THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

Cresson People Hope to be Lifted High on the Ladder of Fame by the President's Visit.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY ROUND ABOUT.

None of His Predecessors Ever Had Wealthier Neighbors Than Harrison Will Have at His Cottage,

AND THEY ARE ALL PROM PITTSBURG.

Pen and Pencil Sketches of Some of the Randson Summer Residences.

IFROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT. CRESSON SPRINGS, PA., August 16.

for the President to come to Cresson. At Cape May Point he was at sea level; and in coming here he rises 2,300 feet. But that is nothing to be compared to the lift that Cresson also experiences. The very fact that the Chief Magistrate of the United States chooses to sojeurn here awhile raises this mountain re-

sort from mediocrity to fame. The dullness at Cresson is proverbial; but there is less of that desuctude this season than ever before. The mere announcement that the Harrison family intended to occupy a cottage on the hotel grounds had a magnetic effect in filling up the other cottages and jamming the big hotel.

It gives any summer resort a certain amount of standing to be able to say that Presidents have sojourned there. It adds a smack of official aristocracy and the glamour of patriotic chivalry to the pages of a hotel register. One of the proudest boasts of celebrated old Bedford is the autographs of several of the early Presidents who came there by stage coach. Buchanan was the last, and yet his picture is to be seen in all last, and yet his picture is to be seen in all the public buildings of Bedford for that reason. White Sulphur Springs has the proud distinction of being George Washington's favorite summer sanitarium. And Deer Park housed Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison. In view of these facts Cresson Springs needed a Presidental autograph very badly. Its value will grow yearly, and ever afternative become of the juture Cressonite will ward the bosom of the future Cressonite will expand with pride as he is able to say, "the

President used to stop here." SCENERY AND DRIVES.

In many ways the President will find Cresson attractive. The first season here is always interesting on account of the newness of two things, the superb drives which radiate in all directions, and the magnificent scenery in the neighborhood of Cresson.
Ontside of these there is nothing, except the see al life in and around the hotel and its community of cottages. For those in the social swim the latter has attractions for sev-



Baby McKee's Quarters. eral seasons. But for those who are not, on summer with its high livery bills is quite sufficient to appreciate all the drives and

from the hotel. Every day or two observavania Railroad trains carry guests at so much per head to the picturesque precipices of Allegrippus, which is five miles east of Cresson, and also around the lamous Horse Shoe Bend, which is a few miles further on Frequent excursions by rail are also made over the Bell's Gap Railroad, some 18 miles from Cresson. This year not a few excur sionists have gone away in the morning to both the wreck of the South Fork dam and Johnstown and returned in time for tea.

A STRETCH OF LANDSCAPE. By all odds the most wonderful view to be obtained is from the top of the mountain about a mile back of the hotel. It is not so wild as the gorge down along which the Pennsylvania Railroad drops gradually to Altoons, but it is inspiring from the vast area of landscape thrown within the range of vision. Either walk or drive from Cres-son station back over the Hollidaysburg's road to the village of Summit, and you may there see many square miles of forest-erowned peaks and leafy valleys around you. The view seems like one wast amphitheater right in the center of which you stand. Here the altitude is a little over 2,700 feet, and in different directions you may see Ebensburg, which is 12 miles distant; Carrollton 25 miles away; Altoona (on a clear day) 15 miles, and the smoke of Hollidaysburg. It is at this point that Andrew Carnegie owns land which he originally bought for the site of a mountain eastle. If you want to get good trout-fishing drive on down the other side of the mountale, on this same road towards Hollidays burg. The old pike here parallels the ten inclines and as many levels of the old Portage Railroud. It is a moss-grown rain Portage Railroad. It is a moss-grown rain now and forms a most romantic promenade with endless vistas through some remarkably big trees. The viaduots and other masonry of the old Portage are clinging with ivy. They make this otherwise remote region of wildness quite charming.

BELICS OF THE PAST. Many of the old phrases of Portage days and some of the vermeular still cling to this country. For instance, nearing Hollidays-burg there is a little humlet still marked on the maps and still known by the pony mail carrier as "Foot-of-Ten." This means that it is at the foot of incline No. 10. Se that f you ever get lost, as I did once, and some little girl replies in a quick way to your anxious inquiries as to where you are: "Foot-

of-Ten, sir," you will understand. Perhaps the most romantic drive around Cresson is that to Loretta and Ebensburg. To Loretta, some eight miles, the road passes entirely through forest. The thickets along the driveway remind you more of a

along the way and the priest mumbling his prayers as his horse slowly jogs along. Loretta is a seat of Catholic learning, and is one of the strongholds of that denomination. There every July and August the priests of all Western Pennsylvania hold their "retreat," assembling in large numbers.

