SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 12.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

FAYAL'S METROPOLIS.

Horta, That Quaint City of the Best Known Azorean Island.

ITS VERY QUEER THOROUGHFARES,

Shifting Scenes From a Decidedly Rare Rural Civilization,

AND ITS HIGH CRATER, STILL SMOKING

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

FAYAL, AZORES, November 19.—Tourists to the Azores usually land at Horta, Fayal, as it is the most frequented port of these Western Islands from England and America. To one first coming to land, tropic life and semi-oriental customs in this beautiful harbor, there would be much to interest and charm. The island of Fayal, so called from the faya, a small tree, or large shrub, indigenous to this one of the Azorean group, has an area of only about 40 square miles, and a population of perhaps 30,000 souls. In some respects it is looked upon as chief in importance, always by the Fayalese, and principally so by people of our own country and England, because we know, at home, more of the Azores through Fayal fishermen and other Fayal immigrants, than from wanderers from all the other Western Islands combined. So, too, Azorean commerce with the outside world, and all the inklings of the trifling activities within these little specks upon the sea, have their place of departure at Horta, whose roadstead as you enter, at once recalls the lesser harbors of the Mediterranean.

The roadstead and the city lie along Fayal's southern shore, protected from the fierce northwest gales. Pico, but four miles away, stands squarely in front at the south, a barrier 8,000 feet high against southern winds. The islands of Graciosa, St. George and Terceira, break the force of the sea from the northeast and east. And here, like a checkered ribbon of white, pink and russet, the straggling shore-side city nestles at the feet of mountainous hills, a crescent of oriental moquetry, forever kissed by azure waves and forever facing the saffrony rays of a languorous tropic sun.

A NOBLER HEADLAND.

Opposite, the tip of the eastern horn is formed by a still nobler headland, the Espalamaca. Barks and barkantines, brigs and brigantines, schooners, and now and then a full-rigged ship, ride at anchor upon the gently undulating roadstead. The long, straggling, circling city, quaint and olden in architecture, hugs the shore from headland to headland, a feathery line of spume breaking against its huge sea walls and along its glistening brown beaches. Like a rich fringe to a mottled scarf, rising behind the town and gradually fraying out into cultivated fields and lesser gardens, are quintas and villas innumerable, delicate flashes of gray or white in wall, or russet red in roof, showing prettily from masses of embedded shrubbery. Then come tier upon tier of upland ridges with misty hollows, gradually narrowing and fading into the softened outline of Fayal's greatest heights, not 4,000 feet above the sea level, where the clouds play and hide and disclose, in mimic portraiture, the grander shifting scenes forever being set for the beholder where Pico's ghostly cone overtops and sentinels all.

Between Pico's base, where, across the lovely channel, lowly Madelena and straggling peasant hamlets peep from the dark and rugged rocks, and the gleaming band of spray at Horta's circling front, every manner of the smaller of sailing craft known to Mediterranean waters are plying back and forth; bearing the gentry and peasantry of the islands, and conveying in that picturesquely cumbersome way all labor is here performed the various produce and merchandise of Azorean ports. The blue and white flag of Portugal flutters from countless craft. There are music and laughter on boat and on shore. The sky above is the sky of Italy. The sea has that tint of azure which hints of bloom. And when one is landed and at rest upon some pretty balcony, air and sky, sea and mountain, street and garden, men and beasts, women and voices, all sight and sound and seeming, prompt to delicious siesta and enchant to tender repose.

A VERY QUAINT THOROUGHFARE.

The chief street of Horta is the Rue de San Francisco. It extends the whole length of the city in a straggling, genial sort of way, inviting fellowship from all manner of lazy waterside folk and scenes beneath, alongshore, and from the far prettier and more interesting thoroughfares which straggle down from the mountains past lovely quintas and garden-embowered town house, or through the far more picturesque quarters of the petty mercados. At intervals it widens into pleasant squares and tiny parks. In some are wells where the water carriers loiter. In all are beggars and fleas. The shops are a quaint collection of windowless store-houses with blank outer walls, but tremendous doors, barred at night as if for siege, where clerks and keepers stand and ogle the passing senhoras and senhoritas, leaving their wares in inextricable confusion within. This ogling is not meant or taken offensively. It is the daily compliment trade pays to beauty, and the fair women of Fayal would reckon themselves a sorry lot without it.

Architecturally the city is vastly more interesting than beautiful. Street facades present the queerest of styles and studies. Here is a shadowy shop of one story where grimy men grope about among gritty piles of charcoal. The next building may be a three or five-story structure which houses the richest of wares, whose upper stories are fancifully decorated in gorgeous paints and gilts. Next to this, on one side of a dark den, dirty cobblers beat ceaseless staccatos, a cutler grinds and hammers on the other, and away in there a stream of light shows exquisite stairs leading to some inclosed court where a home of opulence is imbedded in vines and roses. Everywhere are ponderous base and arch, huge column and tremendous entablature, supporting buildings whose insignificance is ludicrously startling. In the churches and a few of the more prominent public buildings the architecture is Moorish, and the facades invariably flanked by immense square towers and the dreary Saracenic domes. Most of the side streets are narrow, and so shade trees will not grow.

