Hesperornis Regalis.

A LIVING PARACHUTE.

which arrangement can be best understo

WEREN'T ALL UGLY.

the reptilian form, which has been typical

The Palapteryx.

which they differ from the true bird. The

ichthyornis victor is a representative of the

reptilian age, but is also the nearest approach to the perfect bird that nature's wonderful evolution has produced. Ichthyornis was essentially a water-bird, subsist-

ing almost, if not entirely, on fishes, for the

capture of which its organism was admirably

Many other birds are scattered through-

out the landscape. Most of these are quite small and differ very much from the feath-

ered forms known to moderns. There are

still, however, some large birds well worth

attention. Prominent among these are what appear to be species of ostriches—at least in

orm-lor these great creatures would be

tremendous giants alongside of that largest

LIKE MODERN BIRDS.

horde of modern days. They are no doubt the advance guards of the coming race. Among them are to be noticed vultures,

engles, guils, swallows, parroquets, pheas-ants, ducks, jungle fowl, ctc.

It might be well to say that, although the

people of this age have not seen anything

if the ancients, it should be admitted that if

creatures as the pterodactyl and hesperornis

were on it, he would have good reason to

look upon them with the eyes of one who

saw in them supernatural creations. Fur-ther, if such as those mentioned may have

influenced his mind, what would not such

vagaries of nature as the archmopteryx and

compsognathus of the Bavarian and the diornis of the New Zealand fields have done?

I have refrained from considering these

it is not known to a certainty that they fre-

TERRIBLE IN ASPECT.

strangest creatures the human mind can conceive of-a head embodying the chief

particularly with such monsters as these.

KILLED, BUT NOT SHOT.

trange Case of the Death of a Laborer by

Patrick Shea, an unmarried laborer, was

fooling with an old musket yesterday even-

ing, and finally applied a lighted match to

the nipple. The gun was loaded and at

Nervous Shock.

W. G. KAUFMANN.

such imaginary creatures after all.

New York Sun.]

In the first named we have one of the

crocodile, and

quented this part of the earth.

wondrous forms of prehistoric ages so far, as

man existed on earth at a time when such

that bears any resemblance to the "dragons"

There are also a few specimens of the

of our birds-the ostrich

adapted.

level was dragged after it.

Now, from a height near at hand a creat-

do a Melancolia that isn't merely a sorrowful female head, I can do a better one; and I will, too. What d'you know about Melancolias?" Dick firmly believed that he was even then tasting three-quarters of all the sorrow in the world.

"She was a woman," said Maisie, "and she suffered a great deal-till she could suffer no more. Then she began to laugh at it all and then I prompted her and sent her to be it all on the suffered her and sent her to be it all on the suffered her and sent her to be it all on the suffered her and sent her to be it find the suffered many "."

it all, and then I painted her and sent her to he'd frighten me so." The red-haired girl rose up and left the room, laughing.

CHAPTER VII. If I have taken the common clay

And wrought is cunningly In the chape of a god that was digged a clod, The greater honor to me, If thou hast taken the common clay, And thy hands be not tree

From the taint of the soil, thou hast made thy Spoil
The greater shame to then.

— The Two Potters.

Dick looked at Maisie humbly and hopelessly.
"Never mind about my picture," he said. "Are you really going back to Kami's a month before your time?"

"I must go, if I want to get the picture "And that's all you want?" "Of course. Don't be stupid, Dick."
"You haven't the power. You have only
the ideas—the ideas and the little cheap impulses. How you could have kept at your

work for ten years steadily is a mystery to me. So you are really going-a month be-"I must do my work."

"Your work-bah! No, I didn't mean that. It's all right, dear. Of course you must do your work, and—I think I'll say good-by for this week."

"Won't you even stay for tea?"
"No, thank you. Have I your leave to go, dear? There's nothing more you par-ticularly want me to do, and the line work doesn't matter.'

I wish you could stay, and then we could talk over my picture. If only one single picture's a success it draws attention to all the others. I know some of my work is good, if only people could see. And you needn't have been so rade about it."
"I'm sorry. We'll talk the Melancolia

over some one of the other Sundays. There are four more—yes, one, two, three, four—be ore you go. Good-by, Maisie."

Maisie stood by the studio window, thinking, till the red-haired garl returned, a lit-

tie white at the corners of her lips.
"Dick's gone off," said Maisie. "Just whom I wanted to talk about the picture. Isn't it seffish of him?" Her companion opened her lips as if to

speak, shut them again, and went on reading "The City of Dreadin! Night." Dick was in the park, walking round and round a tree that he had chosen for his confidants for many Sandays past. He was swearing angibly, and when he found that the infirmities of the English tongue hommed his rage he sought consolation in Arable, which is especially designed for the use of the afflicted. He was not pleased with the reward of his patient service; nor was ne pleased with himself; and it was ong before he arrived at the proposition that the queen could do no wrong.
"It's a losing game," he said. "I'm

worth nothing when a whim of hers is in question. But in a losing game at Port buid we used to double the stakes and go on. She do a Melancolia! She hasn't the power, or the insight, or the training. Only he desire. She's cursed with the curse of Reuben. She won't do line-work because it means real work; and yet she's stronger than I am. I'll make her understand that I can beat her on her own Melancolia. Even then she wouldn't care. She says I can only do blood and benes. I don't believe she has blood in her veins. All the same I ove her; and I must go on loving her; and I can humble her inordinate vanity I will. do a Melaneolia that shall be something like a Melancolia-the Melancolia that transeemds all wit.' I'll do it at once, con-

terest in her rough studies for the Melan-colia when she showed them next week. The Sundays were racing past, and the time Landon could not ring Maisie back to him. Once or twice he said something to Binkie about "nermaphroditic futilities," but the trouble his tulip-ears to listen.

