THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY,

His Besetting Sin.

The Queen of Italy.

handle hot coals occasionally, but the

don't burn themselves-if they can help it.

Walking in Italy.

Italy is an ideal country for a pedestrian tour. And the walk from Genoa to Florence is a revelation to the tourist who visits the kingdom for the first time. We

ever after, The Italian peasants are a picturesque

and artistic race. But they are dishonest, and oh, heavens, how dirty. A bathtub to them is an unbeard-of and unknown com-

is not in the vocabulary of these people.

A Bow-Legged Race.

This is done to straighten its limbs. And

few months they soon grow crooked. And every other child one meets is bow-legged.

entrance is nearly always through a low gateway into a square brick or stone paved courtyard. From this courtyard opens the living room. The most important is the kitchen-dining room, where one cats and drinks red wine and cafe noire and watches

"mine host," the padrone, a slim, humble,
excitable little man, who dances
round like a hot pea on a
gridiron. He shrieks to the poor waiters,

bullys his wife—the fat signora—threatens to murder the long-suffering cook, and calls on every saint in the calender in his frenzy. "Bones of St. Peter!" he howls to the cook, "will you be quick?" "Death of the Virgin! reach me that joint."

Methods of the Host,

But our enemies were relentless.
"Americans!" they exclaimed with fiendish delight. "So much the better. We

SALT IN THE STREETS

Besides Being a Nulsance.

Salt sprinkled along the car tracks by the

street railroad companies, besides being a

nuisance, is certainly injurious to the health

of the people, for it gives them to breathe

that which nature never intended they

should breathe, says Dr. Cyrus Edson in the New York World. There is a likelihood, too, that the breathing of this air disposes one to the development of the germs which cause pneumonia. The mixture of salt and snow has also a bad effect on the hoofs of

horses. It causes them to soften.
Dr. August Siebert has studied the sub-

ject of the increased number of cases of

ject of the increased number of cases of pneumonia and has discovered that the discase is more prevalent when humidity approaches the point of saturation. Now, the atmospheric conditions producing the maximum amount of pneumonia appear to be when a maximum degree of cold is combined with a maximum degree of humidity. It follows from this that the predisposing causes of pneumonia are found in conditions produced by the use of sait in snow. It is certainly not a necessary evil, and it would appear that it increases the pneumonia death rate.

Will Increase the Liability to Pneu

LILLIAN SPENCER.

price he would anyone else.

like little body i

SO THERE WAS WAR,

The Tragic Events of the West Re-Enacted Out on Uncle Benjamin's Farm.

LITTLE TOM PLAYS AGENT And His Country Cousin Gets the

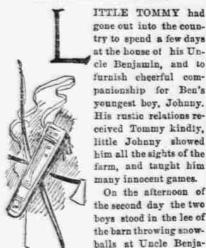
STARVED AND FROZEN INTO A ROW

Worst of It as Big Injun.

And Then Unmercifully Walleped by the Great White Father.

A TALE WITH A MORAL BY MR. FIELDING

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.



furnish cheerful companionship for Ben's youngest boy, Johnny. His rustic relations received Tommy kindly little Johnny showed him all the sights of the farm, and taught him many innocent games. On the afternoon of the second day the two

min's hens. It was a

very chilly afternoon,

especially for the hens. Suddenly little Tommy exclaimed: "Let's play Indian!" "Bully," said little Johnny, "and I'll be the great chief of the Sioux, Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Kat-Poison,'

Liked the Henry Role, Tommy offered no objection, and the simple country lad thought it was very kind of his cousin to yield up the principal role without protest. He quickly armed nimself with a wooden tomahawk, got some red ochre for war paint, levied on the rooster for feathers, and made a scalping knife out of the handle of a tin dipper, after which he said, "Whoop! Let the pale face beware, for Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison is on the warpath." "I'll be the agent," said Tommy, "and you must call me in the Indian tongue Fat-

Man-with-Boodle-in-His-Clothes. We'll play that this is the reservation," and Johnny, pointing to a sunny spot; "it's good snowballing here, which will be handy when I get ready to make an attack on the

"Oh, no," said Tommy, "the reservation is on the other side. This is the agency." Then he led Johnny to the northeast corner of the barn where it was colder than Siberia and made him sit down on the bottom of a bucket which was frozen into the ground. The wintry wind whistled through little Johnny's hair and he remarked: "Say, if this is goin' to be the reservation, there'll be of a minute."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Fat-Man-With-Boodle-in-His-Clothes, "it is the duty the government to furnish blankets for

The Supply of Blankets,

So little Tommy went into the barn and got two blankets, a fine large one for himself, and a thin one full of holes for the poor Injun. Young-Man-Not-Afraid, etc., kicked very hard at this distribution; and he wound up with a loud war-whoop and the amnouncement that the attack on the agency was about to begin. But when he would have arisen to execute vengeance, he discovered that he was immovably attached to the bucket. He was trozen upon the reservation.

