PEASANTS AT HOME.

Carpenter Takes Some Snap Shots at the Interiors of Russian Huts.

ONLY ONE LIVING ROOM.

They Sleep in the Same Clothes They Wear During the Day.

VIRTUES OF THE RUSSIAN BATH.

A Common Practice Is to Take a Good Sweat in the Bake-Oven.

MIGHT BE THE WORLD'S RICHEST PEOPLE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

MOSCOW, Aug. 4.

FIRST the famine and now the cholera have brought to the attention of the world one of the least known and at the same time one of the strongest elements of its population. The Russian peasants are typical of the one-seventh of the world which they own. The great Russian empire is full of undeveloped resources. The Czar himself has no idea of the wealth of his country. Millions upon millions of acres of it have never been touched by the plow, and hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of its square miles have never been prospected.

It has gold regions as rich as any in the world which have never been worked with modern mining machinery, and its vast iron and copper regions produce the finest metals of this kind known to man. Its oil

SNAP SHOT AT A VILLAGE DINNER.

regions have for a long time been competing with those of the United States, and Russian oil has largely driven us out of the market of Asia. It has all sorts of precious stones and as to its agricultural possibilities these are far greater than those of any country in the world. Such lands as are cultivated are farmed after the rudest methods, and as it is in ordinary seasons Russia is the greatest grain exporting country of the world, surpassing even the United States in this regard.

Awaiting the Kiss of Capital.

The bulk of this great wealth of Russia is now lying dormant. Like the sleeping princess in the fairy tale, it only waits the kiss of capital and labor to bring it into life, and no one can tell how soon these giants of material progress will gird up their loins and moisten their lips to kiss the sleeping maiden. Russia has in her own territories the labor necessary for the work, and if this were used aright there would be no land so rich upon the face of the earth to-day. Admiral Porter once told me that at a fair estimate every man and woman in a country was worth $300 as one of the elements of that country's wealth. At this rate the peasantry of Russia are worth $30,000,000,000 to Russia, and when once waked up to their possibilities they will make the Russian empire jump as though it had on the seven-league boots of modern progress.

As it is, however, the peasantry of Russia are more asleep than Russia's material resources. I am impressed more and more as I go among them of their wonderful working power and their dormant possibilities. They are the wonder among the laborers of the world. Surrounded by the wealth of Crœsus, endowed with the muscles of Hercules, born with the germs of man's best intelligence, they live, labor and die without knowing their power or appreciating the fact that they might be better and richer than they are. Simple and ignorant, these 100,000,000 of strong, able bodied, well developed people are intellectually asleep. They are men with the minds of children, who under a different system would quickly develop into as intelligent workers and as good citizens as our best Americans.

Every Russian Lives in a Village.

Peasant Russia is by far the most interesting feature of modern Russia to-day. The peasants are in fact the Russia of to-day, and their 500,000 villages make up, as I have said before, this great Russian empire. All of these villages are alike, and when you have visited one Russian village you have to a great extent seen the whole Russian empire. The Russian peasant never has a home outside of a village. He is a social animal, and in the thousands of miles which I have traveled through the different parts of European Russia during the past few weeks I have not seen a single house standing by itself in the fields. In looking over a Russian landscape you see no fences marking off the farms as you do in America. There are no bank barns nor stray hay stacks keeping sentinel watch, as it were, over the fields, and the lone farm house on the Western prairies of America, separated by miles from any similar habitation, is absent. You see no one working alone in the fields without it be here and there a shepherd or a short-skirted maiden watching the cattle. The people work in gangs of from a half a dozen to a hundred, and their life in the villages and fields is a social one. The common interest which they have in the lands belonging to the village ties them together in other ways and they are more closely associated with one another than any other people in the world.

I have visited many of these villages within the past month. Let me tell you how they look. Riding through the country on the railroad you see scattered over the landscape what in the distance look like two rows of low, oblong hay stacks running irregularly for a mile or more in one direction. Each of these collections of hay stacks is a Russian village, and when you get closer to it you see that what you supposed were hay stocks are thatched huts, and that the lower part of each stack is made of logs, sun-dried bricks or of wattled twigs.

A Picture of a Russian Village.

You now note that the wide road along which these huts stand is full of half-naked babies, squalling children and all of the queer characters of Russian peasant life. The ordinary village has but one roadway, and this is more like a road cut through the fields than an American street. It is generally about 100 or more feet wide, and the houses stand along it at all angles and with no regularity or order. There are no gardens in front of them nor behind them. They have no front yards fenced off from the road, and I have not yet seen any sign of a sidewalk of any kind in any village I have visited. The street is not paved, and the only part free from grass is the center, where the wagons have cut ruts into the black soil. The remainder is a lawn of good solid turf, on which the cattle graze, the dogs and the children play, and upon which the people meet in the evening to gossip and chat. Now and then you find a tree or so on one of these village streets, and under these, on the ground, there may be a woman with her babies about her and with other babies tied to the branches of the trees in the oblong shallow boxes which constitute the cradles of Russia. Other women may be sitting about, spinning or sewing, and on the steps of the huts or in the doorways you will see old men and shock-haired children.

