THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1889.

SIAM'S YOUNG KING.

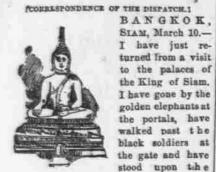
A Visit to the Magnificent House of This Absolute Monarch and

HIS ONE HUNDRED PRETTY WIVES.

Life in the Harem and the Inmates' Dress and Amusements.

SAVAGE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANTS

PORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. I BANGKOK



majesty himself. I have penetrated the reception rooms and the various audience chambers, have taken a look at the bushes and trees of gold and silver, which are sent to him from his provinces, have almost handled the royal jewels, and have, with my practical American eves, looked at the cart loads of brie-a-brac gathered from the four corners of the earth. I have visited and his ten millions a year, once shaved his the stables of his white elephants, have head and nominally gave up his crown and the stables of his white elephants, have given the ugly beasts a taste of heathen grass, have trod with my patent leathers the floors of the holiest temples, and have with unwinking eyes looked at the grandeur of the little emerald idol. My letters from Washington gave me access to the foreign minister, and one of the English-speaking nobles connected with the State Department, a bright, copper-colored, black-mustached young fellow in a dress half Siamese and half European acted as my guide. He showed European, acted as my guide. He showed me the outside of the great buildings of the harem, but I have failed to meet any one of



so fortunate, however, as to meet many men connected with his court, who are well posted upon him and his kingdom. The talks with these and with old residents of

the country have given me almost as good a knowledge of his personality as though I had met him myself, and, as I write this letter, his last photograph taken by the court photographer lies on the table before

A Handsome King.

It represents a bright-eyed, slender young man of 36, dressed in the gorgeous uniform of Siamese royalty. Small in stature, his hend is crowned with a golden byramid of jewels, rising in circular tiers, diminishing as they go upward until they end in a long, pencil-like point, which extends nearly two feet above the forehead of its kingly owner. His body is clad in gorgeous coat and vest, heavily embroidered in gold and jewels, and in place of pantaloens he has the rich brocaded surong of the Siamese about his loins and waist. It comes down below his knees at the front and it looks here not un-like a pair of fancy knickerbockers. Below these a pair of fancy knickerbockers. Below these a pair of shapely calves in white silk stockings are thrust into jeweled-covered, hecliess slippers, pointed like the shoe of the Turk, and the whole makes a costume brilliant and grand. His majesty sits on a foreign armchair and his sword lies on a table at his side. side. He is a pleasant-looking fellow and his olive brown face is plump and unwrinkled. He has beautiful liquid black eyes, a broad, high and rather full forehead and short, straight, black hair. Under his rather short and half-flat nose there is a silky black mustache, and below this the lips are rather thick, and the chia plump and well rounded. His hands and feet are well made, and he is, all told, as good a specimen of Siamese beauty as I have seen. He is the ninth son of Maha Mongkut, the He is the ninth son of Mana Manager and last King of Stam, and he was picked out of a family of 84 children to be placed upon throne. He has 34 halfthe Siamese throne. He has 34 half-brothers and 49 half-sisters, and he liked one of his half-sisters so well that he mar-ried her and made her his Queen.

A Real Nice Position.

Looking at him it is hard to imagine that he is the sacred ruler of from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 of people and it is hard for an American prince to appreciate his absolute power and his holy dignity. The people of the country are his slaves. He has the right to call them into his service either with or without pay and all men-in Siam are forced to give him either the whole or a part of their services during the year. His word can throw a man into chains or put him to death; can deprive him of his prop-erty or rob him of his daughter. All the women of Siam are supposed to belong to the King and no one is forbidden to him except his mother. He is supposed to take one of his sisters as his Queen, and the nobles of the country offer him their daugh-His court is one of intrigue and plotting, and the nobles are glad to have their daughters in the harem, in that they may thus the better attain the King's friendship and powerful offices. He taxes the people as he pleases and these taxes are so heavy that at times some men have to sell their wives and children as slaves to enable them to pay him. Still his vaults are full of treasure. Siam has no national dept and he has an income of more than \$10,000,000 a year. He can spend tens of thousands of dollars in cremating a dead wile or in establishing a petty navy, which would be of no more good than so many boy's toy boats against the war ships of the

A Progressive Monnrels. Still this King of Siam is the most propressive the country has ever had. He is far in advance of his people and be is doing

American hand-shake into his reception to of foreigners. He gives receptions to foreigners and he speaks the English tongue, though he never does this when noted foreign visitors have an audience with him. He considers it beneath his dignity him. He considers it beneath his dignity at such times to speak in any other language than the Siamese and he has an interpreter who translates the English words into Siamese and the Siamese words into English. He has brought the telegraph and the telephone into Bangkok, has established a street car line and lights his harem with the electric light. Just at present he is considering the subject of railways, and he has given \$100,000 to have a survey made of a railway which shall run from Bangkok out into his kingsion and shall connect with I have just re-turned from a visit Mandalay and Burmah. The engineers to the palaces of started out to survey this railroad a few days ago and it may be that a decade hence we will be able to travel all over this country by rail. He has established a custom golden elephants at the portals, have walked past the black soldiers at the gate and have stood upon the throne of his royal

