[illegible]RANT'S SONG.

[illegible] LAST MOMENTS [illegible] SCOTCH IMMIGRANT.

[illegible]

[illegible] died away in a sob, the [illegible] her cheeks, her figure [illegible] the agony of sorrow, [illegible] the rough floor in the [illegible] of a great grief. [illegible] followed her from

[illegible] SWEETHEART."

[illegible] highlands of Scotland—who [illegible] with her, had wandered through the grey old cathedral of Elgin [illegible] upon the memorials of saints [illegible] while they planned the progress of their united lives—[illegible] and the future seemed [illegible] and barren.

[illegible] Castle Garden [illegible] final months of [illegible] the days of Castle Garden [illegible] place for immigrants [illegible] The time was 4 o'clock [illegible] Friday morning, in the closing days [illegible] John Kirton, a Scotch immigrant, [illegible] had obtained permission [illegible] the arrival of the Wyoming, on [illegible] he expected his parents, awoke [illegible] a bench in [illegible] at the hour named. He was [illegible] terribly, and at his request a [illegible] was called. The man was [illegible] to be the victim of a congestive [illegible] beyond the aid of medical [illegible]

"[illegible] ease your pain, but I cannot [illegible] your life," said the doctor. "What [illegible]"

[illegible] Kirton [illegible] Hewitt, and we were to [illegible] after the Wyoming [illegible]

[illegible] rushed out, and meanwhile the sick man was conveyed to the [illegible] hospital building by a Russian [illegible] and an Armenian who, like Kirton [illegible] spending the night on the [illegible] Hewitt soon arrived, escorted by one of the assistants of Father [illegible] She sank down beside the cot [illegible] almost unconscious lover [illegible] He revived at her touch and asked: [illegible]

"[illegible] John, dear."

[illegible] a long journey, sweetheart; [illegible] than the journey to America was, [illegible] I want to start with the music of [illegible] voice in my ears. Sing to me, [illegible] sing one of the tunes we [illegible] when we were barefooted children [illegible] in the burn."

"[illegible]," interrupted the priest, "have you made your peace with God?"

"I confess myself a sinner, and I look to Christ for mercy," gasped the sufferer. "[illegible] sing."

[illegible] I WILL BE BRAVE."

[illegible] to his side and placed [illegible] under his head. Then she [illegible] strains of "Annie Laurie" [illegible] borne.

[illegible]

[illegible] the sick man settled back with a [illegible] and a smile upon his honest, homely [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] girl," interrupted the [illegible] never can bear you to [illegible]

[illegible] gave way, and the [illegible] heart found vent [illegible] The strange group [illegible] uncovered heads in the presence of the majesty of death [illegible] the priest [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] home, and the girl [illegible] the laboration of the [illegible] wiped her eyes [illegible] as a soldier once [illegible] at Suakim; he [illegible] told me to be brave, and I will [illegible] you have been kind to a [illegible] stranger [illegible] Now, father, we will [illegible]

[illegible] from the [illegible] a peasant girl to [illegible] her dead warrior's [illegible] the priest's arm. [illegible] followed her [illegible] the outer door of the Garden and [illegible] the Russian Hebrew [illegible]

the hand. "I bless you," she murmured.

"Sholam alecham," replied the dark and bearded man.

"And you," she continued, addressing the Armenian.

"Salaam aleikam," was his response.

"And you, and you," to the doctor and the writer.

A bow was all my answer, for what could I add to the lofty and oriental dignity of the salutes of the Israelite and the Syrian? "Peace be with you," and "Bow unto God," comprised a hail and farewell beyond the scope of ordinary English.

So back to the mission went the widowed maiden and the black robed priest, and back into the Garden went the Americans and the visitors from the far east. And as they separated a mighty sound of whistling arose above the sunlit, wind tossed waters of the bay, and the Wyoming bore down to port. John Kirton's aged parents hastened into the great rotunda to meet their son and prepare for a wedding. They found a corpse and made ready their dead for burial.

FRED C. DAYTON.

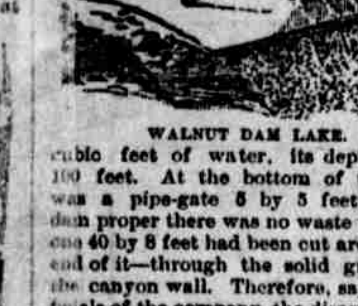
BURSTING RESERVOIRS.

The Far West, After Long Exemption, Suffers a Great Calamity.

The states and territories in the western half of the United States have, in the last twenty-five years, gone beyond all previous experience in the rapidity of reservoir construction; and it is a [illegible] prise, are congratulation that the disasters have been fewer in proportion than in any other part of the world.

