

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AS IT MAY BE MADE.

WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

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Author of "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sun Lands," "Life Among the Modoes," and Other Poems and Stories.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The author meets the Princess, who is the heroine of the story, in Poland. Her father had been sent to Siberia by the Crar. She dreamed of revenge: but at last, giving that un, determined to build a city which should be a model to all mankind. She and the author travel through the Holy Land and into Erypt, but finally select an easis in the desert of Mexico for the city. While they are at Cairo, Alexander is killed. Hussian spies are on the Princess' track, and she hast the author go to the City of Mexico and there want for her. The author waits for years at the City of Mexico, and at last a messenger from the Princess comes to him. He takes the weary watcher to the city in the desert which has been built while he waited. It is a place of rare beauty, perfect in everything. Glass is utilized in most wonderful ways. No one works more than two hours each day. All are vegetarians. The author meets the Princess again and becomes her guest of honor. Much time is spent in studying the ideal community.

face for a moment with her hands. Then hal

"You are thinking of going away?" I sighed, and hesitating, answered sadly,

understand her then.

could look.

overhead

"Wait a little while; a few days only and

-and I will go with you."
I looked her in the face; fer . did not

CHAPTER XV.

Among the many festal days here devoted

to music and general merriment, especially

on the part of the children, that which cele

brated the arrival of the colony to this oasis

in the desert was most notable. As this day

drew near I somehow felt that she, the

founder of this perfect new paradise, desired

to be alone to meditate, to re-live the past and to look down the dim vista of the years

to come with her deep seer eyes as only she

on the brown foothills of the Sierra Madre

Mountains at the outer reach of the railroad

ine among the fragrant pines at midday

There was a party of merry musicians, beautiful girls and boys in gay attire, young Greeks in flowing robes and careless hair dancing to delicious music on the carpet of pine quills under the mighty trees, poets meditating, artists of many kinds catching inspiration from hanny faces and graceful

inspiration from happy faces and gracefu

pose that found its counterpart only in the swaving pines that swung in the winds

Yet, for all this beauty and restful movement and melody. I kept apart on the brown hills above and beyond, far up where the wild flowers were still untrodden by the foot of man; for I wanted to be alone to

think, to think of her. Besides, music is softened by distance, as wine is mellowed

I sat finally as the day wore by far away

up a wooded hollow, where the music fel bu

faintly. Some searlet briars, red with the

blood of the dying autumn, wreathed the

moss-made tomb of the prone monarch of

the mountains on which I sat. All was

silent, so silent, save the far, faint melody that came up the mountain side through th

pines fitfully on the wind, and as one that is weary and would go home to rest.

The tawny brown carpet of pine quills

grew golden as the sun lay level and in spars and bars and beams about me. The

miles and miles away for either hand and

far up the mountain beyond, became gold, a broken, billowy sea of molten gold.

And as I sat there throned amid this mo-

only color and form, but perfume and melody also, I not only saw this color, I

And even as I looked, the dying sun came

feebly through the forest boughs, a long slanting shaft of light and laid his red

dying sound of the merry musicians on their

homeward way to the station. And all the

time and all the way as we descended to the city I felt. I knew that the dimly outlined

lion of the desert was not a thing of chance.

on the white sands of the city.

My first question was for her, as I set foot

"She had gone away."

I took the venerable man aside, holding my head low that he might not see the tears

that ran down like rain; and as we passed

She came to us in the temple where we

And so it was that I found myself far out

## CHAPTER XIV.

rising on her arm she looked at me with the old pleasant and half playful smile and I have forborne to mention the sad and stow decline of this woman so far as possible. It was a continual pain to me; which I would not willingly convey to you. She had ever been to me like a tall red rose, towering up in a Damascau garden, with all its performe and its comely perfection. But now the red rose leaves were drooping, fading, falling, trembling in an autumn wind, slipping to the ground one by one, slantwise and silent.

She could give me but little of her time or strength as the days were by now. She became more than usually silent and meditative. Finding that she spent much of her leisure with the group of venerable men and women who talked of immortality and cultivated the undeveloped senses, I too sought their restrul and refined presence now nlmost daily. For I saw that she was surely dying. And yet she said nothing of pain or suffering; made no sign further than this muting of the rich red rose day by day. How brave she was! How serenely, silently, valorous in this going down into the valley of death! Would she faiter in the Would she turn back from the teachnes of Christ to the old and holy traditions Would the dark and prophetic eves of this daughter of Israel turn to the id and beaten paths of her people in these last days." These questions forced themsolves upon me continually now because I saw her companioned much by a venerable

man who had once been a Rabbi.

