THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

ANOTHER NEAT HOME.

How to Build, Decorate and Furnish a Cozy Nest.

BEAUTY AND ECONOMY COMBINED.

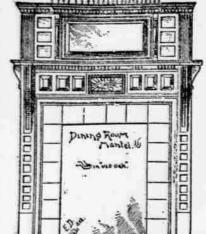
Plans Which Will Furnish Valuable Hints for Builders and Rome Makers.

THE CHEAP BUT SENSIBLE STAIRWAY

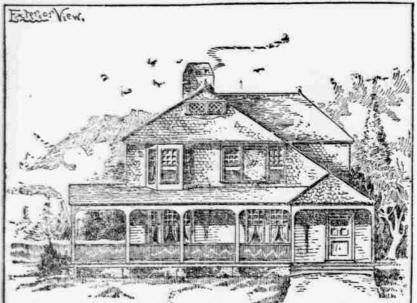


ceedingly homeiske in its general features, is ceedingly homesteen its general features, is the homestead selected for this issue. The that can be devised for the desired rooms. interior arrangements are simple, yet con-veniently arranged with such modern im-

upon a thoroughly good plan, as every feature becomes a natural consequence of some es-sential arrangement. The first question to be dealt with in planning our home is the



ground floor, and neither the exterior or th second floor should be allowed to weigh for



provement, as are desirable for the use of an | out, and this exterior will become almost a ordinary family. The heights are, cellar 7 feet under the whole house, and well-lighted and ventilated. First story, 101/2 feet in the clear. Second story, 9 feet.

The rooms are large and arranged to be comfortable, pleasant and convenient. The front entrance has a large double door, the hall contains the principal stairs, which are of the platform construction, being preferable to the winder or the long straight run; they are also much easier, less dangerous and preferable in every way. The hall connects with each room, obvinting the too frequent necessity of passing through one

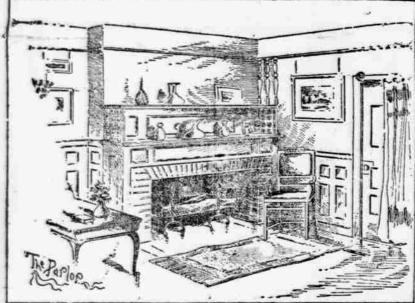
room to reach another.

The parler is in good shape and roomy. The dining or living room is intended as the most agreeable room in the house as well as the pleasantest, it has a generous fire-place with wood rauntle (see small illustration) and an open fire-place, which affords an opportunity for a cheerful fire, and insures the

matter of course from the interior

All discussion of house building is mainly a question of interior arrangement, from which the exterior forms and proportion

We live within our houses, and although we realize the necessity of cutting a good figure before the outside world, we believe that nothing conduces so much to agreeable proportions and expression as a well-regu-lated constitution. So we first discuss the planning of the home, next the result of the exterior, and then we re-enter the building, so to speak, to con-sider as far as possible the decorative features. Emerson says: "It never was in the power of man, or any community, to call the arts into being. They come to serve his actual wants, never to please his fancy," al-



most perfect ventilation, the ashes from than mere physical necessities thus obviating dust and necessity of daily removal. The large bay window end, af-fords plentiful light, with views in three directions, this assuring a cheerful and homelike apartment. The kitchen though humble in its sphere

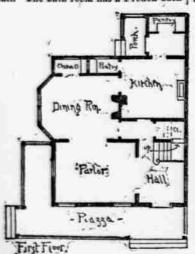
is worthy of notice; it is well situated, has two windows for light and ventilation, and planned with special regard for cona large pantry in its annex, and a communicating closet next to the china closet. The fireplace is two feet ten inches in width, allowing ample room for a range or stove and is connected by pipes with the boiler.

The second story is divided in the simplest manner with two large chambers well pro-vided with closets, two smaller bed rooms expensive to build, and generally the most for children, and a bath room, all sufficiently serviceable; winders are man traps and lighted and with direct communication with always suggestive of sprained ankles and the hall. The bath room has a French bath | broken bones. The space they may econ-

Nothing is gained by increasing the height of our rooms, beyond a proportion to width that shall prevent a stunted appearance, and on the other hand, the more horizontal lines we employ in any room the lower it will appear, and the more vertical ones the greater the apparent height, the fact as to whether the room is too low or too high, must determine our decorative treatment.

The stairway is or ought to be something venience, as its proximity with the principal more than a means of getting from one floor hall and dining room will testify. It has to another, a mean stairway gives a house a make shift, inhospitable look, and is often a serious source of annoyance and incon-

Carved lines are expensive to construct, and unless on a magnificent scale give the impression of trying to get around some



tub with hot and cold water direct from the | omize can well be spared from somewhere kitchen boiler. The attic has three rooms, two smaller ones to be finished and plustered, and the larger one, unfinished for an open garret.