When little Tommy perceived this condi-

tion of affairs, he at once pointed out the fact that it was all in the game. He believed in playing games right down to the cold facts, and he had read of many cases where similar but more extensive misfort-



Frozen on the Reservation.

unes had haprened on the boundless prairies. Then Tommy made up a large quantity of hard snowballs, and played that he was a company of cavalry attacking an In-dian village. Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison hurled his tomshawk, but as he could not go to get it again and the attacking force would not come within reach of his scalping knife, he was thereafter detenseless, and was massacred several times. Little Tommy taught him how to sing the death song, and insisted upon his bearing torture without tears.

About Time for Rations. Then little Johnny shrewdly suggested a

change in the game. "Don't the agency furnish the Injuns with rations?" he asked. Fat-Man-With-Boodle-in-His-Clothes admitted that there were treaties to that effect.

"Well, you go in and got ma to give us some gingerbread," said Johnny. "I'd do it myself if I wasn't frozen to this blamed

So little Tommy went into the house and explained to little Johnny's mother the nature of the game they were playing. On hehalf of the poor Indian who was obliged to nitch his wigwam on the northeast corner of the barn, he begged a piece of ginger-bread. As for himself, he did not care for gingerbread. It made his stomach ache. But Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison

Thereupon, Tommy's aunt broke off a large piece of gingerbread from a great brown sheet that was cooling in the woodshed, and the remarked that it was very disinterested of Tommy to interested for his cousin. As Tommy himself did not like gingerbread he might have a raspberry tart. mmy got outside of the tart and then ook the gangerbread to the Reservation. Johnny was still sitting on the bucket and doining was still sitting on the bucket and its seemed likely to remain there till the danuary thaw set in. His knees knocked together with the cold and he was endeavoring to arrange his torn blanket with the

holes all on the lee side, so that there wouldn't be so much draught through it. Like the Regulation Agent.

When he saw the smoking piece of gingerbread, tears of rapturous anticipation washed gullies in his war paint. "Get some warm water and pour on the bottom of this bucket," said he, "and the Great Chief will come to the agency for his

rations."
"It will not be necessary," said the agent. "Let the red man bunt the buffalo and covote. The agent will take care of the Then he divided the gingerbread into two equal parts, one of which he bit with the right side of his mouth and the other with

"When does the Great Chief come in?" asked Young - Man - Not - Afraid - of - Rat-

"He doesn't come in," retorted the Pale Face; "he stays on the reservation."

The spectacle of the vanishing gluger-bread was too much for little Johnny. He had not realized before how hungry he was; but now every time the agent took a bite,



Let The-Fat-Man-With-Singerbread-in-His-Mouth Make Restitution.

the Red Man of the Prairie felt the emptiness within him growing vaster. When he shivered the front part of his body flapped against his spine like the fore-course of a ship in a calm roll. It was unbearable. The Indian War Begins,

With a wild war whoop, he sprang to his feet, leaving a liberal square of his trousers in the icv grasp of the bucket, and clasping his scalping knife with deadly femolity, he bounded upon the unsuspecting agent. The battle was sharp, but victory quickly perched upon the standard of the Red Man. In about a minute the agent lay on his back in the wet snow, and Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Tearing-His-Pantaloons satastride of him, trying to saw off a handful of hair with the tin scalping knife. "If the Fat-Man-V"th-His-Mouth-Full-o'-

Gingerbread desires to save his hair," said the savage, "let him make restitution. Give up that gingerbread or I'll saw your head

Under the circumstances Fat-Man had no choice. He gave up the gingerbread, and was afterward tied to the hitching post where an imaginary fire was built around him, and he was subjected to various tortures, some of which were not so imaginary as the fire. It was his turn to sing the death song, and he did it so lustily that Uncle Benjamin heard him, and came to the res-

Uncle Sam Makes War The situation quickly changed in favor of the Pale Face. Uncle Ben took the offender



The Great White Father Puts Down an India

back to the reservation, and having found a large, thick shingle, he applied it in a man-ner to make little Johnny regret the tenacity with which his natural protector had adhered to the bottom of the bucket. Meanwhile little Tommy picked up the remainder of the gingerbread and devoured it.

Uncle Benjamin played the part of the Great White Father at Washington until little Johnny wished that he was a cherub with no necessity for sitting down and nothing to do it with, if the occasion should present itself. Then Uncle Benjamin settled the Indian question by saying: "If you ever act like that again I'll whale ye within an inch o' ver life.

HOWARD FIELDING.

CELERY IS BEING ABUSED.

The Story That It Is Laden With Typhold Fever Germs Is False.

