THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1890.

OUR BEAUTY SPOTS.

Pittsburg Has a Reputation for Unsightliness Gained in Days of Smoke,

AND NOT AT ALL DESERVED.

It Has Its Splendid Palaces Set in Rolling Grounds of Green

AS WELL AS ITS CLANGING SHOPS.

Rapid Transit to the Suburbs is Enlightening City Visitors.

COZY HOMES OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

WHAT stranger has ever come here and gone away without remarking that Pittsburg is the great workshop of this country? What stranger who has never been here has any other impression than that Pittsburg is all workshop, covered with grime and dust?

Pertinent is the question: Do visitors see Pittsburg? Truthful is the answer that comparatively few of them do. Most of them cling to the down town district, the river fronts and railroad yards.

Coming into town by railroad or steamer, the stranger sees our mills, our factories, our shipping interests. Penetrating to the business quarter "down town" he sees our great business houses, marts of trade and is tussled and confused by the flying cable and electric cars. He even sees the throng on the principal thoroughfares and wonders "what is going on" or where the crowd comes from.

A GLIMPSE OF ALLEGHENY.

Now and again the curious one follows the crowd down Sixth street and over into Allegheny, sees the pretty flower garden parks and the rows of dwelling houses. Then he goes away satisfied that he knows it all, believing our sister city to be the chief residence quarter of Pittsburg.

Comparatively very few take the trouble to board a cable car to the East End, an electric car to Hazelwood, go over on the Southside, slide gently up Mt. Washington or Mt. Oliver on an inclined plane, or penetrate the depths of Lawrenceville. Yet in these places Pittsburgers live, and many thousands of them live well.

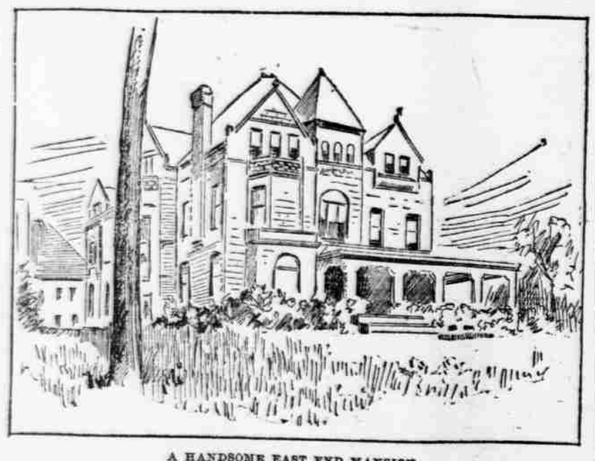
Beauty spots are not rare in this big town. They are not found on the crowded, narrow streets of the busy triangle, but out in the residence quarters named—out in the places where the casual or business visitor never sees them. I venture to say there are

On the Southside Hill.

people with business connections in this city who come here three or four times a year, or even once or twice a month who have no idea of the residence quarters of the place.

INTO ANOTHER WORLD.

Fifth avenue, beyond Soho, is a glad and surprising panorama of pretty places. Here and there a glimpse is caught of the beauty on either side a little way removed from that popular thoroughfare. The whole Oakland district is delightful. Yet, beyond East Liberty are lovely suburban places. Lawrenceville covers the transition



A HANDSOME EAST END MANSION.

from shop life to home life, from dingy tenement to fine residence. Hazelwood captivates the eye with its broad, smooth lawns. The Southside hills are covered with comfortable dwellings, with pleasant and picturesque surroundings. Pittsburgers don't work all the time. They live.

I took a friend out in the East End recently and it was a revelation to him, though he thought he was pretty well acquainted with Pittsburg. So he was, in a business way. "Do you know," he said, "I have long had close business connections here, but never thought of living here until now. I had no idea what an attractive place Pittsburg really is."

A CABLE CAR REVELATION.

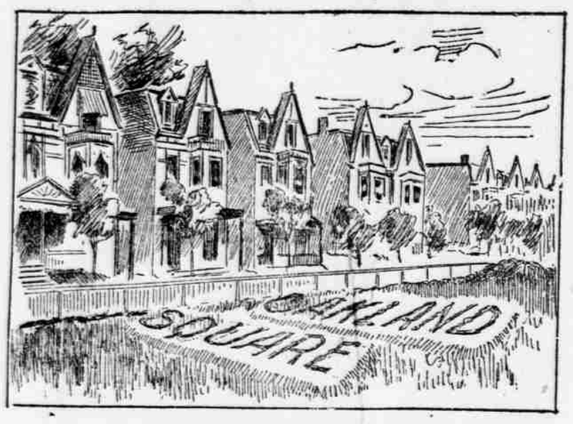
Before the cable cars surmounted the "hump" and brought the East End and Oakland into easy communication with the business district this widespread ignorance regarding the finest residence quarters of the city was not much to be wondered at. Neither is it difficult to see that people have been viewing the beauties of those sections since the means of communication have been improved. The hundreds of costly and elegant new residences to be found there fully attest the fact. Nor is it hard to look in the future and see the greatly increased demand there will be for homes when the means of communication are further improved and the charms of those popular localities are more widely known.

