SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 12.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

A CHEAP BUT COZY COTTAGE.

How to Build and Furnish a Pretty Home—Useful Hints Concerning Decoration.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

PLANS with this issue are for an eight-roomed cottage, cozy and comfortable, and at moderate cost. The exterior is simple and picturesque, and has a cheerful, home-like appearance.

For painting, the following simple scheme will hang well together, and be attractive if properly carried out. Roofs, a low toned red, almost brown in its shading. The shingles on the gable end, a soft old gold, the plaster in the peak of the gable may be of a brighter lemon yellow as it will brighten up the quiet colors. The body of the house a quiet olive green, with a dark bronze green for all trimmings.

The fact that a room is simple in finish, and the home comparatively low in monetary value is no reason why its cheerful and artistic values may not be brought to the front. The interior shown with this article is the parlor of the house mentioned above. This room is in the front of the house with two cheerful front windows, and if the sunshine finds its way here any length of time during the day, the colors should be of rather a low, quiet key, allowing enough of bright color to creep into its furnishings, to enhance the cheerful effec

In the wall and ceiling decoration, simplicity should be considered. For the walls use cartridge paper (plain) of a quiet, olive green. Paint the woodwork a darker, cool tone of the same, running into the gray. For the frieze a very quiet tone of light Pompeian red; this should be in distemper and the pattern stenciled over in gold, very light and delicate. For the ceiling a soft, buff tone, a very little medium chrome yellow. Dry color mixed with the white cal-

cium will bring the right results; this will give a cheerful effect to the more somber tones of the wall, and sunshine to the room when artificially lighted.

The decoration on this should be quiet and simple in character, only a few cutting lines of soft olive, with an inner line of gold. Hang the windows with plain curtains of a darker olive than the walls, and perhaps a little sharper on the green, with stripes of dark red running horizontally across them. Such curtains may be purchased from $12 per pair upward.

Of course they will not be so heavy and rich as higher priced goods, but if well lined with a soft buff silicia, will look and wear well for years. The shades should be a light olive color.

The furniture of dark, quiet color, brightened by tidies and bits of embroidery color, here and there on cabinet and mantel shelves. There is no reason why our parlor, even if simple and inexpensive, should not rise far above the commonplace, in its home comforts and cheerfulness. When a chamber does not happen to contain a hanging wardrobe, an excellent substitute may be effected, by means of a set of those portable wooden pegs, that can be bought for a very small price, fastened to the wall by stay nails.

Dresses and cloaks are not sightly objects when hung up, and if not covered, they catch the dust in a manner very detrimental to their preservation. To obviate this make a cretonne curtain (a light ground is the prettiest) the required length and width, with several curtain rings at the top. Then procure at the hardware dealers two of those little brass hooks to screw into the wall—the largest size—and a strong piece of cane about three-quarters of a yard long. Screw the hooks just over the pegs, run the cane through the curtain rings and fasten it up, the two hooks supporting each end. Thus a portable hanging wardrobe is at once made; and when the room is swept, nothing need be done but to turn the flowing curtain inside out, and pin it tightly around the dresses underneath it. The cretonne should match the window curtains and harmonize, as much as possible, with the shade of the carpet and the whole tone of the room.

Boxes and trunks that never look well in a room, in their natural state, may be converted into ottomans by covers to fit loosely, and readily take off and put on. A flat piece lined from the top of the box, a piping cord around and loose flowers gathered on would look best. When curtains, box covers, portieres and hanging wardrobes are all made of the same pretty, light cretonne, the effect should be very good.

In fixing up a bedroom in cretonne, it is advisable to get a number of yards over what is immediately required, as there is no telling when it may be needed, and it is sometimes difficult to match the pattern afterward. Nothing looks worse than a patched room, the idea, if attempted at all, should be carried out well.

There are special rules for decorating certain rooms to make them exactly suited to their particular uses. Thus: the entrance hall or reception room should be as far as possible, imposing, calculating to instill into the visitor a sense of the mansion importaci. The dining room should be just the opposite in effect to the entrance hall. As a rule dining rooms are quiet and subdued in tone, for in this room the special interest ought to live in the repast on the table, not in startling forms of decoration and furniture.

It is not pleasant to have the attention riveted by some example of decorative skill, when the mind should be devoted to the consumption of the viands on the table. By all means let the sitting room be bright and cheerful. The character of this room ought to be such as to promote cheerful and pleasurable conversation, and this is fostered by the many little odd trifles, drawings, pictures and articles of virtu, scattered about the room.

If the walls are covered with paper let it be light (for no dark paper is suitable for

such a room) and of a color and pattern most adapted to show off any pictures and engravings that may be hung upon the walls, for if good pictures are hung on a wall covered with an unsuitable paper, their beauty will be lost, and most likely passed by unnoticed. Whereas, if they be hung upon a suitable background, they will at once be brought promptly into notice. Likewise walls and carpets, in all rooms ought to be of a color that will form a good background to the furniture of the room.

