ually and how much light can you see be-yond that book?" said the old man earnestly.

I held my head and began to try to think; and he quietly continued:
"No, the world has run all to words; as a

luxuriant garden runs to weeds in the autumn; the press, the pulpit, words, words, I could but recall the protest of Christ against "much speaking" as the kindly old man concluded and sat silent. I began to recall that wisdom and enduring words were born of the desert and desolate places; that of the most savage mountain I had ever seen; that Christ grew to manhood in the woods of Nazareth; that the Koran was written on storm-blenched bones in a cave;

the ten commandments came down to us out that the face of God was seen in the desert only of old; and that it was only to a houseless boy on the desolate plains of Shinar, where he lound only a stone for a pillow, that the ladder of heaven was let down.
"The one main duty to man is to convince

him that death is a thing not so be feared, but, in its ordinary course, to be desired shove all things," said the master of the quiet little school, and he continued: "To convince him of this he must be convinced of his immortality. He must not only be convinced of his immortality, but he must be convinced that he begins life in the next world precisely where he leaves off in this; that in this way, and this way only, is it possible for a man to really 'lay up treasures in beaven.

"And to convince a man of his immortality and of the preservation of all his 'treasures in beaven, the best that is in him and all that is in him must be developed. In order that all his senses may be developed he must return to nature and nature's God. Why should the silly sheep have senses of sight, smell, taste superior to our own? Why should even a dog be able to look a man in the face, or even smell his footprint, and know more about him in a minute than a man may learn in a year? Not a year ago, while spending the night among the cattle that I might learn from them, I saw some o them rise up and move saide and look, as if they saw God or angels pass; or as if Christ had come again to companion with the beasts of the stalls."

The old man was silent a time. Then, as none of his companions spoke, but all seemed inclined to listen further, he went on. "Thousands of years ago we knew that man met God and the angels face to face; but in possessing the earth, grasping after gains, going out to battle, cultivating only the sense of acquisition and of destruction, man has fallen even behind the brute in the finer senses of vision and apprehension of the beautiful and good. But here at last, after all the ages of blackness and brutality, man finds place and time to sit down and meditate in silence and soberness and live by the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount.' He again rested and waited for the words

of others. As no one spoke the master said to them, "you do well to meet daily, to meditate continually. For never had man such responsibility; because never had man since that other Eden such opportunity. You do well to leave behind you all books; the dreary history of continuous crimes and bloodshed on the one hand, and the weary round of lengthened prayers for impossible things on the other hand. I admit that you have a right to be happy, continually happy, as you are here; nay, more, I assert that it is not only our right to be happy, but it is your duty to be happy, but beyond this lies the boundless duty of the world. Let us follow the footprints of Christ so that one may in some far fair day overtake Christ, and then will the sad and weary world follow in our footprints and be glad and be good. Let us cultivate our senses by pure and peaceful and unselfish lives, till we at last have the discernment of dumb brutes. Let us teach the world that if it will only lift up its face from money getting on earth it may see God in heaven."

CHAPTER XII

"I am going to the hospital before breakfast to-morrow; it lies some 40 miles out in the mountains; we go by electric glass train; places each morning and for hours we are glass and electricity, a contradiction you instructed, educated, not in nonsense as in will say, but come; no noise, no motion, will you go?"

"But," and here she was sad and thoughtful. "this is a sad case I am going out to look after. The woman is, or was, a bosom friend of mine, a princess by birth, and when in the world, the struggling world, as you know it, she was always very ambitious of distinction, Thinking herself cured of that, or rather hoping to become quite cured of it here, she came to me only a year ago. But alas! In less than a year after arriving here she grew again ambitious, and desiring my place a director or governor of the community, she even grew so desperate us to tell a falsehood to some others, who, like berself, had newly come and had not yet grown strong."
"And she was detected? The plot discov-

ered, fortunately, before she had grown for-midable?" "On, no! Not detected. Not nearly se bad as that. She came and told me the next day. And she then went and told all to whom she had talked, and then when the court sat in judgment she stood up and made public confession. Then she condemned herself to the hospital for half a year. I begged the judge that she should not be permitted to sentence herself so severely; but the judge thought the punishment none too hard, and so let her go to the hospital the full time for which she had

sentenced herself."

ber time in the hospital."

"For which she had sentenced herself?" "Yes, you see our hospital here for mental maladies and physical ailments is the same. We try to be even more gentle with those who have maladies of the mind than those who have ailments of the body; for a man may lose a limb, and yet if his mind is clear he does not auffer nearly as much as one with an afflicted mind. For the mind must include all the body; but the body does not necessarily include the mind entirely. Besides, a mental ailment, rare with us fortunately, is much more subtle and hard to master than a physical one. Take this case for example. For generations back her tamily, a most noble Polish one, has been bitterly impoverished. And you can easily with their pride and poverty to gether they transmitted their misery to this poor friend of mine who is now serving out

I may mention here, however, that I found the "hospital" a sort of summer watering place; not a Saratoga or a New-port, however. It was a Christian place; t noisy in the least or devoted to any sort of flash or tinborn folly to attract attention. All the invalids, mental or physical, from down in the valley were here. The new mothers were in a similar retreat a little further on. I found many people coming and going. These fragrant pine groves being cooler and the air more salubrious and invigorating than in the great valley below. All the mental sick, "convicts" we call them in our cities in Chris tian lands, kept themselves at some sort of work in attending on the physical sick. And yet the numerous visitors kept heaping attentions on the "convicts;" more atten-tions indeed did they receive than those who only had bodily ailments. And this I was told is always the case here. For example, on the day of my visit my friend, the barefooted priest, brought a big watermelon under his arm all the way from the and a doctor, an old-lashioned practitioner, who had made the almost fatal mistake of pre-

"hospital." I was so enchanted with the humanity. the heart, the real christianity in all I saw here that my whole soul was filled with exultation at the possibilities of the future. You will have a city here, such a city in magnitude and glory as the world has never seen," I said as we walked the bospital

this condemued himself to 60 days in the

grounds together. Pausing for a moment, she raised her head and answered: "It is possible. But I abhor cities. Cities as a rule should not abhor cities. Cities as a rule should not be." Then she said after a moment's silence:
"True, we must have centers. Each division of the earth, natural or artificial, great or small, must have a common center, a heart, the hands, the feet, all have their functions,

the cloud when the world is all light if we will but see the light?"

