the worst is over now, no doubt, or the General would not have left ber.' "She is still very ill, I am afraid," said
Miriam, her eyes filling with tears. "Twas
a sort of relief to her overcharged heart to
be able to shed them, while Sir James did
everything he could to comfort her.

"I'm expecting you on the Thursdays,
not the Tuesdays, Mr. Young," she said to
him when he ventured to appear too soon,
and he had the sense to take the hint. But
one Thursday after a second glass of grog everything he could to comfort her.
"And the General? He is still at Kintore, of course?" presently inquired St.

"No," answered Miriam. "He would not stay. I wished him to stay to see you, but he had not time he said, and he went."
"I am so sorry I did not see him. So my poor little girl has had nothing but trouble since I've been away from her? And I suppose the letter you have just posted was to your mother about poor Joan?"

"Yes," faltered Miriam, with drooping

"She'll not get it any earlier, you know, dear, than if you had put it in the post-bag. However, I am the gainer, when I've got my dear little wife to walk home with me." "You are very kind, James," said Miriam in a low tone.
He drew her arm closer to him.

"My darling," he half whispered. "And did the mother see General Conray?" he asked a moment later.
"No; I have not seen Lady MacKennon since lunch; the General only stayed a short

"Well, let us talk of something else; but if you are very anxious about Joan I can telegraph, you know, Miriam." "He said she was no worse," answered Miriam, still tearfully, "but it upset me so to know she had been so very ill. I am

sorry now, James, we did not go to her be-fore we came here." "But we can go to-morrow, you know, if you like. Just do whatever you wish, Miriam, and I am ready to go with you."

Again Miriam felt keen self-reproach in her heart as she listened to these kindly words. She thought of the letter she had just sent away, and her miserable anxiety seemed to deepen as she did so. If Hugh

sunken eyes at his hostess.

"Ay, but my eyes are fixed on the Rest beyond," replied Lady MacKennon.

"Nae doubt, nae doubt, but ye're not there yet, Lady MacKennon, and a fellow traveler to guide yer steps wad nae doubt be a help and comfort."

"Ay, but we're poor weak creatures at best, and if ye were to stumble I wad like to be nigh to pick ye up."
"I have no fear, Mr. Young."
"Ye has been a lang time a widow, Lady MacKennou, and it's a lonesome state," and the minister, insinuatingly.
"And I'll be one when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. Don't have no fear when they carry may long home. The long the long to two, miriam, and you like. By-the-bye, Miriam, did you ever stay with Mrs. Conray at their house? What is it called? Oh, "Yes," answered Miriam, and Sir James could not but notice that she grew a little pale.

"And I'll be one when they carry me to my long home. Don't talk any more, Mr. Young; old tolks like you and me should know better; I don't mean to change my state, so let that end it."

The minister was therefore silenced, but this conversation did not prevent him ap-pearing on the following Thursday at dinner time, and on every Thursday afterward with unvarying regularity. The dowager dined at seven, and at seven the Rev. David arrived, and he would tell her in his slow way all the little bits of gossip of the

MIRIAM, I CAME TO LEARN THE TRUTH.

served way become attached to her new daughter-in-law, but he was afraid it did

his arm.
"James, I have something to tell you,"

she said, not flinching in her hard purpose,

yet sorry, perhaps, to inflict pain on her son, though she believed it to be her duty

"Well, what is it, mother?" he answered

pleasantly. "Nothing serious, I hope?"
"It's a sad and terrible thing, James; I have doubted her from the first; but the

wife you have brought into this house is

of countenance and manner.
"It's a sore and bitter thing to tell you,

but my duty lies plain before me, and I must not shirk it. James, I was in the front drawing room to-day when General

Conray came to see the woman you have brought here, and I overheard him speak

the terrible sin and shame of it. I heard her say she had been out with some lover

the night he was murdered, and General Conray said another lover of hers had done

"Mother, I won't believe a word of it!"

now cried Sir James, interrupting her. "I won't believe a word against Miriam; I

believe she is good and pure as an angel; you're dreaming; you're fancying things; you must not insult my wife, I won't stand it, I won't hear it, and I hope you will

have come to your senses by the morning."

Lady MacKennon's only reply was a

more. He hastily left the drawing room

and went to the smoking room, and began to smoke, telling himself once more that

his mother had undoubtedly taken leave of

her senses. He told himself this again and

again, yet her words left a sting. As a rule he knew she was a rigidly truthful worden, but prejudiced and narrow-minded. She had taken a dislake to poor Miriam then, and

wanted to turn him against her, he began to think, and she might have heard General

Conray talking of things that she did not understand, and that could have had no

connection with Mirlam whatever. "Out with a lover the night he was murdered! How absurd!" laughed Sir James, and yet

very cold and coy about fixing their wed-

ding; that she had put it off. "Good heavens!" cried Sir James, start-

ing to his feet, "all sorts of horrible things are coming to my mind—am I growing as mad as mother? I am ashamed of myself; ashamed of myself for a moment to let such

thoughts creep into my brain. They are con-temptible about Miriam, about my pure

And he tried not. He went upstairs pres-

ently, and found Mirinm asieep, and he stood looking at her, and these horrid doubts again stole into his mind. It is won-

derful the harm that evil words can do. Their poison lingers against our wills, turn-ing bitter too often the sweetness of our

confidence in Mirisin; it had never dawned

upon his mind to have any other feelings

sweet love-I will think of them

groan, but James did not wait to

Mirinm clasped her husband's arm closer, as she thought and wondered if his love

would quite turn away from her if he knew

believed now had so basely deceived her son. Every word which had passed be-

tween General Conray and Miriam had en-

graved itself as it were on Lady MacKen-

non's heart.
"A nice wife to bring home truly," she

said to herself, bitterly, as she saw the young pair approaching the house, and no-

James' face; "a girl with a disgraceful pas

a girl whose lover was murdered by another

lover, and then to marry my James! Bu

he shall know; it is my duty to let him know, and we shall see what he will say to

CHAPTER XX.

