THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

WYANDOT SHRINE.

The First Protestant Mission Church for Indian Worship in America

REBUILT AND DEDICATED.

A Negro Evangelist's Grand Work Among the Ohio Savages.

THE GOVERNMENT'S BROKEN PLEDGE.

A Historic Building-The Reception of the First Indian Missionary-The M. E. Church Takes Up the Work-A Plea From the Indian Women - The First Manual Training School-A Church Built by the War Department-Banishing the Wyandots - The Last Sad

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)



ship in America. From earliest history and tradition Upper Sandusky was an Indian town of importance, and when the Wyandots were assigned this section of the State for a reservation Upper Sandusky continued to be their headquarters. Their reservation was 14x19 miles in extent, and contained 147,840 acres of as

fertile land as the sun ever shone upon. The Wyandot tribe was one of unusual intelligence and was governed by regular officers elected in times of peace, each tribe having a separate chief, and all these chiefs together acted as a sort of cabinet to the head chief. The head chief had an assistant (Little Chief), who in time of war appointed all military officers. One chief called Warpole was placed at the head of military affairs and all subordinates had to obey him. These officers were held responsible to the nation for the results of all wars, and at the close of each campaign compelled to make a report which was either approved or condemned by a popular expression of the

At the opening of the century the Catholics had a mission at this place and maintained it until 1813, several Jesuit priests living among the Indians. After the missionaries' departure in 1813 the Indians drifted back to the old barbarous state, only a few being to the old barbarous state, only a few being found loyal to the belief in 1816, when John Stewart, a mulatto, appeared among the Indians to preach the gospel. Stewart was a free colored man of Virginia, having a free colored man of Virginia, having a free colored man of Virginia, having to the place. The Indians petitioned for a school to their children in the arts of civilization, and here was established the first manual training school on the continent.

A mission house was built in the spring liberty and the pursuit of happiness. How Indians to preach the gospel. Stewart was Indian blood in his veins. After years speat in dissipation he became converted. and while praying in a field near Marietta O., one day he claimed to have heard : heavenly voice calling to him and directing him toward the northwest. He believed this to be a divine command to go as a mis-sionary to the Indians, and though but porly educated and not ordained a minister, he at once started out on foot. His wander ings were long and his suffering great, but he finally arrived at Upper Sandusky early in 1816. He was not well received by the Indians at first, but was maltreated and abused in a terrible manner. What was his surprise, however, to find among the Indians a colored man whom he had known as a slave many years before in Virginia. This man's name was Jonathan Pointer, and he was as much of a pagan as the Indians themselves, having lived as one of them for many years. Stewart could not speak the Indian language, but he prevailed upon Pointer to be his interpreter. He preached and Jonathan would interpret to the Andiaus, occasionally remarking: "That's what the preacher says, I don't be-A SLIM CONGREGATION.

At Stewart's first public meeting there was present only one old squaw, but he preached all the same. The next time the squaw was there again and the audience was increased in size, one old and crippled brave accompanying the squaw. Every insult was heaped upon Stewart, but he bore and braved all and went steadily ahead with his preaching. The first convert of note was "Between-the-Logs," chief of the Bear tribe, who afterward became a renowned Indian preacher and whose bones now lie close beside the old Mission Church. A start being made, other conversions tollowed rapidly, and soon a promising church

The news of Stewart's labors and his wonderful success spread throughout the land and was the cause or the



spirit in the M. E. Church, being instrumental in the calling of the mem-orable meeting in the Forsythe Street M. E. Church in New York City on the evening of April 5, 1819, when the Missionary and Bible Society of the church was organized. This society had been inspired by the zeal-

ous and sacrificing labors of Stewart, and at once started out to aid him.

In August of that year, when the Ohio Conference met in Cincinnati, Rev. J. B. Finley was appointed Presiding Elder over the Lebanon district, which included the Upper Sandusky mission. Stewart was this year licensed to preach, and thus became the first regular missionary ever sent out by the M. E. Church of America. On November 13 and 14 Finley held a quarterly meet-ing at Mad river circuit, 40 miles from Upper Sandusky, which was attended by

At the Chillicothe Conference, in 1820, they petitioned for a regular missionary. For this purpose a large number of Indians met Rev. Finley at Negrotown, and the women addressed him first, followed by the braves. The appeal of the women was as follows:

The appeal of the women was as follows:

We thank the old father for coming to see us so often and speaking the good word to us, and we want him to keep coming and never forsake us; and we let him know that we love this religion too well to give it up while we live, for we think it will go bad with our people if they quit this religion; and we want our good Brother Stewart to stay always with us, and our Brother Jonathan, too, and to help us along as they have done. Next we let the old fathers know what our head chiefa and others have to say. They are willing that the gospel word should be continued among them, and they will try to do good themselves and help others to do so, too; but as for the other things mentioned, they say we give it all over to our speakers; just what they say we agree to; they know better about these things than we do, and they may let the old father know their mind.

