PITTSBURG, SUNDAY,

OCTOBER 26, 1890.

Perched High Up the Slopes in Pittsburg.

### THE WINDS AND FRESHETS

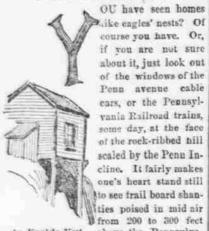
Often Occasion Surprises When Residents Rise in the Morning.

HOUSES ONE STORY HIGH IN FRONT

Rise to the Dignity of Five Stories and a Mansard in Rear.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF THE TWO CITIES

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATORAL



vania Railroad trains, some day, at the face of the rock-ribbed hill scaled by the Penn Incline. It fairly makes one's heart stand still tto see trail board shanties poised in mid air from 200 to 300 fect An Engle's Nest, above the Pennsylva-

nia Railroad tracks. Some of the early morning fogs this week hid them entirely from view, and when the clouds are low they are often vague and grotesque in outline to a person walking along Liberty street. Serpentine paths, narrow and perilous, come from their aerial doorways down to the lower regions.

MUST ANCHOR EVERYTHING.

A spool of thread dropped from the lap of a housewife sitting on the porch of one of these hillside dwellings is lost forever, as it does not stop rolling until it reaches the muddy gutter 250 feet below. It used to be a common thing for a man up there to go to his coalshed in the early trigid morning and find his 25 bushels of coal of the previous evening all gone. Stolen? Bless you, no. It had simply rolled down the hill.

During winter nights the high river winds usually prevailing at those elevations are apt to play havocawith all outbuildings. The ends of coalsheds have been frequently torn away by the gales, and the floors being built at an angle of 400 the coal at once started its downward trip, distributing itself in the snow the whole distance of the hill. FENCES ARE GIVING WAY.

But that don't often occur now, The coal sheds still give way, but the wary householder has profited by experience, and has his coal dumped in front of his resi-The whole house will have to go before he loses that fuel again.

Just west of the Peop You see a row of frame dwellings where the tences have nearly all tumbled down. The steep slope was too much for them. There is a constant slipping of earth that carries everything before it unless solidly braced with good stone foundations. The hourds od timber from these fences are scattered all over the hillside, giving it a most scraggy appearance. On Bismarck way Mrs. John Murphy lives in one end of a small double frame house. She told me that the other end of the dwelling, in which her neighbors reside, has slipped a little has pulled her end of the domicile down

It's a queer community of houses up there. It would built the powers of a Fourth avenue real exists agent to describe some of these structures if placed in his hands for sale. About the best thing be could do would be to get a photograph of one of the passenger cars on the Mount Washington lockined Plane, and hang that up in his oftice as a faithful sample of the houses he has

the of those inclined plane cars you know. the rear. The object is to let people stand, at or lie on a level while they usually are now. In the distance of seven blocks which | workingmen, one might readily mistake the on a terrific slope. One tenement house alone will serve as an illustration of this alone will serve as an intestration of this brinciple of architecture. On Crescent On a hill which the old horsecars used to United States is in all that makes agricultively in the community mentioned, the climb in going up Center avenue, the grade turn life worth the living, it furnishes no property of a Mr. Boyo, is a substantially

SOME PUNNY LOOKING HOUSES. Fronting the street it is only one-story in height with a mansard roof. In the rear, or fronting the Allegheny river, it is four stories in height, or five stories, counting the



Above Penn Avenue

ground floor. And the whose house is of the ordinary depth from front to rear. This is one of the most solid and commodious structures on the hill.

I saw another, which was one of the poorer type. It is just east of the incline. Fronting Crescent street, it appears to be only a shanty, no higher than the average back-yard stable. But in the rear you stand aghast at seeing it rise to a height equal to that of THE DISPATCH business building. Close to it is a house which preserves only the one-story height in all its length. That has been done in this way. The door of the front section leads out upon the roof of a second edition. The rear door of that, in turn opens out upon the roof of the third ection. From the rear of this you step out upon a roomy porch, large enough, indeed, to be called a yard. Under it is the washhouse and a coal cellar. It looks like a series of huge steps.

COWS UP THERE, TOO. The hill at this point is 325 feet high. Along the summit runs Arch street. Probably 100 feet below it is paralleled by farmin Crescent street, and this in turn is paralleled glass.

by Bismarck way, 75 feet lower down. These last two streets are not very well paved, aithough the grade itself is a blessing to the residents. The hill is thus terraced for

convenience sake.