The average Russian hut has one door and two little windows at the front, with sometimes a second window in the rear. The front door is much like a rude stable door such as is sometimes knocked up by our farmers, and it leads not into the living room of the hut, but into a little storeroom or sort of vestibule which forms one end of the cabin.

Cook, Eat and Sleep in One Room.

This room is usually without any flooring but that of the ground. You may see the chickens or animals belonging to the family in it, and some of the farming tools of the establishment stand about its walls. In the center of one side of it is a door reached by one or two low steps and leading into the house proper and forming the entrance to the room that is in fact the only room in the cabin, and which may be called the Russian peasants' home. In it the family sleep, eat, cook and live, and when it is remembered that fully half of the year in Russia is made up of bitter winter when the days are short and the nights long it will be seen that the greater part of the peasants' existence is passed here.

A hut I visited is that of a well-to-do peasant. It is if anything better than the average. Its living room was not more than 10x12 feet in size and one-fourth of this space was taken up by the great chimney, which formed the oven, the cooking stove and the heating arrangement of the hut. This chimney was fully six feet wide and about eight feet long, and its front, in which were holes for fuel and an oven, rose from the floor to the ceiling. In the side facing the room, leaving about two feet for the chimney, there was cut out under the ceiling a ledge about three feet high and of the depth of the stove. This was in fact the top of the stove, and it formed, I was told, the bed of the family in the winter time. This family included several married sons and daughters, and it had in addition to the old folks about 12 children and grandchildren. In some way or another they all packed themselves in on this ledge at night, and they huddled together upon the log floor below in the day time.

No Effort at Ornamentation.

The whole space in the room was not much larger than that of one of a six-room house occupied by an American day laborer, and its furniture consisted of four rude stoves, some benches which ran around the walls, and a rude table, on which the family ate their meals. There were no pictures on the walls and no plaster nor paper. In one corner hung a rude painting of the Virgin, with a little candle burning before it, and I noted that while I was present one of the girls looked at this and crossed herself. On one of the benches lay a sheepskin coat, and I saw one garment hanging from the wall. If there were any other clothes belonging to the family they may have been stored in a box, which I saw in the room outside, but they were not in sight.

The Russian peasant requires but a small wardrobe. He puts on one shirt and wears it out, sticking to it night and day. Neither sex has any use for night shirts and all the family sleep in the same clothes that they wear in the day time. They know nothing of bed clothing nor of the luxury of clean sheets and soft pillows and they sleep more like sheep than like men. Young girls and young men, married and single, babies and grandmothers, all crowd in together, and the animal heat of the whole added to that of the stove must give them warmth. Their winter clothing is made up largely of sheepskins with the wool turned inward, and the people seem to stand the heat and cold equally well. Their clothes must cost them but little. The men wear calico pantaloons in the summer and they have red calico shirts, which they wear outside of their pantaloons.

How the Feet Are Dressed.

The latter are held up by a string around the waist and often turned in at the legs below the knee, being wrapped about with the rags which form the stockings of peasant Russia. These rags are wrapped about the feet and over the ankles and around the lower part of the calves. If the Russian is rich enough he pulls a pair of high boots over them, and into the tops of these he stuffs his pantaloons. If he is poor, as is the case with ninety-nine hundredths of his kind, he wears felt boots in the winter and low slippers in the summer. These slippers are of woven grass or bark. They are made without heels and are worn by all. The peasant girls, in fact, wear the same kind of footgear as the boys, and the belle of one of the Russian villages never knows the delights of barber-pole stockings, and her garters do not cost her a shilling in a lifetime.

Neither sex wears any underclothing, and a great step will have been made when you can make these people believe that such items as drawers and undershirts are among the absolute necessities of life. As it is their needs are so small that they have not the incentives to work to satisfy them that we have, and a man's whole summer outfit would not cost as much as an American farmer spends for a coat. Their headgear is as cheap as the rest of their clothes, and the men all wear caps—when they wear anything—and the women tie up their heads in bright colored handkerchiefs, fastening these by knotting them under the chin.

Toilet of a Village Belle.