York, and here at Bangkok his Majesty has his Foreign Department, his Interior De-partment and his Royal Mint. A new court of justice hps just been built

His Majesty's 100 wives, and His Royal
Highness himself had left the capital for a
six weeks' trip into the interior of his realm
three days before my arrival. I have been

His Majesty's name is perhaps the longest of any monarch in the world. It contains 57 letters, and he is called Chulalangkorn for short. He has ten different names in addition to this, and the full names of the royal family, would, I doubt not, fill a column of this newspaper. The Queen is not far from 20 years of age; she rules the harem, and she is a very pretty Siamese girl. Her complex- of glass and producing the same effect as the ion is a light brown, and her oily black hair, glass wall which Tiffany built between the about two inches long, stands straight up and is combed backward from a fair open and is combed backward from a fair open this makes it look as though it was made of this makes it look as though it was made of this makes it look as though it was made of the same is lighted from the top. diamond earrings and a diamond pendant at her neck, and her fingers are covered with precious stones. She smokes cigarettes, as does also the King, and she chews the betel nut, making her teeth as black as jet, and her lips stick out. The Siamese say that any dog can have white teeth, but that it is only those who are rich enough to afford the betel nut who can have black ones. Black teeth are a sign of beauty here, and all the ladies of the harem chew and smoke. I visited yesterday the storehouse of the



palace and the harem all the articles they need. It has hundreds of balls and playthings, which are brought from Europe for the royal babjes, and the clerk tells me that there is not a fancy French plaything or amusement of any sort that is not sold to the palace. I was shown about a hundred dozen little china spittoons about the size of a shaving mug. These were beautifully decorated, and some of the pictures were by native Siamese artists sent to England to be painted upon them. I bought one decorated with a picture by a Siamese Prince, and I was told that these spitteons are used by the ladies of the harem to spit in while chewing this disgusting preparation of the spongy betel nut mixed with rose-tinted lime and finecut tobacco.

Life in the Harem.

I talked with the dressmaker as to the fashions affected by the King's wives, and was told that the ladies of the harem prefer Siamese dress and that their favorite costume is the surong or waist cloth, to which they add a loose jacket trimmed with Swiss embroidery and covered with bows of ribbon set on in rows. Commonly they wear neither shoes nor stockings, and the chief leg decoration is an anklet of gold. They have some foreign costumes, which they put on when the court photographer takes their portraits, but their common attire is more that of jewelry and bracelets than of silks or of satins. These ladies of the harem are the most noble ladies of Siam. The last King had wives from China and India, and he was anxious to add a well-bred English girl to his gallery of beauties. He had, it is said, chances to secure one or two French maidens, but he had had so much trouble

tions the offending woman is in danger of being put to death. Many of the girls gamble, and some of them do fine embroidery and ancy work. Some become jewelers and others make articles and sneak them out of the palace to be sold. The women are not 17th of March would be an object of popua great deal to civilize them. Before his kept in separate palaces, and each does not lar derision.

second coronation in 1873 all natives who approached the King had to do so on all fours. They had to raise their hands in adoration to him and bump their heads on the mats before him. This King did away with all this and he has introduced the American hand-shake into his reception of foreigners. He gives recentions to fortaken a couple of score of his favorite women along with him. The Amazons have, I amtold, been done away with at the palace. The last King had them, but though I looked through the best of pebbled glasses for them during my visit to the palace I saw not one.

The Royal Palace.

The palace of the King at Bangkok was built only a few years ago. It looks much like one of the great palaces of Europe. It has several stories, and under the bright rays of this Siamese sun it appears to be made of marble. A closer inspection shows that the marble is stucco, and the golden elephants, each about half life-size, which guard the entrance, change as you come near them from massive gold to iron gilded.
Wide stairways lead by marble steps
through these into a great vestibule, the
ceiling of which is about 40 feet high- and
the walls of which are hung with old
Signature armore. At the right of this is the Siamese armor. At the right of this is the King's andience hall. His throne is a bed, he then wanted to know if I was bringing any diamonds into the country, or if I had any packages of dynamite about my clothes. I again replied no and he chalk-marked my baggage without looking into it.

Siamese Justice.

This King of Siam is a Buddhist, and he was for some time a Buddhist priest, as is the custom with all men in Siam. Everyone is expected at some time to enter the priesthood, and this royal monarch with his millions of treasures, his scores of wives and his ten millions a year, once shaved his head and nominally gave up his crown and his barem to wear a reallow enter the results of Buddha.

