THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

HOOKINGTHESALMON

Rudyard Kipling Describes a Day of Noble Sport With the Silver Monarch,

NO SWEETS OF VICTORY

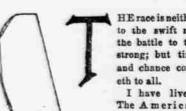
Like Unto That of Landing One That Weighs Twelve Pounds.

STORY OF A HARD FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Wonders of a Cannery Along the Banks of the Willamette River.

PEEP INTO AN OREGON FARMER'S HOME

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) LETTER NO. 3.



to the swift por strong; but time and chance com I have lived The American continent may now sink unde

the sea, for I have taken the bes that it yields, and the best was n ei ther dollars, love nor real estate. Hear now, gentlemen of the Punjaub Fishing Club who whip the reaches of the Tavi and you who painfully import trout over to Otneamund, and I will tell you how old man California

and I went fishing and you shall envy. We returned from The Dalles to Portland by the way we had come, the steamer stopping en route to pick up a night's catch of one of the salmon wheels on the river and to deliver it at a cannery down stream. When the proprietor of the wheel announced that his take was 2,230 pounds weight of fish, "and not a heavy catch either," I thought he lied. But he sent the boxes aboard and I counted the salmon by the hundred-huge 50-pounders, hardly dead, scores of 20 and 30 counders and a host of smaller fish. They were all Chenook salmon, as distinguished rom the "steel head" and the "silver side." That is to say, they were royal salmon, and I dropped a tear over them as monarchs who deserved a better fate, but the lust of slaughter entered our souls, and we talked fish and forgot the mountain scenery that had so moved us a day before.

The Salmon Cannery. The steamer halted at a rude wooden warehouse built on piles in a lonely reach of the d sent in the fish. I follows up a scale-strewn, fishy incline that led to



Warned Against Smashing the Springs.

the cannery. The crazy building was quivering with the machinery on its floors and a glittering bank of tin scraps 20 feet high showed where the waste was thrown after the caus had been punched. Only Chinamen were employed on the work, and they looked like blood-besmeared, yellow devils as they crossed the ritts of sunlight that lay upon the floor.

When our consignment arrived the rough

wooden boxes broke of themselves as they were dumped down under a jet of water and the salmon burst out in a stream of quicksilver. A Chinaman jerked up a 20-pounder beheaded and detailed it with two swift strokes of a knife, flicked out its internal arrangements with a third and cast it into blood-dyed tank. The headless fish leaped from under his hands as though they were facing a rapid. Other Chinamon pulled them from the vat and thrust them under a thing like a chaff cutter, which descending hewed them into unseemly red gobbets fit for the can. More Chinamen, with yellow, crooked fingers, jammed the stuff into the cans, which slid down some marvelous machine forthwith, soldering their own tops as

Finishing the Rapid Work.

Each can was hastily tested for flaws and then sank with a hundred companions into a vat of boiling water, there to be half cooked for a few minutes. The cans bulged slightly after the operation, and were therefore slidden along by the trollyful to men with needles and soldering irons, who vented them and soldered the sperture. Except for the label, the "finest Columbia salmon" was ready for the market. I was impressed not so much with the speed of the manufacture as the character of the factory. Inside, on a floor 90 by 40, the most civilized and murderous of machinery. Outside, three footsteps, the thick-growing pines and the immense solitude of the hills. Our steamer only stayed 20 minutes at that place, but I counted 240 finished cans made from the catch of the previous night ere I left the slippery, blood-stained, scale-spangled, oily floors and the offal-smeared Chinamen. We reached Portland, California and I

erying for salmon, and a real estate man, to whom we had been intrusted by an insurance man, met us in the street, saying that 15 miles away, across country, we should come upon a place called Clackamas, where we might perchance find what we desired.

And California, his coattails flying in the wind, ran to a livery stable and chartered a wagon and team forthwith. I could push the wagon about with one hand, so light the wagon about with one hand, so light was its structure. The team was purely American—that is to say, almost human in its intelligence and decility. Someone said that the roads were not good on the we might perchance find what we desired.

way to Clacksmas, and warned us against Off for the Sport

with small towaships, and the roads were full of farmers in their town wagons, bunches of tow-haired, boggle-eyed urchins, sitting in the hay behind. The men gen-erally looked like loaiers, but their women

"Portland," who had watched the preparations, finally reckoned, "He's come along, too," and under heavenly skies we three companions of a day set forth, California carefully lashing our rods into the carriage and the bystanders overwhelming us with directions as to the sawmills we were to pass, the ferries we were to cross and the sign-posts we were to seek signs from. Half a mile from this city of 50,000 souls we struck (and this must be taken literally) a plank road that would have been a disgrace to an Irish village.