THE DOW AGER'S DUTT. Before Miriam went down dressed for din

ner. Sir James rapped at her room door, and

brought her in a bunch of freehly-cut cream-

"I've been to the conservatory to get you

a posie, dear," he said, in his kindly way.

"We've got a visitor to-day," he added

with a laugh; "the funniest old chap, who dines here every Thursday as long as I can

"Who is it?" answered Miriam, turning

"The Rev. David Young, the minister of

the parish," answered Sir James. "He'll

make you laugh, my dear, and I want to see

"Very well," said Miriam, still smiling:

"I am ready now, James, and we can go

"Come along then, and I shall introduce

von to the Rev. David," said Sir James,

drawing her hand through his arm, and looking and feeling very proud of his hand-

some young wife; and Ford, who had been

dressing her lady, looked after them both

to herself. "Miss Miriam's done a very good thing for herself after all, but I hope she'll take care." Ford's sense of propriety, indeed, had re-

ceived a slight shock during the time when she had been dressing Miriam, for nervously

and uneasily Miriam had asked her to re

ceive a letter again for her.
"A letter will come here for me addressed

to you, I expect, during the next two

"No man is worth it," reflected the lady's

maid, "and if it's that private fellow, well,

In the meanwhile Miriam was going

down the broad oak staircase, leaning on her husband's arm, and presently they reached the drawing-room, where they found a long lanky parson in rusty black, who rose

awkwardly as they entered.
"This is nry wife, Mr. Young," said Sir

James, upon which the lanky person made a

He was an extraordinary looking crea

ture, with a parchment colored skin, lantern jaws, and sunken dark eyes. Yet ab-

solutely he had at one time aspired to be-

come the second husband of the Dowager Lady MacKennon. How he had the cour-

age to do this was a marvel, but it was nevertheless a fact. He had certainly dined with her each week on the Thursdays for many years before he made any advances at all. Then he hegan trying to come twice a

days," she had said, with downcast eyes and trembling lips. "I—I don't want them to know here that I receive it; will you bring it to me quietly?"

"Of course, my lady," replied Ford, but she felt her lady was acting unwisely, and she thought that she was very foolish to run

"Well, he is fond of her," she thought

round and looking at him with a smile.

colored roses.

remember."

you laugh."

down together."

with great admiration.

ed the look of love and tenderness on Sit

week, but here Lady MacKennon snubbed him.

"I'm expecting you on the Thursdays, not the Tuesdays, Mr. Young," she said to him when he ventured to appear too soon, and he had the sense to take the hint. But one Thursday after a second glass of grog his tongue was loosened.

"Life's a lang lonely journey for single folks like you and me, don't ye think, Lady MacKennon?" said the minister, rolling his sunken eves at his hostess.

And he actually proposed to Miriam on the following morning that they should leave Kintore.

"Would you like to go to see your sister, dear?" he said.
"I think we had better walt a day or two, until I hear from mother," answered

yes—Tyeford."

"Yes," answered Miriam, and Sir James could not but notice that she grew a little pale, and that her lips quivered as she made this brief answer.

"Not since I have known you?" he said.
"No, before—two years ago. How fine it is to-day, James! I wonder if it is too cold to row on the loch?"

so she changed the conversation, and the two went out to row and then to drive, and Sir James would have forgotten all his mother had said if it had not been for her stern, unbending manner to Miriam. She scarcely spoke to her, and Miriam began to perceive there was something very much amiss with her mother-in-law. She asked her husband, and he answered with affected carelespars.

"She takes odd ideas into her head some times. Oh, she'll be all right presently."
As for Lady MacKennon she made no further attempt to renew the conversation with her son about his wife. She was satisfied that she had done right to warn him, and she was satisfied also that some day things would become plainer in his eyes. And a little incident which occurred the second day after General Conray's visit to Kintore made her more certain of this still. It was at breakfast time, and when the locked letter-bag was brought in by the butler Lady MacKennon's keen eyes happened to be fixed on Miriam's face, and she saw at once the strange look of anxiety there as Sir James proceeded leisurely to unlock and

"Here is one for you, dear," he said, handing a letter to Miriam, who held it un-opened for a moment in her hand with her gaze still fixed on the letter-bag. Then she opened her letter, but still her eyes were on the different letters that Sir James was

drawing carelessly out.
"It is from mother," she said a moment later; "Joan is a little better—" and then she suddenly stopped, and her breath came

For Sir James was looking attentively and smilingly at the direction of a letter he held in his hand. All the letters for the household at Kintore—and they were not nu-merous—came in the family letter-bag, and Sir James used to lay those aside that were not for himself, his mother or his wife, and they were carried downstairs by the butler.

"This is for that swell young woman of yours, Miriam," he said, still smiling, "Miss Ford, care of Lady MacKennon, and her correspondent writes very well; it's like agentleman's handwriting."

Then the dowager again fixed her eyes on Miriam's face, and saw it had absolutely

Miriam's face, and saw it had absolutely grown white and clammy, and the expression of her eyes was full of tear.

"Give it to me, James," said Miriam, huskily, "and I will give it to Ford."

And the dowager watched her as she took the letter in her trembling hand, as she put it beneath her own letter, as she tried to speak indifferently, but could not. She noticed, too, that she ate no breakfast, and that her hands shook as she raised her tea-cup to her pale lips.

tea-cup to her pale lips.

"She is hiding something," thought Lady
MacKennon, sternly; "the letter to her
maid probably contains a letter to herself;
it is shameful." "You are not eating anything, dear," said Sir James, kindly, now also loking at

his young wife, "Your letters seem to have upset you," remarked the downger, grimly.

Then Miriam tried to pull herself to-

Ferrars were arrested this dark story of the never once addressed a word to her son's gether.
"No, my sister is a little better," she past, and of which Sir James had never ard, would be brought forward again.