The excavations are five feet deep; the loose earth is graded around the building as completed, leaving two feet of the foundation exposed to sight. The foundation (above ground) walls are of brick, the subsills of the windows are or hemlock or spruce. The chimney being in the center of the house is not connected with the foundation walls, it is built in box form, with a receptacle at the bottom for ashes and an iron door for removing the ashes. The principal frame work is of sound pine or struce timber, pine timber is desirable for sills and posts, as the least likely to decay, and pruce for the girts and beams on account of

s quality for stiffness. In bufiding a home a good plan is desir-able, the artistic treatment both exterior and the artistic treatment both exterior and rior, can always be accommodated to a Expectorant, a sure and helpful medicine ted plan. One need feel no con-

Bed Tin. Theof Bed IP

The cheapest and most sensible stairway is the platform or angle newel stairs, wide square landings, and these where windows ccur may be made very attractive features in the hall, and the comparative cheapness of turned wood allows of added decorative

Strong Floor

It possible the stairway should not be carried continuous from bottom to top of the house, much heat is lost by so doing, and is replaced by a cold stream of air that comes down like a cascade. That difficulty has been obvisted in our plan iilustrated here. The first flight from the basement is enclosed, and on the second floor this operation has been repeated with the stairs to the attic. In fact all points brought up have been em-bodied in the simple and homelike cottage

for all throat and lung ailments, and a cur-

GIPSY LIFE IN SPAIN.

Fortune-Telling Abandoned, Romany People Take up New Trades.

MANY GO UPON THE STAGE.

While Others Earn Honest Dollars at Various Useful Occupations.

PROGRESS IN MORALS AND WEALTH

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) BARCELONA, SPAIN, February 20 .- It is now over 50 years since the English missionary George Borrow, in his fruitless effort to circulate the Protestant Bible among the Gitani or Gipsies of Spain, got into all sorts of difficulties with the Spanish authorities for his, to them, inexplicable and apparently evil-disposed consorting with hese irrepressible vagrants, and his halfmysterious and always stubborn and defiant attitude toward existing customs, laws and beliefs. His confession was a frank one that no soul among this outlaw race was in any degree converted or evangelized by his efforts among them. Indeed, one may go further, and state the concise fact that in all his wanderings, both in Spain and England, he never effected the conversion of a Gipsy, or came upon a Gipsy Christianized by any other person's efforts. To one possessing any real knowledge of this race—the Romany-it need scarcely be urged that his failure came not so much from what ought to be failure in any like effort to elevate the lowly-that is, the presentation of a stony and unwelcome theologic fact to an empty and yearning stomach-as from the universal and undeniable fact that all Gipsies are an unchangeable race of agnostics. They cannot depart from that rank of spiritual vacuity and soddenness without at

Except in a few general race characteris-ties, the Gipsies of Spain to-day are no more the Gipsies of Spain of upwards a half century ago than is the Gipsy money prince, Swith, of Honiton, England, like his father who plaited osier baskets and sold pewter spoons among the peasants of Devonshire, or that splendid specimen of man and Gipsy, the honestly rich Levi Stanley, of Ohio, like his ignorant progenitors among the donkeys and rags of Kirk-Yetholm, the Scottish Gipsy Mecca o: the Cheviot hills; or indeed than you are like the long-haired, jaundiced, flint-hearted bigots, your forefathers, may-hap, who hanged the innocent wretches, your other forefathers, upon Gallows Hill in Salem.

A PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

The fact made clearest and plainest to me during more than a quarter century's personal study of the Romany race is, that no one interested in this strange people should fail to recognize that even the most earnest writer of from half a century to two centu-ries ago, wrote from within lesser horizons of observation than are granted to any earn-est observer of to-day; and that the Gipsies of those days, like the peasants of those days, were so wretched a lot that any de-scription of them then must necessarily be untrue of them now. Change, progress, evolution, are true of all peoples, of all trades, professions, arts, almost of all religons. That a wonderful evolution has be in progress among my friends, the Gipsies, I shall most sturdily claim, for I know it; and nowhere on earth has it been more marked and far-reaching than it has been in this semi-barbaric land, where almost all

else would seem to have retrograded or In 1877 my acquaintance had progressed so far and tavorably with Gipsies, and their trust in me as an unvaryingly kindly disposed friend, had in many ways grown so ecure, that at an encampment on the banks of the Desplaines river, in Illinois, I was unexpectedly, and with some curious rites admitted to Gipsy brotherhood; that is, I was made a "Gorgio chal," or a non-Gipsy brother. At that momentous ceremony I was placed in possession of three Romany words, which, in nearly every one of the United States, along the hedges of England in the lowlands of Scotland, among the glen of Ireland, in the canons of Cuba through the Rhine valleys and Bavarian villages, in the streets of Paris or the leaffilled lanes of Brittany, and, wherever I have uttered them in Spain, have unreservedly opened to me the tents, huts, houses, hearts and innermost thoughts, feelings and often the secret aspirations, of the Romany people. There has been no exception, nor a single timidity or hesitancy.

