THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1891.

plies indifferently that an act is criminal, immoral, against sound public policy, un-

becoming, or (as we say) "not in good form." Many tapus were in consequence

absurd enough, such as those which deleted words out of the language, and particularly

those which related to women. Tapus en-circled women upon all hands. Many things were forbidden to men; to women we

may say that few were permitted. They

must not sit on the paepae, they must not go up to it by the stair; they must not eat pork;

they must not approach a boat; they must

is a thing no self-respecting lady dares to use. Thus on the Anaho side of the island,

only two white men, Mr. Regier and the

noticed that these prohibitions tend most to

seen it as the organ of paternal government. It serves besides to enforce, in the rare case

the coming and going of Marquesan visitors.

tapus his door, and to this day you may see the palm-branch signal even as our

great-grandfathers saw the peeled wand before a Highland inn. Or

Marquesas, of breadfruit. And a Marquesan does not readily conceive life possible

without his favorite diet. A few years ago, drought killed the breadfruit trees and

the bananas in the district of Anaho; and from this calamity, and the open-handed

eustoms of the island, a singular state of things arose. Well-watered Hatihue had

scaped the drought; every householder of Anaho accordingly crossed the pass, chose some one in Hatihue, "gave him his name"—an onerous gift, but one not to be rejected

-and from this improvised relative pro-ceeded to draw his supplies, for all the world as though he had paid for them.

Hence a continued traffic on the road. Some stalwart fellow, in a loin cloth, and glisten-

ing with sweat, may be seen at all hours of

gap, a dozen stone posts on the wayside in

the shadow of a grove mark the breathing

place of the popol carriers. A little back from the beach, and not half a mile from

Anaho, I was the more amazed to find a

cluster of well-doing breadfruits heavy with

"Why do you not take these?" I asked.

myself (after the manner of dull travelers)

what children and foois these people were to toil over the mountain and despoil inno-cent neighbors when the staff of life was

"Tapu," said Hoka; and I thought to

the day, a stick across his bare shoulders tripping nervously under a double burden of green fruits. And on the far side of the

an increased reserve between the sexes.

Fast Disappearing.

A DISEASE OF WILL RATHER THAN OF BODY.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Second Letter From the Pacific Isles-Lands Where Life Is a Dream and Nature Contributes Its Choicest Gifts to Human Happiness-Startling Statistics in Regard to a Wonderful People That Soon Will Be No More-The Polynesian Dread of Death and Belief in Ghosts-The Mysterious Tapu Which, Though Founded in Superstition, Is More Potent Than the Laws of Kings.

> [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 LETTER NO. 2.

> > struck us with a chill. Talk languished on the beach. As for the cook (whose con-

science was not clear), he never afterward set foot on shore, and twice, when the Casco appeared to be driving on the rocks, it was

amusing to observe that man's alacrity;

death, he was persuaded, awaiting him on the beach. It was more than a year later,

in the Gilberts, that the explanation dawned upon me. The natives were drawing palm tree wine, a thing for-bidden by law; and when the wind thus

suddenly revealed them, they were doubt-less more troubled than ourselves.

The thought of death, I have said, is upper-most in the mind of the Marquesan. It

would be strange if it were otherwise. The race is perhaps the handsomest extant. Six feet is about the middle height of males; they are strongly muscled, free from fat, swift in action, graceful in repose; and the women, though fatter and dulier, are still

omely animals. To judge by the eye, there

is no race more viable; and yet death reaps them with both band. When Bishop Dor-dillon first came to Tai-o-hae, he reckoned the inhabitants at many thousands; he was but newly dead, and in the same bay Stan-

islao Moanatini counted on his fingers eight residual natives. Or take the valley of

Hapas, known to readers of Hermant Mel-

ville under the grotesque misspelling of Hapar. The tribe of Hapaa is said to have

numbered some 400, when the smallpox came and reduced them one-fourth. Six months later a woman developed tubercular

consumption; the disease spread like a fire about the valley, and in less than a year

two survivors, a man and a woman, fied from that new-created solitude. A similar

Adam and Eve may some day wither among new races, the tragic residue of Britain.

