SOME OF ITS HIDDEN BEAUTIES.

The Gentlemen Who Do the Honors for

Visitors and Look After the Peo-

ple's Outing Place.

GLIMPSE OF THE YOUNG MENAGERIE.

The Ancient Log Cabine, the Late Improvements and How

to Get Out to See Them.

WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.

to see all its beauties to wear good, thick,

ture has been weeping over departed sum-

any time Panther Hollow, which is one of

the finest bits of the park, is most comforts-

bly visited without patent leathers. Pe-

OUR MINIATURE NIAGARA.

as Whitehouse fall. It is a pretty bit of

woodland and rocky bluff scenery surround-ing a tiny cascade, down which the water

Just above Whitehouse fall is the hum-

Among these choice bits is the fall, known

CHENLEY PARK in

autumn garb is charm

Jack Frost, artist inimi-

This season it will be

well for those who want

ing. It is a picturesque

## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

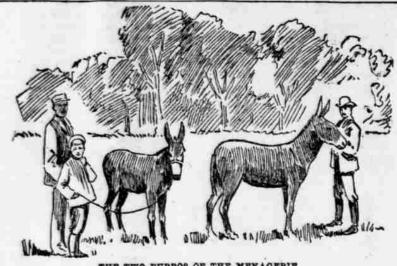
PITTSBURG, SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 28.

been with Mr. McKnight long enough to be and Joneaire street are crossed and the park approached by a winding driveway up the YACHTS OF ROYALTY. approached by a winding driveway up the "I is. I's a brudder of Jim, on'y I came ober soonah an' hab a little da'kah colah, lat's all, Misteh Bigelow. My full name's Jeems A'mst'ong McKnight." And 'Jeems' is a very useful fellow, attentive and willing.

A VERY ANCIENT HOUSE.

The old log house, which stands in the



place under any circumstances and delightful orchard back of the Snyder house, has not been occupied as a residence for 30 years or more. The date of its erection is not known, to wander in when the weather is at all pleasaut. But it is just now beautified by the varied tints o' autumn and will soon be painted in all

the rich, deep hues known to the hand of



first fall in the discharge of his duty. This happened to be Tom Whitehouse, who gracefully sat down in a pool of mud and water to the great detriment of his clothing

ming pool. The little stream pours over a tiny ledge into a very small basin below Jeems Armstrong McKnight, with a noise like drumming, which can be heard to a distance of 20 or 30 feet. A small beard to a distance of 20 or 30 feet. A small beach tree has fallen across the rayine just at the spot. Some distance above this Panther bollow widens out and a small branch comes in from each side, forming a perfect cross. Ideas of picnics are spontaneously suggested at this point. Following the path out to the right the menagerie is soon reached.

A VERY PROPER MENAGERIE. A VERY PROPER MENAGERIE. The menagerie is one of the chief points of interest, of course, and one of the most talked about. It is presided over by "Hokey" Durning, whose real name is original Schenley homestead in the park,

and the Monongahela river. This one is

The park contains 415 acres, and the pro-

posed addition, on which Mr. Bigelow se-cured the option, contains 19 acres more. At present the Junction Railroad has to be crossed at grade to enter the park from Bo-

quet street. With the 19-acre addition, which lies between Boquet street and the

Junction Railroad, or Joneaire street, the

entrance to the present park would be over

the Junction road above grade, the addition being connected with the main park by a

bridge similar to the Forbes street bridge, which crosses just above. The park is not

as large as Fairmount Park, in Philadel-

phia, but is equally attractive and even more picturesque. When the improvements are completed, few cities in the world can

boast anything superior to Pittsburg's park.

The work or improvement is progressing satisfactorily. The drives are now graded and work will soon be begun on the bridle paths and footwalks, which are to make every part of the park easy of access, though they are to be so constructed and located as to damage the wild beauty of the place as little access.

little as possible. Some trees will also be set out this fall, but their arrangement is designed not to spoil the natural effect. In course of time the driveways will be macad-

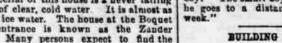
amized and a flower garden will be started out near the entrance for those who like

ANOTHER ENTRANCE.

During the winter a driveway will be

built leading up to the park from Second

avenue. At present the only way to get in



An ideal of earthly comfort, says an English exchange, is to get a house so big that it is burdensome to maintain, and fill it up so full of jim-cracks that it is a constant occupation to keep it in order. Then, when the expense of living in it is so great that you can't afford to go away and rest from the burden of it, the situation is complete, and boarding houses and cemeteries begin to yawn for you. How many Americans, do you suppose, out of the droves that flock annually to Europe, are running away from oppressive houses.

gray."
The member in question on the pretty face

received a decided upward turn as she ex-

claimed: "My nose is not gray. What do

gray; deucedly gray; excuse the expression, the gray-est I ever saw in my life."
"You are insane, sir: please take me home," and she rose with a haughty gesture. Together they left the theater, but,

