SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1889.

CHINA'S VANDERBILT.

He Might be as Well Fixed Financially as Our Own Jay Gould,

BUT FOR HEAVY ASSESSMENTS.

An Interesting Description of His Grand Canton Establishment.

SOME CHINESE TABLE DELICACIES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

Yum Yum.

CANTON, CHINA, January 31.—I visited this afternoon the Vanderbilt of China. He is a relative of the Chinese Minister at Washington, and his grandfather died less than a generation ago, leaving an estate worth fifty million hard gold dollars. His name is How Qua, and he has acres of houses in the busiest part of Canton. His own residence occupies the site of a good sized farm, and he has diamonds and pearls by the cupful. One of his diamonds, a ring which cost $10,000, was sent to England to be sold not long ago, and it is probably now in the jewel casket of one of the monarchs of Europe. He has plantations of rice fields and many acres of the choicest tea gardens. His money is well invested, and he would approach the wealth of Jay Gould were it not that the officials every now and then come down upon him for a gift of from $10,000 to $100,000, and he dare not refuse.

This rich man is now 49 years old, though he does not look over 35. He is a typical Chinaman of the literary class, has a broad, high forehead, thin, yellow cheeks, and eyes that shine as brightly as his choicest diamonds. His hair is like jet and his cue reaches to his ankles. He was dressed in silks and furs when he received me and he had a tight, round, black, silk skull cap on the top of his head. He shook his own hands before his breast in Chinese salutation when our American Consul, Mr. Seymour, introduced me to him, and then he reached out his long-nailed fingers and grasped my hands a-la-American.

Through a Wilderness of Buildings.

It was in his grand residence on the banks of the Pearl river, in the heart of Canton. We walked through a wilderness of buildings devoted to the servants and relatives of the family before we came to the reception room. How Qua supports about 400 of his poorer relatives and when a man makes a fortune in China his clan settles down upon him. In the various courts all kinds of work seems to be going on. Here servants were cleaning the fish for the family. There rice was being ground into flour and dried in great baskets, and just next the reception room we heard the buzzing of babel. It was How Qua's children being taught by their tutor, and like all Chinese children, they studied out loud, singing their lessons out at the tops of their voices. Now and then the sharp clapper of the ruler could be heard when one of the boys made a mistake, and the father told me he intended to have his boys educated at the Hong Kong foreign college and to finish them off in America and England. He talked English himself and he is among the progressive of the Chinese.

As we sat and chatted the choicest of Formosa tea was brought in, the leaves of which were, I judge, worth about $20 a pound, and we seated ourselves in black ebony chairs, which in couples were ranged on the sides of small tables, and sipped the tea from covered China cups without saucers. There are no easy chairs in the Chinese gentleman's house, and this palace in China had uncarpeted floors of stone, and its walls between the rooms were of colored glass framed in ebony. Some of the curious shaped panels had pictures painted on them by Chinese artists, and the effect of the whole was the finish of a fancy store room yet unoccupied rather than that of a comfortable home. Some of the finest rooms looked out upon a little lake of lotus plants of perhaps an acre in extent, and there were glass-covered corridors which ran around this. The chairs sat against the wall and their unbending backs were straight up and down. There were no cozy nooks such as you find in our American homes and the soft tints of our family life were not found in the picture. Nearly every room contained an American clock and some were hung with glass chandeliers. I went into his mother's bedroom, the best in the house, I doubt not, and where How Qua pointed, as he said, there my mamma sleeps—was a platform between four posts which was covered with straw matting, and upon which was a piece of porcelain of about the shape and size of a 5-cent loaf of bread, and this was the pillow of this rich Chinese lady.

Children Ever Dutiful.

In no country in the world have mothers more power than in China, and in no place is filial affection more shown. How Qua, though 49 years old, obeys his mother as well as when he was 10, and he would not think of going out at night without asking her permission. Not long ago he was invited to our consulate for dinner. He replied: "I would like to come, but I cannot tell till I ask my mamma." Still, How Qua is nearly 50 and his mother 69.

The Chinese mother selects the bride for her son, and How Qua during this visit seemed much prouder of his mother than his wife. He introduced us to the old lady, who was sitting in a chair wrapped up in furs and powdered and painted. Her seat looked out upon her flower garden, and she had two maids beside her. Upon her cloth cap was a great button of diamonds as large as the biggest full-blown rose and of about the same shape. It was made of numerous stones, and the central one was as large as the egg of a robin.

