means employed by Congress to make the President change his mind. Even then, had he adhered to his first decision, or, better still, had he made and abided by it when the first change of officers was demanded, all might now be well with the country; and if milder means for enforcing his rightful authority had not availed, it would have been far better for the country had he caused the arrest and detention of the agitators as so many traitors to the Government. All the world admires a brave man, and prompt, decided measures of that sort would have won more respect for Senor Balmaceda than he can now hope to enjoy. To be sure, such extreme measures are contrary to the spirit of republicanism; but so is armed rebellion, the bombardment of unoffending cities and the murder of hundreds of helpless women and children, huddled together for safety, as lately took place at Iquiqui by a posse of irresponsible cut-throats, whose crimes were the result of the rebellious attitude assumed by the legislators.

Of course it is but just to add that at first Congress probably had no idea that the dangerous ball it set rolling would gather such deadly proportions—and so might one argue in favor of the incendiary who deliberately fires a powder magazine, without considering what lives and property he may destroy. They refused to pass the presupuestas for the purpose of crippling the Executive, knowing that at the same time they were ruining business of every kind and inciting the worst classes in the country to desperate deeds.

All Business at a Standstill.

No taxes, duties or other contributions to the treasury could be collected; even deeds or other legal documents could not be recorded. For a long time one could not buy a postage stamp in all Chile, and sometimes for days together the postoffices would be closed. Merchants could not get their goods out of the Custom Houses, and quantities of perishable goods spoiled in the keeping. The army and navy could not be paid, nor any other employes of the Government, however their families might suffer. Business of every description (except the pawnbrokers') was completely paralyzed, and exchange sank lower and lower, until for every dollar of the United States one received $3 27 in Chilean currency. Failures occurred on every hand, and there were people actually starving.

Delegation after delegation of citizens waited upon the President, and to all of them he explained the situation, assuring them that the fault was not with himself, that he would be glad to make any personal sacrifice to ameliorate their condition, or do anything in reason to satisfy the demands of Congress; but that he would not make himself and the country a laughing-stock for the world by again changing his Cabinet; and further, that if he acceded to that unjust requirement, there was no knowing what the next demand might be, and he just as well let go the reins of Government at once.

Congress Would Not Yield.

Congress was also importuned by numerous petitions, but doggedly maintained its attitude, judging rightly that Balmaceda would finally yield to their terms, rather than ruin the country—though one day a hungry rabble collected around the chamber, and gave some of the deputies, as they emerged, a well-deserved beating. Then strikes and incipient revolutions sprang up all over the country, mostly carried on by workmen whose families suffered most from the non-passage of the appropriation. The roustabouts, launchmen, freight-haulers, seamen and other irresponsible persons who had nothing to lose, paraded the streets of Valparaiso and other ports in drunken bands, singing and howling like demons, throwing stones at unshuttered windows, firing shots right and left without any particular target, occasionally gutting a shop or store and threatening to pillage every house and burn it over the heads of the terrified people.

The Unpaid Army and Navy.

But, as he had foreseen, the opposition party were not satisfied and became more pronounced in their hostility toward the Government; until at length, hoping to better their condition, a portion of the unpaid army and navy went over to their side—with the disastrous results of which the telegraphs have told you. In the late purposeless but sanguinary conflicts, several thousand men have been killed, a host of children orphaned, and millions of dollars worth of property destroyed; there have been business failures innumerable, and Chile has lost more than she can regain in 50 years of prosperity—all for no good reason except that the spirit of revolution is in the Spanish blood, and, like murder, "will out."

President Jose Manuel Balmaceda was inaugurated on September 18, 1886, for the constitutional term of five years, and consequently his time has nearly expired. Previous to the election he had not figured much in politics, but was a quiet, well-to-do citizen of the wealthiest and most aristocratic capital of Spanish America. The questionable "greatness" was not particularly of his own seeking, but was in a measure "thrust upon him." His private fortune has been completely wrecked in this disastrous five years, and he will retire from office a poor man, with fewer friends than when he went into it. Chile boasts that within her patriotic borders there are no peculations in high places, and loves to point to the case of a former President who was immensely wealthy in private life, but through some unfortunate speculation lost all his fortune while in office, and being too honest to help himself from the public funds—as he might easily have done in a hundred ways undetected—gave up his splendid casa and horses and carriages, and at the close of the term retired to a cheap little rented house in the suburbs, where he still lives.

Spirited His Family Away.

President Balmaceda is not yet 40 years old—a tall, handsome, well-educated man, who has traveled a good deal and speaks some English, but not enough to carry on an easy conversation. His family consists of a wife and several pretty children, among the latter being three nearly grown daughters, who had already begun to pose as belles before their flight. It is not known to a certainty where they are gone; some say to Europe and others assert with equal confidence that they were sent over the mountains to the Argentine Republic. At any rate the President has succeeded in spiriting them away to some place of greater security, while he remains to face the storm, in hourly danger of threatened assassination. What a sad parting that must have been between the harassed father and his gentle wife and daughters! Mrs. Barmaceda is spoken of by all as the most womanly of women, a devoted mother and model housekeeper.