"But-but, it-it really is gray, decidedly

you mean, sir, by your insult?"

house, it fits the occupant. Animals who build by instinct build only what they need, but man's building instinct, if it gets a chance to spread itself at ull, is boundless, just as all his instincts are. For it is man's peculiarity that nature has filled him with peculiarity that nature has filled him with impulses to do things, and left it to his discretion when to stop. She never tells him when he has finished. And perhaps we ought not to be surprised that in so many cases it happens that he doesn't know, but just goes shead as long as the materials last. If another man tries to oppress him, he understands that, and is ready to fight to death, and sacrifice all he has rather than anhous; but the transce of her than submit; but the tyranny of things is so subtle, so gradual in its approach, and comes so masked with seeming benefits, that it has him hopeiessly bound pefore he suspects his fetters,

Some American Ladies Who Have Cuptured Pereign Noblemen.

Among the American girls whom it is an nounced will shortly marry foreigners of title, says a writer in the New York World. are Miss Charlotte di Zerega, who has given out her engagement with an Englishman, Sir Frederick Falkland; Miss Annie Cut-ting and Miss Clift. Miss Cutting will marry Baron Vevier, whom she met last year in Paris, and Miss Clift will marry Baron Montbuen. Besides all these, it is announced that Miss Bailey, the daughter of a prominent jeweler of Philadelphia, has become engaged abroad to Count de Sibourg. I hear that Miss Tillie Allien, who is the lady that had such an unfortunate experience with her shoemaker in Paris, became very good friends with the Princess Battenberg at Homburg and the Princess Victoria of Prussia, and all the Americans abroad are expecting Miss Allien to make a more than usually aristo cratic marriage through the social facilities agorded her by these associations.

NEW ENGLAND PUMPKIN. A Good Scotch Lady Who Hadn't Learned

About the Yankee's Pic. Lewiston Journal. Mrs. Pennyworth, with her husband and six stalwart sons, were fresh from Scotland to America some 50 years ago. They had from that side is to take to the hill, which is precipitous and difficult of ascent. Work will soon be begun on this road. Superintendent James McKnight is hustling things, and what is not done for the advantage of visitors will not be his fault. Park Officers Andrew Freiss and Mr. Miller, mounted on of 10 cents per head, she paid for three fine horses and dressed in attractive and golden beauties and toiled with them one by one up the steps into her cottage. It was noon and the table was already spread for

ful to strangers by courteously directing them, but are a picturesque feature as well.

And if occasion demanded, would, no doubt, show their entire efficiency in furnishing protection to person and property.

Many people yet want to know how to get to the park. For those who want to wander about on foot, the proper entrance is Boquet street. This street leaves Fifth avenue just east of the Oakland power house of the Pittsburg. Truetion Company, ruquing south was accosted by Chief Bigelow one day, and the following colloquy ensued.

"James," and Mr. Bigelow, "you have burg Truction Company, running south across Forbes street and down the hill. At altogether too shrewd to feast on raw the foot of the hill the Junction Bailroad pumpkin,

Colonel Burr's Impressions of William's Visit to Victoria.

THREE RICH FLOATING PALACES.

The Emperor's Severely Military, the Queen's Suggests Sorrow.

PEELING TOWARD GERMANY'S BULER

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WEST COWES, ENGLAND, September 19. -It isn't often that an ordinary citizen of a Republic can see a Queen and Empress, an Emperor and a prospective King with all their high class surroundings in one group. I recently had that experience and enjoyed it very much. It took nearly a whole week to see all the gorgeous conditions of a royal reunion, but it was worth the time and trouble, more especially as it was holiday time when all England gives itself up to

In the first place it has taught me many new lessons of the wide difference between the aristocracy of caste and of money as we see it in the United States. The strange experience of the past few days have taken me upon royal yachts, and into the presence of many dignitaries, both on land and sea. Such conditions and opportunities come but rarely and I studied every feature of monarchical life that was so liberally spread out around this quaint old town.

PEN PICTURE OF WILLIAM.

When the German Emperor stepped his foot on English soll upon an important visit to his grandmother, the Queen of these islands, he showed a young man just turned 31 years of age and of that rather lithe, sinewy build which denotes strong physical power. His features are clear cut, very expressive, and his fair mustache gives an exceedingly pleasant touch to his rather strong face. In fact, he would be regarded as good looking anywhere, even without the belp of his rich and becoming Admiral uniform almost the exact duplicate of the one worn by his uncle, the Prince of Wales.

There was a great deal of ceremony at-tending all the details of what I may readily call a remarkable display of social, military and naval power. But there was so much more in this visit of the young Kaiser than mere display; that one is lost in wonder at the rapid changes in his condition since he became the ruler of one of the greatest na-tions on the earth in 1888. The task of telling about it is not an easy one, for the scenes were so novel to an American and so daz-zling in extent and effect that one can easily get lost in the maze of this great event, every thread of which seems to be too inter-

THE ROYAL YACHTS.