The recent calamity to the Hassayampa river in Arizona, therefore, comes with the horror of a novelty in that line. In magnitude it falls far below the Johnstown disaster, as the lives lost do not exceed forty and the total damage is probably but little over $1,000,000; but the nature and cause of the two calamities were almost exactly the same.

The Hassayampa dam, located about forty miles by the shortest trail from Prescott, had been completed for eighteen months and was a matter of pride to the territory. From bluff to bluff the dam was 145 feet long at the bottom and 410 feet at the top; its width (thickness) was 10 feet at the top and 110 feet at the bottom, and its height was 110 feet. The lake thus formed covered some 800 acres and was supposed to contain 3,000,000,000



WALNUT DAM LAKE.

cubic feet of water, its depth being 100 feet. At the bottom of the dam was a pipe-gate 5 by 5 feet; in the dam proper there was no waste way, but one 40 by 8 feet had been cut around the end of it—through the solid granite of the canyon wall. Therefore, say the officials of the company, the disaster could not have occurred if the attendants had done their duty in opening these passages for the surplus water.

Local engineers, however, say that the work was "scamped." The "Walnut Grove Storage company" has its headquarters in New York, and the design of its dam was to save the winter floods of the Hassayampa for summer use in irrigation, or mining if occasion should arise, the stream going dry in summer. The dam was built in 1887 and 1888, the construction having been pushed with wonderful rapidity. Everything to begin with had to be hauled some sixty miles over desert and mountain, and a dozen new industries created on the spot. On $1,000 worth of cement the freight was $2,000; lumber was worth ten times as much as in New York, wages and the cost of living were a little more than twice as high, and the cost of the dam was near $800,000. It was an object of national interest from the start, and by a strange coincidence was fully described in Scribner's Magazine for January and classed as one of the four great dams which were to test effectually the plan of water storage on a large scale—the plan which, if successful, is destined to

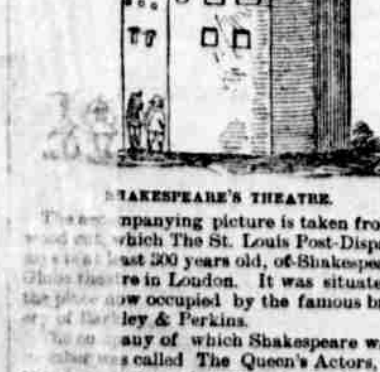
THE DAM AT WALNUT GROVE.

change 300,000 square miles of American desert into the most fertile region on earth. The others are the great Merced dam of California, which forms a reservoir of 5,500,000,000 gallons and supplies a canal seventy-five miles long; the Bear Valley dam, San Bernardino county, Cal., which forms a reservoir covering 2,250 acres and holding 10,000,000,000 gallons, and the Sweetwater dam near San Diego, Cal., which is ninety feet high, and forms a reservoir of 6,000,000,000 gallons, from which sixty miles of iron piping convey the water to the irrigated lands. These are, as western men say, the "high muck-a-mucks, the boss dams of creation."

With these and many hundred smaller, still considerable reservoirs the far west had not hitherto an accident of note to record, while the history of New England and the middle states, with dams for manufacturing only, presents hundreds of disasters and an appalling destruction.

SHAKESPEARE'S GLOBE THEATRE.

Where the Wonderful Dramatist Acted His Own Plays in London.



SHAKESPEARE'S THEATRE.

The accompanying picture is taken from a wood cut, which The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says is at least 300 years old, of Shakespeare's Globe theatre in London. It was situated in the place now occupied by the famous brewery of Barkley & Perkins.

The company of which Shakespeare was a member was called The Queen's Actors, and they gave their performances in two theatres, at Blackfriars in the winter and at the Globe in the summer. The large wooden structure resembles a fortress more than anything else, with its porthole like windows. The building was destroyed by fire in 1613, on the night of the performance of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," while the Blackfriars outlived it for many years, until it became the prey of old [illegible]

A WAITING GAME.

Baseball Schedules to Be Hidden Until the Last Moment.

PLANS OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

Some People Argue That the Magnates Would Stand a Better Chance if Washington and Indianapolis Were Dropped. An Eight Club Circuit's Advantages.

About all the National league managers have come to the conclusion that with only eight clubs the League would be in vastly better shape for the coming fight with the Brotherhood, because a ten club circuit is apt to be somewhat unwieldy and because the cutting off of two cities would add to the strength of the one city of all others where the fiercest war will be waged. But while conceding the advisability of a more compact circuit—indeed, considering it almost absolutely necessary—the League men are at their wits' end for a scheme by which the reduction can be made and all conflicting interests properly satisfied.