ONLY TWO LIKE AMERICAN STREETS.

There are but two streets, or short stretches of streets, like some of our American "places," which are widened and beautified by trees. The general plan of shop and abode in the thickly settled parts of the city is the shop below, and the home above; or the lower story is used as a sort of entrada to walled-in home structures in the rear, or the habitation above. In the latter case these entradas are temporary shops for itinerant cobblers, cutlers, saddlers and the like, or lounging-places for beggars, donkeys and goats. But however unsavory may seem the ground floor of, or the street entrance to, any structure, the upper stories of the same, or the pretty home-nests behind afford abundant compensation in picturesque groupings and scenes. Balconies in the Azores are as universal as in Havana, Lisbon or Madrid. All are latticed, and in this lattice-work are odd little slides and gates. From these, as you pass, you will catch glances from fair eyes, and often see smiles and coquetting looks from lovely, roguish faces. The Fayal maidens must not look upon you in the street; but social custom gives them the blessed right to flirt with you desperately from the lofty and safe outposts of their balconied alcobas.

The courtyards or saguos have an inviting look through these carelessly kept entradas. There is a suggestion of snugness in the high enclosing walls. The open court shelters the home-gatherings and belongings of the average family. All its members are more or less there. Many lovely flowers and clambering vines light up the place in winter as well as summer days. Frequently interior galleries add to the picturesqueness, for people live in these courts and on these galleries more than in the cheerful alcobas to which they lead. Beside, there are none so poor that the gladdening songs of matchless brown Azorean canaries are not always heard above, or blending with, the gay and murmurous undertones of lazily-done domestic affairs.

SCENES THAT DO NOT TIRE.

Nor can one ever tire of the street scenes of Horta. There are few fountains and one misses the graceful red ewers of St. Michael's upon the women's heads. But there are wells everywhere, and at all these are constantly seen groups of women dropping their odd horn cups, filling their churn-like casks, loitering and gossiping, coming and going, with much laughter the whole day long. Here and there throughout the streets bevies of giggling senhoritas, never alone and always convoyed by some bright-eyed old duenna, pass from shop to shop, ever seeming to avoid but ever in reality compelling most ludicrous antics on the part of all males from 18 to 80.

Roaring and tearing down from the hills as if pursued, comes one of the half-score of Horta's cocheiros with his ramshackle barouche to which are harnessed three donkeys abreast. He has been nowhere. He is going nowhere. He lashes and screams and calls his beast vile names. Suddenly the outlandish outfit comes to a halt. In an instant the wild cocheiro is asleep on his box, and the donkey's heads droop dolefully between their knees. Now and then a horse and rider will be seen. The horse is a piebald. The rider is a gentleman farmer; a "morgado," he is called here. He sits on his beast in a semi-military, semi-cowboy style; holds his bridle-reins high in air; wears a spur and mustachios of wondrous dimensions and ambles through the changing scene like a hesitant, humbled Quixote. Everywhere are little donkeys carrying fat people; burdened with furze, brushwood, dried corn leaves and stalks, rushes and straw, completely hiding them; packed with twice their own weight of boxed oranges going to the quays; or driven double with great timbers across their backs. "Ande! Ande!" their drivers shout, as they prod them with iron-pointed pikes as long and heavy as a pitchfork handle.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.

These and ox-carts with a box like a half section of a huge wicker basket, and solid wooden wheels with iron-spiked rims which creak and shriek like a Red River train in the sixties, are ceaselessly wending their way along the thoroughfares and to and from the country, the only means of freightage; while each donkey and cart is accompanied with more able-bodied and ever-yelling muleteers and cartmen than are necessary to convey every ounce of produce or merchandise upon their own broad and lazy backs. Over from Pico every morning come boat loads of market stuff and peasantry. The latter are more colorful and picturesque than the Fayalese. The women are bodiced; their heads are dressed in gay kerchiefs and wrappings; and they bring along, with every manner of small produce, some of the prettiest feet and legs the barefooted habits of many, and the short-skirted petticoats of all, ever give unconscious display. The crates, casks, baskets, ewers, wheel-like and gigantic wooden platters, that these women bring with them and carry up the beaches and over the quays upon their heads, are of incredible size and weight. Thick, goiter-like necks are the result; but their grace and brightness while beasts of burden are very winsome surely. Along with these come, infrequently now, a folk who live in the farthest upland wilds of Pico whose manner and dress recall those of the Arran Islanders. Tall, lank, grave and austere, their sack-like garments hang limp to the primmest of knee breeches, which lead to stockings of wonderful colors, while their feet are covered with rawhide sandals to which the hair still clings. These are fastened across the toes with rawhide thongs, forming an exact copy of pampootas seen in the Arran Islands, the earliest form of foot covering known to man. Interwoven with all these odd folk and ways are the Fayalese peasants and the lowly of Horta.