Loretta is a very interesting place. Be sure to see the colossal tomb of Prince Gallitzen, the Catholic pioneer of all this mountain country. His old church and



mastery are still standing, but after nearly a century's use are now crumbling into ly a century's use are now crumbling into ruins. Once in Loretta you are out of the woods. The drive from there to Ebensburg is on a plateau, from which a magnificent view may be obtained reaching on fair days, I am told, clear to Johnstown. Ebensburg is a quaint old town well worth a visit any time. There are summer hotels there, at which the President will be given a hearty recention. There are drives from

glow. And the ruddy light shines out of glow. And the ruddy light shines out of
the windows. Nights on the mountain tops
are always cool, and would be uncomfortable without plenty of kindling wood and a
pair of blankets for each bed.
This is a successful season at Cresson.
The hotel is crowded and can accommodate
but a few more guests. L. E. STOFIEL.

HOW MILLIONAIRES START.

Facts in Brief About the Berhood Employments of Well-Known Men. New York World.)

If the authors of the Declaration of Independence, who first asserted that "all men were born free and equal," could gaze up and down the vistas of New York life today they would find ample justification of their doctrine. Henry Villard, whose ups and downs leave him a power in the North-ern Pacific Railroad, earned his first money as a reporter. Austin Corbin worked on his father's farm in Vermont for his first dollar. Collis P. Huntington began his career as a small merchant in this city when he was 15 years old. Calvin S. Brice's first labor was over law books in a country law office in Ohio.

office in Onio.

Daniel Dougherty, the silver tongued orator, made his first bit of money handling the ribbons over his father's 'bus teams on Arch street, Philadelphia. Eugene Kelly, now a banker worth \$5,000,000, earned his passage to this country by driving a jaunting-car in his native place, County Tyrone, Isaland.

woods. The drive from there to Ebensburg is on a plateau, from which a magnificent view may be obtained reaching on fair days, I am told, clear to Johnstown. Ebensburg is a quaint old town well worth a visit any time. There are summer hotels there, at which the President will be given a hearty reception. There are drives from Cresson also to the town of Gallitzen, to Altoons and to various other places. You



PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CRESSON HOME.

SURBOUNDED BY PITTSBURGERS. It has been said that no President of the It has been said that no President of the United States had wealthier neighbors than President Harrison will have at Cresson; and they will all be Pittsburgers, too. Next door to the Presidental cottage on the west lives Mrs. Byron Painter, of the Pittsburg Iron family. Harry Darlington's cottage adjoins the President's on the east. In front and immediately across the board walk from the President's front door is the house of Park Painter, which is two-thirds for all that. When the Harrisons sit on their front porch they will also look across to the houses of Mark W. Watson and James A. Chambers, the glass manufac-

It should be understood that there are three rows of cottages in the Cresson com-munity. The President's cottage is that of Mrs. D. E. Park, of Pittsburg, and is in the middle tier. Thus it is that some of the prettiest cottages are in the rear of the temporary home of the President's family. By all odds the largest and handsomest cottage on the ground is that of B. F. Jones, the iron man, back and to the westward of the President's cottage. Others of the rich cot-tagers who will only be able to look into Harrison's kitchen windows are A. E. W. Painter, Mrs. Thomas Carnegie John H. Dalzell and the Jewetts. The Thaw cottage this year is not occupied. Mrs. D. A. Stewart, of Pittsburg, owns a very imposing residence at the western end of the tier in which the President is to reside.

MEAL TIME REGULATIONS. These cottages were all built on the condition that the occupants take their meals in the hotel. So while there are calls, "at homes," receptions and euchre parties in the various coffages, the hotel is the center of gaiety because all the families are compelled to come together there. The interiors of most cottages are magnificently furnished.
All that refined desire could wish and
wealth produce are combined in their ornature. The occupants bring very little with them in the summer. The furniture, car-pets, pictures and brie-s-brac remain there



B. F. Jones' Cottage.

all the year round. They are virtually sum mer residences, and the name cottage is a misnomer for two-thirds of them. The buildings owned by Mr. Jones and Mrs. Stewart cannot easily be surpassed at either

Cape May or Atlantic City.

The cottage which the President is to occupy is not one of the handsomest on the grounds. It was first built on a miniature plan and was afterward added to from year to year to answer increased demands for room. The front shows only a single story, while on the side and rear it is a two-story structure. In this way the building becomes long and rambling, rather than compact and

INSIDE THE COTTAGE.

To Loretta, some eight miles, the road passes entirely through forest. The thickets along the driveway remind you more of a pretty grove than anything else for there are hemicoks, pice and rhododendrons in abundance as a sort of a fencework while through them you may see great oaks, straight elms and the white beeches. There are said to be prettier lichens and more varieties of ferns in these woods than in any other part of the Alleghenies.