Pearls hung in her ears and what interested us most were the "golden lilies," which shone out beneath her embroidered petticoat. "Golden lilies" is the Chinese expression for the smallest of ladies' feet, and Madam How Qua had shoes not more more than two inches in diameter. Their soles were round rather than oblong and their tops were embroidered in silver and silk. They were so small that she could not walk alone and this old lady who has for years, controlled a fortune greater than that possessed by Miss Mary Garrett, or Mrs. Mark Hopkins, cannot move from one room to another without the assistance of her maids.

Chinese Gastronomical Delicacies.

Canton is of about the size of Paris or New York, and it is one of the best of places to study Chinese gastronomy. The restaurants here have birds' nest soup at $5 a plate, and I bought a rat which was salted, pressed and dried yesterday for 5 cents. I doubt not the price was five times too high, for the rat was the smallest on the string which hung in the butcher shop. It lies before me as I write. It measures a foot from nose to tail, and it looks a little bit like a piece of dried pork. It has been skinned even to the tail. Its legs are cut off and the liver and heart are pressed inside of it. It smells like salt meat, and it looks as though it would make the center of a good sandwich. I propose to send it to the Gridiron or Clover Club as a sample of Chinese gastronomy. In this same shop I saw cooked cats, and I visited yesterday a cat and dog meat restaurant. Carcasses of small dogs, which looked not unlike clean suckling pigs, hung from hooks about a low, dark room, and these, in most instances, had a tuft of hair left on the tip of the tail. This hair was black, for black dog's meat is worth more than that of the yellow dog and black cat's flesh costs here 10 cents a plate.

Just below these dogs, and next to the street, were two clay bowls filled with burning charcoal and upon these was stewing the flesh of dogs and cats. In little cages on the floor were a number of live cats ready to be killed and cooked to order, and I saw this afternoon a peddler showing a cat to a woman in one of the narrow streets of Canton. The woman was examining the cat's teeth in order to know its age, and she felt of its body as though it were a rabbit. There were about a dozen Chinamen dining in this dog and cat restaurant, and a good dinner costs on an average 15 cents.

Fish Cleaned Before Killing.

The Chinese, however, have as good markets as you will find anywhere in the world. I have never seen a greater variety of fruits and vegetables anywhere than in Peking, Shanghai and Canton. The mutton of the North is finer than that of England, and the game is of the choicest. Fish are always sold alive, and you see tubs of living fish at every Cantonese market stand. The market man takes the squirming fish from the water and cleans it while it gasps. He holds its wiggling tail and cuts slices of quivering flesh from its sides to sell, and he is cruel here as everywhere. All kinds of dried fish are sold, and among the common articles of food are dried ducks, pressed and salted. These hang up everywhere, and I see smoked sheep's heads, dried oysters strung on strings, and dried clams.

The Chinese fruits are especially fine, and they have oranges, bananas, plums, pears and persimmons which would make your mouth water. Canton sends thousands of dollars of sweetmeats to America yearly, and their preserved ginger is sought by the gastronomes of the world. The Chinese themselves are great eaters. Cookshops for the rich and poor are found everywhere, and a big Chinese dinner sometimes has 100 courses. Mr. Denby, the American Minister at Peking, when received by the Viceroy at Canton, was given a dinner of 65 courses, and he smacks his lips when he discourses upon the delicacy of shark's fins and bird's-nest soup.

The Blind Beggars of Canton.

There are thousands of blind beggars here in Canton, and in going through the city to-day I saw at least 300 of all ages and sexes. They went in groups of six and eight in single file, and the leader could see just enough to get along. The others held on to one another's clothes and all, from decrepit old women to little blind boys, held out little flat round baskets, and, turning up their sightless eyes, asked for alms in piteous tones. These blind beggars come from the blind asylum of Canton. They go out daily to beg through the city and they stand in front of the shop until its owner pays them to go away. They barely get more than the tenth of a cent from a single man, and inasmuch as the asylum furnishes them but little food they are pale, thin and pitifully ragged.

The sackcloth in which the beggar of China is usually clad is of the coarsest coffee sacking. He is dirty and loathsome to an extreme, and I would as soon think of touching a smallpox patient or a leper as one of these beggars.

Three Interesting Events.

The foreign colonies in Asia are now discussing the three American weddings of this winter. Pretty American girls are as much in demand here as in London, and Mr. Seymour's daughter is to be married in about a month to the manager of the big house of Jardine, Mathieson & Co., Mr. MacHaffin, a young Scotchman, who has lived some years in China. Jardine, Mathieson & Co. is the wealthiest of the foreign firms in China, and Jardine has buildings at Shanghai which rent for $2,000 a year. The company have large establishments for both residence and business, and Miss Seymour will preside over a big establishment at Canton. Colonel Denby's daughter, who was very popular among the foreign legations at Peking, is to be married in March to the grandson of Admiral Wilkes. The wedding is to take place in America, and Miss Denby is now in the United States.