This is perhaps the first instance in history where the women were allowed to take

tory where the women were allowed to take any part in the deliberations of the Indian tribe. The advent of Christianity had al-ready raised the Indian women to a level with the men. After the squaws had re-tired, the chies's delivered the following: We thank the fathers in conference for send ing us preachers to help our Brother Stewart, and we desire the old father to keep coming at least another year when his year is out; and we want our Brother Armstrong to come as often as he can, and our Brothers Stewart and Jona than to stay among us and help us as they have done; and we hope our good fathers will not give us up because so many of our people are

about 60 Indians, several of whom made thrilling and touching Christian addresses.

A PLEA FOR LIGHT.

At the Chillicothe Conference, in 1820, they

place from desecration.

The Indians left for the West on July 12, 1843. On the Sunday before they held a last solemn service in the old stone church and bid it an affectionate farewell. After

and bid it an affectionate farewell. After the services they gathered about in the churchyard and dropped their last tears on the graves, each one of which had been marked with a headstone.

For a time after their departure the church was kept up nicely and the graves were unmolested, but as time wore on the sacrilegious hand of the relic hunter chipped pieces from the headstones and carried off souvenirs from the woodwork of the church. The roof decayed and fell in and the walls began to crumble, and the fiend who writes his name in all places took possession of the walls.

session of the walls.

Several times an attempt was made to get bills through Congress to restore the building and the graves, but at each time it failed. Last summer the General Conference of the M. E. Church awakened to the shame and disgrace it should have felt long ago, and appropriated \$2,000 to restore the building.

Among the persons who were present to-day at the dedication was Mother Solomon. She is nearly a full-blooded Wyandot Indian. She was born in 1816, the year Stewart came to the Indians, and when, in 1821, the mission school was established she was the first bright-eyed little girl brought in to learn the ways of civilization. She was the daughter of John Greyeyes, a chief who became a deacon in the M. E. Church, and was christmed Marsach Cravers. She done; and we hope our good latters with not give us up, because so many of our people are wicked and do wrong, for we believe some white men are wicked yet, that had the good word preached to them longer than our people; and our great Heavenly Father has had nationed became a deacon in the M. E. Church, and was christened Margaret Greyeyes. She has been twice married and had children, but is the only survivor of her family, as our great Heavenly Father has had nationed



THE OLD MISSION IN RUINS-1888.

with us all; and we let the old father know that with us all; and we let the old father know that we, the speakers, will not give over speaking and telling our people to live in the right way; and if any of us do w ong we will try to help him do right, and let none go wrong; and we will try to make our head chiefs and all our people better; and we are in one voice with our queens; and we will join in giving thanks to our good fathers that care tor our souls, and are willing to help our people; and we want them all to pray for us, and we will pray for them, and we hope our great Hoavenly Father will bless us all; and this is the end.

EAGER TO BE CIVILIZED. As a result of these appeals Rev. Moses Hinkle was sent by conference as a missionary to the Wyandots. He remained but one year, and was succeeded by Rev. James B. Finley, the Presiding Elder whom the Indians had learned to love so well. He came with instructions to start a church and school, and was the right man 1821, being a two-story structure located on the south bank of the sandusky river on a tract of 640 acres ceded by Congress for that purpose. A sawmill was built and a farm started, and in mill and shop, at bench and anvil, and in fields of corn the Indian young men and boys worked side by side with their teachers, learning the ways of civilization. In the mission house the Indian girls were taught to cook, sew, read and write by Jane Parker and Harriet Stubs. The latter



lady was a sister-in-law of Chief Justica McLean, and left a home of luxury and refinement to do mission work among the Indians, by whom she was reverenced and considered "an angel from the great father." The work of the mission was aided by a fund of \$10,000 which Congress appropriated yearly for the assisting of all trade schools established among the Indians. The converts among the Indians continued to increase, and soon a special place of worship was needed. In 1824 Rev. Finley went to Washington and held an interview with President Monroe. A long consultation was held, and as a result Hon. John C. Calhonn, Secretary of War, appropriated \$1,333 33 toward the support of the mission. Thus it becomes a noteworthy fact that the money to build this first Protestant mission church in America was furnished by the War Department of the Government.

