MOBS OF A CENTURY.

The Bloody Riots That Have Occurred in This Free Land.

WASHINGTON'S HOUSE STORMED.

How the Keystone State Has Figured in the Record of Disorders.

CAUSES THAT LED TO UPRISINGS.

"This free country," says a writer in the New York World, "where law has always triumphed in the end, has seen many bloody mobs from the beginning of its his tory. Some of them are almost forgotten, and are worth recalling.

"One of the problems which beset the early politicians was the aggressive and brutal custom of England in impressing our seamen on the high seas. It so happened that about 1793, when the question of impressment was particularly agitating the public mind, England and France became engaged in open warfare. Washington decided upon a policy of neutrality. The general feeling in the United States, however, was with France. The tri-color represented liberty, and as such was popular

"At this juncture a florid, fat, fanatic Frenchman appeared in America as the ac-credited representative of France, or of the Girondists, who were uppermost at the time. Citizen Genet, as he was called, had a dangerous duty to perform. Secretly he proposed to get America to assist the French against England.

"Genet distributed a number of letters of marque and reprisal to such American ship's captains as his glowing offers of reward could allure into a system of piracy directed against Great Britain. The news came to official ears. Genet promptly de-nied his act of treason. He explained that the commissions were not given under au-thority of the French, but under seal of private French enterprise; but all this only made the matter worse. In due course the Luttle Democrat was fitted out as a pri-

Washington Threatened by a Mob.

"Genet came on to New York, where he met with an enthusiastic reception. A trusted official in the employ of the Government called on Citizen Genet and asked ernment called on Citizen Genet and asked an explanation of the fitting out of the Lit-tle Democrat. In wild rage the frate Frenchman threatened Washington, declar-ing that he would appeal from the President to the people. Mesars. Henfield and Sin-gleton, alleged pirates, were promptly ar-rested, and subsequently they were dis-charged. This was a new victory for Citi-zen Genet, who sat in the old Tontine coffee house. New York City, laughing gleefully. house, New York City, laughing gleefully, while outside from the flagstaff flaunted in the breeze the red cap of liberty and the French flag. He called the proposed piracy serving France. He said that the United States in prosecuting was guilty of 'the crime of abandoning triends.'

"A placard was carried through the streets "A placard was carried through the streets representing Washington on the guillotine. Excitement rose to such a pitch that for days fully 10,000 people stood under Washington's windows, before his house in Philadelphia, threatening to drag the President through the gutters. Washington was on the point of ordering Genet out of the country when word came that Genet's party had come to pieces in France. He was forced to gone to pieces in France. He was forced to abandon his mission to become a private American citizen.

Mobs in the Keystone State.

"Pennsylvania, the seat of many riots, was the first State in the Union to witness a general uprising. In March, 1799, the Germans of Eastern Pennsylvania resisted of the windows in their homes. A direct tax had been levied on window glass. Thirty citizens were arrested. They were conveyed to jail to await trial. Suddenly a body of horsemen, headed by one Fries, ap-peared, surrounded the prison and effected the release of the prisoners. The militia was promptly called out. The mob reigned for some days all through Northampton, Bucks and Montgomery counties. Fries was captured and placed on trial for treason. It was the first time such a charge had been pressed against a citizen of the United States. He was convicted, pleaded hard for a second trial, and was finally con-demned to death. At the last moment President Adams came forward with a pardon. For this he made many political ene-

mies.

'In Baltimore, August, 1891, the first blood was shed by a mob after the revolution. A newspaper of that city violently attacked President Jefferson's embargo, which stopped the foreign commerce of this country. One dark night a mob broke into the office of the paper, smashed the presses and sneked the building. In the course of the riot 11 men and women were ruthlessly who days.

shot down.
"The abduction of the poor Batavia bricklayer, William Morgan, is still surrounded with some mystery, but not the disorders which preceded it. Morgan had just been initiated into the secrets of Free Masonry. He was needy, and thought that he might make a little money by publishing some of

the 'secrets' of the order. As he had a turn at writing, his task was filled. In due course the manuscript was handed to a country printer.

country printer.

"The affair came to the ears of the local lodge. The Free Masons broke into the printing office, smashed the presses, stole the manuscript, and finally burned down the building. Morgan was brought to trial and finally discharged. After that he disappeared from the sight of men. The result was that other mobs rose and denounced Free Masonry all over the union. Morgan's

book was a feeble effort, after all.

"As a result of the Morgan excitement,
the Phi Beta Kappa Secret Society was
expelled from Harvard in 1831. Free
Masonry became a political issue.

