said anything again about visiting the wounded soldier. Miriam hoped he would forget that he had thought doing so, but Sir James rarely forgot ar ntended kindness.

Thus on the very day that Miriam had made up her mind to ask Ford to post anletter to Dr. Reed, containing an in-Sir James called in the afternoon as usual, he began to talk before her mother of Pr

"Do you know, a very strange thing has ust happened," he said. "I told you, Miriam, I wanted to see the soldier that you fust happened." were an good to and I called at the barrack on my way here and asked Escourt to go with me to see him. Well, Escourt went, and I saw this fellow Dare, and a remarkahly handsome fellow he is. He was sitting on a beach in front of the barracks, read-ing, and Escourt spoke to him and said who

"How kind of you to interest yourself in him, Sir James," said Mrs. Clyde, gra-"I was interested in him because Miriam

had behaved so bravely when he was wounded, and also because he would not get the soldier who shot him into trouble. And now I am more interested still; but I will tell you what happened. He got up and saluted when Escourt spoke to him, and then I asked him how he was. He answered very briefly; then I put a couple of sovereigns in his hand, or rather tried to t them into his hand, for he would not take them. "Extraordinary!" exclaimed Mrs. Clyde.

raising her eyebrows.
"Yes, wasn't it?" continued Sir James. "'Come, my good fellow,' I said, 'they'll not do you any harm,' and again I offered them to him. Then he looked me straight the face, and drew himself up, and said haughtily enough, I can tell you: 'Sir, I do not take alms,' and both Escourt and I were struck in a moment by his voice and manner. The fellow's a gentleman, there's no mistake about it, and I feel heartily sorry for nim.
"Do you not think it was impertinent of

him to refuse your money when you meant it so kindly?" said Mrs. Clyde. "No, I don't; I expect it would be impor sible for him to take money from anyone unless he had carned it. That was my im-

pression, and I fancy I am right."

Miriam never spoke while this conversation was going on. She had hastily turned
her head away, and listened with a flutter-

ing heart and bated breath.

"And you really think he has been born a gentleman?" asked Mrs. Clyde. "This is

"I am sure of it," said Sir James. asked Dr. Reed about him later on, and the doctor laughed. 'Some poor fellow come to grief, I suppose,' he said, and he did not seem much inclined to talk about him; perconfidence. At all events, he wouldn't say

anything, except that he thought he would soon be all right." "It is strangely certain; I must ask Colonel Civde to inquire about him," said Mrs. Clide; and then she changed the con-versation, and Sir James noticed when versation, and Sir James noticed when Miriam again looked round that her tace

had grown very white.

She left the room a few moments later and hurried to her own. There was no time to lose she told herself; Hugh Ferras must go, or his secret would be discovered.
At all events Dr. Reed could be trusted, and so she rang for Ford. I-I want you to post a letter for me,

Ford," she said. Yes, Miss Miriam," answered the lady's

"It-it is to Dr. Reed," faltered Mirlam, with downcast eyes.
"Yes, Miss Miriam," again said Ford.

"You can post it when we are at dinner." Is Sir James going to stay dinner?" in "Is Sir James going to stay diliner."
quired Ford, demurely.
"I think so," answered Miriam, with
shame in her heart. She felt that she was
degrading herself in the lady's maid's eyes;

that she was degrading Sir James. But Ford made no further comments. She slipped the letter, which Miriam had al ready written before Sir James arrived into the pocket of her gown, and she wondered how her young mistress could be so unwise.

"Surely she is not going to meet him again," she thought as she tripped down stairs. Then a temptation assailed. She carried the letter to her own room, drew it out, and looked at it attentively. It was sealed, but, then, Ford had sealing-wax of

her own, and also a neat seal. She felt very ner own, and also a neat seal. She leat very curious; she wondered how far the intrigue with Dr. Reed had gone, and if Miriam really meant to marry Sir James.

"And her taking all his beautiful things, too," reflected Ford; with disapproval.

"Diamonds and all."

She looked at her letter again, and the

temptation became too strong for her. She broke the seal and found there was a letter and an inclosure, also sealed. Then she read the letter to Dr. Reed. "Dear Dr. Reed," Ford read with amazement. "will you very kindly give the in-closed letter, as you did the last, to whom it is addressed. I do not know how to

thank you enough for your reticence today. Yours very sincerely, M. C."
"Well, this beats everything!" exclaimed Ford aloud in her utter astonishment. Then she looked at the inclosed letter addressed to Private Dare at the barracks.
"Private Dare!" repeated Ford. "Why,

that's the man who was shot on the sands, when Miss Miriam stopped the bleeding. And she can't be carrying on with him too, surely? If she goes on at this rate she'll come to grief as sure as my name is Rose Then she began looking at the letter to

the soldier, and once more temptation assailded her. "I may as well see what's inside," she at

length decided. And she did see what was inside, and she told herself it was disgrace-ful. What! Miss Miriam, who was engaged to Sir James MacKennon, who was to be married to him soon, to be writing thus to a private soldier! It was monstrous, "Dear, dear Hugh," she read, "I must see you once more. Can you meet me to-

morrow night at the same hour as we met morrow night at the same hour as we met last—eleven? It so, enclose your answar to my maid, Ford. The same answer as be-fore, nothing more, and I will place the same signal—the light in my window—to let you know I can come.—Yours faithfully,

"Faithfully, indeed!" repeated Ford; "nice faith I must say. Well, I couldn't have believed it of Miss Miriam—I couldn't before her, and Ford was forced to believe the evidence of her own senses. She was

forced also to carefully reseal both letters, and with many misgivings posted them. Sir James stayed to dinner, and Ford felt positively sorry for him. When Banks said

to hold her tongue.
"Rose," continued Banks, who was washing the silver, which had been used at dinner, contemplatively taking a spoon out of the jug of hot water before him, "don't you think folks are better married than single?" "That depends on many things," replied

"In course it depends: but 'spose two people who are a bit sweet on each other-"Speak for yourself, Mr. Banka."
"I am speakin', Miss Rose; I'm speakin'
quite plain—and I think they are."
"Are what?"

