THIRD PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 17 TO 20.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1889.

ALLAH IS GREAT!

How Rich Turks Sleep and Poor Turks Fast During the Month of Ramazan.

THE WHIRLING DERVISHES.

A Night Service in the Wonderful Mosque of Santa Sophia.

SCENES OF RELIGION AND REVELRY.

A Fast Observed by 100,000,000 Mohammedans—How the Sultan Keeps Lent—The Secretary of State Refuses a Cigarette—Turkish Merchants Who Read Their Bibles and Pray in Their Stores—The Koran and Temperance—Some Curious Beliefs and the Mohammedan Story of Adam and Eve.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 15.—I arrived in Constantinople during the month of Ramazan, and I found the whole city observing the Mohammedan Lent. The cook shops of Stamboul are closed during the day for lack of custom, and of the half million Turkish women and children in this city, not one eats anything from sunrise to sunset. They do not drink a drop of water, and the more devout will not even swallow their spittle. The Turks are the most inveterate smokers of the world, and they like to titilate their nostrils with snuff and to gratify them with perfumes. During Ramazan they do not smoke during the daytime, and they entirely abstain from snuff and the use of attar of roses. This is so not only in Constantinople, but also over the whole Mohammedan world.

MOSQUE OF MAHOMET.

It is 6 o'clock P. M. as I write, and 100,000,000 Mohammedan stomachs, scattered from the wilds of North China to the tropical regions of Central Africa, are howling with hunger. One hundred million parched tongues are now scraping against the dry roofs of 100,000,000 mouths, and I doubt not that something like 200,000,000 eyes are anxiously watching the going down of the setting sun. The moment it drops behind the west these millions will grab for the food that has been prepared for them and for the next hour or so the fasting will be turned into feasting. The nights of Constantinople are now nights of revelry. The Koran does not prohibit the Turk from eating what he pleases after sunset and the people gorge themselves to make up for the fast of the day. The city is lighted at night and crowds throng the streets. All the cafes and eating houses are open and the lemonade peddler and the sweet meat man are out in all their glory. The Turks are very hospitable and during Ramazan they give many dinner parties. Such as are wealthy enough to do without work stay up the whole night in order that they may the better sleep through the fasting hours of the morrow.

THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

It is a time for religious observance as well as pleasure. There are services at all the mosques every evening, and all the men go to prayers. The mosques are illuminated and the hundreds of minarets which rise high above the somber city of Stamboul are girdled with light, and between them are stretched great figures of fire, made by stringing countless lamps upon wires. Here is one composed of gigantic letters, forming the Turkish word for God or "Allah." There is one representing a cannon a hundred feet long, and between the towers of another mosque hangs a mammoth star and crescent of fire.

There are between 200 and 300 mosques in Constantinople, and the Ramazan ceremonies in these are most interesting to the stranger. I witnessed them in the largest mosque of the world last night. This was the mosque of Santa Sophia, which was built as a Christian church in the Fourth century and which was for ages the finest Christian church in the world. It took 100 architects to superintend its construction and 10,000 masons worked upon it at the same time. It had doors of ivory, amber and cedar, and its altar was made of precious stones embedded in gold and silver. It was decorated with beautiful paintings, which the Turks destroyed when they took possession of Constantinople, and its roof has still enough mosaic to carpet an acre field. The great temples of antiquity have been robbed to build this church. Within it there are four pillars of green granite, which were taken from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and there are other columns from the temples of Thebes, Athens, Rome and Alexandria. If you will take a two-acre field and plant within it a forest of columns, roofed with a dome bigger and grander than that of the Capitol at Washington, hang thousands of lamps in the air between the dome and the floor, scatter richly carved pulpits about various parts of the building, put immense fountains here and hang gigantic Turkish inscriptions there, you may have a mazed idea of how the mosque of Santa Sophia looks when entering. You will wander for hours through the corridors of its columns, finding new beauties at every step. You will note that the great walls are lined with precious marbles, and that the cornices and the freizes of the arches are of gilded bronze. At night, when the thousands of lamps are lighted, when great stars of flame float in the air between the dome and the floor, when every pillar and every alcove is ablaze, and when the various galleries are walled with flame, the wonders of the mosque take on a new grandeur, which, added to the picturesqueness of the worshipers themselves, make a Ramazan night in Santa Sophia one of the greatest sights in the world.

A WONDERFUL SCENE.