A SHAT OF LEARNING.

A feature that renders this drive rather picturesque also is the large number of somber-clad nams whom one passes and meets with wood first, make the surreundings with wood first, make the surreundings. This has led to a rather curious arrange-

admitted to the bar in 1858. Jay Gould, it is well known, was a surveyor and school teacher in Delaware county. Ex-Mayor William R. Grace was a butcher in Callao, Peru, until he became a ship chandler. William H. Vanderbilt remained on his father's farm until he was 30 years old, when the old Commodore put him in train-ing for a railroad career. Lawyer and Secretary of the Navy Benjamin F. Tracy was a farmer's boy, and one with mighty poor prospects at that. He dropped farming and taught school daytimes, studying law nights. Erastus Wiman made his first money as a newsboy when only 9 years old.

How to Fool the Big Fat Wise Fellows That Won't Take a Hook.

Most men are content to take trout with rod, reel and line, but now and then one comes expert in catching them with his naked hands. A trout is queer in some ways. He loves to be tickled, and when a man comes along that can tickle him in a delicate and pleasing style he does not mind being caught. Dennis P. Rich, of Shelton, can tickle a trout engagingly, and is also one of the most skillful men with a

rod in the State. As the shrewd Dennis strolls along a brook, rod in hand, now and then he dis-covers in a long black reach of still swampy water or in the dusky pool under a highway bridge a sage old trout who has grown big and fat there, monarch of the whole watery domain about him. It is idle to toss a fly or ground bait to the wise old chap, for he has seen that done a hundred times, and he actually winks his eye at green fishermen as he lazily edges away an inch or so every time a cast is made and lets the bait go by.

But Mr. Rich has a trick that is new to them. He just lies down on his stomach stealthily on the bank, and then, as slowly as if he were a black log slipping down the bank, he worms himself into the stream. Then with infinite caution and noiselessly his long naked arm glides almost impe ceptibly into the sluggish current, slowly respiritly into the king is a current, slowly, steadily ereeping toward the big fish's tail. The great trout does not know what the singular thing is, and his curiosity is titillated, while the movement is not violent titillated, while the movement is not violent enough to alarm him. At last the fingers of Dennis Rich's hand touch the big fellow, and that first touch of the electric human fingers settles the business for the fish; it is all over with him. The fingers glide slowly around and then along the trout's body till they encircle him at the gills; then they close with lightning swiftness and steel-like grip; there is a sudden flirt on the part of the fisherman, and the big fellow is tossed out on the bank, palpitating and wondering how in the world he got there.

The sort of performance described is called tickling a trout, and even the men that do it believe that the trout succumbs to that do it believe that the trout succumbs to his overweening love for being tickled, and

THE BIGGEST GAME FISH.

New York Record Breaker Who Stuff His Trophies as Proof.

Apropos of fish. The heaviest sport fish ing that Newport has known for a long while has been done this season by Mr. John G. Heckscher, of New York, says the World, Mr. Heckscher scorns anything several monsters since the season opened.

Every exceptionally fine one he has skinned, stuffed and mounted, to add to his collection, which contains the biggest specimens of tarpon, bass, salmon and other game fish ever killed in America by a since the state of th gle sportaman. The more moderately pro-portioned fish are stuffed without the for-mality of flaying and mounted on a dinner table for the benefit of Mr. Heckscher's iriends.

AUGUST 17, 1890. the quietest fellow in the quarter, and who was only quietly looking on. Another American who was laughing was grabbed by a policeman and asked it he was laugh-A BIG RUSH IN ART.

THE REMARKS PASSED.

The Last Man.

Elysees they whipped up to the salon in

great haste, got out about 20 yards from the door amid the cheers of their compan-

ions, one holding a canvas and running quickly backward toward the entrance, while his mate with dishevelled hair and frantic look still painted away at his masterpiece. This was a good take-off on the

THE MODEL PREE AGAIN.

as on the Champs Elysees until, as before stopped by the ubiquitous cops.

BOUND TO HAVE FUN.

Nothing daunted, Sarah headed the pro-cession on foot, and thus they marched along

the quays with the usual programme of singing and shouting. Those in the front

Paluis de Mazarin, better known as the Institute de France, the home of the 40 im-

mortals. Sarah was then installed on the pedestal of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty. The students formed a ring around

her, and reciting a harangue on things in

general, especially on the indignity which she was subjected to in being arrested by

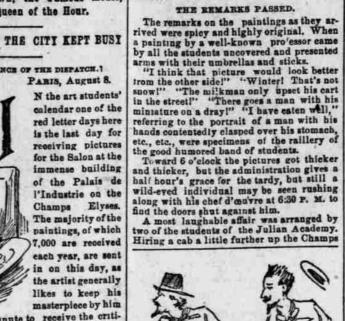
At 6:30 Sarah and her four companions,

artist pressed for time.

