THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG. SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1890,

HOW CHICAGO GROWS

Bill Nye Describes the Effect of a Half Century.

WORLD'S FAIR TALK IN 1833.

Touching Experience With the Fashionable Disease.

PLEASURES OF THE GAY HOLIDAYS

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. :



THE city of Chicago has undoubtedly suffered a good deal by reason of the unintentionally light and flippant manner in which her society and literature have been treated by Engene Field during the past five years. Mr. Field has not

done this maliciously, but thoughtlessly, for he has a warm heart, though rather cold feet, it is said. He has at various times touched upon the toibles of a few of the parvenu people of Chicago and conveyed the idea that there were more of them than there really are perhaps. All of this has been done, however, in a pleasant spirit of banter well calculated to awaken mirth and harmless laughter among those who were not referred to and a hollow, ghostly smile on the faces of those who were.

Chicago is in latitude 41° 52′ 20″, longitude 87° 35′ West, with a lake exposure

which is especially noticeable at that season of the year when the small boys do most go in bathing. The site of Chicago was determined by the Chicago river, up the south branch of which, the historian



What a Half Century Has Wrought.

says, the Indian paddled his cance ages sefore Sir George Pullman invented his to awake in some new and undiscover justly celebrated hingeless sleeping car blankets or Philip Armour introduced his juicy side meats and succulent leaf lard into the great seething marts of trade. Here, where once the rank thistle nodded in the wand and the dusky warrior, innocent eyether of the knowledge of gunpowder or Parties of the knowledge of gunpowder or the know eyether of the knowledge of gunpowder or house went away 22 ahead. The boy who Persian powder, warred with the turbulent said he delivered the papers to me every Sloux or the more peac ful Chippews, now a mighty metropolis, laying hold upon the entire national system of railway traffic, sits

Then a boy, who said he held my horse a mighty metropolis, laying hold upon the entire national system of railway traffic, sits good reading notices in the press, prepared Dudley Warner, of Hartford, Conn., and published by our esteemed cotemporary, civilization is printed at the west end of the

SUNRISE FROM MICHIGAN AVENUE. Although the location of Chicago is to all appearance on a low, flat piece of land, it is as a matter of fact a sort of watershed none the less and the dividing line between the great valley of th: St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. This makes it healthful, and fills the air with vigor, for the city is fully 18 feet above the level of the lake Climb ing this height by easy stages, one is enabled to look down upon the lake which lies at his feet, an a sunrise viewed from the crest of Michigan avenue is well worth getting up to witness, even though one has been up until quite late the evening before.

Marquette, the Jesuit missionary, in 1673, was the first white man to set foot on the site where since so many eminent and extensive feet have been set. He was on his way to catch a Milwaukee train and got bridged there. Subsequently he, La Salle, Joliet and Hennepin passed down from the lake via the south branch of the Chicago river to

In 1804 the Government built Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the river, and later on some Indians, whose stock of Caucasian pelts was running quite low, killed the garrison and sent in their report.

August 10, 1833, Chicago decided to be

come incorporated, as 28 people had arrived there since the massacre of 1812, and, after incorporating, the entire population decided to hold the World's Fair at that point in 1892. Chicago was then getting one mail per week via Niles, Mich. Now Niles is glad to get the most of her mail from

hicago. The first newspaper was issued by John Calboun November 26, 1833. This was rapidiy followed by another copy of the same, which appeared December 3. Some of the old subscribers and advertisers are still alive and point to themselves with pride.

PAY OF THE CITY'S LAWYERS. It was about this time that \$5 was paid, or were paid rather, perhaps as a lawyer's bill by the new city. Since that prices have advanced, however, and now Chicago pays more than that to lawyers every week. Hon. D. Caton was paid for legal services for 1833-4 \$75. This sum, together with what he got for his muskrat skins, kept him in good style. It was about this time that a large black bear was killed in front of the

Board of Trade building and William Bross saw a large gray wolf run by his house or Michigan avenue.

Within half a century how all this has changed. The little paper which then briefly announced the death by massacre of its choicest subscriber or joytully referred to the arrival of the mail from Niles for the the arrival of the man from Miles for the current week has given place to mammoth and handsome journals representing every party and every industry. Where old Chief Polkadott, dressed like a dish of salad, viz., with oil, addressed the multitude, now such men as James Russell Lowell speak briefly on some occult subject like Shakespeare and then regret afterward that they did not speak on the subject they agreed to speak on.
Where once Looloo, daughter of the
Chintz-bug-that-cleans-out-the-cornfield, was
wont to deck herself out in the coonskin
shoulder cape and burlap leggins of a crude civilization, now beauty in Parisian gowns and the rich gear of Mr. Worth, dazzles the

eye of the savant and proves that half a century in the history of a typical Ameri-can city means a good deal.

CONTENTED WITH HER LOT. Chicago does not pity herself. She does not eel sorry ier herself. She accepts her humble lot, pays the park tax on it and goes on about her business. She has been burned out once and, like Boston, made a space," as the Havana cigar observed to highli by it. So the kerosene lamp of Mra.

