

INTO SOUTH AFRICA.

Adventures of the Pioneer Force of the British Company in Mashonaland.

FEAR OF THE MATABELES.

King Lobengula Couldn't Restrain His Bloodthirsty People.

IMPROMPTU FORTS IN THE FORESTS.

The Mineral Resources and Agricultural Value of the Country.

A PARADISE FOR LOVERS OF BIG GAME.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) MASHONALAND, SOUTH AFRICA, NOVEMBER 23, 1890.

FTER a silence of several months the writer is again able to give the readers of THE DISPATCH an account of his journey to the interior of Mashonaland. This letter will be sent to the publisher of THE DISPATCH on July 1, when the pioneer force of the British South African Company was encamped on the Zulu river. The Zulu river, at latitude 22° S, is the boundary between Mashonaland and the territory claimed by both Lobengula, the Matabele King, and Khama, the Bamangwato chief, both of whom are well-known characters in South Africa.

Perhaps it would be impossible to find two native kings in all Africa so wholly unlike in every way. Were it not that both are rulers of native tribes there would be nothing whatever by which one could compare the two men. It is, therefore, far more easy to contrast. Let us begin with Khama. His country lies just south of the twenty-second parallel of south latitude and east of the Victoria Nile. The boundaries are not well defined. Khama is a Christian king, and rules his people according to Christian methods. He is not a Christian in name only, but in fact and in very severe ways, where white or black, who violates his law. He allows

No Liquor of Any Kind to be brought into his country, and anyone detected in selling the same is at once driven from his territory. Khama is very friendly to white men and is glad to have them live in his country, providing they obey his law. His favorite method of dealing with those who violate his laws is to banish them from his country. Khama is quite as strict with his own people. Several years ago he had occasion to send a young chief of his at the head of a regiment to capture a tribe of which he had been guilty of some crime. Khama's instructions to his chief were that he should not allow his men to fire first unless they were fired upon first. For some reason they did fire first and during the skirmish which followed, fled. When they returned home every man, chief and all, were made prisoners and sentenced to six years' imprisonment with hard labor; and these men may now be seen at Khama's capital serving out their term of imprisonment. It is not surprising that the British South African Company's pioneer force, while en route to Mashonaland, as we came to the boundary of Mashonaland, had to pass all of these men away by night because they feared to enter Mashonaland. It is a well-known fact that the Mangwato are greatly afraid of the Matabeles. When these men returned to their homes Khama was much provoked, and caused every man to be flogged and sent back. Khama is very anxious to do all he can for the good of his people, and it is to be regretted that such a man has not a better tribe under his authority.

Lobengula a Different Man. Now turns to Lobengula, who, though a neighbor of Khama, is a despotic and powerful ruler of a most barbarous and bloodthirsty tribe. According to the Matabele law the King was every living creature and all the country. He could kill anyone he pleased and all the property goes into his possession. The Matabele people have a great feeling of national pride and are very anxious to add to their possessions. Of late years the territory of the Matabeles has been extended in nearly all directions. Mashonaland was claimed by Lobengula, though none of his people lived in the country. The only use made of Mashonaland was as a place to raid for cattle and slaves. The women do all the work, while the men do nothing whatever except to train as warriors. This fact has naturally made the Matabeles a nation of warriors. The King has about a dozen regiments of splendidly trained warriors, each commanded by an Indiana or chief. The number of Lobengula's fighting men is about 15,000. With all these facts in mind, the reader will probably wonder that the small force of British soldiers, never well armed, should enter Matabeleland and travel a distance of nearly 200

mi miles through the country to Mashonaland, there was considerable feeling aroused among his people against it. It was even said that the King himself would withdraw his permission, but he was told plainly he could

not do this without being obliged to fight with white men, which he would not do under any circumstances. So he finally agreed to allow a road to be made, and when the pioneer force entered Matabeleland on July 10, no one believed that Lobengula would himself come into fighting. It was, however, very doubtful whether he would be able to control his people, who were at this time reported to be preparing for war. I say it was not thought that Lobengula would send his army to attack us. This was the case because he is well known as a savage of really good judgment and foresight, and his knowledge of what the consequences of attacking the pioneer force would be. I am told by a man who has had much dealing with Lobengula as a representative of the British South African Company, that he is an exceedingly clever savage as well as a shrewd one. This must be true of a man who is able to grant such a concession as is mentioned to the company against the will of such a people as his to allow an armed force of 400 to make a road through his country, and this, too, contrary to the wishes of his own people, and then restrain them from going to war.

