PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1889.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

Our Correspondent Calls Upon the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

A DESCRIPTION OF HIS COURT.

The American Pilgrims and Their Many Bushels of New Beads.

CANDLE SELLING AND THE HOLY FIRE

PROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER. PROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.



world. The patriarch of Jerusalem has charge of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and as the head of the Greek church in Syria, Palestine and Arabia, he is to his people the Pope of the East. The Greek Church contains about 62,000,000 members in Russia. A number equal to the population of the United States.

ERUSALEM

It has about 5,000,000 in Greece and Turkey, and it is in Jerusalem the most powerful and the richest church of all the denominations represented there. There is no king in the world who appears in such splendor upon state occasions as the Patriarch of Jerusalem. He wears cloth of gold and his great black cap of fine cloth, which rose for full hat is covered with magnificent diamonds,

who walk with the pompous airs of drum majors. They wear gorgeous Turkish uniforms embroidered with gold thread and their short roundabout vests were to-day covered with enough gold to have made the epaulettes for an army. Each had on full blue Turkish trousers, which were gathered in zouave folds at the ankles, and the silver-handled seymeter-like sword of each clanked as we marched solemnly along. They were red caps with long tassels on their heads and each had, an iron shod ebony staff in his right hand. The silver head of which, as he rested it on the ground, was on a level with his eyes. These staffs were as big around as your wrist and staffs were as big around as your wrist and the silver heads were the size of a man's fist. They were very heavy, and as we marched along the men warned the crowd to keepout along the men warned the crowd to keepout of the way of the two "American princes," by dropping them down on the stone flags with a noise like that of a sledgehammer on granite. The masses rushed up to the wall as we went by, and not a few of the women crossed themselves and some of the Bedouins scowled.

At the patriarch's mansion, which indeed is only a big, plain stone house of two stories, we were met by several priests in long black gowns, which fell in full folds from their necks to their feet, and in tall, round, black caps, with capes falling down upon their backs. These put their hands to their foreheads as we entered and motioned us to come in. We then ascended a wide stairway at the sides on which were brass railings, and at the top of which stood more priests similarly attired. Here we were taken into a great hall where the portraits of the patriarchs of the past looked down upon us out of gold frames and then on into a second grand salon in which were a number of Turkish soldiers and of church dignitaries, and at the back of which in a At the patriarch's mansion, which indeed dignitaries, and at the back of which in a chair of state sat the patriarch himself. He rose as he saw us and moved toward us. Tall, broad-shouldered and well-formed, he is one of the

FINEST LOOKING PUBLIC MAN

I have ever seen. He has a magnificent head, well set on a pair of broad shoulders; large, intellectual eyes, a big straight nose, and a long patriarchal beard of sable silver. His high forchead was bordered with a

which fell a cape of the same color, forming

interviewed on the eve of an

election, and he sent one of his servants to

bring me his photograph and told me that I might publish it with the article if I

Consul Gillman here made a happy re-

mark, complimenting his blessedness on his handsome face and stating that he supposed he got his beauty from his Armenian-Greek ancestry. There was then some talk about

the Greek church as to its extent and doc

trines, and, while this was going on, a liv-

eried servant brought in a silver tray con-taining a golden bowl filled with silver

spoons, several glasses of water, and two cut glass dishes, ope of which contained a brown mixture and the other was filled with pre-served oranges cut in small slices and float-

ing in a molasses-like syrup. Luckily the tray was first passed to the Consul, and I followed suit in partaking of its delicacies.

Lifting one of the silver spoons out of the gold holder, I dipped it into the orange pre-

serves, conveyed some to my mouth, and then dropping the spoon into another dish

reserved for it, took a sip of the water. The preserves were delicious and the water was

A PLEASANT POTION.

Then there was a little more talk about the Greek church and a second servant came in with another tray more gorgeous

than the one preceding. Upon this were wine glasses filled with a liquor the color of

the dark moss rose. It was flavored with peppermint and it had the rich, oily strength of age. Though scarcely more than three thimbles full, it brought a pleas-ing warmth to the whole frame five minutes

poetry of Moore. This liquor was followed a few moments later by a third waiter who brought in Turkish coffee, served in little cups of fine china, each the size of the smallest egg cup. The coffee was as thick as Vermont reclasses. It was sweet and delicions and was served without gream

licious and was served without cream.

