word against her, but I think she is in some trouble-if she would only trust me-I would do anything for her. I am sure she is in some trouble.

At this moment Miriam was indeed in great trouble. She had opened the letter addressed to Ford, and saw it was dated as she had feared from the little inn at the village of Strathloe. He wrote:

DEAR MIRIAM—I have just arrived. Arrived to bid you a last goodby. Where shall we meet? If you are afraid to meet me in daylight, I will come at night. Arrange the time and some signal when you can see me; let me know to-day, for to wait is very tergible. Miriam wrung her hands over these few

lines. She did not know when she might be free, and time was so precious to him; every moment was precious. She must try to see him this afternoon, but where? Near the village by Strathloe the remem-bered there was a lonely glen Sir James had pointed out to her, could she go there? It was two miles off and she must walk; but that was nothing. But how was she to get quit of Sir James?

time, poor, poor, Hugh!"

She finally made up her mind that she would send Ford with a note to the inn at Strathloe, and tell Ferrars that she would ary to see him during the afternoon. She could not promise, but she would try, and if she could manage to go out slone—if he walked along the loch side until he came in sight of the house at Kintore, at 3:30 o'clock, she would wave a white handker-chief from the second story of the house that faced the loch. This was to be the last signal that should ever pass between them, she told herself as she penned a few hur-ried lines to Hugh Ferrars. But she must save him; she must give him the money to take him to another land, and bid him larewell for ever.

At all events she wrote this, and then rang for Ford. The lady's maid soon ap-peared looking pinker and prettier than ever. A handsome young gillie had suc-cumbed to her attractions, and Ford had begun to find the Highlands endurable. She came into the room tripping and smil-ing, but something in Miriam's face, its pallor, its earnestness, made her expression

"Ford, I want you to go an errand for me—to take a letter," said Miriam. "Yes, my lady," replied Ford, inquir-

ingly.
"Do you know the village of Strathloe; a village about two miles distant from here? No, my lady, but I can find out anything; there's a young man called Donald about the place, and he will show me where it

'Yes, Ford, an old friend of mine is in great, trouble, and I want to see him to say goodby, and—to take him some money be-fore he sails for one of the Colonies. Do you understand; I do not want anvone here to know, and-and I want you to take him this letter, and if I can manage it I want to meet

him this afternoon."
"Yes, my lady," said Ford, slowly and reflectfully. It was a pity, she was think-ing, and yet, of course, if Lady MacKennon chose to run such risks in all probability it would do Ford no harm, but good. Her lady would be absolutely in her power, and Ford knew that power pays. "Then have I to take the letter to the inn at Strath-loe?" she added, "and have I to give it tothe gentleman!

Miriam's pale face grew suddenly crim-son. She remembered she would have to address the letter by some name to Hugh Ferrars, and by what name? She hesitated: she looked at Ford; she knew not what to

"He-he does not wish anyone to know

"He—he does not wish anyone to know that he is there," she said at length. "Just ask to see the gentleman—or say Mr. Dare—that will do, and give him this."
"Very well, my lady," answered Ford, pocketing the letter; "shall I go at once?"
"Yes, at once," said Miriam, and as she spoke she heard her husband's footsteps outside the door, and the next moment Sir James rapped. James rapped. "Come in," said Miriam in a faltering

"It's not bad out," said Sir James, as he entered the room, "so will you come, Mir-

"Yes, in a mongent," she answered, "Ford, give me my hat and cloak."
"Has Ford got her letter?" asked Sir "Yes, sir, thank you," said Ford, smiling

also.

But Miriam said nothing. She hastily put on her hat and cloak, and went out with Sir James, and Ford also speedily attired herself for walking. Then she sought out her young gillie, and learned from him the

distance to Strathloe. He offered to escort her part of the way, as he also, he said, was going on his rounds down by the side of the loch. This exactly suited Ford, who always liked company it she could get it. In the meanwhile Sir James and Miriam were inspecting the kennels, and having the horses trotted out. The day had improved, and the sun presently broke through the 'It's quite fine isn't it?" said Sir James;

"would you like a drive this afternoon 'No, I think not," answered Miriam. "I

think I will write to Joan and to my mother this afternoon, if you don't mind. Sir James looked a little disappointed You must just do as you like, he said. "but have you not time to do both." "I am afraid not." "Weil then, in that case, I will ride over

to see Harry Duncan, at Rowan; he's an old chom of mine, and I should like to see him again before I leave here."
"And where is Rowan?" asked Miriam.
"Rowan Castle? Oh, it's about eight

miles from here, but I'll be back in time for

Miriam suppressed a little sigh of relief. This was the opportunity she had hoped for, and then after to-day there would be no more secrets, no more fears. Her spirits, therefore, rose, and Sir James caught the infection. They talked and walked to-gether until the luncheon hour, and then ent into the house, both smiling. Lady MacKennon received them without a

"I am going over this afternoon, mother, to see harry Duncan," Sir James said presently. "Have you any message for Mrs. Duncan."

"You can give her my regards," answered the downger. "And are you going also to Rowan?" she asked, looking at Miriam. "No; I am going to write letters," said Miriam.

Lady MacKennon said nothing more. She

finished her luncheon and then retired to her own sitting room upstairs She was suspicious; she resolved to watch Miriam; but she gave no hint of this to her son. Sin James lingered chatting to Miriam, and it was nearly 2:30 o'clock which he finally rang for his horse to be brough; round. He kissed Miriam tenderly before ne left her. "I wish you were going with me, darl-

any other day I sh II be very pleased to go with you anywhere."

"That's all right. Give my love to them at Tyeford, and I hope your letter will find Mrs. Conra, much better. And now goodby. Take care of yourself until I come back," and he took her hand and held it clasped

fe. a few moments in his own. "In what direction is Rowan Castle?" asked Miriam, as he did so.
"On the other side of the loch. You can-

not see the road from here for the hills. Do you see that point there?" and he led her "I will ride round the head se loch there, and then across the hills van. Well, goodby again, darling." more he kissed her and then left and a groom was holding his for him to mount outside. bed him go, and then with a

window and went

own bedroom. There she

it's plain to see he is a gentleman, and later he saw a female figure isque from the half-past three, and he gave me a sovereign. "Yes; and did he look well?" "He's a fine, handsome man," replied Ford, in the tone of a connoisseur on manly

beauty, "but he looked sorrowful; I noticed he'd a sad smile."