"And books will not help you to see the of the earth. Sword and flood and flame UNDER A DELUSION. have been against cities from the first dawn of history. Pestilence, the very hand of God, has ever been tweed against all great cities. Children die in cities, men and women are dwarfed in cities. No great man has ever yet been born in a great city. A city is a sin and a shame, a crime against the human race. Each man must have his acre, his vine and fig tree, his place of retreat, his grove, his temple, his shrine where he may pray, may meditate, may be all him-

On returning to the hospital I found the good man of the moccasin there. Not to be outdone, the Rev. Dr. Ward, of the First Episcopal Methodist Church, whom we leit in the cornfield, wearing a sandal and a moccasin, had brought a bag of green corn in the cars, and from the station on his back,

for another "convict."
This last named criminal was a hard-shell Baptist preacher, who had been guilty of raising his voice in violent debate with the Episcopal minister in favor of some special tenet of his creed, and for this had sentenced himself to ten days in the "hos-

In the cool of the evening we all took the cars for the city.
"As time goes by," said my good angel on our descent to the city, "we shall have much less mental sickness. Take, for ex-ample, this poor friend of mine, who happily is now about to be restored to us entirely healed, had she and her ancestors as well,

been born and reared in these restful ways

no such sickness would ever have over taken her. "As for bodily sickness, that is our own fault. But death, all know, is not to be avoided, and should not be undesirable. But I surely think that mental sickness can be swept from the earth. You remember the poor, nude idiots who used to swim out to us every few days as we sailed up the Nile? They call these poor creatures God's people there, you remember, and they feed them and care for them as best they can. We, that is civilized Europe and America, lock them up! But out here we hope to go

the crooked straight.

"Bodily illness," she continued, "is not to be wondered at when we consider what man has done, and is still doing, in most of the world to destroy himself. Look at France! Russis! Sixteen hours of toil in all sorts of weather, and such food! Food that is not fit for wild beasts! Still, man must have exercise if he would have a healthy body. While in prison I observed that all who were confined esteemed a few hours of exercise in the open air above their bread. Every man, as a rule, who is shut up in prison spends from 4 to 10 hours daily in pacing up and down. So it became clear to me that man's body demanded at least six hours' exercise. Less than this would be fatal to his health. A great exheavily, and so leave a loophole by which disease might enter."

"Now, we find here that one hour of work in the fields and gardens by each man will more than feed us. This amazes you, I know. But we are actually compelled; to restrict each man to a certain number hours in the week!"

"Then he may do 24 hours work in a month, or 24 days of a European laborer's work in a whole year, and so have anything heart can desire and an equal right in all this property?" I asked.

"If he does that work daily, yes. But we allow no crucifixion of the body; no task master here! A man goes forth each morning after his coffee and chocolate, does his one hour or more of work under the direction of a foreman of his own election, and then back to his own house, where he may spend hours among his bees, birds, roses, vines, with his children, and in all the other delightful things that go to refresh mind and body and make interesting the acre that has been set apart by the community as his home. After that the bath and the great public breakfast. Here the Commonwealth claims him once more entirely. It now demands his undivide! attention and time for the rest of the day. The breaktast hall is the great schoolhouse. Our most eloquent and most able men in turn, rise in their so many schools, or bombast as at the break-fast table in Europe and America, but in that which is good to hear and to know. No forcing of God upon our attention with that effrontery which drives men from the doors of the church; no foolish praise of this man or that; we are eating bread which we have but that day earned, we owe no man anything, and we would no like to pay him with fulsome praise even it we did. For truth is our good angel, and we try to follow her as we follow God."

CHAPTER XIII.

Shortly after this as the weather grew warmer in the city, we once more visited the pleasant hospital among the cool and refreshing pines on the mountain side. And here we walked and we talked as before. But I am compelled for want of space to cut out nearly all she said on that occasion. I recall that after we had paused in our walk she suddenly said: Would you care to walk a little further

on, among the pines?" She said this seriously, looking in my face in a quiet and inquiring way, and for

answer I moved on with her and walked at her side in silence. Hair an hour, up a hill and over the hill. through the tall open pines, and I saw be-tore us in a wooded depression in the land-scape, through which a little mountain stream wound in the long, strong grass, a few scattering graves, where roses grew in careless profusion. Some deer were feeding on the clope of the hill a little beyond, And beyond these, higher on the sioping hill where the pines stood dark and dense; I saw what at first seemed to be large old-fashioned

"No, they are not tombs," she said softly. "These are simply long heaps of sweet smelling pine wood, corded up and kept ready for some of those men and women of advanced thought whom we have among

"Funeral pyres?" "Even so, You will understand that here with us in this new order of things there is nothing arbitrary. Minds of all men have different degrees of development. Some have ascended high; some higher still; while many of us still stand at the bottom of the hill and see the plane of life only forever from the dead level of custom. And so each looks at life and death, also, from his or her own standpoint. Some of us still want priests to lean upon, some of us still at times are weak enough to want to worship idols, or even the golden cali, and so, in so far as it is not really harmful to the soul, all of us are to be indulged. For every secure step beyond must be of grad-ual ascent; because there is danger of the weak growing weary, of turning back, or faltering by the way, "Ah, I see. Here conspicuously in the

front are the graves of those who claim at-"That is it," she sadly answered, as she that is it, she sadly answered, as she looked above and on up the hill beyond into the deep dark shadows! "But up yonder in the silence and obscurity the remains of those who have outgrown such folly, like Charles Dickens, Lord Houghton, and others, who begged for simple burial, are laid on the fragrant wood as soon as may be after the breath leaves the body in the same garments, in garments in which death finds

hem; a flash, a flame, and they are of the [To be Concluded Next Sunday,]

Copyright, 1891. Kissing the Poodles.