Coffee in Jerusalem is the same as cham-pagne in China. After the coffee is served

the caller can politely terminate his visit. We sipped the aromatic liquid and then

Jerusalem Types.

telling the patriarch that we doubted not but that he was fatigued with his labors of holy week, we arose to say goodby. Before we did so the Turkish generals bade their adieux and to each of these he handed an Easter egg from a basket which sat on the table beside his chair. The Turks grasped his hand before he could let go of the egg and bending low, imprinted a kiss on his fist. They then, with many crossings and salaamings, bowed themselves out.

FRANK G. CARPENTER

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THE PATRIARCH RECEIVING VISITORS.

emeralds and rubies. His bishops, who march with him, have crosses of diamonds hanging to their necks, and their dresses are of gold and of silver brocade, and the mitre and other church implements are of solid gold and silver. In the treasury of the Greek Church here there are jewels which Greek Church here there are jewels which would make the treasury of many a palace us and conducted us to a divan at the right ommonplace, and the rich men and the tings of the world have for generations been



giving to this collection, thinking that in

doing they have been buying their way THE ORIGINAL CHURCH.

The Greek church has a score of mona teries and convents in the holy city, and it can accommodate pilgrims by the thousands. Its believers come here from the borders of Siberia, from the isles of Greece and from after it was drunken and the doctrines of the wilds of Arabia to worship, and as I write there are thousands of Russian pilgrims paying their devotions in the gorgeous Greek chapel of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The Greek church has a faith which might be called a cross between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. It differs from Catholicism chiefly in denying the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, in its not prohibiting the celibacy of the clergy and in its authorizing all of its people to read the scriptures. It claims to be the original Christian church, and says that the Roman Catholics broke away from it.

The troubles between the two branches of the church began three or four hundred years after Christ. It was a question as to what should be the rank of the patriarch of Constantinople, and as the Pope would not give in the trouble began. It continued off and on until about 1,000 A. D., when the two churches broke apart, and the Greek church from that time has existed on its own footing. The church has five heads to govern different parts of its territories. One of these is the Czar of Russin, and he appoints all officials in the church in Russia. The other heads are the patriarchs of Jerusalem, Alexandria, Antioch and Constantinople. These patriarchs are elected by the clergy and the lasty. They have limited terms of office, but the patriarch's power over the people is here in Jerusalem to a large extent, that of a judge as well as of a Pope. He settles the disputes of his people, and he has much the same power as had the patriarchs in the days of the past.

A GORGEOUS ESCORT.

The patriarch of Jerusalem lives in one of the biggest and best mansions of the holy city. The American consul and myself in going to it wound in and out through nar-row vaulted streets. We passed through areades and with the aid of the consular canasses pushed our way through the dense crowds of pilgrims, Bedouins and Syrians which are filling the holy city dur-ing this holy week. We went, of course, in oriental state, dressed in our black morning coats and preced-ed by the canasses. The canasses ed by the canasses. The canasses are the guard of the consul on state occasions. They are tall Syrians who stend as straight as West Point cadets and A QUEEN'S TEA PARTY

Eating Toasted Muffins in the Prince Consort's Mausoleum.

VICTORIA'S TASTE FOR HORRORS.

Her Majesty's Admiration for Handsome Prince Alexander.

ROYALTY WRITING ITS PRESS NOTICES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Yes, a row of little brooms, and the Empress of India taking afternoon tea in a mausoleum-what a subject for a Shakes-

houses of Parliament in grape and give her a hearse to ride in, no doubt she would give her faithful and long-suffering people a sight of her rusty black bonnet, with the single white feather, which the Princess of Wales put in with her own hands a few years ago, and which remaining there, still tells the story that the Queen has not had a new bon-

net in all that time.

Whenever she has a visit from a foreign relative, or if one of her old ladies-in-waitrelative, or if one of her old ladies-in-wait-ing comes to stay a few days at the castle, as a special attention she arders tea to be served in the mausoleum. Of course, it is a very solemn occasion. The tea is brought to the door by servants, but they are not allowed to step their foot within the sainted place.

Royal princesses take the tea and buttered muffins at the door, they get out the little tables and the tea is served in silence. It is for these princesses that the little row of brooms stands behind the door, as they sweep and dust it themselves and allow no menial hand to prefera it. hand to profane it.

SUPPING ON HORRORS.

The Queen just now is in billows of crape for the two German Emperors, the Crown Prince of Austria, the old Queen of Bava-ria, and her aunt, the Duchess of Camria, and her aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, and her conversation, at all times gloomy, is now desperately mournful. She loves the most blood-curdling stories, and a young American girl was once invited to spend a whole week at the Castle after the Queen had listened to the description of a wholesale Southern murder and lynching.

