THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

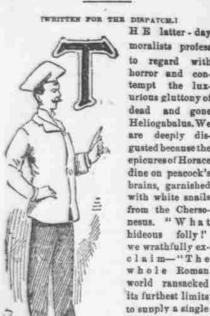
PITTSBURG. SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1890.

The Chief Caterer and His Corps of Assistants.

PROCEEDINGS ON MARKET.

Busy Scenes in the Kitchen and Other Departments.

THE WORLD TAXED EACH DAY



tempt the luxurious gluttony of are deeply disgusted because the epicures of Horace Then comes a number of assistant waiters, called, curiously enough, "omnibus." That dine on peacock's brains, garnished with white snails from the Chersonesus. "What whole Roman world ransacked its furthest limits to supply a single Cosar with a supper! It was mon-

But have we ever paused to consider that a far greater area is searched through to find even a collation for our correcter selves? And our dinners-our luncheonshave we ever sought into their histories. Had we done so we might have learned, that, whereas the petty world of Pliny was

strous!"

cruel hooks or to recline upon their marble slab. This dealer in game seemed to under-stand M. Menjou perfectly when the caterer

RETECTED A BIRD. he did not attempt to dispute, but merely raised his eyebrows ever so slightly, and produced another. After the game there was an immense purchase in fowl, chickens, ducks and turkeys were one after another examined, talked over, rejected or bought.
With the conclusion of the poultry and
game purchases, this portion of M. Menjou's morning labors ended.

The enterer retraced his steps to the hotel to superintend the arrival and storage of the provisions. Through a back entrance came the mests, the fruit, the game and poultry, the vegetables, and later, the con-signments from the depot. The last men-tioned consisted of fish, more fruit, and can-vasbacks from New York. Two men are kept constantly employed at receiving the food, and stowing it away. But this point some idea should be given of the staff, which in different ways helps M. and Harry, and often the wives of Tom, this point some idea should be given of opened wide their doors to let in Tom, Dick the staff, which in different ways helps M. Menjou keep his catering going. First of all, generalissimo of the forces is M. Albert pokef, and were not too well versed in the dead and gone Menjou. Then come the head waiter, the Heliogabalus. We second head waiter and the third head waiter, all of whom are called in hotel slang "captains." Besides these there are 24

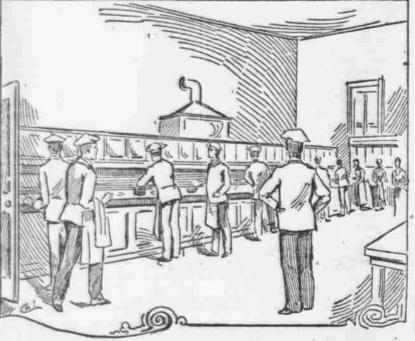
hideous folly!'
we wrathfully exclaim—"The

Of the cooking department the chef is
Frank Albrosin. Under him is a second
chef, a "broiler," a "garde manger," who
looks after the cold meats, salads, etc.; a "garde de noit," whose name explains his office; a "butcher," who does the cutting up of meat, etc., and six women cooks who do

Miscellaneous work.

After the cooking comes the pastry department. Isidor Hugele is chief of this branch, and has at his command an ice-cream maker, a baker and a few assistants. There are two storeroom departments—that of the storeroom for immediate use, and that of the general storerooms. Each of these employs a few persons. Last of the departments is that of dish-washing! There are 12 girl dish-washers, but on special occasions this number is largely increased.

All M. Menjou's men cooks and waiters



more than sufficient to produce a magnificent meal for the Emperor of all the Romans; yet the great earth, as we know it, is barely large enough to give a satisfying dinner to the commonplace Pittsburg oil or iron mar who spells at his menu, in the Hotel Duquesne. Why every

CHINE AND CRANNY

of the globe is probed into for his benefit, For him cracked that rifle across the purple Scotch heaths, for him plodded that weary hunter through Canadian snows. For him the plunging salmon was flashed into sunlight from its frozen baunts; for him the oranges of the South were plucked from their bending branches. And there he sits and sips his case noir and cognac, patting himsel', metaphorically upon the back, and exclaiming like the ingenuous youth in the nursery tale: "Oh! what a good boy am L. No doubt, if he knew anything about those old rose-wreathed sybarites that the poet sneers at, he would feel intensely disgusted, like the excellent patriot that he is. at their aristocratic appetite. But is the appetite of our friend the oll man, demo-eratic?

Some day somebody will write the history of a table d'hote. Not to the inscriber of these sapient sentences is allowed that glori ous task. But it is, however, permitted that he should write a single chapter of the great work. "The history of the purchase of a table d'hote in Pittsburg" will be the name of that modest fragment.