MOST GENEROUS FRIENDS. I have known the bitterest indifference from pretentious Christian men in sorest want when infinitely greater matters than my own success or personality were at stake; but this outcast and despised race never turned coward-friend face upon me, and never once upbraided me, save for not permitting them to become all-sufficient suc And so when I had been among the corers. Madrid Gipsies an hour, I was in possession without the asking, of information where should find one who, when found, could truly tell me more in another hour of Gipsies in Spain than can be found within the ids of all books ever written upom the Romany race. This man was Francisco or Pancho Tomas; and after a hasty trip through Saragossa, at whose capital city the fair maid, Agustina, won immortality of fame for her bravery by her dead lover's side in defense of her people against the French, passed along the noble Ebro into Catalonia, to the Sierra de la Llena where, in a sunny mountain valley near the quaint

hilltown of Granadella, I found the most important and interesting Gipsy en-campment I had ever anywhere beheld. Strictly speaking, it could not be called an encampment, for while a number of patched tents and rude wooden cabins could be seen, the Gipsy village, with all its un-couth scenes, occupied the site of an abandoned pueblo, in which perhaps 200 ruinous structures were still standing. These were very ancient. Many were utterly uninhabi-table, roofs or portions of the walls having fallen in; but against the remaining walls of such most comfortable temporary huts had been built. Some of these were curious indeed. Loose stones had been formed into end walls running at a sharp angle from the the ground up against the old side walls still standing. The roof was composed of skins, or coarse cloth, running from the ground to the peaks of the temporary walls; and the entrances to such were invariably from within the ruined olden habitation Others were formed by the stones and mortar of a ruin falling down on all sides, thus snugly protecting some single apartment.

A CHIEF'S HABITATION. Most curious and suggestive of all, hinting to one's fancy a common instinct be-tween these wanderers from Hindoostan and the earliest house builders among the Celts of Western Europe, were seven huts, exact luplicates of the bechive cells of B tany, Cornwall and Ireland, of such extraordinary interest to archwologists. These had been built of the lighter and thinner stones, in porizontal layers, each one slightly inward ly overlapping the lower one, and forming a dome-shaped structure, with a hole in the top and a small door, which invariably faced the east. The latter is a custom with all Gipsies, for which they will, or can, give no reason, though it undoubtedly is a lingering proof of their earlier worship of the sun. me of the more important members of the band, the "prominent citizens" as it were occupied structures which were still habit able, to Gipsies, after slight pothering and Tomas, and three or four of his sons' and daughters' families were residing in much composure and comfort in the still firmly standing range of cloisters from which the

once capacious church of the mountain town had as completely fallen away and dis-appeared as though it had never existed. The secret of the desertion of the pueblo by its native mhabitants lay in the fact that sometime within the past century or two the place had been so thoroughly shaken by one of the earthquakes which now and then thunder along the Riviera that the simple souls who lived within it had incontinently and never to return the process of the countries. fled, never to return. Its present occupation by from 300 to 400 of the Gitani, was sim ply an example of clever thrift under the new order of things among the Gipsies of Spain where thieves have become honest traders rather than, as among our kind of folk, honest traders becoming commercial

SPAIN'S GIPSY POPULATION. I will not dwell upon my own delightful experiences among these tawny folk—their surprise, pleasure and affection on finding in El Americano one who could speak in their own secret tongue and tell them such won-drous and true tales of their rich brethren in the far Eldorado across the sea; my loiter-ings among the poorer detached families whose pride in my attentions knew no bounds; the hours with the esquiladors, or, in Gipsy, the monrabaros, who with their cachas, or seissors, so deftly clip and trim the hair of animals; the lingerings among herreros or blacksmiths, who with their charcoal urns for forges will turn out narvets of horse shoes, nails and all needed implements; or those still more enchanting evenings when the entire village was trans-formed into a scene of innocent revel and dancing, where hundreds of weird figures in the half-lights and shadows glided airily in the sensuous balero or leaped and pounded the ancient street in the roystering zapotea; but briefly give such facts concerning the real condition of Spanish Gipsies of to-day as were learned from Pancho Tomas and the graver members of his band.