THE OLD MISSION CHURCH. The site chosen for the building of a mission church was on the high ground on the south bank of the Sandusky river some distance north from the Indian council house,

where services had been held at first. The church was constructed of lime-stone, quarried from the river close by, the stone being all sizes and shapes. The ceiling and walls of the building were plastered and benches were placed for the audience. The structure was finished late in the year

1824, the first quarterly meeting being held in it in January, 1825. Here the Indians met for worship—in the shadow of these walls they laid their dead to rest—for nearly a score of years. Stewart died in 1826, beloved and mourned by all, and was buried but a few feet from the south end of the church. Near him sleep Between-the-Logs, Gray Eyes, Mononcue

and others. In 1842 the treaty was made by which the Indians were to be moved beyond the Mis-sissippi, where the last remnant of the tribe now exists. The Indians did not want to leave their pleasant homes, the scenes of so many happy days. They longed to remain and live about their beloved church and the sleeping place of their dead.

The Government wanted them to used ever means, both fair and foul. White men looked with envious eyes upon the fertile acres of the Wyandots, and the poor Indian had to go, whether he wished to or not. Some Indians were bribed, white scoundrels swore falsely against others, and it is charged upon good authority that Gov-ernment agents instigated the murder of one of the most vigorous opposers of the treaty.

A NATION'S PROMISE. The Government promised that the old stone church and the graves around it should never be desecrated, and the two acres around the church were dedicated by acres around the the torong used for religious Indians living in Ohio. She went West with the Indians in 1843, but afterward came back to the land of her birth, and is now ending her days in an unpretentious little home on the banks of the Sandusky-

THE FIERCEST BEAST OF PREY.

a river that her people loved so well.

Man's Remorseless Cruelty Shown in th Destruction of Barmless Animals, Punxsutawney Spirit.1

No, we will not go squirrel hunting this year. We have been reflecting on the mat ter and have concluded that the destruction of happy, innocent lives should not be regarded as sport. The little hearts that beat beneath the velvet coats of the gay and frisky denizens of the forest are just as susliberty and the pursuit of happiness. How few of us think of the tens of thousands of animals that must die daily that man may live. Man, the arch devourer, the murderous and remorseless tyrant.

"The whole earth labors and is in violence because of his cruelties, and from the amphitheater of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering-a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord." Man is pre-eminent among the fiercest animals of Not content with satisfying his luxurious appetite, this most ferocious, in-genious and implacable of the carnivora, sho revels in flesh and blood with gluttonless glee, also makes a sport of the destruction of life. When he wants a day off-a day of pleasure and recreation, he goes forth to the woods, and, with the eager fierceness of the hyena, watches for his prey!

The savage beasts of the jungle only destroy life when hunger or fear drives them to it, but man, the image of his Maker, kills for sport, for the mere gratification it affords him to take life. If animals have souls, as many good and wise men believe, what must the departed spirits of the laughtered hosts think of the proud princes of creation who stalk rampant amid the blood and groans and ageny of their fellow

TAKEN IN BY THE TRAMPS. The Clever Ruse by Which a Buffalo Milkman Was Swindled.

It was quite early when the Arounder journeyed homeward the other morning. Day was just breaking and the milk wagons rumbled noisily over the pavements. One of these early workers was stopped before a house when two "gentlemen in hard luck" approached it. Saluting the milkman one said, producing a tin pail: "Gimme two quarts o' milk." As the milkman took the pail he continued: "It's for the City Chemist." "Sh!" interposed his fellow tramp, "he

aid you musn't tell who it's for." But the milkman's eye lit up with knowing look as he filled the pail with choicest cream. So elated, in fact, was he with his own supposed cunning that he did not think about payment until the two were out of sight. A few blocks further the Arounder came upon the collaborers regaling Arounder came upon the collaborers regaling "We had to get up durned early to work it," was the remark he heard.



Mr. Crock (of Northport)-Can I git von pass me th' tomaty-ketchup, friend?



You Yorkers is blamed

A WILD NIGHT RIDE.

Rushing Through Darkness on the Locomotive of the Limited.

THE HEROES OF THE IRON TRACK With Whom Death Travels at the Rate of a Mile a Minute.

AN EXPERIENCE TO BE REMEMBERED

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. How many have ridden on a locomotive? Of the thousands that are daily whirled along behind the iron horse how few know little, if anything, about it or the men who ride upon and control its power. That the engineer of a railroad train, like the engine itself, is indispensable, everyone admits, and everyone, also, is conscious of the existence of both as a matter of course, just as they are of the track, or, to put it a point further, of the air they breathe. The conductor we are all familiar with; he punches tickets, and occasionally, when need be, heads. The ubiquitous brakeman, the trainboy, the smasher of baggage and the individual who sells tickets and doles out information through the office window in the waiting room are to the passengers all part and parcel of the every-day features of rail-road travel. But the engineer, the man with the soiled jumper and oil besmeared overalls, whose walk, as we catch occasional glimpses of him, partakes much of the roll-ing gait of the sailor, and on whose face care sits, and whose hair is so often streaked care sits, and whose hair is so often streaked with gray, who thinks of him or the life he leads? A life about which death in a hundred horrid shapes ever hovers, of hardship, of unceasing vigilance would he preserve it a moment, a life in whose dreams even is the fierce hissing of steam and the roar and thunder of the train, a life as exciting and daring as one can imagine, and above all one on whom our own and the lives of those dear to us often depends. To understand just what it is to drive a

