players, a saturnine, sardonic race, proue to silence and subtle scheming, imperturb-able as the sphinx. I felt that every one expected me to lose, and I determined to disappoint them if it lay in my nower.

lay in my power.

I played as I had never played before.

At last the game was over. I had won.

But at what a cost! It seemed to me that

But at what a cost! It seemed to me that a horde of frantic demons were pounding away inside of my head. I recled and almost fell as I rose to receive the congratulations of the bystanders.

Moitke stepped forward saying something, which became utterly unintelligible to me; consciousness forsook me and I sank in a swoon at his feet.

When I revived, Moitke was gone, but Houdin and several others were standing about me. It was after 9 o'clock, and, as I felt somewhat weak, I signified to Houdin my intention of going home en voiture. A hack was soon at my disposal. "To-morrow," whispered the Wizard, as he opened the door of the vehicle for me, "call upon me at the Theater des Soirees Fantastiques." I promised to do so and was then driven off to my lodgings.

CHAPTER IL

The following atternoon I was seated in a small workshop which adjoined the stage of Robert Houdin's theater in the Palais of Robert Houdin's theater in the Palais
Royal. I had entirely recovered from the
indisposition occasioned by the yesterday's
game; and now Houdin was rehearsing to
me the encomiums of the lookers-on.

"Your own opinion?" I said at last.
"What did you think of my play? I know
that so shrewd an observer as you will always note points which escape the particlpants."

"Quite true!" replied the Wizard, lean-

ing his chair back against a stove, which was enjoying its summer vacation. "I have soften said that one conjurer in the audience was worth a dozen on the stage."

"Your play," he went on, "recalled to

ance in carrying out a plot of mine—a revenge for each of us and a salutary lesson for the victim?" Then, with his lips wreathed in that smile of saturic cunning which was the clan, the flash the flame of his public performances, he unfolded to me the details of his scheme for the humiliation

of the German chess-titan, the arrogant Von Moltke.
"His immense egotism has disgusted me; he is a great chess player, but neither a generous victor nor a graceful loser. Yesterday, when all were offering you their congratulations, he sat sullenly to one side: when he at last arose, and you swooned, he did not even wait until you came to, but want off with a heaterly want upon his went off with a hectorly vaunt upon his

"I shall invite him to play another game with you. Then, depend upon me, his as-surance will scatter like chaff; his strategy melt into thin air before the invincible

combinations of my monito."

Hurt by the slight which I supposed I had received from Moltke, I effected a compromise with my conscience, and consented to become a party to the conspiracy. It would have preferred to meet the German upon a fair field; but, whether it was due to Houdin's insinuative eloquence or to my natural cowardice (I am candid), I was carried away by the glamour of the project and became the willing tool of a gigantic

"To-morrow morning at 11!" said Houdin at parting; "I will play the good pretre meanwhile and prepare the condemned for the stroke of the axe."

As I decended the narrow stair, the door leading to the street opened, and I found myself face to face with Moltke.

"Ah, my young friend," he cried pleasantly," "have you been to our friend's for a sorcerer's spell. It will avail you noth-

ing when next we meet."
"You are very confident," I drawled, a supercilious gesture. "It seems to me that if either of us need take recourse to sorcery, you would be that one."



me the inerrancy, the shuggish persistence, the sledge-hammer invincibility of my own mechanical chess-monitor. How you hung to his throat, dogged every step of his retrest; guarded every avenue and repulsed every sortie—drawing the meshes of the inevitable checkmate about his struggling hosts! It was prodigious! In every way worthy of my marvelous mechanical moni-

I could not repress a smile. "Have you, too, been led to experiment with chess automata?" I asked; not, however, without a touch of curiosity.

but he interrupted me, saying: "I know you to be impregnated with the popular prejudices. You think that an automatic chess player is an absurdity, and why? Because Kempelen constructed one which was operated by fraud. I had the same idea when I first considered the problem, but, determined not to let the rabble judge for me, I set about to investigate the matter on my own account. My discoveries astonished me. I came to the conclusion that the construction of an automatic chess player was not alone possible, but was a mere bagatelle to the intelligent

"The bases of the system which I outlined were certain mathematical principle governing the game, buttressed by several axioms of every day applicability. "There is an old proverb, 'Il faut qu 'une porte soit ouverte ou fermee,' which formed

the foundation of my method. I reasoned thus: There can be but one correct reply to each move; there may be a million moves possible, but only one can be correct." "Now all who had attempted the problem before me labored under the idea that the construction of a chess, automaton must be as complex as the mind of the human being with whom he was to contend. Thus viewed it is a wonder that the problem was ever attempted at all. Imagine the absurdity of file and hammer, steel and brass as factors in the construction of mechanical equivalents for the Island of Reil, the thalamus options, or any of the numberless gyri whose functions even are veiled from our insufficient knowledge and undeveloped percentions."

"I saw from the first the fallacy of this theory and thrust it aside. A man may err in judgment and move wrongly; a machine will never forget the lessons derived from its creator nor disobey his injunctions; it cannot make mistakes. The man moves by will, a capacity variable and capricious; the automaton by necessity, the stern and in-oxorable law which guides the stars; that

bas his choice of many moves, all but one of which are faulty; this is without an alternative and must play correctly."