THE DISPATCH has photographed some Pittsburg homes—some of the pretty places where the men of brains and brawn, energy and capital, who have made the city great live. Camera and pencil, paper and ink cannot do justice to these places, however. The rich coloring of velvety grass, clustering vines and autumn-tinted foliage cannot be reproduced by such means. Even the coziness of an Oakland home is lost in the stiff lines of a picture. The beauty spots must be seen to be appreciated.

THE EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

Palaces and private grounds there be out Fifth avenue and Forbes street and in the vicinity on either side that would do credit to any city. These are the homes of wealth, luxury and fashion. They are not few and far between, but come one after another in such imposing array that one is led to wonder whether all the people in this busy town are rich. Not merely are they evidences of wealth, but their surroundings and furnishment speak of culture, taste and refinement in eloquent terms.

Not all the pretty East End places are given over to the wealthy. The well-to-do



IN THE PRETTY OAKLAND DISTRICT.

middle classes are represented with splendid residences, architecturally handsome outside and finely furnished inside. These share the natural beauty of the locality in common with their more pretentious neighbors. While not surrounded by spacious grounds, ornamented with shrubbery, flow-

A Fifth Avenue Residence.

ers and statuary, they have pretty little laws, terraces and flower gardens about them. Sometimes there is a bright bit of park left, surrounded by the street. All these are evidences of widespread prosperity.

REPUTATION OF THE PAST.

All about the vicinity of Schenley Park it is a most desirable residence quarter. It is a mistake to suppose that all the charming places are out in the suburbs. The city itself is full of them. Many cities are surrounded by attractive little suburbs while they are grimy and forbidding, but this is not the case with this city. Yet, it is possible that no place on this continent has a worse reputation, in this respect, beyond its own limits than the one time "Smoky City." This title was gained in the old coal days by the city's matchless industry, and the idea of soot and dirt clings to many minds long after the reality has disappeared from our streets and buildings.

Even the workmen, the clerks, in short, the great industrial army, have neat and pleasant homes. Thousands of comfortable dwellings of pleasing exterior, each with large lot, may be found on the Southside hills above the grime and dirt of the humming hive of labor which supports them. Well furnished all of them. From their windows far-reaching views of most attractive scenery.

THE SMOKELESS FUEL.

With a smokeless fuel this great industrial center has also become a most desirable place to abide in. Fine residences aforetime have been improved and brightened up, and new ones are appearing all the time. It is not too much to say that a great many of our own people know all too little of all the delightful places within the city limits.

Really Pittsburg lives. It is a city of good homes, happy, bright and intelligent families. Workshop it may be, no doubt is. But those who think it is nothing else have merely failed to take into the account the fact that in Pittsburg the shop and living room are not combined. Industry is prominent here, and people are more generally employed, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world. It is the fruits of this universal toil that may be seen in the more pleasant parts of the city.

A. R. CRUM.

Washing the Imperial Elephants.

St. James Gazette.]

The Emperor of China having commanded the Board of Astronomy to appoint an auspicious day for the annual washing of the imperial elephants, August 17, at the first hour, was the day appointed, and the officers of the Board of Ceremonies put up temporarily mat sheds beautifully decorated on the north side of the creek, outside the Hsuan Wu Men, Peking, where the imperial elephants received an ovation. Various ceremonies were performed before they took their annual bath.

NELL GWYNNE'S NAME

Perpetuated in What Conkling Called the Holiest Charity

THAT EVER BLESSED MANKIND.

Greenwich Hospital Where John Bull's Jack Tars Are Trained.

SCHOOLS FOR OFFICERS AND SEAMEN

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

GREENWICH, ENGLAND, October 10.—Roscoe Conkling once said to me that Greenwich Hospital was "the holiest charity that ever blessed mankind." At the moment he was discussing the caprices of Charles II. and drawing a picture of the life of Nell Gwynne, who exerted such a wonderful influence over this flippant ruler during the latter years of his reign. I find on a visit to the old place that there is much to justify the American statesman's eulogy of this institution, which has grown away from the pill box and plaster into a broad plan of relief and advancement for the young rather than the old, as in times past.

The grounds are no longer filled with men disabled by the hardships of a naval life, but with laughing, mischievous and manly boys, who are following in their father's footsteps toward the quarter deck and the mainsail. Why this ideal school for the education of British seamen should be called a hospital I do not know, except the caprice of the English mind, which always prefers to preserve interesting traditions rather than destroy them, no matter how anomalous they may be.