But here and there you find clinging to Odd Specimens of Architecture bare rocks, or to slippery clay, away out of the line of either of the streets, the domiciles of the poorer classes. The inmates of these have either worn queer little paths, or built steps of native rock, in order to make up for municipal neglect. The strangest thing I found up there was a stable containing two cows. I imagine when the owners let the bovines out for an airing they first anchor them with ropes to the pillars of the Penn Incline. Still, the value of real estate in



Everything Must be Anchored. the clouds is steadily advancing. Mrs.

John Murphy tells me that two years ago her husband paid \$300 for their frame house and now they are trying to sell it for \$700. OUR HILLY CITY.

But all the numerous hills in Pittsburg are not as ragged as this. It is an exception to find them thus. Their mountainous character give them all that rugged appearance, but like well attended terraces, scores of paved streets and avenues scale their slopes. Homes are frequently preferred on the summits, and with many people the higher the altitude the happier they are. For this reason I once heard this city dubbed "a city of hill elimbers"

"The great hills of Pittsburg are directly a good housekeeper, not only in the ecou-esponsible for the beauty of the women omies but in the decoration of his home,

Quiet and Contentment Reign and Life is a Continual Bream.

EACH CLASS SEEMS TO BE HAPPY.

The Peasant in the Field, at His Cozy Home and at the Table.

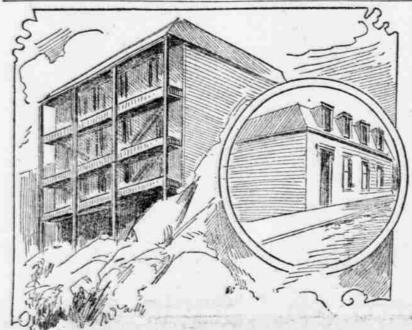
WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING

ROMFORD, ESSEX, October 17 .- Jefferson Davis during the last years of his life once said: "The material welfare of a country is always found in a good peasantry." It that be true England must be a very wealthy domain, for nowhere during a traveling experience of many years and of many miles in many countries have I ever seen so contented and independent a class of laborers, as the men who till, and the men and women who tend and reap the crops of the United Kingdom.

The ordinary farm laborer in the United States knows no such degree of comfort and pleasure as his brother who works upon English soil, Only in the most favored localities of our own country is the farm laborer so well housed and looked after as in this, which I had always been taught ground its workmen to the bone, that the few might have and the many might wait or This may be true of some industries here, but it certainly does not apply to the agricultural laborer.

AN INTERESTING STUDY. Taking three widely separated and typical sections of Southern, Northern and Middle England, I have investigated the subject by actual contact with the people and by mingling in their every-day life. It has been a delightful study, for there is no more interesting character of his class in generally has pleasant surroundings. His wife is neat, tidy and industrious, while his children are cleanly, pretty and above all,

healthy. His numble home is a bower of beauty, no matter how poor he may be. His wife is



here," remarked an eminent doctor on one and no matter how unsightly or old his them, rounds out their forms, and gives healthy color to their cheeks,"

I have secured some curious data on this farther down the mountain every freshet. It | feet high. Add to that the 700 odd feet at which Pittsburg stands above sea level, and you have a total altitude of over 1,200 feet around the promenade of Herron reservoir -an elevation boasted of by many of the mountain summer resorts.

STEEP STREETS FIGURED OUT.

Well, on the streets leading to the summit of this eminence live at least 25,000 people. Railways ascend two of these avenues, and required three horses to pull each car up the slope. The giving way of brakes in garden spot were smaller, the homes of the coming down used to be one of the dangers residents of "the Hill district" were heirs to. To some extent [there is the same hazard these cars traverse on the lower end of Wylie avenue the grade is exactly 95.4 feet. is 125 feet in a quarter of a mile. On Firth such evidence of comfort for its farm laboravenue the grade is still greater. What is known as "The Hump" has a rise of 45.26 tons of England where the soil is tilled at a feet between Smithfield street and Wylie avenue. And that is the most important thoroughfare in the city for both foot and wagon travel. From this point Fifth avenue rises 139.94 feet to Van Braam atreet, not more than a third of a mile distant.