Here Houdin paused. To say that I was perplexed by his specious arguments would be putting it mildly; they fairly carried me by storm. He did not afford me much character and like they they have the collect my thoughts, but much chance to collect my thoughts, but continued his disquisition.
"You see that the task is now reduced to

a small part of its fancied proportion. From the moment when the proposition I have just expounded became obvious to me my work was mere routine; and, 13 days afterward, my model was completed. It was an entire success. While the delicacy of its construction and its form render it un-suitable for exhibition in public, it is all the more marvelous as an achievement of mechanics since anyone could carry it under his arm without inconvenience."
"It is then," I asked, "not a life-sized

"It is not a figure at all," was the reply, "but a chess board, in nowise differing from any other except that it is slightly thicker to make room for the interior mechanism.

It is not intended to play the game, but only to guide the player."

"I do not understand you," I said.
"Let me explain. The margin of the board is purposely decorated with a design of very small and intricate pattern. Your opponent has no sconer moved than one of the small source of this nattern is replaced. the small squares of this pattern is replaced by another, whereon are two figures, which indicate thereon the proper piece to move in reply, the other the square upon which it should be placed. So that after every move your opponent, disconcerted by the quickness and accuracy of your game, grows flurried, makes errors, and falls an easy victics with the contract of the state of th

tim, while you reap all the glory of victory without the toil of battle." "Ingenious!" I exclaimed; "but unfair." ndin rose suddenly and walked toward

the window. the window.

For a few minutes he stood there, looking fixedly across the beautiful gardens of the Palais Royal, as though grappling with some still intangible, half-formed idea. Then he returned and stood still before me. "Edouard, will you give me your assist-

A MUTUAL DISCOVERY. Moltke did not reply, but waved his hand in token of adieu, and began to ascend the stairs. I hurried homeward, revolving in my mind the pretty speeches, the biting mots, and ironical sallies, whereby I would embitter his discomfiture on the morrow.

CHAPTER IIL

It lacked a few minutes of 11 when I entered Houdin's staller on the following day. The first thing to catch my attention upon rith chess automata?" I asked; not, however, without a touch of curiosity.

"Experiment? I have achieved the most omplete success!" and he threw his head ack proudly.

I was about to vent an incredulous sneer, but he interrupted me saving. juror's glittering apparatus was entirely covered with black cloth—a wise precaution, for there were seven or eight utter strang ers in the room. No, not all strangers; for one I surely knew! That pale, sad face, so like a shadow of the first Napoleon's-did

it not belong to Paul Morphy? He recognized me at once, for we had met several times at Foure's; and, coming toward me, grasped my hand cordially, and wished me success. Houdin then intro-duced me to the rest of the company. Never had I, nor have I sluce, except at some of the grand tournaments, seen so many great players together, players of world-wide reputation. There was my countryman, Morphy, the greatest Chess General of all ages; second to him

alone, Anderssen, the Prussian Master; Dufresne, his friend and associate; then Houdin, the crafty, the cat-like, and lastly, gereater perhaps than any of these though then less famous, the German soldier, Heimuth von Moltke. Several lesser celebrities completed the circle now form-ing around the table which stood in the center of the room. I had already seated myself at Houdin's beck, and was waiting Moltke to do the same. A close scrutiny of the board convinced me that the secret of its mechanism was secure from discovery, thanks to the blinds which plunged th room into a lurid semi-darkness. Moltke seated himself and we began to arrange our respective hosts in the line of battle. Hardly had the last piece been put into position, when, with lightning like rapidity and absolute noiselessness, the square which Houdin had indicated, shifted and was replaced by another. "Pawn to the King's fourth" was the move which the almost invisible marks pre-cribed. "Sage counselor," thought I, "from what source hast thou derived such superhuman sagacity?" But this ironical train of thought was broken by Houdin, who, to decide the move, had arranged a number of paper slips between the leaves of a book. This he now held out toward

me. I drew a short slip and the move fell to Moltke. He promptly placed his King's pawn upon the fourth square. My scribed move remained the same; I felt half tempted to play the Fianchetto, but a warning look from Houdin corrected my seditious intention. I followed the Moni-tor's guidance and advanced my pawn two squares. Then followed a half dozen book loves on each side. But now Moltke leans forward, bands clenched, brow corrugated, his eyes fixed intently upon the board. He moves, and an involuntary murmur of dmiration escapes the bystanders. The move seemed to me without special signifi-

cance; so, giving the position a careless glance, I made the prescribed reply. The game went on a while in absolute silence; then Moltke's combination dawned upon me, and I found, to my astonishment, that my off-hand moves, prompted by the Moni-tor, had completely circumvented a snare so intricate, so ingenious, that I could scarcely comprehend it even then, though it lay un-

masked and disarmed before me.

A hundred times during the game I thanked the Monitor for its faithful guid-ance; lacking which I should have been disgracefully defeated, for Moltke played like a demon. Such dash and such deliberation, at once so subtle and so gritty:-It was

But my monitor was equal to any emergency. And, if matchless in defense, how snall I characterize h in attack? The eagle that swoops down from its eyric upon the unsheltered flock; the lion that leaps from the junglegrass into a herd of antelope; the hurricanes of tropical seas were not more irresistable than my serried onset. At first

prise! Ah, let him take her if he dare! "For what doth it profi; a man if he gain the whole chessboard and lose his game?"

