## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

JANUARY 4. 1891.

ON THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

across the lurid streak of crimson, which for a moment illumines the horizon, and then fades away in the gloom! There is no moon on this yoyage, no whitecaps, no sea sick-ness. We reach Genoa in the morning, and here the adventure of my life befalls me.

I stumble headlong into the King of

I'll teli you all about it in my next.

LILLIAN SPENCER.

HOUSEKEEPERS POOL ISSUES.

The Co-Operative Experiments at Uties, 1

Some weeks since the heads of five Utica

families entered into an agreement after mature deliberation under which provision

was made for leasing and furnishing a house,

employing cook and servants and making all arrangements for a trial of co-operative ousekeeping, in so far as the dining room

The gentlemen interested are all business men in moderate circumstances. Choosing

will be no changes at the end of that time,

neluded, which number has been augmented

to nearly 50, as many as can be accommo

Y., and at Evaniton, Ill. New York Herald. 1

and kitchen were concerned.

McVeigh, and of Mr. McCormick, the millionaire. Between the houses and river are several rows of stately trees, old as Pennsylvania itself.

Harris Park is one of the prettiest portions of this boulevard. The first permanent white settlement on the site of Harrisburg was by an Englishman named John Harris, who in December, 1733, obtained from Governor polled a total vote of an odd melion. The wealth of the State was the nonly large enough to bring into the State Tressury a few hundred thousand of dollars Treasury a few hundred thousand of dollars taxes. The valuation of personal property, alone, in the various counties of the Commonwealth, as designated by the Revenue Commission of 1886 for State taxation, including mortgages, bonds, etc., was \$390,749,556, and it has increased largely since then. So that the State is both big enough and rich enough to afford a handsome new Capitol building.

Although the building is old-fashioned it has a most beautiful location and surroundines. It stands in the center of a pretty

THE CAPITOL BUILDING.

THE PROPRIETORS OF PENNSYLVANIA

a grant of 300 acres of land near his residence, and who then purchased from other grantegs 500 acres adjoining.

He traded with the Indians, and his name

traditions of roving Indians from For

Duquesne (Pittsburg). In 1753 the Penns granted to his son, John Harris, Jr., the right to establish a terry over the Susque-hauna river, and the settlement was then

long known as Harris' Ferry.

A town was laid out in 1785, and it was

made the seat of justice for a new county taken from Lancaster, and called Dauphin

after the French Crown Prince. The village was called at one time Louisbourg, in honor of Louis XVI., but in 1791 it was incor-

porated as a borough under the name of Harrisburg. It became the State capital in 1812, and received a city charter in 1860.

So that prior to the war the seat of State

ough only. Its growth since then has been

THE HOUSE OF CAMERON.

history of the State capital as a pioneer only. Next to his name, that of the Cam-erons is perhaps most familiar in connec-tion with the name of the city. Old Simon Cameron was born in the adjoining county

of Lancaster, and, after learning his trade as a printer, moved to Harrisburg. In 1822

he edited a Democratic newspaper there, became the president of a bank and subse-

quently of two railroads.

Throughout the long stretch of years since then, until bis recent death, his patriarchal head was a familiar sight to the State Legislators every session. He was always glad

Front street, and he especially liked to have young men call upon him. His political reminiscences whiled many an hour

away during recesses of the House or Senate when time hung heavily on the hands of country members remaining over in the city, L. E. STOFIEL.

BEASTS LOVE TOBACCO.

Bears Delight in Smoke, and Lions Take

Very Kindly to Snuff.

Prof. Paul Meyerheim, the celebrated

animal painter, contributes to a "sympo-

sium" in a German publication devoted to

the tobacco trade the following interesting

"What I have observed about smoking is

not very interesting so far as my own use of

the weed is concerned. I smoke light cigars

and have little or no appreciation of high-

grade cigars. But it may interest you to learn what my models in the zoological gar-

dens think about smoking.
"There are, to begin with, the common

observations on lovers of the weed:

Chicago News. ]

The name of Harris is linked with the

Left Sitting on Hard Benches at Midnight in a Cheerless Land.

OVER THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO ITALY

WALKING IS BETTER

Than Trying to Get Over Europe as

a Third-Class Passenger.