The happy people of the city all this time, however, were not permitted to concern themselves too much about her condition, ither mental or physical. They had been taught by word and by example that, since leath is in the world and must be met by each one of us, it is becoming that it should be met esimly and that no really good or great person will willingly east a shadow on More than this, they had been mught by word and example, that death is not entirely dreadful except as one make it so by worthless ceremonies of priests; and the miserable confusion of mind that foolish

mourners bring to the dying.

But in my concern for her I was suxious to know that she was firm in her faith and elief in the Savior of the world. I spoke to her very directly on this point one day as we sat by the babbling waters of the great untain near the palm trees. The Savier of the world? Certainly,

heaven. I assured her of my extreme happiness to

hear all this from her lips. But hardly heeding me, she said: "And how the world did need saving! Think how the Romans feet that it was not only color, but form; not cut down the woods round about Jerusalem to make crosses for their victims till the land was made a desert! And these Romans were the most civilized power on earth. of these Roman soldiers taking this meek wish that she could see, feel, breathe, hear and gentle Jesus Christ and nailing his it, I saw a form, the yellow form and comely hands and feet to a beam of wood and hang- I shape of a desert lion only a little distance hands and feet to die! And vet this one crucifixion of this gentle man was but one thousands; ave hundreds of thousands of die so
died to
Day had surrendered to night. Darkness
ed it by
was upon us. I followed the distant and lews nailed to logs and lifted up to by the records of Rome. Yes Christ died to the world; and he saved it; saved it by his holy precepts and example, and made such tearful scenes no longer po She paused for a little time and seemed to

be looking far away, as to another world.
And I was now even as disturbed as before; she had spoken of Christ not as a God "He died to save you," I said solemnly

and emphatically. "He died to save me, and He saved me saved me from myselt; taught me mercy. forgiveness; taught me Faith, Hope and slowly on under the palms in the dusk of Charity; taught me to say, Thy kingdom the night I implored him to tell me all. me on earth. And it has come." This last was said most earnestly and

after a long pause I was more disturbed than equiringly into her deep seer eyes. At and she talked as only the angels can talk.

Then, as if very weary, she passed on under at hand. Yes, the kingdom of heaven was the palms of the court to the inner temple at hand when Jesus Christ came. It was at | alone." hand when he hung on the cross, yet for centaries blood and darkness did prevail. Then the priests and the preachers came; the blind leading the blind, and things were but little better. They kept the kingdom of were words of fire and gold. 'Prove tome, heaven elsewhere. They did not understand. They could not conceive of the kingdom of heaven on earth any more than Roman soldiers could conceive of the | die. She half turned about, and looking divinity of Christ when He hang upon the | tenderly at the woman over her shoulder, said

"Then you do believe in the divinity of Christ," I cried, springing to my feet before

and the divicity of all men in the degree of their approach to that most exalted being," also answered with clasped hands and lifted

was again made miserable. At last I "The great men and women of the world in its advancement upward have ived and died in the faith that Christ was Good and the Saviour of the world. And I now implore you to believe that Christ came down and died to save the world,"

ler lips were firm and fixed as she said, barely above a whisper: "Jesus Christ died mave the world, not from God, but from He died to make life beautiful and death tolerable to man. And that, looking you in the eyes, soul to soul, and talking sel to you over my shoulder as I turn to go into another world, that is all, that is all, a, not I would not break nor shake your th, my friend, or the faith of any buman being. There are those who die by this faith Christ, and they shall surely live by this faith in Christ hereafter. But, ah me; the millions who have outgrown that! What of hem? Must they go down to the valley of larkness and in dread? Why, do you know what death is to the living, to the strong, the hopeful and happy? The bride turns cale at the altar, the young man grows descrate in his pleasures at the thought of

her all that had been taken away, and that she, as all others who love sincerity and simple truth, should begin the next life at her high-tide mark in this, and knowing, surely knowing, that I should see her thus, how careful was I to say naught, do naught that would make me less worthy to lift my

A match, a long vapory cloud of smoke tossing to the pine tops as we turned away. No more cost, and no more care. A little heap of ashes. And around the edges of this little burned spot some tall slim grasses came to stand in circle soon. And some wild flowers joined hands and drooped their heads there. That was all I saw there a little time later on as I stood under the great pines and heard their mighty melodies and saw the great, white, high-born rain come down like a benediction on her

mand notice in this new order of things. Some of these have been hinted at; others must remain for the present entirely unleft most hastily, to see this one fair woman of all the world, I know demanded my re-turn. Many were depending ou me. It was not a matter of money entirely; but there are matters of a higher order than money that must be looked after if we bear | ing her death too intolerably to remain. At

lands much like this same desert of yours. Well, now why may not man do what a woman has done?"