No Russian peasant girl ever dreams of buying or wearing corsets or stays and her entire outfit at this time of the year consists of this handkerchief for her head, a Mother Hubbard gown of white cotton or red or blue calico which reaches almost to her ankles, and an apron which is gathered in and cut low at the neck, and which falls to below her knees, sometimes being belted in at the waist and sometimes left to fall over her full bust without being so tied. In addition to these she has rag stockings reaching to the tops of her calves and a pair of bark shoes. In many cases she dispenses with the belt, apron and shoes.

This habit of wearing the same clothes day and night and the lack of underclothing would naturally make you think that the Russians must be the dirtiest of races. I do not find them so, and it seems to me that they have been greatly slandered in regard to their uncleanliness. How they keep themselves so I cannot see, but they are not half so dirty as the Chinese, and they will rank in cleanliness with the other very poor people of the world. They do not wash as often as we do, but when they do wash they make a business of it, and clean themselves with the famous Russian bath. No man or woman who does not take either a Turkish or Russian bath now and then ever gets clean. I venture that ninty-nine hundredths of the readers of this letter have never known what it is to be really clean. The pores of one's body are the sewers of the system and the ordinary soap scrubbing which most people call washing only touches the mouths of these and does not reach the interior of the million odd sewer pipes of the system at all. The only way to clean these is by copious perspiration continued for some time, and this result is attained by the Russian bath.

Taking a Bath in an Oven.

These people boil themselves at least once a week in steam to bring about this result, and if they cannot get the steam they crawl into the ovens and sweat it out. Nearly

A Peasant and His Wife.

every village has a steam bath house and the whole population turns out every Saturday and before every holy communion, confession or fast day, and for the time becomes bodily clean. I am told that in the villages both sexes go into the bath at the same time. It is said that no other person but a Russian could stand the experience of one of these vapor baths such as are taken in the same oven in which the family bakes its bread, and I am sure no other person would care to utilize the bakeoven for that purpose. I hear that in the winter the peasants sometimes rush naked out from the bath and roll in the snow, and this I can conceive to be possible, for in the country villages of Japan a man will come naked from the hot bath into the cold winter air and walk home with his clothes under his arm.

Of course, villages of this nature have no sanitary arrangements whatever. There are no street lamps or water works, and the women of the family draw the water from the well of the town or carry it from the nearest stream. No Russian girl of such a peasant village ever sees a washboard nor has any idea of washing machines or patent wringers. She does not even know what a wash tub is, and the clothes of the family are carried by her to the nearest stream, and standing in the water she pounds the dirt out of them with a club.

A Rich Family at Dinner.

I went with the Countess Tolstoi through one of her villages on the Tolstoi estate, and in one of the houses which we visited we found the family at dinner. The Countess told me that this was one of the richest families of peasants she had on her estate, and what do you think was their menu? It was cabbage soup and rye bread. The family were sitting around the table and there were about ten of them in all. Each had a wooden spoon and they were scooping out the soup at a great rate. They had no butter and no meat, and the Russian peasants see but little of either. They are happy if they get a bit of meat once a week, and their chief diet is cabbage soup and rye bread, with a sort of buckwheat mush as a change. They have milk from their cows and eggs from their hens, and their favorite drink is a sort of beer which they make from black bread called kvas. They are very rigid as to the fast days and they eat now and then a bit of dry fish, which is cheap in Russia. They are fond of sour cabbage and cucumbers, and they eat their cucumbers raw with the skins on. But they have no idea of what we would call garden stuff, and in the famine part of Russia, where the people are still being largely supported by charity, there are vast quantities of greens going to waste which would be used greedily in any other part of Europe or in the United States. In the black plain which I have described as the garden of Russia and as the most fertile part of Europe I visited a village where I found the bakeoven of a large landed proprietor going night and day baking American corn meal and flour into bread for the people. There were hundreds of loaves of this black bread in the ovens, and the villagers came every day to get food.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE SPORT OF MOUNTAINEERING.

Regularity of Pace Is an Essential Factor in Scaling Peaks.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Climbing is but one requisite of mountaineering. Average activity plus intelligence are better than exceptional muscularity. There is a knack in climbing, and guides 60 years old possessing it will tire out young men. The essence of walking up hill, whether on snow, rock or path, is the cultivation of a quiet swing and a methodical rhythm of gait. A certain slight degree of roll, or, to put it more scientifically, of swinging of the pelvis, or hips, is of the first importance. The front leg should, as it were, drag up the hinder one.

The beginner usually walks up hill with far too lively an action. In ascending he raises his weight by a spring from the toe of the lower foot. This method throws a great strain on a small group of muscles (those of the calf of the leg) which have, for the moment, to support nearly the whole weight of the body. The older climber will use the muscles of the hip as well as of the calf, and swing along without tiring any special set of muscles. The regularity or rhythm of the pace is of the first importance. The test of good climbing is the power to converse without breathlessness. To ascend 3,000 feet in four hours, including halts, is satisfactory average work. This is without step cutting.

