SECOND PART

IN QUAINT OLD SPAIN.

E. L. Wakeman's Wanderings Take

Story of His Life,

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25,

have made over the property as soon as ac-quired to the Christian church at large. s) The next morning we set out for Beth-lehem, which is two hours distant from large days of the set o ON SACRED GROUND Talmage Takes Notes in and About

Jerusalem, when the journey is made with-out deviation. Our guide thought it better to show us Solomon's pools than to pursue a direct course to the place of our Lord's Jerusalem and Bethlehem. nativity. Accordingly we visited these wonderful specimens of skillful engineer-HE ENDEAVORS TO BUY CALVARY, ing, which are, even at this day, the admira-tion of the world. Probably no other speci-

men of all the architectural creation re-ferred to in the Old Testament is so well But the Moslem Owners Decline to Part terred to in the Old Testament is so well preserved as these gigantle pools, which the wisest of the Hebrew monarchs built for the purpose of insuring a bountiful supply of water for his gardens. They are now nearly 3,000 years old, and in their majesty still attest in silent eloquence the great resources and consummate skill of the men who built them With the Venerated Real Estate. HOW DAVID'S HANDSOME SON IS HATED

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. SOUTH OF TIBERIAS, December 16 .- Our who built them. On our way to Solomon's Pools we saw

tents are pitched south of Tiberias, midway what is known as the Hill of Evil Counsel, once enjoyed exclusively by royalty and nobility, but now the Mecca to which afflicted Jews and Gentiles from near and afflicted Jews and Gentiles from near and pieces of silver which were the price of our Lord's betrayal. from far, make their way to seek health in their malodorous waters. The baths are sit-

THE CITY OF DAVID.

uated on the banks of the beautitul Lake After returning from the pools we proceeded directly to Bethlehem, the city of David. Unlike the other cities of Pales-Galilee. We are enjoying truly delightful weather. The temperature is about 750 tine, we found that it is inhabited mostly by Christians, with a few Mohammedans and no Hebrews. Its streets are narrow lanes, barely admitting a wagon of average width. We had hardly passed the gates leading into the city when our horses stopped suddenly, The street was blocked by a camei, which, being frightened at the noise made by our wagons, refused to stir an inch. After a good deal of effort he was turned, his head in the opposite direction from where it had been, and then led around the block to make room for us to pass on. While the commotion incident to the revo-lution of the beast was in progress, Dr. Taltine, we found that it is inhabited mostly by Fahrenheit, in the shade; balmy breezes temper the warmth of the sun. Horses and donkeys, some standing, others lying down, are resting comfortably after days of hard toil, and our various attendants are engaged in an apparently interesting conversation in Arabic. Along the beach, natives wearing picturesque costumes, are strolling in ceaseless procession. An occasional caravan of stately camels gives increased variety to the scene. In the saloon tent one of the waiters is setting the table for luncheon, singing or rather groaning in Oriental style, which, lution of the beast was in progress, Dr. Tal-mage and the writer left the vehicle and un-Dr. Talmage says, always reminds him of a dertook to walk by way of change, but the slush and filth of the streets were so great as Less than a quarter of a mile away and to compel us to return to our canvas covered barouche. Thanks in great part to the demhard by the ancient wall of Tiberias, a num-

onstrativeness of our driver, who was a Turk evidently in the habit of making his way in ber of Russian pilgrims of both sexes are bathing in Lake Galilee. A hundred or so the world, we managed to pass through the throngs of people crowding the street, and renched the Church of the Nativity. We were received very politely by a monk who undertook to act as our guide. He spoke English fairly well and did his best to explain a strengt and and the men, women and children form a semi-circle of deeply interested spectators about these people, who are clothed only in the garb of Eden. Immediately at the rear of our en-

campment is what is know as the Mount of Beatitudes; and it seems to be pretty well best to explain every nock and corner of the structure. Before taking us downstairs where the manger was in which the Savior saw first the light of day, he handed each of

WHERE CHRIST PREACHED to his disciples and a wondering multitude His Sermon on the Mount. Dr. Talmage is us a lighted candle. He then led the way down to a series of natural grottoes, which present the appearance of a khan or inn such as are still seen in Palestine. At the lying on the beach immediately in front of the encampment, with open Bible before him, making notes in a mammoth memorandum book, while the brilliantly reflected sunlight causes his eyes to water. I write this letter sitting at the door of my tent, which is, by the way, elaborately decorated with exquisite specimens of Egyptian needle-Child.

After he had reverently surveyed the place, Dr. Talmage remarked: "The gate through which our Lord entered this world was a gate of rock—a hard, cold gate—and the gate through which He departed was a wing gate of surveyed to rears." The reader will remember that I ended my last letter with our arrival in Jerusalem through the Jopps Gate. We were made comfortable at our hotel after the hard ride of the day and remained within doors for swing gate of sharpened spears." the rest of the evening. But we arose beimes to begin a comprehensive round of LONG NURSED HATRED.

sightseeing. Though a city of 40,000 inhabitants, When we had returned to an ante-room o the church our guide invited us to partake Jerusalem has not a well within its walls, and the water used is either rain water kept of refreshments. He had prepared for us excellent tea and nice white bread. This was better than any bread we had eaten since from the last rainy season some six months ago, or water carried in skins of animals leaving Cairo, and the honey he served us was deliciously acceptable. As the friendly monk had refused to take compensation for by men or women, donkeys or camels, from wells more or less distant. With thousands of houses Jerusalem hasn't one chimner, his companionship as our guide, Dr. Taland the traveler who, chilled by exposure mage insisted on paying for the refresh-ments we had taken, and availed himself of or the humidity of its vault-like dwellings seeds artificial heat, must be content with the opportunity he found in this way onictthe poor comfort afforded by a brasier of live charcoal, the substitute for stoyes in y to bestow a considerable sum in acknowl-

edgment of the courtesy and hospitality with which we had been treated. On our way back to Jornealam.