Ministers Kicked From the Club.

On January 4, as an expression of popular sentiment against Balmaceda, all the Cabinet Ministers were expelled from the Union Club, the most swell organization of its kind in the city, by a vote of 9 to 1. On the 8th a decree was issued forbidding coaches and street cars to ply after midnight, an order which has highly incensed the society people, because nothing begins here until nearly the time of going home in the North. Santiago is, like Washington, a city of "magnificent distances," and the bare-headed belles will be compelled to remain at home, or walk many a mile in their satin slippers. Policemen, mounted and on foot, patrol at all hours, and no gathering of any kind is permitted on the streets. So vigorously is the order enforced that if three or four well-known citizens chance to stop in a group for conversation, as is daily done in every community, up steps a policeman and orders them to disperse. In view of existing circumstances, these extraordinary precautions may be necessary; but are, nevertheless, extremely irksome to well-disposed people.

"Who has seen to-morrow?" is a favorite Spanish proverb, particularly applicable at the present time, for any hour may bring shot and shell and carnage into this proud old capital.

FANNIE B. WARD.

A Fact of History.

(Galveston News.)

The Colossus of Rhodes was the first great public man who understood his business.

A TOMB OF RICHES.

The Gloomy Structure in Which Secretary Foster Sits the Master of Many Millions.

BIGGEST RECEIPT IN THE WORLD.

The Vaults Are Insecure, but in Spite of That a Robbery of Uncle Sam Is Next to Impossible.

HOW NINETY MILLIONS ARE STORED.

Redemption of Eighteen Thousand Dollars in Greenbacks That Had Rotted.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, March 14.—Secretary Foster is now as much at home in the great Treasury Department as though he had been born there. His big office overlooking the Potomac is as quiet as a church, and the business goes on as smoothly as the oiled locks of the massive vaults which hold the millions upon millions of gold and silver coin in the vaults below. Secretary Foster's room is the cheriest one in this grand and gloomy building.

The Treasury Department itself is like a tomb. It would be a fine home for the Suicide Club, and there is no prison in the world which is so depressing and penitentiary-like as it is. Long and squatty, with a massive roof, its walls are of gray granite many feet thick, and into these at the basement, doors have been cut out, which seem to lead into the cave-like structure, and over which seem to be painted the words of Dante, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" Such windows as there are, are sad and bleary. They look like the

Rheumy Eyes of Dying Giants,

and they are veiled with massive bars, which aid in shutting out the sunlight and in making the gloomy exterior more prison-like than ever. The second story of this massive tomb is lined with columns of dirty sandstone, ann back of these other windows look out more gray and more gloomy than those below.

The interior of the building is as depressive as its exterior. You walk through miles of corridors which have to be lighted by electricity in order that you may find your way. These corridors are narrow and hundreds of doors open from them on either side. They make you feel as though you were in a vault, and as a door opens you unconsciously shudder at the thought of seeing the coffins which you feel must be piled one on top of another on the shelves within. It is the same from basement to attic and it is only the south rooms that have anything like a cheery look. It is on the second floor of these, that the Secretary's office is located, and here in a room about 20 feet square, Mr. Foster manages Uncle Sam's cash. Have you ever thought what a mighty job it is?

Has Killed Its Men.

When Secretary Folger died in the attempt to keep track of it, did it strike you that the care of millions preyed upon his mind until death came to his release? When Secretary Manning figured the interest of our big Government debt and watched the outgoing and incoming of million every day, the responsibility of this mighty Treasury machine ate the life out of him, and when Secretary Windom grappled with it in his strength, it overthrew him. The fight seems to be different with Secretary Foster. Business men are born, not made, and Foster inherited the knack of managing men and money.

How much money do you think the Government has on hand? Well, when Treasurer Huston came in to his office as United States Treasurer, he gave a receipt for just what he found here, and this receipt was the largest ever given in the world. A facsimile of it is framed and hung up in the Treasurer's office and English visitors put their hands to their heads in amazement and feel to see if their eyes are really open when they look at it. It is a receipt for $771,432,329 45½.

Uncle Sam Deals in Big Figures.

This is about the amount which is on hand in this massive building to-day. It is the balance which Secretary Foster has under him and which remains just about so much, notwithstanding the millions upon millions which come and go. I looked at a check yesterday for $67,000,000 which was signed by the Treasurer and there are something like $300,000,000 of gold and silver in the vaults of this mighty department.

Can you realize how much $67,000,000 means? I can't, but I know that General Washington was almost wild about the debt of this country when he took the Presidency and found that the Government owed $75,000,000. Still we give a check for $67,000,000 and the amount does not surprise us.