A Great Year for Blots,

"The year 1834 is notorious for its riots Political excitement was roused by President Jackson's refusal to recharter the United States Bank. A worthless paper currency soon menaced thousands with ruin. The April elections in New York City witnessed some severe rioting. For four days troops were quartered in Washington Square trying to quell the violence of the

"In October of the same year the City of Brotherly Love was shocked by terrible riots. The mob destroyed 30 buildings, among them two churches. An old negro among them two churches. An old negro was made to leap out of an upper story of a high building. The ringleaders were convicts and miscreants of the worst kind. "But this riot was less disgraceful than the attack on the Ursuline Convent at Charleston Heights, near Boston, which occurred in the same year. Somehow a story spread that a young girl who had taken the veil had been so abused that she had escaped to save her life, but had been recaptured and now was inured in a dungeon under the convent. The story was utterly absurd. As a matter of fact, a girl, delirious from fever, a matter of fact, a girl, delirious from fever, had wandered away and had returned voluntarily, under the care of her brother. A band of fanatics, dressed as for a mas-querade, surrounded the convent one night and ordered all the inmates to leave in half an hour, under the penalty of death. Then the building was burned. The work of de-struction was continued for hours. All the sacred vestments, the altars, the hymn books, the religious libraries, the personal effects of the inmates, were dragged to the lawn, heaped up and destroyed by fire.

"But the outrage did not end there. A year after the burning of the convent the anniversary was celebrated by the populace of Bunker Hill, who gave a grand picnic, with a shooting match, an effigy of the Lady Superior of the convent being used as a tar-

"In the year 1837, owing to commercial distress, mobs tought for bread in the streets of New York. A year before, on December 15, 1835, a terrible fire occurred in the vicinity of Wall and Pearl streets. Over 700 stores were destroyed, valued at \$20,000,000. Large quantities of merchandise on the docks ready for shipment were licked up by the flames. The season following was one of great suffering. That winter there were mass meetings and denunciation of the high rents. Affairs came to a climax when it was hinted that certain dealers had corneed the flour market, in the hope of squrezing the last penny out of the people already on the verge of starvation. A huge mob formed near the New York City Hall. mob formed near the New York City Hall. It descended on the warehouse of a flour dealer. The doors were broken in; the windows were smashed; the famishing people broke through the walls. Then they knocked in the heads of the barrels and rolled them into the gutter. 'Old crones darted forward like birds of prey,' says a historian of the hour, 'and filling baskets and aprons with the soft drift, which lay knee deep on the pavement, whiter than snowflakes, made off to their homes.'

A Gallows for Early Abolition Editors.

"The methods of that earliest of Aboli-"The methods of that earliest of Apoll-lion editors, William Eloyd Garrison, con-duced to mob violence. One of Garrison's schemes was to print the picture of a slave on a handkerchief, roll it in a wrapper and send it, along with inflammatory tracts, to slave owners in the South. On one occa sion a mob of 3,000 tore open the United States mail bags in Charleston, seeking Garrison's tracts. Not long after that he imported a hot-headed Englishman, named Thompson, to stir up matters by pub-lic addresses. Thompson spoke so well that one night Garrison found set up before his door a gollows in the streets of Boston, an ominous warning of his fate. The next day a furious mob of over 5,000 people chased the editor through the streets. He was caught and a rope put around his neck. There were loud cries that he should be hanged. The Mayor interceded and Garrison was arrested as a feint to get him out of the hands of the mob. He passed the night in jail. The streets were thirsting for his gore. But he was spirited away and lived to see many "There have been other mobs within the memory of persons who are now only mid-dle-aged, including the draft rioters."

Gold Bullion

Is attractive, but its hue in the skin and eye-balls is repulsive, and indicates billousness, a malady, however, easily remediable with hostetter's Stomach Bitters, nausea, sick headache, pains through the right side and shoulder blade are manifestations of liver complaint, dismissable with the bitters, which also banishes malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, nervousness and constipation.

SEA WAVES.

Gath Tells Why Some Watering Places Are Not Patronized.

THE TARIFFS ARE TOO HIGH.

Enough to Ftart a Country House Is Consumed in a Few Weeks.

LONG BRANCH A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE

Mr. George Alfred Townsend, who has been at Long Branch, has written a letter for the newspapers, in which he makes it perfectly clear why our watering places are

declining in popularity. He says:
"I said to a hotel man who was straining very perve to have a good season: 'Why don't you drop your prices to what they were before the war somewhat? Modify your bill of fare, and fill your house at \$2 50 day, instead of having only fifty guests at 4 50 a day.

"'I can't do it,' said he; 'it costs me too

much. "Said I : I don't see how it can cost you so much. Labor may be higher than before the war, but I see nothing else that is higher. Beef is no higher. Fish may be higher, but that is only because you do not keep a boat to go out there to the banks and catch them. A party of your excursionists came in here yesterday with 400 pounds of fish and gave them to you, and vet you are buying fish from New York and send it 200 miles where you are catching sharks right off your wharf here. Furni-ture is half the price it was before the war. Carpets are less than half the price they were. I don't believe that clerical hire is very much higher than it was. You may have to pay your cook more, but that is because you did not train one of your sons or daughters to be a chef, which is one of the best salaried places in America now.