Sometimes strong colors are chosen for the parlor or sitting room walls, in order to give them a degree of comfort and richness, which light colors could not produce, and this is the more desirable when hanging curtains in the windows are altogether done away with. The library should be rich, both in its decorations and appointments. Green in quiet, cut tones, will be found a good color for the prevailing tone in the library; in this room everything ought to be the characteristic of study and meditation.

Let the bedrooms be quiet and cheerful in tone. No paper with a striking pattern is suitable for a bedroom; for in the hour of sickness, the eye and brain will soon weary, with constant and striking repetition. In short, our dwellings ought to decorated in such a manner as will be best suited to our wants, and that consists in a harmonious combination of color and beauty of form, but be it remembered that utility must always have pre-eminence over beauty. By the exercise of a little good taste utility and beauty may nearly always go together.

Paint upon woodwork in our room should always be of plain and simple colors and "flotted;" the ordinary graining, to immitate different kinds of wood being mere dissimilation, and as such to be entirely reprobated; the more cleverly it is done the more palpable the lie. In the chamber, instead of curtains, which the modern form of bedsteads render inconvenient, screens on either side of the bed are a much prettier and more healthy substitute; screens insure privacy, they keep out the light if necessary and are a great impoovement in the looks of a room.

MASTERLY FINANCIERING.

A Neat Stroke in Business That Almost Persuaded a Lawyer to be a Christian.

A story is told of three Allegheny county lawyers which isn't slow in its way. It is that several attorneys had met to agree upon a fee to be charged certain clients to the Supreme Court. One of them suggested that they agree on a certain figure. Another thought an increase of 25 per cent was right, while the third blandly remarked that if they would defer action for a few days he would find just what the case would stand, and to this the other two agreed without division.

The trio again met according to appointment, when the volunteer investigator was asked to report, and he said: "Gentlemen, I have made full inquiry and am satisfied that we can have $2,500 just as well as $1,200." At this announcement, the gentleman who had suggested the advance to $1,500, and who is of Semitic extraction, sprang to his feet in transport, and rushing over to the $2,500 man and clasping his hand, fervently, exclaimed: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

The recipient blushed violently and only recovered his equilibrium in a brown study as to whether the ejaculation was sarcastic or complimentary.

Gourley's Majority 3,123.

The Returning Board is still busy with the counting of Tuesday's vote, but will finish to-day. The result of the count of the vote in Pittsburg shows for Gourley 16,728, and for Bailey 13,605, making Gourley's majority 3,123.

IN DREADFUL MADRID,

The Sinful City and Prison of Tottering Spanish Royalty,

WAKEMAN FINDS QUAINT SCENES.

The Manzanares Lavanderas, or Washerwomen of the River.

A MAD POET'S TOMB AND AN EPISODE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

MADRID, SPAIN, January 27.—[Copyright]—You will see more olden, quaint and curious sights in the great calzadas or stone-covered highways leading into Madrid, than you will find in the Spanish capital itself. For old Madrid, the Madrid that was once but the advance post to Toledo, when the latter city was in the hands of the Arabs, has entirely disappeared. The Madrid of to-day is a modern city, with modern architecture; and only when now and then one stumbles upon a musty, old and forgotten corner where antiquity and filth have been unwittingly overlooked, or when you come upon the gigantic apartment houses with their cheap rennaissance of Moorish tracery and balconies, will your expectant eyes rest upon aught of Byzantine flavor or design. To the traveler, primed with romantic fancies of Moorish conquest, occupancy and relics, it is the most disappointing city in all Spain. To the cities of the South, one must go to Toledo, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz and to vermilioned-walled Granada, for the enchantment and exultation promised in one's far-away day dreams of medieval Spain.

One might better see New York, Boston or Philadelphia to know historic ground; lowly life along the Thames in London will furnish more interesting studies of characteristic classes; and Paris in a score of quarters can show infinitely greater piquancy and zest. Madrid is bleak, solemn, ponderous. Its streets are wide, clean, but without life or color. Its royal palace is a vast granite and marble barn. Its Escurial is a huge, damp, out-of-doors cellar. Its squares, plazas and paseos, the resort of dolorous idlers, convey a sense of austere solemnity and loneliness. Its royal picture gallery, admitting of no equal in the world in point of rare works of the oldest and greatest masters, may also with equal justice admit of no equal in the world as the most inadequate collection of representative schools of art extant.

SIMPLY REPUGNANT AND BAD.

It does not possess a single cathedral; and you cannot find a church within its environs worthy a moment's attention by the student of ecclesiastical art. Its river of high-sounding name, the Manzanares, is a spatter of wet from the Guadarrama mountains in winter, a muddy torrent in spring, a sand-blown ditch in the summer, and hardly a capable sewer at any time of the year. Its people ape the French in dress, attempt English manners in the saddle or carriage; and possess none of the better, and all of the worst, characteristics and qualities of the entire nation. Madrid is simply the great prison house of tottering Spanish royalty; the breeding spot of aimless revolution and disorder; socially the most corrupt of all European cities; and, as an abiding place, from its inexpressably wretched climate, the certain beginning and end of lingering death.