With her singular taste for horrors goes an equally strong admiration for manly beauty, her guards are superb, her Highlanders giants in strength and she has been known to scarcely notice a homely singer of renown, but to walk the entire length of the parlors to talk to his handsome accompanist and to remain in long conversation, to the envy of the other artists present.

envy of the other artists present. She once called a certain American the

which fell a cape of the same color, forming a striking background to his strong, intelligent face. He wore a long, full gown of some fine black cloth and he had two gorgeous gold medals about his neck, each as big as the palm of your hand and between these hung a cross of diamonds. He met us in the state of the same color, for the same col handsomest man in the world—it was his ruin, for he has lived on the vanity of it ever since. They say that it was the Prince Henry of Battenburg's beauty that won her consent to his marriage with her daughter Beatrice, and for that reason she always likes him near her.

He is a costly and useless pet for the na-

the Prince of Wales and the royal family tried to argue with her in vain. She is very stubborn. In John Brown's reign every at-tempt was made to dislodge her favorite from his position, but it was impossible. The Prince of Wales and his brothers had got him drunk and while in that condition managed to have him brought into her pres-ence, where he would behave in a most un-seemly fashion, but she, with "level-fronting eye-lids" refused to perceive what would have hurled the proudest noble from her court. When they came to her about Prince Alexander, she only tightened that long Alexander, she only tightened that long stubborn upper lip of hers, and declared if she could not marry him she would keep him always by her side, a permanent guest, when the Prince of Wales was unfeeling enough to send a private telegram to the Czar of Russia, and the adventurous Alexander was recalled from England and sent

A STATE DINNER. A State dinner at Windsor Castle is a grand affair; the table blazes with gold plate and the sideboards groan with trophies in precious stones, mostly robbed from India. Amongst them us a jeweled peacock in

dia. Amongst them is a jeweled peacock in useless value of more than \$1,000,000. No worlder that the poor Socialists, crushed by the "sweating systems" in the east end of London, groan when they read of these gems and their value. A starving populace and a jeweled peacock!

Her Majesty eats a great deal, but of hearty, simple food and prefers ale as a steady drink. A State dinner is very fine, but all foreign royalties dread a mere call at Windsor, for it is a tiresome journey from London, and they are never offered anything to eat. When Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister and had to go to the castle on busi-Minister and had to go to the castle on busi-ness, he always provided himself with some sandwiches in his pocket, and the little re-freshment room at the station is quite used

to serving royal customers.

When the Queen, on her return from Italy, passed through a corner of Austria, the Emperor invited her to pay him a visit at his capital. That was declined with at his capital. That was declined with thanks. He then sent word he would receive her at a castle in the town she passed through, but she sent word she could only see him at the railroad station. On that he had the entire building decorated, one of the waiting rooms hung with tapestry, sent his own gold plate from Vienna and received her with a magnifector report.

her with a magnificent repast.

The next summer the eccentric circus The next summer the eccentric circus rider Austrian Empress chose to come to England for her health, and to stay in great retirement at a little fishing village. Before she left she thought it proper to pay her respects to Victoria, so announced that she would call upon her one afternoon at Windsor. One carriage was at the depot to con-vey her to the castle. She stayed about an hour, and it was noticed when she came back that she rushed at once to the refreshment counter of the station and wildly called

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. I am told, on good authority, that on any State occasion, or when for any reason there have been guests or artists at the castle, her secretary or chamberlain ascertaining the secretary or chamberlain ascertaining the names of those present, sees that they are spelled correctly and gives them to Her Majesty, who, before she retires for the night, with her own hand prepares the court circular—the Queen of England actually writes her own press notices!

This accounts for their duliness and monotony—for as her published diary chiefly chronicied John Brown and small beer, the court circular is exasperating in its silence

chronicled John Brown and small beer, the court circular is exasperating in its silence to all really interesting happenings, and only writes that "the Queen rode out this morning accompanied by the Princess Beatrice and the Prince Henry of Battenberg, or the Dowager Duchess of Ely," or that "the Princess Beatrice was safely delivered of a son this morning." Indeed, this latter piece of news is now kept always set up, in stock for constant use.

The papers are now full of the anecdotes

of how the Queen'prompted, Ellen Terry in "Portia's Mercy Speech" on the occasion of Irving's and Terry's recent visit to Sandringham, showing the little great lady's (as they call her in England) knowledge of Shakespeare and ignorance of dramatic

CORRECTED BY A CHILD. She had only seen three dramatic performances since the Prince Consort's death, which was indeed a great loss to the art culture of England. The first was "Our Boys," which the Prince of Wales thought would amuse her and perhaps bring back her interest to patronize the arts a little more, but it had little effect. An actor, who took part in the performance, told me that the Queen sat in the front row, and when anything occurred she did not quite understand, she would stop the actors and ask them to explain the situation.