## A BALLOON SENSATION.

second most important thoroughfare cast and west in Pittsburg, is 231.80 feet higher at the gate of St. Mary's Cemetery (or Forty-fifth street) than it is at Thirty-third street, and there is only half a mile straight pull between the two points. It was a striking fact that before cable cars were introduced tedious horse cars were int men and women, for whom it was a physical impossibility to

Brownsville avenue scales Mt. Oliver on the Southside, which is 340 feet high, and yet the grade of that street in its winding families, who own the land, and let it out to course of one and one-half miles is not tenants, or till it themselves, nothing can greater than that on Penn avenue just given. A drive up Brownsville avenue is quite thrilling, having the sensation in it of gradually rising in a balloon far above the

As may be imagined, the views to be obtained from Pittsburg's eminences are grand. On any perfectly clear day the hazy blue of Chestnut Ridge in the Allegheny Mountains can be seen from Herron Hill, and the distance by air line between the two places is probably 30 miles. The experiment of building signal fires on the mountains has been broached once or twice, but still re-

#### mains to be tried. BEAUTIFUL VIEWS EVERYWHERE.

view of the sister cities is commanded. It takes in both the closely-built up sections and the suburban wards, with their charming bits of sylvan scenery. On Mt. Washington you can only see the business portion of Pittsburg and Allegheny, but the vision is awe-inspiring. A famous writer looking down from the edge of that hill made the remark that "Pittsburg looked like hell with

occasion. "It is the constant climbing of house may be, it is always made attractive remarkably steep streets which develops by pretty white curtains at the windows and boxes of flowers on the ledges. In fact posies are everywhere. There is always an attractive little flower garden in front and a vegetable patch behind the abode of the subject. For instance, Herron Hill 15 the humblest peasant who is willing to work, geographical center of Pittsburg. It is 528 and dirt and untidiness are practically unknown where there is industry.

LIKE EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Just at this moment I am surrounded by one of the richest and most beautiful stretches of farming country I have ever seen. It is south of London, in Essex, one of the prime agricultural counties of En-The only acres in fertility, beauty of landscape and perfect culture that can compare with it are between Philadelphia and Barrisburg in the counties of Chester before traction power was applied to them it and Lancaster, along the line of the Pennrich larger, and more beautifully surrounded with flowers and shrubbery, the roadways lined with the pretty little homes of the

one for the other.

But rich as that single section of the quaint and old, where 10,000 people live, with as much satisfaction as in any place I have ever seen. Quiet and contentment reign, and it is so secluded in its rural dignity that almost all of the real typical conditions of English countryside life, high and low, can be found within easy reach

## CONTRADICTS COMMON REPORT.

I have been traveling over the magnificent roads which lead out of it in every direction for a week, mingling with the peasantry in the fields, and at their own fact that before cable cars were introduced there, the majority of passengers in the see on every hand and hear from nearly every lip with the romances of poverty and sadness that I have so often heard at home, and read of in our newspapers. To those who have considerable of this world's goods, tenants, or till it themselves, nothing can be more perfect in the way of rural life, than the manner in which they live.

Their homes are beautiful beyond descrip-tion, and their existence one heydey of comfort and delightful association. Their only concern is to give directions to their bailiff, who orders all the operations and manages all the men who do the work. This leaves the day open for driving, riding or visiting, and as ease and pleasure is the ambition of the average Englishman from the highest to the lowest, there is nothing to be wished for on that score. All life seems complete and nothing wanting. There is no struggle for dollars or rush after position, such as we find at every crosspads in America among those who seek to accumulate.

## . CLASS LINES CLEARLY DRAWN.

Everybody's place is so fixed and reliable that it is acknowledged by everyone and cannot be disturbed. All seem perfectly

Whatever else may be said of this view of life, it produces good laborers in all branches. The gentleman farmer is a curious character to an American. He gener-But beyond the flaming mill chimneys and blazing jurnaces, which at night time make fiery processions miles in length, there lie myriads of gas and electric lights too numerous to even think of counting. They always reminded me of wide acres of ox-eyed daisies.

near which he lives. Of course he takes fank above the tradesman, because of the old aristocratic idea that land and servants, or slaves in the far-off time, are the badges

of position. As things never change in this land where all is complete, the gentleman farmer takes his place in the great range of classes as an interesting figure of every-day existence.

#### WAGES AND HOURS.

In this particular community the regular farm hand receives from \$3 to \$5 a week, the average being about \$4, with extra pay during harvest and having time, when not only the peasant, but his whole family add to the economy of his household by earning money in the field. Wages are graded from the shepherd, whose work is never done, to the dairymen, the men who look after the stock and the land man, who is supposed to know all about preparing the ground for planting and reaping the crops. These, of course, are the highest-priced workers, and besides their wares troopenly get rent besides their wages, irequently get rent free, not only for the houses in which they live, but for a half acre or more of ground for a garden or pasture. In localities like this, where gardening for the London market is carried on, laborers by the piece will make from \$7 50 to \$10 a week, but this takes long hours and hard labor.

