wilver plates on their chests, and they were "Worshipful Wardens" of the guild.

charming oratory, and then a flourish o horns sounded from without, and the door

them all, bowed low and exclaimed: "My Lord, My Lady, Worshipful Master and Gentlemen, his lordship is served."

SURROUNDED BY EX-KINGS.

joining chamber and seated ourselves at a long table massed with gold plate. Not

other lady, a sister of Lady Isaacs. The luncheon included the traditional turtle

ence of a right noble company of civic dig-nitaries by a remark I made to my neigh-

We followed, two and two, into an ad-

half glass of heated milk, into which they pour the coffee. I don't know why they inaist on serving my coffee in a glass, and I cannot talk enough of the lingo to find out.

DON'T LIKE THE HOURS. A good breakfast is served from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., where I am living at the "Del-monico's" or "Chamberlin's," of Para, kept nehman, and which is patronized by the English and American residents Through this association I manage to get what I want from the bills of fare. Everything is served by plates or courses; and everybody drinks claret, genuine Brazil aret, at their meals, which is also an extra charge. I find no fault with the French Portuguese cooking, but I kick every day against going out in the boiling sun for breaktast at 11 A. M. and dining after dark.

But one is never satisfied in this world. As a boy, at home, and in later years also when I had to rise and dress in the cold of a winter morning, before day break, I used to complain about the hardships of having to "get up in the night to eat breakfast" by candle light; and here I have a chance to sleep till noon and cannot appreciate it. It occurs to me that everything is done by contraries here. To get into a cool climate you go south. The rule of the road is to turn to the left, and street cars are always on the

COURTESIES OF THE BRAZILIANS. When gentlemen friends meet after an absence, or are about to separate, they embrace each other warmly, each giving the other three pats on the back. When the ladies meet, they kiss each other on one cheek and then turn the other. A very elever Brazilian to whom I have talked about the customs, assured me that he never kissed his wife until after his marriage; and all know that we reverse that sort of thing; with us all the kissing is done before marry-ing, and not after. The ladies wait for the gentlemen to recognize them first as I discovered to my embarrassment. Now I list my but to almost all the ladies, and receive a pleasant smile and nod in acknowledgment. The cultivated Brazilian at home is and polite as a Frenchman, of whom I am

frequently reminded by them.
The life of a Consul in the tropics is not necessarily the "unhappy lot" it has been pictured in this correspondence, as much depends upon the character and habits of the man as on that of the position he fills. The duties are, as a rule, light, and in general terms confined to looking after the interests of American trade and weltare of American seamen.

ONE OF THE CONSUL'S DUTIES. The other day a blustering big tellow, full of eachsea, or the rum of the country, come to the consulate, and in a loud man-ner demanded relief in the way of some casy. When I mildly intimated that the Government did not send me out here to play battender or to make a gin mill of the con-sulate, he rolled up his shirt sleeves, showing a brawny arm, tattooed all over with sallors' emblems, and declared that either I or him had got to die. I kept my seat, but quietly opened a drawer in which I keep an American revolver, and cooled him down by observing that I hoped he wouldn't put me to the expense of paying his funeral exenses out of my slender salary, or of maka report to the department of the

effects" he was wearing. He left, and, when sobered up, called apologize, and declared he would ght for the American Consul; and I beleve he would. On another occasion a roung Irishman was sent to me by the ish Cousul with the request that I would send him to New York on the American ship sailing that day. When I reminded him that it was the duty of the English Consul to take care of Irish subjects of Great Britain, he left muttering curses on

the English Government,

Soon after he called in, and declared himself an American seaman in distress. I sus-perted that he had been advised by some one an was attempting to beat his free transit by our ship; but he had been so well coached that all the questions that I could put failed to disconcert him. I gave him a note to the captain of the ship, with a request to allow him to work his passage, which was gracefully granted; and when I told the Irishman a go aboard the American ship he was so me with gratitude that he reached tempted to kiss me, but I escaped.

ooking vainly and sorrowfully over the Amezon toward the North Star, which now, as ever, is just below our horizon. I heard a he rear of the large building hummine, or plaintively singing, that dear old Away Down Upon the Suwance 'Always passionately fond of music. especially of this character, I was strongly attracted toward the voice, expecting to find an American, who, like myself, was "iar, far away" from home. Instead, however, I overed that the sweet sounds came from about as unprepossessing looking a colored man as I've ever seen. Though he had a willainous expression on his countenance when in repose, yet when he discovered that he was talking to an American recently from the South, he granned all over his face with Bayard's or Evarts', and this is the way it the South, he grinned all over his face with

THE SONGSTER HOMEWARD BOUND.

I ascertained that he was an American citizen, born and raised on a plantation near Savaenah, Ga., had been to sea some years and came out here in an English ship of the

When I asked him if he didn't want to go bome he said: "I done left thar like a fool dr. his yer, and den't never speek to git back an When I offered to send him home is an American seaman he was filled o overflowing with gratitude, and has come in the consulate every day since, with hat in d, bowing and stailing, while he offers his services to the Consul.

It is a true story, and the colored Ameri-can leaves on the steamship Advance, carrying with him several Brazilian parrots as presents to some lady triends at home. I we sent also a number of the beautiful burs," for mounting, as well as some the rich and rare leathers of the Eigretta ed, and a number of leaves of the gold and silver and velvet plants. I mention these to say that I can supply duplicates to friends. There was also sent to the zoological garden at Washington a rare monkey from the upper Amazon, with a beard and a peculiar caudal appendage.

J. O. KERBEY.

QUEER POSTOFFICES,

A Gleaner of the Curious Makes a Quaint Collection of Postal Names. New York Telegram.]

A postoffice town in Vermont is called Brend Loat. In Alabama can be found Big Coon, Coal

Fire and Red Rose, Kansas boasts of a Cheese Man, a May Day and a Pon Corp.