Under their better fortunes, and, what is of more account, their better morals, for the last quarter of a century the Spanish Gip-sies have lost greatly in picturesqueness and gained as greatly in character and numbers. The question of numbers is, fortunately, easily arrived at. Two years ago the subject of general emigration was seriously discussed. Pancho Thomas and a few other important heads of clans took steps to secure something like a Gipsy census. Drom rajahs (road lords), or roving Gip-Kair rajahs (town lords), or city Gipsies. 40,000

Total Gipsies in Spain ... The roving Gipsies include all wander-ing bands, whether or not they have temporary city or town habitation, with all Gipsys of whatever occupation, outside of those permanently living in cities. Those having, in occupation, apparently blended with the rural population comprise a sur-prising number. Diligence drivers and guards; stablemen, male scullions, often waiters, at country inns; and many of the guardia civile; are now Gipsies. A no mean number are farmers in the northern provinces, and are getting on famously in breed-ing cattle, donkeys and ponies. At least one half of the muleteers of all Spanish ter-ritory north of Madrid are Gipsies, and the Maragatos, of Celtiberian descent, whom travelers describe so picturesquely as con-trolling all that class of labor, have had to give way to this singular encroachment. A large number of guides are now Gipsies; while even the Gallegan peasantry who formerly exclusively reaped in the harvest fields of Castile and Portugal, have now im-portant rivals in this hardier, defter and more agile race.

THEIR VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS.

travel from door to door selling gew-gaws and relies are Gipsies. The jockeys at the horse market; every tinker in Spain; many of the cocheros and footmen; the ratcatcher, the bird trainer and many of the sellers of sweets, the dulceror, are Gipsies. The "show Gipsies" of Granada and Seville thousands in number, are genuine members of the race, but are held in greater loathing by the bet-ler classes of their own race than by the Spaniards themselves. Another vocation, Spaniards themselves.

always most popular in this country, has attracted the attention of Spanish Gipsies.

There are thousands, all told, engaged in various capacities about the hundreds of bull rings in Spain. They are the expertest known chulos, banderilleros, picadors and even matadors and espadas, of the present

I inquired searchingly concerning the old Gipsy tricks-the buena ventura or fortunetelling; chiving the drao or animal-poison-ing; the hukni, or great trick of swindling superstitious folk of large sums of money by changing packages containing the same while incantations were being said, or "spells" were being worked; the querelar nasula, or casting the "evil eye;" ustilar pastesas or "stealing with the hands" by juggling with money received in change at shops; and that most detestable of female Gipsy deviltry, the dealing in love philters and vile charms. The answers were honest, humiliating and hopeful. They demonstrated improvement. Yes, all these things were still practiced, but to surprise ingly less extent. Respectable Gipsies had foresworn these things absolutely. The great mass of Spanish Gipsies were beginning to emulate those who, like Panche (whose credit with merchants and here at Barcelona I find exceeds \$100,000), had become traders, and, in a way, business men. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN,

GOSPEL IN A BOAT.

Captain Law, of the Scamen's Friend So-

ciety, Now in the City. Captain W. H. Law, Missionary Superintendent of the Western Seamen's Friend Society for the Les Cheneaux region, on the north shore of Lake Huron, is in the city for the purpose of raising funds to aid in his work. Chancellor M. B. Goff, of the Western University, whose guest Captain Law is, speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Law's work, as do also a number of other Pittsburg people who have visited his mission field during their summer vacations. His work is undenominational in character and he does the work of an evangelist in a wild region of country over 60 miles in length and from 12 to 20 in breadth. Being the only missionary in all that region, his work

s preparatory. Captain Law was in the city last spring and raised \$800 toward the purchase of a launch to cruise about the islands on the shore of Lake Huron. The boat has been called "Pittsburg," and is the means of spreading the gospel throughout the region. Captain Law will remain in this city three or four weeks. His object is to establish a Bethel Home in the village of Hessel.

HELD OVER TO COURT.

A Young Alleghenian Arrested and Jailed on n Serious Charge. Harry Graham, a young Alleghenian, was committed to jail yesterday in default of \$1,000 bail on a serious charge, preferred by Agnes Tankert before Alderman McMasters. The prosecutrix is the young girl who was arrested a couple of weeks ago by De-tective Glenn, of Allegheny, on a charge of

After a hearing she was committed to jail. She is yet in the hospital department of the jail, where Alderman McMasters

The Formal Change To-Day, The changes in the positions of the offiials of the Pennsylvania Company will nouncing the changes were issued yester-day. Mr. Watts, who will succeed Mr. Taylor, of the Ft. Wayne, has been here several days cosching himself on his new duties. ceur to-day. The official circulars an-

TALES OF OLD TIMES When the Southside Was a Small Village Amid the Woodlands.

MEMOIRS OF EARLY RESIDENTS.

The Neglected Grave of the Founder of Birmingham Borough.