There is no doubt that the League could vote the two extra clubs out, but such a summary proceeding is not in accordance with the custom of the organization. Other means must prevail. The two clubs which are really superfluous are those from Washington and Indianapolis; superfluous principally because neither city can draw much over the guarantee except on special holidays, and then only a little more compared to what could be got in other cities. This means, then, that if the two clubs remain in they will have to be carried along and practically supported by the other and richer cities. This would be entirely so in the case of the Washington club, which has no team worth mentioning from a League standpoint, no prospect of getting one and no money to get it with even if good material was available.

Mr. Hewitt has not got a single veteran engaged so far. He is getting together a team, it is true, but that team would be nothing more than a dead weight in the League. Certainly, if Washington was a good ball town capable of supporting a gilt edged team, it would have just as much claim to consideration at the hands of the League as New York, but it has been fully demonstrated that Washington is outclassed as a National league city. Mr. Hewitt is satisfied of this. He has been and is making big bluffs about his intentions, but they can, under the circumstances, be excused. There can be no doubt that he is ready to sell out to the League, and that he expects to sell. He has sunk a good deal of money and wants to get it back, and his bluffing is simply done for the purpose of keeping up his price at the highest notch. Walter Hewitt has a very wise head. The team he is getting together is destined for the Atlantic association, and that is where Walter will pilot them.

At Indianapolis affairs are somewhat different. The town cannot of itself support a League team. Mr. Brush has, however, been so persuasive that he has managed to hold his men, and today has signed, perhaps, in many respects the best team in the League. At any rate, on paper it is the equal of any. Brush has got something to sell. Hewitt has nothing but a franchise. Brush, having a drawing team, could come pretty near recouping his losses of the past two years if he could have a season under the 40 per cent. division. In plain words, he could work himself clear at the expense of his associates.

The League is under obligations to Mr. Brush because of his skill in holding his players and in persuading other players of other clubs to be true to their agreements with the League. Unless Brush wants to go they will not force him out. That Brush has his price is sure. He is a wise and level headed man. Whatever his figures may be, he will not divulge them to reporters. Up to the time when the League assembles at Cleveland Mr. Brush will not even admit that he has a price. The League will bear it then. Mr. Brush and his associates paid something like $13,000 for their franchise. Hewitt gave up considerably less. Brush will get a handsome profit on his investment. Hewitt is not likely to get much more than he paid in originally.

The question will be discussed at Cleveland March 4. On that day the League will hold a reconvened annual meeting and a schedule meeting at the same time. The most feasible scheme, and the one likely to be adopted, is the purchase of the Washington and Indianapolis franchises by the League at liberal figures in one case, and at a fair valuation in the other, with a promise, may be, that when the League has annihilated its foes both cities may return to the field and a ten club circuit given a fair trial. The Indianapolis players will then be turned over to New York and Pittsburg at a fair valuation. Washington will be permitted to keep its men for a team in another organization.

Of course, there is one thing the disposition of which may make a change in the programme, and that is the Ward case. It will come to trial as soon as the League can get it into court. Ward is satisfied to leave things as they are and is delaying as much as possible, but he will hardly be able to stave off a trial. Should the League win, it would probably stick to the ten club circuit.

The probabilities now are that the matter will not be settled much before April 1. The League will certainly not decide on a permanent policy if there is any hope, as there seems to be now, of getting a final decision in the Ward case during March.

At Cleveland two schedules will probably be arranged, one for eight and one for ten clubs, unless Brush and Hewitt should decide to sell out. If they stick the two schedules are likely to be made up and held secret until a final course is decided upon. One thing seems reasonably sure, and that is that if a permanent schedule is agreed upon at Cleveland it will not be made public until after the Brotherhood schedule is given out. It has been suggested that if the Brotherhood fail to publish their schedule the League will do likewise until just before the season opens, when the dates will be furnished to the papers for a month in advance about the first of each month.

I am told by parties who ought to know that it has been decided to conflict with the Brotherhood as often as possible, and as it is feared that the Brotherhood do not desire this, in spite of its claims to that effect, the schedule will not be given out in time to give the Brotherhood an opportunity to make a new schedule, which will avoid as much as possible conflicting dates. One League manager told me the other day that he believed that the few dates given out by Secretary Brunell, of the Brotherhood, at Pittsburg, purporting to have been agreed upon, were incorrect and merely given as a blind and as a "stiff" tip to the League.

"Whether this be true or not," said my informant, "we are not going to take any chances. We shall be secretive as long as we can fairly be so to the public. We shall act just as we would if we knew that Brunell had put out a fake. We shall believe him a prevaricator and then will be safe in any event."

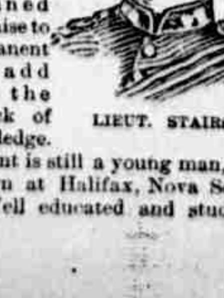
There will be plenty of excitement, some grand playing during the season, and at the end of it both sides will have an opportunity to divide the losses caused by the war.

