THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY,

AUGUST 3, 1890.

Beautiful Little Summer Resorts the Gas City Has Within Its Corporation Lines.

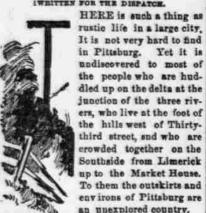
FORESTS AND IVY-BOUND BOWERS.

Valleys That Enchant, Brooks That Sing Contentment and Hills That Overlook a Busy World.

ALL FOR LESS THAN HALP A DOLLAR.

Tired Humanity Can Enjoy Sature's Choicest Nocks at the End of an Hour's Bide.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE



Tell any of these persons that by the expenditure of from 10 to 30 cents they may take their families and enjoy a day's excursion into the country, and they will be incredulous. What a godsend it would be for delicate, sickly children of these thronged city haunts if their parents could be induced to take a day out in the country frequently!

"Where shall we go?" they will be apt to ask. "McKee's Rocks is now a manufacturing center; to ride on the steamboats up the Monongahela costs money, not a large sum, it is true, but more than many persons can afford; the railroad fare for a whole family down to Alliquippa Grove, on the Ohio, is even beyond the means of the laboring classes more than once in the season. Where, then, can the suffocating city folk of limited means find forests, brooks and har-yest fields for a few cents?"

A BOAST FEW CAN MAKE. Now, just look around you. Within the actual city limits of Pittsburg there are a score of places where within ten minutes after leaving the street cars persons may find



themselves surrounded by rural life. This city is full of surprises. Its hills hide many beauties that they help to form. A land-scape diversified by hill and valley, river and brook, few metropolises can boast of.

We can. If you are out walking alone some morn-

THE GREAT BEND.

cents; at the summit refresh yourself with right under one's toes. The cars look like

a bird's-eye view of the city, and then walk toys. Presently the road makes a sharper ever the crest of the hill for about a mile.

Then you can choose from several garden or farm houses where to apply for a mug of milk. Twenty-five minutes' journey from the Monongabela House in Pittsburg has several miles distant on the Allegheny.

the Allegheny or the Monongahela. On one of the peaks near the McCombs farm a grand view of the Allegheny Valley is commanded. The windings of the river may be followed with a glass from Sharpsburg up to Claremont, and the river itself is distant from the commanded of the river itself is distant from the commander of the river itself. from you some three miles. So judge of the altitude there.

RECALLING CITY HISTORY.

One of the prettiest tramps-this is not One of the prettiest tramps—this is not written for those who only ride in carriages, remember—that can be found in all Pittsburg is that which I discovered in an early moraing ramble this week. Take a yellow car on the Penn avenue cable line. It will carry you out Butler street to the lower entrance of the Allegheny Cemetery. There get aboard one of the little horse cars which runs out through the Eighteauth ward.

get aboard one of the little horse cars which runs out through the Eighteenth ward. Your walking has not yet commenced, but you will be interested by all you see from the street cars.

Lawrenceville is an historic old place. Its United States Arsenal, whose frowning walls and ivy-clad stone armories you pass, were built away back in 1812. Allegheny Cemetery, that vast city of the dead, covers were built away back in 1812. Allegheny Cemetery, that vast city of the dead, covers over 300 acres of heavily wooded and marvelously beautiful land, and numbers as its silent population probably 50,000 dead. Close to its gate is the old English-looking mansion that was once the palatial summer residence of John Shoenberger. Further out Butler street, out where a narrow strip of land divides it from the river, homestwad after homestead is passed that is stamped of land divides it from the river, homest-ad after homestead is passed that is stamped with the names of some very old and celebrated lamilies in Western Pennsylvania—the Mewreys, with memories of the Indian romance that brought the property into court here some years ago; the Holmes, with remembrances of one of the most moble charitable women who ever blessed Pittsburg with her money; the Kiers, with re-

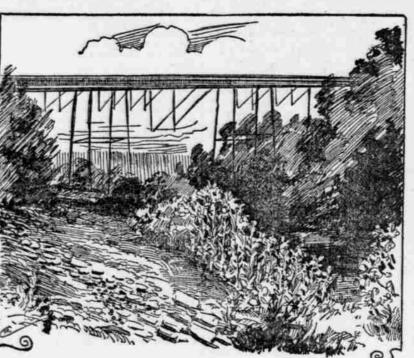
dividing the streams that flow off to either the Allegheny or the Monongahela. On one of the peaks near the McCombs farm a grand view of the Allegheny Valley is comto the country rustic beauties which lay within the city limits.