Again, a pawn would advance in some distant corner of the board. Moltkekus knits his brow; acowle savagely; then sets himself stolidly to survey the field. He moves, smiling; my purpose is plain to him. What matter? The automaton prompts me and I confront him with a new combination; another skirmish ensuing which requires the utmost nicety of management on his part to avert a crushing overthrow.

In this way the battle surged to and fro for three long hours—neither side gaining any advantage, and every point being contested as fiercely as though the fate of empires hung in the scales. The afternoon sun beat obliquely into the room—throwing the shadows of the spectators fitfully across the board, like clouds that trembled beneath the iron chariot of Mars. Absolute silence reigned: only broken at intervals by the

the iron chariot of Mars. Absolute silence reigned: only broken at intervals by the husky, half-muttered "check!" of Moltke, or my own clearer, more confident challenge. At last the game drew to a close. Moltke folded his arms across his breast and announced a draw in five moves. This was so obvious that Anderssen, who had been keeping score, threw aside his nencil, and lunged for a vacant chair toward which Houdin had begun a pilgrimage.

A young man named Hamilton, Houdin's pupil and frequently his proxy, took advantage of the laughter and diversion caused by this slight disturbance, and, replacing the chessmen in their box, put the

placing the chessmen in their box, put the board beyond the reach of scrutiny which might discover its secret mechanism. Now Morphy, whom the insufficiency of chairs compelled to lean against the furloughed stove, began in his slow, impressive manner

to descant upon the game.
"The most remarkable feature of your "The most remarkable feature of your play," he said, turning to me, "was the ap-parent unconcern with which you launched against him the most astonishing and intri-cate coups de main." Then, taking the card, upon which Anderssen had penciled the score, he exclaimed: "One hundred and twenty-four moves in three hours,—each a gem, pregnant with possibilities; it is un-parallelled!"

Now turning to Moltke he went on, in tones of bitter irony: "Well my German friend, do you now relish the truth in the fable of the mouse and the file? Have you found your way into the smithy at last? Has the dent merchante been dulled?"

Moltke, with a gesture of impatience,

was about to retort, when Anderssen inter-

posed.

"Getrost, Helmuth, dein Spiel war fehlerlos!" [Be cheered, Helmuth; your game was faultless!] But the great soldier would not be comforted. To him a remise was as galling as defeat. He could not brook failure: holding success to be a mathematical certainty—a corollary of all his sections. So at least it seemed to me and I actions. So at least it seemed to me, and I think his subsequent military career con-firmed this estimate.

After some wine had been partaken of the company dispersed—never again to re-assemble. Moltke returned to Germany a few days after, with the Orown Prince; so also Anderssen and Dufresne when the chess congress was over; while Morphy, the young invincible, after an extended tour, went back, laden with glory, to his native

The only one I frequently met was Houdin. Always the same Asmodeus-like estirist, the suave schemer, the brilliant meteoric intellect! We played quite often, with varying fortunes. Sometimes I would importune him to fetch the Monitor from its place of concealment, to draw aside the veil of silence and secrecy which hid that wonderful achievement of human ingenuity from the world. Then he would raise his finger warningly and remind me of my promise.
"Shall I not dispose of my handiwork at

my own pleasure? There are still certain parts which I wish to perfect. I want this to be the crowning marvel of my magic, the inheritance of the world from me, the dernier mot of my career."
Wearying of reiteration, I at last kept

CHAPTER IV.

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, I secompanied the French army as correspondent of several prominent English and American newspapers, having gradually drifted into journalism.

The opening moves of the campaign con vinced me that Moltke had not lost any of his former skill. The French were hurled

back at every point; their headlong advance, flushed with the expectation of victory, was turned into a disorderly rout. and at Gravelotte; the surrender of Napo-leon at Sedan; the capitulation of Metz. Hurrying back to Paris, where the seat of war had now shifted, I heard 'Die Wacht am Rhein' sung before the city's defenses. It was during the ides of January, '71, that the last hope of saving the capital vanished. The government de la defeuse nationale had exhausted itself in vain attempts to raise the siege; until famine, together with the ominous mutterings of the Commune, turned all further show of resistance into

an absurd farce. The entry of the victor

brushwood fires, were discussing the chances of a speedy return to the Fatherland, the probable results of the war and the bruited elevation of the Hohenzollern family to the imperial dignity.

mperial dignity.
On the outskirts of a small coppies I saw one group whose uniforms betokened them to be officers of a superior rank; they were ranged in a circle about the object of their attention, and my approach, impelled partly by the instinct of duty, partly by the inexplicable cosmic law which attra a smaller body to a larger, passed entirely unnoticed. A picturesque tableau presented itself to my view.

In the middle of the group two men were playing chess. They were seated upon empty powder kegs; the squares were marked with charcoal upon the head of a drum; and the pieces had been ingeniously improvised from exploded cartridge shells ammered into various shapes. One of the players was a major, unknown to me; the other was the marshal of the forces, Von Moltke himself. The hardy soldier, though but lightly clad, seemed unconscious of the cold, so absorbed was he in the game. I put up the big fur collar of my coat, folded my arms across my breast,

and looked on.