"Better married; so tell me what you think. "There are many things to be considered." "In course there is—but don't you like me a bit, Rose?" And Banks dropped his towel and his spoon, and seized her hand.

"A very little bit," answered Rose, coquettishly. "Better than that great lumberin' fellow, Johnson, the orderly, eh?"
"Oh! Johnson is nothing to me," answe

Ford, with a toss of her head. "Yet he brags ye're his sweetheart."
"Does he indeed? I wonder how many

"Plenty, I dare say," answered Banks with a grin, "But I've only got one." "Jane the housemaid?" "Jane the housemaid be hanged! No, Rose, ye know better than that-my sweet heart is not far off from me now."

"Oh! indeed." "Yes-but oh! bother it, there's the bell; that's for coffee—well, Rose, won't ye give me—" but Rose had fled before Banks had time to make his request.

"But it's quite different just amusing oneself like that," thought Ford, as she went tripping up the stairs, leaving her disappointed swain behind her; "there's no harm in nonsense—but about poor Sir James-well I never!"

Sir James, however, was feeling quite content and happy at this moment, not every day bringing him nearer to not every day bringing him nearer to per-fect happiness? If his Miriam looked a little pale and tired, he was only dreaming of the time that he might watch over he and be near her in sickness and in health. He was hanging over her now at the very moment when Ford was pitying him, watch-ing her white supple fingers glide over the

ivory keys.
"May I come to-morrow?" he whispered. "No, not to morrow," answered Miriam, without looking up.
"But it's so long to the next day," said

Sir James, smiling. Sir James, smiling.
"It will pass away—I have a great deal to
de to-morrow," and a slight shiver passed
through her frame as she spoke.

Then Colonel Clyde approached the two at the piano, and asked Miriam to sing a song that was a favorite of his, and while Sir James was seeking for it among her music, he began to tell the story to Colonel Clyde about the soldier Dare having removed his money and that he was continued. fused his money, and that he was quite sure he was a gentleman.
"It is possible," enswered the Colonel,

"I felt quite ashamed that I had offered

him anything," said Sir James, he looked so disgusted—but here is the song, Mir-iam:" and Mirium took it in her trembling she did not sing it very well; she was glad when the evening was over and when Sir James went away. Glad when those

kindly grav eyes were not fixed so trustfully on her face. Their expression silently reproached her, though there was no re-proach in them—nothing but tenderness and love. Miriam hated herself for deceiving Sir James, yet told herself at the same moment that circumstances compelled her to do so. She was bound hand and foot. If she alone could have suffered by speaking the truth in these days she would have told it. But there were links within links, bonds within bonds, and Miriam felt herself powerless to escape the meshes in which she had become entangled.

And when, on the following morning Ford placed a letter in her hand addresse to Miss Ford, there was a look in the lady's maid's blue eyes that made her shudder, a look which told her as plainly as words that Ford no longer respected her. She did not imagine that Ford had opened her letters, but she thought that Ford thought she was

acting wrongfully, and this feeling no doubt added to Miriam's discomfort. But she opened the letter and read the brief words it contained, silently, though with a fast-beating heart. Then again she was forced to look at Ford, and she saw that her maid was watching her curiously.

"I-I shall have to go out again to-night, Ford-lor the last time," she said, with fal-Now Ford had been handsomely rewarded for her assistance on the former occasion, and sovereigns were dear to the soul of Ford, and she knew that she would no doubt Ford, and she knew that she would no doubt be handsomely rewarded again; but, still, she had her scruples. For one thing, she thought that "Miss Miriam," for the sake of a mere faucy, was running a great risk of ever becoming Lady MacKennon. Now, Ford, as we know, wished to become lady's maid to Lady MacKennon, and, therefore, her own interests were bound up in her her own interests were bound up in her young mistress's. And a private soldier! That was what disgusted Ford. She thought her mistress was degrading herself, but, of course, she did not venture to tell her so. "To-nigat, Miss Miriam?" she only said in a doubtfull tone, in reply to Miriam's re-

quest.

"Yes, to-night,—I—must risk it once more—for the last time," repeated Miriam.

"Well, it's a great risk—Miss Miriam, don't be angry—but I would not go."

"But I must; I have no choice!" said Miriam, with agitation. "I must idd the last time—at the same hour-will you help me?"

"If you must go, Miss Mirlam—but I'm just frightened to think of it."
"Whatever happens I must go; we must do as best we can. It's a dull day—I pray God it may be a dark, dull night."
"A nice thing to pray about," reflected Ford, looking at Mirlam's pale, excited face. "I wish it was over, I am sure," she

Miriam did not speak, and her hopes were realized as regards the day. The weather grew worse as the hours went on, and the wind blew and dashed the heavy rain against the window panes. But Miriam scarcely heeded the storm outside. Her heart, too, was tempest-tossed, torn between the past and the present; between
love and duty; between fear and a certain
wild hope of happiness in again being
clasped in Hugh Ferrars' arms.

Once more, Ford, when she came to assist
Miriam to dress for dinner, urged her not to
attempt to go.

attempt to go.

'It's a perfect storm outside, Miss
Miriam," she said. "Banks says you are
just blown off your feet, and the sea's raging. I would not try to go on such a

"Yes, I am going," answered Miriam.
She was very pale, but Ford saw by the expression of her face that she was resolved, and that it would be useless to make any further attempt to prevent her. Miriam had indeed arranged everything for her meeting with Hugh Ferrars. She had placed the £200 which Sir James had given her in a secure packet, and in a small gold locket she had put a curl of her shining hair. She meant this as a parting gift to hair. She meant this as a parting gift to Hugh Ferrars: a token of their old love to carry away with nim into another land.
And the unstaying hours passed on, until
the drawing room clock on the mantel
board chimed the half hour after ten, and
then the Colonel, as was his usual custom,

"I wish there may not be some loss at sea "I wish there may not be some loss at sea to-night," he said. "You must not get a start, Miriam, if you hear the signal guns." "Oh! I hope we won't hear them, father," she answered, and then she presently bade her parents good night, and went to her own room, where she found Ford awaiting her. "It's a fearful night, Miss Miriam," she

"It's a fearful night, Miss Miriam," she hispered. "Banks thinks there will be some wrecks before the morning."