King's andience hall. His throne is a bed, and he lies on his arm or sits Siamese fashion, a la Turk, while he receives his reshion, a la Turk, while he receives his reshi

A Grand Reception Chamber. On the other side of the vestibule is a grand reception room fully as wide and nearly as long as the East Room of the White House at Washington. This is paved with marble mosaic and its high ceiling, twice as high as that of the East Room, is gorgeously decorated with carvings of gold. Brilliant chardeliers hang down from it and about the walls are oil paintings of the royal tamily, and the only woman's face among them is that of the present Queen, whose sweet face looks down beside those of the King's brothers and has the best light and the place of honor of the whole room. The furniture of this room is European and in. As far as I can learn the native Siamese courts are founded more on the caprice of the judges than upon the law. There is no jury, and tortures similar to those of China are practiced to make witnesses testify. One is the twisting of bamboo withes tighter and tighter about the head until the prisoner confesses, and another is the whipping with the bamboo of the man stretched out at full length, and his skin pulled taut by men at his head and heels. The prisons of Siam tighter about the head until the prisoner confesses, and another is the whipping with the bamboo of the man stretched out at full length, and his skin pulled taut by men at his head and heels. The prisons of Siam his head and heels. The prisons of Siam have the dungeons, some of them hangthe largest elephant's tusks, wonderfully carved, stand beside the mantel, and an that you meet them constantly on the street, album on a little stand at the back of the and this not alone of men but of women as room has a medallion portrait of the King

painted on porcelain and set in the richest of diamonds. The corners of the room contain large cabinets filled with curious works in gold from eard cases up to betel boxes, and I noticed a fine portrait of Frederick, the late Emperor of Germany, among the many oil paintings on the wall.

The audience chamber, or rather the throne room of the king, is a grand hall with a ceiling made of many colored pieces jewels and the room is lighted from the top.
This ceiling is, I judge, 50 feet from the floor. It is vaulted and the walls below are frescoed in gold. Three immense glass chandeliers like those of the East Room of the White House hang down from this ceil-ing and these were made for the palace of the Emperor of Austria, but were bought by the King of Siam. The floor is of marble mosaic and the King alts on a great chair on a rostrum at the back. Five steps lead to it I visited yesterday the storehouse of the purveyor to the King. It is an English establishment, but its business is to sell the there are gold trees and gold bushes, and the leaves of these are of pure gold, while their trunks are heavily plated. There were perhaps a dozen of these on each side of the room and they ranged from the size of a Christmas tree down to that of a small current bush. These are the offerings of currant bush. Inese are the offerings of the rulers of the various provinces under the King. They make these presents of gold trees every year and some of them are worth fortunes. Not a few were of silver and the silver trees were placed on one side of the room, while those of gold were placed on the other.

The Sacred White Elephant.

Siam is known as the land of the white Siam is known as the land of the white elephant. The elephant is the imperial animal of the country and you see his picture upon all of the flags. The old coins of the realm have an elephant upon one side of them and the white elephant is here sacred. He is supposed to be the embodied spirit of some king or hero, and the people formerly worshipped him and they do so to some extent now. Before going to see the pulses I tent now. Before going to see the palace I had read a glowing description of the white elephant of Siam. I expected to see his tusks bound with gold, to find golden chains about his neck and a superb velvet coat of purple, fringed with scarlet and gold, over his snow white body. What I did find was four wild-eyed, scraggy looking elephants with long tusks and with skins not much whiter than those you see in the American circus. The only white part about them was their long flapping ears, which seemed to be afflicted with the leprosy. The remainder of their skins had the whiteness only of disease, and I was told, as a rule, the white elephants of Siam are mad elephants. These beasts were in dirty stables and they were chained by the dirty stables and they were chained by the feet to great wooden posts. They had dirty keepers and there was no sign of royalty about them. Their keepers fed them some grass while we were present and they performed some ordinary circus tricks for us. The glory of the white elephants has in all probability departed, and the elephants of the interior of Siam are made to work quite as hard as their brothers all over the world. One of the punishments of Siam is the making convicts cut the grass for these royal elephants. One of them killed his keeper the other day, and this same holy beast made a snap at me with his trunk when I entered his stable.

FRANK G. CARPENTER. IRELAND'S EMBLEM.

The Shamrock a Plant Not Unlike the American Clover.

Clover in Ireland is always regarded as distinct from the shamrock plant. Nor is this a distinction without a difference. Clover, as commonly understood, has pale shading on the front of the leaf; and on this light colored section there is a growth of short hair like protuberances. The genuine shamrock, on the other hand, is a rich dark green, like a maiden hair fern. Possibly it is a variety of clover; it is certainly not produced from ordinary clover seeds, and grows more like a weed than a classified grass.

Clover has been seen masquerading as shamrock for sale at Covent Garden; but

NYE HAILS WITH JOY

An Invitation From an Alpine Club to Climb Mountains and

TO SEARCH FOR THE NORTH POLE.

Fate of a Man Who Tried to Jump a Yawning Chasm as it Yawned.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH VESUVIUS?

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) CLUB, PORTLAND,

elected an honorary member.

I HAVE the honor to hereby acknowledge the receipt of the followcommunica-OREGON ALPINE

Edgar W. Nye: DEAR SIR-I have meeting of the Oregon Alpine Club, held Tues day evening, March 12 you was unas

Very respectfully, W. G. STEEL, Cor. Sec. It is almost superfluous for me to say that I accept with pleasure the honorary membership thus conferred by an aspiring and deserving organization upon one of our most phenomenal literary deposits.