She paused, turned, looked at me, gave me her hand quickly and tenderly as she

"Man can; any man can who has a will. face to hers.

They bore her shouled form up to her mountain side, mantled close in the robes in which she died, early next morning, and none were coarse or cruel enough to seek to look into her tired face.

There was a depression in the great pile of sweet-smelling pine that lay furthest up the hill beyond the hospital; and here the body was laid,

"Mab can; any man can who has a will. Why, even as a cold commercial moneymaking investment, to say nothing at all of the good to be done, any one, two, three, wenty, fifty men could unite in any money center, send out one of their number, while the others kept on with their work at home, and let him select and then buy the land. This land, land anywhere on this continent, any man can who has a will. Why, even as a cold commercial moneymaking investment, to say nothing at all of gonia, will never be cheaper; and it can by such a simple combination of strength be made worth 50 times its cost; aye 50 times 50 wisely handled, as we have handled this

of ours. "Ah, if only those who would revolt, and who seek to pull down what others have built up, would come to the wilderness and lay the corner stones of new communities, fashioned after this one of yours!" I sighed.

sighed.
"I read of the rich people founding churches and hospitals," she said. "This is the covering up of the wounds in the nation's breast without in the least healing CHAPTER XVI.

I am here peremptorily once more forbidden for want of space to enter upon the
detail of at least a dozen things that deshe had given only one-tenth as much for a hospital out in this pure free air for the souls of men! But all these laws, all these mentioned: But one thing more and I creeds, all these lines of red tape that tie men down on their backs, what wonder that must draw these lines to a conclusion. My the world is crying out that progress means own affairs, which you must bear witness I pain and that life is not worth the living?"

CHAPTER XVII.

The time had come for my departure. For even the good priest saw that I was mourn-



our parts manfully in the battle of this life.

I mean of course life as it is now ordered by the hopeless laws of hate and envy and other side. The same wild, sweet melodies, "The Savier of the world? Certainly, the Savier of the world? Savier of the world, "she have savier the savier of the world, "she have each that the savier of the world? Certainly, the savier of the world? Certainly, the savier of the world, "she have each that the savier of the same wild, sweet-melodies, so soft, so still, so far away, as if they were air ship moved restlessly, and hat in hand a hue of gold as the sun fell down. The foliage all about grew red, then gold, then hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, bought the same graceful forms in the lofty ferms to save the same graceful forms in the lofty ferms are the once aspiring little plant, but the malice and meanness that have come down to us from all the years that have once aspiring little plant, but the so soft, so still, so far away, as if they were memories or dreams of blissful by-gone days, then gold, then foliage all about grew red, then gold the same graceful forms in the lofty fermit the once aspiring little plant, but the same wild, sweet-melodies, so soft, so still, so far away, as if they were memories or dreams of blissful by-gone days, the same graceful forms in the lofty fermit the once aspiring little plant, but the once aspiring little plant, but the huge and lofty trunks of the same wild, sweet-melodies, so soft, so still, so far away, as if they were memories or dreams of blissful by-gone days, the same graceful forms in the lofty fermit the once aspiring little plant, but the same wild, sweet-melodies, so soft, so still, so far away, as if they were memories or dreams of blissful by-gone days, as if they w

not say stay. Least of all they did not say go. They seemed to desire the largest lib-erty for others, as well as for themselves. All this time my mind, my heart, my whole soul kept turning back to her; to her heard it. Then suddenly, as I thought of her in connection with it and began so to and to her continually; to what she had made a very general application of my in-

terrogatory in these words:
"There are and have been priests," she said, "there also are and have been priestesses. The woman who has taken the place of her mother at the head of a ball grown family, the woman who has been true from girlhood on to her high ideal, the faithful girl whose lover faded from her sight and went to another world; the girl who espoused the cause of all mankind, and so could not betray all men ior the love of one man, ah, if the world would only understand the full meaning of that derisive appellation 'old maid' it would be coupled with a halo of reverential love and be uttered only with

bowed head and hands upon the breast."

I had uncovered my head as she spoke, for we had been slowly walking under the great pine trees by the tombs of her dead; and I held my head low and was still.

She saw, felt, knew, understood all. She was not willing that I should be for a mo-ment sad, even though that sadness may have been born of my own selfishness. And raising her head she said half laugh

repentance or contrivance, which only the preachers and the priests and even God himself is supposed to half understand. Yet

here shall man be told and be taught, if

need be, that he is at heart good and true and himself the savior of the world."