Except in harvest time, when extra pay is given and extra work is exacted, the ordinary hours are ten, but in the winter months eight, and even seven hours' labor is the rule. The English peasant, like the lord, will have his time for rest and to eat, no matter what comes or goes, and a nap in the middle of the day is not unknown, especially if they are doing work by the job, which is frequently the way it is let out in this country.

#### THE COST OF LIVING.

The average wages here is, say, \$4 a week, but rent is low. The laborers get from a five to a seven-room house, with garden enough to raise vegetables for his family, for from 50 to 75 cents a week, and in some localities as low as 32 cents a week, and in a few as high as \$1. In fact, rents are so cheap that I cannot see where the landlord gets his return for his investment, but he undoubtedly does,

Taking this as a perfectly fair sample of the higher agricultural communities of England, it is but fair to look at the less favored localities. Going south from here 30 miles, I find that the wages run from \$2 75 a week to \$3 50, while mechanics labor for \$4. But in those places the cost of living is again lowered, and the rental of a house with garden runs from 36 cents to 50 cents a week, which about makes the score even Both in these favored agricultural communities, or in the darker places, such as may be found in our country in greater abundance than here, the economies practiced in the peasant's household are entirely unknown to our working people. At many, if not most, seasons of the year the family are all

#### THEY TAKE LIFE EASY.

A national habit affects the rich and the poor alike, and one of the most interesting things about a peasant's career is the man-ner in which he follows as nearly as possible in the customs of those who can live at their leisure. No one here likes to get up early in the morning, and no one cares about break:ast. The peasant is no excep-tion to the rule. He gets up early in the morning, leaving the folks in bed, takes a piece of bread, a glass of beer or milk or cold tea and goes off to his toil. It he is far away he takes his break ast and lunch with him, consisting of bread, bacon, a bot-

tle of beer or something else to drink.

Between 9 and 10 he stops a halt hour, eats and drinks whatever he has, and this to him is the same as the rich people's late breakfast. About 1 he stops again, eats the balance of what he has with him if too far away from home for his wife to send one of the children to the fields with something fresh. He then quietly resumes his work, to return home at night to find rendy for him a substantial meal of ment, vegetables, bread, and, as a rule, all the beer he needs. In fact, beer seems to be the mainstay of the laboring classes wherever

## TALKS WITH THE PEOPLE.

The other day I found a peasant in the field eating his lunch, and taking things exceedingly easy. When I suggested that one of our laborers would think his diet a very light one, he said: "Yes, my brother who has gone to America says that a man will not go to work there in the morning until he has a shilling's worth of meat in

An hour after I left him, I stopped at the home of a cottager by the roadside for a glass of milk, which was only an excuse to talk with the good woman who presided over the place in her husband's absence, and probably quite frequently when he was at hom. She said: "Good girls about the house usually get from £15 (\$75) to £25 (\$125) a year, according to the work they do and how smart they are. Cooks get £30 a year (\$150) according to how they please. A servant who is fit, and wants to work, can get a good home and good wages as a rule, but many of the young women are wild to to the city where they get harder

work and less wages than at home.' But the picture is not all a rosy one. I have always lound that hired labor is under the most favorable conditions now and then harshly treated. Many of the peasants' houses are overcrowded where the families are large, but they are never so overflowing that the homes are not pleasant, even if the depths of the household reveal unpleasant truths. Another thing of interest is that you can find very few of them wh would even consider the question of a trip to the New World, where such golden prom ises are made to the ear to be harshly broker FRANK A. BURR.

## WOMEN WITH MUSTACHES.

A Recipe for Getting Rid of the Surplus Hirsute Adornment.

Pharmaceutical Era. 1 Depilatories are very dangerous remedies unless kept in the hands of very careful persons. They are liable to not only take off the offending hair, but also the skin as well and leave ugly sores to heal and form sears. The Turkish women are said to be very proficient in the use of depilatories, as they have no hair on their bodies, with the exception of the head. Nearly all forms of depilatories depend upon some form of sulphides of the alkaline earths.