All this being true, and immeasurably more emphatic in the experience than through the consciousness derived from reading it in print, my own interest quickly passed from contemplation of Madrid as the royal city of Spain, with nothing truly Spanish about it, to the study of two lowly classes, the lavanderas, or washerwomen of the Manzanares; the Spanish Gipsies of the quarter known as the Barrio de las Injurias y Cambroneras" and to a few hours' idling in the Campo Santo, at the lowly grave of Espronceda, the "mad poet of Spain."

This dripping thing they call a river, the Manzanares, comes down from the cold, gray heights to the north of Madrid, and winds half way around the city from the northwest to the southeast. What water flows through it, breaks in sandy shallows, forming innumerable little islands, and curiously bounded strips of land, all accessible by any barefoot boy or girl. Ten thousand women soak and splash and souse and beat the linen of Madrid within its scant waters every day. Not an article of clothing is elsewhere washed. No other than these

MANZANARES LAVANDERAS

are permitted to labor as laundresses; and for three miles up and down the stream, from opposite the infantry and artillery barracks upon the heights of Montana del Principe, past the windows of the Queen Regent's apartments in the royal palace, and circling around away beyond Toledo Gate, the moving dots of red and ble, yellow and gray, comprise this great army of Amazons with arms and legs on them like tree trunks; with voluptuous breasts and shapely necks; hard-muscled and bronzed as Turks; the most arduous toilers, the wickedest blackguards, and withal the sunniest tempered souls in Spain. There are three grades in this labor. They are the mistresses, or amas, the overseers or ayudantas, and the lavanderas themselves. All are women. The first are the agents who receive the work from the hotels, great houses, and the city agencias, in huge lots, and are responsible for its safe return. The ayudantas or overseers, are really the forewomen of from a dozen to a score of lavanderas each; and they are responsible for work placed in their hands by the amas. At 5 in the morning, winter and summer the lavanderas will be seen, many of them with children trundling beside them, creeping along from the barrios abajos or lower quarters of the city toward the Manzanares. Near the river is an asilo or asylum, a refuge for their children.

By 6 o'clock you might count from 5,000 to 8,000 of the strange creatures at work. The entire sloping, sandy banks are covered with drying poles. At this time of the year the water from the mountains is of icy temperature. But it seems to make no difference with their labors. Here and there huge cauldrons contain boiling water. From time to time a trifle of this is poured in the little hollow where each one toils in the sand and water; but this seems to be done more from habit than necessity. Each lavandera brings her own huge roll of bread, perhaps a bit of cheese, a clasp knife to prevent undue liberties from the straggling soldiery near, as well as to use in cutting bread; and, just before noon, they breakfast in huge wooden sheds on salt fish, potatoes and coffee with a measure of red wine provided by the ama, duplicating this meal as a dinner, at 4 in the afternoon.

THEY WELCOME THE DANCER.

They eat like animals, and the moment their food is disposed of, the tinkle of the guitar is heard, and you or any kindly disposed passer may dance with them, as I did, until the 30 minutes allowed them for food and refresco have expired. On these occasions everyone dances, girls of 18 and women of 80, and the scenes along Manzanares are very picturesque and interesting. But when I tell you that one of these iron-framed wenches must wash and dry ready for the "starching," which is done by the criadas in the city, pieces of linen equaling the cleansing of 70 sheets, in order to earn 25 cents per day, the poetical sense in it all is with the interested on-looker, rather than with the drudging lavanderas of the Manzanares.

To the southwest of the old city, between the fine Toledo Bridge and the huge but unartistic Toledo Gate, and near the bank of the river, is a wobegone quarter known as "Barrio de las Injurias y Cambroneras." Here I found my old friends, the Gipsies, to the number of about 1,000. They live in crumbling stone huts, rude wooden sheds curiously patched and mended like many of the squatters in their picturesque cabins upon the gray rocks of Harlem heights, in New York, and in tents of coarse linen cloth set upon board bases, something as we used to raise our "wedge" and "wall" tents when in winter quarters, while some of us were enjoying a vacation in the South from '61 to '65. My visit to these tawny folk would have been deeply disappointing had I not possessed certain passports to their favor from American Gipsies. This enabled me to secure information regarding the present whereabouts of the most powerful and respectable band of rom ajahs or "road lords," that is, traveling Gipsies, in Spain, which, if fortunate in finding, I shall speak of at length in my next letter.

AT THE TOMB OF THE POET.

From the homes of these miserable outcasts I wandered to the Campo Santo or public cemetery of Madrid. To me there has always been a strange fascination about the mournful end of the greatest, and the most diabolic, poet Spain ever produced. That one was Espronceda, the mad poet of Spain. I could not find his own grave, but the neglected tumba of his mother was pointed out—the place where the poet's disperate agony dethroned his reason. His life and death were equally horrible. He sprang from social driftwood. His mother was a brilliant lascivia; his father a titled roue; his own love affairs horribly dramatic; his daughter the most beautiful and dangerous woman of Spain, and his own death that of a madman. The baleful influence of his daughter was such that royalty in Spain nearly received its death-blow, and every hope centering in the present royal succession was all but destroyed.