W. I. HARRIS.

STANLEY'S SCIENTIFIC AIDE.

He Was a Trained Observer of Natural Phenomena and a Good Soldier Also.

Lieut. W. E. Stairs, Stanley's second in command for the last three years, has proven himself of great value in carrying out certain objects of the noted African explorer's latest and most famous expedition. The primary result to be obtained was, of course, the rescue of Emin Pasha, but one of the secondary considerations was to collect scientific data of all sorts. In this branch of the service Lieut. Stairs gave evidence of signal ability, and the results obtained by him promise to be of permanent value, and add much to the world's stock of useful knowledge.



LIEUT. STAIRS.

The lieutenant is still a young man, having been born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1863. Well educated and studious, most of his manhood life has been devoted to travel in strange and little visited countries.

He is an acute and intelligent observer, and this line of mental training proved of great value in the way of life saving, subsequent to one of the skirmishes in which Stanley's expedition chanced to be involved with the natives of the Nyanza country. Several men who received but slight arrow wounds—mere scratches—died after intense suffering. Lieut. Stairs searched the huts of the defeated Africans, and in one of them found a quantity of the poison with which they tipped their weapons. It proved to be made of the bodies of red ants, spiders and other insects, dried, ground to powder and cooked in palm oil. Having learned the nature of the vermin he was able to discount future disasters in this line by providing adequate remedies. Lieut. Stairs was not, however, an observer solely. He was an able leader, and showed conspicuous gallantry in time of danger.

WEIGHT THROWING

Athlete Ford Writes of a Well Known Branch of Sport.

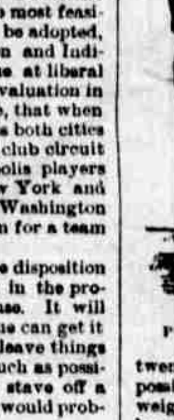
PRACTICE, RULES AND POSITION.

Peculiarities of "Putting" the Shot—How It Differs from Work with the Hammer—Men Who Have Won and Their Records—General Points of the Games.

Weight throwing is essentially a branch of athletics that one must be built for to do well in. Games such as running, walking, jumping and hurdle racing are indulged in successfully by athletes of various physiques, but the champions at weight throwing represent as a rule a type of men much larger and heavier than the average of mankind. The reason for this is quite obvious; for, although a heavy man may not be strong in proportion to his weight, still the mere fact of his being heavier enables him to throw a missile further than some other lighter although not necessarily weaker athlete. A man weighing 200 pounds has a good weight to keep him to the ground while throwing, for instance, a 56-pound weight, and although an athlete weighing only 150 pounds might be much more active and enduring, still in weight throwing he could not compare with the heavier one, whose very avoirdupois enables him to put extra force behind the heavy missile while sending it away from him.

One noticeable feature in weight throwing is that an athlete generally continues good at it after having lost the speed required in running and jumping. Men have been known to do well with the weights who were more than 40 years of age, while those who excel in running and jumping generally do their best work before they reach the age of 30. The heavier a man grows the better he can throw weights, but it is not so with running and jumping, and there have been cases where weight throwers in training themselves down to more active events have, by the reduction of flesh, materially decreased their ability to throw weights, although the result of their work may have made them generally stronger. A good sample of this occurred last fall, when George R. Gray, the amateur champion shot putter of this country, reduced himself by about twenty pounds to take part in the all round championship. He did an excellent performance in the ten events of running, jumping, hurdling, etc., but he fell off very much in ability to perform at his favorite game, and one week later won the championship at the single event by a very small margin, while previously he had had plenty to spare.

There are three standard games of weight throwing. They are putting the sixteen pound shot, throwing the sixteen pound hammer, and throwing the fifty-six pound weight. The first consists of putting or throwing an iron ball. The word "put" is meant in a different sense from what would be inferred by simply throwing, for the shot is too heavy to be thrown like a baseball, and must necessarily be put, especially if the missile weighs more than sixteen pounds. The lighter the shot is the more the tendency is to throw it, and no better way can be found to make an athlete adopt the right style than to give him a shot weighing eighteen or twenty pounds, for it would be next to impossible to have a novice throw one of that weight with any degree of success, while if he practiced with one weighing ten or twelve pounds he might develop the bad habit of throwing, which in the long run will never be as available as a fair square "put." It is unnecessary to describe what a throw is, for the motion of sending a stone or a baseball is familiar to all.



PUTTING THE SHOT.