locomotive the best way is to take a seat in the cab for a run of 60 or 100 miles. Supposing that this is decided upon, and armed with the necessary authority in the shape of a permit from the Superintendent or other proper official, you enter the station, pass through the gates and along the platform to where number 978 or something against where number 978, or something equally high, stands hissing and quivering with in patience as she (an engine is always she, it should be remembered,) waits the signal to "pull out" with the Fort Wayne limited express westward bound.

THE ENGINEER. Standing beside his machine, oil can in hand, is the engineer, a man past middle life, tail and strong as he should be, with a grave, though kindiy face, and eyes that half suspecting your errand. A glance at the pass followed by an "all right, sir, just climb aboard," and you are upon the foot board of 978. Accept the seat proffered you by the fireman on the left side of the cab, and straightway fall to staring about with no little wonder at the, to you, bewildering array of valves, pipes, wheels and gauges to which your eyes are attracted. From them your attention wanders back along the train, where beneath the gleam of the electric lights, all is bustle; baggage, mail and express matter tumbling into their respective cars with a bump and a bang, trucks rattling along the platform, passengers taking their places, some quietly and in order, others swarming in and out like a lot of overgrown bees about a hive. The noises of the streets are somewhat husbed at this hour, but in their engineer, a man past middle at two-story frame house. One day I caught several cels, none of which weighed less than 25 pounds, and one in particular had two queer-shaped horns just back of his head. They looked like corkscrews. Besides the eels I caught a number of perch, pickerel and catfish, all good-sized.

"It being late at night when I reached the boarding house, I carried my fish up to my room on the second floor and tied them to the bed post. About 3 o'clock I was awakened by the gry of 'fire' and a hard pounding at my door. I disliked being waked up, but as it was getting qui'e warm I hastily dressed and scooted, forgetting all about the peril of my fish until it was too late to rescue them. The flames were rapidly devouring the building, and I went under my window to inhale the aroma of a fish bake. All at once I was startled to see the window sash raise and the head of the horned eel appear. He looked down pite-out the peril of my fish until it was too late to rescue them. The flames of the window sash raise and the head o Standing beside his machine, oil can in

platform, passengers taking their places, some quietly and in order, others swarming in and out like a lot of overgrown bees about a hive. The noises of the streets are somewhat husbed at this hour, but in their ence of mind and a great effort, he screwed place you hear the switch engines as they go
pauting up and down, making up trains or
taking away those that have recently come
in, the tink-tank of the car inspector's hamtogether, making an excellent fire escape forcing air into the brake reservoir, mingled "What was that?"

You half jump from your sact as, with a whize and a roar, something seems to have let go above you. Is the boiler about to burst? No; for the engineer, who is leaning from his window watching for the signal to start, turns and looks at you with a smile of amusement, while the fireman laughs outright as he explains that it is only the blowing off of the safety-valve. A comparison of watches and a few words be tween the engineer and conductor, who has come bustling up for that purpose, and then bustles away again. You look at your own watch—7:45—time is up. Ting speaks the sharp, little tongue of the gong in the roof of the cab in response to the conductor's jerk of the bell-cord. Clang, clang goes the big bell on the top of the boiler, a hissing of condensed steam from the cylinders, and 978, with her train of vestibuled sleepers, glides slowly out of the station. Slowly at first,

across Liberty street, to and over the bridge, below which the river reflects back the myriad lights of the great cities on either through the Aliegheny yards to the Federal street station, where there is a THE TRIP REGINS

Again the throttle valve is opened and the trip has, you feel, begun in earnest. No. 978 begins to wake up, and snorts fiercely at the heavy train as she steadily but rapidly in-creases her speed. You look ahead now, fixedly ahead; like those of the engineer and the fireman beside y.u, your eyes are directed straight along the shining rails of the track of which the head-light illumines so little, you think, and beyond which it would be dark enough were it not for the houses and stores yet about, and the splendid torchlight procession that seems hurrying up from the front, a procession of switch and signal lights, , green, white, thousands of them, before you through the crowded railroad yards they stretch away, or like gorgeous fire flies flash past as one by one they are overtaken and left behind; everyone with a meaning. each with its story, short and curtly told, but speaking volumes for the safety of those seeking slumber in their berths as thought-less of danger as if in their beds at home. Chunk, clank, clank go the switch points beneath the ponderous wheels. Zip! crash!