AS RURAL AS YOU PLEASE.

Capote hidden women from the hills; city servants with their endless castinet-like clinking of wooden shoes upon the pavements; grim men from the fields leaning upon their huge staffs; the important, apish and wasp-waisted military attaches dancing here and there in blue, buff and green; grave and comfortable padres; half naked urchins with wonderfully bright faces; beggars with sunny faces, as cherry over rebuff as reward, and a hundred other folk and factors so touched and tinged with the semi-barbaric and oriental, that one awakens from the weird fancies the scenes and sights conjure, in half dismay that where he stands is 800 miles away from Europe toward American civilization, and still 800 years behind even the drowsy progress of the Europe of to-day.

The Azores are of volcanic origin. Over there just four miles from Horta, is Pico with its 8,000 feet high still smoking chimney, at whose top I recently passed a night. And this Caldeira is, so far as I can learn, the largest known extinct crater upon the earth's surface. To the eye its rim is a perfect circle six miles around and its walls drop sheer from the rim 1,800 feet. Its floor is seemingly perfectly level with the exception of a tiny secondary cone, where not so very long ago steam and smoke ascended. There is nothing in the entire scene but hideous desolation. The peasantry regard the location grewsomely, and locate every evil of witch and warlock as emanating from the dark and dreadful place. It was a relief as we turned to descend to see Pico, bronzed and purpling, clear as steel against a tender sky, and the red roofs of Horta circling the edge of the peaceful and smiling bay.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A SPECIFIC for all bodily pain is Salvation Oil. It cures all pain instantly and costs but 25 cts. a bottle.

1858. Holmes' Best. 1889.

Both chemists and physicians indorse the purity and good quality of this standard brand of whisky. We have also in stock a magnificent line of fine champagnes, wines, cordials, imported brandies, liquors, bitters and table waters.

W. H. HOLMES & SON,
120 Water street and 158 First avenue.
TTSSu

For Christmas Morning.
Gentlemen's hats.
C. A. SMILEY & Co.

Everybody Says
We have the finest stock of Men's Novelties in sterling silver in the city. Come and see them, at HARDY & HAYES', Jewelers, Silversmiths and Art Dealers, 529 Smithfield street. New Building. Open every evening. TTS

For Christmas Morning.
Don't get left, but go now to C. A. Smiley & Co., 28 Fifth avenue, and make selection from their fine assortment of useful presents.

TARTAN and novelty plaid surah silks, beautiful effects and colorings, $1.50 a yard, worth regularly $2. HUGUS & HACKE. TTSSu

For Christmas Morning.
Beaver muffs and collars.
C. A. SMILEY & Co.

☞THE WEATHER is the subject of an interesting article by Bumbalo in to-morrow's DISPATCH.

OUR MODELS IN ART.

Pittsburg's Life Class Chiefly Confined to Men Who Pose.

PHASES OF THE POSERS' BEHAVIOR

The Prices Paid to Models, and the Conditions They Exact.

HORSES AND OTHER ANIMAL SUBJECTS

Mr. Vandyke Brown sat in the warm glow by the fruit-covered dinner table; and, twirling his long-necked glass between his fingers in an absent manner, spoke gracefully of Pittsburg, her art and artists.

Presently a hot-faced youth, who had been burning to speak all evening, but had felt quite a Philistine amid the jargon of the initiated, succeeded in altering the drift of the conversation by a sudden question.

"What kind of folk are your Pittsburg models?" he asked.

Mr. Vandyke Brown shrugged his shoulders. "Our Pittsburg models?" he repeated. "Well, if you mean professional models, we haven't any. I suppose the artists are not numerous enough to support a regular corps of models. At any rate, we are forced to rely on our own observation, and the assistance of the Society for the Protection of the Poor, in regard to obtaining suitable people to pose."

"By the way," put in Flake White, the man of portraits, pulling his long mustache fiercely, "that is a branch of Good Samaritanism which Pittsburgers know very little of. This system of giving the poor a little light work to do is an excellent one. They esteem money much more highly when they have earned it themselves."

SKEPTICAL AS TO ITS EASE.

"By Jove!" cried Sap Green, youthful and impulsive, "I shouldn't call posing a light exertion. The model's occupation always seemed to me to be a very painful and laborious one."

"But are we not straying a little?" said Mr. Vandyke Brown. "I think our friend yonder expressed a desire to know something about our models."

The hot-faced youth nodded vigorously.

"Well, then," Mr. Brown continued, "I shall tell you all I know, and the other fellows can fill up whatever is wanting in my account. As has been stated, the Society for the Protection of the Poor is our chief model medium. We apply for a model to the society, describing the kind of person we want. The district visitors of the society are notified, and they proceed to look among the poor of their neighborhood for a suitable model. The result is that three or four are usually found, and we can then take our choice. That is the practice of the Pittsburg School of Art on Wood street, and of many individual artists. The nearest approach to professional models in Pittsburg consists of a few old timers who have been sitting at intervals for years."

