Experiences of a Steamship Ride of Over Five Thousand Miles on the Pacific Waters.

TRIP TO

SIGHTS AND SCENES AT HONOLULU.

King Kalakaus Isn't Compelled to Bell Peanuts for Revenue, but He Makes Hay in the Palace Yard.

A SUNDAY AS DEY AS IN PITTSBURG.

The Mikado, Japanese Reporters and Oddities See at the Exhibition.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. 1 TOKYO, July 26 .- The hotels in Tokyo and Yokohama are not as full this summe as they have been on some previous tourist seasons, although it was hoped that the great exhibition of Japanese art and industry, which was opened in this city on April 1, and is to close in one week, would attract an unusual number of visitors. Two of the principal hotels enlarged their premises in this expectation, but they might as well have saved the expense. The truth is Japan has hardly entered into fair competition with Europe as a summer resort for Americans on their annual vacation, and has remained the sporting ground chiefly of the regular globetrotters who have not yet been able to turn the tide by their unanimous opinion that seeing Japan is the next best thing to visit-

ing the planets Mars or Venus. Erroneous notions regarding the climate probably keep some from coming here in the summer. No doubt it is warm in South-ern Japan after the rainy season has ceased, about the middle of July; but there are numer ous charming senside and mountain resorts where it is always cool and where the wellto-do classes go; and visitors who come to Japan in summer have the advantage of seeing all its industries and almost all the details of domestic life, carried on in the open air, so that they can see and learn much more than in winter, when the houses are partly closed and the inhabitants wrapped up in layer after layer of cottonwadded clothing by way of compensating for the absence of fireplaces, which winter tourists also find a source of great discom-

NOT A GREAT JOURNEY.

Doubtless, also, the trip to Japan seems a more arduous undertaking to most American's than it proves to be on trial. The distance between New York and San Francisco can be covered in five days, and from San Francisco (or Vancouver) the best steamers of the Pacific Mail, the Oriental and Occidental and the Canadian Pacific Companies make Yokohama in from 12 to 15 days, or about the time it used to take the average Atlantic steamer to go from New York to Europe until a few years ago when the ocean "grey hounds" were let loose.

day. The Vancouver steamers have an ad-vantage in regard to distance of several hundred miles over the San Francisco steamers; but they are smaller boats than the latter, and, being so far north, are more likely to encounter rough weather at all seasons. Not that the California steamers are exempt from such experiences. On the contrary, the trade winds, which make San Francisco such a delightfully cool place in summer, and keeps the water so cool there that few bathe in the surf even in August, blow along the coast during nine months of blow slong the coast during nine months of the year, so that passengers must expect a possibility of seasickness for two or three days after leaving California, even in the most favorable time of the year. But after that it is not to be smooth sailing in summer-that is smooth for the unruly and ill-named "Pacific." I have repeatedly crossed the Atlantic when its surface for several days had the glassy su lake; but the City of Peking, which left San Francisco on June 14, did not once run over such a glassy surface, although she went far south of the usual course in order touch at the Sandwich Islands, and although Captain Cavarly-a most courteous and careful commander-assured us every day of our quite unusual good luck in hav ing such a smooth voyage; whence we may infer that the Pacific is rarely quite unruffled.

manifested in certain quarters (strange to say, especially among the students), ever assume serious proportions, these men-of-war would be able to take all foreign resi-REEFING THE lents on board at short notice. Such a thing, however, is not at all likely to happen. Success in Life Depends on Knowing Just When to Do IL Japan cannot be shut off sgain from the rest of the world for two or three centuries as it was until Commodore Perry and Lord Elgin reopened it, about 30 years ago. DANGER IN TOO MUCH CANVAS. JAPAN'S NEW ERA. The railroads, of which more than a dozen Wreck That Overtakes Men Who Cannot have been constructed, some by the Govern-ment, some by private enterprise; the 17,000 Bear to Fall Behind.

THE COUNTRY PARSON'S PHILOSOPHY

ment, some by private enterprise; the 1,000, miles of telegraph wire, conveying annually over 3,000,000, messages in Japanese, and about 20,000 in foreign languages; the im-portation of foreign professors and ideas at the university; of foreign teachers of mili-tary tactics, medical science and legal in-IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.] No more beautiful sight can be imagined stitutions; the obligatory introduction in court circles, in the police corps and the army of foreign dress—these and a thousand other innovations have created such a pow-erful ferment that the Japanese customs will than a clipper ship in full sail, with a stiff breeze on the quarter. How she leaps upon the bosom of the restless ocean, how saucily she plunges her figure head into the boundertil ferment that the Japanese customs will never again be allowed to settle into their old state, and those who wish to see any-thing of old Japan will, therefore, have to make haste and come before it is too late. The gaudily-colored paper lan-terns will soon be replaced by electric light and the alectric treat car will soon ing billow, and emerging therefrom, shakes herself like a young retriever. Merrily she dances and prances along, now upon the crest, and again in the trough. The helmsterns will soon be replaced paper inn-terns will soon be replaced by electric light, and the electric street car will soon decimate the energetic, indefatigable jin-rickspa men who now draw natives and foreigners along the street on their kurumas, those curious little vehicles, half way beman keeps her well up to the wind, and, as he spins the wheel when she veers a point, he is proudly conscious of a power possessed

by his giant arm, a power that controls and guides the monster ship. Obeying his will, tween a buggy and a baby carriage, which were introduced in Japan only 20 years ago. the helm answers right royally, and never a sail but bends to the breeze and does its part and now exist in countless numbers. Their disappearance, in the cities at least, will in the onward surge and plunge.

A steamship at full speed is a noble sight disappearance, in the cities at least, will hardly be regretted, for although they travel almost as fast as carriages, it costs about 30 cents to go five miles on them, while in American cities you can go five to ten miles to gaze upon, but a sailing vessel seems to have more life. The romance and heroism of old ocean still clusters around the oak and canvas of 50 years ago. Tossing the n street cars or elevated roads for 5 cents. spray up to the yard-arms, with every stitch

PURELY A JAPANESE SHOW. The manager had, however, visited sev-eral recent European exhibitions, and moddled the present one on those, so that the general impression of the present exhi-bition is European rather than Jananese, and it is only when one looks closely at the contents of the showcases and stands that the purely Japanese coloring of the exhibits becomes apparent. Here are room after room of the finest hacquer goods; vases of all sizes and the most exquisite texture and ornamentation: teacups that the most inof canvas bellying to the breeze, we hear the glad cry of the outlook forward, as he rings the passing hours, "eight bells, and all's well!" Homeward bound, the seaman sings his merry song, or down below, in swinging hammock, dreams of green fields, ivy clad cottage, ruddy wife and romping children, joyously expecting his long delayed return.