Leaving Secretary Foster's office, I went with one of the guards out into the court which lies in the center of this massive Treasury Department, just over the great vaults. The Treasury is built in the form of two hollow squares and around this court rose three-story walls on all sides.

Biggest Silver Mine in the World.

It was roofed only by the skies and it was flagged with great blocks of stone as big as a center table. It covered, I judge, a quarter of an acre, and as I walked over it, I had beneath me the biggest silver mine in the world. In the vault below there were $90,000,000 of silver in boxes and bags, and under my feet, separated only by a foot or or two of stone, was gold by the millions. Guarding it were the great fort-like walls on every side and within the Treasury policemen who walk continuously to and fro and watch the great doors which lead down to the entrances of these vaults.

Leaving the court I went down into these big vaults. They are already packed to bursting. The vast vault which was built a few years ago has its chambers all filled, and the aisles are being packed with silver bags. Each of these bags contains 60 pounds of silver dollars, and they are stacked one on top of another, for all the world like the bags of a flour mill and like so much wheat. It was the intention to store the whole $90,000,000 in bags, but it was found that the roof leaked and 45,000 small boxes were made. Each contains $2,000 in silver, and they are piled one on top of the other.

A Shifting of the Millions.

Where bags are used there is a continual movement going on in the silver, and the displacement of a single bag would cause a movement of millions. I saw this big vault built. It has thick walls of brick and cement, and its foundation is of cement. It covers more than a quarter of an acre and it is 12 feet deep. In its interior there is a cage of iron lattice work, the bars of which are made of wrought iron, and which were riveted together with red-hot rivets after the lattice-work was put up. It took 100,000 rivets to fasten the iron work of this vault together, and the lattice had to be very strong, as the silver is very heavy.

The amount of silver now in the vault weighs over 3,000 tons, and you could put these $90,000,000 on one side of the scales and 35,000 men, weighing each 180 pounds, on the other, and the silver would outweigh them. It would take 175 freight cars to carry this silver to the sea coast if America should be conquered by England and this Treasury vault looted. The silver dollars in this vault would carpet an area of more than 30 acres, and if they were piled one upon another they would make a solid column of silver more than 150 miles high.

The Treasury Vaults Insecure.

The question as to whether the Treasury could be robbed has often been discussed, and it has been a question which has agitated the secret committee rooms of the House and Senate during the present session. There is no doubt that many of the vaults are far behind the times in their safety appliances and there are hundreds of cracksmen in the country who could open them. This may not be so of all the vaults, but it is certainly so of a number of them. Mr. Huston became alarmed about their condition sometime ago and he went to New York, I am told, to get a competent man to examine them. He visited the big banks, the loan and safe deposit companies, and they all recommended him to go to the same man.

He brought this man to Washington and he went through the Treasury vaults. After he had examined them, he wrote out his report and then came to Mr. Huston and said: "I have prepared my report and you can have it now. The vaults in the Treasury are not safe and before you read the report I want to give you a practical demonstration to this effect. I will take you into one of the vaults and will leave my workmen on the outside. The vaults may then be locked and I am sure that my man can open the doors and let us out inside of an hour."

Practical Demonstration of Insecurity.

Mr. Huston and the man then went down into the basement. They picked out a vault that had $8,000,000 in it and this man's workman, who was an ordinary safe repairer, had his tools on the outside. The doors were locked, but I think the time lock was left off. In 12 minutes from the time at which the Treasury employes had locked the doors with locks that were supposed to be secure this man had opened them and let Treasurer Huston and the expert out. He did it without the use of explosives of any sort, and merely by driving three wedges in between the door and the safe. In company with this man, Treasurer Huston went to the Committees of Congress and they promised to attend to the matter at once. They did try to attend to it, but a squabble came up between the House and Senate and I understand that this vault is in the same condition that it was before.

It would, however, be a very brave man who would attempt to rob the Treasury. A tunnel might be dug from somewhere near the Potomac River under the Treasury building, but the robbers would have to drill through a floor of cement and chilled steel and they would have to have a railroad to carry away the silver in order to make it pay.

The Dollars Would Tumble.

After they had taken a few thousand dollars the bags and boxes containing the remainder would tumble about with such a noise as to apprise the Treasury guards of their action, and as these guards are on hand day and night, it would be almost impossible to get anything to speak of without discovery. There might be a combination with the guards, and a fortune in greenbacks or silver certificates taken; but these are all numbered and the thieves would be sure to be identified. There are 60 guards in the Treasury Department, and these are divided into different watches. They have to salute each other from time to time, and a whistle would bring an army of guards to any part of the Treasury at any moment.