As may be imagined, the greatest precautions were taken as soon as we entered this country. The main party of men went about the main party to prepare the road; about a hundred men went on ahead to clear the way, and a large force of 400 men followed. As the day advanced the road was cleared by the 50 wagons which were on the line of march. Large parties of Matabele warriors every night and pickets were on duty.

An Impromptu Fortification. It may be well to briefly describe a laager. It is simply a fortification made by drawing the wagons into a circle, and then the sides of the illustration. Such a fortification is undoubtedly a very good one where a small body of men is obliged to defend itself against a much larger one of savages who do not possess heavy arms. The history of South Africa shows a number of instances which prove the value of the laager.

During the first few weeks of our journey in Mashonaland the most general and most common conversation was the likelihood of a Matabele attack. Some of the least thoughtful claimed that they would be glad to have any other attack. They were not without some reason. The Matabeles would make an attack, while still others thought such a thing was exceedingly probable and would be a great relief. It was only three weeks passed without an indication of any trouble, and without the sight of any Matabele save two small detachments sent by Lobengula to see how we were getting on. Lobengula was sent last night, nearly all of us gave up the thought of a probable attack. Thus the mind of all was at rest until the night of the 1st of August. This evening I believe it was just after we had formed a laager for the heat of the day. A man was noticed to ride hastily out camp and to return with a message who had at once held a secret interview with him, and who soon learned the man in question came direct from Lobengula with a message of which it is not necessary to say more.

"The King is very sorry to inform the head man of the pioneers that he is unable to restrain his army any longer; that they will come and fight the white men and drive them from the country; that he would like to see the skins of two well-known men with whom he had had dealings."

Ever Ready for a Fight. Very naturally such a message directed from Lobengula would create a great deal of excitement. It was now generally believed that there would be an attack. Hence, the greatest precautions were taken. Hereafter two or three men slept at each wagon under arms. Now, however, no revolver was wanted, but a man was quietly called long before daylight and stationed on the wagons, where they slept until broad daylight. Had the reader been in Mashonaland at that time, he would have seen several hundred men standing on the wagons each armed with rifle, revolver and a quantity of ammunition by his side. Had he entered the laager he would have seen every large gun manned and ready for action, and thousands of rounds of ammunition lying in convenient places.

The Matabele "scare" just mentioned, lasted for some days during which time it was intensified considerably. One evening the word came to us that some natives had seen an "impi" or regiment of Matabeles on the war path. An attack was really expected. Five companies of our army were at once made for it. A large bunch of bush near the laager was cleared in the evening by the aid of the electric light, four or five companies were sent to clear the bush, to be exploded by an electric current. All the "impi" was rushing over them. All were standing under arms long before day-break, looking and listening for the Matabeles, but no sound was heard. The Matabeles did not come.

Out Into Open Country. All our march thus far had been through country which was for the most part covered by the high grass and covered by an approaching enemy, but now we found the open, high plateau of Southern Mashonaland, which we were exceedingly anxious to see. For some time we could get on this plateau, however, it was necessary to pass through a wooded valley, quite narrow and winding among densely wooded mountains. Once through the valley, we were fairly free from danger, for it was not believed that the Matabeles would attack us on open country.