How would be bear it? And unconsciously did, and it made him uncomfortable. He said, "but it naturally makes one feel ner-

> "Of course it does," said Sir James. am so glad, dear, that Mrs. Conray is bet-ter."
>
> Miriam tried to smile gratefully at her

would quite turn away from her if he knew all.

And as together arm-in-arm they reached the house of Kintore, the cold eyes of the dowager were watching them from one of the upper windows, and her mind was full of dislike and anger at the girl whom she believed now had so basely deceived her believed now had so believed now husband, but it was a very painful effort.
Then Sir James began to read little pieces of news from the papers, and at last the breakfast was over and Miriam was free to go upstairs with her two letters, and sh went. She almost ran up the staircase and hurried to her room and found two housemaids there arranging it.

"You can go; you can return afterwards," she said, and a few moments later she was alone. Then she tore open the letter ad-dressed to Ford, and read it with bated breath and parted lips. It read:

I scarcely know how to thank you, and I scarcely know how to thank you, and your warning has come in time. I have obtained a week's furlough, and leave Newbrough-on-the-Sea, as I am posting this, never to return. I am going away—out of England; but before I go I wish to see you once more. Do not refuse my last request, dear Miriam, for the sake of the old love which in my heart at least will never grow cold. I shall go, therefore, to Scotland, to the neighborhood of Kintore, and will write to you when I arrive there, addressing my letter as usual to your maid Ford. Arrange to meet me wherever and at any hour you please, and I shall be there. But do not refuse to see me for the last, last time. "Mother! What do you mean?" ex-claimed Sir James, with a sudden change brought here, and I overheard him speak such words to her that they will bring my grey hair with sorrow to the grave."

"Mother, are you mad," cried Sir James, who had now grown pale to the very lips. "General Conray?"

"No, my son, I am not mad, but I heard this General Conray tell the woman you call your wife all about her past life, and the townish.

This letter was at once a relief and a ter ror to Miriam. At all events, he was going away: going to leave England, and Joan's secret would be safe. But how could she meet him? She was afraid, and yet could she meet him? She was afraid, and yet could she refuse? Poor Hugh, whose life had been wrecked, all through his fond, passionate love for her. Yes, she would see him, at last she decided; see him to bid him tarewell; to bid him Godspeed to the land where he must begin his new lite, and she would always afterward try to do her duty and make her husband happy. She did not think of meeting Hugh Ferrars now with the same thoughts and feelings as she had done at Newbrough-on-the-Ses. She was a wife now bound to James Meekennen. done at Newbrough-on-the-Ses. She was a wife now, bound to James MacKennon, and she meant to keep-true to these bonds, but still she wished to bid her old friend goodby. The difficulty was, how to do it without endangering his safety. But he had obtained a week's furlough, and no one would know where he was. So she must wait, Miriam told herself: wait until she hand from him and then for a few me heard from him, and then for a few mo-ments-only for a few moments-they

would meet.

She hid away his letter and placed £200 ready in an envelope to give him. And then, having made these preparations, she went down to the breakfast room beside her husband. She thought he looked a little strange when 'she entered the room, and there was a flush on his brown cheeks which was not usually there. The truth was, the dowager had once more been doing her best to make him miserable, for Miriam had scarcely left her room with the two letters when Lady MacKennon had re-

marked in a sepulchral voice:
"James, did you remark anything extraordinary, in the manner with which your wife received that letter addressed to her "No, I did not," answered Sir James,

testily, enough.
"I did, then; she was agitated; she was uneasy; it is your duty as her husband to make her show you the contents of that letter!" said Sir James, scornfully; "really, mother, your ideas are most extraordinary."

(To be Continued Next Sunday.) Not Senseless Bight Away.

It is said by scientists to be a fact that all our senses do not slumber simultaneously, but that they fall into a happy state of in sensibility one after another. The eyelids take the lead and obscure sight; the senser of taste is the next to lose its susceptibiltoward her until his mother had done what she called her duty!

"She was agitated about General Conray's sleeper and most easily aroused. AN OUTING IN CANADA

Delightful Spots Where the Pittsburger Calls for Fire.

TYRANNY OF CUSTOMS OFFICERS. Indian Papooses Hanging on the Fences an

Everyday Sight. PEOPLE WHO ARE IN THE NORTH

(CORBESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.) ORILLIA, ONT., July 28.



I was evening when our little party left Chautauqua. It comprised two ladies, two little girls, their two favorite dogs and a colored maid. We were glad to escape the fierce heat, suffered since morn-

ing, for it had been 90

in the shade all day. Our Pullman had converted itself into a perfect oven as it rushed through the blazing sus, so we felt glad as it drew up at the end of Lake Chautauqua. Its olness gently entered our windows.

But, then, we were rushing northward. North! What delightful ideas the word suggested to our sweltering imagination! Pine groves, glorious lakes, everything

generously suggesting she wear the table cover. Chaperone rebelled. The English View of Women Travelors

The landlord informed us, on our arrival, that if he had known we were only a party of ladies he would not have kept rooms for us, and that he had turned away gentlemen, who were much less trouble. Under these humiliating conditions we were compelled to be on our very best behavior, and lost no time in finding a furnished house. This is our first experience of the English view of women straying around without the protecting care of gentlemen. And yet by some strange contradiction these people allow all women owning property the right to vote in the municipal elections!