Descending requires more practice than ascending, the usual mistake being to put too much exertion into each step. The use of the rope is an education in itself. The pull upon it from an accident may come at any moment and usually happens at the safest looking places in the snow. The use of the ax and alpenstock is to be learned only by months of practice. Then come weather signs, perhaps most momentous of all. Truly the mountaineer must be a great repository of special knowledge.

Animals That Can Pull.

The shell-less limpet pulls 1,984 times its own weight when in the air, and about double that amount when immersed in water. Fasting fleas on an average pull 1,493 times their own dead weight, while the Mediterranean cockle, Venus verrucosa, can exert a pulling power equal to 2,071 times the weight of its own body. So great is the power possessed by the oyster that to open it a force equal to 1,319.5 times the weight of its shell-less body is required.

An Electrical Freak

A wonderful electrical phenomenon was observed at Binghamton, N. Y., during a severe thunder storm some time ago. While the storm was at its height the clouds were suddenly illuminated by several dazzling ribbons of electrical flames and at the same time an immense ball of fire appeared and descended with fearful velocity, striking the street and bounding upward, exploding with a sharp report.

A BLACK BELT CHURCH

The Preacher Holds His Hymnal Upside Down and Yet Reads.

HIS CONGREGATION GETS NOISY.

Novel Scenes at a Wedding in Which the Twain Were Made Twins.

THE BARRIER BUILT IN BLOOD

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

SELMA, ALA., August 10.

To see ourselves as others see us.

What an air of sacredness envelopes a country church! The rough wooden pews and desks seem to partake of the baptismal fount and consecrated cup. Ben has taken us all to his church, or, as he calls it, "my meetin' house."

What a quaint old place it is! Only a rude building made of logs and plastered with mud! No stained glass windows or cushioned pews greet your eyes as you enter—only a few wooden benches, a dozen or two chairs and a desk!

Some good sister has made a scarf of cotton bleaching to cover the desk and upon it rests the Sacred Book. Ben took us early that we might see and be seen. Yes, and that we might ask any question before the minister came.

One Preacher for Forty Years.

What a history that church has. It was built before the war and has always been used by the colored people as a church. The minister—well, he has been preaching in that place for forty years and has never missed a Sunday. What a dear old man he is! If he were only as strong from his shoulders up as he is from his shoulders down he would be a grand specimen of manhood. He is illiterate, but, as Ben says, "He sure preaches fac's and has done 'save many a soul from hell; he 'sure help a wretch undone."

As he enters the pulpit he picks up a hymnal and lines the following hymn:

Just as I am without one plea,
A shelter in the time of storm.
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
A shelter in the time of storm.

O, Jesus is the Rock in a weary land, a weary land, a weary land,
O, Jesus is the Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in a time of storm.

I notice that the hymnal is turned upside down and wonder how it is that the good parson can read so readily.

He begins the second verse:

Just as I am and waiting not,
A shelter in a time of storm.
Too——

"O, brethren, dis yere hymn done fill my soul enuf; we doan sing no moh."

We learned after church that he had forgotten the hymn and had taken this as a means of saving himself.

An Exciting Time in Church.

A few simple prayers followed the singing and then the parson announced his text: "For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

It was an original sermon, and one which stirred the hearts of his congregation. Men and women forgot their home life and social ties, and thought only of their soul. Some

With His Hymnal Upside Down.

grew very happy and threw themselves prostrate upon the floor; some danced and shouted for joy; others clapped their hands and shouted: "'Sank yo', Jesus, yo' done save my soul."

I grew a little frightened, but Ben told me to be quiet, that the minister would not think his sermon "good" unless "de folks got happy." Even Ben himself grew delighted, and the minister shouted: "Men and bretherin, up in hebben da am a tree, an' on dis yere tree da am some fritters, and dese yere fritters are all cooked and hot. Bless de Lawd, my bretherin, for by de side of dis yere tree da am a ribber, an' dis yere ribber am a ribber of lasses, an' all yo' has ter do is reach up, pick a fritter and sop an' eat, fo' men an bretherin, such is de kingdem of hebben."

And then followed a long discourse upon the happiness of the saints, etc. My pen fails to convey to you the expression of the faces in that congregation.

Again another hymn is lined:

So glad, so glad I'se done been converted:
So glad, so glad de Lawd He save my soul.
He save my soul from destruction,
So glad, so glad he done save my soul.

I's glad, so glad I done hab conquered Satan;
So glad, so glad I've foun' de Lawd, my God.
Lawd, hab mercy, Lawd, hab mercy;
So glad, so glad he done save my soul.

Stories From the Cemetery.