Of course it is rough work clambering down that hillside which lays between the Morningside road and the cool, shady depths of Fixes' Hollow, but bless you wherever you go in the country you must always expect to climb fences and slip on the banks of moss. It wouldn't be the wild, free, open country unless you did. And



Where Morningside Lovers Walk,

more's the wonder that you find them in the very city itself. There are few glades or hollows in the Allegheny Mountains which surpass this Haight's Run for its wildness. The oaks, elms, hemlock and even the laurel, wall its two sides solid with a



HIGH BRIDGE OVER HAIGHT'S BUN.

collections of the discovery of petroleum and its first use as Seneca oil; the Fosters, with tears for Steven C. Foster, who left a legacy to the world in "Down on the

Leave the car as it wheels around the sharp curve where Butler street crosses the Sharpsburg bridge. If it is a hot day, hoist your umbrella. You cannot lose your way. Keep straight on up the river, until in about Keep straight on up the river, until in about five minutes, when you come to a road that branches off and keeps closer to the Allegheny Valley Rallrand, You take the upper road. It is known as the Morningside road. It becomes something of seemb, but your toil is repaid if you are a lover of

nature, for in ten minutes after leaving that horse car you are out of sight of all that of the Allegheny river. Over the end of the would even suggest a city. woods. The slope is precipitous, and is guarded by a hand railing its whole length. The boardwalk, the railing, the many grace-ful curves and the towering trees, which entirely arch in the green canopy overhead, make the road exceedingly charming. When you are 400 feet above the river, look down. There is the whole town of Sharps-

Only Habitation in Fixer Hollow.

The road is a mere country highway and iron bridge. It is over 120 feet high and four times as long. Morningside avenue ascends the side of a hill that is covered with crosses this bridge and so does the huge Butler street main pipe line which supplies all Lawrenceville with water from the Highland reservoir, which, by the way, may be seen from any point of the hollow towering in the north like a rounded mountain. ing this week, pay a penny toll at the Smith-field street bridge; take the cars of the Mt. Oliver Incline Plane, which will cost you 5 legheny Valley Bailroad seems to whiz past

Pass beneath this bridge and you emerge on the tracks of the Allegheny Valley Rail-road at the spot where Pittsburg planted her great water-pumping engines, While you are waiting on a train, go down into the pits of these mechanical giants. Get ard an Allegheny Valley Railroad train at Brilliant station, and it will carry you six miles to the Union depot in 20 minutes. Your expenses for a trip into the real country will then be as follows:

angled mass of ornature. The hollow

stretches from the edge of East Liberty down to the Allegheny river. If you are returning to the city take the latter direction. You will meet lots of picnic parties in small squads, for Haight's has a great reputation for recreation for picnickers. They get their supply of mile from the only

They get their supply of milk from the only human habitation in the lower end of the hollow. The brook that flows down this

A BEAUTIFUL PANOPAMA.

..33 cents L. E. STOFIEL.

DUELS OF GERMAN STUDENTS.

They Are Usually About as Harmless as

Baseball, but Not Always. Illustrated American.]

The usual length of the duel among the German students is ten minutes for freshmen, and a quarter of an hour for seniors unless an artery is cut. Then the fight comes to an end at once, if the doctor judges the wound to be sufficiently serious, and the party who inflicts the would is the victor. After the wounds have been dressed a reconciliation is effected; the former enemies leave the place friends. Indeed, the duels are not often the outcome of personal ani-nosity. The superfluous energy, which in England and in America is worked off in outdoor sports, in rowing, cricket, or base

If these duels were always harmless, on could dismiss them with a laugh, as only one other form of the inevitable and even enviable folly of youth. But, unfortunate ly, there is another side to the picture. Some times the duel is the result of a deep and deadly hatred, and then it is fought out even o the death. The comparatively harmle Schlager is discarded, and in its place the pistol or the saber is substituted. No silly child's play here, but grim and wicked

A CLEAN RAILROAD.

Not a Scrap of Paper Allowed on the Besto and Albany Tracks.

The Boston and Albany Railway from Boston to Worcester is about as fine a rebuke to careless housekeepers as can be read by those who run. Not a scrap of paper, not a twig even, dares fall along the lines, or, if they do, they are quickly removed, as is every other trace of rubbish. Walls, fences, the shrubbery by all the way stations-all bear evidence of that immacu-

late keeping which the big road believes in and maintains at the cost of eternal vigil-

QUEENS WHO SMOKE NEARLY ALL SMOKE.