She has tried various kinds of pavement with sorrow and loss and discouragement, but now she is on the right track. You can ride about Chicago new for a day at a time without jolting your soul into the soles of your boots, and you will see some handsome houses and magnificent public and commer-cial buildings, too. I would like to see one American city, however, start off with the idea that a handsome building, private or public, needs lots of ground to give it a proper setting. Ground gets so valuable, however, that a beautiful building nearly always in our country where land is plenty, on the start, finds itself surrounded by bak-



eries, rum holes and livery stables. I am only surprised that the Capitol at Washing-ton isn't engulfed in candy, confectionery, undertaking, embalming and ice cream, instead of facing a thousand cheap boarding houses, with the city and the treasury at its

NYE HAS HAD THE GRIP.

The grippe is getting to be an old theme, and so I will touch lightly on it here. I'm just convalescing, and if it will let me alone Just convitescing, and if it will let me alone will let it alone. Avoid it, gentle reader, if you can. Do not laugh at it or treat it lightly. Fight shy of it, pass by it and light out. I was the picture of health when it came along and touched me gently on the larynr. Now I am pale and sad. The which I will conduct my reader, was my high conduct my reader, was my doctors did not know exactly how to deal with it at first. They had to look about a little and see for themselves. I could not eat anything for several weeks. It was not for the same reason that I did not eat when I was publishing a paper in Wyoming, however. This time I had the opportunity without the desire. Then I had the desire

without the opportunity.

This symptom was followed by fever, hay fever, cough, heaves, dimness of sight, less of sleep and hair, pains in the joints, back and chest. Everything that was discouraging. Then I began to hear about people who committed suicide because they had the grip. Friends came in and said I looked the delighted and overjoyed rats. I imagined that I was going to die of heart failure or soitening of the brain. I thought I could hear my brain softening. When I turned over I thought I could hear it slosh up against the rafters of my head.

PLEASURES OF NEW YEAR'S.

Finally I lost consciousness and expected country. When I did awake it was 1890. The boy who brings my telegrams wished

calmly at the foot of a great chain of lakes last year while I went into the postoffice, and calls attention to herself by means of | wished me a happy New Year; I bought him off. A poor woman, who said she had a lame boy who mowed my lawn two years ago, wished me a happy New Year, and got a pair of checkered trousers, almost as good Mr. Harper, whose nest little journal of as new. An old miner, whom I had grub staked on Douglas creek six years ago, steadied himself by the door and wished me a happy New Year; said he had seen by the papers that my income was so much greater than Vanderbilt's that Van had gone away ashamed of himself. I broke into one of the children's banks and gave him the money they had saved to buy a donkey.

Then I went back to bed again. Everybody wishes me a happy New Year-at so much per wish. WHINING HOLIDAY REGGARS.

But I do not murmur or repine. The year 1889 has been good to me, and cheerfully I pay my assessment, only glad that with its other victims the grip did not, as it wanted to, gather me in. I hope, however, that as America grows older, she will not, as other older countries have, an army of whining holiday beggars, so that, instead of days of rejoicing, the holidays will take away on appetites and bring out the accumulated cripples of 500 years.

The holidays in Paris are the most sad

and sickening of the year, for then all the sad and sore eyed multitude are turned loose on the streets, and the man who works and perspires and bathes is the only one esn't make anything out of it or feel like eating when dinner comes. I hope that cheap rates across the Atlantic and ill advised generosity on this side will not build up this Coyote industry in the land of freedom.

A MAN WITHOUT A MISSION.

Why it is Upprofitable to Set Yourself Up as a Critic. Atlanta Constitution.]

When a young man finds that he is developing critical faculty, let him pause. The critic never does anything great and useful. He sits back and picks flaws in the work of others. He sees spots on the sun. No work of genius altogether pleases him. It worries him to see how short men fall of his

So he goes along, grumbling and denounce ing, without being able to do anything half as good as the work he is all the time finding fault with.

Twas Ever Thus.



McGinty, or whatever her name may have been, was the beacon light to show the city in which direction beauty and prosperity

Effect of the Narcotic Upon an Adventurous American.

A NIGHT AT A CLUB IN CAIRO. Victims Say the Extract is Necessary in

Oriental Climate.

DEATH SPEEDILY, BUT BEAUTIFULLY

IWEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The American or European tourist traveling in the Orient is rarely absolutely his own master, but is held to a degree in restraint and kept under the jurisdiction of the hotel at which he stops. Although he sees and learns to know a good and motley deal of Oriental life in Cairo, he rarely, un-less some lucky chance comes to his deliverance, gets beyond the boundary which is circumscribed by the hotel-keeper's influence. To tread the paths which diverge from the beaten tracks of tourists is generally connected with some hazards, and your "to take in the town" by yourself, but has either a guide or a dragoman accompany you on your experience or adventure-seeking expedition. But one who has come to an anchor in Cairo sees and learns to know and experiences many things on which books of travel preserve mysterious silence. The roads to such experiences lead through narrow, dark, winding and complicated alleys, away from the populated boulevards and beautiful promenades. These dingy, arch-covered streets present mostly a dead and deserted aspect, but it is here where mystery and vice have their abode, where all kinds of horrible dens abound in which merry grim death holds riotous revelry, casts the alluring dice with his victims and ex-ults is ultimate triumphs. It is into such a place we will let our gentle reader take a peep-a place of genuine Oriental amuse-

which I will conduct my reader, was my kind guide and companion. It was toward the decline of day on a pleasant, balmy afternoon in the October month.