When I first heard this story, the date staggered me; but I am now inclined to

think it possible. Early in the year of my visit, for example, or late the year before, a

first case of phthisis appeared in a house-hold of 17 persons, and by the month of Au-

gust, when the tale was told me, one soul survived, and that was a boy who had been

absent at his schooling. And depopulation works both ways, the doors of death being

set wide open, and the door of birth almost

closed. Thus, in the half-year ending July,

1888, there were 12 deaths and but one birth in the district of the Hatihen. Seven or

eight more deaths were to be looked for in the ordinary course; and M. Aussel, the ob-

servant gendarme, knew of but one likely

prise if the population in that part should have declined in 40 years from 6,000 to less

than 400; which are once more, on the au-thority of M. Aussel, the estimated figures.

celerated toward the end.

At this rate, it is no matter of sur-

Of the beauties of Anaho, books might be f at all hours we were similarly supervised, ritten. I remember waking about 3, to ad the air temperate and scented. The ong swell brimmed into the bay, and seemed p fiel it full and then subside. Gently, ceply and silently the Casco rolled; only at es a block piped like a bird. Oceanward he beaven was bright with stars and the sea ith their reflections. If I looked to that de, I might have sung with the Hawaiian

a maomao Ka lani ya Kahasa luna Ja pipi ka maka o ka hoku. The heavens were fair, they stretched above, my were the eyes of the stars.)

And then I turned shoreward, and high qualis were over head; the mountains med up black, and I could have fancied had slipped 10,000 miles away and was nchored in a Highland loch; that when the



ay came it would show pine, and heather nd green fern, and roofs of turf sending up smoke of peats; and the alien speech that ould next greet my ears must be Gaelic,

And day, when it came, brought other ghts and thoughts. I have watched the rning break in many quarters of the orld; it has been certainly one of the chief ys of my existence, and the dawn that I w with most emotion shone upon the bay Anaho. The mountains abruptly overang the port with every variety of surface d of inclination, lawn, and cliff, and fort. Not one of these but were its proper at of saffron, of sulphur, of the clove, and the rose. The luster was like that of tin; on the lighter hues there seemed to at an efflorescence; a solemn bloom apared on the more dark. The light itself the ordinary light of morning, colorless nd clean; and on this ground of jewels, neiled out the least detail of drawing. feanwhile, around the hamlet, under the alms, where the blue shadow lingered, the ed coals of cocoa husk and the light trails smoke betrayed the awakening business the day; along the beach, men and omen, lads and lasses, were returning from he bath in bright rasment, red and blue ad green, such as we delighted to see in colored little pictures of our childhood; presently the sun had cleared the eastn hill, and the glow of the day was over

The glow continued and increased, the ness, for the main part, ceased before it ad begun. Twice in the day there was a crtain stir of shepherding along the seaard hills. At times a canoe went out to At times a woman or two languidly lled a basket in the cotton patch. At mes a pipe would sound out of the shadow a house, ringing the changes on its three otes, with an effect like que le jour me ure repeated endiessly. Or at times, cross a corner of the bay, two natives ight communicate in the Marquesan manwith conventional whistlings. All else as sleep and silence. The surf broke and one around the shores; a species of black ane fished in the broken water; the black igs were continually galloping by on ome affair; but the people might never My favorite haunt was opposite the amilet, where was a landing in a cove unr a lianged cliff. The beach was lined th palms and a tree called the burne, omething between the fig and mulberry in rowth, and bearing a flower like a great ellow poppy with a maroon heart. In laces rocks encroached upon the sand: the each would be all submerged, and the surf ould bubble warmly as high as to my nees, and play with cocoanut husks as our ore homely occan plays with wreck and rack and bottles. As the reflux drew own, marvels of color and design streamed stween my feet, which I would grasp at, ins or seize, now to find them what they comised, shells to grace a cabinet or be set gold upon a lady's finger; now to entch nly maya of colored sand, pounded frag-ients, and pebbles, that, as soon as they ere dry, became as dull and homely as the ats upon a garden path. I have toiled at is childish pleasure for hours in the rong sun, conscious of my incurable ignornce, but too keenly pleased to be ashamed. leanwhile, the blackbird (or his tropical erstudy) would be fluting in the thickets