The other wedding was that of the daughter of the Consul at Ningpo. It was celebrated the last of November and the wedding was a large one.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

RICH CHINAMAN AT HOME.

Blind Beggars of Canton.

SPONGING A TIGER.

A Wonderful Tale of an Ignorant Cossack's Narrow Escape.

[London Times.]

When Pezon, the lion tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, he had occasion to employ a moujik, a fine specimen of a Cossack, to clean out the cages of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of the contract were settled in dumb show. By way of instructing him in his new duties Pezon went through a sort of pantomime with the broom, sponge and water bucket. The moujik watched him closely and appeared fully to understand the details of the lesson given.

Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master step on the previous day into two cages of harmless brutes, but this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid but untamed tiger, that lay stretched on the floot fast asleep. At the noise made by opening and closing the door the creature raised its head and turned its green eyes full on the man, who, all unconscious of his danger, stood in the corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket.

At that moment Pezon came out of his caravan and was struck dumb by the terrible sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? A sound, a movement on his part might enrage the great beast and hasten its attack on the defenseless Cossack. So Pezon stood awaiting developments, ready to rush to the scene when the crisis came. The moujik, sponge in hand coolly approached the tiger and made ready to rub him down with the stolidity of a military bootblack polishing his captain's boots. The sudden application of cold water to its hide evidently produced a very agreeable effect on the tiger, for it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled over on its back, and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the moujik, who went on scrubbing with might and main.

All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open and as if nailed to the spot. When he had finished his job, the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he had entered it, and it required the most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion-tamer to prevent his repeating the experiment on a second wild beast.

GROS-GRAIN AND GROG.

The Story of Admiral Vernon and His Famous Gros-Grain Coat.

[American Notes and Queries.]

The word gros-grain, as applied to heavy silks, is a well-known word in commercial circles, but it is not generally understood that there is a direct connection between this word and "grog," which is the sailor's name for a mixture of rum and water. The facts are as follows: Edward Vernon, of the old Staffordshire house of that name, was put by his father, who was Secretary of State to William and Mary, into the British Navy, and after distinguishing himself under Sir George Rooke and Sir Charles Wager, both in the West Indies and the Mediterranean, and rising to the rank of Rear Admiral, he was suddenly appointed Vice Admiral of the Blue, while a member of Parliament from Penryn, near Falmouth, and selected to command the great expedition which was sent out in 1739 to break up the power of Spain in the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. He attacked Porto Bello on November 20 in that year, and after a furious engagement, which lasted two days, took the place with all its treasures and munitions of war and two Spanish line-of-battle ships. A number of American colonial troops served under him, and the great victory made him as popular in American colonies as in Europe.

The seat on the Potomac, afterward owned and occupied by Washington, was named Mount Vernon in honor of him. He afterward quarreled with the Government and was struck from the list of the navy, as was alleged, for his too great severity toward his men, though really because of his too small respect for the Lords of the Admiralty. In the British Navy he was adored as the chief who first ordered rum and water to be regularly served out to the crew of his squadron. He began this practice on board of his own ship, the Bedford, his flagship at the capture of Porto Bello, and as he had acquired the nickname of "Old Grog" from this habit of walking the quarter-deck in the "grogram" cloak, this endearing epithet was bestowed by Jack Tar on the new beverage. "Grogram" was the English corruption of "gros-grain," the name given in France to a heavy stuff of silk and wool with a rough knotted surface, the same name that now is given to heavy silk.

A Demoralizing Accident.

Park Policeman—Git back here! What's the trouble?

Small Athlete—Please, sir, that Norwegian trick-skater's got his foot in his coat pocket, an' he can't git it out.—*Puck.*

NYE'S TENDER HEART

Is Rudely Shocked by the Alertness With Which Phil Armour

MANUFACTURES BOVINE WIDOWS.

The Wanton Extravagance of Western Agriculturists Alone

PREVENTS TAKING EUROPEAN TOURS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

HICAGO, March 7, 1889.—Coming here as I did, from New York, I was agreeably surprised to note the cultivation and refinement one sees here at the most unexpected moments. I came to Chicago (from the East) fearing that I would be shocked and pained almost constantly by the rudeness and ignorance of the masses. And I hate to be shocked. I have been reared so carefully that a few shocks would be fatal to me. Our people were extremely refined and high strung. Several of my ancestors drove their own teams and hauled freight from the depot. We are a haughty race, and when irritated would fight for our honor or anything else that presented itself.

