Russia Is Adopting Uncle Jerry Rusk's System of Doing Business.

CROP REPORTS ARE GOOD

And a Recurrence of the Suffering of 1892 Is Not Feared.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS DONE

Our Donations but a Drop in the Bucket Compared With Its.

CARPENTER'S SKETCHES OF THE PEOPLE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

St. Petersburg, July 15.

HE peasants have sown their crops and the prospect is that Russia will have a fine yield this year. The reports, which are received daily here from the famine districts, are very encouraging, and, though the famine is still raging, the backbone of the demon of Russian starvation will, it is believed, be broken by the 1st of September, when the

harvest wil lhave been gathered. Great want and much suffering, however, will continue to exist for the next year or so in many of the states, and a drought this summer may precipitate a second famine equally as terri-

ble as the present one. Notwithstanding all that has been published concerning the famine, we in the United States have but little idea of its terrible extent and of the wonderful manuer in which the Russians have handled it. No country in the world, with perhaps the exception of the United States, could withstand such a strain as Russia is now undergoing, and there is no nation in the world, except perhaps one, that would rise to the emergency and do so much for its people as Russia is doing.

Russia Has Done Her Duty. The contributions America has made have been of great good, and they are most thankfully and, I might almost say, tearfully received, but they are only a drop in the bucket to what Russia herself is doing. Our and other outside gifts amount, all told, to perhaps \$750,000. The donations of the

Government and the people represent in the neighborhood of \$350,000,000 and the Czar himself has given about \$10,000,000 out of his pri-vate fund. The Government loans to the famine villages amount to more than \$100,000,000 and these loans no one ever expects that the peasants will repay. It is a physical impossibility for them to do so, and, as one of the chief offi-cials of the Government said to me latterly. the Czar does not expect repayment. He always gives a present to the people upon certain occasions, such as the coronation of a grand duke, and at the next such event one of his presents will probably be the forgiving of this debt.

This \$100.000,000 was given almost out-

right by the Government, but in addi-tion to it numerous schemes have been favored and authorized by the Czar to get money for the sufferers, and the bulk of the gifts have come from the people. One of these schemes was by a lottery under the these somemes was by a lottery under the Treasury Department, the prizes of which were guaranteed by the Imperial Bank and the profits of which went to the famine. Russia has no lotteries as the rule, and such things are ordinarily against the law. This lottery brought in about \$75,000,000 and all classes patronized it, many of the wealthy buying thousands of tickets.

Lost Ten Thousand Dol'ars in a Lottery. I know one man here who bought \$10,000 worth of tickets, choosing scattering num-bers, and he did not get a single prize. He was twitted on his bad luck and replied: "I was twitted on his bad luck and replied: "I don't care, I have the satisfaction of knowing that my 20,000 roubles have gone to help the famine." St. Petersburg is a city of many rich people, and many of the nobles here took from \$1,000 to \$5,000 worth of these lottery tickets, but the great majority were sold to people of small means, and the buying of them was, so to speak, the fad

Consul General Crawford estimates that the gifts of private citizens in Russia to this famine have been not less than 350,000,000 roubles or the enormous sum of \$175,000,000.
The gifts almost surpass comprehension,



A Peasant Woman and are told, notwithstanding the vast popand are told, notwithstanding the vast population of Russia, they amount, including those of the Government, to \$3 for each man, woman and child in the whole Russian Empire, or to \$15 per family. When you remember that of the twenty odd million families that make up the Russian people not many more than 1,000,000 of them probably has ever had \$15 at one time in its possession you get some idea of the mighty strain this has been on those who could give and have given. The nobility have in all cases led the list, and hundreds of well-educated girls and women of the best fameducated girls and women of the best fam-ilies of this and other Russian cities are now in the famine districts fighting the demons of starvation, typhus fever and the smallpex in behalf of the peasants.

Sperifices for the Famine Stricken. A number of these ladies have caught the diseases of the peasants, and a Russian Countess who went from St. Petersburg was among those who took the smallpox. Almost all of the great landed proprietors in the famine districts are doing what they can to help their people. I hear of men who have been feeding and caring for 5,000, 10,000 and in some cases even 20,000 and 25,000 peasants, and Count Bobrinsky, who is at the head of the transportation of famine relief here, is, in connection with his fami-ly, supporting nearly 30,000 people out of his pwn means, and at the same time aiding

it. The peasants themselves are like children, and they require the advice and the care of children. These people of Russia of the highest classes go and stay with them. They visit them in their huts, take care of the sick—for there are but few doctors—and nurse them. With them is the Russian Red Cross, which has raised about \$35,000,000 for the sefferment and which works. 000 for the sufferers, and which works, as do all outside institutions, directly under

The Government of Russia is planning great works to prevent the recurrence of such a condition as now exists. A fund of \$10,000,000 has been set aside to build ele-\$10,000,000 has been set aside to build elevators and places for the storage of grain in all of the various districts, and through our Consul General, Dr. John M. Crawford, the Interior Department has investigated our system of crop reports, and has just now decided to adopt this system for Russia. Secretary Rusk forwarded full information, and from now on the same organized system that we have constructed will be in force here. Heretofore Russia has had no agricultural statistics and the peasants have

Adopting Jerry Rusk's System,

cultural statistics and the peasants have lived from hand to mouth. They are not economical or thrifty nor accumulative in our sense of the word, and it requires a study of their character and their condition to understand the situation.