The latest place where disease germs are said to exist is in celery, says Dr. H. Jacobson in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. This is an exceptionally harmless plant or vegetable; it is putritious and palatable. and is known to possess curative powers in cases of rheumatism and brain fag. But it is now said there is danger of its containing typhoid bacilli owing to the quantity of manure of all kinds used in its cultivation. If celery is eaten both uncooked and un-washed there may be danger of eating some-thing that is injurious, but so far as the plant itself is concerned the danger is imag-

Corn and vegetables grown on sewage farms have never been condemned as un-wholesome, and it is generally agreed that the juices of plants do not absorb manure or any kind of germ at all. A man might choke by trying to swallow too large a piece of celery, but he would find it a hard matter to kill himself by aid of it in any other way.

SHOEING THE BULLOCKS.

The Corean Blacksmith Sees the Beast

New York Tribune.1

The magnificent bullocks are one of the features of Corea. It would do a Brahmin's heart good to see them, although he would doubtless take exception to the ring through the nose and the load on the back. The method of sheeing bullocks is cruel in the extreme. The feet are firmly roped together and the bullock is east on his side; then the head is pulled around until it lies flat along the side, and in this painful attitude he has to lie until the slow Corean blacksmith concludes the torture.

Boston Traveller. 3 Mayor Hart takes great pride in the fac that during his administration the city of Boston has not paid for a single bottle of

BUMPED INTO A KING.

Lillian Spencer Has a Thrilling Experience in Sunny Italy.

ALMOST KNOCKS HUMBERTO DUWN.

Her Impressions of That Picturesque Young Dude, the Prince.

BRISK ENCOUNTER WITH PLEAS

FLORENCE, Dec. 21. S I said, I've just stumbled over the King

of Italy.

I m a g i ne
whether I am
excited or not!
A king—fancy
it! A real live
flesh and blood
k i n g I I say
stumbled over—
I mean stumbled into. Yes, of Italy. bled into. Yes,

stumbled is the word. I did stumble. To be exact I did more than stumble-I fell. This is how it happened:

I was dashing down the street in my American breakneck fashion, when suddenly I bumped against a man, who caught hold of me to save himself and thereby steadied us both. This man was his Gracious and Exalted Majesty, King Humberto, son of the hero, Victor Emanuelo IL, father of that promising young dude, the Prince of Naples. Yes, this was the King. And I all but knocked him down. He took it in good part, however. Smiled, bowed, asked me in French if I had burt myself, and behaved altogether like the son of a hero that he is. It all turned out happily enough, and if had only curled my bangs properly the evening before I should'nt have minded at all.

Not Presentable, of Course.

As a matter of fact I looked a perfect fright. My hair was skinned back from my hyperian brow in a pealed-onion fashion nitogether unbecoming to my style of beauty. But these little details somehow or other never



The King of Italy.

do arrange themselves to a woman's credit. I have a perfect genius for meeting the right person at the wrong moment.

Perhaps some of my American friends into a king would like to know something of one's emotions under the circumstances.
Well, frankly, good people, there is no other
emotion on earth comparable to it. We are
a republic; we scorn the nobility; we believe in the equal rights of man. No one is any better than his neighbor (unless he has a little more money), but bring its face to face with royalty and we lose our heads completely. Now, as far as I am concerned, everyone knows me to be a true slaughter of the Stars and Stripes. As for running into the Stars and Stripes. As for running into distinguished people, that is quite an old story with me. I have met dukes and parons and counts and lords, and never lost either my head or my heart, but to meet a king-well, that is altogether a horse of

A Peep at the Prince.

Later on I saw the Crown Prince. A smooth-faced boy with a fair sprinkling of smooth-laced boy with a lair sprinkling of down on the upper lip; an eye glass, a suit of the latest English-cut clothes and—a smile—in a word, this distinguished young sprig of the nobility resembles an out and out English dude. He lifts his hat in the most condescending manner. His air says lainly account. To a suit and the says lainly account the says and the says are says the says are says as a says a says and the says are says as a says are says as a says as a says are says as a says a says a says a says are says as a says a say plainly enough: "Lo, behold me! I am the Prince of Naples."

As we know all this, the information palls

As we know all this, the information palls upon us a little. I suppose I should be put to the torture if a breath of what I am saying should reach the fierce, "Italiannos," but between you and me, I honestly believe that that young fellow's blood is not altogether a pure 22-carat mixture! If there isn't something plebeian in his manner of lifting his hat, then I don't know a thoroughbred dog when I see him. Good heavens, what am I saying, I mean a thoroughbred dog when I see him. Good heavens, what am I saying, I mean a thoroughbred prince, of course. What put dog into my flighty head was the picture of Victorio Emanuello hanging opposite me on the wall. It looks for all the world like my little King Charles spaniel and I never glance at it but I think of him. I don't mean this irrelevantly at all. On the contrary, it is good. relevantly at all. On the contrary, it is a great complement to His Majesty. My King Charles is the most beautiful creature im-aginable. The very "king of dogs," as His Highness was the "king of kings."

