THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1891.

side, with a snort and a bellow, the bull

His Horn is Buried in the shoulder of one of the trembling horses. The crowd yells with delight. The

with far better grace.
All this has taken but a few moments,

hero jumps up and gets over the fence with

The Final Scenes.

The next thrust is more skillful and the bull sinks to the ground. Gayest music plays; prancing horses, bedecked with streamers, are hitched to the expiring bull and mangled horses and draw them gaily a few times around and out of the arens.

But come away, there will only be a repeti-

But come away; there will only be a repeti-tion of these sickening sights. Five more buils must wreak their fury on wornout horses, only to be themselves dragged out at last, before the sand of the arena will be red

enough to satisfy this howling mob! And what sense is there in it all? What sport, even if hardened to the crueity? In the old days of Spain, when trained and eager horses were used, horses that entered into the spirit of the combat and could meet the

useless cruelty, so degrading a spectacle, would not be tolerated for a moment.

There are many other features of Cuban life and Cuban customs that intensify this

feeling, and much might be said of her re-lations with Spain, and the oppression she endures from the mother country, but all these in no way interfere with the enjoy-ment and interest of a winter week in her

CUPPING IN RUSSIAN PRISONS.

A Curious Custom by Which Old Criminals

Avenge Imaginary Wrongs.

a respectable man is confined in prison for a

few days for some slight offense. At times

even an elder of a small community must

submit to such a penalty for what the

Russian law calls a neglect of duty. Such a person is retained in a large room together with a lot of obdurate criminals, who are either awaiting

trial or sentenced to be put at hard labor in

a fortress. When the respectable prisoner comes among them they begin to press him for "a treat of good fellowship." He must send for a bottle of brandy. If he is not as

for "a treat of good fellowship. He must send for a bottle of brandy. If he is not as liberal as they want him to be, they harass and torment him. Should he make a threat to complain be-

fore the authorities of their conduct, they immediately decide upon performing on him

Millet's Painting.

The Angelus is a prayer to the Virgin.

introduced by Pope Urban II. in 1095, as

begins with the words, Angelus Domini

nuntiavit Marie-The Angel of the Lord

announced unto Mary. Then follows the

salutation of Gabriel-Ave Maria, etc. The

prayer contains three verses, and each verse ends with the salutation, Ave Maria; and

it is recited three times a day, at the ring-

first word in the prayer.

After the crusades, the custom languished until, in 1327, Pope John XXIII. ordered

all the faithful to recite an Ave Maria at each ringing of the bell. He announced an indulgence for each regitation. Other hames are the "Ave Maria Bell" and the "Vesper Bell."

Two Pensions for One Widow.

"I have," says a Maine pension agent

"what I consider a funny pension case on

hand. Several years ago I secured a pen

sion for a soldier of a certain regiment and

company, and then, after his death, I se-

cured a pension for his widow. Now she

comes to me to help her secure another pen-

sion as the widow of another member of the same regiment. You see that since I secured her first widow's pension she had married a comrade-in-arms of her first husband, and now that he, too, is dead, with a frugality and economy that is commendable and according to Serietane the installed

ing of the Angelus bell, so named from the

New England Magazine.

New York Tribune.]

A curious phase of prison life is exhibited by a Moscow paper. It often happens that

summer clime.

only his corslet ripped.

A LAND OF SUNSHINE

That Smiles a Welcome to Tourists Who Flee the Rigors of Northern Winter.

THE DELIGHTS OF CUBA

Havana as Much Given Over to Gayety

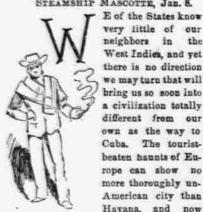
and Pleasure as Paris.

THE OVERLAND TRIP TO MATANZAS

Description of the Great Bull Fight Given on New Year's Day.

A SPORT WITH SCARCELY ANY DANGER

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] STEAMSHIP MASCOTTE, Jan. 8.



we may turn that will bring us so soon into a civilization totally different from our own as the way to Cuba. The touristbeaten haunts of Europe can show no more thoroughly un-American city than Havana, and now

that winter travel sets in in so strong a current toward Florida, and the Plant Steamship Line has brought Havana within less than 30 hours from Tampa, there is reason to believe that many more of our floating population, winter birds of passage, will avail themselves of a week in this quaint, wicked

Summer visitors to the Maine coast, resorts will recognize an old friend in the trim steamer Olivette, which plies between Boston and Bar Harbor in the summer and Mobile, Tampa and Havana during the winter months. She and her sister ship, the Mascotte, manage three round trips a week.

peated and ineffectual attempts to clean the docks, the ship's erew turned the hose on them, and as there is nothing a Cuban (they are nearly all Cubans in Key West) fears more than a bath, the way was soon Since then the crowds are less persistent, but the docks still swarm with them, and a motley appearance they present. Every imaginable shade of color and cast of



Castillo del Morro.

features: Spanish, American. Chinese, Cuban, Indian, Mexican, Negro, and the same in every incalculable degree of inter-

You may take a carriage if you wish and ride all over the island in an hour, but it will not be specially pleasant, as the streets are inches deep with dust, for although they have water all around them in Key West they have none to waste on the streets, and seldom have rain in winter.