But the word "put," as used when speaking of putting the shot, is little understood, and even at the present time, in some of the loosely managed athletic games, unpleasant disputes arise regarding it. Putting the shot is nothing but pushing it. An excellent sample of a correct style preparatory to the movement is shown in the picture. It will be noticed that there is no grip on the shot at all, and it apparently lies loosely in the athlete's hand. If there was any curve described in casting the missile, a grip would be necessary to hold it in place, and the fact that the best performers in the game do not grasp the ball at all while delivering it is conclusive evidence that a straight push is the correct style.

In practicing for the game it would be well to have the beginner stand at a mark just as is shown in the accompanying illustration, hold the shot as described, lean down on the right side, and when ready to deliver the ball raise quickly with the waist, send the right arm out straight, at the same time jumping around, landing with his feet exactly reversed, viz., right foot in front, left foot behind. This is the style used by a right hand putter, but if the athlete is left handed he can reverse the order of things.

Particular stress should be put on the waist motion, for novices generally do all the work with their arm when really the waist plays a part almost as important. The further down an athlete stoops while delivering the shot, just so much further the ball will go, unless a position is taken so low that the principal will lose his balance or be thrown off in endeavoring to make a straight push.

After the athlete is fairly well at home in the final delivery of the ball at a standstill, he may commence to try it as it is done in actual competition, with a run. The rules allow a seven foot run inside of a circle of that diameter. A right handed putter should start at the back edge of the circle in the same position he would assume if he were putting from a stand, as shown in the picture. He should raise his left leg just far enough to be able to hop with the right one, landing on both feet, the left leg within a few inches of the opposite edge of the circle and the right leg about in the middle. He will assume then the same position he started from, but he will have given his body an impetus which cannot be obtained from a stand. He should rise and turn quickly with his waist, push out his arm, and land with his feet just as described in putting from a stand. At first he may not be able to put as far with a run as he previously has done standing, but an increased distance will come with perseverance.

Putting the shot happens to be a weight throwing event that has for its amateur champion a man of not unusual weight. George R. Gray holds the record at the 16 pounds of 45 feet 2 inches. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches high and weighs about 185 pounds. He continually beats men weighing from 30 to 50 pounds more, and he is really a phenomenon. He has unusually developed muscles on the right side of his body for this game, and is also very quick. He is only about 24 years old, and should he continue for ten years longer and grow heavier he will undoubtedly increase his own record. The best professionals at the game is Charles C. Currie, of Canada, who can beat Gray by about a foot, but he is not so good in proportion to his size and weight as the amateur. Currie is 6 feet 5 inches high and weighs 215 pounds in athletic clothes. He is considered the best shot putter in the world. Other good amateur shot putters are C. A. J. Queckberner and F. L. Lambrecht, having records of between 42 and 43 feet and weighing over 210 pounds, but Gray has always beaten them.

Lambrecht and Queckberner with W. L. Coudon and J. S. Mitchell excel in throwing the 16-pound hammer. The present champion is Mitchell, and he also holds the best record with a seven foot run of 133 feet 8 inches. The game differs greatly from putting the shot in the muscles used, and a light man, in the long run, has no chance for successful competition against the heavy ones. The style consists of swinging around the head an iron or lead sphere attached to a handle four feet long until sufficient speed is given it to deliver it over the head. It takes a heavy, powerful man to make a big throw,

THROWING THE HAMMER—READY FOR DELIVERY.

for a light man must to a certain extent give way to the swing of the hammer. The game as formerly practiced in the United States was done from a stand, but within the last two years a seven foot run has been allowed. If the athlete is eventually to throw with a run, it is not well to practice from a stand, for the delivery is quite different in the two styles.

In practicing with a run the athlete should stand at the back edge of the circle, with his back toward the direction in which he intends throwing the missile. After enough momentum is given the hammer (this is generally accomplished in three or four swings), the athlete turns around once in the circle, at the same time going toward the front part. He delivers the hammer when he is in about the same position as when he began, viz., with his back to where he throws, and care must be taken to keep inside the ring and not follow the hammer after letting go of it. It is a hard game to acquire properly, and one of the accompanying pictures shows about the position of the athlete just before the hammer leaves his hands. The difficult part of performing well at it is to control the weight and keep it in a proper position relative to the turning of the body. If the weight swings in advance of the body no force can be applied, and if the turn of the body is made too much in advance of the weight much force is wasted. It takes a great deal of practice to adjust matters, but it is a splendid exercise for the arms, chest and back, and is a very popular event among weight throwers.