ONLY AN INSIGNIFICANT HOSPITAL.

There is one old yellow building just inside the iron fence, which has been named the Dreadnaught Hospital, where the seamen of all nations are still admitted without money and without price; but it cuts a small figure in the force or purpose of the place. Here again the sentiment of the over-conservative Englishman is observed in keeping alive the name of the old war ship, which recalls the victories of Nelson and Britain's commanding position on the high seas ever since the days of Trafalgar.

The whole world begins at this point. The marks on every geography which indicate longitude or direction start from the spot upon which I am standing. Every time you take out your watch, look at the dial on the church steeple, or hear the clock strike, you are dealing with Greenwich, and therefore may be interested in its history and and present condition. Two great schools are maintained at this place which come closer in contact with the world at large every day than all others in the old world. They were practically founded by an accident. When Charles II. ascended the throne there was an old castle at Greenwich that had fallen into decay during the Commonwealth, when Cromwell put his heavy hand upon so many pet royal palaces. When the "Merry Monarch" succeeded him and fell under the

INFLUENCE OF NELL GWYNNE,

after he had abandoned half a dozen other women, she induced him to tear down the old place, and build on its sight a charitable institution to perpetuate his name. It was only completed during the reign of Mary of Orange, when she followed out the intentions of her festive uncle, and dedicated the building in 1694 for the noble purpose for which it was begun. The delay in finishing and dedicating it has caused a conflict of statement about Nell Gwynne's having established this charity, many people asserting that the Chelsea Hospital on the Upper Thames for disabled soldiers was her work, and not the sailors' resting place at Greenwich.

This doubtless arises from the fact that Nell Gwynne's portrait is displayed at Chelsea, and not at the Home for the Seamen. But as the two institutions were identical in their establishment, it is now contended that she suggested them both, and really laid the foundation for two of the "holiest charities that ever blessed mankind" instead of one. Be that as it may, if there is any one thing certain in history, it is that she exerted a good influence over the most wayward and jolly King that England ever had, and turned his mind toward many charitable deeds now much reverenced.

THE SCHOOL EQUIPMENT.

Across the roadway from this old relic on the lower Thames is a full-rigged ship, and its hulk is securely built into the ground. Around it are beautifully laid out grounds, with graveled walks and flowered beds. As a background there is a row of old buildings linked together by long covered causeways dotted here and there with cannon. In those houses 1,000 boys are being educated for the royal navy, and on this ship in the yard they are receiving a practical training for the life which awaits them when they leave the school.

The whole theory and practice of this institution is a model school for all nations. The training is so careful and so thorough on land, that the boys get no experience at sea until they are turned out full fledged seamen ready to take their places on a man-o'-war. Beside the dummy in the yard, where they are taught the use of all the net work of ropes that belong to a big ship, the study rooms in the houses are fitted with all classes of vessels from a small sailboat up; so that the lad begins at the very bottom round of the ladder and is taught how to man, make and repair every class of vessel that floats the sea.

BROAD EDUCATION, TOO.

Besides this he is given a thorough English education, the British idea being that the more intelligent a man is the better soldier or seaman, if well disciplined, he will be. Perhaps nothing could beter illustrate the power and purpose of this Government, so far as its water commerce is concerned, than this school devoted to the mental and physical training of young boys for its men-of-war and merchant marine. The hospital which Nell Gwynne made possible by her influence with Charles II. created all this. That institution grew very rich through donations and small assessments upon the able-bodied men in the royal naval service. The idea of a school was a part of the original conception, and it was carried out as rapidly as possible.

It has grown immensely, and while the new buildings which are built around the first one, now used as a picture gallery, have been abandoned for hospital purposes, the educational idea has been retained and Greenwich is a school for the education of officers for the navy, the same as our academy at Annapolis. Thus across the street from each other, with only a roadway separating them, the sons of rich and influential people are being prepared for officers, while the poorer lads are taught to do the rougher work on a vessel at sea.

THE PARSON'S FAVORED SON.

The preacher, I find—or a parson, as they call him—has a big pull in this country. This class furnish a very large percentage of the young men who are being educated at the public's expense as midshipmen. The sons of officers who are now in commission or have rendered meritorious services, take precedence in the scramble for a place on England's naval roll, but the parson's son is a power and the influence of the spiritual advisor comes next, while the tradesman's son is last in the race. Although the high-toned school is really a part of Greenwich Hospital, it has no connection whatever with the institution where the boys are being prepared, because the association of the two might be rated as a menace to the rule of caste, which, by the way, is weakening every day.