Arriving in Havana, you are struck with

the beauty of the harbor, and it may not be generally known that the sugar, tobacco and truit trades make this the sixth commercial port in the world. For beauty and scenery it is unsurpassed; its narrow mouth is effectually guarded by the torbidding, though ancient, walls of Castillo del Morro; left stretch graceful palm-grown tills, while on your right lies the city of Havana, a magnificent panorama in water

A Wonderfully Harmonious Picture.

The prevailing style of architecture is that of Southern Europe, houses square, with a profusion of courts and arcades; the walls are of stone, covered with stucce and painted in a charming variety of pale greens, yellows, pinks and lavenders, and the whole, bathed in the morning sunlight from across the bay, presents a wonderfully harmonious

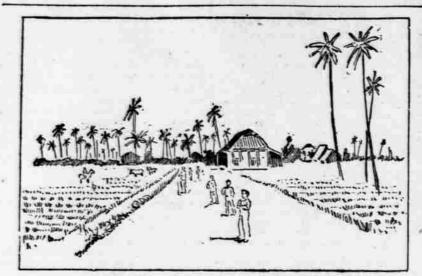
The courtesies of the docks are extended only to Spanish vessels, and the Olivette will cast her anchor in the center of the bay, surrounded before her screw has stopp churning the waters by a myriad "guadanos," small craft of awkward design, vicing with each other for the privilege of carrying off passengers and luggage. English speaking couriers from the leading notels come aboard the vessel, and you only care will be to point out your luggage and you will be spared the gentle harrassments of customs officials, cab drivers and all similar nuisances; and while this paper is not designed as an advertisement of Havana hotels, it will be allowable to say that in no city in America or in Europe wil the entertainment of guests be so carefully and successfully looked after as in Havana Connected with the leading botels are intelligent and obliging interpreters who make it their cheerful business to show you to places of interest, put you in the way of sconomic purchases, talk Spanish for you, guard you from imposition, and, in short, see that your stay in Havana is so pleasant that you will come back again.

A Parls Without Its Elegance Cubans are proverbially slow, and may well be so, as their coldest weather in Junuary is as balmy as our temperate June; and if moist is as sultry—and yet the man-ner of life in Havans is anything but slow; it is Paris in a cruder form; Paris without its and a parade drill on the "Prado," near the center of the city. The business of the city is transacted between the hours of 11 and 3, and at nightfall the city is given over wholly to the business of pleasure.

Within a stone's throw of each other are thesters galors when the stone's throw of the city is transacted by the stone of the city is transacted by the city is given over the stone of the city is transacted between the hours of 11 and 3, and at nightfall the city is given over wholly to the business of pleasure.

Within a stone's throw of each other are theaters galore, where may be heard Spanish opera, French opera, Italian opera, to gether with drama, pippit show, circus, dime museum, can-can and every variety of stage performance. All night long the streets are noisy and rife with people. In one respect, however, we still excell them in the States; there is very little drunkenness; much wine drinking, but their bartenders seem not to have reached the proficiency of our all-Americans in concocting mixtures of unadulterated badness. As for tobacco, everyone smokes in Havana, men women

ingly exhausting. Long-before the weary victim can sniff the fresh air from above, he finds himself trying to recall what it was Virgil said about "Descensus averno facilia," etc., but the "way out" being the rub of it.



SCENE ON THE WAY TO MATANZAS.

and children. Every room is a smoking room, and every car a smoking car; and yet a second-class car, blue with the billows of smoke, is not so offensive as many a street corner in Pittsburg, for there seems to be no bad tobacco used in Havana. It is like the Irishman's whisky-"There's ne bad whisky."

Tobacco Comes Well Taxed.

But unless you have a national bank behind you, you will best not load your trunastoo heavy with Havana tobacco when you return to the States, for thanks to Brer Mc-Kinley the tariff is something appalling. One recent passenger on the Mascotte, brought in, in his satchel, cigarettes that cost him \$4 in Havana. The tax demanded was \$30 30-only 757 per cent of their first

But we are getting away from Havana; there is much there to see that is beautiful and interesting; the crumbling old wall that once marked the bounds of the city, but now runs zigzaging through it; the church marking the spot where Columbus knelt to hear the first mass read in the New World; the great Cathedral where, the Cubans will Mascotte, manage three round trips a week. Not the least interesting feature of the voyage will be found to be the stop of five or six hours in Key West. This little island of tobacco factories is the last patch of the United States, and its population of near 15,000 eigarmakers will turn out in large proportion to greet you at the dock. Life seems not to be spiced with too abundant variety in their community of 1½ square miles, so that any whiff from the outside world is hailed with delight.

