## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG. SUNDAY, JANUARY 26,

mass of public buildings unfinished, already costing \$12,000,000, while the sewage

in its business streets runs through open gutters and kennels, filling the air with sickening odors and its homes with low fevers. Those who have died needlessly

from this indecent drainage should be buried at the foot of this costly monument of civic

incapacity, the tower whose cost applied to public health would have saved thousands

MORE VIRULENT YEAR BY YEAR.

customs of country places where the per-tume of roses and apple orchards cannot

hide the smells of death from unsafe drains

are so many crimes against humanity which

must meet a fearful penalty. The types of disease become more virulent year by year

as the sites of human habitation saturate

the soil with surface water, gas and sewage.

That must overtake our civilization which

caused the destruction of the old cities of India and the great towns of antiquity, like

Sardis, Laodicea and Nineveh, which Sir Henry Acland, M. D., says from his travels

in Asia Minor, came to an end because it

was impossible longer to inhabit those filthy and fever-stricken places; that the soil by

long residence was so deteriorated that, as

towns could not move, they ceased to be

Nor is this all. Not one house in a hun-

dred has its supply of pure air direct from outdoors, but is content to breathe air of the cellar drawn through the furnace, bringing smells unendurable to senses used to better

things. In the streets we are compelled to

breathe dangerous dust, loaded with every foulness, or inhale the fumes of putrefying

garbage. Public conveyances are vehicles of contagion in the breath of their inmates.

W. R. Nichols, of Boston, found more than

twice as much deadly carbonic acid in the air of passenger cars than in the Berkeley

PIPES LEADING FROM HOUSES.

As Prof. Kerr vigorously said before the

Royal Institute of Architects, "A house in this climate is a closed box from which the cleansing air is apt to be excluded. Besides its own vitiated air the house is in commu-

nication with an underground world of sew-

ers in which the gases of decomposition are constantly generated, and all pipes from the house to this uncleanness are pipes to the house therefrom, the sewer air forcing its

way in with still greater energy than the cleansing atmospheric air. We will not speak yet the dreaded names of cholera and

A FOR IS AT OUR DOORS.

than English ironclads or Spanish privateers. Government sanitary bonds should

be as good investments as any 3 per cents

in the markets, if the work cannot be better

we women appeal to you for protection against the foe which walks in darkness.

Upon our pleasant things falls the shadow

of the wing of a destroying angel. Shall it

depart from our coast be ore it has taken the youth, the health, the loveliness out of

BOSSES BY TURNS.

General Jubal Early and His Faithful Old

Body Servant.

"One of the greatest instances of devotion

that I ever saw," said an old Virginian to

The Man About Town of the St. Louis Re-

public, "outside of that of a dog for his

master, is that shown by 'Early's Joe.' Joe

is an old negro about 70 years of age, who

was born a slave in General Jubal Early's

family, brought up with 'Jube,' became his

body servant, served all through the war with him, as watchful of his master as a

mother of her babe. After the war Joe was

informed that he was free. 'I'se free?' said

Joe, with a look of contempt. 'I'se not free.
I belong to Mas' Jube till I dies.'

bill to him. Joe follows his master around

on certain occasions like a dog. When Early lets the mountain dew of old Vir-

"Why, who are you talking to? Who's

boss, anyway?"
"Well, Mass' Jube, when you's sober

you's boss, but when you's drunk I'se

"Well, Joe, you're right. When I'm drunk

And Early will resign himself to the

REETROVEN'S LAST PIANO.

It is to be Pinced at the Birthpince of the

The "Beethoven's House Society," Bonn,

has recently acquired Beethoven's last piano.

It was made by the court piano maker,

Konrad Graff, who died at Vienna in 1851. He went to that city in the beginning of this

century, and soon gained a reputation by

the excellence of his pianos. The instru-

ment in question was expressly ordered from him by Beethoven. In consideration of his deafness, it was made with four strings

o each key, instead of the usual three. Ow-

ing to the strength of its tones. Beethoven

used it almost exclusively in the last years

After his death it passed into the hands of

a bookseller, Franz Wimmer, of Vienna; and, after the marriage of his daughter to a

Swiss clergyman named Widmann, it be-

came the property of the Widmann family in Berne. Its genuineness is proved by

documents, and confirmed by the authority

of Johannes Brahms. It is now to be

placed in the house in which the great com-

A railroad train of 15 cars would be re-

quired to convey the food and nourishment

which a man blessed with a moderate appe-

tite consumes from the time of his birth to

the day when he attains the age of three-

score years and ten. Such, at least, is the calculation which has just been made public

by Dr. Kuhneman, one of the principal pro-fessors of the University of Berlin.

The Alphabet in One Verse.

The twenty-first verse of the seventh chap-

ter of Ezra contains every letter of the alpha-

bet, and is the only one thus distinguished:

"And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the king, do

make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Eara, the priest, the scribe of the law of the God

poser was born at Bonn.

Composer.

ginny get the better of him, Joe will say:

"Mass' Jube, vou mus' come home.

you're boss.

Pall Mall Budget. ]

of his life.

faithful old darkey's care.

Early is very fond of his servant, and has

SHIRLEY DARE.

The filth of cities, the ignorant sanitary

of lives yet to be lost.

## BEAUX OF CONGRESS.

Great Men Who Are Handsome, Wealthy and Loving.