In two days we reached the plateau without encountering any kind of great was the rejoicing when, after weeks and months of slow and tedious marching through wooded country, we suddenly beheld an immense plain, before us, open and level as far as the eye could see, with low mountains and bushes in the distance. A port was at once built here and named Victoria. Victoria is situated in about latitude 20° south, longitude 31° east, and is nearly 1,600 miles from Cape Town.

The journey from Fort Victoria to the destination of the pioneer force was free from all danger or even much thought of opposition of any kind. This destination was reached on September 12, after a march of nearly 800 miles, which occupied the period of four months, the end of which was heartily welcomed by everyone. Another fort has been built at this place, which is situated about latitude 20° south and more than 310 east longitude.

What Travelers Say of Mashonaland. Perhaps no country was ever more highly praised for its climate, its pastoral, agricultural and mineral resources than was Mashonaland. Every traveler who visited the country found it in the highest terms of thousands of acres of rich and perfectly watered land, and told of the gold which he had either himself seen in the sand of the river beds, worked by native women, or which he had seen carried about in quills or

tubes and offered to the traveler for a few beads or small amount of cloth. Some of the writers upon Mashonaland said they had even seen large nuggets of gold. At any rate several hundred men went into Mashonaland to search for gold in the South Africa," as it has been called, with the expectation of finding wealth without much exertion.

In the high plateau above mentioned the land is very fertile, as proved by the quantity of rice, corn and potatoes which the natives raise. There are many mountain ranges and hills in every direction, and it is between these, in the valleys, that the rich soil to be found. The country is well watered by large and small streams of perfectly clear water. Just before we entered this fertile country good indications of the presence of gold were seen by the prospectors, but of course no opportunity was offered for an investigation.

A Wonderful Agricultural Country. These remarks apply to the country south of the twentieth parallel. The country north of this latitude is somewhat different. It is much more open, and is for the most part very fertile. In this part are thousands of acres of rich and well-watered grass lands, and there are many fertile fields, especially those to be seen to the east of the United States. Men who have traveled from the East to the West of the United States have been struck by the fertility of the soil and its suitability for agricultural purposes as in the United States. Without doubt the glowing reports of the value of Mashonaland in these respects are true, and the gold fields are here but the fields best known have been quite thoroughly worked, both by natives and by some other unknown people. Yet, however, no report was made of any gold being found in this country. It is not much difficulty in finding it. Perhaps alluvial fields at present unknown will be found which may be rich enough to justify the search. Undoubtedly many who have given such glowing reports of the alluvial gold fields have done so through a mistake.

Mistaking Mica for Gold. In some of the rivers very large quantities of mica are to be seen which has the appearance of gold, but is only mica, especially the mica. The writer knows of a river which is said by natives, for it seems to be unknown to others, to contain large quantities of gold. If one examines the mica and the mica in this river, or what is better still, if he looks into the water, he will see many large particles which look exactly like gold, but which are mica. It is not much difficulty to distinguish this which the natives of that vicinity call gold. It may be added, however, that there is gold in this river, as the writer subsequently learned from the natives. The mica can be said now. Several gold-reefs, which are claimed to be very rich, have been marked out. As there are fully 200 men at present looking for gold in this country, it will be but a short time before much will be known of the mineral wealth of Mashonaland.

Mashonaland abounds in game of great variety. All species of South African antelopes are quite plentiful, while the gnus is occasionally met with in a large herd. Zebras and giraffes are less common, but are seen in the north and south. A few years ago elephants were found here in great numbers, but they have been hunted so much for ivory that only one or two remain. The lion is not common, but is still to be seen in the mountains and the crocodile. Lions and leopards are perhaps too plentiful for the good of the country. A great number of horses and perhaps a dozen cattle belonging to the pioneer force have been killed by the king of beasts. The lions are very bold, and will attack a large camp and attack horses and cattle.