By the liberal use of backsheesh, accompanied by my Mohammedan guide, I obtained admission to the gallery of Santa Sophia last night. It was 9 o'clock when I arrived and the acres of floor below me were covered with worshipers. In long regular lines, with their faces toward Mecca, sitting on their knees were at least 5,000 Mohammedans. In turbans and gowns with their bare, or stocking feet looking up at the gallery they formed long lines of curious color on the white mats away down there under the floating flames. From the back of the church came the shrill voice of the Iman who was leading the devotions. It was a wonderful tenor which penetrated the remotest recesses of the vast mosque, and in response to which these 5,000 turbaned men rose and fell like clockwork in their devotions. They moved as one man, and when they sunk to their knees the striking of 10,000 legs upon the floor made a noise like the rumbling of a cannon in the distance, and when they bowed their heads to the floor the sound came up as though it had been made by the fall of some great weight rather than by the touch of 5,000 heads. In the front of each worshiper was placed his shoes, and at the close of the services each Mohammedan took these in his hands and walked with them out of the mosque.

A faithful Mohammedan, he prays five times every day and he does not care for his surroundings. At the hours of prayer Mohammedans will begin their devotions in the midst of a crowd. They will stop their business transactions, and whether in the store or field, they will drop down on their knees and pray. I remember entering a rug bazaar in Alexandria and calling upon a gray-bearded turbaned Turk while he was engaged in his devotions. He was standing on a rug in the back part of the store looking toward Mecca and mumbling the Koran. He must have seen me as I entered with a party of Americans, and though he knew I intended to buy, he paid no attention to me. He continued his kneeling down and rising up for fully 15 minutes, and I sat down and waited until he was through. There were many other rug establishments near by, and he must have known that he stood the chance of the loss of a sale by not attending to me. This made no difference, however, to him. It would be a curious thing to see a merchant in New York or Chicago stop his sales in the middle of the day and drop down on his knees and pray in the presence of his customers.

PROUD OF THEIR RELIGION.

The Mohammedans are much less ashamed of their religion than we are. They are, in fact, proud of it, and you can count the Mohammedan conversions to Christianity by hundreds. It is only in the rarest of instances that missionaries are able to make any impression upon the followers of the prophet, and such conversions as Christians make in Mohammedan countries are, as a rules from other sects than Mohammedan ones. Speaking of the Mohammedan observance of religious duties, all of the officials of the Sultan keep Ramazan, and when I called upon the Secretary of State yesterday in the Sublime Porte, which contains the great Government offices of Turkey, I did not see a single clerk smoking or drinking coffee. The Secretary of State, who is one of the leading men of Turkey and who ranks here as Blaine does to President Harrison, asked me if I would not smoke and I, thinking nothing of Ramazan, assented. When the tobacco came in I asked him why he did not take a cigarette and he replied that it was against the rule of his religion and begged me to excuse him as it was Ramazan. Upon this I refused to smoke myself, and on the same ground refused the coffee, which was afterward brought in to me. In calling at a big Mohammedan University, which is located in the English quarter of Constantinople, at noon the other day, I found the classrooms deserted and the professors absent, and I was told that it being Ramazan, the pupils were trying to sleep through the day in order to get rid of the fast. The Sultan himself keeps Ramazan, and when he went the other day to kiss the mantle of Mahomet, he remained in Stamboul until sunset, and ate a lunch there before coming back. Cart loads of provisions were carried to his palace in this part of the city and the moment that the sunset cannon fired, himself and his ministers began their feast.

Turks at Prayer.

This fast of Ramazan is most severe on the laboring classes of the Turks. Forced to work in the hot sun all day without food they become almost famished by sunset, and their eyes sometimes bulge from their sockets as they watch the approach of evening. The Turks are inveterate smokers, and I note that their desire for the cigarette or the water pipe often surpasses their longing for food. At about the time for the firing of the evening gun if you will stand upon the bridge at Constantinople you may see hundreds of boatmen with matches in their hands and cigarettes held up ready to light the moment that the cannon is heard. You will see their food before them, but you will seldom see them touch either before the gun goes off. A Mohammedan who would eat publicly during Ramazan would be sure to lose caste with his fellows, and if the

There is No God but God!

Sultan dared to act contrary to the Koran he would be liable to dethronement and assassination. As it is the only time he comes out of his palace is when he must perform his weekly religious worship at the mosque.

WHIRLING DERVISHES.

There are many different sects among the Mohammedans, but they are more liberal in their treatment of each other than are the Christians. In this alabaster mosque a half dozen different sects were worshiping, and in one part of it the dancing dervishes were whirling through their religious gymnastics. These men and boys had dark yellow faces, worn thin by fasting. They were dressed in long white skirts, fastened in at the waist with black belts, and on their heads were high sugar-loaf hats. One of them played the flute, another the tamborine, and the others, after kissing the hem of the robe of the chief, held out their arms and began to whirl slowly around to the music. As they continued to whirl one of them sang verses from the Koran and at intervals there were prayers by the chief. After the prayers were over the whirling became more rapid until they at last went around at the rate of 60 revolutions a minute. At this time their skirts stood out like those of a ballet dancer, they became red in the face, and I noticed that one of the boys fell to the ground and was carried off in a fit. The howling dervishes are even more horrible, and there is a great society of these at Constantinople. I cannot describe their religious gymnastics, but they work themselves into a frenzy and in the interior of Turkey where they are away from the restraint of the Western civilization they often take knives and cut themselves and each other in their religious ecstacy. They often go into epileptic fits and foam at the mouth, and they are as dirty a set of long-haired heathen as you will find in the world. They are, however, the cranks of Mohammedanism and are not a fair sample of the Mohammedan world.