CHANCE FOR BOYS. Gen. Pearson Pleased With the Nautical School on the Saratoga.

TRAINING AMERICAN SEAMEN. President Lawrence Would Like to Have Some Pittsburg Lads.

BUILDING UP THE MERCHANT MARINE

On Tuesday last General Pearson, as Naional Commander of the Union Veteran Legion, paid an official visit to Philadelphia, and while there as the guest of Presi-

dent Lawrence, of the Nautical School-Ship Commission visited the school-ship Saratoga. The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin in speaking of the visit says: ford world. "After thoroughly inspecting the vessel

and seeing the boys at study the visitors retraced their steps to the deck. Suddenly the alarm bell sounded. Clang, clang, clang. Before General Pearson and his friends could gather their wits together, 96 lithe and energetic boys dashed upon deck, some from every opening, ready to suppress the flames. It was an alarm of fire sounded to show the visitors how efficient the boys were in the fire drill. The result was remarkable. Some of the boys carried hose, others mat-

tresses and other material for smothering fire, while many held axes in their hands, ready to rip open the deck in order to make an opening in order to give the hose full play. There was not the slightest confusion. Every boy took his assigned station, and when all had responded, which was speedily, every part of the vessel was protected.

The visitors were astonished, and all the more so, when Captain Lawrence reminded them that the boys had only been under in-structions a month. "We have a bright set of boys," he added, "and we expect to make good men out of them."

ADMITTING BOYS.

The Saratoga now has on board 96 boys. These are divided into eight messes of 12 boys each. When everything is in good working shape, the school will comprise 144 boys. Nearly every day a boy or two are admitted. Two were examined to-day. About April 1 the Saratoga will start on a cruise to Fayal, one of the Azores, where she will stop awhile and then go on to Lisbon, thence us a lighted candle. He then led the way down to a series of natural grottoes, which present the appearance of a khan or inn such as are still seen in Palestine. At the head of one of these rooms formed in the solid rock, is a brilliantly lighted repre-sentation of the Savior's birth. This was pointed out as the exact spot occupied by the manger in which reposed the Holy Child. with a view to extend still further to

American youth the fields of useful employment where boys may be prepared for the important duties of the sailor, and be given so much scholastic, in conjunction with nautical, education as will enable them to enter the merchant marine service

under the most favorable auspices. A GOOD COURSE OF STUDY.

The Government has furnished the Saraoga with its full complement of officers, By an act of Assembly the State of Penn-sylvania and city of Philadelphia bear the expenses. The only expense of the pupils will be their clothing. The course of study is for two years, and in addition to ordinary English studies thorough instruction will be given in seamanship and navigation. The main object of the school is to educate American boys to become good seamen for the merchant service. In order to give intelligent and industrious youth ample opportunity to advance to the highest and to familiarize all (looking to the pos sible contingency of war) with the general duties of "men-of-war's men," the discipline and routine of the navy will be observed as far as applicable. The boys will be carefully instructed under the direction of the super intendent in reading writing spelling, arith metic, geography and English grammar; and also all the duties of seamen, such as boxing the compass, knotting and splicing, the strapping of blocks, reefing and furling, heaving the lead, using the palm and needle, the handling of boats under oars and sails, swimming, etc. The Saratoga is in no respect a reformatory ship, and any boy of bad habits, or who develops a vicious character contrary to the regulations of the ship, will not be allowed to remain on board. President Lawrence in a letter to General Pearson says: "As I told you we are anxious to receive boys from all parts of the State, and would be pleased to receive some from your part of the section. LOUIS KLOPSCH. "If you send us any, we will try and make good seamen and navigators of them, hasty departure. I remember; she had and will teach them the essentials that every man who follows the water should know, and even if your boys should want to go on the river steamboats after leaving the ship at the end of the term, they will know enough to make them valuable for that business. The boarding and tuition is furnished without cost to the boys, but parents must provide them with suitable and sufficient lothing during the course of study on the ship.



SHALL never forget, as (weeks. The greatness of our misfortunes long as I live, the evening when I came home form the Welton ball, where my eldest sister and I had gone alone, and where we had enjoyed ourselves as two young people can enjoy themselves who have

not a care in the world. I was the only son of a rich country-town banker, and, before choosing a profession, I was taking life very easily and very happily. I had gone through my college career with some credit, though I might have done boring town. much better had there been no such thing as boating or other amusements in the Ox-

I believe, however, that it was my great love and admiration for my mother which kept me from running into excess of any kind. My father was very easy-going, and indulged me sadly; but my mother was always trying to show me how foolish waste of money was, and that, even if I could afford to be extravagant, it was harmful to my character. Some people said Mrs. Thorner was ridiculously strict in her ideas of bringing up her children. I am sure we never thought so; and my four sisters, all younger own terms. than myself, were quite the nicest girls in the neighborhood; so at least I thought, and