L Louis Globe-Deme

A distinguished Viennese medical authority has just announced the rapid spread, in Austria-Hungary, of a new disease, having its origin in the osculations offered by small lap-dogs to their mistresses. These pets, by kissing their fair owners' faces, im-

Some Literary Lights Discuss the - International Copyright.

GREAT FUTURE FOR GENIUS

Great Publishers. SOME STARTLING PLOTS UNFOLDED

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCUL! We discussed the international copyright while we sat at dinner in the little back room of the restaurant where we had met by eccident about 6 o'clock of a rainy evening. We were all authors-American authors, if you please-and all of us had suffered by competition with the distinguished gentlemen on the other side of the water, who had been writing gratuitously for American

publishers. Oh how we had suffered in

that way! One had only to look at us to see

The place is much frequented by literary people, especially in the latter part of the week, before payday comes round on the big newspapers. We are well known there and can "hang up" our checks. We always pay them, of course; we make enough to live on; but somehow it doesn't last through the week. It is a curious financial problem. Ve appear to be running a race with Saturday noon. Some of us are gaining on it, and some of us are losing ground. I know a man who used to begin to "hang up" his checks on Wednesday nights, and now he doesn't have to begin until Thursday nights.



Laboring Under a Delusion.

By 19 years of steady economy he has gained a day. I know another man who lost 30 days and his credit in less than a quarter of that time. A judge afterward gave him the 30 days, but he has never recovered the credit.

Even Flavors the Coffee. We are so literary that we have imparted we are so illerary that we have imparted a literary flavor to this restaurant. It has gradually taken the place of all other flavors in the coffee and tea. We discuss literary subjects, and, as I said before, on this particular occasion, we discussed inter-

national copyrigh.
"I understand that Wiggleby & Co. are to print nothing bu. American worse now," said Collins. "That ought to give some of you a chance."
"Observe," said Baker, in my ear, "that Collins doesn't so much as hint that it will give him a chance. He wants us to understand that he has a market for all the stories.

tand that be has a market for all the stories he can write."
"Has he?" I whispered. "Yes; for all he can w ite. He couldn't write one to save his life."

"I've a great mind to try Wiggleby & Co. with 'The British Hog,' said Calanan. "It's a satirical novel, and I've heard that he wants some good humorous work Baker (aside) -"That bars out 'The British Hog.

"Have you read the manuscript?" I asked him, in a low voice, as Calahan turned

"No." replied Baker, "but he invited me to dinner and we had The British Hog for desert. He read it all, I think. I became unconscious at the end of the fourth chapter but I understood be finished it. I mean to 'put you on.' He carries the manuscript done up in blue paper; and if he comes into your office with a bundle of that description, get out, if you have to use the fire escape."

Letters From Publishers.

"Has be ever had anything published?" "No; but he has some very courteous let-ters from several of the best houses, declining his work. So have I and you know what a chump I am."

"I believe I gave you a hint of the plot of my story." said Calaban to Collins. "You would hardly have thought from that how finely the plot developed. You re-



Did Any of Them Have a Novel Published ! member that my leading character was a young titled Englishman".—Collins titled his chair back against the wall.—"who falls in love with an American heiress, but the truth is (and I have eleverly brought it out) that all he wants is ner money. That make a good situation at the start, and"-Collins closed his eyes-"insures, the interest of the reader at the very beginning. Then there are strong incidents and a good deal of in are strong incidents and a good deal of in-cidental humor, for instance, when the Egglishman comes across to America and meets the girl's father, a westthy pork packer in Chicago. 'I love your daughter,' says my lord, 'I hope you understand me.' 'Perfectly,' replies the penetrating Ameri-can parent, 'you're the sort of goods I've dealt in all my life.''

Collins' cigar fell from his lips. He awoke with a start. Everybody laughed to see him rub his eyes and hunt for the still lighted cigar in the folds of his capacious

lighted cigar in the folds of his capacion vest. Calaban took our merriment as a de served tribute. He addressed us all, though he still pretended to be talking to Collins

confidentially.
"I'll just sketch the plot to you briefly.
When I get my lord the duke to Ameri-

Couldn't Stand Everything. "By Jovel" said Collins, pulling out his watch and pretending to be alarmed, "I've got an engagement at the Fifth Avenue in five minutes. Sorry to leave you, boys."
He pulled on his overcost. Calahan looked disappointed, but be brightened almost immediately, remembering our laughter.

"I think the leading idea is a first-class thing," he said, "and—" "But it's a little worn, Cal, my boy," said Hastings. "American authors have to keep up with the times in this country of hustlers. ow, I've an idea for a story-" would be b

I cherished a faint hope that we might escape it."
—"which is right up to date. All this talk about Dr. Keeh and the bacilli has prepared the public for good fiction on the subject."

UN THE FIESIA DAI.

The Peruvian Celebrations That Look

"If the public demand isn't satisfied with the foreign dispatches you've been writing, flastings," said Baker, "there's no use in trying them with self-confessed fiction." "No; but this is a good thing," said Hastings. "My leading character is an in-genious Yankee doctor, who is called to at-tend Jay Gould. While he is studying the How They Have Fared Up to Date With the Little Wizard's case he discovers and iso-lates the baccillus of financial success. Oh, I'd like to write a description of that bug. Weil, he inoculates himself with it and gets



bill from Jay. Afterward the thing acts like a vaccination and he can't make a dol-lar to save his life."

Everybody Had Been Vaccinated. "I guess we've all been vaccinated that way," said Richards, as he wrote his name on his check and asked the waiter to carry it to the desk.