There are several bands of Indians near Borrie, one at Roma of 250, they are generously provided for by the English Government, who keeps an agent and a doctor to look after them, and pays a sum every three months, per capita. We saw a statement in a Toronto paper lately that Indian maidens The landlord informed us, on our arrival,

a Toronto paper lately that Indian maidens never kisa. Of course we cannot vouch for this, being only a girl. Yesterday morning, on the main street, and near the postoffice, we were vastly surprised to see several Inwe were vastly surprised to see several in-dian baskets hung on a picket fence, and in one of them a sleeping papoose. The fence was warm and sheltered, and the mother was away, making her little purchases. Chaperone declared "She gave up trying to measure the calm confidence of the mother who could have be interested. who could hang her infant on a fence rail and then go shopping." A friend told us it was quite a common thing to find a row of these baskets with Indian babies in them, hung on the fences, near the lake shore, the squaws having rowed over in their cances from the "reservation" to do their purchas-

ing. A Canadian Thunder Storm. Last Sunday we had one of these metero logical treats common to the forty-fifth parallel. In the morning a soft gray fog surrounded everything. The trees looking surrounded everything. The trees



ONE OF THE INDIAN CAMPS.

pleasant, and no dark side to the picture of cool rest awaiting us. The rich lands and fine country through which we were passing offered no inducements to open our weary eyes; that was all over when we ceased to lift our throbbing heads from the cushions. In such sad plight, what did it matter whether the country was a desert or an Eden?

Into the Land of the Kanucks, Buffalo-how glad we were to hear that topping place called! How thankful when our train got through those grimy suburbs, ill-lighted, ill-smelling, for, judging from our feelings that evening, there must have been at least 20 miles of windings around founderies, factories, furnaces and public institutions of all sorts. We were too tired to go further without resting, so we ordered supper. Of course, we took brighter views of things after that. And

we were a much brighter party as we left next morning for Niagara.

I need not describe it (Niagara). That has been done by others, and sometimes too well. I wish some of the aforesaid descriptionists could have seen the bitter disap cointment exhibited by our little girls who had been reading the very poetic picture of Niagara by Antony Trollope.
"And is that all?" Angela remarked blankly. "Why, Aunt Goldy, this is not

blankly. "Why, Aunt Goldy, this is not worth coming to see!" "Oh!" said our little Lulu, "I thought it

was miles and miles bigger! Indeed I did!"

No doubt Mr. Trollope had thrown a
cloud over many bright expectations before. cloud over many bright expectations before. But I believe very young persons are delightful tarveling companions, for through their enthusiasm at seeing strange sights, one lives their own youthful enjoyment all over again. The impatience of youth demands that they shall see things in rapid succession, and our young ladies urged "we go on to the cool Northern lakes," and on we west. Not far, however, for the officers of "Her British Majesty's Customs soon brought us to a halt."

In the Hands of the Customs Officers, I shall never forget poor chaperon stand ing amid a pile of buggage trying to find the proper key for each trunk, while she trembled at the loud tone of "Imperial authority" shouting, "What? what? what?" as they dug to the bottom of our innocent portmanteaus. Some new shoes and a black lawn dress pattern caused a new query, and though chaperon assured the gentlemen these trifles were for personal use only, both shoes and lawn went into the

office and paid duty per valuation.

At this point of our journey, tickets for at one-lourth the price paid for a passenger fare. Under this arrangement we flattered ourselves that the dogs were now entitled to certain considerations, as paying pas-

sengers.

The cars given us at the Canadian line were dreadful old "rattletraps," "miserable greasy" things—all the American passengers were complaining loudly. We could not understand why the charges were complaining loudly. so much more than in the United States. However, they gave plenty of ventilation, and, had it not been for the dust filtering and, had it not been for the dust litering all over us, we would have been quite happy, as the cool, bracing air was already delightful in our worn-out state. We had no intention of remaining in Toronto until we found our dogs left behind, and then considered it best to wait, and keep telegraphing, "just to wake them up," as chap-eron remarked.

At the Queen's, by the way, saw a gentleman throw down his big satchel and railway tag, and order a slim young housemaid to "take those traps upstairs," and afterwards saw the same young creature black his boots.

Asking for Stoves in July. At Barrie we went to one of the best heit, asked for fires in our rooms, "Ladies," said the host, bowing low, "we are very sorry to disablige you; but all our stoves were taken out at housecleaning time, and there is no way of heating a room in the building."

Of course it ended in our going to another hotel, but, also, it was the same story there, "stores all down." Nothing remained "stoves all down." Nothing remained now, but to make the best of circumstances. After a very cool night, and ditto breakfast next morning, we bought warm jackets, shawls, underwear, and fleeced stockings, Liddy, the colored maid, saying with a shiver that, "This trip was done goin to be the de'th of us, and this 'Kenedy, was not fit for us Christians to live in."

fit for us Christiaus to live in."

We wondered what these people called "cool weather," and "40 below zero" was the smiling response to our inquiry. However, we wrapped ourselves up and took long walks in sunny places, rapturously breathing the bracing and fragrant air, or praising the wondrous Italian skies. The clouds, the sunsets, the sunrises are simply indescribable. Our Middle States can show nothing like it. Of course, on the American nothing like it. Of course, on the Ameri can shore of Lake Superior one can see it can shore of Lake Superior one can see it as perfect, but nowhere else.

It was so chilly all our stay in Barrie, and once I proposed to chaperone that I take the plane cover as an extra shawl—

like ghosts in green across the street, and every blade of grass laden down with pearls, we were enjoying it all as another unique exhibition of nature in this climate, when,

we were enjoying it all as another unique exhibition of nature in this climate, when, iol loud peals of thunder burst overhead in the soft gray log. There was no lightning visible—but torrents of warm rain fell, dissolving the wonderful fog, and continuing at intervals all day.

We met some boys on the street this morning carrying a magnificent specimen of the great Northern diver, or loon, as it is commonly called. They said it came up with a fishing net near Midland. It seems these loons often dive to belp themselves to a fish from some net, and this splendid specimen got caught in the meshes himself. They are extremely handsome birds, black and white, with peacock tints. We have often heard them on the copper harbor shore of Lake Superior, calling in the gay, mocking tones of some schoolboy who has hidden himself and taunts his companions to find him: or, again, uttering wild, elifish laughter—"Hal ha! Ho, he o. Noo-ooo"—very alarming to one who does not know the call. On the water the loon will come up quite close to your boat, as if to get a good look at you, and then diving will emerge half a mile away, while you are watching most intently to see him come up just worsh in tently to see him come up just worsh went flown. Then the beautiful bird rises gracefully in the air and flies ashore, uttering weird, mocking cries—as if laughing at your ignorance.