The objects of the club, as I gather from the constitution and bylaws inclosed with the notification are, first to utilize the large smooth mountains of Washington and Oregon for climbing purposes. Also to monkey with the flora and fauna of that

I have accepted with ill concealed joy that I am, and may continue through life to be, an honorary member, therefore, of the Oregon Alpine Club. I shall also take occasion at an early date to accompany the club, by means of a horse and wagon, to the summit of Mount Hood or Mount Tacoma. Later on I hope to become so robust that I

THE LUXURY OF TRAVEL.

Once I could walk a great deal. At one time I went by this means quite a distance, taking views of water-tanks and side-tracks along my route, using great care to get off the track as the trains went by. In this way I saved enough in one summer to enable me to make the same trip on the following summer. But in later years wealth has engendered a love of ease and a slight tendency toward luxurious dishonesty and repose of manner, which at first would con-

repose of manner, which at first would convey the idea of refinement.

I now hail with much joy this opportunity to climb a few of our most desirable mountains. Which one shall we tackle first?

How are your glaciers this spring? Have you got a good noiseless glacier with remains in it? How did the flora and fauna stand the winter and will the spring. stand the winter, and will they be on hand this season when we get ready 6 go?

I notice also by the preamble which juts out a few inches from the constitution that one of the objects for which



Nys Taking Views on a Side Track

the club was organized, was to "make known to the world that, as a center for visitors to radiate from, Portland possesses unsurpassed advantages," I will cheerfully join you in this especially. Certainly, I have never radiated from a city which gave better satisfaction than Portland has. If I did not believe that I reald a second that the line of the translation of the control did not believe that, I would not thus publicly so state, over my own brief, but widespread signature. Portland, as a visitor's radiator is, and must ever remain unsur-

A WORTHY ASPIRATION.

You also aim to make the club a high authority on mountains and their habits, mountains in their home lives, half hours with mountains, mountains as bedfellows, together with suggestions as to what to do for their cold feet and throbbing brows, so-cial habits of the mountain and its hesitation in calling upon Mohammed, although the mountain was there first, mountains as parents, mountains as forefathers, mountains as mouse breeders, etc., etc., ad finitum,

as the papers put it.

All these objects coincide with my views, and though I see that the club has taken the precaution to give me no vote whatever on these matters, I cannot be prevented from entering heart and soul into this glorious work. As soon as the weather is suitable you will see me start up Mount Hood with an Alpenstock and a theatrical trunk coutaining all that one need possibly want, and want to possibly need, on such a trip. I have already purchased an Alpenstock in Omaha. It belonged to the estate of a man who climbed the golden stair, via the Matterhorn, three years ago. The Alpen-stock has quite a lot of notches already cut stock has quite a lot of notches already cut in it, which gives me a good start. He was never recovered, it is said. He tried to jump across a yawning chasm just as it was in the act of yawning and so lacked about nine feet of getting across. The following September this Alpenstock was found by the verge of the yawning chasm. Several hundred feet below a vulture was seen eating the lining from an old ture was seen eating the lining from an old pocketbook. Still farther down a venturesome chamois hunter, with a rope tied around his waist, discovered the marks of a around his waist, discovered the marks of a man's front teeth on the trees, as he evidently blazed his way along down while passing hurriedly in a perpendicular direction toward the bottom. Farther down he discovered a broken pelvis and the main apring of a Waterbury watch, which had crawled out of the case and entirely filled the bettern of the classer to a bailty of 1/2. the bottom of the chasm to a height of 91/2

The man himself was dead.

AN 'IMPORTANT QUESTION. One thing I wanted to ask about the club was this: Do honorary members bring their dinners, or will some way be provided whereby they will not have to do so? I can whereby they will not have to do so? I can bring some things to eat with me, if desired, but would prefer to do otherwise if not putting you out. We live well at home, and yet one tires of the same food year in and year out. Whatever you decide on in that way will be satisfactory to me. Food should be, for such a trip, nutritious, well prepared and expensive. I could put it in the hind part of ray wason, along with my

the hind part of my wagon, along with my Alpenstock, if thought best.

I would be glad to meet personally the geologist, the mineralogist, the ethnologist, the ornithologist, the ichthyologist, the botanist, the microscopist, the entomologist and the conchologist of the club. When not too busy I would be glad to aid them so far as

possible in their researches. I shall take with me on those trips a large scrap book containing press notices and autumn leaves. I can read from this tome to the club the kind things said of me by the American press, wherein it has been stated that I have called, or that I was seen, on our streets, and other encomiams which I can read to the club as you pause to wipe the perspiration from the brow of the mountain or while I tie a nosebag over my horse's head and sock a few much-needed oats into him. Then the book can be afterward used for squatting ferns and other fauna so that we may carry them home with us and think about them next winter.

next winter.

I see that under the provisions of Section 2, of Article V., of page 7, of the revised statutes of your association, under the title of membership, that "no person shall become an active member, after the organization is complete, who has not climbed at least one snow mountain to its summit."

