The World Famous Exponent of Theosophy Is Suffering From an Incurable Illness.

SKETCH OF HER STRANGE CAREER.

Her Childhood Remarkable for Phenomena Which She Refused to Admit Were Spiritualistic.

WHAT SHE CLAIMS FOR HERSELF.

The Investigation at the Instance of the Society

Psychical Rescursh.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) In view of the convention of the American section of the Theosophical Society. which opened in Boston last Sunday, a few words in relation to the founder and leader of the theosophical movement in general may not come amiss. That much has already been said and written concerning the lady in question, is to those who know whereof they speak an argument without point. Few women have been so persistently misrepresented and slandered as Madam Helena Blavatsky-a fact in itself far from surprising, seeing that most of the alleged information regarding her given out to a confiding public has come from the mouths and pens either of her bitterest ene-

dice have rendered incapable of correct judgment.
As usual there are two sides to the question; the exclusive representation of one only is, to say the least, un-American, in that it is unfair and misleading. Moreover. with all due regard to the feelings of those who believe to the contrary, "H. P. B" is too considerable a person to be forever palmed off on the public as an "unmitigated fraud," "a clever sharper," or to be vilified as "infamous" and "notorious," without some indisputable proof to back such statements.

mies or of those whom ignorance and preju-

The New York Libel Suit.

The fate of the law suit instituted for libel York, is a case in point; nothing can be proved against her fair name and honor, nor ever will be, simply because the gross charge made by a certain disgruntled and self-centered individual, expelled from the ranks of the society as unworthy of membership therein, is based only on a figment of his own distorted imagination. To the bru-tal onslaught of such a one, a work of spite because Madame would not play the part of tail to his own particular kite, does the publie at large owe most of its prejudice and misconception concerning a lady who is, to use the words of one who knows her intimately and well, "constitutionally incapable -apart from all questions of morality-o carrying out an elaborate and prolonged system of fraud. She is hasty, impulsive, unconventional, frank to unwisdom (as the world estimates wisdom) and most transpar-Were the whole correspondence, of which

there are hundreds of letters still in existence, leading up to the dastardly attack of last year made public by this same ex-member, the world would quickly see where charges of fraud and of immoral character right ully belonged.

To the Psychical Research Society also, do we owe much of the widespread prejudice against Madame B. This sapient group of hunters after phosts and the supernatural. hearing of the wonder ul occult phenomena at Madame's headquarters at Adjar, India, sent out in the spring of 1884 a young man-a Mr. R. Hodgson, of St. John's College, Cambridge-to investigate and to take evi dence concerning the genuineness of its character. A piece of purely gratuitous work, this, since no one had appealed to its opinion or judgment in the matter. Their choice of emissary was also, to say the least, singularly unfortunate, as his own report proves him prejudiced from the start, ignor-ant of Hindu modes of thought, gullible to to the extreme, and what is worse, untrustworthy and whether intentionally so or not, dishonest in at least one very important, if not the most important, particu-

The Room of the Priesters I re. ir to the sketch of Madame's room at Adjar, which Mr. Hodgson produces as his own, "from measurements taken by him-self." As a matter of fact the "plan" is that drawn up by Mr. William Q. Judge, of New York City, and which shows this room as the treacherous and ungrateful Coulombs left it, with all its recent addenda of helps toward fraud, gotten up during Madame's obsence in Europe that year. Now Mr. Judge arrived on the scene before Mr. Hodgson did; he saw the room pre eisely as it had been left the day before by the expelled housekeeper and her husband, drew a plan of it and had witnesses to prove the recent and therefore impracticable unfinished character of the work, M. Coulomb having to clear out before completing his little "piece de convenience," and finally had the walls of the room restored to their former intact condi-tion. Mr. Hodgson therefore never saw the place as it then appeared: nor could be as a consequence, have drawn a "plan" of it from sight. It follows therefore that the sketch in question was either a copy of Mr. Judge's or of one obtained elsewhere. And yet he claimed it as his own, taken from measurements of what he saw! The bulk of his report, moreover, rests upon the evidence of the Coulombs-people confessedly foresworn and in the pay of others inimical to Madame. Threatened with dis missal for gross misconduct, they sold themselves to the highest bidder, engaging in a conspiracy to ruin Madame Blavatsky by charges of fraud. For a full account of the whole matter, however, the reader is referred to the official statements of the soenety and the "Reply" to Mr. Hodgson's report by Major General H. B. Morgan, as well as to Mrs. Annie Besant's clever and sarcastic article in the London Time tor March of the present year, on the "Great Mare's Nest of the Psychical Research So-

Charged With Being a Russian Spy. But the funniest thing, perhaps, in the whole of this most remarkable misreport was the sage conclusion that all this and that was simply and solely a cloak for Madame's action as a Russian spy! For after taking into due consideration all the rubbishy statements scraped together from such sources as the Coulombs and those in imically interested, Mr. Hodgson is forced to conclude that she is "peither a religiou monomaniae, nor a mercenary person ben on wain, nor yet one with a morbid yearn ing for notoriety." Puzzled to account for a motive for all her-to him-fraudulent and mysterious doings, he finally de-cides in favor of the theory that she is an agent of the Czar—spying out English political affairs. And the proof he has to offer is principally a "torn" scrap picked out of Madame's waste basket by Mme. Coulomb, which torn scrap was nothing more nor less than a discarded page of a Russian translation, published in the editor! Another torn scrap about completes for a political cypher! Meantime the "Russian spy" resides in bonored security in the midst of a people whose political interests whole thing was a most gigantic sell, only in this case it was not the intended victim Madame Blavatsky who was sold by the Psychial Research Society through its onthin! and, alas, too confiding agent, R. Rodgson, F. P. R. S. Helena Petrovoa Blavatsky was born in

Ekaterinovlow, in the South of Russia, July 30, 1830, and is consequently now in her flet year. On her tather's side she is the daughter of Colonel Peter Habn, and

the granddaughter of General Alazis-Hahn von Rottenstern Hahn, a noble Mecklinburg family, which settled in Russia. On her mother's side she is the daughter of Helene Fadeef, and grand-daughter of Privy Councilor Andrew Fadeef, and as such is connected with one

The Noblest Families in the Empire.