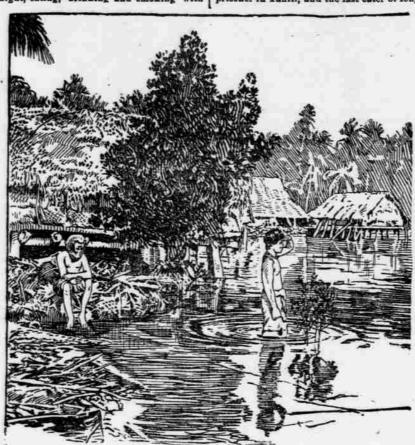
A little further, in the turn of the bay, a resulet trickled in the bottom of a gien, nence spilling down a stair of rock into ne sea. The draught of air drew down ler the toliage in the very bottom of the ien, which was a perfect arbor for coolness. front it stood open on the blue bay and e Casco lying there under her awning and er cheerful colors. Overhead was a thatch buraos, and over these again palms randished their bright fans, as I have seen conjurer make himself a halo out of aked swords. For in this spot, over a sek of low land at the foot of the mounins, the trade wind streams into Anaho ay in a flood of almost constant volume of velocity, and of a heavenly coolness. It chanced one day that I was ashore in a cove with Mrs. Stevenson and the ship's look. Except for the Casco lying outside, look to be a ship and the ever busy wind ed a crane or two, and the ever busy wind d sea, the face of the world was of a prestoric emptiness; li'e appeared to stand ockstill, and the sense of isolation was refound and refreshing. On a sudden, the ade wind, coming in a gust over the inth-us, struck and scattered the fans of the lms above the dell; and, behold! in two of tops there sat a native, motionless as an d and watching us, you would have said, th a wink. The next moment the tree sed and the glimpse was gone. This dis-very of human presences latent overhead a place where we had supposed our-

A NOBLE RACE THAT IS DYING.

Soul is at rest. I was told a droll instance of the force of this preoccupation. The Polynesians are subject to a disease seemingly rather of the will than of the body. I was told the Tahitians have a word for it, erimatua, but cannot find it in my dictionary. A gendarme, M. Nouveau, has seen men beginning to succumb to this insubstantial malady, has routed them from their houses, turned them on to do their trick upon the roads, and in two days has seen them cured. But this other remedy is more them cured. But this other remedy is more them cured. But this other remedy is more original: A Marquesan, dving of this discouragement—perhaps I should rather say this acquiescence—has been known, at the fulfilment of his crowning wish, on the mere sight of that desired hermitage, his coffin—to revive, recover, shake off the hand of death, and be restored for years this context. to his occupations—carving tikis, let us say, or braiding old men's beards. From all this it may be conceived how easily they meet death when it approaches naturally. I heard one example, grim and picturesque. In the time of the smallpox in Hapaa, an old man was seized with the disease; he had no thought of recovery; had his grave dug by a wayside, and lived in it for near a forturally night, eating, drinking and smoking with

was appointed chief, his name—which signified, if I remember exactly, Prince born among flowers—fell in abeyance, and he was dubbed instead by the expressive byword, Taipi-Kikino — Highwater-man-of-no-account—or Englishing more boldly, Reggar on horseback—a witty and a wicked cut. A nickname in Polynesia destroys almost the memory of the original name. To-day, if we were Polynesians, Gladstone would be no more heard of. We should speak of and address our Nestor as the Grand Old Man, and it is so that himself would sign his corand it is so that himself would sign his correspondence. Not the prevalence, then, but the significancy of the nickname is to be noted here. The new authority began with small prestige. Taipi has now been some time in office; from all I saw he seemed a person very fit. He is not the least unpopular, and yet his power is nothing. He is a chief to the French, and goes to breakfast with the resident; but for any practical end of chie tainey, a rag doll were equally effi-

We had been but three days in Anaho Hatiheu, a man of weight and fame, late leader of a war upon the French, late prisoner in Tahiti, and the last eater of long



NATIVES TAKING THEIR BATH.

and equally unconcerned for himself and careless of the friends whom he infected. This proneness to suicide and loose seat in life is not peculiar to the Marquesan. What is peculiar is the widespread depression and acceptance of the national end. Pleasures are neglected, the dance lan-guishes, the songs are forgotten. In like nanner the Marquesan, never industrious, begins now to cease altogether from produc-The exports of the group decline out of all proportion even with the death rate of the islanders. "The coral waxes, the palm grows and man departs," says the Mar-quesan, and he folds his hands. Over all the landward shore of Anaho cotton runs like a wild weed; man or woman, whoever comes to pick it, may earn \$1 in the day; yet when we arrived the trader's storehouse was entirely empty; and before we left it was near full. So long as the Casco was yet anchored in the bay, it behooved everyone to make his visit: bay, it behooved everyone to make his visit; and to this end every woman must have a new dress, and every man a shirt and trousers. Never before, in Mr. Regler's experience, had they displayed so much

In their despondency there is an element of dread. The fear of ghosts and of the dark is very deeply written in the mind of the Polynesian; not least of the Marquesan. Poor Taipi, the chief of Anaho, was con-demned to ride to Hatihen on a moonless night. He borrowed a lantern, and sat a long while nerving himself for the adventure, and when he at last departed, wrung the Cascos by the hand as for a final separation. Certain presences, called vehinehae, frequent and make terrible the nocturnal roadside; I was told by one they were like so much must, and as the traveler walked into them dispersed and dissipated; another described them as being shaped like men and having eyes like cats; from none could I obtain the smallest clearness as to what they did or

wherefore they were dreaded.