After the benediction we pass through the little cemetery which surrounds the church—God's Acre, it has been fitly called. The sun plays hide and seek around the little tombstones, roses bloom upon the graves, and the wind, rose-laden, breathes softly through the trees. On one tombstone we read:

Annie L.—died Aug. 20, 1863, at five in the morning, leaving a husband and six small children to mourn her loss.

Why do they say you have died, Annie? If you could speak you would say as you said that morning long ago. They have killed me, they have beaten me to death!"

Your bruised and scarred body spoke more eloquently than human tongue.

On another stone we read:

Eolie, an octoroon, aged 21. Poor and beautiful.
None loved her best!

I asked Ben if he knew the story of her life and he said yes. She had centered her life, her love, her interests upon one object and had seen him gather to himself a new love. This poor octoroon had tasted the bitter sweet of life and, too weak to fight life's battles alone, she had dared to face the awful mystery of death and had ended her own life.

What stories of woe that old cemetery could tell! To the quiet sleeper in this God's Acre the grave had become the door through which they entered heaven, the receptacle in which they placed their worn-out garments. The birds in the trees seemed to chant a requiem for the repose of their souls. No more pain and sorrow. Truly, truly, "Life begins, life suffers, life ends!"

A Black Belt Wedding.

Ben's daughter was married this week and we were all invited to the wedding. It was a picturesque and beautiful sight. The barefooted piekaninnies, the "old aunties and uncles," the gemmen, the bridemaids and the bride and groom. The little parlor was adorned with flowers and mosses, the old-fashioned mantelpiece had become a bower of loveliness. The dining room tables were loaded with unlimited refreshments and everybody was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the minister.

Imagine my surprise when I saw it was the same reverend gentleman I had heard preach on Sunday. I wondered what errors he would make during the ceremony and if I would laugh.

The bride and groom enter, there are no maids of honor, no wedding march—yes, there is, but it is the sobbing of the dear old mother as she wonders if her "chile will be happy." The couple take their places in front of the minister and the ceremony begins.

What matters it if the minister pronounces them "no longer twain, but twins!" What matters it if Colonel B——'s coachman objects to her wedding "'cause he sure wants her his'sel'?" I notice that many of the old couples in the room have gone back to the time when they began life together. What a rugged hill they had been climbing! How dearly they had grown to love each other!

Marriage Is Risky Business.

Ben looks at me and says: "Honey, I sure hope my gal be happy as de ole woman an' me. It's pesky risky business dis yere marryen' am; it sure is."

"I hope they are happy, Ben; they deserve to be."

The ceremony is over and the young wife appears leaning on her husband's arm. See how proudly she looks at him.

The guests now pass into the dining room for refreshments. As they take their places at the table I wonder what they will do

And Those Twain Shall Be Twins.

with me. Will I be assigned a place beside Ben? Perhaps he reads my thoughts, for he says: "Chile, yo' doan sit at no table wid niggers. Meh lady, yo' place is in heah. Is yo' afraid yo' would have to eat wid us?"

He takes me into a little room and leaves me. How kind and thoughtful of him! His guest! and yet I eat not at his table. I must be taken into a private room and have a table all to myself. I can hear the laughter of the negroes in the dining room. I would like to hear their merrymaking and watch the bride cut the bride's cake, but white blood prevents that.

Luck for the Happy Couple.

What showers of rice and melon seed rain upon the young couple as they leave Ben's house for their own cabin. Some one throws a horse shoe for luck and the nails catch in the crisp calico dress of the bride. How everyone shrieks with delight. "To sure will be rich;" "To sure is lucky;" "To sure be blessed;" "To sure have health and die old."

One of the "aunties" takes a twine from her pocket and tries to lasso the bride. Ask her why she does that and she says, "Ter keep her home free from spirits and her old man from drinkin'. It sure is a true sign."

When I leave Ben that evening I say, "Ben now remember you are to go to a white church with me." He looks at me in amazement and replies: "What pore Ben do in a white church chile? He sure look like a blackberry in a saucer of cream. Doan yo' know black folks better go with black folks? Its better fo' all."

MISS JO. MARY.

LOBSTER A LA NEWBURG.

The Curious Way in Which a Favorite Fish Came to Be Named.

New York Sun.]

Everybody who has a chance to dine at first-class restaurants once in a while knows lobster a la Newburg by name if not by sight and taste, that probably he has wondered why a little city on the Hudson and has no lobsters, or, at least, does not get them fresh, should give its name to this felicitous and richly seasoned article of diet. Well, Newburg has nothing to do with it, for the name is a concealed compliment, bestowed on the inventor of the dish by the late Mr. Delmonico.