The Mohammedan religion, as it is observed in the East, has more good in it than many Christians suppose. Its followers are by no means savages and its teachings are such that we could in some instances follow them with profit. The Koran prohibits the drinking of spirituous liquors and the Mohammedans, where they have not been contaminated with our civilization, are total abstainers. They not only abstain themselves but they make their neighbors keep from drinking.

THE FALL OF ADAM.

The Mohammedans believe in God and the prophets. They look upon Christ as the great prophet, and believe that Mahomet and Christ will act together as the judges of all mankind at the last day. One of the minarets of the noted mosque at Damascus was built in memory of Christ, and Damascus is one of the fanatical of Mohammedan cities. They look upon Adam as a pattern of human perfection, and they believe that the Garden of Eden was originally located in heaven. When Eve seduced Adam in eating the apple our parents were cast out of the Garden of Eden and fell to earth. Adam landed on a mountain in Ceylon and Eve dropped down near Mecca. Adam for his sins spent 200 years in looking for Eve and at last he found her in Arabia, and the two lived in a mountain there together until they died. The mountain is still known as Adam's Mount. The Mohammedans consider Abraham a great prophet. He is called in the Koran the friend of God. They call Moses the speaker of God, and they have, all told, 124,000 prophets. The greatest of these are Adam, Abraham, Jesus and Mahomet. The Koran includes charity and brotherly love. It prohibits lending money at interest, and it fixes the general laws of the Mohammedan world. It inculcates belief in a future state, in the heaven of which each devout believer shall have four beautiful and ever young maidens to wait upon him and to administer to his wants. It is in many of its chapters so much like the Bible that it is believed that Mahomet got a large part of its teachings from the Scriptures and from the Hebrews with whom he was acquainted.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A Matter of Congratulation.

Benny—We children have lots to be thankful for, don't we, mamma?

Mrs. Rodman—Yes, dear; but what made you think of that?

Benny—S'pose you'd had a hand like that just after you caught me in th' jam-closet yesterday?—*Judge*

SHE IS YET OUR MARY.

Miss Anderson in Good Health and a Social Success, but

A VICTIM OF CRUEL TREATMENT.

What People Say Who Have Just Returned From England.

THE TRUE STORY OF HER COLLAPSE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The return to the slums of a very large proportion of the women who have been posing as actresses, on the strength of notoriety and effrontery, lifts into unusual prominence one of the most respected, blameless and brilliant figures of the contemporaneous stage. Mary Anderson's fame is considerably more than national. If ever a woman deserves well of her countrymen it is she, and yet she has been the victim of the most cruel and inhuman treatment conceivable. The attitude of a certain portion of the press of America toward her is a reproach upon journalism. All of this is emphasized now by the return of the vast army of Americans who have been in London, and who find no subject more eloquent for denunciation than the attacks on Miss Anderson; the statement that she is insane; has been incarcerated in an asylum in London, and so on. From Chauncey M. Depew and Mrs. Mackay, all the way down to the lower strata of stage people returning from Europe the reports are the same. A few days ago an Associated Press dispatch announced in a casual manner that the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lady Salisbury had called on Miss Anderson and spent two hours with the American actress at the home of Baroness Von Hugel. When the Prime Minister left he had secured from Miss Anderson a promise that she would go down to his country place for the latter part of September. It was an incident of no particular importance in one way, but it showed the difference between art in Europe and commerce in America. A woman whom the most stalwart, imposing and important man in Great Britain, and one of the three great powers in the politics of the world, pays the most respectful sort of homage to, is absolutely driven out of her own country by the scurrility of newspaper abuse, while Mrs. Leslie Carter and the rest of her frowsy crewed creatures of scandal have their beauty praised by these newspapers and are photographed from one end of the country to the other, and pose as heroines.

HONORING ART IN ENGLAND.

I do not know whether most people would consider the Prime Minister of Great Britain a more important person than the President of the United States or not, but if the President of the United States and Mrs. Harrison should call upon an actress, it would be considered rather a startling thing. Miss Anderso belong: to the most exacting and exhausting of professions, but it is a profession nowadays, and the art of acting has been so thoroughly, so universally recognized and respected in the great art centers of Enrope that the prominence of this American girl is far greater than people here realize.

