

ontinued: "You see I know what an easel is and

know. Weil, as father had to go on the islands and could not come home at that The man's face flushed a little, and she season, because the ocean is stormy, he let him stav. He went over yonder, the other

what a palette is, and all that. There are side of this arroya and above the steep crag Italian painters in San Francisco, and Portuguese painters, too. The Portuguese painters are the best; then the Italian painters come next; after that the French. The Americans come last."

fied with this arrangement. The majority of them do not want railroads nor telegraphs, and they would, if they could, extend the walls about Peking so high that they would reach heaven itself, and effectually bar out the "son of heaven," as they call their Em-



the dinglelow and that in a small forest of jingsnag trees and hoola bushes quite a covey of quagga and elephants had been scared up by a Boer who had penetraied the jungle accompanied by his brakje or dear wives to China they can had suitable ac-commodations for them. They do not real-ize that the open ports of China have as good hotels and as pleasant social circles as you will find in any American city, and they evidently think that the foreigners here live in mud huts, sleep in the Chinese backerses and eat with choosticks dog.

tropical forest.

Mr. Riley Haggard was about to

WARM DRESSING PUT ON.

"A Hunting We Will Go."

THE FIRST ENCAMPMENT. The first night we camped beneath the

hade of a Vienna bread fruit tree on the

higher utility would surely be to diminish them. Herbert Spencer could not live as Socrates did; the plowman of to-day de-mands more luxury than Alfred the Great commanded; the nursemaid, with her pin-

peror, from all contact, direct and indirect, with foreigners.

CHINESE CONCEIT.

The Chinese are the most conceited nation on the face of the earth, and they think their civilization is the highest in the world. They entitle their Emperor the ruler of the world, and the ordinary Chinaman, which title includes nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the four hundred million people making up their race, believes that all the world is subject to this boy of 17, who rules the nation from his palace within half a mile of where I am writing this letter. He thinks such of the American and European nations as have representatives at Peking are here solely to do honor to th Emperor, that their countries pay tribute to him, and the dirty street of Peking, along which the American, German, French, Russian, English and other legations are located, is called by the Chinese "the street

of the subject nations." When it is considered how well the Chinese Minister to the United States is treated at Washington, how he is petted by the best ladies of our society, and how our statesmen throw open their houses and their arms to him, the contrast between his position and that of the American Minister to China, is a national humiliation. The better class o the Chinese offer no social invitations to the foreign ministers at Peking. Colonel Denby, during his four years of efficient service China, has never seen the inside of a Chinese gentleman's house. He has never looked into the almond-eyes of the boy Emperor, nor has he set his foot inside one of his palaces. He has never had an audience with the Empress regent through her famous gauze screen, and such calls as he has had from the Ministers of foreign affairs have



Wall of Peking.

been those of ceremony and business. Nev-ertheless he has paid his social duties religiously, and resterday he sorth durits felig-iously, and resterday he sorth is card to the office of foreign attairs in honor of the Empress' birthday. Our foreign minister uses, of course, a Chinese card. It is a strip of paper four inches wide and ten inches long, and its color is of a hue so red that it would enrage the mildest bull. Upon this in the blackest of ink is painted the large Chinese characters which represent Colonel Denby's name. Such cards are used every-where in China, and the larger the card the bigger the man represented by it.

A WONDERFUL CITY.

What a wonderful city is Peking! How big and how little! How old and how young! How strong and how weak! It is a conglomeration—the strangest mixture of matter and mind in the world of cities. It was a city as far back as 1,100 years before Christ, and it was the capital of China 1,000 years after Christ was born. It was the capital of the whole Empire in A. D. 1264, and with the exception of a short time it has been the sent of Chinese Government since the reign of Kublai Kahn. Its hair is thus gray and its skin wrinkled in its years of cityhood, but as a modern city it is still in its swaddling clothes, nay, rather it is just born and it sprawls about in all the dirt of neglected babyhood. It is the most filthy spot on this fair earth's face, and the smells of Naples, the dirt of Korea and the slums of New York and London cannot compare with it. It knows nothing of modern city

improvements. Its wide, miry, unpaved streets have no sidewalks, and the rude Chinese carts are dragged along up to their hubs in mud and filth. The streets are not lighted and the only

CHINEESE CITY

our Western States. They were merely ac-Plan of Peking, Showing the Three Walled Cities-The Emperor Lives in the Forbidden City.

"The American Legation. A. Temple of Heaven.

which

graduation, was sent by the American Board which look for all the world like a set of of Missiens to China, and he was assigned to a post about 30 days' ride from Peking in the wild regions of the Chinese mountains. Western cattleyard stables roofed with heavy tiles, and ranged around barnyard courts are no cleaner nor better kept than of years, but his lonely work caused him to cast about for a wife. He bethought him of our stables themselves.