Adelaide, the mad poet's divinely beautiful daughter, was the favorite inamorata of Alfonso. Indeed, the two were desperately in love. Queen Christina, the present queen regent, bore all his ordinary affairs patiently enough, but she knew of the radiant beauty and intellectuality of Adelaide, and it crazed her with jealousy. Ordering a close carrosa she was driven to the little nest of a quinta Alfonso had provided for his love in the aristocratic suburb of Chambery, at an hour when she knew the king would be with her. Hastily alighting, she attempted to enter, but was met by the Duke Sesto, whose eminence had been attained as a procurador rather than as a statesman.

"Permit me to enter!" tremblingly demanded the queen.

"It is impossible. I beg you to return to the palace," replied Sesto.

"Make way for the Queen—the Queen will pass!" indignantly commanded the niece of Francis Joseph, Emperor of the Austrias.

"Even the Queen cannot pass!" imperturbably and doggedly answered the duke.

SHE ENTERED AND WAS STRUCK.

With a cry of rage Christina sprang to the carossa, snatched from it a heavy purse of gold, flung it full in Sesto's face, which sent him crashing through a window of the villa, and, shrieking, "Dog! if your master, the King, pays you one price for your hellish occupation the Queen will always double it to defeat him!" flew into the quinta like a tigress, and discovered the King and Adelaide in each other's arms.

It is said Alfonso did not recognize the identity of the half-crazed intruder. At all events, springing to his feet, he struck the Queen to the floor with his heavy walking stick, and then fled with Espronceda's daughter, while the calm Sesto bore the unfortunate woman to the carrosa and saw her safely in the hands of her maids at the royal palace. Two days later the Queen was with her uncle at the Austrian Court, determined on eternal separation from Alfonso, while the Spanish royal household and the high dignitaries of Spain trembled for the result. The affair even penetrated the Vatican itself, and for a time was a source of grave disquiet to all the courts of Europe. But in a little time Alfonso was prevailed upon to present himself at Vienna, penitent and promising, and the politic Austrian Emperor succeeded in sending Christina and Alfonso back to Madrid together. Thus the Queen's uncle's wisdom made it possible for all Spain to rejoice at the birth of the late King's posthumous son, the puny, ever-ailing King Alfonso XIII, to succeed him upon the Spanish throne.

CRAZY, BLASPHEMOUS GENIUS.

But no man ever lived with greater genius than Espronceda. He starved and sung, and Spain crowned him with riches and honor. But these to him were but instruments for the most hideous emphasis of his own deadly hatred of all mankind. Stung to madness by the burning consciousness of his own unfortunate origin, he swept the universe of inspiration and language for flaming brands of imagery with which to annihilate virtue and debauch all mankind. His tremendous intellectual power and supreme genius, allied to his awful invective and the subtle poison of his divine verse, for a time corrupted all Spain. But an hour came when this wave of ruin swept back in indignation upon himself. He struggled against it with infinite darling and power, until, realizing the enormity of his crime against the hope of all mankind, or the completeness of his own fall, he went mad entirely. Breaking from his keepers he rushed to the Campo Santo, where his mother lay buried, and there upon this now weed-hidden grave, composed the most dreadful and devilish poem ever conceived by human mind—"La Desesperacion"—in which his own mother, even the holy virgin, and all semblance of virtue, maidenhood, motherhood, maternity, are more loathsomely reviled than elsewhere in all tongues of men. With this masterpiece of the infamy of genius he appeared before his friends, a blasphemous maniac, destroyed himself, and died uttering the words, "Que talle otro!"—"Let the next one deal!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

VISITING SHIPPERS.

The Painesville and Fairport Road Entertains a Party of Patrons.

A number of the shippers on the Pittsburg, Painesville and Fairport road, with their wives, visited Pittsburg yesterday as the guests of the railroad. They registered at the Anderson Hotel. In the party were Vice President R. K. Paigland and wife, C. C. Paige and wife, S. L. Thompson and wife, E. E. Gould and wife, Mayor Z. S. Wilson and wife, W. Scott Bonnell and wife, K. C. Moody and wife, and J. W. Alexander. In the afternoon they visited the mills of Oliver Bros. & Phillips and Spang, Chalfant & Co. The evening was spent at the Grand Opera House.

Vice President Paige, of the road, said: "Last year we handled 800,000 tons of pig iron at the Fairport docks. Now we are shipping about 150 cars of ore per day over the road. It is deposited at various points in the Mahoning and Shenango valleys, but the bulk of it comes to Pittsburg. A number of capitalists, among whom are President Oliver, of the Pittsburg and Western, intend to build a large blast furnace this spring near the docks."

Didn't Expect so Much.

The rise in the river caught some people napping, and considerable lumber floated off the wharf. The Signal Service Bureau put the top notch at 22 feet. The freeze last night and the breeze was somewhat repressive. Between 6 o'clock Thursday evening and noon yesterday, the river rose 7 feet.