Old Virginia has an Alone, a Negro Foot and an Old Hundred. Kentucky has Back Bone, Hard Money,

Apple Tree and Paw Paw.
Michigan has a Waltz, None Such and Cob Moo Sa for posteffices, In Georgia is Dirt Town, Alligator, Fish,

Cold Water, Pay Up and Cut Off. Texas has Adieu, Baby Head, Benzine, Cotton Gin, Cowboy and Stranger.
In Arkansas is a postoffice called Good Luck and another called Sweet Home. A Chain of Rocks is a post town in Misurl and Medicine is also located there. North Carolina postoffices are called

Charity, Prosperity and Forks of Pier In this State are a Promised Land, a and Post, Good Ground and Half Moon Indiana has Art, Mud Lick, Potato Creek, Pinkamink, No, Go Soon Over, Don Juan and Toll Gate.

The Way to Rise.

New York Ledger.] The man who is not content with merely fulfilling orders, but who puts his mind into his own work, arranging its details, devising methods to speed and perfect it, and ng his intelligence as well as his hands in performing it, is sure to rise. The better quality of work he performs will soon be appreciated, and his success and promotion

The Succulent Reptile Weighs Down the Tables of the Epicures of the Capital City.

A CROP WORTH TWO MILLIONS.

Once a Cart Load Could be Bought for a Dellar, but New They Come at Sixty Dollars a Dozen.

STATESMEN ARE ALL GOOD LIVERS.

Senators Average 175 Pounds and Every New Mar Proceeds to Get Fat Promptly.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WASHINGTON, November 22 .- The terrapin season has just opened, and some of

the finest diamond backs ever known are now for sale in Washington. They bring higher prices than ever, and a number of the sales made for the Thanksgiving dinner of this week range from \$50 to \$60 per dozen. Almost any kind of a genuine terrapin is worth \$2 50, and the average price paid here is about \$36 per dozen. The markets of Washington and Balti-

more consume more terrapin than those of any two other cities of the country, and the demand is always greater than the supply. This year there promises to be a scarcity in the market, and the output of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries will not be over 750,000. This number, however, at \$3 apiece, figures up a total of \$2,250,000, which is a large amount to pay for turtles. There are to-day something like 1,000 men fishing for terrapins along the Chesapeake

CATCHING THE BEAUTIES

The turtles roost in the coves and along the shores. They are caught in nets and it is by no means an easy thing to make a good hand. The terrapin are noted for their curiosity. The hunters anchor their boats near where they suppose them to be lying and then by tapping on the sides of the boat make a noise which causes them to rise to the surface. As soon as they appear they are caught in a hand net and jerked into the boat. The animals live in the mud and the hunters poke about in the slime with three-pronged forks until they move them into drag nets, which they have spread over the places where they suppose them to be. Sometimes the oystermen catch them when they are dredging for ovsters and they are

shipped here in barrels.

They are sold alive and they are fed regularly after they are captured until they take their places on the tables of the statesmen. Terrapin are found in North and South Carolina and elsewhere, but the very best terrapin in the world comes from the mouth of the Potomac and along the shores of the Chesapeake, where the Patuxent river empties into it.

WHAT DIAMOND BACKS EAT.

They live on water celery, water cress and other grasses, and do not object to a good bite of fish when they can get it. Many of the animals are shipped from here to New York and Philadelphia and crates of them are sent to London every year. When Reverdy Johnson was sent as minister to England on a very important mission he took a lot of terrapin along with him to use at the big dinners which he proposed to give. He also took the famous negro cook, Wormley, the man who established one of the biggest hotels in Washington, and who left about \$100,000, all made out of tickling other

men's stomachs, with him.

Wormley was a famous terrapin cook, and he dished up the turtles to the Queen's taste. Every one in London talked about the American Minister's dinners, and his diplomatic mission was successful. Since across my desk, as I shook his hand, and at- that time, however, there has been a regular demand for terrapin in the London market, while scated in the consulate, and a number of our diplomats are having the toothsome reptiles shipped to them. saw an order yesterday from the consul at Dresden for a dozen, and I understand that they frequently appear on Minister Reid's

FIT SENATORIAL STOMACHS. There is hardly a Senator of the United States who is not fond of terrapin. Bayard has gained more notoriety for his terrapid cooking than even for his statesmanship and I understand that Senator Evartsknow just how to dress and cook a terrapin so as make it equal to the very best product of ohn Chamberlin. Congressman Gibson, of Maryland, has a recipe for cooking terra

The first thing is to cut off the terrapin's head. As the reptile lies dormant in the water you may at first plance see no head to cut off, and you will need to touch its back with a red hot from. As the flesh begins to sizzle, the head will protrude, and you will then seize it with a two-timed fork behind the jaws and cut it off just behind the fork. You will then set the just behind the fork. You will then set the terrapin upon end so as to allow the blood to drain out. It will not bleed much. Next drop it into a pot of boiling water, leave it there an hour, and then turn it on its back and remove the bottom shell. If this is easy to do, the terrapin is thoroughly cooked, and you have now only to take out the gall duct. This is in the center of the liver, and after it is out all the rest of the meat is eatable. After taking the meat from the larger bones, you put it and the remainder into a chafing dish with a half teacupful of warm water. As it simmers you add half a pint of butter and a little pepper and salt, and the dish is fit for the king. Some people like to add a little sherry wine, but this should never be put in while the meat is in the chafing dish.

chating dish. FAMOUS TERRAPIN FARMS.