For no great time did the gam remain in doubt. Moltke's opponent writhed in his iron grasp like a worm under the heel of a giant. Less than a dozen moves were made in rapid succession; then "check ! check ! mate !" finished the brief but brilliant contest.
"Moltke," asked the Major in rising.

"have you ever been beaten?"

The great General worked his arms up and down like flails and stamped about fiercely in order to restore the circulation to his numb limbs.

"Oftener than I have won," he replied. "The Orient is a vast chess board where Philidor sits on every square. Day after day I have played in the coffee-roo Smyrna or on the Nile terrace at Alex-andris, and suffered defeat from weazened Pashas and gray-bearded muftis. The Syrian dervishes and Bedouins of the Arabian desert would be worthy opponents to Anderssen himself."

"You speak of long ago," said the Major, "and of pinyers whose skill, compared with yours at that time, looms colossal through the mist of memory. But tell us whether, in late years whose gap our minds can bridge, you have met any players whom you esteemed above yourself."

Moltke drew his hand meditatively across

I felt inclined to distrust my preceptor; but, before a score of moves had been made on each side, the measure of my faith was so brimming that I followed all his directions without a quiver of doubt, no matter how headlong or seemingly irrelevant the course they dictated.

Now the Queen would make an onslaught into the heart of the foeman's phalanx—through an avenue bristling with hostile spears. Seeming folly, for she is left en

was an American, a countryman of Paul Morphy. I have forgotten his name, but it was Robert Houdin who sequainted us with each other—Houdin, the prestidigi-tator—and it was in his apartments that we

My ears tingled; the laurels which tacit fraud had placed upon my brow seared me like living coals. Should I reveal my-"It would be the greatest pleasure of my

life," Moltke went on, "to meet that man again that I might lay the tributes of my admiration at his feet." admiration at his feet."

My resolve was taken. Stepping into the circle I threw open my great coat and held out my hand to Von Moltke. For a moment he looked at me as though dazed.

"Heavens!" he cried, "'tis he, the American!" "I am Edward Smith, of whom you have spoken." was my rejoinder.

Moltke seized me by the hand. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I have the pleasure of introducing to you the greatest chessplayer in Paris during the tournament thirteen years ago."

thirteen years ago."
"Pardon," I interposed; "I have no title

to your praise."
"Here is your title," came the reply, and he took from a small portefenille a folded paper. "I got it from Anderssen three years ago; it is the score of the game we played in Robert Houdin's atelier. That game was drawn, but it should have been "By no meaus," I exclaimed, determined

to reveal the secret of my mechanical ally. to reveal the secret of my mechanical ally.

"The game belonged to you."

"Since you force me to do so," said Moltke, "I will make a somewhat humiliating cofession. Not one of the moves with which I replied to yours was my own. I should, beyond a doubt, have been defeated but for the aid of a mechanism which Houdin had concealed in the chess board, and which properties all of my moves." Houdin had concealed in the chess board, and which prompted all of my moves."
a good old-fashioned American oath sailed across my lips. "Confound that double-dealing knave," I exclaimed; "we have both been duped. The renegade! How he must have laughed in his sleeve at our folly! Imbeciles we have been; noddle-pates; lay figures in a harlequinade of fools!" And another variegated assortment of expletives bewildered the bystanders.
"What do you mean?" interrogated

"What do you mean?" interrogated Moltke, seizing my hand in astonishment. Moltke, seizing my hand in astonishment.
"I mean," was my fierce retort, "that I, like you, tell into the snare which our dear triend of the Palais Royal had spread for both. I mean that he had prepared this game before we came; had marked it upon two cylinders which were concealed in the board, one on each side; and that after we were seated, he simply turned a crank prompting each of us in turn."

Moltke burst into a ringing laugh, which was echoed by all present.

was echoed by all present.
"An ingenious plot, truly!" he exclaimed. "I have discussed with him the elaimed.

possibility of constructing an automatic chess player. He contended that it was a bagatelle to any skilled mechanician. 'Monsieur Houdin,' I said to him, 'prove your claim to that distinction; sweep aside the bagatelle. We laid a wager; and, a few weeks later, the day after my first game with you, he announced to me that the automaton was completed. Cunning rogue, he outwitted me cleverly."

Another general laugh followed; then the Major, a thick-set, dark-browed man of about 45, took the word. He had been scanning the paper Moltke had produced—the score of the memorable game.

"I have seen these moves before," he said, with measured emphasis; "this is either the fifteenth or sixteenth of Greco's partent games." "Friends." interrunted

perfect games." "Friends," interrupted Moltke, "it is very cold here. I have at my barracks some fine old Lacrymae Christi which should be shed to commemorate this occasion. Will you come with me?"

Passing his arm through mine he drew

me along, the rest following. With a faint smile he placed his lips close to my car. "Son," he whispered sadly, "that game was not drawn; was it? Were we not both checkmated?"

[THEEND.]