Scenes at the Paris Salon on the Last Day For Receiving.

RARE ANTICS OF THE STUDENTS. How Barah Brown, the Famous Model, crowd.

Rules as Queen of the Hour. THE POLICE OF THE CITY KEPT BUSY



find the doors that against him.

A most laughable affair was arranged by two of the students of the Julian Academy. The majority of the paintings, of which Hiring a cab a little further up the Champe 7,000 are received each year, are sent in on this day, as the artist generally likes to keep his masterpiece by him

until the last minute to receive the criticisms of his acquaintances and add some more finishing touches. From 1 to 6 P. M. in front of the doors for receiving the pictures a motley crowd of art students and models collects, the former of many nationalities and recruited from the different art schools of Paris. Their numbers are also augmented by a sprinkling of artists, principally those who are on the border line of art studentdom and artistdom, but a man may be an artist in another country and a student in Paris, so high is the standard

A great many of the general public, both rich and poor, who have nothing to do, of which class, I suppose, there are more in Paris than in any other city of the world, also come to see the students' antics and see the masterpieces arrive. The queen of the models, Sarah Brown, the most famous nodel in Paris, is sure to be there each year in a charming toileste, surrounded by her student court. This year she was true to her custom, and in spite of her life of gayety and dissipation, she looked as fresh and bewitching as in the previous year and sported a very chic spring toilette. Her figure would have delighted the soul of Rubens, she has the grace and bearing of a queen and her hair falls below her knees.

she has the grace and bearing of a queen and her hair falls below her knees.

HOW THE PICTURES COME.

The pictures arrive in all sorts of conveyances. The scene at the door with draymen, policemen, artists, students and painters struggling with immense sections of frames and colosal canvases is a sight never to be forgotten. The frames for the scene at the door were lively devotee of music in his youth and earned a dollar or two out of it. Augustin Daly was dollar or two out of it. Augustin Daly was a regular bellam. Harry Miner a policeman. Managan Hambar Harry Miner a policeman managar John A. McCaull ran away from Mt. St. Mary's College. Eurmittahurg, Md., to become a sergeant in the Confederate areas at the door were lively but to get the content to be understored to the salon in sections and finished on inside the build-ing.

The orders to let nobody in but those who nothing. After paying the score the students are deal managar later and the conte There was as much risk of getting run into as in a big railroad pard in America. There was also an utter disregard for the beautiful gold frames, as I saw many of them ruth-lessly mutilated and even some of the can-vases had daylight let through them. A crowd collected immediately inside the door and cheered on sight each picture as it hove

On picture which I remember came in for will create a big sensation in the near future. The painter, Charles Castellani, is one of the most amous panorama painters in France. At the commencement of the late exposition when this panorama of Tant Paris (all Paris) was ready to open its doors he received intimation from the Government



efface the portrait of General Boulange which appeared in the panorama among the notables of Paris, or otherwise the panorama would not be allowed to be opened. After a good deal of parley on both sides the portrait of the brave General was at length effaced. But Mr. Castellani nursed his grudge against the Government and as one or its members, M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, bears the soubriquet of saucas-sou (sausage) M. Castellari seized this fact for his revenge. He painted for the salon an immense canvas of still life, 6 leet by 4, the most promisent object being an immense Lyons sausage, the city from which M. Con

The sausage in question was ten times larger than life, and reposed on 10,000,000 france, in notes and gold, which also carries its story, obviously referring to some shady history in the Minister's career. In the beakground an Indian god is laughing beisterously. The picture was carried pub-licly into the Salon, and the artist, already famous, is much talked about at present, and even though he does not get his paint-ing into the Salon he shall have succeeded in getting himself advertised.

In several of the galleries I noticed a score of artists who were still at work on their naintings by special permission. Several of the colossal canvases were hing on the walls to get them out of the way. But to return to the crowd outside. I was very glad to get away from the noise, dust and confusion into the street. The "gang" by

by a policeman and asked if he was laughing at the majesty of the law. Of course
he replied, no. The students then commenced to mimic the police and make mock
arrests, and it is needless to say the police
were boiling over. All the passers-by, especially the rich equipages of luxury with
their pompous coachmen and footmen, came
in for a good deal of badinage from the
crowd.