Lord Tennyson was one evening dining at court with a little grandchild. It so hap-pened that near the end of the meal there speare of the future!

It is well known that the Queen is morbid to the last degree. She loves the bed of death, and, if possible, when one of her cottage neighbors is dying at Balmoral, rushes to him, and, leaning over him, endeavors to send a message on his departing soul to her beloved Albert.

There is a charming little story told of a romantic Highland boy starving himself to death that he might be kissed by his Queen. She will not open Parliament for her subjects, but often walks bare-headed at a servant's funeral. If they would drape the

BITTEN BY A GOOSE. A Remantic Story of Rustic Courtably

With a Funny Sequel. Punxsutawney Spirit. 1

A young man over in Brushvalley township was desperately in love with a farmer's daughter. She reciprocated the tender pas-sion, but her father was sullen and obdurate, and gave the young man to understand in the most emphatic terms that if he ever entered that house it would be at his peril. He would, he said, "kick the daylights out of him." One night recently, when the old gentleman had gone to Indiana to be absent

gentleman had gone to Indians to be absent over night, the young man took advantage of his absence to visit the daughter. They were sitting in the front room, both beaming with joy. It was nearly midnight.

Presently the daughter heard a noise which she recognized as her father's footsteps. There was a bed in the room, and the girl drew back the calico curtains and told the young man to hustle under. He did so. She had forgotten to tell him that there was a goose under there engaged in a motherly effort to hatch out a dozen young goslings. Scarcely had the young man gotten himself securely stowed away, when the girl's father entered. Just about this time the old goose made a hissing noise, drew back its long neck, and struck the already frightened intruder a smart blow on the left ear, nipping a piece out. That was enough. He was sure he had been bitten by a snake, and, with a blood curdling yell, the young man rushed from his hiding place screaming at the top of his voice:

"Snakel Snakel I'm hit by a snake!" at the top of his voice:
"Snake! Snake! I'm bit by a snake!

"Snake! Snake! I'm bit by a snake! and I don't care who knows it!"

And the clandestine lover made a break for the door, and ran home with furious speed, yelling at every jump.

The old man was at first very much startled at the strange apparition, but he soon realized the situation, and both himself and daughter laughed heartily.

HE PROVED AN ALIBL.

How the Testimony of a Young Lady Helper Her Lover.

ns and conducted us to a divan at the right of his chair-of-state. We then chatted through the interpreter, the legation addressing him, according to etiquette, as "your blessedness." He was pleased when it told him that I had come as an American to pay him my Easter greetings, and when I told him I was the correspondent of this American people of my visit to him, he amiled like a political candidate who has the correspondent of this smiled like a political candidate who has the correspondent of this smiled like a political candidate who has the content of the case can up for trial the defendant said he could prove an alibi. In order to do this he had brought in "his girl"—a buxom lass of 22. She in "his girl"-a buxom lass of 22. She took the stand and swore that he sat up with her from 7 in the evening until broad daylight next morning.

"People can be very easily mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer. "I don't care-I know he was there," she

replied.
"What did you talk about?" "Love!" She promptly answered.
"What time did the old folks go to bed?"
"I gave 'em the wink about 10."

"Sure he was there at midnight, are

"Why are you sure?"
She blushed, looked over to her lover and laughed, and, getting a nod to go ahead, she

"Well, sir, just as the clock struck 12 the well, sir, just as the clock struck 12 the old man-jumped out of bed upstairs and hol-lered down, 'Sarah, yer ma wants some o' that catnip tea,' and we got such a start we broke the back of the rocking chair and went over backward kerplunk!"

"Then the jury must understand that you were scated on Samuel's knee?" "I object!" put in Samuel's lawyer, and s Honor remembered the days of his youth

DOWN INTO THE GRAND CANYON. A Thrilling Descent Into an Abyas Six Tho annd Feet Deep.

"I went to the bottom of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado last winter," said W. T. Hart, "and am one of the few men who ever attempted the descent. I went

there to examine a mine said to exist in the bottom of the canyon. I have been all through the Rockies, from Montana to Central America, and know what a chasm is but the sight of that abyss took my breath away. From the top to the bottom it is full 6,000 feet. Over a mile below you can see the river tearing through the gorge, but not a sound can be heard, it is so far away. From one bank to the other it is apparently

From one bank to the other it is apparently not over a quarter of a mile, but as a matter of fact it is fully 19 miles.