The flower-beds which dot the grounds inside the iron fence where the boys are schooled are well watered every morning. As I walked among them first I met a round-faced, bright-eyed lad, dressed in a sailor's uniform, picking a few geraniums, and asked him something of his life. He touched his cap respectfully and we strolled along the walk together toward the big structures, which, he said, were the study and practice rooms, when he said:

SATISFIED WITH HIS LOT.

"They work us pretty hard here, they do. I have been here three years and have got two more to stay. My father was killed at sea, and I came here when I was 11 years old. They won't take boys any younger, and they won't take them over 14. No matter when you come in, you have got to stay five years before you go to sea. We are well fed, well clothed and taught everything a sailor needs to know. We get meat every day and plum pudding on Sunday. No, we don't get any pay until after we go to sea; but we have a vacation every summer, when we go home or stay here, as we please. I have no home, and there are several more boys who have not. They stay just as I do."

"Can you ever get to be officers?" I asked.

The lad shook his head and replied: "Only petty officers, The boys over there have all got a chance to be commanders; but we have not."

The lad's chat about his school life was very interesting, and even at his age he was so well satisfied with the barrier of caste, which prevented his being advanced from the position for which he was being educated, that he made no complaint; but seemed proud that he was able to get where he was toward a seaman's life. It was probably a better lot than he ever had at home.

PHYSICAL PERFECTION REQUIRED.

After leaving the boy, only one of a thousand on the rolls of this wonderful charity, I encountered one of the officers. He said: "The exactions here are very considerable. That is we are very strict about the medical examination. The boys are watched from year to year, and their physical condition carefully noted and looked after. None, but a physically perfect lad can get in or remain at this school, and after they have worked and studied the five years, if there is the slightest question of their physical fitness for service on a man-of-war, they are permitted to go to the merchant service with our good wishes; but only a small percentage are thus unfortunate.

"It is no easy matter for a boy to get in here. His father must be in, or have been in the royal naval service, and have a good record, to enable his son to be eligible. Then precedence is given to the orphans of such men as have died or been killed. The boy must also be able to read and write, and be from 50 to 56 inches high before he will be received for examination. They are a manly lot, and this is the most perfect feeder to a naval equipment that has ever been conceived by the wit of man."

ROSCOE CONKLING'S WORDS.

When Mr. Conkling made the declaration as to Nell Gwynne's good deeds, which comes so vividly back to my mind while visiting this place, he also gave this epitome of her life: "Nell Gwynne was born in a coal yard; raised like a blade of grass between two cobblestones; an orange girl in a theater; the mistress of an actor and afterward of a King; the mother of a royal house, and the founder of the holiest charity that ever blessed mankind."

And here it is on the banks of the Thames, with its counterpart farther up the stream. The buildings are gray with age, but its usefulness has kept pace with every day life until every man, who carries or looks at a timepiece, is in daily communication with it. Just back of the boys' school on the brow of a hill, which slopes down to the parade ground, stands the big observatory, which every day at noon indicates time for the civilized world. Hundreds of years ago it fixed direction for the navigator and the surveyor. It is as much a feature of human life to-day as ever, and is in such close communion with all mankind, that it touches elbows with the citizens of all climes every 24 hours. Greenwich is your neighbor, and its remarkable history belongs as much to one nation as another.

FRANK A. BURR.

FRED MUSSEY'S NEW BOOTS.

Frank G. Carpenter Tells an Amusing Story of His Newspaper Friend.

Frank G. Carpenter tells a good story about his friend, Colonel Fred Mussey, now managing editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*. It was when Fred was a boy of 5, he writes to THE DISPATCH, in one of the backwoods villages of Vermont that he got his first new boots. They were red-topped and copper-toed, and when Freddy first tried them on he was the proudest boy in the whole Green Mountain State. He strutted up and down the street in front of the house, and stamped along the wide hall of the old double house in which his father lived, making as much noise as though his feet were soled with lead.

As he did this his elder brother who knew that the event, so momentous to Fred, was to come off that morning, came into the hall. He did not look at Fred's boots, but, sniffing loudly with his nostrils dilated as he turned his head this way and that, said, in an excited tone: "What's this I smell? I smell new leather," and then looking all about the floor he at last fixed his eyes on Fred's feet and concluded: "Why, it's little Fred's new boots."

And with this Fred swelled more than ever until he looked a fat little boy that he was, like the frog in Æsop's fables that tried to blow itself up as big as a bull. And so the early morning went off. Before 8 o'clock everyone in the village knew of Fred's new boots, and he persuaded his mother to let him go with his elder brother to the country school and wear them.

The two got there a little late, and Fred as soon as he entered the schoolroom in order to call attention to his greatness, concluded to imitate his brother, and in shrill piping tones, as he sniffed his nose in the air, he cried out: "What's this I smell? I smell new leather! Why!" and here he lifted up one leg so that half the school could see his foot, "It must be my new boots." It is needless to say that the school broke into a laugh and that his boots were generally admired.