A Battle With a Leopard. A short time ago two men had an encounter with a leopard in which one of the men very nearly lost his life. An animal, supposed to be a lion or leopard, was seen to enter the camp of the British South African Company. One of the men took his rifle and sent his dog into the grass. Almost immediately the dog barked, and a huge leopard sprang from the grass at the man who fired and shot the animal in the mouth. The leopard did not stop, but leaped onto the man. His companion, who was close by, fired and struck the leopard on the shoulder. Then it turned upon him, and was about to strike him when the dog seized it by one of the hind feet. This made the leopard angry, and he turned and bit both men simultaneously and killed the leopard. One of the men had his clothes torn to pieces, his face and body badly cut and his rifle snapped between his feet. The leopard was a large one, measuring nine feet in length. Baboons may be found upon nearly every one of the many granite hills. Wolves, leopards and hyenas are also very numerous in the vicinity of the writer's various camps.

The above is an attempt to give an account of the great country which the British South African Company has undertaken to do, and judging from the manner in which it has begun its work who is not satisfied with the result of a company headed by such men as this company is, with so many millions at its command and with everything in its favor at present, will be surprised and delighted to learn that it has already made the opening up of a region as large as France and Spain to the commerce and civilization of the world.

CLARENCE A. ORR.

BRADLAUGH'S AMUSEMENTS.

He Loved to Go Fishing in the Thames. Especially on Sundays. Illustrated News of the World. Mr. Bradlaugh's death has given rise to a chorus of eulogies. The man who has thus united public opinion in a respectful though, perhaps, not a warm tribute was at one time the best-hated person in England. The change took place six years ago, after the conclusion of his parliamentary struggle. Success developed the more sympathetic side of his character and greatly softened his manners, which at his best were singularly winning. He courted friendship, and the result was that, though on his entrance into Parliament he was almost ostracized, he later became a very companionable member.

He lived simply and very cheaply; but he had a singularly correct palate, and knew what good wine meant. Mr. Bradlaugh's favorite amusement was fishing, which he pursued on Sundays, choosing the upper reaches of the Thames, and sitting in a punt—a monument of patience. He was a first-rate Thames fisherman, and, though his forte was bottom-fishing, he was also expert in the fly. His favorite holiday was a day or two spent with his Parliamentary and lecturing work, and devoted to a few hours' salmon-fishing in Scotland, where he fished billiards well, and had—had—had—had—had the rare accomplishment of fencing.

"It does not," writes Labouchere, "that there is a single member more popular or more respected than he on both sides. Often and often Conservatives have in a friendly way, said to me, 'What a much better man your colleague is than you are!' And I entirely agreed with them."

Do You Cough? Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure. Sample bottles sent of druggists. Large bottles 50c.

HUGE STONE BLOCKS.

As Wonderful as Those of the Pyramids Found at Ancient Cuzco.

FORTIFICATIONS OF THE INCAS.

Scenes in the Valley of Ucayali Where the Old Nobles Bathed.

MOUNTAINS OF GOLD FOR PIZARRO.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) CUZCO, PERU, JAN. 26.

MONG many remains of antiquity which the pilgrim to this Peruvian Mecca must not fail to visit, perhaps the most important are those found on a near-by hill, called Sachuhaman. Here was not only the fortress that defended the ancient capital, but the palace of Manco Capac, the first Inca. By the way, the word Capac signifies "powerful" in the Peruvian tongue, and was applied to several of Manco's successors, as was Yupaqui, meaning "rich in all the virtues." Inca means king or monarch.

In the old days Sachuhaman had several terraces, each four yards high and proportionately long, reached by a stairway passing through a sort of tunnel. This opening led to a vast enclosure, surrounded by walls 20 feet high, which contained numerous narrow niches, like cupboards. The fortresses, said to have been built about the year 1115, is a remarkable piece of work, and held the same relation to Cuzco that

the earth. In this Peruvian Eden are natural groves of fruit trees—figs, apricots, mangoes, chirimoyas, etc.—and immense fields of wild strawberries. Yucay was the ancient bathing resort of the Incas and their courts. There are exhaustless springs and pools and sparkling rivers, fed from the eternal snows of the mountains, and many beautiful groves of trees, which are reserved for private resorts, where good pedestrians may walk through this charming valley and enjoy every mile of it. We rode, carrying no outfit but the inevitable kodiac, and of which we were the sole proprietors. A pair of mules for the poor but kindly people, and a pair of mules for the rich.