Of late years a number of terrapin farms have been started along the Chesapeake, and Senator Bayard is said to be the pro-prietor of one or them. The biggest farm is on the Patuxent river, and it consists of a large salt water lake, which could accommodate thousands of terrapin if they would breed as rapidly as was desired. The farmer has surrounded this lake with board fences to keep out the muskrats and foxes, which are the terrapin's enemies. He has made hatcheries of boxes partly filled with sand, and so arranged that when the females enter them they cannot get out until they are

He has nurseries for young terrapin, and he keeps the little ones in here until they are 10 months old, in order to preserve them from their fathers. The older terrapin are as fond of good living as a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. They are cannibals, and they sometimes eat their own children when they are young and juicy. After the young are 10 months old they are able to take care of themselves, and there no danger of their being destroyed. With the increase in the price of terrapin, terrapin farming ought to become profitable. Years ago they were a drug on the market. Sen-ator John M. Clayton, of Delaware, once

bought a cart load for \$1. OFFICIAL LIFE AS A FAT PRODUCER The demand for such an expensive article as terrapin in Washington, calls attention to the fact that the most of our public men are epicures. There is hardly a man in the United States Senate who has not fattened up since he came to Washington. Senator Spooner weighed 125 pounds when he was elected. Small as heis, he now weighs 160, and he still is not a circumstance to his colleague, Philetus Sawyer, who is as broad as he is long, and whose "fat round belly shakes like a bowl of jelly" whenever he

Sawyer began life working at less than \$1 a day, and he can now get away with a din-ner at \$10 a plate, with as much satisfaction as Senator Eustis; who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and who ha feasted like Lucullus from boyhood until now. Senator Allison has gained 50 pounds since he came here, and Senator Manderson is fast developing a front equal to that of Supreme Court Justice. Senator Gorman is growing fat. Frank Hiscock weighs 225

ounds, and his cheeks fairly buige out with

ON CATMEAL AND MILK. Gray, of Delaware, is much plumper than when he came here, and George Frisby Hosr, though he claims to live on oatmeal and milk, is one of the hest rounded-out men in our House of Lords. George Vest is heavier than he was two years ago. Leland Stanford spent the summer at the German Springs, in order to reduce his avordupois, and Plumb, Vance and Vest are putting on flesh. Edward Wolcott is naturally portly. Stockbridge, of Michigan, weighs 280 pounds and Reagan, of Texas, pulls the beam at 220. Quay is no light weight. Moody is gaining, and Eugene Hale shows the effects of good living.

The only lean men in the Senate are those who could not get fat under any condition. Ingalls does not vary a sound in weight from one year's end to the other. He is all muscle and grit. Evarts eats enough for five men, but it all goes into brain, and the most lenient Shylock could not find a pound of flesh on any part of his body. Senator Chandler is dyspeptic. He worries too much to fatten, and Turpie, of Indiana, is made on much the same order. Don Cameron looks better than he did a year ago

A VERY HIGH AVERAGE. The average weight in the United States Senate is at least 175 pounds, and the easy life, the universal good fellowship and the surety of having \$100 a week for six years, as a rule, tends to produce good healtn and tatness. It is not so much so in the House. Reverses like that of the recent election come so often that the tenure of office is by no means certain, and it is only old stagers

like Tom Reed who gain in weight. The Supreme Court is even more of a fatproducer than the Senate, and there is not Judge on the bench, with the exception of Bradley who is not a heavy weight. John M. Harlan weighs at least 250 pounds. He is 6 feet tall, and his complexion is rosv as that of a 2-year-old baby. He has an arm as big as the ordinary man's thigh, and he as oig as the ordinary man's thigh, and he appears to be healthy from in to out. It is the same with Justice Gray. Brewer is increasing in weight, Justice Field shows the effects of good living, and our Chief Justice, Mr. Fuller, though he is short, is fast getting one of those fat, round stomachs which has for years been the emblem of his class.

EVEN PRESIDENTS GET FAT. The White House, with all its worries, does not seem to make its occupants thin. President Arthur gained while he was in it. Cleveland had to go through private gymnastics in order to keep down his avoirdupois, and President Harrison has become one of the chief pedestrians of Washington for the same reason. Whether it is cold or warm, whether it is wet or dry, he takes his consti-

tntional at a three-mile-an-hour pace every day, and he appears to be as healthy as any man in Washington.

The oldest man in Washington is supposed to be George Bancroft, who is as old as the century, and who, I am told, is failing rapidly. He has given up his literary work, and spends much more of his time within doors than he has ever done before. Three years ago he told me that he could ride on horsebock 30 miles at a time without tiring. He has been doing no riding at all this fall, and he seems to have given up the long walks that he took last winter. He is not, however, the oldest man in Washington. There is a rare old character who haunts the leading Washington hotels night

and who is now 98 years of age. ONCE A CHEROKEE CHIEF This man's name is Arnaud, or Arnot, and he has had a life as wild and varied as that of any hero of fiction. He was born in West Virginia, and he tells me that he ran away from the Block House, where his parents lived, and joined the Indians at the age of 13. He was for a time a Cherokee Chief, and he was a contractor here at the time that Jackson was President. He has seen all the Presidents back to Jefferson,

alter night, who says he was born in 1792,

and Washington died when he was 7 years Before the building of the Pacific Railroad he ran a pony express across the plains, and of late years he has been employed in the Government departments. He is a thrifty man, and appreciates, I am told, the value of interest, and his chief business now is lending money to Government employes at a high rate of monthly interest. One of the most remarkable things about him is his dress, and this attracts atto him wherever he goes

A WONDERFUL DRESSER.

He wears an old-fashioned, shad-bellied coat, with brass buttons, a ruffled shirt, a low out vest and enrionsly out nantaloous which come down over patent leather pumps decorated with large silver buckles. He wears a silk hat, a white collar and a white stock, and he has a gold watch fob hanging out from under his vest, to which is attached gold seal, as big around as a trade dollar. He is not a pious old man, and he has not a high opinion of the Presidents and the statesmen of to-day. He says they are pigmies compared with the great men of his routh, and he speaks of the abilities of Cleveland and Harrison in terms that are

far from complimentary.

He attributes his ripe old age to a good constitution and freedom from doctors. He both smokes and chews, says he has drank enough whisky to float a ship, and has mar-ried three wives and buried them all. He tells me that his health is perfect, and that he expects to live to be at least 110. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

PACTS CONCERNING WOLVES.

Their Points of Identity With and Difference From the Dog.

lemple Bar.) The natural enmity which subsists be ween dogs and wolves is a characteristic which is recalled by the antipathy shows by every good watch-dog toward strangers of his own race; but that wolves should devour dogs certainly savours somewhat of cannibulism, for these friends and foes of man are in fact two branches of the same family, as is proved to the satisfaction of naturalists by their identity in various important char acteristics, though sundry minor points of such as that

difference are noted, in drinking a dog laps, whereas a wolf sucks, and in biting the wolf gives a rapid succession of vicious snaps, instead of the firm, retaining hold which generally characterizes the bite of a healthy dog. The character of the bark also differs greatly, the honest dog-bark being replaced by a short snapping, while the wolf voice is chiefly exerted in pro-ducing dismal howls.