Thirty years ago they were in the condithey would probably be of somewhat the same character as these people are here to-day. This statement may, however, be misleading. The two races are far different in character, and after my journey through the back districts and along regions of the Volga I will give a letter describing the curious features of their life and character, which are like those of no other people in the world. My idea is not to write so much

wear coats of homespun, with long frocks, and even such as dress in sheepskins, with the fur turned in, have their coats reaching to below the knees. Here in St. Petersburg I see few without overcoats, but further south the peasant man's dress is of red calico, shirt and pantaloons, the shirt coming outside the pauts and belted at the waist, and his feet are covered with a sort of carried woven strawshoe and his ankles

waist, and his feet are covered with a sort of coarsely woven straw shoe and his ankles are swaddled in raga.

The better class of poor people or the ordinarily well-to-do men here wear long coats, with top boots, and the national cap is worn by nearly everyone. This is to a large extent the costume of the rich, though the wealthy all over the civilized world dress much the same as we do. The difference there is largely in the quality of the goods worn, and St. Petersburg may be said to be a city where the people wear ulsters, caps and high boots the year round, no matter whether it be as hot as Tophet or as cold as Alaska. These Russian boots are worth looking at. They are about the only cheap thing in Russia, and you can get a cheap thing in Russia, and you can get a pair made to order for \$5. The same leather and the same work in the United States would cost you \$25, and the finish of the best leather is as fine as that of a portfolio or a pocket book.

The Boots Characteristic of Russia.

These boots reach to the knees, and the best of them shine like patent leather. The tion to a great extent of our slaves at the South, and if to-day the negro and the planter had been left to work out their salvation at the close of the war without the aid of the money and push of the North they would probably be of somewhat the regularity of a washboard. It takes at least twice as much leather to make a pair of Punical South So



of the Russian famine as of the Russian people, and the great Slavic race is one of the strangest and most peouliar on God's green earth. They are the baby race among the great races of the world. They are not out of their swaddling clothes and into even the knee pants of the boyhood of civiliza-tion. But for all that their limbs are muscular, their features are strong and they have the lungs and the staying power of the

Semething About the People. You see the evidences of the happy-go You see the evidences of the happy-go-lucky character of the people everywhere you go. Their condition has been such that they have never come to understand the value of money, and this has been the case with both rich and poor. The rich have been so rich that they had all they could want. The poor have been so poor that there was no chance for them to get more than enough for mere existence, and so with no ambition but for the day both classes have been rushing madly along until they are now at the end of their rope, and a turn will have to come very soon. Said a Russian bureau officer to me this afternoon: "The trouble with us is we never think of the morrow. If we have much to-day we spend it, and if we have little to-morrow we make the best of it. If I should give my droschky driver 100 roubles to-day it would all be gone to-morrow, and our people have not yet the least idea of accumulation and thrift. For this reason many of the best business establishments of the country are managed by the Germans and the English, and most of the factories here are owned by

oreigners."
"But how about the future?" I asked. "I think we are gradually learning," was the reply. "The famine has taught us much, and there is a steady though very slow movement toward better business methods and better ideas of life. The Russian peasant is, however, hard to change, and the great trouble is that he seems to have an entire lack of ambition. He is satisfied an entire lack of ambition. He is satisfied with his hut and his poverty. When you can get our people to want socks instead of rags about their feet, and when they think they need drawers under their calico pauts, you will have made the first great step toward the Russia of the future. The spark of ambition once kindled I believe we have

the foundation elements of one of the great-est peoples of the world." How the Russians Look, No one who visits Russia can be unimpressed with the strength of character seen in the faces of the people. I first saw these Russian peasants at Jerusalem about four years ago. It was at Easter time, and they had come by the thousands on a pilgrimage to the holy sepulcher, and of the polyglot humanity which was gathered there from the four quarters of the world there were none so strong in feature and in frame as these Slava. I see here every day walking the streets of St. Petersburg with bundles on their backs, driving cabs or droschkies and working on the streets, men whose nobility and strength of features would create remark in any American crowd, and at every corner you meet men whose faces are such that you would be proud to ac-knowledge them if you found them among

your ancestral portraits.

Their torcheads are high and broad, their eyes straight, honest and kindly. Their noses are large and clean cut, and their cheekbones often rather prominent. Nearly all are bearded and many are long-haired and part their hair in the middle. Their

and part their hair in the middle. Their frames are as strong as their faces. They are a big-boned, well-jointed race, and they look as though they were made to stay. The women are of the same character as the men. They are not handsome nor pretty, but they look kind and motherly and what we would call fine-looking. They lack taste in dress, have no ideas of the harmony of colors, and wear—I mean the peasants—handkerchiefs of all brightest colors of the rainbow upon their heads. Their dresses are of red, blue or other gay colors, and they are gathered in at the neck and waist, and fall to the feet in ungraceful folds. They have no ideas of corsets and many of them wear long aprons tied over the bust, gathered in at the waist and falling almost to the feet over their gowns. the feet over their gowns.

Men Wear the Picturesque Dre They are sturdy of frame and rather dul in the distribution of the foreign and Government relief fund among the people outside of the estates.