The Nyes extend back into the past for hundreds of years. They have occupied every position of trust all over the pages of the grocery history of their country. We will not brook an affront, and the man who looks askance at us, may be found on the following day carefully looking over his vitals, removing sand from them, and trying to replace them in their former position on the programme.

And so I was pleased as a child when I entered this rough Western town, so far removed from the great thought emporiums and brain works of the thinkful and tidy East, and found so much real merit, so much that we are fond of in the East, yet hardly expect to find so far west, where everything is, oh! so crude, and oh! so coarse.

HIS STAFF OF LIFE.

Among other things I brought my pajamas with me and a finger bowl. I did not think I would find any finger bowls out here, and I must have my finger bowl or I sicken and fade away. There are some real good stores here, and Eastern people who may be hesitating about coming here because there is no good place to trade, need not hesitate any longer.

Nye's Pleasure at Seeing a Finger Bowl.

Society here, too, is good. It is so good that, so far, I have not been pressed to enter it much, and so I can see that it is not so mixed as I have been told it was at home.

Michigan avenue is a beautiful street. Max O'Rell says it reminds him of the Bois de Boulogne. That is just what it reminds me of, but I never could think what it was till he spoke of it. At first I thought it was the Champs Elysees that it reminded me of. It is a much more desirable street for walking purposes than the Rue de Boiler or the Bois de Westside.

A PECULIAR RIVER.

The Chicago river is one of the most desolate and arid streams I have ever observed. It has the same soiled and troubled bosom that one sometimes sees in the lower walks of life, and it moves very, oh, so very deliberately, like a man going to the train to meet his wife's mother, knowing that she does not approve of him.

Two million three hundred and eighty-two thousand cows were made widows here last year. Five thousand pigs per day also bite the dust, after having emitted a piercing shriek. One sees the pig gay, frolicsome, and with life before him. Anon we find him cold in death. His chest has a large hole in it, and a big, big chip gives his mouth a hard, set look. It is awful. And yet to see Mr. Armour there with his sleeves tucked up above his dimpled elbows and the tips of his red flannels just showing roguishly beneath, you would find it hard to say in your heart, "Here is a cold, cruel man." He flits here and there among the workmen, looking now at the breastbone of a Quincy shote to see if we will have an open winter, and then going on to where he is trying to keep up a cob fire under a hogshead in which he is smoking some of his justy celebrated hams.

"And are you fond of your work, Mr. Armour?" I asked, as he began to pull out the chin whiskers of an adult hog. "Indeed

How a Shote Gets His Whiskers Singed.

I am," he replied. "It seems almost like play to me now. At first it made me very tired, and I yearned for something more remunerative, but it pays real well now. And though I feel very weary at night as I get home and put on my other clothes, I am sustained and soothed by the blessed assurance that at the end of the year I find that I have made $3,000,000, and that is worth making a sacrifice for.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

"Of course it is pleasanter to write thoughts for the paper and wear your good clothes every day and call yourself literary, than it is to assassinate hogs all day and go home smelling like a lard rendering recital, but literature is not so remunerative. I am therefore content. My lot may not be so fragrant as yours, but it is not after all an undesirable one."

He then buried his gleaming blade in the watch pocket of a large ecru hog, and as he began to unravel the digestive economy of the poor brute I turned aside and hid my face on the shoulder of a young lady that stood near by. I am brave when in a great emergency, but when my honor is not at stake, my heart is just as tender as it can be.

I speak of Mr. Armour's works because it is customary to do so. People who come to Chicago from the East at once repair to the pork centers, and, having seen them, they write a letter about the matter and go home.

NOT QUITE LIKE HOME.

Coming out of the establishment I met a typical Yankee who had just been looking over the modus operandi. He was carefully concealing his surprise, and like a true Yankee from "way down East," he wouldn't allow anybody to know that he hadn't been used to seeing 5,000 hogs per day in the act of going down to 5,000 untimely graves. I asked him what he thought of it, and he said: "It was evidently a pooty busy day there." He said they did things different in Chicago from what they did in New England.

"Now, for instance here they don't study economy as they do in our section. Take farmers in the Northwest, too. They throw away what would keep a Connecticut farmer all year. I went up into Minnesota the other day and saw in a day's ride $25,000 worth of reapers and mowers and wagons and tools standing out in the field all winter, rusting and warping out of shape, so that they won't be worth anything, and yet they wail about hard times. Why, we have to learn economy where I live or starve to death. For instance, I've got a neighbor that lives just back of Newport. His farm hasn't paid him for five years, but he had a streak of good luck three years ago. The fox hunt wanted a chance to get drunk and gallop across his farm. He said it would ruin his crops and knock the paint off the stone walls which he had erected to keep his boys on the farm."