"My guide told me I would never be able to reach the bottom, but I was determined to go, and I went. It was a terrible climb, and it took us eight hours to reach the bottom. It is certainly the most desolate place in the world. There is not a living thing down there—no insects restilies are remined. down there—no insects, reptiles, or animals of any kind. Everything is absolutely dead. The mining prospect was worthless. Before the sun was up the next morning we were on our way out, and it took us until 10 o'clock that night to climb the wall of the canyon."



Hapgood, it's your turn. What did his father do when the prodigal son returned?

Johnny (who can't help reading the sporting editions of the daily press)—Please, sir, he jumped on his neck and kissed him.—

ON THE VERY SUMMIT

Of the Eiffel Tower Russell Harrison Looked Out Upon France.

ESCORTED BY THE INVENTOR

He Penetrated All the Mysteries of That Remarkable Design.

THE PERSIAN ROSE OF THE MORNING



they saw a stairway of only ten steps, and by it arrived in a circular hall which is divided by partitions into seven or eight little rooms of unequal dimensions. In one corner they saw a telephone, and everywhere electric

M. Eiffel has reserved one room for his own personal use, but, contrary to the legend, it is without a bed, and he has not slept there several times as gossips assert sometimes. As to the other pieces they are cabinets for physics, for astronomy, micro-biology and physicological laboratories, and did not interest our American friends, so they stepped out on a circular terrace prothey stepped out on a circular terrace provided with a parapet. Up there, on a balcony, 294 yards above the Champs Elysees, they saw a little railway on which the two Mangin electric projectures move to and fro. It is from these projectures—not from the lighthouse as most people think—that these grand luminous rays proceed which are seen in the evening by everybody and which striate the horizon of Paris in all directions. Those projectures, identical with chose used in the French navy to survey coasts and the approach of torpedoes, have a diameter of 90 centimetres and are mounted on wheels and gun-carriages.

gun-carriages. SOMETHING OF A LIGHT.

As the projected ray is very limited in surface, it acquires a great power. Its average intensity is from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 of burners, "carcela," and it certainly is the most wonderful luminous projecture ever produced. When the ray falls on an object it illuminates it as would the proposed as you and objects can be discovered.

on an object it illuminates it as would the noon-day sun; and objects can be distinguished from the tower by a telescope at a distance of seven miles.

Russell Harrison continued his journey heavenward by climbing up to the lighthouse 20 yards above the apex of the iron work, and which was the culminating point. Four enormous lattice worked coffers bend down forming four strict arches set according to the diagonals of the source section of ing to the diagonals of the square section of the tower. These arches support the lighthouse and the terrace at the summit, and they held on to them as a protection against

The movable crown is hurried along at the rate of 90 seconds per turn, by means of a little electric impellent as large as your fist. The electric arch of the lamp is fed by



On the Third Platform.

current of 100 amperes, and this are will dazzle you blind if you look at it too long. The chief of the electric service of the The chief of the electric service of the tower had the goodness to give Harrison the carbon which had the evening before served to illuminate the lighthouse, it is three centimeters in diameter. The current is sent from the bottom by a cable conductor, the electricity being produced by dynamos installed in the south pillar.

PLENTY OF LIFE THERE. veritable manufactory exists in the interior of this column, steam engines for the dynamos, machines propelling the pumps destined to mount the water to the stories of destined to mount the water to the stories of the tower for the use of the lifts, etc. My two confreres wanted to see the blue of heaven over their heads, so they entered a little opening pierced in a tube of 80 centi-meters in diameter. "Your hat will blow off out there," said

M. Eiffel, who had accompanied his guests all the way up to the lighthouse. But Harrison pulled his hat close down over his ears, and the 100-miles-an-hour wind of Mount Washington couldn't have budged it.

Bars placed in the sides of these tubes are
used for a ladder; these they carefully
climbed and presently were at the highest possible summit surrounded by an iron bal-ustrade. The wind lashed their faces vio-leutly, and the flag floated furiously in the air at the end of its tall shaft. A little are at the end of its tail shaft. A little anemometer was turning with rapidity and sending below the swiftness of the wind. This terrace is only a yard in diameter, and they were as isolated up there as if in a balloon. No noise was heard from the third platform, and all was as still as death around them, but for the flapping of the triceler.

"I thought the spex of the tower would oscillate like the top of high chimneys under the action of a strong wind," said Mr. Harrison, "but neither oscillation nor dation was felt by either of us. It il trepidation was ien quite immovable."

