PITTSBURG DISPATCH 1892 SUNDAY, JULY 24. THE

and rarely spoke. She seemed to recog-nize her parents, but without interest. Mrs. and he made no explanation nor apology for his absence Civde tried to talk to her about Miriam, but

for his absence. "You have been away all day," said Joan, timidly addressing him. "Yes," he replied briefly, and during dinner he scarcely spoke. Then Joan thought of her long sleep, and wondered if her tongue had spoken in her dreams. She dare not ask the man who sat opposite to her with unbending brow. And the Gen-eral never alluded to it. Joan's sleeping words had smote him sharper than a sword. He began to remember little things. Joan's complete prostration when Robert Conray died, and Miriam's firmer mood, though she declared the dead man had been her plighted lover. Good God I had this fair yoman de-ceived him all these years? the General had thought many a time during this miserable day. Had she loved Robert Conray, and not her sister? Had he shot himself in the shame and anguish of his sin? Filled with shame and anguish of his sin? Filled with distracting doubts and fears he knew not how to act. And Joan sat trembling, know-ing that something had happened; that something stood between her and her husband's love.

And when she went to her room at night the servants were conveying a bed into the

dare not sleep. And this went on for many days and nights. The General barely spoke to her, and Joan lived a miserable life of doubt and fear. But the strain was too great to last. Joan's health broke down, and when the doctor was sent for, he said she had fever. She grew worse and worse, and one night became violently delirious, and her maid, who was watching her, got frightened, and ran down to the General, who was in the library, for assistance. Then he went upstairs, and stood by

Joan's bed, who started up when she saw



house, after she had seen Joan, was on the whole reassuring. Joan was weak, but recovering, Mrs. Clyde wrote, and the Gen-eral did not think it advisable for them to have any more company in the house at present. Joan had to be kept perfectly quiet, but when she was stronger she hoped that Miriam and her husband could come to see her. Mrs. Ciyde added this apparent message

Joan never answered.

Mrs. Ciyde added this apparent message from Joan (who had not sent it) because Miriam had said something about seeing Joan before she went to Scotland. But after she received her mother's letter Miriam and Sir James decided to go direct to Kintore, and accordingly they only stayed two days in town, and then pro-ceded north ceeded north. Shall we look at them for a moment as

FI .

CALL ROBERT-ROBERT CONRAY, MY DEAD LOVER.

him. Her eyes were shining with fever, and her face was flushed, and she evidently

did not recognize him. "Who are you?" she asked.

they sat side by side in the railway carriage on this journey to Miriam's future home? On Sir James' face there was absolute con-"Who are you?" she asked. "Joan-" begin the General, but with a wild, unnatural laugh Joan waved him away.

nearest station to Sir James' place, but a half moon had shone out to partly light them on their way, and its glimmer fell on the waters of the loch as they drove by its OF THE DOGS

"Would you not like to see her, my dear?" said Mrs. Clyde. "She will soon be home now, and I am sure she would come "How beautiful it seems," said Miriam, with enthusiasm, who had never been in the Highlands before. "Wait till you see it in daylight," an-

"Wait till you see it in daylight," an-swered Sir James, with some pride. They were both sitting hand-clasped, these two, as they approached their future home, and only thoughts of happiness were in Sir James' heart. As for Miriam, she was excited by her surroundings, and had not time to think. But as they drove up the avenue to the house she clasped Sir James' head a little tighter in her own. THEY ARE SMOTHERED BY GAS. At First the Press and Feople Rebelled Against the Frocedure.

the avenue to the house she clasped Sir James' hand a little tighter in her own. "I feel quite nervous," she said. He stooped down and kissed her. "What for, darling?" he whispered. "You are only going home." Almost as he said this, they reached the hall door which was standing open to re-ceive them, and several servants also ap-peared. Sir Jamea snoke kindly to some of had been, and was. Mrs. Clyde had thought it kinder not to make Miriam anxious about her sister during her honeymoon. But Miriam had been anxious in spite of this, and when she heard her mother and her father were at Tyeford she grew more anxious still. But Mrs. Clyde's letter from the state of the stat with her iron grav hair plainly braided be-neath her widow's cap, appeared on the threshold of one of the rooms leading from the hall, and fixed her scrutinizing gaze upon the bride. For a moment Sir James did not see her, and Lade Maximum did not see her,

and Lady MacKennon did not see her, and Lady MacKennon did not advance. Then Sir James caught sight of his mother, and with an exclamation of pleasure, ran up and kissed her furrowed cheek. "Well, mother, here we are," he said, "and this," he added, drawing his young wife forward "is Minim".

wife forward, "is Miriam." "So I supposed," said Ladv MacKennon, and she held out a bony hand enclosed in a

of Paris has been almost as much talked of black mitten, "well, welcome to your hus-band's home, Lady MacKennon." this summer as the salons, and it has caused She did not offer to kiss her, and Miriam almost as many heartaches as the gambling felt in a moment that her reception was not a warm one. But she made the best of it. She smiled and put her slim hand with a at the races. The reason is simple enough. The Parisian authorities have resolved to She smiled and put her slim hand with a graceful gesture into Lady MacKennon's. "I'm afraid Miriam will be tired, it is such a long journey." said Sir James. "I think, dear, you had better go upstairs at once and get off your hat and cloak, and then mother, I am sure, will have some-thing for a some " prevent hydrophobia.

thing for us to cat." "Supper is prepared, James; I thought it was too late for dinner as it is past ten," said the dowager. "As soon as Lady Mac-

Kennon is ready you can have it." She spoke with a strong Scotch accent and looked a woman of very determined will. She was hard-looking, in fact, and the stiffness of her manner and appearance made Miriam feel somewhat uncomfortable. "I shall be ready in a few minutes," she aid. "Where is Ford? You must show

me the the way upstairs, James." "Come along, then," he said brightly; "it's so jolly to see the old place again, mother, and to see you looking so well." Lady MacKennon's hard tace relaxed.