Dick was permitted to see the girl off. They were going by the Dover night-boat; and they hoped to return in August. It was thea February, and Dick felt that he was being hardly used. Maisie was so busy stripping the small house across the park, and packing her canvases, that she had no time for thought. Dick went down to Dover and wasted a day there fretting over a wonder ul possibility. Would Maisie at the very last allow him one small kiss? He reflected that he might capture her by the strong arm, as he had seen women captured in the Southern Soudan, and lead her away: but Maisie would never be led. She would turn her gray eyes upon him and say, "Dick, you are!" Then his courage would hill him. It would be better, after

all, to beg for that kiss.

Maine looked more than usually kissable as she stepped from the night mail onto the windy pier, in a gray waterproof and a little gray cloth traveling cap. The red-haired cirl was not so lovely. Her green eyes were hallow and her lips were dry. Dick saw the trunks award, and went to Maisie's side in the darkness under the bridge. The mail bags were thundering into the forehold, and the red-haired girl was watching them. "You'll have a rough passage to-night," said Dick. "It's blowing outside. I suppose I may come over and see you if I'm

"You musn't. I shall be husy. At least, if I want you I'll send for you. But I shall write from Vitry-sur-Marne. I shall have heaps of things to consult you about. Oh, Dick, von have been so good to me!-so good

"Thank you for that, dear. It hasn't made any difference, has it?"
"I can't tell a fib. It basa't—in that way.
But don't think I'm not grateful." "Damn the gratitude!" said Dick, huskily, to the paddiebox.

What's the use of worrying? You know I should ruin your life, and you'd ruin mine, as things are now. You remember what you said when you were so angry that day in the part? One of us has to be broken. Can't you wait till that day

"No, love. I want you unbroken-all to Maisie shook her head. "My poor Dick,

what can I say?" "Don't say anything. Give me a kiss? Only one kiss, Maisie. I'll swear I won't take any more. You might as well, and then I can be sure you're grateful."

Maisie put her cheek forward, and Diek took his reward in the darkness. It was only one kiss, but, since there was no timelimit specified, it was a long one. Maisie wrenched herself free angrily, and Dick

stood abashed and tingling from head to "Goodby, darling. I didn't mean to scare you. I'm sorry, Only-keep well and do good work-specially the Melancolin. I'm going to do one, too. Remem-ber me to Kami, and be careful what you drink. Country drinking water is bad everywhere, but it's worse in France. Write to me if you want anything, and goodby. Say goodby to the what-you-callum girl, and-can't I have another kiss?

reached the pier as the steamer began to move off, and he followed her with his and black-two keys of each. But I can't

No. I shan't, dear. The notion in itself has pers about it. She's beginning to pitch elbow. The red-haired girl's eyes were

"He kissed you!" she said. "How could you let him, when he wasn't anything to you? How dared you take a kiss from him? On, Maisie, let's go to the ladies' cabin. I'm sick—deadly sick."

Dick returned to town next day just in time for lunch, for which he had tele-graphed. To his disgust, there were only empty plates in the studio. He lifted up his voice like the bears in the fairy tale, and Torpenhow entered, looking very

guilty.
"H'sh!" said be. "Don't make such a

noise. I took it. Come into my rooms and I'll show you why." Dick paused amazed at the threshold, for on Torpenhow's sofa lay a girl asleep and breathing heavily. The little cheap sailor but, the blue-and-white dress, fitter for June than for February, dabbled with mud at the skirts, the jacket trimmed with imitation astrakhan and ripped at the shoulder seams, the one-and-elevenpency umbrella, and above all, the disgraceful condition of the

kid-topped boots, declared all things.
"Oh, I say, old man, this is too bad! You musn't bring this sort up here. They steal things from the rooms.' "It looks bad, I admit, but I was coming in after lunch, and she staggered into the

hall. I thought she was drunk at first, but it was collapse. I couldn't leave her as she was, so I brought her up here and gave her was, so I brought her up here and gave her your lunch. She was fainting from the want of food. She went fast asleep the minute she had finished."

"I know something of that complaint.

Throw something of that complaint. She's being living on sausages, I suppose. Torp, you should have handed her over to a policeman for presuming to faint in a respectable house. Poor little wretch! Look at that face! There isn't an ounce or immorality in it. Only folly-slack, intuous, feeble, futile foliv. It's a typical head. D'you notice how the skull begins to show through the flesh padding on the face and

"What a cold-blooded barbarian it is! Don't hit a woman when she's down. Can't we do anything? She was simply dropping with starvation. She almost fell into my arms, and when she got to the food she ate like a wild beast. It was horrible."

"I can give her money, which she would probably spend in drinks. Is she going to sleep forever?" The girl opened her eyes and glared at

the men between terror and effrontery. "Feeling better?" said Torpenhow. "Yes. Thank you. There aren't many gentlemen that are as kind as you are.

Thank you." "When did you leave service?" said Dick, who had been watching the scarred and chapped hands. "How did you know I was in service? I is. General servant. I didn't like it."
"And how do you like being your own

mistress?" "Do I look as if I liked it?" "I suppose not. One moment. Would you be good enough to turn your face to the

The girl obeyed, and Dick watched her

face keenly—so keenly that she made as if to hide behind Torpenhow.

"The eyes have it," said Dick, walking up and down. "They are superb eyes for my business. And, after all, every head depends on the eyes. This has been sent from heaven to make up for—what was taken. from heaven to make up for-what was taken away. Now the weekly strain's off my shoulders, I can get to work in earnest. Evidently sent from heaven. Yes. Raise your chin a little, please,"

"Gently, old man, gently. You're searing somebody out of her wits," said Torpenhow, who could see the girl trembling.