Tobacco One of the Favorite Handmaidens of Royal Ladies.

Consumes Porty Cigarettes a Day, and Doesn't Hurt Her a Bit.

EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA

PEEP AT THE VICE QUEEN OF TURKEY

PWEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The crusade against the use of tobacco during the past three centuries has been preached in vain. The consumption of the soothing herb first brought to Europe by gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, far from showing any signs of falling off, increases every year. Nor is the use thereof restricted to men. The fair sex, whose nerves are much more highly strung, and whose hearts throb half as quickly again, are finding that the weed first dedicated to England's virgin Queen is infinitely more effective and innoxious as a sedative than either chloral or morphine. It is true that in the United States the prejudice against smoking still remains, and there is a tendency to regard those who indulge in the habit as "fast' and even immoral.

But it is different in Europe. There, not aristocracy, but also a vast majority of the Empresses, Queens and Princesses of the world, rest in the conviction that life bears a more beautiful aspect when seen through the opalescent clouds of fragrant smoke that issue from their delicate mouths. Empress Elizabeth of Austria smokes from 30 to 40 Turkish and Russian cigarettes a day, and it has been for many years her inveterate custom to puff after dinner at a strong Italian cigar—one of those with a straw running only the wemen of the most blue-blooded one of those with a straw running

She says herself that smoking soothes her nerves and that whenever she feels "blue" a cigar or a cigarette will do more than anything else to cause her to see things in a happier light. Spending much of her time in studies of a serious nature—she is a per-fect Greek and Latin scholar—and in writing, she smokes almost continually whilst thus engaged. On her writing table are always to be found a large silver box of repousse work, filled with cigarettes, a matchbox of carved Chinese jade, and a ca-pacious ash-receiver made of the hoof of a favorite hunter, which broke its spine over a black thorn hedge several years ago, during one of the autumn meets at Schloss Gedelle in Hungary. The empress caused the handsome mare's hoof to be mounted in silver in the form of ash-receivers, and gave one to the Emperor, the other constituting always part and parcel of her dressing case

wherever she goes.

Almost mechanically does Her Majesty ight eigarette after eigarette, as she sits at work in her great writing room at Gedelle, which is fitted up with carved oak panels and Gobelin tapestries, the somewhat sombre hue of the walls being relieved here and there by trophies of the chase. Anyone who has the opportunity of examining closely the slender, white hand of the Imperial lady will certainly have noticed a faint yellow stain on the first and second fingers of the left hand caused by the

HASN'T DULLED HER BRAIN.

hollow is pretty nearly dry now on account of the dry weather, but the mossy rocks are all the prettier for their exposure. But this is assuredly the only deleterious effect which may be said to have resulted from her use of tobacco. Certainly Eliza-beth's brain has not been dulled, nor has Presently you get a glimpse of a wild, rugged gap in the hills ahead. It is a typical mountain view. The next moment nicotine. For she still remains not only one of the loveliest, but also one of the mos quick-witted, spirituelle and intellectual women of the age. Seen riding home in the evening from a meet at Gedelle, or seated at her writing table, the contours of her matchless figure shown to perfection by the plain black, tailor-made gown that constitutes her customary dress, who is there who would venture to assert that there is the alightest trace of vulgarity in the cigarette so daintily held between the first and second

ingers of her ungloved left hand. The Czarina of Russia, who is likewise one of the vassals of King Nicotine, smokes in a somewhat more indolent, and one might say Oriental fashion. Stretched ou the silken cushions of a broad low divan, at Gatchnia, she follows dreamily with her beautiful dark eyes, the rings of blue smoke that her crimson lips part to send upward into the perfumed air of her boudoir, a bou-doir which she calls her "den," and which s copied from one of the loveliest rooms of the Alhambra, with palms in cleisone vases raising their green banners against the gor-geous colors and diapered gold of the walls.

DRIVES DULL CARE AWAY. Heavy hearted and anxious as the charm ing Sovereign of all the Russias often is, her mind filled with gruesome fears of a cruel death for those she loves best, she finds in the cigarette her greatest solace; and she spends many an hour, her small patrician head crowned by its wealth of brown braids, reclining among the gold embroidered pillows of her couch, sending little clouds of smoke upward to the ceiling, and sipping exquisite caravan tes at \$40 a pound. The latter is brought to her in a service made by the goldsmiths of the Deccan, who provide work beside which all the best that Europe can furnish appears

clumsy, vulgar and inartistle.