A MORE agreeable traveling companion than a cold is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Take Your Choice of the Hats.

Elegantly trimmed, mostly pattern bonnets, at less than cost. Come to-day to The People's Store. CAMPBELL & DICK.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Chief Jones Refuses to Let the Silsby Engine Squirt in Pittsburg.

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE MATTER

What Each Side Says Upon the Subject of the Chief's Refusal.

OTHER TESTS STAND NO SHOW AT ALL

The nine-hour test of the squirting powers of the Amoskeag and Silsby fire engines failed again to materialize yesterday and as there is some heat displayed on the matter, the story of each is hereby detailed:

Between 6 and 7 o'clock yesterday morning, Chief Brown, of the Department of Public Safety, put engine No. 2, Amoskeag, in charge of Mr. John Vandeveld, the Pittsburg judge, and he had it taken to the Allegheny hay scales to be weighed, but there was no one there to weigh it, and it was found that the Allegheny engine had not been ordered out. It came on the ground later, however. Mr. Vandeveld had acted on the strength of the following correspondence of the evening previous:

VANDEVELD'S LETTER.

PITTSBURG, February 20, 1890.

Edward Armstrong, Esq., Judge representing Allegheny City on steam fire engine test:

DEAR SIR—Your verbal message received, with which arrangement I am very much satisfied to go to work in Exposition park, Allegheny City. We will have our engine at the city scales, Allegheny City, at 7 A. M. to-morrow. I would like, however, to make the provision that in case we find to-night at 6 o'clock that the park is not accessible for a practical test of the two engines, owing to the swollen condition of the river, or otherwise, I want to say to you that, in that event, I desire to go the wharf of the Monongahela river, and station the two engines on platforms there to be erected, and proceed with the test under the rules adopted by us.

I say Monongahela river because Chief Jones repeatedly told me there was no place on the Allegheny City side of the Allegheny river suitable for said test.

I will see that all provisions for the proper stationing of the engines at the above named place are made, so that there will be no delay in the engines getting to work in the morning, if you coincide with me in this matter.

Please send me a written answer to this note not later than 5 P. M. to-day. Direct to me, care of Hotel Anderson.

Very truly yours,
JOHN VANDEVELD.

The following is Mr. Armstrong's reply:

CITY OF ALLEGHENY,
February 20, 1890.

John Vandeveld, Esq.

DEAR SIR: Yours just handed me, and in reply would say that your proposition to take the engines to the Monongahela river, to be stationed on platforms erected by you for test, is perfectly satisfactory to me, provided our authorities agree. Chief Jones, who is present, objects to your proposition and suggests another day should be named by the judges.

Yours respectfully,
E. ARMSTRONG.

WOULDN'T TAKE IT BACK.

It was thought Chief Jones would reconsider his determination, but he didn't. He said the test had been postponed several times and might be again; that several hundred dollars had been expended in Exposition Park in preparation for the trial and that it was now in such condition that men should not be asked to work in it on a nine-hour trial; that if Pittsburg was very anxious for a trial another day might be appointed. He could see no reason why Allegheny firemen should come over to Pittsburg, as the test could be as well made in Allegheny as in Pittsburg. He quoted from the agreement that the trial was to be made on the Exposition race track, but professed to be willing to assist at a test under what he terms proper circumstances. Mr. Jones was unmovable and declared the test should not be made under any such conditions as Pittsburg was trying to infuse on Allegheny.

NO OTHER TEST POSSIBLE.

Chief Brown was asked if he would now proceed with arrangements to have a general test, in which all fire engine manufacturers would be invited to participate. He said he would not; that he was now done with fire engine tests. He said that if any testing was to be done the manufacturers could conduct it themselves.

John Vandeveld made an official report to Chief Brown, of the Department of Public Safety, yesterday afternoon. He says that Chief Jones, of the Allegheny Fire Department, positively refused to allow the Allegheny engine to be taken to the Monongahela river, even after having been so ordered by Judge Armstrong. He pays a high compliment to the Pittsburg authorities and says the failure to bring about a test is therefore not chargeable to the city of Pittsburg.

TONIC SPEAK-EASYISM.

A Medico Charged With Prescribing the Ardent in Medical Manner—Testimony of Witnesses Unsatisfactory to the Prosecution—The Cases Continued.

The cases of Dr. J. Sullivan and Fred Kellerman charged with selling liquor without license, were heard before Alderman Reilly yesterday afternoon. These informations were brought by County Detective Langhorst at the instance of District Attorney Johnston. A number of witnesses had been subpoenaed in the Dr. Sullivan case. Among them Matt Cavanaugh and Peter Donahue but they failed to put in an appearance.

Samuel Musgrave was the first witness sworn. He testified that he had his office with Dr. Sullivan. The only thing he got to drink was a tonic that was given him for a cold. He could not tell whether or not there was whisky in it.

