SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1889.

IN PHARAOH'S LAND.

How the Shylocks of Europe Are Bleeding the Egyptians.

FARMING TAXES $9 PER ACRE.

A Telephone to the Sphinx and a Hotel at the Pyramids.

THE REAL ESTATE BOOMS IN EGYPT

[FROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.]

CAIRO, EGYPT, June 2.—Modern civilization is making rapid strides in the land of Egypt. The young giant of the West whose itching palm is reaching out toward Japan, China, Korea and the lands of South Asia, has already a strong grip on this birthplace of history, and the Egypt of the past has days that are numbered. Alexandria has long since arisen from the ashes of the bombardment of seven years ago, and it is now the size of Cleveland or Washington. Its buildings are European rather than Arabic and its streets have French names. Cairo, the city of the Arabian Nights, is fast becoming a city of Parisian nights, and the Mohammedan call to prayer is mingled with the bacchanalian songs of the cafe chantants.

Modern science is pulling the mummies from the pyramids. A telephone line runs almost to the very ear of the Sphinx, and the old lady is being pulled from the sand by modern iron cars made in Europe. There is a hotel at the base of the Pyramid of Cheops, in which English men and women drink brandy and soda, and the spirit of the nineteenth century with some of its virtues and all of its vices is breathing new life into the land of the Pharaohs. Egypt had more than 2,000 American visitors this winter, and the amount left here by Cook's tourists alone is now, I am told, about $2,500,000 a year.

A FASHIONABLE RESORT.

Cairo is becoming a winter residence city, and it has hundreds of mansions which would do credit to New York or Paris. Real estate has rapidly risen in value, and the land upon which the baby Moses lay in the bullrushes is now worth a big price per square foot. When I visited Cairo about eight years ago the donkey was the chief hackney cab of the foreigner, and men, women and children went sight-seeing on long-eared beasts with donkey boys in blue gowns following behind and punching up the animals by poking sharp sticks into patches of bare flesh as big as a dollar, each of which had been denuded of skin for the purpose.

The hotels had Egyptian servants in turbans and gowns, and you called your boy to your room by clapping your hands. Now the Ishmaelitish hack driver has taken the town, and, though he wears a fez cap, his dress is European and his cheek is as hard as that of an American cabby. The donkey boys, though they are as bright as ever, have lost their monopoly, and their customers are confined to foreign men and to the natives. Inside the walls of Shepheard's Hotel, where I am stopping, you are as far from old Egypt as you would be in the Grand Hotel at Paris. The servants are French, speaking Swiss, in black swallow-tail coats. The chambers have electric bells, and the $4 a day which you pay for your board does not include either candles or soap.

The house is packed full, and there are counts by the score and lords by the dozen. At dinner you see half the men in steel pen coats and the women in trails, low necks and short sleeves. There is a babel of English, French and German, and the only evidence that you are in the land of the Pharoahs is the tall palm trees which look wonderingly in at the windows.

A REAL ESTATE BOOM.

The dahibeye or sail boat, which was formerly the only means of going up the Nile, has been superseded by steamers as comfortable as those which cross the Atlantic, and the journey from Cairo to the interior of Nubia is one of the easiest and pleasantest in the world. There are now more than a thousand miles of railroad track in Egypt, and I traveled to Cairo from Suez in an express train, which made as good speed as that of our trunk lines. The steam engine screeched as we passed through the land of Goshen and at one of the stations while telegraphing to Cairo, I asked the price of land in this country which Joseph gave to his father, and was told that it was worth at least $150 an acre. Our steamboat in coming up the Red Sea crossed the path over which Moses led the Israelites, and in which Pharoah was drowned, and I drove out this afternoon in an American buggy to the site of Heliopolis, where Plato studied, and near which stands the old tree in whose hollow trunk the Virgin Mary hid herself with the child Jesus during the flight to Egypt.

In passing through the streets of Cairo I saw the troops of the Khedive, clad in a uniform like that of the soldiers of Europe, and among them were English officers and the red coats of the English army of occupation. The great governments of Europe now control Egypt. England dictates the actions of the Khedive, and foreign influence permeates every part of the Government. The European bondholders practically own the country, and the lands of the Nile, if sold out at auction, would hardly bring the value of the mortgages which the Rothschilds and others hold upon them. The people are ground down by taxation now as they have been under the most extravagant of their rulers in the past, and the Egyptian improvements above mentioned, which are mainly for the benefit of the foreigners have come out of the peasants. Whatever Egypt may be in the future it is terribly oppressed to-day, and the story of Ireland is nothing in comparison with the present condition of Egypt.

AN OPPRESSED PEOPLE.