"It's dark and stormy," answered Miriam, placing her lighted candle in the window; "so much the better; no one will

to her after dinner:
"Sir James seems uncommon sweet on Miriam," Ford gave her head a little flounce, but had the discretion nevertheless to hold her tongue.

It was cold, and Ford s white teeta with through fear. It was such a terrible risk, she thought—a risk not only to Miriam, but also to herself. For she knew that if this also to herself. For she knew that if this also to herself. meeting were discovered not only would Miriam probably lose Sir James MacKen-Miriam probably lose Sir James MacKennon, but that she, Ford, would certainly
lose her place. But Miriam never faltered.
She placed the packet for Hugh Ferrars in
the bosom of her dress, and laid a dark
waterproof on the bed ready to wear. Then
the two girls stood quite quiet, listening to
the sullen roar of the sea, and the goats of
wind and rain that sweet round the some wind and rain that swept round the com-mandant's house with unceasing violence. They heard, too, Colonel Clyde and his wife go upstairs; heard their bedroom door locked, and they looked at each other. The hour was nearly come—five minutes more to wait— and then they must start downstairs, and

> And the minutes passed-passed slowly, Miriam thought, as she stood ready with her waterproof wrapped round her form and head. She did not speak; she pointed with her finger when the dial of the little jeweled watch told the hour. Then Ford opened the room door and they passed silently out, Ford closing it behind them. Down the stairs they glided in the darkness, and through the unlit passages, until they came to the back door of the house. This Ford opened, and as she did so a fierce gust of wind swept in and nearly forced the door out of Ford's strong hands. "Oh, don't go, Miss Miriam," she whis-

pered. "I must," answered Miriam, and the next I must, answered Miriam, and the next moment she was facing the storm.

It was all she could do to bear up against it. The wind blew hither and thither, her waterproof flapped, the rain beat on her face; but, with a sort of desperate energy she went on—on through the rain-soaked garden, on to the roadway outside it. Here the wind rose to a hurricane, and she had to port herself. She was still clinging, unable to proceed, when she heard a step behind her, and the next moment someone put his

"Is this really you, Miriam?" said Hugh errars' voice...
"Yes, Hugh, what a fearful night!" she answered, breathlessly. "Terrible! I never expected you

"I came, Hugh, because," said Mirlam, still breathlessly, "because I have brought you the money to go away—it is here—"
"I will not take it."

"Oh! you must, you must!" cried Mi-riam, passionately, now clinging to his arm. "Hugh, you are not safe here; I can-not rest night nor day for thinking of it; and there is enough here to buy your dis-charge and for you to go away, right away out of England! Hugh, this is our last meeting on earth—after this we must see each other no more!"

"And you think I would take Sir James MacKennon's money?" said Hugh Ferrars, bitterly. "You wish me to be out of his "Oh! do not say so! I wish you to be safe; I wish the—terrible memory of that night to be blotted out."

"That will never be to me." "You were not to blame—you thought yourself justified—hut, Hugh, it is donet we cannot recall the past; let us try to live it
down—to forget it; and this cannot be while
you are in England, while you are here."
"I will not take Sir James MacKennon's
money to convey Miritage it and the lead of the selection money to go away, Miriam; if you loved me you would not ask me to degrade myself."

At this moment such a blast of wind swept over them that they were both nearly carried off their feet. Hugh Ferrars held Miriam's arm fast, but it needed all his strength to do so.

"What a night!" she cried, panting with her hard upon his breast.

her head upon his breast.
"A fitting night for us to part," said
Hugh Ferrars; "in storm and darkness—if this is indeed our last parting, Miriam."

She made no answer; she clung to him while the sterm raged round them and the sea roared below. Then suddenly through the darkness came a flash and the boom of a

heavy gun. "Oh! what is that?" asked Miriam, in "A ship has struck on the rockel It is the signal to call out the life-brigade. Hark, and you will hear the Queen's ship in the harbor answer it."

They listened, and from the harbor came the answering gun. "Oh! I must go!" eried Miriam; "I dare not stay—the soldiers will be turning out to help, perhaps my father! Hugh, as a last request, take this packet—there is some of my hair in it; take it for my sake—Oh! Hugh, help me to the railings, and then goodby—goodby, dear Hugh."

She'thrust the packet into his hand as she spoke, and a minute later had caught hold of the carden-railings for support, assisted by Hugh Ferrars. There was no time to lose; the garrison would no doubt be roused by the signal guns, and the whole place alive with spectators. Already there was the hum of voices heard through the howl-ing blast. Ferrars did not attempt to detain her. He pressed his lips to hers and let her go, and stumbling, panting, terrified, Miri-am fled back to the house through the dark, wet garden, and reached the door, which, as she touched it, was instantly opened by

"Oh, Miss Miriam, I believe we're ruined!" whispered Ford, who was trem-bling with fear. "I heard the Colonel's voice calling Banks. We must try to slip They crept through the dark passages; they stole up the dark stairs; they reached the landing on which was situated the bedroom of Colonel and Mrs. Clyde. They saw a light flickering below the door from within, and just as the passed it the door opened and Mrs. Clyde came out with a candle in her hand, and her eyes instantly fell on her daughter's drawbed and one open instantly

form.
[To be Continued next Suplay.]

PITTSBURG

Who Has Made Herself Famous Almost Throughout the World.

SHE TEACHES CHILDREN TO READ. The Ups and Downs in the Life of Mrs.

Rebecca Smith Pollard. HER VISIT TO EDWARD EVERETT HALE

PERSONAL POR THE DISPLACE ! A Pittsburg woman has come to the front as a rival to Colonel Parker, of Quincy method fame. She is the advocate of a system for teaching reading, and her name is Mrs. Rebecca Smith Pollard. She was born nearly 60 years ago on what is at present North Diamond street, Allegheny, but is

now a resident of Chicago.