From the walls the whole great city looks like an immense orchard, sparsely filled with trees which rise high enough to shut out the view of the low, one-story buildings composing its houses. In one corner rises the great temple of heaven, a round towered ia-like structure where the Emperor pagoda-like structure where the Emperor periodically watches the slaughter of oxen and burns them as sacrifices upon a big marble alter. In another direction you can see the walls of the forbidden city, with its many yellow-tiled palaces shining in the sunlight, and all around standing out against the sky are the great towers which

rise story above story over the gates which lead through the walls. They are, to me, the most wonderful thing I have yet seen in city architecture. Peking is said to be the finest walled city in the world. It is made up of three cities, all of which are surrounded by walls, the greater part of which are as firm to-day as when they were built hundreds of years ago. These

walls must have cost many million dollars, and though useless now, they once made. Peking a fortified city. The wall of the Tartar city is the strongest. It is as high as a city house of four stories, and its top has a width of 40 feet, or nearly the width of many a city street. It is 60 feet at the bot-tom, and you could drive four wagon-loads of hay along its top without crowding. It is made of large gray bricks laid in blue mortar, and the whole has become, through age, one mass of stone. At the top the outside walls, perhaps two

feet thick, rise four feet and make a fence to the pathway between them. This is flagged with stones, in the crevices of which the

grass is growing, and through which here and there a tree has forced its way and grown big-trunked and long-branched amid its rocky surroundings. The space between the facings of the walk is filled with earth, and the 16 great gates of the city have brick towers of many stories, some of which are built in galleries with port holes, and which, over certain gates, rise to the height of 100 feet. The gates are faced with stone, and their arches are of solid granite. There



are great, round holes cut through this mas sive wall, and within them swing heavy wooden doors studded with many iron rivets. These are closed when the san goes down, and are not opened again until the morning. Through these outside fences, above the walk on the top of the wall, are holes The streets are not lighted and the only through which arrows might have been lanterns known are small ones of paper, shot, or perhaps a musket barrel pushed

quainted and there was no love between nounced theological tendencies. The girl was a Missourian endowed with beauty and

He labored with his charge for a number

THE WALLS OF PEKING.

his old schoolfellow and opened a corre-spondence with her. The correspondence ripened into an engagement and he per-suaded the young lady to come out here to marry him. The American Board of Missions furnished her the money for the trip. She traveled 13,000 miles to meet her affianced husband and he came from his home in the mountains and waited for her at Peking. She had first to come to Japan, then to Tientsin, and leaving the steamer to go by cart or boat the two or three days'

ride of 90 miles to this point. A PLIGHTED ROMANCE.

bakeovens and eat with chopsticks.

The Consuls do the marrying for Ameri-cans in China, and both the English and the

American legation have had to do with a

curious matrimonial venture this week

The meeting of the lovers was as schoolboy

and schoolgirl in a small college in one o

full of common sense. The Canadian, after

sinian lion.

The marriage was to take place upon her arrival, and the groom went to the Ameri-can Minister and asked him to marry them. Colonel Denby replied that the only man who could perform the marriage was Mr. Smithers, the American Consul at Tientsin, and that they would have to live 40 days in his order to be for the form the form the second his consular jurisdiction before the ceremony could be celebrated. He told the young Duluth palm tree. man that he must register at the English consulate the fact that he was about to marry, inasmuch as he was a Canadian. The groom thereupon went and begged Sir John Walsham, the English Minister, to perform the ceremony. Sir John refused, unless the American Consul was present, and the groom was again in despair. He at last telegraphed Mr. Smithers to come to Peking at his ex-pense, but before he could start the prospect-ive bride and groom called upon Mr. Smithers at Tientsin and told him that they had

concluded to wait the 40 days and be mar ried there. According to the English law it ried there. According to the English law it was necessary that they should, a few days before the marriage, go to the English con-sulate and swear that neither of them knew anything to prevent their being wedded. The 40 days were up last week, and during the earlier part of the week the two appeared at the English consulate and, kneeling down, placed their hands on the Bible and affirmed that they wished to be married and that they knew nothing to prevent it that they knew nothing to prevent it. All of this time the Canadian was stop

ping at one missionary's house and the girl was being entertained at another's. He made but few calls upon her and evidently considered the whole thing a matter of