She herself is the widow of Councilor of State, Nicephore Blavataky, late Vice Governor of the Province of Erivan. Considerable literary talent also runs in both sides of her family—her own mother, young as she was when she died (she was then only 25), was the first novelist that had ever appeared in Russia, leaving some dozen novels that have since been translated into German. I give this much space to her lineage

man. I give this much space to her lineage
the more willingly that there be some
among her detractors who, ignorantly or
otherwise, seek to confound her with another or others of a like surname, and whose
adventures they profess to follow among
the leading cities of Europe. According to accounts given by relatives, Madame's childhood was a most remarka-

ble one. Strange things are reported even of her babyhood. Paychic phenomena of certain kinds seem to have occurred around her and in connection with her from her her and in connection with her from her cradle up. Such phenomena—less understood then—was usually set down to the credit of the devil; the little Mile. Hahn was accordingly drenched, in her youth "with enough holy water to have floated a ship," and exorcised by the priest times without number. As she grew older she developed an individuality as extraordinarily strong an individuality as extraordinarily strong as it was rich and unique. Uunderstood by few, if by any, she yet interested and not un-frequently astonished all by her strange powers of mind and intellectual originality. Written Messages From the Dead.

Spiritualism was then beginning to at-Spiritualism was then beginning to attract the attention of many in all parts of the civilized world—notably the United States and Europe—and, as it happened, Mile. Hahn, then only in her 9th or 10th year, supplied many of its most prominent phenomena, even to delivering written messages from the "dead." There are some, indeed, who assert that Madame Blavatsky was then and has ever been simply and sol ly a natural-born medium—a charge that Madame herself denies with emphasis. She explains all such phenomena from the standpoint of occult science based on natural law, repudiating the idea that the spirits of departed can or do communicate with the living; denouncing in toto the apiritual istic belief as a most misleading and danger ous delusion.

In her 16th year Mile, Hahn was forced into a most unwilling marriage with General Blavatsky, a man old enough to be her grandfather, and who was, however suitable in other respects, certainly not the right man for the place. The circumstances right man for the place. The circumstances leading up to this marriage would be comic were it not for the touch of tragedy in its effects upon the young lady herself. Like a wild young creature, caught and caged, the youthful bride utterly refused to take upon herself the duties of a wife, and after three months' continued rebellion she ran home to her family. Afraid, however, that the paternal authority might insist upon a re-turn to the Blavatsky roof, she started out privately for an Eastern tour of her own, and, falling in with friends, made the trip to Egypt, Greece, etc., without let or hin-drance. Thenceforth Mme. Biavatsky became a veritable Wanderer on the Face of the Earth,

Communicating secretly meanwhile with her father, who supplied her with funds, aiding her when possible in her various journeys from place to place. The amount of ground she covered in those days of slow travel is surprising. The year 1851 found her at Quebec, New Orleans and Mexico. In 1852 sue started for India, returning to England in 1853. During 1854-5 she again visited the "States," crossed the plains in an emigrant wagon to San Francisco, reaching Calcutta in 1855. Three years later finds her again in Europe and once more at

Her immediate object during all these wanderings was the acquirement of occult knowledge and training. The latter she is supposed to have especially acquired during her stay in India, among the trans-Himalayan initiates. For the next few years we find her quietly at home among her relatives in Russia. Her sister, Mme. Jelihowsky, has written several articles for a Russian periodical, describing Madame B.'s now wonderfully increased powers.

The Agent of Higher Powers. Some time between 1867-70 Madame made mother trip to Thibet, from which time on she has devoted strength, time, title and fortune to the furtherance of the theosophical cause, claiming only to be the chosen agent of higher powers, and giving to the

unprejudiced proofs supporting that claim, she gives out freely to the world that which she has received in the way of esoteric truth. her latest work, "The Secret Doctrine," ing in itself a stupendous witness to her intellectual strength and acumen, of the occult powers which have ever been the chief attraction among the simply curious, Madame has spoken lightly—as so many

'psychological tricks" unworthy the furore Never in entirely perfect health, her constitution has of late years completely broken down from overwork and worry. Incurable disease now renders any hope of ultimate recovery impossible. Naturally somewhat ecusually are, constant illness, by reacting upon an exceedingly sensitive and highstrung temperament, has ever served to aug-ment the tendency thereto, but were her eccentricities increased an hundredfold those real woman beneath could but still continue to love and revere. Meantime, with a courage that is dauntless, a heart that is ever open and warm toward suffering humanity, a mind that is atterly regardless of persons comfort and gain, the dying exponent o theosophical truth works on with unabated intellectual vigor, surrounded, I am glad to say, in this, her old age and poverty, by an ever widening circle of reverential and de-voted friends and followers. F. T. S.