"I am pleased to see you at home," she said, "and-your wife." "Thanks very much," answered Sir James. "Which room is she to have, mother?"

"The blue room; the best," replied his

"The blue room; the best," replied his mother; and with a good-natured nod Sir James led his young wife away. In "the blue room; the best," as Lady MacKennon had described it, they found Ford, and a gaunt, grizzled, hard-featured Scotch woman, whom Sir James warmly shook by the hand. "Well, Jean, and how are you?" he said windly. "This is Jean Inclewood my

"Well, Jean, and how are you?" he said kindly. "This is Jean Inglewood, my mother's maid, Miriam, and she has known me since I was a baby." "Ay, Master Jim," said the Scotchwoman with a smile. "But I beg yer pardon, my leedy, I shouldna say Master Jim now, but

Sir James, but I have minded him since he was a bairn." Miriam smiled, and held out her hand to the old serving woman who had nursed her

husbaud. "Then I must shake hands with you,"

she said, pleasantly. Jean made her best courtesy in acknowledgment of this honour, and then Miriam was left to the care of Ford, and presently appeared downstairs in a charming tea gown of pale primrose silk, fantastically trimmed disapproval. Sir James, however, was enchanted with it, and was delighted to see at Miriam was

PARIS Hydrophobia Drove the City Authorities to a Systematic War.

MUZZLES ARE - UNIVERSAL JUST - NOW

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] PARIS, July 13. Y way of diversion I went one day not long ago to hunt up the Fourriere. It is not an art gallery or a museum. It is what we in Amer-

fetes are calling to-

gether all the nobility

and fashion for com

moners to gaze on, but

the truth is the pound

NEW ics call the pound. It They Detest Their Muzzles. may seem like depraved full information. The day of my visit at the pound the excitement on the dog ques-tion was evident from without the gates. Men were hurrying in their captives. A gentleman was bringing forth a rescued pet taste to be visiting a pound in a city where two brilliant salons are open, where the great annual races are being run, and where flower

and shutting it in a closed carriage while his wife and lackeys rejoiced aloud over the merciful deliverance. Within, a half dozen people were searching for missing canines and abusing the administration in low tones for their wirilence. for their vigilance. They Keep Up a Ceaseless Yelping. The Paris pound is not for dogs alone. It receives all sorts of broken down and lost articles. A visit to its inanimate depart-ment is said to be highly interesting, but as I had come to see dogs I hurried into the court from whence a great yelping and snarling proceeded—the prison of the much lamented dogs. There were scores of them, of all sizes and all varieties, a few with aristocratic marks, but most of them noisy, sturdy, little fellows of mongrel type and common habits. They Keep Up a Ceaseless Yelping.

That this disease should prevail in the city which possesses Pasteur seems a mockery, but it is a fact. Perhaps the reason is, | common habits.



sewers

opened.

Thousands Killed in a Month.

It is not a pleasant thing to see for one who loves a dog. And who does not? but it is better than that they should go mad, even if there were no question of human life con-cerned. The number of dogs killed at the pound in June reached into the thousands.

The firmness had its effect. It always does with the Parisians, and a dog without a muzzle in leading is to-day a rare sight. The excitement over the case, the

demonstration, the opposition, the speedy

tound anybody who had seen a fish pulled out. Parisians usually sneer at the idea of

there being fish within the walls and affirm

that the products of the river at Paris are mainly broken bottles, rags and departed cats. IDA M. TARBELL.

EXPLORER OF A DESERT.

Charles Thielson Undertakes a Perilous

Trip Through Colorado.

San Francisco Chropicie.)

Were there no reasonably sure cure within reach greater pains to prevent the spread of it would undoubtedly have been long ago taken.

There are in Paris, it is estimated, some 80,000 dogs, about 1 to every 30 inhabitants. The Parisians are especially fond of them. Every lady of fashion owns her pet. Many street venders keep them by their carts. A delivery wagon almost invariably 1s accompanied by a bright little mongrel, which its on the seat by the driver and seems to have quite as much to do with the outfit as the man with the lines. Running free as they do, if one goes mad he is sure to poison

that this was unnecessary. A few other friends of humanity in the city persisted in demanding protection. It was shown by statistics that in Belgium, Holland, Prussia and other European countries hydrophobia

with the inevitable wall in front. Over the gate are the words Liberte! Egalite! Fra-ternite! the legend on every public build-ing in Paris, whather devoted to senators or live stock. Below the motto was the word Fourriere. A permission from the Prefect of the Police was necessary to get in. In fact, no French institutions can be visited without a permit. It is not difficult usually to get such permissions—if you have plenty of patience—and when once in hand they insure the utmost courtesy and Prodigious Efforts of British Editors to Pacify the Workers.

CURIOUS REPORT FROM CHICAGO.

Actual Prices Paid in London by a Correspondent of The Dispatch.

WAGES LOW AND NECESSARIES HIGH

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] LONDON, July 15 .- A topic of never-failing interest on both sides of the Atlantic is the relative cost of living in England and the United States. The English press, always ready with an opinion on this subject, has been discussing it for some days with an assiduity which, in view of the pending campaign, is somewhat suspicious. There has been published recently a report from the British Consul at Chicago on wages and the cost of living in the States of what we know as the Middle West. Whether this report was timed by the authorities here so as to make its appearance just before the election I do not know, but it has unquestionably been used for election pur-poses. It is held forth as a sort of soothing syrup for the disturbed spirits of those classes who have come but lately into their political heritage, and who, from the recklessness of new found freedom and the desperation engendered by long years of oppression, have threatened to upset things in this staid, old land, both politically and socially.