When Adversity Comes.

But fair winds do not hold. At sunset ornamentation; teacups that the most in-fatuated lover would deem fit to touch his the barometer begins to settle down. In the sweetheart's lips; screens and fans on which Japanese life is illustrated better than in northwest a gray cloud caps the horizon, and, sail as gaily as she will, it grows larger any book-and most of these things at prices and larger every moment. The watch below hears the ominous command: "All hands shorten sail!" There is presently a flapping that would make American bargain hunters wild with delight. And a pity it is that they cannot have and a cracking of loosely hanging canvas. Trumpeted commands and sometimes coarse And a pity it is that they cannot have access to them, for owing to a partial failure of the last rice crop, money is scarce, visitors to the exhibition are not so numerous as on previous occasions, and less willing to buy. Some of the exhibitors staked all their hardoaths follow each other rapidly, and finally, from the companionway comes the moment-ous cry: "All hands on deck; smart now,

every man!" earned savings on this opportunity to dis-pose of their goods; but while the estimated value of the exhibits is \$800,000, only about \$100,000 worth have been sold, which leaves "Aye, age, sir," growls the sailor as he tumbles from his berth, seizes his son wester and hurries on deck. The sea is inky black; here and there patches of crested foam bethese dealers and artists in a sad plight. There were about 850,000 visitors during the spot its surface like wild white sea birds in a fright. A few minutes and everything is first three months, or a daily average of about 8,840, including foreigners holding special invitations and other dead-heads; stowed, top gallant, gib and spanker. Reefed everything; yes, double reefed; mainsail furied, spencer and staysails set. It comes like a herd of wild bison on the ut as season tickets were only \$2 each, and It comes like a kerd of wild bison on the plains. She groans before the storm, but, many miles away from a lee shore, she salely rides the tempest and laughs at borean blasts. None too soon, however, were those expansive sheets furied home, for had the gale struck her un-der full spread she would soon have founda single admission only 7 cents (15 on Sundays) the income for general expenses was not excessive. The higher admission price a better chance to see without mixing with the crowds, for whom Saturday is the great

the many mysteries that the sea entolds

For I can weather the roughest gale That ever wind did blow.

Men Who Carry Too Much

e said:

SUNDAY NO HOLIDAY.

ked on Sunday is to give the upper cla

PURELY & JAPANESE SHOW.

Foreign influence has not yet extended so far as to make Sunday a general holiday. Work goes on, and shops are open as usual, except that at Yokohama the custom house and the foreigners' stores are closed. In general, it must be said that this exhibition, which is like a curio store on a vast scale, including industrial products of all kinds, and thus giving an insight into Japanese ways of living, is eminently successful, and deserved a better fate financially. The only department which is disappoint-

There is more than one rugged reef of Norman's Woe, gentle reader. All the wrecks are not in mid-ocean, nor yet upon its craggy cliffs or sunken reefs. We are living in times when many men carry too much sail. The business man looks ahead and thinks be sees an opportunity. He is safely sailing along the gulf stream of ordinary prosperity. Trade winds are steadily blowing, and league upon league There is more than one rugged reef of ing is the art gallery. In commenting on the difficulty of getting sight of good Japan-ese pictures, which are scattered all over ese pictures, which are scattered all over the country, and generally belong to wealthy individuals, to whom one must get ceremon-ious and time-robbing letters of introduc-tion, Mr. La Farge remarked to me a few months ago in New York that he felt empted to revisit Japan this summer, chiefsteadily blowing, and league upon league is added to the log of gradually increasing ly for the opportunity of seeing many of these works of art brought under one rool. fortune. He stands upon the poop deck of his apparently slowly sailing craft, and He would not, however, have attained his bject, for there are hardly a dozen canlooking through the telescope of impatience, he sees others sailing past him. He cannot vases of special merit in the present collection. Both the old and the new schools are ear it. He spreads more sail. represented, but the screen-shaped pictures Speculation takes the place of sturdy, strong endeavor. The suburban cottage still predominate over the modern sonare canvases. Birds and flowers have always grows into a perfect palace. The horse and buggy is transformed into a carriage and been the most successful province of Japan ese artists, but there are also a few good pair. The wife discards calicos and mer-inos for silks and satins. The single servant landscapes and scenes from domestic life. In comparing these pictures with a similar is multiplied into three or four. The man of all work begins to wear a little band of collection in America the most striking difference, as regards subjects, lies in the enilver ribbon around his high hat. A coat of tire absence of the nude in Japanese art. arms is painted on the carriage. A trip to THE MIKADO AT THE SHOW. Europe for the family every year, a more elevated position in society. How grandly the ship does saill Pile on canvas, here a spanker and there a jib. It was announced in the local papers s few days ago that the Mikado and the Em-press would preside over the distribution of prizes swarded by the judges of the exhibi-tion. A large pavilion had been erected, But a crash comes. She reels and trembles, this mighty leviathan of entercapable of holding several thousand in-vited guests. The Mikado's throne was on one side, and a sloping platform covered with white matting led up to it. On both prise and push. She has struck the coral reef of speculation on the coast of Despair. "All hands on deck!" But it is too late. A sad taced wife returns to her home to find ides of the throne a few rows of European a reg flag hanging outside, and a rude un-friendly voice inside trying to sell the house chairs had been placed for the Japanese Ministers, the foreign Embassadors and and its treasured contents. Where is the husband and father? Ask the slimy weeds members of the press. The thousands out-side of this charming circle had to stand, at the bottom of the river youder. They alone can tell the sad story. He carried too large a spread of canvas. Better reef a lit-tle. Don't you think so? as was befitting in the august presence of the Mikado, the Embassadors and the news-

jibs and spankers for every little puff of for jibs and spankers for every little puff of for-tune. Your genius does not often amount to anything, unless, perchance, he stumbles upon common sense ideas before he has worn himself out, body and mind, trying every-thing that comes across his pathway. A reputation for one thing well done is far bet-ter thas the name of being "smart at most anything." Says some one, "it is better to do everything of a little than a little of everything." A Chinese junk would look out of place trying to carry the broad main-sail of the racing yacht Mayflower, to say SAILS

treme.