As regards external appearance, the con mon wolf with his shaggy coat bears a much closer resemblance to a Collie dog than the latter does to most other branches of the dog tribe, though the cruel, treacherous ex pression of the obliquely-set eyes betrays how different is the wolf-spirit from tha which looks out through the kind, true eyes of the faithful dog. Yet there have be instances of domestical wolves which have formed a strong attachment to their human owners, while on the other hand we have to confess that the dog-race does include both savage and cowardly individuals.

Justly Indignant.

Detroit Free Press.] An alderman of Brazil, Ind., went up t Chicago, and was gone two days. On his return no reporter, no band, no crowd met him in welcome, and he pulled off his coat and licked two men, and smushed up the fixtures in a saloon. They won't neglect him again.

She Can't Say.

Detroit Free Press.1 Susan B. Anthony, being asked if she really believed that her work for 30 years had been of any benefit to women, replied that she had no proofs that it had, and she was sorry that she hadn't devoted her life to raising hollyhocks with a green flower.

Detroit Free Press.]

"That will cost this road \$20,000," said s tramp who was kicked by a Union Pacific freight conductor, and he kept his word by starting a fire in a big coal pile. The tramp keeps his word in everything but work.

ISAACS TO GOURLEY The Lord Mayor of London Inquires After Pittsburg's Ruler.

A VISIT TO THE EX-CELEBRITY.

Gorgeous Flunkles and Extravagant Appointments of the Mansion House.

DAZZLING SCENES AT A CEREMONY

were thrown open, and an army of flunkies lined the walls, and one of the flunkiest of LONDON, November 14. CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 ARDLY can an American be expected to imbibe. except by slow more than 40 persons were present includ-degrees, the full ing the Lord and Lady Mayoress and one exalted magnificence of London's cence of London's soup with green fat, no better and no worse chief magistrate, than is served in all American restaurants, and so, when I but an expensive luxury in England.

I soon discovered that I was in the pres received, a few day's ago, an invitation to call at | bor, a pleasant old gentleman with a large the Mansion House, that is the official residence of the Lord Mayor.

I was not only altogether unprepared for the gor-A Beautiful Flunky. geous state I was about to behold, but not by any means sufficiently grateful for the honor that was

to be done unto me. The cable service of THE DISPATCH has already told of the inauguration last Monday of the present occupant of the seat of Dick Whittington, and also regaled you with the wise utterances of Queen Victoria's prime minister on the defeat of Mc-Kinley and other things, while dining at the Lord Mayor's table. I will accordingly content myself by writing round the portrait of Lord Mayor Savory some account of my feelings and impressions while in the presence of Lord Mayor Isaacs, the retiring chief magistrate.

A BEAUTIFUL FLUNKY. I rang the visitors' bell, and had hardly time to give a regulation twist to my neck-



Lord Moyor Savory. servant who seemed to be coad entirely in a scarlet waistcoat, replied to my timid in-quiry that "'is lordship was h'in." I presented my card, and the next moment I was mounting a grand staircase behind a pair of silken calves united with velvet breeches, continuing to a dark velvet coat and a head of hair covered with white powder, which happened to be the rear view of a mass of gold lace and cream silk, hiding and adorn-ing the limbs and figure of a flunky more beautiful than even the prince who married

Cinderella. Kindness itself was this creature of splendor, and, as he ushered me into a great apartment which seemed like a hall of golden thrones, he was even good enough to comment on the weather before he retired with my name to his exalted master. I stood nervously twiddling my hat and began to picture in what state of gorgeousness his lordship would dawn upon my view. I had a vagu: feeling that blue and red fire would precede him, and just as I was wondering why drums and trumpets did not

upon my expectant ears the beautiful flunky came back. INQUIRED AFTER MAYOR GOURLEY. Taking a dozen steps into the room with military precision he gave a half turn, stood at "attention" and shouted: "The Right Honorable Sir Enery H'Aaron H'Isaacs, Lord Mayor," and then I was greeted with the vision or a dignified gentleman of pronounced Hebraic appearance, clad in an ordinary every-day frock coat and common or garden trousers, who extended his hand cor-dially and remarked, "from Pittsburg, I understand. How's Lord Mayor Gourley

A few moments' conversation ensued, in which Sir Henry asked several questions regarding American industries, and then, eviently reading the desire on my face, he told me that later in the day a presentation of some gold cups was to be made to him by one of the city guilds, and if I liked to be present his lordship would be glad to see me at the luncheon following the ceremony. I expressed my gratified acceptance and



then bowed myself out, being conducted lown the stairs by another flunky equally as beautiful as the first. A DAZZLING SCENE.

At 1 o'clock I was again at the mansion. and this time I was received by the hall porter with an approving smile, so I slipped 2 shillings in his hand while he was r ing my overcoat. I was passed from flunky to flunky until I found myself in a drawing room half filled with men gazing respectfully at a scene progressing at the further end of the chamber, and there, standing in a semi-circle, was all the majesty of a semi-circie, was all the majesty of England's metropolis. In the center was the Lord Mayor attired in scarlet robes and wearing a chain of gold half a foot wide. By his side stood the Lady Mayoress. Next to his lordship a gentleman in scarlet and gold, wearing a cocked hat with plumes and leaning on a sword, shaped and in size like the weapon of a Crusader. Next to her ladyship a wonderful being in dark robes and furs, and wearing on his head a cap that looked like a large lady's muff standing endwise. He was leaning on a glittering mace. These were the City Marshal or sword-bearer, and the Remembrancer or mace-bearer. Then on either side stood a pair of gentlemen in court dress with steel-hilted swords and black silk stockings

THE LESSER LIGHTS One of each pair were in addition a heavy

A LAND OF WONDERS. chain across his shoulders, and these I subsequently learned were the sheriffs and un-der sheriffs of London and the county of

Middlesex. Addressing the Lord Mayor was a benevolent looking old gentleman with a big silver plate over his heart, and he was the "Worship'ul Master" of the Remains of Inca Engineering in Irrigating Western Peru. guild making the presentation. Behind him stood two more gentlemen with smaller

RUINS ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDES. The Lord Mayor was "graciously" pleased to receive the three splendid loving cups of gold-plate, and expressed his thanks with

An Indian Race That Has Withstood Civilization's Ravages.