We used to admire exceedingly the bland And the rate of decline must have even acand gallant manners of the chief. An ele-gant guest at table, skilled in the use of The Marquesan beholds with dismay the approaching extinction of his race. The thought of death sits down with him to knife and fork, a brave figure when he shouldered a gun and started for the woods after meat and rises with him from his bed; he wild chickens, always serviceable, always ingratiating and gay, I would sometimes wonder where he found his cheerfulness. He had enough to sober him, I thought, in lives and breathes under a shadow of mer-tality awful to support; and he is so inured to the apprehension that he greets the reality with relief. He does not even seek to suphis official budget. His expenses, for he was always seen attired in virgin white,



THE BAY OF ANAHO,

breach of one of his fleeting and communistic love affairs, he seeks an instant refuge in the grave. Hanging is now the fashion. I heard of three who had hanged themselve in the west end of Hiva-oa during the first half of 1888; but though this be a common form of suicide in other parts of the South Seas, I cannot think it will continue popular in the Marquesas. Far more suitable to the Marquesan sentiment is the old form of poisoning with the fruit of the eva, which offers to the native suicide a cruel but de-liberate death, and gives time for those de-cenies of the last hour to which he attaches such remarkable importance. The coffin can thus be at hand, the pigs killed, the cry of the mourners sounding already through the house; and then it is, and not before, that the Marquesan is conscious of achievement, his life all rounded in, his robes (like Casar's) adjusted for the final act. Praise not any man till he is dead, said the ancients; envy not any man till you hear the mourners, might be the Marquesan parody.

The coffin, though of late introduction, strangely engages their attention. It is to the mature Marquesan what a watch is to the European schoolboy. For ten years Queen Vackehu had dunned the fathers; at

must by far have exceeded his income of \$6 in the year, or, say, 2 shillings a month. And he was himself a man of no substance, his house the poorest in the village. It was currently supposed that his elder brother, Kauanui, must have helped him out. But how comes it that his elder brother should succeed to the family estate and be a wealthy commoner, and the younger be a poor man and yet rule as chief in Anaho? That the one should be wealthy and the other almost indigent is probably to be explained by som adoption; for comparatively few children are brought up in the house or succeed to the estates of their natural begetters. That the one should be chief instead of the other must be explained (in a very Irish fashion) on the ground that neither of them is a chief at all.

Since the return and the wars of the Since the return and the wars of the French, many chiefs have been deposed, and many so-called chiefs appointed. We have seen, in the same house, one such upstart drinking in the company of two such extruded island Bourbons, men, whose word a few years ago was life and death, now sunk to be peasants like their neighbors. Our chief at Annho was always called, he place where we had supposed our-slone, the immobility of our last, but the other day, they let her have her bery coffin, and the thought that perhaps will, gave her hery coffin, and the woman's wand of his false position. As soon as he

the passers-by, talking mostly of his end, | pig in Nukahiva. Not many years have elapsed since he was seen striding on the beach of Anaho, a dead man's arm across his shoulder. "So does Koosmua to his enemies!" he roared to the passers-by, and took a bite from the raw flesh. And now, behold thisgentleman, very wisely reponed in office by the French, paving us a morn-ing visit in European clothes. He was the man of the most character we had yet seen; his manners genial and decisive, his person tall, his face rugged, astute, formidable, and with a certain similarity to Mr. Gladstone's
—only for the brownness of the skin, and the



IN EACH TREE THERE SAT A NATIVE.

