BEHIND IN THE NEWS.

Mexican People Don't Object. if Their Newspapers Are Days Out of Date.

EDITORS OFTEN IN JAIL.

Book Stores Filled With Rare Old Volumes of Great Value.

CULTURE OF THE SISTER REPUBLIC.

The Theaters Are Well Managed and Patronized by the Best Classes.

ODD SYSTEMS OF STAGE MANAGEMENT

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] MEXICO CITY, Aug. &



hear at 5 o'clock the streets of Mexico City. Dozens of newsboys are crying it. Ragged, dirty little fellows, they look out under big hats and stick cheap-

This is the crv I

names of their papers and say that they contain all the news of to-morrow. In the morning they will cry the same papers as just from the press, and pretend that they contain all the news of the day. Mexican daily newspapers are always

printed the afternoon before the date of mblication. The editors and reporters are to larv to think of night work, and they have no idea of the value of news. Telegrams are just as likely to be printed three es after reception or to be thrown out enirely as to be used at once, and a prosy g accident or good news matter.

DON'T KNOW WHAT A SCOOP IS. The Mexican reporters do not know what the word scoop means, and many of them will not take telegrams, because they say bey have not the room for them. Neverthese there are 29 dailies in Mexico City. The anst of these are subsidized by the Governggest journal of the Mexican Republic as out only about 5,000 copies daily. This is El Meniter Republicano, which is the great Independent daily of Mexico City, which ontains about 300,000 people, and which is igger than Pittsburg. I don't know the be at least ten times as great as this, and it attor Republicano does in a venr.

Still the Monitor Republicano pays \$40,000 a year, and it is the best newspaper property in Mexico. It gets no subsidy from the overvment, and it is supported by the conservative party. It is one of the most independent of journals in its advertising ods. It will not take an advertisement for any fixed time, but only for as long as it is convenient to publish it, and it will not make any reduction in price for a num-ber of insertions. It has four pages, and sells for 6 cents weopy.

LIBITORS OFTEN GET INTO JAIL. The editor of the Remblicano is now and Government and like all other editors in Mexico he suddenly finds himself arrested and given a few months or a year imprison. in the penitentiary. There is practino freedom of the press in Mexico. The his matter never feels o lielem, which is the name of the Mexidor in this prison which is devoted to news paper editors and which goes by the name The most of the articles in a Mexican

newspaper are signed and the paper has to print in every issue the name of a man who esponsible for those which are not signed, case of trouble as to the unsigned he this man goes to prison. In some newspaper offices here the attaches Some this responsibility turn about. The Ziompo or the Times is the organ of the church party and it often denounces the Government. Its editors are frequently imprisoned, but it makes about \$10,000 a year and it considers itself doing well. SUPPORTED BY PRESIDENT DIAZ.

The leading government paper is the El Universal. This is subsidized by the govern-ment, and it gots \$1,000 a month from Pres-ident Dinz. The editor has also been made a Senator; and he gets a Senator's salary. The Universal has about 15 editors to every one reporter, and this is the proportion in most of the offices. The editorial are chiefiv ersays. The Mexicans do not know what the racy paragraph means. The first page of every Mexican newspaper is devoted to long winded critiques and commen-turies on current events or ancient history, and the only live papers that the city has are two dailies published n English, and patronized by the English speaking people

was established about 25 years ago, and which makes about \$10,000 a year. Its editor is of these were school boys, others were Mr. Mustelia Clark, and its business manager is Mr. Sidney Guy Sca, one of the brighest newspaper men of the United Mexican Congres: and were getting up States, who was forced to go to Mexico for his health. Mr. Sen was getting \$10,000 a year from the Chicago Heraid when he had a hemorrhage of the lungs, and the doctors sent him to Mexico to die. He rapidly recovered under the pure air of the Mexican plateau, and he is making the Teo Republica a very valuable property. The other English paper is known as the Angio-American. It has been only lately established, but it is fast increasing in circulation and influ-

REPORTERS DO NOT GET RICH.

are poorly paid. Editors get from \$10 to \$25 a week in money, which is only from \$7 50 to \$18 a week in American money. The essay editors get the highest salaries. The essay entrors get the highest salaries. As to telegraphic news the papers seem to think nothing of quoting from their cotemporaries' telegrams which have been used a times a week the Government and other day or two before, and an event three day or two before, and an event three menths old will be put in with as much assurance as though it had just suppened.

Time, in fact, is of no importance in any bands of the world in the Plaza Mayor. affair of Mexican life, and neither the peo-

papers pay anything for telegrams. In con-trast to this I know some American newspapers, not in New York either, which pay \$6,000 per week each for their telegrams. As to newspaper correspondents these are paid by getting a copy of the paper free, and the papers throughout are run on conomical ground.

THE PRICES FOR TYPESETTING. The printers get from 28 to 35 cents per thousand ems and a good foreman receives a salary of \$20 per week. Such printers as are on salaries get from \$6 to \$12 per week, and all of these sums are in Mexican money

which is worth only 75 cents to the dollar. There seems to be a good chance in Mexico for the establishment of paper factories. All kinds of stationery are very expensive and ordinary printing paper is made and sold here at from 13 to 16 cents a pound. The same quality of paper is sold in the United States at from 3 to 4 cents a pound, but the duties are so great and the freights so heavy that little is to be saved by importing it. It costs at least 19 cents a round to bring costs at least 12 cents a pound to bring paper from the United States to Mexico City and this sum must be paid for consular fees at the port of shipment, custom house fees of many kinds and there is a duty of 5 cents a pound in addition to the freights and fines. The Mexican Government makes almost as much off of its fines as from its duties. The least error in a consular invoice or a merchant's statement brings forth every afternoon in a heavy fine and this is the case even where the streets of Mex. and against the importer.