"Poor fellow," sighed Miriam.
"Sir James has ridden out for the after-noon, Donald told me, or at least that he was going," continued Ford. "He has gone," said Miriam, and then

vaguely out on the darkening waters of th loch, for the sky was overcast again, and its shadows gloomed the scene.

CHAPTER XXII. THE LAST SIGNAL But now let us follow Sir James as he

rose briskly round the head of the loch, and then entered a picturesque defile besoon completely hid the house at Kintore from his view. But he was thinking very tenderly of the fair young wife he had left behind there. He was angry with himself that even for a moment he had allowed his mother's instinuations to darken his mind. It should never be so again he told himself. He trusted her, and he would trust her always, and, please God, no shadows should ever come between them.

He looked up and smiled as he came to this resolution; looked up the sides of the day. tween some rugged precipitous cliffs, which "And he is so good," she thought, re-pentingly. "but it's the last time—the last from his view. But he was thinking very

clumps of tall fir trees grew, while higher up—overhanging, indeed, in several places—were smaller groups of oak birch, mountain ash and hazel. Sir James knew this pass well, had known it from his boyhood, heritance which had come to him from his father, before he had been left a fortune by his wealthy uncle. And he was prouder of these old hills than he was of the new wealth; proud of their beauty and of the romantic legends and tales which clung to them as a birthright. Sir James had had an oln Highland nurse in his childhood, and she had told him many a stirring story of the old days, before she herself had been borne away to sleep in the little kirkyard

among the hills.

He remembered her as he quitted the defile and he smiled again. He was thinking that he should have liked this quaint old woman to have seen Miriam. Then some of her superstitions and her strange readings treacherous moss which had nearly hidden it. Sir James examined the horse's injuries and saw at once that the idea of proceeding to Rowan Castle on the animal was now impossible. He had, indeed, fallen dead lame, and there was nothing to do but to get him to a stable as soon as possible. Sir James thought of trying to get him back to for him, went out to meet him.

him than he began to lead his limping horse very slowly and quietly in the direction of Strathloe. It took him some time to reach the village, and when at last he did so, he went straight to the inn. He was nearly at the open door when there passed out of it a tall fine looking man, who, however, ap-parently did not see him, but turned the other way, and went toward a narrow path which would lead him to the side of the

But Sir James had seen his face, and something in it-its remarkable regularity and the clear darkness of the skin—struck him as being familiar to him. But a mo-ment later all the hangers on about the inn, the ostler, and presently the landlord, were his horse. The farrier was sent for, and while Sir James was waiting for his arrival, he asked the landlord who the gentleman

was who had just left the inn door.
"He's called Mr. Dare, sir," the landlard "and he arrived here to stay yesterday; I take him to be an army gentle

"Dare!" repeated Sir James, wondering where he had heard the name and seen the face, and then it suddenly flashed back to his memory. He was the soldier he had seen at Newbrough on-the Sea: the soldier who had been shot on the sands, and whose life Miriam was supposed to have saved.

A strange feeling stole into Sir James' heart, a feeling which made him somewhat indifferent to the farrier's opinion as to the injuries of his horse.
"What was the man doing here? Why

was he dressed like a gentleman?" And then he also recollected that several people at Newbrough-on the-Sea had believed his be one. Sir James bit his lips and pulled his mustache, and then agreed that his stables and attended to. After this he asked the landlord another question about

"Did he say where he came from, land-

"No, Sir James, he did not; but I take it that it was frae England, for a lass brough a note for him here this morning and wad gie' it into his ain hand and some o' the folks said the lass was frae Kintore." Sir James said nothing more; he pu

some money into the landlord's hand, told him to see after the horse, and that he would send a groom up to look after him, and ther he strode away, going down the narrow pathway which the stranger had taken, and which led toward the borders of the loch. As he reached the head of this pathway he saw the man, whom he believed to be the soldier Dare, going on before him. All the country round was familiar to Sir James, and he walked on, the tall form in front preceding him with hasty tootsteps. Sir James saw him reach the border of the loch;

saw him begin to pass down by its side, and still he went on. Another mile would bring him in sight of Kintore. "Was he goin Sir James asked himself with a fierce throb at his heart. "I will see, at all events," he under his breath. So he stalked the man for the next half hour. He did not follow him directly by the border of the loch. At a little distance from 1t, and beyond it, there was a low range of hills, skirted by dark fir trees, and behind these Sir James gloomily walked on, keeping the man before him always in view. He had a field glass with him, as near Rowan Castle there was a deer forest, and Sir James had thought

when he had ridden out that perhaps he and his friend Mr. Duncan might have a chance of sighting the herd. He unslung this glass now, but he scarcely needed it. see him very plainly. He went on and on; on until he came in sight of the house at Kintore; until he neared it, and then he

Sir James stopped too. He raised his field glass; he looked at the house, and as he did this he distinctly saw something white waved from one of the upper windows. Then

he half laughed. "What a fool I have been," he thought "it is that little idlot Ford, Miriam's maid who has an intrigue with this fellow, and h has come to Scotland to see her—as i Miriam—"then he raised his glass again the handkerchief was still waving, and Sir James began counting the windows, and saw the white signal floating from one of the windows of Miriam's room. A sort of faintness came over him; and yet he still told himself it was folly. Of

course it was Ford, but he would watch and see. The man by the loch-side remained standing, and then Sir James saw him wave his handkerchief also! It was the answer-ing signal; no doubt the next thing he would see would be Ford coming from the

handsome, and he read the note and said he would walk down by the loch side at half-past three, and he gave me a sovereign." side. A female figure! Sir James' hand shook so it was few moments before he could steady his field-glass sufficiently to bear upon this female form. When he did so he started; gave a suppressed cry, and his face bianched. It was not the smarthitle figure of Ford, the lady's maid, but the tall, slender, graceful one of Miriam,

> Of Miriam! It was a terrible and bitter Of Miriam! It was a terrible and bitter blow, and smote through Sir James' heart like a sharp sword. For a short time he stood overwhelmed, motionless, and then little by little, like a man in a bad dream, the past rose in a grim vista before nim. His mother's story of General Conray's visit, the dead lover, supposed to be slain by the man she had loved! Onlit was hor-rible too boardship this was the aby innoby the man she had loved! On! it was nor-rible, too horrible—this was the shy, inno-cent girl, so fair, so modest, that he had gathered to his breast! The woman receiv-ing letters addressed to her maid, and mak-ing excuses to remain at home, and then stealing out in secret from her husband's

should ever come between them.