I was not alone in my opinion. "Little mother," as we all called her, was in our eyes the best, the sweetest and the most beautiful woman in the world. She treated me as if I were her friend, as well as her son, and she allowed me to share all her hopes and fears for our future. She often impressed me with the idea that I was to look after my sisters, and to think of them first, and not to allow them to wait upon me; nor was I to force my will upon them, merely because I happened to be an only son and

only brother. How much I looked forward to taking my eldest sister, Alice, to this her first ball. My father had been slightly alling the last few days, and my mother settled that she would stay at home with him if I would promise to look after Alice and not introduce her to any desirable, fast young men. So off we started for our long drive, fol-lowed by a chorus of regrets concerning the hardship of not being "out" from Hetty, Celia and Minnie. I was very proud of Alice's beauty, and a little overanxious about her partners, till I found a pretty girl for myself after which T

found a pretty girl for myself, after which I very nearly forgot Alice altogether. But why linger over these happy reminiscences? We had promised to get back at a reasonable hour, and we were just strengthening ourselves for several hours' dancing by eating a good supper, when a waiter put a note in my hands. I tore it open and read :

bore me up, and my mother and the girls were heroines. But when at last all was settled the heroic spirit was not so easily kept up. It was all wery well saving I would support my mother and four sisters; but even if I had been trained to hard work it would have been difficult to get a post immediately, and, as it was, I had no recommendations except those of a young man brought up in luxury. I was forced to allow an old uncle to lend us a sum of money for our immediate neces-

and, on your side, you are at perfect liberty to throw up my offer. As you do not name your terms, may lask you whether five hun-dred a year, quarterly prepayment, would meet your wishes?" sities. My mother, who would not be de-pendent on charity, took a small house in the country, not much better than a cottage. The girls did the work of the house, and she -well, actually the dear little mother ad-vertised to give singing lessons in the neighlive in the country-a lonely place, where there is no society. Even your pupil will I renewed my efforts, answered endless

advertisements, and the money I got to-gether by selling some personal trinkets I spent in a poor London lodging, the better to further my search for remunerative work. One morning, wearied out with failure, I to have been can do all this, but often ne cannot nut up with a longit lie. It is for cannot put up with a lonely life. It is for took up a paper and read the following ad-

this reason we offer liberal terms; but there is no society, and we wish you to make no friends." vertisement: "Highest references required. A gentle-man, who can satisfy the advertiser as to his character and antecedents, and who can undertake the education of a young lady in Latin and Constitution This was nothing to me, with the prospect of 500 a year for my mother! I could Latin and Greek, may apply in the first in-stance to X. Y. Z. — Strand. If all is satisfactory the gentleman may state his

"Thank you, sir. I conclude I may, at

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am without a sixpence.

In my own mind I thought:

marrying, and whether your affections are

"The old rascal fears I may make love to this young lady; as if any girl connected with him could weigh in the balance against my little mother!"

"Very well," he said dryly, "I shall take

your word for this. Excuse these personal questions, but they are of importance to me,

My astonishment was too great for words.

looked up surprised, and Mr. Brown

"The terms are liberal, but there are draw-

backs to the post. You will be required to

dress and travel on, say, £50 a year, and the rest would keep the dear ones from real poverty-nay, with some small degree of uxury. The advertisement was so extraordinary that I concluded it was another ingenious that I concluded it was another ingenious special times, visit my mother; otherwise I hoax; still, the last words fired my imagina- can't accept your conditions. I might get

added:



So little seemed required; and I cer- a little literary work to fill up my spare tainly knew enough Greek and Latin to coach a young lady, unless she were a very

a fittle fiterary work to fill up my spars time." This was nothing to Mr. Brown. He waved his hand lightly, and added: "I will send you a definite answer when I have heard from your referees; leave me modern blue-stocking; and as to terms what ahould I ask? My testimonials were cer-tainly good; I had plenty of friends who could speak for me; but I found these testi-

outh upward. Let me confess it-I tossed a sixpence. we mutually suit each other?"

Him to Another Finisterre. skirted the French coast, by night now and then catching glimpses of warning lights, flashing or fixed, where danger lay; by day AMONG CAGOTS, SCIONS OF GOTHS. contemplating an unbroken line of plume like surf, surmounted by gray dunes o tempest-shifting xand, here and there jag-gedly capped at the horizon-edge by the dark silhouettes of stunted spruce and fir. Sailing the Florida Gulf, one says of the Pierre Floquet, the Sardine-Fisher, and the interminable sand and pine of the Florida A WEAITH OF OLD EIP VAN WINKLE

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE .1 SANTIAGO DE CAMPOSTELA, SPAIN, ? January 8, 1890. One has all sorts of good luck in adventure when wandering among the lowly of any land. A most unexpected passage from bay like some lonely sea fowl skirting a Finisterre, in Brittany, to Finisterre, in lier coast for prey.

Spain, each the wildest and most romantic WHAT THE BAY IS LIKE. portion of their respective countries, resulted The Bay of Finisterre comprises at least 00 square miles of almost fathomless water,