The scenes with all their striking person-alities have shifted in and close about the little seaport town from which I am writing, which has been uptly called "a snag of the ocean." Not gunshot away the crafts of many nations rode at auchor, and the waters of the Solent were flecked with the white sails of many pleasure boats. Beside the men-of-war the royal yachts belonging to the rulers of England and Germany sat in the The young Emperor's floating palace is handsomer in outline and color, than the Queen's or Prince of Wales', but not so sumptuously decorated or so luxurious as the English royal yachts. There is a rich simplicity on the Hohenzoilern, from the deck of which I am sending this message homeward, that would be difficult to duplicate, and as I enjoyed a close inspection of the vesses in all its points and thoroughly

studied its build and equipment, the good taste of everything struck me at every turn. WILLIAM'S PRETTY BOAT. The Hohensollera is painted white with decorations of gold. Its two smoke stacks are yellow with cuffs of red at the top, but the interior finish all through is rosewood and mahogany. Of course, the richest of carpets make soft the floors, and the walls are hung with pictures and almost every other possible evidence of the cultured taste of William II. In some of the rooms, especially in the after part of the Hohen tollern, several of the panels are done with

zollern, several of the panels are done with bits of scenery in oil which the Emperor nimself and his younger brother painted, and they are good illustrations of the fact that both are artists of no mean ability.

The music room contains some of the best works of the old masters with which the young Emperor passes a good deal of his time when at sea. The dining room is splendidly fitted, but rigidly simple in decorations. Only two pictures are on its walls. One is a good portrait of Bismarck, and the other of General Von Moltke. The bedroom is severely plain, but the couch is bedroom is severely plain, but the couch is richly made up, and the Emperor sleeps under royal purple coverings presented to him by the Queen.

The deck of the Hohenzollern is beautifully set apart, and in the bow there are two

SEVERELY MILITARY.

magnificent Krupp rifle cannon mounted on carved brass carriages, and literally covered with silver decorations and patriotic mot-toes, everyone of them breathing the full force of German military spirit. In fact, the whole makeup of the Honenzollern is so rich and unique, and at the same time severe, that words fail to give any adequate idea of the ship which is at this moment lying under the guns of the white German gunboat Irene, which is commanded by his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, and is the onstant attendant of the royal yacht.

Not long after my visit to the Hohenzol-lers, I stood on the deek of the Albert and Victoria, the Queen's favorite beat. It is painted black, with yellow deek and smoke stacks of the same color. When she is abourd the decks are richly carpeted, and everywhere along the companionways are little nooks, richly upholstered, where she may recline and enjoy the ocean breezes. At other times the upper floors are covered with heavy oilcloths, and everything is neatnes

TUMMY'S HANDSOME CRAFT.

The Osborne, the Prince of Wales' yacht, is painted and decorated just like his mother's, except that the finish below deck is dark rather than light, but the decorations are by no means striking. Queen Vic toria seems to be a woman with a very toria seems to be a woman with a very strong vein of sentiment running through her nature. The Albert and Victoria was built in the Prince Consort's time, and her husband selected the fittings. From that day to this she has never allowed a pattern to be changed. The walls of the vessel are all hung in dainty light China silk, with a small flower dotting in here and there. It is a very old-fashioned pattern.

The finish below as well as on deck is something very striking, and the white and

something very striking, and the white and gold above finds its counterpart below. The light color of he silk on the wails is inereased by the rich maple used in all the woodwork. The Queen's bedroom is very large and ivory-handled bells hang in every direction. In fact, all the fittings of this gorgeous craft are in solid ivory and must have cost a great deal of money. GOULD AND VANDERBILT WORSTED.

Once I visited the two finest yachts in America, the ones owned by W. K. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould. I thought them dreams in the way of elegance, but they bear little comparison to these boats devoted to the demands and carrieds of royalty. Prohably mands and caprices of royalty. Probably this is because the one represents individual expenditure and these the lavishments of strong Governments. I was somewhat disappointed to find that these boats built for occan travel are side whoelers, but probably the service they do does not take them in

BORN CENTURIES AGO.

The Game of Tennis, Now so Popular, Delighted the Ancients.

DISCOVERIES IN RUINED CITIES

Show that Aztec and Toltee Played it in Mexico and Yucatan.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE RACQUET

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Among the many thousands of its modern devotees, few, perhaps, have any adequate ides of the great antiquity of tennis. As hand and ball game, its ancient European analogies were the asphairiais of the Greeks, and the pila of the Romans. Excavations in Egypt have also brought to light certain small leather and wooden balls, presumably used for a similar purpose. A hand and ball game under the name of jeu de paume, is also mentioned in the Autherian legends of ancient Britain, and the inception of ten-nis itself can be traced as far back as the

Dark Ages.