King Humberto's Health. King Humberto is not in good health. For a long time he has suffered with some mysterious illness which no one knows much about, except that it is a malady which has about, except that it is a mainty which has afflicted him for years. Thus it is that the crown weighs heavily on his royal head. I am genuinely sorry for King Humberto. I like him. He would have been still higher in my esteem had he remembered me when I saw him an hour later at the station. But he

didn't. Perhaps if I had had my bangs properly curled—ah me! Who knows. Our fate hangs on such a slender hinge. Still, I like King Humberto. And I am glad I bumped into him. I am sure he is a more agreeable person than his son and heira will ever be. The Prince of Naples, how-ever, is said to be a young highness of considerable character. From his earliest boylove of study. In this he served as a model for all his little cousins and play-mates. To attend school was his heart's delight. The Prince entre nons is

said to be a prig. One of his tutors thus describes him. From a Tutor's Standpoint. "From the age of 10 he arose at daybreak, took a cold bath, followed by a basin of soup, and then commenced his lessons. If he was a few minutes late in getting up his broth was kept for him later on. After his lessons, fair or cloudy weather, rain, hail, snow or shine, the Prince went for a ride on horseback. During the balance of the day

the gaining or knowledge and physical exer-cise alternated with one another, so that not a moment of the entire day was unoccupied.
"Even his pastimes were studies. He had small fortifications in the park, collections of ancient coins, natural history, art and photographs. When he was 12 years of age he spoke fluently French, Italian and English, having had as gouvernante an English ENJOYING A SLEIGH

JANUARY 11, 1891.

lady, daughter of an Indian officer, and having read in these three languages a great number of books, he could converse even when so young on history, geography, science, political economy. He could also speak German. Added to all this the young Prince possessed a prodigious memory. Indeed he is counted a sort of royal encyclopedia." The Metropolitan Idea of a Good Time When the Snow Flies.

NOT LIKE THE OLD-TIME PARTIES. Plenty of Toddy Takes the Place of Cider

and It Comes High. A SPIN THROUGH THE CENTRAL PARK

All this is very comme il faut, and Italy is no doubt fortunate in the talents of her future King; but how can we foreigners be expected to regard him with the same veneration and respect, even granting that he merits it, as long as he persists in looking like a dude and acting like a coxcomb? But he is young. Eyerlasses and snobbery may go out of fashion before he ascends the throne. In any event, he is sure to learn better as he grows oider—if he grows oider, which is a question. For, like his father, the young Prince is ill. The Queen seems to be the only one of the royal family who enjoys good health.

Margherita is always well, always young, always beautiful. She is the idol of the [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 NEW YORK, Jan. 10 .- No man has ever really gone sleighing until he has tried Central Park. A few inches of packing snow on top of a frozen surface is all that is required in the way of a foundation for good tun. If the air be dry and frosty-not too frosty-just frosty enough to congeal the breath in tiny icicles on your mustache and to cause your best girl to snuggle up to you as closely as she can get—so much the bet-ter. If you haven't any best girl with you on the occasion, and go with a city friend, the sundry drinks you pick up along the cheerful road houses on such a day will

seem so much the better. The air must be keen and frosty to make sleighing enjoyable under any circumstances and anywhere. Sleighing must have a snap to it-that is, some other kind of a snap than that which pertains to the ownership of horses and cutters. You discuss this feature of sleighing with your companion in the Murray Hill cafe over a cold toddy-the toddy should always be cold as you start out and hot after you get in-and either the conversation, or the toddy, calls up tender emories of the time you used to Construct Your Own Jumper

With a couple of saplings, an ax, a drawing-knife and an augur and drive forth over a shaggy and uncertain country road to get "spelled down" by some backwoods lassie in short hair and pinafore. The snow was deeper and the sleighing better in those days and there was more fun and less

Your companion, who was never in the country in his life except in a Pullman car, is disposed to siver you out of these opinions. Where did you get such toddy, you know? This proves something like a settler, though the real thing is 25 cents a drink. though the real thing is 25 cents a drink. The recollection of having gone down cellar for a mug of hard cider just before going out with your "jumper" isn't worth mentioning to such a man. But you venture it. "There was a moral certainty you'd come back sober—I don't question that," says your cynical city man. "Here we don't even start sober. We've got to put in three hours this afternoon and we can't be racing around all the time. The expense—"

visits the kingdom for the first time. We walked right into the lives of the people, as it were, lived among them, traded among them, was of them in fact. They were very much surprised to see us meander into their villages as we did, so much so that they stood aloof and regarded us curiously, not to say suspiciously. We were to their primitive minds about the most extraordinary pair of females they had ever beheld. I had only to try a little of my brand new Italian on them, however, and they were all right. Anyone who spoke their beautiful language as I did became an object of their pity forever after. around all the time. The expense -How Expenses Roll Up. The chuckle-headed young man who has been holding your horse now comes in and says the "'orse's been a waitin' 'alfn 'our." The expense you mentally figure up as you climb into the sleigh and give the chucklehended boy a quarter, is already—drinks, \$1; four cigars, \$0 cents; boy, 25 cents; time on horse, \$1 65—\$3 70. And you haven't started. It matters nothing a moment later, for you glide into Fifth avenue at the swellest point of that swell thoroughfare and heaven. swellest point of that swell thoroughfare and become a part of the most wonderful throng you ever saw in your life. There are two processions, of one of which you are a part, kicking snow into your neck, the other kicking snow into your face. They are made up of sleighs, carriages and delivery wagons—and as far as the eye can reach there is no break in them and me end to them. modity. I have no words to describe the dirt of which I speak. It is the piled up grime of ages, inherited and bequeathed from generation to generation. Every child in Belgium was apple-cheeked and spotlessly clean. Every little Italian is swarthy, filthy and half naked. The word modesty is not in the vocabulary of these