Then six miles of macadamized road showed us that the team could move. A railway ran between us and the banks of the Willamette, and another above us through the mountains. All the land was dotted with small towaships, and the roads were full of farmers in their town wagons, bunches of tow-haired, boggle-cyed urchins, sitting in the hay behind. The men gensitting in the hay behind the mountains and has decepted each inch of slack that I could by any means get in as a favor from on high.

There have and hased maledictions.

Kipling's Hook Is Lucky.

The next cast—ah, the pride of it, the regal splendor of itl the thrill that ran down from finger tip to too! Then the water boi



GET YOUR TROUT TO BANK, JOHNNY BULL.

were all well dressed. Brown braiding on were all well dressed. Brown braiding on a tailor-made jacket does not, however, consort with hay wagons. Then we struck into the woods along what California called a camina reale—a good road—and Portland a "fair track." It wound in and out among fire blackened stumps under pine trees, along the corners of log fences, through hollows, which must be hopeless marsh in the winter, and up absurd gradients.

dients.
The American Country Roads. But nowhere throughout its length did I see any evidence of road making. There was a track—you couldn't well get off it, and it was all you could do to stay on it. The dust lay a foot thick in the blind ruts, and under the dust we found bits of planking and hundles of brankered that sent the and under the dust we found bits of planking and bundles of brushwood that sent the
wagon bounding into the air. The journey
in itself was a delight. Sometimes we
crashed through bracken; anon, where the
blackberries grew rankest, we found a
lonely little cometery, the wooden rails all
awry and the pitiful stumpy headstones
nodding drunkenly at the soft green mulleins. Then, with oaths and the sound of

cherries for something less than a rupee and got a drink of loy cold water for nothing, while the untended team browsed sagacious-ly by the roadside. Once we found a way-side camp of horse dealers lounging by a two sun-tanned youngsters shot down a hill on Indian ponies, their full creels banging from the high pummeled saddles. They had been fishing, and were our brethren therefore. We shouted aloud in chorus to scare a wildcat; we squabbled over the reasons that had led a snake to cross a road;

chipmunk, who was really the little gray me; we lost our way and got the wagon so beautifully fixed on a khud-bound road that we had to tie the two hind wheels to get it Regaled on Mining Lies. Above all, California told tales of Nevada and Arizona, of lonely nights spent out prospecting, the slaughter of deer and the

chase of men, of woman, lovely woman, who is a firebrand in a Western city and leads to the popping of pistols, and of the sudden changes and chances of fortune, who delights in making the miner or the lumberman a quadruplicate millionaire, and in "busting" the railroad king. That was a day to be remembered, and it had only begun when we drew rein at a tiny farm house on the banks of the Clackamas, and sought horse teed and lodging ere we hastened to

ter of a mile away.

Imagine a stream 70 yards broad divided by a pebbly island, running over seductive "riffles" and swirling into deep, quiet pools, where the good salmon goes to smoke his pipe after meals. Get such a stream amid helds of breast high crops surrounded by hills of pines, throw in where you please quiet water, long fenced meadows, and a 100-foot bluff just to keep the scenery from growing too monotonous, and you will get some faint notion of the Clackamas. The weir had been erected to pen the Chenook salmon from going further up stream. We could see them, 20 or 30 pounds, by the score in the deep pools, or flying madly against the wire and foolishly skinning their noses. They were not our press. their noses. They were not our prey, for they would not rise at a fly and we knew it. All the same when one made his leap against the wire and landed on the foot plank with a jar that shook the board I was standing on, I would fain have claimed him for my

Portland had no rod. He held the gaff and the whisky. California sniffed up and the whisky. California sniffed up stream and down stream, across the racing water, chose his ground and let the gaudy fly drop in the tail of a rifle. I was getting my rod together when I heard the joyous shrick of the reel and the yells of California, and three feet of living silver leaped into the air far across the water. The forces were engaged. The salmon tore up stream, the tense line cutting the water like a tide were engaged. The salmon tore up stream, the tense line cutting the water like a tide rip behind him, and the light bamboo bowed to breaking. What happened thereafter I cannot tell. California swore and prayed and Portland shouted advice, and I did all three for what appeared to be half a day, but was in reality a little over a quarter of an hour, and sullenly our fish came home with spurts of temper, dashes head on and sarabands in the air, but home to the bank came he, and the remorseless reel gathered

came he, and the remorseless reel gathered up the thread of his life inch by inch. We landed him in a little bay, and the spring-weight in his gorgeous gills checked at 11½ pounds. Eleven and one-half pounds

world that taste well in the moment of enjoyment, but I question whether the stealthy theft of line from an able-bodied salmon who knows exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope. Like Caifornia's fish, he raff at me head on and leaped against the line, but the Lord gave me 250 pairs of fingers in that hour. The banks and the pine trees danced dizzily round me, but I only reeled—reeled as for life—reeled for hours, and at the end of the reeling continued to give him the butt while he sulked in a pool. California was further up the reach, and with the corner of my eye I could see him casting with long casts and much skill. Then he struck and my fish

broke for the weir in the same instant, and down the reach we came, California and I, reel answering reel even as the morning stars Two Monarchs Battling for Life. Two monarchs Batting for Lite.