Twenty-five Cents for a chave. "After this conversation I went around to shave me. The same barber in a place an hour distant, from which he came, was glad to get 10 cents for a shave. It did not strike to get 10 cents for a shave. It did not strike me favorably that he put 150 per cent upon the price of a shave. In the hotels these days the porter never blacks your boots if you put them outside of the door. Morning after morning you must ring your bell in order that he may send up and get his 10 cents. The reason is that the proprietor does not pay him a lump sum to black boots, but allows him to forage on the guesta. Twenty-five cents a drink for whisky, which at the highest costs \$6 a gallon, is somewhat excessive, particularly when we know what an immense storage of whisky is in this country. There are four quart bottles of whisky to a gallon, worth at \$6, \$1 50 a bottle. How many drinks to a bottle the barseeper cannot tell, but there should be more

than six. "One cause of the high prices at summer resorts is the inequality of means and hab-its among the guests. Here is one man who will open four bottles of champagne a day for a round of a week, making over two cases of champagne, with a profit of per-haps, \$1 50 a bottle. In few other countries would this sort of man exist, but as we are all equal here a rich and liberal man likes to spend his money for the benefit of his riends. At the same time he is making it hard for those who cut out a steady line of expenditures to keep within their means.

Why Steamships Are Filled. "The very high prices charged at all our summer resorts, big and little, large and inferior, have filled the steamships going to Europe, and upon these steamers there are no extravagances of food. The only ex-travagance I know of on a steamship is the buying of an officer's room at double price. Steamship fare is about the same on all the lines, except perhaps the French line, which gives wine. I should think that a cabin passenger might be ted for a dollar a day upon a steamship. Hence, if you can fill the steamships at \$10 a day you can ake \$8 or \$9 profit over the expense of ubsistence. The passenger commonly pays

the table waiter and the bedroom steward and also the smoking room steward. If there be music on board they make a col-lection and pay themselves in that way. "A passenger at sea saves from one-half to the whole of his daily incidental expenses on land. He does not have to ride in carriages, to treat females or friends, to order game suppers or anything of that sort. The highly democratic leveller called sea-The highly democratic leveller called sea-sickness comes in and makes too much eat-ing out of the question. So \$10 a day at sea is the equivalent of \$25 ashore at a watering place. Many of the passengers aboard pay no such sum as \$100 for a berth. I am rather of the opinion that \$50 comes as close to the standard cabin fare as any sum that might be named. The steamships can extend their cabin service into the second cabin by merely moving the barrier for-ward, for there is no difference between second cabin staterooms and first cabin in size. Not only have the Atlantic steamers been enlarged in size and in number until nearly every nation has its steamship line, but greater and greater steamers are being built, and the Americans at last have got

their two principal ships under their own flag and have contracted to build four more.

A Very Costly Outing. "So I would say that the American hotel-keeper would do well to take a fool's advice and get down to prices which prevailed before the war, if he expects to make his property continuously valuable.

"If you take the case of a man with three grown daughters and a son and wife, which is not incompany acceptations a family of

grown daughters and a son and wife, which is not uncommon, constituting a family of six persons, and bring him to a hotel where the minimum charge is \$5 a day, that man must spend \$30 without his extras, and he will not get away under \$200 expenditure a week. For eight weeks this will make \$1,600, enough to start his country house, and by building on that country house for three years he can have all the house he wants.

"When his children were little, they were "When his children were little, they were ready to go to modest places; when the girls grow up they want to go to fashionable hotels. The father, anticipating that time of growth, builds his country house, and then his children can invite their beaus to come on Saturdays, and now and then to spend a week, and bring on that intimacy which leads to matrimony. You look around Long Branch and you see very jew hotels Long Branch and you see very few hotels left in solvenoy compared to the great num-ber of cottages."

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Crespo is advancing on Caracas. -Rumored that ex-President Bog ran, of Honduras, has been killed.

—There is truce in Morocco pending proposals of surrender by the rebels. -United States authorities in Texas find that Garza revolutionists are quiet. -It is believed the Earl of Aberdeen will be the next Governor General of Canada. —A Southwest Silver Convention has been called to meet in El Paso, Tex., December 5. Bristol is the latest English port to be-come a candidate for transatiantic steam-ship lines.

—A strange and virulent disease has be-come epidemic in Persia. Most of the cases prove fatal. The wealthy postmistress of Leo, Mo., has been arrested for abstracting merchandise from the mails.

—John Reed, a prosperous Beaver county farmer, has been missing since August 5. Foul play is suspected.

—Fifty persons were hurt by the collapse of a grand stand at Lanuemezan, a summer resort in the Pyrenees. —President-Harrison has been accepted as arbitrator in the boundary dispute between Brazil and Argentinia.

—Constant Rossa, for two years manager of a large business in Cincinnati, has been found to be a bigamist. -There is great destitution on the North-ern Mexican border, where several deaths from starvation have occurred.

-Eleven-year-old Harry Jackson, of East Liverpool, while bathing Tuesday was seized with cramps and drowned. -During a fire in a Paris coal cellar 14 firemen were sufficiented to unconsciousness. Three are still in a critical condition.

