THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1891.

tried to move a few steps. On all sides curious looks were directed upon him, but no one offered to make way, and still the monotonous singing continued, until he felt himself deafened, so he faced the great congregation.

"I am ill," he said in a low voice to those nearest to him. "Pray let me pass.

His face was white, indeed, and those who heard his words believed him. A mild old man raised his sad, blue eyes, gazed at him, and while trying to draw back, gently shook his head. A pale woman, whose sickly features were half veiled in the folds of a torn black shawl, moved as far as she could; shrinking as the very poor and miserable shrinking as the very poor and miserable shrink when they are expected to make way before the rich and strong. A lad of 15 stood upon tiptoe to make himself even slighter than he was, and thus to widen the way, and the Wanderer found himself, after repeated efforts, as much as two steps distant from his former position. He was still trying to divide the crowd when the music anddenly ceased, and the tones of the organ died away far up under the western window. It was the moment of the Elevation, and at the first silvery tinkling or the bell, the people swayed a little, all those kneeling who were able, and those whose movements were impeded by the press of worshipers bending toward the altar as a field of grain before the gale. The Wanderer turned again and bowed himself with the rest, devotiy and humbly, with half closed eyes, as he strove to collect and control his thoughts in the presence of the chief mystery of his faith. Three times the tiny bell was of his faith. Three times the tiny belt was rung, a pause followed, and thrice again the clear jingle of the metal broke the solemn stillness. Then once more the people stirred, and the solt sound of their simultaneous motion was like a mighty sigh breathed up from the secret vaults and the deep foundstions of the ancient church; again the pedal note of the organ boomed through the nave and aisles, and again the thousands of human

The wanderer glanced about him, meas-uring the distance he must traverse to reach monument of the Danish astronomer. and contronting it with the short time which now remained before the end of the mass. He saw that in such a throng he would have no chance of gaining the position he wished to occupy in less than half an hour, and he had now but a scant ten minutes at his disposal. He gave up the attempt, therefore, determining that when the celebration should be over he would move forward with the crowd, trusting to his superior statur-and energy to keep him within sight of the woman he sought, until both he and she could meet, either just within or just without the narrow entrance of the church.

Very soon the moment of action came. The singing died away, the benediction was given, the second gospel was read, the priest and the people repeated the Bohemian prayers, and all was over. The countless heads began to move onward, the shuffling of innumerable feet sent heavy, tuneless echoes through vaulted space, broken every moment by the sharp, painful cough of a suffering child whom no one could ace in the multitude, or by the dull thud of some heavy loot striking against the wooden seats in the press. The Wanderer moved forward with the rest. Beaching the entrance of the new where she had sat he was kept back during a few seconds by the half dozen men and women who were forcing their way out of it, before him. But at the furthest end a figure clothed iu black was still kneeling. A moment more and he might enter the pew and be at her side. One of the other women dropped something before she was out of the narrow space, and stooped, tumbling and searching in the darkness. At this minute the slight, girlish figure rose swiftly and passed like a shadow be ore the heavy marble monument. The Wanderer saw that the pew was open at the other end, and without heeding the woman who stood in his way, he sprang upon the low seat, passed her, stepped to the floor upon the other side and was out in the aisle in a moment. Many persons had already left the church, and the space was comparatively free.

She was before him, gliding quickly to ward the door. Ere he could reach her he saw her touch the thick ice which filled the saw her touch the thick ice which filled the marble busin, cross herself hurriedly and pass out. But he had seen her lace again, and he knew that he was not mistaken. The thin, waren reatures were as those of the dead, but they were hers, nevertheless. In an instant he could be by her side. But again his progress was momentarily impeded by a number of persons who were entering.

one side by the fantastic spires of the Tevn Church, and the blackened front of the huge Kinsky palace, on the other by the half-modern Town Hall with its ancient tower, its beautiful porch, and the graceful oriel which torms the apse of the chapel in

the second story. One of the city watchmen, muffled in his One of the city watchmen, muffled in his military overcoat, and conspicuous by the great bunch of dark feathers that drooped from his black hat, was standing idly at the corner from which the Wanderer emerged. The latter thought of inquiring whether the man had seen a lady pass, but the feilow's vacant stare convinced him that no ques-tioner model divit a still for the start set. tioning would clicit a satisfactory answer. Moreover, as he looked across the square be Abreover, as he looked across the square he caught sight of a retreating figure dressed in black, already at such a distance as to make positive recognition impossible. In his haste he found no time to convince himself that no living woman could have thus out-

shaud in Southern seas, and the slience was braces. Having advanced a few steps from the door, the Wanderer stood still and waited, supposing that the owner of the dwelling would be made avered. But no one came. Then a gentle voice pose from amid the verdure, apparently from to general distance. "I am here," it said. The moved forward amid the ferns and the full plants, until befound himself on the farther is of a thick network of creapers. Then he parsed, for he was in the presence of a woman, of her who dwelt among the flowers. She was stitting before him, motionless and unright in a bigs, carved chair, and so placed that the pointed leaves of the pain which rose above her cast sharp, star-shaped shadows over the bother pressed the pain which rose above her cast sharp, star-shaped shadows over the bother pressed the pain which rose above her cast sharp, star-shaped shadows over the bother pressed the pains which rose above her cast sharp, star-shaped shadows over the bother pressed the pains of the chair. The other pressed the space of a great book which thread folds of her white dress. One hand, as white, as cold, as heavily perfect as the sculp-trooping fingers on the arm of the chair. The other pressed the pages of a great book which is face, calmily and with no surprise in them, but not without a look of interest. Their expression was at once so unusual, so disquisity is similated the Wanderer's gaze. Hedde bot re-disting before him and with mo surprise in sumber that he had ever seen a pair of eyes of a distinct he which rows at and be would both ave behaved that nature could so far pression was at once so unusual, so disquisity is similated the Wanderer's gaze. Hedde bot re-distinctly different colors, the one of a clear, distinct to the productive of her free by oung in the but a stood that nature could so far pression was at once so unusual, so disquisity is similated to wand the stood the would not her brows, so distinct to the productive of her bread, p run him, and he instantly resumed his pur-suit, gaining rapidly upon her he was following. But it is not an easy matter to over take even a woman, when she has an advantage of a couple of hundred wards, and when tage of a couple of hundred yards, and when the race is a short one. He passed the an-cient astronomical clock just as the little bell was striking the third quarter after 11, but he did not raise his head o watch the sad-faced apostles as they presented their stiff figures in succession at the two square windows. When the blackened fapped his wooden wings and uttered his melancholy crow, the Wanderer was already at the corner of the little ring, and he could see the object of his pursuit disappearing before him into the Karisgasse. He noticed uncasily that the resemblance between the