So much has been said about her method n newspapers and magazines that the public has begun to be curious in regard to its inventor. Although she acknowledges to 60 years of age, she might easily pass for 50, and she has the vitality and energy of a woman of 20. All her life she has been a teacher and her father was a teacher beteacher and her father was a teacher before her. He was Dr. Nathaniel Ruggles Smith, who was the founder and editor of Hesperus, the first literary paper published west of the Allegheny Mountains, and the predecessor of Jane Grev Swisshelm in the editorship of the Saturday Evening Visitor. He had a private school in St. Clair, now Sixth street, and was the author of a gram mar at one time very popular. One of his benevolences was a night school for poor boys whom he picked up from the street.

A Genius Developed by Night School, Older people will remember Kirkham's Grammar and Elecution books once very opular in the schools. Their author was one of the urching whom Dr. Smith brought into his night school, where he staid until a young man. The text books resulted from otes taken while under Dr. Smith's tuition



and made the fortune of the one-time ragged boy. His instructor had the reputation of being one of the best grammarians and elo-cutionists in the United States, so his daughter came naturally by her talents. As a little girl she displayed no particular precocity. An extreme generosity and guilelessness, from which she has not al-together recovered, led her to loan her first silk dress. A marvelous creation of pale blue and lace possessed at the age of 5, to a dirty little beggar girl who had "big blue eyes, fazzy golden hair and had never been dressed up in her life." The dress with the little beggar girl in it disappeared down an alley and has not been seen since. As she has been missing 55 years there is no probability that she ever will be. The first time the future inventor was sent to school she was so frightened and wept so loudly and ong that she was dispatched home

grace with an elder sister. Early Attracted Longfellow's Atten A year later she was again sent to school this time to her father and she remaine under his instruction until her education was completed. The family soon after this father was principal of the town academy writing verses and was encouraged to persevere by no less a poet than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Over 30 years ago she was a regular contributor to THE DISPATCH and published two volumes of ner verses.

When 16 or 17 years old she went to Ken When 16 or 17 years old she went to Kentucky and spent several years with relatives there. She met her first husband in Kentucky, a Mr. Taylor, and after her marriage to him removed to Fort Madison, Iowa, where she continued her work of teaching for many years. More than 30 years ago she became dissatisfied with the existing methods of teaching read-ing and began experimenting with her own pupils. After many disappointments she hit upon what seemed to her the most rational way of developing the talent of reading from the elementary sounds. She found that with her system the pupil became independent of the teacher in a few months and able to conduct his investiga-tions for himself. She called the new way

the Synthetic Method. Her Great Experiment in Chicago. After perfecting it, she wished to go to Chicago or some place where it might be further tested. Her friends tried to dissuade her; they said she was too old, she was now about 50. She wrote to a friend in Chicago for advice. The friend invited her to come

for advice. The friend invited her to come promising six pupils to begin with. The offer was accepted, and without influence and but one friend in the great city, Mrs. Pollard went to Chicago.

When she arrived, the friend's six pupils and the dining room seemed the best she could do. Someone however told her that in Chicago one must have a licence to teach a private school and in search of informaprivate school and in search of informa-ion, Mrs. Pollard endeavored to look up a Squire Waller, recommended as knowing ill the kinks in school law. Hunting up his address she was sent to the home of Miss his address she was sent to the home of Miss L. L. Waller, his niece, who had a fashion-able school for children. Miss Waller was dissatisfied with the way reading was taught in her school, and when she discovered in her school, and when she discovered what the visitor wanted, asked to see a model lesson. She believed in the system, and although she had no vacancy in the school invited Mrs. Pollard to become one of its teachers. That was eight years ago. Parents of the pupils at first grumbled. They said their children could not spell, they could not reed they could not do snything could not read, they could not do anythin but make unearthly noises. Before a year was up, however, they were delighted, for instead of being able to read a few easy words from charts and primers the children

were reading everywhere and everything, chasing and nailing a newword with as much ardor and delight as an entomologist does a rare bug. Began to Teach the Teachers. The next year Mrs. Pollard gave up pri mary work and began the training of teachers. Only one woman responded to the first advertisement. She was the principal of a school in Des Moines, Iowa. After her re-turn to Des Moines there came a call to train 12 of her teachers; then the school board wanted all the teachers of the town trained. The method rapidly spread throughout the West and along the Pacific

within a year the method has taken strong hold in some of the Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and other Eastern schools. Mrs. A. M. Spallen, principal of one of the largest Philadelphia schools, was one of its first and warmest triends. It is largely to the influence of Edward Everett Hale that the success of the system in Boston may be attributed. When in that city a friend advised Mrs. Pollard to call on Dr. Hale. Now, one of Mrs. Pollard's great ambitions had been to hear Edward Everett Hale, but she name was to be the control of the contr

school man of being one and the same with the philanthropist, author and editor. Accord-ingly she mounted the steps of his residence on Highland street, Roxbury, with a fair degree of self-possession. The neat maid servant said that Dr. Hale was in and in-

vited her into his study. Her Talk With Edward Everett Hale "Dear me," thought she, "gasing appre-hensively around at the shelves upon shelves and piles on piles of books, "he must be a minister or a scholar or some-thing."

Dr. Hale came in a nice quiet, good Dr. Hale came in a nice quiet, good natured looking man, with a not too op-pressively erudite air. Neither did he orate sonorously through his nose as learned doctors and sages are popularly supposed to do, but used the organs of speech designed by nature for the purpose in a very matter of fact every day style.

Mrs. Polland was reassured and began to

state her errand. Dr. Hale wanted to know all about the system. She explained know all about the system. She explained it as briefly as possibly, he from time to time asking questions that quite plainly indicated that, however, deep his delvings among Greek, Latin, Sanserit or Hebrew roots he had a wonderful comprehensive knowledge of English. In fact he proved a delightful man.

"I believe in your system," said he. "Now let me give you some letters of in-

to her hotel rejoicing. A distant relative from the suburbs of Boston was awaiting her.
"I've just been calling on Dr. Hale,"

said she, in apology for having kept the visitor waiting. "Dr. Hale?" What Dr. Hale?" asked the lady. "Dr. Hale, a gentleman interested in the

A curious expression overspread the Bostonian's face.
"How did you become acquainted with "Oh some one told me to go and talk to him about my work and I went."