—At Tredegar, England, four persons per-ished in the burning of a "model" boarding bouse. The 70 sleeping inmates had a nar-row escape. -The body of Jesus Mano, a well-known

Mexican hunter, was recently found tied to a stump near Asencion, Mexico, and hor-ribly mutilated. -The faith cure doctrine has killed another victim, Mrs. James Starn, of Elwood, Ind., allowed her babe to die without calling medical assistance. The neighbors are incensed.

-The Harlan family held its biennial national reunion at Richmond, Ind., Tuesday. The entire number of descendants is 8,000, several hundred of whom were present, representing almost the entire country. -Minister Tupper, of Canada, says of the Bering Sea arbitration: "The case will be presented and served on the 17th of September. A counter case will be filed in about three months and then a written brief is to be filed, so that the arbitrators may meet in March."

In It is said that Consul McCreery will resign his post at Valparaiso as soon as the pending investigation is closed, for the reason that he is tired of life in Chile and is desirous of resuming business in the United States. He is said to be confident of a complete vindication of his official conduct.

-The Association of Weather Services at Bochester, N. Y., has chosen the following officers for the coming year: President, Major H. H. C. Dunwoody, of the United States Weather Bureau; Vice Presidents, B. S. Pague, Oregon, and G. M. Chappeil, Iowa; Segregary, R. E. Kerkam, Washington Treasurer, W. L. Moore, Wisconsin.

-The Economic Entomologist Association at Rochester, N. Y., elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Protessor S. A. Forbes, Champaign, Ill.; First Vice President, C. J. S. Bethune, Port Hope, Ont.; Second Vice President, C. H. Tyler Townsend, Los Crucies, N. M.; Secretary, Henry German, Lexington, Ky.

-The preliminary stipulations of the Franco-Russian decensive alliance has been agreed upon, to continue five years, on condition France grants itussia a zone on the Red Sea, with Russia's right recognized to protect the orthodox church in Abyssinnia. France also promises to give assistance in aiding Russian enterprises in Africa.

aiding Russian enterprises in Africa.

—Julia Robinson came to the authorities at Richmond, Ind., Tuesday, for protection. Sie said that as a soldier's orphan she draws a pension. Rev. Benjamin Smith, her uncle and guardian, draws the pension money, using it for himself. He forces his attentions upon her and recently assaulted her. She had kept quiet, as he threatened to kill her if she exposed him. He recently gave her a savage beating. Smith is pastor of a colored Baptist church.

MRS. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething gives quiet, helpful rest. 25c.

A GALLANT REGIMENT

Holds the Most Successful of Its Series of Reunions.

THE DEATH ROLL OF THE 102D

Tells the Story of the Bravery Displayed on Hard Fought Fields.

FLAG AND BADGE PRESENTATIONS

The most successful reunion ever held by the One Hundred and Second Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, was held yesterday afternoon in Cyclorama Hall, in Alle gheny. There were present about 100 members of the regiment, and in addition their wives, children and friends to the number of 200 more. Major James A. Mo-Laughlin, superintendent of the Allegheny Bureau of 'Health, was chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, and all the details of the reunion were well provided for. Captain S. N. Duval was made chairman of the meeting, which was organized soon after the copious noon lunch provided by the ladies was eaten.

Councilman C. W. Gerwig, an old soldi er of another regiment, made a touching address, referring to the remarkable record made by this regiment. Some things that have been published concerning the regiment have been misleading. In the record of regimental fatalities, compiled since the close of the war, the One Hundred and Second Regiment ranks sixteenth in both armies for hard service and loss of life. This regiment went into the service as the Thireenth Regiment, of three months' men. with Thomas A. Rowley as Colonel. At the expiration of its time it was organized as the One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania Volunteers, with 12 companies and a complement of 1,150 men. During the Peninsular campaign the regiment served n Keyes' Fourth Corps and was afterward in Keyes' Fourth Corps and was afterward put into the Sixth Corps, where it sawsome of the hardest service of the war. After Burnside's Fredericksburg assault and Hooker's disastrous advance on Chancellors-ville, in both of which engagements the regiment was under fire, the Sixth Corps was transferred to the Shenandoah Valley, where it went through the fire with Sheridan. After that the command was in all the slaughters of the Wilderness, Petersburg, and Appomattox round-up. Before burg, and Appomattox round-up. Before the close of the war the regiment, by reason of hot service, was so depleted that its ranks were filled up by substitutes and drafted

men.