GOOD SENATORIAL CATCHES

Rosy, Warm-Blooded Bachelors and Desirable Widowers,

HANDSOMEST MAN IN WASHINGTON

COORERSPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. WASHINGTON, January 25.



have been ap- Turkish bath. propriated by

lovers and the \$100,000,000 that is trotting around in petticoats and pantaloons is being | torial widower. It is true he is 73, but when besieged at afternoon teas, at evening din- January has millions May is very glad to

Higginz,

never been married, and who has made

enough at the law to support an extravagant

wite. Higgins would make a dear of a hus-

band, and I sat in the Senate to-day and

feasted my eyes on his person. Straight, broad-shouldered and chunky, he has regu-

lar features, and his brave blue eves shine

a good crop of light hair, well combed, and he dresses in taste. He is purna-cious and strong, and he would fight to the death for the woman he loved. He

comes from South Delaware and he has

made a reputation as a lawyer. His check

is rich. He has a house here at Washing-ton near Dupont Circle and his only incum-

brances are two pretty nieces whom, I doubt

not, a new wife could manage. The Sena-

tor is 49 years old. He is well educated, is

a graduate of Yale and is a good catch. He

has the sweetest voice woman ever listened to. It is melodious, caressing and sincere, and the Washington girls say that his na-

ture is better expressed by his voice than his face. He is forward in politics, but rather backward in love, and he recently

said to a friend that a "widower had more

chance in Washington society than a bach-

elor, for," as he expressed it, "there is no

is good for \$100,000, and he is as liberal as he

unknown and she regrets, I doubt not, the chance she lost. In the meantime Wolcott has never yet married, and the Washington TWO SENATORIAL WIDOWERS.

Senator Allison is still unmarried. He came back from his Alaska trip with a bran new mustache and ten years more of youth in his features. He has been, I think, twice a widower, but the gossips say that he is ready to choose a third wife. Those who know best say that the story of his engagement with the ledy whom he met his engagement with the lady whom he met on his Alaska trip was only a newspaper sensation, and that he and Miss Stoughton were merely excellent friends and no more. During the trip this newspaper story reached them, a paper having been sent from Portland to Senator Hale, of Maine, and this paper stated that Mrs. Hale, as Miss Stoughton's chaperon, had sent the voung lady out for a walk with the Iowa Senator, and that he had popped the question under the icy brows of an overhanging iceberg. It sounded well, but it was not true, and Senator Allison is still on mial season of the bidder. He is handsome and rich, and be ranks as a Presidental possibility. I am not sure that he has any ideas of the handsome and down Pennsylvania avenue. at its height.
You see billing any place and cares for no woman's society save that of one of the most lovable and culgoing on in the
recesses of the
recesses of the
Fast Room at
Grimes. On her receiving days he someThe same that of one of the most lovable and culhis position at the German court is assured.
He has so tar shown no marrying tendencies,
and I have not yet seen a marriageable girl
who save that she has received a loving East Room at times comes down to the drawing room, but glance through that terrible eyeglass. every White the only time he puts on the dawn grown, out the dawn and the first the only time he puts on the dawn grown, out the dawn grown tion. The cozy nooks in Vice good house in Washington. He dresses well, and though be has lived for a gener-President Mor-ton's residence and his blood is as warm as the steam of a

A JANUARY WITH MILLIONS. Senator Philetus Sawyer is another Sena-



TWO SENATORIAL BACHELORS. ners, and upon every other available occa-sion. Washington has its marriageable though old in years and experience. He is a jolly good fellow, and he has the finest brownmen as well as its marriageable women, and the fifty millions owned by the helresses is offset by a like amount owned by good catches among the men. The males have brains in addition to their money, and it is

There are a number of good catches in the House of Representatives. Quite a number of them have gone off within the past year. Colonel Abner Taylor, the rich Chicagoan, shipped out to Michigan not long ago and married without giving the Washington no wonder that hundreds of girls come here every winter hoping to carry away a noted Even the Senate has put up some good material at auction, and the girls who girls a chance. Mark Brewer, of Michigan, throw the most love and beauty into their came back to Congress this year with a wife, and the dear, blonde-mustached young wid-ower, Hemphill, of South Carolina, has marbids will knock the persimmons. Wolcott, of Colorado, is a bachelor, and the long skinried again. Owens, of Infliana, has wedded give place to a rosy, full-blooded, strongmuscled successor named Higgins, who has

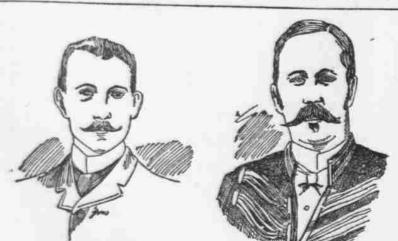
and-bone bachelor, Sauisbury, hasretired to a pretty widow who cared for him when he Sister's Whelps. was ill in a big but unfeeling Chicago hotel, A Rotherdam correspondent of the Lon-

chance for a bachelor when a widower is around. The widowers gush and flatter so much that it makes an ordinary man tongue

A COLOBADO CATCH. Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, is, if anything, a better catch than Higgins. In the first place he is younger, having been born only 41 years ago. He is better looking than Higgins, and, though his savings may not be so large, his income is certainly greater. He makes, it is said, \$75,000 a year at the law, and spends it. He is a graduate of Yale, has luxurious tastes, and will not cut down the appropriation of pin money. He is a good dresser, and he is full of that personal magnetism which is popular among women, and which side in making a man a great statesman. There is not a drop of aluggish blood in his whole anatomy, and he is warm from the crown of his semi-bald head to the ends of his pearly pink toes. It is said, however, that he has had his romance, and that he loved and lost