We had not long to wait! The wang wanga bushes parted and a low, heavy set, business. The girl, who was of a loving wanga busnes parted and a low, heavy see, performing lion crept softly into the open Kerroo, preceded at a distance of about three-quarters of an heh by our faithful Ylang Ylang. As the poor fellow jumped a low Kirdish bush, I heard a crunching nature, wondered whether she had not made a mistake, and the day after the meeting at the English consulate she concluded she had. She called her lover to her and told him the match was off. She said she had come all this way to marry him, she was sound such as I hope never to hear again, and turned away my head rather than see our trusty gun bearer in the act of backing but she had saved a little money; she would rather reimburse the American mis-sions than carry out the engagement. She said she knew she could make her living by teaching, either in Japan or in America, and she preferred to do it. The lover stormed

and she preferred to do h. The lover stormed and threatened the girl. He made matters worse instead of better, and the match is distant song of the red-breasted blim blam in the Koojoo bushes. MADE THE LION OUATL.

now off for good. The cold Canadian is the maddest mis ionary in China, and he has betaken him self again to his mountains. The girl is at Tientsin waiting a ship to carry her to Nagasaki, Japan, where she will, I understand, engage teaching in a missionary school. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A Valuable Decument. Ince a Week.] Clerk-Bond you wish to to deposit?

Dude-Naw; it's a receipted bill for my tailor-first one I ever had-value it as er -ah-sort of -ah-curiosity, donehuknow?

poor,

BATHED FOR OVER AN HOUR, borders of the Karroo, and, preventing the while the rest of the people stood around escape of our trusty elephants by attaching

escape of our trusty elephants by attaching their trunks, we began to prepare our even-ing meal. 1 read the directions from a book of African travel and my very faithful com-rade, Mr. Biley Haggard, did the cooking. with draped suspenders, saying things which would look sadly out of place in a



dates, when our ears were saluted with a most unearthly and ear-piercing roar from Dinner a la Carte. the heart of the jungle. At this moment our faithful Ylang Ylang came in with eyes pure, nice paper like this. He bathea his concave mug and sozzled and spattered and blew and bellowed till he got his nose to sticking out like a sore thumb to announce that our bird dog had flushed a large Abysbleeding. Then he got wild and decorated that whole end of the car till it looked like the battle of Gettysburg. Finally peace was declared, and just as he left the field we drew into St. Louis. Twenty exasperated Hurriedly putting a little Mayonais

dressing on our faithful Ylang Ylang we sent him to parley with the lion while we men, unkempt and unwashed, went out of the car and slunk away to find a hotel. I put on our telegraph climbers, and filling our pockets with buitong we ascended a was one of them. But I could not slink away until I found my overshoes. They were gone! I reached under the seat and burned myself on the heat pipes, almost burst my head open trying to look under the other seats, and then the porter said that "De pussy gentleman in number 'leven, sah, took those obah shoes, I reckon. He

looked kind of doubtless when he lit out. like he expected to be shot beto' he got "Well, which way did he go?" I inquired. Well, sah, he went up toads de stock-

yahds, sah, and when I saw him lasht he was a wearin' the eye of a gentle old lady from Shakerag, Ill., on the end ob his umbrella sah.

I can imagine such a man in his home life. He plays the poor, sick papa act when he gets home and eats up all the jam, and digs the tenderloin out of a steak, and the poor old thoughtful hen comes and contrib-utes to poor, sick papa her latest and best work. His poor, meek wife wishes that heaven had made her a better assignment, and his children run and conceal themselves

How the First Lawsuit in the Quaker Com-

The first lawsuit tried in the Province of Pennsylvania was an action for assault MADE THE LION QUAIL. Suddenly remembering how I had once seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de seen a lion tamer make a lion quail, I de meantime frequently making the remark "hi," I drove him away from there. Out of the kraal, down the sloot or dry water-course and across the Karoo lands he speed and so on back to Winnipeg, where he joined his congress of rare wild beasts, as I afterward learned. Hastily saddling our elephants and secur-ing them tightly, so that the howdah could

cushion and her teapot, has more comfor than Elizabeth Tudor had at her hand. Is the increase in personal wants coupled with the decrease in external beauty of real utility? Is not that impersonal and sesthetic beauty which is given by the arts of infinitely truer use to the mind and heart of man that the fretful and unappeasable discontent begotten by the sight and touch of cheap luxuries which are often just by a hair's breadth beyond the reach of attain-ment? If cities and machines and manufactures continue to increase and devour all beauty before them at the ratio which the last generation has seen, the arts must reeede and in time perish under them as the Latin civilization retreated and gradually disappeared before the advance of the barbarian hosts on Rome.

A DEARTH OF LOVELINESS.