Probably the safest among the effective ones is made from the ordinary quick lime. It should be slacked with two parts of water and then saturated with freshly made sulphuretted hydrogen. This mixture must be used within a few days after it is made Care must always be taken to see that the paste does not cover more surface than it is necessary to free from hair. It is also a wise precaution to spread but a small space at a time and when this is deprived of hair

## WATER CLOCK AT CANTON

The Prosiac Time Recorder That Has Been Going for 560 Years. Jewelers' Weekly. )

The famous clepsydra, or water clock, at Canton, China, that has been keeping time for 560 years without loss or irregularity, is an affecting monument as viewed by a reverent or sentimental tourist. To the cold eye of reason it is only a clumsy arrangement of four stone jars placed one above another, and arranged with troughs from which the water runs drop by drop from one pot to an-

In the lowest and smallest jar a wooden float supports a brass rod that is lined and marked with Chinese characters, and as the

# WILDWOOD CHARMS.

Fair Daughters of October Who Cheer Up the Dying Forests.

FLOWERS AMID FALLING LEAVES.

Pretty Golden Rod That Tints the Glades, and Modest Bluets

THAT DOT THE SEERING HILLSIDES (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ) HE winter is approaching and leaves, millions of leaves, in all

> the hues of death. are fluttering to earth in thewoods these, October days. The soft breezes that come with a moan from the southwest bear with them : scent of sweet fern and the few wild flowers that are still with us.

Was there ever The Daisy. anything more fragrant? But zephyrs that are as balmy to-day as the breath of a forest nymph in the cheering warmth of the sunny autumnal skies may before the night is gone be changed to wild, warring winds, laden with gusts of beating rain, and the same trees that stand so immovable now may be toss ing weirdly to and fro in the grasp of the storm demons that roar and shrick through

Such is October. Such is the month that year in and year out, reads the death warrant or decree of exile to so many of those bright things that have made the past six months glorious. TWO HARDY SONGSTERS.

their baring branches.

As day follows day the sun drifts slowly and steadily in the direction the birds have taken long before; but hold; I will not say that, for although the first of the feathered



darlings started toward warmer zones at least two months ago, the occasional chirp of a chewink or veery in the thickets indi-

cates that all the birds have not yet departed. ot for long, however. At last there will come a day when the sky will be clouded over with a dull, gray gloom, except at one place where a long golden bar of light lies along the horizon.

It is then we will hear the veeries and chewinks for the last time. But we will not be left entirely alone.
The very first day that we listen in vain for
the merry tunes of the singers named, lo! the merry tunes of the singers named, lo! there comes the little snow bird with all his noisy twitterings to join his almost sole companion, the chicadee, in holding a chilly sort of vigil over the departed year. Some few other birds will remain with us,

### but we will not see much of them. OCTOBER WILD FLOWERS.

Now, who would think that this would be a good time to go after wild flowers in the neighboring woods? And yet it is. While the carpet of dead and withered leaves grows thicker under foot every day, there are certain of our native blooms that have just now reached the fruition of their

In nearly every corner of the crooked old fences that abound in the suburbs, one can see clump upon clump or golden-rod. Its rich tints are fading now, but it still has a claim to that beauty which has made it the pre-eminent candidate in the race for the nor of being this country's national flower -that is, if we are ever to have one. There the best argument so far, not alone from the fact that it is a pure native of the land but



Pretty Golden Rod.

that it is one of the grandest and most beau tiful of wild flowers. Its wealth of color vies with the sun in brilliancy and lights up the surroundings with life and fire at a time when everything is beginning to put on

IT GROWS ON YOU. The golden-rod is one of those flowers that improve on acquaintance. When first met with you are not likely to be much taken with it. Its bloom seems to be too yellow; its general appearance that of a weed, but, as time cose on you observe how well its as time goes on, you observe how well its rich glow mellows into the golden mists and purple shadows of the nutumn and you wonder how the landscape could do without

Just at this time it is turning into the softest of reds, tipped with silver, and if gathered will make the most charming of bouquets, lasting through this month and next. You will find other wild flowers at the same time, but not in such variety as caller in the same. ways reminded me of wide acres of ox-eyed daisies.

From Highland Hill, in the East End, which is 356 feet high, the windings of the Allegheny river through a vast extent of farming land may be followed without a glass.

L. E. STOFIEL.

But the daise through the same time, but not in such variety as marked with Chinese characters, and as the brass rod rises through the cover of the jar the course of the hours is seen. In this county families who own land and till it themselves, but he belongs to the next grade below them, and usually enjoys their respect and is quite a dignitary in the village burn.