The snow is banked high next to the The peasant woman swathes her baby in curbs, leaving but a single team distance ight linen bandages, and ties its mummy-between the going and coming conveyances. tight linen bandages, and ties its mummy-Out into this narrow passage an impatient driver occasionally whisks his frisky horse, dashing forward at the imminent risk of no doubt it does-for a time, but as the infant is put on its feet to walk at the age of a collision on either side. Your city man, with the observation that any fool can drive in a country road, brings your cutter sharply to the left upon the first opening and dashes down this narrow defile, to show you what a bright particular fool can do in New York. The first town we came to interested us very much. A description of one suffices for all. They are exactly alike. The outside of the stucco house is covered with the It is very neatly done, though the space be-tween you and the first sleigh is so finely drawn that the paint is scraped from the side most grotesque paintings. Obese little cupids, nantou syrens, prayerful virgins and impossible angels all clamor over the walls, peer into the windows and climb upon the roof. What they are supposed to be doing can never be anything but a mystery. The entrance is nearly always through a low

of your cutter. Has Plenty of Dangers. This is but an insignificant incident, but it revives, for the time being, the recollec-tion of the price and stiffness of the toddy and provokes speculation as to the probable cost of the entire outfit laid down in Central Park or Harlem. You can only draw a long breath at each of these perilous dashes, and, shutting your eyes in the teeth of the whirling snow, mentally resolve that, if you are kindly spared by Providence to return whirling show, mentally resolve that, if you are kindly spared by Providence to return unbroken to the bosom of your family, you will either favorably consider the question of hard cider or let this be your last sleigh ride. For you are perfectly aware that any remonstrances filed with your city friend will be in vain as long as the sidewalks of Fifth avenue are lined with pretty servants and sightseers, and the windows of the bordering mansions are full of lovely and gen-

The waiter does so calmiy—he is accus-tomed to the padrone. His wild rage does not affect him at all. We are trembling with erous encouragement for somebody to get That old trick you used to play when fright. Never before have we seen such fury. We have not learned yet that all padrones are alike. This one cuts our steak boy-taking out; the standards of the old bobsleds and letting an old-fashioned wagon-bed full of boys and girls carefully from the joint, weighs it with a grand flourish, calls our attention to the slide off into the first corner snowdritt-would be too tame for these people. And figures registered on the scales, eulogizes at length on his honesty and finally claps it yet that was a right funny joke in your time How the young fellows would scramble, each for his girl! And how those girls on the big stove and charges us double the would shout and scream and flop around in Our bedroom is large, square, brickflored, cold, damp and cheerless. The bed
is not bad but—oh! horror—and this we
did not bargain for in classic and poetic
Italy—the fleas. Out they came in full
force. We remonstrated with them mildly

the snow bank! Even the old Farm Horses Enjoyed That Fun. Those young men would always swear they'd thump the boy that did that job, but there was always two or three of the pret-tiest girls in the crowd who would be sure

Central Park seems big enough for every-body except on coaching days and sletghing days. Then it appears to be a little cramped and circumscribed, not to say stuffy. On this occasion, when everybody is in a hurry, it strikes you as particularly crewded, in Americans and strangers, and that the cour-tesy of one country to another was our due, but it was no use. They didn't see it in that light. They winked and smacked their lips and exclaimed: "Yum, yum! What do we care. We have tasted you. You are good; very good."
"Misericordia!" we cried. it strikes you as particularly crowded, in-adequate for a man of your means and showy prospects. Your old red cutter, that cost about what you are to pay for its use this ride, takes up as much room as a \$1,000 sleigh. You didn't think of this confoundedly disreputable old cutter before, but are all at once conscious that you wouldn't be seen riding into a one-horse Western town in such an outfit. You instinctively pull down the big fur robe so as not to show so much of the cutter's ankles as it were. The thousands of magnificen turnouts fairly dazzle you. The sleigh never before struck you as admissible of so many shapes, of such showy trappings, of so great an investment of money.

Nothing Too Fine There. Nothing is too "loud" for a pair of fine horses at a Central Park sleigh. Nothnorses at a Central Park steigh. Nothing is too gorgeous in drivers and footmen and robes and plumes and other belongings. Flaming yellow and yellow and black, red, red and black (rouge et noir), "red and yellow are the ruling plumes for harness and sleigh. Sometimes a saucy little pom-

and sleigh. Sometimes a saucy little pompom, or paint brush, of the horses' colors decorates the hats of the fair occupants, as well as those of the driver and footmen.