Not long ago the Treasurer attempted to go down into the vaults to see whether the men were on duty. He suddenly found a barrel of cold steel at his head, and the guard who held the other end of the revolver made him stand still and throw up his hands. He said that he was the Treasurer, of the United States, but the very polite watchman with the revolver said that might all be, but he did not know the Treasurer, and he would have to wait until he called one of the other guards to identify him. He then gave a whistle. The other guards rushed up and the Treasurer was released. It is by no means a sate thing for even the Treasurer to go around the vaults at midnight.

Our Money in Greenbacks.

It would seem to be an easy thing to get away with some of the greenbacks of the Treasury. Still with millions on hand and with no apparent guards to speak of, Uncle Sam seldom has a loss. It is almost incredible that year after year these $1,000 and $2,000 clerks go on handling millions and still there is no leaking and no stealing. I visited the cash vault of the Treasury the other day, and I saw pile upon pile of greenbacks all practically in charge of one man, and there were millions of dollars represented by them. I was shown half a dozen small packages of bills which could have been crowded into a cigar box, and which were worth $500,000.

In the story of Alladin is told how a wicked old man made a fortune by changing old lamps for new. The people are doing this with Uncle Sam all the time. You can get new greenbacks for old ones at the Treasury any day, and there are hundreds of clerks who do nothing but count old bills, do them up into packages, have them punched with holes, showing they are not to be used again, and then cut in two with a sort of meat ax cleaver to render them perfectly worthless.

What Uncle Sam Will Do.

If you have bills chewed up by rats, you can bring the pieces here and you will get new ones for them. If you hide your money in your stove and making a fire without thinking of it, the crisp remains of the bills will be honored, and if you bury it and it rots, Uncle Sam will take the rotten pieces that are left and hand you out new bills. He has to be sure however that you had the money in the first place and curious frauds are often attempted.

The sweepings of the bank counter are ground up and sent in as chewed money, counterfeits are burned and attempted to be passed as genuine, and last week a wad of buried money was brought in said to belong to an old German near St. Louis who had buried it in a jug. He said it contained $900 and was the price of his corn crop. Upon investigation it was found to contain the pieces of nearly $1,800 and after looking into the matter, the Treasurer decided that the old man had buried two crops instead of one, and gave him a check for its full amount.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A SNOWBALL FOR RENT.

Curious Terms Upon Which Some English Estates Are Held.

The tenant of a large farm at Broadhouse, near Langsett, county of York, England, holds the right to the property as long as he shall pay a yearly rental of "a snowball at midsummer and a red rose at Christmas" to the owner, Godfrey Bosville, Esq.

One of the Dukes of Scotland relinquishes his rights to his lands if it should ever get warm enough to melt the snow from the highest peak of the highest mountain in Scotland.

A CURIOUS WHITE FROG.

The Albino Animal That Is Attracting Attention in London.

[Pall Mall Budget.]

There is at 166 Piccadilly a white frog, a rara avis indeed, to "derange epitaphs" somewhat. He was caught last September in Wiltshire, and Mr. Ward exhibited him to the learned gaze of the Zoological

The Albino Frog.

Society the other day. Inclined to pink rather than white, he is a fine specimen of his kind, and takes existence calmly in his weed-strewn box, not at all disturbed by the curious who throng to see him all day. His large, black eyes are rimmed with flesh of a dull golden color, and make him rather a ghastly object than otherwise.

A HUNT FOR SPOOKS.

Howard Fielding Warns the New Investigating Committee.

A CHAPTER OF SAD EXPERIENCE.

Seance That Ended in a Toboggan Slide Down a Flight of Stairs.

BROKEN RIBS AND REVOLVER SHOTS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

It is reported that a number of distinguished gentlemen and ladies have banned themselves together for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of spiritualism. They propose to get up a series of tests through which no fraudulent ghosts and very few of the genuine can ever pass successfully.

Let me hasten to say that it is not my purpose to criticise or ridicule these investigators. Some of them live in Boston and are thus above criticism, while others do not live in Boston and are therefore objects of pity rather than ridicule. Collectively, if they have a fault, it is that they are too good. The work requires somebody who is en rapport with iniquity, as a Boston gentleman remarked in tendering me an invitation to a spook hunt in that city some years ago. I did not understand French at that time, so I simply thanked him, adding modestly that I had a good bringing up, and hoped not to disappoint his expectations. I now perceive that I should have struck him with a club, but it is too late.

Organized by Honest Believers.

The hunt of which I have spoken was organized by spiritualists. They were honest believers who desired to expose fraud, as the surest way of giving the truth a chance. My intentions were as good as theirs, but I lacked discretion. I shall tell the story of the hunt as a warning to the above-mentioned committee not to push investigation recklessly.

We were to expose a man who was temporarily named Morse. His wife materialized spirits through the power of a deceased Indian princess, who in life had been called Bright Eyes. Her vision must have been considerably dimmed in the mysterious hereafter or she would have been able to see through such a diaphanous fraud as Mrs. Morse, and would have refrained from having anything to do with her. When Mrs. Morse passed into a trance she was controlled so completely by Bright Eyes that she could speak nothing but pure Choctaw. Thus the ordinary auditor at one of her seances learned little or nothing about the eternal mysteries.