I bowed still more humbly and in silence

"Early marriages are encouraged; because

here with us, they mean content, happiness, health. The women weave their own fabrics

of silk or wool or cotton, for we must have employment for our hands even though,

the new nests they build and decorate for the reception of the new bride of the happy com-munity. Care? Care, indeed! Why these newly married children will be happy here

were talking of immortality and seeking some convincing evidence for doubtful and feeble souls that they may be less miserable "But there shall be no old maids here. And such happy marriages!"
"May I know why so especially happy?" I sighed.
"Why, only think and you will see. I begged the old man to tell me what she Take money and property out of the ques-tion and see how truth ul you can be, in this as in all other things. As things stand

now in the outer world a man of noble men-tal attainments will, for money, marry the very grossest of women oftentimes, or re-main single to the end. And again, a gir! of the very noblest type ever born may go to her grave unsought and unloved merely bein a low, firm voice: 'Nay, I cannot quite prove to you that man shall rise after death. cause she has no money. But see how it is here. There is no danger, no fear of want; everyone is equally wealthy. The last foot of ground is pledged to the prosperity and happiness of every new-bore babe. Aye, this world is beautiful, beautiful. And now man and woman shall I cannot quite prove to you that yonder setting sun will rise to-morrow; but I surely, surely believe it will rise. And so she passed on with a sign that none should follow her. "After a little time some young musicians for the first time since the expulsion be surely happy. But the pitiful part of it all came, as is their custom, and played at the door under the palm trees. And this even-ing, a special day of delight for all, there is man is as truly good or trying to be good as this world is beautiful or trying to be came many signers and they sang, sang so melodiously as the musicians played, and the sun went down. Then suddenly we heard her voice like a thread of gold in the beautiful; yet preacher, priest, poets, editors, reporters, all, everything and everybody is and ever has been trying to make him believe that he is bad; till he has come woof of harmony woven in with a most cunto half believe it; bad past redemption save by some strange and mysterious priestly

"We had never heard her sing before. was, perhaps, her first as it was her last song. There are many birds and of many hues, as you well know, in the foliage of the court there. Well, as the song ceased and the music died away, a bird, a wide-winged bird and white like snow, flew out and back from the way she had gone, and after circling three times above our heads. flew out through the wide high door and into the salling night. That was all. We bowed low our heads and wept in pity for

I turned back from the old man and like Penelope, we should weave by day only passed the night alone. But I saw no fur-

ourselves."

ther sign.
Remembering how she had deplored the sad habit of the world in staring at the wan, worn faces of the helpless dead, I overcame

wern faces of the helpless dead, I overcame this pleasures at the thought of feath, the old man is frenzied with fear at night, and cannot sleep. And why? He fears not hell, but annihilation. What, hen, shall be done for those whose broader brain and deeper comprehension cannot honself and truly say that Christ died, not to save man from God, but from himsel? Why convince him that he is himself God, hat he shall live, if he will believe, etermily? Teach him that he can, by culture and care, so refine himself that he can see, even as common animals surely sometimes see, beyond the portais of death."

She sank back against the lifted head of he lion skin exhausted, and covered her

world, and you will be stabbed to the heart.

And so I took the first occasion now to talk of my return to the elders. They did ing in His garden; but no note of mourn-

was hers. I rested my eyes on the empty chair and said. I had spoken to her of marriage. I felt that the music and the dance, even had spoken in a general way; and she had though never so quiet and restful, were out of place and inharmonious with her death.
"I understand your feelings," said the priest, softly, as he burried to my side. "But this is strictly in line with her life and

teachings." I raised my face to his and tried to be as "That is right," he said. "And do not imagine it is without effort that no note of sadness marks her absence from our mid-t. But she taught, and we all here believe that death is the greatest good that can hap-pen to the truly good. If this is true then she has attained to that blessing. Let us then rather rejoice. But as we cannot hon-estly rejoice in this irreparable bereavement we can at least restrain our selfish sorrow and go quietly on with the duties before us, as she desired. This obedience to her will is our best tribute to her memory, and will add most to her delight," "Then you surely feel that she lives in

death, and is capable of delight in the good deeds of men?" "Believe? I know," said the priest earnestly. "She not only lives in death, but is glorified in death, and she will appear to us in her own good time, as Christ appeared after the crucifixion. And if we are only face to face.