before him into the Karisgasse. He noticed uneasily that the resemblance between his loving search seemed now to diminish, as in a bad dream, as the distance between himself and her decreased. But he held resolutely on, nearing her at every step round a sharp corner to the right, then to the left, to the right sgain, and once more in the opposite direction, always, as he kuew, appronching the old stone bridge. He was not a dozen paces behind her as site turned quickly a third time to the right, round the wall of the ancient house which faces the little square over against the enormous huidings comprising the Clementine Jesuy door just closing, and heard the sharp resound ting clang of its iron fastening. The lady had disappeared, and ne feit sure that she had gune through that entrance. He knew the house well, for it is disting shear from all others in Prague, both by its shape and its oddly ornamented, unnatural, narrow front. It is built in the figure of one angle facing the little square, the sudes being erected on the one hand along Karlogasse and on the other upon a narrow alley which leads away toward

and lilies of the valley, closely set and luxuriant, prew in beds edged with moss around the roots of the larger plants and in many open apaces. The air was very soft and warm, moist and full of heavy odors as the still atmosphere of an island in Southern seas, and the slience was broken only by the light plash of voftly falling waters.

PITTSBURG DISPATCH,
Introduction of the series o

and to bring his intelligence to bear upon it. Was she a great lady of Prague, rich, caprici-ous, creating a mysterious existence for her-self, merely for her own good hleasure? Her language, her voice, her crident refinement gave color to the idea, which was in itself at-tractive to a man who had long ceased to expect novely in this working-day world. He glanced a ther face, musing and wondering, inhaling the sweet, intoxicating odors of the flowers and listening to the tinkling of the hidden fountain. Her eyes were gazing into his, and again, as it by majc, the curtain of life's stage was drawn together in misty folds, shutting out the past, the present and the future, the fact, the doubt and the hope, its an interval of poriset trance. He was roused by the sound of a light foot fall upon the marble pavement. Unoran's eyes were turned from his and with something like a movement of surprise he himself looked toward the newconer. A young glirl was standing under the shadow of a great letonia at a short distance from him. She was very pale, indeed, but not with that deathlike, waxen pallor which had chilled him when he had looked unon that other face. There was a faint resemblance in the delicate acquiline features, the dress was black, and the figure of the girl before him was assuredly neither much taller nor much shorter than that of the woman he loved and sought. But the likeness went no further, and he knew that he had been utterly nistaken. "You have seen," she said, when the young

with Axneia and dismissed her. "You have seen," she said, when the young girl was gone. "Was it she who entered the

For the spore, "Was it she who entered the house just now?" "Yes, I was misled by a mere resemblance. Forgive me for my importunity-let me thank you most sincerely for your great kindness," He rose as he spoke. "Do not go," said Unorna, looking at him

earnestly. He stood still, silent as though his attitude should explain itself, and yet expecting that she would say something further. He felt that her eves were upon him, and he raised his own to meet the look frankly, as was his wont. For the first time since he had entered her pres-ence, he felt that there was more than a mere disquieting attraction in her steady gaze; there was a surone, resulties fascingtion, from which was a strong, resisties fascination, from which he had no power to withdraw binself. Almost unconsciously be resumed his sear, still look-ing at her, while telling himself with a sovere effort, that he would look but one instant longer, and then turn away. Ten seconds passed, 20, half a minute, in total silence. He was confused, disturbed, and yet wholly unable to shut out her penetrating glance. His fast ebbing consciousness barely allowed him to wonder whether he were weakened by the strong emotions he had felt in the church, or by the first beginning of some unknown and unexpected malady. He was utterly weak and unstrong. He could neither rise from his seat nor hift his hand nor close the hids of his eyes. It was as though an irre-sistible force were drawing him into the depths of a fathomless whitpool, down, down, by its endless gildy spirals, robbing him of a portion of his consciousness at every gration, so that he left behind him at every instant something of a self-recognition. He felt no pain, but he did not foel th : incorposed he did not from his brain and left it vacant, as the waters of a lack subside when the gates are opened, leaving emptiness in their place. Thought, and her memory of thought, clobed from his brain and left it vacant, as the waters of a lock subside when the gates are opened, leaving emptiness in their place. Thought, and the memory of thought, clobed from his brain and left it vacant, as the waters of a lock subside when the gates are opened, leaving emptiness in their place. Thought, such a moment, letting it fall again upon her knee. Instantly the strong man was restored to himself; his weakness vanished, his sight was clear, his intelligence was awake. Instantly the certainty flashed upon him that Unorna possessed the power of imposing the hyponic sleep and had exercised that gift upon him, mexpectedly and against his will. He would have more willing ys supposed hat he had been the victim of a momentary physical was a strong, resistle's fascination, from which he had no power to withdraw himself. Almost

Lillian Spencer Has Another Star ling Experience in Italy.
THE KOVELIST'S VILLA AND DOGS
She is Beginning to llide Age's Mark With Rouges and Powders.
LIVING IN THE SCULPTORS' STREE

FLORENCE, Jan. 3 .- We are in Florence and we have walked into it.

Oh, there is no disputing that fact. Our boots give only too plain evidence of it. It has been a long promenade, good friends, but-we don't regret it. Our digestion is superb. We are bronzed, but it is a healthful hue, and not as unbecoming as one might suppose.

It was midday when we came into blue Florence, sleeping on the banks of the golden Arno, at the foot of the Tasean hills. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the scene which presented itself. The sun shone full and warm over the steep heights of Fiesole, with its crown of monastic walls and cypresses, and tinged with its vellow radiance, the green slopes sprinkled with villas. The Duomo, that wonder of the world, with its pink, white and purple marbles, shone with dazzling brilliancy in the noonday light. Above it shot the huge shell of the cupola of Giotto's campanile. Seventy towers once surrounded the walls which encircled Florence. These are for

the most part ruins now, but the city still has her great great stone and iron gates, which are closed at night and which after certain hour will open to the wayfarer even for a royal bribe. Why they still deem it necessary to protect themselves by closing these gates after having leveled the famous towers which were once, not only a defense, but a glory, 1s a mystery.