He looked up and smiled as he came to this resolution; looked up the sides of the deep gorge where he then was, where dense and stood there handelasped, looking into

each other's eyes!

A curse broke from Sir James' lips; a curse so loud and bitter that it seemed to rend the man's heart in twain. Still he watched them. They turned, they walked together side by side, by the waters of the darkening loch. Then they stopped, and again their hands clasped. After awhile they walked on once more, going in the direction from which the man bad come, and

away from Kintore. Sir James turned also. Step by step, he on the rugged hillside, they by the loch, the three went on. They went nearly as far as the village of Strathloe; close to the Glen of Strathloe, and then they stopped; and the man took her in his arms and pressed

her to his breast. Their lips met, and then the pale stern watcher turned away.

It was all over, it had needed but this. A great darkness fell upon his soul, and hatred for the woman whom he believed had woman to have seen Miriam. Then some of her superstitions and her strange readings of dreams and warnings passed through his mind. He was riding a fine, spirited, young grey horse, and as the roadway grew less narrow he slackened his hold on the reins. Presently he reached some grass-land, and as he proceeded leisurely on suddenly his horse stumbled and fell. He had put his foot into a rabbit-hole, and came down a somewhat bad fall, bringing Sir Janes with him. But Sir Janes was not her before he had gone out and she had James with him. But Sir James was not burt, and was up again in a minute; but it was not so with the poor horse. In falling he had cut his knees against a piece of grey granite stone, which had been partly invisible from the like a madman; the blood surged to his had seemed to be a madman; the blood surged to his had seemed to be a madman; the blood surged to his had seemed to be a madman; the blood surged to his had seemed to be a madman; the blood surged to his had seemed to be a madman; the blood surged to his had seemed to be a madman; the blood surged to his had seemed to be a madman; the blood surged to his had seemed to be a madman; the blood surged to his had seemed to be a madman to the had kissed the bed and the mad kissed the bed a shyly returned his kiss, and now she was a ship of the had gone out, and she had shyly returned his kissing another man. Her lips were foul for ever more; the lying lips that had seemed to be a madman to be a madm is moss which had nearly hidden is moss which had nearly hidden imes examined the horse's injuries to noe that the idea of proceeding Castle on the animal was now imhe had, indeed, fallen dead there was nothing to do but to a stable as soon as rossible. Sir the hall his mother, who had been watching

Kintore, but quickly remembered that be was nearer to the village of Strathloe by at least a mile, and that a farrier lived there, and that he could be put up at the stable of the little inn.

And no sconer had this thought struck him then be began to lead his limited by the stable of the little inn.

And no sconer had this thought struck him then be began to lead his limited by the stable of the little inn.

vinced, for some secret purpose, it is your He pulled his arm roughly from her hand.
"I do not need you to tell me," he said
darkly, and then, without another word, he left her, left her and went up stairs to his

dressing-room, and sat there in his misery "He has found her out," thought Lady MacKennon, with somber satisfaction; "she

has played with fire too long." But now let us go back for a brief while to the two who had met by the loch; to the two who had once loved each other so well; but those lives had been rent apart by sin Ferrars with a sinking heart; had gone, feeling that to do so was to a certain extent wronging the generous man who completely trusted her. But it was for the last time she told herself, and then she must think of Joan; must save Hugh Ferrars if she could. So she had given the signal-the las signal-and had gone down to the lone loch side. There was not a living creature to be seen, where the water lapped on the shore along a wide expanse, but one. She saw the tall figure standing, and her heart beat fast and her breath came short. Then he approached her, and they met with clasped ids almost in silence. It was Hugh

Ferrars who spoke first. "I thank you for granting my last re quest," ne said.
"And you are going at once, Hugh?" said
Miriam, eagerly looking up in his face.
"You will make no delay, but leave Eng-

land at once." "I am going at once," he answered slowly.
"I have brought the money," continued
Miriam. "Two hundred pounds. That
will take you abroad; and if you want any

"I do not want any more, dear, nor that, said Hugh Ferrars, with strange gentleness as Miriam paused and besitated. "But Hugh, you must require money-d

"I cannot take it. I have as much as "But how can that be? Oh! Hugh, I have suffered such agonies of fear since General Conray came; poor, poor Joan, is it not a terrible thing that her mind should have wandered as it did?"

"I cannot pity her; but for her, we might have been happy now, instead of about—to part forever."
"Still it is very sad," said Miriam, and
her eyes filled with tears.
"Sad for us; she wrecked our lives, and left us nothing but misery-at least, she

"But, but this may change; you are going to begin a new life in a new land, let us hope it will be a brighter one."
"No!" said Hugh Ferrars, briefly and bitterly.

"Ohl yes, we must hope," continued Miriam, pleadingly. "Let us walk on a little, Hugh, and tell me of your plans?" 'I have none. "But you know where you are going?" "No, not even that."
"Oh, Hugh, please do not talk thus; I should go to Australia if I were you and

take some land there.' "Yes," said Hugh Ferrars, with a melan choly smile. He was pale and worn, and his singularly handsome features seemed sharpened, and Miriam looked up in his face with her heart

full of pity, and with an unconscious wave her heart. He seemed to understand this, for he took her hand, and for a moment or two they stood in silence, vaguely watching the water lapping on the marge.

"We loved each other very well," he said "Yes, but-but, we must not speak of it ow-you must think of me as a sister, as a friend," answered Miriam, struggling with "No, I shall always think of you as my

"Oh, Hugh!" "It will be perhaps only for a little time that we shall be separated; a little space of

"No, no," said Miriam, quickly, "we must never meet again, Hugh, this must be our last meeting."
"Yes, on earth; but that is not for ever. "You-you must forget me."
"I never shall." But, Hugh, it is wrong; it is wicked

me to let you talk thus—you forget—"
"No, I do not forget. You are Sir Jan MacKennon's wife, but marriage does not make love, and your love is mine." [To be continued next Sunday.]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, endorsed by p hy

BLACK BELT BELIEFS. Odd Superstitions That Obtain Among

VISIT TO A COLORED SCHOOL Characteristic Speech by an Ex-Slave That Closed With a Prayer.

the Negroes of Alabama.

DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION

COORSESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR ! SELMA, ALA., July 28. HE sunlight is to the earth, after a period of darkness, what superstition is to the Southern negro. In it he seems to 'live, move and have his

being." Even Ben, my faithful guide and storehouse of knowledge, is steeped in it. For some days he has not appeared to be himselt, and upon inquiry I learn that "de ole red mule done lose her shoe in de cotton patch," and that is a sign that Ben will not be successful in

selling the cotton products in the fall. "Fie, fie, Ben, do not be so superstitious; that can't hurt you any. The idea of believing such a sign! "Well, chile, yo' shuh doan know nothin"

about it. Is yo' superstitious?" "No, Ben," I replied, and blushed at the fib. Would it do him any good to know that I had one or two pet "signs" which I cherished and believed in implicitly? He would not understand that to me supersti-

tion was "the poetry of life." "Doan yo' know I'm a Joseph, honey?" continued Ben; "an' would yo' know some of my signs? Yo' better write 'em down in yo' little book," and I obeyed him. The Nails in a Horseshos.

"When yo' pick up a horseshoe an' it has

nails in it yo' will sure have sickness in yo' fam'ly; if de nails am gone it means luck, but yo' mus' hang it up.
"When yo' house is full of mice or rate yo' must write a letter to de mice and tell



Natts in the Shoe Mean Sickness.

them wa' ter go. If dey doan go at once write another letter and dey sure will go." "But, Ben, the reason they go is because you are closing the holes, and they must

starve or go somewhere else."
"Chile, jes' keep quiet. I sure know moh' about it than yo'. When the house is hanted, an' de 'hant' dress in white, yo' mus' cut a lock of hair from de first nigger yo' meet an' put it over de front door. Ef lard and say: 'De Lawd He put de debbil in de swine an' I done send de debbil in de lard, fo' swine and lard mus' evil spirits keep, but de Lawd He save de chile."

"But, Ben-"
"When yo' dream of a coffin yo' will heah yo' friend is married to yo' lover, but it yo' see de corpse yo' will marry him self. When yo' scour a flo' always turn o' bucket to de right; it save you many When de debbil come in de sich room, burn de bed and yo'll have a live man ter keep."
"Ben, don't you——" "When de white lady ask too many ones

tions and 'rupt pore Ben he won't say any

and with this quaint bit of wisdom he ended his seeming soliloquy. A Daughter of the Revolution. How sorry I was that I had interrupted him. I coaxed him to continue, but he was not to be coaxed. That evening we were all sitting on the veranda when Ben said:
"Who is de daughters of Revolution yo talk so much about?" and we each gave our view of the question and explained it simply, so that he would understand.

simply, so that he would understand.

"An' must yo' prove that yo' ancestors fought? I sure believe my old woman is one of de daughters. Her gran'father, Massa S—, wa' a General in de wah. He sure fought in de Rebolution; he sure wa' killed at de Bunker Hill."

"Are you very sure about it, Ben; very ery sure? How did she come to be so far "Someone carried her mother heah. Yo"

com' ter de cabin an' ask de ole woman yo'self; she knows." Again Ben had innocently raised a perplexing question. His wife, the quadroon and ex-slave, could boast of aristocratic blood. This woman, this negress, was the grandehild of a man whom the colonists loved and admired—a daughter of the Revolution! No, No! Her black blood, the negro blood, forbids that, and yet what rony of fate brands this woman a negress and counts her three-fourths of white blood as nothing? Is it not strange? What inequalities of life in a land where all men e declared free and equal. What black and clouded skies for some, what brilliancy and sunshine for others! Martyrdom and freedom go hand in hand. Time must solve

A Visit to a Black Belt School, Ben has taken us all to the village school What humble boys and giris we see. As we go into the room the pupils lay down their well-thumbed spelling books and look at us in amazement. The "professor" tells at us in amazement. The "professor" to us to be sented and continues the lesson.

"Sydney C—give a sentence containing conjunctive adverb." Sydney rises, and with quivering lips re-plies: "O, the sun is running around the globe and I'm so cold."
"Give another," says Ben. (The professor has told us to question his pupils).
"The heavens declare the glory of God

and Birmingham is a great city," replies Sydney, now thoroughly frightened. I look around the barroom and copy the uestions and answers that are upon the lackboard: bones or articulation ore those joint at wich tow (2) borns play on each other, come n contact, muscle are commonly cold flesh

r meat moses or red mas. Blood is a read liquaint called vertebre. Digestion goes through a canal call aspa-gues into a pouch call stomach. Name two kinds of blood. Thick and thin, warm and cold, red and

ellow. How is the air received into the body? The air is received first by the throat, nters the boddy to a spungy bulk in our oddies call lites.

The organ of circulation is the nose.

Circulation is caused by the circulation While I am musing upon the possibilities and the future of these urchins before me I hear the teacher say: "We will now hear ome remarks from our visitors." How the changes ring in the gamut of fear. Even while I think I am called upon to speak. Don't ask me what I said, some-

and am suddenly disconcerted when a pick-aninny says: "I know dat; Joseph was a pritty man an' his brethren sheep heada." "So am I" is my inward thought, and I sit down. The others of the party make brief addresses and then Ben comes for-ward. I take a pencil from my pocket and slyly copy his remarks.

Old Ben Makes a Speech. Chillen, yo' sure should be proud to live and go ter school. When I wa's boy like yo', I used ter get a lash instead of the spellin' book. Yo' should be glad to be in America, and, niggers the yo' be, yo' is as surely American as anyone else in it. See what a fine city we live in; we has a bank in this city, we is. We are a great people. Yo' must be good boys and girls, with hearts large enough to grasp de whole worl'; yo' must hab sympathy fo' de fall'n an' de lowly. Fo'get yo'self and live fo' others an'

in others.