"I am taking you," said my companion,
"to our own private place, which a number
of Christians—that is, Englishmen, Americaus, Freuchmen, Germans, one Greek and one Italian-have rented in common; so you see we are quite among ourselves." "And has it become absolutely requisite to your physical nature to indulge in this dangerous narcotic?" I asked looking up at my tall, lank, sallow-faced conferre.

BLAMES THE CLIMATE.

"One needs this stimulus bere-something grip. Friends came in and said I looked kind of flighty and desperate. My wife hid my revolver and gave the Tough on Rats to argy," he replied, waxing ostensibly enthusiastic with the progress of his discourse. "The general languor and enerva-tion which this climate produces lie like a heavy burden upon one at times. The European stimulants, such as wines and beer, are practically impossible. So what are you going to do? You simply partake now and then of a little hashessh, and feel for a few bours like a god in the Olympus, as mighty as a hurricane, as strong as a

A lurid sparkle momentarily lighted up the glassy, strangely staring eyes of my companion, while his asthmatic voice changed strikingly in tone and volume with the latter words of his speech.

By this time we had reached our destination. We were facing a narrow, towering structure of massive hewn atone, gray stained and here and there moss-covered by age. A few small windows, or rather pigeon holes grated with rusty iron bars, relieved the naked but imposing simplicity of its front. My escort raised the heavy wrought fron knocker on the door and pounded it twice on its timeworn block.

After a few moments a little peephole in the door was opened from the inside, and the swarthy face of an Arnaut loomed up from out the inner darkness. Then the ponderous door, studded with numerous abbreviated spikes, was pulled open. Next we groped our way through the sepulchrai gloom up a long, steep flight of stone stairs, and then entered a large, dismal, scantily furnished room, into which fell a meager light through a couple of narrow, latticed

The sun was now setting and flooded the surrounding roofs with a beautiful, rosy glow. The reflection therefrom imparted also a warm, reddish tone to this cheerful apartment.

We apparently came somewhat late, as the company, consisting of young and mid-dle-aged men, had evidently been assembled for some time, they all being already under the influence of the Indian hemp extract. Some of them were sitting at a large round table, one standing on top of it, others were ambling about the room making all sorts of strange maneuvers, and still others were dancing, if we may dignity their antics by that word. Every one was murmuring in a semi-loud but indistinct tone to himself; they all swayed to and fro, now inclining them forward, now backward, and then bending them in a stiff, udicrous manner toward the ceiling. Also the hands and feet of most of them were in constant motion, but with a peculiarly quick, abrupt movement, only suggestively, as it were. Nobody appeared to see or be conscious of anyone else; everybody seemed occupied solely with himself and his "ideas."

THE FIRST EXPERIENCE.

Upon first sight the motionless, stained features and ghastly look of these fellows made me shudder with horror and repugnance. As I had not only come to see, but also to experience the strange powers of basheesh, I conquered my adverse feelings and prepared to taste the wondrous, fantas ms this deadly narcotic effects. We received no attention whatever from any-body except the Arnaut attendant, who moved a couple of large chairs to the table, and then placed before each of us a small basket containing some almond-shaped confection of a light greenish hue, within which the mysterious, magic agent was secreted— a mere extract of the harmless and innocent

looking hemp.
Seeing my companion convey a piece of this sugar eagerly to his mouth, I was en-couraged to do likewise. It was an aromatic, somewhat bitter-tasting pastile, dissolving quickly like soft peppermint on the tongue, and leaving likewise a slight burning sensation, which, however, passed away after a few puffs from a cigarette. Suddenly the smoking cigarette fall out of my lice. the smoking cigarette fell out of my lips. I | cle, there occurs what is termed the "laudfelt myself impelled to talk—to reveal myself to my neighbor—tell him that I was no longer a common, groveling human being, who had to wander through life on this hard earth with wretchedly slow legs but that I could fly—soar like the eagle through the various families arrive, which is in the ethereal space. "So you see, this is the way "merry month of May." The seal army of I do it," I remember ejaculating. The most occupation fairly ashore there ensue ineffable, exhilarating sensations thrilled my inmost seif. I felt myself liberated of dicates that there is a good deal of human my inmost self. I felt myself liberated of all earthly trammels—unburdened of all carnal weight—free to range infinity's vast or less extent, in every living creature befields. Some strange, quickening power pulsated through my every vein. My whole being seemed etherized. Encir- males, which are the first of the breeding pulsated through my every vein. My whole being seemed etherized. Encircled with the fragrance of Paradise, I was borne aloft on buoyant pinions through immeasurable space. On and on I was waited unto an elvsium of bliss and loveliness. There was neither beginning nor end to my serial flight. All was boundless as eternity. I inclined my head backward and imbibed in torrents the balmy, regenerating air, and the glorious, roseate light which was shed around me. All these momentary sensations I romember imparts. momentary sensations I remember impart. year to rean

his soaring ascension into celestial soli-

THE AFTER EFFECTS.