TWO SENATORIAL WIDOWERS. and Jackson, the rich Pennsylvanian, and | don Field relates the following instance of Timothy Campbell, of New York, have not canine retribution which came under his ANSWERS THE GIRLS' LETTERS Charley O'Neill, of Philadelphia, how-

blush still mantles his cheek. O'Neill is 67 years old, but he does not look over 50, and I am told that he corresponds with more ladies the arm the corresponds with more ladies the arm the corresponds with month. On that day in the 28th of last ton society, however, does not extend out-side of his letters. He used to go to all the



the daughter of the rich men of that city, but the father of the girl was a lawyer who had no high spinion of Wolcott. He grumbled at the soung man's calls and prophesied to his laughter that her lover would never earn his salt, and told her she had better refuse him. The girl was more prudent than loving. At the advice of her father she married a sober stick of a fellow who was making some money at his practice and saving his pennies. Welcott went West saving his pennies. Welcott went West and his first love still lives in Chicago, the wife of a moderately successful man, who would grow crasy if he spent as much money in a year as Senator Wolcott makes

marked men from the galleries. He is very handsome and he always looks as though he came out of a band-box. He is a little bald, it is true, but his cheeks are as rosy as those of a milkmaid and his smile is childlike and bland. His history is a fetching one. He was a brave soldier when he married a lovely Baltimore girl. They lived in the prettiest sort of a house on L street, in Washington, for several years, and his wife died there a few years ago. She had been an invalid for some time, and he cared for her as tenderly as a woman. It is doubtful if he will ever marry again, for he shows himself in society only at two or three receptions a year.

John Pendleton, of Wheeling, is the

batchelor of the West Virginia delegation. batchelor of the West Virginia delegation. He is 49 years old, is a practising lawyer and is now having his first term in the House. He is educated and in all probability has money. Dunphy, of New York, is certainly rich, and he is a bachelor who has never held office. He has the seat of General Lloyd Brice in the House, and he is only 38 years old—just the age for a groom.

THE DIPLOMATIC BEAUX. The diplomates are beaux by profession There are a dozen odd young attaches among them who part their hair in the middle and jabber sweet nothings to the beauties in French. You find them collected about the richer of the heiresses, and they want nothing under a million free from incumbrances. Among the older diplomates there are some good catches. At their head is Count Arco Valley. He says he is a bachelor, although the actress Janish bills herself as Countess Von Arco Valley, and claims that she was legally married to the six-foot German soldier. Arco Valley is a distinguished looking citizen, and when he appears in full court uniform, with a monocle as big as a trade dollar screwed into his right eye, he is behind him, he has the whole pavement. He is not very wealthy, but his name is old and his position at the German court is assured. who says that she has received a loving THE FAMOUS CHAMPAGNE FAMILY.

Baron von Mumm Schwarzenstein, of the German legation, is one of the richest of the diplomates. His family makes the great champagne, and he is a remarkable character. He has a leg as big around as many an attache's waist, and he is over six feet in height and about three broad. Alexander Greger, of the Russian legation, is worth \$2,000,000. He comes of a good family, and is fairly handsome. Mr. Arthur Herbert,

of the English legation, is another catch.

Among the irresistibles of the navy is Dr.
L. M. Ruth, whom Mrs. Cleveland called the handsomest man in Washington. He is an authority on women's dresses, and it is said that he once expressed surprise that a woman as brune as Mrs. Cleveland should wear violet. One day after Mrs. Cleveland had heard the remark he met her at a reception, and as he shook her hand he mur-

"The violet gown!" "Yes," said Mrs. Cleveland, "but it shall never be worn again." And it was not. Dr. Ruth had charge of the Harrison inaugural ball. He has been best man at 50 weddings, and will preside at a number of the gay affairs of the next few weeks.

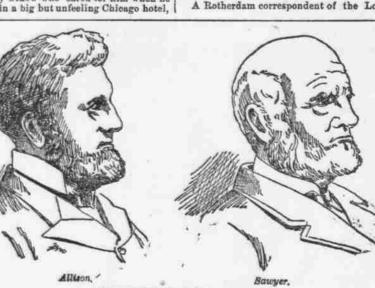
OLD, BUT NOT YET CAUGHT. The old beaux whom every belle for the last ten years has known are the various scions of the old Blair family. Of the five Mr. Lowery has the largest fortune. He will one day inherit \$3,000,000 from his father, Judge Lowery, who is so intimate a friend of the Secretary of State. Mr. Charles Sherrill has a million or two. He has lately returned from Europe where he accompanied his sister to the Huntingdon-Hatzfeldt wedding. Miss Sherrill was

T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Ohio, has apart-ments at the Shoreham for the winter and is one of the greatest catches in the matrimonial market. He belongs to the old Boston family, has wealth and drives the most

fetching tandem in the city.

I have given all the eligibles. Is it any wonder the chaperones of beauty and riches are in despair. MISS GRUNDY, JR.