TALE OF GIANTS PROM THE PACIFIC

PROBRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. 1. PALPA. PERU. October 6 .- Our main object in tarrying at this out-of-the-way Acadia was to make it the starting point of several excursions; for the little casis, surrounded on all sides by desert sands, is in the midst of a most interesting region. First we paid a visit to San Xavier, one o finest estates on the ocean-side of Peru, which lies about 12 miles from Palpa, beyond a range of low and sandy hills.

In former times San Xavier belonged to the Jesuits, as did also the plantations of Yea and Canate, and all their property was worked by negro slaves. In those days this one vineyard produced never less than 70,000 arrobas of liquor per annum, which sold for from \$5 to \$7 the arroba, the present price being only \$2. It was under the ent price being only \$2. It was under the highest possible state of cultivation and enormously valuable when seized by the colonial authorities in 1767, by order of the Spanish Viceroy Aranda; but since that death blow its productiveness has steadily decreased, and a few years ago it was purchased from the Government by Senor Don Domingo Elias, a gentleman famous in Peru for owning pretty much all this part of the

Nasca, which descends from the Sierras by

an easy slope and gradually widens as it

gation. Though covered with rich hacien-

das, yielding marvelous crops of grapes,

the lovely valley would have been no better than the surrounding deserts. Long before

the arrival of the destroying Spaniards they had contended with the arid obstacles and

executed a work here which is almost un

IRRIGATION OF THE INCAS.

yards there are ojos or small holes by which

GREAT COTTON ESTATES.

water, with machinery for separating the seed, and presses for packing the cotton.

The product is all sent to Lomas, a little

port that has been opened expressly for it.

across 30 or more miles of desert. It goes

on mule back, each animal carrying two

cotton is then piled on a large raft, which

is launched in the heavy surfand so brought alongside the waiting vessel. Not less than 40,000 quintals of it are annually

shipped here from San Jose and Lacra

On the side of one of the mountains that

overhang Nasca are some aboriginal ruins

which are well worth visiting. A lane,

shaded by orange and fig trees, leads up

from the modern town to the ancient city of

the dead, near the long-deserted gold mine

of Cerro Blauco. It was built in terraces on the steep hillside, near the southern edge of

the valley. The walls are all of stones, un-

like most of the ruins in this part of Peru,

the houses were large, and many of the spa-cious rooms seem to have been surrounded by queer little niches, each doorless closet,

just large enough to hold a traditional skel-

A PICTURE OF DESOLATION.

On an isolated hill, perhaps artificial

precisely in the middle of the main group of

part of which are still standing, inclose what

was evidently a vast palace or temple. Such a picture of hopeless desolation it

would be hard to find elsewhere, but the

view from the parapet wall is striking. Not

a sign of animal life is seen, and the silence of the grave prevails. The valley below looks like a broad, green river, winding its

way through sandy deserts to the sea. There

are no traditions of the place beyond the historical fact that this valley, in common

with the rest of them, from Pisco down to the dominions of the great Chima, were first

subjugated by the Incas in the time of Pachacutec, whose son, the renowned Prince

Yupauqui, proved the superiority of the

armies of the Sun in many a fierce battle

with the Yuma Indians.

Not many miles distant is the much

larger collection of ruins which archmolo-gists have dubbed "The Fortress of Hervey." They are on the summit of a

steep hill, covering a projecting point of land that overlooks the sea. The extensive

remains are distinctly divided into two

parts, that farthest from the ocean inclosed

with an enormous wall, wide enough on top

outside about five feet high. This parapet stands at the edge of a cliff, rising perpen-dicularly some 40 feet above the plain, and

is partly faced with huge bricks of adobe.

WHERE THE INCAS DWELT.

Entering through a breach in the wall,

the latter 16 feet high measured from the inside, one finds nine large chambers, all

for two men to walk abreast, with a parape

ruins, was the fortress, whose massive walls

bales, weighing 175 pounds apiece.

clear away any obstruction.

the Incas.

equaled in the history of irrigation.

SOME RARE OLD WORK. The San Xavier manor house is large and

The Mansion House, well furnished, with apartments as long and lotty as so many public halis, surrounded by a stone corridor whose massive columns "I wonder how it feels to be an ex-Lord Mayor," I ventured. "Oh, all right," was the reply. "I'm one, and there's another, and another one." Dear support a series of round arches. On one side are extensive wine presses and storeme, I was in a complete salad of London rooms and on the other a handsome old church, which was built by the Jesuits about the middle of the last century. There is some remarkably fine wood carving on the

kings and ex-kings! The luncheon came to an end with toasts to the Queen, the Lord Mayor, and to the master of the guild, and then the loving cup pulpit and altars of this now seldom-seen circulated, and with a grasp of the hand to each one as he passed, the Lord Mayor dissanctuary, while a score of old portraits of fathers of the order in splendid gilt frames missed us.

FULL OF DIGNITY.

The whole affair did not lack for one moment in dignity, but on the other hand, the cordial geniality was so apparent that it was impossible not to feel entirely at ease. I was presented to the Lady Mayoress, and learned that as she had a title prior to her husband mounting the civic throne, it was correct to call her "Lady Isaacs."

My artist has given a good idea of the hall portice in the initial, and also a glimpse of the Mansion House where the inauguration banquet took place. There are also por traits of the new Lord Mayor in his robes and of Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris, hitherto known as Londou's leading theatrical manager. The coach seen in Monday's pro-cession is the State vehicle, and is only used on great occasions. Under ordinary cir-cumstances his lordship drives in a halfgold coach, with three flunkies standing up behind. The sheriffs also drive in gorgeous coaches wherever they go during their year or office, whether to a private dinner, or a public ceremony, and their lower rank is denoted by only two beautiful flunkies hanging on behind.