NYE WILL PROCEED SLOWLY. This harsh ruling will for some time yet This harsh ruling will for some time yet prevent me from becoming an active member, though if you could relax this rule so as to let in a man who had been gently toyed with by a cyclone and lifted by that agency to where he could look over into Gabriel's watermelon patch, I might get in at an early date.

I would like to climb some of your more abdument movements have your in the near

obdurate mountains, however, in the near future and take my share of the suffering. Some day I would also like to join an Arctic expedition and do some more suffering in the higher latitudes. I think I would succeed there first rate, as I am used to sub-sisting on my friends when very, very hun-

My idea would be to join the club, first as an honorary member, then gradually be-coming an active member, walking long distances and climbing haystacks by means of my Alpenstock, until I became very athletic and strong; then climb a tall frapped mountain, freezing both ears till they swelled up on my return like a pair of baked apples, then I would go abroad in search of the coy and prudish North Pole. Finding the pole, I would cut my name in the bark, eat a few com-



rades, and with these picked men concealed about my person, I would return, full of in-formation and blubber, to lecture on the

I am naturally of a roving disposition, and dearly love to seek out new dangers which I can defy by mail. You also have an extinct volcano near you which I would be glad to pry into, and see what it is that causes the nauses which in-variably seems to accompany this phenome-non. Some scientist ought to go down into non. Some scientist ought to go down into the crater of an extinct volcano and see why it is that have always seems to lie so heavy on the stomach of Vesuvius, for instance. Some think I would be a good man, and perhaps I would. I could get a very good petition asking me to do so, but I hate to go down into the bowels of the earth, net knowing how I will be received. I am brave, but at the same time keenly sensitive. I would hate to find after it was too late that my pressance rather exaggerated the naussa my presence rather exaggerated the nauses which seems to be the curse of a volcano's

very existence HE THANKS THE CLUB.

Addressing the Oregon Alpine Club through its Corresponding Secretary, I wish thus publicly, in all candor and sincerity, to thank the club for the honorary member-ship thus so worthily conferred, asking only the freedom of some of your most praise-worthy countains, with the right to climb them at such time as I may elect, but not before that time. In that way I shall be honored and shall endeavor to avoid, so far as possible, in any way disgracing your orby means of a livery team mostly, on your

ascents.

Socially, you will find me a great acquisition. I am full of small talk and science, literature, art, political economy, travel and the common school branches. I can be earnest or playful, as the mood changes, like sunlight chasing the summer shadows across the glorious mead. I can provoke the listener to merriment with my pathos or jerk loose the scalding tear by means of my support the scale of the scalding tear by means of my support the scale of the scale sunny humor. So that in selecting me your club has made no mistake. When is the first annual dinner of the

If you will let me know, I will put my Alpenstock in a shawi strap and come on. Remember me to the conchologist, and tell the entomologist that I have found something at a "Teaoreggs?" Hotel which would interest him, I know. It looks like an early dwarf terrapin and smells like a case of fermented oblivion. So no more at case of fermented oblivation.

present from your true friend,
Brill NYE.

SNAKE AND SPARROW.

A Courageous Little Bird Captures and Carries Away a Reptile.

Springfield (O.) Republic.1 A curious incident was witnessed Saturday in the High street entrance of the Lagonda House. There are massive pillars in front, capped by designs in scroll work. In this scroll work the house sparrows build their nests by dozens, and multiply faster than a

nests by dozens, and multiply faster than a calculating machine.

Saturday a sparrow flew up to its nest above the east pillar, proudly bearing in its beak an eight-inch snake it had captured somewhere. It was a tough tussle for the bird to land the little reptile, for the snake was about as heavy as the sparrow. The task was finally accomplished, however, and about half of the snake's length gotten into the nest. The rest of the body hung out and writhed and twisted angrily. Just then a larger snarrow perceived the snake for the larger sparrow perceived the snake for the first time and swooped down upon it, caught it skillfully just back of the head and flew away with it. The entire drams was watched by many spectators with deep interest.

A FIGURE PUZZLE.

A Most Amusing and Mystifying Use of Ar-Ithmetical Numbers,

Following is a very curious puzzle. Try

it, all of you: Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines, and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five.

Then add 20.

Then add the number of the line you have

EAST AND WEST

A Tale of a Century Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens in old Salem 100 years ago with an account of a sleighride party and dance to which the heroine, Sarah Parris, is escorted by Harry Curwen, who was somewhat of a spoiled darling. Sarah, who is an orphan living with her uncle and aunt, determines to living with her uncle and aunt, determines to somewhat the same of the manner of the same on the Muskingum, was packed away somewhere. of a spoiled darling. Sarah, who is an orphan living with her uncle and aunt, determines to join a party of settlers going to Ohio. When the news becomes known Harry Cursten offers his heart and hand to Sarah, but is told that he must first show that he has been of some service to his country. vice to his country.

CHAPTER III.

A SHIP OF THE PRAIRIE.