To Sample the Choctaw.

Our hunting party heard of this linguistic difficulty, and so we pressed into our service an ex-cowboy who conversed fluently in Choctaw. He could also shoot the neck off a two gallon demijohn at 50 paces, and afterward drink the entire contents, no matter what it happened to be. He was an accomplished gentleman.

We arranged the plan of campaign very carefully. To each was assigned his share of the work. Bill Adams, the cowboy, was to test the quality of Bright Eyes' Choctaw, after which he was to wait till the signal of attack should be given by Harvey Blake. This young man acted as a sort of guide to our party. He was a believer in spiritualism, who had come to the Morse seances in good faith, until their trickery became too thin to deceive even so partial a witness. The Morses thought that they had a sure grip on him, and so he could easily secure a front seat at the seance—a favor not shown to strangers. In his position of advantage he was to wait until a materialized spirit was well within his reach, and then he was to grab it, and yell. At his war hoop Adams was to overpower Morse; I was to assist in detaining the spooks; and others were to turn up the lights and quell any outbreak on the part of Morse's heelers, of whom there were a half dozen at every meeting.

A Short-Haired Body Guard.

I noticed them when I first entered the rooms on the evening selected for the exposure. They were short haired middle-weights who were engaged at 50 cents a head as a body guard. We were given a brief opportunity of examining the room, one corner of which was curtained off, making the usual cabinet. When we took our seats Blake was in the front row with Adams and me just behind him. I estimated that of the 30 people present only about a third had come with a real desire to see and converse with the departed.

Blake Sees His Grandmother.

When the lights had been turned down a thin and faded spinster began to play hymn tunes on a consumptive cabinet organ in a manner calculated to disturb the eternal slumbers of their defunct composers, if anything could. That they did not materialize, and remove the organist, hardened my unbelief as nothing else ever had. But young Blake, who was a very nervous fellow, found this waiting for ghosts in the grizzly darkness very trying. He did not know which to fear most, the appearance of a genuine spook, or the rough-and-tumble fight which was certain to follow a palpable fraud. He trembled so that I could feel his chair shake. Adams noticed it too, and tried to quiet the young man's nerve.

Soothed by the Cowboy.

"Don't you be alarmed," he whispered. "Just because that man Morse has a gun in his hip pocket, ain't no reason why you should expect to be cut off in the flower of your youth."

Blake's teeth began to chatter audibly.

"I felt the gun," continued Adams, "while you fellows were looking over the room. I spent my time looking over Morse. He is my meat and don't you forget it. Cheer up my bloomin' shrub; I have a shooting-iron in my boot-leg, and it's twice as long as Morse's."

Blake gave a tremendous groan. By this time Mrs. Morse had gone into a trance and was jabbering in her alleged Choctaw. Adams listened to it awhile and then he said: "I'm gambling that that don't come from the Happy Hunting grounds. If any poor Injin talks that lingo it must be because his sufferin's overpower him. Wait till I try the genuine article."

He spoke a few words in an Indian dialect, and then added in United States, "If the ghost of old Chief Red-Eye isn't here in 30 seconds the whole thing is a fake."

"Why so?" I inquired.

Why He Knew It Was a Fraud.

"I just remarked in Red-Eye's native tongue," said Adams, "that I knew where there was a barrel of fire-water on tap. No, no; he'd have been here before this. What evidence do you want? Speak your little piece, Blakey, my boy, and I'll open fire right over your shoulder."

Blake fell upon his knees, and, reaching out his hands toward a white-robed figure which had just capered out of the cabinet, he called her his dear old grandmother and asked if she had come to protect him. At this several women sobbed, but I was not deeply affected. This same figure had been out before. I recognized it as the bulky form of a fat woman whom I had seen skipping down the basement stairs just before the seance opened. But Blake said she was his grandmother and an old fellow on the other side of the room recognized her as his daughter who had died at the tender age of 11. I could not help feeling that this identification was complicated and doubtful; and I longed to make a sure thing of it by dragging the specter to some portion of the house where there was more light.

An Exposure by Fraud.

It was evident that Blake was too badly frightened to give the signal; I could hear murmurs from various members of our party; and I was anxious to get away from Adams' revolver before it should go off by accident. Moved by

Adams Shot Off His Revolver.

these considerations, I sprang over Blake's kneeling form, and seized the fat spook around the waist. She offered a very material resistance, which became quite uncontrollable when Adams shot off his revolver into the ceiling and leaped upon Morse. After that, I was no more of an encumbrance to the spook than if my arms had been her apron strings. She rushed out into the hall, and I trailed behind like the "bob" of a kite. She fled up the stairs with an agility proportionate to her fright, and marvelous considering her bulk. I accompanied her up the stairs because I was afraid to let go.