Repairs Needed All Around.

New York Herald.]

Parson Prosy (who has brought the architect to see about repairing the church)—There's a good deal of dry rot in the south gallery, Mr. Gable.

Gable—Jess so, parson; and there's a good deal also in both nave and pulpit.

HE RENTS AN OFFICE.

Howard Fielding Ventures Into the Deskroom Business.

THE FIGURES WERE PLEASING,

But the Realities Proved Exceedingly Trying to the Nerves.

REPORTS OF THE HIRED COLLECTOR

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

My friends told me that I ought to have an office.

"What for?" I ventured to inquire. "I haven't any business."

"That doesn't make any difference," they insisted. "Everybody in New York has an office whether he has any business or not."

They said that an office would give me an apparent importance in the eyes of strangers, and make me useful to my friends. I didn't understand the last part of this till the boys began to drop in on me and borrow half dollars for lunch. This was after I hired the office. It was a hole in a building on Broadway. This hole had a window which opened on another hole which was called a light shaft, because it had to be artificially lighted in order to make anything visible in it.

WOULDN'T COST A CENT.

The boys had told me that I would not have to spend a dollar for rent. I could clear my expenses by letting deskroom. The practice is very common in New York. In fact, the stranger's first impression of this city is that all the people are making a living by collecting rent of each other.

I did not have a bit of trouble in getting tenants. In a week I had so filled the place that there really wasn't room for myself, but it looked like business and I was en-

Waiting for Mail.

couraged. I figured a clear profit of 60 cents a month, making an allowance for car fare and lunches down-town.

True, it wasn't much of a place to write in. Old Barrow, the real estate dealer, used to put his feet on his desk and go to sleep. Barrow wasn't an energetic man, when he was awake, but he snored so diligently as anybody I ever knew. And then his poor old head would hang over the chair in frightful positions, till by and by it would droop straight backward, and his eyes, sightless in sleep, would stare at me and give me a nightmare, too. Barrow was not beautiful in any position, but I could contemplate his countenance more calmly when it was right side up.

PRADTICE OF REAL ESTATE MEN.

Real estate men in New York rarely have a customer, but, when they do, they get the boots off his feet and the coat off his back, and rob his grand mother and his widow and his orphaned children, after which they take the money to Wall street where they "blow it in." Then they return to their cages and wait for another special providence.

But the most annoying of my tenants was a man whom I scarcely ever saw. He said he didn't want an office except as a place to get his mail. He also hinted that one or two of his friends might like to have their letters come in his care. I interposed no objection because I didn't understand the situation. It wasn't long before this man's friends began to drop in to get their mail. I may as well say right here that I never saw a letter for any of them, but they were always waiting for one, and they took all the chairs in the office, and when the chairs gave out the rest of the party sat on my desk.

THE KENTUCKY COLONEL.

Then those that had chairs drew them up and put their feet on the desk, and a Kentucky Colonel stood at one end of it and told them stories. The Colonel smoked a clay pipe and cut his plug tobacco with a pocket knife which had a blade six inches long. While he cut the tobacco he told stories, and in the exciting parts he pounded on the desk with the handle of the knife. Every time I began a feeble remonstrance one of the Colonel's staff would say:

"Colonel, tell us about the time you cut Slim Jim Waters in two with that 'ere knife. Ef I don't disremember Jim, he favored our frien' here—'bout the same figur', wasn't he?"

I was "our frien'," and I did not care to die in two separate places, as poor Jim

Rent is Robbery.

Waters did, according to the Colonel's story; so I said no more.

GLAD TO GET AWAY.

The cares of this office weighed upon me. I was afraid it would involve me in a scandal. The Colonel might cut somebody in two, or Barrow's head might fall off in his sleep. On the whole I was very uneasy, and I longed to accept an invitation sent me by some relatives who wanted me to visit them in their quiet home in Ohio. If I had known what to do with the office I would have gone at once.

In this emergency a star of hope appeared in the form of a young man named Edward Marshall. "Eddie" was a good boy and very ambitious. He volunteered to run the office and collect the rents while I was gone. He said that if there was anything in the world he enjoyed it was making other people pay up in time and be business-like in their methods.

I had saved up money enough for the next month's rent, but as Eddie was going to collect from the other fellows I spent the sum in buying a suit of clothes calculated to astonish the entire State of Ohio.

REPORTS NOT VERY SATISFACTORY.

One week of my little vacation had passed away when I received this note from Eddie:

I have begun collection. Started with Jack Billings, the artist. He is temporarily embarrassed. Billings draws very fair pictures, but he can't draw to a four-card flush. This is why he is broke all the time.