the long lines of freight cars on the sidings hustle by with a roar. A hiss and a glare of light—that was another engine. The wind rushes past the cab window, while the baggage car just back of the tender begins to swing and bob about in a way that makes you wonder that it does not leave the track. No. 978 is showing you what she can do. Clear of the parks, now a little more and the last street crossings are behind and the city has vanished like a dream. Faster and faster. The rapid panting of the iron monster has changed to a loud humming, as of some giant top, noticed most when the fire-man "puts in a fire," and the red glare shoots out, dazzling your eyes and casting weird effects on the flying landscape. The wind has increased to a hurricane and you are leaping, flying through the night at 50 miles an hour.

Now look at the engineer. You see him by the light of the little lamp before the steam gauge, but better when his form stands out against the glow of the furnace. He is upon his feet, firm and steady, one strong hand grasping the reverse lever, the other on the throttle handle and slightly other on the state of the state into the darkness. How admirable the pose; every line and curve of the stalwart figure eloquent of a skill and daring bravery well worthy this driver of the whirlwind. And so away, away through the night, shaking out its murky banner of spark bespangled smoke to the skies and wakening the echoes with the loud voice of its whistle, goes

THE PLYING LOCOMOTIVE.

his doorway to see the "limited" go by; past town and village with a slight check only, and then on again into the country to startle the grazing cattle and break the slumbers of the tired farmer, who "cusses the 'pesky keers" as they dash by his rural home. Over bridges, through deep cuts, along the verge of dizzy embankments and through the dark woods. What a ride! Suppose that just around this next curve a big rock has fallen upon the track. You grasp nervously at the edge of the cab window and shiver at the thought. Or, perhaps, but a rod or two shead a rail is broken, or may be the bridge, whose upper timbers you see white and ghostly in the glare of the headlight, waits but the presence of the train upon it to go down with a crash and then——! All the accounts you have ever read of railroad wrecks fill your mind and you ask how people who travel on the cars can think of anything but danger and death. But they do, and you likewise, when at Alliance you part with a pleasant good night and a cordial hand-shake from your companions in the cab, and resign yourselr to the white coated colored gentleman and your berth in the sleeper. You, even a ter your experience, forget it all, or remember it only as a remote possibility, so remote, indeed, as to be unworthy of thought.

Now and then when at your comfortable home you allow yourself to be harrowed by the newspaper reports of "Another Railroad Horror," you recall your night ride on the engine of the limited express, of what might have happened then, of what is liable to happen always, and again you see the picture of him who braves

express, of what might have happened then, of what is liable to happen always, and again you see the picture of him who braves the what-might-be, not one night, but every night or day in the year, through light and darkness, foul weather and fair, when the snow is on the earth or nature bright with summer's bloom, and braves it with a care and devotion to duty, which, were they lacking, would make that remote possibility of yours a hideous certainty more often than it is. You think then of the hand that rests is. You think then of the hand that rests upon the engine throttle, nor forget, either, the brakemen, switchmen and the thousands of other faithful employes of the great railroad corporations who lead such lives of toil and danger that the public may travel in comfort and safety. At such moments you realize what a risk is run by even a short journey on the cars.

X. W. X.

A LIVING FIRE ESCAPE.

How An Eel Helped Other Fish Out of a Burning Hotel.

A knot of traveling men were in the lobby of the Cadillac Hotel yesterday after-

noon, smoking cigars and telling "fish" stories. "I saw a remarkable thing at Goose Pond, a great fishing summer resort near Corning, N. Y.," said a heavy-built drummer from New York. "I was out there for a few weeks' recreation this summer, and stopped

"A pickerel soon made his appearance at the window, grasped the eel rope and slid down in salety. This was repeatedly done by the fish until all were saved. Then the and in its cloisters are women who devote themselves to prayer and doing good. How shall I describe to you the shady walks, the smiling valley through which I walked on leaving this boly place? Over my head eel unscrewed his horns, swung over to the ground, the rest untying themselves, and all crawled or flopped off to the pond."

COURTING IN CALABRIA.

The Suitor Makes Only One Visit and Never Talks of Love.