"Well," says the fox tamers and anise seed bag assassins, "what will it damage you? How much will you charge to let us chase the pack in full cry across your grounds?"

A STREAK OF LUCK.

He allowed that $75 would be fair enough for the privileges of the season, and so they said that would be satisfactory. With this sum he lived comfortably that year and the next he raised them $10. He also charged them with an old and arid cow whom they scared into a drunkard's grave by means of their wild, hoarse cries and general English funny business costumes. Last year he made the damage to the crops $95, though he hasn't raised that much from the farm in gross for six years. He also managed to sell the fox hunters a balky horse which had his neck broken indirectly by the hark, the

A Money-Making Farmer.

meet, the whoop and the squawk of the imitation Englishmen who chased the fleeting form of an old coon skin overcoat with anise seed in the pockets, across his estates.

Added to these amounts he received $7 50 for allowing an artist to paint the remark "Slinks Handrake Pills" all over the house and barn. With this he has gone to Europe and is now visiting the continent. People who have seen him over there say he is having a great deal better time than Europe is."

RATHER THRIFTY.

"He is what we call in our country a thrifty man, yet withal a joyous and happy-hearted man. He has a laugh like a bird. Like the jackass bird of Australia, I mean. He experimented for two years on the matter of greasing boots as a means of promoting economy. For two years he greased one boot every morning and heated it into the leather, but did not grease the other one at all."

"Well, how did it come out?" I asked grammatically; "which lasted the longer of the two?"

"Well, the one that was greased outlasted the other one about 15 minutes, I believed. He said he doubted whether it paid him for the trouble or not."

An old Chicago business man who has $1,253,850 27 more than I have, as I write these lines, said to me: "You see, with about 1,000,000 of people here, you must remember that the larger number are by birth Eastern, so we claim, Mr. Nye, to know as much as the Eastern people and what we have learned since we came West, beside."

"That may be true," I said in a tone of gentle cast irony, "but when you come West you loose that cool, cultivated look of refined vacuity which we of the East constantly dote on. We do not like that in you. It is real coarse.

A LESSON IN COYNESS.

"You say 'Hullo!' and treat strangers politely without knowing who they are. That is where you fool yourselves in the West. We Eastern people resent your easy way of getting acquainted with people on trains and in public places and treating them hospitably. You shouldn't do that. You ought to be more coy until people identify themselves. Don't you know that a man with the slightest tinge of intellect can get along first rate socially if he will preserve an air of hauteur and reserve instead of your off-hand bonhoming, as we say in dear old France?"

It is easy for the observer to readily trace the evolution of culture without going out of the cars. Leaving San Francisco you are on good terms with everybody, from the engineer to the rear brakeman, within 24 hours. The California Senator divides his lunch and cigars with the homeward bound Bostonian, and the San Francisco millionaire plays whist with the sad-eyed humorist. Crossing the Missouri river the air of curiosity manifests itself, followed east of Chicago by a falling off in the rapport and persiflage business, until between New York and Boston the stranger feels the same air of cordiality that Mr. Enoch Arden did when he got home, late at night, looked in the window and went away.

BILL NYE.

Winding Clocks for a Living.

[New York Sun.]

There are half a dozen men in New York who make a living by winding and regulating clocks. There are many clocks that cost not only hundreds, but thousands of dollars each. It would not be common sense to let Tom, Dick and Harry fool with them. There are many places where it is necessary to have absolutely correct time, and this requires experts. And thus there has grown up a business of winding and regulating clocks.

A Little Revenge.

[Toledo Blade.]

Laundry Clerk—What kind of a finish do you desire on your linen, sir?

Sir—Well, you needen't mind pushing the contest to a finish—you punish my clothes bad enough in two rounds. I guess that's about all they can stand.

Degeneracy of the Times.

[Toledo Blade.]

Lithographer—In your posters, this season, sir, to which star do you desire to give the prominent place?

Theatrical Manager—Darn the stars! Give it to myself as maunger—make the letters a foot high, too.

Fine Distinction.

[Toledo Blade.]

Western Tourist—Got much stock on hand?

Ranchman—Nope, got a right smart bunch on foot, though.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

The Voyage of the Baseball Players From Australia to Egypt.

A REAL DISCOVERY AT COLOMBO.

A Series of Very Pleasant Moonlight Excursions.