The first wild enthusiasm of capture had died away. We were both at work now in deadly earnest to prevent the lines fouling, to stall off a down-stream rush for shaggy leius. Then, with eaths and the sound of rent underwood, a yoke of mighty bulls would swing down a "skid" road hauling a 40-foot log along a rudely made slide.

A valley full of wheat and cherry trees succeeded, and, halting at a house, we bought ten pound weight of luscious black to people and beart, and volunteered to take the rod from my hands. I would have rather died among the pebbles than surrender my right to play and land a salmon, weight unknown, with an eight ounce rod. I heard California at my ear it seemed, gasping, "He's a fighter from Fightersville sure," as his fish made a fresh break across the stream. I saw Port-land fall off a log fence, break the overhang-ing bank and clatter down to the pebbles, all sand and landing net, and I dropped on

a log to rest for a moment.

As I drew breath the weary hands slackened their hold and I forgot to give him the butt. A wild soutter in the water, a plunge Clackanns was my reward, and the weary toil of reeling in with one eye under the water and the other on the top joint of the rod was renewed. Worst of all, I was blocking Catifornia's path to the little landing bay aforesaid, and he had to halt and tire his prize where he was. "The father of all the salmon!" he shouted. "For the love of heaven get your trout to bank, Johnny Bull!" But I could do no more. Even the insult failed to move me. The rest of the



The Rod Bowed Almost to Breaking. himself to be drawn, skipping with pretended delight at getting to the haven where

I would fain bring him. He Was a Game Fighter Yet no sooner did he feel shoal water under his ponderous belly than he backed like a torpedo boat and the snarf of the reel tide a torpedo soat and the snart of the reci-ted me that my labor was in vain. A dozen times at least this happened ere the line hinted he had given up the battle and would be towed in. He was towed. The landing net was useless for one of his size, and I would not have him gaffed. I stepped into the shallow and him gaffed. I stepped and I would not have him gaffed. I stepped into the shallows and heaved him out with a respectful hand under the gill, for which kindness he battered me about the legs with his tail, and I felt the strength of him and was proud. California had taken my place in the shallows, his fish hard held.

I was up the bank lying full length on the sweet scented grass and gasping in company with my first salmon caught, played and landed on an eight-ounce rod. My hands were cut and bleeding, I was dripping with sweat, soangled like harlequin with

my cast just above the weir, and all but foul hooked a blue and black water anake with a coral mouth, who coiled herself on a stone and hissed maledictions.

him. That hour I sat among Princes and crowned heads, greater than them all. Below the bank we heard California scuffling with his salmon and swearing Spanish oaths. with his salmon and swearing Spanish oaths. Portland and I assisted at the capture, and the fish dragged the spring balance out by the roofs. It was only constructed to weigh up to 15 pounds. We stretched the three fish on the grass—the 11½, the 12 and 15 pounder—and we gave an oath that all who came after should merely be weighed and put back again.

put back again. The Record of the Day.

The Record of the Day.

How shall I tell the glories of that day so that you may be interested? Again and again did California and I prance down that reach to the little bay, each with a salmon in tow, and land him in the shallows. Then Portland took my rod and caught some 10 pounders, and my spoon was carried away by an unknown leviathan. Each fish, for the merits of the three that had died so gamely, was hastily hooked on the balance and flung back. Portland recorded the weight in a pocketbook, for he was a real estate man. Each fish fought for all he was worth, and none more savagely than the smallest, a game little six pounder. At the end of six hours we added up the list. Read it. Total:—Sixteen fish; aggregate weight, 141 pounds. The score in detail runs something like this—it is only interesting to those concerned:—15, 12, 11½, 10, 9½, 8 and so forth; as I have said, nothing under six pounds and three ten-pounders.

very solemnly and thankfully we put up our rods—it was glory enough for all time—and returned weeping in each other's arms, weeping tears of pure joy, to that simple bare-legged family in the packing case house by the water side. The old farmer recollected days and nights of fierce warfare with the Indians "way back in the fifties," when every ripple of the Columbia river and its tributaries hid covert danger. God had endowered him with a queer, crooked gift of expression and a fierce anxiety. crooked gift of expression and a fierce anxiety for the welfare of his two little sons—tanned and reserved children, who attended school daily and spoke good English in a strange tongue.