Queen Marguerite of Italy is another of the royal ladies who see no harm in the use of tobacco, and the coquettish way in which she toys with a verbena-scented papiletto, can only be compared with the unequaled grace with which an Andalusian belle is wont to dally with her fan. Her flashing black eyes look laughingly through the fragrant clouds of smoke emitted from her mouth, which looks like the half open bud of a pomegranate, and she is wont to declare that her cigarette is more essential to her comfort than anything else in life. King Humbert, who is still as much in love with his charming consort as on the day when, 21 years ago, he first brought home to the royal palace at Turin the lovely daughter of the Duke of Genoa, delights in smoking his cigar in her company, and certainly prefers that he should be allowed to join his wife in a postprandial cigarette rather than to be relegated, as are so many other husbands, to a distant smoking room and to temporary exile from so tair a presence.

A KING LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE. Christine, Queen Regent of Spain, is a great advocate of tobacco. She consumes a large quantity of Egyptian cigarettes, and there is nothing that her little "Bubi," His Most Catholic Majesty, King Alphonso XIII., enjoys more than when his mother permits him to strike a match and apply the flame to the end of her eigarette. When thus engaged the little fellow laughs merrily and induiges in all sorts of autics, like a light-hearted little monarch that he is, his dimpled shoulders as yet unburdened by the

cares and anxieties of his lofty station.

His Holiness Pope XIII, at any rate does

"Carmen Sylva," is content with a gold

The Comtesse de Paris, the Queen de jure of France, is addicted to mild Havanas of delicious flavor, and her daughter, Queen Amelia of Portugal, is a source of considerable fortune to the manufacturers of Russian eigarettes at Dresden. All the Russian grand duchesses and most of the imperial arch duchesses of Austria, including Marie-Therese, Elizabeth and Clothilde smoke to their hearts' content and in the most public manner, and their example is followed by nearly all of the royalty. Neither of the Empresses of Germany nor the Queen of Saxony nor yet the Grand Duchess of Baden are known to use tobacco in any form, and

Saxony nor yet the Grand Duchess of Baden are known to use tobacco in any form, and if either Queen Emma of Holiand or the Queen of Sweden indulge in an occasional cigarette for the purpose of soothing their sorely-tried nerves they do so in private.

Queen Victoria has an intense horror of smoking, and it is strictly prohibited at Windsor Castle, at Baimoral and at Osborne. This is, indeed, one of the main reasons why the visits of the Prince of Wales to his august mother are so brief, and so few and far between. For the heir apparent to the English throne is so little accustomed to self-denial, and so fond of parent to the English throne is so little accustomed to self-denial, and so fond of
smoking, that he is scarcely ever to be seen
for an hour together without a cigar or a
cigarette between his lips, and cannot bear
to go for any length of time without it. Of
his sisters only the Princess Louise,
Marchioness of Lorne, smokes, but both his
wife and his daughters, especially Princess
Maud, are accustomed to indulge in a cigarette when in their morning room at Sandringham or Marborough House, with Miss
Bessie Knellys.

ORIENTAL SPLENDOR.

a visit to the harem of the Khedive of Egypt at the Ismailia Palace on the banks ian eigar—one of those with a straw running horizontally through it — and which is brought to her with her cup of Turkish coffee every evening, already lighted, on a gold salver.

Egypt at the Ismailia Palace on the Male, the Nile. The audience chamber of His Highness' only wife is a casket fit for a jewel. The furniture is of ivory and mother of pearl, and the hangings of silvery satins, and the hangings of silvery satins of pearl, and the hangings of silvery satins, embroidered with pale roses and violets in silk and silver thread. The ceiling and woodwork are painted with groups of flowers, and the glass in the windows is milk-white, while the floor is covered with thick white Aubusson rugs, strewn with a design of rose leaves and buds.

Here lying back on a low velvet divan is the Vice Queen, smiling her welcome to the approaching visitor. She is still extremely beautiful, although a little too short. Her face is brilliant and lovely like a Titian or a Rubens, her eyes are very

a Titian or a Rubens, her eyes are very large, dark and velvery, full of the slumberous fires of the Orient, her scarlet lips are like a double camellia petal and her skin of the warm, creamy whiteness of a tea rose. She is generally clothed in white silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great profusion of maryelous less and a reagrest profusion of maryelous less and a result and the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great profusion of maryelous less and a result are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great profusion of maryelous less and a result are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great profusion of maryelous less and a result are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great profusion of maryelous less and a result are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great profusion and the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a great are the silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a silken tissues cut a l'Europeene with a l'eur great profusion of marvelous lace and a perfect shower of pearls and diamonds glittering on her hair, on her white bosom, en-circling her wrists and covering her small, plump hands. DIAMONDS AND DIAMONDS.