Orillia Is a Place to Best I conclude this letter by declaring Orillis the most charming of all the summer town looks on the two lakes. Simcoe and Couchicking. It has wide, grass-covered streets, densely shaded, and pretty little



dwellings half hidden by maples. Grass

dwel lings half hidden by maples. Grass grown streets indicate a very small amount of business, but with that summer visitors have nothing to do. They come for rest, and surely quiet is rest. The people here seem to live slowly.

Dr. H. T. Watson, of Pittsburg, with wife and baby, spent the last two weeks of June very pleasantly in this pretty summer town. He will spend the remainder of July at Almie Harbor. H. S. Christy, Esq., and mother were sier a few days, and then left for the more fashionable resorts on the lovely Lake Rosseau. Dr. Kiurling and two sons, of Philadelphia, are visiting Dr. Beaton, Superintendent of the Ontario Asylum for Idio's.

S. E. Houson, of Pittsburg, is at the Queens Hotel, Toronto, and Mrs. McQuarrie, of Pittsburg, is at the St. James Hotel. At the Albion, Toronto, are H. Young and wife, Evan City, Pa.; at the Walker House, S. J. Irving, Evans City, Pa.; at the Queens Hotel, G. A. Spindle and wire, Pittsburg; C. C. Craft and Miss A. M. Cratt, Cratton, and C. C. Wren, J. M. Wren, Miss C. J. Wren and Miss E. O. Wren, of Boverstown, Pa. Scattered among the other Toronto hotels are 62 Americans from different parts of the country. A. F. Webster, General Steamship Agent at Toronto, reports among his list the following Americans saliing this week for Europe: Alex. McFadden, I. H. Clark and Mrs. M. H. Clark, of Youngstown, O.: E. W. McIntyre, of Dayton, O., and H. R. Daniels, of Pennsylvania.

Here is a society note I clip from to-day's paper: "At St. James Episcopal Church, Orillia, by the Rev. Canon Greene, Charles Yellowhead, son of Chief Yellowhead, Rama Reserve, Rama, to Miss Big Canoe, dangsher of Chief Big Canoe, of the same tribe."

Miss Golden Rob.

THE Union can turnish at very low rates appropriate and neat frames for the school children's pledge cards. The monthly meeting of the Union at

THE annual meeting of the C. T. A. U. of America will be held at Indianapolis Tues-tay. The session will last until Friday. THE Misses Dougherty, Callahan, McDon ald, Neumout and McGarrell, of the Father Mathew, and Messrs Griffin, Reed and others will leave this week for the summer school at New London, Conn. THE Pioneer Tourist Club of Pittsburg

composed of total abstaizers, will start for Indianapolis to-night over the P. and L. E. They will touch at Cleveland, Put-in-Bay and other points of interest. MISS SALLIE A. MOORE, a prominent total abstinence worker, of Philadelphia, and editor of the Catholic Home Journal, is visiting Miss Mary Dougherty of Neeley uvenue. Miss Moore is en route to the Indianapolis

barg Union; Rev. M. M. Sheedy, Vice Presi-sident of the National Union; and Mesars. J. A. Weldon, P. W. Joyce and M. Hynman delegates at large to Indianapolis, will leave Monday night for the convention. BETTING ON HORSES.

Famous Turf Followers Advise the Fellows Who Will be Foolish.

HARD STUDY A FIRST REQUISITE.

If You Must Hazard Your Money Do Not Have Whims and Systems,

PITTSBURG PHIL'S IDEA OF SUCCESS

Boston, July 29. -Betting or gamblingand any form of betting is gambling-is almost as old as humanity itself. In all ages there have been men and women who have staked money and other considerations of value upon the cast of dice, the turn of a card, or the speed and staying qualities of a horse, and there will continue to be such down to the very end of time. At the present day the practice of wagering money upon such pastimes is perhaps more univer-sally prevalent than at any other period of the world's history, and nowhere more so than in our own country.

The very great increase in horse racing,

both running and trotting, which we have seen within the past few years, and which seems to steadily continue, has been the means of initiating into the practice of betting an immense number of people of all ages, both sexes, and every condition and walk of life. In view of this fact I recently solicited an expression of their views from several of the great bettors now most prominently identified with the American turf on the question of how to win money on the

"Pittsburg Phil," whose real name is George E. Smith, enjoys greater newspaper notoriety than any other turfman of our time, fully equaling in that respect that famous plunger of years ago, T. F. Walton. All sorts of stories are in circulation about Phil's early life. The newspapers have assigned him to almost every known trade from cork cutting to seissors grinding. Certain it is he was once an employe at Armstrong's cork factory in Allegheny.

How Pittsburg Phil Got His start, His first bet was laid in a Smoky City pool room. Fred Mignery was a Pittsburg printer and he and Smith became intimate Mignery often tried his luck on the fivers. and bought his tickets sometimes under the name of "Big Sam," sometimes under that of "June." He steered Smith into the pool rooms and between them they struck it rich right along. Smith won lots of money in the West; then he went East and became a follower of the Dwyer Brothers' stable, which was then a very powerful one, and was steadily winning every race in which

it had an entry.

Two stories are told as to his picturesque nickname. One is that when he first became a familiar character at the great race courses nobody knew his name, but someone said he came from Pittsburg, and ther one said he came from Pittsburg, and then someone else gave him the soubriquet of "Pittsburg Phil," which has clung to him ever since. The other story is that when Fred Mignery was buying tickets in the name of "Big Sam" and "June" he bought a few for his friend Smith under the name of "Phil." This "Phil" was lucky, and his fame soon spread to other cities, where he became known as "Pittsburg Phil." He tells me that from that time to the present he has rarely failed to quit winner at the end of the season, frequently winning to the extent of \$250,000 in a single campaign. He is a smooth-faced, slender, bright-look-ing man of middle age. Never Own Any Race Horses,

"If you want to win money on the turf by question, "never own any race horses your-self. It you do it will certainly influence tour judgment. You may go to the track to novinced that some horse will beat the one you have entered, but as soon as you see your horse you will begin to wish that he your norse you will begin to wish that he may win, and from wishing you will soon progress to believing. Then you will wager all the money you can raise on an animal which you had previously decided, in your sober senses, had no chance of winning.