On the uppermost step she tripped, staggered a moment, and then, overbalanced by my weight, she fell backward and slid the whole length of the stairs on my unfortunate body, as if it had been a toboggan. I had been told that spirits dematerialize at the profane touch. This one didn't. She was all there when we landed on the hall floor. I was much nearer dematerialization myself, being pressed out to a thinness which approached transparency.

It's a Dangerous Proceeding.

All this I have been told, for I was not in condition to observe it at the time. I did not know when the spirit of

As if I Had Been a Toboggan.

Blake's grandmother was lifted off my ribs, nor did I suffer anything at the hospital where I was restored from a strip to my usual cylindrical form. No; these trials were over before I regained command of my faculties; but what did pain me seriously was the notification that Blake's grandmother's ghost would charge me with assault and battery, and sue me for civil damages. Considering that I had fractured five ribs while she was practically uninjured, I could not but regard this as unkind.

Therefore, I publish these facts in order that this new investigating committee may know enough to stand from under when spirits that have been too ponderously materialized attempt to impose upon the humble seeker for the truth. We should all grieve if any member of the committee should pursue the search for facts about the other world to a point from which he could not return with his report.

HOWARD FIELDING.

A FIND OF MUMMIES AT THEBES.

Discoveries That Will Keep the Egyptologists Busy for Awhile.

[Illustrated News of the World.]

Egyptologists will be pleased to hear of the discovery of a vault filled with mummies and funeral coffers at Dayr el Bahree, near the plain of Thebes. It was not far from this spot that M. Maspero found the royal mummies of the kings of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties in 1881. The new excavation, from which already 200 mummy-cases have been taken, also seems to have been a cachette or hiding place rather than a tomb. At a depth of about 30 feet a gallery diverges, and in it the mummies were packed, the entrance having been blocked with wool and cloth, both of which are in good preservation. Two other galleries have still

The First Mummies Found.

to be explored: probably they are also quite full. The removal of the cases is under the superintendence of M. Gribeaux, from the Geesch Museum. Eight or ten of the fellaheen bear each of the heavy cases on their shoulders, chanting the song which is always heard when a number of men work together, and after frequent intervals of rest the procession arrives at the barge which has been sent from Cairo. It will be impossible to decipher the many rolls of papyrus for some months; so far it has been ascertained that the mummies are chiefly those of priests and priestesses who lived in the twenty-first dynasty, or about 1100 B. C. A high priest of the god Amen, named Hirhor, was the founder. This may, perhaps, account for the elaborate way the mummies have been preserved.

GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

How a Clever Reporter Got an Interview With Hannibal Hamlin.

A PICTURE FROM NEW ENGLAND.

J. Palmer O'Neill Finds There Is Plenty of Interest in Baseball.

CRACKING JOKES ON TYPEWRITERS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 14.—I have talked with a large number of people during the week, and select the following interviews as most likely to be interesting to Pittsburg people:

Breaking Up the Nervous System.

Edward Ryerson, commercial traveler—I have had a good many queer experiences on the road. Once in Michigan I was held up for all I was worth. It was right in a small town, one with which I was very well acquainted and where I was pretty well known. I had been out in the evening, and was coming home early, when I was met in the middle of the sidewalk by a stranger. I stepped to the left and he stepped to the left; then I stepped to the right and he stepped to the right, just as people will, you know, often without design and to mutual embarrassment. In this case it had the effect of embarrassing me only long enough for a second man to grab me from behind and trip me up in a twinkling. Both men were on top and squeezed me so hard that I could hardly yell. But yell I did right lustily three or four times. I could see from where I lay a woman sitting at an open window just across the street, and a little further up a man lounging on a front door stoop. Although I yelled murder and thieves, neither the man nor the woman made an effort to either release me or come to my assistance. After I made three or four yelps one of the fellows had me by the throat while the other was reaching for my pockets. The man almost choked me to death, but as my pocket was on the under side and both of them sitting on me, they couldn't get at the latter as easy as they could my throat. This kept them a little longer than usual fumbling at the job. When I got a chance I gave another desperate yelp, and this caused the man who was sitting on the stoop to get up and leisurely come my way. At the sight of him the two robbers deserted their prey and fled in the other direction. Now, don't you know, I have never fully recovered from the nervous prostration of that attack. I never go out anywhere at night without feeling that the air is full of cut-throats and highwaymen, and I have a nervous suspicion of every man I meet in the dark. Yet this was years ago. I have a friend who has had a similar experience, and he tells me that his nervous system has been thoroughly broken down since that time. When he goes home at night he carries a stone in each hand and walks in the middle of the road.

New York Doesn't Decide Now.