A HUNGRY CUR'S REVENGE. Being Refused a Meal She Attacks Her



ever, is here, and handsome Harry Bing-ham, of the same City of Brotherly Love, has kept his affections pure, and the batchelor more ladies than any other man in the House. He is one of the kindest hearted men in the world, and he writes to the girls strictly on business, and because he cannot refuse to answer their inquiries. He makes it a principle to answer every letter he receives, and he has done this ever since he first came to Congress, more than a score of years ago. His connection with Washingatternoon teas, and he was one of the leading figures of all the receptions. Of late he has dropped giddy ways, and though he likes to talk to ladies and takes a fatherly interest in the debutantes, he sticks to his when he was a young lawyer in workshop and pen.

Chicago just 20 years ago. He General Harry Bingham is one of the

Having accomplished this terrible revenge, she proceeded to carry her victims to a place of concealment, but was caught in the act by one of the shepherd's children. SHE HAD BEEN TO CHURCH. ffer Husband Was Proud of it and Tried to

made her way to the stable wherein were the

the mother of the pups was in the yard eat-

ing her breakfast, when the sister appeared

Display Her. Lewiston Journal. I have a friend who doesn't go to church himself, but sends his wife regularly. I dined with him last Sunday, and he took advantage of the circumstances to display her devotional tendencies before company. "What was the text, Sue?" he asked.

"Oh, something somewhere in generations; I've forgotten the chapter and verse. Mrs. Hughes sat right in front of me wearing the worst looking bonnet I ever saw on a woman's head. "How did you like the new minister?"

"Oh, he's simply suberb! And Kate Sel-win was there in a sealskin that never cost a cent less than \$100. "Did he say anything about the new mission fund?"

"No; and the Jones girls were rigged out in their old silks made over. You would have died laughing to have seen them." "It seems to me you didn't hear much of the sermon. "The fact is, George, the new minister has

a lovely voice; it almost put me to sleep."

A long silence followed, during which
George absently helped me to pickles and
mustard, while his wife sat looking as demure as a saint at a circus. Suddenly she exclaimed: "There! I knew I'd forgot to tell you

something! The fringe on Mrs. Brown's cape is an inch deeper than mine, and twice as heavy!" My friend changed the conversation to the

HEALTH AND BEAUTY Both Threatened by the Modern

Neglect of Sanitation.

Shirley Dare's Plea on Behalf of the

LA GRIPPE IS ONLY A WARNING.

Women of America. THE MANY ABODES OF PESTILENCE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) In the name of the women of America I appeal to our rulers and those who ought to be our protectors. Our health, our lives and all that makes life worth living is endangered, wasted by criminal carelessness. For two weeks a pest has seized the coun-

try, flying from far, people say, who know nothing at all about the subject. Not less than one-third the population of our large cities have been taken by this terror, which the French, with their talent for epithet, rightly call la grippe, because it throttles the victim at a spring. Taking the case from known facts, this week's uselessness has cost not less than \$25 a head for the hundred thousand smitten by the epidemic, in loss of business, time and wages, counting from bank presidents to street laborers. This does not estimate the loss of strength, the lowered vitality, the shortening of days, for nature loses no accounts and all short-ages are found charged with relentless accuracy at the closing up of life. To say that every epidemic involving a third of the population costs \$10 a head is a moderate estimate, and by this the hotel bills, for La Grippe in her short visit to Philadelphia, for instance, will have to be paid by the municipality in a round million of dollars.

FROM A FINANCIAL STANDPOINT. Preventable ill-health is the most oppressive extravagance a city can inflict upon itself. It reduces her able-bodied men, it dampens the talents of its keen business minds, it erases the beauty of its women and blights the brains of its children. This, worse than the poisoning of the Borgias, will sow the seeds of death in many a brave young breast, which apparently recovers, only to find its power of resistance weakened beyond repair. Will no one see and feel and make effort that these visitations be blotted from the tace of the world?
"What are you talking about?" one says.

"This epidemic was due to climatic conditions, a wet year, high temperature, a dan-gerous state of the atmosphere. It could not be helped. It was the visitation of heaven which we could not escape." Is it unavoidable when a man in a thunder storm leans against telegraph wires and meets his death by a bolt of lightning? Is

it the decree of heaven when children playing with matches among open powder barrels blow up a building? It is the will of heaven, of any sane deity, that foolbardy risk and constant careless-ness shall receive signal penalty, not that men shall die without cause. Will you men shall die without cause. Will you hear some condensed facts from the soundest, most learned and experienced men in

this country, worth any score of the profes-sion that can be mentioned for strong sense and interest in humanity-Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, and Dr. John Bell, of Philadelphia. DANGER FROM USED-UP MATTER.

Each human being and animal throws off daily from one to three pounds of used-up matter, noxious to life in any shape and growing still more virulent with each hour of ferment. This does not fly up into the clouds, but is ground into the street dust or washed into the sewers. The organic matter of the breath forms a glutinous deposit on walls, windows and furniture, especially of closed rooms, decomposing rapidly and giving the offensive odor known to persons of any delicacy of sense. The rankest poison of the breath, however, is a gas whose fumes in volume little more than that which charges our close bedrooms will kill a dog in three minutes, a poison of which you who scoff at its effect will probably die in time. Air fould with our own breath is the great cause of tubercles in the lungs, of ansemia and blood poison of various degrees. Still, thanks to the porous nature of all buildings, we could nardly keep fresh air out of our houses, if we did not earnestly cultivate an inferno of noxious vapors below our houses, 5 per cent of all the gas made leaking into the soil, forming a choke damp, and sewage distilling its three or four corrosives, any one of which slays like Sennacherib's angel.