engaged, he must have devoted about ten minutes' patient study; nor did he desist before he had divined the principles; and he was interested even to excitement by a typewriter which he learned to work. When he departed he carried away with him a list of his samily, with his own name printed by his own hand at the bottom. I should add that he was plainly much of a humorist, and not a little of a humbug. He told us, for instance, that he was a person of exact sobriety; such being the obligation of his high estate; the commons might be sots, but the chief could not stoop so low. And not many days after he was to be observed in a state of smiling and lopsided imbecility, the Casco ribbon

upside down on his dishonored hat, But his business that morning in Anahe is what concerns us here. The devil fish, it formant, almost no tapu had been put in seems, were growing scarce upon the ree; it use, except the two described; he had thus was judged fit to interpose what we should call a close season; for that end, in Poly nesio, a tapu has to be declared, and who was to declare it? Taipi might; he ought; it was a chief part of his duty; but would anyone regard the inhibition of a Beggar or Horseback? He might plant palm branches; it did not in the least follow that the spo was sacred. He might recite the spell; it was shrewdly supposed the spirits would not hearken. And the old legitimate cannibal must ride over the moun-tains to do it for him; and the respectable official in white clothes could but look on and envy. At about the same time, though in a different manner, Koosmua established a forest law. It was observed the cocos palms were suffering, for the plucking of green nuts impoverishes and at last endangers the tree. Now Koommus could tapu the reef, which was public property, manufactured article; and that even if it but he could not tapu other people's palms and the expedient adopted was interesting He tapued his own trees, and his example was imitated all over Hatiheu and Anaho. I fear Taipi might have tapued all that he possessed and found none to follow him. We all practise the Alexandra limp; but Lame Jervas rolls along the road unnoted. So much for the esteem in which the dignity of an appointed chief is held by others; single circumstance will show what he thinks of it himself. I never met one but he took an early opportunity to explain his situation. True, he was only an appointed chief when I beheld him; but somewhere else, perhaps upon some other isle, he was a chieftain by descent; upon which ground he asked me (so to say it) to excuse his mush

room honors.
It will be observed with surprise that both these tapus are for thoroughly sensible ends. With surprise, I say, because the nature of

and the punishment of infraction either wasting or a deadly sickness. A slow disease follows on the eating of tapu fish, and can only be cured with the bones of the same fish burned with the due mysteries. The ecceanut and breadfruit tapu works more swiftly. Suppose you have eaten tapu truit at the evening meal, at night your sleep will be uneasy; in the morning, swell-ing and a dark discoloration will have attacked your neck, whence they spread up-ward to the face; and in two days, unless the cure be interjected, you must die. This cure is prepared from the rubbed leaves of the tree rom which the patient stole; so that he cannot be saved without contessing to the kahuku the person whom he wronged. In the experience of my inno opportunity to learn the nature and operation of the others; and, as the art o making them was jealously guarded among the old men, he believed the mystery would soon die out. I should add that he was no Marquesan, but a Chinaman, a resident in the group from boyhood, and a revent be liever in the spelts which he described. White men, among whom Ah Foo included himsel; were exempt, but he had a tale of a Tabitian woman, who had come to the Marquesas, eaten tapu fish, and, although unin-formed of her offense and danger, had been afflicted and cured exactly like a native. We read in Dr. Campbell's Poenamo of New Zealand girl, who was foolishly told that she had eaten a tapu yam, and who in-stantly sickened and died in the two days of manufactured article; and that, even if it were not originally invented, its details have

The sanction of the tapu is superstitious

A Darker Picture. plainly been arranged by the authorities of some Polynesian Scotland Yard. Fitly enough, the belief is to-day—and was probbly always-tar from universal. Hell at home is a strong deterrent with some; a passing thought with others, with others, again, a theme of public mockery, not always well assured; and so, in the Marquesas, with the tapn. Mr. Regier has seen the two extremes of skepticism and implicit fear. In the tapu grove he found one fellow stealing breadfruit; and it was only on a menuce of exposure that he showed himsel the least discountenanced. The other case was opposed in every point. Mr. Regler asked a native to accompany him upon a voyage; the man went giadly enough, but suddenly perceiving a dead tapu fish in the bottom of the boat, leaped back with a

scream; nor could the promise of a dolla prevail upon him to advance.
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LONDON SHOP GIRLS.

They Get Better Salaries Than Their Sisters in America.

BUT HAVEN'T SO MUCH FREEDOM.

Always Neat and Polite and the Best Dressed in All England.