"Do you know who he is?"
"Why, yes" said Mrs. Pollard "he is Dr.
Hale, of Roxbury."
"He is" said the lady impressively "Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and you may con-sider yourself lucky; he is one of the hard-est men in Boston to meet."

A Champion to Katherine Dravel. Another of Mrs. Pollard's friends is Mother Katherine Drexel, she having trained all the teachers for that famous lady's Indian and negro school. Through Mother Katherine's influence the system is being taken up by all the leading Catholic schools of the system.

Sarah Winter Kellogg, the New York magazine writer is also one of Mra Poll-ard's oldest, warmest and most helpful The late Jane Grev Swisshelm, whom she met in Chicago while on a visit there, became extremely interested in Mrs. Pollard's keep away from the great cities, as, after 40, a woman is too old to embark in a new en-terprise. Her advice has proved mistaken

n one case at least.

Her next movement will likely be a visit to London, as she is being constantly im-portuned to go there by teachers and others nterested. She has a daughter in Chicago who is a leading teacher of the Delsarte system, and with her she makes her home when not traveling. She is the aunt of Mrs. John Hover, of Buens Vista street, Allegheny, and always stops with her when

DIET FOR THE SUMMER.

ivice From an English Physician as t Eating and Drinking-Plenty of Fluid Necessary-The Comforting Cup of Tea

-The Science of Soup. In an interesting article in the Gentler Magazine Dr. N. E. Yorke Davis, of London, holds that if a man earn his living by the sweat of his brain he must, if he wishes to live long, maintain his health by the sweat of his brow-that is, he must in some form or other take muscular exercise. The diet laid down as suitable for summer would in that case, of course, almost universally

The most suitable articles for hot weather in his experience are "fish, such kinds of meat as fowl and game, green veg-etables, salads, and fruit. Farinaceous food that is, starches—should be taken in the very smallest quantity only. Sufficient' sugar would be found in the different truits that the season of the year produces, and, therefore, should not be supplemented." In the case of a man of ordinary size, doing ordinary physical or mental work, the fol lowing would, he submits, represent an ordi-nary day's food for hot weather as far as quantity and constituents are concerned: Breakfast, 8:30 to 9 A. M .- Two cups of tea

or coffee, sweetened with saccharine, one or two teaspoonfuls of cream in each, 1 oz. of dry toast, thinly buttered; 4 oz. of grilled or boiled fish, such as place, sole, whiting, haddock, cod or trout, or 4 oz. of cold chicken, cold tongue or of grilled steak or Lunch, 1:30 P. M.—2 or 3 oz. of cold mutton,

Lunch, 1:30 r. m.—2 or 3 oz. of cold mutton, beef or lamb: 3 or 4 oz. of green vegetables, plainiy boiled; plenty of green salad, made with vinegar, but without oil; 4 or 5 oz. of stewed fruit; water, or two or three glasses of pure dry Moselle or other Bhine wines.

Afternoon tea, 4:30, if desired—Two cups of tea as at break fast, nothing to eat.

Dinner, 7 to 8—Julienne or clear vegetable soup; 3 or 4 oz. of fish: 3 or 4 oz. of any red meat, or of chicken, rabbit, game or venison; 6 oz. of any green vegetable, with gravy from the meat only; 4 oz. of stewed fruit or of raw fruit; a little stale or pulled bread with a small piece of cheese.

This diet may be varied as to hour but

This diet may be varied as to hour, but he thinks that three meals only should be eaten daily, and only sufficient at each meal to satisfy the appetite.

Fruit may, however, be taken at proper times, and, although it is much more popular now as a food than it used to be, it is, he thinks, only beneficial in moderate quantity. More fluid is, of course.

moderate quantity. More fluid is, of course, necessary in hot weather than in cold, and question whether too much can be taken. "Fluid in this way is to the kidneys what fresh air is to the langs, and the waste of meat not used in the system is carried off by its aid," he says. "In the summer

In every well-appointed household din-ner is the most important meal of the day, but a fashion in regard to this has, the Doctor remarks, lately crept into use which is neither physiologically correct nor con-ducive to its enjoyment. He says: "I refer to the custom now prevalent of com-mencing dinner with some anchovy toast, caviare, or sardines on bread and butter, or some other sayary of a like nature. The some other savory of a like nature. The proper commencement of dinner should be the old-fashioned dish of good soup—and for this reason: that it is necessary that the first food taken at dinner should be quickly system and give tone to the stomach. In this way the appetite is stimulated and the sense of taste made more keen. Nothing acts so beneficially for this purpose as a small quantity of good soup. The more important adjuncts are, of course, pleasant surroundings and cheerful companionship. He concludes with a warning as to excess of food. "Gluttony," says an old

writer, "kills more than the sword." It Saves the Children.

C. H. Shawen, Wellsville, Kan. says: "It is with pleasure that I speak of the good Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoza Remedy has done my family dur-Diarrings seemedy has done my family during the last fourteen years. In the most
obstinate cases of summer complaint and
diarrhosa among my children it acted as a
charm, making it never necessary to call in
a physician. I can truthfully say that in
my judgment, based on years of experience,
there is not a medicina in the market that my judgment, based on years of experience, there is not a medicine in the market that is its equal."

FOREST SOLITUDE.

Trip Beneath the Canopy of Hemlock Leaves in McKean County.

TROUT LEAP IN CRYSTAL BROOKS And Only the Clack of Woodsman's Ax

Breaks the Sylvan Silence. SBARCHING FOR CONTRACT ALIENS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. "The Frenchies are camping six or seven miles up Skinner's creek in the woods: and there's another lot of them four or five miles further out."