LILLIAN SPENCER'S TALE OF WOE.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. GENOA, ITALY, Dec. 18 .- If you are rich or titled you travel first class in Europe; if you are sensible you travel second; if you are a pauper or a fool you do it third. I was not a pauper, but I was a glorious fool. That is the only excuse which can be urged for me. I wanted to see how it went. I did see! My curiosity on that score has been fully gratified. If it had not been that, like the conventional cat, I have nine good solid long-lived lives, I am sure I should never have come out at the end of my journey We started from Charleville, in France,

does, which is the same thing. And off we start again. This time, however, we are second class. We reach Marseilles at noon several days later. The scene which greets us is tropical. The white town shines golden in the fierce glare of the mid-day sun. Sea, sky, hills and all aglow with the yellow glare. Up the steep hill leading from the station surges a bizarre, not to say Oriental throng—gay soldiers, jostling against handsome girls; girls half French, half Greek, with black eyes and olive cheeks; long lines of milk-white horses, pulling up drays of fruits; crowds of peasants of every nationality under the sun, all chattering and singing and swearing in loud voices and foreign tongues.

On the Deep blue Sea. and went from thence by rail to Marseilles, resolving to continue our walking tour in There is a ship for Genoa at noon. There is a ship for Genoa at noon. We take passage, and ere long are sailing in the blue waters of the Tyrrhene Sea. The sight is sublime! The sea has ebbed away from the shores, leaving huge mountains of calcareous rocks as white as marble, towering up against the pearly sky and reflecting like crystal palaces in the sapphire depths below. At some distance these rocks resemble glant cities and fortresses and quaint little villages, which might be the phantom Italy owing to the cold weather. Before leaving Charleville we endeavored to find out the length and cost of the trip, but this was impossible. The ticket agent knew nothing about it. His knowledge extended as far as his line, a distance of a few hun-dred miles, and no further. So we were obliged to set off quite in the dark. We boarded a third-class carriage at 6 A. M. This boarded a third-class carriage at 6 A. M. This carriage was just the same cheerless, shabby concern as one sees everywhere on all European lines, only it was even more cheerless and more shabby, if such a thing can be possible. It had no carpet, no cushions, no curtains, no anything except a long wooden bench and two small, forbidding windows. As the glass is never washed, the windows must be opened to be seen through. It is in this car that the middle and poerer classes travel. semble giant cities and fortresses and quaint little villages, which might be the phantom dwelling places of dead and gone sea kings. As the ship speeds swiftly over the smooth surface, they fade and pale and gradually lose themselves in the silver mist which rises from the ocean and falls from the clouds, and shines like a veil studded with dispendent. diamonds.

Anon purple hills crowned with the ancient castles of fierce warriors of by-gone days loom in sight—castles grim and dark and forbidding, with broken towers and moldering walls. And then come long stretches of chalky cliffs, whose white summits shine pink and roseate in the setting sun. And then come the shadows. Those weird, mystic shadows which deepen the blue waters and darken the hills, and cut across the lurid streak of crimson, which for

THE RATE IS TOO HIGH.

The rate of fare is one-third less than the regular price. There oughtn't to be any fare for such accommodations at all. At home we might put our pigs in some such boxes, but I doubt it! The guards or conductors are grimy, ill-dressed individuals with humors to suit all classes and conditions.

A first-class humor will cost 5 francs, \$1; a second-class humor will cost 2 francs, 40 cents; a third-class humor will cost 50 centimes, 10 cents.

The unpaid humor (a mixture of savage-

ness and impertinence) will cost you noth-ing except your temper. You will lose that effectually and repeatedly. The next thing that will happen to wring your soul will be this: You will be going along smoothly enough at the rate of ten miles an hour, when you will suddenly find that they have when you will suddenly find that they have uncoupled your car and gone on without you. To your frantic demands for an explanation they will either misunderstand your choicest boarding-school French entirely, or inform you curtly that the third-class carriages don't go clear through, that they wait over 12 hours or so for the next accommodation train. It is midnight! The hotels are miles off, and closed at that. There is nothing to do but sit on the wooden benches (which nothing, not even time seems to soften) and wait! Ye gods what a wait! Job's patience would have succumbed. It blows up cold. You are hungry. You can't get a drink (there is no fit water in the country). No one listens to your tale of woe or understands it if he does, and there you are.

a president, secretary and treasurer and a "board of governors," the gentlemen set themselves at work. The first thing to be done was to draft a compact by which all were bound to give the plan a trial of three · WALKING MORE COMFORTABLE. "Let's get out and walk," savs Mimi two weeks hence.
In the original number 22 persons were

The suggestion is an inspiration. We act pon it. We do get out. Thank heaven we have learned to walk; and set off with defiance in our eyes and despair in our hearts. "Who's the king of this forsaken country? asks Mimi, whose misery has made he

On we go, shivering a little as an occasional

MONASTERY OF THE TEMPLARS.

It is noonday when we reach the old town of St. Philibert. There is a monastery there

worth looking at. It is one of those hoary old affairs dating from the middle ages. There is a sort of Crusade air about it; or

rather it looks like a venerable English woman I once met who assured me her ancestors came over with the Conqueror.