GASES OF SEWER EMANATIONS. Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, says in his pow erful argument for sanitation, the chief gases in sewer emanations are carbonic acid gas, whose fatal effects we all know, sulphuretted hydrogen, which gives the strong smell of drains before a storm, and is a poweriul parcotic poison, which in concentranotice a few days ago: Two shepherds on the tion kills as suddenly as prussic acid. It North Derbyshire moors, living in adjoin-ing cottages far removed from any other dwelling, had each a dog of the cur breed kills strong men cutting river tunnels, when hardly to be recognized by the odor, or by the test of lead paper, not more than 100,. that were sisters. One of these gave 000th part being present in the air. The birth a few weeks ago to a litter third poison is sulphide of ammonia, the pleasant gas reeking from livery stables in cities, which generates diphtheria, and prosmonth. On that day, in the early morning, trates the neighboring houses with malarious symptoms, referred vaguely to some up known depravity of town air, but really on the scene. An attempt was made by the manufactured by the decomposing heaps next door. Drs. Barker and Letheby, of intruder to share the meal. This was re-sented by a snarl and a growl, which failed London, who analyzed sewer gas with to drive off the hungry sister, and again she thoroughness never excelled, report that essayed to appease her appetite, when she this ammonia produces asphyxia, liquefies was hercely attacked and severely mauled, the corpuscies of the blood, and produces and went limping away howling with pain.

About an hour after this incident, the owner of the cur with a family went on his less volatile products of putrefacround of inspection, taking his dog along tion into the air, giving validity to with him. Their departure would appear to have been noticed by the vanquished sister, for about an hour afterward she stealthily carbo-hydrogen found in sewers is what whelps before named, and worried them all. accumulates and explodes, blowing the covers off manholes every once in a while. The organic vapor in sewer gas propagates its own decay, with terrible consequences in the living body, and symptoms of most active poisons.

THE PLAGUE OF THE DARK AGES. Now mark these symptoms with care. The appetite fails, the bowels are disturbed, chronic diarrhoa sets in, distress, sufficiation and nausea, giddiness and twitching. Excessive prostration follows, until the sufferer is worn out by exhaustion or falls into low fever. What difference is there between these symptoms and those of la grippe? It is a complete diagnosis of the disease which in the last fortnight has prostrated thousands all over the country, from one and the same reasons in town or out of it, blood poisoning by neglect of proper drainage and disposal of animal waste. The humidity of the atmosphere, the wave of vitiated air imagined to roll across the 2,000 leagues of ocean between the country. eagues of ocean between us and Europe ould never produce disease, were not the enditions of deadly epidemic cultivated by our civilization. A small percentage of drythat continually stand between us and pes-tilence, which is but a modern form of the lague of the Dark Ages. The prostration, be purging, the giddiness, the treachery of the disease too nearly resembles the plague to be mistaken for anything but its lineal descendant. For too many poor souls it might as well be the plague outright, for ease can do no more than kill. The difference between our sanitary habits and those of the Dark Ages is that they kept their sewage above ground at the doors of their uses, and we bury it under the floors.

OUR COSTLY SEWER SYSTEMS. It is not our costly sewers which prevent worse plagues than ever decimated Europe, but our pavements, which partially seal the gases of death from escaping into the air we speedily."

the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you, is to be done wear roses from the same bush.

LORN.

ROSES FOR WINTER.

breathe. The dark, close sewers condense deadlier guses than offal heaps oxydized by sun and air. These are not my words at all, but what able scientific men, sanitary engineers and doctors have been trying for 50 years to teach the world, and which la Florida's Flowery Fields Will Soon grippe comes as avant courier to proclaim before cholera and plague come as destroy-Supply Our Markets. before cholera and plague come as destroying angels to enforce. The world will not
learn, though one rise from the dead to
teach; it must go down to death itself before
it will believe. The truth must be told and
insisted upon. The conditions of our sanitary matters in town and country alike are
simply heathenish. One of the three oldest
and wealthiest cities in the Union has a
mass of public belildings unformbed al-THE BIRTH OF A NEW INDUSTRY.

Untouched Gold Mines in the Peninsula's Blushing Soil.

NORTHERN MONEY SPENT IN PLOWERS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] KISSIMMEE, FLA., January 24. -Florida roses in Yankee markets! Think of it, ye

bland florists of our Northern cities. The scheme of certain Eastern capitalists to raise flowers in Florida for Northern cities is agitating land agents in the Peninsula, thrilling the souls of Yankee belles and striking terror to the The idea is poetical, sesthetic and flavors much of the flower markets of Paris and gumption" that Florida possesses, the raising of cut flowers will soon be a paying in-dustry here, and revolutionize the flower revolutionized the orange industry. Then