The two essential conditions for the existence of the arts, especially of the plastic arts, are natural and physical beauty in the world which is about them and in which they move and create. The poverty of beauty in the plastic arts of the present day is but the result and reflection of the un-loveliness of life, especially of civil life, in modern times. When a painter or sculptor still produces beauty like a Leighton or Hildebrand, he is thought affected by a rand, he is thought affected by a generation which has forgotten what natural beauty is.

As yet there are still cities which are full of light and shade and color; there are still lands in which the seasons come and go i undimmed loveliness; there are still foresta and moorlands which are undisturbed waters which are unpolluted, peasantries who are undeformed by the clothes of the cheap tailor and the ready-made shop; there is still natural and physical beauty enough to sustain some at least of the traditions of to sustain some at least of the traditions of art; but these grow fewer and fewer every year every year wider and wider grows the pall of smoke, the weight of bricks, the obliteration of local color, local costume, civil idiosyncra-cies, noble architecture and ancient ways. It is better for a man to collect the paintings of an epoch or the drawings of an old master than to lose his substance over race horses or advantmesses.

adventuresses.

PURSUIT OF ART.

The time spent in the study and pursuit of art by those who seek in it the embellishment art by those who seek in it the embellishment of existence is time spent healthfully and peacefully in interests which will perpetually ex pand into fresh channels and make fresh and fruitful ground which otherwise would be barren and choked with weeds. It is easy to caricature and ridicule the connoisseur who cares only for before-letter impressions, for antique coins and medals, for Kari Theador cups, for chalk sketches of Montegna, for etch-ings of Durer or Callat, for editions of the Al-dine press, or whatever special form an artistic preference may take. But in truth such pref-erences are of infinite use in the world by their preservation of so much which without them might perish, and the man who has such a taste, even if it be a narrow and exclusive one, will at least have one side in him which is open to delicate impressions and impersonal inter-ests, will at least be likely to possess accurate and interesting knowledge on one subject if on cother.

no other. The comoisseurs are those who have carried may be a senseration the art of another, who have rescued from the dust and refuse of time have reached from the dust and refuse of time have trampled under foot: the man who gives of fragmard and gilt bronzes of Gauthiere is not the mere selfish and extravagant person how the may appear to the uneucated; he preserves, and not for himself alone, an object interesting and valuable both his write all y and artistically over which its great price is cast as are an end of porcelain may be visely welcomed in young people as the nucleus of a taste which is enough feeling and intelligence to collect bis of the beauty of a rose window in a bis of the beauty of a rose window in a minister or an Edelerick's Holbein, or who has minister or an Edelerick's Holbein, or who has

He now was more embarrassed even than before. Here was a girl in the heart of the California redwoods who confessed to little or no familiarity with schools or books, but she was capable of going straight to the heart of things with a precision that was astonishing. And what seemed singular, too, from the first she used little or no slang, and no dialect at all. In the books of California life and character which he had read persistently since embarking in this one enterprise of his life he had encountered little else but coarseness, slang and coast dialect. There the dialect had a singular flavor of Dickens; often, indeed, sounding much as if it had walked right along side of Mr. Pickwick and hovered around his

eloquent lips all its days without one particle of the flavor of California life or manners in it, but for all that he had accepted it, along with the rest of the world, and so now could not help being a bit amazed. "You see we Portuguese are not all fisher-

men and crag-climbers and gatherers of sea birds' eggs on the island," continued the girl as in an absent-minded sort of way her right hand fell down and tore off the yellow head of a tall California poppy that had grown up through the earthen floor and was tiptoeing up to try and peep out at the door.

"No, Miss, I know that. Portugal has a history. Portugal sailed ships far this way long before Columbus. Portugal brought your favorite fruit of California, the orange, from China even before America was heard of. And to this day an orange in Italy is not called an orange. It is called rena Portugalo."

The lowering black eyes looked not so stormy now. The man had in a few earnes words regained nearly all his lost ground. "Well, the way I came to know about painting was this: Father has a friend who is a painter. This painter was doing some fresco work for Saint Ignatius, the church in San Francisco. He wanted to paint my hair, so father let Sanello go with me and

sit and be painted. "And who is Sanello?"

"Sanello mes," answered the girl. "You understand?" "I understand you perfectly; and Sanello

"Yes, we called her Sanello when she came; and it has been Sanello ever since; although she is almost a grown girl now; and—and she has a lover." This last senand—sho she has a lover, tence was uttered in a soft voiced naive sort of a way as the eyes fell to the floor; and the petals of the California poppy fell in a little yellow shower at her feet.

"And your name is-" "Farls." 'Farla?"