But my spiritual trance was now nearing its end. Consciousness was gradually re-turning to me. I experienced a peculiar turning to me. I experienced a peculiar rushing sensation in my ears. My mouth ielt very dry and parched. Before my eyes rose big dark blotches. The beautiful, rosy glow is fast fading away, and in place of it arises a gravish fog, through which I dimly see some of the people in the room. Slightly startled, I come quite to and find myself leaning far backward in an armchair. My friend is standing near me with his back toward the table gesticulating and apparently endeavoring to push his chair away from him.

The evening glow at the window has not quite disapeared yet, I look at my watch and am astounded—the gigantic sir voyage has lasted only 12 minutes, I turn to my friend with the question, whether we are not going to depart pretty soon—but no answer. His eyes are directed to me, his mouth speaks to me, but I cannot understand any of his words, nor does he understand me. A glance at his basket shows me that he must have consumed nearly a third of its contents—a prodigious quantity according to my novice ideas.

"When will he come to his senses again?" host therefore rarely or never permits you I cogitated, anxiously. Espying the Arnaut in the dimness quietly engaged in smoking a Turkish waterpipe, I beckoned

> "When does that English gentleman, with whom I came here, usually go home?" "When?" repeated the awarthy Mohammedan, looking at me in surprise. "To-morrow," he answered abruptly. "What," I exclaimed, excitedly, "these gentlemen remain here in this condition till

"In this condition only about two more hours. At 8 o'clock I take them to sleep. hours. At 8 o'clock I take them to sleep.
About an hour from now I prepare coffee—"
"But where do you sleep? I see no place
to lie down upon?" I interpolated curiously.
"In the other room," answered the attendant, sauntering toward a small sheet of
drapery which hung over a narrow opening
near one of the corners of the room. I got up to follow him, but tell immediately back into my chair—the upper part of my body proved much too heavy for my legs; I met the same result upon a second energetic

DIDN'T TAKE ENOUGH.

Then I cast an appealing look upon my companion, but no recognition. He was still in the same position, still struggling with his chair, and still murmuring softly and indistinctly with his lips. In my little despair I was about to shake him by the arm, when Arnaut jumped toward me like a flash, grasped my arm, and cautioned me not to disturb anybody, saying that that was strictly prohibited. "You should have eaten more hasheesh, sir," he pursued, genially; "I fear you will get sick. Three pieces is the least that is taken; your friend takes about ten, or even more."

I resigned myself bravely to my fate, watched the attendant illumine the room by means of a few primitive stearine lamps which were held by a quaint, four-armed wooden chandelier, and patiently awaited the total disappearance of the effects of the narcotic ucon me. It gradually became more and more quiet in the room. Not even the drawing of breath could be heard. A death-like silence was finally reigning.

The odor of strong coffee was beginning to pervade the heavy, unbearably oppressive atmosphere of the room. It seemed as it this smell was an awakening signal for these awe-inspiring dreamers. For now the one or the other stirred himself. The sound of respiration could be heard again. A cough, a sigh, a long-drawn breath and other similar sounds dissipated the prior stillness. The dancers now got up from the floor and staggered, feeling their way along the wall, into the other room. These sitting at the table tried to follow, but sank onto

their knees after a few paces.

At this juncture the Arnaut came inadorned like a cook, with a white apron and a cap-seized one after the other by the arm and led them into the adjoining apartment, in which broad divans, with a little table placed before each of them, were arranged along the walls. Hereupon he brought in the coffee served in little shells, after the Turkish fashion, and presented to each of us the thick, dusky fluid. Soon one after the other reclined his head upon the cushons, and it was not long before sleep reigned supreme. For my part, I howled with the wolves, as the proverb goes. The coffee soothed and refreshed me, and soon made me drowsy.

DISCUSSING THE NIGHTS.

Early in the next morning everybody was awake. My legs had regained their former strength, and excepting a slight nausea I did not notice any of the usual after effects of such narcotism—no dryness in the throat, no burning in the eyes, and no dullness of the head.

"Well," interrogated my friend, as soon as we had emerged into the retreshing, balmy morning air, "how did you en-

"I wouldn't want to take hasheesh a second time."
"Why, didn't you have pleasant dreams?" he asked, surprised.
"Pleasant? Why, wonderful, unspeakably grand for a few minutes, but then the

awakening, and—"
"Oh, well, you didn't eat enough," he interrupted. "That tall, fat gentleman you saw is an architect from Germany employed by the Khedive. The indulgence of hashees! is almost a matter of business and profit He builds the most gorgeous to him. palaces in his dreams, and his mind is therefore left crowded with thousands of ideas for new plans and decorations, which he frequently brings to practical use. Thus everybody has his own peculiar visions, and his ideals are for the time being more than fulfilled for him. Could there be anything more beautiful and wonderful?" Hasheesh-confect is made and sold by nearly all American confectioners. But a demon lurks within the sugar. Once tasted, it is no easy matter to vanquish the subsequent desire for it. Upon the most it has he same effect that the first taste of human blood has upon a tiger. But in course of time the quantity has to be increased in order to produce the desired effect, and the eventual consequence is death. A French physician practicing in Cairo put it very truly into the following laconic phrase: "Opium kills slowly, hasheesh speedily and beautifully." G. GUDE.