PAST DRIVING IN RUSSIA.

owhere seen such horses and such driving as in St. Petersburg. Every other man owns a fast team, and all drive as though the devil was after them. A great many of the horses are of the Orloff breed, big, tall, well-made blacks, all of whom are high steppers. They have a touch of Arabian blood in them, and they are trained so that they step in time and go very fast," says a

writer in Spare Moments.
"I have been in St. Petersburg over a week and I have not seen a horse walk yet, and one of the exciting incidents of life here is the narrow escapes which you seem to be constantly making whenever you go out to drive. The droschkies are among the most comfortable rigs I have ever ridden in. If you could put a Japanese jinriksha on four wheels, put a seat in front of it, and harness a horse instead of a man to it you would have something like a St. Petersburg droschky. Or if you would cut down a Victorial of the seat of the Early morning on January 15 found me walking along the German lines, which, like the coils of a giant serpent, were gradually contracting about the doomed city. I ger than those of a baby carriage, and put the bed of the rig about a foot from the wore a heavy fur coat, for it was bitter cold; snow lay several inches deep, and a sharp wind blew from northwest.

German soldiers, gathered in knots about

German soldiers, gathered in knots about

German soldiers, gathered in knots about

"If you wish the poorer class you must take off the back and you have a fair sample of the 25,000 cabs which fly day and night along these Russian streets. The droschky horses are quite as curious as the vehicle strange. The horses seem to be harnesse with thongs, and you could cut the whole outfit out of a pair of Russian top boots.

DE BES' HE KNOWED.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.I y leetle boy, my leetle boy! He'd bin a man by now! Hit ony seem lak tudder day
Dey stole dat chile ob mine away,
Hit twenty yeah I 'low'
I offun gits ter wunnerin' Wat kin' ob man wud he hab bin

Hit was endurin' ob de wab, De sojers cum dis way
An' camp right ober yonner whar
Dat haivy bit ob timbah are
An' all de time dey stay
My Lem he hangin' roun' de camp,
I can't do nuttin' wid de scamp,
He boun' ter hab he way.

De captin' tuk a mighty shine
Ter das dere leetle boy,
An' let him fai'ly hant he tent,
An' foller ebrywar he went,
An' heap ob time he'd 'ploy
In brushin' up de captin' sults
An' polishin' he swonds an' bootsRight handy leetle boy.

De captin' harnsum cav'ry boots
He tought wuz orful fine;
He cudden' bear 'em out ob sight,
An' study 'bout 'em day an' night;
Sez he, "I des' a-gwine
Ter hab a pair w'en I I'se a man,
Ez high ez cap's boots, ef I can,
An' ebry bit ez fine."

One day de men dey rid away
Ter stay untwel de night;
De cap he say, des' jokin'-lak,
"Tek ca' dem boots twel I cum back,
Doan let dem out yo' sight."
El yu'll beliebe, dat bery day
A lot ob rebs dey cum dat way,
A-ridin' 'long, towahds night.

All dey oud lay their han's upun, All dey cud lay their han's upun.
De gray-coats tuk outright,
An' one he wanter git de boots,
An' ef he doan, he say he shoots,
But Lem still hilt 'em tight;
An' den he flah, dat sinful man,
An' Lem fell, grassin' in he han'
De boots, wid all he might.

Des' den de rebs put out, fer dey
Heahd owah men down de road.
De cap he hilt Lem twei de las',
He teahs a-streamin' down right fas',
An' at de end, Lem showed
De boots, an' say wid he las' bref';
"Cap, I-nab-kep'-de boots-myse'fa
I done-de bes'-I-knowed."

Yas, I hab wunnerd many times
Wat kin' ob man he'd bin!
But dis I knows, I ain't de same
I wuz befo' dat trubbel came.
Fer w'en I'se gittin' in
Ter sumpn wrong, I heah him say,
"I done de bes' I knowed," sum way
Dat keen ma out of sin. Dat keep me out of sin.

ANNE VIROTHIA COLUMNIT THE SINEWS OF WAR. Men Who Raise and Expend Big

TILDEN THE FIRST ORGANIZER,

Money in National Campaigns.

Where Contributions Come From and Some Famous Fund-Beggara

THE GENIUS OF W. L. SCOTT IS MISSED

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, interesting article in THE DISPATCH of July 31. Accompanying this article to-day are portraits of the men who have helped to handle

hese great sums of money. The use of large sums in politics is a growth of the last 20 years. Previous to hat time political campaigning was largely a matter of hurrah and sentiment, and ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has often told me that the entire cost of the national campaign which ended in the election of Lincoln fell far below that of many a State canvass of the present time. Tilden Responsible for the Present System

Business men, alert, shrewd and fond of system and order, began in the early '60's to take the management of politics into their hands, and a wonderful change in methods and measures was speedily effected; but it is to Samuel J. Tilden, more than to



any other man, that is due the credit of perfecting the method of campaigning now in vogue. Mr. Tilden had a gift for the management of men on a large scale that amounted to genius. He saw that great issues which arouse the enthusiasm of the masses, though most essential, are not in themselves sufficient to insure success in a campaign, but that much of the work to be effective must be done in secret and that it was of the first importance that every voter should be brought into direct personal con-

tact with the campaign management. The Horses Fly at High Speed Through

Densely Crowded Streets.

"I have been in all the great capitals of the world, from Paris to Pekin, and I have nowhere seen such horses and such driving nowhere seen such horses and such driving the control of the world, from Paris to Pekin, and I have nowhere seen such horses and such driving the control of which involved the control of which involved the control of which involved the control of the campaign management.