In Calabria the middle and higher classes do not marry for love. When a Calabresa thinks of taking a wife he has a list made of all the young girls in the neighborhood, with their expectations, etc. In some families only one son can take a wife, for economical reasons. Fathers and mothers of marriageable girls know this, and warn their daughters not to cast eyes on any but the marrying sons. Only the eldest sons are allowed to marry in many families. The others may make love, but they must never think of marrying. Bank, of Paris, and Mrs. Gorman, gave a luucheon up in the ruins of Yburg Castle. Half the party, and there were 16 of us, went up on donkeys, some few walked, and the rest rode in carriages. These ruins are perched up on the highest of the peaks that surround Baden-Baden, and from the old tower that once topped the castle a glorious view of the valley can be seen, with the Rhine river shimmering in the distance

When the eldest son has decided to take a wife, he takes notes of all the girls of his position in the neighborhood, and when he has selected one who he thinks might suit him, he begs a friend to ask the father of the girl permission to pay the family a visit. Then, and not till then, do the perhaps future husband and wife see each other for the first time; and the whole future of their two lives depends on that one visit. No suitor can present himself alone on such occasions. He must be accompanied by a friend to stand by him, and sing his praises. The girl, if she have a mother, sits by her The girl, if she have no mother, a near relative, or friend, takes the mother's place.

The subject of love or marriage is not once alluded to. Everything else may be talked of, but not the object of the call. Coffee, wine, sweetmeats and biscuits are offered, and then, if the girl pleases, the offered, and then object of the contrary we made them dance for us; or at least they should have done so under the old trees that top the rugged peaks, for when luncheon was over and the delicious punch had been drunk, two fair young close the party took out guitar and manallow the two to say a word or two together without restraint. A second trial visit is not allowed; this first must decide the question. Before a second is made the must be made and accepted, and the two meet as betrothed.



Parkinson-Will you pardon me if I introduce myself? Your brother and I are members of the same company in the Sev-

it? I've heard Tom speak of you a great deal lately. Parkinson—Delighted, I assure you.

Muss Gartner—Yes; he said you could
play poker in the dark, and win every time.

Judgs.

IN THE GRAND DUCHY.

The Romantic Ruins and Picturesque Scenery of Baden-Baden.

OUTWITTING THE RELIC CRANKS.

Bottomless Dungeons for the Enemies of the Margrave.

TERRIBLY MYSTERIOUS TRIBUNAL

BADEN-BADEN, September 9, 1889. HERE are green val-



parkling cascades leaping through deep glens, and romantic ruins in this Grand Duchy. Beautiful, indeed is the Lichtenthall Allee, as the main road of Baden-Baden is called, and if there is another such avenue I know not where to find it. It is quite four miles long, and every foot of it is finely shaded. Wide is the way for vehicles; there are three or four foot paths going in the same direction

and here and there are benches, par-terres of flowers, fountains playing, while the Oos river, a pretty stream that courses its way down from the hill toward the Rhine, straight through the town, runs by the side of this avenue. Half way up this promenade are three large trees that used to be encased in stout matting, but now they are as bare as all the others.

We left these gloomy dungeons gladly, elimbed again the dark and twisting steps and entered a shady garden. Before us lay the uneven valley in which lies the town of Baden-Baden. We stood and looked awhile, way up this promenade are three large trees that used to be encased in stout matting,

At the distant end of this avenue is Lich-

enthall, a pretty village situated about a

eague out of town. There is an abbey here,

leaving this boly place? Over my head swayed the foliage of trees green with good

old age, and all around was peacefulness

The sighing of the wind through leaf branches, the songs of birds, the buzzing of

insects and the murmuring of waters—all these divers sounds seemed like a hymn from earth to heaven, with the perfume of

flowers for an incense. At last I reached a

cascade. Its foamy waters fell in liquid pearls, and, like so many prisms, reflected the sunshine; further on they spread in a vast sheet, making a limpid mirror into which peeped the leaves of the overhanging trees. Then the waters formed a nonchalant

stream that flowed through the Oos, to the

Bank, of Paris, and Mrs. Gorman, gave

Rhine river shimmering in the distance

MUSIC FOR PAIRIES.

There is a picturesqueness about old Yburg Castle that pleases. It has well-pre-served ring walls, a massive gate, and a

lured fairies out of red roses. Among our number was the beautiful Mme. de Barrios,

the widowed wife of a distinguished South American General. She is here with her

seven children, and each child is a precious

jewel. The eldest son of the General is also

here; he is a graduate of West Point Academy, and when a young fellow passes the ordeal of four years in that military school it shows there is the right stuff in him.

On another day we went to visit the new

castle, and for some of us the most wonder ful part about its creation is deep down in

the solid rock on which it stands. For there are dungeons deep down under the palace in which the Grand Duke dwells

the most terrible kind that man's ingenuity

and his Persian followers had made in the

SUBTERBANEAN DUNGEONS.

towards Strasburg.

The President of the Anglo-American

A GLIMPSE OF BADEN-BADEN.

They mark the spot where Wilhelm, when and then we walked up to the ruins of th

were pushed quickly. They dropped down and down and down, were broken to death and no sry for help or mercy ever reached any human being. Some of these dungeor cells are closed by doors made of one single slab of stone. They open insideward and move heavily on massive hinges.