THE

sail of the racing yacht Mayflower, to say nothing of the dauger, and so a square man trying to wriggle himself into every round hole he comes across is ridiculous in the ex-

PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

Covering Teo Much Ground.

A man of sturdy character along some specific line of usefulness may spread himself out so thin that he soon becc visible. You can beat out a golden \$5 piece until it covers your parlor floor, and it still remains intact so far as its actual intrinsie remains intact so far as its actual intrinsie worth is concerned, but there are very few men who can afford to be pounded very much. God has a place for every man to fill, a certain sphere of action in which he is intended to move. If the devil can in-duce him to taste of forbidden fruit, and spread himself out till he is lost to all his opportunities. opportunities for good he will certainly re

Little boats should stay near shore, But larger ones may venture more.

If young men would take advice from older ones-I do not mean old ones-they would succeed in lite sooner. Not one man in a hundred reaches the full fruition of in a nundred reaches the full fration of life's possibilities under 40 years of age. This need not be so, if the discipline one man undergoes could be utilized by another. George Eliot says: "Genius, at first, is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline." The trouble with very young men is that they feel their wings too soon. Not far from my study window a robin built her nest. The young birds were anxious to try their powers of flight. The mother bird,

She was successful with all but one, great, downy silly looking fellow, all eyes and abdomen. He would fly. He did, but his avoirdupois was beyond his power of suspension. The law of gravity was too much for him, and down he went. He met with an unexpected reception from the cat, who had watched with longing eyes for just such an event. Bishop Horne says: "Ad-versity borrows its bitterest sting from our impatience." I would not, however, curb ambition. A young man without this quality is of little use in our busy life. No, no; not that, for with Whittier I believe it is: not that, for with Whittier I believe it is: Better to stem with heart and hand The roaring tide of life than lie Unmindfai, on the flowery straud For God's occasions, floating by, Better with naked nerve to bear The needles of this goading air. Than in the lap of sensuous case forgo The godlike power to do, the godlike atm know.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

PUNISHING MURDERERS.

Opinions for and Agninet Capital Punis ment in Any Form. New York Herald.]

Anthony Comstock, the head of the Sc clety for the Suppression of Vice, is strongly opposed to the abolition of the death penalty. "It would never do," he said, "to do away with capital punishment. If imprisonment for life were to be substituted for the death penalty murders would, in my opinion, increase at a fearful rate. Imprisonment for life would in fact be no ered, and another would have been added to Imprisonment for life would in fact be no punishment for our criminal classes. If we appear refreshed when they rise in the within its capacious bosom. It is far safer to shorten sail than beastingly brave the tempests of life, or braggingly laugh, as did the captain of the schooner Hesperus, when

punishment for our criminal classes. If we hung quicker after conviction and without so much delay it would be better. David L. Moody, the revivalist, also records his vote against the abolition of capital punishment. "I believe in capital punishment," he says, "and I do not believe lite would be safe without it. I am opposed to any proposition to abolish it." William F. Howe, who as a criminal law-ver has had as wide experience with crimi-

WORLD'S WONDER Visit to the Mammoth Caverns of Cacahuamilpa in Mexico. GORGEOUS PALACE UNDERGROUND. Vast Depths in Which Pistol Shots Become the Roar of Cannon. ADVENTURES IN THE AZTEC LANDS

> STONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. CAVE OF CACAHUAMILPA, MEXICO, August 2. "You must give me 30 pesos! 'Have you taken leave of your senses! "Do you think I do not know the price?" "Goodby." "I say, senor, how much will you give?"

SUNDAY, AUGUST '17,

1890.

"I will give you 20 pesos." "Now you are not reasonable; give me 25 tsos and it will be a sale."

"All right; have him ready early in the morning." The foregoing was the substance of a dislogue in Spanish which took place one orning about two weeks ago before the low adobe hut of an humble Mexican in the

suburbs of the capital. The object of the dialogue stood near by, occasionally blinking his sleepy eyes and shaking his long head as though he understood every word. A pair of long ears erected now and then as if better to catch the conversation, and two pairs of slender, musceled legs unmistakably proclaimed the species of the animal. It was a mule. I had been rather doubtful of the good qualities of the animal at first sight, but after the owner had volubly declared him to be a hard worker and a small eater, and had offered to sacrifice a dilapidated saddle with him, I concluded that probably my judgment on mules was not correct, and paid over my 25 pesos. Jocko was the ani-

mal's name. OFF FOR THE CAVERN.

Just as the sun was showing itself on the following morning above the tall peaks that bound on the East the beautiful valley of the City of Mexico we started southward Jocko, who seemed very tractable, allowed me to bind my grip and lunch bag on his back and then to climb into the saddle withback and then to climb into the saddle with-out showing any signs of displeasure, and when I hissed into his ears—the Mexican driver uses his teeth instead of his tongue in urging his animals forward—he started off at a lively canter that rapidly con-sumed miles, but proved distressing to various portions of my anatomy. We had completed more than half our journey to Cuernavacs when the thick, black clouds overhead told that the daily shower was at hand. Accordingly the daily shower was at hand. Accordingly shelter was sought in the thatched but of merican peon is neither the most convenient nor the most odorless place in the world. Instead of a bed there is a hard stone or mud floor; instead of bedding there is a heap of straw or sometimes rags, and for a covering there is an old blanket which has not been

"Rats !" I jumped hastily to my feet and looked around, ready to extend a warm welcome to the fellow traveler who had penetrated to these wild depths. An American I felt sure he must be, for who else would use such a distinctively Yankee expression? Unable to see anyone about—the inmates of the hut had long since retired—I called out: "Hello where are rang?" aired in weeks, and which is peopled-by your imagination at least-by myriads o creeping things. The entire family-father mother, and generally a whole horde of off spring-bunk together in one corner with "Hello, where are you?" Again out of the gloom came that harsh morning. Sometimes when space is scarce without a litter of pigs and a brood of chickens will also find quarters within the

A ST.EEPLESS NIGHT.

hut.