The Egyptians should be the richest instead of the poorest people of the world. What a wonderful country they have! It is a valley of guano in the midst of a desert. The land is as black as your hat, and it now teems with crops as green as Kansas in June. It produces from two to three crops every year, and its soil gives out through the ages bounteous crops with no other fertilizer than this water of the Nile. Egypt is the gift of the Nile, and a wonderful gift it is. The country under the Khedive today is the narrowest kingdom of the world. Extending between 800 and 900 miles above Cairo, its cultivable soil is nowhere more than nine miles wide, and below here it spreads out in a great, green fan, the ribs of which are each a little more than 100 miles long, and the top of which does not measure much more than the ribs. This fan is the famed Delta of the Nile, and with this long narrow valley above it it makes the Egypt of to-day. On the sides of this valley are great tracts of desert of sand of a glaring yellow silver, more sterile than the plains of Colorado or the alkali plains of the Rockies. The Egyptian desert is absolutely bare. The rich fields of Egypt come to its edge on either side, and you can step from the greenest of grass on to the dryest of sand, and standing on the green with your face toward the desert, for as far as the eye can reach see nothing but bleak, bare sand.

The whole of the soil of Egypt has been brought down from the mountains of Abyssinia by the Nile. It is nowhere more than 50 feet deep, and its average depth is about 35 feet. Under this soil is found the sand. The Nile waters it as well as fertilizes it, for there is no rain to speak of in Egypt. The country is flat. Here at Cairo you can see for miles in every direction, and standing on the Great Pyramid, the Valley of the Nile is spread out below you in a great patchwork of different shades of green. There are no fences and few trees; here and there a grove of tall palms raise their fan-like heads high up in the clear blue atmosphere, and near them you see a village of mud huts made of the same sun-dried sticks that Pharoah ground out of the Children of Israel. This great plain is cut up by canals, roads run here and there through it, and along these move caravans of camels, or Egyptians in gowns upon donkeys, and of droves of donkeys laden with grass or grain. There are cattle and sheep by the thousands upon the fields, and their fat sides glisten under the tropical sun as they munch the sweetest and juiciest of clover. The air just now is as pure as that of Denver. All nature seems to smile and the only poor thing upon the scene is man.

TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Out of the 6,500,000 people of Egypt, fully 6,000,000 are peasants. They are known as "fellahs." They are the tillers of the soil, and they are the people who do the work and make the money which pays the immense yearly debt of Egypt. These "fellahs" are the ancient Egyptians. They have been oppressed throughout the ages until they have no spirit left in them, and they are happy if they can get enough to keep themselves alive. You see their mud villages everywhere, and they slave from morning until night in the fields. Their houses are rarely more than ten feet high and often not more than eight feet square. In an Egyptian village the houses are built close together. There are no pavements, gas lamps nor modern improvements of any kind. The furniture of each house consists of a few mats, a sheep skin, a copper kettle and some earthenware pots. The bed of the family

An Egyptian Fellah.

is a ledge of mud built in the side of the room. There are no windows, and the cooking is usually done out of doors in a little earthen, pot-like stove. The food of the family is a mixture of sorghum seed, millet and beans ground up into a flour and baked into a sort of big, round, flat cake. A large part of the food of the fellahin consists of greens, and I watched one eating a turnip yesterday. He began at the tip of the root, and ate the raw indigestible vegetable to the very end of the green, leaving not a vestige of it. I have seen them eating clover, and I am told that they seldom have any meat. Out of the milk of the buffalo and cow they make a sort of curd-like cheese, which is extensively used. They use no knives, forks nor spoons, and at supper they have, in addition to their vegetables, a sauce of onions and butter, into which they dip pieces of bread and eat it.

It is no wonder they remain poor. They have been taxed for ages to such an extent that they could barely live. Ismail Pasha, the last Khedive, would, I am told, often collect taxes twice a year, coming down upon the farmers for a second sum after he had demanded the regular amount. If they were not able to supply it the tax gatherers sold their stock at auction, and he had the right to make such as he pleased work for him for nothing. At present there are about 5,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in Egypt, and there is an agricultural population of more than 4,000,000. This gives less than one and one-fifth acres per person, and the taxes amount to from $4 to $9 an acre.

TAXED TO DEATH.

The best lands of Egypt pay $9 an acre, and this is only one form of Egyptian taxation. Just outside of Cairo there is a Government office, through which every piece of produce brought into the city for sale must pass, and every article is taxed. The

An Agriculturist's Hut.

farmer who brings a donkey load of grass to the city for sale must pay a percentage on its value before he can go in with it. It is the same with a chicken or a pigeon, a basket of vegetables, or anything that the farmer raises. Then there is a tax upon date trees amounting to $200,000 a year, upon salt of more than $1,000,000, upon tobacco and slaughter houses, and in fact upon everything under the Egyptian sun. The donkey boy here pays a tax, the doctor pays a tax, the storekeeper is taxed, and there is in addition to this a general tariff of about 8 per cent on all imports. There are taxes on sheep and goats, which are paid whether the animals are sold or not. There are taxes on wells, taxes on fisheries, and taxes paid for lands which Egypt once owned, but which she gave up with the loss of Soudan. It is no wonder that the Egyptian people are poor. It is a wonder that they can exist at all.