HOW SEALS KEEP HOUSE. Homes Prepared by Males, Occupied Yearly by the Same Couples.

Charles O. Stickney in Boston Globe.] "Just as of old the seasons come and go," and just as of old, year after year, as regularly as the globe completes its annual cirwar transpire among the seal family out in ocean depths we may not know, but we do know what takes place after the heads of

ing to my English friend at the time. I felt that I wished him to share my etherial enjoyment. I wished to take him along on Striking Incidents of a Sail From New York to Aspinwall.

VARIETY OF MID-OCEAN CRANKS,

Neptune's Stomach Pump Gets to Work in the Caribbean Sea.

A CHEAP RATE TO SAN FRANCISCO [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.]



Continent-and there are more of them in these days than could be counted in half a century-if coming from the United States. may make his cheice among several routes. If bound for the eastern coast of South America, he would better sail from New York by one of the Brazilian mail steamers to Rio Janeiro; and at the latter port, the chief city of the newest Republic under the sun, embarking in some other floating palace for Montevideo and Buenos Ayres; and

If wishing to visit first the western coast, the best plan is to go via Pacific Mail steamer to Aspinwall, and thence by rail across the Isthmus, connecting at Panama with some English or Chilian vessel for "up south," as they say near the equator. Or, starting from any point by rail, he may travel in a Pullman car, away down through Mexico, to Vera Cruz, and sail from that

thence, if he desires, through the Stratts of

Magellan and up the western side.



The Chair and Rug

fever-haunted old town across the Gulf and into the Caribbean Sea; or from San Fran-cisco by ocean and the aid of the Panama railway, he may as easily reach any part of South America.
On account of the seasons, the rainy time

and the fever periods, if leaving the United States in autumn the very best way is to sail from New York, via the Pacific Mail line, purchasing a ticket to Panama only. By the way, are you aware that one may journey from New York to San Francisco by this same Pacific Mail, down one ocean and up the other, much cheaper and in more com-fortable fashion than by rail? To be sure the wide detour occupies a whole month, but it is 32 days of delight, including the railway ride across the Isthmus and many stops on the Western coasts of Central America and Mexico. And, strange to say, while passengers to Panama pay \$100 for first-class tickets, a journey of nine days from New York, those all the way around to San Francisco pay only \$80—food and all expenses included! Of course the moving cause for this great discrepancy in price is cause for this great discrepancy in price is competition with the railroads, and it could not be kept up, were it not for the freight and mail service, without enormous loss to the company.

THE PARTY ON BOARD. On a bright but chilly November Friday rour correspondent found herself floating slowly away from Pier 45, New York. The



Incessant Love-Making ajority on board are citizens of the United States, bound for 'Frisco. Englishmen come next in numerical strength; then Ger-Washington Post. mans, Hebrews, Frenchmen, Italians and Spanish-Americans, the latter mostly engaged in business on the Isthmus; but not half a dozen, outside our own party, who are

O. Darby, of San Francisco, as, in paying

The midocean granks are abundant—they Bull's Cough Sygup for 25 cents,

always are. There are those who have had remarkable storm experiences; the callow youths, full of salt-sea terms, culled from "Ten Years Before the Mast," or like literature; the big, blonde, side-whiskered Englishmen of leisure, with wide trousers, tweed jackets and little caps perched above the inevitable eyeglass. Though seeming to look with loft contempt upon every nation but that of the "Right little tight little island," these people improve vastly upon tion but that of the "Right little tight little island," these people improve vastly upon acquaintance and generally turn out to be not half such conceited coxcombs as first appearances would indicate. They, together with the French, Italians and Spanish-Americans, male and female, invariably enjoy their bottles of wine at dinner, while the Germans contentedly guzzle their beer; all gaze with astonishment, not unmixed with pity, at the infinitesimal minority of North Americans who indules in water North Americans who indulge in water

SINGING ON THE UPPER DECK. It is noticeable that the majority of smoking room cranks (where the bar is the chief attraction) belong to "the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." At night when the steward's cry of "Eleven o'clock, all lights out," has banished those bacchanalians from the lair of the serpent they repair to the upper deck and make night hideous by lively carols with choruses attached—the Briton usually protesting against the irrepressible American who insists on getting in Uncle Sam's anthem to wind up on, wind up on.