The first detailed account of it, however, dates from the fifteenth century. The game then came into great vogue in France first, among royalty and afterward among all classes of the people as well. The French derived their knowledge of it from the Italians, among whom it was known the Italians, among whom it was known simply as la palla, and the English learned it in turn from the French, who still retained the ancient appellation, jeu de paume. The word "tennis" is an Anglo-Saxon adaptation of the French "Tenez," formerly used during service by that nation. About this time, too, the pastime was known under various designations, in Spain, Germany, and other European countries, and some of the more ancient methods of playing it, still hold good here and there.

ORIGIN OF THE RACQUET. The ball was originally struck with the palm. The first protection given the hand was a heavy leather glove, still in use in the Basque country. Upon the glove strings were subsequently stretched and cross stretched to give increased resistant power and greater impetus to the ball. The same arrangement of strings attached to a palm-shaped frame, eventually finished off with a handle, completed the transition to the shaped frame, eventually finished off with a handle, completed the transition to the modern racquet. Originally, however, these frames took on the semblance of a battoir or battledore, being covered, as a rule, with tightly drawn parchment. So popular were these battoirs, indeed, that every available bit of parchment was used up in their construction. A portion of one of the missing books of Livy was discovered so used—too late, however, to save the remainder of the precious manuscript.

In 1555 one Messer Antonio Sciano, a learned doctor of the Church, published a

learned doctor of the Church, published valuable treatise, "Traitato della Palla, which did much to assimilate and co-ordi nate the rules of the game in the different countries where it was played. Some of the terms of which he made use survive to the present day in our more modern game. But as a matter of course the passage of all thes as a matter of course the passage of all these centuries since its inception, has wrought many and important changes in the manner of playing. Lawn tennis in its simplest and most modern adaptation dates from the year 1874. It is now by far the most popular form of the game, but a large number of tennis courts proper are still in use in England and on the Continent.

AN OLD NEW WORLD GAME. It remained, however, for recent explora-tions among the ancient cities of the so-called New World, to bring to light still Mention of the game, as played by the old Spanish writers, as far back as the con-quest by Cortex. But such accounts up to recent times, were very generally discredited
—or rather, the game was supposed to have
been introduced by the Spanish themselves,
the old chronicles and "relations" to the
contrary notwithstanding. And the ruin
that followed in after days, destroyed or concealed the necessary addendum or native proof. This proof, the French traveler and

explorer, Charney, surnishes conclusively— as he thinks—in his recent work on the "Ancient Cities of America." Among the Toltee ruins on the Palpan Hill, overlooking Tula, a town not far from the city of Mexico, he found his first tennis ring, a large carved stone, some 6 feet 5 in diameter and having a hole in the center about 10 inches in circumference. Known as tlacheo, tlachtli, the game, he says, was first introduced in Anahuac, and transmitted to the Chichemees, Acolhuans and Aztecs by the co. Yucatan Uxmal and Chichen. In the co, Yucatan Uxmai and Chienen. In the latter place he found a perfect tennis court with a ring still in place. The game, he says, was played in buildings consisting of two parallel walls, ordinarily 32 feet high, at a distance apart of 98 feet, having a ring fixed about 22 feet high in the center o each. It was played with a large india rubber ball; and the greatest feat was to send the ball through one of the rings, when a scramble, a rush and much confusion fol-

of their valuables. Sending the ball through the ring, which seems to have answered the modern grills, required so much dexterity that he who succeeded was credited with a bad conscience, or supposed to be doomed to an early death. The game was accompanied an early death. The game was accompanied by much betting, when they staked everything they possessed, even their liberty. According to the old Spanish writers, tennis playing seems to have been as popular among the aucient Mexicans as is baseball among us moderns. Match games were frequently played between city and city, and, what strikes us as exceedingly odd, all such contests were opened by religious exercises in small temples invariably crected at each extremity or the court. Veytin, one of the atoresaid writers, affirms, indeed, that the Aziece dedicated the game in honor of their god, Huitzilopochtli; but M. Charney, withgod, Huitzilopochtli; but M. Charney, with-out denying the religious character given the game, shows that its origin was pre-Aztec or Toitec.

He finds the tennis court a feature of some of the most prominent Toltec ruins. At Chichen, Yucatan, he found the largest and best preserved of tennis courts, with the two

Apropos of the tigers; Mendieta, in his "Hist. Eccles. Indiana, "relates how Texa-"Hist. Eccles. Indiana, "relates how Texacattipoca came down from his celestial
abode on a spider's ladder and how, in his
iong peregrinations on earth, he visite!
Tula, brought thither by jealousy
of Quetzalcoatl, whom he challenged
to play tennis; but the latter
turning into a tiever, discomfitted him utterly. "This tradition," says M. Charney,
"shows plainly that tennis existed in the
remote period of Quetzalcoatl's reign at
Tuls, \* \* and that Quetzalcoatl was
himself a good tennis player, and that the Tula, and that Queizalcoatl was himself a good tennis player, and that the expression he has turned into a tiger' is purely honorific, and applied to him on the spot for having sent his ball through the ring." The almost identical signification attached to the modern expression, to "give the tiger," is another illustration of the trite truth that there is nothing new under

the sun.