This was, and is, the Monastery of the Temp-lars. When it was built in 1922 the

Templars were really a power, although they did not wear colored sashes and pa-rade the street. By the way, that same power was the rock on which they split;

for the King grew jenious of them and took away most of their old privileges. The learned gentleman who told me all about this at the table d'hote last night, assured

me there was another reason.

"Their habits," said he," were bad, and the only way to cure a man of a bad habit is to abolish him."

So if one is to cure men of bad habits, 1

ooks as though nothing but women were to

dated in the present quarters. In the begin-ning it was necessary to purchase an entire new outfit of kitchen and dining room fur-niture, as well as conveniences for the cook idiotic.

"There is none, simpleton, it is a republic.
You can't find any fault with that.
America is a republic."

"It ought to be ashamed of itself," Mimi groans. "My corn is worse than ever."

"We will never travel third class again, and five waiters, who, in addition to their regular duties, look after the house, which hey occupy, rented by the club.

A competent cook of many years' experi ence was employed, into whose charge the that is one sure thing," I interpose.
"How will we travel?" Mimi asks.
"We will walk. This is a walking tour, full management of affairs was given, with

the exception of the purchase of food, which duty devolves upon one of the club, designated anyhow."

Tramps being essentially an American by the President at the beginning of each product and unknown to these parts, a walk at night is not attended with any especial danger. The good folk are all abed with Books are kept, in which is entered every ent of expenditure, and they are balance at the end of the month, when an assessment is levied upon each member and all accounts the conventional chickens. Even the owis snooze between times. It is dark and calm and unexpressibly still. There is no moon, but a few stars illumine the sky, and throw are squared. During the first few weeks of the lie of the club the assessments were necessarily somewhat heavier than they are a faint light upon the smooth, white road

at present. On we go, shivering a little as an occasional gust of wind screams among the somber trees, and longing for that break in the clouds which heralds the coming of the morn. We have not long to wait. Old Sol shakes himself a bit, gets up, frowns, stretches and wishes us good day with his most beaming smile. It is an enchanting hour; for France is sunny and kind, and one drinks in a great beaker full of the warm South with every fragrant breath.

MONASTERY OF THE TEMPLARS As regards the table, the very best of everything is provided, with all the delicacles in season, while no extravagance countenanced by any member. At present the amount levied upon each person is a trifle less than \$3 a week, and

those in charge confidently expect to reduce this to \$2.50. Besides this, wives and daughters are released from the care of kitchens and dining rooms, and the worry incident to the supervision of cooks and other servants, too often incompetent, is a thing of the past.

The only inconvenience, which is slight

by comparison, is the necessity of leaving home to take meals in the co-operative club house.

It would be uscless to say that the mem-

bers of the Utica Co-operative Housekeeping Club are satisfied with its workings. There is but one other club in the cour try similar to the Utica association. This is at Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, and has been in operation less than three weeks It is known as the Evanston Co-operative Housekeeping Association, and is so incor-porated. The club comprises about 50 tamilies, nearly 200 individuals in all.

STATUE OF WILLIAM PENN.

His Hat to Be the First Object in America to Greet the Morning San.

Washington Star.] The bronze statue of William Penn which is to crown the absurdly tall tower of Philadelphia's pretentious City Building, is now being east in sections, and will soon be ready to be put in place. It is to stand on a

ready to be put in place. It is to stand on a base only five feet square, so that one foot of the figure will project a little beyond the edge of its support—an arrangement that can hardly be considered pleasing.

In both height and weight the Penn statue very greatly exceeds the bronze figure of Liberty which surmounts the dome of the national capitol, and, in the gerandiloquent language of a Philadelphia paper, "it is intended that the broad rimmed quaker hat which shields the head of the founder of the city shall be the first artificial object in this country to catch the rays of the morning ountry to catch the rays of the morning un." In other words, it is to be a little higher than the apex of the Washington monument in this city. Nevertheless it will

be far less imposing. ALMOND EYES AND PORK.

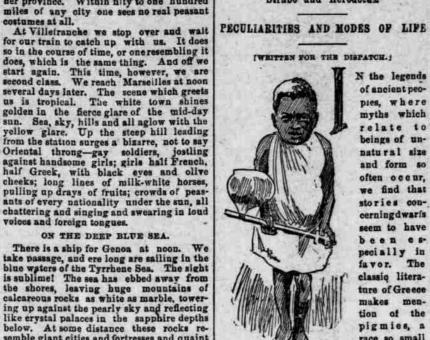
When the Celestial Gets Through With His Pig Only Bones Are Left.

with pork. It is safe to say that, after rice, will see whole carcasses laid out upon a table, being painted with various dressings, cut into sasorted shapes and sizes.