THE CHIEF CATERER'S JOURNEY. On a certain morning when winter had just taken his departure and spring was still ocupied in fitting on her grass-green hose behind the scenes, when the fickle sun shope forth with illusive brilliancy and snipe and ployer were in season, on such a morning there sallied from the portals of the Hotel Duquesne, M. Albert Menjou, chief of that hotel's catering department. Very jauntily M. Menjou strolled on down the bustling rreproachable. In the chief caterer's button hole blushed a red, red rose, and the heart of the chief caterer was as light as a leaf thereof. Presently he arrived at a certain well-known butcher's establishment, and here balted to order loins and ribs for his here hatted to order loins and ribs for his guests. Very carefully was the meat selected, about \$125 worth being purchased. Then M. Menjou, with a wave of his jew-eled hand, remarked: "Seud it up to the hotel, please, and see that it is sent just as I

of loins and ribs was not intended to the day just begun. When it arrived in the hotel, a little later in the morning, the storrooms would receive it; and there, on ice, it would remain until the following day. other estable ordered in the morning is used during the afternoon and night.

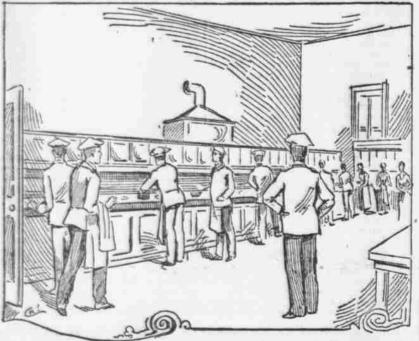
VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.

When M. Menjou had finished with his butcher, be sauntered toward the vegetable and fruit market. But little time was expended on the vegetables, of which some \$22 to know the enterer very well and to have a wholesome desire to please him. At an Italian's truit stall, however, there was some lifficulty and a little sharp bargaining. Baunnas, apples, oranges, pears, etc., were purchased, and when the wrangling was over and the price agreed on, M. Menjon the fruits to their destination and hurried

Fish is not selected in Pittsburg. It comes bither from the great emporium, New York; and Pittsburg caterers have to take their chances us to its merits or demerits. Just now Canada brook trout, Kennebe salmon, lobsters, black bass, etc., are the fish in season, and shoals of them are unpacked every day. The next place visited by M. Menjou was a game shop. Here he became intensely particular. Duck, plover, snipe and squab, all suffered a close in-

while others were put aside after a series of tests. It looked as though the emissary from the hotel was about to buy up all that was worth buying in the shop. Very few birds, except those that had lived too long before, or those whose plumpness was not up the mark, were allowed to hang from the cruel books or to recline upon their marble

one department—the department of serving. THE DEPARTMENT OF COOKING.



hail from New York, but they have been originally foreigners. The waiters are obliged to be clean shaven, and must appear in evening dress after noon, Down in the kitchen and pastry room

every hotel there is hustle and haste all through the day and far into the night. The Duquesne kitchen as a long room, divided up the middle by a table upon which a band f white-robed, white-capped cooks are dressing the various dishes preparatory to introducing them to the fiery ordeal. Others of the cooks are occupied at the great range which runs along the further side of the With fingers clutching the mystic knife or fork, their sign of office, they watch over their dish as a mother might watch over her child. At the upper end of the long table lounges the chef,

LOOKING VERY DIGNIFIED. and somewhat jealous of intrusion. The fe-male cooks fly hither and thither, making themselves generally useful. Savory odors fill the air and tempt the interloper to



partake of some of the chef's creations. In every direction, around the kitchen it would appear, as though there were storeooms. Here milk and cheese are kept; here ribs and loins, packed in ice, await the "butcher's" knife; here game and poultry iang in an Arctic atmosphere; here the frog are in readiness for the summons to the ble. In all these storerooms one shivers involuntarily. The change from the heat of the kitchen to the cold air of the larder is a

very remarkable one.

Near at hand is the place where pastry eigns supreme. Here M. Hugele plans and manufacturers his dainty confections, and from hence has emanated many a morsel dear to the palates of Pittsburg epicures. Here, too, the baking goes on, and almost every form and variety of the staff of life is turned out.

THE BUSY DISHWASHERS.

The dishwashing room presents a busy scene. A crowd of bare armed damsels splashing in a long trough of smeking water, and rushing about with dishes, plates, cups and saucers, receiving soiled china, placing newly washed china to dry, and sending clean china upstairs, fill the apartment with clatter. It is well that these maidens have but little time to mail? their maidens have but little time to uplift their their clatter to the general uproar the noise

Menjon's away extends. Upstairs, in the salons, be is also undisputed director of affairs. Thus he is enabled to buy the dinners of the hotel, superintend their cooking, and arranga the manner of their service.

BREKAR.

POKER IN LONDON. Rise and Fail of the American Game Among

English Women. When the game of poker was first introduced into England about ten years ago it took an immediate hold of a certain set of ladies in London, who, up to that period. had been content to play whist every afternoon for stakes which, although not particularly low, were well within their means. Poker, however, changed all this. The

stakes were gradually increased. "Flats" who were not well acquainted with the game were eagerly sought for and invited to people's houses at a moment's notice. Need-less to say that very large sums changed Ladies whose faces are well known on the

regular wasters, who are divided into four or she, in poker parlance, "really sat too "watches," each watch containing six men. tight," and had to be replaced by a more innocent victim. Through several seasons the poker fever

the blind," or risk their last £5 note on a "jackpot." These patrician ladies had all the American slang of the game at their fingers' ends. It was such a delightful new sensation for them, far better than racing, because it lasted so much longer and was less fatiguing. But there were a few peogreat many who always lost. Gradually the ladies quarrelled among themselves. The meetings became less frequent, some of the players were ruined, and others returned

Never Let Anybody Wake You, nor Retire on Thrilling Literature.