from becoming acquainted with the Breton peasantry and fisher folk about Carnac, Quimperle, and Concarneau. Prowling granite walls. There is not a human habiabout brought me among the sardine-fishers. tation in sight as you enter. The most power ul glass cannot desery living being or There are hosts of them at Concarneau. beast or fowl upon the heights or within the Thirteen hundred boats are in use, and the gorges between. There is not a single craft within the silent bay. Away around besmell of curing and decaying fish is at times intolerable. But among the fishers there hind one shadowy erag, hid in the stony loop of the promontory, are a few straggling huts and some fishers' boats drawn upon the beach of sand. These the sun lights up, was an unusual excitement. One man, Pierre Floquet, formerly of Tregune, had been most fortugate for years. It was whisperbut there is no sign of life even among them. They only intensify the grim and heart-hurting desolation to the beholder. Stern and savage graudeur is on every side. One ed among his fellows that he had somehow made league with the tairies at the old Druid stones of Carnac, at midnight of Christmas and savage grandeur is on every side. One seagull, whirling and half screaming with its whistling gurgle, starts up from some-where behind the crag, and comes to us as if imploring food. Yet here it was that once eve, long ago, since when no ill-luck could befall him. There was a legend, too, I found, which told that he was of another race, a race of strange, outlawed souls debarred from mingling with other humankind, because of some old long-ago physical curse or taint that had been put upon his ancestors. In any event, every haul of Pierre Floquet's seine was a lucky one. While his Floquet's seine was a lucky one. While his fellows dragged along in need-whipped pov-erty, Pierre got rich, at least for a sardine fisher of Concarneau. The more I heard of the fellow, the more curious I was to know him. This was given added zest because of the wild tales told of the wondrous voyage he was about to make with his own family in his own new goelette, or schooner, which | Here should now sit, reaching with white he had purchased for the, to the envious fisher-folk, astounding sum of 20,000 francs. The voyage was to Spain. I was going to Spain for a gipsy sort of tramp across that land of the Mediterranean. Why should I not become the companion of Pierre Flo-No man, woman or child among them can read. They soak their bodies and besot their FLOQUET AND SARDINE-FISHERS.

I found the devil-leagued family living in a hut under the walls of Concarneau proper, or Ville Close, which at high tide is quite surrounded by the sea, so near the water out of which their harvests had come, that twice each day it stole to the very threshold of the cabin and babbled for an hour or two with Pierre's halt dozen chil-dren. Then it went away with the dirt and litter of the place, saving them all much labor. Why did I want to know the despised and ostracised Pierre Floquet? That is what he bluntly asked me. Because I knew the sardine-fishers of America, and wished to learn if their sea-craft was like that of their brethren in Brittany. As Pierre Floquet believed this, after I had twice helped him with the seines over the rough waters of the Baie de la Forest, from which Du Guesclin so savagely cannonaded the English garrison holding the old city for John de Montfort, and as I said nothing of my hopes to join him on his a liking each other; and this, in the confidence which came, revealed the secret motive of the voy-age, the shadow which had set grimly between the man and his fellows, and finally gave me the snug berth of passenger and friend on the Euriqueta del Meira, the Spanish named little craft which sailed out under Concarneau's grim walls with all of Pierre Floquet's earthly possessions, chiefly converted into checks on the Bank of Spain, Atocha 15, Madrid, for golden onzas, while a thousand Breton fishermen and their wives looked after in open-mouthed wonderment. But that was a strange, wild story that came little by little from Pierre Floquet's ips; a story that a Hugo or a Sue would have woven into a romance of the wierdest ascination. Among the Pyrenees, and the Aquitanian Mountain and Valley countries, Aquitanian both sides of them, especially in Spanish Galicia, Navarre, Henesca, Lerida and Gerona, in the French Heutes Pyrenecs Gascony, Guienne, Poitou, and sparsely in Brittany, live a strange race of men called Cagots. DESCENDANTS OF THE GOTHS. The Cagots are believed to have descended from the Aryan Goths. Wherever they live away from the Pyrenees, in France Spain, these marked and shunned people are variously called Galliberts, Caquins, Cacoas and Cabets. For a thou sand years they were superstitiously avoided by all other inhabitants near them. They were despised, persecuted, maltreated, regarded socially and legally as outcasts, and the superstition of the darker times attributed to them all manner of foulness. They were believed to be witches; nuvieros, or raisers of the storms and tempests, the Spanish peasantry called them. Every dark deed possible was within their power. They exiled nonious odors. They bred pestilences and epidemics. They were companions of cats and owls, and could see in the night like them. They were completely and absolutely ostracised, and compelled to live alone, or in quarters by themselves, and in towns and cities whenever they made their appearance, they were obliged to wear a scarlet cloth, that all others might avoid them. Down until the seventeenth century t was not considered a crime to kill a Cagot if he offended. So Pierre Floquet and all his family were Cagots. His own story ? An hundred years before, his great, great grandfather was stoned to death in the little hamlet of Meira, on the sunny Rivadeo river, which leaps laughiugly from the Sierra de Banadeiro heights into Biscay Bay. Donning the garb and assuming the ways of the Gitani or gypsies, the wife and children escaped into France, and finally settled in Brittany, They changed their name and vocation; became fishers at Concarneau; others of the Spanish Cagots came; intermarriage respanian Cagets can't internationage to sulted. Some died and some emigrated to America. Pierre Floquet toiled at his seines and the sardines brought him competence. With its increase came that indefinable longing that comes to know the land from whence one sprang. Eariqueta was his mother's name. It was the name of the wife of the poor Cagot stoned to death by the banks of the Bivadeo. Meira was the village from whence his ancestors had fied.

10,000 gallcons paid tribute to the mighty pagan city of Duyo, and all the then known world made homage to the mighty mistress of the sea. Hosts had been born, had mingled in her wondrous activities, had died, to give place to other myriad stone or a tempest-ravaged grave can be found, as sign where Duyo was, to-day. Did the awful sea enguli it? Can the tooth of time gnaw so fine and annihilatingly? wings of commerce the remotest places of whigh of commerce the remotest places of the earth, the greatest city of Spain. Instead, in those miscrable buts exist perhaps an hundred of the vilest, most ill-begotten, sodden and sinister barbarians of all Spain.

quet?