The Big Sponge in the Barber Shopas is

GAS CITY RESTAURANTS IN THE LEAD

The first thing that attracted my attention was the basket. In the cable car the affluent gentleman on his way to the East End site with his legs protecting a prossic affair of willow, with ears of corn projecting from one end and a yellow squash, perhaps, rising at the other. Crossing the Sixth street bridge, Indian file, the basket is seen making its way to the Fort Wayne station, or going beyond the station is seen coming down Federal from the Allegheny market, not unfrequently carried by some well-dressed young fellow, whose wife presumably in the morning before he left for business, duly instructed him as to the necessary purchases

THE METROPOLITAN WAY.

in populous "uptown," Harlem, Jersey City or Brooklyn, and his wife, having her supplies near at hand, he is never seen on the street car or on the Elevated Railroad with an article other than his cane, umbrella or evening paper, save at rare intervals a basket of choice fruit from some favorite dealer near his office. He would consider his pride very much injured were he asked to bring home a four-pound roast, some enops, a head of cabbage or a half peck of

The electric and cable street car systems

ure to board one of the cable cars, say at the ure to board one of the cable cars, say at the postoffice, and, comfortably seated with a choice cigar in the smoking compartment of one of the "double headers," quickly ascend the hill past the stately Court House, and, before long, in admiration of the beautiful residences and sloping lawns that line the track beyond, reach the terminus, and if so inclined, return by another road with new scenes to please the eye. For surface travel, in speed, equipment, and comfort, Pittaburg is far in advance of New York.

Perhaps there are not so many politicians Perhaps there are not so many politicians and boodlers here looking out for themselves rather than the public weal.

The hurrying cars with their assertive "ding, ding," that every pedestrian knows, and makes him watchful at the crossings,

and which every teamster seems to respect with alacrity, imparts a sort of "go" to the street life, and incites the pedestrian with the spirit of "go" too, as though it were a

THE BARBER'S BIG SPONGE behind the dray, singing, dancing and shouting as usual. They paraded up and down the Champs Elysees several times until stopped by the police. They then marched to the Place de la Concorde, and there took pos-session of an open cab, put Sarah inside with three of the students, one being an thickly at once and then scrapes the face once, lathers lightly again, goes around with the rasor again, removes the soap with a damp towel, and the shave is finished and the face ready for bay rum or what extras are forthcoming.

Here the sponge takes quite an important part. The lather is laid on and the sponge immediately used to wash it off. The lather is then accordant. American. They paraded around the his-toric Place de la Concorde in the same style

pounds the improved physiognomy is allowed to depart.

rank pressed their hanndkerchiefs into use as flags. Many of the good folks along the ronte wondered what was up, or perhaps thought another Commune was on the eve of starting. The cortege marched along until it came to the square in front of the balling of Marine better because of the Pittsburg is well supplied with barber shops, and the writer has come across non he will also see to it for his exch sake that he will not again have a hair out and shave at a certain hotel where he was charged 60 cents, 40 for the cut presumably, and the privilege of being taken for a millionaire, and 20 for the shave, and the barber's benign condescension inclusive.

The mule as a factor in the street car service is a pronounced novelty to the New Yorker here, and he at once instinctively pictures the amusement of his distant triends could they have a photograph of him standing on the front plat orm of a car be-hind a pair of these taciture beasts, with

she was subjected to in being arrested by the minions of the law.

After the harangue was over they joined hands, danced around Sarah and the goddess until tired, singing choice collections of patriotic airs, including some Boulangist ones. A parting drink at Mere Moneas, a resort well-known to Parisian art students, and the day's fun ended. A number of Sarah's most intimate friends took her to dinner at their favorite restaurant, where, I have no doubt, they enjoyed themselves to their heart's content in the court of the Queen of the Models.

DE WOLFE SCANLAN. their apright spreading ears and diminutive tail "ferniost" the dashboard. The mule has not myaded New York for street car service yet, but there is no telling what "improvements" Tammany may eventually adopt.

EMPEROR FREDERICK'S VOICE. Recall the Dead Saversign.

When A. T. E. Wanzeman, Mr. Edison' liententant with the phonograph, called at Emperor William's palace at Potsdam, the Emperor desired him to make phonographic record of the voices of the three little Princes. Wilhelm, Heinrich and Adelbert, The Empress Augusta Victoria was especially desirous of preserving such a memento of the childhood of the boys. Wilhelm, the Crown Prince, is but 6 years old, Heinrich is less than 5 and Adelbert is a year younger. They thought the phonograph was great

When it came to preparing the memorial cylinders a touching incident occurred. Wilhelm reproduces his father's disposition. He is a sturdy, vigorous little ellow, full of determination and fire. He sang the German national hymn into the phonograph's faithful ear with all the vim and graph's faithful ear with all the vim and patriotic ardor of which he was capable.