"What do you pay your models?" the gentleman of the hot face asked.

"Well," replied Mr. Brown, "for a fancy model we pay a fancy price. At the Art School the standard fee is from 50 cents to $1 a sitting. The sittings last for four hours."

"At a stretch?" exclaimed the horrified inquirer.

PLENTY OF CHANCES TO REST.

"Oh, no, not at a stretch. There are periods of rest every half hour or thereabouts. The model is then allowed to relax his pose and trot about the room, or look at the paintings, if it be a class. Each model's engagement is supposed to last for two weeks at least; sometimes the term is extended to three weeks."

"Very often the contract gets broken, though," said Mr. Flake White, who was now puffing a big cigar. "May I interrupt to tell you about a girl model, down at the Art School, not long since? She had a very fine head, and the charitable ladies sent her to the school as a model. All went well during the early part of the first sitting; but later on the model got dreadfully restless and impatient. By and by she jumped up and requested to know when her lesson was going to begin, adding that 'it ought to be some other girl's turn to sit now.' After some questions, it was discovered that the good ladies, when coaxing our fair friend to become a model, had injudiciously promised her that she should also be taught painting. When mademoiselle discovered the true state of affairs, she flounced out of the classroom, and has never returned since."

"Yes," laughed Mr. Brown, "things like that are constantly happening with models. Some of them have really no idea of what they are wanted for. There was a Pittsburg model once engaged down at the school. He was a very ordinary man in everything but hair; but in that particular he was superb. His long tresses and huge beard delighted both class and professors, and the first day's sitting was a great success. Next day, while the pupils were waiting for the model and longing for another glance at that beard and those locks, In the gentleman sauntered with his hair cropped quite close and his beard shaved off. He made his best bow to the ladies present, and said: 'I must ask you to excuse me for coming here yesterday without visiting a barber. To-day I'm trimmed up a little bit, and hope to give satisfaction.'"

"How I should have liked to have seen those girls' faces!" said Sap Green, while everybody laughed at the incident.

NO NUDE MODELS.

"Does the Art School engage any nude models?" asked the hot-faced individual.

"No," Mr. Brown replied, "and I don't believe there are any nude models in Pittsburg. There would be no call for them, as the tendency of our local art does not run in that direction."

"Now and then they verge on the nude down at the school," said Mr. Flake White. "They are forced to do so in their anatomical lectures. When Drs. McCann, Dickson and McKennan lecture before the classes, a man of fine physique is usually stripped to the waist and used as a sort of living diagram. Years ago there was a nude class here; but it died out. We would have to get nude models from Philadelphia or Chicago, at fancy prices."

"Of what nationality or race are your models?" was the next question propounded by the very inquisitive individual with the ruddy countenance.

"Of every race and every nationality we can get hold of," was the answer. "The most usual are the Germans, Irish and colored people. The Italians, we would like to have, and down at the school they are very anxious for an Italian model. But Diego is very hard to get at, and he does not make a good model. They had one Italian, a bootblack, at the school last year; but he proved restless and unmanageable, and they were forced to let him go."

A FUNNY OLD SPANIARD.

"They had an old Spaniard once," said Mr. Flake White, "who was great fun. He was a very vain, a very fat, and a very pompous old party. He got to know Mr. Hetzel and Mr. Beattie by name, and all the pupils by appearance. When his period of sitting was over he came round and claimed one of the pictures as his due. Incidentally he mentioned that he had composed some poetry—English poetry, for he really spoke English well—on the professors and class. The verses were produced and presented to Mr. Beattie, who keeps them as a curiosity. They are screamingly, unintentionally funny. The first verse is addressed to the class at large, the next to Mr. Hetzel, the next to Mr. Beattie, and the rest of the composition is devoted to the young ladies of the class. Each one is described by some personal characteristic—'she of the blue eyes,' 'she of the gold hair,' etc., etc. One he advises to study diligently, because she will yet be a great painter; another he reproves for giddiness; a third for loitering overmuch in her work. The old fellow really took an interest in the class."

"I suppose," remarked the still inquiring youth, "that all models are very restless?"

"Why, no," Mr. Brown said, "some models are excellent from the start. I think the good and bad models are nearly equal. There is no medium condition about models; they are either very good or very bad. The bad models are of two kinds. One sort get restless, and make the painting a matter of great difficulty. The other sort get sleepy, which makes painting an utter impossibility."

ABOUT ANIMAL MODELS.

"There is one class of models you forget about," put in Mr. Flake White. "I mean animal models. They are, of course, the most difficult subjects. Of all animals, I like to paint horses best. When you have put a horse in a certain position once or twice, he seems to recognize what is wanted of him, and poses as you wish. You must catch the expression and general outline, within the first few minutes of the pose, though; otherwise all is lost. Your horse after a few minutes falls into a drooping, lazy position—all the life seems to leave him. To paint horses in 'fly-time' is terribly hard. Your subject gets almost mad with heat and flies. He tosses about, and makes himself utterly disagreeable. I had a man to hold a team for me up in the mountains last summer. One of the horses was an old-time model of mine, and he was not very excited. The other brute, however, was positively awful. Nothing could quiet him, and he ended by lifting his foreleg and knocking the man, who was holding him, clean off his stool into the fallow. That horse, too, had a horrid fashion of wheeling round and looking at me in the most critical parts of the work. When he had been put into position some 30 times he began to 'catch on,' and after awhile, if I shouted at him when he turned round, he would immediately resume the right pose of his own accord."