Throwing the fifty-six pound weight is a most discouraging game to practice, except for what might be called a truly ponderous man. The missile is so heavy that nothing but muscle and weight can control it, and competition at it is an excellent test of downright strength. The game is now very similar to that of throwing the hammer, being controlled by the same rules. The shape of the weight is different, for in place of being a sphere with a long wooden handle, it has a short triangular shaped iron handle, which can be grasped by one or two hands, as the athlete sees fit. The spherical part of the weight is about 9 inches in diameter, and the total length combined with the handle is limited to 16 inches. The athlete goes through about the same motions as in throwing the hammer, only much slower. Some can throw it further with one hand than with two, for the handle is so short that a free swing around the head cannot be obtained with two hands on account of the contraction of the shoulders.

The best record of the game is 30 feet 1 inch, by J. S. Mitchell. This man weighs over 220 pounds in athletic costume. He also holds the record at throwing from a stand of 27 feet 4 inches. He has not yet thrown the weight with two arms in public, but as other athletes are coming very near to his record, who have adopted the two handed style, he may have to resort to this method to protect his record. The next best figures are 29 feet 5½ inches, by C. A. J. Queckberner, who used two arms in making these figures.

The prevailing styles of practicing the game in Scotland and Ireland are throwing from the side for the former and throwing between the legs for the latter, both from a stand. Twenty-six and 27 feet are done in these styles, but they are not popular in the United States since throwing from a 7-foot circle was instituted. This latter style is more showy and a greater distance can be accomplished in it as compared with throw-

THROWING FIFTY-SIX POUND WEIGHT.

ing from a stand, but a man must be unusually strong to control the weight while turning, for it is a most unruly mass to manage unless the athlete knows exactly what he is about.

Weight throwing is not given so often at athletic games as other more popular events, because there are so few who can distinguish themselves in any branches of it, but, like other events, it is increasing in popularity, and there are more athletes good at it today than ever before.

Malcolm W. Ford

He Has Two Sets of Views.

At the meeting recently, in Paris, of the French Society for the Study of Political Economy M. Leon Say was compelled to announce that he was unable to learn the name of the author to whom had been awarded the annual prize of 3,000 francs for an essay on political economy. The successful writer, who declines to claim his honorarium, is said to be a well known French statesman, who remains in the background because his views as presented to the society are at variance with his public expressions.

A Remarkable Criminal Case.

A criminal, named Hilton, was sentenced at the county sessions court, London, the other day, to eight years' penal servitude for housebreaking. His case is remarkable chiefly for the reason that he had previously undergone the following list of penalties: Seven years for burglary, fifteen months for malicious wounding, twelve months for assault, twelve months for attempted felony and ten years for burglary. The metropolitan police declared that he was the most dangerous character in England.

Barnum Won as Usual.

Just before leaving England Mr. P. T. Barnum, the showman, was made defendant in a suit for £250, Mr. Trotman, the plaintiff, claiming that sum for temporarily taking charge of the "sacred white elephant." While on the witness stand, Mr. Barnum presented the opposing counsel with a copy of his book, and created much amusement by his quaint style of giving testimony. Judgment for defendant.

HOW THE ENGLISH LIVE.

NOT SO FOND OF HOT OR VERY COLD DISHES AS AMERICANS.

"Pie" Means Meat Pie; "Tart" Means [illegible] and "Dinner," as a General Term, [illegible] Meat and Two Vegetables With [illegible]ter—Peaches and Strawberries Rare.

[Special Correspondence.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 27.—"Whatever you do, don't get an Eng[lish] cook," said an American, long resi[dent] in London, who was thinking of taking a h[ouse], to a friend, a new co[mer]. "The English simply cannot co[ok], and the worst of it is that they are [fir]mly convinced that they are the people who can, so that it is impos[sible] to teach them."

To a ce[rtain] degree she was right; the Englishman of the higher classes [who has] traveled, [a sa]vant, a connoisseur in affairs is a bo[illegible]ble, but his average fellow countryman, and still more fellow countrywoman, rivals the Chinaman in contempt for all "outside barbarians," and regards his insular beef and mutton, his veal and 'am pie as the only victuals for Christians. Most of the "roast beef of Old England" comes nowadays from America and Australia, and, thanks to the system of refrigerator shipment, the imported beef is for the most part superior to the domestic article, although few of the English will admit it; indeed, some of them still consider it as only next door to poison.

The regular every day dinner of the middle class family of moderate means consists of beef or mutton boiled to death or roasted to dry tastelessness (the English abhor rare meat), with white potatoes and cabbage, followed by some sort of pudding for dessert, not because there is any lack of variety from which to choose, but merely because it is their habit, and John Bull is a stickler for regular habits. The English mutton is excellent, far more juicy and tender than our best Southdown, and they cook it much better than they do beef. The usual mode of cooking fowl, which always means chicken, is to boil it with ham. The Saxon fondness for the swine is general, as "veal and 'am" (ham), "fowl and 'am" and the certainty with which you are offered "'am and heggs" at every country inn abundantly testify. At first the ham, which is nearly always good, imparts an agreeable flavor to the fowl, but it becomes monotonous to the stranger after awhile, though the natives never seem to tire of it. "'Pigs' trotters" —i. e., pigs' feet—are esteemed a great delicacy among the common people and may be had in every London cook shop.