This required a comprehensive system, great volumes of correspondence and limit-less use of printers' ink—in a word, an organization which reached out and embraced every home and fireside in the land and the operation of which involved the expenditure of vast sums of money. Time stamped Mr. Tilden's methods with the seal success, and they have been given the

place of those formerly employed. What Quay and Hill Bank On, In the expenses of the Republican National Committee the circulation of carefully prepared campaign documents is con-sidered most important. These documents not only inform the masses, but furnish a mass of statements and arguments upon which local orators draw freely. They are in the main the speeches of leading Senators and Congressmen, but very often brief and trenchant cards and circulars, which pierce with a single shaft the armor of the enemy, are employed with telling effect.

This year the two national committees will probably spend fully \$300,000 in the preparation, publication and circulation of This represents a mi printed matter nearly large enough to fill a small freight train, and it is an open ques-tion whether or not too much money is not



spent in this way. Still such shrewd poli-ticians as Senator Quay and Senator Hill are of opinion that this plan of appeal has more influence on the wavering and doubt-ful than any other.

Men Who Will Get the Money. The financial affairs of the Be-publican National Committee are this year in the hands of, Cornelius N. Bliss, and his selection as transport year in the hands of Cornelius N. Bliss, and his selection as treasurer has been generally voted a most admirable one. Commercial New York he knows perfectly, and he possesses in full measure the esteem and confidence of her capitalists and money kings. Under his direction there will be no stress of finances in the Republican Committee. The treasurer of the Democratic National Committee is Robert B. Rossavelt a member of one of the old B. Roosevelt, a member of one of the old Knickerbocker families, a forceful leader of his party and a business man of high stand-

Mr. Bliss will be assisted in the work of raising funds by an advisory committee of five. The New England member of this committee, it is said, will be Senator Nel-son W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island. Mr. Aldrich is a man of exceptional shrewdness and persuasive powers, and is believed to be better fitted to raise money than any other leader of his party in the New England States. His personal acquaintance among the wealthy men of his own and adjacent States is very large. Benjamin F. Jones, of Pittaburg, will prob-ably represent the Middle States on the tee. He is a skillful politician, who knows the great industries of Pennsylvania

sylvania member of the committee may be Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia Jesse M. Spaulding, of Chicago, will be one of the Western members of the committee.

Plenty of Money on Both Sides.

Pienty of Money on Both Sides.

He is ex-Collector of the Port of Chicago, a man of wealth and identified with many of the leading financial institutions of his city. The other Western member of the committee will doubtless be Senator Philetus Sawyer, of Wisconsin. Senator Sawyer, besides being a battle-scarred political veteran, is an ardent supporter of President Harrison. He is very rich, having been engaged in the lumber business for many years, and knows all of the leading business men and politicians of the Northwest. Senator Sawyer gives liberally himself, and can always be depended upon to make and can always be depended upon to make others do the same. So it will be seen that the financial part

of the Republican campaign is in good hands. Treasurer Roosevett will have the National politics was assistance of a Campaign committee composed of Senator Calvin S. Brice, Senator Arthur P. Gorman, Lieutenant Governor



William F. Sheeban, Senator M. W. Ran William F. Sheehan, Senator M. W. Ran-som, Benjamin T. Cable, of Illinois; Brad-ley B. Smalley, of Vermont; E. C. Wall, of Wisconsin, and Josiah Quincy, of Massa-chusetts, and of such men as William C. Whitney and E. Cornelius Benedict. Mr. Whitney, who is the personal representa-tive of Mr. Cleveland in the present cam-pairs, its meantains willingstre and in paign, is a many times millionaire and in close touch with the members of his party. Mr. Benedict is a rich Wall street broker and a warm personal friend of the ex-Presi-dent. It is said that between them they have already raised a round quarter of a million for use during the campaign.

Heavy Contributors to the Campaign, From whom in the main do the funds thus collected come? The answer is, from large corporations, who, conservative and cautions, favor the retention of the party in power, and from wealthy individuals who take a patriotic pride in the success of their take a patriotic pride in the success of their cause. To name the men who are the chief contributors to the Republican and Democratic funds would be a very difficult if not an impossible task. The Republican list would include Postmaster General Wanamaker, Andrew Carnegie, George M. Pullman, Phil Armour, Stephen B. Elk ins and others too numerous to mention.

The Democratic on the other hand also

others too numerous to mention.

The Democrats, on the other hand, always count with safety upon liberal contributions from Arthur Sewall, Frank Jones, John R. McPherson, Oliver H. Pavne, John L. Mitchell, ex-Mayor William R. Grace, Governor R. P. Flower, Henry Villard and other millionaire members of their party. Frank Jones, who is one of the richest men in New England, always gives freely himself, and, what is



more important, is very successful in inducing others to do the same. The same is true of John L. Mitchell, who is the wealthiest man in Wisconsin, and ex-Mayor Grace, who, in a campaign in which he is fully aroused, is capable of splendid work in a financial way. When Grace takes his coat off in a fight there is sure to be all the money that is needed for the battle.