How many hours' sleep do you require? As many as you can get. That is the general answer to such a question. No rule can be laid down. Jeremy Taylor thrived on three hours, and so does Cardinal Newman. Many centenarians are contented with five hours, but some of them require eight or nine. Unless you are afflicted with a pronounced insomnia-a thing widely different from occasional, and even troublesome wakefulness-you are foolish to employ any kind of narcotic drug. But there are two rules of sleeping which everybody may adopt without hesitation: (1) Never let yourself be awakened by anybody else, but wait until you have slept out your sleep: (2) Get up as soon as you are awake. If you follow these two rules, the hours of

A Novelty Passed Around at a London

Pall Mall Garette 1 At the monthly house dinner of the Laboratory Club, held at the Criterion Restaurant last night, Dr. G. H. Morris, of Messrs. Worthington & Co.'s, brewers, of Burtonon-Trent, read a paper on some beer which was discovered walled up in the cellars of that firm, and which was brewed in 1798, It is believed that it was cellared on the occasion of the birth of previous members of the firm. The was tasted by the members of the club and pronounced to be sound; it possessed no tterness but was brilliant, and its condition was rather of the quality of sherry. The bottles in which the beer was found have been pronounced by an expert to have been those in use at the end of the last century. Dr. Morris, in the course of his paper, stated that a microscopic examination of the sediment caused him to suspect the presence of a few yeast cells still retain ing vitality.

MUST HIT MOVING OBJECTS.

The shooting competitions at the new much; of what use in the field is a man

THE CORNER IN SARDINES.

It Will be More Difficult to Effect it Than

A grand international corner in sardines, A grand international corner in sardines, says an English newspaper, is the latest piece of intelligence in business circles. The announcement has caused anxiety in the breasts of the poor folk who live on the sardine fishery along the French Atlantic of spades, or some such thing he said, I seaboard, and tremble at the idea of their know. 'But,' said he, 'I do not want to see bread of Backen from them by a your family suffer. You have cut my face united together in a sardine syndicate. The little fish in the tinned boxes is, as is well known, chiefly caught all along the French and Portuguese coasts. The headquarters of the market is at Nantes, where the secret of preparing and tinning the fish is well guarded. On this account it will be difficult to effect a monopoly or to transfer the fabrication of the article to section port. fabrication of the article to another port.

DAMAGES FROM THISTLES.

Three Hundred Yards Away.

An amusing case was heard vesterday at Loughborugh county court, where a retired lawyer, named Giles, claimed 5 guineas from a farmer named Walker for damages to his garden through thistles. It was stated that V/alker's field, 300 yards away, grew thousand of thistles, the floss from which was carried by the wind into Giles' shrubbery ment with clatter. It is well that these maidens have but little time to uplift their coices in talk. Were they allowed to add he had employed three men and a woman pulling up the thistles. After their clatter to the season four hours' hearing the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at 3 The dishwashing room is the last of these guineas. The defense was that the thistles belowstairs departments over which M. grew on the surrounding land also.

Bill Nye Listens to the Reminis-

cences of An Historic Barber.

CUTTING COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

art of "bluffing" and "seeing" bluffs. When once the novice had acquired experience and a general knowledge of the game, the invitations became less requent, and he

raged. It mattered not to the ladies that their houses gained such sobriquets as "the hag's hell," so long as they could sit all day with five cards in their hands and "straddle

BULES FOR SLEEPING.

sleep will very soon regulate themselves. If you read yourself to sleep you should read a heavy book, not a light one—a book that taxes and tires your brain, not one that stirs and stimulates it. A dull book is good, a stupid one is better. Some persons recom-mend a cup of beef tea-just to amuse the digestion. A country gentleman declared that whenever he was afraid of a sleepless night he used to invite the vicar of his par-ish to smoke a pipe with him. The result

BEER A CENTURY OLD.

Banquet by a Brewer.

English Volunteers Are Going to Stop Shooting at Bull's Eyes. St. James Gazette.]

Wimbledon are to be put upon a common sense basis. Marksmanship still counts for who cannot hit a moving object? How many of our volunteers, however many prizes they may have won at Wimbledon and elsewhere, could bring down their man in the open field?

That is the pertinent question which has induced the National Rifle Association to be made more military and more consonant with the conditions of modern warfare. There are to be a great many more competitions at moving and figure targets, and more attention is to be paid to the very important or outside on the lining of your overcoat, or matter of volley firing. A few years of these sensible and practical competitions abould enormously increase the effective shooting power of the volunteers.

at First Thought.

One Man Sues Another Whose Land Was

Pall Mall Gazette.

BARRETT IN THE CHAIR.

at an early date. I would say, 'Good morning, Mr. Barrett.'