The bulk of this money goes out of the country and the natives of Egypt are growing poorer instead of richer. "Such taxation," said our Consul General to me to-day, "would create a revolution in the United States, and there is hardly a country in the world which would stand it. Not a dollar of all the money which is thus collected is expended in public or private improvements among the hard-worked, overtaxed people, from whom it has been wrung."

Egypt pays every year more than $3,000,000 to Turkey. Why she continues to do this is not well understood the world over. If England and Europe would shake their heads she would throw off the Turkish yoke, but the Sultan of Turkey owes some large sums to the European bankers. The European bankers want this $3,000,000, and it comes to them through the Sultan. This is one way in which the Rothschilds grind the fellahin. The total revenue collected last year was nearly $50,000,000, and of this more than $20,000,000 went to pay the interest upon debts, which were entered into by the Egyptian Government in the past.

SOME ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

New York contains about four times as much farming land as Egypt. Suppose the farmers of New York, irrespective of the capitalists and town people, had to pay a tax of $225,000,000 a year; they would be as heavily oppressed, in proportion to their lands, as are the Egyptians. If they had to pay simply the tax of from $4 to $9 an acre, they would have to mortgage their crops; and if, in addition to this, they had to pay import and export taxes, and taxes on their sales, the result would be an almost immediate bankruptcy. Egypt is not much bigger, in reality, than Massachusetts. It is only about the size of Maryland. Suppose that Maryland had a population of 6,000,000 to live off her farming lands, and should tax them at the above rate, and you get the condition of Egypt to-day. Verily, the pound of flesh of the shylock of Venice was not more rigidly enacted than is now being cut off the pounds of flesh of the Egyptian peasants by the English and other European creditors.

These creditors watch the condition of their debtors, and they see that all of the proceeds go into their pockets. Each of the Cabinet officers of the Khedive has a subminister under him, who is a foreigner, and the proposition for nearly everything pass through the hands of this sub-minister before they get to the Egyptian who is the Khedive's counsellor. The most of these sub-ministers are English, and the Egyptians are now practically controlled by England. England dictates the ministers the Khedive shall take into his Cabinet. It dictates the rate of taxation, and in fact is the controller of all state matters in Egypt. The Khedive, I am told, would do much more for the people if he could, but he has to submit. The English officers receive large salaries; and though they are numerically, and in the matter of owning property in Egypt, fewer than either the French, the Italians or the Greeks, they are in influence and dictatorial power the leading European nation of Egypt.

FRANK J. CARPENTER.

UNCLE SAM'S DISHONESTY.

How the Government Has Profited by Funds From Unpaid Money Orders.

Washington Letter to Indianapolis Journal.]

For 17 years after the establishment of the money-order system in this country the funds secured through unpaid money orders were stored up and hoarded, just as though the United States Government had made a good speculation. No attempts whatever were inaugurated to ascertain the real owners of this money which had been trusted to Uncle Sam's care, but the sum went on accumulating until it had reached the enormous figure of about $1,700,000. Then Congress took hold. The legislative branch of the Government decided that the money thus held was illegally held, and that no pains should be spared to ascertain to whom it belonged, and a clause was attached to one of the bills appropriating money for the support of the Postoffice Department authorizing the employment of a number of clerks, whose duty it should be to ascertain the rightful owners of this money-order fund, and every effort made to restore it. Congress also provided that hereafter, whenever an "advice" in relation to an order, which should remain unpaid in the hands of a postmaster a certain number of days without the money having been claimed, was received, it should be the duty of the postmaster to notify the payee. If this failed to secure the payment of the money to the rightful party, the sender was to be notified and steps were devised by which he might secure the money which had not been paid to the person to whom he desired it should go.

Under the latter act there has been a great falling off in the accumulation of money to the credit of the money-order fund in New York, and under the instructions of Congress some clerks in the Money-Order Department have been engaged for some years in making out a list of all unpaid orders, together with the names of the purchaser of the order and the party to whom it was sent. These lists make an enormous bill of manuscript, and although they are not yet completed, they have been instrumental in restoring a great deal of the money to the rightful owners. Just how much has been paid back cannot be ascertained at this time without a great deal of work, but that there still remains more than $1,000,000 piled away in the Sub-Treasury in New York to the credit of the money-order fund is beyond dispute.

Ordinary business honesty would have demanded that this fund should never have been allowed to accumulate, but Uncle Sam, in his business dealings, is the most dishonest of mortals. He never pays a debt that he can possibly escape, but insists upon prompt payment for all his debts.