Docks Cleared With a Hose.

When the Plant line first began to make this port they had difficulty in landing passengers or cargo, the crowds pressed so eagerly around the gangways. After repeated and ineffectual attempts to clean the docks, the ship's crew turned the hose on

functions of bath and thumping machine, for the suri breaks over them in such force that the victims are pommelled against the sides mercilessly.

A Trip to Matanzas. But a visit to Havana will not be com-

plete without a day at Matansas and a ride in that novel vehicle, half cart and half buckboard, the "volanta." The ride there by rail, 85 miles, is one of increasing interest to Northern eyes; cactus hedges, gay with morning-glories, make a pleasing change from our endless barb wire fences; beyond them waving groves of royal and cocoanut palms lift their graceful heads, often to a hundred feet. Thatched cottages are approached by stately avenues that a palace might envy, while around them are caugh. most unexpected glinfpses of Cuban life. Little brown cupids, as devoid of covering as a Mexican dog, run out and gaze anxious-ly after the whirling train; others are play-ing on the soft black ground while their parents are at work, and their look of perfect health and contentment suggests a more intimate relation with the soil than we wearers of store clothes are apt to keep in

Rich valleys present a waving sea of sugar cane, its light green flanked in the distance by dark mountains. Along the road, almost in reach of your hand from the car window, bananas are growing and ripening in wild luxuriance. There are many quaint things too; you porker, haltered and hitched to the lence, suggests different customs from those prevailing at home; these squalling, fluttering chickens, carried through the train for sale at back country stations, indicate that "Puck, Judge, Life, and all the latest publications," have no

that make passage by an ordinary carriage simply impossible, you know you would be shaken to pieces in anything else. And now the reason for the big wheels

appears; the roughnesses of the roads are reduced in effect in proportion to the big-ness of the wheels, and jolts are so diffused by the springy shafts and leather springs by the springy shafts and leather springs that all the occupant feels is an easy swinging motion. The horse is harnessed to the very ends of the shafts, ten or a dozen feet in front of you, and the driver rides another by his side. The road to the caves is specially rough, lying over the uneven surface of a lava bed; your time is limited, and the tough little Cuban stallions, almost at a run whirl you over the rocks at a page that run, whirl you over the rocks at a pace that would make a Pittsburg fire engine hang its head for very shame. The return to Havana may be made the same day, and the tourist getz back feeling that he has seen more in one day than he will ordinarily see in a

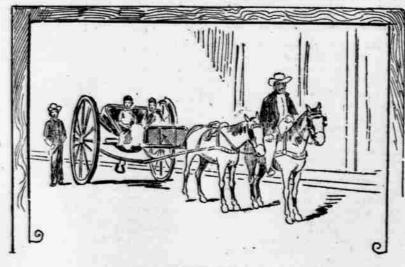
The Day of All the Seven. The Cubans have no Sunday; that is, Sunday with them is the weekly holiday; all their sports are held on that day, bull fights, baseball and horse racing; and if this happens not to consist with your ideas of Sabbath observance you will not see the



Where Columbus Heard the First Mass. Cuban temper. Cuba in gala costume, unless you chance to be there on some national holiday. The recent New Year was cale-

brated in Havana by the greatest bull-fight ever seen in the place, and Havana was happy. "Six bulls direct from Spain!" was the English of the exclamation heard every-where about the streets. Americans in the city, of course, all went "to see what it was like," and it was noticeable that they soon found out; nearly all came away in disgust, some of them in as short a time as five min-

Come in with the crowd and we will see it for ourselves: The amphitheater of three stories, inclosing a sandy arena of perhaps 125 feet in diameter, will seat nearly 15,000 people; 10,000 or 12,000 have already taken their places and the shady side is densely packed, for although it is the 1st day of January the atternoon sun is beating fiercely on the less fortunate occupants of the eastern side. You are surprised to notice that there are few women present, scarce one in a hundred; but boys by the scores, little fellows, almost babes in dresses. The band plays bright Spanish airs, but their music is and all the latest publications," have no almost drowned by the cat-calls and fish-monopoly on the traveling public in all horns of the eager crowd. Long before the



RIDING IN THE VOLANTA

earts of the world. This man with a glossy fighting cock under his arm, bedecked with gay streamers, will put him in the "pit" shortly and bet all his doubloous on him, and so many curious things divert the attention that the two and a half hours to Matanzas seem but one.