"You will doubtless say that this is very

strange, foolish talk from one who has made two such great wins as I have with my colt 'King Cadmus,' but in spite of my two coups on that nag, I still believe that the principle I have just laid down is the correct one. Even in the case of 'King Cadmus' I think I overestimated his ability. On the 3d of last September, when I staked \$9,000 on him at such heavy odds that I won \$85,000, I expected him to win with the greatest ease, but he won only by a neck after one of the most desperate finishes that Taral, his jockey, ever rode. Again, when I won about \$35,000 on him on the 2nd of last June, up to the time he was within three jumps of the wire, it looked asthough he could not finish better than third. It was only by the wonderful rally of his rider, 'Snapper' Garrison, that he managed to finish first by barely three inches, yet before the start I was confident that he could win easily.

No Use for Superstitions or Systems. "If you want to win money by turt betting have no superstitions, no systems, no set rules or ideas. Shun professional 'touts' set rules or ideas. Shun professional 'touts'
and the 'tips' they offer to sell you as you
would the plague. Try to form an intelligent judgment as to the respective merits of
the horses and of their jockeys, on that particular day and track, and then don't be
alraid to back it.

"One peculiar thing about betting is that
the strain on one's nervous system is greater
then want with the when you less. It is

when you win than when you lose. It is invariably so with me, and other big betters invariably so with me, and other big betters
tell me their experience is similar. After
losing heavily I go to the theater or some
other amusement resort and soon torget my
losses. Then I go home to bed and sleep
soundly. But after making a big win I
am very apt to pass a sleepless night."

Mr. John Goodwin, one of the Goodwin
brothers who compile the "Official Turf
Guide," the standard authority of American
horse racing said when I not my conquedrum to him, that to win money on the turf one should have a certain limit in betting and neves go beyond it. He should not take on a single race more than one-fourth of his available betting capital. Then, in the event of losing, he would have

three-fourths with which to win it back.
When it is possible to hedge a bet to advantage it should always be done.
"If you believe that a horse that is ever so 'short' in the betting can win," he continued, "and your belief is based upon a constitute and accurately formed intelligent carefully and accurately formed, intelligent judgment, do not hesitate to back that horse with just as much confidence as you would if he were a favorite. If you win on one next. I do not believe there is any 'system' of betting that can be recommended. The only way to win is to study the horses, the jockeys and the track."

Phil Dwyer Makes It a Study. Phil Dwyer, one of the famous Dwyer brothers, is one of the few men who have made a great fortune on the turf. He be-gan lite as a butcher, and being, like all butchers, intensely fond of horses, he finally came, together with his brother Mike, to devote himself to the business of racing them. He is a very quiet, pleasant gentle-

them. He is a very quiet, pleasant generoman, with a frank, kindly expression of face, notwithstanding a cast in one of his eyes which gives him a rather mischievous, roguish look. When I asked him for his views on how to win money on the turf he smiled pleasantly and said:

"If I should attempt to lay down any cancel rules for the guidance of bettors. general rules for the guidance of bettors, the first would be, never bet ignorantly simply upon the chance and with the hope that you may win. I mean by that never bet on a house unless you have studied him and all the other horses pitted against him to the best of your ability and have thoroughly satisfied yourself from the best possible data obtainable that he is the

best horse in the race and that in all human possibility will win. This is what the shrewd professional bettor always does.

"I have said that you must study your horse and the others pitted against him. I mean by that horse and the others pitted against him. I mean by that that you must study their pedigree, their conformation, and especially their condition on the day of the race. A horse may go out and easily deteat a large field of horses to-day, while to-morrow or next week he may finish last of all in that very same field, even though the same jockey has ridden him on both occasions and has tried equally hard to win both times. A horse is the most uncertain thing in the world. He is more liable to changes of temper and condition than even the most delicate and sensitive lady. Therefore his performances in the past are Therefore his performances in the past are often of small value as an indication of what he can do in the present. The ques-tion is not what he did do or could do day before yesterday or last week, but what can he do to-day.

Whims Will Ruin Any Speculator. "Besides studying the conditions of the horses on the day of the race, the condition horses on the day of the race, the condition of the track is also an important consideration. Certain horses only go well on certain kinds of tracks. Some require a firm, hard track; others go best on a soft, yielding one. On a muddy track a race may be won easily by a horse that would have been utterly worthless among the same competitors on a dry one. If you want to bet intelligently—and to win you must bet in no other way—you must be familiar with all such peculiarites of the horses you bet on and against. and against.
"There is a great deal in studying jockeys

"There is a great deal in studying jockeys as well as horses. Some jockeys ride much better than others, and will get a great deal more speed out of their mounts. Some are more likely to ride honestly than others. All of these things must be most carefully considered in order to win money on the turf. There is no one who can more illy afford to indulge any pet theories, whims or prejudices than the would-be successful turf speculator. On the contrary, he must tur's peculator. On the contrary, he must be like the skilled mariner—prepared to trim his bark at a moment's notice, and alter her course in accordance with any change in the winds and tides. To win money on the turf, one must not be too timid nor too bold; too pessimistic nor too optimistic; too truthful nor too incredu-lous. He must try to steer a medium course between all these qualities.'

FRANK FERN.

OUTING OF THE SPOOKS.

What the Spiritualists at Lily Dale, Are Doing -- Story of Lecturer Colville - A Quarrel About Indian Spirits-A Fad for Poetry-A Pittsburg Party.

Lily Dals, July 30.—[Specia'.]—That widely advertised bigh priest of spiritualism known as W. J. Colville was the first lec turer to appear before a Lily Dale audience

the present season.