From Urubamba to Ollantaytambo is 12 miles, under the shadow of widespread terraces which during half the year are a mass of scarlet blossoms, while a mountain river ripples on each side of the way. Just before entering Ollantaytambo, one sees, high up on a wall of sandstone, the colossal figure of a man outlined in veins of iron oxide. Of course it is a freak of nature, but many superstitious stories are told concerning its origin, and no native will pass the place without taking off his hat, crossing himself and repeating an Ave Maria. Close by this apparition are three stone houses, now almost yellow, which appear to hang like bird's nests on the very brink of a precipice, high up the mountain side, and are said to have been Inca hospitals.

A Romance of Inca Greatness. One may spend a profitable week in Ollantaytambo examining ruins and fortifications; but it will be sure of a welcome on the house of the curate. The village is doubly interesting from having been the stronghold of Ollantay, a dusky noble who fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Inca Tupac Yupanqui, and stole her from the House of the Virgins of the Sun in Cuzco. He kept her, too, in spite of all the hosts of the empire, for five long years; and captured at last by strategy, the warrior whose unspeakable name means "Man with the stone eyes"—when he and his sweetheart were burned alive in the great square of Cuzco.

Certainly the Incas must have been a very wise and industrious people; and perhaps the secret of their power lay in the wisdom of their industry. The topographical aspect of the valley is well suited to the purposes of agriculture and internal communication that one wonders how so large a population could have lived supported in a valley so desolate. In order to waste no available inch of soil they buried their dead in caves and built their own dwellings upon rocks. They terraced every foot of land, and the colossal figure of a man buried often narrow as the steps of a

stairway, and walled with stones; and they never crevice in the rock with and where there was room for a stalk of corn to grow. These evidences of their patient toil are still plainly visible, and often the aerial gardens lie on such steep slopes that one wonders how anybody could have found foothold to cultivate them. In order to utilize the deserts— which seldom exceed 50 miles in width, and sometimes narrow down to four or five— they excavated great areas in the sand until they reached sufficient moisture for vegetation, and then brought guano from distant islands of the Pacific.

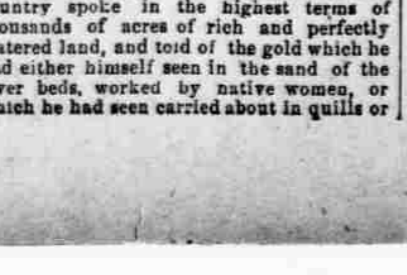
The System of Irrigation. Their irrigation system was perfect, their ditches extending hundreds of miles and curving around the hills, here sustained by huge masonry levees, which carried the solid rock, or carried over the valleys on enormous embankments. Massive dams and reservoirs were built to collect the floods that came from the melting snows of the mountains, and this supply was conducted to rainless localities.

Exactly how much plunder the conquerors under Pizarro secured can never be known. Robinson, Prescott and other historians tell amazing tales of the wealth of the Incas—how Atahualpa's faithful subjects piled the room in which he was imprisoned full of gold to the very top in vain efforts to satisfy the avarice of his captors, and all agree that the precious metals torn from the temples of Cuzco alone amounted to about \$20,000,000. It is known that the 20 per cent which the Spaniard king claimed as his share of the loot, was enough to restore financial credit to impoverished Spain. Millions more went to the church; enormous sums were expended in the erect-