The relief work is not done spasmedically nor without system. There is a thorough organization, and as good brains as you will find anywhere in the world are managing

This coat has long skirts, and it is made very large so that the cabby can stuff his body out, and especially his back, to give himself the appearance of prosperous fat-ness. Nine-tenths of these drivers are padded in this way, and no well-to-do man would own a lean coachman. Lieutenant Allen, the military attache of our legation here, told me yesterday that his coachman appeared to be of dime-museum fatness when he engaged him and that he supposed his great frame was that of nature, until one day he met him before he had put in his pads and he was as thin as a rail and looked so different that it was some time before he

knew him. Speaking of Russian caps, the officers whom you see here by the thousand all wear them, and the most of the soldiers have caps as a part of their uniform. Every servant or messenger wears a cap, and the boys from the age of four wear long-visored caps and little overcoats just like their fathers. Even the little girls wear caps, and the favorite head covering of the little maidens of from two to six or seven years,

whom I see running about with their nurses, whom I see running about with their nurses in the parks, is a jockey cap of the brightest red, blue, yellow or green silk.

The colors of the caps of the men are usually dark, though they are trimmed with all shades of borders and bands, and each color denotes something. The religious color denotes something. The policemen, as a rule, have red bands about their caps Some of the private soldiers wear caps of white. Others wear caps like Tam O'Shan ters, and the cavalry have as many different kinds of headgear as the infantry. Some officers have green bands about



One of the Priests. their caps and others blue, and in short there is every possible cap combination from the shaggy fur of the peasant from the wilds of North Russia to the brimless astrakhan, which, with its red silk crown, covers the head of the cartridge-breasted Caucassian soldiers. The overcoats of the people from the different parts of the country are also different, and the officers wear costs of different colors and he officers wear coats of different colors and different grades of length, ranging from the feet to the top of the boots in size. All told, teet to the top of the boots in size. All told, the dress of the men is the most picturesque one of Europe, and the crowds which throng the streets of St. Petersburg are like those of no other capital of the world. The men are naturally large and fine looking. These long ulsters make them look bigger, and the general effect produced is that of a nation of giants.

f giants.

The church is perhaps the richest of all The church is perhaps the richest of all Russian institutions, and the thousands upon thousands of priests who are supported by the people are, as a class, the finest looking men in the world. They never shave nor cut their hair and their locks are as silky as those of a baby, and they stream down their backs, reaching often almost to the waist. Their faces are rosy and plump, and showing out under the high black caps which they wear on the streets and over their long black gowns they look wonderfully handsome and noble. During their services in the churches they take off their caps and their hair flows back from their high foreheads, making you think of the patriarchs of old, and during many of the services they appear in gowns of silver and gold and wear great tiara-like hass which sparkle with gold and jewela.

Thank G. CARPENTER.

Not So Numerous as He Used to Be in the Halls of Congress.

20 MILLIONAIRES IN THE 400 The Letter 8 Stands for Shekels in the

Legislative Roll Call. PAYING \$1,800 A MONTH FOR BOARD

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.) WASHINGTON, July 23 .- "Millionaires!" exclaimed Mr. Kenna the other day in the Senate restaurant, "here in this paper is the old charge revamped that the Senate is com-posed of magnates and millionaires. I lon't believe there is a national Legislature in the world whose members possess less money!"

of corporations, if not 'creatures of corporations,' here," suggested a corresponden sitting by.

"So there are in every Parliament an every Legislature." answered Representaive Breckenridge, "but I judge from what have heard that almost all of the millionires in the Senate began without a dollar, as common workmen. And it is the same at our end of the Capitol." "Two began with pick and shovel in Cal-

ifornia, without a cent," said one.
"One began as a railroad brakeman," said Paying \$1,800 a Month Board.

"One began by sweeping out a store at \$2 a week," said another, "and the boy that, having got to the top at last, has a perfect right to pay \$1,800 a mouth board at the Arlington if he wants to; and they say that what he actually does pay for himself "And I have no doubt," said another, "that a majority of the members of both Houses depend on their Congressional salaries for a living."

This conversation set me to thinking and inquiring, and herein are set down my findings:

The Senate and House will not now foot

The Senate and House will not now foot up in the aggregate so much as they did two years ago, within 50 or 100 million dollars. A few rich men have come in, but more have gone. From the Senate have departed Joe Brown, who began as the poorest and raggedest of Caroline crackers and became a five millionaire; Farwell, of Clricago, who has 5,000 miles of rail fences in Texas; Hearst, the many millionaire of the Golden Gate; Plumb, who had \$2,000 a month from the "Small Hones" mine: Spooner, who the "Small Hopes" mine; Spooner, who who began by hoeing corn at 10 cents a day and climbed upward till he counted his inceme at \$5,000 a day; Spinola, who began at the lowest round and climbed to the highest on which seven figures were written. Adams, with a \$500,000 wife; and several other such.

Money Runs to the Letter S. An odd thing about it this year is that three-fourths of the wealth in both Houses belongs to men whose names begin with "S"—Sawyer, Stewart, Stanford, Sanders, Sherman, Shoup, Spuire, Stockbridge, Stahlnecker, Stevens and Sam Stephenson formidable list of purse-bearers. And pooner, Snider and Spinola have just withirawn from the sibilant association.

The righest Seustors are of course from

the Pacific alope. Stanford is one of the four or five richest men in the country, and worries himself all the time about new schemes for spending his income on his pet university. I don't know whether he is worth \$30,000,000 or \$100,000,000, but as the larger amount costs more thought and tention than the smaller without furnishing a particle more of comfort, it doesn't make any difference. Stewart, of Nevada, has his ups and downs. The heathen Chines in-habits the castle which he built during one of his ups. He lost it all at that time, but of his ups. He lost it all at that time, but is pegging away again. He has a striking physiognomy—put a sardonic smile upon Michael Angelo's portrait of Jehovah, and you have Stewart. He is ordinarily good natured and sometimes rich, but he has been brought to the verge of poverty by helping his friends. His colleague belongs to the wealthy wing of the Jones family, and Felton, of California, has been a bold and lucky speculator, and hit the bull's eye during the oil excitement. during the oil excitement.