Diamonds sparkle everywhere, the to-bacco box which lies on a low inlaid table near the Vice Queen, is studded with them. The inkstand and penholder which adorn her vernis mart writing desk and all ablaze with splendid gems, Her Highness' slippers are thickly sewn with brilliants, and more jewels form monograms on all the dainty knicknacks which surround her, from her gold footstool to her powder box and tortoise shell hand-glass. On her left heart the Vice Queen wears a miniature of her husband, framed with huge diamonds and rubies, and around her waist is a broad bard of the same stones to which is suspended a fan of snowy ostrich feathers, its handle encrusted

In spite of all this profusion of jewelry. there is nothing discordant or loud in the Sovereign's appearance. The Oriental nature of the luxury, is in perfect keeping with her Oriental style of beauty, and the setting is in absolute harmony with the great brilliancy of the picture she presents. She always rises most graciously from her couch and extends her hand to the visite for the "baise-main reglementaire," and during the course of the audience she talks both pleasantly and eleverly about the topics of the day, with which she is thor-oughly cognizant. Soft-footed slaves hand round tiny jeweled cups filled with a tra-grant beverage which in no way resembles the brown mixture that we in our ignorance are pleased to call coffee, and the Vice Queen herself offers her guests some rose cented cigarettes.

The Vice Queen herself frequently smokes a naughile (water pipe). This suits her style of beauty even better than the more prosaical cigarette. The Khedive presented his wife with a naughile of great mag-nificence. The bowl is of engraved rock, crystal mounted in chased gold, fashioned in the form of a lotus flower. The tube is concealed by a deftly-wrought network of pink silk and gold thread, while the amber nouth piece and gold platean are one mass of sparkling jewels.

MARQUISE DE KERGOET.

Formerly lady in waiting to the Empress

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A NEW SWINDLE.

It May be Pretty Hard to Work, but It Cer tainly Has Novel Features. Jeweler's Weekly.]

A new scheme to victimize retail jewelers has been devised in New York. A young man enters a jewelry store, and after push ing his elbow through the showcase begins to apologize to the owner for the alleged accident and argues that the glass must have been very thin. When he professes the utmost sorrow for the occurrence the jeweler demands reimbursement for his loss, but the man claims he has no money with which to

As he speaks the victim notices a \$20 bill peeping from the stranger's pocket, and in an instant has snatched it and is handing the man \$17 in change, saying as he does so that he has deducted \$3 for the damage. The swindler appears satisfied and leaves the store with a sorrowful expression on his countenance. Presently the jeweler takes another look at his cash, and then discovers that the bill he has taken was one of \$2 raised to \$20.

This game was recently successfully operated, and when arrested the swindler claimed that he had committed no crime, as the bill had been taken from his pocket.

BRIGANDAGE IN SICILY.

A Millionaire Banker Who Got Off With His Life and Money Too.

Brigandage still exists in Sicily, but not with its old-time success. Signor Arrigo, millionaire banker of Palermo, who was captured by brigands, has been released by his captors, alive and unmutilated, al though he did not pay the ransom of \$20,000 demanded. He was kept for three weeks in a damp cavern and fed on bread and cheese. His letters were written with a goose-feather dipped into the juice of mulberries, and were always detained by the brigands until they could find somebody able to read.

Signor Arrigo's jailer was plessant and well-behaved; but, although anxious to serve the captive banker, he declined the latter's offer of 12,000 trancs and a ticket to America for liberty, alleging that even at such a distance he would not be safe from the avenging arm of the Mafia, or whatever the society was to which the brigands be-



sted by the Warlike Demonstration Fellowing the Pence Congress (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The Peace Congress was in session, And the wise men sat about Discussing means and measures To blot the war-cloud out,

There were powerful addresses,
And essays by the score,
The drift of which was strong against
The principle of war. The spirit of the Congress

To the man who came from Greece

From the delegate from Asia



"Let us arbitrate our troubles, Give our diplomats a chance There wasn't a dissenter,

He might have been McCarty, Or P. O'Hollohan, For he represented Dublin And he was an Irishman. He laid his stick behind him,

And tousled up his hair,

Attracting the attention Of the venerable Chair. He said he had the honor, And the pleasure, and some more, To listen to the arguments Against the dogs of war; He had seen the dove exalted,



een the eagle plucked and bare, And god-like Mars a spectacle Without a spear of hair.