The first Colonel of the regiment was Thomas A. Rowley, who died Juring the past year. On his promotion to the position of Brigadier General he was succeeded tion of Brigadier General he was succeeded by Colonel Joseph Kincaid, who died dur-ing 1863. His successor was Colonel J. W. Patterson, killed in the Wilderness. Colonel William McIlwain was then promoted to the regiment command, and he fell at the short but awful engagement at Cold Harbor. The last commander was Colonel J. W. Patchell, who is still living and was present at the reunion yesterday atternoon, coming from Terre Haute, Ind., to see his old com-

At the service yesterday afternoon the members of the regiment who have died during the year were read, as follows: General Thomas A. Rawley, Colonel James A. Kinesid, J. F. Stewart, Company A; Samuel Matthews, C; John Suthern, C; William Peterson, C; Captain James Bishop, F. B. F. Hunnewell, E. and James B. E; B. F. Hunnewell, E, and James B. Moore, E. Appropriate resolutions extending sympathy to the families of the bereaved were adopted. Captain Fullwood, in behalf of George H. Stewart, presented Thirteenth Regiment, and John W. Moreland, in a neat speech, presented to Captain Hamilton the corps badge of Company F.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Keeps the scalp clean, cool, healthy.

The Best Dressing

Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

Lowell, Mass.

A MILLIONAIRE'S SUDDEN DEATH.

Heart Failure Carries Off J. A. Bostwick During a Disastrous Fire.

MARAONECK, N. Y., Aug. 17 .- A fire broke out shortly after midnight in the handsome stables of John A. Bostwick, of the Standard Oil Company, at his summe residence on Oriental Point, overlooking Long Island Sound. The fire department of the surrounding villages hurried to the scene. When they arrived, however, the Bostwick stables had not only been gutted but the flames had communicated to the stables of Mr. Constable, of New York. After the fire had burned out it was learned that Mr. Bostwick's coachman and footman were missing. An examination of the ruins was made as soon as possible and their charred bodies were found among the their charred bodies were found among the debris. Soon after the fire broke out Mr. Bostwick hurried out on the piazza, laboring under great excitement. He had been in ill health for some time, and when he saw his stables on fire he suddenly fell backward and became unconscious. He died before medical aid could reach him. Death is supposed to have been caused by heart. is supposed to have been caused by heart failure produced by undue excitement.

Eight valuable carriage horses and a number of carriages and carts were destroyed. The stables were completely gutted and nothing of the contents was saved. The loss is estimated at \$50,000. The Constable stables were also destroyed, together with the contents, including several horses and handsome turnouts and harness.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND'S BLUNDER.

He Shoots a Woman Whom He Mistook for

His Wife and Her Lover, PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17 .- At midnight last night Joseph C. Bailey shot Mary Carney, whom he mistook for his wife; next he shot Paul Ginther, who was in his supposed wife's company, and then sent a bullet into

He has been insanely jealous of his wife for some time. He is still alive, but his chances of recovery are slight. Miss Carney will recover and Ginther's wound is buly



A Large Number

Of dyspeptics lack the necessary power to digest solid foods, and as stimulants merely excite and weaken the stomach, therefore the immense value of the genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract as a nutritious tonic cannot be overestimated. It not only acts as a tonic, but as nutrient as well, and the most stubborn case of dyspepsia cannot withstand its wonderful power. Write to Eisner & Mendelson Co., 6 Barclay St., New York, for a descriptive pamphlet. Look out for imitations. They are dangerous. The genuine must have the signature of "Johann Hoff" on the neck of every bottle. Th

KEW ADVETISEMENTA



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acta gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-tem effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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THE SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

Are continually increasing. Comparison with July last year shows a gain of 2,523 for the month. The figures are:

Increase......2,523

THE DISPATCH was never more de-

servedly popular than now.

WATCH CHAINS.

We will, for this week only, sell a Ladies' or Gents' Rolled Plate Watch Chain, WARRANTED FIVE YEARS FOR WEAR, at the unheard of low price of \$1.50 each.

Cor. Liberty and Smithfield and 311 Smithfield Street.

[E'D rather take \$5 to \$10 less for our Made-to-Measure Suits than to carry them to next year. You'll find \$20 and \$25 Suits better value than ever. Same can be said of the \$5, \$6 and \$7 Trousers—several dollars reduced.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

ANDERSON BLOCK.

Jys

CHAPTER L

The face is gone. A slight movement of my boat has blurred my watery mirror; and there is nothing more to be seen down there. So I return to earth. I glance up at the high bank under which my boat is moored, where the pendant branches almost meet overhead. I look around me with the faint

eyes now meet mine.

I sink down into my boat, but not with any sense of despair. I am hopeful of meeting my water-nymph again. I loose my boat and let it glide of its own free will down stream; I have no thought of hurrying away. I am still in the deep heart of the

talkative, or, more strictly speaking, to tolerate her talk. She naturally concluded that her cooking was at fault. I hastened

property. Anyone of importance?"
"Why, that's Wakering Hall. Colonel Hethersett lives there."
I allowed an exclamation of surprise to

now to put an end to loquacity? I dispensed with ceremony, if any was expected of me; so hastily left my seat at the table and broke up the "conference" by politely asking for a match. Scarcely pausing to light my cigarette I made an escape into the open air and turned my steps in the direction of Wakering Hall.