Different portions are chosen and laid aside for different dishes, and altogether, when a Chinaman has done with a pig, there is "nothing of the dead but bones."

walk. France is a charming country. It has a "table d'hote," and it is polite. But the peasants! In them we are disappointed. They are not picturesque. The market women wear white caps, and "the Blanchissense" washes her linen on the stones of the running brooks, but she, like all the others, dresses in shabby imitation of her betters. One looks for short skirts and white chemisettes, tight bodices and jaunty aprons, but one finds them not. It is only the peasant girl from the far inland country (or backwoods, as we would express it), who clings with any degree of fidelity to the dress of her province. Within fifty to one hundred miles of any city one sees no real peasant

PECULIARITIES AND MODES OF LIFE



makes mention of the pigmies, a race so small that they are few inches high and to live in the depths of

Central Africa, where in mysterious solitude and silence the Nile takes its rise. We are further told that these diminutive men make way every spring on birds of large description of the battle between the pig-mies and the cranes. Strabo, who is much of a skeptic and knew how prone to exag-geration were travelers in the recital of their adventures in foreign lands, throws discredit on the story, and in one of his books bluntly states that "all who wrote about India were the biggest liars."

Aristotle and Pliny on the other hand, believed that a dwarf race who were trogololytes, or cave dwellers, had their existence in Africa. Herodotus, more accurate and scientific, distinctly alludes to these dwarfs in his books. He relates that five men belonging to the tribe of Nayamonen, in Lybia, undertook a voyage across the great desert and came to the banks of a broad river running from east to west and full of crocodiles, where they found inhabitants who were all below the medium height.

THE LATER DISCOVERIES.

When the Gothic night descended over Europe little or no progress was made in geography and ethnography. Not until 1661 do we find the record of a tribe of small men, called Kimos, who are said to inhabit Madagasear—perhaps the same as those now known as the Vazimba, who dwell in the mountainous districts of that island. Coming to more recent times, we find, in 1820, a statement to the effect that a dwarf people, the Berikomo, were to be found living to the north of the lofty, snow capped Kenia Mountain. In 1840, Dr. Krapt, the missionary, describes a dwarfish race, the Doko, who live on the Upper Djub river, to the south of the Kaffa prevince, and that south of Bagirmi the natives allude to a diminutive tribe called the Mala-Gilage, who are moreover graced with a When the Gothic night descended over

caudal appendage.
All these facts, however, are of doubtful accuracy; and, as regards the last named people, the information seems to have been derived from no better source than slaves and traders of the interior. The first bit of positive data respecting the so-called dwarf peoples of Eastern Africa was furnished by the well-known German explorer, Prof. Schweinfurth.

CURIOSITIES FOR A KING. At the residence of Munsa, the Monbatte king, he found some individual samples of the Akka or Tikki-Tikki tribe, men of small stature, who lived as hunters in the bush, and some of whom King Munsa kept as a

curiosity at his court. Some time after the Austrian traveler Marno and Captain Long, the English explorer, who accompanied him, discovered the same Akka people. Traces of this dwarfish race were also found t Batalto, on the western coast of Africa.



Pigmies Compared With English and Zanzi baris. Leone and often made trips far into the in-

terior, heard of dwarfs living in a country further inland called Lutun, where those tribes are called Kenkob or Bezsan.

There are also on the Loango coast native There are also on the Loange coast native tribes of men, who, although of small stature, are good elephant hunters. They are called the Mimos or Bakka-Bakka. Besides these, on the Sette river, are the Matimbo or Donga, who belong to the same race. More detailed information concerning these tribes was turnished by Du Chaillu, the famous was turnished by Du Challin, the Jamons explorer and gorilla hunter, who, in the vast forests of Western Africa, discovered the Abongo dwarfs on the Ogowee river, in Ashira country. I myself visited those regions in 1876 and met with this dwarf race on the Upper Ogowee.

DISCOVERED BY STANLEY.

DISCOVERED BY STANLEY.

At about the same time Stanley discovered the Upper Congo and afterward explored the country. He found this dwarf race in different places, and in his more recent expedition from the Congo to the Albert Nyanza he often came across small groups of them scattered in the deuse forests on the Upper Aruwimi, and more to the east on the Bemliki river. These, it would seem, are less harmiess and peaceful than their congeners elsewhere; they attack with poisoned darts the caravans that seek to pass those well nigh inaccessible solitudes. Possibly the Paria in the Somanii country, who are to be found between the Galla and Somauli tribes, should here be noticed as belonging to the same dwarfish race.