"He would say, 'Sirrah, I know thee not!' He would then fold his arms, and, with growing wonder and delight, look in the mirror at the only man for whom he over should be a support of the same of t SHAVING GREAT MEN

man who acts as chief train dispatcher fo

got when he was a bareback rider, and then he would inhale and exhale his breath quickly like a centleman who has blown

quickly like a gentleman who has blown out the gas and is partially asphyxiated, but

LAWRENCE IS QUIET.

his head out of the iron head rest and is not

having his photograph taken he is first

"I have shaved Chauncey M. Depew once, but he did not know about it, or at

east I did not tell him who I was, and so

perhaps he would not remember me now.

He was very nice and quiet, and didn't make me any trouble. He kept looking at

the clock while he was being shaved, and said something over softly to himself. I

judged he was going out to dine somewhere. I asked him if he wasn't Mr. Depew, and he said he was. Then I asked him if he ever heard about the tramp that called at a farm-

house on Fifth avenue to get something to eat. He said no, he had not. Well, there was nothing to it, only it seems that once a

HIS RICH REMBRANDT BEARD

and chicken feathers in his nut brown hair,

called at a quiet farmhouse on upper Fifth avenue and asked for food. 'Odds bodkins,'

exclaimed the farmer's wife, as he came to

the door, 'you are indeed in a sorry plight. And how long since you tasted food?'

madly at the waistband of his trousers just

in time, for he had no suspenders, four days I have been without food, and four

nights I have slept in a railroad culvert

with nothing over me but a first and second

mortgage and a right of way. I have a col-

lege education and an angel mother. Give me a crust, lady, or a little plum duff, lady,

and God will reward you. For three days I wandered aimlessly around on the site of

the World's Fair trying to find my way to

upon a habitation and tried to get a bite.

There was only one bite at this house, and a large mauve colored bulldog got that.

Lady, will you give me of your bounty, or must I ask you to look the other way while

"The good woman could not resist this ap-peal, and so she got some crullers and cold

cabbage with vinegar onto it. Also a glass

of milk and a cold sausage. The poor tramp

took it and was about to conceal the whole

thing in his whiskers, when the good lady said, You ought at least to ask grace and give thanks before you eat your food. Let

me beg of you to ask a blessing before you eat.' That is all right in theory, lady,' ex-

claimed the tramp as he absorbed the sausage

and drained his giass, 'but it does not work well in practice. Me and Chauncey Depew always talks better after we've et.'"

MR. EVARTS' CHARACTERISTICS.

"Well, I have shaved Mr. Evarts. He is

a kind hearted old gentleman, with a skin that hangs around his throat like the sent of

an elephant's trousers around a baby ele-

phant. He is a gentleman, every inch of

Only One Bite at This House.

him. He does not talk much with barbers

though. He is a thoughtful man, but does not dress well. One day he wanted me to brush his hat. I brushed it the wrong way for him. He did not know the difference,

HAD DROPPED HER NEPHEW.

Greenwich Ladies Not Overly Careful of

Such Trifles as Boys. A Greenwich lady, says a London news

paper, while leaning against the parapet of

the embankment and gazing at a passing

steamer with the soul-filled admiration of

all Greenwich ladies for all passing

steamers, became conscious that she had

purcel, handkerchiet and umbrella all an-

"Present" as she mentally

the roll, and it then became probable that

the thing she had dropped was a nephew.

A careful inspection of the water below established the accuracy of the surmise, the

nephew being outward bound in a topsy-turvey state of collapse, making rapidly for home with the tide. Before the constable to

whom she later mentioned the matter could have interfered the water would have dis-

solved all the existing earthly relations of the missing article had not a pierman swum out and rescued him. It is clearly evident that Greenwich ladies should not be allowed to

have nephews unless they are tied to them

"Who else have you shaved?"

pass out at the gate and go away?"

the settlements. On the fourth day I came

"'Four days,' said the tramp, catching

poor tramp, with clam shells in

"Who else did you ever shave?"

The Executioner's Letter of Introduction to a Slaughter House, BARRETT AND DEPEW IN THE CHAIR IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

T was in Chiwhich really meant passion, so I under-stand, and then he would say: cago, the booming city along streets I had so often wandered brawling river I had so oft been bridged that I met a barber who made a special-

""Hah! Swagger not, thou topless variet, thou unwhelked fly-up-the-creek. Salute me not, thou pan-American stoughton bot-tle and tailow spatter on the brow of nature. and on the Avaunt; Shet up! Wilt thou forsooth pour banks of whose the ribald "Next!" into the ear of Laur-rence Bar-r-r-rette?" "I would then ejaculate 'Ratsl' and he would take a sest in the chair like a king that is getting \$4 a week to reign through one act and then take tickets at the door the made a special-ty of shaving to hold in his hand to reign with, but he eminent men. would not have it." I noticed that "Is he hard to shave?" "No, he is quiet in the chair, and winks perfectly natural. He is a real good fellow, I think, if he would only try to forget that he is sitting for a lithograph. When he gets

did not seem to unnerve him as I had supposed it would, and that he held my nose a good deal higher while shaving, my upper tip than I had ever held it, even in the bright and haleyon days when, as a little boy, I wore a vest made over from other garments of my father's handed down from the dim and musty past.