Among the guests of his hostelry was a gentleman a little past middle life, who wore a gray mustache and a blue necktie, and who used to take his meals in the cafe, where he could smoke and be at ease. He is dead now. One evening while at dinner he was in the act of pulling a lobster to pieces, when the proprietor sauntered near. He said: "Look here, Delmonico, is this the best you can do?"

"It is certainly the best way to eat lobster," answered the host.

"I'll lay you a hundred I'll show you a better way."

"Done," said Delmonico.

Two or three friends were invited over to the table to act as judges and to hold the stakes. The man with a blue necktie sent for a chafing dish, a lobster, and certain ingredients, and then and there compounded the viand that is served all over the country now. The party devoured it, pronounced it good, and Mr. Delmonico gracefully owned that he had lost his bet. Shortly afterward there appeared on Delmonico's bills of fare, "Homard a la Newburg." He wanted to give credit to the inventor of the dish, but for fear lest he might offend him he transposed the letters in the first syllable of his name, so that the man with the blue necktie, who was really Mr. Wenburg, is disguised in fame as Newburg.

THE ART OF FASCINATION.

It Must Always Be Cultivated Early and in the Home Circle.

Philadelphia Record.]

The secret of fascination is one which many a woman would sacrifice a great deal to learn. To cultivate a charming and attractive manner one must begin at home, and surely a better school could not be devised, for the training is, in its way, perfection.

Here you are sure to find each day little rubs which must be soothed with skillful touch; there is a constant mind friction going on among even the most devoted members of the household. It is a painful fact, though none the less true, that one's family acts as a constant counter-irritant. Now a steady effort to smooth over the rough places, minister to wounded hearts and with deft touches erase unpleasant memories is called for, and the woman who obeys the summons is pretty sure to find herself fully able to cope in the most agreeable fashion with the outside world.

Few women, however, realize that a fascination of manner is not born, but cultivated. It begins to bud in the nursery, develops under the skillful training of painstaking instructors, and blossoms forth into complete beauty in the society of well-bred women.

New Use for Eggs.

There is no reason in the world why any well-ordered hen should feel discouraged in these days. There is always plenty of work for a live, industrious hen to do; for, apart from the enormous quantities of eggs men, women and children eat in the course of the year, over 3,000,000 of them are consumed alone by three factories in this country which make the albumen-paper used in photography.

ANGOSTURA Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion.

SALT IN HOT WEATHER

A Physician Says There Is Reason for Its Use in Cholera Times.

THE BODY RUNS OUT OF CHLORINE.

Bicycle Riding the Best Known Cure for Stomach Troubles.

GERMS AND ACIDS ON THE TEETH.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The steady advance of the cholera in Southwestern Europe awakens so much general interest in the subject that all of the old remedies of this scourge are being recalled, and efforts are being made to manufacture new ones. In an outbreak of Asiatic cholera years ago it was proclaimed by some eminent physicians that by the free use of the chlorides the disease could be checked. Examination of cholera victims showed their bodies deficient in chlorine. But experience has not proved this theory correct. Nevertheless they have a beneficial influence upon the system when attacked by the disease. Salt especially has been recommended for cholera in all its forms.

The loss of salt to the system in hot weather, when the cholera and similar diseases are prevalent, is great, and this process exposes the system to summer complaints and cholera morbus. It follows that salt is one of the best diets that we can take into the system, and besides curing these complaints it will generally prevent them from attacking the system if plenty of salt is eaten daily. The system craves salt at such times, and until it has more than it needs the taste of salt will not be repulsive. It should be taken with equal parts of raw cornstarch in water and drank as often as possible without causing nausea. In some of the cholera-infected districts peasants take this simple diet to prevent the genuine Asiatic cholera, but how much good it does in such cases it is difficult to say.

The Bicycle Cures Dyspepsia.

After examination of a great number of statistics on the subject the inference is drawn that bicycle riding, when properly taken, is one of the best cures for dyspepsia known to the medical profession. Pepsin and other drugs are recommended to be laid aside by the business and professional man, and after business hours every afternoon a short ride on the bicycle should be taken at a moderate speed. The exercise must be stimulating and not exhausting. About one hour daily is recommended for this exercise, and beyond that point there is danger of exhaustion. The pleasure of riding should be taken systematically, and not spasmodically.

This will generally cure all forms of dyspepsia—functional, emotional and nervous disorders of the stomach. The man who diligently works at manual labor for his living seldom suffers from dyspepsia, because his system can dispose of all the food put in it; but sedentary workers have to have deliciously cooked and appetizing dishes set before them to make them eat. Consequently there is taken into the system material that is hard to digest, and some strong physical exercise is needed daily to stimulate the stomach in its work. Walking is not sufficient exercise to cure or prevent dyspepsia in such people. The bicycle ride gives the necessary relief and relaxation of the mind. Gout and rheumatism which have been brought on by dyspepsia are also greatly relieved by this form of exercise. Evidently the bicycle has come to stay as a health preserver if for nothing else, and its use will continue to increase so long as Americans persist in habits that cause dyspepsia.