Although I lay in my hammock it can be Although I isy in my nammock it can be imagined that amid such surroundings sleep that night was neither of the most restful nor the most profound kind, and I was heartily glad when the morning broke and allowed the journey to be continued. The way led down the long mountain road and the sun had not long shown his hot face above the mountain to be before we wave "Oh, ratsI rats!" One glance backward at the doorway un-deceived me. There, in a rough, wooden cage, blinking its eyes and ruffling its feathers as if in friendish delight at my discomfiture, sat a parrot. So great was my curiosity to learn how or where the bird had picked up that derisive word that I imabove the mountain tops before we were passing through the great sugar haciendas of this region-the largest and most produc-tive in the Republic. Great fields of wavit had come into their possession a year ed the road or extended back as far as the eye could reach. The scene was a strong reminder of those along the Louisiana shore of the Mississippi river. At midday we were riding into the beautiful little town of Cuernavaca, with its nu-merous gardens and groves, and its many mementoes of Cortez, the Spanish conqueror The town seems to have had small respect for the dwelling places of prominent per-sonages, for the once-famous palace of the conqueror it has converted into a court-house-whether as a surcastic reminder of indexible injustice which the bloody Span. inflexible injustice which the bloody Span ard always dealt out to the native no one was able to inform me-and the villa of th ll-fated Emperor Maximilian it has turned into a schoolhouse. A BACE OF AZTECS. A short distance from the town along

rocky roof, a thousand great stalactites glistened in the dull light like polished marble hanging therefrom. Far in advance could be seen faintly the inner end of the "saloon,"--it is only a little less than shame-ful that some unromantic traveler should have applied to these imposing phantasies of networks and a rulear name-its iscored NO GOOD CAN RESULT From the Ideas of Society Inculcated

by the Four Hundred. of nature such a vulgar name-its jagged and rocky points displaying varied and beautiful colorings. MERIT HAS BEEN LOST SIGHT OF.

QUICKLY CHANGING COLORS. A short walk over the broken flow A short walk over the broken floor brought us to the center from which the view of the myriads of stalactites pendent in great masses everywhere above us like so many massive icicles was most imposing. To the right lav a great pile of strangely-shaped, glistening white rocks. To the left broad openings into the chambers of the cavern showed themselves, the atmosphere about which changed from a brilliant blue to a brilliant green hue, and then back again to a blue with lightning rapidity. A shallow stream of water, as clear as erve-The Good That Might be Accomplished With Money Now Wasted

FIFTEEN GRAND CAVERNS.

IN THE MAD RIVALRY FOR DISPLAT

WRITTRY FOR THE DISPATCH.] The population of New York City is nearly 2,000,000 people. Of these, as estimated 400 constitute the "society." This small A shallow stream of water, as clear as crys-tal and of refreshing coolness, flowed with a quiet murmur along one side of the cham-ber, and lost itself beneath a clump of minority aims to be the so-called "leisure class." Trade to this class is vulgar; shop keeping is low; labor, as in the South before ber, and lost itself beneath a clump of brownish stones, to appear again in an ad-jacent "salson." A whisper, if ever so faint, seemed to per-meste every crevice of the cavern, and came back with startling distinctness. Spoken tones took on all the strength of a shout, and when I once raised my voice to its hight in an unstinted yell, the sound echoed and ra-echoed with deafening effect for ser-eral minutes. A single pistol shot eracked out for some time with ear-splitting inten-sity, and then slowly relapsed into a dull boom not unlike that of a cannon. The echo had not subsided when the cavern was quitted a half hour later. the war, is degrading. Among the "four hundred," not only of New York, but of other cities as well, fools flourish and abound. Young men grow up as dudes, and graduate as aristocratic loafers, and maidens fair are trained to marry for a title

or for money and position Tennyson sings "'Tis only noble to be good," but the "four hundred" affirm by precept and practice that to be noble is to trade off beauty for a name, or to buy an English earl, a German baron, an Italian count or an impecunious prince with the millions gathered by grubbing fathers. It is happiness enough for the dudes to wear English clothes, to sow wild oats and achieve fame by running away with ballet cirls. The unbanning away with ballet Our journey continued through other chambers, none quite so large, but all glit-tering with stallactites and presenting the other distinguishing features of the grand "saloon." The guide informed me that there were altogether 15 of these "saloons," but that only a few persons had ever ven-tured into the inpermost ones. Unmindful girls. The unhappiness parents must feel who have brought their daughters up to marry money and their sons to pursue ness when their plans go wrong and they discover their mistake, must be bitter in-deed, unless tempered by the reflection that by the code of society they have anyhow done their full duty by their children. tured into the innermost ones. Unmindful of his statement made when I engaged him to the effect that he knew all of the cavern

MONEY THE OPEN SESAME.

to the effect that he knew all of the cavern he refused to lead me into them because he "wasn't sure," and feeling that the fellow had earned his fee of one peso we slowly re-traced our steps to the entrance. I felt satisfied as I once more emerged into the open air that my exertions to reach Ca-cahuamilpa had been amply repaid by a sight of what is undoubtedly the finest statedia cover in the world. In Europe, where the borders of so-called society are positively defined by rank, and, money or no money, those entitled to it are money or no money, those entitled to it are assured of their place; there is no trouble in maintaining social supremacy. A duchess is a duchess in a garret as well as in a pal-ace, but high position can only be held in this country when fortified by the almighty dollar. The Astors and the Vanderbilts would be no more to the world than their talactite cavern in the world. One incident of my visit here is so full of novelty that I cannot refrain from relating it. On the evening of the first day on would be no more to the world than their poor relations if they had not the prestige of great wealth. If the original John Jacob had not been a thrifty, industrious peddler with some brains to speak of, and his wife had not been an able helpmeet, both as to doing her own work and helping him with his, it is hardly likely that the Astors of to-day would have been at the top of the heap in the eity of New York, or that they would have been engaged in a struggle for precedence as displayed upon a visiting card. What seems funny in this battle of the eards is that neither of the ladies engaged have any claim to pre-eminence or fame it. On the evening of the first day on which I inspected the cave I found a place to pitch my hammock for the night in the little hut of an old Indian family. Before turning in, however, I sat at the doorway for some time in the fading twilight, and for want of a better companion held a one-sided conversation with Jacks, who lay a few feet

distant from me. I was in the midst of an extended disseration on the successful results of our day's work, and was scoring up not a few credit marks to my own perseverance, when sud-denly out of the gloom about me sounded a

have any claim to pre-eminence or fame upon their own account, but simply to wear upon their own account, but simply to wear the name of the good woman of years agone, who worked in her husband's shop, and never dreamed of being a leader in society. But while the spectacle of two women bringing all their forces of brains and in-fluence to bear upon this intangible, in-definite something for a title makes the definite something for a title, makes the world laugh; it gives plain token of the barrenness of society that can be all torn up over such a triffe.