To adapt such a report to a purpose like this has not been easy, and I can bardly be-lieve the undertaking has been successful. Not having read the report in full, I refrain from adverse criticism upon it. But to the conclusions drawn from it in British newspapers I can do no otherwise than dissent in the most emphatic terms. I cannot believe, in the first place, that such inferences are warranted by the report itself. Indeed, from what I have read of it, I know they are not; and even though, by any possibility, the statement of a British Consul should be found to justify them, I am posiively certain that these opinions would find no countenance in the facts of the case. They Concede the Higher Wages.

It is admitted in the comments of the press that wages in the United States are far, very far, in advance of what is paid in England. It is even conceded that in some oranches of industry the average earnings of the American worker will amount per week to double the sum pocketed by workers in the same lines over here. But the cost of living-there's the rub, they tell us, and their assumption is that the relative difference in this respect is fully enough, if not more than enough, to make up in England's favor for the relative difference shown in the wage sheets of the two counshown in the wage sheets of the two coun-tries. This position is taken and strenu-ously maintained by every English paper that has fallen under my notice since the matter came up for special discussion, and it will certainly be through no want of pleading on the part of ponderous British editors if the notion is not commend down the threats of the of ponderous British editors if the notion is not crammed down the throats of the British public. One paper, an influential London daily, warns those who are thinking of emigrating to the United States to look before they leap, and its warnings are emphasized by the astounding observation that "bad as is the condition of the British workman, we think that he is much better off than his brother in America."

off than his brother in America." Now, what I propose to combat in this letter is the assumption, which I hold to be altogether baseless, that living in England is so much cheaper than it is with us; and, dis-carding details for the present, I shall offer only a few cursory observations upon this point. If workmen can buy their neces-saries at so low a cost as is claimed, it will surely transpire that living in general can be conducted at a low rate, for it is incon-

and have yet to find any place, notwith-standing the search I have maintained, where such clothing is displayed to view. The truth is that for the lower grade of goods and workmanship in the clothing line prices in the two countries are about LIVING 'IN ENGLAND.

equal Chesp Clothing Is Not Chesp. And in higher grades the situation is something like this. The same goods which, when cut in the American style, and fitted with American exactness, and finished ac-cording to the American quality of well-paid workmanship, would cost you in the land of the stars and stripes about \$45, you can get but together and hung on your back

can get put together and hung on your back can get put together and hung on your back here for, sav \$25. But for the \$20 you may have saved in money you will pay awfully dear in the sacrifice of comfort. I write feelingly upon this point, repeated experi-ments in cheap English clothing having fully convinced me that garments which come at so how a price are properly

come at so low a price are never properly made, that they never fit and never give satisfaction. Nevertheless, you can get a good suit of clothes here—quite as good as any you can get in America. The only thing is that, to do this, you must go to thing is that, to do this, you must go to some fashionable, high-priced tailor—a man who keeps good hands and pays fair wages. Here you will find yourself quite well suited in both the literal and figurative sense. You will find, too, that the cost will be, if anything, a little more than your tailor in New York would have charged. It would be ungenerous, after saying all this, not to make an admission favorable to the other side of the question. I do it cheerfully. I admit that in rents the Encheerfully. I admit that in rents the En-glishman has a decided advantage over us. He can get shelter cheaper than we can, as a rule, though not in all cases. It would be awful indeed if he could not, considering how much worse off he is at the week's end in wages. But against this advantage I may in weges, but against this available sensa-tion of pride, the large proportion of Amer-ican workmen who are above the necessity of paying rent, from the fact that they have

come their own landlords. American Workers Own Their Homes. These solemn London dailies, in their comments upon the report of the British Consul at Chicago, are telling their fellow subjects, for election purposes, that work-ingmen seem to be "in no better condition to save money in the United States than in England." It takes all they get and more than they are ship to get they assure us to than they are able to get, they assure us, to clothe and feed their families respectably, because prices are so high. When, how-ever, they inform us incidentally, in the same connection, that, on the testimony of same connection, that, on the festimony of their own representative in that territory, something like one-half of the wage work-ers within the consular district of the mid-dle West, are living in their own houses, they give away the whole case. This is let-ting the cat out of the bag with a vengeance. But reach in both constrince and some But people in both countries need thing more than clothing and shelter. some-

Home is more than four square walls, It needs something to endear it.

In America the ordinary workman thinks that home, to be a real home, should have a carpet on the floor and, perchance, a musi-cal instrument in the parlor. And if the cost of things is so much less here than in the United States, or, in other words, if English wages have the same buying power in England as American wages have in America, why is it that the homes of English workmen are not brightened the sam

way? No Spring Chicken for John Bull,

The American workman likes meat, and as a rule, he eats it from two to three times a day. He gets it, too, in most sections of the country, at trifling cost. With spring chickens obtainable at 25 cents each, and a good big fowl for reasting or boiling at from 39 to 40 cents, he can occasionally treat himself to even such a luxury as that. But here meat is meat, and chickens fly too high. here meat is meat, and chickens hy too high altogether to ever sit, except on the very rarest occasions, on the table of the work-ingman. If you can pick up a fowl here for 65 cents, you are lucky indeed. You will generally find them roosting in the market —the few that are available—at about the billing form of 60 and to \$1.05. Here is

attitude from of 80 cents to a \$1 25. Here is another instance of the dirt cheapness, so

to speak, of living in England. Of course they tell us here that working

MONEY ON THE OCEAN. What It Costs to Take an Atlantic

Liner Between Continents.