THE RIGHT AND LEFT.

Some of the Innumerable Phrases and Superstitions Regarding Our Hands.

Ohio Valley Manufacturer.]

The superiority of the right hand caused it early to be regarded as the fortunate, lucky and trusty hand; the inferiority of the left hand caused it equally to be considered as ill-omened, unlucky, and, in one expressive word, sinister. Hence come innumerable phrases and superstitions. It is the right hand of fellowship that we always grasp; it is with our own right hand that we vindicate our honor against sinister suspicions. On the other hand, it is "over the left" that we believe a doubtful or incredible statement; a left-handed compliment or a left-handed marriage carry their own condemnation with them. On the right hand of the host is the seat of honor; it is to the left that the goats of ecclesiastical controversy are invariably relegated. The very notions of the right hand and ethical right have got fixed up inextricably in every language: droit and la droite display it in French as much as right and the right in English. But to be gauche is merely to be awkward and clumsy; while to be right is something far higher and more important.

So unlucky, indeed, does the left hand at last become, that merely to mention it is an evil omen; and so the Greeks refuse to use the true old Greek word for left at all, and preferred euphemistically to describe it as euonymous, the well-named or happy-omened. Our own left seems equally to mean the hand that is left after the right has been mentioned, or, in short, the other one. Many things which are lucky if seen on the right are fateful omens if seen to leftward. On the other hand, if you spill the salt, you propitiate destiny by tossing a pinch of it over your left shoulder. A murderer's left hand is said by good authorities to be an excellent thing to do magic with; but here I cannot speak from personal experience. Nor do I know why the wedding ring is worn on the left hand; though it is significant, at any rate, that the mark of slavery should be put by the man with his own right upon the inferior member of the weaker vessel. Strong-minded ladies may get up an agitation if they like to alter this gross injustice of the centuries.

It Couldn't Have Been Red-Hot.

Time.]

Mamma—Are you warm, Bobby?

Bobby (in bed)—Yes, mamma, as warm as toast.

"Why, no you're not. You are as cold as you can be."

"Well, I'm as warm as the toast we had for supper."

The Fishermen's Voice.

Puck.]

The fisherman sang in the mountain pass
As he gayly went to his fishing place
And his thought and voice were both of bass.

GAY NARRAGANSETT.

Life at One of the Jolliest and Most Democratic Seaside Resorts.

BELLES WHO DRINK MINT JULEP.

Beautiful Girls Who Bewitch the Unsuspicious Stranger.

THE TROUBLES OF FAUNTLEROY BOYS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., July 4.

UNTIL you visit Narragansett Pier you have not seen one of the gayest and most democratic spots that the sea beats against, and if any well-bred stranger desires to go away this summer, and be adopted by a lively and handsome crowd of revelers, let him come here with a good wardrobe and be accommodated. Everyone is out in the sunlight, not afraid to be seen or heard. Before you are aware of it you are friends with the best half of the population, and are drinking mint juleps on the Casino lawn with a girl whom you were actually rushed into an acquaintance with. It is bewildering, but most people say it is nice. At any rate, this hail-fellow-well-met manner of being jolly at Narragansett is what has given the place its unfailing prosperity. There is never one "off year" at this resort. Newport can be empty, but across the bay you will find the faithful people at the Pier, sticking to the old-fashioned hotels, and bathing as no other people bathe on the whole coast.

A SIMPLE COSTUME.

The girls are various, of course, but here is a bewitching example. We all know this get up. It is silk mull, I am told, and there are yards and yards and yards in it. It is made on a fine silk foundation. The lace about the throat is a mere film of web-like quality. On the same authority I am

A Vision of Beauty and Fashion.

able to say that the stockings are those very latest mull silk ones, and the shoes are white pebbled leather. The hat, lace straw, whose painted silk rivals nature. The maker charged about $125 for the whole affair and one petticoat of fluffy lace cost $12 more.

"We only wear the rig twice," says my fair informant, "because twice ruins it; yet, when we are married John swears over a bill for a ready-made cloth dress, and says, 'Deuce take it, why don't you wear the simple little white gowns you used to be content with when I was courting you?'"

The hour after the bath is a delicious, gay and melodious one at Narragansett. Before returning to their hotels to dine all hands crowd into the Casino, thronging the lawn and piazzas, and forming an impressive and vari-colored picture as they dally with pretty ices and picturesque drinks. The drink part of the arrangement is somewhat surprising when it is remembered that Rhode Island is a prohibition State. A special favorite after the dip in the sea is

THE FRAGRANT MINT JULEP.