A Panorama of the Tropics.

A Panorama of the Tropics.

Arrived there, the points of interest are two, the Grumuri Valley and the Caves of Bellamar. The former is a circular valley, 15 miles across, and viewed from the elevation of 500 feet, presents a perfect panorama of living green. The beholder is struck with his inability to take it all in; the eye sweeps over farms and gardens, villages and hamlets, plantations and forests and everywhere rests on the same profusion of tropical verdure. There are many places where it is possible to see farther, but few, where it is possible to see farther, but few. where it is possible to see so much.

Five miles distant, and on the opposite side of the city are the wonderful caves of Bellamar, stretching along by the sea for more than three miles. Those who have seen our own most celebrated cayes of Virginia and Kennada Paris and Research and Resear ginia and Kentucky find these fully as ineresting, and many of the chambers are indeed resplendent with gems and pillars, but it is Paris in a cruder form; Paris without its elegance and with all its vices. It is the life of the cafe and the amusement hall. From 7 to 9 each morning there is military music respict to 9 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning there is military music respict to 10 each morning the entrance is made from the level ground by descending artificial stairways, and after black horse and his rider have so fondly imagined?

But there is little time for reflection, the black horse and his rider have disappeared, and at the same moment, from the opposite

baiting begins crowds of bussards dot the blue sky as far as the eye can see. "Evil birds," they know well what a gathering in this place means, and hover over it with

Poetry of the Bull Fight.

Pesently all eyes are turned toward the gaily decorated box opposite the entrance; "La Grau," master of ceremonies, is entering. He rises smiling, waves a white kerchief, there is a dash of music, the gates are thrown back and a superb black horse leaps into the ring. Bravo! He is well ridden, and of excellent mettle; curvets, backs, rears, plunges, all in the rythm of the music; bends his graceful knee and salutes, before the decorated box. Now, there is a blast of trumpets, the band plays man-Poetry of the Bull Fight. is a blast of trumpets, the band plays mar-tial music and the gally costumed "matadores' enter, 10 or 12 in number, followed by two mounted "toreadores," with long, blunt pikes. All advance and salute in courtly fashion. But look again; can these gaudy, tinsel-bedecked, villainous-looking fellows be the graceful toreadores of picture and song? Are all the red mantles of our Spanish fans so tawdry and faded as these? And the horses, are these spiritless, blind-folded street-car hacks the flery stallions we

and according to Scripture, she is applying for the second pension. I have never known exactly a similar case."

In a Mongolian Restaurant. Etiquette must be observed in Chinese restaurants. For example, when you drink tea you must pour out a little into the cup. rinse it around and empty it upon the floor Whether this libation is a precaution in be whether this libetion is a precaution in behalf or cleanliness or whether some god must be propitiated, I know not, and it is needless to ask questions about it, for upon all points pertaining to his own life and customs John Chinaman is strictly non-comWITHOUT A MEMORY

side, with a snort and a bellow, the bull rushes in. As he enters the arena a gay rosette with streamers is pinned to his back, over the hips, by a barbed dart, and infuriated by the dart he dashes into the little crowd opposite. In a twinkling the matadores are safely over the fence, and he charges the horsemen one after the other, but the long pikes hold him off. The matadores wenture back into the arena, fiaunt their fiaming mantles before him and worry him with darts. His fury increases, the awkward pike fails to ward him off, and in a moment A New York Business Man Who Has Lost the Precious Faculty.

DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN NAME. The Loss Grew Gradually From the Ordinary Absent-Mindedness. .

A JOKE THAT PROVED MOST CRUEL

borses. The crowd yells with delight. The red mantles are finng in his very face and he turns to scatter his tormentors. But look, he dashes suddenly aside and plunges his horn into the bowels of the other horse; surely they will lead the poor wounded things away and end their misery; but no-horrible! the staggering beast, his entrails dragging in the sand of the arena, is beaten and clubbed toward the injurieted bull. And the absurdity of it all is, that so far the horses are taking all the risks; for now CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH, 1 NEW YORK, Jan. 17 .- "Just think of a human being absolutely without a memory!" remarked a friend the other day, dis cussing a work of Charles Dickens', in which is depicted an imaginary character of that kind.

And the absurdity of it all is, that so lar the horses are taking all the risks; for now they are both down, and as they fall, the brave toreadores step gaily off and clamber over the fence into safety, while the bull's horn is still buried in the quivering horse.