From a Gas Jet.

A WOOD CONCRETE FROM GERMANY.

Simple Method of Getting Additional Light

NEW DEVICES FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

In view of the fact that in as few months the Cunard Company will have two vessels affont, which are expected to reduce the passage between Queenstown and New York to 51% or 51% days, some statistics givin by Arthur J. Maginnis on the ships, men and working of the Atlantic ferry are of great interest.

In a ship like the Teutonic, to begin with, sum of about \$3,000,000 is invested, and the working expenses are proportionately heavy. In the sailing, engine and passenger departments the large number of 322 hands are required-47 in the first, 161 in the second and 114 in the third. The wages paid for these hands amount to, say, \$1,500 for the sailing department, \$4,800 for the engine and \$2,350 for the passenger, making a total of \$8,650 per month.

When these figures are considered, to-gether with the other expenses of maintenance, office expenses, insurance, agency commission, shore staff, works, port charges, interest on capital, and depreciation, it may be fairly taken that at least the sum of \$80,-000 must be realized per trip before any profits can be counted on; so that some idea of the enormous sums at stake in the working and management of an express transat-lantic line can be formed.

Mr. Maginnis holds strongly to the belief hat when these vast figures are considered, together with other equally extensive re-quirements, the chimerical nature of some of the schemes proposed from time to time for forming new lines which promise three and four days' passage across the Atlantic can easily be discerned. He regards them as overwhelming proof that insurmountable difficulties are in the area of any commutable as overwheiming proof that insurmountable difficulties are in the way of any company or firm without shipping experience who would create all at once a service more luxurious and having higher speed than that now afforded by the existing lines which would at the same time prove a financial success financial success.

To Save the Doctor's Hands.

In the necessary use of disinfectants physicians are liable to special affections of the skin, redness, eczema, fissuring, etc., and Dr. Meyer, of Berlin, recommends a treatment which he has found of the greatest benefit in such cases. Every time the hands have been well washed with a freely lathering soap, rinsed and dried, they should be well smeared, especially the backs, with a small quantity of lanoline, which must be thoroughly rubbed in, the hands being atter-ward rubbed free from excess on a cloth. It is especially essential that the lanoline should be rubbed into the skin as completely as possible. Its favorable action is attributed to its property of readily mixing with water, whereby the moisture remaining on the skin after insufficient drying of the hands is taken up by the lanoline, and the hands are protected by a minute layer of fat impenetrable to the raw air. This is also an excellent remedy for the face of actors whose skin has suffered from the application of paints.

A New Kind of Filter.

An endless traveling band made of any material suitable for filtering, so arranged as to assume for a portion of its length the form of an open horizontal shallow trough or eistern, is the latest innovation in filter-ing methods. The band is mounted so as to cause it to make a slight descent at one end simultaneously to have the two sides or edges of the fabric turned up. In this forn

conducted through a cleaosing apparatus.

Making the Gas Jet Brighter.

As is well known, the light given by an

ordinary coal gas flame is due to the pres-

ence of carbon particles in a highly heated

and glowing condition. Those particles can

of porcelain or china in a coal gas flame,

when the black carbon will immediately as-

sert itself. The thorough consumption of

this carbon adds greatly to the efficiency of

the light, and a new "blender" is said to effect it. This blender consists simply of a

of incandescent and glowing carbon parti-cles. The size of the sheet is fully twice

ordinary burner without the patent and is said to give double the fight.

A Scheme for Rapid Photography.

A ferrotype dry plate camera has been in-

troduced in London by which it is possible

to turn out a ferrotype print every few

minutes with an apparatus which, all told, does not equal a cubic foot in bulk. This

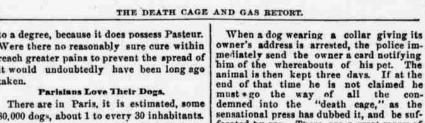
camera dispenses with the necessity for a

the eyes and lower part of the face to go in-side. The plates are passed through two sleeve holes which are made to fit tightly

tin disc suitably fixed on the burner.

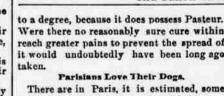
that of the zone of light given

be collected by placing a cold, white plate



inoculation against disease contracted by the bites of mad dogs. M. Pasteur contended

of pale primrose silk, fantastically trimmed with white lace and ribbon; and her prim mother-in-law glanced at her costume with disapproval. Sir James, however, was concentrate and the prim state of the prime state of the stat past years a spring excitement has been car-



focated by gas. There are a great many of the dogs not marked, and these are killed at once. The process is simple and not painful. Twelve or 15 dogs are put into a little car which stands on a small track at the side of the prison. This car is then rolled into a box at the farther end of the track. Into the box runs a gas pipe. The ras is turned on and in a lew moments a load of dead bodies is rolled out. The barcasses are piled up waiting what? That is not told. They say the skins are made into gloves, the bodies thrown into the

many other animals. In the month of May last the institute, which M. Pasteur directs, received on an average 10 cases a day from Paris alone for

"You need not stay," she said; you are an old man-call Robert-Robert Conray, my dead lover." The General started and gnawed his lips

under his white mustache. "Call Robert Conray and the man who

killed him," went on Joan, yet more ex-citedly. "He is hiding, the coward who killed my Robert-Miriam knows where he is hid-ask her, she has him safe." "Go from the room; I will watch her."

said the General with rale, faltering lips, addressing the maid; "she is best kept very quiet when she is wandering thus."