souls in fiery aguardiente. They are foul with sores, and reek in alime and ooze; and heaven help the helpless one that drifts alone among them. LIKE A BIP VAN WINELE WRAITH. We came to anchor within 100 yards of

the beach before a single soul had been seen in desolate Finisterre. Then a wretched sort of woman, half clad, emerged from her hut, and, steadying herself alongside the houses, disappeared within the door of the largest, which served to uphold a crumbling portal along its iront. Pierre Floquet and myself were then rowed to the shore by two of his statwart sons. Just as we landed the door of the large house reopened, and some-thing resembling the wraith of Rip Van Winkle on his return from his sleep in the monstains, raised its hands to the sky and let them fall with an expression of surprise, confusion and utter helplessness. We stalked up the beach and accosted the figure

eivilly. "Pardon, in the name of God," spoke the thin old man, who proved to be the alcalde of Finisterre, and wretchedly ill, "the all its di Perhaps it is due to the prejudice born of religious training that notwithstanding all its discomforts and shortcomings as a light we are found in. Every Finisterre is afflicted unto death with some city, its narrow lanes, innumerable dark alleys, miserable architecture, its mire and strange malady. You are welcome to port, its filth, I left Jerusalem with many regrets, be you Gallegans, merchantmen or pirates. Of the city, Dr. Talmage said to me: If the latter, you may capture and carry off While I have been building up my ideas n bondage all our people, and there be none of Jerusalem all my lifetime, the highest to lift a preventive hand. Would to God you were, if likewise you might rob our summit of my expectation does not reach the base of the reality." onst of this dread plague!" "Then for the first time I found that Pierre The first morning after our arrival found us on the summit of Golgotha, the place of a held a Spanish tongue in his head, and it skuli. Dr. Talmage opened the Bible he spoke with the strange accent of Galicia. He told the unfortunate alcalde his story always carries with him, and tead the story of the Crucifixion. The party consisted of Mrs. Taimage and Miss May Taimage, the cunningly, though making no reference to his Cagot blood; revealed the fact that he writer and his wife, to whom the doctor had casks of caviare and kegs of sardines, pointed out at the appropriate passage in with sacks of good Breton onions and potahe narrative, the Damascus gate through oes; and better yet, flagons of wine and which the Savior is said to have been led brandy-all for the honest people of Finisout before the tragic event that took place terre that they might join in his gladness at on the hill on which we were standing. nearing the home spot of his ancestors. Before leaving, Dr. Talmage said the hours he had spent on the hill Calvary were to HE EXACTED A HOSTAGE. He also as cunningly told him, that when him the most solemn and overwhelming of all his life. There was the center from his family and goods were disposed at Meira, then himself and his eldest sons were to rewhich the continents had been touched, and from which all the world would yet be turn and fish the sardines with his Gallegan brethren of Finisterre, and that meantime moved. To him it was the most sacred

Finisterre to the Spanish Finisterre must be nearly 500 miles, while our sailing course exceeded 600. For two days and nights we

coast, "Here is desolation indeed!" But in intense and awful dreariness, in the endless-ness of utter desolution, it cannot be com-pared with the French Biscayan coast, from the yawning mouth of the Gironde to the steely mouth of the Adour. Shortly we rounded the huge, long, flinty and lofty promontory of Finisterre, our schooner gliding into the great, silent and deserted

of our youth-time it seems but a tiny, wrinkly hollow set in the coast angle north

of the Spanish Peninsula and to the west of France, But its length from the Breton

THE DREAM OF HIS LIFE.

Pierre was realizing the dream of his life now in returning to Spain in his own ship, rich enough to be made alcalde of Meira; to build a great monument to the murdered outcast; to make his blood and kin respected and feared, if not beloved; and somelow I felt no mean thrill of pride and congratulation in the pride of my fisher friend.

despised Cagot though he was. Our goelette was a snug craft of 120 tons burden, and scarcely had we got out of sight of the gaping fishermen of Concarneau when our shrewd captain, stripping himself nearly naked, unwound from his body some scarlet and yellow stuff which proved to be the Spanish flag. When this was run up, everything was pronounced song and tidy for the voyage, which, with fairly favoring winds, was accomplished in just four days. winds, was accomplished in just four days. I found that an American's ordinary geo-graphic knowledge of the Bay of Biscay is subject to modification, or rather expansion. by even once sailing across it. On the maps

his handsome goelette, Enriqueia del Meira, hould ride at anchor before his very door as hostage for such performance. The weazened old alcalde embraced Pierre Floquet ardently; but an unpleasant thought for me, in the line of his official duties, seemed to aunt him. What of the extrangero?-the foreigner, who surely was no man of Meira, nor one likely to return to the sardinhas of Finisterre? Good Pierre's face grew long and solemn. Together we tried to make the official imbecile understand the harmlessness of my vocation; that I was merely

sunny-hearted visjante or traveler; a still nore innocent autor or writer; and a lover of my fellow men at Concarneau or Finsterre. Unfortunate word that one word, "autor 'Diablos!" were shouted upon them all, All evil to Spain might lurk in my inoffensive appearing person; and the impotent, ill and harmless old wretch knew his loyal duty. In the name of the crown I must remain, under arrest. I could have thrown every one of the stricken souls of Finisterre into the sea in an hour's gentle exercise. But I set myself as guard over myself that I might combined, passed my first day in Spain

not escape, and, as sentinels and prisoner carrying onlons, sardinhaz and caviare from Pierre's boats at the beach, to the empty storehouse of the mighty alcalde of desolate EDGAR L. WAREMAN. Finisterre.

HERE AND THERE.

by Ear and Eye.

IN a little chat the other day a Southside business man touched on a point that is well worth remembering in the line of precaution against fire. He had been in the habit of throwing all his excelsior, waste paper, etc., in a vacant place back of the store. quickly noticed and put out without alarm or quickly noticed and put out without aiarm or any loss. Had the same happened in the cellar, it would probably not have been noticed, and there would have been a hig fire. The mer-chant mentioned is a great advocate of fire pro-tection in every way. He will not allow any ref-use or easily ignited material space in his cellar at all. Should a fire happen in the cellar, its discovery, until too late, is doubtful, and the smoke arising makes it nearly impossible to furth with good effect. Good clean cellars are one of the surest preventives of fire.