THE FIRST CHURCH, SCHOOL AND MILL

Amid the bustle and progress of the present date, what is more interesting than to hear the tales of "ye olden tymes" from the lips of the aged men of the place; the old residents, who have seen a city spring up around them, oftentimes placing their once quiet homes in the midst of a noisy, busy industrial center? Or perhaps they were once on a busy street, but now all is changed. The streets have different names, and where the early settlers were wont to gather nuts or enjoy other sports, are now solid blocks of houses or manufacturing plants. They are strangers at home. The city has outgrown their knowledge and they, like their houses, are landmarks of another time in history. The Southside has many who can claim a

long residence in this section; but of the oldest men-those who remember when the Southside was but a little village; when Carson street was not; when hickory nuts grew in the upper part, afterward East Birming-han; in fact, before recent progress had transformed wood and dale into a busy, throbbing city, there are few. Among these 'Squire James Salisbury, now in his Slstyear, is referred to when one asks of olden times. Mr. Salisbury came to the Southside in 1840, and was a resident of Pittsburg from 1826 until the former date. He is not the sldest resident, but from his long term of service in the borough of Birmingham, and later as alderman, he has become very familiar with old things in the history of this side of the river. He was a justice in the borough from 1862 until it joined the city in 1872, and afterward served as alderman in the Twenty-eighth ward until two years ago.

A NEGLECTED GRAVE.

The borough of Birmingham was organized in 1827 and was very prosperous. The second year the levy of taxes did not quite aggregate \$300, which would give some idea of the value of real estate and the number of inhabitants at that time. Birmingham extended from Union alley (running north and south) to Sixth street. The whole tract, for some distance up the Monongahela, once belonged to Oliver Ormsby. Dr. Bedford, who obtained the land and laid out Birmingham borough, was an English-man. The Market House square was donated by him to the city. He stood very high in Masonry, and before he died built a tomb and monument for himself at the head of Twelfth street The monument is covered

with Masonic emblems, but the inscription has been obliterated. He was buried in the has been conterated. He was buried in the tomb in 1822, having died at the age of 62. Dr. Bedford presented the ground at the head of Twelfth street to the Methodist Church for a building site, with the provision that his tomb should not be disturbed. The church was built in 1849, but, contrar The kair rajahs, or town Gipsies, who are always held in the greatest contempt by members of roving bands, are now in Spain, as in America, developing aptitude for labor in many of the lowly callings of the town. The street harpists, the public guitar players, she with the tamborine or castinets, are Gipsies. The ballets have them. Those who travel from door to door selling generality and the church over this action. Mr. Nusser and gup the monument, and it can be seen to-day intact except as to the inscription. to-day intact except as to the inscription. Some time ago Mr. Bedford's English relafind them. Mr. and Mrs. Nusser knew where they were, but would not tell, saying that they should not be disturbed, and toremains of the founder of the grave, the exact location being known only

to a very few. FIRST CHURCH AND SCHOOL. 'Squire Salisbury is still true to the old borough. He says that he does not believe in large cities, and thinks it would have been better for the borough had it never joined the city. One of the advantages he claims small places have over large cities is that in small municipalities statements ar and the work of councils, and there is no so much business that the people are unable to keep track of events, while under the larger powers of a city it is hard to tell what

has become of their money.

The first school house in the borough was built on the site of the present market house. The oldest church is the little building near the Bingham Street M. E. Church It was built by the Methodists. Not long after it was erected they moved to the II. P Church property, on the site of the Fifteenth street school house, which site they bought from the latter congregation. Later they again came back to their original location and built the present church. The United Presbyterian congregation built a church or Fourteenth street on the site of the Monroe property, and later the present church.

'Squire's time Neville street (nov Muriel) was the main thoroughfare, and Carson street was the "Pike." It only ran to Sixteenth street, and terminated in a race track, from Seventeenth to Twentieth and back at the edge of the hill. Teams used to cross the Monongahela to Grant street at low water, and Mrs. Salisbury remembers well when an ox-roast was held by the Democrats in 1838 on the bar in the middle of the river, from Tenth street to the The demonstration was in celebration of Governor Porter's election.

SOME OTHER RECOLLECTIONS. The Sligo mills, as most readers already know, were the first on this side of the river, having been started in 1820. The first glass house was the O'Hara. The first burgess of the borough of Birmingham was Edward

John Gallagher is another of the old residents whose memory reaches back into the past. He came to Birmingham in 1816, being a babe at the time. He is his 75th year. He remembers gathering nuts on the old hickory bottoms, afterwar chartered as East Birmingham in 1845-6. Sidneyville comprised ten acres running from Union alley to Seventeenth street, and was bought by a company who operated the old Birmingham Glass Works. East Birmingham extended from Sidneyville on up. Sarah Mary, Jane and Sidney streets were fter the daughters of Oliver Ormsby, and Wharton street after a son-in-law.