"Has Hastings ever made success at fic-tion?" I asked Baker. "I thought his idea for a story was rather good." "Success!" cried Baker. "He makes \$100 a week in space, and not a paragraph, not a line, not a word, by jingo, that he ever wrote had even so much as a rag of the garment of truth clinging to it. Fiction? Did you read his dispatches when Senator Bedloe was dying and he was sent up to watch the case? Why, sir, he took a medical dic-tionary and began with A, and he killed Bedloe with every fatal disease mentioned as far down as J, and his story on jaundice was printed the very morning that menin-gitis carried the old man away. Hastings said it was lucky Bedloe didn't wait, for he'd have worked down to meningitis finally, and, if he had, it would have ruined his reputation as a liar. Books? No, sir. Why should a man with an imagination like his allow a shark of a book published

Building on the Copyright.

Arthur Little here interrupted us to say that he thought international copyrigh would help young American authors a good deal. He was in hopes that be ore another year had passed he might afford to get a deal. He was in better flat. He would not aspire to a heated flat, but he hoped to get one that could be heated without including all out doors in the calculation for coal. At present the cracks in the side of the house where he lived were almost big enough to make it dangerous for the children to play near the wall, lest they should fall out into the street. He had several stories in publishers' hands already, and one of them (a gentleman named Buzzard) had told him that if he'd pay for the paper, composition and binding, and guarantee a circulation or 1,000, his book would be issued immediatelv. He had rejected the terms, and the publisher had done the same act for the story. Little-owned, however, that he had been tempted because he had never had anything printed outside a newspaper, and he would really like to see his name on the

"Can he write?" I whispered to Bake".
"No," was the answer, "but he's one of
the best copy-readers in town. He's the
best man on the staff who can remember the names of the men who mustn't be mentioned

in the paper.' Cutting Off the French.

"There's one thing I thank fate for in connection with this copyright business," said Sewerly, "and that is that these French fellows will have less show to monopolize the market with their vile trash. Why, I've got a story. You know the plot, Little. I'll just run it over to these other fellows."

"Not right after dinner, Joe," said Little, turning pale, "wait a while. I've got to go. anyway. He rose hastily, and put on his overcoat So did Hastings and the others, except Baker and myself. Sewerly followed Hastings and I heard the latter say, "Wait till I light another eigar, Joe. Tobacco always strengthens my stomach."

"Baker," said I, "did any of those men ever get a novel printed?' "No, and they never will," he replied. "You know I used to be a doctor before I took to drink. Well, .sir, it's my opiniou that the terribly hard pressing work those fellows do brings on what is known as general paralysis of the insane, accompanied by the usual delusions of grandeur. They all imagine that they can write. So do I.

It's a clear case with me."

"So it is with me," said I, sadly. "The feeble offspring of a mind that can produce no other brood, show themselves to my judgment frequently clothed in magnificent at-tire—magnificent until I touch it, when it falls to dust, showing the weak, distorted frames it covered. But, Jim, I am better off than the others,"—and I pressed his hand while the delusion of graudear seized upon me a'resh-"for I've sold a novel."

Hope for His Progeny.

"You don't mean it, Howdy!" "Yes, I have. Sold it to Wiggleby & Co., r \$25. Wiggleby liked the title. Didn't read the story. Said it was no use. He couldn't pay me a dollar more, anyway, and would probably have to shave his offer down if I waited. I got him to say that he'd give me \$25 more if the story circulated up to 3,000, and that was the best I could do. But it was something—a little recognition of the flame which I feel, I know to be burning at the story of the story of the story of the flame which I feel, I know to be burning within me!" ing within me!"

Jim glanced anxiously at my plate to see what I had been eating.
"Enough," I continued, "we will wait "Enough," I continued, "we will wait for the other \$25. I may not live to get it myself, but at least I shall not leave my children—no, nor my grandchildren, either —wholly unprovided for. They can all have hope, blessed hope. It seems strange, doesn't it, Jim, that I should leave them a thing I never had myself, and yet, that promise of Wiggleby's—who knows—perhaps—some

I burst into tears.
Howard Fielding. SAM BROWN'S SUPERSTITION.

None of His Horses Are First Out of Pad dock on the Way to the Post. New York Press. 3

Captain Sam Brown, the Pittsburg coal man, is the founder of the superstitions set who believe that a horse first out of the paddock on the way to the post cannot win. Wouldn't bet a dollar on a horse that's first out," he said to a friend last fall at and a procession was out in full feather. Sheepshead. "Got no reason in the world The Englishmen naturally stopped to gaze first out," he said to a friend last fall at for it, but I make it a rule in the stable that no horse of mine goes first to the post. Why, I'm so strong on that that if it ever happened I had a walkover I would not let my horse go faster than a canter, for fear he would break down or die be ore he finished.

"I've always noticed that horses first out don't win. You needn't tell me Salvator don't win. You needn't tell me Salvator was first out in the match race. I've looked up that matter, and I find Tenny, who was saddled on the track, had Garrison up before Murphy brought Salvator out of the paddock. Is it superstition? I don't know and don't care, but I do know that it would be bankruptcy and madness to back against it."

ON THE FIESTA DAY.

Odd to American Eyes. THE CURES FOR IRREVERENCE.

Processions to the Bedside of the Dying De-

mand Respect.

A WOMAN WHO COMMITTED NO SIN

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. AREQUIPA, PERU, Dec. 10 .- We arose with the lark on the fiests day of Saint Joseph, so as to miss none of the strange eremonials, having been assured that the best place to view them was the balcony of our own rooms in the hotel. Presently a deafening sound of church bells every bell in the city being beaten, might and main, by boys up in the belfries, accompanied by a terrific fizzing of fireworks, announced that something was about to happen.

Down the narrow street came the procession; first a brass band playing lively airs, then an enormous crowd of priests, monks and nuns, men, women and children, completely filling the thoroughfare as far as the eye could see, and in the midst of all a number of life-size wooden figures, each borne upon a platform to which long poles were lashed upheld on the shoulders of bare-headed Indians. Some of the images were carried with comparative case, while others were so burdensome that the bearers were frequently compelled to lower them ignominiously to the ground, thus halting the whole multitude.