Then came little Heinrich, a boy of gentle disposition and delicate organism. He is a genuine, whole-hearted boy just the same, and he stood in front of the phonograph to repeat the well-known patriotic German poem beginning: "Ich hatt einen cameradin." The lines are sull of fire and pathos, and the little orator put his whole soul into them. The Empress was deeply moved when he came to the lines where the roll of the drum is supposed to come in, but she

when he came to the lines where the roll of the drum is supposed to come in, but she said nothing until the phonograph repeated them. Then her eyes filled with tears and she turned to the Emperor with the words: "That is the Emperor Frederick's voice." The Emperor himself was plainly touched by the resemblance. The flood of memories their time, 3 F. M., was largely augmented and at the height of their hilarity. One of their chief diversions in the intervals of cheering at the arriving pictures, was to form a ring with Sarah their queen in the center and dance around her. They also tried this on the passersby, but in one case came to grief with an indiguant female, who broke her umbrells over their heads.

The police rushed in when they endeavored to circle another female, and arrested Sarah and four of the students, including a Canadian who has the reputation of being them. Then her eyes filled with tears and she turned to the Emperor With the words:

"That is the Emperor Frederick's voice."

The Emperor himself was plainly touched by the resemblance. The flood of memories so strongly called up overcame the Empresa, and she left the room. She came back presently, smiling sadly when little Adelbrack presently presently, smiling sadly when little Adelbrack presently presently prese

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Points of Peculiarity a New York Man Sees in Pittsburg.

AHEAD IN STREET CAR SERVICE.

Decided Novelty.

Pittsburg has many novel features for him who has been accustomed to the ways of New York-at least it has for me.

of the day.

The New York business man either lives

are un'amiliar and very interesting to the New Yorker. The Elevated road is his little god there and he wants more of it; but the surface roads are still manipulated by the antiquated horse. What attempts have been made with electric power have been confined to the Madison avenue and Fourth avenue lines, with but meager results, while a cable line can't boast of a foothold below

ASTONISHES NEW YORK.

Here in Pittsburg it is a supreme pleas

Barbers' methods differ from those of New York. The great, large sponge used here to mop the victim's face is never seen there. And the sponges, displayed on the there. And the sponges, displayed on the there is no displayed on the sponges, displayed on the hindmost, in pursuit of my 10-year-old. tops of the rows, remind the metropolitan of a drugstore where they are ranged for sale. The New York barber lathers the face thickly at once and then scrapes the face

is then applied the second time, and the first shave gone through with. The inevitable sponge then appears again to moisten the lather the second trip of the razer over the sec is made. Finally the sponge is used several times in removing the soap, and after the application of divers fragrant com-

PLENTY OF GOOD SHOPS.

THE SPORTING MANIA

The trotting races at Homewood have created a desire for another meeting in the fall. With the New York public, trotting contests are not popular. The love for horse racing in New York in its all-around popular sense is centered altogether on running races, races where the jockey sits astride his horse, where there is no two-wheeled in-cumbrance and where the fastest possible

Baseball is patronized in Pittsburg much as it is in New York, admiration of good play hereasing attendance and disgust at poor play resulting in a falling off of re-ceipts. Both cities are disgusted with the condition of affairs this season.

GAS CITY BESTAURANTS.

Pittsburg seems to be adequately sup-plied with restaurants, and it was a matter of surprise to the writer to find so many places where a regular dinner could be had lor 25 cents, and to find they are so liberally patronized by business men whose appear-ance indicates that they know when they are getting the worth of their money. More pretentious restaurants serve a course dinner at noon for 50 cents that in every particular, from the unsoiled table cloth and attentive waiter, and from soup to coffee,

for \$1. The fastidious traveler can find all the modern comforts in Pittsburg's leading notels. With good beds, good food and good service, no more is to be desired. All in all, Pittsburg can give the proud Metrop-



A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY GRANT ALLEN,

Author of "Babylon," "The Tents of Shem," and Many Other Stories of World-Wide Reputation.

was warm. A naked little black girl crossed the dusty main street of the village just in front of my hut, earrying in her hand what seemed to me in the gloaming the largest blossom I had ever observed since my arrival in Africa. That was a blossom. It looked like an orchid, pale cream color in bue, and very fantastic and bizarre in shape; but what specially attracted my attention at first sight was its peculiar shining and glistening effect, like luminous paint, which made it glow in the gray dusk with a sort of phosphorescent light such as one observes in tropical seas on

calm summer evenings.

To a naturalist of course such a vision as that was simply irresistible, "Hullo, there, little girl!" I oried out in Fantee, which I

had learned by that time to speak pretty finently, "let me look at your flower, will you? Where on earth did you get it?"