JUST A LITTLE MOTION.

The tower is rigid and straight as a dart,

the balustrade alone swaying a little. It was a clear day and the view was magnificent. A friend of mine once saw the forest of Lyons, more than 56 miles from Paris, but all the distance that Russell and Harringall the distance that Russell and Harrington could cover with a good telescope was about 40 miles. Sometimes the cathedral of Chartres can be distinguished, and it is 52 miles away. Everything depends on the hollows and reliefs, on the height of the sun at the moment of observation, and on atmospheric circumstances. The ordinary visible circle embraces Fontainebleau, Etampes, Pontoise, Chantilly and Melun.

After saluting for the last time the French flag, the torn one which floats in the exasperated wind and carries the glory of French industry into the very clouds, our friends descended to the third platform, only to find again the same stirring public coming and going, and where Consul General Rathbone and M. Eiffel were seated at a table, on which I saw six or eight tumblers and a bottle of champagne that ten minutes later was a "dead soldier."

"I want to show you the Javanese dan,"

"I want to show you the Javanese dan,"

cers," said M. Eiffel. On the Esplanade des Invalides they saw the curious troupe from Java, whom I have already described in this correspondence, and then they hurried back in time to be at the Gare St. Lazare when the Shah arrived. There they were in the front row, almost alongaide of President Carnot, and a little later on witnessed an incident which is not without its significance.

THE SHAH'S VISIT.

THE SHAH'S VISIT.

It is well known that this "king of kings" is accompanied by two young favorites, one a little boy of some 12 years of age, who is supposed to bring him good luck; the other who appears to be a somewhat effiminate looking individual perhaps 17 years, but is in reality a young woman. It seems that the Shah was very much smitten with the charms of a Circassian beauty known as "Rose of the Morning," and when leaving his country for this European trip he wanted her to come along, so it occurred to him to dress her in male costume, this being the only way to bring and present her officially in foreign courts.

Well, "Rose of the Morning" donned masculine garace.ts, and, jealously guarded, accompanied His Majesty. But rather an awkward thing occurred when she reached Paris. All the carriages composing the official cortege had departed from the railway station, and the young favorite and her two jaliers were left behind, so the poor creatures stood there on the pavement of



From the Top of the Tower

what is known as the Cour du Havre, the guardians much perturbed, for they knew if anything happened the girl their heads would pay the penalty on their arrival at

would pay the penalty on their arrival at Teheran.

These two fellows, who, by the way, I would not care to meet in a lonely place, never left her for an instant, but stuck to her like leeches, as with frightened eyes they looked about vainly for a vehicle, and while there Russell took a good look at this Circassian beauty. She is small, admirably proportioned, and had on a redingote a jupe persane, an astrachan fez, with yellow gloves and patent leathers. Her hair is blonde and cut short behind, showing the white nape of her pretty neck. white nape of her pretty neck.

ROSE OF THE MORNING.

Her black eyes are fringed with long lashes, the mouth has fine lines, and is slightly ironical, but her nose, without be-ing strictly classical or beautiful, gives piquancy to her face, as well as a somewhat rebellious expression. Altogether it is a face with delicate features and gay looks, one of those you would not call really pretty in the strict sense of the word, and yet has

in the strict sense of the word, and yet has something that surpasses beauty, which no doubt is the secret of the Shah's infatuation. From the railway station Russell went to his hotel to dress for the grand dinner which Mr. Studebaker, of Chicago, gave in honor of Minister Whitelaw Reid. A previous engagement deprived me of the pleasure of breaking bread and eating salt with Mr. Studebaker and his 40 guests, but I hear they all had a good time, and some had headaches the next day. Yesterday Mr. Russell Harrison lett for London. Before he left he expressed himself in highest praise of the Exposition.

"One of the results accruing from this mavelous exhibition," said he, "will be the exalting and refining of taste for artistic things. From henceforth all pretentious ornamentation, all overloading, will be dispensed with; no medicerity will be supported in the details of life, and those who cannot afford grandeur will content themselves with simplicity. At least such is the hone the same and the clubs were askwith simplicity. At least such is the hope I have after having gone through those galleries where so many artistic and industrial ohef d'œuvres are collected together. HENRY HAYNIE.

HE HAD LOST HIS GRIP.

Not Possibly Help. Detroit Free Press. 1 A middle aged man with a troubled look

on his face stood on the corner near the Central depot and attracted the attention of a passer-by who inquired: "Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Stranger," said the man, "I've lost my

"Oh, brace up," said the other in a cheery roice, "you'll get hold again if you push in. It happens to us all some time or other." "I'm afraid I'll never get it again," said

"I'm afraid I'll never get it again," said the other sadly.