He was a middle-aged man with a deep, red eye, shaded by a clustering mass of eyebrow through which the lake breezes were wont to sough. The other eye was in the same condition. His hair had formerly been Some was flowing and some had fled. I

thought of this sentiment whilst he was shaving me, and when he had finished I wrote it in his album for him. He had an air of neglige and easy naivette and bon homme and carte blanche, and wore linen cuffs with edgings of iron gray. His collar also had gray whiskers on it, and the mane around the buttons of his trousers



needed roaching. He was a man of fine mold, and while he strained me to his breast as he shaved under my chin I discov-ered that he carried a little asa etida in his left hand vest pocket to keep off contagious diseases, and also that he had a very lond ticking watch of the American type, with a revolutionary movement.

THE SAD BARBER WEPT. At times he spoke almost sadly of the past in a land where full beards are worn almost exclusively. Once, as he spoke of a states-man who had passed on and left us, he asked me to excuse him as he wiped a large hot tear from the top of my head, I said, "Never mind; weep on, thou sad-hearted man. lieve thine o'ercharged orbs. It will do thee good. I have wept in a barber shop many a time myself. It does me good to see thee do so now.'

When he had recovered himself a little he wiped his eyes somewhat on a towel, and, going into the clothes press for a few mo-ments, where I heard him measuring out some cough medicine, he soon returned, brightened up a great deal, he and his breath both having gained a great deal of strength,

He said that he used to shave Commodor Vanderbilt. I asked him how the Commodore was to shave. He said that he always got shaved at home. "I used to go up every morning and shave him at his home. He left orders that I was to come to his room and there I would always find him in his shirt sleeves. He rarely swore at me, fear ing that I might accidentally cut his cheek.
He frequently had soft boiled egg on the
end of his nose, but I never laid up anything agin him forthat. You never can tell where soft boiled egg will light. I even found soft boiled egg on Mr. Beecher's chin once, and he said it must have been there all through one of his most searching sermons. You never know when you eat a soft boiled egg whether the most of it went in side on the lining of the coats of the stomach in your ear or down the back of your neck. THE COMMODORE LOST PATIENCE.

"One time, however, the Commodore swore at me quite a good deal, I remember.
I had shaved him a little too close, and so
his face bled a little. Of course I had to
rub alum on it to stop the bleeding and it made the old man quite smart for one of his time of life. He got kind of hot, and told so often now, you — mullet head, and then puckered it up with alum, that my mouth stays open all the time, and pretty soon I will have to put a gore into the back

man I know down town, who will a you get a job at his place. Now go nway."

"He gave me the letter, and I opened it was not to cut the check, if there was any into it. But there wasn't any. It was just a short letter. It said: DEAR JOHN-This will introduce a barber who has been practicing on me for quite awhile and patiently working his way up to a position where now I feel like giving him this hearty and earnest letter to you. He has a family depending on him, and anything you can find for him to do around your justly celebrated slaughter house will be duly appreciated by Yours truly,

C. VANDERBILT.

P. S.—Let him try it first on the cattle that re already dead.

C. V. "Did you ever shave any other cele-brated people beside Vanderbilt and me?"

"Yes, I used to shave Mr. Barrett-Lawrence Barrett, the great actor, when he was in a hurry. He entered the shop rather soft and glidy like, as if he was looking for Julius Casar, with a view to stabbing him with a stout string. IDEAS OF CULTURE.

Boston Women Are Introducing Their ever showed a genuine respect and esteem which nothing could shake. Then he would take off his coat and fold his arms again and throw back his head and try to look like the Minds to Philosophy

AND HUMBUGGING THEMSELVES. the solar system.

"Larry, I would say, 'come off the perch now. It is your turn, Mr. Brannigan.'

"But he would rock back on his heels and throw out his chest and kind of skuff his shoes on the floor like a tumbler that is chalking his feet in the circus, a habit he

One Enthusiastic Lady's Hard Struggle With a Volume of Fichter.

MRS. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN'S TALKS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE,] BOSTON, February 21 .- Of all the complex products of modern civilization, it is to be doubted if there is anything more astonishing or more inexplicable than that thing which the Boston woman calls her mind. Boston men, as a rule, do not take the trouble to assert their possession of anything of the sort, and if they have a mind simply use it and say nothing about it; but the Boston woman has her mind on her con

science, so to speak, It would be interesting to know just where the Boston woman draws the line between amusement and cultivation, if indeed she draws it anywhere. She mixes lectures and receptions, study classes and luncheon parties so thoroughly and with such an air of looking at them from the same point of view that one cannot tell whether she takes everything so seriously or looks upon all so friv-