"I shall try to be worthy," I sighed in answer, "for the sight of her face would as-sure me of life beyond death. And the as-surance of life beyond death is the dethronement of the king of terrors; the death o

"But let me tell you one thing in this connection," said the priest after a pause, "She did not teach the resurrection of all nor the absolute democracy of death. One of the thieves on the cross was to be with Christ, not of him. She taught that there could be no more equality of souls in the be-ginning of the next life than there is in the winters' ago. "The Brooklyn Bridge," a end of this. And as for the other thief she taught that he simply was not saved because he had not faith or nope or charity, or any of the elements that tend to immortality."

"Aud so then she taught that some souls perish utterly?" "She taught that many souls perish utterly; and oftentime of their own will, by consenting to sinful ways, and descending by degrees to nothingness. She was in the habit of illustrating the resurrection of the worthy and the obliteration o' the unworthy by the grain which the sower sows in the spring time. The good grain, sull of hope and heart springs forth to meet the sun and be even more beautiful than before; but the black and parrow and withered seed come not forth any more, but perishes utterly and is resolved again to dust; body and soul."

"Strange," I said finally as the time for rising from the table drew near. "But I have been so busily employed and so constantly charmed that half a year has gone by, and I have not once thought of newspapers. But last night, as we were walking under the pines above her ashes, you spoke of having read recently of the Czar's ex-

"Daily," answered the priest.
"Does a mail come and go here?"
"Daily,"
"Then I can go on the mail line?"
"If you like."
"When does it leave?"
"To-morrow after breakfast, from the hill of pines above the hospital, ascending as the wind blows and the will of the people is with the air ship."
"But I have a horror of balloons. They are the creation of cranks."
I think it was pity that swept over his face; pity for me and my foolish and rude fashion of thought and speech. But the leok of pity or pain or whatever it may have

he said:

"If I should go with you to our mountain station on the Sierra Madra, from which point we reach the railway station by horse, would you feel more secure?"

"Ah, if you would but go."

And so we parted for the night; with the agreement that we should take the upbound mail train in the morning, breakfast with the Hardshell Baptist 'convict' at the hospital and then take the air ship for the Sierra Madra mountains.

The beautiful air ship hung as permanently in its place as a pine cone. The place

nently in its place as a pine cone. The place of starting was as well established and as well appointed as that of any railway stawell appointed as that of any railway station. The conductor opened the little door
of the airy little car and beckened me to the
nearest of the two silken cushioned seats.
The priest stood at the open door, one foot
half within. He was about to enter
and take the remaining seat. I half
turned my face from him to the
seat opposite which he was about to occupy,
when my heart leaped so wildly that the
little quivering car trembled. For there
she sat! Sat serene, silent, in all her pershe sat! Sat serene, silent, in all her per-fect and imperious beauty. I surely did not speak. But I must have thrust out my hand toward the priest to impel him back from the seat he was about to take; for he hesitated, as it understanding that now at the last I did not fear or need his company,

and stepping back with another bow the car bounded into the air.

Boom! boom! boom! We were being im-pelled on our course by the force of sound from the saltpeter mountain.
I lifted my eyes to her timidly, tenderly

as we sped on. Never was being of this earth so divinely, so radiantly beautiful. What need of word or deed. It was enough to be, and be silent.

Soon our swift and wide-winged bird alit at its station on another mountain top among the pines. Looking out through the window I caught my breath with dismay.

For now I knew that I must leave her and go on my darkened way of life alone to the other side of darkness. There stood ten horses waiting for the outgoing mail. One of these horses I was to ride, to reach the railroad station a few miles below.

She did not leave the car. The conductor and engineer stood aiting for a favoring breeze. And she reached me her hand, her warm, streng and beautiful hand without a moment of delay. Many at the other end of the line were waiting for their letters and she would not prolong their waiting. she would not prolong their waiting; still thinking of others than herself. I held her hand a long time, held it tight and close, as hink for a moment of others than myself, "Madam, many men come to me, many good young men and many good young women, asking the right way of life. Now this is the right way; this is their own ideal way. Let me send them to you. I beg you, madam, my princess, my madonna, let me send them to you, to your city, your soul,

moment, and then suddenly looking up and sired and soon set the plant with a good handful of rich earth still clinging to its roots in the sun at the door of the car. But alas, I had scarcely set it down in the full blaze of light when its head drooped, it profusion. hung low and heavily, and in the hot air and the fervid light of the sun it slowly sank down, withered and dead at her feet.