The English are great fish eaters, and there are many eating houses in London and elsewhere where only fish is served. The sole, the turbot and the john-doree are among specialties. The latter is closely akin to our drumfish in appearance and flavor, and, like it, is only to be caught [under] certain favoring conditions of wind and tide. Shrimps are another delicacy, and are sold on the streets by the hawkers. Those at Greenwich are esteemed especially good, and it is a common thing for the passenger on the penny boats to buy a pocketful of shrimps to regale himself with on the return trip, eating them as coolly as the American does peanuts. When the Englishman gives an American a dinner, he always, by way of compliment to the guest, includes raw oysters on the bill of fare, a compliment which, if it be the guest's first experience of the British oyster, is apt to take away his appetite. That bivalve is small and leathery, and the strong coppery flavor, which the English like so much, is anything but agreeable to a novice. "Our oysters are small," said an Englishman who had traveled much, and was familiar with American cities, "our oysters are small, but then the flavor. My idea of the ideal oyster is one of your Blue Points with the flavor of our English oyster."

"H'm!" answered a disgusted American, who was vainly endeavoring to wash the said flavor out of his mouth; "the flavor is easy enough to get. Just suck a copper cent!"

The English care far less for hot dishes than we do. In every hotel dining room or large restaurant you will find a table spread with cold meats of all sorts, including several kinds of fish and game, most appetizingly garnished and decorated. Quite as many orders are taken for this table as for the kitchen, and it is a usual thing for the customer to go over to it in order to make his choice, frequently directing the carver what cut to serve. So, also, you may buy cold meats, ham, fowl, game, salmon, beef, roast or a la mode, tongue, head cheese, mutton, veal; anything, in fact, which you may want for luncheon or high tea, daintily dressed in the best French style. Much more astonishing than the fancy for cold meats is that for cold toast. The toast rack is a usual appendage of the English breakfast table, and is invariably filled with toast, stone cold.

I once heard an indignant American declare his belief that his landlady made toast once a week to last seven days. "And it don't take much to last me, I can tell you!" he added. The English muffin is rarely served hot, and is at its best when split open and toasted. Hot and a little richer, it would be much like the American flapjack. There are no crackers in England; our "crackers" are all biscuits. So, also, fruit pies are known only as tarts, the term pie being confined to meat pasties. "Love in disguise" is the title, not of a dainty dessert, but of a sheep's heart baked in a pie. If you call for a pie in a London restaurant the waiter answers, "Yes, sir; veal and 'am, or beefsteak?" The English potato is perfect, mealy, large, and white as bolted wheaten flour. Sweet potatoes are an imported luxury, as is Indian corn, which is little cultivated in the United Kingdom. The vegetable marrow of England is identical with the squash of New England and the cymling of the southern states. All green herbs for food grow luxuriantly in the moist, mild English climate, and salads of all sorts are excellent.

A London costermonger's cart is a pretty sight to see for the artistic grouping of the various vegetables. The red and white of the radishes, the crimson of beets, the yellow of carrots, and the different shades of green—bright green of spinach, blue green of kale, pale green of bleached cabbage, etc.—are blended and contrasted with the skill of an expert florist making a bouquet. Covent Garden market is a sight which no visitor to London should miss seeing. To see it one must rise early, as the market is practically over by 9 o'clock, and it is at its best at about 6 in the morning. Great piles of fruit and vegetables, making masses of color which artists love to study (there are few picture exhibitions at which there are not one or more scenes from Covent Garden), the market men and women in their quaint, old fashioned costumes, the army of purchasers of all sorts and conditions, and most of all the flower market, with its wealth of English bloom, and rarer, but no more beautiful, foreign blossoms, form a picture to dwell in the memory forever.

English gooseberries are literally immense, and one must actually "make two bites" of an English cherry. Strawberries are delicious, and sell for from one to three shillings the basket, a basket holding rather less than a pint (this in [illegible]—three or four large ones are considered a liberal helping, and they are served with the caps on. You take them by the stem between thumb and finger and dip into powdered sugar before making two or three bites of them. Plums are great globes of luscious sweetness; indeed, it is a marvel that fruit should be so fine which has so little sun. Peaches are rare luxuries, and at the cheapest sell two for a shilling in Covent Garden, being dearer at the shops. It is safe to say that thousands of Londoners never taste fruit except oranges, which are sometimes as low as a penny apiece; and an apple or stale berries, very rarely. The British muskmelon is more like a pumpkin than it is like to our American cantaloupe, and it is a tax upon Yankee politeness to be asked to eat it, although it is much more expensive than our freckled Jenny Linds.