At the present moment the Mind-it should always be spelled with a large M-is given in about equal proportions to the Greek play, to luncheons and afternoon teas, and to philosophy. The luncheons are dreadful festivities, chiefly confined to the fair sex, which last for about three hours, have as many courses as a dinner and completely spoil not only the day but the evening; of the Greek play there is more to be said when the time comes; and the philosophy is in the shape of lectures. In the first place Prof. Royce, of Harvard, has been lecturing in drawing rooms about Spinoza and other distinguished and distinctly incomprehensible philosophers. He has undoubtedly taught much, and one of the results has been the quickening of an intense desire to master—or, as I am speaking of women, should I say to mistress?—all

A STRUGGLE WITH FICHTER. "I was so fired by the lecture one day," Boston woman said, "that I went straight to the library for a volume of Fichter. I face of death, the two had met and yet had was determined to know all there was in his philosophy to know, but I thought I would begin with a small volume first. I asked the librarian for the smallest volume on Fichter she had, and she gave me a little book that looked as though a baby might master it, it was so small and so pretty. But the viciousness of that volume I cannot begin to express to you. I sat down with it one night, and I could not comprehend the first word. It was worse than a nonsense rhyme, and it wasn't half so amusing. But I said to myself: 'I have taken it in the evening when my brain isn't clear.' But the next morning when I tried it, it was more incomprehensible than ever. I said to myself that ignorance was on the whole preferable to idlocy, even in Boston; and I mildly but firmly carried the small book back to the library; and now I listen to the lectures as if they were not really meant to the fashionable Boston women, and the cor versation at the lengthy luncheons aforesaid turns upon lofty subjects which the masculine head reels merely to hear mentioned. The women are as grave about it as children over the make-believes of their childish

sports. They might really be in earnest for all one could tell from their manner. A WESTERN GIRL'S OPINION. "I am afraid I should never do for Bosa clever Western girl said the other the discussion of the universe and the ultimate end of man was going on. I even let my frivolous attention become absorbed in the exquisite flavor of an entree or a salad

while I am hearing the deepest truths of philosophy discussed at an intellectual "You forget," she was answered, "that philosophy has no truths; it has only theories, but laying that question aside, it is to be inferred from what you say that you must really be a Bostonian changed in your cradle. Your attitude is precisely that of the Boston woman, except that she con-sciously and deliberately lets her mind wander. Once a discussion is started in which she does not have to bear a part, she deliberately turns her mind out to grass and lets it run its unregenerate course. Her only care is to preserve an outward sem-blance of attention; and for assuming a comprehension and an enjoyment in topic or understanding, the Boston woman is prob-ably without rival in the world."
"How perfectly nasty," the Western girl protested. "Now, I think the Boston women,

mind and all, are delightful." EVEN HUMBUGS HERSELF.

"Delightful!" her interlocutor echoed. "They are without equal in the world. They are enchanting. Most women can humbug men, but the Boston woman can go to the length not only of humbugging women, but of accomplishing the doubtful feat upon her very own self. She is not only delightful, but she is superb."

It is not alone the mind that receives at-

tention in Boston. The great handicap meeting, under the auspices of the Boston Athletic Association, which is the athletic section of the Athletic Club, showed that the beginning had been made of the progress of Boston toward annual games which may in time become as famous and as

but gave gave me a quarter and went out. honorable as those of Greece.
On Monday afternoon of this week Mrs. while I was shaving him I spoke of the beautiful spring weather and coated from the poet: 'Oh, what is so rare as a day in der Sullivan, of Chicago, spoke in the par-lors of Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement Waters, "He said that some days in March was a so widely known as a writer upon matters of good deal rarer, for he'd seen 'em when they The subject was the Irish question, was almost raw. He is a wag, Mr. Evarts is. He can think of more puss than anybody. He is really a wit of the old school, and an invited company, including a num-ber of people of note in life or in literature, came together to hear. Mrs. Sullivan spoke warmly and eloquently, and it was evident that she won the hearty sympathy of her lather up his nose his remarks are almost audience. Mrs. Sullivan's familiarity with the subject, with her clearness of statement, The historical barber then powdered my high, intellectual Adam's apple and I came away. BILL NYE. could hardly have failed to produce a deep

SHE DIDN'T INTEND IT SO. A story which is apropos of nothing is told here at the expense of the wife of the Presi-dent of a prominent Western railroad. It is to the effect that when Mr. Charles Francis Adams was chosen President of the South-ern Pacific road he chanced to call upon the ady in question, who was at the time in

"I do not know just what I am to do, Mrs. "he said, in reference to his new dignity. cometimes it seems to me that I am only a sort of figurehead, for ornament rather than

my husband was saying yesterday."

And it was not until after Mr. Adams had gone that the lady reflected that it was just possible that the guest had not understood that her husband's remark had reference only to himself and not to Mr. Adams.



CHAPTER XIII.