"Don't let him hit me! Oh, please don't let him hit me! I've been hit cruei to-day because I spoke to a man. Don't let him look at me like that! He's reg'tar wicked, that one. Don't let him look at me like that, neither! "Oh, I teel as if I hadn't that, nothing on when he looks at me like that!" The overstrained nerves in the frail body

"There you are," said Dick, soothingly. "My triend, here, can call for a policeman, and you can run through that door. Nobody is going to hurt you."

The girl sobbed convulsively for a few minutes, and then tried to laugh. "Nothing in the world to burt you. Now listen to me for a minute. I'm what they Little dog received so many confidences both from Torpenhow and Dick that he did not call an artist by profession. You know what artists do?

> "They draw the things in red and black ink on the pop-shop labels."
>
> "I dare say. I haven't risen to pop shop labels yet. Those are done by the Academicians. I want to draw your head."

> "What for?" "Because it's pretty. That is why you will come to the room across the landing three times a week at 11 in the morning, and I'll give you three quid a week just for sit-

> ting still and being drawn. And there's a quid on account. "For nothing?" Oh, my!" The girl turned the sovereign in her hand, and with more foolish tears: "Ain't neither o' you two gentlemen afraid of my bilking you?" "No. Only ugly girls do that, Try and remember this place. And, by the way,

> what's your name?" "I'm Bessie-Bessie- It's no use giving the rest. . Bessie Broke-Stone-broke, if you like. What's your names? But there -no one ever gives the real ones."

> called Torpenhow; and you must be sure to come here. Where do you live?" "South-the-water-one room-five and sixpence a week. Aren't you making fun

of me about that three quid?"
"You'll see later on. And, Bessie, next time you come, remember, you needn't wear that paint. It's had for the skin. I have all the colors you'll be likely to need." Bessie withdrew, scrubbing her cheek with a ragged pocket-handkerchief. The

two men looked at each other. "You're a man," said Torpenhow. "I'm a raid I've been a fool. It isn't our business to run about the earth reforming Bessie Brokes. And a woman of any kind has no right on this landing."

"Perhaps she won't come back."
"She will it she thinks she can get food and warmth here. I know she will, worse luck. But remember, old man, she isn't a woman; she's my model; and be careful." "The idea! She's a dissolute little scareerow-a gutter-snippet and nothing more." "So you think. Wait till she has been fed a little and freed from fear. That fair type recovers itself very quickly. You won't know her in a week or two, when that abject fear has died out of her eyes. She'li be too happy and smiling for my purposes.

"But surely you're taking her out of charity-to please me?" "I am not in the habit of playing with hot coals to please anybody. She has been sent from heaven, as I may have remarked before, to help me with my Melancolia. "Never heard a word about the lady

before." "What's the use of having a friend, if you must sling your notions at him in words? You ought to know what I'm thinking about. You've heard me grunt lately?"

"Even so; but grunts mean anything in your language, from bad 'baccy to wicked dealers. And I don't think I've been much in your confidence for some time."
"It was a high and soulful grunt. You

ought to have understood that it meant the Melancolm." Dick walked Torpenhow up oodby. Say goodby to the what-you-call-am girl, and—can't I have another kiss' No. You're quite right. Goodby."

A shout told him that it was not seemly

I have another kiss' be smote him in the ribs. "Now, don't you see it? Bessie's abject tutility and the terror in her eyes, welded onto one or two details charge up the mailbag incline. He in the way of sorrow that have come under my experience lately. Likewise some orange

explain on an empty stomach.' "And there's nothing—nothing in the wide world—to keep us apart except her obstinacy. These Calais nightboats are much too small. I'll get Torp to write to the paper in the p too small. I'll get Torp to write to the pa- periences."

"Think so?" Dick began to dance on his eels, singing-They're as proud as a turkey when they hold

They're as proud as a turkey
the ready cash,
You ought to 'ear the way they laugh an' joke;
They are tricky an' they're funny when they've
got the ready money—
Ow! but see 'em when they're all stone broke. Then he sat down to pour out his heart to Maisie in a four-sheet letter of counsel and encouragement, and registered an oath that he would get to work with an undivided heart as soon as Bessie should reappear. That Suggest the Mythical Roc, the

The girl kept her appointment unpainted and unadorned, afraid and overbold by turns. When she found that she was merely expected to sit still she grew calmer, and criticised the appointments of the studio with freedom and some point. She liked the warmth and the comfort and the release from fear of physical pain. Dick made two or three studies of her head in monochrome, but the actual notion of the Melancolia would not arrive.

"What a mess you keep your things in?" said Bessie some days later when she felt herself thoroughly at home. "I s'pose your clothes are just as bad. Gentlemen never think what buttons and tape are made for." "I buy things to wear, and wear 'em till they go to pieces. I don't know what Torpenhow does."

Bessie made diligent inquiry in the latbessie made dirigent inquiry in the latter's room, and unearthed a bale of disreputable socks. "Some of these I'll mend
now," she said, "and some I'll take home.
D'you know, I sit all day long at home doing nothing, just like a lady, and no more
noticing them other girls in the house than
if they was so many flies? I don't have any
unnecessary words but I put 'any down
unnecessary words but I put 'any down unnecessary words, but I put 'em down quick, I can teil you, when they talk to me. No; it's quite nice these days. I lock my door, and they can only call me names through the keyhole, and I sit inside, just

like a lady, mending socks. Mr. Torpen-now wears his socks out both ends at once." "Three quid a week from me, and the de-lights of my society. No socks mended. Nothing from Torp except a nod on the landing now and again, and all his socks mended. Bessic is very much a woman," thought Dick; and he looked at her between half-shut eyes. Food and rest had transformed the girl, as Dick knew they would. "What are you looking at me like that for?" she said quickly, "Don't. You look reg'-lar had when you look that way. You don't