Hoat supports a brass rod that is lined and marked with Chinese characters, and as the brass rod rises through the cover of the jar the course of the hours is seen. In this county families who own land and till it themselves, but he belongs to the next grade below them, and usually enjoys their respect and is quite a dignitary in the village burn.

by royal masses of golden-red and glorious asters, the latter ranging through the whole gamut of color from a regal purple to the most delicate of pinks and creams. They are in the greatest abundance, and in some places literally shut smaller plants com-pletely from view.

#### THERE'S VARIETY, TOO.

You can, if you will, give variety to your bouquet by adding some varrow. This little plant, with its dull white blossoms, will be recognized by its resemblance to chrysanthemums in miniature. Some soapwort gentian, with its deep blue flowers, will also be a reliable addition. valuable addition. You are not so likely to find this plant, however, as it is not nearly so common as any of the others mentioned. Even the well-known dandelion should not be despised now. You will be surprised to notice how rich is the yellow of its flowers now by reason of the absence of more

now by reason of the absence of more striking ones.

There is another plant, a dainty little orchid, that is just about to bloom now, and will be found throughout our woods during this month and November. It is a species of spiranthes, or "ladies tresses," The blooms are waxen white, and arranged an include the stock.

spirally about the stock.

Alder and witch bazel blossoms are now in full bloom. The former will be known by its bunch of red and yellowish tassels; the latter by its lemon-tinted wheels that



are to be found growing on the shrubs along the streams. Splendid big ox-eyed daisies are still holding forth; also a very occasional violet in the woods. In the early spring you will find thousands, nay, milions, where you can one at this late day.

BEAUTY UNAPPRECIATED. I am confident that most of our city folk are of the opinion that there are precious few wild flowers of any account in the neighboring woods. They have not formed this opinion from any good reason, but simply because they have never taken the trouble to investigate their surroundings. It is left for strangers to tell Pittsburgers how beautiful the setting of their city is. Go out into the suburbs and prove it for yourselves. Along either of our three rivers you will see bits that are equal to any in the neighborhood of the famed Hudson. The smaller streams present in places every bit as pretty studies as either of the Paint creeks at Scalp Level or that aw'ul named Connequenessing at Wurtemburg. The woods reveal vistas as lovely a sever greeted mortal eye anywhere. And in the proper season these same woods are made glad to the view by the presence of an innumerable congregation of wild flowers such as ver-vain, harebell, ginsengs, bellworts, silver-weeds and June succery, to say nothing of the blue and yellow violets and bluets

(houstonia) that greet you everywhere. WILL THRIVE IN YOUR SAUCER. By the way, there is a the dainty little plant last named that is worth mentioning. It is known to love the bright warm hillside where it can wink and blink at the sun the whole day long. You will find but few down near the water. But, take a bunch home and place it in a sauce on the window-sill, and in a short time is will brace up and bloom bravely for six or seven weeks. It is a beautiful little thing and there is no trouble in getting it during May;it will be found growing in great sheets on the hillsides to the southwest of the city Whether singly or in groups it is a most

pleasing sight.
We must not forget the wild roses, either. Perhaps most people know them best as sweet briar. Some of our local woods are just full of this growth, and but a few years since it bloomed profusely in the spring months, but of late the vandalism of our American youth has so weakened the shrubs by repeated wounds that few, if any, bloom nowadays.

### IT GILDS THE HILLSIDES. Of course everybody knows the common growth. The mandrake or "Mayapple," as it is best known, also puts forth a lovely

flower in the early springtime. It is a large waxen blossom of the purest white, with a rich orange or yellow center. In any of the woods, and particularly those to the southward of the city, they grow in abundance. There is one spot within half an hour's journey of the center of the city that is well worth a visit by those who love wild flowers It should be made, of course, during the early days of spring—the time when wild flowers are in their glory. The place re-the privacy of a stranger's apartments.

"Oh, no, thanks," he said. "I will the so kind the privacy of a stranger's apartments. from High Bridge, on the Pittsburg and Castle Shannon Railroad, to the borders of Knoxville. I do not know of any spot in

the county that presents any more charming bits of natural scenery than this at almost any time of the year. Through its entire length a little stream winds its way. and there it tumbles over miniature falls, either side the slopes are densely wooded. Beech, maple, sumach, cak, dogwood and crab-apple mingle in disorder.