Mr. Colville is the ablest and most often quoted exponent of modern spiritualism in the world to-day. He is the son of an English army officer and a French actress, who died when he was a babe in arms. He was born at sea in 1862, and during his childhood years he claims to have been conscious of the presence of his mother, but was not aware that his experience was exceptional until, to his surprise, he discovered that no one but himself could see the "beautiful lady" who appeared to him dilly, soothed his baby griefs, smoothed away his childish cares, and each evening glided softly into his chamber and gave him a good-night kiss. When a lad of 12 years he accidentally stumbled upon a spiritualistic seance. "If it is true that a spirit can infinence a natural body, why don't they control that boy!" disgustedly inquired a skeptical spinster in corkscrew curls and spectacles. Almost instantly the lad arose and with dignity replied: "If the lady will suggest a subject we will improvise a poem." The woman, awe struck by the sudden acceptance of her challenge and by the astenishing transformation in the personality of the boy, was dumb, but some one remarked: "Give us some verses on cremation. That's the latest wrinkle, you know." At once the boy assumed the air of a professional orator and recited 20 verses of fair rythm and correct measure upon the subject suggested. He then closed by turning to the bewildered and somewhat frightened woman with a prolound bow, saying, "We think you, madam, for the opportunity you have afforded us for speaking through the instrument before you. We shall be heard, in the future, upon many occasions and in many lands." From that time forth he could pass into this entranced condition at will and the prophecy of his future has been fulfilled.

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time forth he could pass into this entranced condition at will and the prophecy of his future has been fulfilled.

The transformation which takes place when he steps upon the platform is amazing. He then seems to straighten up and grow tall, his slouching gnit becomes stately, his manfulness vanishes in self-possession, his mild, blue eyes flash with the fires of intelligence, his thin voice becomes resonant and his hesitating tongue becomes eloquent.

When in this so-called entranced state he answers at ease questions upon the most

which he exemplified by means peculiar to his profession, were strongly supported by an extreme mental scientist.

This reused the ire of the various mediums in the congregation, and there was a hasty scramble for the platform in defense of their red skinned "guides" for whom they profess the greatest affection and respect. An undignified exhibition of temper ensued, and during the next hour the battle waged hot and furious.

the greatest allection and respect. An undignified exhibition of temper ensued, and during the next hour the battle waged hot and furious.

"Iy you mediums want to be controlled by dirty Indians, you are welcome to be," sarcastically observed the anostle of mental science, to which there was an audible and ironical "thank you."

One highly excited indivacal, who, with voctierous voice and wild gesticulation, took up the cudgel for the noble red men, was cheered in his efforts by a ringing war whoop, which electrified the audience and was supposed to express the approbation of one of the gratified "controls."

In reply to a sneering allusion to the remedies prescribed by the big medicine man, it was urged that there was no less spirituality in drinking a cup of catnip tea, than in dining so dandelion or rinhuarb.

There seems to be a perfect craze among the spiritualist lecturers at this camp to shire as impromptu makers of verse. With all the dignity, solemnity and wisdom of an own they announce, at the beginning and end of each discourse, their readiness to improvise a "poem" upon any subject suggested by the audience, who are expected to be overwhelmed by this display of their remarkable gift. Some of these attempts at inspirational rhyme remind one of the efforts of one Nat Slick, who in an unguarded moment boasted of his talent in this direction, and when pushed to the test stammered out: "The wind blew down our old well sweep. Dad and I put it up again—Sheep."

It by no means requires a fortune to summer at Lily Dale. Hotel rates are but from \$1 to \$1 to \$1 to \$2 to \$2 to \$3 to \$4 t

S.ranger visitors will find the names of all

S. ranger visitors will find the names of all mediums or "sensitives," as they prefer to call themselves, registered in Library Hall, together with their audress and different phases of psychical phenomenon or physical manifestations. There are healers enough present to cure all the invalids in the United States.

Captain Rouse, of Titusville, the host of this roomy summer house, who was called to Homestead in charge of Company K. Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia, has returned on a furlough, which will extend through the month of August. The Captain is an ardent, but conservative, spiritualist.

The speakers thus far this season have been W. J. Colville, Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. F. A. Hyzer and Mrs. H. S. Lake, and Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle. Sunday the name of Willard J. Hull will be added to the list.

A few investigators, who held a dark seance a few nights ago on their own account, no medium being present, and who were almost persuaded to become spiritualists "by having seen the ghost walk," were deeply enartined the next morning to learn that the "lovely apparition" was a thinly clid woman of their acquaintance who had stolen quietly through the room for a glass of water.

Rooms have been engaged for a pleasure

of water.

Rooms have been engaged for a pleasure party from Pittsburg next week who will ".uke in" the camp, and who facetously observed in their letter, that they quite expected in turn to be "taken in."

WOMEN ENDURE PAIN

Less Sensitive to Its Effects.

HOW PROF. LOMBROSO PROVES IT.

Better Than Men Because They're

Model for the World's Fair That Will Show the Ocean Currents.

SPEATING APPLES WITH PARIS GREEN

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Not long ago Professer Lombroso raised hue and ery throughout many lands by the assertion that women can bear pain better than men simply because they are ess sensitive to its effects. Many of the leading physicians of New York were appealed to for their experience on the subject, and they one and all gallantly pro-tested that woman deserved all the credit given her for her fortitude under pain, and declared that the idea that her ability to withstand the effects of suffering was caused

by comparative insensibility was untenable. There is, however, a little instrument called the esthesiometer, which tells a different story, and bears out fully the now widely known opinions of Professor Lom-broso. The faculty of pain bearing in woman has generally been attributed to a superior quality of mental control, whereby the female system could be "keyed up" to the female system could be "keyed up to a certain required condition until the unusual strain had passed by, when the collapse that was sure to follow could expend itself in profuse weeping and those other feminine weaknesses which go so far to compensate the sex for pain, sorrow or

anxiety.
Prof. Lombroso holds, with many physiologists, that "feminine self-abandonment in moments of painful emotion is due prob-

origists, that "Teminine self-abandonment in moments of painful emotion is due probably to two causes. First, the fact that the female brain is known to have less control than the male brain over reflex and semi-reflex actions; and, secondly, the peculiar nature of woman's carly training."