Thomas H. Davis, theatrical manager—This season on the road has been remarkable, in that the better class of plays have received more encouragement than ever before. On the other hand, all of the bum shows and cheap spectacular and operatic companies have met with disastrous results and have lost money or gone to pieces. The time was when a successful run in New York decided the fate of a piece. It is no longer the case. In fact, on the contrary, a great number of pieces are brought out without reference to New York, and they run through successful and successive seasons without ever having been produced here. You may think it curious, but it is a fact that there are but five cities in the Union where a play can be worked with any reasonable chances of success. These cities are New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco. The advantages of Boston as a show town are in the fact that it has a large outlying population that depends upon Boston for amusements. The cities of Cambridge, Lynn, Lowell, Salem, Haverhill and Worcester have theater trains and so does Providence, R. I. In Boston they get a higher price for seats than in any other city except New York. A good play can be run in Boston four or five months successfully when it couldn't in Philadelphia two weeks. As to prices, they are higher, as a rule, in the East than they are in the West. In Cincinnati and St. Louis anything over $1 for a seat is considered robbery and the public won't stand it. Most of the Chicago theaters are $1 and under.

A Regular Joshua Whitcomb.

P. P. Pope, lawyer—I was up in Vermont during the cold snap to take some testimony. The place was a small town with little or no accommodations and those were frozen up as tight as a drum. We had to break the water in our pitcher with a warm poker before we could wash. After inquiry we ascertained the residence of the master in chancery. He was found with an old-fashioned yoke and water pails, and outfit similar to that with which the rural New Englander carries sap about in the sugar camp. He was dressed in homespun and was a regular Josh Whitcomb in general appearance. After breakfast, an hour later, we met him in his office and were astonished at the transformation which had take place in his attire. He wore a full suit of broadcloth of antique cut, an old-fashioned high collar with sharp points we used to call "side-boards," and one of those old black stocks that our early ancestors used to wear around their necks with three or four turns. He was as genial an old man in his personal manners as I ever met. In the evening when we got through he invited us to his house and we drank cider, played cards and were generally entertained in a New England way. He felt pretty good, having made $3 or $4 out of a hard day's work.

Awful Suffering in Italy.

Charles Moss, brother of Theodore Moss—I received a letter the other day from my sister who is in Florence, Italy. She gives in detail the most distressing situation of that people during the past winter. They have been visited by exceedingly cold weather and snow has fallen from 18 inches to 2 feet deep. Florence depends for its very existence upon the hundreds and thousands of visitors who flock there during the season. This unprecedented winter has had the effect to almost completely shut out foreign travelers, and in consequence of this the small shopkeepers, who abound in the beautiful city, have been ruined and all classes of people who depend immediately upon foreign visitors are in great distress. This cannot be put into words, she says. It is absolutely depressing to think of it. Cold weather and deep snows are comparatively unknown to the people of Southern Italy and such a visitation, therefore, is a great deal more severe than it would be considered by us of Northern New York. When it is remembered that these same shopkeepers live on very small incomes and those incomes are gathered from day to day from foreign visitors, you can imagine the miserable condition in which they now are.

The Tariff and Electric Progress.

Arthur T. Welles, Western Electric Company—We manufacture in this country about everything that now enters into the various branches of the electrical service. The only important thing that is imported is manganese, and that, you know, must necessarily be imported. It enters into the formation of the magnet. We would manufacture more if it were not for the hurtful discrimination of the tariff duties. Necessarily in the electrical business we use a great deal of copper, and this copper could be purchased 2 or 3 cents a pound cheaper laid down abroad than it can be bought here. Mind you, this copper is Lake Superior ore. In consequence of this we have two large factories abroad at Antwerp and Berlin, and are building a third one in Paris. In addition to the effects of the tariff, the South American market is more easily reached from Antwerp than from New York. However, but for the difference in copper ore we would have probably built another factory in America instead of the one now being fitted out in Paris. There are now employed between our New York and Chicago houses about 1,400 men, while in Berlin and Antwerp we run about 1,600.

A Novel Attempt at Smuggling.

A Custom House Official—When an American dies abroad, you know, the clothes of the deceased can come in free of duty. This fact has developed a curious attempt at smuggling. A short time ago a man declared six dresses, worth about $300, as the property of his deceased sister, an American. He represented that she died abroad and her clothing was being returned to her family. To aid this deception the dresses were made up with soiled ruchings in the neck and sleeves and soiled whalebones being placed in the seams of the waists. But the dresses themselves, when submitted to an expert, were found to be constructed in the latest fashion, and that the old and soiled materials could be easily changed without damage to the rest of the garments. The expert also found that instead of being worth $300 they were worth at least $1,800. They are now in the custody of the United States Government and will probably be sold for the benefit of Uncle Sam.

Cold Weather and Patent Leather.