A Little Behind the Times

A Little Behind the Times. All in all Florence has not modernized very much. The great bridges, for in-stance, are all there unchanged. We walked over the "Ponte Veulno," (unlike any other bridge in the world) and lingered to gaze in the windows of the shops of menia and silver any which his though mosaic and silver ware which line it. Doe it not seem odd to walk out into the middle of a river to buy a card case, or a necklace, as the case may be? This bridge is said to date from the time of the Romans. It was rebuilt at the instigation of one of the medici, so that she could walk from the "galleria degli Uffizi" to that of the "Palazzo Pitti," ou the other bank of the Arno, without descending into the street. This de medici certainty had an eye to convenience and comfort. She could thus convenience and comfort. She could thus come and go in all kinds of weather and run no risk of lost feet or-sunstroke. Trust a woman for looking after her complexion. And an Italian woman especially. The climate makes this imperative. One burns almost black in Italy. And it is a black which will not readily yield to face washes and come off. The signoras know this, and they are scrupulously careful. It is easy enough to get a new husband, but a new complexion-well, just try to get that and see what it will cost you! The signora

But all this notwithstanding, we do not fare well in a culinary way in Florence. My old enemy, "dyspepsia," commences to haunt my innocent slumbers. I thought I had "walked him to death" in Belgium. No doubt he was only in a trance and the small of the scaling bronght him to life acris suell of the garlie brought him to life again. Garlie, to my mind, is quite capable-of knows, and she takes no chances. It is not pleasant to be ebony-skinned. One cannot match one's high frocks. And everyone anything. wears thin, summer gowns in Florence. I found tresh milk about as effectual a remedy for tan as anything else. By washing the face in it twice a day, and refraining from all uses of water and soap, it will really work wonders for the skin.

### She Discovers Ouida.

The first person of interest I met in Flor ence was the world-fame. Ouida. Ouida is quite as interesting as her novels, and not nearly so wicked. Her villa nestles snugly among the Tuscan hills which hang over the city. They are grand hills these, with olive mounts, and vineyards, and orchards of figs. In the noonday sun they shine blue; at sunset pink.

Ouida's villa is not pretentions. It is low and rambling, with a square

ring her at least \$15,000 a year. Besides his she has an income from her father, Mr. odd, or Dodd, or some such un-aristocratic erson, who kept a shop in London or some mall English town, and departed this world any years ago, leaving his daughter, Miss fold, or Dodd, or Dobba, to write naughty ooks and blossom out into Mile. de la Camee, alias Ouida! THE BARMAID'S LIFE. Wakeman Finds Nothing to Admire in England's Liquor System. But someone has hinted that I am be-

LEADS BRITISH WOMEN TO DRINK ming a gossip. Who ever heard of such unjust accusation? And Greatly Increases the Fascination of We live in the "Street of the Sculptors.

the Saloon for Men. RECRUITED MOSTLY PROM THE FARM

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1

Eager for Notoriety. "Our barmaids are just that sort of male females; proud of tap-room publicity; esger for tawrdy notoriety; consumed with am-bition for a public career. But we are the most fortunate nation. With us, rigid and healthful social limitations force these characters into their proper places at once. LONDON, ENG., Jan. 10 .- More than ine-tenths of all the tremendous quantity of ale, beer, wine and liquor annually consumed by the men, women and children of Great Britain is served by women. There are nearly 200,000 women thus engaged every day in the year. These are, as a as a very severe one. Some will be ungal-lant enough to regard it as an unjust classiclass, the prettiest and tidlest women in the three kingdoms. Whatever their relations fication of British barmaids themselves. As a rule, I have jound them hard-working women. Few ever know a hotiday. They are on their feet from 12 to 16 hours per day. to society at large, they have characters good or bad, manners and morals, interest-Whatever their natural tendencies, they are perforce honest. The British bar sys-tem is entirely different from ours, and still retains much of the flavor of the old custom of the publican and his wife sitting in their own private room and service customers ing or otherwise, and souls saved or unsaved, though the clergy, church societies and missionaries never seem to have troubled themselves about the latter.

During the first half of the past ten years with Iquors through a little shelf-bottomed window; while the publican, his wife, or some member of his family, is never absent from the bar during business hours. had opportunity for frequent study of these British barmaids. During the last five years I have been able to closely observe them nearly every day and evening of my life. At first thought many may regard them as hardly meriting serious consider-ation. It seems to me they are really worth talking about. English literature is full of the barmaid. Prose and poetry are redolent of her. Those rare old fellows who lived, or rather slept, "in chambers" and dined and wined in public houses while making most of the books which last, all along down

her her own figures; she shrieks out that she never saw them before. Then we tell the padrone we will only do business with the signora. The padrone says that the signora is a tool, and calls on all the saints and devils to bear him out in his statement. It is quite lively for a time, The signora swings her hands and rolls her ever; the padrone swears in choice Italian. Then she weeps and chokes her into silence, and

weeps and chokes her into silence, and finally locks her into the kitchen. And even if little stress should be laid

see woman; suggestive of domesticity in her raiment, charming in figure and face. upon the matter, we owe to the very presence of the barmaids of those days preservation It goes without saying, that we pay the padrone his price. And in time we even grow accustomed to him. He cheats us at every turn, but we get accustomed to his dishonesty. There is no redress. All the padrones who rent rooms are the same. So we grin and here our wrongs, and fall into But aiter a day and evening of banter and of the sweetest fancies, the most sparkling humor, the most charming situations, and a wiles, through which scores of pockets have been emptied, brains beclouded and her no mean number of the most chaste and master further enriched, the highest and lowest are remorselessly shut from sight of pathetic incidents known to ballad poetry and fiction. This is not defensive of the barmaid. It is merely historic of her effect we grin and bear our wrongs and fall into the careless, lazy, idle life of Florence. We breakfast in our room on "Caffe latte" and rolls; we lunch at a "Trattoria" on white her smiling face. It is a sad, wearied, tired face now. She is practically a prisoner there. She lives with the publican's fam-ily. She goes to a room not fit for a dog's keeping, snatches a tew hours' sleep and 's again at her post behind the bar to cheer on and presence in liferature. And I have often thought because it was so; because the public house of old and the barmaid of old bread, ripe figs and red wine. We dine at a Freech restaurant. The Italian cooking is atrocious. Everything swims in garlic and oil. The beet and mutton is cooked to shreds. The soup floats in cheese. The became British institutions, unconsciously though universally grounded in the human heart, they have survived civilization and and wheedle the trembling drunkards of the early morning hours. Her meals are decay. But it is undeniably true that because the

snatched between ferocious rushes of cus-tomers at the bar. maccaroni is, of course, excellent. And the barmaid was long ago elevated into a Brit-ish institution through literature; because