Watermelons are strictly hot house fruit, but are imported to some extent from America. In fact, all the best fruit eaten in England is raised in hot houses, the art being carried to the utmost perfection. Peaches and plums are known as "wall fruit," the trees being trained against a wall as though they were vines. The Englishman builds a high brick wall around his premises, and fortifies it with broken bottles, or sharpened nails, stuck thickly along the top. His idea of comfort includes seclusion from the outside world. Against this wall he nails his trees, and tends the fruit with jealous care. A story is told of an American sea captain, who, at a little dinner, helped himself to three peaches from a plate containing half a dozen—one for each guest—and coolly ate them all. Peaches were no rarity to him, and he did not dream that these had cost his host a guinea apiece. Hot house grapes may be had at all seasons, and are second only to peaches and pineapples (they always call them pines) in expensiveness.

None of our American peculiarities horrifies the English like our fondness for ice. Of late years you find it at all the hotels and large restaurants, but its use in private houses is exceptional, and at some of the leading hotels you are expected to pay extra for ice water. The English never drink it. "They give you a cent's worth of hoky-poky, and call it Neapolitan ice cream," said a Philadelphian, who could not forgive the short rations of his favorite dainty. The quantities served are infinitesimal, two teaspoonfuls in a nest of fluted paper, such as confectioners use for fine candies, being the regulation dish. "Eat a great saucerful of ice cream!" exclaimed an Englishwoman to the writer, "I should expect to die!" I chanced to mention my weakness for frozen bananas. "Fancy!" was the short but emphatic comment. You never see a whole bunch of bananas, even in the windows of the Regent street shops. A "hand" or two is the largest display made at once.

"I have an infallible method of telling the Americans at dinner in a restaurant," said an Englishman. "Want te[illegible] less they have been [illegible] take butter, un-English manners. Now we English never do. Look around and you may count them now."

Their method of serving butter at table is as pretty as it is economical. You never see a pound print of butter on an English table. Instead, the butter is made into all manner of fanciful shapes, making the portions dealt to each person as small as they can well be, often looking as though meant for a doll's table. Squirted butter, made by squeezing the butter in strings through a hole in the bottom of a stiff piece of paper rolled to a funnel; "scooped butter," made by scooping the butter quickly and thinly with a scooper that has been dipped in warm water; "curled butter," by putting the butter into a cloth, two ends of which are fastened to a hook in the wall, and the other two tied in a knot to pass a stick through. The cloth is twisted tightly, so that the butter falls in small curlecues through the knot. Besides these there are any number of pretty molds sold for shaping thin, small squares of butter. You do not often see individual butter plates; instead, the custom is to use one small plate for both bread and butter.

Cream is sold in quaint little jugs, holding about half a pint, and is delicious, although the London lodging house keeper regards it with distrust and says it is "doctored." The Devonshire clotted cream is a national dish which there are few who do not like.

The best pickles in the world are, as everybody knows, made in London, and are cheap accordingly, as they pay no duty. Jams are good and plentiful—so plentiful that one is apt to have too much of them.

Potatoes, eggs and apples are sold by weight, which is undoubtedly the fairest way both to buyer and seller; still it looks odd to American eyes to see the placard surmounting a hand barrow of apples: "3d a pound."

MRS. M. P. HANDY.

LUCIA ZARATE.

A Tiny Woman Who Won Fame as a Midget.

Lucia Zarate, the midget, who died recently of gastric fever, was one of the most wonderful freaks the world has ever known. She was the smallest woman in existence. Her father and mother were both above the average height. The former weighed 168 pounds, the latter 200. Lucia was born in Vera Cruz, Mexico, on Jan. 2, 1863. At her birth she weighed three-quarters of a pound and measured nine inches in length, her mo-

LUCIA ZARATE.

ther being obliged to nurse her in one hand, and was unable to make her clothes small enough to fit her until she was 13 months old. When she was one year old she had grown three inches, and continued to grow until she was 8 years of age and had attained a height of twenty-six inches. Then she stopped growing.

At the time of her death she weighed but four and three-quarter pounds, and never at any time weighed over five pounds. Her face was bright and intelligent, but an enormous nose rather marred its beauty. Her eyes were like two little black beads and very piercing. Her body was as fully developed as any woman's of her age could be; in fact, she was a perfect woman on a very small scale. She spoke four languages with ease, could talk intelligently on a variety of subjects, and insisted upon being treated as a woman. At the time of her death she was making $200 a week clear.

Lucia appeared before all the royal houses of Europe, and accepted her homage from the crowned heads with that ease and repose of manner which comes so natural to an American born woman.