AS THE WORLD SEES IT.

As THE WORLD SEES IT. Men who push their way from poverty to prominence and wealth as Abraham Lin-coln pushed his way from the backwoods log cabin to the Presidency are en-titled to honor. General Grant pushed out of his failure of farming and and the tanning into the tented field and won the highest honors the world can give. Garfield pushed up from the towpath to the White House chair. Blaine from being teacher of a country school has pushed his I ran around the hut, peered into a slump of bushes near by, struck a light and looked into the interior of the hut and was on the point of arousing my host when that harsh voice sounded, this time louder than before, "Oh, rats! rats!"

DISEASE IN THE FREE BATH

Impure Water the Cause of Opthalmy Is Children Who Frequented It.

Department of Public

New York Press.] ne iree

the most extravagant style, and to decrying the efforts of others to get upon the same social plane with themselves is to confirm the pessimist's claim that the Republic is on the verge of a decline and fall that will give the future Gibbon a wider subject than the Republic than

15

the Roman Empire. Before the tragedy of her life began with Before the tragedy of her life began with the German war, Eugenie, the Empress of France, had introduced a rage (or rich attire and luxurious display. She set the fashions for the world. Her pin money of \$20,000 a month was spent every cont indresses and jewels and inces that made the world stare. When the war with the Prussians-which the incesid to have inspired therapy in When the war with the Prussians-which she is said to have inspired through ignor-ance and pious zeal-was going on she is re-ported to have drested to suit the seutiment of the occasions, when she attended the councils of the Ministers. But for the defeat at Sedan she was not prepared. The story is told that when the news came, after an all-night session of the Ministry, it was decided that she should ride on horseback through the streets of Paris, and rouse to loyalty the people. Her cost of the Legion of Honor people. Her costume was to be plain black, with the cross of the Legion of Honor

pinned upon her breast. But the project had to be abandoned because it was found that in all her 300 or 400 dresses she had not a plain black habit in which to appear. Poor Eugenie! Famous only for her devo-tion to dress, and the sorrows that have covered her magnificence with a pall!

MONEY THAT IS WASTED.

When the hardships of the poor are con-sidered, it is not easy to see how men can reconcile their consciences to spending \$500,000 upon a summer cottage. It is told source of the provided and the second nense of \$40,000. It is the common thing in novels to decry

wealth and exalt poverty in matters of love. This fits in with youthful ideals of life. But This fits in with youth'nl ideals of life. But the teaching of society impreses upon the young man that it is just as easy to fall in love with a girl who has money as with one who has none of that desirable attach-ment to earthly bliss. The lesson of the so-ciety girl most deeply impressed is that her game to play in life is to marry money—not earn it. Of the sorrow, bitternses of heart and despair of soul behind this code the world hears but little, but it can see much in the faces of society's devotees. The genius of a capable general, the diplomacy genius of a capable general, the diplomacy of a prime minister, the tactics of a political leader are shown by women who waste upon the follies and trivial details of society the

great gifts they possess, and which might be so much more worthily employed. "Vanity of vanties saith the preacher,

vanity of vanities; all is vanity. What pro-fit hath a man (or woman) of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?" BESSIE BRAMBLE.

HOW TOLSTOI LIVES.

He Belleves in a Vegetarian Diet and Carries Temperance to Extremes.

Tolstoi is a vegetarian and says that the ideal physical life is that of the Brahmins of India, says a correspondent of the New York World. He believes in reducing one's wants to a minimum, and in producing, so far as possible, with one's own hands the wherewithal both to feed and clothe the ody. A state of society in which the condition of one would never be such as to exite envy in another is the secret of true so-

cial happiness. When he took me into his little koumiss establishment to give me a drink of the bev-erage, he said with enthusiasm that with an acre of grass land and a couple of milch mares a man would possess ample property for his support. The mares would live of the grass and the man could milk them and

live off koumiss. Temperance finds in the great novelist an enthusiastic supporter' He neither drinks intoxicating beverages nor smokes, and he includes in the term many other indulgences that the ordinary advocates of temperane consider a part of their creed.

White House chair. Blaine from being teacher of a country school has pushed his way to be Prime Minister of the United States, and chief apostle of the American system. Stanley pushed his way up from the rank and file to stand among kings, and he henced by the foremost powers of the

EING KALAKAUA'S HAY CROP.

It is the custom of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to send a steamer every three months via Honolulu. This adds over 800 miles to the voyage, but few of the passengers regret it, as it ensures a smoother trip and enables them to get a glimpse of Kalakaua's kingdom. The poor King is having a hard time of it between ts and his small income, which pre vented him from visiting the Paris Ezposition last year. A frivolous young San Franciscon said that the King was now keeping a peanut stand in front of the palace, where every foreigner was obliged to buy a dollar's worth, on penalty of hav-ing his head chopped off. But we tailed to see such a stand, although we walked all around the palace, which is an imposing structure, with spacious grounds and gardens. There is a music stand on one side, where a band of native musiciant holds forth occasionally; and a single, solitary soldier guards the entrance to the palace.

The King seems to have learned to be economical, for the grass on his grounds is not allowed to wither and waste, but was carefully mowed and made into little piles of hay. It cannot be said that this hay was made while the sun shope, for it rained every ten minutes all day long, and the air was as moist and warm as in a hot house, with the same mingled odors of flowers and leaves and moist soil. These flowers, which seemed to grow by preference on trees, either as tree blossoms or on creepers, furnished the most delightful "local color" of the place. The sombre, cool, cocoanut palm groves were also inviting; but of the peopl of Honolulu there was little to see, as it was Sunday, which is strictly observed here, the stores being all closed, and not a drink, however harmless, being for sale anywhere

except at the hotel. We saw but few of the dusky maidens, whose large black eyes, smiling faces, plump figures and merry gambols in the breakers or astride on horseback used to fascinate travelers. But they still go about in a callor nightgown or Mother Hnbbards, without even a belt around the waist, as their only garment. It looks cool and not ungraceful

A GLOBE-TROTTING STAT.