Mr. Gallagher's father was the first shoedealer on this side of the river. As to the oldest houses there is some disagreement. The old English double house on Muriel street, opposite 'Squire Hartman's present

residence, is an ancient dwelling. Possibly it is the oldest landmark. Dennis Doran, Willam Beck and Joseph McIntosh are three others among the oldest residents. Dennis Doran dates his residence back to 1845. Mr. Beck came to the Southside about 1837. Joseph McIntosh has rethe old citizens is Michael Ward. He has been here since 1836. He called to mind an old story that has doubtless been told many times, but will still be of interest to the

younger generation. A LOCAL GHOST STORY. It is in regard to a bit of history which clusters about a little one-story ho opposite the schoolhouse on Fourteenth street. It is known as the Reynolds property, and if not haunted at one time, its oc cupants are said to have seen spirits. Mrs. Reynolds was a widow, whose husband had died suddenly, and was buried in the garden. One evening she attended the wake of a poor coal digger in the woods on the hillside, and while sitting on a log

felt some one jerk her dress. She at first thought nothing of it, until the in-visible hand again pulled her garment. She was sleepy and was soon again nod-ding when her dress was pulled again. She immediately arose, went home and taking a

immediately arose, went home and taking a bucket started across the common to get some water out of Mrs. Brown's well.

The bucket would not sink, and in her excitement she called for assistance and it was found that Mrs. Brown was in the well drowned. Mrs. Brown had a peculiar habit, when talking to friends of twitching their dresses and it was believed by the neighbors that it was her spirit that had tugged at Mrs. Reynolds' gown. Mrs. Reynolds had equally as sad an end. She went out into the yard one night for something, and tinned the yard one night for something, and tipped over a hive of bees, and was stung to death on her husband's grave.

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY.

in Attempt to Secure a License for a Girl Only 13 Years Old-She Didn't Want to Get Married-Prospects That She Won't

-A Queer Case All Around. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but when he State of Pennsylvania opposes a mariage the difficulty is enhanced. A delegation of Twelfth warders, composed of Michae Beauty, Mr. and Mrs. Daly and Miss Maria Daly, the latter between 13 and 14 years of age, and small for her age, called on Captain Hieber in the County Register's office and Michael asked for a marriage license for himself and Maria. As the girl wassmall, delicate and in short clothing, the proposition astounded Captain Hieber and he called Register Conner to consult, the result being that the ap-plication was rejused, the little girl declarng, with tears in her eyes, that she didn't

want to get married.

About this time Beatty and Daly began to exhibit symptoms of a desire to waltz on the bodies of Register Couner and Captain Heiber, and an officer was summoned. Word was also sent to Superintendent Dean, of the Anti-Cruelty Society, and an officer came from there and took Muria down to Penn avenue. Her parents and Beatty followed, and after some pow-wow Maria's parents were allowed to take her home, Mrs. Daly promising that Maria's wishes should hereafter be consulted as to

the proposed nuptials.

Mrs. Daly said she had yielded to the arrangement because Beatty was a puddler, making good wages, and already was well on the road toward a competence. She thought it best for her child to marry and secure a comfortable living, and be put out of the way of the pitfalls that line the paths of young girls. It is alleged that the date of the child's birth had been changed from 1876 to 1875, the "5" being marked with lead pencil over the "6." She was born in Center county, and Mrs. Daly had the Bible containing the birth record with her. Beatty boarded with the Daly family on Twenty-third street.

Agent Dean stated that he would apply to court to-day for the appointment of a guardian for Maria.

HE ATE ALL IN SIGHT.

A Man With an Appetite Strikes a Sixth Street Restnurant. "See that man who just went out?" asked the clerk of a Sixth street restaurant yesterday of a DISPATCH reporter, who had just called for a cigar.

"Well, what of him?" "You wouldn't think he was much of an eater, would you? Well, I'll tell you what he ate. First, he got away with a whole salmon; then he tackled a large tenderloin steak; then downed a half dozen fried oysters, and finished with four fried eggs-\$2 15."

"Did he leave anything ?" "He protty nearly knocked out the waiter rith his order. The boy thought he wanted one of the four dishes, and asked him which one it was—for any one is an average man't meal. But the gentleman from Bakerstown -I forget his name-said, 'I guess I know borough of Birmingham lie in an unmarked | what I want-bring me all of 'em, as I told you to,' And he got them."

THE SISTINE MADONNA.

Raphael's Greatest Work Selected for the Text of a Lecture. Rev. J. C. White, of St. Andrew's Church, lectured last evening before the King's Sons and Daughters' Society at St. Peter's Church, Grant street. The subject chosen was Raphael's celebrated painting,

"The Sistine Madonna," and the speaker sought to show how and by what means it meant more than the casual plance would discover. Raphael, the painter, was also the greatest reformer. Revelation was the worl God. Inspiration that of man. Both ointed to the same idea. The difference lay in who drew the curtain aside.

The lecture was weil attended, showing

plainly that the work of the organization under whose auspices the lectures are given is bearing fruit. INTERESTING TO ARTISTS. An Excellent Specimen by Blythe Belonging

to Charles Smith, of Butler Street. It is not generally known that a painting by Blythe, the erratic genius whose works are so highly valued by Pittsburgers of the present day, is in the possession of Charles Smith, the hotel proprietor on Butler, near Forty-first street.