Giving Whisky to the Baby.

The great mortality among infants in cities could be partly prevented if mothers would obey the few rules of hygiene that are commonly laid down in every health book. In hot weather all the light and ventilation possible should be admitted to the house, and the young ones should be washed two or three times a day in cool water. The slighest symptoms of loose bowels should be attended to before cholera infantum sets in. Sugar, candy, and other sweets should be strictly kept away from the young children and babies in hot weather. More harm is brought on by overfeeding than too little, and mothers should see that the children have only nourishing, cooling food of sufficient quantity to keep them in health, and not to overload their stomachs. Pure water or barley water is always safe to give the children, and this may be administered in liberal quantities. A few drops of whisky added occasionally on very hot days will tend to stimulate the child, and slake its thirst more effectually. As much as possible young children should be given the liquid foods, such as beef tea, or good, strong beef soup. Hard crusts of bread or dry crackers are safe articles to eat when the child feels like nibbling on something. Hot, or warm new bread is dangerous for even the healthier child in hot weather. Sinks, cesspools and garbage places should be watched carefully, and where any odor arises use deodorizers or disinfectants.

Tobacco Kills Bacteria in the Mouth.

The decay of teeth is caused either by chemical or parasitical processes, and a knowledge of the causes of these should be of value to those who have sound teeth to preserve. Lack of cleanliness of the mouth causes the first. Starchy and sacharrine substances remain in the mouth, and their fermentation creates acids which destroy the enamel and dentine of the teeth. The use of plenty of clean water and a stiff toothbrush will generally prevent decay from this cause, and antiseptic tooth powder may be used in extreme cases. The lodging of bacteria in the mouth and feeding on the decaying food forms the second danger to the teeth. Good germacides can be used occasionally for this, but if the mouth and teeth are kept thoroughly clean bacteria will soon disappear.

Tobacco juice and smoke are considered by some good disinfectants, and many have their teeth preserved from bacteria by excessive chewing or smoking. The bacteria in the mouth and on the teeth become so abundant in careless people that diseases can often be transmitted by them to others. The general practicing dentist often causes this by using the same instruments for successive patients without using antisepting washes between. Patients before going to the dentist's chair should insist upon this as much as one would who goes to get a shave. He has his own cup, razor and soap, and by this means he prevents contracting diseases of the skin. A. S. ATKINSON, M. D.

The Man-Faced Crab.

One of the most singular-looking creatures that ever walked the earth, or "swam the waters under the earth," is the world-famous man-faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the perfect counterpart of a Chinese coolie—a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the face, is provided with two legs which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the side of its face.

How Languages Are Spoken.

A German authority says that almost a third of all humanity, that is, 400,000,000, speak the Chinese language. Then the Hindoo language is spoken by more than 100,000,000. In the third place stands the English, spoken by almost 100,000,000. Fourth, the Russian, with 89,000,000, while the German language is spoken by 57,000,000 tongues, and the Spanish by 48,000,000. Of the European languages the French is fifth in place.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY DORA RUSSELL,

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

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story is laid in England and Scotland. The heroine, Miriam Clyde and Joan, the wife of General Conray, are sisters. Joan had loved another before her marriage; Hugh Ferrars loved Miriam. One day Ferrars sees Joan's lover with her in the garden. Mistaking Mrs. Conray for Miriam he kills her lover in a fit of jealousy. He escapes and joins the army as a private. Miriam, to shield her sister, testifies that it was she who was with Ferrars' victim in the garden. Sir James MacKennon, Bart., falls in love with Miriam. Her parents favor the suit. Thinking Ferrars is gone forever Miriam sets the wedding day. Ferrars is wounded at target practice near Miriam's home. She helps care for him and recognizes him. Then follow clandestine meetings. Miriam begs a hundred pounds from Sir James to give to Ferrars to help him go to Africa. He will not accept. After Miriam's marriage Ferrars follows her to her Scotland home and begs one more meeting before he saves forever. She consents and Sir James discovers the pair together. Sir James forbids Miriam his house. A telegram comes that Joan is dying. Miriam goes. On her deathbed Joan confesses to her husband and is forgiven.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WOMAN'S HAIR.

"Joan wishes to see you," said Miriam tremulously; "she—she wishes to tell you something—something that is preying on her mind."

"Not, not—about Robert Conray?" asked the grey-haired General in violent agitation.

Miriam cast down her eyes.

"Then you lied to me in Scotland?" went on the General, his pallid face flushing strangely. "And now on her deathbed I am to hear the truth."