She must know everybody; be cognisant the older any sentiment or thing, barring the barmaid herself, is in Britain the more of something about everything; have 's soothing word for rum-bedeviled tempers; the oarman hersen, and because your endearingly it is prized; and because your British nobleman or workman will have his wine or "bitter" from the hand of a tap-room placidly listen to discussions of herself like those upon an animal; accept direct and infamous insult with invitation in her eves and honeyed words upon her lips; sympawide or "bitter" from the hand of a tap-room divinity, whether all the world like it or not, the prototype of the American "bar-tender" is here unknown, and 200,000 women serve 20,000,000 British people with their brews and spirits to-day. There are other effects, such as the rapid national increase thetically receive confidences of the most sacred or damnable character; in brief, to the end of her days remain a marble Venus for the worship and slavery of Bacchus'

One feasts well on art, however, in Florence. There are the galleries of the "Uf-fizzi" and Pitti Palace for instance. What in the consumption of liquors; the increas-ing power in politics and legislation of the crazed and maddened victims. For all this she receives from 6 to 20 liquor interests; and, worse than all, the startling increase of liquor drinking by all classes of British women; upon each of which vast and sad volumes might be writmore can one ask. Florence is proud, and justly so, of her picture galleries. The poshillings per week and "keep." Some masters provide gowns and aprons. The sition which she occupies in the history of art and science is indeed great. From the inconceivable degradation of her calling can only be hinted at in the statement of fact time of Dante Alighieri, author of the "Divine Comedy," down to the present day of top-coats and silk hats, she has gone steadily on piling up her treasures. Now she is the storehouse of the masterpieces of ten. But the great host of British barmaids is what the British people like and will have; and, being accounted for, it only re-mains to speak of this particular class as it that there is but one place in Great Britain -at the refreshment bars of leading rail-way stations-where refusal to serve one who insults her would not lead to her imindividually and collectively exists.

# she is the storehouse of the masterpieces of past ages. Along the white, smooth road leading to the "Pitti Palace" we lazily tread our way. The blue sky burns red, and purple and gold. The towers and domes gleam in the riotous lights. The bridges over the sleepy Arno hang like roldes hows. Big become girls ladding dom At the Humbler Inns.

who intacts her would not that to be fail mediate discharge without "a character." The lowest grade in her vocation is among the sailors' "Pubs," in the slums of Mary-lebone, Liverpool and East East, Londou; the highest, in the gorgeons London west Some curious facts have developed on cer tain interesting lines in my five years' study of these people in England, Ireland and Scotland. As a rule, in my wanderings I have sought the humbler class of inns for End cates.

Where Barmaids End.

What becomes of them? Many die s' an early age of lung disease, the result of tueir

foul environment. Few drift into the un-namable classes. Ever seeing the worst

side of men, they are, armed, though roughly, against temptation. Some become

manageresses of inns, "Pubs," of railway refreshment rooms and cales with a bevy of

younger barmaids under them, of cheap

manner of notoriety. Your over-shrewd and under-principled American female

and under-principled American female poises and poses, biggles and wriggles along a gamut of 'isms' and 'ists' from female suffrage past a score of reforms to Christian science, theosophy and spiritualism into the capacious bosom of the Over-Soul itself, meantime pausing anywhere just so long as she may continue a disturbing element; ever thrilled and ecstatic over any manner of notoriety conducing to what she hysterio-ally imagines has become a 'career.'

Eager for Notorlety.

Your temale birds of prey defile and fatten upon your tenderest and most sacred social

and domestic institutions. Ours impinge only upon our lowest national weaknesses."

Many will consider this British compari-son and estimate of our suffering sisterhood

own private room and serving customers

In a Measure Protected.

This is much protection to the personality

of the barmaid. Though you may regard her as lost to all moral sense, and the sig-

nificance of words, through the endless repe-tition of infamous language in her presence

by drunken brutes, brainless cads and clever roues, in the main she remains meas-

ureably tree from rough treatment. The modern British bar is practically a walled

extension of the ancient British bar-window. There is no access to it from the public

room. It is as high as your chin. The bar-

maid herself, behind the silver beer and ale

pumps, stands two feet above you, a charm-

ing study in black, white and carnation-a

black perfect-fitting gown, a dainty white apron, the glory of the rose in, or on, her cheeks and lips.

Some of the Requirements.

She is, in fact, just as most men love to



# THE STRANGER IN THE CHURCH.

odors and to hear such tuneful music. dream-like, half mysterious satisfaction of the senses dulied the keen self-knowledge of body and soul for one short moment. In the stormy play of his troubled life there was a brief interlude of peace. He tasted the fruit of the Lotus. his lips were moistened in the sweet water of The lady spoke at last, and the spell left him, not broken, as by a sudden shock, bu: losin; its strong power by quick degrees until it was "I will answer by quick degrees until it was wholly gone. "I will answer your question by another," said the lady. "Let your reply be the plain truth. It will be better sa." "Ask what you will. I have nothing to con-

We live in the "Street of the Sculptors." It is not very clean, but it is very artistic. To live in the "Street of the Sculptors" costs \$2 a week. We have a big, bare, barn-like room opening on a loggia. It is brick paved, and situated on the floor described in the police register as "Plauo 4." Our room has, a brass bedstead, a hard mattrass, two cot-ton pillows and a counterpane. It boasts also a sofa (sensily hard) three chairs a (CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) also a sofa (equally hard), three chairs, a dressing case, a bureau and table. There is

dressing case, a bureau and table. There is a narrow strip of carpet alongside the bed to step on when rising. This bit of carpet is a mockery, inasmuch as it is never in its place when it is needed. There are white muslin curtains at the window and a row of flower pots along the ledge. The King and Queen beam down on us from the time-stained walls. The landlady, a little pop-eyed old lady who hops about like a kangaroo hops her head up the door

Street of the Sculptors.

like a kangaroo, bobs her head in the door every half-hour or so to make sure that we have not gone off and taken some of the furniture with us. This little signora is furniture with us. This little signora is the only person we see the first month. She bargains with us for the breakfast, the service, the lights, the room. She names a sum, which we take the precaution to have her write down. But when we come to settle, a fierce padrone (whom we have not seen before) materializes. Then the frightened little signora reinses to recognize her own formes. It seems it is her business her own figures. It seems it is her business to smile upon the applicant, and take him in at almost any amount that he is willing to pay. The padrone then comes along and proceeds to demand his own terms.