### GARB OF THE SPRINGTIME. As soon as the snows have melted away

floral way, and even before that at times you will find in some sheltered nook a bunch of violets in full bloom. But, when at last the days of frost and cold are gone for good, the violets or "Johnny jump-ups" if you will have them so, come trooping forth in droves. With them you will find myriads of bluets, liver-worts, primroses, etc. At the same time the shrubs, not to be outdone by their lowly brethren, put on a garb of blossoms and eventually there comes a time when from the neighboring hilltops the little valley appears to be foliaged in white and pink, while its fragrance fills the air within a radius of

This is not the only place of the kind in this vicinity. I have mentioned it in par-ticular simply because it is so near the city. As I said before, it is worth a visit, and whoever does so will be convinced that there is no necessity for long trips if one wants pastoral scenery of the lovellest kind.

W. G. KAUFMANN.

## INDIAN BEFORE THE LAW.

White Man Gets Out of a Murder Scrap on a Novel Decision.

Judge Bryant has rendered a very portant opinion at Paris, Tex., in the case against Thomas McGhee, charged with murder. McGhee was a white man, but had married an Indian and was recognized by the Indians as a citizen, and allowed their tribal rights the same as an Indian.

Judge Bryant held that, under the treaties of the United States Government with the Indians, McGhee was in law an Indian and subject to the laws of his tribe, and that the courts of this country had no jurisdiction over offenses committed by him upon the person or property of another Indian,



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 XVII.

AND HAST THOU PLAYED ME THIS. And now in this time of urgency the appeal was to Maisrie herself; she it was who ture. Virtually he had her grandfather's permission to speak to her; and how could he doubt what her answer would be, in spite handkerchief to dry Maisrie's lashes and of all those strange and inexplicable lorebodings that seemed to haunt her mind? She had made mute confession; and now there remained nothing for him but to claim

and bear off the fair lily prize. found to his dismay that a sudden change of the heavy surge. And now they could in the weather was like to interfere in a get a better view of the wide and hurry-very practical manner with his audacious plans. During the night the wind had melting into a vivid green some way fur-ther out, and always and everywhere showbacked to the southwest, accompanied by a ling swift flashes of white, that seemed to sharp fall of the barometer; and now a stiff gale was blowing, and already a heavy sea was thundering in on the beach. There was as yet no rain, it is true; but along the southern horizon the lowering heavens were even darker than the wind-driven waters; and an occasional shiver of white sunlight that swept across the waves spoke clearly enough of coming wet. Was it not altogether too wild and stormy a morning to
hope that Maisrie would venture forth?

And yet he was going away that day—with
great uncertainty as to the time of his return; and how could be go without having in our condition. What chance is there of

full up, and the huge, brown, concave, white-crested waves, thundering down on the shelving shingle, filled all the thick air with spray; while light balls of foam went sailing away inland, tossed hither and must determine what definite bond should be between them as a safeguard for the future. Virtually he had her grandfather's ture. Virtually he had her grandfather's with a salt moisture; more than once Vincent stopped for a second and took his

head the fine wet threads of her brown hair, But soon they had got away from this roar ot water and grinding pebbles, and were out on the pier, that was swaying sinuously beand bear off the fair lily prize.

But when he got up next morning he its foundations under each successive shock gleam all the more suddenly and sharply where the weight of the purple skies dark-

where the weight of the purple skies darkened down to the horizon.

"Maisrie," said he, "do you know that I
spoke to your grandfather yesterday?"

"Yes," she answered. "He told me."

"And what did he say?"

"At first," she said, with a bit of a sigh,
"he talked of Balloray. I was sorry that



SHE CLUNG TO HIS ARM TIGHTLY. some private speech with her? Nor was there any prospect of a change of weather outside; the gale seemed to be increasing in tury; and he ate his breakfast in silence. listening to the long, dull roar and rever-

beration of the heavy-breaking surf. Nevertheless here was a crisis; and some thing had to be done; so about half-past ten he went along to the lodging-house in German place. The servant maid greeted this handsome young man with an approving glance; and informed him that both Mr. and Miss Bethune were in the parlor up-

"No, thank you," said he, in answer to snapdragon when he sees it, for all of our hills are dotted with the bright yellow want to see Miss Bethune by herself: would you ask her if she would be so kind as to come down stairs for just a moment-I won't

The girl divined the situation in an instant; and proved herself friendly. Without more ado she turned the handle of a door

"Won't you step in there, sir?-the gentleman 'as gone out." Vincent glauced into the little parlor. Here, indeed, was a refuge from the storm; but all the same he did not like to invade here, if Miss Bethune will be so kind as to