"Nonsense, man. Don't give up now when they've just discovered the clixir of life," advised his friend. "Take hold again like a man."

"What air you talking about?" asked the other, "I lost my grip with four new shirts in it, a new waistooat, a pair of suspenders, and my wife's photygraft. Just give me a chance and you'll see whether I'll take hold of it or not," and he walked off with a suspicious look at his late adviser.

The Art of Eating Watermelon

Balumore American.1 Eating watermelon is an art, learned only by experience. As a dessert it is not a suc cess. It falls too heavily on a dinner. Like a pretty girl, it is best by itself; it loses alf its charm by being mixed in a crowd. The melon should be cold. It should be ripe. Its flesh should blush like a graduste. Its heart should glow like a sun-kissed cloud at close of day, and its temperature should be as chilly as the smile of a Boston beile. When you get such a treasure do not bother with other food. Open it, gaze on it, bury your face in its sweetness, and let your



By C. M. S. McLELLAN.

CHAPTER I.



that suggested itself. Religion, politics, literature, each was lightly touched upon, always agreeably and intelligently, in the fashion of the alert young man of modern

"That walts that the band is playing." said the older of the two men, "is the one that was all the rage in Paris two years ago. It goes to a jolly set of words. It was first made popular at the Eden by Clarice

"Clarice Rinauld," repeated the younger man. "Why, that's the name of the emotional actress who plays here in November."
"Exactly. Two years ago Clarice Rinauld
was a singer in the variety theaters in Paris.
She had just come up from Lyons, and no
one knew her. It's an interesting one.

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one knew her. It's an interesting one.

Governments.

"Well, I should think not," raplied
trembling requests of Madge Maynard, who
has taken the place of all womankind in my
selfish life. But I never was susceptible.

Governments. one knew her. It's an interesting case, for that matter, Jack. I think I have de-

In the same calm and impenetrable way that was habitual with him. John West was evidently struck with an idea. He was thoroughly familiar with Deming's personal appearance, but now he was examining him as though it was the first time he had ever seen him. His thoughts were natural enough. He knew that his friend was a singularly handsome and talented fellow, and that the average woman upon seeing him would immediately be taken with a sentimental regard for him. He was so clean cut and sensible looking; his hair was so dark and heavy, his eyes so warm and blue, his smooth shaven face so delicately moided, and his figure so firm and graceful, that he attracted interest wherever he moved. He was of that order of beauty that men of the world will stop to admire, the sturdy, careless, intelligent type, the possessor of which has evidently forgotten that he is more gratifying to the eye than is every other man in the neighborhood. The face of Jerome Deming was enshrined in many tender hearts to which he had never devoted a thought, He had ended a half cynical, half enjoyable existence of five feverish years by settling down to the brilliant journalistic work for which he was splendidly fitted, and by learning to love a little half-matured woman, who believes that all the beauties of earth and heaven were especially created for this glorious man who was so gentle with her, and who seemed so supernatural that she dreaded his presence might fade from her at any moment, so supernatural that she dreaded his pres-ence might fade from her at any moment, and leave her ready and anxious to die. These two were to be married in December. "Are you still susceptible, Jerome?" asked West, after regarding Deming for



SAVED FROM THE FIRE.

Jerome. You will believe me when I tell

quered Paris in a month. No one had ever heard her name until she went into the Eden. Within two days of her first ap-pearance the fellows in the clubs were ask-ing: "Have you seen Rinauld?" If you asked who the devil Rinauld was you were directed to go to the Eden at any cost. Throw up every engagement and go to the Eden! Well, in a week the newspapers were full of Rinauld. The craze grew with every new day. Songs and poems were dedicated to her, her photographs were in every window, a racing mare was named after her. In a word, Clarice Rinauld was the most successful woman in Paris, and all at a jump. Well, her beauty did it. She wasn't a remarkable performer. She was divine to look upon, and that sufficed."