Thus, then, we see that a primitive people, characterized by a stature below the average medium height, are to be found scattered all over the continent of Equatorial Arrica, as well from the west coast to to Somauli land as in the east, and from the regions south of Lake Tchad down to the nouthern confluences of the Congo. They are nowhere tound in a coherent body or mation, with fixed places of residence and commanded by a chief. They form small

groups in the midst of or in close proximity to more powerful or more intelligent negro tribes, who regard them as little better than slaves. They are allowed to live on condition that they hunt deer in the bush and fish in the rivers for their masters, or kill the elephant whose ivory they are forbidden to sell.

HUNT WITH PRIMITIVE WEAPONS. They are said by all travelers to be expert They are said by all travelers to be expert hunters, though they have no firearms; their only weapons are bows and arrows and spears. Wild animals are also caught by them in nets, corrals and pitfalls. They are exceedingly elever in the arts and devices that appertain more especially to primitive and uncultivated races and show great fortitude in wrestling with the natural difficulties offered in a wild country like their own, both man and beast.

As to the average stature attained by these PARO BANKS SHOULD BE LICENSED

like their own, both man and beast.

As to the average stature attained by these people there is much discrepancy in the notes furnished by these who have seen them. The facts afforded on the subject by travelers are far from concordant. Perhaps the best estimate hitherto given is that of old Herodotus, who says of them that they are below "the medium height," It is no easy task to obtain exact data. They are exceedingly shy and timid and in order to make observations I had to eatch them as best I could, hunting them down like a wild animal. Once caught, however, they soon become tractable, especially when they see they are in the hunds of a white man and not in those of a siave dealer; a few presents in the shape of beads, cloth, or—what is still more seem to have
been to have
been to shape of beads, cloth, or—what is still more
been to shape of beads, cloth, or—what is still more
pecially in
favor. The
classic literathe operation is over, and run away most
nimbly.

THE SMALLEST MAN SEEN.

The smallest man of ripe years I ever came across among the Abongos stood 4 feet 3 inches from the ground. Stanley saw one not quite 4 feet hign; another 4 feet 4 inches, and a grown up girl of about 17 years of age who was harf an inch short of 3 feet. The latter may have been an exception, although the women are proportionally smaller than the men.

From personal observation and from what

smaller than the men.

From personal observation and from what I have read on the subject I am led to infer that the height of these pigmies averages between 4 feet 3 inches and 4 feet 8 inches for a full grown man, and between 3 feet 3 inches and 4 feet I inch for the women. This certainly constitutes a race of smaller stat-ure than that to be found in most other countries, but the term "dwar!" which is applied to them appears incorrect. Ethnology furnishes examples of many a tribe and nation whose stature does not much exceed that which is here attributed to the so-called pygmies. This will be made clear by com-paring the figures I have just given with the following list furnished by anthropo-

FIGURES ON THE RACES.

Patagonians, 5 feet 10 inches; Swabians (South Germans, Kaffirs and Polynesians, 5-1034; Don Cossacks, 5-8, Englishmen, 5-6; German-Austrians, 5-5; Negroes, 5-5; North-



One of Stanley's Pigmy Queens. ern Frenchmen, 5-5; Bavarians, 5-4½; Southern Frenchmen and Chinese, 5-4½; Australians, 5-3½; natives of Amboyna, 5-2½; natives of Timor, 5-2½; Malays, 5-1¾; Andanmas, 5-1½; Akka (Tikki-Tikki), 4-11; Lapps, 4-614. Abongos, 4-3; Bushmen, 4-3;

It will thus be seen that the inhabitants of the Arctic circle are much of the same size as some of the tribes in tropical Africa. I have long since come to the conclusion that the bushmen of South Africa are only branch of the dwarfish race found in tropical Africa, and Stanley's recent observa-The natural inference is that in bygone years a distinctly aboriginal race inhabited the vast forests which extend between the longo and the great lakes, and that this race was overcome and scattered in every direction by a more active, powerful and intelligent people, compounded of various negro tribes, and this in so effectual a manner that we now find but groups and remnants surviving in the midst of other races, who countenance and spare the strangers only because they are expert hunters and fishermen, or because in some places they serve to amuse the native chiefs by their grostesque dances and comic songs.

THREE DISTINCT TYPES.

During his last great voyage, Stanley captured many of them for the purpose of anthropological study, and concluded that there exist two distinct types among them, so different in the features they offer that, to so different in the leatures they offer that, to use his own words, one is no more like the other than a Turk resembles a Scandinavian. One race belongs to the Batus, and the other to the Wambutu. The bushmen of South Africa would afford another separate type; but the dwarfs to be found on the estern coast might be classed with the

Wambutu.