A Car Lined With Solid Silver. Mitchell and Dolph could foot up per-haps \$100,000 aplece; Allen is a popular young lawyer and gets large fees, and Squire has no nightmare dreams of the poor house—indeed, one of the organs of the jaw-shiths recently announced that he came to Washington in "a car lined with solid silver!" Teller and Wolcott, of Colorado, are moderately rich, that is, they have outside incomes more than equal to their salaries. The same can be said of Manderson, who has made something in Omaha real estate.

Almost all of the New England members

in both Houses began with nothing and have held their own—that is, they are dehave held their own—that is, they are de-pendent on their salaries for a living. This is exactly or nearly true of Frye, Dixon, Chandler and the Massachusetts and Con-necticut Senators, but they are all hard-working men of large influence. Hale ac-quired about \$750,000 when he won Zach Chandler's daughter, and he has kept it. Morrill and Aldrich began as grocery clerks, and they now count their wealth by six figures. It is understood that Walker, in the House from Worcester, is a millionin the House from Worcester, is a million-aire, making his money in boots and shoes. He started as a mechanic. He could proba-bly buy out all of the highly educated young Democrats thrown to the surface in last year's eruption, whom he alludes to col-lectively as "very fresh" and "the Massa-chusetts kindergarten." Cabot Lodge is said to be rich, as is also Morse, of the Sunrise stove polish.

Cleveland Has Hit the Bull's Eye. Neither of the New York Senators is rich—indeed, Evarts was worth a good deal more than Hill is. This may be the proper place to say that Cleveland has quadrupled his property since he became President, and is now probably worth \$250,000. The House has two plumbers—Felix Campbell, of New York, and Belknap, of Michigan. Felix is happy in the consciousness that he could pipe off \$500,000 from his bank. Belknap is doubtless also in the proverbial condition. Belden, of Syracuse, has amassed a million or so in railroads and things. Bourke Cockran must be well fixed, for he bought a \$100,000 house here last year, which he will have newly frescoed when he is elected Senator in Hiscock's place. John R. Fellows, who divides with Cockran the reputation of being the most eloquent man in the House, has soared the wolf way off. He dines on Chamberlain's terrapin and lies down at night amid his varied sumptuosities, gets big fees for trying to hammer sense into the skulls of a petit jury, and the other day declined the offer of a \$50,000 safary to manage a large property.

Lockwood, of Buffalo, professional nom-Neither of the New York Senstors

age a large property.

Lockwood, of Buffalo, professional nominator in chief to Cleveland, married rich. Tracy, of Albany, can foresee the probability of regular meals for a long time. This gave him the energy requisite to successfully lead the anti-ciliver hosts and to get fully lead the anti-silver hosts and to get \$2,500,000 in the reciprocal titillation bill to improve the harbors along the tempest-tossed shores of Troy and Cohoea. Colonel Greenleaf, who is cordially hated by all the burglars and bank robbers in the world, as the producer of elaborate combination and time locks, is worth only \$500,000 or \$1,000,000.

The Pennsylvanians in Congress.

The members from Pennsylvania are gen-

The members from Pennsylvania are gen-erally in moderate disculmanances—neither

rich nor poor. Don Cameron is the only millionaire among them, and, by the way, he is the only member of the Senate who inherited wealth. His income is said to be about \$90,000 a year—about \$12 an hour. He is quiet in manner and dress. Quay is worth comparatively little. In the House, John Daizell, of Pittaburg, is a thrifty lawyer and worth perhaps \$250,000. McAleer, flour merchant of Philadelphia, is understood to be rich, and Shouk has touched coal with profit.

The New Jersey Senators are well fixed. If Senator Higgins, of Delaware, is wealthy he doesn't take any pains to show it. His colleague is said to be worth \$75,000. Ohio has two Senators calculated to excite the wrath of Socialists and Anarchists. Brice is worth many millions made in railroading, and Sherman is rich and would have been a millionaire long ago if he had given politics the cold shoulder. But he holds that several that we have the statement of the second shoulder. politics the cold shoulder. But he holds that some other things are worth more than money. The Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth districts of Ohio are, curiously enough, all represented by Taylors, and they possess two-thirds of the wealth of the Ohio delegation.

The Bich Men Named Taylor "Yet there are doubtless some attorneys of corporations, if not 'creatures of corporat

probably not \$15,000 in all.

In the Senate are three rich lumbermen, McMillan and Stockbridge, of Michigan, and Sawyer, of Wisconsin; they are trilliousires. McMillan was, originally, I believe, a railroad conductor, and he did his duty and crept upward till he got rich as a car manufacturer and lumber dealer. I asked Senator Palmer if the Illinois State delegation were wealthy. "Well," he said, "we're pretty comfortable. I'll wager that Collum and I can measure up \$50,000 between us!" The richest and perhaps the tween us!" The richest and perhaps the ablest and certainly the best educated of the whole Illinois delegation in the House is Robert H. Hitt. As a stenographer 34 years ago he reported the Lincoln-Douglass debate and afterward studied the modern languages and was found year, useful in languages and was found very useful in diplomatic relations.