A DOCTOR told a good story the other day. Not long ago two doctors were delegated by the Health Board to make a tour of investigation of a certain district and vaccinate all those who had not thus provided against contagion from smallpox. One lady was rather suspicious of them and finally asked "what kind of doc-tors they were." They told her they practice the regular school, whereupon she refused to allow them to vaccinate her children asying. "I am a homeopathics and I'd rather have my children vaccinated with 'homeopathic stuff." The doctors in question had a good laugh over homeopathic virus heing something superior to what they used. to what they used.

place on earth. WHERE CHRIST WAS CRUCIFIED.

protracted attack of nausea.

authenticated that there was the place

work.

The reader is aware that within the med. y of buildings known as the Church of the Holy Sepulcher are shown what are claimed to be the scenes of the death of Jesus, His burial and resurrection. Where we visited is called the new Golgotha. It is situated without the city walls. After much careful examination and mature consideration, Dr. Talmage and many other eminent men, among them the late General Gordon, believe it to be the real site of the Crucifixion. It stands immediately opposite the Damascus gate. No other place in or near Jerusalem so fully answers o the description in the Bible as the place

of Jesus' execution. Its shape is unquestionably that of a skull. As Dr. Ta in my opinion very correctly said: "A man need but feel the shape of his own cranium be fully satisfied that this hill to the place of A rough outline sketch he made of it resembles the outline of a skull as one egg does another. Standing on the hill one is exposed to the view of all passers by, 'Look yonder," said Dr. Talmage, pointing o some huge rocks that seemed as if they had been torn asunder by an earthquake, "there are the seams in the very rocks that were rent at the Crucifixion, and there is the very road along which the people passed 'wagging their heads.'" Nearly all the

archmologists in Jerusalem agree with him in opinion as to the exact place of the Cruci-Stray Paragraphs of Newsy Gossip Caught fixiot

mb which Joseph of Arimathea gave for the burial of the Savior. It is situated in a garden near by and almost at the loot of Golgotha. This tomb was excavated about three years ago. It was recognized imme-diately by people capable of forming an etc., in a vacant place back of the store. One day it was set aftre in some way, but was with the place it was supposed to be. The tomb is the only one in or near Jerusalem to enter which it is necessary to stoop, and in this respect it is unique in its correspondence with the description in the gospel. Dr. Talmage accepts the claim made for this cave as the one in which the sacred form was laid at rest. He produced his flexibly bound Bible as we viewed the place where the Lord was laid, and read the scriptural account of the resurrection.

WILL NOT SELL SACRED GROUND. As he commented upon the simple and

graphic story he became possessed of an idea which prompted him to speedily remount his donkey and ride back to Jerusalen His errand was to purchase, if possible, the piece of ground containing both the scene of the crucifixion and of the burial of Jesus. To this object he devoted the remainder of the afternoon, making considerable effort to accomplish it, but failing to do so. Part of the land is used as a Mohammedan burial ground and the doctor discovered that no

amount of money could persuade the Mos-lems to part with the land where lie their dead. Had he succeeded in his plan to buy Calvary and the tomb of Jesus, he would

a Hebrew cemetery which lies under the shadow of Temple Hill. The Hebrew believes that there will be the scene of the great judgment. Four tombs hewn out of the solid rock attract observation by their superior size and imposing appearance. Of these the Tomb of Absalom is the largest. It stands apparently nearly 50 feet high, and is certainly not less than 20 feet square. Accounting for the large amount of rubbish about the base of this monument, is the fact, as I was informed, that the faithful Israelite does not pass it without throwing at it a stone to indicate his contempt for David's disobedient and wayward son. The stones thus thrown have made a ragged edged opening in the tomb of about 15 inches in diameter and about eight feet from the ground. I was further told that it was necessary to clear the monument once a year of the accumulation of stones, which, often accompanied with curses, are hurled at the supposed tomb of King David's handsome

THEY DIDN'T MEET.

Homestend Filth Responsible for the Pollution of Southside Water.

Yesterday afternoon was the appointed time for a meeting of the sub-Committee on Health of the Public Safety Committee, to whom was referred the resolution of Councilman Nisbet, relating to the abatement of the schindery nuisance at Beek's Run. Only two members of the committee showed up, however, and they, Messrs. Nisbet and Donley, were somewhat chagrined, for they were both prepared to ventilate their views, the result of investigation of the subject. Mr. Nisbet said he had found that the Legislature of 1885 had passed an act authorizing cities to abate nuisances within a mile outside of the city limits, and his researches on aage the subject had convinced him that the city could proceed under it against the Beck's run schindery.

Mr. Donley said he was prepared to show the skull. that but very little would be gained by abating the schindery, which, though a nuisance, was not the worst nuisance the patrons of the Monongahela Water Company had to contend with. Mr. Donley's ersonal observations had convinced him that the borough of Homestead and other up-river towns had more to do with fouling the water than the schindery. A bend in the river near Homestead caused the river current to run down on the south side of the channel to the point where the influent pipe of the Monongahela Water Company's works was located, and at this point an eddy is formed, with the end of the influent pipe for a center. Consequently all the offal of After leaving Golgotha we went to the slaughter houses, sewage and other waste matter from the towns from Homestead is carried right to the spot where it can do the most damage in impregnating the water used by the people of the Southside.

Against Uniting.