A FOX THAT COULD REASON Reynard of Norway's Experimental Jumps and What They Meant

New Orleans Picayune. A huntsman in Norway one day observed fox cautiously approaching the stump of an old tree. When near enough the fox jumped up on to the top of it, and after looking around awhile, hopped down to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this feat several times he went his way. In a short time he returned to the spot carrying in his mouth a pretty large and heavy piece of wood. As if to test his vaulting powers, he renewed his leap on the stump, keeping the stick in his mouth. Finding that even with this weight he could jump up quite easily, he dropped the piece of wood, and coiling himself up on top of the stump, remained motionless, as if dead.

the stump, remained motionless, as if dead.
Some time after an old sow, with a number of young ones, came out of the wood and passed the spot where the fex lay. Two of the little pigs, having fallen behind the others, the fox pounced down on one of them, seized it in his mouth, and sprang up again to the tree stump. On hearing het little one cry-the old sow came rushing back to its assistance, and spent the greater part to its assistance, and spent the greater part of the night in vain attempts to reach Rey-nard. He, however, took the matter very to its assistance, and spent the greater coolly, devouring his prey under the very nose of its nother, which was at length obliged to move off without being able to avenge herself.

A Peculiar Verse An old English drinking mug of chins brought to a famous New York jeweler's to cornamented, had this quaint inscription :

Lot the wealthy rejoice,
Boll in splendor and state,
I carry them not, I declare it;
I cat my own lamb,
My chickens and ham,
I shear my own fleece and I wear it.
I have inwns, I have bowers,
I have fruit, I have flowers,
The lark is my morning alarmer;
Bo jolly bors, now,
Long life and success to the farmer!

WILLING TO MARRY Howard Fielding Conducts an Investigation of Matrimony.

INTERVIEWS TWELVE SPINSTERS.

The Result is Breach of Promise Suits for a Total of \$300,000

AND A BREACH OF PRACE AT HOME

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR. Maude was sitting at my desk when I enered the room, and the big tears were falling from her eyes upon a manuscript which

I had recently prepared. "My dear," said I in, a somewhat acid voice, "you needn't complicate the obscurities of my chirography by crying over that. It was intended to be funny."

"On, Howdy, how can you," she sobbed 'how can you write on the marriage question when you know that every horrid thing you say will be traced right straight to me. You know that after Mrs. Matthews' article was printed some of Mr. Matthews' friends wouldn't speak to him on the street, and he a model husband, as kind as a kitten. Why, she got barrels of letters of condolence, in-



It Was Intended to Be Punny.

cluding circulars from nearly all the divorce lawyers in the country, who said she had a clear case in any court. One of them wrote from way out in Montana to say that he'd get her a divorce for nothing and then marry her himself. And women wrote to Mr. Matthews, rebuking him for his inhuman cruelty, and quoting Scripture at him by the yard, till they drove him nearly crazy. Oh, Howdy, will you destroy our happy, happy home for half a cent s

Heard While Eavesdropping. "Nonsense," said I, "the facts in that article of mine came from the unmarried women who called on you after your friend Millie Smith's engagement to Tom Harris was announced. I overheard their merry prattle. They all regarded Millie as a de eigning person whose conduct was alto-gether reprehensible. They all thought that Tom was a fool. Every one of them had refused at least half a dozen offers from men much more desirable than Tom, though he's young, rich and handsome. Many of them had refused Tom himself, and they were all single from preference and from no other reason whatever. With such evidence as that before me I was able to answer the question 'Is Marriage Becoming Unpopular?' decidedly in the affirma-

Maude was laughing now.

"You dear old goose," she said, "I hadn't read anything but the title of your article. If it contains what you say it does, I should advise you not to print it at all."

I couldn't quite make her out. She seemed to believe that the women I had quoted were not wholly sincere, although

they were among her most intimate as-sociates. She made so much fun of them that I resolved to supplement their testimony by further investigations. Determines on Some Interviews.

I made up a list of the names of 12 unwomen living in suburban towns. Most of them wrote a little but appeared to be otherwise of sound mind. I had no rea sequaintance with any of them, but we held some trifling correspondence on matters per taining to the mushy undercrust of letters and had met occasionally in ill-ventilated ante-rooms, where we were waiting till our turn came to offer some of this literary dough to various editors. Nevertheless, we did not despise each other.

I intended to interview these ladies on the subject of marriage, without letting them know that their views were intended for publication. Of course, in placing these innocent victims before the public, I shall be obliged to provide them with fictitious

I first called upon Miss Lucy Gray Lee, of Hoboken. She writes fashion letters and is the worst-dressed woman in New Jersey.
This is not due to poverty, because she isn't
poor; it is the result of inherent bad taste
and the persistent following of her own



Interview With Lottle Linden

printed advice. Miss Lee remembered me, and she blushed to confess—that is she said she blushed, but I had her in a bad light and couldn't honestly say that I noticed it—she blushed to confess that she had thought of me often, too often perhaps.

Noticed That She Was Eccentric. I introduced the subject of marriage, She hadn't given it much consideration. She would take a day off and think of it. It was a very serious matter. She remarked that she made all her own clothes and was quite in love with housework. I couldn't was too polite to say so. However, as to her clothes, it was honest of her not to let suspicion rest upon anybody else. She would write me soon, and meanwhile I need

not despair. This is the summary of a conversation which led me to believe that Miss Lee was somewhat eccentric, and perhaps a trifle sentimental for one of her age, which must

sentimental for one of her age, which must have been about 35.