think much o' me, do you?"'
That depends on how you behave.' Bessie behaved beautifully. Only it was difficult at the end of a sitting to bid her go forth into the gray streets. She very much preferred the studio and a big chair by the stove, with some socks in her lap as an excuse for delay. Then Torpenhow would come in, and Bessie would be moved to tell strange and wonderful stories of her past, and still stranger ones of her present improved circumstances. She would make them tea as though she had a right to make it; and once or twice on these occasions Dick caught Torpenhow's eyes fixed on the trim little figure, and because Bessie's flittings about the room made Dick ardently long for Maisie, he realized whither Torpenhow's thoughts were tending. And Bessie was exceedingly careful of the condition of Torpenhow's linen. She spoke very little to im, but sometimes they talked together on

the landing. "I was a great fool," Dick said to him-self. "I know what red nre-light looks like when a man's tramping through a strange town; and ours is a lonely, selfish sort of life at the best. I wonder Maisie doesn't feel that sometimes. But I wonder Maisie doesn't feel that sometimes. But I can't order Bessie away. That's the worst of beginning One evening, after a sitting protonged to the last limit of the light, Dick was roused from a nap by a broken voice in Torren-

how's room. He jumped to his feet. "Now what ought I to do? It looks foolish to go in. Oh, bless you, Binkie!" The little terrier thrust Porpenhow's door open with his nose and came out to take possession of Dick's chair. The door swung wide un-heeded, and Dick across the landing could see Besste in the half-light making her little supplication to Torpenhow. She was kneeling by his side, and her hands were clasped across his knee.

across his knee.

"Torn," said Dick across the landing.
He could hardly steady his voice. "Come
here a minute, old man. I'm in trouble."

"Heaven send he'll listen to me!" There He discovered that the notion would not gave way, and the girl wept like a little sie's lips. She was afraid of Dick, and discome to order, and that he could not free his mind for an hour from the thought of Maisie's departure. He took very small inburied his head on his arms, and groaned like a wounded bull.

"What the devil right have you to interere?" he said, at last "Who's interfering with which? Your own sense told you long ago you couldn't be such a fool. It was a tough rack, St. Anthony, but you're all right now."

"I oughtn't to have seen her moving about these rooms as if they belonged to her. That's what upset me. It gives a lonely man a sort of hankering, doesn't it?" said Torpeahow, niteously.

it?" said Torpenhow, pitcously.
"Now you talk sense. It does But, since you aren't in a condition to discuss the disadvantages of double housekeeping, do you know what you're going to do?" "I don't. I wish I did."

"You're going away for a season on a brilliant tour to regain tone. You're going to Brighton, or Scarborough, or Prawle Point, to see the ships go by. And you're going at once. Isn't it odd? I'll take care of Binkie, but out you go immediately. Never resist the devil. He holds the bank. om him. Pack your things and go. "I believe you're right. Where shall I

"And you call yourself a special correspondent! Pack first and inquire afterwards." An hour later Torpehow was dispatched

into the night in a hansom. "You'il probably think of some place to go to while you're moving," said Dick. "Go to Euston, Dick consulted Torpenhow with his eyes:

"My name's Heldar, and my friend's to begin with, and—oh, yes—get drunk tonight." He returned to the studio and lighted more

candles, for he found the room very dark, "Oh, you Jezebel! you futile little Jezebel! Won't you hate me to-morrow? Binkie come here. Binkle turned over on his back on the

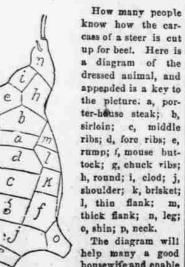
hearth rug, and Dick stirred him with a meditative foot.
"I said she was not immoral. I was wrong. She said she could cook. That showed premeditated sin. Oh, Binkie, if you are a man you will go to perdition; but if you are a woman, and say that you can cook, you will go to a much worse place." (To be continued next Sunday.)

Epidemic of Marriage.

Boston Herald.] Latest advices from England are to the effect that the institution of marriage is looking up, and more bachelors and spinsters are now wedding than for many years Whatever is done in London will be done over here; therefore we may expect shortly to see an increase in the marriage rate.

The Cats of Beef.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch. 1



sirloin; c, middle ribs; d, fore ribs; e, rump; f, mouse buttock; g, chuck ribs; h, round; i, clod; j, shoulder; k, brisket; l, thin flank; m, thick flank; n, leg; The diagram will help many a good housewife and enable her to give the butcher a few points on the kind of meat she wants.

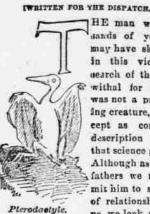
TALES OF MONSTERS have met and are engaged in fierce combat, Wild, discordant cries are uttered; the tremendous leathery wings of the one flap against the ground with loud resonance.

That Have Come Down From Countless Ages Were Based on Fact. but after a temporary advantage which seems to have been gained by the rush, the conditions change. The conflict being on

STRANGE PREHISTORIC REPTILES

Phænix or the Gorgon.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN BIRDS [WRITTEN FOR YHE DISPATCH.) THE man who thousands of years ago may have skirmished in this vicinity in



nearch of the wherewithal for his keep pteroductyle, for such it is named, seemed to impede its movements, while the sharp was not a prepossesseept as correct the description of him that science gives us. Although as our foregrip on the throat of its antagonist and it struggles and strangles. The victor fathers we must addoes not let go its hold, however, until the mit him to some sort struggles of the dying monster have ceased; of relationship with then it springs away into the water and is lost to sight. us, we look with pity

and in turn contempt on the rude manuers of dressing or existing, and mentally reure about the size of a crow is seen to pre-cipitate itself in a slanting flight to the edge mark what a fool he must have been. And perhaps mankind is right in this respect.