The ancestry of tenuis, then, may be said to stretch far back into prehistoric times. Just when and where it actually originated

A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, BY WILLIAM BLACK,

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

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GNAWING FOX. But he was not disheartened by those omnous words of hers, not even on the following morning, when he found the little thor oughfare so strangely silent and empty, and the two windows over the way become vacant and devoid of charm. He had the high courage and impetuous will of youth; seeing no difficulties or dangers ahead, he refused to believe in any; Maisrie had not denied him her love, therefore she must be his wife; and all the future shone fair. And so he set to work on his Mendover lecture; and made good progress, even it his thoughts went sometimes flying away down

o Brighton. As for the lecture itselfwell, perhaps certain of its contentions and illustrations would have surprised and even shocked that Communist capitalist, his father; but the young man was accustomed to think for himself.

Yes, this little street was terribly empty, and those windows indescribably blank. And the room was lonely, work or no work. But as he was standing looking out, cigarette in hand, after his frugal luncheon, s happy inspiration sprung into his head; for ere was Hobson, the husband of the landlady across the way, coming along the pave-ment; and would it not be a comforting thing to have him in to talk about the two portance that he led the way upstairs and

"But I know how you can get them let," said he.

"You can let them to me."
"Law, sir!"
There was a doubtful look about Hobson's There was a doubtful look about Hobson's big, vacuous eyes; being of a poetie and sensitive nature he did not like jokes, and was suspicious. However, the young gentleman, to judge by his manner, seemed fair and honest and above board.

"I will take them," said Vincent, "until Mr. Bethune and his granddaughter come back. Not to occupy them myself, you understand; but I don't want any stranger to be going into those rooms, you see—that is

be going into those rooms, you see—that is

"How kind, sir—how thoughtful!" Hob-son said, in a pathetic way. "That it is to have good, kind friends!"

have good, kind friends!"

"And as the rooms are now mine, I suppose I might go over and look at them—if you will finish up your tumbler?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," Hobson said, jumping to his feet with alacrity, and hustily draining his glass. "They're all tidied up, sir, against the chance of a lodger. And won't the missus be surprised!—for the women air the women you see lodger. And won't the missus be surprised!

—for the women, sir, the women, you see, sir, they like to haggle and bargain, but with men, sir, begging your pardon, sir, it's a word and done!"

Indeed he seemed quite proud of the promptitude with which he had conducted and concluded this negotiation, and it was with an unusual air of authority and importance that he led the way upstairs and



HORSON WAS LIBERALLY HELPED.

odgers who had just left? Vincent opened the window a bit, and said into the street (there was no need to call)-"Hobson!"

The man looked up. 'Yes, sir?"

"I want you for a moment," Then Vincent went himself downstairs and opened the door; and here was the shabby-genteel ex-butler, obsequiously waiting, with an excess of imbecile amiability in his weak, prominent, nervous

eyes. "Come in and have a smoke, Hobson," the young man said. "You must be lonely over there now. Makes a difference, doesn'

"Wonderful, sir, wonderful;" and the docile Hobson obediently followed up the stairs and accepted a big eigar, and was pre-Vincent took a seat opposite him and lit another eigarette-quite friendly like, as one might say.
"You've seen a good deal of Mr. Bethune

since he came to live in your house?" the young man began, in a sort of tentative and encouraging way. And Hobson responded with instant enthusiasm--"Ah, yes, indeed, sir, and proud of the

same. A great man, sir-oh, a very great man-and how he came to be where he is, sir, well, that beats me, sir. And that haffable, air!—If he ave somethink on the table, he'll say, 'Hobson, bring two tumblers'—yes, sir—'Hobson, bring two tumblers'—and I must take a seat, just as kind and condescending as you are, sir. 'Fill your glass, Hobson,' he says, just that haffable like-"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Vincent, looking guiltily toward his vacant sideboard. "The fact is, I haven's anything of the kind in these rooms; but I can send out. Which would you like, gin or whisky?"
"Whichever you please," said Hobson, complemently, "being so kind as to think of