One of Michigan's Lumber Kings. One of the wealthy members is known to bis friends as "Sam Stephenson," of Meno-minee, Mich. He made his money in lum-ber. Chipman and Whiting, of the same State, are also raised far above any inclina-tion to be Socialists, and to request a "divide." Senator Casey is rich; so is Petti-gray. Dayle insure that the most selumble grew; Davis insists that the most valuable quality of money is its transferability, so he enlists actively in the transfer business, and though he commands large fees, has a moderate bank account. Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, has as much as he will ever need. Mitchell, of Milwaukee, is a several times millionaire; and probably no other member from the State except, perhaps, Barwig, who has recently had a windfall, is worth

I asked Representative Breckenridge how many millionaires there were in the Arkansas delegation. "Not one!" he said. "There are, perhaps, two or three ten-thousandaires, and I think there is one who may be designated a hundred and fiftyaire. We have hardly anything in Arkansas," he said, laughing as he vanished within the door of the House, "except wisdom and

Tennessee Doesn't Grow Rich Men. There is not a man here from Tennessee worth \$50,000, unless it is Senator Harris, whose boys are running a big ranch down in Texas that may sometime be worth some-

Texas that may sometime be worth something, or Joseph E. Washington, who is the son of a wealthy man.

Not more than three or four men from the South are worth \$100,000—Senator George, of Mississippl, being one; and I cannot name another at this moment—perhaps Gorman and Ransom. Morgan can make a great deal of money, for he has a high reputation as a lawyer, and no man in the Senate possesses more all-around information of an exact sort; but he probably has little more than his salary.

Out of 400 members of both Houses there are less than 20 millionaires; about 50 more

Out of 400 members of both Houses there are less than 20 millionaires; about 50 more could be called wealthy; a hundred others are in comfortable circumstances, and more than 150 are poor and depend upon their salaries for their support. How is this for "a plutocracy?" W. A. CROFFUT.

A PETRIFIED HUMAN BODY. It Was Found by Prospectors in the Hills of South Dakota.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] One of the most wonderful discoveries ever recorded in the Hills was made a few days ago by some parties about ten miles north of Hot Springs, S. D., near Wind Cave. They were prospecting in the Hills, and in coming down into a ravine saw what appeared to be a fossil of some kind, similar to those found down in the Bad Lands, east of here. They proceeded to un-earth it, and to their great astonishment found it to be the petrifaction of a man. They have sold it to George Bronte, who now has it on exhibition at Wind Cave, where a large number of people are going daily to see it. The specimen is that of a young man from 25 to 30 years of age, well formed and fully developed physically. In height it is 6 feet 1½ inches, and belongs to

height it is 6 feet 1½ inches, and belongs to the dolicephals or round-headed race of human belongs.

The foot, the left one, the right foot being missing, must have worn a boot, as the big toe is very much compressed inward and the toe nails pressed flat on the top, the and the toe nails pressed flat on the top, the contrary to those wearing no boots. The left arm is brought down the side with the hand resting on the abdomen. The right arm has disappeared about three inches from the shoulder, and it certainly appears to have been lost prior to the interment, for while the left hand is securely cemented to the body from the waist to the finger ends, there is not the slightest trace of the right there is not the slightest trace of the right hand in any way having touched the trunk. Now with the right foot it is the reverse, for the heels have touched each other, and with the disintegration of time the right heel has carried with it a portion of the left on the extreme end. The calves of the legs are securely cemented together. The lips and eyes are closed.

and eyes are closed.

On the left arm, extending four inches above and three below, is what appears to be a huge scar, probably caused by an ax or cutlass, and under the left ear is a small incutiass, and under the left ear is a small incision 1½ inches long, which looks as if caused by a knife or dagger. The skin is perfect in minute lines, and except a few pockmarks, probably caused by insects, is absolutely perfect. It appears that the specimen is one of the Ango-Saxon race, as all the characteristics of an Indian are wanting. There can be no doubt but it is one of the most perfect patrifactions ever one of the most perfect petrifactions ever discovered.

HE BECAME SUDDENLY RICH. An Enterprising Swote Goes West and

Acquires Valuable I'roperty. The Norwegian colony along Milwaukee avenue is now considerably excited over the good fortune of Edward Olsen, who has suddenly sequired wealth in a mining enterprise. Olsen, a Swede, formerly lived on Erie street, between May and Curtis, and was then a salesman in a tea and coffee house. He left Chicago five years ago, went to He left Chicago five years ago, went to Denver, worked in a laundry, accumulated a little money, and married. Then he went on the road traveling and began dabbling in gold and silver mining property a few miles from the new mining town of Creede. He has refused a handsome sum for his claims. He reached Chicago yesterday in company with his wife and lawyer to confer as to closing out a bid made him for his mining property by Chicago capitalists. The price he asks now is variously stated by his friends, all of whom say it runs away up among six figures.

mong six figures.

Made from pure malt and hops by Eber-hardt & Ober. The great hos weather drink. Bottled or in bulk. On tap at all first-class restaurants and saloohs.

OUR CRACK MILITIA.

A New York Reporter Writes Facetiously From a Safe Distance.

LIABLE TO JERK THE TRIGGER.