I noticed that they speak the tongue or dialect of the negro tribe in the midst of which they live. There is no doubt, however, that they have a language of their own. It is next to impossible to compose a vocabulary from the lips of these timid and doltish people. I could only get a few words from the Abonzo dwarfs, who dwell on the banks of the Ogowee, in proximity to the Okande tribe:

Okande Tongue. Abonzo Tongue.

taba omanda ibo n'binshi n'okoudo n'kala

As being a race of hunters, these dwarfs are not addicted to agricultural pursuits. Their settlements or villages are of the most primitive description; they consist in agglomerations of small round huts, which are readily taken to pieces and erected elsewhere, accordingly as the site chosen offers more favorable opportunities for the chase. As I have said, they use small arrows or darts tipped with a poison of vegetable origin, the effect of which is quick and fatal. A man belonging to Stanley's expedition, who was wounded by one of these arrews, died in a few minutes.

So sum up, therefore, it appears indubitaare not addicted to agricultural pursuits.

arrews, died in a few minutes.

So sum up, therefore, it appears indubitable that a race of mon of smaller stature than that of the great tribes to be found in Africa inhabit the tropical regions of that vast continent; that these diminutive people belong to a degenerate family, exhibiting the most primitive state of culture, and that, while indigenous to the soil, they are to be found scattered far and wide in small groups of a few hundreds each, like the gypsies of Europe, without fixed settlements and wandering about the thick, impenetrable forests extending between the Congo river and the Nile. The more recent observations of travelers fully confirm the fact that the ancients were acquainted with this peculiar

## SHEEDY ON GAMBLING

The Greatest American Gambler Says All Gamblers Are Fools.

CROOKED GAMES DO NOT PAY.

He Gives Pittsburg Phil Credit of the

Longest Head on Horses.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

"A professional gambler is a fool; if he wasn't a fool he wouldn't be a gambler."

The speaker was Pat Sheedy, whom I met in New York the other day. Now, it will be universally admitted that if there is in this country one man more than another who knows about gambling that man is Sheedy. He is known from New York to San Francisco, and from New Orleans to Minucapolis, no only as a square sporting man, whose word would, and often has been, accepted as quickly as soot cash in any gambling house in the United States, but as one of the "highest rollers" and most terriffic betters in North America.

The tremendous winnings which he has made at fare can be numbered by the score. Many a faro bank has been forced to suspend business, having lost its entire capital to Sheedy in a night's play. Whenever he enters a gambling house on business, the proprietors know that there is a strong like-lihood that before many hours their pet tiger will have had his tail pulled out, and that they will be obliged to turn over the dealing box, which is one way of announc-ing that the bank is broken.

MIGHT PASS FOR A PRIEST.

In appearance Sheedy might well be taken for a shrewd, quiet business man by those not familiar with his looks, and if dressed not familiar with his looks, and if dressed in gown and cassock might easily pass for a priest. His clothing, made by the most expensive tailor in New York, is of the quietest and most subdued pattern, while in his speech and general address he is quiet but forcible, unobtrusive yet with a certain

speech and general address he is quiet but forcible, unobtrusive yet with a certain magnetism which attracts men and enforces their attention, for when he speaks he always has something to say.

"A popular idea exists that gamblers are smart or 'fly' men," continued Sheedy. "People see Pat Sheedy and another gambler walking down the street, and say: "There goes a couple of gamblers; they must be sharp, shrewd, and fly.' Nousense, Do you see any gamblers owning business blocks, large buildings, or other solid evidences of prosperity? Its the 'suckers' who own them. The 'suckers' are in reality the shrewd and smart people. There have been mighty few gamblers, no matter how wealthy in their lifetime, who didn't have to be buried by subscriptions raised among their friends when they died. Did they prove themselves smart men? No man is shrewd or clever who enters and follows a pursuit in which everything is against him—the law, society, and the hand of the rest of mankind.

THE WOULD-BE GAMBLERS.

THE WOULD-BE GAMBLERS

"I have never met more than 15 gamblers "I have never met more than 15 gamblers in my life-all the others were 'would-bes.' As soon as they get a clean collar, a diamond and a fly cane they call themselves gamblers. Then their ambition is satisfied; they never look higher. Lots of this sort of fellows become gamblers through playing the races and making books. Why, they haven't the first idea of gambling. Many such people who call themselves sporting men were a short time ago selling suspenders and jackknives on Broadway; but in the eves of the general public they are gameyes of the general public they are gamthey're light and need weights to hold then down. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of them are elevated to their positions; they used to be waiters or door-mat thieves, and and know it all.