USES OF THE FLUNKIES. It is customary, whenever the Lord Mayor the sheriffs are invited to dinner, for the flunkles to go with their masters and to stand behind their chairs at table. Indeed more ceremonial hedges around a prince of London City than around any royal prince in the world, and I believe it would be

difficult to impress upon a cockney that any bigger personage existed anywhere than his Royalty itself adds much to the exaltation of the civic office by the honor paid to the chief magistrate. He is an extra member of the Privy Council during his year of in case of sudden revolution or demise of the Sovereign. He also enjoys the rank and precedence of an earl at court; that is, he ntranks barons and viscounts and con directly after marquises. At the end of his ear of office, however, his glory goes from him, and he even has to be re-presented to the sovereign, who for a brief space treated him almost as an equal. A. C. B.

SECURING HIS ANNUITY

The Celebrated Peter Pindar Was To Sharp for His Publisher That Time.

From the Scottish American.] Dr. Walcot, the celebrated "Peter Pindar." was an eccentric character, and had a great many queer notions of his own. A good story is told by one of his cotemporaries of the manner in which he once tricked his publisher. The latter, wishing to buy the copyright of his works offered him a life appuity of £200. The doctor, learning that the publisher was very anxious to purchase, demanded £300. In reply, the latter appointed a day on which

would call on the doctor and talk the matter over. On the day assigned the doctor received him in his dressing gown, even to the night cap, and, baving aggravated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face by purposely abstaining from the use of razor for som days, he had all the appearance of a candidate for quick consumption. Added to this the crafty doctor assumed a hollow and most sepulchral cough, such as would excite the pity of even a sheriff's officer, and make a

rich man's heir crazy with joy.

The publisher, however, refused to give more than £200, till suddenly the doctor broke out into a violent fit of coughing, which produced an offer of £250. Thi the doctor peremptorily refused, and was seized almost immediately with another even more frightful and longer pro tracted attack that nearly sufficated him when the publisher, thinking it imposs that such a man could live long, raised his offer, and closed with him at £300. The old rogue lived 25 or 30 years afterward.

SHE LEFT IT OUT.

Story Concerning a Browning Birthday Boo Which Omitted His Birthday. An amusing, if trivial, circumstance marked my next visit to Robert Browning, says a writer in Time. Among my friends counted a very clever woman, who, with me, was a Browning lover; and her enthusi asm had led her to the compilation of manuscript birthday book, wherein-in pleasant variation of a too familiar custom

-a quotation from his poems was set agains each day.
This I took to him at her request to ge his autograph. He seemed rather toucher by such apparent devotion-for the compila-tion of the book must have been no light labor-and willingly sat down to write hi name. He turned over the pages to find his own date, but seemingly without success
At last he turned to me with something very like a grin of amusement, and said "Look here, the girl has actually left out my birthday!" So she had. One page fin-ished on the 6th of May, the next began on the 8th, while the 7th was omitted alto

The poet crammed his name in at the corner, amiably enough; but he did not for some time forget the really curious coinciwhich the lady had om one day in the year which she held in most

Say They Are Misrepresented

American newspaper correspondents find great enthusiasm among Canadians for annexation, but when the Canadians do the hunting they can't find 'em. They say that not one man in ten really favors the idea.

On the other sade of the carlot find from the content of a palace, or temple, and not one man in ten really favors the idea.

only be conjectured, all of which were probably among the first which the Incas erected on the Pacific coast. Though built of adobes, huge bricks lying scattered all around in wildest confusion, their general resemblance to the architecture of Cuzco, Limatambo,

and other Incarial strongholds, proves their ideatity beyond a doubt.

AN ODD BACE OF INDIANS. The next village, across a long strip of desert, is Chilea, a collection of cane huts surrounding a fine old church, in no way re-markable, except for being inhabited by a race of Indians, who, in this isolated oasis of the wilderness, have managed to resist oppression from every source and to preexample of their character is related by a recent explorer. His soldier escort was so unwise as to get into a wrangle with the Syndie of the village, in course of which the latter barelooted dignitary received a blow on the head from the butt end of the soldier's pistol. Instantly the whole population were wild with excitement. Assembling in the plaza they demanded that the fellow should e remanded at once to Lima for trial; nor would they permit him to remain over night in the town, but sent him off into the desert, weary as he was after a hard day's journey.

So jealous are these Indians of their right and so suspicious of all outsiders, that until within a few years there was one particular room in the Jefe's house which was kept on purpose for the accommodation of white travelers. All who came were put into it and well guarded, were the party large or small. The Jese supplied them with food, but immediately informed them that on no account, whatever their business, would they be allowed to remain in the village more than 24 hours. A TRADITION OF GIANTS.

The Chilea Indians are an industrious community, many of them being employed as farm hands in the neighboring valley of Mala, others working on their own account as muleteers and fisherman, while the women braid colored straw into pretty baskets and eigar cases. There is a wide-spread tradition among all the coast Indians that iges, before the appearance of Monco Capac, the country was inhabited by a race of giants, who came from over the western ocean in great canoes of blown-up skins. Landing first near Guayaquil, Ecuador, they gradually overspread the country; and to this day the tossil and bones of the mammoths and mastodons, which are often found imbedded in the hard clay, are pointed out as proof of the existence of those mythical

Coming down from Panama, the wooded shores of Ecuador no sooner disappear than the aspect of the continent is entirely changed. High, bare rocks, frayed and and an air of grandeur to the place.