How Governor Flower Goes at It. Governor Flower, in collecting campaign funds, follows a method that is all his own. He makes out a list of those upon whom he intends to call, with the amount which he thinks each man should give set opposite his name, heads the list with his own subscription for a generous amount, and then goes the rounds. As those upon whom himself his tours are generally productive of speaking results. Henry Villard's effort among Democrats of German extraction are usually very effective, and as he is a warm personal friend of Mr. Cleveland he is counted upon to do good work in the present campaign. The Democratic managers will greatly

miss this year the presence and aid of the late William L. Scott, of Eric, Pa. Ap-peals to him for financial aid in a campaign were seldom made in vain, and as collector of funds he had a good-natured, stand-and-deliver way that was most effective. I have it from a source that is entirely relia-ble that in 1888 Mr. Scott contributed \$250.-000 toward the re-election of ex-President Cleveland. In that campaign he held much the same position that Mr. Whitney does in the present, but so rapidly are the changes worked by time that already he is half-for-Other financial pillars of their parties in

the past were Governor Morgan, of New York; Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut; Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan; August Belmont, of New York, and Samuel J. Tilden. Marshall Jewell raised \$170,000 in a single day in Boston. The late ex-President Arthur was a charming beggar, and Senator Quay, in the campaign of 1888, showed equal skill in the collection and disbursement of campaign funds, and the ability in these things of his colleague, Senator Cam-

eron, has long been well known.

The Third party movements are conducted on an economical basis, as they are largely have few wealthy adherents. RUPUS R. WILSON.

Too Much les Creum.

C. H. Roher, agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, New Haven, Mo., says: "I suffered a great deal one hot evening last week (July 21). I had eaten ice cream for supper, and there seemed to be an internal conflict going on. A traveling man said he had something in his grip at the hotel that he believed would relieve me, and producing a small bottle or medicing a gave me a ing a small bottle of medicine gave me a lose. I telt better, and in a few moments took another dose which entirely relieved me. I believe that such a medicine is worthy of recommendation and that it should be kept in the house during the summer. The bottle was labeled Chamber-lain's Colio, Cholera and Diarrhus Rem-edy." For sale by druggista

THE BEAUTY OF JAPAN

How She Danced and Sang Herself Into Sir Edwin Arnold's Heart.

THE DELIGHT OF ALL TOURISTS

A Hundred Delight the Gueste at Dinners

of the Swell Maple Club. EOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM

> CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR 1 TORIO, JAPAN, Aug. 13.

NE of the most in teresting and romantie things in all " Japan," said Sir Edwin Arnold, "is the Yoshiwara with its thousands of Maiko and Geisha girls. They are a delicate subject to handle, these beautiful but' frail dancing girls, but all the world loves a beautiful

woman, and I've had to put them in my drama." So I, too, must write about the beautiful Geisha. We met her in the tea houses at Nagasaki, Kobe and Yokohoma, and in Tokio 100 danced for us after our dinner at the Maple Club, the swell club of the Japanese capital. When I visited the

sions to the Yoshiwars that the curiosity of the traveler has to be appeased. So, as soon as the Canadian Pacific's steamships, the Empress of India, China or Japan, arrives in Yokohama, you will see the pas-



Japan se Maiko Giris.

sengers, clergymen, missionaries and worldly fashionables speeding in jinrikshas behind a bare-legged coolie for this place of doubt, joy and despair.

The Yoshiwara, I say, is walled in by itself and is perfectly policed. Every person seen there, except the American and English tourist, is supposed to be bent on fun and frolic. The houses are built like great bird cages, close to the street. The fronts have only a few slats separating the girls from the people on the street. In each house will be 25 or 30 luxuriously-dressed girls.

The Only Requirement of the Law. They all sit on mats in a row so close to the street that if there were no slats the seething mass of pedestrians could touch them. They wear beautiful brocaded kimonos (robes) and brilliant obis (sashes)



SNAP-SHOT AT A PAIR OF GEISHA GIRLS.

Mabile in the time of Napoleon III. I did | tied in big bows in front. The good Chrisnot write a word about it, at the Orpheum in Berlin I was dumb, and at the high jinks in the Esler at St. Petersburg I was silent, but the romance and love and grace of the Japanese Geisha girls must be described.

A Lieutenant Waxes Poetic. Lieutenant F. M. Bostwick, after seeing the Japanese girls dance in Kobe, wrote this for me about Kohana San, the sweetest of the Geishas. It can be sung to the air of the Irish "Balyhooly."

The Nautoh girls I have seen,
And Kiralfy's fairy queen;
I've seen the Hula girls in Honolulu,
Circassian dancers, too.
Zamacuecas in Peru,
The Kaffir dance, the Hottentot and Zulu,
All qualities and shades
Of pretty dancing maids,
I've seen in Europe, Africa and Asia: But she who takes the bun From each and every one, Is Kohana San, the little Kobe Geisha.

he dances every day o and an obt: n an elegant kin f you go out to Japan, fou must see Kohana San, the's the prettiest little Geisha girl in Kobe Three hundred thousand fair girls in Japan are divided into three classes-the Maiko, Geisha and the demi monde. The

CHORUS.

Maiko girls are very young—never over 16. They are the understudy of the Geisha, and and at the age of 15 or 16 they become

Know How to Powder and Paint, They dress superbly in embroidered kimonos, powder their pretty faces and paint their lips cherry red. Their hair is oiled, perfumed and put up in Chinese in-describable fashion and pinned full of jewels and flowers. They do the dancing and posing and do it in their stockings, their sandals being left with the guests outside. They dance and pose with their hands, eyes,

ody and legs. The Geishas are older girls. Their business is to entertain guests, flirt and play on musical instruments like the samiser (Japanese mandolin), the gekkin (banjo) and the kolo (harp). They appear at all big dinners and parties. They dress in picturesque costumes and pour tea and saki Japanese wine) and flirt and talk and sing divinely.