At least, their misery is now ended, and you feel that you could see their riders gored with far better grace. "I do think of one nearly every day. I have a servant with so short a memory that she cannot do anything twice consecutively the same way. She sometimes makes excel-lent bread or biscuits, but never twice or thrice right along. It is as uncertain as the turn of a card. Sometimes she saits the All this has taken but a few moments, and the bull is fresh as when he entered the arena. Sharp-pointed swords are now brought in, and the real work of the matadores begins. The red mantles are again flaunted, and behind them now are the bright blades; as the bull comes on, a skillful thrust will reach his heart. But the matadore misses his aim, he is down, the crowd rises and sways, their voices drowned by the blare of trumpets; the bull stands over him with lowered head, and in an instant he will be pinned to the ground! But no, his comrades run to his relief, another red mantle diverts the bull, and the fallen hero jumps up and gets over the fence with regetables, sometimes she doesn't-and someimes she salts one dish and not another, and then, again, she forgets she has seasone anything and salts them all around again, for luck. It would be an even bet whether the roast will come out half raw or dried into a tasteless knot. Yet she has a mem-ory, such as it is. I am not speaking of short memories, for memories are but relatively long and short. They begin somewhere and end somewhere in a myth of tangled recollection and forgetfuln No Memory at All.

"There is a man in New York who has n memory at all—none at all !"
"Insane?"

"No; sound of body and mind."
"Idiotic?"
"Not at all. His faculties, except in this one particular, are quite as good as your or my faculties. The imaginary character created by Dickens is not a marker to this man of real, modern every day life. The only thing like memory he possesses is habit. He goes to bed and gets up and eats and goes to business and comes home from habit—though of course, he is never trusted abroad alone. He knows where to get off the cars from habit. But the question as to where he lives, or what street it is where he is to get off, will confuse him at once He cannot tell. He can sign his name to apears and seems to understand what they are and seems to understand what they are about, by instinct, though he is no longer trusted by his partners to do anything of the kind where the matter is important except where they know it is all right. Remove the papers and ask him what they were about and he couldn't tell you. A business letter before him he seems to comprehend at glance, but he couldn't turn the letter up-ide down and remember the name of the writer-not even long enough to address the

the spirit of the combat and could meet the rushes of the bull, even vaulting over him if need be, it is conceivable that men inured to cruelty could watch such a contest with intense interest; but here it is all different. Wornout, almost worthless, horses, that never saw a bull without a yoke, are bought up for the purpose, brought in blindfolded, and the whole affair is childish in the extreme, amounting simply to awkward, bungling butchery.

As you leave the disgraceful scene your passport attains to increased respect in your estimation, and you are profoundly grateful that your citizenship is in a land where such useless cruelty, so degrading a spectacle, Began in Absent Mindedness. "No; It didn't come all at once. His friends noticed it beginning several years ago. Then it was called 'sbort memory,' just as you hear many people spoken of. Some call such a man absent minded. One day he would get off the elevated at Rector day he would get off the elevated at Rector street and go up to his old office—one he had not occupied for six months—and not discover his mistake until he walked into a room full of strangers. His office is on Broadway near Cortlandt. Another time he would be met on Broadway inquiring his way to the postoffice, like any stranger.

"His friends made light of it at first, and occasionally gived him terribly. They occasionally guyed him terribly. They would get fellows to meet him suddenly and ask him where Broadway was, and though he might be standing on that great thoroughfare at the time the chances would be that he could not at once assure correctly. Then they'd inquire where he lived and sometimes he couldn't say. A confused look would always creep over his face, some thing like the look of a puzzled child, and the sweet smile of helplessness that would follow was enough to disarm criticism. He was always gentle and polite in his manners. For this very reason he was likely to be stopped anywhere by strangers or others who sought information, though he endeavored to avoid such things as much as possi

"One afternoon he had paused in front of Benedict's to set his watch-which he often forgot to wind up. The usual knot was there on the same or a similar errand. An old gentleman turned to him and inquired: "'I beg pardon-'but will you-are you a New Yorker?"

immediately decide upon performing on him the "operation of cupping," as they call it. The poor fellow is then stripped naked, stretched on a bench and held fast. His mouth is stuffed with a rag so that his cries cannot be heard outside. A spot on his breast is made wet, and one of his tormentors rubs it with his unshaven chin until the skin becomes red. Hereupon another one slaps the spot with his flat hand with all his might. A large blister immediately appears on the wounded place. This is what they call setting a cup. Six or eight such "cups" are sometimes set with a suspicious frown, then burst out laughing. The New Yorker?"

"I beg pardon—"but will you—are you a New Yorker?"

"I—yes—yes, yes,' was the hesitating reply.

"Ah, then you can tell me where Washington? Washington? repeated where some place."

"Washington? Washington? repeated where some place."