Rations of One Soldier. LITTLE MEN WITH PULL SIZED GUNS

A Pair of Socks and Lots of Whisky the

[CORBESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, July 22 .- I was never so delighted in my life as I was when I got off the railroad ferry boat at the foot of Courtlandt street last evening and saw looming up before me the fine physique of a New York policeman. It was all I could do to restrain myself from running up to him precipitately and grasping him warmly by the hand. The policeman represented civil law and order. Coming from the scene of the Homestead riots, where I had been on duty for two weeks, and which I had left 13 hours before, the sight of the policeman was a welcome one. We are accustomed to think lightly of the bluecoat. There were times at Homestead when I deveutly wished I had with me a few members of the Gotham force with their clubs, and this was not because I loved the whole cause of labor less, but because I loved my life and the integ-

but because I loved my life and the integrity of my skull more.

The capture of the town of Homestead by the Pennsylvania National Guard, or rather the mobilization of the troops that preceded it, shows that the organization is in excellent condition. Twenty hours after Governor Pattison issued his proclamation nearly all the bluecoats needed were on their way to the scene of the trouble. They could have been thrown into the town 12 hours before, or a large part of them could. nours before, or a large part of them could.

Teaching Strategy to the Eighteenth. The Eighteenth Regiment, which belongs in Pittsburg and which, by the request of its Colonel, was given the right of the line, was waltzing all around Homestead on a railroad train on Monday night in order to impress on the minds of its officers the great lesson of strategy. People said sneeringly that the Eighteenth was composed larged. that the Eighteenth was composed largely of mili workers and rioters by nature, as well as sympathizers with the Homestead people, and it was to refute this charge that the right of the line was asked by Colonel Smith. Smith.
"We will show them whether weabandon

our lovalty to the State of Pennsylvania to oblige our acquaintances," he said grimly. The boys in blue did all the work before them in a soldierly manner. They arrived on the scene with no tents and little food, on the scene with no tents and little food, although they had been ordered to provide themselves with three days' rations, and when they marched into town they were hungry as bears besides being sleepy. Some critics found fault with the fact that they went into saloons and consumed liberal quantities of beer. When it is remembered that they were cooped up all night in cars, many of which had in them neither ice nor water, it is hard to say that they were not many of which had in them neither ice nor water, it is hard to say that they were not entitled to a drink when they could get it. Some of the strikers said sarcastically that the soldiers were kept maneuvering around Homestead all night on the trains instead of entering at once, so that they might sober up, the story being that most of them, thinking that they were perhaps going to the slaughter, had a final bout with intoxication before they reported for duty at the armories. That does not accord with my observation. The men were young and many of them were thirsty, but as a whole they were as earnest and sober a set of fellows as ever went under arms when they ows as ever went under arms when they

entered the town. Some of the Boys Were Seared.

Each man was provided with 20 rounds of ball cartridges. There was plenty more where that came from, as trouble had been where that came from, as trouble had been foreseen. When they went on picket duty for the night they loaded their guns and took their posts, some of them quaking. They didn't know whether the crowds of women and children who had swarmed through the camp during the day, peering with curiosity into the camps and examining the guns which might be used later to shoot their husbands, brothers and sons, would not be succeeded at night by desperate men crawling in on all fours to blow them up with dynamite bombs or seize their arms.

seize their arms.
One of the lieutenants attached to the Provost Marshal's guard made a frank admission to me during the cark watches of Tuesday night. A report came down from division headquarters that firing had been heard in the town, and I marched up to the Provost Marshal's camp, the nearest to the

town, to ask for information.

As I stumbled over the meadows I heard a yell of "Halt! Who goes there?" and a couple of little sentrymen pointed their bayonneted rifles at me from a point about ten feet away. The men were not more than four feet high—four feet each—and, I than four feet high—four feet each—and, I think, they had not been measured for their rifles, for these were many sizes too large, and when later they shouldered them, there was a topheavy effect extremely ludicrous. The lieutenant happened on my approach to be talking to the boys, and I heard him whisper to them not to slay me. I then showed him my credentials, which he approved and gave me the intormation which I sought, which was that the reported firing was the explosion of torpedes under railroads trains. Then he have the regulative was a week of solving the regulative trains. thought he would give me a word of advice, too, and this is what he said:

They Were Light on the Trigger. My friend, we have on duty a number of roung men who never before held in their hands a loaded rifle. They have all sorts of hands a loaded rifle. They have all sorts of notions of what they came up here for, and they don't know what they are to expect on picket duty. I would advise you not to go up to the picket lines at night, although I have no objection to your doing so. The doctrine of chance makes it certain, however, that if you go up to the lines a sufficient number of times some enthushastic member of the guard will shoot you first and then send for the corporal to ask you who you are. You will understand that I do not want to be guilty of an impertinent interference in the matter of your-life and death. It is of no possible moment to me, but I felt that it might be to you, and so I told you these facts. old you these facts. I thanked him and withdrew.

I thanked him and withdrew.

Thimblerig men and hucksters began to arrive around the camp as soon as it was founded. The hucksters brought no arms with which to assault the militia, but they carried the deadly watermelon and the indigestible peanut. A sodder showed me a harversack containing a pair of socks and four quarts of whisky, which was his idea of the prime necessities of life. When I asked him what he was doing with so many socks he explained that they were meant to stop the bottles from rubbing against each other and breaking.

The Sewer Gras of Homestead.

The Sewer Gas of Homestead.