THE STORE OF A GENERAL PROVIDER

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. LONDON, Jan. 28 .- Two young women stood behind the woolen goods counter at Whiteley's the other afternoon discussing whether they should drink wine or beer with their dinner. Both of them were well

dressed, of comely appearance and engaging

manners. Their neat suits of black fitted

them to perfection, and their white collars

girls-an interesting class, worthy of care-

they must not approach a boat; they must not cook at a fire which any male had kindled. The other day, after the roads were made it was observed the women plunged along the margin through the bush, and when they came to a bridge waded through the water; roads and bridges were the work of men's hands, and tapu for the foot of women. Even a man's saddle, if the man be native, is a thing no self-respecting lady dares to and cuffs added considerably to the charm of their makeup. In fact, they were typical London shop-

ful study and description. One was redheaded and the other had an equally atgendarme, M. Aussel, possess saddles; and when a woman has a journey to make, she must borrow from one or other. It will be tractive suit of dark brown hair, very becomingly arranged. And there were 1,000 more of their kind in the same establishment. They appeared cheerful and happy, wearing none of that faded and tired ap-But the tapu is more often the instrument of wise and needful restrictions. We have pearance so often seen among women of their degree and effort in the great stores of the United States. Besides being neatly of someone wishing to enforce them, rights of private property. Thus a man, weary of dressed, they looked well fed and seemed to go about their work with spirit and interest.

Whiteley presides over a great store stocked with everything to eat, drink and to wear that the human imagination can conceive. There is not a known commodity that enters into the household economy that is not found there in abundance and perfectake another case. Anaho is known as "the country without popoi." The word popoi serves in different islands to indicate the main food of the people; thus, in Hawaii, it implies a preparation of taro; in the tion. He has a meat market and a bank, a green grocery and a life and fire insurance company, a theatrical ticket office, livery stable, undertaker shop, brass band, singers, actors, chiropodists, barbers, and, in fact, every sort of thing needful to the human can send an order to him for anything in the world that he will not furnish him, even

All Neat and Polite. One thing was always noticable in this great shop and that was the neatness in dress and the good manners and politeness of the attendants. In most instances this was in marked contrast to the half petulant manner in which shop girls are apt to wait manner in which shop girls are apt to wait apon customers in the United States. Then the uniformity in dress among the women clerks is very attractive. The saleswomen in the dress and cloak department of the great establishments like Whiteley's or the sweller shops in Regent or Bond streets are the best dressed women in England, save those who dress for show in the afternoon and evening with plenty of means to indulge their tastes for handsome garments. They wear tight-fitting black silk gowns of

rich pattern, with demi-trains. They are usually tail, fine looking women, and as they go about their business they are a very interesting contrast to the regular female customer who has run out in her morning own to do a little shopping. Nearly all the stores where women are employed board their help both male and female. Rooms are fitted up for their accommodations in the are fitted up for their accommodations in the upper stories and they are obliged to accept the conditions the merchant imposes unless they happen to be married. Then they are permitted to sleep at home with an extra allowance for room rent.

Provisions for Pleasure

There is usually a large parlor provided with a piane, a library with books and other arrangements for the entertainment of the usually served at dinner and some of the higher grades of employes have their choice of beverages. Lectures and smoking con-certs are quite frequent. The doors of these great lodging houses, as they may properly be called, are closed at 11 o'clock at night and there is no admission after that hou With this exception there are no restrictions, and the girls are at liberty to come and go as they please. The moral effect of women together may be questioned, but it does not seem to disturb the average conditions of English life.

The care with which a merchant looks after the physical welfare of his working

people is a very interesting phase of this inquiry. They claim that girls and women who live at home and provide for them-selves are apt to keep late hours, have uncomfortable homes to sleep in and often little or no food to eat. This unfits them for the duties of the day, while when the merchant provides both food and lodging there is certain to be regularity of habits and wholesome food to keep the body in prime condition.

Their Salary Is Clear.

Whatever money is paid to working women or shopgirls in these big stores is so much over and above their board and lodging. In Whiteley's establishment the wages run from £20 to £70 a year for the female clerk. Out of this they are only obliged to provide their clothing; every obliged to provide their clothing; everything else is intruished them. A shopgirl in New York would think she was doing pretty well to receive from \$2 to \$12 a week over and above her living expenses, even if she had to wear black slik dresses every day when she reached the \$10 grade. The purchasing power of a doilar, so far as clothing is concerned, is double what it is in our country.

But I imagine our independent American girl would prefer to struggle along with the meager salary most of them receive with the power to come and go as they please rather than to live in the cock-loft over the store and have no care as to what she shall eat and where she shall sleep, but be obliged to live up to cer-

she shall sleep, but be obliged to live up to cer-tain rules and be in the house every night at 11 o'clock. The shops here do not open before 9 o'clock in the morning and close early in the evening. Thus the bours are shorter with the English shoppirl and the work, as a rule, lighter.