We have never had an actress in America who in any sense entered society. The fact that the woman has appeared on the stage seems to be considered as a bane to the codfish aristocracy and hog-killing nobility of the Four Hundred. The fact that she is on the dramatic stage instead of the operatic is an impenetrable barrier to social recognition here. Take Mary Anderson again. The extent of her social success in New York has been an occasional reception by a woman's society of a sort of semi-public nature in Delmonico's. That is all. The good and decent people of New York have left her as severely alone as they would a leper. Why? She is a good woman, beautiful, gifted and generous. Her birth is respectable and her personality is attractive. Her gentleness and religious devotion are sincere and the outcome of a refined and beautiful nature. The most exclusive and influential people of England have been delighted to honor her. She has moved and is now moving, in a grade of society there in which no other American woman has ever found herself secure. It is no wonder that she goes back there, after the manner in which she has been treated here.

When Miss Anderson arrived in London this year there was a considerable commotion. The London newspapers had been filled with cable dispatches from the American asserting that Miss Anderson was insane, that she had utterly lost her reason, and that her health was shattered. On the arrival of the actress there was a tremendous rush of visitors to her house. She was stopping at a big mansion out toward Hampstead Heath, with her devoted friend, the Baroness Von Hugel, and I drove out there on the day of her arrival. Just as I was entering the house William Black, the novelist, came out. He told me Miss Anderson had decided to see no one else this day, so that she might rest from her voyage, and I did not go in.

DENOUNCING SLANDERERS.

Mr. Black and I drove back to the heart of London together, and on the way I learned that he had spent nearly an hour with Miss Anderson, and I do not think I ever listened to a more eloquent denunciation of the world of liars than he gave in the cab that afternoon. He told me that nothing in the world could be more absurd than the allegations concerning the sanity of Miss Anderson. She was worried and nervous, and that was all. Her mental poise was as absolutely perfect as it had always been. This was the judgment of a man who knew Miss Anderson very well, for Mr. and Mrs. Black are among her warm personal friends in England. The other day, in talking with Mr. Henry E. Abbey, who has recently returned from Europe, he said: "What on earth is the use of standing up and denying a silly rumor all day long. If people wish to lie about Miss Anderson I suppose they will do it. I have done everything in my power to try and place the true facts of the case before the public, but if they will have sensations let them go ahead. Miss Anderson is too invincible and serene a figure to be moved in the slightest way by this sort of talk now that her health has come back to her. I saw her three times in England before I left, and during our talks we entered into the most minute details of business, made all the arrangements for the coming season here, talked about the small events of the tours, constumes, productions and so on, and in all these talks I found Miss Anderson to have the same keen-witted ideas of business as of old. She was, in a word, the thoroughly balanced actress that I have always known her to be. She had a perfect command of every point in question, and she was no more insane than I am 50 feet high. What pleased me most about her was the fact that the awful sting arising from the abuse she received over here had departed with her returning health. Since I left London, one of my agents and a member of our firm have both arrived—the last one within a few days. They all report Miss Anderson's health as being even more robust than when I saw her. All her scenery and costumes are here, and time is booked for the theaters next year commencing at the Broadway Theater, in New York, for the season of 1890 and 1891. We open her in November. Miss Anderson overstrained her physical powers, but she does not mean to retire from the stage. She has chosen America for her return of her own free will. I was quite ready to bring her out for a season or two in England, where we have extensive connections now, but she preferred this country."

WORKED BEYOND HER STRENGTH.

I mention this, because I believe among the other charges of insanity, hypocrisy, deceit, and so on, that another charge against this distinguished and amiable woman is the assertion that she has come to be an Anglo-maniac, and no longer cares for her native shore. This," added Mr. Abbey, with a contemplative puff of his cigar, "is as much of a lie as all the rest of it. I have been more or less in touch with the condition of public opinion regarding famous people on the stage for a long time, but I am bound to admit that I have never known anything more remarkable than the treatment Miss Anderson received here last year."

The notion of writing at such length about Miss Anderson came after a talk I had yesterday with a California lady who returned Saturday on the Etruria. Her family were originally from Louisville, and she has been for eight years a warm personal friend of Miss Anderson's. They were together for three days in Scotland, just before the Etruria sailed, and hence I am in receipt of the latest news concerning the actress. She talks, it would seem, quite freely about her recent experience here, and says that her first indications of a collapse really came from the dancing in "A Winter's Tale." As Perdita, the actress gave a country dance in the third act. In England it rarely got more than one encore. Here there were seldom less than six. It was a wild frolic in the way of a dance, and as audiences insisted upon one encore after another, Miss Anderson was often carried in the excitement of the moment beyond her strength. This, with the travel, reduced her weight nearly 11 pounds within four weeks after she had landed in New York. Then came a number of unfriendly and jeering attacks on her religion by some papers in the West, followed up by the wildest sort of abuse. She was utterly unprepared for it, and the effect was severe. Now that she has recovered she talks continually of her coming tour in America a year hence. What is surprising is the amiability she displays toward the people who made so much trouble for her here. She has reason to complain, but she does not.