ing provided with salients, so that its defenders could cover every point by a parallel fire. The walls were composed of immense blocks of coarse limestone, and each patient had one of these at its end. Blocks measuring 15 feet long, 12 feet wide and 10 feet thick are common in the outer wall, and there is one measuring 22 feet wide and 12 feet thick, piled upon another of almost equal dimensions. Remembering that these enormous masses were hewn from the hills, and fashioned into shape by the most ignorant of the use of tools; that they were brought from distant quarries without the aid of beast or burden, raised to their elevated position on the steep and jagged with the most unerring accuracy without machinery, one is filled with astonishment. Twenty thousand men are said to have been employed for 30 years on this great structure; and it was but part of a system of fortifications which the Incas established throughout their domain. There were three towers on Sachuhaman, each some distance from the other, one most elaborately carved, for the use of the Inca, and the others held by a garrison of Peruvian nobles, commanded by officers of royal rank. In the position was considered of the greatest importance to be inducted to inferior hands. Below the towers were several subterranean galleries communicating with one another, and were, for the most part, built of fallan debris.

Masonry That Endures. Cuzco was also defended on the other side by a single wall of great thickness, 1,200 feet long, and in another place by two semicircular walls of the same height, separated a considerable distance. All were built of huge blocks of cut limestone, and though no cement was used, the enormous stones were so accurately adjusted that to this day a knife blade cannot be thrust between them. The best idea of how the old capital must have looked before the conquest may be gained by a visit to the ruins of Ollantaytambo. The remains of several ancient palaces are incorporated into its modern houses, among them the House of the Virgins of the Sun. There is a sort of crescent-shaped platform, which is believed to have been the principal altar of sacrifice in the Sun temple; and the famous Piedra Haroda, or "stone with cutting," which shows signs, steps, basins and stairs, all hewn out of one immense rock. Nearby is the Rodadero, or "place where the sun was tied up"—a gigantic stone ring, which shows the meridian of Cuzco. The old aqueduct, which brought water to the city from Lake Chichero, 12 miles away, was partially destroyed by the Spaniards; and there is another, even more curious, which leads down from the rocky fortress, mostly by underground passages.

Bathing Resort of the Incas. Various delightful excursions may be made from Cuzco without incurring great fatigue. It is a pleasant horseback ride of only 24 miles to Lake Urcos, on the road to Urubamba. The latter Indian town, as well as Yucay and Huayllabamba, is quiet enough to repay a visit. They lie in the valley of Ucayali, where both climate and scenery are the most perfect on the face of



Citizen of Cuzco.



A COMMON VEHICLE FOR COUNTRY TRAVEL.

FASHIONABLE CRIME.

A Passional Phase to Parisian Murderers Catches the Jury Now.

THE SOCIAL REIGN OF MRS. AYER.

VICTOR HUGO'S DAUGHTER WEDDED.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) PARIS, Feb. 22.—Paris is at this moment, or has been for some time, the nucleus of what may be called the epidemic of passionist crimes. This crime passionist is a new invention. It is the latest successor of maniacal irresponsibility. Now, when criminal misdeeds are committed, if the counsel can testify to give them the passionist color he is sure in advance of a certain measure of leniency on the part of the jury.

One hears of this new order of crime continually now in the French papers and books. And, whether this corollary may be regarded as cause or effect, the youth of France seems especially given to it at the present moment. The form the passionist crime generally takes is the murder of a woman by some fellow who loves or fancies she loves her. The recent murder of Madam Dida by young Vidinof is exactly typical. It is curious to observe how things of this sort multiply in waves or tiding circles. There have been several similar cases in various parts of France within almost the same dates. Like occurrences have also developed in Belgium. But it is not the killing of the woman that is especially original and representative in this connection; it is the attitude of the murderer as in almost every instance, starting out with the alleged purpose of taking his own life afterward, shrank in cowardly terror from this sequel at the supreme instant. This has caused the fruitless attempt to deduce another proof of the moral and physical decadence of the young men of France.

Cleanly Only in Appearance. The next day after Mardi Gras, the capacity of the hospitals was abnormally taxed as it always is after Mardi Gras. An American physician, now here, is actually giving certain points concerning the recent bodily condition of the inmates of hospitals who fill the charitable institutions. According to this gentleman, nothing is more delicate than the appearance of cleanliness which characterizes the lower classes in Paris. You never see an untidy head among the women, and the hair of the men is called from their point of view, cleanly. In reality, however, these hospital patients are usually in an incredible condition of bodily filth when the outer covering is removed.