A few days later came this:

Barrow, the real estate man, hasn't a cent nor a customer. I have learned that he had desk room with Brown, on the fourth floor, before he came up here. He was there two years, and owes Brown rent for 24 months; also $475 borrowed money. Brown, you'll remember, is the man who introduced Barrow to you. Shall I thump Brown? When I struck Barrow for the rent he said he didn't have it, but guessed Brown would lend it to him. I guess not.

This hopeful communication was followed in the next mail by this:

ENCOUNTER WITH A DOG.

Had a tussle with Davis, the Notary Public, to-day. When I mentioned rent he set his dog on me. Do you know what a Notary Public's dog is? It's the big iron seal he stamps papers with. It has a dog's head on it. He took it by the handle and said he'd put his official seal on my cerebellum if I ever mentioned the subject to him again. When this rumpus occurred the Colonel was telling how he bisected Jim Waters. After it was over I found the Colonel

Office on Rent Day.

under a table engaged in prayer. He said he had dropped a piece of tobacco. I didn't force matters with Davis because I wished to avoid bloodshed. If there must be any I should prefer that it would occur after your return.

I thought very likely it would. I wrote Eddie to be gentle but firm, and to get the rent money if he had to steal it. His next letter contained the following record of clever financiering:

ONE BILL PAID.

Caught the artist to-day. Said to myself that I must collect of somebody and couldn't think of any way to do it. Finally told Billings I'd play him seven-up. He's always telling me about his hard luck, and I thought it would be a snap to win the rent out of him. But my luck was enough to ruin a millionaire. Billings got me for $7. I gave him my I. O. U., and then he said he'd pay the rent, so he gave me back the I. O. U., and I'm saving it for you, old man. So you see I've made one collection, anyway.

Eddie is a good fellow, but his paper is subject to a heavy discount. I think I would rather have taken a sketch by Billings. Affairs were getting serious; but Eddie's next letter made them worse.

I brought matters to a head to-day—Barrow wouldn't settle and so I got the janitor's man to put the old fellow's desk and chair into the elevator and run them down to the ground floor. When Barrow saw this he smiled like a hammer-headed shark just turning over to bite. Then he went for a lawyer, who informed me that I had given grounds for action. I asked them what they were going to do about it, and they said nothing so far as I was concerned, because I was only your agent, but they proposed to sue you for $1,300. Awful sorry, old man, but thought I was acting for the best. Haven't seen old Barrow so cheerful for weeks. Don't you think you'd better come back?

GOING TO COLLECT HIMSELF.

I thought I had. The next train was none too soon for me. I reached New York about noon and hurried toward the office. Near the door I met Marshall.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Going to collect that rent," I replied.

"No use," said he; "there isn't a man up there. I told 'em all yesterday that the money would have to be paid at noon today. When I went there I found the place as lonely as Jim Healey's grave. You remember Jim? He was blown up in a powder mill and his remains couldn't be found. That's the way with those cormorants. Go up and take a look."

I did so. There stood the desks in a row, and not a man in sight. Every desk had a sign on it. Here are some of them:

ALL UNAVOIDABLY ABSENT.

"Called away by sudden death." "Gone to visit my grandmother's grave. Return Friday." "Please call again."

"Eddie," said I, "let's put the whole crowd out."

"Can't do it without regular papers," said he. "I've found out about it. The papers will cost $7 apiece and the average rent due is only $5 apiece. I allow that it's $2 apiece cheaper to let 'em stay than to put 'em out. How do you figure it?"

I've been figuring on it ever since. Eddie is right about the law, and, by its provisions, I can't see why those fellows aren't quartered on me indefinitely.

HOWARD FIELDING.

BOUCICAULT'S LAST WORK.

Clara Belle Furnished the Plot and Wrote Half the Chapters.

That versatile genius, Dion Boucicault, is dead, and I was the last person with whom he did any literary work, writes Clara Belle to THE DISPATCH. We were chatting one day on the subject of plots for novels and plays, and he expressed a doubt of the possibility of anything absolutely new in that line. I disputed that.

"Well," said he, "if you will invent an entirely original theme, I will go into partnership with you to write it up."

"Then here it is," I responded. "In all your own concoctions of plots, and in all your appropriations of other folks' plots, have you come across one in which a husband deliberately placed his wife as the bride of another man in order to get this second husband's money, as soon as he should die, which an incurable malady dooms him to do within a year or so?"

"No, I haven't, and it is a right down good one. The title ought to be 'Two Men's Bride.' Shall we write it?"