Far away, along the winding drives, in every direction, myriads of these plumes are waving and dancing in the keen air to the music of thousands of tinkling, Jingling, tintindulating bells—not the big hoarse bells that used to decorate the big, round belly of the old plow-horse of yours and that could be heard a couple of miles on a frosty night when the snow squeaked beneath the night when the snow squeaked beneath the steel shoes, but strands of bells about the size of hickory nuts, open bells of pure silver, bells artistically adjusted to musical scales, golden bells, with the ring of the

wealth of metropolitan commerce in them—bells that ring out boldly and triumphantly the joy and happiness of the few and then, dying away over the slopes and meadows and through the woodlands in a million broken, quivering sighs and sobs, echo and re-echo the never ceasing wail of the many. No, indeed; your old cow-bells were useful, but belong to the era of the "jumper" and charivari.

It's Fun, but It's Costly.

And then look at these people. Are they not alone worth the \$5 per hour? There are not less than 10,000 of them now circling about this park. Harlem and Seventh avenue and—well, Charley White's—somehow they range up breathlessly alongside of the cutter. You have just recently found out that your \$10 cutter is drawn by a \$500 horse, and are feeling quite elated at the style in which the combination trotted around nine-tenths of the best outfits on the road. The feeling increases as you get the ice out of your mustache and get more toddy, and you step to the window and benold the animal under his big blanket and the boy in his ragged summer jacket at the bridle as if you owned both of them, and would like to sell the boy.

Then you remember the bill again, and break up an interesting and timely conversation between your city man and the barkeeper about the corkage at Coney Island last summer, by suggesting that the horse is taking cold. Within the next ten minutes you are landed on the porch of the popular road tavern that overlooks Grant's tomb at the head of Riverside Park.

Something Wrong Up Above.

Something Wrong Up Above.

There is a vague notion that can scarcely be said to have lodged in your mind, but is slipping around loose there where your mind usually does business, that you nearly run over somebody or something as you came flying across Harlem, but your friend says there's nothing in it, further complicating your line of thought by ordering toddy for both you and himself and the cashier and head waiter. You gaze out of the glass side of the restaurant at the noble the glass side of the restaurant at the noble Hudson full of floating ice, and swear that it is the most magnificent sight in the world, and believe it. City man says something about the American Rhine, which suggests to you Uncle Tom's Cabin and Fred Doug-lass crossing into Canada on the crunching

The head waiter breaks in on the discussion with the point as to whether you'll have your ovsters small or medium. You brace up sufficiently to say you'll take a quart of Pom. Sec. frap. This brings up a harrowing tale of the ice extortion of last summer, during which the several hundred cubic miles of ice continue to float calmly down the river toward the sea. By this time there are at least four waiters buzzing around you. You eat, you drink, you are merry. You never had so much fun sleighing in all your.

Speech Fast and Furious.

The confession that your old-time "jump-er" and spelling school never could hold a penny taper to this is wrung from you before you reach the end of the bird and bottle. penny taper to this is wrung from you before you reach the end of the bird and bottle. This is great. You swell up visibly with information on various topics, which you desire to impart to anybody who will listen; and when nobody will listen you feel that you may burst. But your city friend is an unconscionable egotist, and will not give you a chance to talk about yourself. The second bottle is pretty well under way, and your city man is making a speech to the four waiters and the cashier—a right good speech, too, it must be, because the waiters laugh. You know you have never been able to make a waiter laugh.

At this point a singular phenomenon occurs. Every one of these waiters has four legs. Funny you hadn't noticed it till now. You never saw one with more than two before, and even these two seemed to be cork so far as hustling was concerned. This is embarrassing, but you forget it in some indignant remark of your city friend about the proposed removal of Grant's body, whereat the waiters applaud vigorously. City man pauses to give each one of his audience a quartor. You detect in this the secret of his post-prendial elegenance.

quarter. You detect in this the secret of his

When It Becomes a Memory.

While this is going on the head man save omething about time to shut up for the night, and, with a growing consciousness you and that the waiters' legs had sudden! acreased to seven or eight, you are bundled into the red cutter and are soon plowing fiercely along the banks of the Hudson toward the great city.

That is all you remember—till about 10

o'clock next day. At that hour you awake in your own bed and have a right smart job of it to couvince yourself that you went sleighing the day before, and that it isn't a dream. The half smothered sound of bells rings in your head and hurts you. Horses, rings in your head and hurts you. Horses, yellow and red plumes, old-fashioned jumpers and bobs, waiters, with thousands of legs, float indiscriminately across your mental vision. The stern logic of a headache is alone irrefragable. When it is supported by a \$20 shortage you know to a moral, as well as physical certainty, that you have been out somewhere with somebody and probably had some fun according to the accepted metropolitan standard. When you meet your city friend later and receive the intimation that your share of extra time for a horse and sleight is \$10.50, you draw a check without a remonstrance—you are so check without a remonstrance—you are so awfully glad that horse and sleigh got home at all. Then you realize what it costs to go sleighing in New York, and wisely resolve to make that experience do for the rest of

FIGURES IN ICE CREAM.