A Picture of Home Life. His wife was an austere woman, who had once been kindly and perhaps handsome. Very many years of toil had taken the elasticity out of step and voice. She looked for nothing better than everlasting work—the chafing detail of housework—and then agrave somewhere we the hill smooth the a grave somewhere up the hill among the blackberries and the pines. But in her grim way she sympathized with her eldest daughter, a small and silent maiden of 18,

who had thoughts very far from the meals she tended and the pans she scoured. We stumbled into the household at a crisis and there was a deal of downright humanity in that same. A bad, wicked dressmaker had promised the maiden a dress in time for a to-morrow's railway journey, and though the barefooted Georgy, who stood in very wholesome awe of his sister, had scoured the woods on a pony in search that dress payer arrived. So with search, that dress never arrived. So, with sorrow in her heart and a hundred Sister Anne glances up the road, she waited upon the strangers and, I doubt not, cursed them for the wants that stood between her and her need for tears. It was a genuine little tragedy. The mother, in a heavy, passion-less voice, rebuked her impatience, yet sat

up far into the night bowed over a hesp of sewing for the daughter's benefit.

These things I beheld in the long marigold scented twilight and whispering night, loafing round the little house with California, who unfolded himself like a lotus to fornia, who unfolded himself like a lotus to the moon, or in the little boarded bunk that was our bedroom, swapping tales with Portland and the old man. Most of the yarns began in this way: "Red Larry was a bull puncher back of Lone county, Mon-tana," or "There was a man riding the trail met a jack rabbit sitting in a cactus," or "'Bout the time of the San Diego land boom a woman from Monterey, etc." You can try to piece out for yourselves what sort can try to piece out for yourselves what sort of stories they were, RUDYARD KIPLING.

NEW YORK'S TRAVELING PUBLIC. The Varied Classes of People Who Patronize

the Longest Car Line. "Yes, sir," said the conductor on the Madison avenue horse car to a New York Sun writer, as he banged the door open and pushed a stout woman inside, "we have a good many kinds of passengers on this line. You see, we run from the postoffice to Harlem, which is the longest run of surface road in the city. We pass through such different parts of town that we get a big variety of folks aboard in the course of one trip. If you got on at the postoffice end, and rode clear up to the other, you'd find it interesting just to watch the different people who get in by the way. It's on the Bowery that we get a big variety, everything from a dude to a Chinaman. Chinamen ride a good deal oftener than almost any other one class of Eastsiders. They always sit in a corner, and usually take very long rides. By the time we reach Union Square we begin to take in depot passengers, and they keep coming till we strike the tunnel at Thirty-

"But it's on the avenue that you'll see the of fares and hoisted a baby on to the plat-torm. "There's your high life. They come in silk and sealskin all day long, and at night, on the down trip, it's a regular para-dise inside the car. Why, it's just jammed [11] of the prettiest women you was a seal o full of the prettiest women you ever saw. Oh, there's some fun being a conductor, after all, especially if you're on an aristo-cratic line and know how to do the polite act." And he "did the polite act" by walking to the front platform to swear fluently at a truck driver who refused to get off the track, and so delayed a car with five ladies in it.

THE PHONOGRAPH SPREE

The Latest Dissipation in Which Young New Yorkers Indulge. New York Times.]

"The phonograph spree" is the pet hobby of a well-known young man in this city who thinks he has a monopoly of an entirely new form of dissipation. Like most new forms of dissipation, this one bas its birth in an old one. A necessary condition precedent to a phonograph spree, this young man explains, is a certain degree of alcoholic stimulation. In many of the downtown resorts the patent drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot phonographs are placed, and, aided by his alco holic incentive, the young man starts out to visit all the automatic machines in the neighborhood, and he travels the route with servant. I should like to see myself wait an enthusiasm born of a love for music and

He drops many nickels in as many slots. hears all the popular songs he can, and goes home happy if the music suits him. If it loes not, if it jars on his nerves like a hand stimulants between each of the machines, and by the time he reaches the end of his musical route he cannot distinguish the soft strains of "Annie Rooney" from the sad and sorrowful musical recital of the adventures

Jay Gould's Little Joke.

New York Journal. 1 Jay Gould was in a very jovial mood last week during the meeting of the railroad magnates at the Windsor Hotel. In fact, he was merry, and told more to the reporter about what was going on in the meeting than any other member. In response to a pointed question regarding what had been

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JANUARY A ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

> The Men and Women Who Bask in the Smiles of Queen Victoria.

GOOD SALARIES GO FOR NOTHING. Nearly Two Millions Every Year to Keep

THE PETTICOATED OFFICERS' RANK

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

Up the Establishment.