This gentleman from Dublin, In a wicked, quick, impulsive way Appounced his wish for gore, It was really quite ridiculous, This harmony of thought, And to emphasize the sentiment Upon his chair he got.

Whatever his condition. And one by one he emptied them



A Russian pulled him down, Cracked the Russian on the crown.

A German sought to gain the floor, A Frenchman hauled him back; Then for music in the Congress There wasn't any lack.

A pious man from Glasgow,
Who is leader in a kirk,

The Russian and the Prussian, The swarthy Portuguese,
The Greek who came from Athens,
And the Yankee, if you please, Were quickly in a tangle

Was forced by circumstances To assault a turbaned Turk.



Like the men of Donnybrook, And every house in London With the wild tumult was shoot

"Let us arbitrate our troubles, Give our diplomats a chance-There wasn't an objection Till it came to this McCance; And there'll always be a fellow Be he Turk or Portuguese, To upset the best endeavors For universal peace.

Always in the Season The gravedigger doesn't have to wait for the berries to get ripe. He can go burying



A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Piccadilly with aged George Bethune and his granddaughter, Maisrie, on their way to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is of a noble Scotch house and claims to have been defrauded of his property rights. Now he is engaged in preparing for the publication of a volume of Scotch-American poetry, and his errand to Lord Musselburg is to procure assistance from him. Maisrie is just budding into womanhood and feels humiliated when her grandfather accepts £50 from Lord Musselburg. On the way home she asks her grandfather when he will begin the work. She receives an evasive answer which evidently convinces her that her grandfather is not in earnest. At last she begs her grandfather to allow her to earn a living for the two. He refuses in his proudest vein, intimating that people should feel highly honored to have the opportunity to assist the family of Betchune of Balloray. Maisrie's mind is evidently made up to take some independent course. Young Vin. Harris overheard the conversation at Lord Musselburg's residence and became strangely interested in the young girl. He had been trained for a brilliant political career; his father is very rich and given to Socialistic ideas. Vin. is still studying and finds an excuse in the interruptions at his father's house to secure a suite of rooms just across the street from Maisrie's home. He has an aunt who is just now busy impressing him with the importance of securing an American wife for himself. At his rooms he is greatly touched by Maisrie's tunes on the violin, and straightway he secures a piano on which he answers her plaintive notes. This at last leads to a formal introduction of the young people. At a dinner Mrs. Eilison again urges Vin. to marry, intimating that should he marry a lady of her approval the bride should not be without a liberal dowry. Vin.'s father wishes him to become private secretary to Josiah Ogdeu, a politician who plays to the masses. Vin. is shocked at the proposal. In returning a call of George Bethune, Vin. has

OU' MON CIEUR EN MARIAGE. When Maisrie Bethune and her grandfather returned home after the little dinner at the restaurant she went upstairs to her own room, while he proceeded to summon the landlady's husband from the lower deeps, Forthwith the pallid-faced and nervous-eyed Hobson appeared, and he seemed to be more obsequious than ever toward the great man who had deigned to patronize his humble literary efforts, and had even got some of his verses printed in the Edinburgh Weekly

Chronicle. "Very hot evening, sir-yes, sir-would you like me to go and fetch you a little ice, sir," said he, in his eager desire to please, "No trouble, sir, if agreeable to you—remarkably hot for June, sir—theaters doing
nothing, sir—only the ballet; you see, sir,
the young ladies have so little on that they
look cool and airy-like, and I suppose, sir,
that's why the ballet is so popular—
yes, sir, my brother-in-law, the theatrical
agent—"

"Look here, Hobson," Mr. Bethune ob-served, as if he had not heard a word, "you have, no doubt, noticed a young gentleman

Oh, yes, sir—a very handsome young man," he answered—or rather, what he place.

"Not at all—not at all!" the old man "Not at all on the menser value in the angle of indifference in the angle of the menser value in the angle of the actually did say was "a werry ensome young

violin, and for a little while we will cross the Border, and forget that we are here in the heart of this stifling London."

the heart of this stifling London."