Always a Lively Scene. We appeal to the signora. We show her her own figures; she shricks out that she

chianti-cheap.

Dyspepsia on Top Again.

by a number of persons who were entering the building hastily to attend the next mass, Scarcely ten seconds later he was out in the narrow and dismal passage which winds between the north side of the Tevn Kirche and the buildings behind the Kinsky Palace. The vast buttresses and towers cast deer shadows below them, and the blackened houses opposite absorb what remains of the uncertain winter's daylight. To the left of the church door a low arch spans the lane. affording a covered communication between the north aisle and the sacristy. To the right the open space is somewhat broader, and three dark archways give access to as many passages, leading, in radiating direc-tions and under the old houses, to the streets beyond.

The Wanderer stood upon the steps be neath the rich stone carvings which set torth the Crucifizion over the door of the church and his quick eye scanned everything in sight. To the left, no figure resembling the one he sought was to be seen, but on the right, he tancied that among a score of per sons now rapidly dispersing he could distinguish a moving shadow just within one of the archways, black against the darkness. In an instant he had crossed the way and was hurrying through the gloom. Already far before him, but visible and, as he be lieved, unmistakable, the shade was speeding onward, light as mist, noiseless as thought, but yet clearly to be seen and fol-lowed. He cried aloud, as he ran:

'Beatrice! Beatrice!' His strong voice echoed along the dank

walls and out into the court beyond. It was intensely cold, and the still air carried the sound clearly to the distance. She must have heard him, she must have known his voice, but as she crossed the open place, and the gray light tell upon her he could see that she did not raise her bent head not slacken her speed.

He ran on, sure of overtaking her in the passage she had now entered, for she seemed be only walking, while he was pursuing her at a headlong pace. But in the narrow tunnel, when he reached it, she was not, though at the tarther end he imagined that the fold of a black garment was just disappearing. He emerged into the street, in which he could now see in both directions to a distance of 50 yards or more. He was alone. The rusty iron shutters of the little shops were all barred and fastened, and every door within the range of his vision was closed. He stood still in surprise and listened. There was no sound to be heard. not the grating of a lock, nor the tinkling

of a hell, nor the fall of a footstep. He did not pause long, for he made up his mind as to what he would do in the flash of a moment's intuition. It was physically impossible that she should have disappeared into any one of the houses which had their entrances within the dark tunnel he had just traversed. Apart from the presump-tive impossibility of her being lodged in such a quarter, there was the self-evident fact that he must have heard the door opened and closed. Secondly, she could not have turned to the right, for in that direction the street was straight and without any lateral exit, so that he must have seen her. Thereare she must have gone to the left, since on that side there was a narrow alley leading out of the lane, at some distance from the point where he was now standing-too far, indeed, for her to have reached it unnoticed unless, as was possible, he had been greatly deceived in the distance which had lately separated her from him. Without further hesitation he turned to

the left. He found no one in the way, for it was not yet noon, and at that hour the people were either at their prayers or at their Sunday morning's potations, and the place was as descried as a disused cometery. Still he hastened onward, never pausing for breath, till he found himself all at once in the great ring. He knew the city well, but, in his race, he had bestowed no attention upon the familiar windings and turn-ings, thinking only of overtaking the fleeting vision, no matter how, no matter where, Now, on a sudden, the great, irregular square opened before him, flauked on the

and highest of all, un ler the p and rights of all, under the pointed gate, a round and unglazed aperture, within which there is inky darkness. The windows of the first and second stories are flanked by huge figures of saints, standing forth in strangely concorted attitudes, black with the dust of ages, black as all old Prague is black, with the smoke of the brown Bohemian coal, with the stark aged nections, which are an entry and dark and unctuous mists of many autumns, with the cruel, petrifying frosts of ten score

He who knew the cities of men as few have known them, knew also this house. Many a time had he passed before it by day and by night, wondering who lived within its massive, irregular walls, behind those uncouth, barbar-ous scalptured saints who kept their intermin-able watch high up by the lozengod windows. He would know now. Since she whom he sought had entered, he would enter too; and in some corner of that dwelling which had long possessed a mysterious attraction for his eyes, he would ind at last that being who held power over his heart, that Beatrice whom he had learned to think of as dead, while still believing that somewhere she must be yet alive that dear He who knew the cities of men as few have

somewhere she must be yet alive, that dear lady whom, dead or living, he loved beyond all others, with a great love, passing words.

CHAPTER IL

The Wanderer laid his hand boldly upon the chain of the bell. He expected to hear the harsh jingling of cracked metal, but he was sur-prised by the silvery clearness and musical quality of the ringing tones which reached his car. He was pleased and unconsciously took the pleasant impression for a favorable omen. The heavy door swung back almost immediately and he was confronted by a tall porter in dark green cloth and gold lacings, whose im-posing appearance was made still more striking

the magnificent fair beard which flowed down almost to his waist. The man lifted his heavy cocked hat and held it low at his side as he drew back to let the visitor enter. The lat-ter had not expected to be admitted thus, with-out question, and paused under the bright light which illuminated the arched entrance, intend-ing to make some inquiry of the porter. But the latter seemed to expect nothing of the sort. He carefully closed the door and then, bearing his hat in one hand and his gold-headed staff in the other, he proceeded gravely to the other end of the vanilted porch, opened a great glazed door and held it back for the visitor to pass. The Wanderer recognized that the farther he was allowed to penetrate uphindered into the interior of the house the nearer he should be to the object of his search. He did not know where he was, nor what he might find. For all that he knew he might be in a club, in a great backing house, or in some semi-public insti-tution of the nature of a library, an academy, or a conservatory of music. There are many work net bit back for the starts the factor he down almost to his waist. The man lifted his