The allotted time given to man for the discussion of his affairs, "over the walnuts and the wine," was now long past, and it was judged necessary to postpone the lecture on models to some future date. The hot-faced youth, however, was much wiser on this subject when he left the dining room than when he entered it.

BRENAN.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE, FIFTH AVENUE,

For the Rainy Weather.

Gum coats for misses, $1 00, $1 25 and $1 65.

Gum coats for boys, $1 50.

Gum coats for ladies, $1 25, $2 00, $2 50, $3 00, $4 00, $6 00, $7 00, $10 00, $12 00, $13 50, $16 50.

No finer or better goods anywhere—the higher priced goods are pure silk and rubber.

Gents' gum coats and mackintoshes in light, medium and heavy weight; a splendid variety, $1 87 to $15 00.

CAMPBELL & DICK.

HOLIDAY TABLE DELICACIES.

Largest Line—Lowest Prices.

Look for our special card in next Sunday's Dispatch. Better send for the Housekeeper's Guide; it will post you on everything in our line; also contains valuable information for all housekeepers. Store open till 9 P.M. until Christmas.

WM. HASLAGE & SON,
18 Diamond Square, Pittsburg.

1858. Holmes' Best. 1889.

For medical use and for home purposes this whisky stands high, has been indorsed by chemists and Government officials. As a holiday need it has gained countenance by its purity and age. Families supplied with champagnes, wines, cordials and best imported brandies, etc. Send for catalogue or telephone orders for immediate delivery, No. 305. Christmas and New Year goods delivered promptly to all parts of the city, East End and Allegheny.

W. H. HOLMES & SON,
120 Water street and 158 First avenue.
TTSSu

Rings—Rings—Rings.

Our collection is complete. Solitaires in diamonds all sizes and prices. Only the best goods sold. Clusters in all the colored stones and diamonds. The handsomest collection we have ever had together, at

HARDY & HAYES',
Jewelers, Silversmiths and Art Dealers,
529 Smithfield st. New Building.
Open every evening. TTS

Mr. McGinty's Wife.

Whatever may have been Mr. McGinty's misfortunes while attempting to win his famous five dollar bet, he was happy and contented with his home life. His wife being a sensible woman, used Marvin's Self-Rising Flour, and every morning McGinty reveled in the most delicious buckwheat cakes made from it. Marvin's Self-Rising Pancake and Buckwheat Flours are for sale by all grocers. D

CASEY'S "Excelsior" rye is their special brand. It is very favorably known in this community, and we advertise only to give outsiders a chance to become acquainted with this fine old brand of straight and pure Monongahela rye. For sale at T. D. Casey & Co.'s, 971 Liberty st. FS

SEAL PLUSH SACQUES.

The People's Store, Fifth Avenue.

Present your wife with a good seal plush sacque. We have all sizes, and the best styles and values. Prices for good ones, $20, $25, $30, $35, $40, $45.

CAMPBELL & DICK.

A Diamond or a Piece of Jewelry

Makes the most appropriate and acceptable gift for Christmas. Examine our choice new stock. Open every evening.

WATTLES & SHEAFER,
37 Fifth avenue.

For Christmas Morning,
Fine umbrellas. C. A. SMILEY & Co.

WALL PAPERS.

Special Designs.

A larger line of specialties than is offered by any other house in the city.

CRUMBRINE, BANE & BASSETT,
416 Wood st.

For Christmas Morning,
Gents' seal caps. C. A. SMILEY & Co.

Open Evenings.
Holiday goods; cash or credit.
TTS HOPPER BROS. & Co., 307 Wood st.

ALE and porter are the correct drinks for December, January and February. Frauenheim & Vilsack's brews are the favorites with connoisseurs.

For Christmas Morning,
Ladies' seal gloves. C. A. SMILEY & Co.

Charming Creations in Jewelry

For holiday presents. Diamonds, sapphires, rubies, opals, pearls, gold and silver specialties, at Geo. W. Biggs & Co.'s, Smithfield street, corner Sixth avenue.

For Christmas Morning,
Ladies' seal satchels. C. A SMILEY & Co.

For Christmas Morning.
Don't get left, but go now to C. A. Smiley & Co., 28 Fifth avenue, and make selection from their fine assortment of useful presents.

☞BILLY EDWARDS in to-morrow's DISPATCH discusses the prospects of a colored champion.

ANOTHER NEW ROAD.

The Suburban Electric Railway Will Extend to the City.

SEVERAL ROUTES ARE AVAILABLE.

Possibility of an Arrangement With the New Incline Company.