"The stranger studied that face a moment with a suspicious frown, then burst out laughing. The New Yorker?"

place. This is what they call setting a cup.
Six or eight such "cups" are sometimes set on the breast, the sides and the back of the sufferer, so that he is unable to lie down for several days. In some instances more instrances more serious injuries are caused by the blows he receives.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

With a suspice.

I he New Yorker hurried away. But the funny part of this infirmity passed with the rapid increase of the cause. Among his friends it ceased entirely with the following incident: The office clerk and a jolly client made a bet of a dinner and a bottle one day that the 'Man Without a Memory,' as he was now called, could be taken 'round a block and lost. They caused him to expect an appointment in Church him to expect an appointment in Church street, and took him by messenger over to Beaver street in the crooked vicinity of Delmonico's ancient residence. It was in exactly the opposite direction from Church, but being in company of a guide he didn't an intercession for the absent crusaders. It notice.

The Joke Got Serious

By instructions he was to be left on a cer-tain corner, and these instructions were carried out by the messenger. The agreement was that if the man without a memory go back before the closing hour the jolly client was to put up the dinner, and if he didn't the clerk was to do so. The latter was ac-customed to the eccentricities of his employer and deemed the proposition that he could be lost anywhere in New York absurd. Nevertheless, these practica jokers waited patiently until the hour-ex absurd. tended the time once, twice, thrice-rather nervously, went to dinner.

"The next morning a note from the wife of the man-without-a-memory awaited the clerk's arrival at the office. It stated that her husband had not returned the night before, that he was not accustomed to remain away from home over night, and inquired whether he had been called out of town, and, if not, at what hour had he left the office. This created considerable uneasiness at the office and steps were at once taken to ascertain the whereabouts of the missing partner. The uneasiness was immeasurably increased upon the appearance of an even-ing paper containing the following state-

Got Into Police Court.

Got Into Police Court.

A well-dressed gentleman, about 45 years of age, was found wandering about the lower East river docks, apparently demented. When questioned by a police officer, of whom he had inquired the direction of Brondway, he was unable to give either his residence or place of business, or even his name. He was taken to the station house and searched. He had a valuable watch and chain and some money on his person, but nothing could be found to indicate his identity. The strangest part of it is that the man talked rationally enough. He had probably been sandbagged and had not recovered from the effects of the blow. He was locked up for the night, At the Tombs this morning he was still unable to give an account of himself, and after a private examination by the justice he was remanded.

"That is our man!" exclaimed his part-

ners, and they hurriedly drove to the station house. Sure enough, it was; but so changed they scarcely knew him. The ex-

perience and anxiety of the preceding 24 hours had aged him ten years. He seemed to have turned grayer and to have lost the gentle expression usual to him. He recognized his partners at once and called them by name, and through this contact with familiar faces remembered his own. What memory he had left seemed to be solely through his eyes. And, if you can call that a memory, it is all he has to-day.

The Story Kept a Secret. "Well, they took him back to the office and telegraphed his wife that he was there and was all right and would be home to dinner. She does not know to this day of that day lost in the streets of New York and of that night in the station house. Nor does her husband, for that matter.

"The gentleman's doctor says that it is the most singular case he ever came access."

"The gentleman's doctor says that it is
the most singular case he ever came across
in his extended practice. The man seems to
retain his naturally fine mind in all respects as perfect as ever it was. Only in
this particular faculty does it differ from the
minds of well-educated business people.
But in this respect it is an absolute blank.
I say absolute because what a man sees is
really not a matter of memory, and in our
daily habits we do many things automatically, as a man walks in his sleep without an
effort of memory.

A Very Simple Test. "To further illustrate my meaning, let me remark that in this case you can write your name on a sheet of white paper and show it to him—but turn that sheet upside down, even in his presence and right before him, and he cannot repeat the name. It is the sumplest test of memory perhaps that the simplest test of memory, perhaps, that could be suggested. Another thing. I said he could tell the street at which to get off the cars, while he couldn't remember the number of the street. Yet, if you drew his attention away from the street so that he couldn't see the familiar landmarks he wouldn't know where he was.

"A good many efforts have been made to reawaken this dormant feenity but thus for

reawaken this dormant faculty, but thus far without satisfactory results. He is naturally somewhat sensitive about his failing and shows a growing irritation toward those who try experiments with him. Terrible? Well, I should say it was, at least to us who laye to dwall was the hatfall and a should say it was, at least to us who love to dwell upon the beautiful and roman-tic days of childhood and young manhood. Yet it is not nearly so terrible as it seems to

"If it came suddenly and without warning it would be thus terrible, just as sudden blindness, deafness or dumbness might be terrible. When a man grows gradually blind or deaf bit by bit, day by day, year by year, by graduations so slow as to be imperceptible, it is not so awfully hard to bear. Plenty of people are undergoing that all around us. To have your memory destroyed by a single blow, wiped out absolutely, as you might rub the figures from the slate, as it were by the swoon of the hand—that it were by the swoop of the hand-that would be terrible.