"To show you the ignorance which exists among a large part of the uninitiated public about gambling generally, let me refer to the belief that all gamblers are 'crooked,' the belief that all gamoiers are game of and that such a thing as a square game of faro does not exist. That idea is the greatest nonsense. Does a wise man kill the goose that lays the golden egg? Do you suppose that a square gambler would counte-nance a crooked game in his house for the purpose of winning a few hundred or even thousand dollars, after which the nature of thousand dollars, after which the nature of the game would become publicly known to players and they would avoid it as they would a smallpox hospital, when by con-ducting only an honest game the patronage of players can be retained for an indefinite length of time?

DON'T HAVE TO BE CROOKED. "There is no legitimate necessity for crooked work. Players do not stop to think what a great percentage is against them. For instance, a man will sit down to play faro with a capital of \$100 and try to win, say \$1,000, and often much more; or take correspondingly smaller sums. Now, there he is trying to increase his capital with ten chances against him, even if he confines himself exclusively to playing cases, instead of playing doubles as well, where he runs the chance of getting 'split,' making the chance ot his winning more dif-

ficult still. "My judgment is that gambling should be regulated by law, where it can be easily controlled, instead of driving it to secluded places where the opportunity for robbery is increased. Gambling does not hurt any-body if it is confined to those who can afford to lose; but as for those men who run 'dinner pall games, who had for the working-man his weekly wages of \$12 or \$15, why, I think that such gamblers are worse than stage robbers, for they not only take from a man who can't afford to lose, but bring want and misery upon women and children who expect to have their father, husband or prother buy them bread with his week wages. .

PARO BANK PLAYING DECREASING. "But while there is less faro bank playing in New York now by 40 per cent. than ever before, there is more general gambling, but it's been driven to the clubs, big and little. Indeed, the amoust of faro bank playing is decreasing all over the country. Horse racing and pool rooms are responsible for this. Men won't sit down to play bank now when they can go out to the track and win \$20,000 or \$30,000 in an afternoon. This state of affairs has been going on for five or six years, and it's getting more like England and Australia in this respect every year.

year.

Bookmakers don't make as much as peo-Bookmakers don't make as much as people suppose; in fact, not one in twenty makes money nowadays. Such players as Pittsburg Phil, for instance, cut down their profits mightly. I never in my life saw a man win more money than he does. I have seen men win bigger money in one single day than he, but they don't make such steady winnings as Phil. His judgment is phenomenal, and his memory something wonderful. He is the only man I ever knew who can name the herses as they ran, one, two, three, in every important ruce that has ever taken place. Phil knows what he is about, and whatever he tells you, you can go to sleep on.

THE LOSSES OF THE KICKERS.

THE LOSSES OF THE KICKERS. Not one-half of the money said by kickers to have been lost at gambling is really lost in that way. For instance, a cashier or confidential man in an office acquires expensive habits. He does not get sairy enough to meet the expenses of last life in a private flat up-town, ewning a fast horse, and in huying damonds, so he helps himself to the fluids money. Scouer or later he's found out.

"Finally, there is not the money made in

## HALLOWED BY TIME

And Made Famous by Association With the Names of Men Who Won Greatness.

HE KEYSTONE CAPITOL

Progress It Has Witnessed in Its Life of Seven Decades.

A BOARD WALK WITH A HISTORY.

The Founder of Harrisburg and Its Most Prominent Family.

POINTS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE PARK

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR ! HE Legislature of Pennsylvania will assemble on Tuesday in the same building where Legislatures have been meeting for 70 years. The

antiquated capitol has housed some very famous men ong since dead. yet there is a possibility of it continuing to stand as the nursery for statesmen of the park, 10 or 15 acres in extent. This park is on an eminence in the middle of Harrisburg. The Capitol is 180 feet long and 80 feet wide, There may be something secred about the roof which once covered the head of Thaddens Stevens, or about the floor across which the Great Com-

moner took his first strides toward fame, but it is from no such sentiments that the State permits the preservation of the old Pittsburg has her new three-million-dollar court house. Philadelphia is still building at her fifteen-million-dollar municipal alace. Reading is putting the finishing touches to a beautiful postoffice structure

OLDER THAN THE LEGISLATORS.

The Capitol is 180 feet long and 80 feet wide, with a circular Ionic dome. To the east of the structure is a building of similar design, containing the Department of Internal Affairs. On the west is another building exactly like it, used as the Executive Department, in which the Governor, Secretary of the Commonwealth and State Treasurer have their offices. THE VIEW FROM THE DOME. A commanding view is had from either the dome of the Capitol or the front portico between the massive pillars. To the north-ward is seen the picturesque gap, in which treet. But the great State of Pennsylvania has nothing to offer her legislators next week but that same old red brick capitol, which may have cost, possibly, \$100,000 to the Susquehanna river cuts its way through the Blue Mountains. Across the river lie the fertile farms of Cumberland county. The

Susquebanna is a mile wide at Harrisburg, and a romantic looking island separates its waters here.