How the Molds Are Made and How the Dealers Use Them.

"Suppose I wanted a design for an ice cream mold," says a confectioner in the New York Herald, "I should send for an artist. There is one man in this city who is the ice cream sculptor. He would model in clay the suggested design. From this, by after half a lifetime of eminent and splendid well-known processes, I would in the end toll would only excite comment and possiwell-known processes, I would in the end obtain a lead mold, divided into two parts cost from \$50 to \$150. The duplicates would only cost from \$6 to \$15 a dozen. I have several thousand dollars worth of such

"Of course, I have to have more than one mold of a design, because it would other-wise take altogether too long to fill an order. molds of one design all ordered in a single day. Consequently I must have a large supply of molds constantly on hand. These molds vary in size from that which is large enough to contain a score of portions to that intended only for a single person, and not all of them are made for cream. Some are for candy, which now forms a large part of every elaborate design.
"The cream is put into each half of the

mould by an expert workman, who separates the colors and puts each in its proper place. When the two halves are joined together and the lead mould removed, another workman goes over the work, smoothing it, touching up the colors and penciling the eyebrows and reddening the lips. After the cream is removed it is put into the freezing box and kept until it is served. I usually send a man with our icebox who serves the eream when the proper time arrives. We get our black from chocolate, our red from strawberry, green from pistacke and brown from coffee. These are some of the in-gredients of our paint box."

How to Wear Diamond

New York Tribune. 1

The handsomest diamond ornaments now worn are in sun or star forms, and are set in platinum to show as little metal as possible. When worn as a pendant they are hung on when worn as a pendant they are hung on a strong but almost invisible chain of plat-inum and gold. A renaissance acroll is an-other pattern of these diamond ornaments, which may be worn as brooch, pendant or jeweled hairpin; this is made up solidly of diamonds in invisible setting.



A ROMANCE OF LIFE AS IT MAY BE MADE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH]

BY JOAQUIN MILLER, Author of "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sun Lands," "Life

Among the Modocs," and Other Poems and Stories.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The author meets the Princess, who is the heroine of the story, in Poland. Her father had been sent to Siberia by the Czar. She dreamed of revenge; but at last, giving that up, determined to build a city which should be a model to all mankind. She and the author travel through the Holy Land and into Egypt, but finally select an eass in the desert of Mexico for the city. While they are at Cairo, Alexander is killed. Eussian spies are on the Princess track, and she blids the author go to the City of Mexico and there wait for her. The author waits for years at the City of Mexico, and at last a messenger from the Princess comes to him.

CHAPTER VII.

My serene and ruddy-faced visitor seemed oath to rise from the table even after a very ong and elaborate repast. True, he had not tasted meat, but he had sipped his wine and broken his bread and still ate the fruit of my high and stony hill with such composure and satisfaction that I began to grow a bit vexed and to almost doubt in my own mind whether it was he or myself that was master of the house. But then, had he not come from her? And had I not waited for years and for years, ransacked the whole world to find news of her? Well, I then could and would wait, even if it took a whole week and a whole case of wine to open his lips with his message from my

Late in the afternoon he drew out his watch

"You will forgive me," he began quietly, "but I think we worked quite two hours in the olive grove. That was quite enough for one day, ch ?" "Quite enough, if you say so, Mr. ---,

Mr. --? "My name? Ha! ha! Well, once more I must beg your pardon. But the truth is I has been in operation." As we took our

I had tossed it when we sat down, and hur-

"Good! You are ready to go."

"And, father, wherever she is and whatever she is, when you see her you shall say that I have been thus ready to go to her any time this dozen years. Yes, yes, I am ready to go. Begging pardon for this seeming breach of hospitality, I tell you that the olives will not suffer for want of care. My people are not unused to these sudden departures. I am a scribe, as you know, a servant and a soldier in the army of the press. I am ready to go, quite ready to go."
"Very good; we will go now."

My horses were soon at the door, and as we were driven to the station he asked whether I would prefer a voyage by sea and then a gallop for days over the deserts, or a ride by rail and then a voyage through the

"I am well used to seas and deserts, but I know nothing about balloons; so if you please a borse's back is good enough for me."