THE LONG OCEAN VOYAGE ENDED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SUEZ, February 7.—The weather gods are certainly favoring the ball players in their trip around the world. Fair winds and bright skies have courted them at every step and they arrived amid "the spicy breezes of Ceylon's Isle" as ignorant of the ocean's tempestuous moods as when they left the shores of their own country. In the 17 days of the voyage from Australian shores they encountered nothing more unfavorable than a fine-minute rain squall and two days of choppy sea that would scarcely excite the notice of an ordinary baseball mariner. But this was followed by such a long stretch of glorious weather that the voyage was truly a season of continuous delight. It had all the characteristics of a charming private excursion, free from all the discomforts that mark a temporary life at sea.

The rough weather began about the second day after leaving Adelaide and continued for two days. It was not, in any sense, extremely severe, but it caused direful havoc among the players while it lasted.

PLEASANT WEATHER.

From this out the travelers enjoyed the most delightful weather and the calmest of seas. The dreadful stories they heard of the terrible tropical heat were not substantiated. Occasionally the morning and noon hours would be hot, but delicious cool evening breezes would speedily cause the temporary discomfort to be forgotten. But the great charm of the trip was in the glory of the nights. Whatever skies the travelers may sail under hereafter, they will certainly estimate their beauty from the impressive gorgeousness of the moonlight on the Indian Ocean.

The mood of the ocean was in harmony with the celestial elements. As the vessel plowed onward through the calm waters, there was scarce roll enough to remind the passengers that they were on the great ocean. As they lounged about in careless attitudes, and chatted gaily with each other, every feature of the groups suggested the characteristics of a quiet moonlight excursion on some smooth lake or river at home.

The monotony of the voyage was occasionally relieved by the sight of a sailing vessel or steamer. The last occasion of this kind occurred on the 22d inst., as we were nearing the equator. The Salier passed quite near to a full-rigged ship that was becalmed. With the aid of field glasses the vessel was found to be the Sam Skofield, from Brunswick, Me. She ran up an American flag as the steamer neared. The unexpected sight of the familiar colors was greeted with enthusiastic cheers by the party on board the Salier and made big lumps stand for a moment in their throats as their thoughts carried them homeward.

AT COLOMBO.

In a drive about Colombo, on the morning after our arrival, the carriage passed along a stretch of road bordering the sea for some distance. The beach was wide, and was covered with a multitude of coal-boats. In a large space between two of the dingy-looking vessels were three little natives, the eldest not over 8 years old, engaged in a game of "soak," just as it used to be played in the United States many years ago before our schoolboys made the study of "curves" and "inshoots," an especial course from which to derive later a princely income and popular homage.

The little players stood in the respective positions of pitcher, batter and catcher. The ball was a small bundle of cord and the bat an ordinary piece of wood. When the batter hit the ball he made a run for one of the boats as the base while the pitcher picked it up and with a Burns-like throw "soaked" or hit the runner with it in the middle of the back, whereupon they exchanged places. It was the game exactly as it used to be played when Irving, Snyder and Father Chadwick were boys. There was only one essential difference—the style of uniform. Though it was winter the Cingalese juveniles were unencumbered with any clothing beyond a small cord about the waist.

AN ANCIENT GAME.

Realizing the possibility that the game might have been developed through a furore created by the coming of the American ball players your correspondent inquired of an old man whether he had ever played the game that the dark skinned lads were engaged in and as he replied, "Me play same long, long time ago when boy," I was forced to the painful conclusion that the Buddhists had apparently the best of the baseball argument in the measure of antiquity.

The long ocean voyage of the baseball tourists ended at Suez and they are thoroughly glad of it. The passage from Colombo was even more delightful as regards wind and weather, than the earlier stage of their trip, but the 30 days' sail had grown to be wofully monotonous and their lusty athletic natures yearned for more space to move about in and a change of diet.

GOODFRIEND.

Hard to Match Him.

[Baltimore American.]

They are still trying to get a jury to try a boodle alderman in New York. The indications are that the alderman will die of old age before 12 of his peers can be found.

Usually the Case.

[Norristown Herald.]

A sponge can always be found hanging near the slate behind the bar. And several "sponges" can usually be found hanging around the bar.

A Lucky Find.

"Hem'ly, come here, quick, afore the Coroner comes; here's a hacident frozen dead with the loveliest pair o' skates on yer ever see!"—*Life.*

THE LILY OF ROCHON

A Legend of Bay St. Louis.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

-BY-

MAURICE THOMPSON.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTERS I AND 2.—The story opens early in the present century, on a bright morning in March. Wendell Orton, artist and dreamer, is landed from a little schooner in the Bay St. Louis, by the Creole owner of the vessel, Victor, who is to return for him April 10. Orton's host is Edouard Garcin, whose family consists of himself, wife and pretty daughter, Lalie. A mystery surrounds a lovely villa in the neighborhood, whose owner is Mo'sieu Rochon, and who has a lovely daughter known as the "Lily of Rochon," of whom Wendell Orton dreams during his first night at the little inn.