The subject is one of the "Old Bums," that the artist in question took so much de-light in depicting, and the canvas is in a splendid state of preservation considering the length of time that it has been knocking about. Mr. Smith has been offered considerable money for the picture, but will not part

EVIDENCES OF EARLY SPRING. Wild-Flower Bouquet That Was Plucked a Second Time.

It is not often that wild flowers are gathered on February 27, but yesterday the desk of Assessor James Larkin was adorned with a bouquet picked the day before in the vicinity of his residence, 1937 Second avenue, by his little daughter Laura. He was highly elated over this tribute of an early spring, and filial affection, until some visitor to the Assessor's office, who was without a knowledge of the laws of meum and tuum, gathered the flowers for a second time and carried them off.

New Odd Fellows' Lodge. Eclipse Lodge, No. 892, I. O. O. F., was instituted at Duquesne last Wednesday by James L. Early, D. D. G. M., assisted by the following members of the order: John Schutz, of 694, D. G. M.; Orin S. Swisher, of 991, G. W.; A. C. Jarrett, of 906, G. S.; James Brown, of 48, G. T.; David Deacon, of 48, G. M.; George Giles, of 991, G. C.; Henry Cowder, of 694, G. H.; R. Hall, of 694, G. G.; Rev. J. J. McIllyar, G. Chaplain. The lodge was instituted in the atternoon and at the evening session 50 were initiated and the three degrees conferred on them. Twenty others will receive the degrees at the next meeting. The following were elected officers: John T. Black, M. D., N. G.; John W. Crawlord, V. G., George G. Pitts, Secretary; W. C. Furlong, Assistant Secretary; Charles B. Payne, Treasurer.

Milk and Water Proceeding George McCutcheon, Meat and Milk Inspector, has entered suit against D. S. Osgood, Isaac Sanson, R. Caplan and John Kane for selling adulterated milk. The cases will be heard before Alderman Richards on March 5.

FOR a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.
PEARS' Soap the purest and best syer made



HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON, IN BELGRAVIA.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE DISPATCH.

The shadows were lengthening on the mountain side, and although the sun was still shining upon the curragh a keen breeze announced the approach of evening. The day's picnic and the day's work were at an end. The peat had been cut and stacked, each stack having its owner; the food brought for this annual outing had been consumed;

The two men rose and, with bruised faces quaintly clad women were going to and fro, collecting the mugs and platters which were scattered about the turf; and men, half fishermen and half farmers in appearance, were untethering the horses and harnessing them in the carts. In a short time the whole party would be on their way homeward.

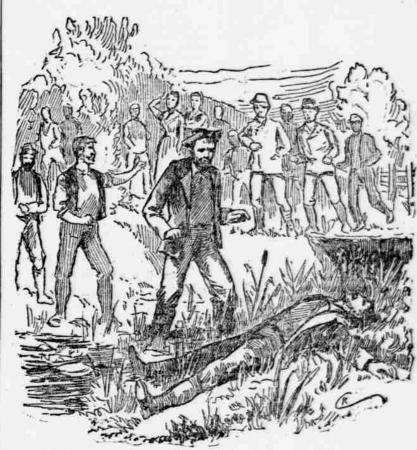
One person took no share in the general bustle. This was a girl who had made for herself a cozy seat among the heather and seemed determined to abandon herself to lazy enjoyment. She was more smartly dressed than the homely people around, and she had decked her hat with wild flowers; she had rosy cheeks, large dark eyes, a tempting little mouth and jet black hair: she had many coquettish little ways; she was altogether a pretty girl-a girl to break men's hearts, but to break her own for

The two men rose and, with bruised faces hung down, sheepishly awaited her coming.
"Oh, to think of such a thing! exclaimed Hattie. "Two big men like you fighting! There must be an end of this, or I'll never speak to either again. Shake hands, now," said Hattie, trying to smile, yet afraid lest, for the first time in her life, her smiles had lost their power. "Come, John, shake hands." shake hands."

"Not I," answered Teare, doggedly, "not even for you, Hattie."

And Klarade said, between his teeth, "I'd break every bone in his body first. I'll do it vet, too.

Some echo of the strife had reached the curragh, and as Hattie stood trembling be-fore the sullen combatants, a party gath-ered at the gate and looked down upon the scene. The men only gaped when they saw the two disfigured faces, the torn



"Come, Hattie gel, get up," said her | clothes, the fists still grimly clenched, but mother, a plain-featured woman in a big sun-bonnet. "I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself, seein' folk goin' about after your rubbidge, while you do nothing but lie in the sun."