But instead of answering me civilly, like a Christian child, the scared little savage, alarmed at my white face, set up a wild howl of terror and amazement and boiled off down the street as fast as her small bandy legs would carry her.

IN PUBSUIT OF SCIENCE, Well, science is science. I wasn't to be balked of a unique specimen for my great collection by a trick like that. So flinging away my cigarette and darting out of my

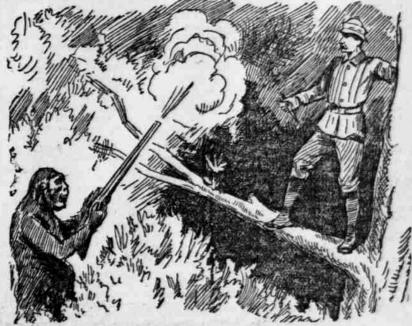
I looked up from my beetles. The night hitherto unknown a peculiarity in plants as phosphorescence. For the moon flower was prossed the dusty main street of the village phosphorescent. Of that I had not the phosphorescence. For the moon hower was phosphorescent. Of that I had not the shadow of a doubt. Its petals gave out by night a faint and dreamy luminousness, which must have made it shine like a moon indeed in the dense dark shade of a tropical

African forest. African forest.

The more I enquired of the natives about the new plant the more was my curiosity piqued to possess one. I longed to bring a root of the marvellous bloom to Europe. For root of the marvellous bloom to Europe. For the natives all spoke of it with a certain hushed awe or superstitious respect. "It is the Ngina's flower," they said; "it grows in the dark places—the gardens of the Ngina. If any man breaks one off that is very bad luck; the Ngina will surely overtake and destroy him."

MEETING WITH SUPERSTITIONS.

This superstitious awe only inflamed my desire to possess a root. The negroes' stories show the moon flower to be a most unique species. I gathered from what they told me species. I gathered from what they turn me that the blossom had a very long spar or sao, containing honey at its base in great quantities; that it was fertilized and rifled by a huge evening moth, whose probosels was exactly adapted in length to the spur and its nectary; that it was creamy white in sections of the state of the s order to attract the insect's eyes in the gray shades of dusk; and that, for the self same reason, its petals were endowed with the strange quality of phosphoresence, till now unknown in the vegetable kingdom; while it exhaled by night a delicious perfuma, strong enough to be perceived at some 20



THE BULLETS WHIZZED PAST MY HEAD.

hindmost, in pursuit of my 10-year-old.

But I reckoned without my host. Children on the Gaboon beat the record for the

quarter-mile. I was quite pumped out and panting for breath before I rau that girl to panting for breath before 1 ran that girl to earth at last, by her mother's door at the far end of the village. A dozen or more of the negroes, loitering about on their backs in the dust of the street, had joined the hue and cry with great gusto by that time. They didn't know, to be sure, what the fuss They didn't know, to be sure, what the fuss was about, but given a white man—bestower of rum and money—rushing in mad pursuit, and a poor little frightened black girl acampering away for dear life at the top of her speed, in abject bodily terror, and you may confidently reckon on the chivalry of he Gaboon to range itself automatically on

the side of the stronger, and to drive the un-happy small child hopelessly into a very

When at last I got up with the object of my quest she was so alarmed and blown with her headlong career that I telt thoroughly ashamed of myself. Even the pur-suit of science, I will frankly admit, hardly justified me in so chivying that frightened little mortal, ten negroes strong, through the street of Tulamba. However, a bright English sixpence, a red silk poeket handker chief and the promise of a box of European sweets from the old half-caste Portuguese trader's shop in the village, soon restored her confidence. Unhappily it did not re-store that broken and draggled but priceless orehid. In her headlong flight the child had crumpled it hopelessly up in her hand and distorted it almost beyond the possibility of scientific recognition. All I could make out with certainty was that the orchid belonged to a new and hitherto undescribed to the times are and luminous and species; that it was large and luminous and extremely beautiful, and that if only I could succeed in securing a plant of it my name was made as a scientific explorer.

The natives crowded around with disin-

terested advice and eyed the torn and draggled blossom curiously. "It's a moon flower," they said in their own dialect. "Very rare. Hard to get. Comes from the deep shades in the great forest."

"How did you come by it, my child?" I aked, coaringly, of my sobbing 10-year-

old.
"My father brought it in," the child answered with a burst. "He gave it me a week ago. He was out in the country of the dwarfs doing trade. He went for ivory and he brought this back to me."
"Boys," I cried to the negroes who crowded around looking on, "do you know where it lives? I want to get one. A good English rifle to any man in Tulamba who guides me to the spot where I can pick a uides me to the spot where I can pick a

live muon flower!"
The men shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders dubiously.
"Oh, no," they all answered, like supers at the theater, with one second. "Too far!

at the theater, with one accord. "Too far! too dangerous!"