Officer Patrick Farrell testified that he had been under the care of Dr. Sullivan, who was treating him for lung troubles. He had been given a tonic very often, but could not say there was any whisky in it. He never had a prescription.

These were all the witnesses present, and the case was continued for one week.

In the case of Fred Kellerman Gotlieb Maegel testified to having gotten some beer from a son of the defendant, but that it was in his own room and no money had been paid for it. He never got any liquor from the defendant.

William Hague testified that he was in the defendant's place often, but never got any liquor and never saw anybody else get liquor.

This case was continued until Monday, as some more witnesses are to be on hand.

HE IS AN ANCIENT MARINER.

Captain Rowley at 80 Years of Age Thinks It Time to Quit the River.

Captain George W. Rowley, who has commanded the Scotia since she was built, and whose experience as a mariner on the Western rivers of the United States covers 40 years, has surrendered the helm of the Scotia to Captain John E. Phillips.

Captain Rowley is 80 years of age, but though he has given up the Scotia and will remain in this city, he has not lost his interest in business, and will still keep his eye on the steamer in which he still retains his interest. He completed his last trip to Cincinnati two weeks ago.

Lost, or Strayed, a Client.

Some time since a lady named Frew applied for a divorce in the courts of this county. A commissioner was appointed and testimony taken. Since then the applicant for a legal dissolution has disappeared and all trace of her seems to be lost, and whether a reconciliation has taken place cannot, it seems, be ascertained.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

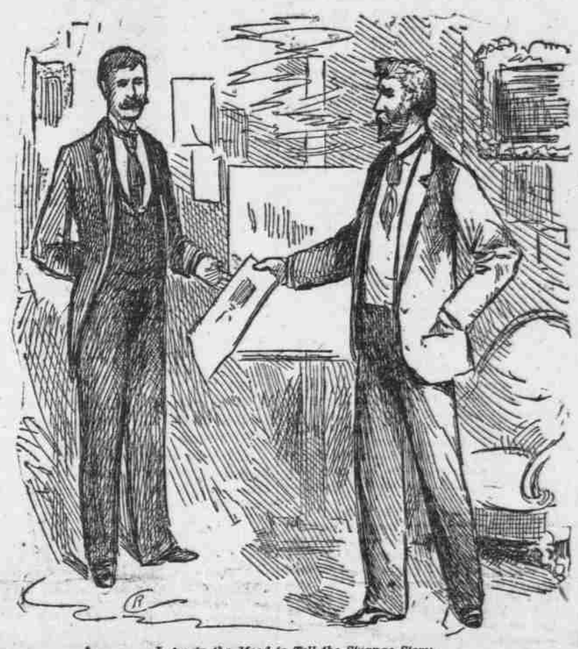
I.

"WHAT do you think of that?"

My friend Theophile Lucon, the artist, handed me a sketch and then leaned back in his chair, nervously twirling his waxed mustache.

You have heard of Theophile, he of the gorgeous eastern scenes, who paints Egyptian sand and rocks as if their monotony concealed a hot, passionate soul; whose blue skies are dazzling in their liquid purity and brightness, and who is never happier than when he can introduce in his pictures a sad, solitary human figure in the midst of world desolation. You remember his painting of "Pharaoh's Feast?" The blinding sun of the desert, an endless stretch of yellow sand and a vulture tearing in angry disappointment at a gorgeously clad mummy. Well, if you read that painting with a sympathetic soul attuned to its meaning, you will understand the sad, thoughtful genius of my friend.

He was not a morbid, melancholy man, but a charming companion, well read, original, who had traveled in many lands, and always had something interesting to tell you. But when he was most friendly and



I Am in the Mood to Tell the Strange Story.

unreserved you felt that his thoughts were soaring above your level; that he was gazing whither your sight could not penetrate; perhaps into the rich storehouse of memory; perhaps into an Utopia of his own invention. Everybody admitted that Theophile was a charming, lovable fellow; but they modified their praise by calling him "eccentric." He had his ideals in art and in life; he believed in the impossible, and in his superstitions was more of a Buddhist than Christian. He was fastidious to a fault; cruel in his criticism of women, and so the announcement that he was shortly to be married aroused the surprise and cynicism of his friends. Some claimed that he had secured an unique specimen of a real angel; others that he was engaged to a dream woman, to a fancy born of his love for the imaginary and impossible. The general conclusion, in which, however, I did not share, was that Theophile was a proof of the saying that genius is allied to madness.

I had called on him at his studio to congratulate him on his approaching marriage, but I found him in a dreamy reticent mood, which suddenly disappeared when he handed me the sketch. Knowing the peculiarities of my friend, I felt that some rare history was connected with the painting, and I studied it with deep interest. It was a rough, vigorous sketch of a woman's head, an Egyptian or Arab maiden of the better class, of a type of beauty that was not eastern. The skin was dark, the hair black, but under the low, narrow forehead there gleamed a pair of laughing blue eyes. All the expression, the soul, the emotion, were in the eyes. The lips were small and exquisitely shaped; the nose, with its sensitive nostrils, of wonderful delicacy; the head was gracefully planted on a beautifully rounded neck; the shoulders were perfect; but it required an effort to see all this; to drag away your attention from the laughing eyes that held you enthralled and mocked your enthusiasm with a strange gayety that suggested sadness.