The diary cranks are with us, too mostly maidens still in the salad stage, or well past the age "uncertain"—who sit all day with stubs of pencils in their mouths and soulful gaze fixed out at sea; the coquettish widow who changes her gowns three times a day; the grande dame, probably from some oil, pork-packing, or mining region, laden, even at breakfest time with a gorgeous store of diamonds, evidently not inherited.

The principal rarity of the genus crank to be found in this part of the world is the Spanish-American, with plenty of the warm Spanish-American, with plenty of the warm sun and rich vintage of the South in his veins—dark-eyed, passionate, fickle as the winds and as unstable as the sands, to whom perpetual love making is as essential as the air he breathes. He gazes at the pretty girls with that fixed and ardent stare which in his sun and rich vintage of the South in his value. A single maid servant, in a distant part of the house, theoretically attended upon her young mistress and practically forgot her. The girl took this as a matter of should enjoy it. What fun to frolke—like own country is intended and received merely as a tribute to beauty. Should the embarrassed object of his ogling retire in des-peration to her stateroom she will gain little thereby, for the satellite will follow and prance to and fro before her door for hours together, occasionally pressing his small right hand to the region of his heart and heaving sighs beavy enough to change the course of the ship. To close the door means sufficiation, and the only alternative is to remain totally deaf and blind, or to drape a shawl across the portal and hide behind its

As the weather grows warmer on our southward way, every one of these flirtatious Spanish-Americans provokingly enhances his inscinations by donning a coat of pale yellow silk, the universal neglige of the Panamsian, which sets off wonderfully well his olive skin and brilliant eyes. The Englishmen, too, bloom out in suits of white or creambued flannel, low shoes of white canvas and dainty hose to match their dainty

WHAT TO TAKE ALONG. A few hints as to dress and luggage may be appreciated by those who design coming this way. First, bring just as little as pos-sible and having reduced your fancied needs to a minimum, go over the list again and to a minimum, go over the list again and prune out another third. Prepare to wear under finnels all the time in whatever latitude. Remember, too, that throughout all Spanish-America women are no more expected to enter a church with hats on their Spanish-America women are no more ex-pected to enter a church with hats on their heads than men are; and to spare yourself the mortification of being obliged to take off never met. She had been a beautiful girl, to her beside it. your bonnet at the door, or of being scowled at upon all sides, if not actually ordered out, bring a scarf or mantilla of black lace. A friend of mine in South America, not having a mentilla at hand, ripped the lace flounce off an old black dress, cut it into square, and thus made herself as piously resentable as any Peruana.

The first 1,078 miles our course lies almost

due south, along the seventy-fourth parallel. About 335 miles from New York we find ourselves abreast Cape Hatteras, where the usual rough seas remind one of the sailor's tradition, "If the Bermudas let you pass, you must beware of Hatteras." A sudden warming of the atmosphere announces unmistakably when the Gulf Stream is entered -that mysterious current upon whose cours Precisely 998 miles from the Goddess of Liberty and her uplifted torch, lies San Sal-

vador, the little island where Columbus made his first landing in the New World. THE TEST OF THE STOMACH. None need to be told when the Caribbean Sea is entered, for the fact is at once emphatically attested by the boisterous waves. The faces of our neighbors grow pale and paler, then blue, then ghastly gray; the nautical crank, the flirtations Spaniard, the patriotic Englishman and American who had been warding off this same emergency by imbibing no end of champagne, even those who had oftenest asserted they were "never, never sick at sea," stood not upon the order of going, and in less time than it takes to tell it the deck was comparatively deserted. Then that sound that is so familiar to sea-goers, that word which is the same in all languages, and is always given with a rising inflection of more or less intensity (pronounced u-r-r-a-o-o-p), is heard on every hand. When dinner is on, racks having been put on the tables to pre-vent the dishes flying across the cabin, the a-r-c-o-o-ps are loudest, as if the organs of smell were somehow in collusion with Neptune's stomach-pump—causing all the com-ponent parts of the ship's generous menu for a week past to rise in review before the

stricken sufferer, as the sins of a dying man are said to do. But it is surprising how the first glimpse of land acts as a curative. The moment Manzacillo Island heaves into view, the most helpless and hopeless of an hour be-fore begin to bestir themselves, and presently appear on deck. And here we are at last, bumping against the dock at Aspin-FANNIE B. WARD.

THE KEYSTONE CAPON, OF COURSE. It Furnishes the Very Refinement of Anl mal Food for a Ronat. John Chamberlin in Boston Herald, 1

There is nothing that furnishes a mor delicate roast than a capon. Its flesh is the refinement of animal food. Not until next month can we find it at its best. While it is practically obtainable nearly all the year around, yet it is only in a state of perfection from Febuary until May. A perfect fowl is a broad, fuli-breasted bird, and the best those come from Bucks county, Pa.
Why that locality favors their develop nent more than elsewhere I cannot tell, any nore than I can explain why the tenderest and best flavored turkeys come from Rhode Island. The caponized chickens which come from Bucks county are short and full, and possessed of a surprising proportion of

PAPER DOLLARS HNKNOWN Silver and Not Greenbacks the Small Currency of California.