LONDON, Jan. 16 .- "Eight bed-chamber vomen at a salary of \$1,500 a year." This item appears in the annual list of official household expenses for the Queen. The title is very misleading to one who has never had a chance to learn from those who know of the inside workings of Her Majesty's service. In fact, all, or nearly all, English titles are misnomers to the American mind, for in a majority of cases they are only a guise for adding to the in-come of some titled and favored person. Concealed under the gauze of a singular name they pass without notice or inquiry by the subjects even who pay for the caprice of royalty. I doubt if one person in 10,000 outside the charmed circle, which is made up of nobility, know why and for what good purpose these bed-chamber women are called and named. Yet they occupy a very significant place near the Queen and earn all they receive if not more.

Queen Victoria's Duties.

The Queen's household is a remarkable affair and organized upon what may truly be called a broad basis. There are 33 well known officers wearing petticoats, who wait upon the commands of Her Majesty, and they hold rank and grade as fully defined as the officers of a regiment. They do not command nor control companies nor battalions of servants that wait upon her as many people may suppose. Neither do
they have any duties to perform, except of
the high social and dignified order of assistance which the sovereign needs in the
control of her household, and the exacting
work which her exalted station imposes upon her. For no woman in the world, no matter what her age, accepts and fills into every 24 hours of life so many tasks, both on her own account and to meet the wishes

of her people.

Yet, they are dissatisfied because they do not see more of her and long for the day when Albert Edward shall become King. This is partly because they want more bomp and show at their ceremonials, and wish to see the royal carriage with its rich trimmings, drawn with the finest of horses, ridden by gaily dressed riders, and surrounded with all that inspiring style that belongs to royalty. There is serious discontent that the Queen has not opened Parliament for five years and has given the public very little view of herself upon great occasions.

From the Poorer Nobility.

From the Poorer Nobility. "Bedchamber women" hold the highest rank among those who are paid for their services of the many who wait upon the Queen. They are the Major Generals of her household, and are drawn from that class of nobility that are not overburdened with money, and yet, hold rank and have attainments that pleases Her Majesty. In other words they are her favorites among the asso-ciates of her later life, and the \$1,500 a year which she accords them out of the public estimates, simply pay their expenses in going from or coming to her as she wishes, a few dollars for the extra garments and other in-cidentals that belong to people of their

often as she wants to change the surround-ings of her home and have fresh faces and new minds to give variety to her everyday life. They are not as often called as some tions only, upon the natural theory that are not as often asked as those who come without drawing a salary. "Ladies of the bedchamber" are the honorary Major Gen-erals of the Queen's household, and are not paid. They are women of higher rank than "bed-chamber women," and the names given to the two classes indicates the differ-

The Queen's Favorite Lady.

Lady Downger Churchill, who belongs by some remove of kinship to the family of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Randolph Churchill, is one of the Queen's favorites among all her temale attendants. When I last saw Her Majesty she was driving with this noted woman, who is one of the eight ladies of the bed chamber. She is a middleaged person of engaging manners and far more than ordinary accomplishments, and her frequent presence at Her Majesty's side gives her a high place among all the ladies of the kingdom. At least two of the ladies of the bed chamber hold the rank of Duchess, and the other six represent nearly as high a degree of social power, while bed-chamber women, although the duties of the two grades are of the same character, never reach higher than a Viscountess.

There are four extra 'ladies of the bedchamber" among them a Duchess and four extra "bed-chamber women" making 12 honorary and 12 paid females of high rank Queen's pleasure, assist in entertaining her, and in entertaining the people whom she admits to her presence. These appointments are much sought after by ladies of rank and are regarded as a very high honor. The world at large calls these appointees "ladies or rank and are regarded as a very high honor. The world at large calls these appointees "ladies or ranking" which is a better sounding title in waiting" which is a better sounding title than bed-chamber women and "ladies of the bed-chamber," but it is also misleading, and is often the cause of some strange views as to what their real duties are.

An American Lady's Impression Only the other evening I sat next to a very intelligent American lady who is full of the independence of her race. There was a gencral chat about the board and a guest nearby told her a story about one of "the ladies-inwaiting" to the Queen. He took occasion to speak of her strong intellectual attainments and high character, also of the promi-nent position she held near the Throne. The American could not understand the situation and said, with considerable show upon any Queen."

There was a general smile around the table among those who know the habits and conditions of the country, and the conversation was turned to a more general subject. The Hop. Harriet Phipps is a "maid of honor," and there are six others who like herself receive \$1,500 a year salary for being bright and useful. Two extra maids have the rank without pay. All of these ladies may fairly be called the colonels of the royal household over the female establishment. Perhaps some of them may reach the rank of brigadier general; if so the Hon. Harriet Phipps and the Hon. Evelyn Paget are in that grade.