Northern florists fear the usurpation of upon the subject, and well may they grow and Florida become an American Riviera. | basin of the Pacific Ocean-here was the Already the idea is growing, and gardeners ship to the leading hotels of the State, and in limited quantities to New York and Chicago markets. It is estimated that there are \$10,000,000 invested in lands, structures and stock in floral establishments within a radius of ten miles from New York, and when one city makes such demand for horti-

culture, the importance of this industry can

yellow fever, but typhoid is sure to follow upon the prostrations of this winter, and well be seen. will cost the country millions more before THE UNITED STATES AHEAD. the year is out, unless searching reforms in The cut flower business is greater in the sanitary matters are made matters of first moment. After the ten commandments, the United States than in any other part of the world, New York itself paying \$4,000,000 first thing taught by Moses was sanitary law, which should be the great ruling interest with priests and politicians, teachers and society, till it is comprehended and ful-filled." annually for cut flowers, one-third of which is for rose buds. The cost of forcing these roses in the winter season is great, and the prices paid for the forced buds perfectly ashe was only conscious of the fact of sinking and of the necessity of the fact. Then he caused a howl among buyers in Western All our schemes of education, wealth and pleasure go hait for want of health. If we do not suspend them long enough to learn this great lesson, pestilence will suspend them for us and force us to learn. cities that would have awakened the seven sleepers. During the winter months the prices range with the demand. One grower of New Jersey a few days ago took in 300 There should be no question of means

when the alternative is our lives and those of our children. A fee is at the doors werse Florida court. Roses, such roses-Marechal Neil, Bennitt, La France and the queen of all, the American Beauty, bloom constantly and of power and a face of flashing light. She profusely, growing luxuriantly on almost defieth his signal. She will not be disany soil and at any point. It enough could be said there has been sufficient praise bestowed upon the peerless flower of the earth.

The rosarian of the nineteenth century is the bounding blood in the veins of a soft progressive, and the American people ready to accept new inventions. Each season some new beauty, like the debutante, has its glory. Last year the new Oakmont was in-troduced, James Conley, its raiser, having spent five years in perfecting it. Im-provement is good, but let the old roses keep their places of honor. From the stars upon the horizon, what roses could rival the Marechal Neil, jacqueminot, La

France? They are the armor-bearers of Flora's field. The Marechal Neil blooming shyly at the North, can be seen in Florida covering a long veranda loaded with deep-colored buds. From a single rose, daily from 100 to 300 buds are picked. The Mure chal Neil, to reach perfection, must be budded on another stock-the Cherokee being the favorite. Whatever other roses may be left on hand, the Marechal Nell never is.

THE MATCHLESS FLOWER.

"The rose that all are praising is not the rose for me," but when it is the perfection of floral realities—the matchless Marechai Neil-to belong to its worshipers becomes an honor. Imagination may flatter herself she told every shopkeeper in Lynchburg to let Joe have anything ne wants, and send the | can form a more perfect flower, but she has never done so. This rose has been a mine of wealth to nurserymen ever since its introduction, and when experienced horticultur-ists throughout Florida only ask 50 cents per 100 for buds, we can readily see there is money for the gardner-for the railroad, the commissioner, still leaving a nice little margin to be summed up to profit and loss. The business promises quick returns and sure profits. Small gardeners will sell direct to the syndicate if they make a success, until shipping facilities are nearer perfec-

tion.

This new Florida industry will put the radiant bloom of the rarest flowers within easy reach of every Northern ballroom, parlor and dinner table, and our Northern cities will revel in "cheap flowers," just as Parisians do now, and if the industry does not become a monopoly, these same "cheap flowers" in Northern markets will add one more tribute to American culture, and no longer will Northern florists cater to the taste of mestheticism at the rate of \$1, \$2 or \$3 per rose, during the wintry months. Neither will they decorate for ballrooms or wedding festivities at the exorbitant rates now charged, for in the rich hammocks of Florida grow rarest exotics, exquisite feathery grasses, palms, magnolias, sweet-scented jessamine that would fairly paralyze a professional florist from the blizzard-smitten North with astonishment. Here, Northern hothouse plants grow and bloom in rugged health in the open ground throughout the whole winter—innocent of special care or protec-tion. The scheme cannot fail. Florida can produce the flowers, and with the beauty, tragrance and aroma of tropical romance,

THE MANUFACTURE OF PERFUMERY. Another new industry agitating Floridians is the raising flowers for the manufacture of perfumery. It is known that the attar of roses can be as successfully made in Florida as in the gardens of Bulgaria. The special condition of soil and climate for the musk and damask rose is met with only in a few tracts of land in the world. In parts of Florida these varieties flourish abundantly, and nurserymen claim that one acre, properly managed, will yield \$2,500 per annum. The jasmine, sweet violet and jonquil are also used for distillation or absorption.

Yankeedom will buy them.

Last season at the Vanderbilt ball the foral decorations cost \$3,000. Mrs. Will-iam Astor, the same season, expended \$1,000 on a single evening decoration. If growing flowers in Florida for Northern markets will not make a paying industry what will? Before another year the flower markets, flower farms and Marechal Neil plantations will agitate capitalists, while my lady fair in the North and in the South will alike

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

Author of "Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," Etc. AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

[Continued From Last Sunday.]

CHAPTER V.