Prof. Lombroso quotes Carle, the famous surgeon, as having informed him that in his experience the majority of women allow themselves to be operated upon with astonishing insensibility, almost as though the body beneath the surgeon's knife was that of another and not their own, and a case is recorded during the last year in which a woman who had to submit to a series of operations took actual pleasure in being placed under the knife. Glordano is quoted as saving that, even in the midst of the threes of childbirth, despite their apprehensions, women suffer much less than is generally supposed.

Dr. Martini, a famous Italian dentist, has been surprised to observe that women undergo every variety of dental operation with much more courage and facility than men, and Dr. Meia adds that men under the dentist's hands swoon much more frequently than do women.

The esthesiometer, by the aid of which

dentist's hands swoon much more frequently than do women.

The esthesiometer, by the aid of which Professor Lombroso has been able to throw so much light on this interesting subject is made on the model of a pair of catipers, with the points somewhat rounded or knoblike. It is used to test the tactile sensibility of a person, i.e., to ascertain how near together these points may be brought before they feel as one point and the dual impression that they should make is lost. Attached to the instrument is a graduated scale which measures the tactile insensibility in millimeters.

In measuring the power of sensitiveness to pain at the tip of the forefinger in over a hundred women, Lombroso found that, except in the case of very young girls, whose tactile sensitiveness is exceedincly developed, woman's sense of touch is, in general, nearly twice as obtuse as that of man.

After testing touch taste and smell, the

Anyone who has happened to be in the The transformation which takes place when he steps upon the platform is amazing. He then seems to straighten up and grow tall, his slouching gnit becomes stately, his bashfulness vanishes in self-possession, his mild, biue eyes flash with the fires of intelligence, his thin voice becomes resonant and his hesitating tongue becomes eloquent.

When in this so-called entranced state he answers at ease questions upon the most dense metaphysical speculation, solves the most obtuse astronomical problem, or throws light upon the perplexing extrencies of society and the various and diverse anonalies of existence.

About four times a week there is a general conference or experience meeting held in the auditorium, which is a perfect "picnic" for unbelievers. Any one and every one is allowed a ten-minute speech upon a topic of his own choosing, and the result may be easily imagined. One morning this week the subject of "Indian controis" was brought irrationalisms were facetiously dwelt upon by an astrologer of some note, and his views, which he exemplified by means peculiar to his profession, were strongly supported by an extrame mental scientist.

Anyone who has happened to be in the eighborhood of a factory or mercantile neighborhood of narcory or the day could hardly have falled to remark the large numbers of the employed about the time the employed and the rimark the large numbers of the time the employed are reaving work for the day could hardly have falled to remark the large numbers of the time the employed atom the time the employed atom the ti neighborhood of a factory or mercantile

A model of ocean currents is to be exhibited at the World's Fair which will possess great practical value. This model, which is great practical value. This model, which is a huge scientific tank, is made to represent the surface of the earth spread out on an area of about 30 leet square, the ocean and seas being shown by actual water. Small streams of water are ejected through pipes under the model so that the whole body of water moves exactly as the ocean currents move. The direction of the currents is shown distinctly by a white powder on the surface of the water. Near the model will be placed a large map giving the fullest details of the force, volume and direction of the various ocean currents.

They Like Our Apples. The attempt made some time ago to prejudice the minds of English consumers against the American apple, on the ground judice the minds of English consumers against the American apple, on the ground of its being saturated with arsenic, has utterly falled, and our best varieties are as popular as ever. It was stated in English papers that the "delicate, unnatural bloom of the American apples is due to arsenic, a drug that is largely used by people, especially the fair sex, in America, to make the complexion besutiful." This and other statements equally absurd were traced to speculators who had an interest in injuring the sale of American apples in the English market. In order that the matter should be thoroughly tested a department of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amnerst, undertook a series of experiments. To determine the amount of copper and arsenic adhering to the surface of apples (for it could not have been absorbed into the substance of the fruit) which had been sprayed three times with Bordeaux mixture and paris green for the purpose of protecting them from insects 20 apples, measuring one peck, were subjected to analysis. The amount of copper oxide found on the apples was twenty-two thousandths or one grain. This equais about five ten thousandths of one ounce to the barrel, or, in other words, it would require 2,000 barrels to yield one ounce of copper oxide. The specimens selected for this analysis were those with the roughest surface, to which would adhere more of the copper solution of paris green than to the average apple. Not a trace of arsenic could be detected in this analysis.

When the fact is borne in mind that probably not one fruit grower in a hundred throughout the constructions of the propersistic or the paris green at the protection of the propersis of the propersis of the protected in this analysis. ably not one truit grower in a hundred throughout the country used paris green at all, and that not one barrel in thousands came from sprayed trees, the absordity of the "scare" becomes still more apparent.

An evidence of the large number of Englishmen who have elected to settle down under the Stars and Stripes is afforded in under the Stars and stripes is allorded in the wide and rapid extension of the English national game of cricket in this country. It can, at the same time, be hardly other than flattering to the American vanity to know that the best cricket in the United States is played by an eleven that is almost entirely composed of Americans. That the game is testined to become popular here is certain. played by an eleven that is almost entirely composed of Americans. That the game is destined to become popular here is certain. One of the most annoying things that can happen to a baisman who has "got his eye in" and feels good for a big score is the snapping or the handle of his bat. For such a contingency as this a new remedy has been provided in an "interchangeable" bat, the handle of which screws firmly into the blade. Each blade is provided with duplicate handles of exactly the same size, so that in case one handle is broken the stump can be immediately unscrewed and a new handle immediately unscrewed and a new inserted. This arrangement, besid serviceable, is decidedly economical