Boucicault was an impulsive man, and before parting we had settled it to write alternate chapters of the proposed romance. That is how I came to be the genius' collaborator in a novel, the completion of which between us constituted his last composition on earth,

We labored very pleasantly, each being unhampered by the other in his or her own chapters, but discussing together the general plan and its execution. Boucicault always did his writing in solitude, and with a pen. I knew of his having dictated to a stenographer, as rapidly as ordinary talk, a quiet, thoughtful and considerate article for the *North American Review*, and was therefore surprised when he said:

"I never undertake to make fiction hastily. I must see it go out from the point of my pen in black ink right onto white paper. Opinions can be phrased glibly enough, but to originate story matter, with elaborate scenes and characterization is slow work if well done."

We differ only on one point, and that was whether, in the estimation of the novel reading public, woman or money is the more interesting. He insisted that the duplex bride of our story was the prime object, while I argued that the million in money, at which the scheme aimed, was of more popular consequence. But he convinced me that he was right, and so we agreed on "Two Men's Bride," as the title, just as he had at first proposed. Had he lived a little longer the story would have been put into dramatic form for theatrical use.

A Dance on the Street.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

There were few people on the sidewalks and plenty of room for everybody. Suddenly we met a well-dressed lady hurrying along as if her life depended on it. My friend stepped to the right. So did she. He skipped two feet to the left; she was there. He tried the right track again, and met her squarely face to face. "Which shall it be, madam," he exclaimed in a breath, "a waltz or a schottische?"

A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

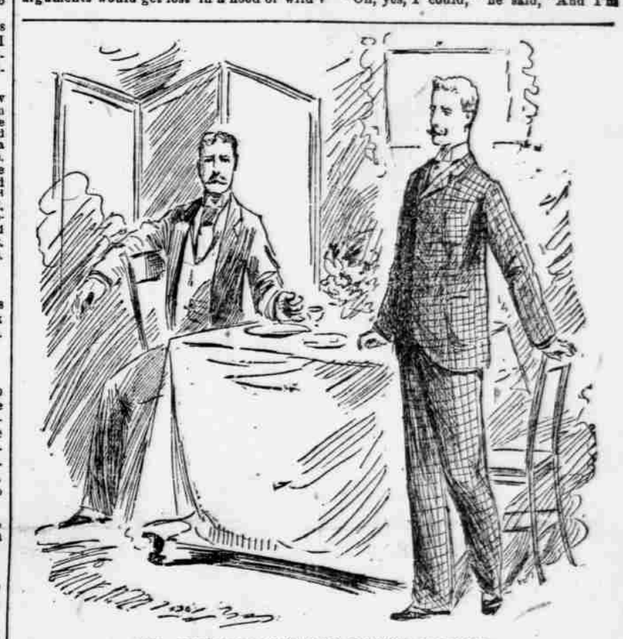
Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE BRINK.

Nay, he could see but the one clear and resolute way out of all these perplexities, which was that he should forthwith and without further preamble marry Maisrie Bethune; thereafter his relatives might do or say whatever it most pleased them to do or say. This would be his answer to the vague but persistent suspicions of Mrs. Ellison, and to the more precise but none the less preposterous accusations of his father. Then as regards Maisrie herself, would not this conclusive act banish all those dim presentiments and alarms with which she seemed to regard the future? And if her present circumstances involved her in humiliation, he would take her out of these. The beautiful fair young bride could be prettily housed somewhere, safe away from the intrusion of any process-server. And as for old George Bethune, ought he not to welcome this guardianship that would succeed his own? The happiness of his granddaughter seemed to be his first care; and here was a stay and bulwark for her, a protection for her when his own should be withdrawn in the natural course of things.

This solution of the difficulty seemed reasonable and simple, though sometimes his arguments would get lost in a flood of wild



VIN., YOU'RE NOT GOING TO QUARREL WITH ME.

wonder and joy; and entrancing visions of that pretty canary cage he meant to secure—down by Chelsea way, perhaps, or up about Campden Hill, or it might be out among some suburban gardens—would interfere with the cool and accurate representations he was preparing to lay before his friends. For, after all, simple as the solution appeared, there were ways and means to be considered. Vin Harris was now about to discover—nay, he already perceived—that for a young man to be brought up without any definite calling meant a decided crippling of his independence. The canary cage, charming and idyllic as it might be, would cost something, even if he went as far as Shepherd's Bush or Hammersmith; and the little fortune that had been left him did not produce much of an annual income. Then again his father: would not the great Socialist (on paper) instantly withdraw the handsome allowance he had hitherto made, on hearing that his son contemplated marrying that dangerous person, that low-born adventuress, that creature of the slums? For Vincent Harris was not given to disguising things from himself. He knew that these were the phrases which his father would doubtless apply to Maisrie Bethune. Not that they or any other phrases were of much import; the capitalist-communist was welcome to invent and use as many as he chose. But his opposition to this marriage, which was almost to be counted on, might become a very serious affair for everybody concerned.