"We don't see a dollar bill once in a thou his bill at V'illard yesterday, he took from the clerk in charge a little bundle of \$1 greenbacks. "It is not that we are poor," Captain Darby went on, "but our unit of circulation is the silver dollar. Positively, a paper dollar would be a curio, while here in the past ten days I have seen nothing but the filmsy. I do not understand your ex-

"WHY so discontent" when we have Dr.



CHAPTER III.

MALACHI'S INVALID DAUGHTER. The day on which our story opened was a peaceful one in the house of Malachi the quietly. How pleasant it was!

Pharisee. Of all days alast one could not But Baruch was born blind. Pharisee. Of all days, alast one could not say that in the house of Malachi. He was an imperious fellow; Hagaar, his wife, was a loud shrew; their only child was an invalid girl. Given these mater ails, the na-

ture of that house need not be described. After her father and mother had left her for the trip to Jerusalem, the sick girl sank back upon her pillows with a sigh of relief. Solitude was a luxury in her lot, such as only the badgered sick can know how to course and reduced her wants to her circumstances with the patient grace of the frequently neglected invalid. It was easier to thirst for water out of reach, or pant for the motion of the great fan that hung idly in the sultry room over the head of her couch, than to stop her ears from her mother's shrill voice, or shrink from her father's severity. Malachi had never forgiven his only child for being a girl. A sick one at looked at his strong and patient face; she that—was he not an unfortunate man? Ariella thought him so, and meekly re-

her misfortune many a young Jew thought so-Lazarus, her neighbor, among them. But affliction had shut her quite away from other young people for now so many years that she was well forgotten. It is not impossible that between herself and Lazarus there might once have existed one of those vague, immature attractions which youth and maiden scarcely recognize enough to call them passions, yet which lend a certain tender reverence to their impressions of each other in womanhood and manhood. to salute her as he passed. Otherwise they supreme affliction? Her own seemed small merry and mimic and bewitching. She had faded out of the sensibility of Lazarus, as stuff when left forgotten in the sun and dew, Might she have been the ruling power of his heart? She had become only one of his humane regrets. Yet nearer than Ariella no woman had ever come to the life of this pure and meditative Jew.

Ariella experienced the peculiar fate of

the sick; to taste of death before one's time, yet to possess the passions of life; to lie like the wounded soldier

"Unable or to more, or die-" friends; to receive from them the regretful tribute that we give to the buried, yet to throb with the hopes, longings, ambitions, all the eager unsatisfied powers of possible activity—this is the invalid's lot.

Ariella tried to bear it patiently. But she was very young. It went hard sometimes. Her misfortune befell her in this wise: Upon an early summer evening, when Ariella was 16 years of age, she was sent by her mother to the fountain of En Shemesh. a mile from the road to Jericho, for water, thanked him with an unconsciousness which the cistern in the court being dry, the in his turn made him feel abashed before drouth severe. Veiled and protected by the her. His long, thin, sensitive fingers reserve of a modest Jewish maiden, touched the tissue drapery of her couch, Ariella obeyed fearlessly. It was not hesitated, and trembled on the edge of her thought to be a dangerous errand white robe. so near the vicinity of the city; of Jerusalem was less than two miles from Bethany. But Bethany lay upon the high road to Jericho; and beyond the suburban shadow was a wild journey, infested "Deborah," she called, "Deborah!"

with robbers and barbarians.
One of these lawless fellows, venturing too near civilization, overtook the beautiful girl on her return. "To my tribe I'll take thee," he said brutally. Ariella flung the jar from her head and fled. Probably the marauder meant less than he said, but murder would not have terrified the maiden the new rabbi will discourse in the synamore. Arms of man had never touched her. and she flew for dearer than life. The ruffian caught her and a terrible struggle followed. Her cries brought Malachi, her father, who had been sent by his wife to conduct her home, puffing to the spot. The fellow was arrested and fined 400 zug for uncovering the face of a woman in public.

But the girl was burt. In her struggle she "I am not sure—" began the blind man;

had received a severe spinal injury.

That was nine years ago. Ariella was now 25 and the despair of the best medical skill of Jerusalem. She had become that most pitiful of human beings-a young invalid "given up."

Arielia was lying quite peacefully on her low couch upon the morning when she was left alone. Neighbors would come in pres-

ently; she liked these neighbors; Rachel, the mother of Baruch, and Baruch himself, the

blind man. They knew what it was to be unfortunate, to be not like other people. They could understand.

Ariella wore a white, thin robe, inwrought with silk embroidery at the edges in a little design of field lilies. She lay within it,

her she brought a disappointment. could not remain. A servant was sick in the house of Rachel and required her presence. "And as for leaving you alone," said Bachel, with motherly decision, "it is not to be thought of. I shall send Baruch with-out me. He shall come to thee—and that out me. He shall come to thee—and toas girl Deborah must remain within hearing.
I'll see to her! Leave it to me. Barach's misfortune and thine own protect thee. For my part I say it is becoming enough—considering Deborah—and I'll answer for the sidering Deborah—and I'll answer for the sidering Deborah—and I'll answer for the sometimes if this man be not more than man like other men." rising and liftisidering Deborah—and I'll answer for the
propriety of it to thy parents and to all
Judea, if need be, too. Thou art not like
others, Ariella. No evil tongue can harm
"But you do

Then it befell-for Ariella raised no objections, seeing none—that Ariella and Baruch passed some hours of that morning in a se-clusion and freedom unusual to Jewish

young people.