"It, it is very sad," said Miriam, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Sad?" echoed General Conray; "it is death to me; would that I had died before her; died before the black shadow of doubt stole into my heart."

"But, but she has suffered so much," pleaded Miriam, "and she was but a girl, a young girl—Oh! General Conray, speak kindly to her—let her die in peace."

The old man made no answer; he covered his face with his hand; he turned away his head, and for a moment or two Miriam dare not disturb his grief.

"She is so anxious to see you," presently said Miriam.

"Let me have a little time—Miriam, after I saw you in Scotland I went to Newbrough-on-the-Sea, and was recalled from there by the news of Joan's relapse. But when there I learned that a soldier had been stationed there; a soldier who bore the name of Dare, who had gone on furlough a day before my arrival at the place, and from the discription of this man I believe him to be Ferrars, the murderer of Robert Conray."

"I cannot tell," said Miriam, as steadily as she could.

"Joan in her ravings said you knew; I believe you do know, though you will not tell the truth. Do you know where he is now?"

"No, I do not."

At this moment Mrs. Clyde, who had heard voices on the corridor as her bedroom was situated there, came out of her room and joined the General and Miriam.

"Have you left her Miriam? Is anyone with her?" asked Mrs. Clyde.

"I came to ask the General to go to her," answered Miriam, "she wishes to see him."

"I will go," said General Conray, briefly, and he was moving away in the direction of Joan's room, when Miriam ran after him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Oh! be kind to her," she whispered; "don't let her drift away from you in anger."

The General did not speak; a look of intense pain passed over his worn features, and that was all, and then he moved on, and Miriam turned again to face her mother.

"You have come to a sad house, Miriam," said Mrs. Clyde. "I have not yet even had strength of mind to go down to speak to Sir James, but I suppose your father is with him?"

"He is not here, mother," answered Miriam, and her eyes fell.

"Not here?" repeated Mrs. Clyde, in the greatest surprise. "Do you mean to tell me he allowed you to come all the way from Scotland alone?"

"No, the butler and Ford came with me," said Miriam, for she felt her mother's keen eyes were fixed on her face. "James could not come—something prevented him."

Mrs. Clyde said nothing further, but she looked and felt uneasy. Then she began talking about Joan, and told Miriam that the change for the worse had come very unexpectedly.

"And—and is there no hope?" asked Miriam, with faltering tongue.

"I fear none," answered Mrs. Clyde sorrowfully; "it is a sad, sad thing to be cut off so young and so beautiful as she was; I fear it will just break the General's heart."

She did not know that the General's heart was already broken. He was sitting at this moment by Joan's bedside, and her thin hand lay in his. He had said no word of reproach; he asked no questions, and his eyes were fixed on the face of his dying wife.

"Did—did Miriam tell you what I wish you now to know?" presently asked Joan, looking up.

"She told me that you wished to see me," answered the General, in a low faltering voice.

"I wish you to know the truth about—Robert Conray before I die," said Joan with a great effort. "I wish you to know all my sin and my shame, and the secret of his death."

The General started and bit his pallid lips.

"It was I, not Miriam, who was with him on the night of his murder," continued Joan, forcing the dreadful words from her quivering lips. "He—he was my lover—we used to meet in secret, and that night we had met."

The General turned away his head; he had half believed this before, but to hear it was terrible; to hear it from Joan's own lips.

"We were together, and Ferrars, Miriam's lover, who had come in secret to Tyeford, as you objected to his visits on account of Miriam, came into the grounds to meet Miriam when we were there. He mistook me for Miriam, and in a jealous rage he—he shot poor Robert—he died in my arms."

She said no more, nor did the General speak. He sat there with his bowed head and his ashen face, and Joan lay back breathless and exhausted. Presently, however, she revived a little and fixed her sunken eyes on the General's face.

"Can you forgive me, my husband?" she said, in a hollow voice. "Forgive me before I die?"

Then the General fell down on his knees by the bedside.

"If—if my forgiveness can comfort you, Joan," he faltered, "I forgive you from my heart."

"God will forgive me if you do," gasped Joan, and a great change came over her face. "Kiss me, my husband."

He bent his head and kissed her, and he saw as he did so that her last moments were come. He therefore hastily rang the bell for the others, and lifted her head upon his arm. A smile stole over her face, and her

IT BROKE MY HEART, MIRIAM.

dying eyes were fixed on his. Then her lips moved, and he bent nearer to catch the words.

"Forgive — Robert," she whispered hoarsely, and a groan broke from the General's lips as he listened. Robert was her last thought, for when he laid her head once more on the pillow, Joan was dead.

Sir James returned to the house after Miriam had left Kintore, with a heavy heart and a moody brow. He had seen her bend forward as if to catch a parting glimpse of him, as the