some ten years ago, while I was still a student at St. Bartholomew's, London, a serious affair had come under my notice. A man was brought into the hospital late one night, seriously injured. He had been found in one of the by-streets in the neighborhood of Smithfield in an unconscious state. It was apparently a case of attempted and many remarkable traits in his character. A word, often a mere look from him, would instantly obtain obedience. He never showed a sign of ill temper; and yet he made one feel that he was naturally passionate, and that to provoke him would be a dangerous experiment. His very voice expressed his indomitable will. His name was Hethersett, as I now distinctly remember—Colonel Hethersett, of Wakering.

to issue, bluish transparent flames rise like lambent tongues of fire toward the dark sky. As I approach nearer and come within the space of light, I find that it proceeds the space of light, I find that it proceeds from a large limekiln standing back some paces from the road and built against the hill. A man springs up suddenly from the ground. I accost him with a cherry "Good evening." The watchman, as I conclude him to be, gruffly echoes my greeting. "Why, my friend," I venture to remark, "you're warm enough here to roast an ox!" "It is warm," replied the watchman. "But it is worse—much worse—on a blazing hot day, I can tell you. And that," he adds, "is one reason why I choose the night."

I begin to feel that this great furnace by

I begin to feel that this great furnace by the roadside has a certain fascination for me. Its huge iron doorway is red-hot, and the fire within roars lustily.

"It looks furious."

"Ay; more stoking?" says the man, "than you might suppose. I seem always at it. I never think o' taking a wink of sleep all night long. I lie down and smoke and watch. That's what I do; smoke and watch that fire. He needs feeding five or, maybe, six times the hour. Looks hungry now,

The man approaches the kiln as he speaks with a long pole in his hand. It looks to me like a barge pole with iron hoop and pike. "Do you live here?" I ask him for I am growing interested in the man as well as

the fire.

"Why, yes; that's my home," and he jerks his thumb over his shoulder toward a small wooden hut beside the kiln. "At daybreak my mate relieves me and I turn in. You'll not often eatch me coming out of my kennel, as he calls it, till after dark."

"The life seems to agree with you," and I glance while saying this at his muscular fearer.

fierce fire lights up his face. I have fol-lowed him while talking; but the intense heat forces me to step some paces back. He

He appears disinclined for further talk, so I bid him "good-night" and go on my

Way.
When I reach Wakering Hall a few minutes later I am shown into a luxurious smoking divan. The room is lit with lamps, the green shades being of some semi-trans-parent texture which gives to every object a subdued appearance. The walls are thickly ornamented with spears and guns and a dozen other warlike implements. I have scarcely time to glance about me, and get confused ideas of hunting scenes and jungles, when a step on the terrace attracts
my attention. A gentleman comes in at the
open casement. He looks at my card,
which he holds in his fingers—looks at me—
and then steps quickly forward.

"Sherwin!" he exclaims, seizing my hand.

"Why, you're the surgeon who saved my life! This is a pleasure."

as if I were his own son.

He has been walking about the room, principally occupied in looking after my comforts, talking the while about matters of little or at least no special importance. At last he lights a cigar and sinks down upon a tiger skin on an ottoman facing me.

"Did I ever tell you, Sherwin, how I came to receive that knock-down blow?" "Why, no. I thought the whole affair inscrutable." "So I suspect it is," he answers, "so far as the world in general is concerned. But I can make it clear to you in a few words. Will you listen?"

"Most of us," he resumes, "choose the wrong vocation in life. I was a born lion-tamer. The fact is, Sherwin," he adds, as

though it were hardly worth mentioning.
"I don't know what fear means."
He pauses for awhile. I am on the point He pauses for swhile. I am on the point of making some inconsequent remark, when my ear is touched by the sound of music. It floats out airtly upon the night, and seems to mingle harmonionsly with the reflection of light that falls across the terrace from the windows adjoining the divan.

"One day," Colonel Hethersett continues, "one day Kenrick, as this man was called, refused to obey me. It was the first time in refused to obey me. It was the first time in

refused to obey me. It was the first time in my life that I had ever met with serious opposition. The look on the man's face told me that he felt he had gone too far. But repentance had come too late. Had he instantly gone down on his knees and begged my pardon it would still have been too late. My passion had got the better of me. I seized the first thing that came to hand. It say, that could possibly fall within an angry man's reach. It was a thong of buffalo hide. I struck him across the forehead," and he indicates the spot by quickly touching his own forehead while he speaks. "He dropped

I point across the terrace into the night. "There! He is watchman at the limekiln Not even now does Colonel Hethersett

assumes.
"Yes; I knew him when you touched your forehead a moment ago," I reply. "It's a hideous mark."
The Colonel looked troubled. "Poor fel-

"I mean to tame him," he replies in a His manner is polite, but so decisive that I make no attempt to utter another word. I stand there, and his eye is still upon me. I feel powerless in the presence of this strong-willed man. He flings away the end

of his cigar and beckons me with a playful wave of the hand. I follow. "Sybil, my dear," I hear the Colonel say-ing, "this is Philip Sherwin, the gentleman who saved my life."