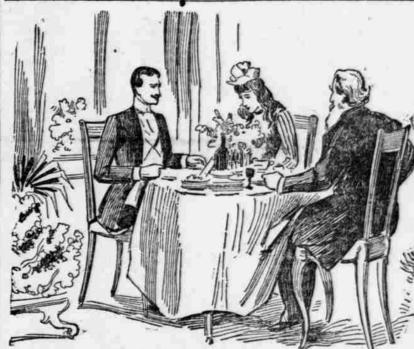
But Maisrie begged to be excused. She said she was rather tired, and was going off to her own room very soon. And, indeed, when she had brought her grandfather his accustomed hot water, and sugar, and spirits, and generally made everything comfortable for him, she kissed him and bade him goodnight and went away up stairs.

It was not to go to bed, however. Having lit the gas, she proceeded to hunt among her books until she discovered a little album entitled "Views of Toronto;" and having spread that open on her dressing table, she drew in a chair, and, with her elbows resting on the table, and her head between her hands, began to pore over those pictures of the long thorough ares and the pavements and the public buildings. She seemed to find the rather ill-executed lithographs interesting-so interesting that we may leave her there with her eyes fixed in-

tently on the brown pages.

Meanwhile Dobson had fulfilled his mission, and returned with the address of the man disappear; and not only that, but he volunteered to gain any further information that Mr. Bethune might wish; it would be easy for him, he said, to make the acquaint-

en." made response, with an affection of indifference. "I have just made his acquaintance," ence. "I have no wish to pry. Indeed, I



VIN. GAVE A DINNER WORTHY OF HIS MEANS.

should be glad to know where he lives—he only uses those rooms during the day, you understand; and I presume that would be a simple thing for you to ascertain-discreetly, I mean, discreetly-without any impertinent intrusion."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Hobson, his dull face lighting up with pleasure at the notion of being able to do his patron a service. "Yes, yes, sir; I can find out; what more simple?" At this very moment there was the sound of a door being shut on the opposite side of the street. Hobson stepped to the open window; and instantly withdrew his head

again.
"He has just gone out, sir-I will follow "But discreetly, Hobson, discreetly," was

talkative than usual.

"It will be very pleasant for you, grandfather," said she, "to have so intelligent and
interesting a neighbor—don't you think so?
For though he is young, he seems to knew
everything, and to have been everywhere;
and I am sure, you and he, grandfather,
found plenty of things to talk about, I
have just heen wondering whether it is noshave just been wondering whether it is pos-sible he could have come to Toronto while we were living there. Wouldn't that have been strange? Perhaps we have passed him while we were walking along King street; perhaps he may have come round the corner by the Bank of Montreal when we were going into Yonge street—and not a yard between us! But no," she continued, musingly, "I hardly imagine it could have been. I think I should have noticed him, and remembered. Don't you think you would have noticed him, grandiather? He is not like anyone else—I mean he is not the kind of person you would pass on the street without remarking—I don't think you would forget. Oh, yes, I am very glad for your sake, grandfather, that you have made his acquaintance, and I hope you will become good friends—although he is young. You want some one to talk to—and not that drendful Hobson—I can't bear your talking to Hobson, grandfather—"
"I am no respecter of persons, Maisrie,"

"If you have anything for the Weekly," he observed, "you'd much better send it on direct to Edinburgh, instead of sending it down here. That will save one postage—a point which I should have thought would occur to a Scotch mind," he added, with a bit of a half-concealed grin.

"You are always girding at Scotland, Mr. Fex," George Bethune said, good naturedly.
"There have been worse—there have been worse than I do. That is why I am pretty

"There have been worse—there have been worse," said Mr. Bethune, with a magnanimous toleration. "And on the two occasions on which I got the Chronicle to let him see himself in print, the gratitude of the poor creature was quite pathetic. A little act of kindness is never thrown away, Maisrie, my dear. So now you'll just get out your "I know this," said the old man, with

Mr. Bethune continued, in his lofty man- | cannot say that I have any particular curiner, "and naturally I should like to know osity in the matter. And you need not measomething more of him, though I could not tion to any one that I knew even as much as something more of him, though I could not be guilty of the rudeness of asking him questions about himself. For example, I ask—a momentary impulse—nothing of any consequence—for in truth it matters little to me where the young man lives. Well, good night, Hobson-and thank you."

"Good night, sir," said Hobson, with his eyes dwelling lingeringly on the hot water and whisky. But he received no invitation (for old George Bethune was more amen-able to his granddaughter's remonstrances than he himself was aware) and so, with another effusive "Good night" the land-lady's husband humbly withdrew.