An Odd Procession At the head, of course, came San Jose, in whose honor was the celebration, in a yel-low brocaded gown to match his yellow curls, looking as meek and gullible as his curis, looking as meek and guilible as his character is generally portrayed. Then came a tall and stately virgin, arrayed in blue satin garnished with pearls and veiled like a bride, surrounded by billowy puffs of pale-blue tulle, spangled to represent the starry heavens. Among a number of other saints and saintesses was a small female figure, to us unsecountable, but which re-ceived especial respect and attention. It ceived especial respect and attention. It was poised in the attitude of dancing, dressed in a very short, full skirt of white tissue like that of a ballet girl, with a golden crown upon the long curls of real hair, a pair of scales in one hand and a short, curved sword held aloft in the other.

Each figure was preceded by a number of little girls strewing paper flowers in its path from silver backets while growding the

from silver baskets, while, crowding the pavement on both sides, marched a multitude of nuns, all with black mantas envelop-ing their bowed heads so that little of their faces was visible. Some of them wore blue ribbons over their shoulders, meeting on the breast where a wooden cross was suspended; others had crimson ribbons arranged in the same way, with brass crucifixes. Some had ropes tied around the waist, some a long leather strap daugling at the right-hand side. One group was composed of elderly women, dressed precisely like the begging friars of San Francisco. The rest of the procession was fairly up to the samples I have given. Baptized With Flowers.

Flags were flying from every housetop. On overlooking balconies and the flat roofs of the houses stool men and women with long poles in their hands. To the end of each pole was tied a small basket, the latter edged with a wreath of tissue flowere and filled with dried rose leaves, bits of tinsel and bright colored paper cut into bits and as the figure passed beneath, the poles were thrust out and the contents of the baskets emptied on their heads.
At frequent intervals along the route

ropes had been stretched across the street, from house top to house top, a dozen ropes in a group, each closely hung with tiny flags of tissue paper in brilliant colors. The fallen images had a hard time or it to get under these ropes. The meek San Jose looked in imminent danger of being beheaded, and was more than once caught fast by the chin; while the stately Virgin had her crown knocked off which was madely the ching while the stately virgin had her crown knocked off which was madely to the ching which was madely the ching with the ching which was madely the ching which was madely the ching with the ching which was madely the ching which was madely the ching with the ching was madely the ching with the ching which was madely the ching which was more than once caught fast by the ching was more than once ca her crown knocked off, which was quickly rescued from the dust by a ragged Indian who reverently knelt, kissed it, crossed him-self, and then climbed like a cat with his dirty bare feet, up over the pale blue satin train and spangled billows, to replace it. Thus, with all "pomp and circumstance," the sacred efficies were carried from their home in the church of San Domingo to the cathedral, where they were set down among the effigies of the latter sanctuary while mass was said; and then they were solemnly toted back again, reminding one irresistibly of the way children take their dolls and play go-a-visiting."

To the Beds of the Dying.

Another procession, dependent upon no fiesta day, is often seen in the streets of all Peruvian cities, viz., the Holy Host being carried to the bedside of some dying person. First comes a boy ringing a hand-bell as for an auction. Then comes an acolyte in scarlet and lace, swinging a smoking censer, closely followed by other acolytes, each carrying some sacred emblem or device, whose use or signification is known to all good Catholics. Then comes the priest, with the holy ark containing the sacrament, followed by more priests, more acolytes and burning incense, the rear being brought up by a squad of soldiers with drawn bayonets. Over the boly ark and the head of the officiating priest, is held a gorgeous canopy of cloth of gold.

When the first tinkling of the bell is heard, men, women and children fall on their knees, in the streets, in the shops, on their balcoules-no matter for rain or mud or whatever may betide, kneel you must wherever you are, and as if you meant it too, unless you do as some of the heretical "Gringos" (a derisive epithet applied to Auglo-Saxons), turn a corner, run down a side street, or dodge out of sight at the first tinkling of the bell. To remain standing while the host is carried by would certainly entail serious consequences, for man or woman, citizen or stranger, would probably be knocked down instanter or marched off to jail, if not actually shot or stabbed by some fanatic. Religious Through Force.

rom the cobbler who was killed in the Cit of Mexico because he knelt on his bench in-stead of on the floor-Roman Catholic though he was-to an American tourist right here in Arequips not many days ago, who stood open-mouthed, wondering what the queer procession meant with tinkling bell and band of music, when the priest, with a scowl on his face, merely glanced at the soldiers behind him, and two of them ar-rested the stranger and marched him off to jail. Arrived there, an officer demanded to know why in blankety blank he didn't

I have known a few such cases myself.

kneel when he ought tol In the few words of broken Spanish which the gentleman could command, he finally succeeded in making it understood that he had meant no disrespect to the church nor its institutions, but was entirely ignorant of the character of the procession; when, after some dark threats and considerable bullying, he was A party of jolly young English tars had a narrower escape here last year. Their ship lying at Molleado, they came by rail over the mountains to Arequipa to see the sights. It happened to be an important fiesta day,

upon it, but never thought or kneeling or removing their hats, as, to use their own words, it was "none of their funeral," and signified nothing religious to them. But it came near to being their funeral.

Resented the Interference. As they stood still in a group, silent, in-terested and doing nothing but stare, some-body stepped up and violently knocked off the hat of one of them, and instantly measured his length on the pavement, assisted by

looked pretty dark for the five jolly tars, unarmed, against a howling mob; but they squared their backs against a wall, doubled their fists and prepared to fight till the last gasp. At this alarning juncture a young Arequipeau, more enlightened than most of his neighbors and known to all to be a good and pions citizen as well as the representative the second the tirst families. tive of one of the "first families," sprang be tween the soldiers and the undaunted En

tween the soldiers and the undaunted En-glishmen and proceeded to harangue the crowd. Said he:
"I am ashamed of my country and my church for such a scene as this. Are we barbarians, that foreigners cannot come among us without being assaulted and per-haps murdered? These gentlemen who have come to view our city know nothing of our language, have different religious customs in their own country, and are entirely ignorant of the purport of this procession. They do not know that they should kneel, or that their hats should be removed in accordance with our ideas. or that their hats should be removed in ac-cordance with our ideas. The constitution of this republic guarantees liberty to con-science and religion to all men within our borders; is this the way we carry out its prin-

Absalom's Bad Fix.