The proposition to merge the Sons of Veterans with the G. A. R., which has been recently mooted does not seem to gain favor among the leaders in either society, and for very good reasons. The G. A. R. men are not sons of veterans, but veterans, and the sons of veterans are not G. A. R. men, but sons of G. A. R. men. Hence the very apparent incongruity in blending and becoming one, as it were,

Making Haste Slowly.

The Young Women's Christian Asso ion, of the East End, who some time since determined to build a home for the care of the helpless of their sex, are looking around for a desirable and central location for the building. They have already secured the option on several sites, but are judiciously

making haste slowly.

BEAUX of Congress: the handsome and lov-der widewers that stract Washington girls, are described by Miss Grandy, Jr., in TO-MOB-ROW'S 20-PAGE DISPATCH.

RECALLING THE BENDER TRIAL.

An Old Juror Recognizes Two of Its Witnesses-One Procuring a Divorce.

Time works wonders. This axiom was exemplified to an old Pittsburger, at present serving as a juror in the Criminal Court, before Judge Slagle. In walking from the Criminal Court out into the hall, the early part of this week, he witnessed the Hon. Thomas M. Marshall conversing with several attorneys, and right alongside of Mr. Marshall, were two young women, also

busy conversing. Mr. Marshall did not the ladies, nor did they know know him, although the juror was ac-quainted with both parties. Twenty years ago Mr. Marshall was the attorney for Henry Bender, who was in-dicted and tried for the murder of Police Officer Stack, on the corner of Fourth avenue and Smithfield street. The city had employed Hon. H. Bucher Swope, United States District Attorney, an eminent lawver, to prosecute Bender, and the greatest interest was manifested by the public. The case occupied two weeks in trying it, and was one of the grandest legal battles that ever occurred in the old Court House.

The old juror, who was on the jury at that time, here saw the daughters of Henry Bender standing alongside the veteran legal gi-ant who, 20 years before, by his elequence, had saved their father and had him sequityou. ted. The young women were married, and one of them just this week had an application in the Common Pleas Court for a divorce, which was granted on that very day

of meeting in the corridor. How strangely indeed does time bring people together after many years, who are ignorant of the great issues that have come between them in the pastl

The Northern Pacific Open The agent in this city of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company received yester-

day a telegraphic dispatch from headquarters, saying that the road is open from one end to the other, and that passenger and reight trains are running on schedule time. The reports of snow blockades on that line were exaggerated.

A Very Nataral Result.

The new house of R. W. Hastings, at Emsworth, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. There was no insurance excep the builder's risk. Loss about \$2,000. Fires had been started in all the rooms in order to dry the plastering, and the house left without an occupant 1

I Tore R Open and Read.

"Come back at 'once; say nothing to frighten Alice. 1 have sent James on orseback with this, but take a fly home shabby bookseller looked me over, and, then, immediately. Yours, L. M." There was something very much the mathaving settled, I suppose, that I was a gentleman, remarked: "Mr. Brown will be here at 12 o'clock;

ter with little mother or she would not have written thus. My mind turned at once toward my father; he was taken worse; he must be seriously ill, or she would not thus have cut short our pleasure. Alice would look over my shoulder as I read the note, and I did not hinder her, thinking this as good a preparation of any for what might be awaiting us. Arthur Helston, a rich neighbor of ours, complained of

promised him the last dance, but we only waited till the fly came for us and the drove off. Alice was tearful and frightened. and I tried to reassure her, to which she said: "Hugh, dear, I wish we had not come to

this ball; but how could we know mother would want us?"

"No, we could not guess it, Alice; but promise me you will be brave, and not cry, and that sort of thing. You are very tired, and had better go to bed when we get back. I can do everything mother may want, i there is any nursing to be done."

Well, we got home at last, after what seemed an eternity; we had taken a fly from the "Red Lion," but the horse was lame and at the garden gate I jumped out, and took a short cut to the front door. I ran up the steps, and was in the hall in a moment No sound was to be heard; not a servant

was to be seen; we were doubtless not en pected so soon. I ran lightly upstairs, and knocked at mother's door. She opened it herself, and for a moment she said nothing Her face was deathly pale, but she was not crying. "Mother, what is it?" I cried, knowing

that it was something dreadful. "Hush!" she said. Then taking my hand

she led me to the inner room, where my father lay-dead. "Hugh, dearest, don't cry," she said, in an unnatural voice, "it was sudden. He opened a letter and fell back with a bitter

cry half an hour after you left. Where is Alice? Prepare her. Oh, Hugh, my boy, my dear boy, do not say anything." I folded my arms round little mother, not knowing what she meant, and drew her away from the room, for I saw she was not herself.

"What should I say, dearest, but that you must make me do everything for you? I shall be your right hand, and shall not leave

She disengaged herself from my arms and stood up against the mantlepiece so calm and so quiet that I was more horror-struck than if she had been beside herself with passionate griet.

'Mother, tell me; there is something else. "Yes, Hugh, The letter your father opened was-to tell him he was a beggar. The shock of that killed him. Every penny will go-the bank has failed; we are all at the mercy of the world."

Some shocks are too great to realize; was not crushed as she was. I merely

"Then you and the girls will be kept by me. Spare Alice this evening; this will be grief enough for her. Trust me for the inture, dearest little mother.

blessed tears at last; they saved her life and it was comfort enough for me to feel her dear head on my shoulder and to hear her eyes opposite read my thoughts.

"I hardly know," I stammered. "Of course, it was the hope of liberal remunera-tion that made me come here. My mother

young, and can work.