THE VISIT OF THE NAZABENE. Lazarus walked home like a man blinded by light. His head swam giddily. The blood leaped in his veins. The stately form hearts of Jersey and Long Island florists. of the temple shook before him as he passed. The familiar outline of Mt. Olivet quivered against his eyeballs. The figures of people New Orleans. The enterprise is as yet in its in the road wavered and enlarged, and infancy, but with the "grit, grip and dwindled like phantasmagoria seen in mist. He felt as if he moved above them, on a strange high level, and saw the world over their heads. He seemed to himself like a business, just as the Florida orange has spirit escaped from the body, and set free to wander at will. He fled, he floated, he will smiling maidens and blooming matrons drifted across the current of common life. laugh in the faces of Northern florists, while He knew not whither he would go, nor they luxuriate in cheap, sweet, fresh, Florida | wherefore; he only knew that he fluttered upon a sea of delight and despair. He only knew that he was their rights, as is proven by their touchiness alive as a bird, or a wind, or a strong tree, or some bright brute thing green with envy. The most influential of | that has peither conscience, nor intellect, Florida nurserymen declare there are millions | nor foresight; only the sense of living and in the scheme, and say, "Give us 50 cents the joy of it. The only fact he had ever per hundred for our finest roses delivered at dreamed of that could separate soul and the gardens, and we ask no surer road to body in like manner and give a man his fortune." With the same trained and utter freedom, was the fact of death. Now workmanlike preparation of the flowers for here was another, unknown to his grave the market, as displayed by Northern speculation, a thing till then as unfathomed growers, the venture must prove a success, by the calm and thoughtful Jew, as the

> fact of love. To Lazarus, the busy mechanic, the suber householder, the steadiest of citizens, the most religious of denotees, the purest of men, the serevest of spirits-unto Lazarus. had occurred the experience which shuts it-self as an unsealed book from most human souls, albeit they are wrought of the molten fiber of passionate impulse as unknown to him as the fire of Moloch—Lazarus had been overtaken by that rare and mighty angel: Instantaneous love.

Now this godly young Jew knew no more what to do with this state of things than if he had been cast handcuffed and blind-

"It is a dream," he muttered, "I forget it, I awake. It passeth. I do dream."

He drew his firm hand over his eyes confusedly; it was as if he would brush her buds of a favorite rose and received whole-image away. Nay, then! She was no such film. Flesh and blood will not melt at a woman out of being by a gesture? standeth tall and haughty, queenly, a form of power and a face of flashing light. She missed. See! how she holds her ground, mockingly, merrily—no apparition she.

This is no dream, godly Lazarus. Warm as strong woman—the vision claspeth thee.

Lazarus as he walked staggered unde the pressure of it. It seemed to that sweet, proud creature had entered his very being; as if her life melted into his; as if the drawing of his breath hung upon her

curved lips. "Zahara!" he murmured, "Zahara!" When he spoke her name aloud it seeme to him as if he began to possess her. He threw back his head and trod proudly. He walked in a sweet delirium. One of his workmen followed him

asked him some pressing question about the work at the palace.
"What did you say?" saked Lazarus confusedly. The man repeated his inquiry; his master replied with a few irrelevant, hurrying words, and hastened on; he felt a deperate need of being alone

He got home into his own apartments quickly as he might. Martha buzzed about some disturbing trifle, but he said: "I pray thee, my sister, leave the mat-ter alone. I am weary and would be at

"It is important," persisted Martha; "I must talk to somebody."
"Converse with Mary, then," said her

brother wearily.
"One might as well talk to the evening star," cried Martha. "I will listen, then," said Lazarus a little smitten at the conscience, for he was a good brother, and not a man to disregard a

woman's chatter.
"Nay, then!" answered Martha resentfully, "I have naught to say to you." Lazarus passed on into his chamber; and shut the doors. He looked about the familiar place perplexedly. He felt that a new person crossed the threshold; the man, Lazarus, whem he knew had passed it for the last time. He did not recognize himself. He was not used to dreams, and to strange views of common facts. He had lived a plain, busy, pious life. Nothing like this had ever come within his knowledge. His quiet nature was now a tempest. All his standard and codes were capsized like little shallops in a sudden sea. In a moment, in the twinkling of a soft eye, a woman had entered his calm world, and ail the kingdoms of his nature and the glory of them were beneath her feet. He wished that he could have laid his reverent lips to them—those veiled feet. This eminently discreet young man did indeed cherish that desperate daring desire. How gently her garments flowed about them!—as a modest maiden's should—concealing them in long, soft folds; as if she trod upon morning clouds. Her drapery, veil beneath veil, enclosed her jealously. It was a kind of haughtiness in her, it was a kind of higher modesty, not to draw the veil across her face at first clance of him-her father's workman. Lazarus recalled this with half a delight and half a stinging shame. His first

"She is not as other women. She doeth her own will. She is a princess." His second:
"She is the daughter of Annas. And I

am Lazarus, builder to the High Priest, her What was he verily, in her sight, that he should dare lift up so much as his thoughts unto Zahara? It was dark in his sumptuous rooms. The

It was tark in his samptuous rooms. The prosperous man paced them like a beggar. In an hour he felt pauperized. He had always been so sure of his standing in the world; his possessions and his skill had meant credit and content; he had been honored; he had felt that his preference would be regarded by the women whom he knew; it had never occurred to the rich builder and prominent ecclesiastic that a woman could become to him an unattainable fact in life. His large mild eyes flashed in the dark rooms.
"I am defied!" he said aloud, "I am de-