"The idea of not being able to remember the time when you played marbles, the school and college days and friendship, your early loves and courtship, your children who have lived and died, even the names of those who are anxiously awaiting your re-turn home at night, seems terrible enough when you fully comprehend what such a loss means. But if this loss is but a more rapid and certain daily growth of what comes to most of us before we reach the brink of the grave—well, what is the difference? Only the degree of forgetfulness and the time of life in which it strikes us!" CHARLES T. MURRAY.

THE ACCIDENT OF BIRTH.

The Little Circumstance That Determ a City's Location. According to a Seattle man, it was a case of necessity when the city Tacoma was lo-cated on Puget Sound. "The Northern Pacific," he said to a New York Tribune

writer, "was obliged to reach tidewater with its Western line by a certain date. The financial flurry come on and it was difficult to raise the funds necessary for the com-pletion of the road. Yet large land grants and heavy subsidies were dependent upon the reaching of salt water by a certain date.
It was the intention to place the Western terminus of the Northern Pacific far to the north and west of the present location, but in spite of the untiring efforts of financiers in the East and engineers in the West it was seen that the point selected could never be reached in time to save the lands and funds dependent upon reaching salt water. The management of the road ordered the engineers to push toward the nearest point on the sound without regard to the ter-

minus." SORROWS OF THE JUGGLER.

His Most Difficult Feats Often Fall Flat or the Audience.

Cinquevalli, the French juggler, says, i the San Francisco Examiner, that it is hard to tell what is his most difficult trick. "As a usual thing," he goes on, "the easiest trick is the most showy and gets the most applause, while some very difficult feat will not get a hand,' as we say. For instance, the trick of throwing a potato in the air, dividing it with one stroke of the knife and then catching the two halves, one on the fork and one on the knife, is perhaps the most difficult, and took me nearly two years to learn. It is so quickly done, however, and apparently so easy that



Glass of Water in a Hoop. an audience cannot appreciate it before it is over. Let me purposely drop the potato and catch it on the knife blade just as it is only an inch from the floor and they burst into applause. It is so unexpected. Two others of my most difficult tricks, one, balothers of my most difficult tricks, one, bal-ancing a cigar on top of another on my fore-bead and tossing it from there so that it turns over once and falls point first into a cigar-holder in my mouth; the other, whirl-ing a hoop in my right hand with a glass of water balanced inside its rim, and passing two balls through it with my left hand, have been watched with stolid indifference by an addience that went wild over incelling by an audience that went wild over juggling two plates in the air, one of the simple tricks."

Where the Crooks Live.

Cincinnati Enquirer.l "If they would look in some of these seighboring towns," remarked an ex-detective, "they might find a few of the crooks who have been tearing the city wide open. who have been tearing the city wide open.

A shrewd burglar or thief selects a place as his home. While there he is as innocent as the most honest citizen. It stands him in hand to be so. He's got to live somewhere.

O course, the authorities know his calling. Generally he keeps the Chief of Police posted as to his movements. There is a tacit understanding that if 'protected' he will do nothing wrong at home."



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 gravel through the Holy Land and into Egypt, but finally select an oasis in the desert of Mexico for the city. While they are at Cairo, Alexander is killed. Russian spies are on the Princess' track, and she bids 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. He takes the weary watcher to the city in the desert which has been built while he waited. It is a place of rare beauty, perfect in everything. Glass is utilized in most wonderful ways. No one works more than two hours each day. All are vegetarians. The author meets the Princess again and becomes her guest of honor. Much time is spent in studying the ideal community.

CHAPTER X.

By degrees I came to be more with her "These things I constantly wonder at

here," was my remark to her one morning after I had studied the place and her achievements well for a week. "The marvelous growth of your groves and city, the law and order and the larger intelligence of "In the first place, to answer you in your order, we have here 365 days in the year in

which to toil, fashion, build. Beside that, these trees, plants, cereals, and all things that spring from the earth have 12 full and fervid months in which to grow; while in most places they have but about four, six or seven at the farthest. So you see that we have three or four times as many days and months in the year here as in other places. All that this desert, so called, was waiting for came when we brought the rain and bed water down from the trout streams or from our artesian wells at the nountain base on every hand. The water followed these channels and furrows down dignity of soul which is the only true