I think the young women prefer this because the bunch of green which crowns it sets off so prettily the clean pinkness of their faces, just as ferns display the delicate rose with an added beauty. At any rate, I have counted fully two dozen juleps in front of as many girls during one sitting on the Casino lawn. A string orchestra discourses the while most entrancing melody, and what with the mutual loveliness of the gray granite building, the exquisite toilets of the women, their beauty and vivacity, and the blue sky blending into the bluer sea, the

Quite the Correct Thing.

noon hour at the Casino is as fair as anything in the calendar of summer days. It is not unusual to see a girl seated alone at a little table with a glass of mildly alcoholic beverage before her. It does her no discredit, according to usage here. The same maiden wouldn't think of doing such a thing at Saratoga or Long Branch. Narragansett has special privileges of laxity.

Summer and the shore seem the time and place for flirting, and I do not remember ever visiting a resort of this character where the pastime was not indulged in to some extent. But at Narragansett it strikes me that it is incessant. That fatal bathing beach is, I believe, the primal cause for the bewitching conduct of these pretty girls, and the romantic hour with the mint juleps does much to sustain the excitement. The girls look at you squarely when you arrive, and you are conscious that they are discussing your complexion, your clothes and your walk. When you glance up from your plate in the hotel dining room a pair of mischievous eyes meet your own, and they have an invitation in their attractive depths. If you are an utter stranger you wander idly about the piazzas, the beach, the cliffs, and always the feminine eye regards your movements. You need not bother yourself about seeking a meeting with these pretty creatures. Time and chance will look out for that.

SECURING THE VICTIM.

One of them simply has to say: "I would like to know that fellow," and she knows him within a half hour. The last resort is to ask the hotel clerk to lead the victim up to his fate, as was the case with a by no means good looking young fellow who came down from New York one Saturday night to stop over Sunday. This young man had thought of no greater luxuries during his little outing than a change of fare, a swim and a ride. But after eating his supper on Saturday night he discovered that he was not to be let off so easily. He had lounged up to the parlor door in his hotel to watch the dancing, for a quite pretentious ball was going on, and while leaning gracefully against the jamb a group of women espied him. The ringleader—a very sweet and stately blonde, shrouded in diaphanous draperies—discussed the situation for a moment with her friends, and then began searching for some one to perform the act of bringing the lamb to the shrine. She met the obliging young clerk of the house coming away from the ice-water tank in the office, and to him she indicated the innocent New York youth at the door of the parlor. The clerk was not in the least surprised at the request the fair

Victor and Vanquished.

damsel made, so he advanced directly upon his prey. The young visitor listened to the proposition made, looked at the source from which it had originated, and yielded himself up with a gracious smile. He danced the hours away with the truly lovely blonde, and ate ices with her in the refreshment room. The next day he floated her over the rollers in the bath; on Sunday night he strolled about the piazzas with her—there are no electric lights at Naragansett—and when he started for New York next morning he promised he would be down every Saturday night for the remainder of the summer. There is no easier place on the coast to meet beautiful girls, and to have a better time after you do meet them, than at this same jolly Naragansett pier.

NOTHING SLOW ABOUT IT.

Some writers assure us that life at Narragansett is particularly slow. These have caught wrong glimpses of the place. They have evidently gone in when the crowd went out, and gone out when the crowd went in. The people here have a routine, and their pleasures are taken spasmodically. About the only way to realize the immensity of happiness, beauty and blithesomeness which finds haven at the pier is to stroll down the ocean drive to the little crescent beach at noontime, and take a chair under the roof which runs the length of the bath houses. You can't get into a hotel with a crowd, because all the hotels are nothing more than good-sized boarding houses. You must therefore watch for the contents of the long line of these houses to converge, and the best opportunity you get for this is at the bathing hour.

Bathing is the soul of Narragansett. It is carried to the point of frenzy. It inaugurates, it sustains. It brings to a crisis innumerable affairs of the indiscreet and intoxicated heart. I doubt if at any other place in the world the seashore man and the summer girl are found in such profusion of callow excitability as right here on this short strip of sand.

UNFORTUNATE YOUNGSTERS.

But there are sedate people at Narragan-

A Disgusted Little Lord Fauntleroy.

sett, too, and all is not frivolous and volatile there. There is a big leavening of culture, and æstheticism is visible. A feature of the sights is Little Lord Fauntleroy in multiple. Chaps big enough to be boyish are kept girlish by this maternal craze, and the unwilling imitators of Mrs. Burnett's goody-goody youngster are often unhappy in their long hair and feminine touches of toilet. They are juvenile Grosvenors descended from Gilbert's "Patience," really, for that effeminate character is realized in miniature by the Fauntleroy of the story. It is funny to see how some of the duplicates at the seashore incongruously drop the manners of angelic desuetude and become hearty roysterers, while still wearing the costume of sickeningly-sweet goodness. The Fauntleroy nonsense yielded this veranda dialogue:

Mamma—Now, remember, Bertram, you mustn't run too hard, or you'll perspire and spoil your Fauntleroy shirt.