balance house, of is some some public insti-tution of the nature of a library, an academy, or a conservatory of music. There are many such establishments in Prage, though he was not acquainted with any in which the internal arrangements so closely resembled those or a luxarious private residence. But there was no time for besitation and he ascended the broad staircase with a firm step, glancing at the rich tapestries which covered the walls, at the pol-ished surface of the marble steps on either side of the heavy carpet and all the elaborate and beautiful iron work of the hand-rail. As he mounted higher, he heard the quick rapping of an electric signal above him, and he under-stood that the porter had announced his com-ing. Reaching the failing, he was met by a servant in black, "as correct at all points as the porter humself, and who bowed low as he held back the thick curtain which hung before the entrance. Without a word the man fol-lowed the visitor into a high room of irregular shape, which served as a vestibule, and stood waiting to receive the guest's furs, should in which such as the result of a new vestibule, and stood waiting to receive the guest's furs, should it please him to lay them aside. To putse now, and to enter into an explanation with a servant, would have been to reject an opportunity which might, never return. In such an estab-lishment, he was sure of finding himself before long in the presence of some more or lass intel-

which might never return. In such an estab-lishneat, he was sure of finding himself before long in the presence of some more or less intel-ligent person of his own class, of whom he could make such inquiries as might enlighten him, and to whom he could present such ex-cuses for his intrusion as might seem most fall into the hands of the servant and followed the latter along a short passage. The man introduced him into a spacious half ind closed the door, feaving him to his own re-fections. The place was very wide and high and without windows, but the broad daylight descended abundantly from above through the planted roof and illumined every corner. Ho would have taken the room for a conservatory, for it contained a forest of tropical trees and plants and whole gardens of rare Southern howers. Tall letonias, date palms, mimoss and rubber trees of many varieties stretched their frantastic spikes and heavy leaves half was up to the crystal coiling, giant forms swept the polished marble with the's fort ombroiderney and dark green laces. Indian creepers, full of bright blossoms, made screens and curtains of their intertwining foliaga, orchids of every hue and of every exotic species bloomed in thick banks along the walls. Flowers less rare, violets

1.

"Ask what you will. I have nothing to con-ceal." "Do you know who and what I am? Do you come here out of curiosity, in the vain hope of knowing me, having heard of me from others?" "Assuredly not." A faint flush rose in the man's pale and noble face. "You have my word," he said, in the tone of one who is sure of being believed, "that I have never, to my knowledge, heard of your existence; that I am ignorant even of your name-fore in wirnorignorant even of your name-forgive my ignor-ance-and that I entered this house, not know-ing whose it might be, seeking and following after one for whom I have searched the world.

ue dearly loved, long lost, long someht." "It is enough. Be seated. I am Unorna." "Unorna?" repeated the Wanderer, with an unconscious question in his voice, as though the name recalled some half-forgotten associa "Not for the sake of seeing her whom you say you love?" The Wanderer was silent, being yet undeter-

tion. "Unorna-yes, I have another name," she added, with a shade of butterness, "but it is hardly mine. Tell me your story. You loved-you lost-you seek-so much I know. What else?"

else" The Wanderer sighed. "You have told in those few words the story of my life-the unfinished story. A wanderer I was born, a wanderer I am, a wanderer I was born, a wanderer I am, a wanderer I was born, a a wanderer I am, a wanderer must ever be, until at last I find her whom I seek. I knew her in a strange land, far from my birthplace, in a city where I was known but to a few, and I loved her. She loved me, too, and that against her father's will. He would not have his daughter wed with one pot of her not have his daughter wed with one not of her race; for he himself had taken a wife among Strangers, and while she was yet alive he had repented of what he had done. But I would Strangers, and while she was yet alive he had repented of what be had done. But I would have overcome his reasons and his arguments —she and I could have overcome them to gether, for he did not hate me, he bore me no ill-will. We were almost triends when I last took his hand. Then the hour of destiny came upon me. The air of that city was treacherons and deadly. I had left her with her father, and py heart was full of many things, and of words both spoken and unuiteroi. I lingered upon an ancient bridge that spanned the river, and the sun went down. Then the ovil ferver of the South had hold upon me and stole the consciousness from my under-standing. Weeks passed away, and memory returned, with the strength to speak. I learned that she I loved and her father were gone, and none knew whither. I rose and left the accursed city, being at that time scarcely able to stand unright on my feet. Finding no trace of those I sought, I journeyed to their own conntry, for I knew where her father heid his hads. I had been ill many weeks, and much time had uassed from the day on which I had her her

"Not for the sake of seeing her whom you as you love?" The Wanderer was silent, being yet undeter-mined how to act, and still unsteadied by what he had experienced. But he was able to reason and he asked of his indyment what he should do, windering what manner of woman Unorma might prove to be, and whether she were anything more than one of those who live and eren enrich themselves by the exercise of the unusual faculties or powers, nature has given them. He had seen many of that class, and he considered most of them to be but half functics, half charlavans, worshiping in them-selves as something almost divine that which was but a physical power, or weakness, beyond their own limited comprehension. Though a whole school of wise and thoughtful men had aleieded actounding facts by sitting the truth through a fine web of closely logical grantics, half charlavans, worshiping in their selves as something almost divine that which was but a physical power, or weakness, beyond their own limited comprehension. Though a whole school of wise and thoughtful men had aleieded actounding facts by sitting the truth through a fine web of closely logical graperiment, it did not follow that either Unorma or any other self-convinced, self-ninght operator could do more than group bind to berator could do more than group bit of his distress, a desecration of his love's are kind, a doceaver of herself. and therefore and thereby of others, was an affront to the drap inty of his distress, a desecration of his love's provide the solution of his love's bound have a fact with in the same city with her he loved, and be knew that hypotic subjects are sometimes able to determine the abude of persons whom no one issee affind. To morrow it might be too late, were before tooday's sun had set Beatrice with the once more taken from him, snatched aver there bid him siepe and see the truth. But they here realized that he has aucher course, where, simpler, more dignified. Beatrice was in frague. It was little probable that she was that whether he I shought, I journeyed to their own conntry, for I knew where her father held his lands. I had been ill many weeks, and nuch time had passed from the day on which I had left her until I was able to move from my bed. When I reached the gate of her home I was told that others now dwelt within the wails. I inquired of these new owners of the hand, but neither they nor any of all those whom I questioned could tell me whither I should direct toy search. The father was a strange man, loving travel and charge of movement, resiless and unsatis-fied with the world, rich and free to make his own caprice his guide through life: reticent he was, moreover, and thoughtful, not given to speaking out his intentions. Those who admin-istered his affairs in his absence were honorable men, bound by his especial injunction not to reveal his affairs in his dasence were honorable men, bound by his especial injunction not to cave is search. I finet persons who had lately seen him and his danghter and spoken with them. I was ever on their track, from hemisphere to hemisphere, from conti-nets to contineed, from country to country, from city to city, often believing myself close upon them, often learning suddening that an ocean lay between them and mic. Was, he eliding me, purposely, resolutely, or was he un-"I thank you," he said, "if all my inquiries

day, I will then ask your belp." "You are right," Unorna answered.