These are the subterranean dungeons where the secret tribunals of the Vehm Gericht were held, and where their bloody decrees were carried out. The Vehm Gericht was a secret association that had engaged themselves to stand by each other before wives and children, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, before all that the sun en ightened, the rain moistened, or that floated in the waters or between earth and heaven. They sought their foes and those whom they hated or feared everywhere. They armed themselves with instruments of torture and convoked entire populations to be condemned. Sometimes their tribunals were held in the light of day, but usually



hey worked secretly, and this mystery gave

WHEN LIFE IS LOVE.

offender.

The mania for old and curious or grown until there are thousands of a in the United States, and fortunes in They mark the spot where Wilhelm, when he was King of Prussia, was shot at by a crank. That was as long ago as 1860, and the dreaful act had no political significance whatever. The bullet entered a tree, and immediately other cranks began their whittling. They would have cut away all the bark if the local authorities had not covered the ald elm, three of them in fact, so that no wandering relic hunter should know which tree had caught the bullet.

and then we walked up to the ruins of the old castle. The size of the place and the vast space the ruins still occupy show plaintly that the old Schloss was once a great palace. When we had had enough of silent ruins we descended by another road to the teeming town. We passed through a village whose inhabitants were resting after their day's work. It was a rural village scene we saw, calm and peaceful. There were the ruins of the old castle. The size of the place and the vast space the ruins still occupy show plaintly that the old Schloss was once a great palace. When we had had enough of silent ruins we descended by another road to the teeming town. We passed through a village whose inhabitants were resting after their day's work. It was a rural village scene we saw, calm and peaceful. There were observed their day's work. It was a rural village scene we saw, calm and peaceful. There were the ruins of the old castle. The size of the place and the vast space the ruins still occupy show plaintly that the old Schloss was once a great palace. When we had had enough of silent ruins we descended by another road to the teeming town. We passed through a village whose inhabitants were resting after their day's work. It was a rural village scene we saw, calm and peaceful. There were observed the ruins of the old schloss was once a great palace.

talking to each other. Near to an old man of grave and touching physiognomy stood a fine tooking ladof 12. Old age is garrulous, and this man gossiped. He had never been away from his native town but twice, that is so far as Carlsruhe. He never had desired to wander anywhere, and as he was never called on to be a soldier he stayed at home. The boy was his grandson, and at that age when life is still all love and eyes are not yet tear ul. are not yet tearful.

We quitted this valley, walked swiftly along the roadway, and soon came back into the tumults of a modern world. Carinto the tumults of a modern world. Carriages were swiftly rolling by, and in them sat women sparkling with precious jewels. We walked along the grand avenue of Baden-Baden, into the Lichtenthall Aliee that everybody frequents of an afternoon and evening. All around was now joyous noise. The romantic dreams of chivalry and dismal dungeons deep had given way to larvay and regimne.

HENRY HAYNIE A CONSIDERATE BOSTON MOTHER Calls Her Guests to Dinner to Prevent the

A law passed Congress in 1849 ordering \$20 gold pieces to be issued; something intervened to delay the work, and the year closed. The dies had to be destroyed, and closed. The dies had to be destroyed, and no more could be lawfully issued. So it is placed in the Cabinet—the only one in existence—and because its cate says 1849, cannot be purchased. Then comes "the king among rarities," the 1804 silver dollar—the most notable dollar in the world. It is believed that there are not more than seven genuine 1804 dollars extant, the last one found selling to a coin dealer in New York for \$1,000. There were \$10,000 of these dollars coined. Why they were never seen in circulation is one of the unsolved Government mysteries. is a woman of the sort that furnish continual she is never disconcerted by anything that happens. She has a flock of children that are not unlike her, and except that it has apparently never entered into the scheme of life of either parent to do anything whatchildhood.

On the occasion referred to the company had been bidden for 8 o'clock, and of course, in the usual social tashion, they came half an hour or an hour later. They were, indeed, not all assembled when the hostess

The wost notable coin in the cabinet is the "widow's mite," and the curators of the mint do not consent to the intimation that the coin is not the genuine widow's mita. The Japanese are now accepting the United States system of coinage, but their old coinage was hedged around by all the peculiarities of the Japanese character. The most valuable Japanese coin is the gold oban, valued at \$75, and by fair means or foul the United States Mint cabinet is in possession of it. To take the gold oban out of the Kingdom is punishable by death, yet Yankeedom is the proud possessor.

Money—money; the love of it, the "root of all evil;" but a point has been discovered where the inhabitants have no use for it. It is Pitcairn, an island in the South Pacific. The population is very small, but the people

The population is very small, but the people contented and happy, which goes still further to prove the truth of the old maxim. In manners, customs and social laws they are like the English. In fact, the island is a typical Utopia. Everything is possessed in common. Money was offered them but they refused, saying they had no use for it



. Children Enting too Much.