As this progenitor of ours progresses we of the water, where it captures a small marine animal which is speedily devoured. observe that our bond of sympathy with him The flight of the newcomer in reaching the grows stronger and stronger. We are not so level is something after the manner in which prone to sneer at his ways and means of doing this or that, for we can see in these a known as the ramphorhynchus.

The comparison of its manner of flying continuous development or reaching after better things; but, as this being reaches a point at which he begins to think, we find with the action of a parachute gives as near the correct idea as pages of printed matter could convey. The reptile was not really adapted to flying, as some authorities would have us believe. It was simply aided by a that he is a believer in supernatural ideas that appear to us ridiculous.

FORMS IMAGINATIVE AND REAL. His world is peopled with strange forms.



The Ramphorhynchus. dragons, griffins or other equally wondrous creations; the air teems with savage birds and spirits of awill presence and supernatural powers; the waters have also their share of mysterious and fearful monsters, and our latter-day man sets aside these curious ideas of his predecessors as being worthy only of the belief of children, and once more resolves that early man was a fool. And perhaps the modern individual

is not right in this case.

It is almost certain that if some of our modern men were permitted to look upon living, breathing specimens of some of the creatures that are now extinct—as far as we know-they would more than likely be of the opinion that the story teller of olden times did not deal so niggardly with the truth as was at first thought. We have no positive evidence that man was in existence on this earth when such creatures as the archaeopteryx and ramphorhynchus flourished on it, but the common belief is that he did, and if so we have no just reason for surprise at his notions concerning these

creatures. HALF REPTILE, HALF BIRD. I do not know whether it would be proper call the ancient observer of winger an ornithologist, inasmuch as the creatures he studied were as often reptiles as birds, and generally as far removed from the bird life as we understand it as a cow from a snail, but, no matter what he might be called, let us fancy ourselves one of his kind engaged in taking notes at some point in the vicinity of prehistoric Pittsburg. Probably the contour of the landscap was not the same; the hills may not have

had the same forms, and the rivers we know may have been parts of the immense inland sea which at one time covered the entire Mississippi valley.
On a rock overlooking the water is poised a bird, resembling as it stands the cormorant of the present, but in that one respect the resemblance ends, for in the first this bird is fully three teet high. Its body is covered with a fine downy growth, which develops into fully formed feathers in the tail only. It has a long neck surmounted by a head not unlike that of a goose, but

the jaws are lined with STRONG, SHARP TEETH. Its wings-if we may call them such-are small affairs, mere suggestions, in fact, and we would know without question that this creature does not fly. On the other hand,



The Archaeopteryz. ts being a thorough water bird is clearly

evident from the shape of the feet, which are not unlike those of the grebe or loon. This was the half bird, half reptile known to our science as the hesperornis regalis. Lo! as we look a movement is observed in what appears to be a huge leather-like bag hanging from a branch of a gigantic fern some distance away. Then the thing drops and two wide-spreading wings, shaped like those of a bat, shoot out from the body, and, beating the air rapidly, it comes swooping down upon the bird occupying the rock. The latter changes its position to observe the movements of the other, but does not appear to be averse to an encounter, although it is by far the smaller of the two. The one in the air is seen to have a beak not unlike that of a woodcock, but its jaws differ from the others inasmuch as they contain no teeth. Its body, from tip of beak to tail, is devoid of any growth of either fur or feathers, and it has all the appearance of a creature clothed in a leather skin. In fact, it is a monster, the like of which we of the present day have no counterpart, except in

the dragons and gorgons of myth and romance.

SOUTHERN SEAS. To the observer it would appear that the attacking bird would overwhelm the other

Fannie B. Ward's Sketches of South America From Ship-Board. mmediately by sheer weight and strength,

LATIN AND ANGLO-SAXON WOMEN. the ground the great heavy wings of the A Town So Healthy a Respectable Grave-

yard Can't be Kept Up. STREET CARS PROPELLED BY WIND formed that the public-spirited citizens were very desirous of starting a graveyard a few [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

ON SHIPBOARD, September 25,-Life on board one of these great English steamers that ply the Southern Pacific has its peculiar features, but is by no means unpleasant. The three-story habitation affoat on a waste ment. Among other noticeable characters in our

daily dramatis personm is a bevy of young ladies who came on board at Puna, the Cape May of Ecuador. They are evidently sisters and the daughters of wealth. However cold the sea winds blow, they appear every day in thinnest dresses of white mull with skyblue sashes and breast knots, their shining black hair braided down their backs and tied at the ends with blue ribbon. Scorning wraps of any sort, with bare heads and slippered feet, how they stare at the flannel gowns, thick boots, gloves, hats and jackets of las Americanas with looks that plainly say: "From what part of the uncivilized world do these heathers come?" And when the duenna is mercifully seasick, with what gusto do they engage in desperate flirtations with the young ship-doctor and a couple of handsome buil-fighters, the latter being wonder ully bedecked with diamonds, each wearing his hair braided into the bob-bing pigtail which betokens his profession. WATCHING THE COW KILLING.