"Heads I go, tails I stay at home," I said alond. The coin spun round, fell off the table, and settled at my feet. I went down Mr. Brown looked at me with that sam peculiar searching glance that affected me powerfully. After a very slight pause, he on my knees and peered at the token. It answered: was heads!

you can wait upstairs if you like. There's

been a dozen gents after that advertisement

My heart sank low, but I stuck to the post.

'I will wait," I said.

"For two years, and then you will have I never waited for further consideration the option of continuing it indefinitely." but I got myself up in the most tutor-like He bowed me out of the room, and I restyle that I could, and off I went. The given number in the Strand was a small bookseller's shop, and when 1 men-

turned to my lodgings with strange, mixed feelings. I was overjoyed with the new hope; I was mystified, I was doubtful; but, tioned my business I settled at once that I above everything else. I dreaded disap-was going to discover another hoax, as the pointment, and summoned patience to my

How wearily the days dragged along! The third day I hardly weat beyond a mile of my lodging, so that I might return at each post time. On the fourth day I took but one walk. On the firth morning I said to myself already. If you prefer it, you can call again; I would not stir out of doors. At last in the there's sure to be plenty more." One was from the little mother. I opened it first, and read the last words, "God bless you, my own boy, but don't mind much it you are again disappointed. Your love helps ne to bear everything." I took the letter, and looked at it several minutes, not daring to read the refusal. At last I tore it open and read:

"DEAR SIR-Your references having proved satisfactory, I shall be glad to offer rou the post in question. Kindiy call at same address to-morrow at 12, when I shall give you further directions. Yours faithfully, THOMAS BROWN."

CHAPTER II.

Any man who has loved his mother as I loved mine will understand the pleasure I experienced when I inclosed in my next letter a check for £100; for, besides receiving the joyful news that I was at once to go to "The Moat House," five miles from Lupton, at which station a carriage would meet me. Mr. Brown placed in my hands a check for £125, saying that he concluded I would bind myself to stay three months.

I was, indeed, deeply thankful to have thus fallen on my feet, and yet I could not altogether prevent a feeling of anxiety as to what would be the result of my three months at the Most House. My good fortune seemed too good to be true; there must be a drawback, but I vowed that if the drawback could be put up with by man, it should be endured by me for the sake of little mother. turn a very scant salutation. The man be-fore me looked like a London merchant, not rious as I alighted at Lupton. Was my ungentlemanly; but somehow the words business and money seemed written on his features. He was bald, had agray beard, ticulars. Would she be a very elever child, features. He was baid, had agent used destined to be a Girton girl, and make use deep-set eyes, which looked searching and unpleasant; his mouth I could not see, as it laurel wreaths? Would she be, on the other laurel wreaths? Would she be, on the other laurel wreaths? hand, so spoiled and tiresome that I should card, "you have read my advertisement; kindly tell me as much of your history as spair?" No, not if she were an idiot would I spair? No, not if she were an idiot would I do that, I said, smiling to myself as the carriage drove away from the station.

I expected riches, and I already saw signs of wealth-the carriage and the splendid pair were worth much money. At last we entered a large park and drove for quite a mile through a beautiful avenue now bar of leaves, then through another gate and over an old moat and round by a large gray stone castellated mansion which had been added to till the styles were various; but all

was of dark, and, gray coloring. The door was opened by a footman, who was not like the usual run of footmen. This one was quiet, dull, and evidently my arrival was an event, for I saw him stare at me with a kind of stupid astonishment.

I was conducted to a suite of rooms on the ground floor. Everything was comfortable, even luxurious. I had a bedroom, a sitting room, and also another room where my dia ner was now awaiting me. Nothing was wanting but life. I thought of my own home, a mere cottage, but where all the girls would have rushed out to welcome me, and where mother would have made it look like a palace. Here no kindly voice heard, only luxury and a few stupid serv-

ants. I was to live alone. I had no idea of quarreling with my good fortune, however. So I spent a happy evening, subduing euriosity with an excellent dinner, and gratefully thanking "Mr. Brown," or whoever was master here, for a bookshelf of choice books.

The next day I men early and went out to

I stood up and bowed, and received in rewas hidden by a beard. "Mr. Thorner," he said, looking at my may help me to decide if you are fitted for the post I have to offer." My history was of the simplest; I kept nothing back, adding at the end of my retital:

"I did not take a first-class, but a good second; so that will show you I know enough to coach even an advanced young lady. As to anything else you may like to inquire about, the names of my referees

will show you that you will hear the truth about me." Mr. Brown looked at the letters I handed to him very carefully. My heart beat a lit-tle faster than usual. Strange as the advertisement had been, certainly the man before

me was in earnest. "Now, as to terms, Mr. Thorner, what smiled. salary do you expect should the letters I re-

ceive about you prove satisfactory?" I had a hundred thoughts in a minute. What could I venture to ask for the work required of me? If I were too grasping I

My mother gave way then and cried; might lose my chance, and yet I must get enough to make my mother and the girls tolerably comfortable. I looked up, and evidently the piercing

murmur: "Ob, Hugh, my dear, brave boy; but it "Ob, Hugh, my dear, brave boy; but it will be hard for you all, very hard—yet every penny must go to pay our liabilities. We must rob no one." "Of course, mother, we will begin life

and my sisters are dependent on me. "That sounds well," said Mr. Brown, I again, and I will make your fortuse. I am young, and can work. I will draw a yell over the next few tive; in fact, whether you have, riews of

111 1110 D Illury, FA 3mi

I Will Wait, I Said



Weary waiting it was upstairs, in a dingy back room, full of old books. The room was so small that I hoped 12 more "gents" would not appear; and, happily, none came, till at last I heard a slow footstep on the creaky stairs, and an elderly man appeared.