I saw. I understood. The young and eager and imaginative souls who came to me from the snadows of the world would not, and a tried and well and well and the snadows of the world would not. could not wisely and well endure this new order of things to which she has lifted this one little portion of the world by so much endurance, long suffering and unselfishness. I saw and understood that too much is depending on this experiment of hers to risk its failure by a promiscuous multitude of strange and untried souls. There was a breath of air. It did not re-

A wave of her hand from the ship, wave of my hat as I tip-toed up in the air toward her. And then I turned, mounted ing, no making of foolish and affected my horse and rode on down the mountain; lamentations in long-drawn speeches; the and soon was again with the pigmies of ac respect of profound silence concerning her tion and of thought; thankful indeed that I had been permitted to see at least one spot of the earth as it may be.

[THE END.] HIS PET SUPERSTITION.

A Manager Will Have Nothing to Do With Cross-Eved Men.

Here is a new story about actors' supersti tions: "I have never been troubled with many superstitions," said a theatrical man ager to a writer on the New York Star, yesterday, "but I will admit that I don't like cross-eyed men. I took a little venture out on the road a couple of years ago and appeared at Danbury, Conn. The first man I met when I got off the train was a crosseyed hotel porter. He was so ugly that I remembered his face, though I thought nothing of it at the time.

The first man to come up to get his paper in the bill-posting brigade was crosseyed, and the local manager said some people would say that that meant ill luck. I was in the box office when it opened, and the first man to buy a ticket was crosseyed flat, actors got sick, beggage went astray, and I sunk about all the money I had. Since then I would not open in any town

THE DEADLY BOB-SLED.

It Is a Thing of the Past on the Streets of Big Cities. Albany Journal. 1

The deadly bob sled has not yet been restored to favor by the return of winter weather. The only reminders of the days when the bobs possessed the town are the few and little ones that the younger boys have on the small hills. They are but feeble imitations of the champions of a few 40-footer, was the biggest bob, and the "Snail," which comfortably carried 25 passengers, was the fastest.

It was very dangerous sport, this bob-sledding, although the hill streets were carefully policed and traffic regulated to suit the men, women and children, who made a scientific business of sliding down hill. Not less than half a hundred maimed and crippled reminders of the days when the bobs ruled the city may yet be seen in its streets. And more than one grave in the neighbor-ing cemeteries is occupied by a victim of the dangers of the sport.

THE ORIGIN OF DENVER'S NAME. Patriotic Englishman is Quite Certain

British Village Gave It. Denver Republican.

An Englishman, who has evidently heard considerable of Denver's greatness, is now traveling in the Eastern part of this country, and has written several letters to Mayor Londoner. His inquiries have been as to pelling the Jews; do you receive papers In answer to a letter received a few days here?" the origin of the name of our thriving city.

In answer to a letter received a few days since the Mayor informed him that General Denver was the individual for whom the city was named when but a village.

His correspondent, however, is not willing to give up the idea that there is something English about us. In a letter received by the Mayor yesterday he inquires if General Denver was not of English birth, and thinks some of his ancesters must certainly have come from England. He says it was quite common for early English families to adopt the name of their native town as the surusme of their children. Reasoning through this, he thinks this city certainly was named for the little obscure village of Denver, England. He signs himself R. K. Cantley.

been did not last. Leaning a little forward, THE EARTH TREMBLES

Nearly Every Day in the Quaint Old City of Arequipa, Peru.

A THREATENING VOLCANO NEARBY

Are Forever Ripening. ALMOST A PERPETUAL SPRINGTIME

It Lies in a Green Valley Where Fruits

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. AREQUIPA, PERU, Dec. 22.-More than 400 years ago this second city of Peru was a half-way halting-place for travelers between the lottier Andes and the sea and bence came by its name, Arequipa, the word in the aboriginal tongue signifying "Place of Rest." As early as the days of Rocca, the sixth Inca, who conquered all this part of Peru, it was a military colony. In 1540 Pizarro transformed it into a Spanish stronghold, but with better taste than characterized most of his nomenclature did not change its

ancient name. Just back of the town towers the lofty rolcano Misti, quiescent now, but ready to ourst forth again, perhaps as an accompaniment of another tremendous earthquake, something as Mount Etna rises behind Catania. Nearly 18,000 feet in height, a per/ect cone, topped with eternal snow, with perpetual summer at its base, Misti is one of the most beautiful mountains of the whole Andean system. On one side of it stands the lesser mountain, Pichupichu, with foothills stretching away in the distance, and on the other side snow-crowned Charchan; then comes Coropuna and then the elevated Pampa (plain) de Arrieros, stretching away to the volcano Ufinas, dimly seen toward the Bolivian frontier.