Yo' nebber saw yo' poor ole mammy tied and lashed. Yo' nebber heard de houn's bay at night while yo' knelt at her knee an' tried to say "Our Father," Yo' nebber heard



de cry of de un'ortunit creature. Yo' hab nebber bin sold to de highest bidder. Pore Ben remembers well de fusttim' he wa' sold. He were free in soul tho' called brute; free in thought tho' called ignorant. I've heard yo' spell, an' it fill my soul with joy. It make pore Ben glad ter know his boys and girls can read and write. And then, leaning forward, he prayed for

them and theirs. What a simple prayer it was—the very a, b, c's! And yet who knows but in His sight it was more acceptable than others that are more magnificent? Ben's prayer was from the heart.

They Know About Pittsburg Iron. On our arrival home the mail is dis-tributed. I find but one letter for myself and that, too, from a stranger. Imagine my joy and delight when I find it is from one of the girls I met when at the "old Stack house." One sentence in it is amusing and pathetic: "Pap is goin' to marry agin fo' the third time. I'm glad, fo' I'll has a manmy, Amen. My granma is dead. Write and cumfurt me. Yours truly lover,

I show Ben the letter and he says: "Chile, I doan understand dat letter. She isn't yo' lover, is she? Now, doan look cross. Yo' is a mighty little woman, but yo' sure has a heap in yo' eye. Lawd, chile, yo' eyes sure look sparka." "And are you afraid of me, Ben?"

"Lawd no, honey. Women folks can't frighten Ben." Dear old Ben! you are as wise as a ser-pent! Women folks don't frighten any-body. They are two sweet, lovely and loveable for that, and I tell Ben all about body. They are two sweet, lovely and loveable for that, and I tell Ben all about our noble qualities, true worth and prove to him that we are treasures. Even while I speak I notice a queer twinkle in Ben's eyes and when I finish he says; "I sure am glad yo' think so; I saked one of de boys how he would like yo' for his teacher and he said: 'Ben, I thank my God I'm not one of her provide for the would not take effect until November, and at present the only class which had enjoyed the rare sensation of an increase in the rate of pay was the bricklayers. These had just "gone up" from ninepence an hour to ninepence of her provide for the trades generally the new scale would not take effect until November, and at present the only class which had enjoyed the rare sensation of an increase in the rate of pay was the bricklayers. These had just "gone up" from ninepence an hour to ninepence of her years and in the survey and the rare of pay was the bricklayers. These had just "gone up" from ninepence an hour to ninepence and the rare of pay was the bricklayers. These had just "gone up" from ninepence and her are treasures. Even while in Ben's the rare sensation of an increase in the rare of pay was the bricklayers. These had just "gone up" from ninepence and her are treasures. Even while in Ben's the rare sensation of an increase in the rare of pay was the bricklayers. These had just "gone up" from ninepence and her are treasures. Even while in Ben's the rare sensation of an increase, save only in a single instance, was not an actual, but merely a prospective one.

tougher than pig iron."

I have nothing more to say! O, thou Smoky City, how great is thy influence—even here in this Southland, this Eden, this gardenland! I feel it and like the Arabs-I shall told my tent and steal away. MISS JO NARY.

A STORY ABOUT BEECHER.

Noted Divine Spent His in the Outer World. Upon the afternoon that the dear church parlor was elegant with the so much needed enlargement, and the carpet, which Mr. Beecher had selected, on the floor, and new furniture all in, nothing seemed wanted but a new mantel over the simulated freplace, which I was commissioned to select, writes Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in her concluding paper on "Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him," in the August Ladies Home Journal, I greatly desired Mr. Beccher's help in doing this, but his work on "The Life of Christ," was now progressing so fairly that I disliked to ask him to go with me, as I knew before we would be suited it might occupy a large portion of the day. But in the evening he inquired how much more of the work on the parlor I should expect to do. I told him, adding, "If your work did not need all your time I should ask your aid in selecting the mantel. made no reply. That was sufficient, and I understood that he could not go with me.

But the next morning at breakfast he gravely asked: "Have you ordered the "For what?" I asked. "Didn't you order me to go with you to select that mantel, and did I ever disobey

your orders?" And to my relief he went On this, his last day in the outer world we spent most of the time looking through furniture stores, and were successful in our In this last blessed ride together I never

knew him so inclined to talk when riding, or in such a tender happy frame of mind; everything he spoke of seemed golden col-Once he said laughing: "I'm glad you made me take this ride. I have been working so steadily for a day or two my head feels tired, but this ride quite brightens me

SNAKES WITH LONG LIFE. After the Frozen Reptiles Had Been Heat

Up They Became Very Lively.

The tenacity of life possessed by snakes s very wonderful, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Last winter some men were digging a well out in the county and close to the Meramec, when they came on a cavity in the ground which contained a nest of snakes. The weather was bitter cold and the snakes were apparently dead. They were all blacksnakes and harmless, a the men loaded them into the bucket and sent them to the top, just for a curiosity.

They were thrown out on the ground and many sticks. Their bodies became so brittle with the frost that in handling them several were broken like icicles. One of the men when he went home at night took two or three of the largest along to frighten his wife. He succeeded very well, and, leav-ing the snakes on the floor in the kitchen before the fire, sat down to eat his supper, forgetting all about them.

While the meal was in progress his wife, who had left the room, suddenly gave a terrific scream that made him jump up in a panic and run to see what was the matter. As he opened the kitchen door she fell against him, almost fainting with fright, and too badly scared to tell what ailed her. He soon found out, for on going in he at first thought he "had 'em again," for the room seemed full of snakes. Warmed by the genial glow of the kitchen fire the frozen snakes had come to life and were coursing round the room with soul-chilling

energy.

He did not care to tackle the job of killing them there, so he pushed the outer door open and they soon found their way out, and had not gone a hundred yards before thing about Cinderella and being good chil-dren. They must pardon my abruptness.

I never made a speech, in fact wasn't pre-pared. Then I get to talking about Joseph

again, no matter how hard frozen.

WAGES OF BUILDERS.

A First-Class Bricklayer Earns Ten Dollars a Week in London.

THE OTHER TRADES WORSE PAID.

Opinion of a Young Labor Leader of the Whitechapel District.