On the day of Corpus Christi -(body o Christ) we went out to a suburban viltage to witness the celebration. Words can hardly do justice to the quaint and curious scene, for to fully appreciate it one should see the people, the blanketed Indians and equally earnest devotees of higher degree, the adobe-walled eness and big, dim church, the glorious sunshine, never too hot nor to cold in this favored altitude, and above a the snow-topped mountains. At one end of the street, named "The Devil's Pocket," a curious altar had been crected of trees and bushes, representing hanging of Absalom by his long hair, a figure being actually suspended in that manner to a tree; while another image deveed like a royal vehicle another image deveed like a royal vehicle and other image, dressed like a royal robber, ap-peared in the act of shooting him with bow and arrows. On the other side of the street was a huge cross, higher than the houses, upon which appeared all the emblems of the crucifixion, including a common twogallon jug, a dice box and a wooden rooster tied to the top.

A little farther down the street was an-

other wooden altar, upon which was dra-matically depicted the history of Judith and Holosernes. The heroine was dressed in a gown of scarlet and yellow, of rather too modern make, having a looped-up polo-naise and a suspicion of panier, while Holo-fernes looked as stolidly wooden as he really was. Every balcony and window was dec-orated with wreaths of flowers, mostly arti-ficial, and crowded with ladies dressed in their best—ball dresses to our thinking; be-ing mostly of pale-hued silks, satins and muslins, low-necked, no-sleeved, and set off with jewels and flowers.

An American Saint. By the way, the only American woman who ever had the honor of canonization lived and died in Peru. She was Santa Rosa, hereabouts known as La Patrona de todas las Americas—"The Patroness of all the Americas." She was born in Lima, in April of 1586, of the usua. "poor but honest parents," and was one of a very large family. From earliest childhood she is said to have displayed a supernatural amount of holiness, but, unlike the usual fate of good children in story books, did not die young in consequence. At 5 years of age, against the wishes of her parents, she consecrated herself, body and soul, to the most vigorous conventual order then known, that of Saint Catherine of Siennos, taking vows to eschew the world and all the pomps and pleasures thereof, never to eat meat or to sleep in a bed, perpetual celibacy and other promises whose full meaning a child could not have

When 15 years old she was examined by 6 noted theologians, appointed for that pur-pose by the Archbishop of Lims, who came to the auscriptural conclusion that she had never once in her life departed from the right path in thought or deed. After this she entered the third order of St. Domino, that of St. Catharine, and thenceforth never ceased to exhort the priests to go forth and seek martyrdom among the wild heathen tribes of the Montana. Martyrdom for herself and others seems to have been her holy hobby, for on one occasion, when a Dutch squadron was reported to be off Callao, she tervently prayed that they might take and pillage Lima, so that she might attain to the honors of a martyr, a petition which, to say the least of it, was somewhat selfish! Her Post Mortem Honors.

and her funeral was made the occasion of extraordinary pomp, not at all in accordance with the austere life she had led, nor the customs of her sisterhood of Saint Catherine to be buried, uncoffined, at dead of night, in an unmarked grave which none of the "world's people" might be able to identity. The reigning viceroy, Prince de Esquilache, the Archbishop and all the dignataries of Lima tollowed ber corpse to its last resting place; and in the church of St. Dominic, whose tall, graceful tower is one of the most picturesque objects in the old Peruvian cap-ital, by the side of its great High Altar, may to-day be seen a beautiful statue of La Patrons, reclining on a bed of marble. At the suggestion of Cardinal Azzolini, Pope Clement IX proclaimed her a saint, and her canonization was completed by Pope Clement X, in the year 1671. The twenty-sixth of August was set aside for her fiesta throughout the Roman Catholic world, and the day has ever since been celebrated in Lima by a splendid procession. participated in by all the clergy, monks, nuns and thousands of the faithful who

leave her shrine laden with flowers. Peru has supplied one other saint to the Gatholic calendar—San Martin de Poras, who was a Dominican monk and a negro He is always represented with a broom in one hand and a pile of small loaves of unleavened bread in the other, supposed to indicate his cleanliness and his charity, as well as his life of servitude and FANNIE B. WARD. asking.

PRINCE HENRI'S EXPLORATIONS.

He Is Roaming About Asia in a Tempera

ture Away Below Zero, The Indo-Chinese mail just received here orings further interesting news of Prince Henri's explorations in Asia, says the European eddition of the New York Herald. The Prince and his companions visited Kuldja, the extreme point of the Russian possessions. After crossing the Tien-Tchouang Mountains, the Prince took a center of each square painted with a rose to route till now unknown to Europeans. A natural as to have the appearance of the route till now unknown to Europeans. A sufficiently thickly peopled and relatively well cultivated country extends from the Siberian frontier to the western portion of the Desert of Gobi. It took six weeks to cross this truct of desert. Thence the Prince and his companions proceeded to Lob-Nor, a marshy, uncultivated valley, intersected by muddy arroyos. Throughout its whole length of 1,500 kilometres they did not find

a single human being.

The travelers then commenced the ascent to the table land of Thibet by a pass which is 5,000 metres above the level of the sea.

The explorers penetrated to within 12 leagues of the sacred city of Lhassa, but retrained from entering it lest they should rerained from entering it less they should create for themselves insurmountable diffi-culties for the remainder of their journey. Descending into the basin of the Yang-Tse-Kiang, the Prince reached Batang. On the Thibetan table land M. Bonvalot noted the existence of extinct volcanoes, as also of a chain of mountains, the summits of which ore, as nearly as it could be calculated with the defective instruments the travelers possessed, over 8,000 metres above the sea. The cold was very intense there. The thermometer fell to 40° centigrade below zero. Several of the men attached to the expedition died of cold. From Batang the journey through Yuznan was easy. The Prince and his ellow travelers reached the Red river at Mang-Has, where they freighted

The Style in Muffs.

sampans, which brought them safely to

Some of the new muffs show increase of ise in length rather than width. Many of ured his length on the pavement, assisted by a brawny Euglish fist. Immediately excitement spread like wildfire. The procession stopped, the priests scowled darkly, the people crowded around, and the soldiers rushed up with drawn bayonets. Things

ARTISTIC INTERIORS.