Such was the answer of a tall, muscular

coniface to the question of Immigration In-

spector Robert D. Layton when the latter strived at Port Allegany, McKean county, early one morning last week. Mr. Layton had been ordered to investigate some complaints that had been made that French Canadians were being brought over in large numbers and contrary to the alien contract law, to work in the woods. The hotel keeper to whom Mr. Lay-ton applied for information as to whereabouts of the Canadian woodchoppers, remembered their advent very well, because he still had lodging for a night charged against some 20 of them, and he expressed the belief, as did several others in Port Allegany, that the foreign element had been brought into the neigh-boring woods in an illegal manner. That was what Mr. Layfon had been ordered by the Immigration Department to inquire into, and the definite location of the alleged offenders was grateful and comforting to Mr. Layton and his companion, the interpreter, for they had explored the uttermos parts of the Sinnamahoning valley the day previous in a vain search for the individual who had prompted the expedition by writing redhot letters to the Immigration Department complaining of the floods of French Canadians contracted across the border that were making work scarce and wages scant for the American woodchopper and barkpeeler.

Driving on a Pretty but Muddy Road, A wagon with two good horses, for Port Allegany is rightly proud of her trotting stock and the possession of as pretty a half-mile track as there is in the State, was the next conveyance in order, and in this, driven by Mr. Franklin, who modestly disclaimed any kinship with the immortal Ben, but who promised to pilot Uncle Sam's rep-resentative to the lair of the suspected forresentative to the lair of the suspected for-eigners, Mr. Layton and the interpreter were soon joiting along a very muddy road toward the wooded hills that rose in the distance. It is a popular delusion that Port Allegany is somewhere near the source of the Allegheny river, but that de-ceptive wanderer is a very respectable body of water as it enves characteristically of water as it curves characteristicall around the town and under an old-last characteristically sround the town and under all old-lash-ioned wooden bridge, between the boarded sides of which boys delight to hang out and fish at the peril of their necks. The holes in the road are its most impressive features,

but the scenery is lovely.

Splash! splash! we go down into the water with a lurch and a swing, rattle over the bowlders and scrunch through the pebbly bed of Skinner's creek, an ideal trout stream of crystal clearness that comes down with a merry rush and tinkle from the mountains. It may be gratifying to Mr. George H. Welshons, if politics have left any room for piscatorial pride in his heart, to know that the young trout he placed in Skinner's creek a short time ago are reflecting credit upon his administration. They are growing fat and lusty, and the anglers have had in the past more fishing than catching rise up early now to call the Fish

Beauty With Curls of Smoke.

On the other side of the stream a young-ish woman is hanging out some clothes to ish woman is hanging out some clothes to dry, and a nearer view shows that what we supposed was a clothespin in her mouth is a pipe. A ring or two of blue smoke rises each time she fixes a garment on the line. An elder woman sits in the doorway, sunning herself, while a barefooted boy restrains a small dog with a large mouth that runs out with an apparent desire to eat did after night came down upon the woods.

"You work a day chopping trees or peeling bark," was the reply, "and you'll only want to do one thing when you're through—sleep." Nevertheless one of the older men after dinner while the others were filling up their pipes and finding shady spots for lounging outside, slunk off into a corner and pulled from his pocket a creased and greessy story paper. I think the

that runs out with an apparent desire to eat all our party, horses included.

The sun is pretty high by this time and coats and vests are left behind in the wagon when we start off for the woods on foot, the horses being hitched to a tumble-down fence. A few yards from the house a newly built railroad track appears. It is a lumber road, which the parties who are taking out the timber from this valley are

taking out the timber from this valley are using for their own use.

A quarter-of-a-mile further on the rails stopped and a gang of Italians were filling in and grading the road that had been cleared a few hundred yards ahead among the big trees. The only sound is the sharp, clear clack! of the woodman's axe, or the louder report, like that of a nine-pounder, followed by a swishing, crashing roar that marked the fall of some tail woodland king. For a moment, the ugliness of land king. For a moment the ugliness of city slums was recalled as we passed the camp where the Italians at work upon the railroad slept and ste.

The Treachery of a Peeled Tree, The wood-choppers wear immense heavy shoes with soles an inch or two thick and dentifully besprinkled with steel which give them a sure footing at all times and enable them to stand firm on a tree tilted at a sharp angle while they are peeling the bark from it. Once, a year or two ago, a lumberman brought a city capitalist, who with him owned a lot of land up Skinner's creek, to the woods. The city man had never been in the lumber country be-fore, and his partner showed him around. On their way to a camp up the creek the city man had no trouble till they reached a place where the only way to cross a swamp lay over a fallen tree. The woodman went first, and his pegged shoes enabled him to run easily over the smooth trunk from which the bark had been peeled. by its aid," he says. "In the summer acidulated drinks are the most grateful to the palate. There can be no doubt that the most refreshing beverage in summer, and certainly the most harmless, is the properly-

quired: "Are you down?" The slipperiness of a pealed tree beats a brick pavement in frosty weather.

The sound of the choppers' axes came closer and closer, and presently we came to a group of men, three gaunt ginnts, who rose up from a felled tree upon which they had been sitting, and rested their axes on the spreading limbs.

A Conference That Was Fruitless, They knew very little about their foreign seighbors, and the best-looking man of the three, a tall swarthy fellow, with a heavy black mustache, looked sheepish and stood silent when his companions referred to him as the one who knew most about the Freuch amp.
"If I were working in these woods and

any foreigner came in and took away my living I wouldn't sit idly by," began Mr.

Layton, but the two wood-choppers cut him short with a loud laugh, and one of them said, pointing to their handsome comrade: "Yer see, Jim won't tell what he knows cause there's a woman up to the Frenchies' camp!" That closed the conference. It was lacking a few minutes of noon, the hour when the whole woodland goes to lunch, when we came near the French camp, hoping to catch the whole party at their midday meal. A few minutes walk

which rose a plain, square house or hut of undressed boards, the architecture partaking of the plain and severe style that Mr. Noah introduced some years ago, it is understood, in designing the ark.

If the outlines of the house were not impressive, the odor which came from it was the strength of the The strroundings were also untily and un-dean, and the whole place uninviting.