The necessary fluid was soon procured; and Hobson was liberally helped. And when at length he began to expaniate on the character and the wonderful attainments and abilities of Maisrie's grandfather, there may have been a little exaggeration (for gin tends toward exaggeration) in his speech but his aim and admiration were genuine enough at the core. He groveled in the dust before that impressive old man. He spoke in almost a breathless way of his hadability. Why, that a great personage

in literature should condescend to read his, Hobson's, poor little verses was extraordinary; but that he should give advice, too, and encouragement, that was overwhelming. And as for the young ady—but here Hobson's language sailed him. With tears in his eyes to declared that the was a hangel of sweet. he declared that she was a hangel of sweetness—which did not convey much to Vin-cent's eager-listening ears. But when he went on to tell about all sorts of little acts of went on to tell about all sorts of little acts of kindness and consideration—when he spoke of her patience with the old gentleman's temper, of her cheerfulness over small dis-appointments happening to herself, of her gentleness, and sunniness, and invariable good humor—here he was on more intelligi-ble ground; and his delighted and grateful audience was not slow to press on him anandience was not slow to press on him another cigar, which was not refused. Indeed what with so much courtesy shown and what with the stimulating influence of the gin and water, Hobson grew valiant, and began to broach wild and iconoclastic theories about filthy lucre, and to describe in dark colors the character of any one—presumably his own wife—who could be so base as to take every farthing of her reut, fortnight after fortnight, from a grand and noble old gentleman and a beautiful young lady, both of whom seemed to have known better days.

"Do you know how long they are to be

away?" Vincent saked.
"Well, sir, the old gentleman, sir, he says perhaps two weeks and perhaps three."
"I see you've put up a notice that the rooms are to be let."

showed Vincent into the little parlor, with which he was already abundantly familiar. There were few alterations. The old man's books, Maisrie's music, and similar personal belongings, had disappeared, and a hideous purple wase stood for ornament in the middle of the table. The pallid lithographs were still on the walls, Maisrie's chrysanthenums were out there in the little iron

"Would you like to see the rooms upstairs The young man hesitated for a second.

"Oh, very well."
Hobson led the way up to the next land ing; and there the first door he came to he

flug wide open.

"The young lady's room, sir."

But Vincent did not accept the implied invitation. He hung shamefacedly back.

"Oh, yes, that's all right," said he. "I—I only wished to—to have it kept for her."

And yet he lingered for another second at the door of this chamber—that samed so the door of this chamber-that seemed so acred-that seemed to shut him out. He could see the dressing-table, the chest of drawers, the neatly folded bed, the rather

dingy window.
"Look here, Hobson" said he, "if I were to get some things to make the room a little more cheerful, I suppose that could be done without letting Miss Bethune know who sent them? The looking-glass there-you know, that is not the right kind of thing at all; there should be a pretty mirror on the dressing-table, with some lace round the top

Here he ventured in half a step or so, and

Here he ventured in half a step or so, and rather timidly looked round.

"That one gasjet can't be half enough, when Miss Bethune is dressing to go out in the evening," he said, complainingly—perhaps to conceal his incomprehensible diffidence and shyness. "She must have candles—one on each side of the mirror, for example. And that screen across the window, the street common; it out to be a piece why, it is so common; it ought to be a piece of pule silk—to let the light through." He ventured a few inches further, and

again looked round.
"What do you call that thing?-the coverlet-the counterpane-isn't it? Weil, it shouldn't be white, and cold, and cheerless like that; it should be a deep crimson satin-and there should be pretty things at the head of the bed—loops and bows of rib-bon—my goodness, what is Mrs. Hobson about—a young lady's room shouldn't be like a cell in a prison."

"Law, sir, I'm very sorry," Hobson sald, in a bewildered way: a crimson satin coveret sounded a grand thing; but it also meant

let sounded a grand thing; but it also meant a heap of money.

"But come away out and I will talk to you," Vincent said, just as if they were in a mysteriously sacred shrine, where the talking of business affairs was a sort of a profanation. Or perhaps he resented the intrusion of the amiable but gin-edorous Hobson? At all events, he did not resume the conversation until they were both down.

conversation until they were both down-stairs again in the parlor.

"You understand, then," he said, and there was no more timidity about his speech now, "I am willing to get a number of things for the room, and to make you and Mrs. Hobson a present of them, on the dis-tinct condition that Miss Bethune is kept in absolute ignorance how they came there. One word to her—and out they come again, every rag and stick. Why, you can easily invent excuses! You can tell them you took the opportunity of their absence to brighten up the place a bit. It is in your own interest to keep the rooms smart: it doesn't imply any favor conferred on your lodgers. Don's

you see?"
"Yes, sir. Very kind of you, sir, indeed,"
said Hobson, who seemed a little confused.
"And what did you want me to do?"

"And what did you want me to do?"

"Do? I want you to do nothing: and I want you to say nothing. Don't you understand? I am going to send in a few things to smarten up that room; and they are yours so long as not any one of you hints to Miss Bethune where they came from. Isn't that simple enough?"