While the "maids of honor" are the asociates of Her Majesty and wait upon her upon all ceremonious and other occasions, when she wishes, they have more details of her affairs to look after than the other ladies I have described. In fact, the distinction between the two is drawn in the official announcement of the Queen's movements sent out every day from wherever she may be. Thus if it is a lady of the bed chamber who

"Her Majesty rode out this morning attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps."

The duties of both are practically identical, save that the "maids of honor" have more duties to perform and are asked to do things that would not be regarded as proper to exact of the two first grades I have mentioned. For each one is extremely jealous of its rights, although the social position of one in the Queen's household is nearly as high as the other. For instance, the Hon. Harriet Phipps who has been a long time "a maid of honor" is fast reaching 50 years and she is a sort of private secretary to Her Majesty, looking after the conditions of the household and official life that a lady-inwaiting would never be asked to do. This may be because of long years of service and the growing necessities of the Queen for help in her official duties.

Doesn't Like Wrinkles.

Doesn't Like Wrinkles. Old age brings its penalties to woman even more arbitrarily than to men. The even more arbitrarily than to men. The Queen of England is no exception to that rule. In the early years of her reign she was not particularly captious about the age or looks of the women whom she called about her as companions. Of late she has shown a strong disposition to keep her female officials younger than before. Like all elderly people she prefers a comely appearance and a youthful face to the wrinkles and physical penalties that years impose, and to this many people attribute her good health and cheerfulness. Therefore, the ladies she brings about here are of the years ladies she brings about here are of the years where the enthusiasm of youth ends and the

where the enthusiasm of youth ends and the well-equipped woman begins.

But it is difficult to retire those who have been so long honored, and when a change is made the one let go is slipped into some easy place where her pride is not wounded and public comment upon the change is not harsh. For the Queen is exceedingly careful in her dealings with those who enjoy her favors, and she is certain never to wound them even when the time comes when another must take their place. She also calls them to her side occasionally afterward, that the public may see that they have not lost her favor, a very gracious act on the part of her favor, a very gracious act on the part of

Very Close to the Throne. "The Mistress of the Robes" is another "The Mistress of the Robes" is another misleading title, for the woman who bears it has nothing to do with the Royal togs, but wields a mighty influence in the Queen's surroundings. She is a sort of female adjutant general, holding rank above all the other ladies who are called about Her Majesty. She must hold the rank of duchess before the position is within her grasp, and like every chief of staff to a great commander, she speaks on many important mander, she speaks on many important things in the name of the sovereign. She directs all forms of presentation to the Queen, and in a great measure designates the Royal favors to those seeking an audience. To be within reach of her friendship is to be very close to the throne.

is to be very close to the throne.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, who now holds the position, is as strong a woman as anyone must necessarily be to hold such a place. Her salary is \$2,500 a year, and her duties are many and varied. In rank she outclasses all the other lady members of the Queen's official household. She assigns them to their respective duties and designates in Her Majesty's name when the presence of any of them is required to wait upon the Queen's pleasure. To look out for her amusements and keep a general eye to the hundred and one things which enter into the life of a queen is a part of her task. This is not an easy job, for Victoria is still very fond of the pleasures of life, and often requests the great singers and players to visit her. Madam Albani is a great favorite with her, and is frequently at Buckworlte with her, and is frequently at Buck-ingham palace, Windsor, Osborne House and Balmoral. Anyone who has achieved fame in the realm of entertainment is only too happy to play for the Queen, who, by the way, is practically barged from all classes of entertainment except those that come to her or are of a semi-official characdollars for the extra garments and other incidentals that belong to people of their class.

They are at the call of the Queen when-The Men of the Household.

> A duchess of the very highest degree gave me this interesting description of the Queen's household and those women who officially wait upon her pleasures. But her chat upon the subject did not stop with this review of the female portion of the Queen's attaches. A royal family cannot be made up entirely of women officers. Men of all grades have to be called into the ornamental as well as the practical duties of Her Majesty's surroundings. As in all other places the men cost more than the women, and they have less duties to perform. It costs more than \$100,000 a year for the purely ornamental appendages to the Queen's household who wear pantaloons. They seldom have anything to do except now and then to go and see Her Majesty, for whatever duties are required by their singular titles are performed by deputies or clerks who receive a salary out of the gen-eral fund. In fact, the positions are given to favorites to add something to their already ample incomes. To be sure, they may called upon at any time to pay court to Her Majesty, but they seldom are, and the men near her are not as necessary to her comfort and pleasure as the women who wear the title "Ladies of the Bedeamber," "Bed-chamber Women" and maids of honor.