To travel 2,000 miles to an island famed for its paim groves, flowers, sugar planta-tions, pretty Polynesian girls, luscions melons and mangoes, and ever-active volcances, the grandest in the world and stay only five hours, as we did, was most tantalizing, and made one seem worse than Nellie Bly or a George Francis Train. But if any one had remained behind he would have had no other chance to reach Japan in three months, except backwards San Francisco. So we reluctantl boarded our steamer again, and started or the remaining 3,500 miles of our lengthened During the whole voyage of 5,509 miles we only saw one bark, and not another sign of man's existence on earth besides our ark-which contained American, Japanese, Chinamen, sheep (for tood) cows (Holstein stock for Japan), the bones of Chinamen, and a cargo of flowers for Hong Kong. Gulls followed us for a week, and the beautiful spow-white tro birds, and every day a few flying fish; and hat was all in three long weeks. In the harbor of Yokohama many foreign

ships are seen among these native vessels, including American, French, German, Turkish and several English men-of-war. The 1,500 resident foreigners in Yokohama and the 300 in Tokio therefore cannot com-plain of inadequate protection. Should the anti-foreign feeling, which occasionally is

paper men (the Empress had been prevented by illness from appearing). "I found my colleagues of the Japanese press very affable and courteous. To see two American journalists bow to each other until their heads were on a level with their

owest coat buttons would hardly seem natural; here it is the usual mode of salutation at every meeting. Like most of the other Japanese, they were in full dress-swallow-tail, white tie and high silk hat, though the seriormance began at 9 o'clock in the m This may strike you as ludicrous, and ing. This may strike you as ludicrous, and it is so. There is something ludicrous in the dress cont itself, but the time of the day when it is worn has nothing to do with it.

WITH GERMAN MUSIC.

The arrival of the Mikado in his fine coac was peralded by the Royal brass band, which played the Japanese national hymn with German harmonies, on German instruments

and followed it up at intervals with European dance music, a curious preference being shown for the pelks rhythm. As the Mikado walked up to his throne the as-sembled thousands bowed their heads. The cheers with which European Royalty is re-ceived are unknown to the Japanese, but an attempt was made to applaud the Mikado in the foreign manner of hand-

Mikado in the foreign manner of hand-clapping when he sat down, and after he had read his address; but this did not seem to meet with general approval, the general feeling being apparently that solemn silence was the most becoming way of receiving a monarch who traces his royal ancestry back more than 2,000 years, and who is one of the first of their rulers that the Japanese have been permitted to gaze upon, his ancestor been permitted to gaze upon, his ancestors having been for many generations kept in seclusion in their palace grounds, where no one was allowed to intrude. The Mikado is not a handsome man. His

forehead is low, his lower lip thick, and the cant hair on his upper lip, chin and cheeks does not improve his appearance. His ex-pression is solemn, almost stern, but there is something majestic in his bearing which is prepossessing; and be is said to be a man of uncommon intelligence, and that he takes an earnest interest in the welfare of his subects was shown in his willingness to prejects was shown in its withingness to pre-side over the distribution of prizes on this occasion. After he and several of the officials had read their addresses the principal recipients of the prizes came up in couples, bowed before His Majesty and re-

couples, bowed before his hajesty and re-ceived their rolls of parchment, whereupon they retreated a dozen steps, lobster fashion, before etiquette allowed them to turn their back on the Mixado. The ceremony lasted about an hour, after which the Emperor drove off in his carriage to the sounds of the national hymn. HEWEY J. FINCE.

A Familiar Story.

A young man goes from his country home to the city. He is his mother's joy and his father's pride. A position of trust and responsibility suits both his taste and his ability. Hitherto his character has been exemplary. But city life intoxicates him. Its whirl is too rapid, and just where he was thought to be strongest he fails. Evil companions induce him to enter questionable places of resort. He knows nothing of the

places of resort. He knows nothing of the quiet detective who is shadowing his move-ments. One fine morning, when his head is aching, he is called into the office and politely informed that his services will be dispensed with. He has committed no crime; is not guilty of any misdemeanor, but the firm of Lucre & Co. know that he preads more canvas than the depth of hold or width of beams allows, and that he must

nevitably founder. "Better take in a reef, my boy, ere it is too late. Did you ever try to shorten sail in a cat-boat in a gale of wind? I have. It's a risky business, my son. It's always best to keep the sheet line in your hand, so that you can let it run when a blow comes. Luff a little now and then, if you want to make against the wind, but hold her loose, hold her loose. A ship looks better in stays than upside down. Better shorten sail.

Too Many Salls.

Jack of all trades and master of none describes thousands of men in our great country. They aabble in everything, and really

succeed in nothing. Every community has its man of this character. He tries every door. Agent for this and that, handy with saw and axe, hoe and spade, but never using either long enough to rub off the rust. He is a politician, has a loose tongue which almost proves the truth of perpetual motion, most proves the truth of perpetual motion, and knocks opposing theories into smither-cens. Sometimes he preaches, that is, he "lay" preaches. Scripture flows flippauly from his tongue with such readiness that some felks imagine him to be a genius. And so he is. A genius is generally on the eve of some grand achievement. He has just found the philosopher's stone. He rolls it around, admires its brilliancy, but soon discovers that it is nought but a useless peb-ble.

There are unique men who are apt at many things. They can carry quite a number of sails and keep things snug, and well in hand, but the majority of men had better stick to one good square sail than run out

imprisonment for life. There should power to pardon in such cases. Let the convicted murderer be sent to a living tomb and kept there. That would be punishment indeed. There is less punishment about hanging than most persons think. That is another reason why there is no use for it. Imprisonment for life is a real de-

terrent of murder. Hanging is not." Belva Lockwood, the woman lawyer, is rather undecided as to whether capital shment should be abolished or not. She does, however, believe that the day of brutal hanging exhibitions has passed. Some way of inflicting the punishment in a painles but sure and quick way should be adopted

Mrs. Lockwood thinks that electricity is the best means at hand. HORSE RACING IN JAPAN.

Stanted Animals Carry Fat Owners and Outsiders Bet as Much as a Cent.