The Figaro has recently been publishing some significant statistics regarding the number and condition of the poor in Paris. There is a frightful destitution, but as might be expected, scarcely among the band of organized beggars. This enormous band is relatively well-to-do, as may be gathered from the fact that it is wont to give a banquet, the covers of which come to 100 francs each. The statistics of suicide show 30 per cent of cases due to extreme poverty, and 51 per cent from general causes, many of which are again traceable to destitution in various ways. Fourteen cases spring from family difficulties. Five from despair because of unhappy love affairs, which is not far from proving that the contrary to take their own life is consequence of miseries of the heart is not as completely extinct as the statistics above alluded to would make us think.

The French Ball of the Day. There was a characteristic French ball given a few nights ago by Bulos, the editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Bulos lives in a fine hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, and entertains all the serious persons, the notabilities of the Academy, and the rest. You find there, the Parisians call the somnolence. This did not prevent a slightly heavy atmosphere. All the women and young girls prepared to dance soon assembled in one of the large rooms. The ball was given for the benefit of young matrons on the back. This is the custom of all balls in French houses. Taking up this position signifies willingness for invitation of any cavalier that he may happen along.

The dancing men are to be tacitly taken as eligible on the faith of the hostess, and by any means to be refused of the plea that they may not know their respective names. More than one American girl has supported the wall throughout an entire evening because of unfamiliarity with this little custom, leading her to reject an untidily partner.

Mrs. Ayer to the Front. There is always in Paris one American woman whose salons are a sort of rallying point and whose name is perennially on every tongue. A few years ago it was Mrs. Mackay who held this peculiar position. Now it is Mrs. J. C. Ayer. It is observed that it is not necessary that the woman thus in evidence in the colony be either handsome, brilliant or young. Nor are her social antecedents matters of great moment. It is only needful that she be rich, not as the ordinary, but as the extraordinary American. Mrs. Ayer has this plaudite advantage. She has recently hired the superb hotel of the Duchess de Mouchy, and is preparing to give a number of fetes after Easter.

Victor Hugo's Daughter Married. The marriage of Mile. Jeanne Hugo, the celebrated petite Jeanne, who was the great poet's idol, with young Leon Daudet, the son of Alphonse Daudet, excited great interest in the town of Paris. It appears that it was a love match which has been preparing between the young people for years. Young Leon is the son of J. C. Ayer. It is observed that it is not necessary that the woman thus in evidence in the colony be either handsome, brilliant or young. Nor are her social antecedents matters of great moment. It is only needful that she be rich, not as the ordinary, but as the extraordinary American.

Sailor and Admiral of Chilton Navy. tion of convents, monasteries, palaces for the viceroys and other public buildings; and enough remained to equip every regiment of the army to the coast. FANNIE B. WARD.

HONORS SHOWN ON A HORSE.

He Was a Veteran of the War and Fought on the Field of Mars. "Old Spot," the celebrated old war horse owned by Captain T. V. Quackenbush, of Bowden, captain of Company C, Third Michigan Cavalry, died Wednesday, after 39 years, says the Grand Rapids Telegram.

He was captured from a Confederate soldier near Oxford, Miss., December 3, 1862, and was ridden by Captain Quackenbush all through the remainder of the war, and brought home and used upon his farm until the past two years, when old age secured him a discharge from further service. He passed through the war unharmed. He had participated in all the Decoration Day exercises held in Portland since their inauguration by the old soldiers, marching in the procession with great dignity, and always accompanied with flowers. He was a fine bred animal, and was buried with military honors Wednesday afternoon at sundown, his funeral being largely attended. The Stars and Stripes will float over his grave every pleasant day.