Thirty miles south of this estate, over rocky hills and arid sands, lies the valley of erumbling, line the beach and beyond stretches a wilderness of sand, beside which Sahara would be a blooming garden. It is the very dominion of desolation, strewn with bleaching skeletons left by the oldapproaches the sea. This place is interesting only on account of its peculiar mode of irritime whalers and the bones of mules and horses which starved to death by the wayside, its eternal silence broken only by the short, quick bark of sea lions and the cotton, corn, sugar cane, melons, potatoes and all kinds of fruits and vegetables, nature screams of water lowl. For the most part the sand is hard, swept smooth by the winds; has provided nothing for its watering in a but in many places it has drifted up into mounds, called Medanos. Each heap is where rain never falls, except a tiny river which is dry during about 11 months crescent shaped, with the bow of the cresof the year. But for the industry and en-gineering skill of the aboriginal Indians, cent toward the wind, as regular and sharp in outline as the new moon.

FANNIE B. WARD.

THE BARON TOOK THEM. How Albert Rothschild Made Photographs of a Fat Berliner and Wife.

New York Sun. 1 Cutting deep trenches along the whole length of the valley, they extended them so high up into the mountains that to this day The fact that Baron Albert Rothschild wields the camera has just become known to the continental public through an amusing the inhabitants do not know how far they were carried. The main trenches, known as incident of his late summer travels in North puquios in the language of the Incas, are at Italy. He was out early one August mornthe upper end of the valley, and each is about four feet deep, the sides and roof lined ing in his knickerbockers and pith helmet and with the familiar little black case swung from his shoulder. Just as he was with cemented stones. These descending branch off into smaller puquios which ramify all over the valley in every direcpreparing to take a picture of a winding mountain path before him, a fat Berliner tion, plentifully supplying every farm with pure, cool mountain water and feeding the little ditches that irrigate and fertilize the and his wife dropped from a sideway into

the perspective.
"Ab, Mr. Photographer," shouted the soil. The main trenches are several feet be-low the surface and at intervals of about 200 Berliner in Prussian dialect, "you are just the man we are looking for. We wish our portraits with this colossal background. Do workmen may go down into the vault and

often cross one another, and by the time they have reached the Southern limit of knew little about doing portraits. cultivation every drop of water has been exliner protested against this bit of modesty. hausted. In the valley of Nasca no fewer pressed a half crown into the Baron's hand than 15 extensive vineyards and cotton to reassure him, and then, howing his head plantations are thus watered by artificial and possessing himself of his wife's arm, in means, and at Aja a small mill for cleansing German photographic (ashion, he presented the cotton is also turned from the ditches of his expansive front for the taking of the picture. The Baron pressed the button several times, took the Berliner's home address Going a little nearer to the sea, one comes to the most profitable cotton estates in Peru, and with repeated promises to do a "good job" in return for liberal pay, C. O. D., named respectively "Lacra" and "San Jose," Both contain mills propelled by

went on his way.

The Berliner and his wife went back to Berlin without having heard from him. They were just about giving up all idea of ever learning what had become of their hotographer and their half crown when dozen cabinet photographs came in a package postmarked Vicuna. On the bit of otherwise blank pasteboard just below each picture was the heavy signature in proper photographic style: "Rothschild." In an accompanying note, "Baron Albert Roth-schild hoped that his work would be satisfactory, and regretted that a pressure of business had prevented him from delivering

A MOURNING PIN. Curious Old Time Relic Belonging to s Descendant of Washington.

few York Herald. A descendant of Washington, who bears his illustrious name, now living in New York, has a most curious pin among the oldtime relics in her treasure box. It is a "mourning pin." It was a custom in Washington's time to leave a certain sum of money to be expended for "mourning pins" for the feminine members of the deceased man's family. The sum was designated in

the will. The brooches were of good size, swung on pivots in the surrounding frame of gold, so that the upper and lower side could be worn in sight, according to the mood and wish of the wearer. The upper side contained a miniature of the deceased. Sometimes it was painted with great care and delicacy, but was usually simply an ambrotype. The one referred to has the portrait of one of Washington's cousins, a fine looking man, with a handsome head set off by a wig. The reverse side of the brooch is truly suggestive of death and grief. It has the picture of two graves, beside one of which sits the widow, weeping copiously, one judges, from the grief stricken attitude she is placed in, under a weeping willow tree made of the dead man's hair. The cheerless, doletul and hopeless look of the picture is somewhat relieved by the sketch of an angel in the clouds above the graves. The angel is cheerfully blowing a trumpet, and

above him is inscribed the consoling sentiment, "Sorrow not without hope." These mourning brooches were the only jewelry worn during the conventional per mourning, and were highly treasured by the bereaved parties. As advertisements of grief are growing less and less the fashion, in all probability the mourning pins will not come into vogue with the old-fashioned jewelery of that time which is coming in style again.

Get Elected First.

The idea with a Kansas man is to get the office first and learn the duties afterward. At the late election a farmer, who had never opened a law book or employed a lawyer, was elected a circuit judge, and he will now go to a law factory to learn what prima facie

'hiladelphia Times.] "What reasons do you suppose he had for

prove the claim his friends always made that he didn't have any."

WORK OF THE BREAD.

The Curious Doctrine Laid Down by Tolstoi and Bondareff.

TOIL THE REDEEMER OF THE RACE

All the World Should be a Farm and All the People Farmers.

WOMEN ARE SPIRITUALLY SUPERIOR

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt knead

thy bread."-Genesis, iii., 19. Such is the translation given the Hebrew text, placed on the title page of the remarkable work, "Toil," joint product of Count Leo Tolstoi and Timothy Bondareff. Toil, they declare, is not only the direct consequent of sin, but the means of redemption therefrom. The earth was cursed indeed, but cursed for Adam's sake, and not, as is generally supposed, in Adam's despite. Adam had fallen into sin, and for this an all-wise and beneficent Providence imposed the law of enforced labor as a means of redemption therefrom,

And oy toil, both Tolstoi and his inspirer, Bondarest, mean especially, the "work of the bread;" that is to say, the literal sowing, reaping, threshing and garnering of wheat, together with the final grinding and making of it into bread. No other work will do: this alone has in it virtue to save and cleanse. So Adam redeemed himself, his 'work of the bread' being counted to him as righteousness. "So now, it is by such toil alone, and not by any other means of salvation-no, not even by the merits of Jesus Christ-that man may be saved."

LAW OF LOVE AND TOIL.