So the maid went away and the husband and wife were alone, and then once more the General addressed her. Joan, is there any truth in this?" he

said. "or are they but dreams? Joan's face softened strangely.

"Dreams?" she repeated. "I see Rober in my dreams, and the man who killed

'Who was the man?" asked the General,

sternly. "Hugh Ferrars," answered Joan, readily; "and Miriam hid him," "Where did she hide him?"

Joan put her hand to her head as

trying to recollect. "Somewhere by the sea," she said. "I can't remember, but somewhere by the sea." "And he did this," said the General, "He shot Robert Conray. Why darkly. did he do it?

"He shot him, and he died-he died!" moaned Joan, beginning to wring her hands and fling herself to and fro in the bed. "He tried to speak-he looked at me. Don't you know my gown was all blood-blood! Miriam burnt it-it was Robert's blood - it drained right down into my heart

"My God!" muttered the General, below his breath, "this is too terrible."

"Why do you stare so?" now asked the delirious woman, peering in her husband's pale face with her gleaming eyes. "Did you know Robert? He was not oid like you-he was young-there was none like him-none, none!" And once more she wrung her hands, and then went on with her

babbling words. But the General asked no more questions. He sat there as if turned to stone, listening to Joan telling again and again her pitiful story. It had burnt into her brain as she story. It had burnt into her brain as she told Miriana, and now, when reason had lost its sway, the one dominating idea was ever on her tongue. She rambled on for hours; telling the stern gray-haired man who was watching her how she used to meet Robert Conray in the still gardens. How they had loved each other, and how he had died. At last General Conray could bear it no longer. He started up and rang the bell, and bade the servants to go for the doctor-bring him at once-and when he came he gently shook his head after he had examined her.

"The fever is running very high to-night," he said, "she must be constantly

Then the unhappy woman began again the old story of Robert Couray's death, and the doctor listened, and the General bowed his gray head and covered his face with his

"That unfortunate occurrence has evi-dently got on her mind," said the doctor. He too knew this tragic story, and how the General's nephew had been found cold and stiff in the early morning in the grounds of this very house. There might be some truth in all this, and there might not. At all events he spoke of Joan's wild words as the mere ramblings of delirum. He stayed with her for some time, and he said he would send two nurses in the morning. She might try to throw herself out of the window; she might do a hundred things, for in case of tever you could never depend on the

patient for a moment.

Joan was very ill for days, for weeks after this; so ill that her father and mother were telegraphed for, but when they arrived she had sunk into a state of listless apathy. She did not rave now or talk of her dead lover. She lay with her eyes half closed,

"We bought that gown in Paris, mother band's face gratefully, almost fondiy. The weeks they had spent together had certainly Isn't it smart?" he said. "I fear Paris is a very sinful city," an drawn her heart nearer to him. It was

swered Lady MucKennon, with a doleful shake of her head. Whether aimed at the tea gown or city she did not explain. Sir James langhed good naturedly, and then they all went into the handsome uidimpossible, indeed, for a loving, sympa-thetic nature like Miriam's to remain quite cold to anyone so completely kind and affectionate as Sir James. She had not been

used to much tenderness and consideration fashioned dining room where a sumptuous supper was laid out. The heavy sideboard at home. Mrs. Clyde had always been the most important personage at the command-ant's house at Newbrough-on-the-Sea. But was laden with costly plate, and all around were the evidences of wealth. The butler now Miriam found herself not only surhad grown gray in his lady's service, and, too, remembered "Master Jim," and looked with great interest on his bride. During rounded by new luxuries, but by the sincerest ffection and love. He was always giving her sowe pleasant surprise; always thinking how he could please her. She had supper Lady MacKennon relaxed some what, and it was evident that her son was not forgotten her first love for the unhappy the very pride and darling of her heart. Her eyes rested on him, and softened as they looked. Sir James, too, was fond of man, whose mad jealousy had so nearly shipwrecked her young life. But she unloubtedly had some feeling very like affechis mother. He got up when supper was over and went to her chair and kissed her,

tion for Sir James. And he seemed so perfectly happy. He had no misgivings nor fears regarding their inture life. "I am glad I can make him so happy," and whisnered in her ear as he did so: "Isn't she awfully pretty, mother?" Lady MacKennon made no reply. She took her son's hand and petted it tenderly,

new home.'

closed on account of the draught.

announced "General Conray."

stinued next week.)

Miriam often thought in these early mar-ried days, and if a dark shadow sometimes stole over her face she always tried to smile the cloud away in the presence of Sir James shen she had been first in her son's heart. He was naturally anxious that she should

make a favorable impression on his mother, and Miriam also felt a little nervous regarding the dowager Lady MacKennon. "Sne's old-inshioned, you know, dar ling," he told her, "and a bit prejudiced, but we'll coor fall into her your." kiss her, mother. "And, of course, she will never think myone good enough for you," smiled touch Miriam's lovely face with her thin,

Miriam "Yes, she will think you are too answered Sir James, with a tender light in his grey eyes, as they rested on the sweet face of his young wife. This brief conversation took place during

their journey to Scotland, and was like of their conversations, very simple many and kindly. They were excellent companions, and Sir James always looked on the bright side of everything. He was so genial that it became infectious, and Miriam sometimes found herself smiling quite brightly at his harmless jokes. His place, Kintore, was in the Western