curious pair of wings formed of the mem-brane connecting long fingers with the body, Besides the daily slaughter of pigs, poultry and sheep to supply the larder, every second or third day a cow is killed on the lower deck, which the animals share with by reference to the cut accompanying this article. When these wings were spread they formed a natural parachute which had the freight and the steerage passengers. only a staying effect on the creature's rapid fall to earth when it threw itself on its prey from its lair in the cliffs. The ramphorhyn-These vessels are so constructed that the dining salon and all the state rooms open upon the second deck; while the upper one chus was also the proud possessor of a tail almost the length of its body, which on a s mainly kept clear for promenading and dancing. There are two or three large open-ings in the middle deck, securely feaced around by iron railings, through which the "winches" work when treight or baggage is received or unloaded. It happens that the But if those creatures so far mentioned are ungainly, now comes several which are the reverse. They are in the air, and their flight is as rapid and as light and graceful as any seagulf of our day. As they go by close enough to permit observation, we are ungainly, now comes several which are frequent cow-killings go on directly below one of these openings, in full view of whoever cares to witness the bloody performance. It is significant of the difference in character between the Latin and Anglo-Saxon notice that in shape the head still preserves races, that while every one of the thickof all the birdlike creatures up to this time, and the jaws contain rows of sharp teeth, in shod, unsentimental-looking American girls flees from all sight and sound of the butchery and thinks of it only with horror, the whole bevy of fair Ecuadoreans, in their angelic white robes and blue ribbons, hang wer the railing from first to last, evincing

> tending cavaliers, the doctor and the pica-dores, their taste for blood shedding must have been inherited from their bull-fighting forefathers of Old Casile, who inter-married with the savages of the New World.

the greatest enjoyment of every detail, from the time the poor beast is knocked down and its throat cut, till its skinned and dis-

emboweled carcass hangs up in the shape

of meat. Since the charming senoritas cannot possibly seel the scientific or surgical in-

terest in matter that may actuate their at-

SCENES AT THE PORTS. At evey port an army of local officials comes on board, to improve the opportunity of a square meal and a drink or two at the expense of the steamship company. They wear gorgeous red breeches, bright swords and plenty of "brief authority," and there is usually one of them to about every halfdozen packages of merchandise. There is the captain of the port and all his retinue; the Governor of the district with his entire last, and by no means least either in num-bers or importance, the collector of customs and battalion of inspectors, till the decks are fairly swarming with them. As

Most of the ports are mere collections of mud huts, inhabited by the officials aforesaid, employes of the various steamship companies, and a few fishermen. We stop at every one of them, to take on the pro-duce of the neighboring valleys, mainly sugar, cotton, cocoa, wine and coffee, for shipment to Liverpool and Germany, or to points lower down the coast. Nearly every port has its railway line, running to rich plantations in the interior; and as there are no harbors on this coast, but only open oadsteads, expensive from piers have been built out over the surf in most places, from which the merchandise is transferred to barges or lighters and taken by them to the ships, which anchor a mile or more from

Where there is no pier, lighters are run through the surf when the tide is highest. They are loaded at low tide and then floated off to buoys to await the arrival of vessels. There are always plenty of row boats to take passengers ashore, at reasonable prices when bargained for before starting; and the tourist misses a good deal who does not avail himself of every opportunity to put

his feet upon terra firma. MONEY MATTERS ON THE COAST. In several places the women have beautiful straw baskets, eigar cases and "Panama" hats of their own manufacture to sell, besides a variety of ruit, cheese, dulcies, poor pottery and other truck. They have not the remotest idea of the value of money, and are habitually imposed upon by local traders, who take their wares at a merely nominal rate in exchange for the necessarie of life, and sell them again at an enormous advance on the original price. It is difficult for a stranger to buy anything of these peo-ple, because they are imbued with the idea that all foreigners are walking gold mines, who may as well pay one price as another. I asked an old woman the price of a little straw basket. "Firteen dollars," she re plied. Finding that would not do, she gracefully dropped to 50 cents, about double the sum that a local dealer would have given her.

A DEPOSIT OF PETROLEUM.

characteristics of both the crocodile and bird; eyes of the lizard; the body naked as a serpent's, with the exception of the leath-The northernmost town of Peru is Tum ers which grew from the forearms, seemingly bez, interesting only from the fact that here Pizarro was met by the Inca messento form wings, though it is essentially a four-footed creature; then a tail longer than gers whom King Atahualpa had sent out the entire body made up of a number of joints to inquire the object of the white man's visit. Back of the town are some extensive from which a double row of feathers pro-ject. The compsognathus was another strange bird-reptile. Its proportions were petroleum deposits, which where known to the Indians long before the coming of the at times mastedonic and it is thought this may have been the roc of mythic lore, Spaniards. Since time out of mind the oil had been used for lubricating and coloring Then the diornts and Palapteryx grew to a purposes, but the natives were entirely ignorant of its real character and value height of from 10 to 15 teet, and were easily capable of vanquishing a number of men rudely armed for combat of any kind and until a Mr. Larkins, from Western New York, came down here to peddle kerosene, and then it was immediately recognized as Taking everything into a consideration, the same stuff.
A little farther down is Paita, or Payta, perhaps the wondrous phouix, griffin, gorgon and roe of the ancients were not

as it is sometimes spelled, the ocean gate of the fertile valley of Piura, which, with its town of the same name, lies 60 miles away, across the desert of Sechura and close to the Cordillera. Being completely surrounded by bare sand bluffs, except the little space to seaward, there is not a trace of vegetation anywhere in sight. All the water that is used is brought from a point more than 30 miles away, formerly on the backs of mules, but now through an iron pipe. Though ly-ing within the so-called "rainless beit" of Peru, it is said that smart showers occasionally fail here, say once in three or four years. To form a tolerably correct idea of

long street near the heach, their wicker-work frames so thinly plastered over with mud that a passer-by might thrust his finger through; and roofed with a matting of braided rushes, tied on to the rafters. Some of them are two-storied and very well furnished, being occupied by agents of foreign commercial houses who are paid extraordinary salaries for consenting to a resi-

NOBODY EVER DIES THERE.