CHAPTER III.

PIRATES AND THEIR DAUGHTERS.

Orton slept lightly, with very sweet dreams, as we have said, hovering in his consciousness. The sound of a rather loud rapping on the outside door of the house awoke him in the small hours, and he heard Garcin's voice presently in conversation with someone who seemed to be in a great hurry.

"She's aground close ashore," the strange voice said.

"What's her cargo?" Garcin inquired in an undertone.

Orton was not quite sure, but he thought that "coffee" was the answer.

"Don't speak so loudly," he heard Garcin say, "there's a strange gentleman sleeping in that house. How near is she to Rochon's place?"

"A mile below, off the cedars."

"We can't do anything, then."

"Why?"

"The old man will have the best claim, and beside, Lazare, there's going to be danger."

"How?"

"The stranger in there is a Government man; he's here to look after old Rochon."

"Diable! but what will you do? He'll want you too, Mo'sieu Garcin, don't you think?"

"Dieu! I cannot say, but Captain Victor, of the Zozo, brought him here, and he told me that I am not suspected."

"Victor did?"

"Yes, and admonished me that I must treat this stranger like a prince."

At this point in the hasty conversation Garcin thrust his visitor out of the door, and thereafter Orton could hear only a murmur coming in from the verandah, where they continued the interview for a long while.

To an imaginative young man in search of romance and adventure, this interlude between dreams was well cast to add a singular and strange emphasis to the impression already made in his mind by his new and almost fantastic surroundings. It was evident that this nocturnal visitor of Garcin's, as well as Garcin himself, was an outlaw of some sort, a smuggler or wrecker, probably both in one. Orton could not sleep after that, save in the most fragmentary naps, so interested did he become in building romantic fabrics of imagination out of the suggestions that had come to him within the space of a few hours. He was a genuine American, brave, self-reliant and inquisitive, full of enterprise, and daring to boldness in whatever he undertook. Moreover he was rich and without ties to bind him to any spot. Therefore it can be well understood how keenly he enjoyed the situation in which he now found himself. Nothing indeed was further from his mind than any thought of interfering with the lawful or unlawful practices of this orange-scented and mockingbird-haunted little wilderness; but it was rather satisfying than otherwise to feel that he was both respected and feared by men, fearless as a rule and desperate at need, who had neither law of their own nor law of others to trouble them much. Then how the desultory night songs of the mockingbirds fed his mood and added richness to his imaginings! The sough of the Gulf breeze as it washed through the giant liveoak was full of wildness, and the tender and continuous swash of the bayou filled his ears and gave him a sense of being immensely remote and isolated from ordinary life. Early in the morning he heard Lalie get out of bed, and soon she was going lightly over the house, apparently putting the rooms to rights. Garcin was not at breakfast and Orton was told that he had gone down the bayou to look after some domestic matter. When the meal was over the young man took his gun and went into the neighboring woods, intending but a short ramble for exercise and observation rather than with a view to shooting. As he passed through the little garden behind the house he met Lalie in the walk; she held a great bouquet of roses, pink, white and yellow in one hand, while in the other and lying along her forearm rested a tawny cat whose fur was like silk, and whose greenish eyes glared savagely. The girl was dressed in a red petticoat of rich, large-flowered stuff and a blue jacket with loose sleeves and richly embroidered front. On her head was the hat he had seen on the spinet. Bizarre she was, almost barbaric, dark, flushing, warm, with just a suspicion of the savageness of her cat in her amber-brown eyes. Orton felt her singular beauty and panther-like grace thrill him; he lifted his hat as she approached him smiling radiantly and holding forth her roses.

"Everything is so lovely this morning," she said, with a half-childish lisp in her voice and an underglow showing in her dusky cheeks.

"I thought that as soon as I saw you," responded Orton, with the gallantry of the time, and bowing again.

"I wish I were lovely," she said, with perfect sincerity of voice, though her cheeks grew still warmer. "It must be delicious to be beautiful, like these or this," she added, indicating the flowers and the cat.

Something compelled Orton to forbear at this point; it was as if an unpleasant anticipation or a vague warning had flitted across his mind.

"Your cat certainly is a fine one," he remarked, "and the roses are the most beautiful that I have ever seen." But when he put out his hand to stroke the cat's head the animal spit viciously and struck at him with its unsheathed claws.