Bertie—Yes, dearest.

Mamma—And you mustn't wipe your nose on your Fauntleroy sash, or mamma will have to whip you.

Bertie—No, dearest.

Mamma—Above all things, remember under no circumstances, take your hat off, because your Fauntleroy curls are sewed in the brim.

Bertie—Yes, dearest. Oh cuss that Fauntleroy boy, dearest! KAMERA.

He Made a Mistake.

Omaha World.]

He—My dear Miss Angel, will you not partake of just a little pale, pink cream and one bonbon, which I fear will not be so exquisite as you are accustomed to in Boston?

She—What a break? I'm not from Boston. I live in Kansas City.

"Well, I am a fish! Here, waiter, bring us a double order of pork chops and some turnips with the peeling on.

An Old Remark in Order.

New York Tribune.]

The old remark is again in order that a great many college students are broadened because the professors sit on them for four years.

IN LOVE'S HANDS

A Legend of Pensacola.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

A FRENCH vessel bound for Mobile was captured and sunk by a Spanish cruiser soon after the recapture of Pensacola by the Spanish fleet in 1719. One prisoner, a slender and beautiful girl, was the only prize secured by the victors. The fight had been a close and deadly one, with a result not uncommon in those days, when a naval engagement, at best, was a mere matter of broadside and boarding. Carrying fewer guns and lighter ones than her adversary, and withal being much slower, the French vessel fell an easy prey to its vigorous adversary. It went down with its colors flying, however, while the Spaniards were in the act of boarding it; but before this the deck had been so raked by cannon and muskets at short range that the brave little crew were nearly all killed, so that it was but a smoke-grimed and bloody handful of them that cheered pluckily as they sank in 20 fathoms of green Gulf water.

Pauline de la Chasie was saved from the fate of the vessel's crew by one of those strange chances which now and again inject into real life the most impossible appearing elements of romance. She had rushed upon the deck, wild and disheveled, just as the ship lurched forward to go down. A young Spanish officer, bearing the honored name of Cortes, saw her, and this lovely apparition, hovering in the smoke of the last terrible broadside, impressed him deeply. His imagination, like that of most youthful adventurers who were sailing the seas at that time, was a most inflammable one, ready to flare up vividly at every touch of the new, the strange or the beautiful. What could appeal more forcibly or more directly to the heart of such a youth at such a moment than the vision of a young girl, lithe, slender, lovely, with white arms outspread, yellow-brown hair afloat on the breeze, her pale face upturned and her garments fluttering wildly, running across the bloody, corpse-strewn deck of the sinking vessel against which he had just been directing his guns? Indeed, so much was he affected he started forward and stretched forth his hands, as if to reach and save her.

Not one of the stalwart French sailors was ever seen again after the water closed over the ill-fated vessel; but the beautiful and frightened young girl, Pauline de la Chasie, rose to the surface, and with her long wet hair clinging close to her shapely shoulders and girlish bust, was seen tossing about on the short chopping waves. In some way her clothes had caught hold on a fragment of spar so that she had been kept afloat. Fortunately her instinct of self-preservation had overborne her fear at the critical moment. With desperate eagerness and energy she clung to the bit of buoyant wood, and was able to keep her head above the foam and spray of the noisy and tumbling waves, albeit she was scarcely aware of what she was doing.

Cortes, whose habit was to spend no time in deliberating at the point of emergency, called for men and quickly had a boat lowered. In a few minutes the girl in a semi-conscious condition was on board the Spanish vessel where she received every kind attention that chivalrous men could offer under the circumstances. The shock to her nerves had been very great, not only on account of the terrible nature of the engagement and the results following it, but more on account of the peculiar conditions under which she had left France to go to the obscure little garrison at Mobile on the then wild southern coast of America.

In those days love was something to live for and to die for. To be young and in love meant that along with the youth and love went a certain romantic devotion which would turn aside for no obstacle, hesitate at no sacrifice. Man and woman, youth and maiden felt that to go to the end of the world for love's sake was the noblest of all tasks, the highest and holiest of all duties. The influence of chivalry was still alive, and, although the formalities of olden knighthood had mostly passed away forever, there lingered in the world, especially among the young and brave, a spirit of honor which demanded extraordinary exactitude in the matter of keeping promises, and especially those promises bound by the golden thread of love.

Pauline de la Chasie at the time of the disaster to the vessel that bore her, was on her way to join her soldier lover, one Louis Doucet, whose fortune had called him to Mobile. It would be very interesting, if space and the scope of this story would permit it, to go back and give the details of this romantic love affair, which budded in the fairest part of Southern France at one of the old towns whose ruins date beyond the time when the Pope had his home in Provence, and whose roses are still the very ones of which the troubadours raved. We must be content, however, to trace the American part of what must always remain one of the most noteworthy strains of romance connected with the settlement of our Southern coast.