The girl went upstairs; returned with the li want to speak of you. I want you to conmessage that Miss Bethune would be down sider—what is best for you. And I undermessage that Miss Bethune would be down directly; then she disappeared, and Vincent was left alone in this little lobby. It was not a very picturesque place, to be sure, for an interview between two lovers; still, it would serve—especially if the friendly chambermaid were out of carshot, and if no prying landlady should come along. The gale outside was so violent that all the doors and windows of the house were shak-ing and rattling; he could not ask Maisrie

to face such a storm.
But in a second or so here was Maisrie herself, all ready appareled—hat, muff, gloves, boa and the furred collar of her

jacket turned up.
"Why, Maisrie," he said, "you don't mean you are going out on such a morning and I'm sure I should always think of it--it is far too wild and stormy!--"
"That is of no consequence," she made answer, simply. "I have something to say to you, Vincent—before you go."
"And I have something to say to you, Maisrie. Still," he continued, with some little hesitation (for he was accustomed to take charge of her and guard her from the

smallest harms), "I don't want you to get wet and blown about-" t and blown about-" threw away her hand from him. "I under-What does that matter?" she said. It stand now. But why not tell the truth at was not of a shower of rain that she was thinking. "Oh, very well," said he at last. "I'll

tell you what we'll do; we'll fight our way down to the sea front, and then go out to the end of the Chain pier. There are some places of shelter out there; and there won't be a living soul anywhere about on such a morning. For I am going to ask you to make a promise, Maisrie," he added in a lower voice, "and the sea and the sky will be suffi-

cient witnesses."
And truly this was fighting their way, as they discovered the moment they had lett the house, for the gusts and squalls that came tearing along the street were like to choke them. She clung to his arm tightly;

any such thing? We have no money to go to law, even if the law had not already deeided against us. Then grandfather's idea that the estates might come to us through some accident, or series of accidents—what is that but a dream? I am sure he is far more content when he forgets what might have been; when he trusts entirely to his own courage and self-reliance; when he is thinking, not of lost estates, but of some ballad he means to write about in the Edinburgh Chronicle. Poor grandfather!-and yet, who can help admiring his spirit-the very gayety of his nature—in spite of all his

"About me?" the girl repeated. "Well, it was his usual kindness. He said I was only to think of what would tend to my own happiness. Happiness?" she went on, rather sadly. "As if this world was made for hap-It was a strange speech for one so young one who, so far as he could make out, had been so gently nurtured and cared for.

"What do you mean, Maisrie?" said he

in his astonishment. Why should you not

"Yes, Maisrie-but-but what did he say

have happiness as well as another? can deserve it more than you-you who "I will wait are so generous and well-wishing to every-"I would rather not speak of myself at all, Vincent," she said. stand your position—perhaps more clearly than you imagine. You have made me think, of late, about many things; and now that you are going away, I must speak frankly. It will be difficult. Perhaps-

perhaps, if you were more considerate, Vincent—?"
"Yes?" said he. That Maisrie should have to beg for consideration!
"There might be no need of speaking," she went on, after that momentary pause, "If you were to go away now, and never see us any more, wouldn't that be the simplest thing? There would be no misunderstand-ing-no ill-feeling of any kind. You would think of the time we knew you in Londonas a pleasant time; perhaps something too good to last. I have told you before; you must remember what your prospects are— what all your friends expect of you—and you will see that no good could come of hampering yourself—of introducing some-one to your family who would only bring

difficulty and trouble." "Yes, I understand!" he said, and he once-that you do not love me-as I had been fool enough to think you did!"

"Yes, perhaps I do not love you," she said in a low voice. "And yet I was not thinking of myself. I was trying to think of what was best for you-"
Her voice broke a little, and there were tears gathering on her eyelashes, seeing which made him instantly contrite. He

caught ber hand again.
"Maisrie, torgive me! I don't know why "Maisrie, lorgive me! I don't know way
you should talk like that! If I have your
love I do not lear anything that may happen in the future. There is nothing to fear.
When I spoke to your grandlather yesterday afternoon, I told him precisely how I
was situated; and I showed him that, grant-

choke them. She clung to his arm tightly; but her skirts were blown about her and impeded her; the two ends of her boa went fiving away over her shoulders, while her hair was speedily in a most untoward state—though her companion thought it was always prettier that way than any other. Nevertheless they leant forward against the wind and drove themselves through if, and eventually got down to the sea front. Here, again, they were almost stunned by the terrino roar, for the tide was promise—will you be my wife?"