"A portrait?" I asked absently.

"An unintentional portrait, but a portrait nevertheless. I am in the mood to tell the strange story connected with it, and that is the reason why I dragged it from its safe hiding place."

"It is a very beautiful face," I said, to break a silence, during which he thoughtfully puffed a cigarette and stared idly into space. "Everything is beautiful if you dive down to the soul of it. Has the cobra venom? That is the superficial, practical aspect. But sit awhile, as I have done, staring into its eyes, fascinating and being fascinated, and you will tell a different story. Ugliness is man's excuse for ignorance; what he knows only partially he condemns. Man has his idea of beauty, Nature hers. Bah! Man is always provincial in his tastes."

"If you fling æsthetics and metaphysics at me, I surrender without fighting. Your beauty here is laughing at you."

"She has the right, for living she suffered for me and still suffers for me."

"A paradox, then, in the portrait which is not a portrait."

"A paradox," he nodded, "which is another way of saying a woman. Give her a name, and I will tell the story."

"Why not the real name?"

"The name you give will be the real one. It is irresistible."

"Almah, then," I said, obstinately determined to disappoint him.

"Precisely!" he answered, calmly. "You could not miss it!"

"You do not mean ——"

"I mean nothing, my English materialist with the instincts of the logical Frenchman. Listen and believe or disbelieve, and when I have finished join the general chorus, tap your head and call me eccentric or insane. But while listening forget that science has benefited humanity by wiping out heaven; and believe that the soul theory is something more than an exploded mediæval tradition. You will thus err on the side of Plato, on the side of Pythagoras, on the side of Buddha, but by and by you can escape back to realism—say in the Jardin Mabille!"

"Your mysterious hints already interest me. Your fine spiritual nature always subdues my coarser materialism. I am a Buddhist believer; give me a glimpse of the spirit world."

"Your jesting request is my serious intention."

"I am hungry for you to begin."

"Good. In one of my many artistic trips I was the guest of a Bedouin chief who had his tent or his hut in the desert. I say 'Bedouin,' as I am not interested in ethnological distinctions. If your more exact science likes 'Arab' or Ababdeh better, make your choice. Enough that my host was a tall, strong-bearded fellow, who smoked his pipe in a majestic way, and whose handsome and intellectual face seemed an incongruity in his dirty primitive hut, which consisted of a few upright poles covered with straw mats. Abdallah, my host, kept camels, goats and a few sheep, and when he was not employed in driving his herd from one pasture ground to another, he was carrying water on camel back down to the city, some four days' distance from his present abode.

"Abdallah spoke to strangers in the Arabic tongue, and as this is a language with which I am acquainted, we got on very well together. My host was a fairly intelligent man in his way, but, unlike the majority of his tribe, he was intensely superstitious; and, as he was always pottering around doing a multitude of ridiculous things to protect himself against evil spirits, he was regarded as a species of magician, doctor or ghost-seer. I frequently joked with him on the subject, flinging the latest patented science at his head, but I did not swerve him a hair's breadth from his superstitious faith. Science, backed by common sense, was powerless against his serious assertion that he saw the evil spirits, and now and then spoke with them. Following the method of science, I insisted that the spirits were in his stomach and not in his eyes; born of dyspepsia and not of reason. "If you saw them and spoke with them, would you believe?" he asked angrily, with flashing eyes and contemptuous lips. "You have lived before, you will live again; perhaps in your new shape you will have clearer vision. My stomach! Is Allah my stomach also? You speak with the sense of the brainless!"

"'Convince me, then, my friend.'

"'Convince you? Look around. The spirits are everywhere, waiting to take advantage of our moods. If you were not blind you would see the spirit standing beside you even at this very moment.'

"'If it has the shape of a pretty woman I am sorry I cannot see; if it is a woman similar to those about here I am glad of my blindness. I want a pretty face and figure to draw and paint. Exercise your wonderful powers and let her appear before me.'

"'We see what we are doomed to see; that is fate. You are too wise; you look at nature through the leaves of your printed books. If the Pharaohs over the Boulak could hear what the wise people say who stand before them, book in hand, they would laugh deep down in their balsam and bitumen.'

"Abdallah puffed out a cloud of smoke in contempt, then muttered a prayer from habit. He then asked, with startling suddenness:

"'Have you ever ridden on a camel's back?'

"'I have tried, but the motion is disagreeable, and makes me ill. Your evil spirits are in the creature's feet and heart.'

"'Some day you shall sit on the king of beasts yonder, and you will be surprised and delighted.'

"He pointed to a lank, ugly creature that was kneeling down in front of the hut, a king of ugliness and fleshless ribs, if of nothing else. I said nothing and shrugged my shoulders. Yet this 'king of beasts' was fated to do me a strange service, and make me acquainted with the original of the portrait that you hold in your hands."