Sometimes, after Maisrie had gove to bed, or, at least, retired to her own room, her grandfather would wander away out in the streets by himself. The night air was cool; there were fewer passers-by to impede his aimless peregrinations; sheltered by the "But discreetly, Hosson discreetly, was
the old gentleman's final injunction, as his
humble and zealous emissary departed.

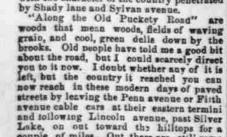
When Maisrie Bethune came down stairs
again, she was in her ordinary dress of
striped linen; and she seemed pleased with
the evening's adventure; and was more
talkative than usual.

The will be an adventure and was more
talkative than usual. he had an objective point. He went along Oxford street, and down Regent street; and eventually, by way of Garrick street, Covent Garden and the Strand, reached Fleet street, where he stopped at a building almost wholly consisting of offices of country newspapers. At this time of the night the place was at its busiest-a hive of industry; messengers coming and going, the operators assidu-ous at the special wires, the London correspondents constructing their letters out of the latest telegrams, with a little imagination thrown in here and there to lend color. Old George Bethune ascended to the first floor, passed into the premises owned by the Edinburgh Chronicle (Daily and Weekly) and was admitted to an inner nom, where he found Mr. Courtnay Fox.

Now Mr. Fox—a heavy and somewhat ungainly person, who rolled from side to side
as he crossed the room, and whose small
blue eves twinkled behind his spectacles with a sert of easy and rendy sarcasm—did not like being interrupted; but, on the other hand, Mr. Bethune was a friend, or at least a favored acquaintance of the chief proprie-tor of the Chronicle, and the London corre-spondent was therefore bound to be civil; so he asked the old man what he could de

for him. "If you have anything for the Weekly,"

more than I do. That is why I am pretty certain Shakespeare must have lived in Scotland—I don't mean "The rain it raineth every day"—but 'a tanner will last you nine year. Now how could he have learned that money could be made to go so



landed you in the country
Or board a West End car at the foot of

Fifth avenue. Fifteen minutes' walk trop

where they stop in Temperanceville will find you stretched out on the grass beneath

real forest trees of Chartiers township, or in the midst of 50-acre farms in Green Tree borough and township. That's a cheap

trip. It only costs 5 cents each way, and

you get to walk over either the celebrated Bteubenville or Washington pikes-relics of

A TRIP OUT BAST.

East of the Old City, Squirrel Hill is

domain of cornfields and farm houses. It is

easily reached by two lines of cable care o

by way of the Hazelwood electric line. The

opening of Schenley Park has done much toward revealing the charms of this region.

Thousands of people have expressed their surprise at the wildness of Pauther Hollow

in the park, and the profound depths of the groves there. But they are trivial compared

with the character of the country penetrated

the wagoners of Conestoga days.

ance, not to mention the greater expense of dollars and cents. Keep along this road for half a mile further, grain, and cool, green dells down by the brooks. Old people have told me a good bit about the road, but I could scarcely direct and you overlook a magnificent valley of garden (arms, from which much produce i taken to the markets of the city. not consider the use of tobacco as a vice; eise he would scarcely have conferred the Golden Rose on so inveterate and confirmed votaries of the weed as Queen Christina and the ex-Crown Princess of Brazil. Indeed, People who have travelled in England and on the continent are wont to deride the you to it now. I doubt whether any of it is left, but the country it reached you can now reach in these modern days of paved streets by leaving the Penn avenue or Firth appearance of American railways, but much has been learned from foreign systems, and it cannot be admitted now that our companies are behind in the structure or the ap-A VALLEY OF BABE BEAUTY. there is every reason to believe that, like many other enlightened spirits, he regards About this time you may find yourself in a quandary, for one road branches off down to Fixes' Hollow, or Haight's Run, and you are told that a little further along the Morningside road itself ends in Stanton avenue. Now, Stanton avenue is ar-famed avenue cable cars at their eastern termini and tollowing Lincoln avenue, past Sliver Lake, on out toward the hilltops for a pearance of these arteries of travel. The Boston and Albany railroad has some of Boston's most prized suburban towns strung like beads on its iron threads, and it is as the objection to eigarettes as being mere smoke after all. The smoking paraphernalia of the beauticouple of miles. Out there are still some big farms, this side of the city line, and not a few grapegrowers with beautiful vine-yards to make your mouth water. Along the crest of the hills here is the water shed, ne smoking paraphernalis of the beautiful and voluptuous looking ex-Queen Nathalie, of Servia, is of the most elaborate and magnificent description, while the poet Queen of Roumania, so well known in the literary world under the psuedonym of