"Why dangerous?" I cried, laughing. "The moonflower won't bite you. Who says danger in picking a flower?"

My head guide and hunter stood out from the crowd, and looked across at me awe struck. "Ob, excellency," be said, in a hushed and frightened voice, "the moonflower is rare; it is very scarce; it grows only in the dark forcat of the inner land where the Ngins dwells. No man dare pick it for fear of the Ngins."

"Ohol" said I. "Is that so, my friend? Then I'un not astonished." For Ngius, as no doubt you're already aware, is the native west Alriean name for the gorills.

TO GET ANOTHER SPECIMEN.

TO GET ANOTHER SPECIMEN.

Well, I took home the poor draggled blosmade what scientific study was possible of
its advised
its, Cholera
condition. But for the next 10 days, as you
can readily believe, I could think and talk
its, Cholera
cond dose,
re, and be
ding it to

This

TO GET ANOTHER SPECIMEN.

Well, I took home the poor draggled blosmade what scientific study was possible of
its unhappy remains in their much tattered
condition. But for the next 10 days, as you
can readily believe, I could think and talk
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cond dose,
re, and be
ding it to

This

TO GET ANOTHER SPECIMEN.

Well, I took home the poor draggled blosmade what scientific study was possible of
its unhappy remains in their much tattered
condition. But for the next 10 days, as you
can readily believe, I could think and talk
up at me and grinned. Then he raised my
rifle in his arms, held it clumsily before
him, and to my intense surprise, taking a
yory bad aim, or rather pointing it simessly in the air, pulled both triggers with one

One fortnight sufficed for me to make my final plans. Heavy bribes overcame scruples of the negroes. The promise of good rifle induced the finder of the first specimen to take service with me as guide.
Fully equipped for a week's march, and
well attended with followers all armed to
the teeth, I made my start at last for the bome of the moon flower.

EXPLORING THE EQUATORIAL FOREST. To cut a long story short, we went for three days into the primeval shade of the great equatorial American forest. Dense roofs of foliage shut out the light of day; under oot the ground was encumbered with thick, tropical brushwood. We crept along cautiously, backing our way at times among the brake with our cutlasses and crawling at others through the deep tangle of the underbrush on all fours like monkeys. During all these three days we never caught sight of a single moon flower. They were growing very rare nowadays, my guide explained in most voluble Fantee. When he was a mere boy his lather found dozens of them, but now, why you must go miles and miles, through the dozens of the toronto.

miles through the depths of the torest and never so much as light on a specimen. At last, about noon of the fourth day out, we came upon a torrent, rushing with great velocity among the huge bowlders and send-ing up the spray of its bolling rapids into the trees of the neighborhood. I sat down to rest, meaning to mix the water from the cool, fresh stream with a spoonful or two of cognac from the flask in my pocket. As I drank it I tossed back my head and looked drank it I tossed back my head and looked up. Something on one of the trees hard by attracted my eyes strangely. A parasite stood out boldly from a fork of the branches, bearing a long, lithe spray of huge, luminous flowers as big as dessert butes. My heart gave a bound. The prize was within sight. I pointed my finger in silence to the tree. All the negroes with one voice raised a loud shout of triumph. Their words rent the sir: "The moon flower! The moon

THE FLOWER FOUND.

I felt myself for a moment a perfect Stan-ley or Du Chaillu. I had discovered the most marvellous and beautiful orchid known to science. In a moment I had tossed off my brandy, laid down my rifle and mounting on the back of one of my negro porters, was swinging myself up to the lowest branch of the tree, where my new treasure shone resplendent in its own dim phosphorescence. I couldn't have trusted that glorious tuber. I meant to cut it bodily from the bark as it stood and bear it back in triumph in my own arms to

I had climbed the tree cautiously and was standing almost within grasp of the prize, when a sudden shout among my followers below startled and discomposed me. I looked down and hesitated. My brain reeled and sickened. A strange sight mot my eyes. My negroes, one and all, had taken to their seet down the bed of the stream at the very top of their speed, and were making a most unanimous and in-explicable stampeds toward the direction of Tulamba.

Tulamba.

For a moment I couldn't imagine what had happened to disconcert them; then, cast-ing my glance casually toward the spot where I had flung down my rifle, I became aware at once of the cause of this commo-tion. Their retreat was well timed. By the moss-clad bowlders which filled the bed of the torrent somebody, with a big black face and huge grinning teeth, was standing ereet, looking up at me and laughing. I had never seen the somebody's awini features before, but I had no need, for all that to ask myzelf his name. I pursed face to