But Hattie only langued. She looked so pretty that it was impossible to be angry with her, and her mother moved on again. A few moments later, however, she returned to the charge. This time Hattie rose, and, with a smile at the young man who had been standing by her side, went slowly

'Don't forget John," she called back to him; "you'll ride back in the cart with us. You promised, remember,' The curragh was bounded at this part by a wall of loose stones. John Teare, when left alone, strolled off by himself, and, pass-ing through the gateway, reached a little glen, with a streamlet which could be heard but not seen, for it was buried beneath a tangle of brambles. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. Delightful as it was to be with Hattie Caveen, he knew that she had been keeping company

with Dan Kinrade, and he was not without some scruples of conscience. But before he could look the situation fairly in the face he heard a heavy footstep behind, and saw Dan Kinrade himself striding toward him. Kinrade was a tall, gaunt, loose-limbed man, with red hair and high cheek bones. He swuug his arms about as he walked; his

fists were elenched; his face was dark with rage. He made straight for Teare, and did not stop until he had reached him. Then he said in a hoarse voice:
"This business must be settled betwixt

"What business?" asked Teare, shrinking a little.

'If you are a man, come on." "But Dan-"Come on, I say," cried Kinrade with rim determination. "Listen to me, Dan," persisted Teare, re-treating before those threatening fists, for the knowledge that he was in the wrong made him a coward. "Listen."

"You know well enough what business,"

answered Kinrade.

Kinrade dashed a huge fist into his face, and knocked him on his back among the For one moment Teare lay as if dead; then he scrambled to his feet and rushed at his assailant. The blood was streaming from his nose, but he did not mind that—did not know of it, indeed; though the shorter of the two, he was active and wiry; he slipped under Kinrade's guard, caught him round the body. For one moment Teare lay as if dead; then caught him round the body, and strove to throw him. And so the two men stood, swaying to and fro on a grassy mound, a green islet in the tide of brown and yellow bracken which rolled down the steep sides of the glen, their muscles knotted like wire ropes, so that it seemed as if a limb must snap before either gave way. But the ground was damp and slippery, and presently Kinrade missed his footing and was borne backward by Teare's head and was borne backward by Teare's -head and shoulders, the two falling together. Upon the grass, as they rolled over one another, the combat was renewed, both fighting like wild beasts, with foot and fist, and even tooth. Once they struggled to their knees, each hitting out in a blind frenzy, till a crushing blow hurled Teare on to his side. A cry of pain escaped his lips, and was heard by Hattle, who was wondering what had become of her lovers.

from the women burst a chorus of screams.
"That gel's always after causing mis-"There'll be a burying through her yet," said another.

said another.

"That gel!" cried Mrs. Caveen, up in arms for her daughter. "And what's my gel got to do with it? Just you min' your own gels. They're no better till they should

It was an unpleasant ending for a pleasant day. There were but few songs on the road home, and those few were not sung with the usual accompaniment of merry laughter. Teare and Kinrade both went in the eart with Hattie, but neither uttered a word the whole way. Though she made no attempt to speak to them, she watched them fur-tively, terrified at the contemplation of the passions which she had aroused.

From her mother, as soon as they were safe inside their own cottage, she received the severest scolding that had ever fallen to her lot.
"There'll be murder done," said Mrs.
Caveen. "Mark my words, gel, there'll be murder done, and you'll be the cause of it." This awful prediction increased Hattie's terror. How was she to prevent its fuffi-ment? To reconcile the two men was, she feit, beyond her powers. The only thing she could think of as practicable was to en-

gage herself to one, and to destroy for the other all chance of successful rivalry.

Later in the evening, bent upon carrying
ont this idea, she crept outside the door and,

as it happened, met John Teare. And him she promised to marry.

"Now you'll be a good lad, John, won't you?" said Hattie coaxingly. "You won't quarrel again with Dan, will you?"

Teare, elated with his success, said that if Dan would leave him elected. Dan would leave him alone, he would leave Dan alone. And the compact was scaled with a king.

The meeting was witnessed by a tall. thin, gray-haired man, with a vacant look in his pale blue eyes. He was a mild kind of lunatic, harmless enough when the vil-lage boys did not tease him beyond endurance. He lived by begging, and always carried a covered basket, into which he put what was given him. Bet's Bill was the only name he was known by, his mother

having been a Betty; if he had ever had a surname, it had long been forgotten. Though it was a moonlight night Bet Bill could not be easily seen, for he stood in the shadow of a barn. But he was near enough to the couple to observe their kisses, and even to catch a few of their words.

When they parted he was gone.

John Teare possessed a lew pounds of money, a lew acres of mountain land, and a little cottage on the outskirts of the village.

By mothers with unmarried daughters he was therefore considered a very eligible young man. With him lived his Uncle Peter, a miserable old creature, bent in body, though still powerful in limb, with an ill-shapen head, low receding forehead, and ill-snapen neac, low receaning foreneas, and matted hair over it, a coarse, stubbly beard, and cunning little eyes which had in them the restless look of some wild animal. He did most of the cooking in the house, helped on the farm, and, in return for board and lodging, acted generally as John's assistant. Upon the morning after the peat cutting Peter Teare was early on foot, shambling toward the village. The first person he met was Bet's Bill, basket on arm as usual, and for a wonder he stopped and spoke. "Have you seen John anywhere?" he