The grave historian, who scorns whatever is not dry as dust, runs over what he looks upon as mere incident and he turns aside from anything romantic or touched with sentiment, as though he feared some lurking infection which might enliven his blood and send a thrill of poetry into his book-must clouded mind. Still it is true that, to the large majority of readers, these personal incidents, these bits of romance that form the neglected fringe of history, are the very parts of the past which are most interesting. Pauline de la Chasie's experience certainly may claim the attention of this liberal majority. It was a great undertaking in these days for a young girl not yet 19, to set sail with a crew of soldier seamen to go from France to America, yet this girl did it, as is well attested by records not to be disputed.

After a long voyage, during which the vessel encountered many storms and was blown far southward of its proper course, it must have been almost unbearable, even to the rough crew, to see a powerful Spanish vessel bearing down upon them just at a time when the end of all their desires seemed almost in sight; but to poor Pauline de la Chasie it was like plunging into the black pit of utter despair. The shock struck her with the force of a thousand deaths, and yet she lived. In hearts like hers, so long as life remains there is loyalty of the most precious sort, and there is faith which, though it may not give strength, affords a courage that meets everything with silent endurance. Pauline had already gone through experiences sufficient to have broken the will of almost any woman; but she loved Louis Doucet, and her love was strong enough to bear her up even in the dreadful moment when the sea was ready to swallow her, and it sustained her in the still more trying scenes which followed her rescue.

The Spanish vessel, after its victory over its French foe, immediately put into Pensacola, which was then the stronghold of the Spaniards in Florida. Pauline, more dead than alive, was taken by Cortes to the house of his friend, Don Alphonso de Salcedo, the wealthiest citizen of the place, where she was cared for most tenderly by Don Alphonso's wife, who, childless herself, felt at once a mother's sympathy for this fragile and beautiful girl brought to her out of the sea.

For nearly a month Pauline was very ill, and as there was no competent physician in the place, it was good nursing, aided by a nature possessed of great vital energy, that brought her back at last to a safe convalescence and to full sense of the terrible trial through which she had passed. Then came the realization of what, to her, was worse than death—the fact that she had failed to reach Mobile, failed to find her waiting lover, and that instead of consummating her one all-absorbing desire, she had lost everything by falling into the hands of her country's enemies against whom Louis Doucet was proudly bearing arms.

She found herself in a strangely appointed room, where the rudest workmanship in walls and floors was contrasted with pieces of furniture whose carving and cushions attested the most cunning and costly art of the Old World. The couch upon which she lay was a marvel of luxury, while the window through which she looked out upon the beautiful, dreamy bay was no more than a square hole through the wall of rough pine logs. Evidently Don Alphonso was making his life at Pensacola one of far less hardship than might have been looked for in that wild little village, so long the rendezvous for corsair and buccaneer in the days when all the world was against Spain. From her delicately perfumed pillow Pauline could see some piratical looking vessels at anchor in the harbor, and she could hear the confused noises of a busy garrison intent upon completing some fortifications not far away. The breath of the early tropic summer strayed in bearing the rich fragrance of roses and the fine aroma of the blooming acacia trees. Awaking as from a long dream Pauline's first thought after the sudden confusion of recollections had

THEY FENCED FURIOUSLY AND ADROITLY.

subsided was that of resuming her journey toward her lover; but soon enough the impossibility of such a thing rushed upon her mind with such force that, with a piteous moan, she sank again into a state of unconsciousness. At that sound a dark little woman, quite past the prime of life, and wrinkled enough to have been 80, came from behind a curtain which covered a narrow doorway and hurried with soft swift footfalls to the bedside. With a singularly kind and gentle expression she peered in the girl's face, touched her pale forehead with her thin, sallow fingers, softly adjusted the rich covering of the couch, smoothed the pillows and then, with a catlike noiseless motion, slipped into a chair close by and assumed an attitude of expectant, solicitous

Interview Between Cortez and Pauline.

watchfulness. Although she was the wife of Don Alfonso her face was French in all its features, and when at last Pauline returned again to consciousness, it was the accent of Provence that came to her ear.

"Dear little Mademoiselle," it murmured tenderly, "do you feel better now?"

A soft hand brushed with a cooling touch across her cheek and temple.

Pauline lifted her heavy lids to look into those deep-set, insistent eyes that hung over her so inquiringly. The voice was soothing in a way and the hand was so motherly and comforting to one who, an orphan from childhood, was now so far away from every familiar sight or sound.

"Just a drop of this, my child," the lady added, letting fall a small liquid potion between the girl's parted lips. "You are much better now, dear; you are going to get well."