Though they camp in inhospitable hills and though they may get wet when it rains and too dry when it doesn't the militamen are much better off than the strangers to the town that live in houses. Homestead people breathe an air of sewer gas that is trying to the stranger, and do what he can he is unable to bring himself to like it. The inhabitants do, though. When taken away from Homestead they go and put their heads into culverts and hold them there for hours when they feel lonesome and sick at heart. It reminds them of their beloved town.

The Philadelphia City Troop, the crack command from a talloring point of view, have a deep grudge to settle with the people of Western Pennsylvania. When they last went to that section of the country the rioters so overawed them that they went home in bonnets and frocks disguised as a young ladles' seminary, so the story goes. The troopers called out by the Governor, however, are a little too tough looking to be able to do this again. It was said that some of them described the conduct of the workmen as "disgustingly heastly" to raise a row just as they were packing up to go to Newpor. or Europe. Though they camp in inhospitable hills with either her mother or husband, but lay down and took the rest she so much needed. For she must not sleep during the night. Joan had set herself this task, and for two more nights she kept to her resolution. They were the last two nights they had to spend in town, the Clydes returning to Newbrough-on-the-Sea, and the General and his wife to Tyeford Hall.

Joan was delicate, and this enforced sleep-

New York Herald correspondent.

Mr. J. A. Lander, a prominent citizen of Clarksburg, Mo., and widely known in that State, says of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoss Remedy: "I have seen its good results and can recommend it." For sale by druggists.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY DORA RUSSELL

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Broken Seal," "The Track of the Storm," "A Fatal Past," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Two lovers, Sir James MacKennon, Bart., and Miss Miriam Clyde, are standing by the seashore, and the former is urging her to name the wedding day. She pleads for delay. In the meantime an accident occurs, a soldier being wounded by a firing party. Miriam binds up his wound and saves his life. Glancing at each other's face a mutual recognition takes place. On arriving home the doctor who was summoned to the wounded man gave her a note which the soldier had hastily scribbled. It contains the words "For God's aske keep my secret." Miriam, by means of Dr. Reed, sends to her soldier-patient a brief message, "Do not be afraid!" which he receives as he is lying in the hospital. In the meantime Miriam's mother, Mrs. Clyde, makes up her mind that her daughter shall be married to Sir James in a month, and tells her so. But Miriam, thinking of a life dearer than her own, hanging in the balance, pleads earnestly for more time. Mrs. Clyde writes to her other daughter, Joan, who is married to hard and stern General Conway, asking them to the wedding. Conway thinks it's a good match, but pains Joan by intimating that Miriam should not so soon forget another affair in which his nephew was the hero. He and Mrs. Clyde agree it is best to hurry the wedding for fear Sir James should hear of that, Miriam is obstinate, and gets Sir James to ask Mrs. Clyde for postponement. Colonel Clyde is unable to change Miriam's mind. She worries herself sick, and Dr. Reed is sent for. By means of notes through him, Miriam and Private Dare arrange a clandestine meeting, Miriam tells her secret lover he must leave the country. He says he would have to buy his way out of the army. At her next meeting with Sir James she asks him for the necessary money, and he gives her double the amount. Then she asks him for the necessary money, and he gives her double the amount. The she says he would have to buy his way out of the army. At her next meeting with Sir James she asks him for the necessary money, and he gives her double the amount. Then she asks him

[COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY DORA BUSSELL.1 lessness told greatly on her health. Both her mother and her husband felt anxious about her during these last few days in town; but Joan made no complaints. Then the wedding party broke up, and Joan and her husband started for Tyeford.

CHAPTER XVII.

A HAUNTING DREAD. General Conray slept little that night. He lay still, revolving in his mind the circumstances of Robert Conray's death. They haunted him with grim distinctness; he saw again his dead nephew's dace; he heard the evidence at the inquest, and the doubts as o how he had died.

that it was she, not her sister, that the or-

derly had seen with Captain Conray. She

later, leaving him alive and well. She

added that she was then engaged to be mar-

ried to him, though this fact was known

deceased, named Hugh Ferrars. This

young man was known to be an admirer of

Miriam Clyde, and was said to have been

passionately in love with her. But General

Conray had disapproved of his suit, and

had forbidden him his house. And from

the morning that Robert Conray was

found dead in the grounds of Tyeford

Hall, Lieutenant Hugh Farrars had disap-

peared. At first this did not attract any at-

tention. He had been on leave at the time,

and only when his leave expired were in-

quiries made about him. But these were

was found at the hotel he had lived at, but

never been seen or heard of since the day

that Robert Conray had died. He had left

the hotel that day, saying he would return

on the following day, but he never came

back. His people were communicated with,

but they knew nothing. His father was the clergyman of a country parish in York-shire, and during part of his leave he had

dark waters of the river, rolling noiselessly

through the great city, and hiding some of its misery and sin. This was the theory of the hapless country parson, who came up to town to assist in the search, and stood hope-lessly on bridge after bridge, peering down into the Thames, believing that his son's

into the Thames, believing that his son a body lay somewhere in its gloomy depths. All this had happened nearly two years ago, and had faded out of the recollection of most people, but General Conray had never forgotten his nephew's sudden death, and he lay thinking of it now, and the look of fear in Joan's eyes when he had asked her if she were dreaming of "poor Robert," had driven an uneasy pang of strange doubt

the General looked at her more than once with an expression in his eyes she had never seen there before. Could any suspicions of the bruth have entered his heart? But no, no; Joan told herself this was impossible. Still her nerves felt shattered, and her sleepless night had wearied her so that in the afternoon she declined to go out with either her mother or husband, but lay down and trook the rest she so much needed.