My next call was at the house of Miss Helen Elizabeth Graves in Weehawken. I don't know what she was talking about; I really don't. The subject of marriage appeared to excite her. I judged that she held very violent opinious, but what they were, I could not fully understand. She, too, promised to write to me.

promised to write to me.

I skipped over to Morrisania to see Miss
Lottie Linden who prepares the Sunday
dinner column for a Saturday afternoon dinner column for a Saturday afternoon paper. She is a hearty, robust woman of 40, who does not look as if she ever meddled with her own prescriptions. I introduced the subject of marriage and begged her to tell me calmly what she thought of it, but she immediately branched off to something quite different. It appeared to be her desire to give me her small savings amounting to \$5,000, for the purpose of starting a New York daily newspaper of which I was to be

Love Better Than Cold Cash I told her that, as the sum she named would run the paper for only about 15 minutes, I was airaid that my glory would be too brief to afford either of us any satisfac-tion. Then she burst into tears, and asked me if I did not think that a deep, strong love was better than money, I was forced to reply that I didn't, if it was a question of running a newspaper with one or the other of them. She said that I was sordid and mercenary and a number of other unplement things; in fact, I obtained much valuable information regarding my own character, but very little concerning the question which

I was trying to get points on.
I began to fear that I had lost my old I began to fear that I had lost my old knack as an interviewer. My questions seemed to be unnecessarily exciting. Even my own nerves had suffered in my talk with Miss Linden. I endeavored to quiet them by a dinner in the Annexed District; and when I called on Miss Dora Sykes Brown, in the edge of the evening, I believed that I could make her talk intelligibly. From the nuggets of her poetry, which have cropped out in certain magazines, I knew her to be of a somewhat emotional nature, but I had prepared a formula of questions, which ought to be more soothing than chloroform, First, what was her general opinion of mar-First, what was her general opinion of marringe. I never got further than that. There was an extraordinary seene, and nothing but the presence of mind of her father, who dropped me out of the parlor window, saved

me from strangulation. A Storm in Every Letter.

I conducted the eight remaining inter I conducted the eight remaining interviews by correspondence. Poor little Maudel She received all the replies. They came by return mail. Maude doesn't usually open my letters, but the handwriting on one of these resembled that of Aunt Jennie, and she ventured to peep inside. She found a modest but firm acceptance of my offer of marriage, accompanied by an invitation to call, and a railroad time table with the acceptance in much limit to a process the interval of in pencil with the express trains underlined in pencil.

Her curiosity couldn't stand the strain, and she opened the others. They were suband she opened the others. They were sub-stantially the same. Some contained, be-sides the time table, unused portions of commuters' tickets, or photograph's indorsed with the allegation that they did not do the subjects justice. Oh, why didnt I have the presence of mind to tell these women that I was married, or to give them my office ad-dress, or to warn Maude of what might happen?

happen?

I had an awful time explaining the case to her. Our flat had never witnessed so tearful a scene. Our treaty of peace included the stipulation that Maude should dictate my reply to the letters. If the re-cipients do not care for it as a literary pro-duction, they can use it to freeze ice cream. But it didn't do much good. That was over a month ago. Yesterday I was idly turning over my manuscripts in search of something which would pay the gas bill. Damages to Fractured Hearts.

"Maude," said I, "where is the copy of Hat article which proves that 'Marriage Is Becoming Unpopular?'"
"It may be under those papers on your desk," she replied.

I picked up the papers to which she re-ferred. They were notifications of 12 suits for brench of promise, with broken hearts ranging in value from \$10,000 to \$50,000.



The total is a little over \$300,000. I am sorry for these ladies, but this is more money than I can spare. If they win their cases they will have to attach my salary, which will suffice to settle their claims within

2,000 or 3,000 years.
I turned from these dreary legal documeats to my own brilliant discussion of the unpopularity of marriage. It is much more interesting than the laborious compositions of the lawyers, and yet theirs seem to be stronger argumentatively. "I shall not publish this article," said I

to Maude; "my conclusions appear to have been hasty." HOWARD FIELDING. PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

Clever Scheme of two Stranded Students to Raise the Wind. Philadelphia Times. Last summer, during the vacation season

It is difficult to believe, amid birds and butterflies and golden sunshine, that war in of their college, two Heidelberg students, Benzel and Stengel, were making a lively, its most horrible form, that of brother against brother, is deluging this fair country with blood—impossible to realize that famine is abroad in the land, and that even picturesque and carmine-punctuated tour of the various fashionable watering places. The tone of their journey had been so connow starvation threatens the citizens of this "Vale of Paradise," as well as those of tinuously kept up to the highest pitch that it had an effect like that of a sunstroke, Chile's capital, since no crops can be har-vested or fresh supplies brought in from any when Benzel, one morning, said his total vested of iresh supplies brought in from any source so long as the present depiorable state of affairs continues. Already the little food to be had commands prices far beyond the reach of the poor, and there is much suf-fering, especially among the families of conscripted soldiers. And what will it be "And my exchequer is measured by exactly the same sum. weeks later—or may be only days hence— when the advancing horde comes marching in? In spite of Herculean efforts to crush the rebellion, President Balmuceda is rap-

Here was a dilemma. The next day at a miscellaneous bathing resort a young gentleman was the life of a merry party of ladies and gentlemen. He had just arrived from Berlin, he remarked, and by the strength of an assurance which had often puzzled learned professors who knew most of the mysteries of existence, had at once made himself the leader of those who flocked by themselves as the represen-tatives of the moneyed class. His banter, his jokes, his ever-ready wit kept them in "A note for Mr. Frederick Benzel."