Kennon, shaking her head; "a pit into Highlands, a substantial gray old house which many fall." standing by the blue waters of one of the most beautiful of the inland lochs. Sir Neither Jean, nor her mistress, however, could complain that they had wrought much evil by their good looks. They were both plain, hard-featured women, and Miriam's James possessed a large estate here, but the principal part of his income did not arise beauty was no recommendation in Lady MacKennon's eyes. Still she did not deny rom the heathery hills and glens of his ancestral property. His mother had been the rich and only daughter of a Glasgow shipit, and she was gratified the next morning by Miriam's enthusiastic admiration of the uilder, and when his maternal grandfather wild and beautiful scenery around Kintore "I shall never weary of looking at it," died, some years after the death of his own father, it was found that the late Mr. Munro, the Glasgow shipbuilder, had be-queathed, perhaps in the pride of his heart, said Miriam; "James, you never told me i was like this."

a large fortune to "my grandson, Sir James MacKennon, Bart." To his daughter, Lady MacKennon, he also left a considerable sum, but the bulk of his money went to Sir James. Lady Mac-

his money went to Sir James. Lady mac-Kennon, however, was a rich woman befors she received her father's legacy. Her mother, the late Mrs. Munro, had been an heiress, and at her death she had left every-thing she had possessed to her daughter. It thing she had possessed to her daughter. It was after this event that the father of Sir

away into the sky. And have lived here, Lady MacKennon?" James had married her, and the people said he had done so to prop up the fallen fortunes of his house with money that had been made in trade. Miss Munro (Lady MacKennon) was not handsome, had never been handsome, and was inclined to look upon fair skins and bright eyes only as snares of the evil one. She had been proud of, and deeply attached to her well-born husband; but she bad carried many of her narrow prejudices and ideas with her to her new state. Therefore, we can understand that Sir James, knowing well the nature of this stiff,

somewhat self-righteous old dame, was anxious about what she would think of his young wife. And it will be as well to tell what she did think. It was dark, and had been dark several hours when the young couple arrived at the mansion house of Kintore. A handsome carriage had been waiting for them at the

The second in the second se

muzzled, but the excitement and the muzzles passed away quickly. This year has been quite a different thing. An ordinance appeared the 30th of May calling upon

owners of dogs to either lead them in the streets or muzzle them. Getting Orders From Bulletins.

In Paris the community gets its orders and its advice from posters. The bulletin boards bearing municipal and governmental posters are read quite as faithfully every morning by the populace as are the news-papers. When the posters calling upon the papers. When the posters calling upon the people to muzzle their dogs appeared ther was a certain expressive shrugging of the Parisian shoulders, but there was no specia obedience. The police seemed quite as in-different as the people. After a few days of laxity, however, there was a sudden quickening. The policemen were discov-ered to be running down stray dogs with great persistency. The rumor went abroad that numbers were being killed. It was said that the Prefect of Police was in earn

est about the ordinance. The mental condition of Paris when it found that the law against its favorite pet was to be enforced was something astonishing. as she might have done when he was a little boy. Then she sighed softly, wishing, per-haps, that those days could come again, It was veritable hysteria. Fully two-thirds o the press fell to abusing the Prefect. They But she made no complaint. And when they parted for the night, as Miriam was called him a carricide and warned him sol emnly to beware of the judgment day. about to shake hands with her mother-in law, Sir James called out: "You should



Capturing a Small Spe

(Ordinarily the press of Paris shows no (Grainarily the press of Farls shows no sign that it believes in a judgment day, but on occasions it can refer to that great institution with remarkable effect.) The stories of the arrest of dogs and of their slaughter at the pound, when not called for, took a tragic tone, laughable to an Anglo-Saxon temperament, but calculated to make French hearts burn and French eyes weep. was like this." "It is too late to see it in perfection," said Sir James, going to the window and laying his hand tenderly on Miriam's shoul-der; "wait till we are here next August and September; it's splendid then, isn't it, mother?" The head lines announced: "The Massacre of the Innocents; Carnage Among Our Peta; Hecatombs of Dogs, etc., etc." The law was called Draconian. The heighborhood of the pound was declared to resemble the precincts of the revolutionary prisons, and the scenes enacted there to recall the horri-"It's like a fairy scene even now," went on Miriam; "how blue the loch is, and the dark firs, and that great mountain towering the scenes enacted there to recall the norri-ble days of September, 1792, when it was men, not dogs, and the pike and ax and not a painless gas were the weapons. The Frees Was in Rebellion. And have you always

"Since my mariage," answered Lady MacKennon. "I came here as a bride, and will only leave it when I am carried away The Frees was in Receilion. Certain papers did not hesitate to state that a few daily cases of hydrophobia was an altogether inadequate reason for spoil-ing the happiness of the Paris dogs and one asked why if such an ordinance were passed another did not mate it forbidding wagons to my long home." "No dismal talk is to be allowed, mother, said Sir James, in his bright, kindly way. "I want Miriam to enjoy her first day in he in the street, since men were sometimes knocked down and killed by them. The The inner drawing room was divided knocked down and killed by them. The policemen were told that the business of arresting dogs was beneath them and that if they refused to obey their orders, the people would be with them. The high-class papers which upheld the wisdom of the or-dinance and urged the Prefect to firmness from the front drawing room by heavy bro-cade silk curtains, which were always kept were both pleasant rooms, and on this day large and cheerlul fires were burning in each. Miriam had finished her letter to her mother, and was busy writing to Joan, de-scribing the scenery round Kintore and the place, when the butler raised the brocade curtains that divided the two drawing were stigmatized as "Enemies of the Dog"-and in the state of Parisian feeling it was lmost as dangerous a name as spy in war times.