\_ [ To be continued next week. ] THE LARGEST BELLS.

Montreal and New York Each Has One That Weighs Over Twelve Tons.

New England Magazine.]

The largest bell in America is that of Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, which hangs in the south tower. It is 6 feet high, 8 feet 7 inches in diameter, and weighs 24,780 pounds. It is ornamented with images of the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist, together with emblems of agricult-

upon them, often learning suddenly that an ocean lay between them and use. Was he eluding me, purposely, resolutely, or was he un-conscious of my desperate pursuit, being served by chance alone and by his own resiless temper? I do not know, At last some one told me that she was dead, speaking thought-lessiy, not knowing that Hoved her. He who had received it on hearsay from a nother, who had received it on hearsay from a third. None knew hat place her spirit had parted; none knew by what manner of sickness sie had died. Since then I have heard other's say that ene is not dead, that they have heard in their turn from others that she yet lives. Au hour ago I knew not what to think. To-day I saw her in a crowded church. I heard ber volce, though I could not reach her in the throng, strag-gle how I would, I followed her in haste. I lost her at one turning, I aaw her before me at the next, At last a furge, clothed as she had been clothed, entered your house. Whether it was she I know not certainly, but I do know that in the church I haw found her, my journey is evode, my wanderings have led me home at last. If she be not here, if I have been mislaken, I entreat you to let me set eyes on the other whom I mis-Baptist, together with emblems of agricult-ure, commerce and industry. It was cast in London in 1847. In the opposite tower hangs a chime of ten bells, the smallest weighing 897 pounds, the largest 6,011; total 21,696 pounds. The largest bell in the United States is the alarm bell on City Hall, New York, which was cast by Blake, of Boston. It is 6 feet higb, 8 feet in diameter and weighs 23,000 pounds.

yard shut off by iron gates. The windows open to the floors, and one walks from the dining room and parlors into the gardens. There are some statues hiding among the trees, very creditable statues, enough "to know better." a Still, one hypotic sleep and had exercised that gift upon him, unexpectedly and against his will. He would have more willingly supposed that he had been the victim of a momentary physical faintness, for the idea of having been thos sub-jected to the influence of a woman, and of a woman be hardly knew, was repugnant to him, and had in it something humiliating to his pride, or at least to his vanity. But he could not escape the conviction forced upon him by the circumstances. "Do not go, for I may yet help you," said Unorna quietly. "Let us talk of this matter and consult what is best to be done. Will you accept a woman's help?" "Readily. But I cannot accept her will as mine, nor resign my consciousness into her keeping." should not be too severe, for it is about as hot as the conventional hades six hours out of the twelve.

unmarried. If she were anyone but herself, I should say frankly that she is a "spinster." For a person who deals in such "job lots" of heroes as she does this is quite odd. It seems to me, with so much material at hand, she might have made hersell a fine, handsome young chap; and given him a charming disposition to boot. But she hasn't. No, Ouida does not care about men. She knows them too well. But she adores dogs. And no doubt she gets as much amusement out of her pets as we less fortunate women get out of our husbands. There is this to be said for a dog: He is always oving, faithful and good humored-when he is awake. He comes when he is called too. And he keeps his engagements. Oh, Onida knows what she is about. And what

folly lot of dogs she has to be sure. Fine thoroughbred tellows. And how they love her; and go scrambling along after her, wherever she goes. Ouida's Dogs in Paris.

Not long since she was in Paris at a large and expensive hotel. As usual she had a halt dozen or more dogs with her. These dogs had their meals served them in her rooms and went every day with her maids for an airing. When her bill was presented each dog was down for full board. The

great writer flew into a terrible rage. The landlord was summoned in haste. "What do you mean, sir, by daring to present me a bill for my dogs." "They are eating and lodging in my hotel,

"It is an outrage," Ouida declared, "I will not pay it."

This was too much to be borne. Ouida, beside herseli with rage, dashed of to the railway station and returned to Florence. When she arrived she had cooled down, and her hungry heart ached for her pets. So a servant was dispatched to Paris. He paid the bill, which was appalling, bundled up the animals and restored them to their misthe animals and restored them to their min-tress. Doggies stop in Florence mostly now; but occasionally they go for a trip, and then things are lively, I tell you. The railway guards swear and tear their hair, passengers rebel, servants fly around excitedly—but rebel, servants fly around excitedly-but Ouida is calm, bland, placid. She pays the fare of her dogs and defies the world. Bravo, **Onidat** 

Time has not passed this distinguished woman by. It has whitened her hair and acquaintances among us. She has an idea that we are vulgar and slaugy and goodness knows what all. A really ignorant and common American

woman was once presented to Ouida at a ball at the house of the American Minister in Paris. This woman having overheard some sarcastic allusion relative to her country and its society fall from Ouida's

country and its society fall from Ouida's lips, remarked to her quite loud: "I'm sure you oughta't to be down on us, Mile, de la Ramee, we are the only people who read your pasty books." I don't know what reply Ouida made to this. I think she must have fainted. In Florence she holds a good position. As a matter of fact, she can go into any society she sees fit. She is rich, too. Her books

keys saunter slowly up the hill or sun-burnt grass by the wayside.

Story of Petrarch's Love. Once a boy went whistling along this road. Laurs, and he-he was Petrarchi It was a pretty love story that, but, alas, it ended as

such ideal passion mostly does. Petrarch, of course, loved her with all a poet's ardor. Ouida is, as I suppose everyone knows, He sung her praises in poems that became world famous. Charles IV., upon being presented to her, asked permission to "kiss the beautiful eyes that had been celebrated in such beautiful verse."

Laura, on her part, did not return the poet's passion. She became his friend-no nore. Her heart she bestowed on one Hugh de Sades, whom she married, and by whom she had 11 children, and no doubt grew or restaurants are here universally called; doubt grew fat. Oh. Lanra, what a small souled woman and, during their moments of rest between you must have been! Yet you will always customers' demands, I have received from be famous, those 11 youngsters, notwith-standing. For you were the beloved of British barmaids themselves innumerable kindly, honest, and altogether womanly, LILLIAN SPENCER. Petrarch.