ENGLAND'S HOPE IS IN ITS BOYS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE 1 LONDON, July 29. - To read in the papers that a contractor for the erection of a long stretch of buildings in this city has just been granted an increase upon bis bid amounting to the snug sum of £500, for the alleged reason that there had recently been an all round increase in wages among the various classes of workmen he was employing, seemed to be so unusual and so very refreshing an item of news that I at once marked it for further investigation. What made this instance all the more re-markable was that the concessions had come from a London vestry, our previous observations having fully convinced us that of all the numerous forms of local mis-government by means of which, the in different sections of this metropolis, the poor are oppressed, and ill-paid labor is ground as between the upper and nether millstones, the vestry, in any prize show of things un popular and odious, would have an easy walkover for the blue ribbon. Personified, the Vestry means bumble, and bumble, to the Londoner, is a synonym for fussiness, and petty oppression. Vestry wages in most parishes are a positive scandal.

A long week of hard toil on the streets is ompensated at Greenwich, we are told, by the pittance of 20 shillings, and the rate is only a little higher elsewhere. But here was an instance in which apparently some good had come out of the vestry. It was the Battersea Vestry, by the way—that sec-tion of London which had Just done another good thing in the return of Mr. John Burns as a labor representative to Parliament. Possibly these two events were not merely coincident, but were related to each other logically, and it may be that both were prophetic of the dawning here before long of a veritable workingman's era.

The Increase Was Not Very Large. But that feature of this vestry incident But that feature of this vestry incident which I judged would specially interest readers in America was the statement that there had just been an increase of wages in all branches of the building trade. Thus I found myself before long within the inclosure at Battersea, where the new Town Hall and parochial offices were going up, and from the manager, who received me quite civilly and spoke as though he had nothing to conceal, I readily obtained the information which follows.

It was true that Mr. Wallis, the contractor, had been granted an additional sum of

or, had been granted an additional sum of money over and above the price at which the job was taken, and it was also a fact that the grant had been made in view of an unforeseen increase in wages, but this in-crease, save only in a single instance, was not one of her pupils, for she would be to a rise of 1 cent, and in the summer week to gher than pig iron."

I have nothing more to say! O, thou Smoky City, how great is thy influence—

amount they take home to support the tamily upon. Roughly speaking, therefore, the weekly earnings of a first-rate bricklayer in London, providing he works full time, are \$10 since the rise, as against \$9 50 before. In winter, of course, both hours and pay suffer a diminution. At that season, when living is at its highest, he would get probably less than \$9 for a full week, even under the recent increase, and when i is remembered that if he finds only the apology of a dwelling within the populous districts of London his rent will cost him \$2 50 or \$3 a week, and that he will have to pay about 32 cents a hundredweight for coal, and 10 cents for a 3½-pound loaf, with meat of every kind still higher in propor-tion, the lot of this skilled and worthy laborer will have figured itself out to be any

thing but a sumptuous or even a happy Nine Dollars a Week an Average. Notwithstanding this, however, the Lor don bricklayer is better off in the amount of wages he gets than any other workers in the building trade, with two exceptions only. These are plumbers and what are called stone fixers. It is proverbial of the former stone fixers. It is proverbial of the former in our own country that they walk off with the best plum in the labor pie, and they seem to do the same over here. Yet how little is this prize worth after all, when both plumbers and stone fixers must work 52½ hours a week to pocket on Saturday the meager sum of about \$10 50! The superior wages which these get is sometimes earned also by plasterers, but the general run of the latter fall a dollar below that figure. The scale for masons, carpenters and slaters The scale for masons, carpenters and slaters is ninepence an hour. Painters get eight reace an hour. For such kinds of labor as pence an hour. For such kinds of labor a scaffolding, hoisting and handling of timber sixpence ha'penny an hour is paid, and for other grades of common labor only sixpence Such at least were the figures given by the manager at the buildings visited in Battersea, and the best proof that they are not lower than are actually paid is the fact that the contractor for this work had just been voted an increase on his bid, solely, as the papers alleged, in view of the increased di-mensions of his pay roll. Perhaps, indeed, on this very account the scale of wager given above might reasonably be discounted s little. But however that may be, the contrast between these and American wages in the same lines of trade will be suffi ciently apparent for all practical purposes, and it will be evident, also, from the tacts given in this and in former letters, that this difference does not begin to be made up to the poorly paid British workman—in spice of the popular theory to that effect—by any

advantage he may enjoy in the gost of living. Saturday Evening in Whitechapel. From Battersea let us go to Whitechapel The name suggests at once lonthsome, mysterious and still unpunished crimes. But it is also synonymous with grinding poverty, with ill paid labor, with the tragic battle of the masses for subsistence, with rags and vice, with drink and ever gnawing hunger. the vulgar occupation of "slumming," there is plenty to be seen in Whitechapel. of visitors go there every day and every night merely to view the localities of the late ood curdling murders, and others go to ree their imaginations in a so-called study of the degrading social conditions which made

atrocities of that sort possible.

My own visit was made for a better pur pose, and perhaps, for that reason, I saw things with more hopeful vision. It was Saturday evening and not yet dark. I did not penetrate into the courts and alleys, and candor compels me to report that what I saw on the principal thoroughfares was pleasing rather than otherwise. The appearance of the people was no worse than that of the average Saturday night crowd in the poorer districts of London. One thing which specially struck me was the large number of well dressed Hebrews, with "their wives, cousins and aunts," who were on parade. Perhaps these representatives of a long favored race looked all the more attractive from the poverty and supposed disreputableness of their surroundings. Bu they were very pleasant to see, and the fact which accounted for their holiday looks and airs of leisure, viz., that religious princi-ple was sufficiently vital with a certain class of its leading merchants to secure a uspension of business and a putting up of hutters against gain on the best business night of the week even in sordid, strug-

forded us, as we reflected upon it, sensa tions which were still more pleasant. A Young Leader of Labor.

roundings where it is much needed. We have an engagement here with Mr. W. G. Pearson, a prominent lecturer on social topics, a leading official in the Dockers' Union and a member of the Executive Committee of the London Trades Council. He meets us in the Library, a trim, darkeyed young fellow of about 30, and as we adjourn for conversation to the court. eyed young fellow of about 30, and as we adjourn for conversation to the court-yard of the hall he waves with pardonable pride a hand still horny with the hard work it does, and says of the stately pile about us, "This is my Alma Mater." He is a man who has risen from the ranks and yet is still in the ranks. With no chance at all to get a day school education, he has attended lectures and classes at Toyphee to get a day school education, he has attended lectures and classes at Toynbee Hall, and has so employed his evenings in its splendid reading room that now he can speak with the best, and is more than fit to hold a conversation on almost any subject with Her Majesty. He is often chosen to interview political leaders, and it was but recently that he was "talking back" at Gladstone. Still, however, does he toil as a common docker, and he lives on dockers' wages. He prefers to do this, because his aim in life being to lift up his fellow laborers, he believes he can accomplish this better by staying with them on their own hard level of toil and pay.