ACTIVE NEGOTIATIONS NOW PENDING

The Southside hill district and the city are to be connected by still another rapid transit line. The new competitor for patronage will be the Suburban Rapid Transit Railway, and will run from Carey postoffice to the city, either via the new Pittsburg incline or by two other routes. When the Pittsburg, Knoxville and St. Clair Electric Railway, which starts at South Thirteenth street, ceased operations some months ago the Suburban line also had to lay off its cars, as both used the same power house. The latter line started at the edge of Knoxville, and was really a continuation of the Pittsburg, Knoxville and St. Clair Railway out to Carey P. O., two and three-fourths miles from the city line. They are distinct corporations, but as long as the Thirteenth street line was running they amalgamated their interests. The Suburban line has now grown tired of waiting for the other line to start up and proposes to come to the lower Southside itself, and not only that but to the city across the river.

BOUND TO COME IN, SOME WAY.

The above information and that to follow was given to THE DISPATCH by Mr. T. A. Noble, secretary of the Suburban Rapid Transit Company, and may be considered authoritative. Mr. Noble said that his company was bound to enter the city by some route, and negotiations were now pending on several directions. These negotiations will not be finished doubtless for some little time yet so that it is impossible to positively state which route they will take, but it is a sure thing that they will come to the city by one of them.

Their first and pet plan is to enter into an agreement with the Pittsburg Incline Company by which the Suburban line will furnish the facilities planned, for the street car company now hold franchises on all of the available streets in Knoxville, and was to have been built to run in conjunction with the incline plane. The Suburban line have purchased two lots at the foot of Amanda street, Knoxville, and in the spring intend putting up a large power house. If arrangements are completed with the incline people, they will then extend their track over the most accessible way to the head of the incline. The cars will then be taken down the incline and again restarted.

THE ROUTE OUTLINED.

The route from the foot of the incline will be via Bradford street to Eleventh street, thence to Muriel street and the Tenth street bridge. After crossing the bridge the cars will take the Second avenue line to the city. The cars will be propelled by the Daft motor, now being used by the company, and it is expected that very fast time can be made between the city and the foot of the incline. Passengers will be carried from Carey postoffice, the present terminus of the line, direct to the city for one fare of five cents.

The above is the plan mapped out, but as yet the negotiations either with the incline company or the Second avenue line have not been fully consummated. The managers of the incline company at this end are ready to enter into such an agreement, but the Philadelphia men, Messrs. E. H. Matthews and Rawle have yet to be seen in order to complete the negotiations. The machine company's sole idea in building the plane was to get an entrance into Knoxville and an outlet for its citizens to the city. They have no franchise to extend their tracks beyond Knoxville, and the Suburban line has. The latter line would furnish the accommodations sought for to the Knoxville citizens, and thus by an amalgamation of the two companies' interests both would gain their ends.

Mr. Noble said that the bridge company would take them over easily enough if they arranged to pay the toll, as this is what the bridge was built for. No difficulty is anticipated in making satisfactory arrangements with the Second avenue line, as the two would in no way be competitive.

Mr. Grimes, of the incline company, when seen by a DISPATCH reporter some time ago, said that the company did not care whether they built a street car line themselves, or entered into an agreement with a company to do so. He said that an arrangement would probably be made with a company to operate the street car line. At that time many thought that the Birmingham line would be the one, but it seems not.

ANOTHER ROUTE AVAILABLE.

Should any of the negotiations fail over the route named, the Suburban lines have still another way to reach the city. In 1886 they received a charter to build a track from the hilltop down the Birmingham and Brownsville turnpike, thence to Eighteenth street, to Mary street, to Seventeenth street, to Muriel street and the Tenth street bridge. The grade on the route is only about 3 degrees, and the line down the hill would be about one mile long. The worst grade is only 5 feet in 100 rise. Mr. Noble said that car No. 1, now owned by the company, had gone up a grade of over 8 feet to 100 rise with 107 passengers at 12 miles an hour, so he thought it not difficult to climb the turnpike.

There is still another resource left the company, and that is the Twenty-second street incline. Judge Mellon, the heaviest stockholder, said that the incline company would be pleased to enter into an agreement with the electric road, if they would come that way. The incline would not have to be remodeled to take the cars down, and it would in no way interfere with the other traffic. The electric line has a capital of $120,000. Mr. John Phillips, of Oliver & Phillips, is President; Mr. T. A. Noble, the attorney, Secretary. The other members of the company are Messrs. Robert P. Cunningham, William T. Cowen, William C. Noble.

THE MONETARY OUTLOOK.

The new line would have a big field to draw from and could hardly fail to be a success financially. Lower St. Clair township is building up fast and contains some valuable building sites that would become accessible when the line was completed. The stockholders in the company own a good deal of the land and hope to thus bring it into the market. Eventually the line will be extended to Whitehall. The traffic from Knoxville and the surrounding territory would augment the receipts to a good basis.