In a thousand discussions, renewed morning, evening and night, about the probabilities and the possibilities of Sarah Parris' journey, the conversation turned most often to what sort of woman Mrs. Titcomb was most likely to be. To this undecided problem Aunt Huldah and Mrs. General Thomas and the girls returned two or three times a day, while the preparations went forward.

"But, Aunt Huldah," said the laughing Sarah, as she laid out in the sun a pile of clothing which she was marking, "you did not wonder half so much what sort of man the mate of Robert's ship was to be. Now Robert was to be under the mate for three years, but I shall only be under Mrs. Titcomb for three months—or Madam Titcomb; perhaps she is Madam Titcomb," the girl added, with a mock courtesy.

"You will not be under her a minute and a half," replied her admiring aunt, with a fond look upon the girl, which meant, "you were never under anybody in your life, and are not apt to be. But I tell you, it is one

Kitchen equipage, under the hindrances of open air life, became greater and greater.

They arranged with each other to take turns, land journey's end. It was not many days thing to sleep at one end of a ship-"
"In a comfortable forecastle," laughed

"To sleep in one end of the ship, whether it is comfortable or uncomfortable," thus persisted Aunt Huldah, "and to know that the mate is sleeping at the other end. Now that is one thing. Half the time you do not see your first mate, and half the time you forget there is any. But your Mrs. Titcomb—you see her every minute, and like enough hear her, when you get up and when you lie down, as the Scripture says,

when you lie down, as the Scripture says, when you go out and when you come in."
"And you will hear her," groaned elegant Mrs. General Thomas, "with her 'I be' and 'I vum,' and 'Be ye goin' to do this, Sarey?' and 'Be ye goin' to do that?"
All of them laughed, but the irrepressible Sarah laughed most of all. Mrs. Titcomb should not be abused in advance, the said Stadies and the the same of the same Titcomb should not be abused in advance, she said. She did not doubt that she was a French lady, a maid of honor of Marie Antoinette. She knew all the ways of court. Probably Mr. Titcomb had carried a load of codfish to Versailles and sold it, and Miss Adele had fallen in love with him and eloped with him. "She shall teach me French, dear Aunt Huldah, and I will teach her pure Yankee, with the true Frency country accent."

ceive in their wagon. More than one of the girls who had danced in the Valentine's Day party had come to say good-bye. And as they stood by the side door of the great stage house in Andover, and Sarah bade one and another good-bye, it was clear that they would have made of themselves a very pretty colony if only they would all perse-

announce that the wagons were in sight.
And sure enough, a train of four or five
canvas-topped "ships of the prairie," as
they were afterward called, filed by on the
main road below them. One of these detached itself from the caravan and came

slowly up the hill. Two spirited boys, each on horseback, rode up in advance. They swung them-selves off their horses, and, a little shyly, approached the curious group who stood on the piazza. These were Moses Titcomb and his younger brother Cephas, with whom, as the year went on, Sarah Parris had much the year went on, Sarah Parris had much to do. The elder boy introduced himself to General Thomas, who stood a little in advance, and explained that it was his father's wagon which was coming up the hill. A minute more and General Thomas was assisting Mrs. Titcomb to alight, with the same courtesy, as Sarah could not but ob-serve, even in that critical moment, with which he would have given his hand to the Queen of France, who was at that moment the idol of all Young America. And then, a little confused, good Mrs. Titcomb turned and looked around among the bevy of girls to see which was to be her partner for the next three months. For there had been quite as much discussion. sion in the Titcomb camp as there had been in that of the house of Parris. Sarah stepped forward, and the sensible, good natured, shy, motherly woman took the girl to her arms at once. She looked at her with admiration, and then, as if she broke the bonds of her native reserve, kissed her eagerly. "My dear girl," she said, "I shall not be a raid of you a minute now." And they both laughed heartily, and the critical introduction was over. Aunt Huldah came

that one from a crossbar in the top of the wagon, this and that parcel under the feet of Miriam and of Polly, and so on, and so on. Clearly enough Sarah had a friend at court in Mrs. Titcomb, and she would not For you must know that we have as good court in Mrs. Titcomb, and she would not hear—no, not of a pin being left behind. Sarah had in her mind divided her luggage, as skillful travelers will, into the must-be and the may-be sections; but with good Mother Titcomb everything was must-be. And she said that if they left behind them the bag of beans for the horses, everything of Sarah's should go till the last inch of the journey. This was a good beginning, and it was a beginning which was not too bright

And she said that if they left behind them the bag of beans for the horses, everything of Sarah's should go till the last inch of the journey. This was a good beginning, and it was a beginning which was not too bright a dawn for the 90 days which followed.