Lots of Money for Nothing. There are lords in waiting, eight in number, who receive \$3,500 a year for wearing the title. Eight grooms-in-waiting draw \$1,670 apiece, and there are at least a hun-\$1,670 apiece, and there are at least a hundred more ornamental positions about the Queen's household held by men at a salary from \$500 to \$15,000 a year who have nothing practically to do. In fact, it is estimated that at least 600 persons, it not more, are attempting to kill time about Her Majesty, and yet there is no very serious grumbling among those who pay the taxes to keep up this drain upon the public purse. They think, as a rule, that they have the best government on earth, and they are willbest government on earth, and they are will-

ing to pay a good, round price for it.
"Life in the Queen's household is very pleasant," said the Duchess, "and very useful to those who are in or near the court. ful to those who are in or near the court. We meet the very highest class of people of all nations, and it is a dull person indeed who doesn't learn to be interesting and diplomatic before she has been there any length of time. The Queen herself is delightfully pleasant to every one about her and exceedingly mindful of their comfort. Many young women would hesitate to stand the work which the Queen takes upon herself at the ripe age of 72. Both in temper and action she is a remarkable woman at and action she is a remarkable woman at her age, and there is not one about her who

does not have for her the highest respect."

To keep up the royal household pertaining only to the Queen herself costs \$1,900,000 per annum. Out of this wast sam she receives for herself for pocket money \$300,000. The rest goes to tradesmen and to the men and women who bask in the sunshine of her

Merit Unappreciated. Philadelphia Times.)

"John, I think I'm becoming a better housekeeper every day."
"I'm glad of that," said the gratified young husband, who wasn't tired just yet of praising his little wife. "What is your latest

wonderful accomplishment?"
"Well, I thought it all out by myself,"
she continued enthusiastically. "When I
found I couldn't open the canned tomatoes
with the ax I used your razor, and it worked
just beautifully." Disgusted With the Country.

Boston Traveller. The size of this country is a great source

of amazement to the average foreigner. Their astonishment is of much the same Thus if it is a lady of the bed chamber who accompanies the Queen on her drive or elsewhere the statement appears that: "Her Majesty drove this afternoon accompanied by the Duchess of Athol."

If a maid of honor was with the head of the Government the statement would be:

The description of the bed chamber who are that once prompted an English actor, a member of Henry Irving's company, by the way, to remark: "I never saw such a blawsted big country. You get in the care and you ride all night, and then you find that you haven't got anywhere after all."



A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

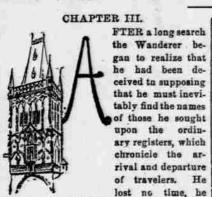
WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as Standard Literature.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The entire action occurs in a little over four weeks, and in the city of Prague, Bohemia. The story opens in the Teyn Church, crowded with people. The hero, the Wanderer, is there, searching for his love, Beatrice. Seven years before they had fallen in love, but her father forbade a marriage and took his dangther away on endies travels to cure her of her affection. For seven long years the Wanderer has searched for her. On this day he sees her in a distant part of the church. He attempts to reach her, but the crowd is too great. Finally, in the darkness, he followed a figure he thinks is that of Beatrice to the home of Unorna, the Witch of Prague. The latter calls the girl he has followed and convinces him of his mistake. Unorna falls in love with the Wanderer and finds she can hypnotize him. He tells her his fatory and she offers to help him find Beatrice. Fearful of her hypnotic powers, the Wanderer concludes to search Prague himself first, and, failing, then to seek the Witch's aid.



so singular as to distinguish its possessor, FTER a long search when hatless, from all other men. The great elevation at the summit, then sinking suddenly, then spreading forward to an enormous development at the temple, just visible as he was then standing, and at the same time forming unusual protuberances behind the large and pointed ears. No one

who knew the man could mistake his head, when even the least portion of it could be seen. The Wanderer recognized him at once.

As though he were conscious of being watched, the little man turned sharply, exhibiting his wrinkled forehead, broad at the books are recognized. rival and departure
of travelers. He
lost no time, he
spared no effort driving from place to place
as fast as two sturdy Hungarian horses could
take him, hurrying from one office to another and again and again searching endless | beard might have been carved out of old



KEYORK ARABIAN AND THE WANDERER.

pages and columns which seemed full of all | ivory, so far as the hue and quality of the the names of earth, but in which he never found the one of all others which he longed to read.