Houses of Washington That Are Beautiful Beyond Description.

NOTED WOMEN AS DECORATORS.

Handiwork of Mrs. Harrison That Delights the President's Eve.

POEMS IN TABLE ORNAMENTATION

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, Jan. 17 .- Washington is fast becoming an art center. We have quite a school of painters here now, and the Corcoran Gallery has a regular art college, which is supported by a fund which the millionaire philauthropist left. Mr. Wanamaker's gallery contains only a few of the finest pictures of Washington, and you will find elegant paintings and works of real art in nearly every statesman's house. The art tastes of the people of the United States have been greatly improved within the past few years, and we have a number of ladies here who could make a living by colors and

brushes if they had to.

Mrs. Harrison's ability in painting and china decorating is already so well known that there remains little to be said on the subject. The private apartments of the White House bear many evidences of this artistic talent on the part of its mistress. Two water color scenes at Cape May, painted during her stay at that place last summer, are prettily framed in gold and hang in the President's room on the wall, Where His First Glance

on awaking will fall upon them. By the dressing table, in a silvered frame, is a third water color, a white orchid, the delicate tints which are shown to advantage by the moss green velvet mat in which it is set. Several bits of porcelain painting ornament the walls of the library, and charming studies of flowers are scattered about throughout the sleeping apartments. The flower pieces placed on exhibition at the art exhibit of the Cosmos Club last spring are not considered by Mrs. Harrison as among her best work, and they were only allowed to appear at the earnest solicitation of those in charge of the exhibit.

A piece of work of which Mrs. Harrison is justly proud is the painting of orchids sent to Chicago, and from there to the Cincinnati exhibit a few weeks since. A new feature of art work which Mrs. Harrison has recently taken up is printing on tapes-try, in which she bas taken a number of lessons from Mr. Putzki, a German artist, formerly a resident of Indianapolis, in whose career the mistress of the White House has taken such an active interest as to get up a large class of scholars, setting the example herself of going to his studio, where she was last year one of the most punctual attendants throughout Lent.

A Literary Artist.

Mrs. N. S. Lincoln, wife of the eminent being an author and an acknowledged society leader, is quite famous as a hostess, masmuch as her dinners and luncheons are always marked by the charm of originality, while in all other respects conforming to the rules of conventionality. This matter, difficult of achievement as it naturally is, has been reduced by her to a perfect science, which is at once the envy and admiration of those friends so fortunate as to be in-

With true artistic instinct, Mrs. Lincoln has made the outward setting of these little feasts a fitting one, and the dining room is in all respects what it should be to accord therewith. There is a harmonious mingling of a dark, waxed floor, Turkish rugs, polof a dark, waxed moor, Turkish rigs, pol-ished mahogany furniture, pretty erimson-lined nooks filled with brica-brac, and bronzes and pictures over which the light from a log fire throws the requisite pictur-esqueness of warmth and shadow. There are hanging cabinets of rare china, and over the buffet, hovering like a presiding genius,

Cupid's Mail at a Luncheon Among the most notable luncheons given

by Mrs. Lincoln, was that on last Valentine's Day, when each of the guests carried away with her a dainty set of verses of pleasant personalities, especially written for her by the hostess. The decorations of the table were symbolical of the occasion, the center ornament of crimson flowers being pierced by a long golden dart. Just before coffee was served, a loud knock was heard, and a smiling maid entered, bearing a big square bag with a padlock marked in gold, "Cupid's Mail." The contents being distributed, each guest was gratified to find that a special envelope had been prepared in her honor, and that the cupids disported themselves among the hearts and rose bow-ers in especially quaint and appropriate

Manner.

Another luncheon worthy of mention was Another function worth of meating was one given some years ago to Mrs. Winnie Grey, of New York, at that time Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen. All unwittingly on the part of the guest of honor, the date set by her for the Iuucheon fell on All Fools' Day, the 1st of April, but the hostess resolved to take advantage of the same and in her own clever fashion, render the occasion memor-

Souvenirs in Doughnuts

Accordingly the center piece which accordingly the center piece when greeted the sight of the amused guests was a big f.ot's cap of pink and blue satin jingling with bells. This was finally passed to Miss Frelinghuysen, who upon lifting it up, discovered beneath a silver epergne filled with doughauts. Each guest took one and upon breaking the deliciously browned surface, found embedded in the raw cotton interior, a lovely little souvenir of the occa-

sion in silver. Mrs. Howard Ganson White, who dispenses the hospitalities of the season for her father, Senator Philetus Sawyer, is happy in the possession of some of the finest painting to be found on the walls of any house in the United States. The ceiling of the parlor is of highly polished satin wood, the center of each sonare nainted with natural flower resting there. A deep frieze, which extends in a broken graceful line overlapping the edges of the ceiling, is a veritable shower of roses. Above the ornamental satin-wood mantel is a single female figure, the Incarnation of June, standing with outstretched arms flinging abroad the delicate tinted petals. Beyond this there has been no set rule followed in the arrangement of the frieze; it is simply

wealth of roses. Mrs. Hearst's Artistic Dining Room. Mrs. Hearst, wife of the millionaire Sena-tor from California, in building her new

tor from California, in building her new house, or more properly speaking, in remodeling the house purchased from exSecretary Fairchild, has set the stamp of her own individually artistic taste upon the dining room, which is unlike any other in Washington, and in all probability any other in this country. It is modeled in every particular after a veritable Dutch interior, the walls wainscoted high in dark manogany, of which wood the large square table and high back, curiously carved enairs are also made. The east end of the room is table and high back, curiously carved enairs are also made. The east end of the room is taken up with a deep-set fire place, ornamented with blue and white tiling, wide tufted seats on either side fitting in the carved settees.