She took Pauline's bloodless hand and chafed it lightly with the caressing touch of a woman famishing for love and for something to love.

"Shut your sweet eyes now, Mademoiselle, and sleep a little more, just a little more; it will do you good."

Whether it was the liquid or whether the magnetic contact of those motherly hands and the lullaby-like intonations of that sweet, soft voice wrought the effect, Pauline fell at once into a gentle and refreshing sleep. Once or twice she stirred lightly and murmured: "Yes, Louis, I am coming." The watching woman smiled strangely meantime and gazed with a dreamy reminiscent expression out over the bay to where the sun was gilding some vagrant gulf-caps till they looked like vague floating domes of gold.

It is scarcely possible for one to realize now what a place Pensacola must then have been for a refined and gentle woman to be caged in; the years have hurled us forward so far from those wild, lawless, free-booting days that we can think of them only as appearing hastily through a mist of romance. The reality was romantic, indeed, but it was harsh, cruel, painfully devoid of any high strain of endeavor, and withal brutally coarse, no matter how picturesque and interesting may have been its setting. Dona Hortense (thus we must name the wife of Don Alphonso) had felt to the last thrill the loneliness, the starvation of soul, the utter exile of the life which for years she had been compelled to accept. The coming of Pauline was to her at once a joy and a sorrow, for while it filled in a degree the void in her heart it awakened to renewed life and activity the sympathies which for years had lain dormant, and made her feel how terrible would be the poor girl's sufferings in the life which must now come to her.

"Poor little dear," she murmured, gazing half sadly at the delicately-chiseled face, and laying her hand on the yellow-brown hair. "Poor little dear, I wonder what play of fate brought you to this terrible place." After a long, thoughtful pause, she added: "And I wonder what at last will become of you." She shook her head dolefully, and covered her eyes with the finger and thumb of one hand as if to shut out some disagreeable vision.

A heavy footfall in the adjoining room gave warning of the approach of Don Alphonso.

"And how fares the mermaid by this time?"

The light voice and the stalwart gray-bearded man came through the doorway together.

The woman put her finger on her lip and shook her head.

Don Alphonso stalked in with that easy and careless swagger, which in all ages has marked a man without a conscience.

"Beautiful as a saint," he exclaimed, stopping himself in the middle of the room and looking with admiring eyes upon the girl's white face. "Captain Cortes is a lucky dog to capture such a prize."

"For shame, Alphono, for shame!" whispered the Dona. "You will wake the poor child, and then your words are brutal. Don't speak again, she must sleep."

Don Alphonso was not a soldier. He was an adventurer who came to Spanish Florida ostensibly as the agent of a great trading company, so called, but in sober fact his business was to forward any scheme, lawful or unlawful, for gaining wealth. He was a very handsome man and despite his wickedness had many traits attractive to women. His wife loved him passionately, but she had long since discovered that her power over him was not what it had been in the days of her prime, when she was both beautiful and happy.

He stood quite still for some time with his gaze fixed steadily on Pauline's face. His features relaxed and their expression softened. It had been years since he had looked upon the face of a young and beautiful girl. The vision recalled his youth and the season of careless, happy idling in the companionship of the pure, the beautiful and the good.

"The Holy Mother bless the poor girl," he softly said. "She has found but a poor exchange for the bottom of the sea."

His wife looked up at him and a warm flush stole over her prematurely withered cheeks. She arose and going to him laid her hands on his strong shoulders and said: "My dear husband, we must save her; we must make her our child.

The man appeared to shake himself, as if drawing together his wits after a fit of abstraction. He smiled grimly, but not without a lingering tenderness, as he responded:

"You forget," he said, trying to assume the swagger. "You forget that Captain Cortes will have something to say in the matter." With this he turned and abruptly left the room.

CHAPTER II.

Pauline, when once she began to convalesce, soon gathered strength to sit up in her bed, and through the ample window-space watch the white-cap waves run across the beautiful little bay. A luxuriant rose-vine trained over the outer wall of the house let fall heavy sprays of bloom and foliage below the rude window-cap, and the perfume came in on every pulse of the summer weather. Very often she saw Cortes, active, dark and handsome, passing to and fro in a light sail boat from one side of the little bay to the other, or going back and forth between the shore and his vessel, which lay at anchor within full view of Pauline's window. Every day the gallant young captain sent a messenger to inquire about her health and to ask if there was anything he could do for her, and one morning there came to Pauline's bedside a great pyramid of flowers, many of them new and strange in form and color. The room was fairly flushed with their hues and filled with their sweetness.

Cortez Rescues Pauline.

The Dons, whose long and trying experiences as the wife of a Spanish adventurer had not quenched her French vivacity and love of romance, was delighted to see the attentions of Cortes