BLAKELY HALL.

A SNAKE FIGHTS A SPIDER.

The Insect Gets the Best of the Reptile in a Pitched Battle.

Atlanta Journal.]

"A battle between a spider and a snake is an unusual sight," said Mr. Gus Haynes, the jeweler, "and yet I saw such a battle once. It was in the fall of the year and I was out hunting squirrels with my brother Dick and Jesse Butts. I went on the opposite side of a tree up which a squirrel had run, to shake a bush and make him get on the side were Dick and Jessee were, so they could get a shot. I heard a rustling sound among the leaves, and turning saw a large, gray spider running round and round upon the leaves. In a moment I saw what he was after, a small snake, about a foot long. The snake was coiled up on the leaves, his head was lifted in the air, his little eyes gleamed, his forked tongue shot swiftly back and forth and he gradually moved his body around so as to face his enemy. The spider's feet pattered over the dead leaves as he ran around the snake as if daring him to uncoil himself. With a few short, quick jumps the spider advanced upon the snake. With a rapid motion the reptile struck at the spider and he fell in full length upon the leaves. Quick as he had been the spider was quicker. With a sidelong leap he evaded the snake, and before he recovered, sprang upon his tail about three inches from the end, into which his jaws were buried.

"The snake seemed astonished, ran a little way, then stopped, raised his tail in the air and brought it down upon the ground as if to shake the spider loose. The insect's hold was too strong, and then the snake began to fight for his life. Over and over on the leaves he rolled, thrashing his tail upon the grass and making frenetic efforts to strike the plucky spider. His efforts were vain, for while he struggled the spider was gnawing away at the reptile's tail. Suddenly the spider fell off to one side, the snake scurried off into the grass leaving three inches of his tail squirming on the leaves. The spider eyed the wriggling tail for a moment, and then pouncing upon it, disappeared with it in his hole beneath the rustling leaves."

THE UPPER BERTH BEST.

A Pullman Conductor Can't Understand Why People Don't Want It.

Chicago Tribune.]

A Pullman sleeper conductor: Everybody who wants a berth in a sleeper wants the lower berth. I have been in the employ of the company for 14 years, and I have never yet had an application for an upper berth. Of course, the upper berth is not so easy of access as the lower, but if you don't mind climbing to the upper berth you will at once admit, after the night is over, that it is the more comfortable of the two. The ventilation is better and you are not so close to the rumbling noise. You are more private than you are in a lower berth, and in case of accident you have a chance of coming out on top. In hot weather the upper berth is cooler, than the lower.

The lower berth, as you know, is made up from the cushioned seats, which are of warm material. I have never known a man to fall out of an upper berth. I think if the company would make a difference of a half dollar in favor of the upper berth it would soon be in demand: But I believe the Pullman company never makes any difference in the charges.

A PECULIAR CUSTOMER

Visits a Dentist and Asks to Have a Sound Tooth Pulled.

Dr. Smythe, in Globe-Democrat.]

A few days ago a man called on me and asked me to pull one of his teeth. When I told him to open his mouth and show me which was the aching tooth, he replied that he never had toothache in his life but that he was sick and had been advised to consult a dentist. There was something so original in this that I pressed him for an explanation, and finally learned that he had consulted a faith healer, who had seriously advised him to have a sound tooth extracted to cure some disease, which I should imagine was malaria aggravated by an unlimited indulgence in bad beer.

I tried to argue the fellow into sense, but failed, and he went away in search of some dentist who, as he politely put it, "would take his money and not use his mouth quite so freely." I do not know whether he found one, but I hope not.

Affording Him All the Facilities.

Battery Bill—Now, friend, you want to lay right here.

Lord Bullburton—What for, may I awsk?

Battery Bill—For jest this. My friend here, Mike the guide, 's goin' up ter Canal street t' scare up a grizzly, an' when the bear comes runnin' by here you'll git a bully shot at him. I'll take your gripsack 'round th' corner, so it won't git mussed up in th' fight.—*Judge.*

BABIES IN THE PARK.

Little Strangers Born in This Country of Alien Parents.

CHARMING MISS KITTY O'BRIEN.

How the Little Sea Lion Was Taught to Swim by Its Mother.