Readers of this degenerate age, if they are east of the Alleghenies, have, I am afraid, never seen a "ship of the prairie." If they have the good luck to live west of the Missouri river, they know what was the vessel in which our pretty heroine was embarked. It was a strongly built wagon, not very different from any other large four-wheeled car in its "hull," but attracting the notice of all eyes by its long, broad, white canvas cover, which was indeed a tent stretched on large ash hoops, fastened to the sides of the wagon. The country butcher's wagon of our day is a miniature emigrant's wagon, but large ash hoops, fastened to the sides of the wagon. The country butcher's wagon of our day is a miniature emigrant's wagon, but that the top should swell out on each side, and project over the driver's seat in front, and far back beyond the rear of the cart itself. It will easily be seen that such projections gave additional shelter from the sun and from the rain. Under the seats of this roomy wagon every sort of store was crowded. There must be something from day to day for the horses who drew the machine, and for those which were ridden by

home on the Muskingum, was packed away somewhere.

Of these stores Cephas Titcomb, the father, was the nominal steward, but in fact dear Mrs. Titcomb knew better than he did where this or that could be found, from a horseshoe round to a Bible, if there should be a sudden demand. The wheels were quite high, and space was thus given under the wagon for slinging several boxes or trunks from the axletrees. Rifles and shotguns, with one or two pistols and Cephas Titcomb's old cavalry saber, hung from hooks on the right and left, above the heads of the women as they sat in the wagon. At hooks on the right and left, above the heads of the women as they sat in the wagon. At night, by simple enough processes, the body of the wagon became a bed, on which the "women folk" slept, arranging their places according to size or other convenience. For the men, they spread bearskins or wolfskins, having the shelter of the wagon to creep under if the night should be rainy, or, as sometimes happened as they crossed the under if the night should be rainy, or, as sometimes happened as they crossed the higher ridges, if the snow were falling. When morning came, the frying-pan and teakettle were lifted down from the hooks on which they hung, and tife fire in the open air made by the earliest boy, was ready to prepare the hot water for the invariable cup of tea and the coals for the invariable salt pork. If by good luck there were eggs, why, there were eggs, and Mrs. Titcomb and Sarah vied with each other in showing in how many

were eggs, and ars. Theomorand caracterists with each other in showing in how many ways eggs could be cooked. As they went on, indeed, their skill in using their scanty kitchen equipage, under the hindrances of grants, and from this story about the Dutch-

dear Miriam does; for, do you know, I have learned to call Mrs. Titoomb Miriam, and we have not been afraid of each other since that very first minute when I left you at Andover. And, my dear Aunt Huldah, you will be proud of your own little girl, for I really believe that I am almost as good a tentkeeper as you are a housekeeper. It is not for nothing that you have taght me how to keep pots and kettles clean. Miriam is not ashamed of me at all, and I am not at all ashamed of my breakfasts or my dinners. We are not getting on as fast as Mr.

at all ashamed of my breakfasts or my dinners. We are not getting on as fast as Mr.
Titcomb expected we should, but, as I say,
we are getting on faster than smost
of them do, and, for my part, I
like the life. A walk every day
three-quarters of the way; I have often
walked 15 miles. Then the boys are very
eager that I shall ride, and some days I have
ridden all the way. We have a side saddle
for me and for Miriam, but she rather prefers what she calls the luxury of the waron. fers what she calls the luxury of the wagon. We make a long halt in the middle of the day, for the sun is beginning to be het, and it is better for the beasts. This gives a it is better for the beasts. This gives a chance for the cows to come up, and for the boys to go off for their shooting. In fact, both my boys are away now; I hear every now and then the crack of their gins, so I shall be quite ashamed of them if they do not bring us in a rabbit or two for supper. We have a good deal of time for our reading, and it will quite surprise you to know how learned we are beginning to be. Do you know, dear aunt, that your dear Mr. Cowper can be quite as jolly as he can be sorry? Miriam has brought with her a newspaper, in which there is the funniest song, or sort of ballad, rather, that you ever did see. It is in which there is the funniest song, or sort of ballad, rather, that you ever did see. It is about the adventures of a man who went out on a trolic with his wife, and never came near her from the minute they started from his house in London, because his horse ran away with him. She will give me a copy of it, and I will send it to you when we come to the Muskingum. When that will be, I

to the Muskingum. When that will be, I will not—
And here the reader must give up this little day-by-day gossip for, alas, the long yellow page has given way here, by much folding backwards and forwards, as different loving descendants have read the story, and so we are not able to print the autograph of Sarah Parris, in the nineteenth year of her age, as we should be glad to do. year of her age, as we should be glad to do.
But a good geographer who chooses to
plot on the map of Pennsylvania the route
which they were following, from such hints



directed by the world-renowned skill of their mother. Foragers before and behind would bring in a squirrel, or possibly a partridge, and once and again wild turkey. If these failed, there was the infallible salt pork, and on Sundays as they did not travel, with the regularity of the recurrence of the sacred seventh day, there was a pot of beans. For, however one place or another place in this world may be rated for its loyalty or disloyalty to that article of food, Essex county, which these travelers were leaving

forever, will always be the central shrine of forever, will always be the central shrine of its most sacred worship.