. Woman in the Wilderness It was a surprise therefore

FACTS FROM PRISONS woman, neatly dressed in white, young and woman, neatly dressed in white, young and attractive, appear at the doorway as we drew near. A small boy, clad in a single garment of singular brevity, tried to hide himself within her skirts. The boy was as brown as a beech-nut, and quite in line with his home in point of cleanliness. A medal with a raised figure, presumably of the Holy Mother, hung from a ribbon around the youngster's neck. He was plainly frightened at the strange visitors, and his mother hardly less so. Neither spoke a word of English, and when addressed in French the woman answered in the same language, but in the Canadian patois.

ner in a minute or two, and as we left the house and took a seat to windward of it on

nouse and took a seat to windward of it on a fallen tree, she came to the threshold and putting her hands about her mouth gave a shrill "halloo!" that brought an answer from some man's throat with the echo, and

then was repeated sgain and again from be-low and above on the hillside. Presently the owners of the voices came

straggling in. They were not a pretty crowd. In their veins were blended French and Indian blood, and whatever the moral or mental benefits of the mixture may be

the physical result is not admirable. They were mostly sallow, dark-haired lantern-jawed and lean.

Estab ishing Their Respectability.

The spokesman of the party and their leader, as it turned out, a man named Lennert, had the brightest face of them all, but his eyes were small and had a cunning look. Most of them spoke a few words of English, and Lennert understood that language pretty well. They all spoke Canadian French, which is expectable.

which is apparently as much a mongrel tongue as the French-Canadian dialect which tortures magazine readers so much these days. In one language and another, however, it was not difficult to make out that no law-breakers were to be found in their make.

their ranks. Lennert explained at length how he had been going back and forth be-tween Canada and the United States in the

pursuit of his calling as a woodchopper and barkpeeler for many years. So had many of his comrades. They all came from the same

district in Quebec, and had made the jour-ney at this particular time at no one's invi-tation and at their own expense, trust-ing merely to Lennert's assurance that they would find work in plenty in the woods of McKean county. They had not

been contracted for—that they were em-phatic in declaring, and in proof of that it was shown that the bark-peeling they were then engaged in was not let to Mr. Camp-bell, for whom they were working, till some time after their arrival in this country.

Inspector Layton cross-examined them at considerable length, and Mr. Campbell, their American employer also testified, it

appeared candidly and unreservedly, all he knew about them, but nothing showing any

infraction of the law was developed. Indeed, it was made clear that many of these Canadians had been working

door with such an anxious air that the boy

life out-of-doors and hearty of manner as

to be. They work 11 hours each day. Somebody asked one of them what they

did after night came down upon the woods.

'red, the hero, in the act of killing 15 mer

IN THE SWEAT-SHOP.

eription of Its Workings and What

The sweat-shop, writes Joseph Kirkland

journeymen tailors and needlewomen, to

work under his supervision. He takes a

cheap room outside the dear and crowded

business center, and within the neighbor

hood where the work people live. Thus is

rent saved to the employer and time and

travel to the employed. The men can and

do work more hours than was pos-

sible under the centralized system,

and their wives and children can

help, especially, when, as is often done, the garments are taken home to "finish."

(Even the very young can pull out basting threads.) This "finishing" is what remains undone after the machine has done its work, and consists of "felling" the waist and leg-ends of trousers (paid at 1½ cents a pair) and in short all the "falling" necessarily are to the property of the state of the control of the pair of the pair

essary on every garment of any kind. Fo

this service, at the prices paid, they cannot earn more than from 25 to 40 cents a day,

and the work is largely done by Italian

Polish and Bohemian women and girls.

The entire number of persons employe

in these vocations may be stated at 5,000 men (of whom 800 are Hebrews), and from

AN ROHO OF THE WAR.

Story of President Harrison's Surgion

Powers in the Time of Need,

pair), and, in short, all the "tellis

20,000 to 23,000 women and children.

liers before the surgeons arrived.

The Exceeding Hot Weather

Of the present summer is producing an alarming intality from diarrhosa, cholera in-

fantum, cholera morbus and dysentery. Every family and person ought to be pro-vided with an effective preventive and cure

for these diseases. Pe-ru-na never fails when used in time to cure the most severe

cases of them. Thousands of lives are save

cases of them. Inousands of lives are saved by this untailing remedy in all sente dis-eases of the stomach and bowels. If you are not already acquainted with the wonderful virtues of Pe-ru-na in summer complaints, send for three lectures by Dr. S. B. Hart-mad, of Columbus, O., on acute diseases of the abdomen, which contain a description

of the causes, symptoms and cure of these dangerous and prevalent diseases. The lectures are sent free to any address by the Peruna Drug Manufacturing Co., Colum-

Paid to the Tollers.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

time after their arrival in this country.

Curious Statistics Gathered Up by the Wardens' Association.

THE PATE OF THIEVES IN NEVADA.

Interesting Things in the Penciogical Exhibit for the Pair. in the Canadian patois.

She said the men would come in for din-

CELLS MADE PAMOUS IN LITERATURE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1

The Secretary of the Wardens' Associaly published a curious book called "The Criminal Statistics of the United States and Canada for 1890." The work is by no means complete, as there are many wardens in the United States who do not belong to the association and some who do have refused to aid. The idea originated with Major McClaughry, under whose direction, and at whose expense the statistics were compiled. At the close of 1890, all the wardens who had agreed to assist in the undertaking notified the Secretary as to the number of prisoners they had received during the year, and the Major sent them a corresponding number of statistical cards to be filled out a follows: Prisoner's name and register

number, color, nativity, descent, nativity of parents, prisoner's age and date of birth, occupation, religion, name, nature and cause of crime, length of sentence, number and place of previous imprisonment, whether married or single, whether able to read or write, and number of years at school. Yellow cards were used for males, and white cards for females. The writer had the privilege of looking over these cards some time ago and gleaned from them some curious facts. For instances The way of the transgressor is comparatively easy north of the St. Lawrence, the term of imprisonment of a Canadian thief

rarely exceeding 60 or 90 days, while a forgery or a burglary may be committed at the risk of a two or three years' sentence. Onehalf the convicts in Texas are horse or cattle thieves. Five-sixths of the murderers south of Mason and Dixon's line are negroes, and only one-tenth of the colered convicts in the United States can read and write. The majority of the assailants of women in the North are white men, middleaged, and with wives living, while in the South they are almost invariably young and nnmarried negroes.