This gentleman confirmed what had been previously told me of the life and wages of the toilers on the Thames by Mr. Quelch. Their pay is nominally at the rate of sixpence ha penny and seven pence an hour, but, leaving out the many who hardly ever get anything to do, their average weekly

get anything to do, their average weekly earnings will not exceed 10 shillings.

Enough for a Single Man's Living.

He himself, by working when he could, would hardly average more than 18 shillings (\$4 50) a week. Having no one to care for but himself he managed to get along on that, but could not conceive how those lived who had families. Far out from the center of London small dwellings of four rooms might be had, he said, for six and suxpence a week, but the railroad fare even on workmen's trains would add to that a shilling or more, and in Loudon itself it would be hard indeed to get a house for less than 11 shillings a week. As we sat there in the lings a week. As we sat there in the twilight of Toynbee court yard, Mr. Pearson discoursed eloquently and with moving pathos upon the awful lot of the London laborers. He was not orthodox in the churchly sense, he said, yet his work in their behalf he looked upon as the most religious work he could engage in. The mass of the men themselves moved only in great labor struggles like so many automatons. They seemed more pay and grindtons. They accepted poor pay and grind-ing want as their natural inheritance, and not only did not know how to go to work to get anything better, but for the most part were so utterly without spirit and ordinary human ambition, that they hardly aspired

after anything better.

By this time a squad of Whitechapel boys had gathered in the court, and one of the Toynbee instructors were putting them, with somewhat comical results, through the said Mr. Pearson, pointing to this squad of gamins, "There is our hope for the final emancipation of labor in London. Those boys look rough, but they are going to school, to our ever progressing public schools in this city. They are learning of things about which their fathers know nothing, and are being fitted to live in surroundings as different from those at present to be ound by laboring people as paradise differs from hades. The Boys Will Have Their Rights.

nothing better for such men as they will become than to turn them out on the streets to fight for a crust? Or, if it should have othes," I interpe ed, and then he becs very personal and interesting. "For this coat and vest, I paid 36 shillings, and for

"Will the Government," he said, "have

This made a total of a little below \$13, and as well as we could see, our judgment would be that you could match the suit in ready-mades" in any town in America at a figure not much, if any, above that. The darkening night, which admonished us that our interview must soon close, seemed to scatter our thoughts among London's toilers promiscuously, and from what Mr. Pearson said I jotted down that ordi-

he trousers 14 shillings."

would get about the same, and girls assist-ing in stores from 12 to 14 shillings. Street ar men, he said, made about 24 shillings a week and were on duty 13 hours a day. And a shilling is only a little more than 25 HENRY TUCKLEY. CREEPING MALARIA.

shillings a week: that men behind counters

INSTITUTES AND STRATERY IN ITS AP. PROACH, DEADLY AND UNYIELDING IN ITS GR 'SP.

REPORTED FOR THE PRESS. The onset of malaria is often so very indidions that it is quite difficult to detect the describable sensations of genuinely disa-greeable kinds. Chills and hot flashes of ery irregular duration and recurrence come and go without seeming cause. The hands and feet are usually cold and clammy. and the general tendency is to dryness and coldness of the skin of the whole body.

Among the symptoms to which this class of patients are liable, but not always

present, may be mentioned neuralgic head-ache, nervous chills, hysteria, sinking or faint spells, distressing palpitation of the heart, defective eyesight, total inability to read, write or do any business; urine abundant, without color, and loss of flesh. Melancholy feelings, a discouraged, listless state of mind, mental depression and constate of mind, mental depression and con-fusion of the mind, surely indicate the presence of malaria. This form is called malarial biliousness. For this "walking malaria," which neither puts one to bed nor allows him to work or study, Pe-ru-na should be taken as directed on the bottle. A course of Peru-na will entirely cleanse the system of every particle of the malarial poison. Therefore, if you have any kind of bad feeling which you attribute to malaria, by all means follow this treatment. It at once restores the appetite, clears the bestate of mind which malaria is sure to destroy. A thorough use of it will convince you of its wonderful power in all such cases. Pe-ru-na can be relied on to cure these cases and restore to perfect health as these cases and restore to perfect health as speedily as the chronic nature of the difficulty will allow. Should constipation exist at the same time Man-a-lin should be added. The Peru-ne tones up the nervous system and enriches the blood, giving strength and vitality, while Man-a-lin restores the activity of the excretory glands, enabling the system to rid itself & accumulated poison, bringing back to this most unfortunate class of invalids the flush and good feeling of perfect health. Directions ood teeling of perfect health. Directions

or use accompany each bottle.

For a complete treatise on malaria, chills

ARTIFICIAL RUBBER

It Can Be Made From Oil of Turpentine by an Acid Treatment.

It is Toynbee Hall we are seeking, a place of sweetness and light, an educa-tional center, planted, happily, as so many such places are now in this city, in sur-roundings where it is much needed. We SIMPLE TESTS FOR DIAMONDS.

> Are Least Doctored. NEW THINGS FOR DOMESTIC USE

Of All Imported Wines Those From Italy

About eight years ago the hydrocarbon "isoprene," which had previously been identified among the products of the destructive distillation of crude rubber, was discovered among the volatile compounds obtained by the action of moderate heat upon oil of turpentine. Isoprene can be reconverted into true elastic rubber by the action of strong acids such as muriatic. Dr. Tilden, who originally made the discovery referred to, not long ago produced from turpentine a quantity of isoprene, which, after being kept for a few weeks, became thick and syrupy, with lumps of hard, elastic substance floating in it. These lumps

every respect to the natural product and is susceptible of vulcanization. The discovery has been followed by experiments to ascertain the feasibility of manufacturing rubber from turpentine on a commercial scale. An interesting field for experiments has been opened up by this discovery, for if, as is possible, other resins are similarly susceptible of conversion into elastic compounds, products possessing properties of peculiar value may be developed, and in any case the dearth of rubber which has existed for some time in consequence of the wholesale destruction of rubber forests is likely to give no further

proved to be true rubber, and are supposed

o have been formed by the accidental pres-

ence of acetic or formic scid in the solution.