The negotiations now pending in regard to the Pittsburg Incline route are expected to assume definite form inside of two weeks or so. The facts thus far are given without coloring.

In regard to the revenues of the Pittsburg Incline, Mr. Noble said that one day last summer he had the tollkeeper on the Brownsville turnpike count the number of vehicles that passed the tollhouse. There were just 600 of them, and it was not an exceptional day for teaming.

ENGRAVINGS for all illustrative purposes. General printing.
PITTSBURG PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO.,
TTSSu 75, 77, 79 Diamond st.

☞HOW ETCHINGS ARE MADE is told by Brenan in an illustrated article in to-morrow's DISPATCH.

CHARMING MME. AUVERGNE.

GOODWOOD street, in the village of St. Leger, is a transverse street connecting two parallel avenues. The village itself is a suburban one, about an hour's ride by railway from the metropolis, and a favorite residence for merchants, clerks and other business men of small means whose occupation requires their daily attendance in the city. The houses on Goodwood street are all alike and stand back some distance from the street, the space in front being pleasantly arranged in miniature gardens, divided from each other, and from the street by neat fences. The houses are all brick, three stories in height, with piazzas, also of three stories, covering their entire front. These piazzas are also divided, on each story, by close board partitions, and are provided on

the upper floors with railings, breast high, of green lattice, as a precaution against accidents. Access to the gardens is had from the street by lattice gates, from which gravel walks conduct to the front doors of the dwellings.

On the 13th of December, 1873, painters were at work upon the piazzas of the third house from the corner of the southerly avenue on the west side of the street. This

house had been for sometime unoccupied, but had recently received a tenant in the person of a gentleman of about 40 years of age, who, with his family, consisting of a young wife, an infant son and a servant, had taken possession of the dwelling in November. The number of the house was 5. The name on the door was John Davis. So short a time had this family resided in Goodwood street that the usually neighborly intercourse had not yet been established with it, and little was known in St. Leger of John Davis except that he went to the city very early every morning and returned to his home considerably after dark on every day in the week except Sunday. Rumor described him as a banker's clerk, but of this the neighbors had no positive information.

The 13th day of December was a cloudy day, and on the 14th a snowstorm set in, which continued throughout the day. At 11 o'clock the evening of the 14th two men got off the last down train at St. Leger station. One of these men was John Davis, the other was Henry Austin, a young bachelor who boarded at No. 2 Goodwood street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Davis. The men had apparently made each other's acquaintance on the train. As they turned in the direction of Goodwood street, one of them, looking up, remarked that the storm had evidently ceased, as the stars were shining out.

"We are the first to break a track," said Austin, pointing up the road which lay before them, white and spotless in the starlight.

"This is bad for my newly-painted piazzas," replied the other. "I doubt if they had time to dry. But it's just my luck."

"You are not so fortunate as Mme. Auvergne. She painted her house entire a week ago. Perhaps she is a better weather prophet than you."

"Who is Mme. Auvergne?" asked Davis.

"Almost your next-door neighbor. She has recently hired No. 9 for the winter. Is it possible you have not seen her? She is the handsomest woman ever seen in Goodwood street," said Austin, enthusiastically.

"You must pardon me," said Davis. "I

am away from home so much that I know very little of my neighbors."

"And I know little of the madam," replied Austin, "except what I have observed from my own window, nearly opposite hers. She is a very beautiful woman—French, I believe—and is to open No. 9 as a school for young ladies. So," continued the young man, again giving vent to his enthusiasm, "we may have Goodwood street bright this winter with pretty faces. By Jove! there's a light in her window now, and it's the only light on the street, too. Your folks and mine have evidently gone to bed."

John Davis looked up at the upper windows of No. 9 as they passed. A light was burning in the chamber on the second story, and the top of the woman's head could be seen, whose owner was apparently writing or reading at a table.

The men parted at the gate of Austin's house and Davis waded across the street, through the deep snow, to his own.

When Austin reached his own room he went directly to the window and peered out into the street before lighting his lamp. Mme. Auvergne's shades being raised, a tolerably good view of her apartments could be obtained, and Austin's gaze rested for a moment upon her graceful figure, as she sat with her back to the window, bending over her work, whatever it was, at the table. From this pleasant picture in the lighted room across the way Austin looked down into the street at his friend Davis, who was endeavoring to push away the snow which had accumulated about his gate.

A deep drift had formed on the opposite sidewalk, and had been piled high against the fence along the whole length of the street. John Davis was the first to break its continuous outline, and it was evident that none of the inhabitants of the opposite side of Goodwood street had opened their gates since the snow ceased falling.

Austin watched the shadowy figure of his friend, scarcely discernible in the starlight, until he had succeeded in opening the gate and closed it with a click and walked up the path toward his door. Then the young bachelor drew down his window-shades, after a parting glance at Mme. Auvergne's studious figure, and turned from his window to light his lamp. As he did so a sound like a human cry reached his ears and caused him to halt when half-way across his room. The rattle of the window-shade, as he drew it down, had partly drowned the sound, but to his ears it sounded almost like a cry of murder. He turned again to the window, drew up the shade, threw up the sash quickly and looked out.