I am standing in a brilliantly lighted drawing room. A young girl in pale green attire is rising from the piano and is coming toward me. I cannot be mistaken. It is the lovely face that I had seen only a law hours are mirrored in the midst of un. few hours ago mirrored in the midst of sun-light and foliage by the river side.

Exposition Stand for Sale. A nearly new stand, good location, in the Exposition building will be sold for less than one-half its value. The owners business requiring a larger space for their exhibit, have secured another stand, hence the sale.

ADDRESS BOX 733.

To Be Concluded To-morrow.

Fall Overcosts. It will soon be time for fall overcoats. Yours may need cleaning. Pfeifer's, 443 Smithfield street, 100 Federal street, Allegheny, does this. We tepair them also. Best work. Tel. 1264-3463.

Buging kills roaches, bedbugs and all in-ects instantly. Is non-poisonous. 250.

TRAIN BOBBERS DRIVEN OFF.

One Brave Passenger Fires Upon Them Through a Forest of Held-Up Hands. GREELY, COL., Aug. 17 .- Last night as the Denver and Cheyenne passenger train on the Union Pacific stopped at the coal chutes at La Salle, two masked men entered one of the cars and with loaded revolvers ordered the passengers to hold up their

Hands in profusion went up instantly, and the fellows were on the point of col-lecting toll from the astonished passengers when one of the latter opened fire from his gun on the hold-ups. The latter returned the fire, but one of them getting hit, they both jumped from the car and fled. The man on the train who opened fire on the hold-ups is a member of a Wild West show.

THE ROYAL BLUE LINE,

What an Eminent Railroader Thinks of It.

Those who have used the Royal Blue Line between Philadelphis and New York well know that that line is deservedly accredited with being the finest piece of railroad in the country; that its coacues are the most magnificent, and that its trains run more smoothly and are the fastest in the world. To those, however, who have never used the Royal Blue Line, the following abstract from a letter written by an eminent railroad authority to a gentleman connected with the Reading Railroad System will doubtless prove interesting. After the usual formal greeting, the letter reads: "I have just taken my first ride on the Reading, having come over from New York this morning on your It-30 A. x. Royal Blue Line train, and I cannot refrain from congratulating you on being connected with so superb a railroad. We made mile after mile in just 50 seconds, and the train ran as smoothly as though not exceeding ten miles per hour. The appointments were first-class, and in never had a better dinner or one better served on any dining car." What an Eminent Railroader Thinks of It,

dining car."

It has always been the aim of the present Reading management to provide the very best for its patrons, and the service on the Royai Biue Line, as well as on other portions o the system, is conclusive evidence of success in that direction. That the discriminating public appreciate these efforts is evidenced by the constantly increasing busi-Poor Flour Won't Make Good Bread.

Everybody wants good bread. This is why grocers receive so many calls for and are seiting so much of the celebrated "Rosalis" and "Our Best" brands of flour. There is no better flour in the world. The Iron City Milling Company manufactures it.

You certainly want good boarders and roomers. How to secure them? A few small addets in THE DISPATCH cent-a-word advertising columns have sent them to others. Why not to you?

Why Not to You?

WITH IRON WILL.

My boat is lying motionless in a shady nook, and I am looking down dreamily into the stream. Scarcely a cloud crosses the blue depth of sky, and the reflected sunlight finds its way between the shadow of branches and clusters of leaves. It is an ideal landscape—a landscape trembling in liquid light end shade. I am still looking downward into this sunlit, leafy scene, and living more within to than in the material world around me, when I became conscious of maiden eyes gazing up laughingly into mine. Never was lovelier face mirrored in nature's looking glass. The eyes are large and dark, with a liquid light of their own beaming between the black, quivering lashes, the full lips are half-parted with inquisitive surprise, and round the oval face there is a halo of reddish-brown hair resembling the autumn foliage in its russet

hope that the face is not a disembodied shadow—a mere "creation of a poetic fancy." The landscape, which I had seen repeated in the river, is visible in all its actual beauty, with the sunlight breaking in between the leaves. But no laughing

away. I am still in the deep heart of the wood, and this shady stream is its life, flowing gently through it.

I came out of this deep solitude at last. The river broadened and I pulled vigorously up stream in the hot, dazzling sunlight. Presently a pretty riverside inn was reached and I was greeted by the landlady with a long, pitiful face. Not that she suspected me of possessing a spark of romance. It was my dinner that troubled her. It had been "put back," as she expressed it, a dozen times and was nearly apoiled. Nor did matters improve when she discovered that I had lost my appetite she discovered that I had lost my appetite and was even less inclined than usual to be

to assure her that it was "the weather," her cooking had nothing to do with it. She appeared pacified and I now took the opportunity of putting a question which had been on the top of my tongue all dinner time.