So spoke a waiter, handing him an en-closure. Opening it a shade of half disap-peintment crossed his handsome face, and, excusing himself, he hurriedly left the In a little while he returned, the sad ex-

pression on his countenance, if anything, in-tensified. "My friends," he began, "there are ups and downs for all of us in this world, but anything sadder than this I know not. An old collegemate, who has met with undeserved misfortune, noting my presence, sent in a message he would like to see me. I saw him an object of the deepest compassion. He lives in the neighborhood, the husband of a widow with 13 children. Could anything be more unlucky? Will I be seconded if I propose a little collection for the poor fellow? I myself will give

"Good! Good! Certainly," was unanimous cry.
That evening at dusk Benzel and Stengel began their return journey with a profusion of ruddy exhibitation that made the red of their oncoming voyage pales than a primrose's heart.

Poorly-Paid Vocalists.

A prominent music teacher is authority or these facts: There are no less than 2,000 singers employed in the choirs of wealthy churches of New York who receive but \$1 a week for their services. About 1,000 are paid \$2, and less than 200 receive \$4 a Sunpaid \$2, and less than 200 receive \$4 a Sunday. This means attendance at morning and evening prayer, at least one rehearsal a week and work at the accasional sociable and reunion, for which the chorister receives a plate of salad and a biscuit or a saucer of ice cream and a lady finger. There is a great deal of money in religion, but it does not appear from the above facts that the choir has a very large share of it. Mile, de Vers, the Patti of church choirs, gets \$100 a Sauday, which is unprecedented in the church world of music.

VALE OF PARADISE That Is Just Now Suffering From the Horrors of a Civil War.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VALPARAISO.

The Pire Departments of Chilean Cities Are

Quite Peculiar. TROUBLE FOR A PHILADELPHIA BRIDE

VALPARAISO CHILE April 8.-I be lieve it was in the year 1536 that Don Juan Saareds-a Spaniard, famous for nothing else-captured this locality from! the aborigines. He laid it out in three separate towns, and named them respectively "El Puerto" (the Port), "El Almendral" and 'St. John of God;" but had them christened in the lump, so to speak, under the general title of Val-Paraiso-"Vale of Paradise." That portion anciently called El Puerto is the only level part of the city and comprises all the business quarter, which until recently consisted of only one long, straggling

street, close to the beach.

The guestas, or hills, dedicated to St. John of God, which now comprise most of the residence portion, vary in height from 1,000 to 400 feet. Nothing can be more exhilarat-

winding pathway-part wooden stairs, part

pery as glass; turning now to the right, now to the left, according to the zigzag trail,

elinging to the iron railing that partially

protects the path as it rounds the cape of some man's garden; while a brisk breeze turned our sunshades wrong side out and

threatened to serve our garments in the same

At length we were compelled to sit down

on the stairs, ostensibly because so charmed with the scene below, but in reality from lack of breath to carry us another step. Just

lack of breath to carry us another step. Just then a handsome Chilena tripped past, trall-ing a black velvet gown weighted with pounds of jet beads, yet looking unwearied and fresh as a rosebud in June. But she

lives up here and is used to it, and that

makes all the difference in the world, you know! A boy with a hundred-foot ladder might climb from the "Puerto" straight up into her back yard in three minutes time,

into her back yard in three minutes' time, while to reach the front door she must wind

around the hills a mile or more. Almost any resident of this part of the town could

easily surprise his nearest neighbor by slip-

ping off his own porch and landing on the latter's roof; and if a child should happen to fall from the window of many a house,

he would "bring up" on the stone-paved

But the glorious view is worth climbing

for. There are beautiful hills, rising one

above another, dancing cataracts and ma-jestic mountains; there is the crescent-shaped bay without a ripple upon its burning sur-face, its ships motionless as sheeted ghosts

and its rolling tides washing the gray rocks at our feet—all combining to produce an effect of profound peacefulness.

War Mars the Picture.

idly losing ground; and as the insurgents gain boldness with each victory, their nat-ural cruelty increases and revolting atroci-

ties become matters of every day.

Viewed from this altitude, the streets in

the level portion of the town look insignifi-

makes a pleasing picture. The houses are mostly three-storied, with thick walls plas-

tered to represent stone. Mr. Spangler, a recent missionary teacher from Kansas, de-clares that their stiff, straight-up-and-down

lines are so out of harmony with the gra-

cious landscape that they auggest to him cold, damp and cramp colic, and such in-congruous things as an undertaker at a pic-

The Houses Will Hardly Burn

But Spanish-American architecture, though different from anything found at the North, has its beauties and alvantages,

Among the latter may be mentioned the im-

The roofs of earthen tiles, embedded in dried

mud, are extremely picturesque, especially in these moist sections, where their dull-red

surface soon takes on a coating of moss and

lichens. Should a fire originate in the rafters, or in the boards and sheeting be

rafters, or in the boards and sheeting be-neath, it would go out of its own accord after they were burned away, -because the heavy mud covering, falling in, would effectually smother the conflagration.