II.

"One evening, after a week's absence, Abdallah returned from his visit to the city, whither he had carried goat skins full of water to the thirsty inhabitants. He now went to pay a visit to his friends in a neighboring hut, but the 'king of beasts,' still saddled, was forming a part of a circle with its camel companions, probably relating to them his city experiences. I idly approached the animal, and, absorbed in thought, seated myself on its back. Instinctively it rose, and by grasping the saddle I just saved myself from being pitched over its head. I now felt a strange exaltation of spirits, and, despite myself, began to babble in Arabic a prayer to Allah for a prosperous journey and a safe return to my tribe. I laughed feebly at the incongruity; but I was not in the least surprised when the 'king of beasts' began walking desertward with his loping, side to side trot. It was a fine cool night, half darkness, half light; it seemed clear enough for all ordinary purposes, but I could see nothing of the desert that lay before me and around me, nor catch even a glimpse of the tent I had just left. I amused myself by studying the bright stars shining in the clear blue sky, feeling thoroughly comfortable and thoroughly at home. The silence was soothing, the soft pat, pat, patter of the camel's feet on the firm ground had a drowsy monotony in it, and so, lulled by the sound and the cool air, I fell into a dreamless sleep, undisturbed by the motion of the ugly beast on whose back I was riding as safely as in a bed.

"I was awakened by the arrows of the rising sun pricking my skin. I stared about me and saw nothing but dull, gray desolation. Imagine an eye-wearying, endless stretch of flat land, with a number of inconspicuous hills running through and across it by way of backbone and ribs; paint this scene in all the shades of gray, from the dull gray of bleached granite to the greenish gray of the human corpse. There is not a living thing in sight; the atmosphere quivering like a colorless flame, the smitten earth panting out her hot breath and rolling her swollen desert tongue over the parched sparkling rocks in vain, but yearning, search for water. Spread above all an intensely blue sky that was merging into the blaze of molten silver from the dazzling light of the rising sun; rub in your shadows with the thickest, blackest ink, suggest a horrible silence, a veritable agony to the expectant ears, paint in the distance some ghastly mountains, with quivering outlines, and then label your picture—Hades.

"The 'king of beasts' had stopped for a moment to give me a specimen of its grimly humorous spirit; and when it was convinced by my words that I fully appreciated its deviltry, it trotted gaily forward. In a short time, under the intense heat, my agony became unendurable. I drank from the water skin that hung from the saddle, but without relief; my very blood seemed thickening in my veins; the marrow melting in my bones. An ordinary camel would not have been idiotic enough to allow daylight to surprise him in such an arid spot; but the accursed 'king of beasts' reveled in it and picked his way over the burning sand as if there were an inexpressible luxury in being roasted. After a couple of hours of the sharpest agony, I was, fortunately, plunged into insensibility and was thus saved from the consciousnes of being baked alive.

"When I returned to the world I found myself in the shade of a small tamarack grove lying on the ground, and the noble 'king of beasts' contentedly nibbling at the thorny bushes a short distance away. To my right, out in the sunlight, lay the ruins of a temple; a perfectly preserved sphynx sitting on a high pedestal in the midst of the desolation and undisturbed by world-ruin, smiling its mysterious smile of pity and contempt, I stared at it from my shady retreat lost in dreamy wonder until I became suddenly aware that a pair of brown arms were clasped around my neck, and that my head was slowly moved up and down on the softest and warmest of human pillows. I glanced up and saw the original of the sketch you are holding; the original before which the copy is a hideous, vulgar paint smudge. A rain of odorous black hair was falling over me, and from under its shadow a pair of dreamy blue eyes gazing down into my soul with infinite pity, compassion and love; the love of the mother for her deformed child; the love of the angel for soul-scarred humanity. Had my soul drifted to some fairy island of happiness. I should have felt no otherwise than I now felt. This was pure, sinless spirit, although I heard the beating of a human heart and felt the clinging warmth of human arms. The laughing, mocking defiance in the face of the portrait in your hand libels the soul of the sinless Almah. It is coarse, brutally human; she was refined, immortal. How it was that my poor skill was false to truth you will learn if you do not fall asleep before I end my story.

"I lay quietly gazing up into the angel face so near my own; I was not surprised, but happy and sad at the same time. I had realized a hope and was content; discovered my life dream to be a reality; knew that I was right with all science sided against me; knew that what I saw was but another aspect of what I had long felt. I had lived an unbalanced, imperfect life, seeking, but never finding; wandering, always wandering, and dragging my weariness after me. I did not die, for I knew that somewhere in the future she was waiting for me, and, finding her, I was content. I rested for a while, steeped in the full, soft glow of perfect content; then the red lips were pressed to mine and the arms melted from my neck, and the soft voice whispered:

"'Fate decides not yet. You are stronger now. Depart!'

"The voice was soft and musical, plaintive as that of the nestling bird. She had risen to the fulness of her fine, graceful height, and I rose and faced her.

"'Depart!