"Who lives"—and I tried to speak with as much indifference as possible—"who lives in that fine park with a white house on the slope? That little river down stream —whatever it called—runs through the -whatever it's called-runs through the

escape me, of which I soon repented. Not that I wished to hide from the landlady, for any deep reason, that the name of Hether-sett was samiliar to me. But I quickly re-alized that I had lossened her tongue. I knew all, more, at least, than she did about the owner of Wakering Hall; I was quite convinced of that. The question was how to put an end to loquacity? I dispensed

murder, though what the would-be assassin's actual motive had been for the attackwhether revenge or robbery-was never clearly ascertained. No robbery had been committed, and when my patient recovered, after some weeks of suffering, he threw no light on the matter. I was in constant attendance upon him, and it was my unexpressed belief that he could have partially solved the mystery if he so disposed. But pressed belief that he could have partially solved the mystery if he so disposed. But he volunteered no explanation. The business was, so he declared, in his lawyer's hands; and it did not appear to be anyone else's right to interfere. And yet I was deeply interested, not only in the case, but in the striking appearance of my patient and many remarkable traits in his character. A word often a mere book from him.

Hall; and on taking leave of me he extracted a promise that should I ever happen to be in the neighborhood of Wakering I would pay him a visit. His name, even the name of the village, had almost entirely escaped my memory. Ten years in the midst of a busy professional life in Lon-

the midst of a busy protessional life in London will force a man to forget everything except his immediate surroundings.

The twilight is nearly gone; the last rays die out as the clouds raise and cover the sky. The day is over, and when I gain the high road, dark and lonely with its steep hills on either side, it is night. At a turn in the road, and only a few yards ahead of me, I observe a broad streak of light stretching across the highway. On the hillside, at the point from which the light appears to issue, bluish transparent flames rise like

"Does it need much stoking?" I inquire. "It looks furious."

ngure.

"Agree with me?" he repeats, with an odd laugh. "Ay; it suits my purpose, guv'nor. I don't complain."

And now he pulls open the iron door, and through the chinks between the bars the

is in his shirt-sleeves, which he rolled up almost to his shoulders. He is certainly a remarkably, powerful-looking fellow, with the arms of a stalwart blacksmith. His beard is thick and intensely red; and his beard is thick and intensely red; and his small eyes have a fierce expression—which he may have caught from the fire—glitter-ing under red, bushy eyebrows; and as he presently lifts his cap aside to wipe the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand, I notice an ugly scar across his forehead

life! This is a pleasure."

He is a man of about 60, not strikingly tall, but with an appearance of unusual breadth and strength. Ten years appear to have wrought little change in him, certainly no change for the worse. It is the same handsome face, the same firm and fearless expression that I now recall to mind as if it were only yesterday. He waves me toward an armchair near the window, brings me elegatettes, remembers my favorite ised. cigarettes, remembers my favorite iced drink and in a word makes me as welcome

He now, for the first time, speaks of him

I express myself most willing and Colonel
Hethereett begins: "While stationed at
Cawnpore some 13 years ago I had a very
unruly man servant. The fellow was quite
incorrigible. Most men would have sent

him about his business within a week. In fact every one had done so who had been unlucky enough to have him in their service. But I had a fancy to tame him. I could see that he thought himself my mas-

ter. I resolved to prove to him the contrary, cost what it might."

He speaks in a low, distinct voice that is very impressive. But his look is more impressive still. The intense gray eves, the atern mouth and contracted brow indicate the willful, dauntless nature of the man.

was the most terrible weapon, I am sorry to

at my teet as though he had been shot."

I cannot utter a word. I hear no music now; no sound but loud throbbings in my ears. The colonel rises hastily and paces to and fro with a quick, firm step.

I have risen, too. I am standing at the mindre and are shore agreely out. The window, and now glance eagerly out. The light thrown upon the terrace from this window and the windows of the adjacent room finds a limit against the terrace balustrade. Beyond, the darkness is intense; but in the midst of this darkness, on the distant highroad, pale-blue flames are lapping at a space in the night. It appears quite near—though it must be at least half a mile away—so near that the soft wind, this sultry autumn even-

that the soft wind, this sultry autumn evening, seems to contain its warmth as it touches my cheek.

The Colonel taps me gently on the shoulder and steps lightly out upon the terrace. I look quickly into his face. Every trace of severity is gone. "Come," sayshe, in a lively tone, "let us go the drawing room. Svbil will be wondering who—"
"Stay!" interrupted the Colonel; "one moment. This must be the man who struck you down—the man who made the attempt

"Of course! How can you ask me?" He speaks with a slight impatience. But that does not check my questions?
"Have you seen him since?"

"Nor suspected his whereabouts?" "Colonel Hethersett," I resumed, "I can tell you where he is. I have seen him, spoken to him, only this evening." "Where?"

evince the least shade of surprise; nor does the weird light that seems to me like a threatening torch lifted up in the black night by some invisible trembling arm, entice him to take his eyes off me.
"You knew him by the scar," he quietly

low! But I must tame him now," he says, with a sudden change in his face, "or he'll spring at me again behind my back."
"Do you really mean," I say in a tone of reproach, "to take the law into your own hands?"