By the way, one of the institutions of Chile most conspicuous for its oddity is the fire department. All natives are compelled

by law to serve as bomberos (firemen), or in the militia; and as most of the swell young

men prefer the former, the fire companies re-semble clubs, or similar social organizations,

and are eliqued according to the strictest rules of caste. It is intensely funny to see the bomberos out on a drill, which is made the occasion for a stunning display of their smart uniforms of white linen and glitter-

to see them at a fire—except or those whose property is being destroyed. The gorgoous bomberos were never known to put out a fire, but their efforts, when they consessend to make any, are merely directed to cheeking its spreasi by deluging adjacent houses, oright in New York from memory 'Macbeth' thereby generally accomplishing quite as much damage by water as is done by fire. It is not uncommon for some near-by mere

nic, and a corpse at a wedding.

street, 500 feet below.

A STREET SCENE IN VALPARAISO.

chant, whose stock in trade would be hope-lessly ruined if the firemen were allowed, their own reckless way, to pay sums of money to the chiefs of the companies to in-duce them to turn the hose in another di-rection; or, failing in that, to lock doors and windows and stand in front with drawn refolvers, to keep the destructive bomberos A Fire the Signal for a Holiday.

A Fire the Signal for a Holiday.

The alarm system is so arranged, by the ringing of bells, that those who understand it can instantly locate the scene of disaster. Occasionally the bomberos succeed in geting there, engine and all, before a building a quite consumed. They mostly ride up in carriages, and repair to the balconies of neighboring houses, where they watch the burning as if it were a spectacular show gotten up for their benefit. It is the courteous custom of the neighbors aforesaid to set out luncheon for these distinguished guests, including wines and beer. When not arrived too late to do anything but partake of the luncheon, the highly excitable amateurs sometimes perform wonderful feats, in the line of slinging babies and mirrors out of upper windows and carefully carrying down upper windows and carefully carrying down feather pillows. I once saw a piano hoisted off a balcony and fall crashing into the crowded street below, to the injury of a few heads and the utter demolition of the instrument, which might as well have been left

to burn.

An acquaintance writing from Concepcion
—the third city of Chile, situated some
distance south of Santiago—says: "The
houses hereabout are built of heavy brick
and adobe, covered with earthen tiling, so
that it would be almost impossible to burn
them. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant there had never been a fire in Con-cepcion; but as all well-regulated cities in civilized lands have fire companies, this ambitious town must have one also. After ing than an early morning or sunset canter over those breezy heights, along the new road that has been cut out of solid rock, away up on the steep precipices that face the bay. One day we went on foot to the top of the tallest cuesta, where in time of peace a signal staff gives notice of the approach of shipping. Up and up we climbed, by a cercion; but as all well-regulated cities in civilized lands have fire companies, this ambitious town must have one also. After a wast amount of spread-eagle talk, in print and in public speeches, the city organized a company of bomberos, composed mainly of the 'gilded youth,' and purchased a monster fire engine, at unheard of expense in transportation. But they found no use for either,

except in showy parades, followed by nights of convivial rejoicing and the usual resultant 'big heads.' When that kind of thing be-

came an old story, some of the good people determined to redeem their city from the

imputation of being behind the times at any

and dance right merrily.

The citizens were in ecstasies. Everybody turned out to see the fun. Church belis rang jubilantly. The new engine was dragged through the streets in triumph, and even

the bomberos managed to arrive in time, to be 'in at the death.' One by one they came

sauntering up, some on foot, others in car-risges, all having tarried to dress up for the occasion in their brand new uniforms. In short, it was an eminently satisfactory per-

formance—for everybody but the insurance company. The owners of the burned build-

ings came out some thousands of dollars ahead, for the alleged damages had to be

paid, because the insurance business was yet in its infancy in Chile, and the com-

pany knew that refusal would be a death-

It used to be the fashion in Valparaiso to

et fire to one's own proporty in order to ob-

tain the insurance on it. but the authorities

were compelled to put a stop to proceedings

losely built city. They did it in the sum-

mary manner peculiar to Chile-by throw-

ng into prison any unfortunate man whose

house took fire and sometimes his nearest

neighbors were incarcerated to keep him company, all being retained in durance vile

until it was proved to the satisfaction of everybody just how the fire originated.

Mantas for Penitent Women.

Another novelty, seen nowhere but in Chile, is the wearing of white mantas and

white dresses by penitentas, or women who have committed some sin, for which they

desire to atone by thus advertising the fact

The black mants, or shawl, with which the women of Peru and Bolivia universally cover the head and shoulders, is also used

ere, though most ladies of the aristocracy

have discarded it except for church-going,

on other occasions sporting the finest French millinery. But if going to Mass, a manta you must wear, for no other style of head

gear is permitted inside a Chilean sanciu-

ary.

In this connection I am reminded of the recent experience of a Philadelphia couple, who are making a wedding journey around the world and took in South America on the way. The bride, who is one of the sweetest and desintlest little women I ever not took me with a blank of the same of the sweetest and desintlest little women I ever

sweetest and desintiest little women I ever met, told me, with a blush of mortification, how they were actually turned out of a Santiago church. There was a grand Mass for some religious fiests; and, being in utter ignorance of local customs, the lady wore her traveling bonnet—a modest toque of black chip. She says that the moment they entered the door, a woman came hurriedly forward and whispered something in an angry tone—in Spanish, of which language our friends do not understand a word. As they passed along the aisle, another woman

our friends do not understand a word. As they passed along the aisle, another woman stepped up to slay their progress; then another and another, each gesticulating more vehemently than her predecessors, but whispering the same words. Considerably astonished, but knowing no cause for dismay and feeling austained by conscious rectitude, the young Philadelphians bowed serenely to those who accosted them, and having chosen a retired spot behind a pillar, prepared with due reverence to enjoy the ceremonies. But a black-gowned priest strode down from the altar, took my lady by the arm and politely walked her out, tollowed, of course, by the new wrathful husband; and not until they met an English-speaking acquaintance did they learn the cuse of their ejection—all ou account of that modest little toque!

that modest little toque!