They accepted the situation as sedately a two spirits, and the mother of Baruch blessed them and left them contentedly, promising to look in upon them when she

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

[Continued From Last Sunday.] stone pillars; the hot morning grew; the court was peaceful; the house Deborah sang at her work, chanting from the Psalms; Ariella and Baruch chatted

"Thy fate is worse than mine," said Ariella, pitifully. "But I can walk," said Baruch, bravely.

"Thou art a man and strong," urged Ariella, with pretty feminine instinct. This pleased the blind man and he flushed grate-"Yes," he nodded, "Yes, I am quite strong. I lift many a burden for my mother

'She says you are a good son," cooed Ariella.

other girls. But Baruch shook his head. "I might hit thee against one of the pillars or jar thee because I could not see.

are not like others, Ariella. We may not Secretly, Ariella liked this tone of authority; she yielded to it agreeably, as the feather of the wheat yields to the rising wind. Baruch was a manly fellow. She

could watch him quite freely, "You have the advantage of me," said Ariella thought him so, and meekly re-proached herself for her calamity. Ariella How should he know that she observed him? was the sweetest girl in the world. Before She felt sorry; as if she had committed some rudeness.

"You think I take an advantage?" asked Ariella, penitently. "I will not err any

"Have it or take it," replied the blind man heartily. "Use it in either way. I grudge nothing to your advantage saving that it is only I may not exercise against yourself, sweet neighbor. I should use it if I could, I pray you to believe me." "I am not much to look at," parried

Ariella with a little pardonable touch of feminine coquetry; "I am very thin; my face is long and white." Jerusalem. Once in a while he remembered her own. Was this the influence of his

Sometimes she was so sorry for Baruch that she could have wept for him. Sometimes Baruch was so sorry for Ariella that he could have knelt at her white feet and kissed them.

"Deborah!" called Ariella suddenly: "Deborah! Come hither. I desire the fan brought from the inner chamber." Deborah was shouting out an imprecatory Psaim at the top of her lungs. She did not hear.

"I will bring the fan," said Baruch. He rose and went slowly into the chamber of Ariella. With eyes which saw nothing, with a heart which perceived-who shall say to become a ghost in the hearts of one's how much? he felt his way delicately across that sanctuary of purity and suffering. He she slept the light sleep of pain. Groping, he found the large suspended fan, and returned with it quickly to the court. He came out of the chamber with his head bent like a man who could see but would not.

Now this procedure on the part of Baruch was absolutely unconventional—almost un-pardonable to Oriental social ethics. But Baruch was not like other men. Ariella

But Deborah was cooking lentils for the noon meal; quite out of the way. In default of a matron the girl changes the subject. Ariella did this with the quick-wittedness of gogue to-day. I should like to hear him-if

I were like other girls."
"I would bring him hither-I will bring him!" cried Baruch eagerly.
"You speak like a good neighbor and a

and stopped short.
"Of what are you then not sure?" asked Ariella. "That the thing of which you speak is impossible either, dear Ariella." Once in a great while Baruch call his young neighbor desr Ariella. Their afflic between them space for an affection which both were too delicate to mismanage or to

misunderstand. "I know not what you mean," said Ariella's sweet, pathetic voice. "Many physicians have considered my case. My father avows he has paid his last shekel to the tribe of them in my behalf. Jerusalem? I shall never set my foot beyond this courtyard, Baruch, unless I be borne by the hands of others. Sometimes when it is not too much trouble my father white and sweet, a lily herself, living through a long drouth. Her face was exquisitely modeled. It had the delicacy of line which comes from prolonged and protound suffering patiently borne.

But the their through a long drouth as carried me without that I may look abroad. I saw the sun set three times above the heights of Zion last summer. above the heights of Zion last summer.

But when their neighbor Rachel came to ler she brought a disappointment. She ould not remain. A servant was sick in the louse of Rachel and required her presence.

"And as for leaving you alone," said before!" Ariella langhed. She had a lovely

"He of whom we speak healeth many that

"But you do not mean to say," cried Ariella, "that you take that view of this new favorite of the people? You do not be-lieve he is—"

"Say it not," interrupted the blind man,
"say not the word. If it be he that was
written of, verily time will prove. Almighty God will prove. For me, I wait,
But I watch, Arielia, I may confess to thee. Yes, I watch." At this moment Barneh had the senset of

could, and roundly rating Deborah up to her duty as the feminene dea ex machina of the position. Baruch and Deborah and Rachel between them moved the cot of Ariella into the court; Baruch seated himelf beside it leaning against one of the fine that the normal action does not recognize the court of the human passions; but invisible powers, and influences that are arguments; facts so fine that the normal action does not recognized.