It was the tragic tone of all this which led me to look up the fourriere. It stands near the heart of the city, a low building rooms, and, to Miriam's intense surprise,

11

regulation are a good example of what one sees and hears again and again among ceivable that the general public would put up with prices which were out of propor-tion altogether to those paid for the same articles by the daily laborer. What, then, these volatile people. A law, however sensible, if it touches one of their sentiments raises a hubbab which to a colder are the facts? emperament looks like a veritable revolu

Rates on Railroads and in Hotels.

tion. If the authorities persist, however, the populace resigns itself as completely As regards the cost of things to the averand quickly as it rose in revolt. It seem age resident one sees at once how far-fetched is this idea of cheapness if he only to harbor no resentment, to forget its elolooks at the two items of railway and hotel quent protests and its despairing wails. The question loses its interest now that rates. To travel ou the English railways in there is no use in struggling, and a new excitement is looked for. In the midst of the excitement over the a style at all comparable with that afforded on ordinary American cars, you must travel first-class. Even then you will get no con-venience, beyond that of a fairly comfortnuzzling of the dog the fishing season able seat, and the rate will be 4 cents a mile. Second-class costs about the same as With its commencement there re appeared in Paris one of her most pic-turesque types, the urban fisherman. They the American first class, that is, 3 cents a are a numerous tribe. From one end to the other of the Seine within the city walls mile. Of course you can take a third-class ticket if you like, which will cost a cent per the quays are sprinkled with them. Some-times they sit on the low walls close to the mile less than this. But your standing is impeached by riding third while others are river. Again they hang out long lines from the top of the steep high stone banks. Often riding first-class on the same train. You will "get there" just as soon, but you will neither be so comfortable in body nor so they select a quiet corner of a bridge. Again they rock all day in a little boat anchored to a bath house or a pier. I never saw one of them catch anything. I never

happy in mind. At first-class hotels in large towns you will be entertained, of course, on the European plan. The lowest price for a fairly good room will be four-and-six, with oneand-six for attendance. This means \$1 50, and if atterward you fee the many persons for whose attentions you are supposed to have paid, but have not, in the extra one-and six, it will mean \$2. Your meals you can take where you please. But it will be a poor meal of any kind, and poorly served, which you will get for less than 50 cents, barring, of course, the English tea, and here again you will have to drop twopence for the waiter each time. So that even when you have saved all you can you will be running closely upon the Ameri-can \$3 50 a day rate. But it is common, and a little humiliating, to have to get meals, for economy's sake, outside the hostelry where you are putting up; and yet, if you take them at these cheap English hotels, look at the cost. Seventy-five cents for breaklast, \$1 25 for dinner, 50 cents for tea, and it you take the regulation "fourth" meal, he it lunch or supper, about 75 cents more; which foots up for the day, including room, a hotel rate of something over \$5. That's how cheap living is in England-if

it may be said that the ordinary run of peo-ple do not trouble hotels, and that those who do patronize them can afford to pay well for their entertainment. Which may be quite true, but business men and those who travel, whether in England or Amer-ica, are compelled to paironize such places. Not only, therefore, may we properly bring them into account when the cost of living is under treatment, but they may surely be held, in the scale of charges they maintain, to express in some mensure the current value of at least the comforts and luxuries of life, if not of its ordinary necessaries. As to railway travel, here the case is much stronger, for the poor man has to use the train as well as the rich. He does not travel so much as his fellow toiler in Amer-ica, because he cannot ford to do so. He would probably travel more, and, in consequence, know more and enjoy more, if his wages were better, and he might do it even with his wages at the present standard in conveniences and concessions were afforded him in railway travel such as would put him on a level in such matters with the workmen in the United States. But clothing, we are assured, is surpris-

ingly low in price. The common idea is that you can get it for about one half what it costs in the United States. This, how-ever, is another fallacy. If such clothing 53 Excursion to Cleveland Via Pennsy Tuesday, July 26, from Pittsburr for special train leaving Union station 8 A. M., and for regular trains at 120 P. M. and 11:05 P. M., central time: tickets good to return until July 30, inclusive. Thau as is worn by workmen at their daily toil, as is worn by workmen at their daily toil, and such as the laboring classes are content to wear on Sundays and holidays, can be purchased any cheaper in London than in Chicago or New York, I have yet to see the advertisement of any responsible English shopkeeper which demonstrates this fact, Via Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad, Tues day, July 26. Tickets good for return unti July 30. Only 53 for the round trip. Thsu

much, if they needed it ev the band extends borizontally for a certain so badly? For our own table, we are pay ing on the outskirts of London, 22 cents a pound for only a fairly good roast of beef length, and is then made to rise on an ineline and to spread out flat. A shallow traveling eistern is thus formed between the For steaks we pay 24 cents, and for the bes two inclines, wherein the water for filtering mutton chops even more than that, is received. The speed of the traveling Four Days' Wages for Two Days' Ment, band may be regulated in such a way as to

Recently, in a market about 50 miles from allow it to be coated to any desired degree London, I put down \$2 for a leg of mutton with the matter collected from the filtered liquid, and on continuing to travel it may weighing nine pounds, and when you con-sider that to thousands of agricultural la-borers living in the vicinity of that market whence it will return cleansed and realy for the repetition of the operation.

borers living in the vicinity of that market town, the \$2 I was assessed for only enough meat to last a medium-sized family a couple of days, represents two-thirds of a week's income, you will get some idea both of what wages are in this country and of the utter fallacy of the proposition, so strenuously contended for over here just et this time, that the Euglish workman is as well off relatively as the workman in the United States. Such an idea is all moonshine. To be sure, the English workman man-

ages to live much cheaper than the Amer-ican. He is compelled to do this because his earnings are so much smaller. He does it, however, not because prices are lowar, out rather as the result of the economy he is forced to practice, and the privations to which he subjects himself in the beroic enables just as much air to be mixed with the gas as will prevent the deposit of earbon, making a clearer light, while the disc, assisted by the upward rush of warm air, spreads out the flame into a white sheet of incandescent and glowing awhite sheet effort to cut his coat according to the small measure of cloth doled out to him.