The conduct of the Geisha and Maiko

is always very proper. In public they simply look pretty and smile and say sweet nothings. To the guests, as they help them to food and drink, they say: A Dinner With the Dancing Girls "Your honorable arrival is most welcome Please take your honorable seat. Now will you have some honorable live fish?" And then, described poetically:

girls in tea houses, private houses and clubs

The Samisens begin,
And then a horrid din
Of drums and songs that's really most alarming; While Kohana San cames out And sortly glides ab Her movements have a grace that's simply charming; She twirls her little fan As Geishas only can, Which means, of course, she does it to per-

She then assumes a pose To show her pretty clothes, Likewise her dainty figure and complexion. In the days of old Japan And the Tokugawa cian, Her relatives had titles by the dozens; Her uncles, I am told,

Were Samurai bold, and the "Forty-seven Ronius"

Gousins.

Her father, don't you know,
Used to be a Daimio me time before the advant of the eigner,
But he fought the "Mik-ka-doo,"
So they run him through and through
Which made of him a subject fo

coroner. She's powdered front and back, Her eyebrows painted black, A style considered highly ornamental; Hor tiny under itp Is red send at the tip, A fashion that is strictly Oriental. Her hair is stiffly ofled, And wonderfully coiled

In a manner that would drive erazy,
Her form divinely shaped,
Is magnificently draped—
O, my! Kohana San's a daisy!

A Remarkable Institution of Japan What becomes of the Geisha girls? Some marry well and make good wires. Others go to the great public Yoshiwara and become disciples of Aphrodite. Every Japanese city has its Yoshiwara, but perhaps Tokio, the capital, with its million people, gives up the most space to it. Here the Yoshiwara occupies about a mile square, set off by itself. set off by itself.

"Do the tourists go there?" I can imagine the reader saying.
Yes, you can rest assured they do. Books on Japan have made so many vague allu-

tian girls outside wear their obis tied behind, but Japanese law compels the disciple of Aphrodite to tie it in front. This one law keeps them from ever appearing in public. The street is packed with street musicians, fakirs and a curious crowd of Japanese and formingers. Japanese and foreigners.

The Yoshiwara is the place where a State

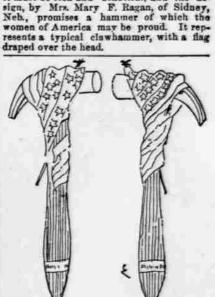
ball or a diplomatic dinner generally ends.
Here perhaps you will sometimes see the
same Geisha girl, who behaved like a lady
at the Maple Club, acting with wild abandon that would astonish Dr. Parkhurst.

Many of the inmates of the Yoshiwara are sold to the keepers for a certain time by parents. A child implicitly obeys a parent

in Japan, and there are cases where a poor father has sold his daughter to raise money to bury the mother. After serving her time she returns to her father and perhaps makes

A THOUSAND DOLLAR HAMMER,

Tool With Which Mrs. Palmer Will Finish the Woman's Building at Chicago. Before the Woman's building at the World's Fair is dedicated next month there will be a pretty ceremony, during which Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Woman's Board, will drive the "last nail." to mark the completion of the structure. The nail will be made of gold, silver and copper, set with gems, and will be the gift of the women of Montana. That "last nail" will be driven by a hammer in the natural course of events, and the women of Nebrasks secured the privilege of furnishing the hammer. Of course, they determined it must be rich and beautiful, and the de-



Both Sides of the Hammer.

The handle is to be made of pieces of his toric Nebraska woods-a bit of the flagstaff erected at Fort Phil Kearny in 1848; astrip from a tree on the first homestead in the United States, a contribution from the estate of ex-Governor Sterling Morton, the originator of Arbor Day, and a splinter from State University hall, the first college building in the State. The head of the hammer will be made of silver, and on its face will be the be made of silver, and on its face will be the State's coat of arms engraved in gold. The folds of the fag will be of gold and the colors will be brought out with enameling. The 44 stars will be represented by diamonds. The staff will be of silver, surmounted by an eagle in gold. The polished handle will be encircled by a band of gold, which will be inscribed with the words, "The Women of Naharaka" and the data of the words. inscribed with the words, "The Women of Nebraska," and the date of the event. This beautiful instrument will cost from \$500 to \$1,000, and an Omaha jeweler is now at work

Quite a new shoe has lately been made the subject of an English patent. The front and back parts of it are connected by plates, and an insole attachment to the front plece curves over the joint. Two sole, covering the foot, and are secured in their places by a lace. The inventor claims that this form of shoe is both healthier and more comfortable than the ordinary boot.

New Kind of Shoe,

Electricity in a Plant.

An electric plant has been discovered in India, which will influence a magnetic needle 20 feet distant. During the daytime the intensity of the magnetic energy is most powerful; at night it is reduced to zero, and during a storm it is increased ten-fold. The plant is increased tenfold. The plant is instantaneously fatal to any bird or insect which may happen to