He Took Her Hand and Let Her. other. Indeed, the world would have nothing to say about it. "To me it would not," said Unorna, looking down at her clasped hands. "But to you—what would the world say, if it learned that you were in love with Unorna, that you were married to the Witch?" "The world? What is the world to me, or what am I to it? What is my world? If it is anything, it consists of a score of men gathered in due time to their insignificant fathers with their own insignificant thick upon them, as is most just. It is that the world, I am not afraid of its judgment, in the very improbable case of my falling in love with you."

Unorna shook her head. There was a momentary relief in discussing the consequences of a love not yet born in him. "That would not be all," she said. "You have a country, you have a home, you have obligations—you have all those things which I have not. And one of those things which you have is a truth in the words, which hurt her. Love, at least, was hers in abundance, and he had none."

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THE WITCH OF PRAGUE.

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.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is safe to do that," answered the Wanderer, with a smile, "unless you can find at least one reason far stronger than those you give. You are and passably good-looking men are not rare, and as for men of genius who have led interesting lives, many thousands have been pointed out to me. Then why, by any conceivable chance, should your choice fall on me?" "Perhaps," said Unorna, looking away, lest her eyes should betray what was so far beyond fondness. "They say that the most enduring passions are either born in a single instant, or are the result of a treacherously increasing liking. Take the latter case."

"Does it do any good to say it?" "If I may suggest you at all, I may express myself with pleasant truth. "Truism is not always pleasant. Better not to speak of me at any time." "As you will," answered the Wanderer, bending his head as though in submission to her commands. But he did not continue the conversation, and a long silence ensued. Her mind, and his reflections led to no very definite result. Even if the idea of her loving him had presented itself to his intellect,



THE CARRIAGE STOPPED BEFORE THE DOOR OF KAFKA'S HOUSE.

Why is it impossible for you or for me? We are slipping from mere liking into friendship, and for all I know we may some day find heading from friendship into love. It would be very foolish, no doubt, but it seems to me quite possible. Do you not see it?" The Wanderer laughed lightly. It was years since he had laughed, until this friendship had begun.

"What can I say?" he asked. "If you, the woman, acknowledge yourself vulnerable, how can I, the man, be so discourteous as to assure you that I am proof? And yet, I feel that there is no danger for either of us."

"You are still sure?" "And if there were, what harm would be done? I am utterly incapable of harm. I am slightly hurt free. The world would not come to an untimely end if we loved each other."

There was a characteristic French ball given a few nights ago by Bulos, the editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Bulos lives in a fine hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, and entertains all the serious persons, the notabilities of the Academy, and the rest. You find there, the Parisians call the somnolence. This did not prevent a slightly heavy atmosphere. All the women and young girls prepared to dance soon assembled in one of the large rooms. The ball was given for the benefit of young matrons on the back. This is the custom of all balls in French houses. Taking up this position signifies willingness for invitation of any cavalier that he may happen along.

The dancing men are to be tacitly taken as eligible on the faith of the hostess, and by any means to be refused of the plea that they may not know their respective names. More than one American girl has supported the wall throughout an entire evening because of unfamiliarity with this little custom, leading her to reject an untidily partner.

Mrs. Ayer to the Front. There is always in Paris one American woman whose salons are a sort of rallying point and whose name is perennially on every tongue. A few years ago it was Mrs. Mackay who held this peculiar position. Now it is Mrs. J. C. Ayer. It is observed that it is not necessary that the woman thus in evidence in the colony be either handsome, brilliant or young. Nor are her social antecedents matters of great moment. It is only needful that she be rich, not as the ordinary, but as the extraordinary American.

Victor Hugo's Daughter Married. The marriage of Mile. Jeanne Hugo, the celebrated petite Jeanne, who was the great poet's idol, with young Leon Daudet, the son of Alphonse Daudet, excited great interest in the town of Paris. It appears that it was a love match which has been preparing between the young people for years. Young Leon is the son of J. C. Ayer. It is observed that it is not necessary that the woman thus in evidence in the colony be either