Surrounded by Deserta

Modern travelers have likened Arequipa to Damascus, not only because of its low walls and gray surroundings, but because, like the Oriental city, it stands upon the edge of a desert, all its verdure depending thinking of others than herself. I held her hand along time, held it tight and close, as if to keep her with me always. Words are idle, empty things, and neither of us now had any use for them. At last I said, trying hard to be at least a little like her and the like her and th not furnish sufficient water for bountiful irrigation, but wherever it can be turned on, the land is rendered wonderfully productive and is worth \$1,000 per acre and upward.

The altitude of Arequipa is not quite 8,000 feet, just high enough, in this latitude, to insure perfect weather from year to year. No words can do justice to the Her face grew a bit sad and troubled for a the climate, never excessively hot and never cool enough for fires, with scarcely any change between midsummer and midwinter, out under a clump of pines where grew a very tall, rank weed that reached in vain for the sun, she made a sign that I should bring it suddenly from the shadow and lay it in the sun. I hastened to do as she derains seldom fall during the day and never

As an illustration of the variety of fruits As an illustration of the variety of fruits growing hereabouts, I may mention that toward the end of January (a year ago) some friendly Arequipanians gave to the writer a birthday fete in the form of a picnic. The party went by special train to a point 18 miles or more from the city, where we were landed in a sand bank, not even a we were landed in a sand bank, not even a house or tree or blade of grass being in sight, everywhere nothing but gray sand and broken boulders. By dint of scrambling, sliding and rolling down a very steep hill, which was a foot deep in loose sand and stones, we came at last to the level of the river, dashing noisily along its rocky bottom and crossed by a charming old arch of adobe as quait as the early Spaniard. of adobe, as quaint as the early Spaniards

Then following the devious windings of the stream, past several bamboo casas of local farmers, we came at length to the dense shade of a natural grove of fig trees, whose broad leaves and far-reaching b roofed a carpet of softest grass, sprinkled with wild flowers, the rocky wall of the lower hillside draped with a thick curtain of golden nasturtiums and the river bank fringed with heliotrope, musk and blue-starred myrtle. There, almost within reach of our hands, grew, ripe and luscious, figs, grapes, strawberries, apricots, plums, pears and peaches, the three latter varieties only having been planted by the ranchman, th others being the spontaneous products of the

Very Uncertain, Politically,

The present population of Arequipa is about 40,000, not nearly so great as in times long past. Yet it is still one of the principal places in Peru, second only to Lims; and being the capital of a rich department and the place of residence of a bishop, has always exercised considerable influence on the politics of the country. The Indian population of the higher altitudes are much more courageous and turbulent than those living nearer the sea, and are fully alive to the pleasures of a revolution or an election riot; while the higher classes are opulent, proud, independent, and prone to resist the Governmental fiats sent forth from Lima. Indeed the people seem to be as uncertain, politically and socially, as the ground upon which their city stands, if one may judge by the frequency of revolutions and insurrec-

During the last three centuries there have been as many as 13 severe earthquake shocks and innumerable lighter ones; and in the same length of time scarcely a seaso the same length of time scarcely a season has gone by without one or more political revolts, while plots and counter plots against the powers that be are constantly going on. In 1867 the city was bombarded for three days by the President of the republic, who failed to capture it, and I doubt if there who inled to capture it, and I doubt it there has ever yet been a peaceable election. During our stay here we have had several glimpses of incipient revolutions and bloody skirmishes.

Guinea Pig for Breakfast.

We had been in the habit of going out on horseback with a few friends, about once a week, to a suburban village called Paucar-pati, where it is the correct thing to breakfast on Guinea pig and other local delica-cies. But the next day after our last visit there another party "came to grief" in a terrible manner. It seems that two groups of rival political factions happened to meet in front of the breakfasting place and, as usual, at once resorted to such convincing arguments as are contained in pistols, dagarguments as are contained in pistols, daggers, stones and clubs. A young Englishman of the visiting party received a bullet through his hat, as shots and missiles came fiving through the windows; the ladies fainted, the landlord was wounded almost unto death, and one servant was killed. The party was compelled to remain there all day and night, for fighting was kept up at irregular intervals along the road to town, though troops were sent out twice to disperse the insurgents; and the record of the day's casualties amounted to more than 100 killed and wounded.

In earlier days there was no town in the In earlier days there was no town in the interior of South America so well built as

interior of South America so well built as Arequipa, but numerous earthquakes have taught the people the wisdom of sticking religiously to a certain not pretentious style of architecture. There is a great scarcity of timber here, or it would be popular in the construction of the houses, for those made of wood can hold out against quaking and heaving foundations better than others made of more solid materials.

low height of the buildings, so that the fall-ing walls did not in most places cover the whole of the streets, the loss of life was less

than it would otherwise have been.