ALONE IN THEIR LOVE. When Lazarus came forth from Gethsem ane, the garden of Amos, his heart was sore and tender with remorse and with love." His feeling toward the Nazarene rose into ardent longing, and he made all haste at the first possible moment to meet the generous and forgiving friend, whose attitude toward himself was one of such nobility and fidelity. The opportunity did not arrive until the evening on the second day thereafter, when the hour of evening prayer found Lazarus actively searching for Jesus in his usual haunts at Jerusalem. The search was unsuccessful. In the course of it Lazarus happened to come upon John the fisherman, who informed him quietly, somewhat coldly, Lazarus thought, that his Master journeyed to Tiberias, whither he himself should follow with other disciples of the rabbi upon the succeeding day. It did, indeed, occur to Lazarus that he might go to Tiberias himself; but at that precise time came the order from the High Priest to improve the villa at Caper-

Lazarus responded without a moment's

hesitation. Thus again had fate, or that movement of our natures to which we are apt to give the comfortable name of fate, interposed between the young man and the teacher whom he idealized and neglected, revered and grieved. Now in this tremendous moment in night, and storm, and wreck, and in the met not. Lazarus had not even seen the countenance of his friend; it was so dark, and his own eyes so dimmed by those tears that come of seaward gazing and straining. He had only felt that benignant and wondrous presence as one might seel the passing of an angel in the darkness. Jesus himself had not spoken an audible word. Lazarus fancied that his breath came quickly, either in agitation or from exhaustion; but he was so used to associating the Naz-

personality. At any rate, whether aggrieved or rebuking, whether in tenderness or in displeas-ure, the Nazarene had gone.

The first movement of Lazarus, it must be admitted, was toward Zahara. To discover be understood but only to be enjoyed as whether she still lived—this instinct domi-music. They are charming on that basis." nated everything. He caught her delicate, nusic. They are charming on that basis." nated everything. He caught her delicate, Prof. Louis Dyer is also giving lectures to wet hand in his; it dropped heavily at her ide He hent above her, reverently during to put his ear upon her sacred breast; her heart beat-weakly, but steadily enough, like the heart of a strong girl whom shock

> "She lives!" murmured Lazarus. "She Then, to his credit let us record it of him. before Lazarus made another effert in behalf of Zahara he did make one to recall his

and shipwreck do not easily kill.

"Master!" cried Lazarus, "Lord, return to me! Return! Stay with me but a moment, Rabboni, that I may worship thee, thou Hope of Isreal !" But the solemn movement of the cleanders

against the dying wind was the only answer which the young man received. Jesus did not return. The storm was now abated, as suddenly as it had arisen. The wind had sunk like a whipped hound. The waves were restless still; but that pathway of light upon which the mystical vision of the Nazarene had trodden widened slowly, broadened sol-emnly, until it lay upon the lake like holy oil, and quelled it. Whatever might be the fate of Zahara's companions in the little pleasure boat, Lazarus did not ask; it must be owned that he had forgotten to care.

consciousness from his nature.

It was night. It was solitude. It was Zahara. No hand could snatch her from him now. Neither gods nor men could rob him of that one hour. It was his own. "Lazarus," moaned Zahara, "am I drowned? Are we dead together, thou

"By the shade of Abraham! thou livest and we are together," cried Lazarus. "And which is the greatest miracle, I cannot tell thee, for I know not. * * * Tell me, Zahara, art thou hurt? Dost thou suffer pain? How can I comfort thee?"

She struggled to her feet and stood before the young man for an instant, full 'n the starlight. Her superb form shone through her wet drapery, which clung to her from neck to ankles. Lazarus looked up at her from the sands where he knelt at her feet. His brain whirled. Beautiful creature! * He held up his hands to her. Zahara

"Help me, Lazarus," she said faintly, "I cannot walk alone. Help me homeward, for I would fain—"

What would Zahara fain have done? She still kneeling, he lifted his appealing arms; and Zahara, likes princess, stooped to them.

He caught her and draw her gently down.

He caught her and draw her gently down. She did not struggle with him. She came right royally—strong surrender, womanly and wise. It was as it Zahara scorned to be coy and to play with a love which was great vows were breathed and longing whispe enough to conquer her.
"Lazarus!" she murmured," I am alive

and I love thee!" "And we are alone, and I love thee! Come to me, Zahara, for I would shelter thee."

Zahara came. He gathered her to his arms, to his shoulder, to his breast, slowly, delicately, atraid, not of men or of angels, but of his own passion and of the maiden's holy nature. The queenly girl crept to him as gently as the meekest woman of them all. Durk as it was, he closed his eyes instinctively, that he might for the supreme moment see nothing, not even the dim outline of her yielding form and drooping ace—that he might only feel the timid motion of her round arm as it stole around his neck, the approach of her velvet cheek to his own, her fragrant breath upon his beard, the delicate pressure of her pure heart—the ecstacy of her surrendered lips. Presently he would look at her. One sense at a time was enough; how could man bear

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD. [Continued From Last Sunday.] have kissed them with the kisses of my mouth and made them mine, and mine I

Author of "Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," Etc.

"Zahara!"

He held the maiden away from his heart and snatched her back again; he clasped her till she was fain to cry out for sweet pain, and then to nestle to him as if she would be

clasped and hart again.
"A blight upon the night, that it is too dark to see the glory of thy face, my own."
"Were it not dark, then were not we together, oh, my lover. Carse not the gloom that gives me to thine arms. Why, Lazarus, I am happy to be here! Dear, my lord. I

"I bless the night, I bless the storm, I bless the wreck, I bless the dark—and thee, I bless, Zahara. I clasp thee. I kiss thee—I enfold thee—and I worship thee." "Lozarus?"