Two Remarkable Memories.

J. M. Hill, of New York, and Joe Parks

were talking in the Tremont House about

their memories. Parks said he could re-

member some things, while others got away

from him completely. "I can recite," he

so dangerous to the entire community in

low to their hopes of future prosperity.

TANNING OF LEATHER

Crude Methods Employed Successfully in Various Lands.

MAKING WIRE FINER THAN HAIR.

An Instrument for Removing the Epidermis in Skin Grafting.

PAPAW LEAVES MAKE MEAT TENDER

IPPEPARED FOR THE DISPATCELS A leather manufacturer, who has been on his travels, has sent a trade journal some interesting notes on the methods of tanning adopted in various countries. While walking out one day in Antigua, he came upon a hut about 11 feet square, thatched with sugar cane, and on entering he found himself in a very unique and primitive tannery. A big, brawny colored woman was hard at work taking the hair off skins. Her method was of the simplest. The skins had been put in lime for about a week, and were beng unhaired by means of a board, after which they were steeped in various tau liquors in a series of tubs, and the product was ready for market. The leather was

John Chicaman was found to have a rade and primitive process. After steeping in a solution of lime the hides are cleansed and exten, then tanned with extract of gall. The hides are afterward passed backward and forward through the smoke of straw, which issues from a circular furnace built underground, and gives the latter a yellowprown color. The process is then complete. Sometimes the leather is blackened with a solution of galls and copperas, or simply with lampblack. India has 48 large tanneries. Hides are tunned there by softening in water for a few days, after which the hair is scraped off. The hide is then treated with quicklime, and after remaining in this condition for two or four days is placed in the tan, which is made from the bark of the babul (Acacia Arabica), or any other tree yielding a good tanning solution. There it remains for a fortnight or three weeks, after which it is removed, and when soaked in clean water for a short time and dried is

crude but serviceable, and sold readily in the

island.

ready for use.

When intended for the manufacture of shoes the leather is usually steeped in a solution of red dye for a day or two before being worked. From the undyed leather buckets for wells and water bags for the water carriers are made. Some leather water-skins of a superior description, called chagals, are also made, which are used by travellers to carry drinking water. Besides the manufacture of different and character-iatic forms of shoes used in various prov-inces, european bootmaking has also been learned in the begars of the larger towns. In some of these hides of animals are beautifully tanned with the hair intact, and a fine soft skin of greenish buff color is made into trousers, coats, leggins and gloves, the skin used being that of the deer.

Advice to Amsteur Photographers. A. Bogardus, in a recent article, gives ome excellent advice to amateur photographers. He says: "If you would succeed in your experiments let everything you use

be the best of its kind. A poor camera box and a weak lens will not give good results. Have the dark room and everything in it in perfect order. Use great care in every part of the process. Carelessness never succeeds. Do not be satisfied with any kind of an im-An insurance agent was encouraged to visit Concepcion, and he succeeded in issuing a number of policies—for about double the value of the property insured. A night or two atterward there was a rousing blaze—not any trifing, second-class affair, but a genuine conflagration, in which coal oil and other combustibles caused the flames to leap and dance right merrily. execution? Anybody can put a plate in a camera and expose it. Do not attempt portraits of friends; they will find fault with them and laugh at you. Your sitter will not like his or her expression, and will say it is your fault. Use your plates to make landscapes or views. Do everything deliberately. Do not neglect to dust the plate before inserting it in the slide, or the picture will be spoiled by dust spots. Learn to use a reliable plate, and do not change. Use one formula for a developer, and keep on

loing so until you are muster of it. The amateur photographer is finally exported to master whatever difficulties presen themselves and not to get discouraged.

How to Treat Chamols Skins.

Considering what a useful thing s chamois skin is, it is astonishing that there is so much ignorance as to the proper way of keeping it in order and lengthening its term of service. Chamois skins should never be left in water after being used, but should be wrung out and hung up to dry, being spread out carefully, so as to leave no wrinkles. They should not be used to wipe off colors, as paint stains form hard spots and make the skin wear out sooner. Chamols was never intended to wipe the face and hands with, which makes the skin become greasy. Never put a chamois skin into warm water; anything above lukewarm water will curl it up, making it become

thick, tough and useless.

To bring back chamols that has been ruined by grease or paint, or used as a towel until it resembles a dirty old rag, the fol-lowing is recommended: Take a bucket of clean water which has been made fairly but not too strong with ammonia: soak the skip in it over night and next morning rinse ! out in pure water, after which use pur white castile sosp and water freely. The need take no longer than a quarter of an hour, and it makes the skin in reality better than it was be ore, having freed it from lint and other impurities.