I was amused by the story of a party that

was recently given by a well-known Boston

society woman at her cottage by the sea. She

stories to her friends. She never does any-

thing in just the way that is expected, and

ever to check any of the natural impulses of

wassummoned from the parlors by a servant. In a few moments she returned with an expression of tragic woe struggling with a laugh on her handsome and always good-

humored see.

"Really," she said to the company in general, and to those who chanced to be nearest in particular, "It is too provoking. You will have to come out to supper now,

for the children have eaten up the biggest part of the ice-cream already, and if we don't go now there won't be any left. Besides," she added, as if it were a consideration which had just struck her as an afterthought, "the children will be dreadfully

ill to-morrow if they eat any more."

And with laughter her friends trooped out to secure whatever supper remained undevoured by the children, and to save

those interesting prodigies from completely

Arlo Bates in Providence Journal.

A Happy Land Where the People Have No

A NATION'S HISTORY TOLD BY COINS

THE CRAZE FOR COIN.

It Must be Ancient and Unique to

Satisfy the Numismatist

CURIOUS MEDIUMS OF EXCHANGE.

Every century brings forth its hobbles, and among the number the coin collector's mania occupies no small part, but to this same mania we owe some of the most inval-

mania occupies no small part, but to this same mania we owe some of the most invaluable specimens of art, as well as corroborative history of nations. Since the prime val days some medium of circulation has been acknowledged, telling plainly the stage or advancement in civilization or the press or struggle of the times.

In the different ages the oddest commodities have been used to serve as money—cattle in Rome and Germany, slaves among the Anglo-Saxons, tobacco in Virginia, codfish in Newfoundland and soap in Mexico. Ancient coins record incidents of history, telling sadly of people's humiliation. Religious have been promulgated by coins. Islamism says on a gold coin, "No God but God." Fashions, too we find stamped upon the coins of all ages. The great seal of Queen Anne is one of the most graceful illusions in history—the device a rose and a thistle growing on one stem, while from above the crown of England sheds effulgence upon the tender young plants. The crown of our own national structure was the legalised institution for the coinage of gold and silver and yet the real father of the grandest financial system on the globe, Alexander Hamilton, while consuming himself for his country, went begging for means to support his family, which is proven by a letter dated 1791 as follows: "Dear Sir—If you can conveniently let me have \$20 for a few days, send it by bearur. A. H."

Almost a century has passed since the

OPPOSED TO THE EAGLE.

The choice of the eagle was bitter nounced by one of the members or grounds of its being the "King of B' and, therefore, not suitable to a antion interests were wholly opposed to any like monarchy. Another member plassuggested "a goose, as it could bear no to other than a humble and republican moreover, the goslings would answer upon the dimes." The irate member the South received the humorous rejust an insuit, and sent a challenge offender.

peared during revolutionary into-anoming plainly the American spirit of independence. Such, for instance, as "Mind Your Business," "Cut Your Way Through," etc. Washington, it is said, objected to putting his head on the coins, and it is the prevailing idea generally that no man's head should appear upon the coin of a republic. Likewise did Alexander of Macedon, "because of his vanity, lest inture nations should not regard the fineness of his physique, he allowed only three artists during his reign to draw, paint or model his head, and no one should stamp his head on coins but Lycippus." The prices paid for rare coins show the extent of the pussion among collectors. Recently at a public sais in New York a colonial cent of New Jersey sold for \$40, while the current prices of numerous others range from \$5 to \$100. One coin, the double eagle (1849), stands alone as a witness of the positive law which protects and governs coinage.

ITS VALUE IS PRICELESS.

ITS VALUE IS PRICELESS.

in circulation is one of the unsolved Government mysteries.

But after all, the coin of the Confederacy possesses a history and a remance that few other American colus can claim. For 18 years it was repeated as a historical fact that the Southern Confederacy had no metallic currency, but an official letter, brought to light in 1879, substantiates the fact that silver was coined at the New Orleans mint by order of the Confederate Government, and only suspended operations on account of the difficulty in obtaining bullion for coinage. The Louisiana mint was turned over by the State to the Confederate States of America in February, 1861, and orders immediately issued for designs for half dollars. The device was in itself a history of the great conflict, bearing on the obverse side a representation of the Goddess of Liberty, surrounded by 13 stars, denoting from whence the Confederacy sprang. On the reverse is a shield, with seven stars, representing the seceding States; above the shield is a liberty cap, and entwined around its stalks of sugar cane and cotton—"Confederate States of America." The coin is a half dollar, and four pieces only were struck! a half dollar, and four pieces only were

THE WIDOW'S MITE.