The cry was not repeated. No sound disturbed the stillness of the night. The stars were glittering in the clear, cold sky; the spotless snow filled the street and gardens. The only living thing visible to Austin's gaze was the graceful form of Mme. Auvergne, bending over her table in the lighted room across the way.

"It must have been a cat," thought Austin, "or my imagination. It did not disturb my friend opposite, whatever it was."

And with this reflection he closed his window and went to bed.

At the breakfast table next morning strange news awaited him. Goodwood street, from end to end, was in a state of great excitement. Two constables standing at the gate of No. 5 denied access to all comers except to the properly constituted authorities, while the roadway before the house was filled with an eager, noisy crowd; for John Davis had been found at the steps of his residence stiff and cold, with the snow about him dyed crimson with his blood.

There was an inquest after the funeral, at

which all the inhabitants of the village who were able to gain access to the building in which it was held attended. Members of the press from the city were there, and an artist from an illustrated paper, who sketched the house, No. 5 Goodwood street, and drew an imaginary portrait of the murdered man, whom he had never seen. The witnesses examined were four. The first was a village physician, who had examined the body after its discovery. He testified that death had been caused by a blow upon the head with a blunt instrument—possibly a hammer. The skull was beaten in and death must have been instantaneous. He did not see the instrument with which the blow was inflicted. From the position and nature of the fracture, should say that it was impossible for it to have been caused by an accident. Deceased might have been able to utter a cry at the moment of being struck, but should think it hardly probable. Witness described the wound in detail in medical language and was permitted to stand aside.

The second witness was Eliza Fleming, the servant of the Davis family. It was she who first discovered the body about daylight on the morning of the 15th of December. She had opened the front door with the intention of sweeping the snow from the piazza and front steps, and had found the murdered man lying face upward at the foot of the latter. Was at first too much frightened to do anything but scream, but afterward thought her master might not be dead, and so went to him, but found the body quite cold.

The rest of the testimony of this witness excited great interest.

When she opened the door to sweep the

piazza there were no footprints in the snow around the door. This fact she remembered distinctly, as she glanced along the length of the piazza before seeing the body. There was no disturbance of the snow at the foot of the steps, except such as was evidently caused by her master's fall. Witness was the first to go out on the street and give the alarm. In doing so, she was compelled to step in the footprints made by her master, as the snow was quite deep. She was positive that there were no footprints in the front yard except those made by Mr. Davis. There was no place around the front door where a person would be concealed from the view of any one coming up the gravel walk.

The next witness was Mrs. Amelia Davis, widow of the deceased. Mr. Davis was teller in a bank, which she named, in the city. When his body was found, his gold watch, his pocketbook, gold pencil and seal ring were discovered in their proper places. Witness knew of no enemy to her husband. He was an inoffensive, good man. Eliza Fleming slept in a back room, adjoining the one occupied by witness, and could only leave it by passing through her mistress' chamber. All the family retired at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 14th of December, and Eliza Fleming did not rise until 5:30 or 6 o'clock next morning. The personal property found on the body of the deceased was in the possession of the Coroner.

At this point a man with a sandy beard, who occupied a seat near the Coroner among the audience, arose and asked permission to ask a question of the witness. Permission being granted, the man with the sandy beard wanted to know what the name "Marie" meant on the inside of the seal ring belonging to the deceased. In reply witness said she did not know. She had never seen the ring except upon her husband's finger, when the name, of course, was concealed. She knew of no person named "Marie." To further questions by the Coroner she said she knew little of her husband's antecedents prior to her marriage. It was a love match, entered into against the wishes of her parents. Witness being then evidently in great

mental distress, was permitted to stand aside, and the man with the sandy beard sat down, apparently satisfied.

The fourth and last witness was Henry Austin. He briefly described his meeting with John Davis on the night of December 14, their walk home together and parting at his own gate. He afterward saw from his window John Davis endeavoring to open his front gate by pushing away the snow which had accumulated against it. There was a deep drift of snow on the sidewalk on the west side of the street. Witness and deceased were the first persons to pass through Goodwood street after the storm ceased. Was sure of that, because he remarked it to Mr. Davis. He had never known Mr. Davis prior to meeting him on the train that evening.

This closed the testimony, and the jury, after a short consultation, delivered a verdict that John Davis came to his death by a blow from a blunt instrument at the hands of some person to the jury unknown. The crowd dispersed, each individual with his own theory as to the tragedy, and Austin walked thoughtfully toward his home. Before he reached the street corner, he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and turning, found himself face to face with the man with the sandy beard.

"I beg your pardon," said this individual. "My name is Mixer. I have just come from that remarkable inquest, and the Coroner is a fool."

Austin looked at him inquiringly.

"I am a city detective," continued Mr. Mixer. "I read of this case in the papers, and came down here merely out of professional curiosity. I want to make some inquiries. You are the last man, with one exception, who saw Davis alive, and you look reasonably intelligent."