The Japanese sport cannot stop a baseball owing to the formation of his legs, but when he includes a pony in his parentheses he is in his element. At the race track a \$10 entrance fee, with \$25 added, is an event that draws a crowd which would make an American track manager's mouth water, but it need not. Most of the spectators go in for a cent or two, and the poolshed is no richer when they leave. The fact is, these races in Tokio are given at a church

Few tracks in America or Europe have the magnificent furnishings that this Kou-dan track has. Stunted horses, half the size of El Rio Rey and Hanover, run until they are ready to drop under the weight of their jockeys. The item of weight is immaterial in a Japanese race, as the proper thing is for the owner of the horse, no matter of what weight, to take the mount himself. I have seen these ponies carry 145 and 150 pounds, and sometimes 160, run around a mile track and make inirly good time at that. But time is not taken into account. The vital point in a race over here is to best all the other

On the race course the Chinese ponies are looked upon with the most favor, and a race between 12 or 15 of them is full of interest and novelty. They are vicious little beasts and have to carry the enormous weights they do because lightweight jockeys would not be able to manage them. When they once get off on a fair start they go in to win and jockeys ride for all there is in the race. They raise a good deal of noise and wear their colors in a fashion all their own, and yet when there is an exciting finish it is anybody's race until they actually reach the string.

THE INSANE OF CHINA.

A Returning Traveler Finds That No Asylums Exist, Though Badly Needed. New York Star.1

The Rev. Dr. E. P. Thwing, of Brooklyn, is home from his extended trip through China and Japan, after an absence from this country of 11 months. "I spent a good deal of time," he said, "in Canton, China. Though I found in that eity a well conducted hospital, yet, to my surprise, I dis-covered that there was no insane asylum there. Such an institution is sadly needed in China, as the people believe that in-sanity is the result of the work of evil spirits, and those afflicted with it may be

chained up or put out of the way. "Before I left Canton an organization, with a Board of Directors, had been started there to receive funds and proceed with the erection of an asylum building, as soon as there to receive funds uniding, as soon as erection of an asylum building, as soon as there shall be money enough for that pur-pose. There is a marked interest in this project among the foreign residents and the influential Chinese of Canton. I shall lee-influential Chinese of Canton I shall lee-influential Chinese of Canton I shall lee-sone Tast assembly hall, stretched the

road that might at one time have permitted the passage of a wagon, but which is now so rough and overgrown with brush that even a mule has difficulty in picking its way, lies the little village of Acopancingo Here is one of the few places in the imme

liate range of travel where can be seen Indians of the pure Mexican type, who from the various modes of life, the various mod ern customs and the various modern imple ments offered them by the incoming civilization tion have accepted only one-religion. They speak the same tongue as the ancient Aztecs, they dress in similar garments, they

practice the same manners. And as one rider slowly through their few cleanly streets, observes their extensive and well-cultivated farms, sees on every hand indications of wealth obtained by industry and is charmed by their quiet and simple life, almost un-

consciously the mind wanders back to those ancient days when the all-powerful Mon-teruma wielded his scepter here, and the long time ancestors of these same people with the toil of scores of years and myriads of hands erected those massive and puzzling works of architecture, remains of which the energetic traveler finds throughout the Re

A CELEBRATED CAVERN.

A ride of two days—so rough that much of the pleasure of its object is sacrificed in the fatigue which it entails—directly south from Cuernavaca brings the traveler to the celebrated cavern of Cacahuamilpa, than which Mexico presents no more wonderful or interesting natural phenomenon. It has even been asserted by the few who have

visited it that no finer cavern is to be found in the world. And here it might be re-marked as an indication of the non-progressive qualities of the average Mexican, that although the cavern possesses attrac-tions sufficient to draw hundreds of visitors yearly, not a single conveyance of any kind regular or irregular, runs to it, and nowhere in the vicinity are there to be found quar-ters that could be regarded as decent, much less comfortable.

As a guide I engaged a peon, whose face, although much begrimed with dirt, showed signs of more than ordinary intelligence, and whose tongue, wagging with a volubil-ity almost unknown to his class, informed

me with much redundancy that its possesso knew not only all of the interior of the cave but also a small and easy entrance thereto, unknown to every one but himself.

THE SECRET PASSAGE. Supplied with candles from my grip, we set out. Over a stretch of broken ground and through a growth of thick underbrush we

stumbled to a small rocky opening almost hidden from sight by a dense growth of bushes. Down this we slowly made our way until we reached a small chamber whose jagged sides and roof glistened with moisture, and whose broken floor was filled with

and whose broken floor was filled with orevices, the depth of which I could not sound with a long stick I carried. Passing to the inner side, we stooped to squeeze our way through a narrow opening, having suc-cessfully passed which it took but a fleeting glance even in the dim light which our candies three it along that we use in the

from a neighboring emoved was all the information I could obtain. It will always remain a mystery to me. I fear, how Poll removed so far from ivilization, acquired a knowledge of exclusively American idiom.

distely awakened the entire family. That

A HUNT FOR A VOICE.

"Rats !"

"Rats !"

GEORGE T. HABGREAVES. WANTED TO SELL HIS BODY.

Instance of the Desperation to Which Landlady Can Drive a Man.

Philadelphia Timas.] The occupants of the Coroner's office re-

ceived a surprise yesterday morning, and Christian Lambert, who lives at 47 Perkins street, Gloucester, was the cause. Accompanied by his cousin. Mrs. Kate Harbner, Lambert entered the office. Deputy Coroner Dugan came forward and asked what he

Dugan came forward and asked what he could do for them. "I want to sell a body," said Lambert. "Where is the body?" asked Mr. Dugan. "Here," answered Lambert, opening his coat and vest and offering himself for inspec-

"You don't mean to say you wish to sell our own body?" said Mr. Dugan, stepping

back. "Yes, that is what I mean," said Lam-bert, "I have been out of work for eight bert, "I have been out of work for eight weeks and I owe Mrs. Habner mo board. If you will give me \$75 for my body I can pay her and you may kill me." This proposition so staggered the Deputy that it was some minutes before he could collect himself sufficiently to ask Lambert if he had any choice in the manner of his being killed. "I wouldn't mind being killed by elec-

tricity or cremated," was the answer. By this time it was evident that the man

By this time it was evident that the man was fully in earnest and the Deputy Coroner delivered an impressive lecture on the enormity of the deed he proposed to commit. Lambert listened in a dased manner and seemed very much disappointed. A collec-tion was taken up and given to Lambert and he gave it to Mrs. Harbner, who claimed that he was in arrears for board.