Salary Without Board. In shops of the lower order, where women are

employed and not housed and fed by the

prietor, the rate of wages runs from \$5 to \$10 a

week, which means double that amount of money in our land of freedom. Spiers & Pond who have all the railway stations in the United Kingdom keep some 6,000 employes. A thousand of these are girls who wait upon the lunch counters as the trains who wait upon the lunch counters as the trains come in. They have nice rooms for their accommedations fitted up over the depot, and they can have whatever to eat or drink that they please. Between trains they can read, go to their rooms and lie down, or do whatever they please if they apportion their work ant properly among themseives. They are a favorite class of employes and receive \$2.59 a week over and above their living expenses, to say nothing of a tip now and then, which they frequently get, especially from American traveiers, who as a rule are rather inclined to be pleased with the neat appearance and cheerful ways of the girls behind the bar.

A Darker Picture.

While these higher classes of female labor

and places in Prague on a dark winter's afternoon. Cold and dim and sad the an-cient city had seemed before, but it was a thousand-fold more melaneholy now, more many sad stories of struggle and wrong which greets you on every hand in an investigation of black, more saturated with the gloom of black, more saturated with the gloom of black, more time to time the Wanderer raised his heavy lids, scarcely seeing what was before him, conscious of nothing but the horror which had so suddenly embraced his whole existence. Then, all at once, he was free to be search. these phases of English life. Many classes of working women are not only paid a mere pittance, but are sadly ill-treated. The women who do the real drudgery in the workrooms of even the large stores have long hours and hard was feet to face with some one. A woman stood still in the way, a woman wrapped in rich fure, her leatures covered by a dark well, which could not hide the un-qual fire

even the large stores have long hours and hard work. "Sweating" is practiced more freely in this crowded mart than in any of our large cities. Competition here is exacting to the cruelty point, and the poor who have to labor suffer in consequence.

But this does not apply in any degree to that class of working women who sell goods in the stores or do higher class of dressmaking and other work. Their lives, however, are saffrom our American standpoint. There is no hope beyond the present employment. Marriage in their own sphere is by no means so casy, and they do not have the inspiration that warms the breast of every American girl that, though she may have to toil to-day, she may have her own home to-morrow.

FRANK A. BURR.



A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

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.

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 daughter away on endless 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 Bearing 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 story and she offers to help him find Beatrice. Fearful of her hypnotic powers, the Wanderer concludes to search Prague himself first, and, falling, thee to seek the Witch's aid. He searches and falls. About to return to the Witch, he weets Keyork Arabian, an old friend, to whom he tells the story. The latter advises the Wanderer to go to the Witch, Meantime, Israel Kafka visits the Witch. They had been lovers, but now the Witch finds herself madly in love with the Wanderer. She tries in vain to put Kafka off, and then hypnotizes him and commands him not to love her longer. Unorna and Keyork Arabian, he with hypnotism and he with medicine, have been attempting to cause an old giant to live forever. While under Unorna's spell this man has the gift of prophetic vision. Now she is overcome with the desire to know if the Wanderer shall be hers. She wakes the sleeping giant, is given hope by his answers, but is interrupted by Keyork Arabian, who upbraids her for endangering their great experiment. Finally he tells her if a young person's blood could be gotten into the old man's veins they might make him young again. Unorna at once suggests Kafka, who is in a hypnotic sleep in an

CHAPTER VII.

HE Wanderer, when Keyork Arabian had left him, had inteneded to revisit

which led toward the river. He walked slowly, drawing his furs closely about him, for it was very cold. He found himself in one of those moments of life in which the presentiment of evil almost paralyzes the aind's power of making any decision. His heart was filled with forebodings

which his wisdom bade him treat with indifference, while his passion gave them new weight and new horror with every minute that passed. He had seen with his eyes and heard with his ears. Beatrice had been reality, but perceiving it through his mind, before him, and her voice had reached him among the voices of thousands, but now, since the hours had passed, and he had not the trembling balance of that hesitation. found her, it was as though he had been near her in a dream, and the strong certainty took hold of him that she was dead, and that he had looked upon her wraith in the shadowy church.

Two common, reasonable possibilities lay before him, and two only. He had either

after all. Reason reminded him that the

church had been dark, the multitude of

worshipers closely crowded together, the

voices that sang almost innumerable, and

felt a reluctance to leave it, and turned back

again, walking still more slowly and heavily

than before. So far as any outward object or circumstance could be said to be in har-

mony with his mood, the dismal lane, the failing light, the bitter air, were at that moment sympathetic to him. The tomb itself

is not more seputchral than certain streets

She Calls You. Come!

of the unlike eyes so keenly fix d on his.