Next morning Vincent was up betimes; and at an early hour he went along to the Bedford Hotel. He was told that Lord Musselburg was in the coffee room; and thither he accordingly proceeded.

"Oh, yes, I'll have some breakfast, thank you," said he, as he took a seat at the small table. "Anything—some whitefish—tea—anything. The fact is, Musselburg, I want to speak to you, if you can give me a little time. Something of importance, too—to me at least——"

"Let me tell you this, Vin, first of all," said the elder of the two young men, with a smile. "You'll have to make your peace with Mrs. Ellison. She's mortally offended at the notion of your coming to Brighton and going to a hotel. I suppose you imagined she didn't know you had come down? We saw you yesterday."

"Where?" said Vincent, quickly.

"In the Marine Parade. We followed you some little way—if you had turned round you would have seen us."

"What time?"

"Why, about 1, I should think."

"Then—then you saw—"

"Yes, we saw—" said the other.

There was a moment's silence; Vin's eyes were fixed on his companion with a curious expectancy and prayer; had this friend of his, if he were a friend at all, no approving word to say about Maisrie?

Well, Lord Musselburgh was an exceedingly good-natured young man; and on this occasion he did not allow a selfish discretion to get the better of him.

"I don't know that I intended to tell you," said he. "Fact is, Mrs. Ellison hinted that I'd better follow her example, and have nothing to say on a certain subject; but, really, Vin, really—I had no idea—really——"

"Yes?—what?" said Vincent, rather breathlessly.

"Well, to be candid with you, I never was so surprised in all my life. Why, you remember that afternoon in Piccadilly, when I first saw them—perhaps I did not pay much attention to the girl—she seemed a slip of a girl—pretty, oh, yes, pretty enough; but yesterday—when I saw her yesterday—by George, she's grown to be one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld. And so distinguished-looking—sure she will do it—she is so unaffected and kind and good humored. Don't you see, it must be excellent for the hair to have a sun bath at times, to hang loose, and let the sun and the air get at it. I'm sure it must be good for the hair not to be continually braided up like that. And I should like you to see her, if only for a moment, with her hair hanging free—in the sunlight, if possible, and blown about by the wind—you never saw anything so beautiful! Of course, it will make her look very young—too young, perhaps—younger than she really is; but then, on the other hand, her expression is rather beyond her years—she is grave and thoughtful—so that will make up. Did you notice how light her step was?" he continued, and his breakfast received but scant attention, now that he had found someone to whom he could talk on this enchanting and all-engrossing theme. "A light and graceful step means more than mere youth and health—it means a perfect and supple figure as well? Did you think she was rather pale?" he asked—but only to answer his own question. "Yes, I dare say you might think she was rather pale. But mind you, that is not because she is delicate—oh, dear, no!—not in the least; it is the natural fineness of her complexion; and when brisk walking, or a cold wind blowing, brings color into her cheeks, then that is all the rarer and more beautiful. Of course you couldn't see her eyes at all?—she doesn't stare at people in the streets; she seems to find the sea more interesting when we are walking up and down; but they are the clearest, the most expressive, eyes you could imagine! She hardly has to speak—she has only to look! I do think blue gray is by far the prettiest color of eyes; they vary so much; I've seen Maisrie Bethune's eyes quite distinctly blue—that is when she is very strong and well, and out in the open air. I don't suppose it possible that any reflection from the sky or sea can affect the color of the eyes; it must be simply that she is in the fresh air, and stimulated with exercise and happy——" He paused for a second. "Is there anything so very amusing?"

"To tell you the truth, Vin," his companion admitted, "I was thinking that when you came in you announced you had something of importance to say——"

"Instead of which I have been talking about Miss Bethune," Vincent said, without taking any offense. "But who began? I thought it was you who introduced the subject—and you seemed interested in her appearance——"

"Oh, yes, of course, of course," the young nobleman said, good naturedly. "I beg your pardon. And I understand how the subject may be of importance to you——"

"Well, yes, it is," said Vincent, calmly. "For I propose to marry Miss Bethune, and at once, if she will consent."

Musselburgh looked up quickly, and his face was grave enough now.

"You don't mean it, Vin?"

"That is precisely what I do mean," the young man said.

"I thought—I had fancied—that certain things had been found out," his friend stammered, and then stopped; for it was a hazardous topic.

"Oh, you have been told too?" Vincent said, with a careless disdain. "Well, when I heard those charges brought against Miss Bethune's grandfather, I did not choose to answer them; but speaking about him to you is another thing, and I may say to you, once for all, that more preposterous trash was never invented. I won't deny," he continued, with a perfectly simple frankness, "that there are one or two things about Mr. Bethune that I cannot quite explain—that I rather shut my eyes to, and perhaps there are one or two things that one might wish altered—for who is perfect? But the idea that this old man, with his almost oh,