THE COMING CHIEFTAIN.

Young American Horse Who One Day Is to Rule Over the Siour.

New York Illustrated News. ] This young buck is the only son of the great Sioux warrior, "American Horse,"

and the pet of the Ogallalla tribe. The little about 1,700 will hold true with 200,000 brave is destined some day in the near future They at least serve as a basis for reputable conjecture: Daughters of farmers, villagers o become chief of the entire Sioux Nation

3

madam," was the reply, "they are therefore guests!"

"As you please, madam, but we will keep them until you do." "Keep my dogs," she gasped, "my-

dogs-"" "Certainly, madam, that is just what we

Age Has Done Its Work.

faded her eyes. She rouges and powders, as what woman does not when she has to, and dresses rather more youthful than is strictly in keeping with good taste. She hates the Americans for some reason or other. I think she has not been fortunate in her

golden bows. Big brown girls leading donusing; not only from motives of comfort, but as best furnishing various and vagarous forms of character study; iuns on a par, as nearly as can be compared, with our Ameri-can hotels of the "second class." Coming He met a little girl with a handful of again and again to many of these, I have purple figs. She reached out her hand and gave him one as she passed. And she was gained for me, in many instances, the agreeable position of "one of the family" with the inn's host and hostess. Not being fitted

out of which they came?

Where Barmaids Come From.

and of various employes on estates of the British nobility, 760; daughters of small

tradesmen, 214; publicans' daughters, sisters and other female relatives, 187; fac-

tory girls, 34; seamstresses and milliners, 83; divorced wives, 11; school mistresses, 72;

rals of the British youth.

speaking world. He examined them

carefully; seemed lost in reflection for a time; and gave his views regarding the sociological study in rapidly-propounded return questions, after our true Yankee

"You have a great many women in Amer-

ica at the present time known as 'agitators' and 'reformers,' have you not? And has not each one a mission or scheme, or a di-vine call, to gallop, plunge and cavort about, shrieking out all manner of notes of

warning, regarding the enslavement of her sex? And do not these females sound tim-

breis, heat tomtoms and override every-thing established, tender and sacred, in an effort to attract attention to themselves, un-

The American Represen

T do not know whether these averages or

them

museums, and all manner of enterprises at senside resorts. Many marry reputable men, but drift back into their old lives. English nobil-ity's ranks have been recruited from their by inclination or habit for honors in front of these bars, which I have always found gains respect from even those who exist by them, I reached many a snug corner within number; and recently a wealthy young American of Baltimore wed one of the most There, in the landlord's or landlady's beautiful and good of their kind in the three kingdoms-an Irish barmaid at Cork. chair of honor and state, while apparently reading my mail, or scanning the papers, I No honest man can speak of them unkindly as a class. The power behind them is responsible for the evil they accomplish. have been favored at all hours of the day and night with pictures of life in British "Pubs"-as the barrooms attached to inns

That is incalculable. Because of their presence countless British women find it easy to become drunkards. Because of their agreeability, sympathetic kindliness and outfight blandishments, all grades and revelations as to their previous condition, with the mode and motive of their lives. One of the first series of careful inquiries conditions of men are more and more enriching the British dram-shop with all that should preserve and sanctify the British made was in reference to the sources of sup-ply of females for this vocation. Who were EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

## ICE MACHINES OF INDIA.

these bright, handsome, graceful women? What manner of social condition was that How the Porous Earthen Pots Are Used to Produce Big Blocks.

> IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.] Of course you know that water begins to

freeze at 32 degrees above zero, but do you know that ice will freeze naturally, under certain conditions, at a temperature of 45 degrees above zero? In parts of India, where a freezing temperature is rarely 'day perienced, the natives secure ice in this way: On layers of straw they place shallow porous earthen pots, which they fill with water early in the atternoon. These drapers' and other clerks, 39; telegraph operators and postal employes, 6; antresses, variety and otherwise, 13; cashiers, 28; canporous parts reduce the temperature of the water by absorption before aight. The freesing point is then reached by radiation, which intensifies the cold, bringing the tem perature to 32 degrees or lower. In this way ice is secured in large quanti-

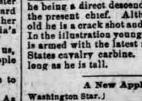
variety and otherwise, 13; cashiers, 28; can-vassers, 14; unsuccessful singers and music teachers, 44; mission workers, Sunday school teachers and "Salvationists," 57, photograph colorists and "artists" gen-erally, 19; "literary" persons—8 of whom had written poems, 6 pamphlets, 4 ballads and 2 books, all of which "had been pub-lished," the balance of whom might be classified as "human various"—39; while 13 had been domestics: 18, scullery maids: 7. ties, in thickness more than an inch, and then these layers are frozen into blocks by water poured over them. Thus we see the the poor heathen of India, of whom we hear so much, knows thing or two that even some had been domestics; 18, scullery maids; 7, of us highly enlightened people never governesses, and 53, as nursery maids, originally had the molding of the minds and dreamed of.

MADAME A. RUPPERT 1 took these figures to a very noted English thinker, leader and writer, a man whose name is a familiar one in every news-paper and household throughout the En-Complexion Specialist.

til the grand, true wives and mothers of your country are whipped into partial in-dorsement, the clergy bullied into mlence and your editors, through a forgivable chiv-alry, influenced into lending them a quasi me. A. Ruppert's the only face t "Well, sir, precisely the same female, or rather unfemale, qualities, which, through these mental harridans, are accomplishing the gradual unsering of American women, and the revolutionizing and destruction of the American home, are at the root of our itively removes blackbeads, pimples, all blemisbes of the annot be observed aleach can only be h Ne. 93 Fifth avenue, F 36 and 204, Pittsburg, 66 and 204. Pittsburg, or sent to any a eccept of price. Sold at \$2 per botth ottles, usually required to clear the

he being a direct descendant of Red Cloud, the present chief. Although but 7 years old he is a crack shot and rides like a vacaro. In the illustration young "American Horse" is armed with the latest model of the United States cavalry carbine. It is just about as

Washington Star. J



A gailant beau calls a Washington girl's shoe "Wit," because brevity is the sole of it.

Charlie American Horse.

A New Application.