New Use for the Papaw. In the West Indies one of the character istics of an intelligent cook is the care with which he or she will see to it that a papaw tree is growing within a short distance of the kitchen door. The fruit of the papaw, if large and well grown, is not to be despised as a breakfast dish, and its rich golden flesh is to many much more palatable than that of the popular melou. But the attractiveness of the papaw for the cook consists in its leaves, which possess the remarkable property of rendering meat tender. The toughest beefsteak or the most topeless old rooster can be made soft and comparatively juicy by being wrapped for an hour or two in the large, dark green papaw leaves.
Dr. Mortimer Granville, who has been

for some time studying the properties of the juice which works such wonders, states that he has discovered in it a remedy for cancer when used with some other preparations The organized ferment of the papaw is be-lieved to be a bacillus; but Dr. Granville says he has satisfied himself of the therasays he has satisfied himself of the thera-peutic value of the juice, or certain of its elements, as a solvent of the morbifically indurated tissues in cancer, when admin-istered in combination with certain specified

Instrument for Removing the Epidermis. The process of skin grafting, of which modern surgeons are largely availing themselves, has led to the invention of a wonder-rul little instrument. By this invention large portions of the epidermis can be separated from the subentmeous tissue with the greatest case and simplicity. The thickness of these delicate human plusters is orness of these delicate human plasters is or-dinarily about oue-sixteenth of an inch, and the resulting betworthage is not more than is caused by a slight abrasion of the skin, or a very close shove. The advantages of the new over the old method of enidermic de-tuchment are obvious. It is expeditious, the sections of shaved enticle are much larger and of a more uniform thickness than can be obtained by the most dexterous manipu-lator, and the chances of successful grafting are increased by the fact that the skin is trausplanted, while the cellular elements are in their full vital activity.

Manufacture of Watch Glasses. In the manufacture of watch glasses the workman gathers with the blowing tube several kilograms of glass. Softening this by holding it to the door of the furnace, he puts the end of the tube into communication with a reservoir of compressed air, and a big sphere is blown. It is, of course, necessary to get the exact proportion of material at the commencement of the operation, accompanied commencement of the operation, accompanied by a peculiar twist of the hand and an amazing skilfulness. The sphere ought to be produced without rents, and in such di-mensions that it is of the requisite thickness. Out of these balls the workman cuts convex discs of the required size. This is a delicate operation. A "tournette," a kind of com-pass furnished with a diamond in one of its pass furnished with a diamond in one of its branches, is used. The diamond having maced the circle the glass is struck on the interior and exterior sides with a stick and the piece is detached. The discs, which are afterwards traced, are obtained very easily. They are seized by the thumb, passed through the aperture already made and detached by the pressure of two fingers. An able workers will are \$6000 discrete detached to the control of the control o ble workman will cut 6,000 glasses a day.

Wire Finer Than Hair.

The wire used in making the receiving instruments of ocean cables, the galvanometers used in testing cables and measuring the insulation of covered wires and other delicate instruments is possessed of remarkable fineness. Some of this wire is 1-500th of an inch in diameter, finer than the hair of the human head. Ordinarily fine wire, which is drawn through steel plates, would be useless in this work, because if the hole wore away ever so little the wire would become larger and therefore unserviceable. Instead of undergoing this process the wire is drawn through what is practically a hole in a diamond, to which there is no appreciable wear. These diamond plates are made by a wear. These diamond plates are made by a woman in New York, who has a monopoly of the art in this country. The wire is then run through machinery which winds it spirally with a layer of silk thread that is 0015 of an inch in thickness, even finer than he wire.

An apparently perfect system of railway passenger communication has been inaugurated in England. By means of a new apparatus, when the passenger has turned a little handle, convenient of access, he actually stops the train by setting the vacuum

Railway Passenger Communication,

brake in action. As a remedy against friv-olous or risky stoppages, the engine-driver is enabled, when he feels the brake on, to put it off so that he may select a suitable or safe place to stop. His power of stopping, however, is lessened in proportion to the number of people who use the apparatus. When four persons have applied themselves to the communication in four different com-partments the train is stopped absolutely, and is beyond the power of the driver.

New Liquid Fuel Burner.

A new liquid fuel burner is said to possess points of superiority over any burner hitherto used. Among these are simplicity of construction and manipulation, perfect safety, which is insured by the placing of the oil trap a few inches below the level of the burner, and ease of regulation and cleaning. A specially designed oil cup for use with thick oil can be furnished, which makes it possible to use oil of considerable density. Hitherto there has been a difficulty in atomizing oil of a certain density, but, with this improvement, as fine a spray as is desired can be thrown in.

A German brewer, wise in his generation, has discovered a certain mode of detecting sulphured hops. He fits up a knitting needle with a silver-plated knob, and drives it into the bale of hops so as to leave only the knob visible. If after two or three hours the silvered knob is blackened, the sulphuring of the hops is considered to be proved.

Detecting Sulphured Hops.

A FEELING OF SOMETHING GONE.

What a Popular Actress Has to Say Tights on the Stage. Lilla Vane in "All the Comforts of Home. "]

What do I think of tights? As a mer garment not at all uncomfortable, but as an object of unnecessary and uncalled-for attention, exceedingly annoying. They cer-tainly allow a delightful freedom of action and movement utterly unobtainable in the ordinary close and tightly-fitting garb of my sex. But I fear the length of my experience in this style of stage attire scarcely warrants a discussion of its peculiar fea-

I must confess, however, that I found tights very awkward at first, just as any woman would who donned an abbreviated attire for the first time. There was something gone, I didn't seem to realize just what; but any woman can appreciate it who wants to lift the train of her dress in crossng a street and finds it missing.

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