H. J. Holbrook, wholesale dealer in fine shoes—Severe cold is more dangerous to patent leather than anything else. Gentlemen may wonder why patent leather shoes worn in the winter time crack so easily, but it is not exposure to the outdoor air or wet necessarily. We take the greatest precautions to protect our fine patent leathers from the cold. The foreman of the leather room sees to it that all patent and fine leathers are covered up with blankets every evening in winter time, and thus covered until the warmth of the next day. If we ship fine patent leather shoes in the winter time, it is at considerable risk of the exposure to cold. Before delivery they might be in a condition which would cause the buyer to think that they were an inferior article and throw them back on our hands. We have had numerous such cases.

How He Thawed Hannibal Hamlin.

A Syndicate Reporter—I have been in the newspaper business a long time, but a recent experience discounts anything in the interviewing line I ever had. I was requested to see Hon. Hannibal Hamlin and get out of him some genial talk. I knew Hamlin very well, and therefore knew that it was one of his characteristics that he never talked to newspaper men upon anything. Notwithstanding the chances against me, however, I resolved to make the effort. I laid around the Fifth Avenue Hotel all night and found that Hamlin was to leave Boston early next morning by a certain train. I jumped the train here and took one that met him at Hartford. I had no difficulty in finding him in the smoking compartment of the vestibule train coming back. I hadn't addressed three words to him before he asked me point blank if I was a newspaper man. Of course I told him I was, when he said very sharply and insultingly: "I don't wan't to say anything to you. I never talk to newspaper men. I won't say a word. I have come in here to smoke a cigar by myself and I don't want to be bothered with you." The old man was fairly raging. He was so mad that he struck a match to light his cigar on the bottom of another fellow's shoe, thinking it was his own, and had to apologize. In the meantime I got on my dignity and informed Mr. Hamlin that I had just as good a right to smoke my cigar in the compartment as he had, and whether he talked or not was a matter of supreme indifference to me. That matter apparently settled we smoked in silence for a short time and then the monotony was broken with a remark of mine about something outside the car window. He returned immediately to the old subject and began to abuse newspaper men in general and the one who attempted to interview him in particular. I know the old man's weak point, and mentioned the fact that during the term of his Vice Presidency of the United States, Ben Butler had been asked by Mr. Lincoln to return from the field and go on the ticket with him as candidate for Vice President on the ground that Hamlin's temper was so bad, and that he was so far removed in his personal relations from other leaders of the party that his renomination was an impossibility. I said: "Senator, I know now that their judgment of you was correct. If it were not for your irascible temper and contemptuous indifference toward the feelings of other people, you would have been renominated on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln."

This brought the old man out strong, and he talked to me about an hour straight along. When he got to New York about 20 reporters send their cards up, but the old man said: "I never talk to newspaper men. They tried to interview me on the train, but they didn't do it." In the meantime a lovely article of two or three columns was in a dozen different offices.

Color Blindness and Street Cars.

A Boulevard Car Driver—You know these cars burn lights at night to correspond with their colors in the daytime for the guidance of the people who cannot see the color or read the lettering. Notwithstanding this effort to distinguish one line of cars from another, we are bothered every five minutes in the day with people who stop the car, ask whether this is such and such a car, or stop a car, get on, and then ask and stop it again to get off, having ridden a block or two perhaps out of their way. I have been making something of a study of these people, and find that the larger number of them are really color clind, and do not make these errors out of stupidity. They can tell, perhaps, black from white, but when it comes to the different shades necessarily employed by a great many railroad lines in this city, they are hopelessly confused.

Selling Peacocks on the Street.

A Street Fakir Selling Peacocks—These birds come from Ohio. What are they worth? I'll sell them to you for $25 a pair. My pard there has the female and this is the male, a lovely specimen, as you see. Why do we bring them along Broadway? Because the swells and your fine ladies would not see them anywhere else. We work Broadway from Fourteenth to Thirtieth streets. The trouble is we draw such crowds that the police won't let us stand long in one place at a time. It blocks up the sidewalk, you see. We have sold quite a number of birds during the past month. Profit? Now you don't want me to give away my business, do you? Yes; sometimes I sell dogs. I sold fancy dogs in London and in Paris. There ain't no place like America for one of us. Dead loads of pups are sold on the streets here every year. People who won't go to dog fanciers are often struck with the dog mania when they are confronted with the live article on a street corner. That's where we catch 'em on dogs. That's where I've been catching 'em on peacocks. Novelty, my boy, novelty, see? We are going to run elephants next.

The Democratic Hustler of Michigan.

John J. Enright, man-about-town—I have just returned from an extended tour in England, Ireland and Scotland, in company with Hon. Daniel J. Campan, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Michigan. We covered more miles in a day in a jaunting car than has ever been done by any American travelers. We had so much fun that Mr. Campan resigned his chairmanship of the State Committee in a letter from Berlin. He is an elegant gentleman, and is the first chairman who ever showed any judgment in the management of State politics in