I have heard the story of that terrible time from the lips of several who lost home and loved ones by it. The first shock was felt loved ones by it. The first shock was felt about 5 o'clock P. M. in a slight termor of the ground, which increased in violence at intervals of 15 or 20 seconds, until presently the buildings began to topple. The instant a terremote is felt, the people rush, pellmell, out of doors, at whatever hour of day or night, regardless of clothes or any other consideration but self-preservation; and immediately afterward, soon as the man whose express business it is can reach the beliry, every bell in the city begins to toll, as an expression of prayer for deliverance, or of appeal, if the terror has not subsided. On the occasion described, the quaking of the the occasion described, the quaking of the earth was accompanied by an awful rum-bling, similar to the noise of an avalance and in less than three minutes the church tower fell and the bells came crashing to the ground.

Not a House Left Entire.

The great effort of everybody was to keep well in the middle of the widest streets, to be more out of the reach of flying stones and timber, and to reach the broad open space of the main plaza as the safest place; but the earth shook so that it was extremely difficult to keep one's feet, and in their flight scores were buried under falling walls or killed by the debris that filled the air. The whole citys was enveloped in clouds of dust and darkness, and above the sound of the horrible rumbling re-echoed cries of human anguish, the frantic bellowing of beasts, the howling of terrified dogs and the cracking of tumbling buildings. Not a single house was left entire in Arequipa, and but one church tower remained—that of Santa Catarina; but it was so damaged that it had to be pulled down. For weeks the citizens were

compelled to live in tents pitched near the bank of the river, and for many days none dared to return to town, because the rum-bling and shocks continued. Of course the rougher element ventured forth first, and many families whose valuables were spared by the earthquake, or were but partially buried in the debris, lost all at the hands of thieves. Meanwhile Mount Misti, which had not been in eruption before during the the historical period, vomited forth quantities of mud, lava and clouds of smoke, the latter completely hiding its sides from view latter completely hiding its sides from view, but through the darkness came the horrible sound of falling boulders and a roaring as of a colossal furnace.

Ruins of the Woman's Hospital. The usually calm river was rendered im-

passable and unfit for use, by reason of its sudden violence and sulphurous odors, while the rise in its waters was so great and rapid that within six hours several villages in the adjacent valley were swept entirely out of existence. The sick in the hospitals and the prisoners in the carcel, being un-able to flee, were buried in the runs. Just now, after 23 years they are clearing out the debris from the fallen walls of what was once the woman's hospital and occupied a square in the central part of the city. We oiten extend our morning walks in that direction, and seldom pass without seeing a skull, a trunk, or some other portion of a human skeleton, removed with the dust and stones and crumbled plaster. Fast as the workmen shovel into the debris, it is dumped into boxes that are run in on an improvised railway, while a cart stands near into which the bones are mostly piled and carried off to

the cemetery.

The last time we paused to watch the progress of the work, one of the diggers picked out an arm bone, wrapped it in a bit of coarse checked flannel that lay in the dirt near it, and presented it to me for a recuerdo

a gruesome souvenir of not the least sad
part of the great catastrophe. Eighty
women, helpless in their beds, buried amid women, helpless in their beds, buried amid topling walls, and not one of them saved! It is to be hoped that all were instantly killed, and none left wounded to perish by slow starvation. Stranger still it seems that their remains were never taken from the heap in which they fell, but were left unburied for more than 20 years in the heart of the city.

NO WASTE IN HOTELS.

Guesta' Dishes.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette In a widely published letter from the pen of M. Paul Blouet, better known by his pen name, "Max O'Rell," was the statement that the average American hotel of the large cities wasted lood enough every day to feed half a regiment of hungry soldiers. Max O'Rell formulated this conclusion from the dining-room side of hotel life. "He is talking about something of which he is altogether ignorant," said a hotel proprietor last night, referring to O'Reil's statement. "If we did business in the way O'Rell fancies we do, there would be little use in attempting to operate a hotel for

"Practically there is little waste at the table. He sees a great deal of food returned to the kitchen without the imprint of even a fork. He jumps, therefore, at the conclusion that this is all 'waste.' It isn't. He forgets the hundreds of employes we have to feed. He forgets, too, that what little 'waste' there is is given to the charitable institutions, whose wagons call regularly every day. If he calls this 'waste' he is in error. Mr. O'Rell may know how to write, but we know how to run a hotel. The Reilly who kept a hotel isn't to be com-

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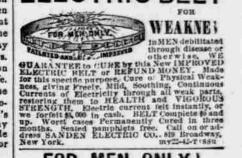
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