She felt so weary on the journey it was all she could do to keep herselt awake in the train. Her eyes closed involuntarily, and she could scarcely hold up her head. It was late in the day before they reached the station nearest the General's house. Then came a long drive in the dark, and by the time they reached Tyeford Joan felt completely exhausted. It had never been satisfactorily cleared up. Captain Robert Conway, a handsome, distinguished looking young man, who at pletely exhausted. this time held an appointment on General Conray's staff, had one morning been found She sighed wearily as she entered her comfortable and well-furnished home. The General had taken Tyeford Hall when he dead in the grounds of Tyeford Hall, where had been appointed to the Southern district which he commanded, and he had brought the General lived, with a bullet wound in his throat. He had been dead for hours the his young wife there as a bride. It whether he had died by his own hands or been murdered remained a mystery, as his wound, the doctors also stated, might have been self-inflicted. But doctors said when he was discovered, and no weapon was found near hift. and one witness—an orderly, who was passing through the grounds with the letter Joan thought of Robert Conway as they drove up to the house; thought of him as she entered the well-lighted hall, as she bag containing the letters by the last post

bag containing the letters by the last post tor the General—stated that about 10 o'clock in the evening he had seen Captain Conray in the grounds with a lady whom he beliesed to be the General's wife. But Miriam Clyde then came forward and stated that it was she, not her sister, that the or-A letter from Miriam, the bride, awaited Joan. The General brought this up to her after he had opened the letter-bag. Joan put out her hand languidly to receive it, and as she did so her husband noticed how extremely pale and tired she looked. had met him in the grounds about 10 o'clock, and had parted with him an hour

ried to him, though this fact was known "You are quite done up, Joan," he said; only to her sister Joan. She was asked if "all this business about the wedding had

she had any quarrel with him, and she said no. And Joan had confirmed this statement. But after a while grave suspicion had fallen on a brother officer of the "Yes," answered Joan, all the while determined that she would take no "Well, what does the bride say." went on

the General. Then Joan opened her letter, which was from Paris. Miriam wrote cheerfully, and there was no allusion in it to the past, which both the sisters regarded with such shrink-ing dread. She mentioned her husband's name once or twice, and told her sister what lovely furs James had bought her. "He is very good and kind to me," she added, "and very unselfish."

"She seems all right," said Joan, after she had finished reading the letter, and then she handed it to the General, who also read it, and then laid it on the table beside his wife.

all in vain. He had been staying in town "Well, I hope she will be happy," he said. "She has got, I believe, a good husband, and I trust she will make a good when he was last heard of, and his luggage the man himself had vanished. He had wife.

Joan did not speak, and then the Genera laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"And you, poor little woman," he said,
"must go to bed directly after dinner. You are dead tired, and nothing but a sound

sleep will refresh you." He left the room after this, and Joan then took some sal volatile to keep herself up, and dressed for dinner. And after din-ner the General insisted she should retire

shire, and during part of his leave he had been at home. Then he had gone up to town, and they had heard nothing of him since. Presently people began to talk of him in connection with Robert Conray's mysterious death. They had been intimate friends, but if both had been lovers of Mirlam Clyde here was a motive at onee for Robert Conray's murder. At all events, a warrant was finally issued for his apprehension, but the police were completely baffled. No trace of him could be found, and he had passed away from the knowledge of his fellow men as completely as if he were dead. His parents believed him to be dead, and mourned for him, but General Conway had never been quite satisfied on this point. True, he might have been robbed and murdered, and thrown into the dark waters of the river, rolling noiselessly

band went to the library to work.

Joan was so tired that three minutes after she was in bed she was fast askep. Askep when 12 o'clock came, and the General quietly entered the room. She was sleeping the deep sleep of utter exhaustion, and she never heard her husband's footsteps. She looked worn and white, he thought, and he made as little noise as possible and very soon afterwards he also was sible, and very soon afterwards he also was

asleep.

ago, and had faded out of the recollection of most people, but General Conray had never forgotten his nephew's sudden death, and he lay thinking of it now, and the look of fear in Joan's eyes when he had asked her if she were dreaming of "poor Robert," had driven an uneasy pang of strange doubt into his heart.

And to Joan his words had brought absolute dread. She had told Miriam she was always dreaming of Robert Conroy, and now she had spoken of him in her sleep! A haunting fear or this had possessed her ever since his death. What if this grim secret that the two sisters had hidden in their hearts so long, were to be betrayed by babbling words she could not control. Joan shuddered when she thought of it. She must not sleep she told herself; she must lie awake if it killed her. And she did lie awake; lay pinching the white flesh of her arms to keep the drowsy feelings of weariness away. Oh! the long, miserable hours! The General slept at last, but not Joan. The gloomy November dawn found her pale, haggard-eyed, but alert. And she notleed that during the day that followed the General looked at her more than once with an expression in his eyes she had never seen there before. Could any sussessence of the truth have entered his heart?

CHAPTER XVIII. A PEVERED BRAIN.

Joan went down to breakfast at the usual hour, for her dream-haunted sleep had refreshed her in spite of all its horrors. But her husband was not in the room, nor did he return during the day until dinner time. This frightened Joan, for the General was always thoughtful of her, and she began to fear that something was amiss. And at dinner time she was sure of this. The General was so cold and stern in his manner,