"That is a bad sign," exclaimed Lalie instantly, her face growing grave. "It foretells that there is to be trouble between you and me."

"Trouble!" he responded, laughing. "Oh, no, not between us. Such a thing is quite impossible. Come, Tabby, we must make friends of ourselves."

The cat struck him this time, cutting a drop of blood from one of his fingers, simultaneously giving vent to its unreasonable anger in a mingled growl and howl, its eyes flashing.

The girl now showed almost consternation in her face and she involuntarily took a step backward as if recoiling from Orton.

"The old fortune teller told me how bad a sign that is," she exclaimed, trying to recover herself and smile. "But maybe it is nothing, I hope it doesn't mean anything very bad."

"Pah! Nothing at all," said Orton, reassuringly, "don't think of it. How can you and I ever have any trouble, Ma'm'zelle Garcin?"

She blushed again until her rich Martinique skin glowed like the face of a dark velvet rose, but she made no answer to his inquiry. It was delicious to hear him call her Ma'm'zelle Garcin with the perfect creole accent. His bearing was so noble, too like that of a knight in the romance she had been reading lately, and he spoke with such a ring of sincerity and cordial strength. She looked at him (not boldly, but admiringly) from head to foot, with a sense of his stalwart beauty creeping very sweetly into her mind along with some distant and undefined impression of sadness.

ORTON MEETS THE LILY OF ROCHON.

All around the mockingbirds were singing in the vines and trees, sweet odors were on the air that blew gently from the not distant gulf, and overhead the sky hung like a vast dream, deep blue, but tender as a violet's petals.

"What are you going to shoot?" Lalie asked presently, recovering her lightness of voice and manner, gently brushing the finely carved stock of his gun with her roses.

"Nothing, I suppose," he responded, "I thought merely of a turn in the woods to make their acquaintance and get some exercise."

"There's plenty of game," she remarked, "I can kill some whenever I like."

Orton lifted his brows in astonishment. "You kill game, Ma'm'zelle Garcin? Do you know how to use a gun?" he inquired, with but little credulity in his voice, and looking down at her with eyes that showed both admiration and wonder.

"To be sure I do, and why not?" was the quick answer. "Give me your gun." She flung down her flowers and put aside her cat; then taking the heavy weapon from Orton's hand she poised it gracefully and said:

"Do you see the rosette of lichen on the fence-post yonder?" indicating a silver-white spot about forty yards distant from where they stood.

"Yes, I see," he answered.

A single moment for aiming, and then the flint-stroke, the flash of the priming and the sharp report of the gun. A fine white dust puffed out from the center of the lichen where the bullet had entered. The girl smiled complacently as she returned the weapon to Orton, who for a space found it difficult to utter his admiring amazement. It was a perfect shot, and the art of delivering it had shown such grace, ease and swiftness as he had never before seen.

"Wonderful, charming!" he exclaimed, as one just getting back his lost breath. "That was superb, Ma'm'zelle, superb!"

"Indeed, that is nothing," she said rather proudly. "I could do much better than that."

Then stooping, she retook her roses and her cat.

"I wish you fine sport, Mo'sieu," she added, and then left him, casting back as she passed through the vine-arched gateway a brilliant smile, half haughtily, half playful, that had in it an instantaneous fascination.

Orton went on through the garden and into the woods conscious of some new element, like a rich, nameless color, engendered within him.

The dumpish, musty fragance of the woods, at he entered the shade under the wide-armed, moss-mantled oaks, was mingled with the ever-sweet breath of jasmine flowers and the keen resinous odor of the pines. Something in the circumambient stillness seemed to act as a fixitive on the picture in his mind, and moreover, all this shadowy sweetness and cool freshness was filled with the romance his imagination had suddenly conjured up. He strode along, the girl's face lingering with him and her voice echoing sweetly in his memory, and as the changing phases of the forest caught his attention and slowly drew him back to his old habit of observation, he noted how brilliant were the lichens and mosses, how luxuriant the vines and flaunting air-plants, and how gorgeous the flower masses here and there.

The exercise of the walk was exhilarating, and the freshness and strange sense of solitude were to Orton as fascinating as their associations were picturesque and romantic. Here was the one remote and poetry-burdened region which, of all the earth, could, for a time at least, satisfy his longing for the undiscovered and the undescribed.

There were beautiful grassy openings in the wood, and here and there Orton came upon miniature lakes, shallow and studded with blooming plants and wisps of tall water grasses. In one of these he saw a tall white heron wading, and thinking to shoot it he raised his gun. When he pulled the