Paita has no cemetery and it is said that none is needed, as nobody ever dies here-abouts—they dry up in course of centuries and blow away into the desert. We are inyears ago, having heard that such an insti-tution is a feature of all first-class towns. They laid out an enclosure, but even mo-tives of patriotism could not induce anybody to be interred alive. Finally a vessel came along which had a man on board at the point of death; and as he had neither friends nor money the captain was easily persuaded The three-story habitation afloat on a waste of waters with its crowd of passengers, its living cargo of horses, cattle, sheep and fowls, and its tons of fruit and other freight, is a miniature village separated from the rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world and forced to rely upon rest of the world rest of the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The term was as robust as the rest of them? The new ceme-term was as robust as the rest of them? The new ceme-term was as robust as the rest of them? The new ceme-term was as robust as the rest of them? The new ceme-term was as robust as the rest of them? The new ceme-term was as robust as the rest of them? The new ceme-term was as robust as the rest of them? The new ceme-term was as robust as the rest of them? The new ceme-term was as r rest of the world and forced to rely upon into the second century. There are bloomits own resources for sustenance and amuse-ing maidens here of 70 and 80, frisky boys of a hundred or more and "flower-girls" of twice three score and ten—so they tell us!

One is struck by the extraordinary num-ber of gaunt, half-starved dogs that lie sleeping upon the sand-heaps or go prowling about in the most dispirited manner. A comical story is sometimes imposed upon eredulous travelers to the effect that what man, Secretary. The company's plant was has caused these canines to look so lean and lazy is not lack of food, but the great distance they have to go for water. I was gravely assured by a barefooted native that every morning before sunrise all the dogs of the village assemble in the plaza, they march together in a bedy to the control of the con march together in a body to the river, 30 miles away, where they drink enough to satisfy them for 24 hours, and then slowly retarn, being quite worn out by the time they have reached home!

AN AMERICAN AT LAST.

A rather more interesting coast town is Pacasmayo. And here an agreeable sur-prise swaited us. For more than 20 years Mr. B. H. Kauffmann, a brother of the owner of the Washington Evening Star, has been the American Consul at Pacasmuyo. He lives in a big, airy house not far from the beach, whose bamboo-roofed veranda commands a splendid view of the rolling surf and the measureless blue beyond. It is a cozy home, furnished with all that good taste and money can buy in this part of the world, including fine pictures, dainty china and a French piano, making one forget that trackless deserts and a treacherous ocean environ on every side. Mrs. Kauffmann was a Lima belle and there are several very pretty children who are being educated at home by an English governess. The young daughter, who excels in music, is a striking specimen of the blending of the two races, showing the white skin and fair hair of the Saxon, with the soft expressive eyes, fine form and tiny hands and feet of the Peru-

vian mother. Among the sights of Pacasmayo especial mention mention should be made of a street car, propelled, by wind. It runs on rails like other cars, but has neither horse, mule, engine nor any motive power, except the viewless hands of the air playing in a sail, which can be raised or lowered to suit which can be raised or lowered to suit emergencies, just like that of a yacht. There are brakes, of course, and right merrily does this queer land ship soud along, from the town to the end of the long pier, when the wind happens to be in the right direction.

And now there are no more steps to be made before Callao, the port of Lima, where we shall bid a happy adieu for some time to the ocean, of which we are heartily tired.

FANNIE B. WARD,

BISMARCK'S COURTSHIP Not Carried on in the Half-Hearted Fashion of Our Degenerate Day. It seems that Bismarck did his courting

ackenburg family he tell in love with staff; the comandante of the military gar-rison and several of his subordinates; and party, and whom he had first met at the During the month of August last the price wedding of his friend, Von Blackenburg; but he never made her acquainted with his sentiments. On his return from the journey he wrote direct to the young lady's parents, tract for the entire product of the St. Louis the arrival of a steamer is the one event that breaks the monotony of their lives, they never fail to celebrate it for all it is good people were rather Bismarck's reputation for high living, but their daughter having intimated discreetly that she did not regard the young gentleman unfavorably they decided not to hurry matters nor take any decided step in one

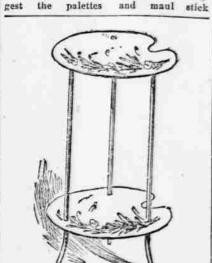
direction or the other. So they wrote Bismarck, inviting him to come and see The parents met him with an air of great solemnity and the young lady stood with eyes modestly bent on the ground when Bisnarck, on alighting, threw his arm's around his sweetheart's neck and embraced her vigorously be ore anyone had time to demur. The result was an immediate betrothal. Prince Bismarek is fond of telling the

story, and he is careful to finish it with this reflection: "And you have no idea what this lady has made of me."

A PALETTE TABLE.

Neat Little Home Ornament That Can be Made for About 35 Cents.

The top and bottom of the table to be enameled or painted in "smooth" style and varnished two or three times to give it fine finish; a light decorative design is preferable. The legs should be round and about an inch in diameter. The legs and knobs at the top of the table to be gilded, The object of the design is to sug-



of an artist. The table has been made from my design by my husband (an amateur with tools), who cut the tops from one-half inch wood used for fret sawing, and fastened them to three dowel sticks seventh-eighth inch, as shown in sketch. After I had bainted the tops we gilded the legs, etc., and

it was complete. Cost as follows: Wood for top, 20 cents: three dowel sticks, 9 cents; three knobs, 6 cents; total, 35 cents. Colors and gilt we had on hand.

An Economical Bride.

At the sacred altar lately, says the Klamath, Wash, Star, a bride exhibited a degree of parsimony that would have made a campaign fund committee turn pale. When the officiating clergyman announced present day have no counterpart, except in the dragons and gorgons of myth and romance.

BATTLE OF THE MONSTERS.

In an instant these two strange creatures

In the hippie. The gun was losted and at least of the hippie. The gun was losted and anyone. The shock, however, knocked Shea down, and when picked up he was dead. Dr. Lynd was summoned and pronounced death to have resulted from nervous shock.