MISS MURPHY, THE YOUNG RHINOCEROS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, October 5.—About $4,000 worth of babies have been born in Central Park since last winter, all of them curiosities in their way. A few have two legs and wear feathers instead of hair; but most of them have four legs and horns, and one was born with no legs at all and has no prospects of acquiring any as it grows older. The Central Park Menagerie is the birthplace of these young freaks, and the picturesque old arsenal and its surrounding buildings present nowadays the appearance of a prosperous zoological nursery with an ornithological attachment.

The most interesting, though not the highest-priced, addition to Superintendent Conklin's happy family, is the baby sea lion, who came to gladden the heart of at least one of his parents early last June. He

Young Sea Lion and Parents.

was a wee, little chap at first, covered with light brown fur as glossy as plucked seal, with two very large and very brown eyes and just the suggestion of a tail. Although the sea lion is as much at home in the water as on the land, his natatorial accomplishments are solely artificial. They must be acquired just as a child learns how to walk.

In the case of our little friend, he was allowed to spend the first two days of his existence resting on the stone edge of the pond, getting acquainted with his surroundings and alternately dozing in the warm sun and tugging away at his mother's breast. During the third day his mother began her first attempt to make a sea lion of him. As a cat lifts her kitten with her teeth by the nape of the neck, so she picked up her baby and gently dipped it into the water. If the present health and future usefulness of an ordinary infant may be judged from the strength of its lungs, the baby sea lion promises to be a veritable prodigy. His cries rose above the din of the other animals and roused a sympathetic growl from the inmates of the far-off bear pit.

HE DID NOT LIKE IT.

He screamed and splashed, cried and kicked; all to no avail. When his mother decided the lesson had been long enough, and not before, she lifted him out and re-

The Living Nylghaus.

placed him on the stone to dry. The next day the lesson was repeated and the next, until a week was spent. Then she went a step farther. She lifted him into the water and let him go. When she saw he was about to drown she dived in after him and raised him upon her shoulders. At the end of the second week he took to the water as naturally as a duck, and until he had acquired sufficient confidence to venture in alone he made life a burden to her by disturbing her naps, coaxing her with all manner of infantile caresses to join him in his aquatic gambols. Now he is the most enthusiastic and expert swimmer in the pond.

The baby sea lion is the first that has ever been born in a menagerie in America. A number have come into the world while their mothers have been in transit between the Pacific coast and the East, but they have never lived. He is worth $250 to any man in the show business, and his value will increase a trifle as he grows older.

The most valuable of Dr. Conklin's newcomers are the twin nylghaus. The nylghaus is the second largest antelope in the world. They come from India, where they are known to the natives as "blue cows." Nylghaus are plentiful in that country, but

Young Aoudad at Play.

pairs that will breed in captivity are extremely rare, and these little twins are the first that have ever been born in America. The adult male has long horns, and is dark gray in color; the female is bright red. The parents are tall, shapely animals, with delicate limbs and a stately carriage. The twins are male and female, and have used the time since their birth in June in acquiring height without the usual angularity of most growing deer. They are now nearly three feet tall, and the male is exceedingly proud of a small pair of horns just budding from his forehead. The twins are worth $350 each at the present time, and within a few months their value will be increased to $500.

A BABY'S PLAYGROUND.

Short of legs and stocky of build with a fringe of long hair like an incipient beard under the chin, is the baby Barbary wild sheep, the Aoudad of North Africa. Its parents are only children themselves, and this is their first offspring. This may account for their timidity in the presence of visitors and their extreme dislike of anything in the way of improper gifts from thoughtless sightseers, such as cigarette stumps and popcorn balls. These the wary matron carefully examines from a distance before accepting and usually devours herself to save her infant's precious health. As the little sea lion has a pond for his amusement, so Dr. Conklin has furnished for the baby sheep a pile of rocks—the veriest mockery of a mountain peak—but to the unsuspicious youngster it is a never ending source of joy. He bounds over the stones, stubbing his toes and narrowly escaping serious damage to his anatomy with the same ardor a baby boy risks his neck upon his first hobby horse, and with apparently an equal amount of delight. He is worth $200 now and six months more will add $100 to his value.

A proud couple is the pair of spotted axis deer from India—a proud and patriotic couple who did all they justly could be expected to do in honor of the land of their adoption when they brought into the world on the Fourth of July, the littlest, spottedest axis fawn ever seen in the park. It

Picturesque Little Babies.

is a female, otherwise her horn would be expected to take a particularly haughty form in honor of her birthday. She is graceful and pretty and she knows it. She is never weary of exhibiting herself to the public gaze and impartially makes friends with all her visitors without the slightest trace of fear. She has white spots on a bright red background and would command $100 at auction any day in the week.

The baby Indian antelope is also a female and differs largely from her cousins, the nylghau twins, in the matter of size and color. When full grown she will be the size of a goat and will have a coat of reddish fur, sleek and short, and light colored around the edges. She is the first of her species to be born in New York, and is worth $150.