HENRY TUCKLEY.

Insec's in the Ear.

A physician, in discussing the preva lence of ear trouble, caused especially in summer time, when all who can fly to the country, by the entrance of earwigs and other insects into the ear, points out a simple remedy. When living insects find their way into the external auditory canal the ear should at once be turned to a bright light, in the hope of inducing the intruder to back out by virtue of the attraction which ligh naturally has for him. If this prove un-successful the ear should be filled with camera dispenses with the necessity for a dark room, and promises to give rise to a new industry in penny portraits. Another device which will be appreciated by the large army of amateur photographers in this country also hails from England. It is a changing bag that weighs only a few ounces and packs in a very small compasa. The bag fastens around the head, allowing the aves and lower part of the face to go insweet oil or glycerine, which will kill the insect by occluding its breathing pores and generally float it out. Sometimes, however, a syringe and warm water are necessary to remove it. In cases where these mean are not at hand, as when hunting, blowing tobacco smoke into the car directly from the stem of a pipe, the mouth being placed over the bowl and protected from it by the hand, will kill or stupefy the intruder, and at all events, reduce him to a state of inac

ivity pending the ability to dislodge him. f or Passengers or for Freight.

curtains, carpets and neatly painted bulk-heads -- that this metamorphosis has taken place in a compartment ordinarily intended

vania Lines

Excursion to Cleveland.

for cargo.

i stra

bag packs up into a convenient form, and will be of the greatest service to camera enthusiasts on the warpath. The launching of a freight steamer re-

Making Concrete From Wood, assing attention from the fact that she was A new wood concrete invented in Geritted for portable accommodation 'tween many is composed of a most extraordinary mixture. Shavings and planing mill chips, either of common or fancy woods, which decks for 72 first class passengers. To provide for the large influx of passengers, may be stained before use if desired, are which at certain times of the year avail mixed with casein, calcined magnesian limestone, glycerine, silicate of soda and a linseed oil. After being mixed the whole is forced by hydraulic pressure into molds, where it is allowed to harden. Whey dry hemselves of the facilities to travel afforded by the company owning the steamer, and a the same time not to absorb any of the carge space, it became necessary to adopt some system by which one of the principal cargo compartments could be transformed into passenger accommodations and vice vorsa in the shortest possible time. A simple ar-rangement was adopted. Two or three the composition is said to be so strong and solid that it can be sawed, planed, polished and varnished. It is likely to be utilized for panels and possibly as a covering for hands can make the change in an hour, and when done it is hard to believe-with the

Take Good Care of the Children

If you have children you will be inter-ested in the experience of Mr. John Cook, of Pilot, Vermilion county, Ill. He says: "Two years ago two of my family, a young man and a girl, had very severe and danger-ous attacks of bloody flux. The doctor here was unable, after a week's time, to check or relieve either case. I three the doctor was unable, after a week's time, to check of relieve either case. I threw the doctor overboard and began using Chamberlain's Colic, Chofers and Diarrhors Remedy. Im-provement was seen very soon and my chilprovement was seen very soon and my chil-dren arcse in a few days from what I feared would be their death-bed. It is a grand, good medicine." TuwThSu

as an explorer of the Colorado desert, for within the past few weeks he has made an involuntary trip from the mouth of the Colorado river to Salton, a distance of over 600 miles, and the greatest wonder exists how he lives to tell the tale. On May 10 he left Yuma in an 18-foot skiff, going down the Colorado river to the mouth of Hardy's Colorado to hunt for the plumes of the little white crane, which are plentiful there. Not meeting with success he went up Hardy's Colo-rado to Volcano mountain, there camped and hunted for plumes.

He then determined to follow up the New river, which comes into Hardy's Colorado two miles northwest of Volcano mountain, which place he left June 15. Entering up the New river, he found a slow current running northwest, and after proceeding 15 miles came to a laguna with an in-creased current; from that into a channel creased current; from that into a channel with quite a rapid current, and thought-lessly went on, cutting his way through the mesquites until he came to another laguna. Then, realizing his dangerous position, he made camp and concluded that it was impossible to return by boat to Yuma throughthe channels on account of the rapid currents. The thought then occurred to push on

and endeavor to reach Salton. The next day, thinking the water would rise, he went back to his beat and found, to use his own expression, mat the water was being licked up by the sun." There heing no sign of a rise he went back to Durmid, and, not being treated kindly, started for Salton afoot to advise G. W. Durbrow of his trip. At Sal-ton he was taken care of, and to-day he was fitted out with provisions and water to return to his boat for his gun and baggage. Mr. Thielson will return to Salton and will

be the guest of Mr. Durbrow. The water shows on the marsh abou t four miles from the track at Salton, but with the great evaporation there is but little increase great evaporation there is but little increase to the water, which is accounted for by the fact that only one stream is running into the lake, and as the river will be falling every day it is not probable that the water will attain a depth of over six inches on the marsh, which Mr. Durbrow says "will be

very acceptable."

Charles Thielson will long be remembered you put up at a fairly good hotel. English Workers Do Not Travel. To weaken the force of these observations,