"Have you found her?" asked the soft

voice. "She is dead," answered the Wanderer,

He reached the end of the street, but he

wholly undistinguishable from each other.

as jubilant as his despair was profound, ran through her. If she had cared to reason with herself and to examine into her own sincerity, she would have seen that nothing but genuine passion, good or bad, could have lent the assurance of her rival's death such Unorna without delay, but he had not proceeded far in the direction of her house when he turned out of his way and entered a deserted street to flood the dark street with sunshine. But she was already long past doubt upon that question. The encounter had bound her heart with his spells at the first glance, and the wild nature was already on fire. For one instant the light shot from her eyes, and they are the standard or the st then sank again as quickly as it had come.
She had other impulses than those of love,
and subtlegifts of perception that condemned
her to know the truth, even when the delusion was most glorious. He was himself deceived, and she knew it. Beatrice might, indeed, have died long ago. She could not tell. But as she sought in the recesses

of his mind, she saw that he had no certainty of it, she san the black presentiment between him and the image, for she could see the image too. She saw the rival she as it had already appeared to him. For one moment she hesitated still, and she knew that her whole life was being weighed in For one moment her face became an impenetrable mask, her eyes grew dull as uncut jewels, her breathing ceased, her lips were set like cold marble. Then the stony mask took life again, the sight grew keen, and a gentle sigh stirred the chilly air.

"She is not dead."



BEATRICE!

een Beatrice, or he had not. If she had fully two seconds after she had spoken, as a really been in the Tevne Kirche, she was in man struck by a bullet in battle, in whom the suddenness of the shock has destroyed the city and not far from him. If she had the power of instantaneous sensation. not been there, he had been deceived by an accidental but extraordinary likeness. "She is not dead. You have dreamed it," Within the logical concatenation of cause said Unorns, looking at him steadily. and effect, there was no room for any other supposition, and it followed that his course was perfectly clear. He must continue his He pressed his hand to his forehead and then moved it, as though brushing away something that troubled him. "Not dead! Not dead!" he repeated, in search until he should find the person he had seen, and the result would be concluchanging tones.
"Come with me. I will show her to you." sive, for he would again see the same face and hear the same voice. Reason told him that he had in all likelihood been mistaken

He gazed at her and his senses realed. Her words sounded like rarest music in his ear, in the darkness of his brain a soft light began to diffuse itself.
"Is it possible? Have I been mistaken?"
he asked in a low voice, as though speaking

to himself. "Come," said Unorna again, very gently. "Whither? With you? How can you bring me to her? What power have you to lead the living to the dead?"

"To the living. Come." "To the living-yes-I have dreamed an evil dream-a dream of death-she is notno I see it now. She is not dead. She is only very far from me, very, very far. And yet it was this morning—but I was mistaken, deceived by some faint likeness. Ob, God! I thought I knew her face! What is it that

you want with me?"'

He asked the question as though again suddenly aware of Unorna's presence. She had litted her veil, and her eyes drew his

soul into their mysterious depths. "She calls you. Come."

"She? She is not here. What can you know of her? Why do you look at me so?" He felt an unaccountable uneasiness under her gaze, like a warning of danger not far off. The memory of his meeting with her on that same morning was not clear at that momest, but he had not forgotten the odd disturbance of his faculties which had distressed him at the time. He was inclined to resist any return of the doubtful state and to oppose Unorna's influence. He felt the fascination of her glance, and he straightened himself rather proudly and coldly as though to withdraw himself from it. It was certain that Unorna, or the surprise of meetcertain that choran, or the surprise of meet-ing her, had momentarily dispelled the gloomy presentiment which had given him such terrible pain. And yet, even in his disturbed and auxious consciousness, he found it more than strange that she she thus press him to go with her, and so boldly promise to bring him to the object of his search. He resisted her, and found that

resistance was not easy.
"And yet," she said, dropping her eyes and seeming to abandon the attempt, "you said that it you failed to-day you would come back to me. Have you succeeded, that you need no help?"

"I have not succeeded."
"And if I had not come to you—if I had not met you here, you would have failed for the last time. You would have carried with you the conviction of her death to the me

ment of your own."
"It was a horrible delusion, but since it was a delusion it would have passed away in

growing very white.

During the short silence which followed and while the two were still standing opposite to each other the unhappy man's look did not change. Unorna saw that he was site to each other the unhappy man's look did not change. Unorna saw that he was "With your life, perhaps. Who would sure of what he said, and a thrill of triumph, have waked you, if I hadnot?"