But far less simple was his own part in this transaction, as he was speedily to dia.

this transaction, as he was speedily to discover. For when he went outside again, and made away toward Regentstreet, thinking he would go to a famous shop there, and buy all sorts of pretty things, it dawned

"Ed." The sobriquet "Hokey" is a corruption of "hacky" applied to him when he was a hackman. At present the menagerie COMPARES WITH THE FINEST. was a hackman. At present the menagerie comprises Swallow, the black bear, seven foxes, one wolf, three guinea pigs, one owl, one hawk, an African parrot of huge size and gorgeous plumage, two gophers, one groundhog, seven raccoons, two monkeys, a South American worm-eating bear, two craues, two burros and an army of squirrels and chimunks. Mr. Duraing kindly brought the burros out to be photographed and will be seen holding the larger one while James Gorham, a gentleman of color who helps the bear exhibit himself, holds



the other one. Mr. Gorbam calls the bear

Among the celebrities of the park is James

modest gray, are not only obliging and help-ful to strangers by courteously directing them, but are a picturesque feature as well. And if occasion demanded, would, no doubt, show their entire efficiency in furnishing Armstrong McKnight, who lives at the Savder house, and takescare of the chickens and ducks. His portrait is given elsewhere, and he is holding the rein of Brother Isane, another celebrity, in the view of the old log another celebrity, in the view of the out log house which stands just back of the Snyder house. James Armstrong has been in the employ of the McKnights for many years, and has adopted their family name. He was accosted by Chief Bigelow one day, and

A Stroll Through Schenley Park in These Days of Falling Leaves and Bracing Weather.

a member of the family."

"I is. I's a brudder of Jim, on'y I came ober soonah an' hab a little da'kah colah, dat's all, Misteh Bigelow. My full name's Jeems A'mst'ong McKnight." And "Jeems" is a very useful fellow, attentive and willing.

THE TWO BURROS OF THE MENAGERIE.

HER NOSE WAS GRAY.

A Small Boy's Trick on an Elder Sister Who

Had Slighted Him.

lady of Washington avenue the other even-

ing by a small brother, says the St. Louis

That was a mean joke played on a young

nor the name of the original occupant. But what is known of its history leads to the belief that it must be 100 years old. A gentleman by the name of Burchfield, who is now 65 or 70 years old, says his father was born there, but his grandfather was not the

original occupant of the place. Those who have known "Johnny" Wall, the eld dog fighter, will be interested in knowing that some of his people lived there long ago. There is another old log house in the park, probably of nearly as great antiquity as the one mentioned above. It is located on the point overlooking Four Mile run

Republic. She had refused to let him go with her for a horsebank ride one day, and he spitefully told her he would "get even with her." She has a habit of carrying in her pocket a little silver and gilt powder puff box, and when she feels that her nose needs a touching with the puff she slides it out carefully and under her corsage hand-kerchief it reaches the dainty feature and swiftly and hidden performs its mission as a "wheelman." The small boy knew this (small boys are born detectives—on older sisters) and he procured some cigar ashes and seeking his sister's powder puff case It was the work of one small moment to empty ont the white powder and to fill the case with cigar ashes.

That night the young lady attended a per formance at the Olympic Theater. During the performance her nose began to feel "unpowdery," so she whisked the case out of her pocket to give the usual secretive touch with the puff, behind her handkerchief. A moment later she was smiling serenely in her escort's face and he—his expression was simply indescribable; horror, amazement, surprise, all blended in one concentrated glance at the upturned face.

"There is something wrong," he muttered.

"Your—your nose is—is gray, decidedly

woman-like, passing the mirror near the entrance, she took a sly glance in the mirror. Horrors! She paused. "Why, you are right," she gasped, "my nose is grav. What can it be? Oh, that wretched boy!" The small boy got his revenge—but he goes to a distant college early next week."

BUILDING BIG HOUSES. How Humnu Instinct Fastess u Good Deal of Suffering on the Race.

When nature undertakes to provide

TIES WITH TITLES.

ways interesting, and I have seen a good deal more of it than is comprehended simply in gunboats and royal yachis. Royalty is far more democratic than most people imagine. They are secure in their places and have no necessities of making pretensions or efforts to assert themselves. It is not an unusual thing to see the Queen driving along the country roads with her lady-inwaiting, just as any rich woman in the United States would drive out for an airing, and with no more ostentation. The Prince and with no more estentation. The Prince

of Wales frequently walks out alone, and on occasions like this goes around among the people as nonchalantly as any ordinary gentleman. VERY ORDINARY INDEED. The very day that I had enjoyed the royal

yachts the Queen drove down from Osborne House and through the streets of Cowes, which were crowded with visitors. She was greeted with honor and was entirely unpresentious in all her acts and surroundings. She was dressed very becomingly in dark clothes and wore little or no jewelry. She looked to be in the best of health, and her full, round face wore a very complacent air. Her carriage displayed the royal coat of arms and her liveried servants alone told the story of her exalted position.

It is only a very shart distance from here entious in all her acts and surroundings.