The younger man had listened to the nar-rative of his friend with a quiet expression of interest in his eyes. He was one of those persons who gaze gently and directly at a speaker, making him talk by an involunspeaker, making him talk by an involun-tary encouragement. In companions you often find one vivacious, talkative, forget-ting himself and his surroundings, his past and his future, in the story he is telling. The other will be calmer, more thoughtful, and will exhibit his appreciation of things and people only by a soft kindling of the eyes. These eyes are usually beautiful, and the person himself is often particularly atthe person himself is often particularly attractive. Jerome Deming was of the latter type, and his riend, John West, was of the former. For years they had found entertainment in one another's company. Their characters were not similar, but they were both liberal-minded, progressive and artistic gentlemen, and so they got along excellently

well together.
"You surprise me, Jack," said Deming, "You surprise me, Jack," said Deming, after thinking over for a moment the narrative of Clarice Rinauld. "It seems to me that you ought to be the journalist of the group, for you invariably know everything about everybody, while I, who depend on the papers for my bread and bed, never read them, and consequently am as badly informed as a mummy. Why, I'm positively ashamed of myself for not having known this startling history of Miss Rinauld. I really had an idea she had been playing small parts at the Odeon, and suddenly made a hit which gave her her present prestige. Well, so I shall have to criticise as an emotional actress a woman who

tige. Well, so I shall have to criticise as an emotional actress a woman who was singing comic songs two years ago. It doesn't seem natural, but then Paris is rapid, and its women leapers. She may prove great, after all."

"She'll not prove anything of the kind," broke in West. "I think it's more than likely that she will win her audiences and the critics by her marvelous beauty, but as for her doing Camille and Prou Frou and Phedre, why she hasn't the temperament or the training. But I'll tell you what it is," he went on, regarding Deming with aggravating playfulness, "you will be her slave from the start, and I think for once in your career you'll be uttesty dishonest in your criticism."

"You forget," said Deming, with some

"You forget," said Deming, with some display of seriousness, "that I am not only bound to tell the truth in the interests of

Jerome. You will believe me when I tell you that without exception Rinauld is the most beautiful woman in France. You have heard that before, but you never heard it from one who has made a study of the beautiful all his life, to the complete embarrassment of his purse. This confounded singer, Jerome, is twice as perfect as anything in the Louvre, or the Luxembourg, or the "Oh, hold up, Jack," laughs the young man called Jerome. "You lose your head look twice at me. You remind me of that I am going to be caught in your French actress" net. It heaven's name, my boy, don't be foolish. There is no reason in the world why I should love her, or why she should look twice at me. You remind me of that "Oh, hold up, Jack," laughs the young man called Jerome. "You lose your head much too easily over the line of beauty, as much too easily over the line of beauty, as girl who was asked why she cried banks of a river, and replied that banks of a river, and replied that she was thinking how awful it would be if she should be married some day, have a child, "You have no conception of the beauty of Clarice Rinauld," put in West, senten-

tiously. "Oh, come, now," said Deming, "I insist that you shall stop thinking of me as a sap-head. I verily believe you are ridiculing me. Why, confound your Clarice Rinsuld, I don't care if she is more beautiful than the dawn of day. If she is a bad actress I'll tell her so, and if her beauty can save her I hope she'll profit by it. By the way, what is her

style?"
"She has greenish eyes, copper-colored hair and a big red mouth," replied West.
"That's attractive, I must say. Any

"No horns, and, unless she has changed,



On His Wedding Day.

"Why, 'pon my word." laughed Demling, "I believe, Jack, you have investigated the possibilities of the fair Clarice rather too closely yourself. You speak so feelingly that I begin to suspect you."
West lighted a cigar, and then began to

whistle softly the walts song that Clarice had made popular in Paris. Deming found himself listening to its dreamy sweetness. It was a fascinating air.

Half an hour afterward the friends had half an hour atterward the friends had forgotten that such a woman as Clarice Rinauld existed. West was a breezy, loquacious fellow who could throw any amount of enthusiasm into any subject, and his florid words concerning the French actress could easily be accepted much less seriously than their recitation would seem to warrant. Deming was aware of his companion's nat-Deming was aware of his companion's nat-ural ardor, so he had made up his mind to wait till the foreign star should have ap-peared here before forming any opinion of her ability. When he went home to his spartments a little after midnight he wrote a most affectionate letter to Madge Maynard, who was summering at Richfield Springs bound to tell the truth in the interests of art, despite my personal emotions, but that I am at this moment entirely in love, and shall soon be married—and that most willingly."

"She's a nice little girl, Jerome, that Madge Maynard," said West, so ttening his voice. "A pretty, gentle and refined girl, and while I never believed in getting married when one could be comfortable without it, I think you're going to be happier for it. I did forget. The French woman will undoubtedly startle you, but you'd be a cad if you let her overshadow the real value of that little lady who loves you twice as much as you deserve."

West had suddenly become serious, and he was looking squarely into the eyes of Deming, while the latter gazed back at him