The same serene and restful good nature possessed him still, notwithstanding my half hidden doubt about the possibility of his proposed voyage through the air, and he only said quietly, as we stood at the station window for our tickets: "Yes, the solid earth is safest; but we have never yet had an



rail, steamer; the first journey I had made for more than ten years. And I was so glad find you, too, that I almost forgot my

severely. "My name! Ah, yes, my name is Father Blank. I am, or rather was, a priest, you

It so chanced that I had only a few days before been reading a list of those who had disappeared mysteriously in the dozen pre-ceding years, all of whom had been, in some sort, people of distinction in the fields of thought and intellectual toil; and it suddenly came to me that this name, Father Blank, of the city of Blank, was among them. Let me omit the real name of this real character and the details of his disappearance. To give his name and the name of the city from which he disappeared

bly cause pain to some.
"You are not then Father Blank, of the city of Blank, who was supposed to have been murdered by one of the Irish factions because of the liberality of his tenets in Christian teaching?"

"The same unworthy servant of the people." he said solemnly.
There was a long and awkward pause, in which his profound soul seemed to drift back and take up for the time the broken threads of his illustrious life of long ago.

At length, by way of calling him back to the present, I said, half laughing:

"Well, Father Blank, I now know that

you must be very tired, indeed, for you have lost a whole day in the calendar of your useful life. Yesterday was Friday, this is Saturday; and so you see you ate meat on Friday and fasted to-day."

He looked at me kindly, and coming back and it the past he wards said in a soft and

be quite a pitiful piece of work, save by the mountains and the sea, as compared with sailing over the level deserts. For there we have room and the atmosphere is always even and the currents come at their regulahours and seasons, like the rising of the sun or moon. And much more be said; much more that I ought to remember and write down. But I was on my way to her. And where was she now? And what was she now? I did not want to hear. I wanted to think. I wanted

course, the air ship in cities or in wooded

countries where the currets of air muste

be narrow and often contradictory is impos-sible. This sailing through the sir would

to think of her, and of nothing but her; and to hope; to hope all things. Still, as time went by and we sped on our way the good man, I remember, would talk a little now and then. Yet I can recall but a fragment here and there of what he said. Among other things I remember wall his downwinting of

here and there of what he saic. Among other things I remember well his denunciation of the cruelty and the crime of modern cities.

"They have no right to exist," he said, "these hot-houses of pestilence and depravity as they now exist. Of old time there were walls to keep out wild beasts and wilder men. This made it necessary sometimes to put one house on top of another to times to put one house on top of another to find room for the inhabitants. And so it was that we began to have two, three and four-story houses; and women began to spend their time and strength climbing stairs. But here, to-day, in America, with half a continent still a wilderness waiting to be built upon, what excuse, save that of the money grabber, can there be for crowding people like rats in ten-story houses?

"And now let me tell you what may easily happen to these grand 10 and 12-story houses and their proud and penurious owners," the good priest went on. "Some day the people will move out of them and leave them emptied of all but their misery and the strend the forum and the malaria. t, eat meat on Friday. I did not eat meat today, and I shall not eat meat today, and I shall not eat meat today, and I shall not eat meat tomorrow, and the man, to love him. I
leaned forward to his side and said:

"Father Blank, you will rest with me tomorrow, and the day after to-morrow, and
many days to come."

"To-morrow," he began as a said the fevers and the malaria.

Yes, this may easily happen any day after
our great cities are near completion
and the people have time to sit down for a
day and think. Bear in mind, this same
thing happened in Rome more than 2,000
years ago, and with far less cause for action
than could follow
willing himself. morrow, and the day after to-morrow, and many days to come."

"To-morrow," he began earnestly, and pulling himself resolutely together, "I will be on my way back to the city in the desert, and you will be with me."

My heart best like a battle dram when leading a charge.

"Who—who—who is it? Where is the city of the desert?"

"She sent me to you."

"She sent me to you."

After a time he continued: "I see you many days to come."

I had could long with a bearful man with a beard, was waiting outside the walls with sword and fire. To be without the walls was to be fare, de la mura, or fare, a loreigner. But nothing of that sort can overtake the people of this era when they do rise up and go outside the walls with sword and fire. To be without the walls was to be fare, de la mura, or fare, a loreigner. But nothing of that sort can overtake the people of this era when they do rise up and go outside the walls with sword and fire. To be without the walls was to be fare, de la mura, or fare, a loreigner. But nothing of that sort can overtake the people of this era when they do rise up and go outside the walls with sword and fire. To be without the walls was to be fare, de la mura, or fare, a loreigner. But nothing of that sort can overtake the people of this era when they do rise up and go outside the walls with sword and fire. To be without the walls was to be fare, de la mura, or fare, a loreigner. But nothing of that sort can overtake the people of this era when they do rise up and go outside the walls with sword and fire. To be without the walls was to be fare, de la mura, or fare, a loreigner. But nothing of that sort can overtake the people of this era when they do rise up and go outside the walls with sword and fire. To be without the sword and

"She sent me to you."

He paused, looking me calmly and steadily in the face for a long time, and then letting his voice fall, he added in a voice scarcely audible: "The builder of the city in the desert."

I arose from my place, drew a long breath of fullest satisfaction and threw my two arms about his neck. Then, stepping back, I took my hat from a big case chair where