The law of bread labor is the primitive law of salvation the first commandment given by God, the keeping of which is the sum of redemption. Jesus Christ, writes Bondareff, says little of toil, because from his very childhood he had seen no virtue in it and had been brought up to think it the greatest misfortune. For instance, does He not say, "Look at the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin-and the birds of the air, they lay not up in gar-ners?" etc., all of which, in the opinion of our author, shows that He rejected the law of toil, substituting therefor the law of love alone, a law which has value only when subordinated to that of toll. God, he constantly reiterates, laid the command to labor on man from the beginning and prowided no other means, then or since, by which he might be saved.

The second primitive commandment is in-cluded in the first, namely, that every man ought to clothe, provide for and shelter him-self and tamily without need of others. To do this, says Tolston, is the sum of his corporeal duties, and to feed and clothe the helpless that of his spiritual. If he does these two things he has thereby fulfilled the whole duty of man. The forbidden frust and the eating thereof in the Garden of Eden means, according to Bondareff, the employing and living on the labor and bread of others. This was and is the crime of crimes. For this Eden was lost and for

this heaven forfeited. THE ATONEMENT OF WOMEN.

"And to Eve, God said, you will not work to earn your food, but your children will come to you with pain." This, declare our authors, is woman's personal atonement for her share of the sin that entered and still is within the world. Literally and truly has it come to pass. But mau? the beginning almost has he shirked or hidden the law regarding himself, or made it of little account as a figurative expression only of the necessity of toil in general. But, argues Bondareff, what right has he to do this last? The law given to woman was literal in that it was and still is literally fulfilled to its utmost. Why then should workmen may go down into the vault and clear away any obstruction.

Diverging in every direction the puquios often cross one another, and by the time that he was a landscape photographer and the properties of t hands and especially to do the work of the bread, and he therefore evades it whenever he can. Such being the case, man is still under the curse-the law broken and un ulfilled-and is, as a consequent, still unredeemed. In a word, until he individually returns and repents kneading his own bread in the sweat of his face, he is, all else to the contrary notwithstanding, on the highway

And because women have, as a rule, always worked out their part of the law by suffering in childbirth, they are now spiritually stronger than man, and are to become the means by which man is eventually re

THE EARTH ONE VAST FIELD.

As auxiliary to the universal return to nanual labor, he recommends the desertion of cities, the discarding of all but the most necessary mechanical aids and the reversion of the earth into a vast agricultural region principally devoted to the "work of the bread." All crimes, all social evils, and among them, that greatest-the compelling of woman to toil for her food-spring from the universal breaking of the primitive command, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt knead thy bread." Men, according to Tolstoi and Rondareff use violence and deceit, because, not doing bread work them-selves, they lack bread, and see no other way to get it. "Supposing, however, all did the bread work, there would then be plenty

all round, and no more temptation to crime as a means of livelihood." Bread, itself, they claim, should neither be bought nor sold. Money and bread are not interchangeable, because money is a dead thing, and bread is a living thing-a sacred thing, being the means of salvation. It should therefore be given only in exchange for the work of the bread itself, or else given freely and for nothing. As a class, tillers of the soil should rank superior to all, because the upholder of all. They, too, are almost the only ones who approximate the keeping of the primitive lay of bread work. The general perversion of things is nowhere shown so clearly as in the low esteem almost universally held for the peasant farmer and his toil.

THE DOCTRINE UNFOLDED. Toiling in the fields together, say our authors would speedily unite all the world in the ties of a common brotherhood and religion. Properly divided, there would be land enough for all and with pienty for all, discord and violence and with pienty for an discord and violence would be done away with. They do not hold that it is necessary to confine oneself exclusively to the work of the bread for the entire year. "Do what manual and self-supporting labor you will for 300 days of the time," they say, "but devote the remainder to the work of the bread, and to kneading your own bread to the awar of your face. Then own bread to the sweat of your face. Then, and then only, shall all be well with you, and your feet turned in the direction of life sternal."

Such, in brief, is the gist of this, to say the

Such, in brief, is the gist of this, to say the least, most extraordinary book, the joint essay of Telstoi and Timothy Bondareff. Who is Bondareff? A Russian peasant, belonging to the district Manoussinsk, an illiterate man of the sect of Sabbatists, a diligent student of the Old Testament to the disfavoring of the New. Hardly able to spell, he made his way painfully, verse by verse, until he formulated what he believed to be the true solution of all social questions, based on the oft-quoted verse in Genesis. With great labor he put his ideas in the form of a book, the pranting of which was, however, denied by the Czar and censor. It was about this time—the year 1885—that he first met Telstoi, of whom he speedily made a convert to his views.

met Tolstoi, of whom he speedliy made a convert to his views.

Here, therefore, we have the curious colaboration of an uneducated peasant and a
cultured man of letters; of a man notiong since
a serf, and of one of the heat notion is not far to
seek. Tolstoi is a would be social reformer.
In Bondarest's doctrines, extreme, untenable
and illogical as they may seem to others. Tolstoi honestly believes that he has at last solved
the social problem. That his views in the present instant flatly contradict others advanced
elsewhere on certain important points, proves
only that, like many another 'progressive
thinker' and enthusiast he is apt to fall intemore or less glaring inconsistencies. The work
at hand goes far to prove une even more the
impractical visionary than is generally beimpractical visionary than is generally lieved. "Toil" is not unlike a brickbat—it: break a head here and there, but it certainly will not convince them. Toiston demonstrating the cobbler and bread kneader to the costrary notwithstanding. MARK F. GRISWOLD.

Detroit Free Press.]

built of adobe and still partly covered with plaster. Each chamber is surrounded by a series of deep niches, or recesses, with passages leading into numerous smaller apartments, and very high doorways, whose lintels are of willow beams. There is one and other things mean.

His Reasons for Suicide.

enormous room, perfectly square, which has two doorways on its south side, leading by narrow halls into a lot of little chambers. lowing out his brains ?"

Square apertures, for the beams that once supported a roof, are distinctly visible high up in the loity walls.

On the other side of the dividing ridge "I can't imagine, unless it was to dis-