SHERMAN SAVES & LIFE

A Story Old Tocumsoh is Tolling About Comedian Joe Jefferson.

New York Press.]

General William T. Sherman is a goo story teller and he enjoys telling them as much as some people enjoy listening to them. His latest is about Joseph Jefferson, and is as follows: "Joe come to my room in the Fifth Avenu

Hotel about three years ago, and he chatted at the window there one summer afternoon. He had with him a light, thin over which he threw over a chair. After he ha gone I found under the chair a roll of paper tied with a piece of red tape-the old red tape I know so well. I picked it up, in-spected it, and then I said, 'this is not mine,' and ran out to catch Joe. I ran to

the elevator, shouting, 'Joe, Joe!' "I saw him two stairs below, but my voic wouldn't go down, it would only go up, so I had to run down, and I finally overtook

" 'Joe, did you drop this roll of paper?" "He turned to me with a look full of joy. "Glory, Sherman, you have saved my

life!' "What do you mean; how have I saved

your life?" "'Why," replied Jefferson, with that fa-miliar twinkle in his eye, "I am publishing my life, and that is my first chapter."

A Care for Diarrhes.

Mathew Armstrong, of Crofton, Ky., now in his 70th year, says he has been troubled with diarrhes every summer as far back as he can recollect. He has in his time used many medicines, but none equal to Chamberiain's Colle, Cholers and Diarrhes Chamberrain Coile, Cholers and Diarrhes Remedy. This remedy is prompt in its effects, can always be depended upon and when re-duced with water is pleasant to take. Chil-dren do not object to taking it. Thsu

ed by the foremost wers be nonored by the foremost powers of the world. Andrew Carnegie, from the position of a messenger boy on Pittsburg streets, has pushed his way to fame and wealth counted by millions. All these, and those like them, possessing pluck, enterprise and power to push, who reach the heights for which they aim, have received the applause of their fellow-mortals. is responsible for the illness of several children, according to the belief of Dr. Henry Freeman who had been called to attend them. The doctor notified the Board of Health and the

Works, and at the last place, yesterday, it was said that the bath would be closed at of their fellow-mortals. But when has the bray of brass, the beat once until an examination of the water of drums, the blare of trumpets sounded the praises of the women who, with the same could be made by the Health Department. The disease with which Dr. Freeman's patients were afflicted is ophthalmy of a qualities of untiring energy and ambition, have pushed their way from wash tubs and virulent nature. Each child, the physician kitchen drudgery into the heart of "society," into the ranks of foreign nobility, into the found, also, was at all times in the summer an habitual attendant at the Market street inner circle of divine distinction, where they can sit in Queens' gardens and are bath. Dr. Freeman himself made an ex-amination of the water in the neighborhood of the bath, being suspicious that the foul water of the river was the cause of the commade proud by smile of royalty or Princes favor? mon disease. After his visit to the place he was assured that his surmise was correct, he

ENERGY MISDIRECTED.

These women expend their forces, not in the sphere of business, or in the achieve-ment of high place in church or state, as do men, but in their own limited field of "sosays, and he felt that it was his duty to Board of Health. The water is undoubtciety." Here they engage in the business of pushing themselves up and keeping others down. In this pursuit they know the power of money as well as the silver kings

and the iron kings. With enough dollars they can buy their way into the aristocracy as easily as a silver king can get into Co

gress. These people are as good as a circus t those who know them, especially when they forget their ancestors and prate about the lower closses. When they get a coat of lower closses. When they get a coat of arms upon their carriages, a couple of flunkeys in livery to give them some style, and have been to "Yoorup" a half dozen times or so, and have a couple of maids and 16 trunks, they are quite proud of them-selves, and assume all the airs of superiority which blue blood, and an ancestry of free which blue blood, and an ancestry of free booters, robbers and royal rapscullions of Norman birth implies. When high-toned Southerners take pride in being descendants of the first families, the student of history thinks back over the record and remembers that the prisons of Europe were opened to people the colonies, and that the scalawags were gotten rid of in the Old World by being went over to the Western wilds

ent over to the Western wilds. THE CLIQUES ARE EVERYWHERE

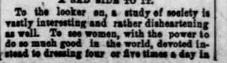
This assumption of superiority as consti-tuting the best society by virtue of wealth or high birth, is set up by silly people in every city and village, and watering place and summer resort. Cliques or sets are formed by the sordid standard which so Ask in Drug, Paint and House Purn Pik-Ron, which PIE-Rom, enkol THE STAIN GLOS & NEW FURNITURS WILL STAIN GLASS AND GHINAWARS WILL STAIN GLASS AND GHINAWARS WILL STAIN THWARE WILL STAIN TOWN OLD BARRETS WILL STAIN BABY & COACH AND TRUE TAIN BABY & TAIN THE formed by the sordid standard which so many women with small brains and niggard souls are perpetually struggling to main-tain. Social position can be easily reached by costly dressing, grand houses and splea-did entertainments. Modest merit, moderate means, plain dressing have not a ghost of a show in the society whose measure of man-kind is money. The moneyed aristocrats are opposed to poor people in their pews. These can be frozen out of the church on easth by raising the pew rents, but how it is to be managed in heaven, only heaven knows. "We don't want that Miss B in our set," said haughty Miss A at Chautauqua the

said haughty Miss A at Chautauqua the

other day. "Well, why not," was asked. "Ob, well, you know her father was carpenter and we must draw a line." earpenter and we must draw a ince. "Well, your grandfather was a cobbien

"Well, your grandfather was a cobbier. Where are you going to draw the line?" was the quick reply. A teacher, a dresamaker, a sewing girl, or any young woman engaged in making a living is not supposed to need a chaperon, but not so the society girl. For her to go anywhere without a chaperon would be quite vulgar, as ruled by European stand-ards, and to have a flunkey tagging after her everywhere she goes is decidedly "stylish." Liveries that were so demo-eratically howled down in the early days of the Republic, grow more and more common in this day of anobhery. A SAD SIDE TO IT.

A SAD SIDE TO IT.



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oring the matter to the attention of

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