Wanderer stood in deep thought under the shadow of the ancient Powder Tower. Haste had no further object now, since he had made every inquiry within his power, and it was a relief to feel the pave-ment beneath his feet and to breathe the misty frozen air after having been so long in the closeness of his carriage. He hesitated as to what he should do, unwilling to return to Unorna and acknowledge himself vanquished, yet finding it hard to resist his desire to try every means, no matter how little reasonable, how evidently useless, how puerile and revolting to his sounder sense. The street behind him led toward Unorna's house. Had he found himself in a more requarter he might have come another and wiser conclusion. Being so near to the house of which he was thinking, he yielded to the temptation. Having reached this stage of resolution, his mind

Unorna's Arms Went Out to Grasp the Shadou began to recapitulate the events of the day, and he suddenly felt a strong wish to revisit the church, to stand in the place where Beatrice had stood, to touch, in the marble basin beside the door, the thick ice which her fingers had touched so lately, to traverse her fingers had touched so lately, to traverse again the dark passages through which he had pursued her. To accomplish his purpose he need only turn aside a few steps from the path he was now following. He left the street almost immediately, passing under a low, arched way that opened on the right hand side, and a moment later he was within the walls of the Teyn Kirche.

within the walls of the Teyn Kirche.

The vast building was less gloomy than it had been in the morning. It was not yet the hour of vespers. The funeral torches had been extinguished, as well as most of the lights upon the high altar, there were not a dozen persons in the church, and high up beneath the roof broad shafts of softened sunshine, floating above the mists of the city without, streamed through the narrow lancet windows and were diffused in the great gloom below. The Wanderer went to the monument of Brahe and sat down in the corner of the blackened pew. His hands trembled a little as he clasped them upon his knee, and his head sank slowly toward his breast.

He was aware that some one was standing He was aware that some one was standing very near to him. He looked up and saw a very short, gray-bearded man engaged in a minute examination of the dark red marble face on the astronomer's tomb. The man's hald head, encircled at the base by a fringe of short gray hair, was half buried between his high, broad shoulders, in an immense collar of fur, but the shape of the skull was

necessary to sculpture a portrait of the man, no material could have been chosen more fitted to reproduce faithfully the deep cutting of the features, to render the close network of the wrinkles which covered them like the shadings of a line engraving, and at the same time to give the whole that appearance of hardness and smoothness which was peculiar to the clear, tough skin. The only positive color which relieved the half-tints of the face lay in the bright. sharp eyes which gleamed beneath bushy evebrows like tiny patches of vivid blue sky seen through little rifts in a cur-tain of cloud. All expression, all mobility, all life were concentrated in these two

"Keyork! Arabian!" he exclaimed, ex-tending his hand. The little man immedi-ately gripped it in his small fingers, which, soft and delicately made as they were, possessed a strength hardly to have been ex-pected either from their shape or from the small proportions of him to whom they be-"Still wandering?" asked the little man,

"Still wandering?" asked the little man, with a slightly sarcastic intonation. He spoke in a deep, caressing buss, not loud, but rich in quality and free from that jarring harshnesss which often belongs to very manly voices. A musician would have discovered that the pitch was that of those Russian choristers whose deep throats yield or gan tones a full octave below the compass of ordinary singers in other lands.

ordinary singers in other lands.

"You must have wandered, too, since we last met," replied the taller man.

"I never wander," said Keyork. "When a man knows what he wants, knows where it is to be found, and goes thither to take it, he is not wandering. Moreover, I have no thought of removing myself or my goods from Prague. I live here. It is a city for old men. It is saturnine. The foundations of its houses rest on the silurian formation, which is more than can be said of any other which is more than can be said of any other

capital, as far as I know." .
"Is that an advantage?" inquired the

Wanderer.

"To my mind. I would say to my son, if I had one—my thanks to a blind but intelligent destiny for preserving me from such a calamity!—I would say to him: Spend thy youth among flowers in the land where they are brightest and sweetest; pass thy manhood in all lands where man strives with man, thought for thought, blow for blow; choose for thine old age that spot in which, all things being old, thou mayest for the longest time consider thyself young in comparison with thy surroundings. A man meditates upon those things only which are immeasurably older than himself. Moreover the imperishable can preserve the perishable."

"It was not your habit to talk of death when we were together."
"I have found it interesting of late years,
The subject is connected with one of my inventions. Did you ever embalm a body?
No? I could tell you something singular

"What is the connection?" "What is the connection?"
"I am embalming myself, body and mind.
It is but an experiment, and unless it succeeds it must be the last. Embalming, as it is now understood, means substituting one thing for another. Very good. I am trying to purge from my mind its old circulating medium; the new thoughts must all be selected from a class which admits of no delaw. Nothing sould be simple." delay. Nothing could be simpler."
"It seems to me that nothing could be

"You were not formerly so slow to under stand me," said the strange little man, with some impatience.

"Do you know a lady of Prague who calle herselt Unorna?" the Wanderer asked, pay-