"I must depart. I must return. I must get me to my father-"
"Zahara, thou must stay, thou must remain, thou must rest upon my heart." "How long, my lord?"
"Till I release thee."

"That must be immediately, sweet sir."
"That shall be when I elect, fair lady." "Thou art a Herod. Thou playest tyrant with a maiden.

"If thou art not happy of such tyranny—thou art as free as the bird that flieth above the treetop." * * * *
"Zahara?" "What wouldst thou, Lazarus?" "Thou answer me not. Wouldst thou be free of me? Rebellest thou against thy Herod? Then leave me. Go, Zahara. By the oath of Isaac, who did henor and love Rebecca, I stay thee not, if thou misilkest

thy tyrant. Wouldst depart, Zahara? Wouldst thou go from me?" "Nay, then, Lazarus. For I cannot." "I constrain thee not. See! My arms release thee. Why dost thou not escape them?"

"Dear, my lord. I have said it. I go not, because I cannot. A power greater than the force of a man's arm constraineth me. Nav. I escape not.

"Name the name of this power, Zahara?"

"Behold, I know not, Lazarus. Perhaps men call it love." "Zaharai Princess! Bright One! Shining! Thou dearest! Thou divineist! I class thee. I control thee. Thou nestiest to my heart like a little slave."

"Behold mel. I am the slave of my love, and thou art its lord, and mine. Lazarus! Be unto me as thou wilt, and what thou willest, that I am to thee. With kisses that blotted out life and death, and heaven and earth, and law and consciousness, he sealed those womanly from the hindrance of ecstasy his breath re-

turned to him, and the voice thereof, he sought to try the maiden what should be the meaning of her soul to him? "Zahara, thou knowest me what I am-Lazarus the builder, an honorable man; but thou art the daughter of the High Priest. Thine am I utterly and always. thou to me and to the desire of my heart, for it is mighty? Man and woman born of wed-but that thou wouldst not. Thou

couldst not-stoop to-me." "I have said it," whispered Zahara tim "What hast thou said? The ears of my soul are deaf. I am stunned with joy. est thou me, Zahara * * * enough for

that?" "My lord, behold thine handmaid. Be it unto me as thou electest." So said Zahara; not inaudibly, but in a strong, sweet voice. She lifted her face from the breast of her lover, and threw her fine head back that she might regard him, or try to regard him through the dark. For a moment silence, sweeter than speech, succeeded to her incredible words. Delirious with delight, Lazarus leaned toward her. Zahara breathed. Zahara lay at his feet, a lovely, sobbing, living woman, coming to her senses with all sorts of pretty frights and signs of distress that drove every other slowly she thrust back her head, till it sank lower and lower still upon the palm of his outstretched hand. Thus she lay, with her trembling face uplifted humbly, and thus he, bending over, kissed her on the mouth,

eyes, cheeks, throat, arms and the "Neither Annas nor any man-shall say me nay"-vowed Lazarus, "but I will have

A few men and women know for one hour in their lives, and only one—and most of us at no time-moments such as came that night to this youth and maiden, cast by accident into that precious solitude which they wrested from fate as his treasure. In an age "I am very wet," said Zahara, "and it is terrible, and I suffer such fright as might kill a woman; but I will be stronger than my fright, I shall arise and get me to my tween Lazarus and Zahara can hardly be ap-

preciated.
Who can blame them that they forgot all else but each other—saving the reverence of their great love? The storm, the shipwreek the rescue, the rescuer, the poor serfs, floated to who knows what fate" the old man agonized on the distant shore—these were as if they were not to the lovers. Was not Zahara drenched through all her pretty, flimsy clothes? She thought not, knew not. Was she not chilled to the heart, and

"Nay, my love, thou warment me. Thine arms are robes and cover me. Thy lips are flames of fire, and I do shelter me thereat. Ah, then arms meet and lips linger, and

and hope and desire, and reverence and rapture, sway and control the loving, to whom this snatch of joy may be the first, the last, the only concession that they can wrest from fate. How long they stayed in that desolate, storm-swept spot neither of these two lovers ever knew. Zahara came to herself first, and drawing, one might say wrenching. ing, her lips away from his that pressed them almost too long, almost too madly— ahe gently unclasped his fingers from her yielding arms and staggered to her feet.

yielding arms and staggered to her feet.
"This time," said Zahara, "I shall go."
"One more," pleaded the lover, "one little moment more."
"My poor old father!" said Zahara.
"Wouldst thou love me better. Lasarus, if I forget him altogether? All this time while we have been so happy he mourneth for me as among the dead. Shall I be the better wife to thee, my lord, for being so poor a daughter?"

Lazarus, at these dear words, yielded utsterly. Without further protest he took

Chamberlain's cough remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. There is not the least danger in giving it to children, as it contains no injurious substance. Large bottles 50 cents; was was a "Now would I bok upon thy face. I would gaze into thine eyes, for they are mine. I would feed my sight upon thy lips, for I she made no complaint. Lazarus wrapped