On the left is a many mullioned window, the tiny panes set in copper and ornamented here and there with quaint bits of Dutch stained glass brought from some old Burgon.

here and there with quaint bits of Dutch stained glass brought from some old Burgomeister's residence. On the north and east walls are bauging cabinets, the coutents of which show through the same round curious little panes of glass. On a broad rim running about the room above the wainscoting are platters and dishes of genuine Holland delft, the greater portion of them being heirlooms from Mrs. Hearst's grandmother, who was a Hollander. The south wall is covered with a large piece of tapestry, on either side of which hang masterpieces of Dutch

art, dim and all but indistinguishable with age.

Mr. Lyman Tiffany's house on Connecti-Mr. Lyman Tiffany's house on Connecticut avenue was not only designed by himself architecturally, but under his handiwork has become noted as having one of the most artistic interiors in Washington. His gifts appear to be manifold, and evidences of his diversity of talent meet the eye at every step. The most remarkable piece of work yet accomplished by Mr. Tiffany is the mantel in the library, where from floor to ceiling it rises a mass of elaborate caving. The tall, slender-legged storks and myriad birds have been treated with the greatest ability, and present a strikingly realistic ability, and present a strikingly

appearance. In repousse work Mr. Tiffany has attained the same degree of perfection, as is shown by the ten table which stands in one corner of the parlor. This is of brass, hammere out during his residence in Dresden several years since. The top represents a German legend, the old text lettering running in and out among the groups of raised figures. The top, which is about three feet long by two feet broad, is mounted in blue plush, a fringe of hammered brass surrounding it, and a hot water kettle and tea caddy of copper are hammered to correspond with this table. Some fine work in repousse sil-ver has also been accomplished by Mr.

Her Paintings in the Paris Salon.

Mrs, Alfred Clifford Barney, formerly of Cincinnati, but for the past year, with her husband, a resident of Washington, has the unusual distinction for an amateur artist of having had a painting accepted and hung in the Paris Salon. Mr. and Mrs. Barney leased a furnished house last season—which was their first winter in Washington—so that society had not the opportunity of judging of the latter's artistic talent, which will be vouchsafed when she finally becomes settled here as a resident in the house now in course of erection on Rhode Island avenue, near Seventeenth street.

near Seventeenth street.
On the several occasions of dinner parties given by Mrs. Barney last season the guest eards painted by the hostess were perfect lit-tle gems, and as such will always be preserved by those for whom they were designed. A fact not generally known is that Stanley, when he first left England for the interior of Africa, started upon his exploring expedition as the flance of Mrs. Burney, then Miss Pike, of Cincinnatt. Upon his return it was to find his lormer lady-love married to her present husband. Mrs. Senator Henderson's Alhambra Hall.

Mrs. Henderson, wile of the ex-Senator, occupies the spacious stone castle at the head of Sixteenth street and the Boundary, for which she not only drew the intricate details of building, but which she has fur-ther beautified with a number of her own figure paintings, which are unusually fine. The hallway is modeled after a portion of the Alhambra, sketched by Mrs. Henderson during one of her many trips abroad, and it is not only beautiful but very unique. It is octagonal in shape, the walls of pale blue, rising from the marble tiled flooring. About the many arched doorways broad borders are formed of Moorish hieroglyphics in darker blue mingled with gold. The ics in darker blue mingled with gold. The white and gold morning room, on the left, near the entrance, is separated from the hallway by a partition wall four feet high, the space between which and the ceiling is filled in with Moorish fretwork of white and gold.

and gold.

Colonel John Hay may be regarded as among the pioneers of modern interior decoration in Washington, his residence on Lafayette Square having been one of the first to discard the old time heavy interior decoration and adopt the lighter tones both in woodwork and furnishing. The wide, square hallway, might be justly termed a poem in cream and gold, as the staircase and woodwork throughout is of white mahogany.

Collection of the Brazilian Minister Madame Mendonea, wife of the Brazilian Envoy on special mission in this country, had the happy knowledge last season that her house contained the most valuable private collection of pictures to be found in the city. The majority of them were purchased abroad by Senor Mendonca and are veritable works of the old masters. One of them, a Corot, is a pastoral scene, one of the few in which he has ever introduced a human figure. The house leased last season on New Hampshire avenue was always thronged upon recharmed circle. To each and all a cordial welcome was given by Madam Mendones, who, though an American by birth, in phy sique and coloring is to the full as Sp looking as any of her attractive young step-

daughters, who always assist in entertaining the guests on such occasions. It is not yet decided whether or not Senor and Madam Mendones will return to Washington, but should they do so they will en-deavor to secure a house with a large ball room or gallery in which their paintings can be hung to a better advantage.

MISS GRUNDY JR. EXCESSIVE HONESTY.

A Woman Who Was Determined to Pay for Everything She Got.

There is in one of the big drygoods stores a weighing machine which is similar in outward appearance to a nickel-in-the-slot machine, but which works without the preliminary dropping in of a nickel, says the New York Times. It was the means the other day of calling attention to a very honest old lady. She had her arms full of packages, and she held them all while being weighed,

evidently fearing to lay them down less some one should walk away with them. When the weighing process was over the laid them all down, however, fished out a nickel from her pocketbook, and then began a vain search for the slot into which to drop it. She looked the machine all over, in front, in back, on the sides, and on top, and even when her closest scrutiny failed to dis-cover the slot, she did not grasp the idea that the machine was a free laborer, but laid the nickel on its top and walked away, apparently in the hope that the next person who came along might know how to feed the money to the machine and drop it in for

Rubbers and Corns.

Since the streets became so muddy I have had a number of sufferers apply to me for relief, says a chiropoth's in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It a man has a corn I can take it out and relieve him, but if he is suffering from what I call "rubber fever" I can't help him and can only prescribe lib-eral foot-bathing and a removal of the cause

of the trouble. The Inquisitive Puppy. New York Life.]



"Ma, what's inside of that?"