"You don't like it?" "Don't like it! I like it much. It is new,

"Don't like it! I like it much. It is new, and it is pretty as the lady who bears it; and that is saying—saying—well, more than I dare to say now." The dark brows grew a bit darker at this. The man had lost ground by his gallantry. "They called me Farla because when I was born father was gathering eggs from those islands you see away out yonder through the golden gate. No, I know that is not the long Spanish name of the islands, but it is the short name that they go by now. Farla: Farla Silvia." Farla: Farla Silvia."

"Sanello Silvia has a lover; and Farls

Silvia surely deserves a dozen." The girl's foot went backward and rested quite outside the door sill. A hand tore a thistle top till there was blood on the finthistle top thit there was blood on the ha-gers; but she did not know or care that she was fighting a battle with the tall armed weed that had grown up rank from the blood that had been shed there, and was trying to barricade the door. But the man read by the strange, fierce light that leaped

t hangs over the Straits and there built a cabin. And what do you think?"

"I don't know, Farla, what to think." "Why, he had lawyers and lots of rascala behind him, and they filed-that's what they call it. I don't know what it is, but

he filed! filed on the land! Jumped it!" "Well, I do hope he has not got it." "He's got just about six feet of it; his grave is down there on the erag. The cabin

s empty." The girl had subdued the pain in her hand; but she kept on biting at her fingers nand, but she kept on olding at her ingers and looking down at them as she said, or, rather hissed between her beautiful teeth, and as if talking to herself now, "They found him—found him, a few days after father got back home from the islands, lving in the cabin dead. His back was broken, and his neck was twisted nearly off."

The dark brows ennopied her face. Her full lips lost their fervor and retreated to her teeth, thin and bloodless; and she caught again at the thistle head and tore her hand once more without knowing or caring. The man was almost frightened.

feared this girl, and was giad she suddenly turned away and disappeared in the dense redwood, biting again at the bleeding fingers as she passed.

> CHAPTER VI. LIFE AT DIABLO.

The next day there was the clang and elatter of hoofs on the stony path before the cabin door, and, looking up from his diagrams and plans at the rickety board table, the man saw a strong and splendid white horse dashing past. He had only time to catch a glimpse of the rider as the dense redwoods closed in. But such a rider! and such a breakneck ride!

The huge white horse was a stallion of the Norman stock; ponderous and powerful as an engine; and yet very sure-footed, else how could he have made paving stones of these savage steeps and struck fire from them as he passed? And reckless, too, he seemed as his rider. The rider was Farla. A few days later and she came again to

the cabin. This time not alone.

"Sanello mea, and Mr. Swain," said Farls. The artist had taken a hint fromg Farla's first visit and procured him certain material from San Francisco. He was now at work on a picture. The knowledge that there was a man in the neighborhood, his nearest neighbor indeed, capable of going around to the cabins of people and quietly breaking their backs had possibly stimulated the artist to an effort in the way of his profession. At all events, the visitors four busy at work; and it was plain that Farla

was immensely pleased. "It's Sanello's beau," said Farla in a confidentifil whisper, as she bent her stately head nearer that of the artist, with pretense of examining more critically some lines of the redwood trees on the canvas.

"Ah," and the man examined the slim, handsome and richly-clad young man at the side of Sanello.

handsome and richly-clad young man at the side of Sanello. It did not take long. There are at least a 1,000 of such in almost any community of 10,000 peple on the face of this earth. He carried a cane. He smoked cigarettes. God Almighty made such men. Why, we do not know. Perhaps to count when the cholera comes around. However, this special young man before us was, it nobody himself, at least the son of somebody. The possible, probable-heir of millions, place, social power. Who shall blume the proud and fond mother for her toleration of this tame and iname bit of hu-manity, who had looked upon her beautiful child while whipping the mountain streams for trout, and, after his fashion, loved her? Ah me' was not dreamful, silent, romantic Sanello fit to be the wife of the grandest man in the land? Who shall blame the mother for setting her hopes so high? If it took but a glance to dispose of Mr. Swain, the indolent and dainty fasher of trout and fair women, it took the enterprise

when he comes home. When the excitement incident to the resurrection has died away, I shall be sur-prised if the patient, sad-eyed wife, and the scared children on the parlor floor of heaven, do not receive a note by messenger boy from "Poor, sick Papa," asking them, if they can consistently do so, to use their influence toward getting the Celestial House Co., No. 1, to play for a few hours in the overheated apartments of "Poor, sick Papa. BILL NYE.

SOMEWHAT REMARKABLE.

monwealth was Settled.

As soon as I could regain my courage by a small nip of spoopju, I looked back at the sickening spectacle. All was still save the