in these woods for years, some of them stay-ing all the year around, but most of them remaining only for the bark-peeling season. Some Facetions Information. So they were allowed to go hack to their dinner, and the pretty, dark-eyed woman who had watched the proceedings from the The colored desperado does not use a razor as much as is commonly supposed, the revolver and "billy" seeming to be his had fallen to crying out of sympathy, smiled once more. Her white skin and favorite weapon. The Nevada State Prison favorite weapon. The Nevada State Prison at Carson City is almost entirely filled with men serving short sentences for capital crimes. A zealous compiler, noticing this fact, wrote to a local authority of Carson City, with whom he was slightly acquainted, asking "what was done with the thieves," and evoked the reply that "they were given Christian burial." Some of the cards afford considerable amusement. In cases where it is impossible, to trace the prisoner" anteces. regular features made the statement that she, too, was a half-breed Indian hard to The last chapter is often the pleasantest; it was so in our case. We had risen at 6 A. M. in Austin, and had been in the cars, driving over country roads or tramping through the woods for five hours. An invitation to dinner, not at the French camp, for we had been warned is impossible to trace the prisoner's antece-dents his own story must be taken for what it is worth, and strange incongruities occaof the cookery there, but at the Campbell are supporting several men who claim to have been school teachers, but who are unable camp, where Americans were in charge, lower down the hill, was accepted with alacrity. If the piquancy of that meal, served plainly and with many unnecessary to read or write, and Texas glories in a clergymen who is serving his fourth term for breaking one of the commandments. Dakota has covicted an octogenarian of apologies by the cheery wife of one of the woodchoppers, could be reproduced in print you could understand why fresh trout, pobigamy. In a New England prison a than s now awaiting execution who received his tatoes, beans, bread and butter, pre-served blackberries disappeared as if by magic. Even the woodsmen admired the catholicity of our appetites. A dozen splendid young fellows they were; bronzed and muscular from their life out-of-dozen, and hearty of manner as

death sentence in 1890. A penny for his These statistics, if continued from year to year, will be of great value, as showing the increase or decrease of crime, the cause of crime in different localities, and the influences that should be combatted to prevent the statistics for 1891, it is doubtful if any steps will be taken in the matter at present. Msjor McClaughry has already expended considerable time and money to bring out this first edition, and can hardly be expected to go any further until the other members of the association for whose benefit he has been laboring have manifested an inclination to share the expense.

The Prison Exhibit at Chicago, and greasy story paper. I think the title of the story that he was reading was A curious as well as interesting feature A curious as well as interesting feature of the great Columbian Exposition will be the penological hall, a vast reliquary of original specimens and reproductions of every device and appliance for the punishment of offenders in use since the dawning of the Christian era. In some respects it will be a veritable "chamber of horrors." Every death-dealing machine from the primitive saber of Asiatic countries to the latest electrical contrivance used in the "The Treasure Cave, or Fearless Fred's Fight for Fortune;" and a picture, as lurid as could be in black and white, showed at one blow, or something of the sort. The love for stories of adventure seems as great in the solitude of the forest as in the comprimitive saber of Asiatic countries to the latest electrical contrivance used in the United States; every instrument of torture known to man, from the cross on which the early Christians suffered martyrdom to the terrible rack and "iron shroud" of the Spanish Inquisition, will be on exhibition, while ghastly wax-work representations of barbarous Oriental executions will do their in Scribner's Magazine, is a place where, sep-arate from the tailor shop or clothing ware-house, a "sweater" (middleman) assembles

hideous theme such justice as to fairly treeze the blood in the veins of the be-But, for people less morbid in their tastes, far greater attractions are in store. The reproduction of the interiors of celebrated prisons of the "Old World" will prove an unfailing source of delight to all persons of culture and refinement. To the dungeons of the Chateau d'If, the romantic masterpiece of the elder Dumas has attached an undying interest, and what lover of Byron will gaze unmoved upon the walls which once in-closed the noble Bonnivard, the immortal "Prisoner of Chibon." What indescribable emotions must stir the soul of the antiquary who enters the great "Tower" by the "Traitors' Gate," or who pauses in the lab-yrinthian corridors of the old "Bastile" to waist unfortunate Marie Antoinette, or spec-ents a ulate for the thousandth time on the iden-tity of the "Iron Masque."

Prisons Famous in Literature Admirers of Charles Reade will not need to refer to their guide books for an explanation of those ponderous iron cranks with the mysterious dial indicators overhead. They were once used to extract fruitless exertion from the inmates of a great English prison where the system of solitary confinement prevailed, and their abolition was secured by the publication of "A Terrible

Temptation."

The reproduction of the famous debtors' prison called the "King's Bench," as it was when Sir Richard Steele wrote his beautiful It is related says the New York Tribune, that President Harrison, then only a Colonel, could not promptly secure surgeons to care for his wounded, after the battle of New Hope Church. He, therefore, took off his cost rolled up his sleeves and did what his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and did what he could himself to stanch the flow of blood, and to dress wounds. He directed that tents be torn up into bandages, and he spent hours in work over his disabled soldiers before the augment arrived died with the author of "Little Dorritt."

The hall will naturally be of most interest to members of the National Prison Congress to members of the National Prison Congress and Wardens' Association, who will have an opportunity of inspecting a great variety of improved machinery for penal institutions, placed there by the inventors, the most noteworthy of which (though scarcely practicable) will be a circular cellhouse with revolving walls, which is claimed to preclude all possibilities of escape from the inside.

A Useful Bint for Engineers. D. K. Clarke suggests the following excellent way of arriving at the effective mean pressure on the piston of a high pressure engine: With steam out off at quarter stroke, the mean pressure is 12-5 part of the maximum pressure; at half stroke out off it is two-thirds the maximum pressure, and at three-quarter out off it is mine-tenths the