be tound in the machinery of law and order. "And, now as to the third object of your wonder," she said, "we had, as you well know, long contemplated a colony in Palestine, but we finally saw that this would be only a garden for the thistles, and when the crisis came we were quite ready. I had the material for the new order of things ready at hand, so far as brave hearts and ready hands could make it. All we had to do was to transfer ourselves to the spot where we were to set up our tabernacle of pure worship, like the Pilgrim Fathers. True, worship, like the Pilgrim Fathers. True, we were not nearly so numerous as now, but all the time almost daily our friends have been coming; and now, of course, since all things flourish so wonderfully, they will come in astonishing numbers. And they will be, as they have been from the first, of the very best on the broad earth; men and women who believe in man and his glorious destiny; men and women who care for man and are content to let God care for himself; men and women who dare not presume to speak for God, but keep silent and let him speak for God, but keep silent and let him speak for himself; men and women who devoutly adore all that is good and beautiful; lovers, believers, men and women who here have time to meditate and to see more clearly; men and women who, with that



T CAME UPON A GROUP OF GRAY AND SERENE MEN AND WOMEN.

planted the banana slip, the olive branch, the mulberry tree, and all sorts of trees from all lands. Then we had only to widen and ! duplicate the furrows and then sow them with rice, then dam the furrow and it was flooded and brought to perfection without further effort. Cane, wheat, maize, corn, all things under the sun, in fact, came to us and nourished us almost without a stroke or bit of help from our hands."

"So it would seem," I said, as I glanced out through the glass palace over the boundless sea of green. "And now here is one thing I must beg

you to note distinctly. We not only have had all the time that God has given us because of a kindly clime, but we have husbanded it. We have cherished and housed and husbanded time as others do gold."
I looked into her glorious face inquir-

ingly. "I will explain," she said. "Civilized man, so called, spends his time in watching his fellow man. How many men in 11 is really at work? One! Yes, in the greatest city on earth, London, it takes ten men to watch and keep that one man at work. In times these English take it in their heads to hang one of their number. They actually spend a lifetime, or what would fully aggregate a long lifetime, in taking that one man's life. But we have no police, no judges, no juries, no elerks, no jailers, no losiers or idlers, indeed, of any sort, set to watch ourselves. So you see

watch ourselves. So you see we have to ourselves all the time that God and a genial clime can give. And this answers, in some sort at least, your first ""As for the second, our law and order, we found that here; here with these savages, so called. It is true they had only the germ; we have given the germ growth. They had laid the keel of our ship of state. We have helped to launch it, that is all.

"You see, the Indian is and always was," she went on, "the truest and most perfect communist. All the lands, horses, products of the field, chase, everything indeed but the bow in his hand and the blanket on his back was as much the property of his broth-er as himself. And so there was no stealing; there was no temptation to robbery or mur-der for money or property. With this mill-stone of temptation taken from about a man's neck see how tall and erect he could man's neek see how tall and erect he could stand. Take away the temptation to lie from the clerk who sells goods from the groceryman, the politician, the preacher, who begs his bread from behind his broadcioth, the priest, all people, in fact, who live in idleness upon the toil of others, and see what a long and a strong step forward man has made and how little friction will then mountain of old errors or take light from

through the dust and mud," the dust was | humility, and that humility of soul which is watered, the mud was drained, all through the same force, and in this same furrow we planted the banana slip, the olive branch,

CHAPTER XL

One day in my quiet rounds through this new Eden on earth, and when quite alone, I came upon a group of gray and serene men and women of most venerable aspect. They were gathered in a grove by a fountain near a field of corn. Not far away were perds of cattle ruminating on the sloping brown hills. Farther on and still up toward the higher lands were flocks of sheep, white and restful as summer clouds,

As I approached this quiet group of venerable people, they, rather by act than word, made me one of their number, and I sat down in silence on a little hillock of wild grass in the shadow of a broad palm tree. How perfectly serene, how entirely satis-

fied they all appeared. How unlike the garrulous and nervous and never-satified old women of the social world in the great cities in which I had dwelt, were these tranquil and serene old women here. They were beautiful women, beautiful in body as city on earth, London, it takes ten men to watch and keep that one man at work. In the country the proportion of workers and watchers is about evenly divided. Some
of the beautiful, beautiful world about

their lies, the lies on their lips, the lies in every act of their lives; their lustful lies to

Ah, mel thought I, why may a man not grow in grandeur as he grows in years like the mighty trees of a forest? Is a man less than a tree? Shall a man who is made in God's image make himself less than a tree

that is cut down at will? "We meet here, or in some other like pleasant place, daily," began one of the mos venerable men, "to take lessons. We are children at school you see," and he smiled pleasantly on the group of gray heads under the palms round about.

"But you have no books."
"We desire thought, rather than books,
If Shakespeare found in the books of his
day only words, words, words, what shall be
said of the books now that deluge the earth
daily?"