AN UNGAINLY INFANT.

The latest grandson of the camel that broke Dr. Conklin's leg several years ago, was born early in the spring and has long been weaned. He is now about 5 feet tall and has more joints in his legs than a museum freak. He is if anything uglier than his parents, and his shabby hair coat is sadly in need of re-upholstering. He is worth $300 and will increase in value with age.

But the palm for downright homeliness must be awarded by any judge with no preconceived race prejudices to the infant

Charming Miss Kitty O'Brien.

llama. Short and bob-tailed, like a jackrabbit, long and scraggy necked and covered with shaggy light-brown hair it comes as near being an animated zoological night-mare as an animal can hope to be. It has already learned all the bad habits of its unprepossessing parents. It is shy in the presence of visitors, and continually presents its worst side foremost, and looks angrily back over its shoulders at all who venture to pay it the compliments of the season. It spits when it is excited and stamps with its forefeet. It was once supposed that this spittle was rank poison, and that is the present belief of native Peruvians, but beyond its rudeness nothing can be truly said in its blame. The young llama is worth $250 to any man who doesn't care whether his purchase is vulgar or not, only so it is a llama.

By far the most valuable acquisition to the menagerie was born a few weeks ago and only lived a week. Kitty, the handsome lioness, was the mother, and Jack, her splendid mate, was the father. The little cub was a perfect specimen and would have undoubted rivaled his father in personal charms had not his mother carelessly rolled over on him one night during the cyclone and smothered him to death. He was worth $500, and had he lived a year double that sum would not have bought him.

There are 3 thoroughbred herds of English fallow deer in America, 1 in Philadelphia, 1 in Cincinnati, and 1 in Central Park. The last now contains 15 specimens, 5 of which were born during the spring and summer. They are the best deer in the world for parks, and not one has been born out of captivity in at least five centuries. The new arrivals are worth $100 each.

AMONG THE OTHER BABIES

is a diminutive spotted Indian hog deer, which in spite of its name is as pretty a deer as one can find. It is a little fellow, and is worth about $100 as he stands.

The pack of prairie dogs has been increased by a dozen or so of yelping puppies. These youngsters, however, are not long-lived. The stock needs replenishing with fresh blood.

Two zebus have been added to the small herd in the cattle paddock. They are no rareties, and are barely worth more than ordinary well-bred calves.

The most picturesque babies in the park are the little black and white swans that take life easy in the big lake. The mother of the black swans chose a nest on an unhospitable rock near the bridge and hatched out two broods of little, downy, long-necked youngsters that to-day bear little evidence of their future grace and beauty. The young ones number six and are worth $50 each. The white swans successfully hatched out five newcomers that have added $35 each to the park board's assets.

These new babies have quite eclipsed the imported infants who are fast outgrowing their babyhood. Miss Murphy, the young rhinoceros, is now 5 years old, and will soon be old enough to be a matron. Her mate, Caliph, is three years her elder, and has ceased to regard her merely as a child. This pair of amiable children is worth $10,000, and their infant, had they any, would be worth almost that sum alone.

It will be hard for the park student of natural history to realize that the perennially youthful Miss Kitty O'Brien, the maiden widow of Mr. Crowley, the great chimpanzee, is getting along in years. During the late Mr. Crowley's lifetime she was regarded as an infant, and as such she is now held in the memory of the human admirers. But candor compels the chronicler to place her age at 4 years, and Dr. Conklin's records will bear the statement out. She came here when she was only 6 months old and has long ago outgrown her babyhood. She is as agile with her four hands, as chatty with her friends and as accomplished in her manners as Mr. Crowley ever was. She has succeeded to his quarters and inherited his valuable collection of household furniture. She presides over the table where he used to sit and partakes of her food with all the grace and charm of good breeding that was wont to distinguish Mr. Crowley among his fellows as the greatest ape of modern times.

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

JOHNNY has stumped his toe, poor fellow! Take this 25 cents and buy a bottle of Salvation Oil.

PITTSBURG ITALIANS.

The First Emigrants to This City From the Land of the Cæsars

DRIVEN FROM HOME BY TAXATION

Until Now There are Over 4,000 Italians in Pittsburg.

BECOMING CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Thirty years ago Italians were less numerous in Pittsburg than Chinamen are to-day. Among the earliest of the immigrants from the land of the Cæsars were Louis Celia and the father of Joseph Cuneo, present court interpreter. The former still lives, at a ripe old age, in Oakland, and there spends the evening of his busy day in independence. His first business enterprise in this city was a fruit stand near the Court House. The elder Cuneo some years ago passed away.

Another of the Italian pioneers was Joseph Sinaidgo, of Fifth avenue, who is well known to all our citizens. Mario Sinaidgo is reported the wealthiest of our Italian citizens, being the owner of some 15 houses, whose rental helps to swell his revenues.