Years. To form a tolerably correct idea of the appearance of Paita, you have only to imagine a collection of the mud nests of the imagine a collection of the mud nests of the appearance of Paita, you have only to imagine a collection of the mud nests of the appearance of Paita, you have only to imagine a collection of the mud nests of the appearance of Paita, you have only to imagine a collection of the mud nests of the appearance of Paita, you have only to imagine a collection of the mud nests of the appearance of Paita, you have only to imagine a collection of the mud nests of the appearance of Paita, you have only to imagine a collection of the mud nests of the barn swallow, somewhat enlarged and turned bottom side up. Its queer shops and dollar'n a half! Why pa and ma were marked that the regular marriage fee was \$1.50, and added in a nearly-put innuendo that a little more was usually thrown in by the dollar'n a half! Why pa and ma were marked that the regular marriage fee was \$1.50, and added in a nearly-put innuendo that a little more was usually thrown in by the hard turned bottom side up. Its queer shops and dollar'n a half! Why pa and ma were marked that the regular marriage fee was \$1.50, and added in a nearly-put innuendo that a little more was usually thrown in by the hard turned bottom side up. Its queer shops and dollar'n a half! Why pa and ma were marked that the regular marriage fee was \$1.50, and added in a nearly-put innuendo that a little more was usually thrown in by the marked that the regular marriage fee was \$1.50, and added in a nearly-put innuendo that a little more was usually thrown in by t AMMONIA GOING UP.

An Industry That is Producing Fortunes for a Favored Few.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND OF LATE.

mintions of a Trust. HOW THE CHEMICAL IS PRODUCED

The Advent of Ice Machines and the Manip-

It is not generally known that the ammonia producing industry of this country in its present form is practically of St. Louis origin, and that a company formed in that city seven years ago produces two-thirds of institutions operated by modern scientific methods, and the B. P. Clapp Ammonia Company, the name under which it was reorganized two years ago, is the largest producer of ammonia in the world.

This company was organized in 1883, with George Nash as President, G. S. put in operation for the first time on May 1, 1884, and for five years a profitable business was done. Then it became apparent that the concern's interest demanded a re-organization of its affairs upon broader lines, and a big combine was formed which now holds a kind of monopoly on the business. The dividends of this company, combine or trust, as you please, may be faintly conceived when it is stated that its stock is never quoted on the market: that a stockholder has rarely been known to offer any part of his holding for sale, and that when he has done so he has found an instant and eager market among his fellow stockholders.

A BY PRODUCT OF COAL GAS.

The manufacture of ammonia previous to the advent of the St. Louis Ammonia and Chemical Company had been altogether controlled by the manufacturers of coal gas, It can only be manufactured in citles which use coal gas, the product being secured from the distillation of the water through which the gas is passed in the last process of its manufacture. The gas in passing through this water yields up its ammonical constituent, which is retained in a form called am-monical liquor. This liquor was formerly thrown away by gas manufacturers. Now, however, it is preserved and brings a high price from the ammonia manufacturers whose business consists solely in distilling it. In many parts of the country this ammoniacal liquor is shipped long distances for distillation, but in the case of the St. Louis manufactory this is unnecessary, the gas works of the city supplying all the ma-

terial that the concern can use.

The ammonia produced by this company is manufactured by an improved process, and whether designed for the drug trade or refrigerating purposes is chemically pure. The product therefore commands the readier sale than that with which it enters into competition, though there is practically no conflict of interests among those engaged in the trade, the field furnishing more than room

enough for all. CONSUMPTION IN ICE MACHINES. The manufacture of ammonia has largely increased in the past six years, but the rate of increase in its consumption has been much larger. A number of mild winters have led to the establishment of ice plants in many

cities in which the supply of ice naturally frozen was entirely depended upon. The great brewing associations have equipped their cooling rooms with facilities for cool-It seems that Bismarck did his courting as the Irishman played the fiddle—by main strength. The following story is told of this tender passage in the life of the Iron Chancellor by the St. Louis Republic: On a journey into the Hartz Mountains with the Blackenburg family he tell in love with of ammonia advanced 6 cents per pound, and the indications are favorable for a further

advance during the coming summer. The

National Ammonia Company holds a con-

and Cincinnati manufactories until Decem-

ber 31, 1891, a fact which in itself justifies frightened at | the anticipation of an early rise in prices.

> TIPPOO TIB'S IVORY. On His Way With Immense Loads and News About the Rear Column.

New York Sun. 2 News comes from Central Africa that Tippoo Tib is at last on his way to Zanzibar with 7,000 porters, carrying an enormous quantity of ivory. When his present stock reaches the coast, this greatest of African traders will have sent to the sea within the past four or five years about \$500,000 worth of ivory. His present caravan is the largest ever seen in the equatorial regious. As he lest Ujiji a little before September 1 he wasoon be due at Zanzibar. It will be inter1 esting to hear what he has to say about the Emin relief expedition. His opinions of Major Barttelot and his management will likely be rather piquant, for it is well known that he regarded the Major as en-

EXPOSITION ECHOES

tirely out of his element in Africa,

turnstiles at the Expo-sition buildings were no respectors of persons. The tall, the short, the fat, the lean, solemn visaged visitor, secured an entrance on the same level. The multiplicity of exhibits were as diversified in their character and make up, as the purpose and ideas which brought the thousands of visitors to see them. The lengthy specimen of humanity whose words we echo to-day, was loud in his praise

and admiration of the exhibit of HE-NO

The tea of the Exposition. HE-NO is a remarkable tea of exquisite bouquet and flavor.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and possessing the body, and quality of the best. Send us 3 cents, to pay postage, and get a book giving facts about the effects of tea,

SK YOUR GROCER FOR HE-NO TEA, AND TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

MARTIN GILLET & CO., (Established tätt)

Exchange Place, Baltimore, Md. not-3 40-84