It is only a very short distance from here to Osborne House, where the Queen is always to be found at this time of year. It is in the country, and one would never think that the old wooden fence which runs for such a long distance along the wagon road guarded the residence of the most powerful and noted woman in the world. Except when you come upon the six different lodges giving entrance to the grounds, and meet the red-coated officials, it looks more like the estate of some well-to-do husband-man than the residence of a monarch.

THE EFFECT OF THE VISIT. For many years the German and English royal families have married and intermarried, keeping up a community of interest that has been useful to both nations. The young Emperor, who has taken his first real lessons in association with his grandmother, and the trained statesmen who direct the affairs of this government, seemed inclined after his father's death to change the

friendly relations so long existing and his treatment of his mother left a sting in the British heart that has not yet ceased smart-But 12 months has done a great deal for Emperor William, especially to the English mind, and his visit has evidently wiped out much of the animosity bred of his conduct just after he ascended the throne. It has filled the hearts of the royal family and even the people with great hopes for his future. One year ago when he was here the first time the temper of the people was anything but cordial to him, but on his last visit he was well received, and the comments of the public press were in marked contrast with the bitterness of a few months ago. The last visit is looked upon as having concluded lasting friendly rela-

tions between the two strongest powers in

THE FALL OF BISMARCK.

One of England's leading statesmen made the statement to me that the people of these islands were especially satisfied with his at-titude toward Bismarck and the manner in which he has handled the complications which that removal naturally created. At the moment that he deposed the Iron Prince, there was deep regret at his conduct, as it was taken as evidence that he was going to do rash and dangerous things to the peace of Europe. Strange to say, that feeling seems to have entirely disappeared, and people are rather proud of the manner in which the young dignitary has managed the affair, which caused such a sensation all

over the world.

And Englishmen are proverbially fond of looking out for their own interests, so now, that this Government intends to practically has discovered it was quite important to have an understanding with Germany, because the young Kaiser is by no means passive enough to be fooled with. Hence they have traded with and entertained him, that he might peaceably give England its way in Africa and accept the island of Heligoland, which the British did not care

very much about keeping and Germany wanted. FRANK A. BURR. ONE MINUTE SKETCHES. a Artistic Entertainment That Promises to

be a Success. A jolly and unique home entertainment is a palette party-a name suggestive of art. but not confined to artists by any means. The hostess numbers pallettes beforehand. writing at the top of each the name of a guest and under it a list of numbers, from one up to as high a number as will include all who are to take part. A blank space is left at the right of each number. The thumb-hole is tied through with a narrow ribbon, and on the end of the ribbon is fastened a tiny lead pencil. Any adorament in

gold or colors may be added to the pallettes As each guest arrives he receives a palette with the order to find his partner by matching the ribbon attached to his palette. When everyone has arrived, an easel is placed where a good light talls upon it and where it can be seen by the assembled company A large, smooth drawing board is placed upon the casel, and a sheet of drawing paper two feet square, pinned on the board. The hostess then asks for the person whose palette is labeled No. 1 to step up to the easel and draw with charcoal a certain live

object. She whispers the name to the one who is to draw, and gives him one minute to complete the portrait.

The others are to bend every energy to guess what is being drawn, and when the minute is up each one enters his guess upon his palette in the blank space at the head of his set of numbers. Number two is next called upon and the hostess continues, by consulting a private list of her own, to call or drawings of different birds, animals or fishes, and her guests enter their guesses on their palettes. By comparing the list of guesses on each palette with the list of the hostess, the prize winners can be easily de-

THE TRAPPINGS OF WOE. General Booth Begins a Reform in Faneral Among the Salvationists. ewcastle, England, Chronicle, 1 General Booth is among the funeral re formers. He contends that, to represent

grief by an extravagant display of black

termined by those who have the most nun

per of correct guesses.

gloomy procession of coaches, has "the ap pearance of a reflection upon God," and seems to contradict all that the Salvationists have been saying for years before. In the new orders and regulations which have been issued soldiers of the army are, therefore, counseled to discountenance all such "trappings of woe" as involving needless expense. Such a visitation as a funeral is, it is remarked, usually an expensive one, and there is no money to spare to waste upon a custom that is in itself use-

less and unprofitable.

Whatever may be thought of some of the nethods of General Booth, herein he ought to have on his side popular sympathy; the conversion to the use and maintenance of the living of the money hitherto valuly wasted upon the interment of the dead being a doctrine which is, happily, steadily gaining ground. Definition of Valgarity.

Vulgarity lies in manners unsuited to the the service they do does not take them in A peep at royalty in its inner joints is al-

lowed, the winner having a right to PLUNDER THE SPECTATORS

rings yet in place, the vast proportions of Nahua game was as engerly played in Yuca-tan as on the table land;" the interior of this vast court, he adds, "is finely decorated with sculpture in bas relief," and on the southern facade is a beautifully executed dress and crape, hired mourners, and a trieze of tigers.

EVOLUTION OF THE TIGER.

"Yes, sir; but that ain't much use, not for so short a time, sir."