What would Annas the High Priest, Annas member of the Sanhedrin, Annas

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, the Sadducee, with Lazarus his builder, the Pharisee, if he so much as took the proud name of Zahara upon his lips? Truly as a slave is hurled from his master's presence, so would the father of Zahara deal with the man whose veriest shadow should fall across barriers dearer to Jewish convention than life itself. Annas was the aristocrat of society and of theology; Lazarus, the bourgeois and dissenter. Nay, the very wealth, position, influence of the builder were likely to be sources of offense to the patrician. Better were it for Lazarus if he came like a beggar, with "help but God" (as his read), and sat upon the palace stairs, the High Priest would have regarded him as a properly classified person who knew his place and kept it, flung him a handful of coin, and observed him no more than the ass that brought the packs of

provender at the bidding of the slaves. Who knew? A man might snatch the girl at such a vantage and away with her. Lazarus checked his feverish walk, threw himself upon a rug, and in the prostrate position dear to Oriental emotion hid his face and battled with himself. Lazarus was confounded at his own condition. Within himself he found a foreign enemy; he feit him-self unlearned in the tactics of a strange war. He was not ready to yield, but he knew not how to fight. He did not even give the name of Love to his swift and overwhelming passion. He called it Zahars, and studied it no more.

"I shall see her to-morrow," he thought: then he remembered that he might never see her any morrow.

"But I shall!" he cried: "But I will!"
Then he bethought him that shall and will were helpless slaves in the hopeless situation. He was accustomed to doing as he chose. He had not been thwarted before, He had had his way. He now began to un-derstand that he had never really worked for anything until this hour. Human desire, a wild creature unchained, sprang upon him; he felt like a person wrestling with claws and teeth.

At intervals he repeated her name aloud; "Zahara! Zahara!" The very sound of it seemed to him to scintillate. What a gorgeous name!

"Zahara, the Bright One. Zahara, the Shining. I worship thee, here in my dark room, Zahara," whispered Lazarus. As he lay there prostrate with his face upon his arms, a light and timid sound aroused him. It was the voice of Mary, his

aister, in the court beyond his doors.
"Art thou ill, my brother?" "Nay, then, my sister, I am well."
"Comest thou not forth that I may speak

with thee?" "Is it a matter of import?" demanded "It can wait," said Mary gently. "I would

not intrude upon thee." "Thou hast not the soul of the intruder." replied Lazarus with the hearty voice ne coming cordially from the reveries of passion to the realities of home. Mary could do as she would with Lazarus. He aroused himself and came outside the court; Mary was alone; it was late, cool evening; the brother and sister sat down upon the near-est rug, and settled themselves comfortably. Mary looked at Lazarus, but not keenly; her eyes were gentle and sweet. He met their gaze with a strange sense of irresponsible guilt. He thought-"Mary would not understand. Mary could not understand." "I have somewhat to say unto thee," began Mary, timidly, "Martha would have

spoken of the matter, but thou repelleds "Martha annoyed me," said Lazarus shortly. "Thou never dost that." "He hath been here," said Mary with un-

wonted abruptness. "He?-Here? Thou meanest-" Whom could I mean? We know but One," replied Mary gravely. "The Master hath visited us."

"In my absence?" "In thine absence. He remained with us until the twelfth hour; we pressed him to tarry further, but he would not, though Martha made ready the upper chamber and said many words to him-he departed. He remained not.

Lazarus was silent a moment. "If thou hadst been here," observed Mary, "I think he would have tarried."

"I am sorry," avowed Lazarus.
"Why, of course!" cried Mary with more than usual spirit. It seemed to her as if there were a singular lack of animation in her brother's tone and manner. Did he exhibit the scorehing grief she expected, or only a tender regret?

"Lazarus," she said, with something like reproach, "Nearer and dearer to him than thyself he hath but one other friend among all that name the name of his disciples, an that thou knowest." "Thou speakest of John the fisherman, and thou speakest truly, Mary. The Mas

ter loveth him.' "And thee! And thee, likewise, Lazarus! His own lips have said it. His own deed hath proved it. It seems to me that thou speakest coldly of him."

"God forbid!" cried Lazarus, starting,
"I have not wavered. It any may be loyal
to him and his cause I am the man. My
heart can never chill toward him."

But as he spoke the words a feeling almost of terror came over Lazarus. With the sudden warming of this strong and splendid flame which that day within his nature had shot fire—would other feeling cool by hot comparison? Was it possible that he, Lazarus, beloved of one on whom the hopes of the race were hanging, tenderly selected by that sweet and supreme nature to the affectionate attitude of intimate friendwas it possible that Lazarus could forget the Messiah of his people, the Jesus of his per-sonal royalty, for the glance of a girl's eye but yesterday unknown?
"It grieveth me," said Lazarus, peni-

tently, "it grieveth me that I saw him not. How seemed he? What said he?" "Worn," answered Mary, sadly, "worn and pale; his countenance bath a trans-parent look, and his step betokens a great weariness. Verily, Lazarus, the sight went

to my heart."
"What said he?" pursued Lazarus, with increasing sympathy.
"His words were few," replied Mary, in a tone of awe. "His words were few—and

"Canst thou not recall them for me, my sister?" "Nay, my brother, it is as if I tried to re-

call the rustling of the wings of cherubina above the altar. I have a sense of sacred sound that bore my soul above my body;

words I lear I can tell thee but too few. It ever seemeth to me an unbecoming thing to take his words upon one's lips unwarily."

"Of what did he discourse, then? If thou venturest not to quote his language, for which indeed I do commend thee, Mary, and better were it for him if every one of our number had so wise a conscience. We have tongues too many and too easy, in our flock. I have myself admired his own