This rubber appears to be analogous in

MONEY IN RABBITS.

cause for alarm.

Australians Can Make More Killing the Animals Than by Farming.

The Government of New South Wales spends a large sum annually in the payment of royalities on the skins of rabbits killed, the aggregate royalties in the last seven years amounting to over \$4,000,000. A killer gets 2 cents a head royalty from the Govern-ment for willing the animal, the skin of which he can then sell at from 4 to 6 cents, and for the meat he can get from 2 to 4 cents and for the meat he can get from 2 to 4 cents from the canning factories. The skins are bale-pressed and exported to London. The skins, which are bought up in bulk in London by the hat manufacturers, are turned over to operators who pluck off the peit by hand, no suitable machinery for the purpose having yet been invented. A fine blue fur is then left on the pelt. The skin is then pareu away from the fur by muchinery so delicate that when the last paring is cut off the fur sometimes hangs in one flimy section. This is worked up into felt. It is hard to understand why American hatmakers do not import their skins direct from Australia, as they turn out probably not less than 65,000 hats every year, as against the 40,000 of the English manuacturers.

The Purity of Wine, It is questionable whether any wine containing over 13 per cent of alcohol is not "fortified" or "doctored." In strong ports and sherries from 16 to 25 per cent of alcohol used; in ciarets, hocks or other light come than to turn them out on the streets to fight for a crust? Or, if it should have nothing better than that for them, how long do you suppose they would stand it?"

This, we both felt, was a clincher, and our conversation turned in other directions. "About clothing," I suggested. "In Whitechapel," he replied, "every trade under the sun is carried on, and as to clothes, you can get a suit in Petticoat Lane to-morrow morning for a song, almost." "But respectable and well-wearing clothes," I interposed, and then he became wines, probably not more than 7 per greatly improve its character, but the Italian peasant is obstinately conservative. He will go on using the same vats from rear to year without ever thoroughly cleansing them, and will often mix all sorts of grapes together. The time during which the wine is let to ferment exercises also a great influence on its quality, and here again the peasant proprietor, with his small cellarage limits and his restricted capital, is as a disadvantage. He cannot afford to keep his wine long; he must turn it over and make it into cash. Of all Italian brands Chianti is most in request, and its superiority is due in a great measure to the quality of the grapes which grow on the spurs of the Apennines, where there is a great deat of sun and very little rain. It is not likely that the making of wine in the French sense will ever take root in Italy. The Italian has a great dread of what he calls "vino malifizato," or faisified wine, literally wine that has been made wine, literally wine that has been made greatly improve its

wine, literally wine that has been maintained. Genuine wine he calls "si nee: A device has been patented for the ready boiling of milk, tea, coffee, etc., which is peculiarly suited to the requirements of a nursery. The device, which consists of nursery. The device, which consists of winged plates connected together, their upper edges being flattened and extending as right angles to their vertical portions, can be attached to any lamp chimney. The lower edges of the plates are provided with notches or corrugations that constitute an extension which fits in the opening at the top of the chimney. The upper edges of the chimney fit in the notches in the edges of the plates and thus keep the appliance stendy. It can be placed on and removed from the chimney with rapidity, and does not interfere in the least with the illuminating qualities of the lamp.

Something About Diamonds Ample testimony has recently appeared in scientific papers confirmatory to the fact ceptibly reduced by cutting an 1 polishing. G. F. Kunz, who takes part in the discussion G. F. Kunz, who takes part in the discussion on this subject, mentioned incidentally that there is no difficulty in even the most inexperienced person distinguishing the real from the imitation diamond. It the stone scratches sapphire it is without doubt a diamond, whereas putting the gen into a fiame would not differentiate the diamond from the white topez, or the white zircon or the white supphire or the white supphire or the white supphire or the white supphire. the white sapphire or the white tourmalie, or any other white stone that is not fusible. But the ab-oute and most simple test for diamonds is to fraw the stone sharply over a piece of unpainted board in a dark room. Every diamond phosphoresees by friction.

Some means for the prevention of accients to workmen while grinding their tools new safety grindstone rest seems to fulfil new safety grindstone rest seems to fulfit the requirement of such an invention. The rest, which works backward and forward, is fixed parallel and in close proximity to the lace of the stone. When a tool is being ground the downward pressure holds the rest firmly, but in the event of the tool or one or more of the operator's fingers—owing to some irregularity of the surface of the stone—becoming drawn between the rest and the stone, the impulse of the operator is to draw his hand away. This causes the rest to fall away from the stone and release

An Improved Clothes Washer, Among late inventions for the improve ment of household appliances is a washing machine, the body of which is supported by machine, the body or which is supported by and oscilates on a suitable frame and is rocked by an upright handle, jointed at the center to facilitate packing. The bottom of the body is provided with a double floor, the lower being smooth, while the upper consists of alternate rollers and V shaped strips. As the body is oscilated, the clothes slip over the rollers and are drawn across the V shaped strips.

Flogging Among the Russians Flogging is so indispensable in Russia hat some inventor has perfected a machine which saves the human arm the infamous labor of blows. Under the flagellation of the muchine, taxes and arrears are to be-come speedily collectable. These latest truits of civilization catch the arms and feet, allowing the head to repose on a kind of Japanese pillow, while that portion of the body which is to be operated on is raised to a convenient position for the exe

and fever and fever and ague, send for the Family Physician No. 1. Sent free by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co., Colum-

Extracts From a Lecture at the Surgice Hotel, Columbus, O., by Dr. S. B. Hartnature of it until after it has fastened itself thoroughly in the system. Malaria often will pester a person for months without making him sick abed, but making him genuinely miserable—creeping rigors, coated tongue, appetite changeable, and many in-