No, Emma, no, Lilly, this story cannot last forever, like a Chinese comedy, as you and I would like to have it. So that if you want to know where they washed their hands every morning, when they walked and when they rode, when the side-saddle was fitted for Sarah, or when she and the boys tramped on far in advance over muddy roadways, you must call up some spirit by the hands of a successful medium, or you must burrow in the old chest, where are left the diaries and letters of a generation now forgotten. We must hurry on and bring them to their destiny; for I will confess to you here that they were not drowned as they you here that they were not drowned as they crossed the Hudson, they were not murdered crossed the Hudson, they were not murdered in Jersey, they did not die of scarlet fever in Bethlehem, they were not poisoned at Allenstown, they were not caught under a mowdrift and frozen to death on the crest of the Alleghenies, and they did not die of despair when they came to the Western water when they came to he western water them too low for navigation. ers and found them too low for navigation.

Here is just one little scrap from a letter of Sarah's to her Aunt Huldah, which you may read first, Emma, and then you may pass it over to Lilly, and that shall be all the detail of the long journey.

Sarah Parris to Huldah Whitman.

I would write at the head of my letter. the true epistolatory style where I am, if I only knew. But all I do know is that we have crossed what they call the water-shed, and are well on the western side of the famous Allegheny Mountains. And I know this-that last night the boys were talking Dutch with the children of a Dutchman introduction was over. Aunt Huldah came forward, and shook hands heartily with Mrs. Titcomb, and with her husband, who had now appeared from the heads of his horses. Then began the negotiations as to where Sarah's baskets and boxes could be swung and packed away—this one beneath an axlettee which had been reserved for it, that one from a crossbar in the top of the wagon, this and that parcel under the feet of Miriam and of Polly, and so on, and so on. Clearly enough Sarah had a friend at court in Mrs. Titcomb, and she would not many miles. Then Cephas had to ride all the way back with him, for fear they should think we had stolen him. Somehow Cephas missed the Dutchman's son, and he has just now brought us a very funny letter, written in the worst English I ever did see, expressing his surprise at our ingratitude. But Cephas will be back soon to tell us that he has saved our reputation, though we have lost our little dog.

Now I will begin my stary. All the

Now, I will begin my story. All the way through the Bay people ran out to see us, and our wagon, which was such a strange thing to them; and in Connecticut,

day in and out, as cooks for the day, and the boys soon loyally ranged themselves they came out on the Monongahela river e same which, in her grandfather's day had been made famous when a certain George Washington covered the retreat of the troops of a certain General Braddock. Our friends, however, were not to marche down to the bottom land on the side of the Monongahela but were to build for them float them the rest of the way. Here, therefore, a camp was made, while Mr. Titcomb, and one or two of the men who went with

and one or two of the men who went with him, with some other pioneers from Old Newbury—men, all of them, skillful in woodcraft, indeed, in ship building, should frame and build the boat which took its name from Noah's, in which they were to complete their voyage. For the somen and children, this fortnight climate, was rest after the fatigue of travelin July, spent under canvas in A delic ing, and rest with a sort of feeling that they were back in the shepherd life again. modern life knows no such harbors in the midst of our daily storms; but the men and women of a hundred years ago were none the worse that they lay land-locked sometimes for two or three weeks at a time.

CHAPTER IV.

WASHINGTON AT A RECEPTION. In the whole mass of letters there is not one line from Sarah Parris to Harry Curwen, nor one word written by him to her. But on removing the faded goatskin cover which some prudent hand had sewed on the Bible which the girl carried from Salem to the Muskingum there was found a little note-billet, it was called in those days—in which he asked her to accept a farewell present. The present was a basket fitted with knives and forks and spoons, which he had carried more than once when they went

on a picuic together.

In all the little familiar tea parties which Salem sadly made by way of bidding good-by to Miss Parris, Mr. Curwen never ap-peared. He had gone to New York, it was said, and though Salem was apt to know the business of everybody in Salem, rather better than he knew himself, Salem did not better than he knew himself, Salem did not known why he had gone. No letters came from him, or, if they did, the postmaster had not recognized the handwriting. So was it that, excepting for the plenic basket, and for that little billet which was acci-dentally preserved, Sarah Parris had no goodby from Harry Curwen.

A hundred years have lifted some

A hundred years have lifted some mysteries, so that there is no reason why I should not tell both of you, dear Lily and dear Emma, what Mr. Harry Curwen had done with himself.

First of all, he had written the little billet, and had sent off the basket, with the silver spoons and knives and forks, to the young lady. Second, he had gone to Boston, and had spent two or three days there, in con-ference with his father's old military friends. He had obtained from them letters of intro-duction to General Knox, in New York. duction to General Knox, in New York. Then he took the stage to Providence, and from Providence, with a north-east wind, he took the packet Lady Washington, and sailed for the City of New York. Three days after, he found himself at Francis' Hotel in that city. It was then the seat of government of the United States.

Harry Curwen dressed himself in his best, and called upon his old friend, Colonel Timothy Pickering, to whom he told his plans. The Colonel advised him, as men of 40 sometimes will advise men of 20—that

of 40 sometimes will advise men of 20—that is, he advised him to change all his plans and go home. But by this advice Harry Curwin was not moved. He asked Colonel Pickering, also, to give an introduction to General Knox, which he could not refuse.