From the steps of the Capitol, a wide fourdwalk leads down among the trees to Market street. It is the way to the Lochiel



first occupied on January 28, 1822. Pittsburg was in her swaddling clothes then, and Philadelphia's Quaker purity was yet un-sullied by progress. The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Congresses were sitting and Henry Clay was Speaker of the National House of Representatives. With but one exception, not a member of the present Allegheny county delegation to Harrisburg had yet been born. Hon. James L. Graham, of Allegheny City, is the exception, and he was only born in the same year work on the Carolial was companied. [219]

on the Capitol was commenced-1819. Two Governors of Pennsylvania got a chance to watch the work on this archit bral venture. They were William Findlay, a lawyer from Franklin county, and Joseph Heister, a merchant from Bucks county. The first was elected Governor by the Democrats, and the other succeeded him by the votes of the Federal party. As an evidence of how the population and merce of the State have outgrown the Capi tol building in proportions, the popular

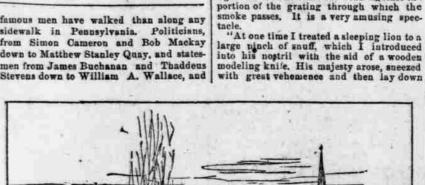


famous men have walked than along any sidewalk in Pennsylvania. Politicians from Simon Cameron and Bob Mackay down to Matthew Stanley Onay, and states men from James Buchanan and Thaddeus

brown bears. They are veritable tobacco enthusiasts. Just blow tobacco smoke

DOWN THE FAMOUS BOARDWALK.

toward their cage and you will see how they rush toward you and with every sigh of de-light rub the back and the head against the





LOOKING DOWN STATE STREET.

Governors from old Simon Snyder down to Robert E. Pattison, have trod this board-walk. During the biennial sessions of the Legislature it fairly teems with life, and is always thronged. In Capitol Park is a bandsome monument, erected to the memory of the soldiers of Pennsylvania who fell in the War of the Rebellion. It is surrounded by a fence

MADE OF OLD ARMY RIPLES.

The Stater's Soldies' Monument.

The Department of Second Street, there is a massive obelisk, erected to the honor of Dauphin county soldiers in the late war. The Capitol Park also contains conservatories, fountains, etc.

The one other charming attraction in Harrisburg is the boulevard or promenade along the river front. It is called Front street. The thoroughfare is lined with the handsome residences of the substantial people of the town. Among them are the stone mansion of the late General Simon Cameron, the palatial homes of Wayne

again to continue his nap, apparently rather pleased by the interruption. All kinds of goats, deer, llamas and similar animals are goats, deer, liamas and similar animals are passionately fond of souff and cigars. I once gained the friendship of a very ugly guanace by feeding him frequently with snuff. Some soldiers who later on teased the animal and were rewarded, as usual, by his spewing all over them, remarked in my hearing: "Why, the deuce! How the beast small of confering.

A Pretty Theater Dress. New York Sun. 3

An entire theater dress of dark steel silk proceeded with spots in a lighter shade, basa white cloth cuirass embroidered with gold in diagonal lines, which meets in a V in front and white sieeves, also embroidered with deep double puffs of the silk, covering the upper arm. The tiniest of white and gold bonnets and white gloves with black stitch-

bearing: "Why, the deuce! How the beast smells of snuff!"
"Large parians are also extremely fond of tobacco smoke. You see, I do not smoke for my pleasure alone."

be left.

I remember the old Templar building in Paris. Or rather I don't; I remember the place where it stood, until the Revolution blew it up, or pulled it down, or pushed it over. In the reign of Philip the Bel there were great stories afloat about these gentlemen, who at the present day are so-harmless. They worshiped the "trinity of gods." This in itself is not blame-worthy. But the first of these "gods" consisted of what my Irish ancestors would call a decapitated head; the second was a Janusfaced creature and the third was the skull of a cat. Their worship was very secret, but a And the King seized on a number of the leading Templars and threw them into prison. ing Templars and threw them into prison. Two of them he burned alive. Of these, one was Jacques Molay—Browning in one of his poems calls him "John of the crooked thumb," and has his soul, "flaring out in the dark," in fine melodramatic Jashion.

One thing in connection with this affair. Browning overlooked. Grand Master Jacques Molay summoned King and Pope to meet him—one ip four mouths, and the other in six—in Heaven. And they did. How they lared there, is, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would say, "another story."

DISAPPOINTED IN THE PEASANTS.

DISAPPOINTED IN THE PEASANTS. As for anything else St. Philbert is uninteresting enough. It is a snug little white and red town much like every other little anug red town. We stop there over night, and early next morning continue our

It is amozing what the Chinaman will do