The first Italian arrivals were from the province of Genoa, having started out as Columbus did from the same part, in quest of fortune in a new world. This first emigration of Italians to Pittsburg was in the early fifties, and for many years there were very few to follow.

John B. Descalzi the wholesale dealer in tropical fruits on Liberty street, says that when he came to this city 12 years ago there were less than 300 Italians here. These made their homes chiefly in Virgin and Strawberry alleys.

From the centennial year the growth of our Italian population steadily increased until now there are not less than 4,000 in Pittsburg and Allegheny against 200 to 300 in 1876. The earlier emigrants, as has been said, were almost entirely from Genoa and vicinity. Along in the seventies taxes became very burdensome in the Italian provinces, and multitudes who found it impossible to support the Government and feed and clothe their families turned their attention to the land of Columbus and Washington, and a large emigration to this country was the result. The first great influx of Italians to the United States was in 1887 and 1878, and Pittsburg received its share. These later emigrants were, in the main from Naples and Sicily.

TAXES AND EMIGRATION.

People by the thousands sold their little farms in Italy because the taxes were heavier than they could bear. So great was the drain on the population that the Government of that country in a year or two concluded to lighten the burden and the immigration of property holders was thus arrested. Of late years the Italians who come to our shores are chiefly of the poorer classes. Property holders having found their Government less extortionate, are the more inclined to stick to the old home, where their ancestors took root in the long gone years. In late years Sicily contributes most to our Italian population. The Genoese find it better in the home land than to risk trying fortunes in a new and untried country.

Some facts of interest concerning our present Italian population were developed in a recent interview with one of their leading representatives, which are here jotted down.

To begin with, nearly all are Catholics. A Protestant or infidel who springs from Italia is exceptional. A few months ago an Italian priest was brought from New York, and looks after the spiritual interests of his countrymen here, holding regular service in the basement of the Cathedral. There are from 600 to 1,000 in attendance upon his ministry at 10 o'clock mass every Sunday morning. The question of a new church has been taking shape, and a committee has been appointed to look up a suitable site. The committee consists of ten, among whom are Joseph Cuneo, Peter Montereide and John B. Descalzi. There is already $5,000 in the hands of this committee to secure a lot, and $20,000 to $25,000 will be forthcoming when the location is secured. There has also been lately organized an Italian brass band, composed of 26 young men, who meet regularly in a hall on Smithfield street, above Strawberry alley. This band has succeeded in securing the instructions of Prof. Rocereto, who came from Naples to accept the position, and whose reputation places him at the front in his profession. They expect soon to increase their class to 50, and first-class Italian music is an assured fact ere many months shall have rolled. An Italian physician is expected from around New York shortly to look after the bodily ailments of his countrymen here.

PROFESSIONS AND POLITICS.

Concerning the occupations of our Italian fellow citizens the following is gathered: In Pittsburg and Allegheny there are close to 200 engaged in selling tropical fruits, nuts and candies. Of these there are three whose business is exclusively wholesale. There are 25 to 30 Italians in the grocery business in the two cities and some nine or ten making shoes. One Italian hotel and restaurant on Penn avenue and Thirteenth street is their quota in this line. A few are workers in marble and granite, and have proved their skill by good work on our public buildings and cemetery memorials.

Until a few years back there was a disinclination on the part of the Italian population to become naturalized citizens. There are now in the neighborhood of 150 full-fledged American-Italian citizens in our two cities, and 100 more will soon be added to their number.

Instead of confining themselves to the alleyways, as they did a very few years ago, they are now finding homes like other people in different parts of the city on the main thoroughfares. Already they begin to mix and mingle with other nationalities, and not less than 25 to 30 Italians of the city have found helpmeets who are of other nations. It is plain from this necessarily condensed statement that Italy is to be an important factor in the future development of our city. Race prejudice has been the bane of America as of other nations, and has been a mighty hindrance to the harmony and progress of our people in days gone by. While we welcome to our shores all nationalities, it will be well that we recognize the great idea of human brotherhood, and seek to harmonize and promote fraternal feelings among the races that join together in building our Republic on solid foundations.

In the coming times, when the strength of our dear land will be tested, as surely it will be, though the present generation may not live to see it, I doubt not that there will be those from Italy, as well as Britain and Germany, who will not be wanting in the days of our country's need.

YOUNG.

REARED ON LIMESTONE.

It Produces the Six Tallest Sons in the Whole Country.

From the Lafayette (Ga.) Messenger.]

Whenever there is offered in the United States a prize open to the whole country for the family that has the greatest length, breadth and thickness Walker county, through the Coulter boys, will be sure to take it. Of the six boys, going up by steps and commencing at the lowest, Jim is 6 feet 4, Mac