GIVING IMPORTERS THE DOUBLE' CROSS. If, for instance you should import 35 pounds of paper and in your invoice the amount should be put down as 40 pounds, making you pay a tax on more than you have, the Customs House officials would this system extends to every class of sup-ments it is no wonder that Mexico gets while they yell out in Spanish the rs and say that they fine you, and when it is remembered that this system extends to every class of shiphome manufacture arises in Mexico. Everything here is protected to such an extent as to almost prohibit competition and there is no better field in the world for manufacturing enterprises. Such as have



been established are making money and there is plenty of room for more. In another letter I will discuss the question more at length and will show how a number of smart Americans are already in the field and are already making fortunes.

One of the brighest Americans in the country, by the way, is Mr. Fred R. Guernsey, the editor of the Financier, a weekly financial paper which has become the business authority of the country, and which has made Mr. Guernsey and his partners a fortune within the past half dozen years. It is a bright, reliable, progressive journal, published both in Spanish and in English, and is thoroughly independent.

GETTING RICH VERY RAPIDLY. Its editor came down here at the time the ico, that of Seegur, Guernsey & Co., and he is said to have made several hundred thousand dollars within a decade. He is popular with President Diaz and the Mexicans, and he tells me he likes the country and intends to spend his life in it. His paper is the only one of the kind in Mexico and it is andoubtedly doing the country good. As o the other weekly papers there is amin ournal, a humorous sheet or so, and there s a paper which circulates almost entirely among the lawvers. As to the outside papers I see more French journals than Spanish ones on the tables of the reading nom; in the clubs and Mexico reads more French than English, The bookstores, of which there are many, are filled with French books in fine bindings, and the cheap novels

of the day are French ones.

Mexico city is perhaps the best place in the world for the purchase of antique books, and the secondhand book stores contain andreds of old volumes bound in vellun and musty with the age of hundreds of

A PARADISE FOR BOOK FANCIERS.

I bought a rare old volume which was winted in the year 1503 for \$1. It was a Latin book, beautifully printed and illustrated, and it would bring a high price at any antiquarians in America. I found it in a book stall under the long arcades that run around the plaza in Mexico City, and the dark-faced book peddler asked me \$10 for it. I pulled out a bright, new Mexican dollar and held it up before his eyes. He at first corned it but as I started to put He at first scorned it, but as I started to p back into my pocket he handed me the book and held out his hand for the collar,

You find all kinds of old and rare volume here. Two-thirds of the wealth of the whole country belonged to the priests at the time that their property was confiscated some years ago by the Government. They had vast libraries in their monasteries, and their convents were filled with old books. Since then a great many of these have been sole and stolen, and you find them in every lan guage, and some of them date back of the invention of printing and were made by the monks of the Middle Ages with the pen.

IN THE NATIONAL LIBRARY. I visited the National Library of Mexico It is in the big church of San Augustin which was confiscated and devoted to this purpose, and it contains nearly 200,000 volumes, or about one-third as many as our National Library at Washington. The walls of the church have been lined with shelves, and its naves and its chapels are filled with books. I walked through long aisles of old volumes bound in vellum, and no one of which, I was told, was less than ontronized by the English speaking people of Mexico.

One of these is The Two Republics, which tables in the reading room poring over books and making notes from them. Some students of the many colleges of the capital speeches which they would soon spout in the Senate and House.

Mexico City is, in fact, a far more culti-vated capital than is generally supposed. You may have as good schools here as anywhere. There are colleges for women and men. There is a great national museum, a fine art gallery, which contains a number of the old masters, and the people have their social clubs and their literary societies.

MENICAN AUTHORS AND MUSICIANS. Mexico has its poets, and while I have All kinds of newspaper work in Mexico patriotic poem at a public celebration. It has its novelists and its historians, and no-where in the world will you find a more general love for music among all classes of the people. Every Mexican city has its bands give here free open-air concerts. In From 12 o'clock to 1 the whole city turns out and takes a promenade in the Alameda, is a pitiable dearth of "larks" in these ple por the editors seem to care as to out and takes a promenade in the Alameda, whether the matter is new or old. I found another great park, and here also an excell model institutions.

Mexico I visited, and there is no perfecting press in all Mexico. The presses in use are of the old French style made after patterns which have long since been abolished. The amount paid for telegraphic service in Mexico City ranges from \$4 to \$25 per week per newspaper, and only the leading newspaper, are newspaper, and only the leading newspaper. red skirts and white waists, with only their eyes showing out of the blue or black rebosas which they have drawn around their heads, walk by their sides, and half-naked little children trot along in bare feet and with bare heads beside them.

THE MEN CARRY THE BABIES Many of the women have babies wrapped up in their shawls or slung upon their backs, and in many cases the men carry the babies. Here a couple of lovers go hand in hand or with the arm of the man around the waist of the sweetheart or wife, and all listen to of the sweetheart or wife, and all listen to the music and criticise and enjoy it. There are also the rich in the plaza. Men and women as well dressed as you will see them in New York, and not a few Spanish maidens are walking slowly along dressed in black with black shawls on their pretty heads and their great soulful eyes peeping out all the wore stillingly from this out all the more strikingly from this somber background. These maidens are always accompanied by their nurses or mothers, who act as their chaperones to



ward off the attentions of the gay youth of the capital. The order in such a crowd is something wonderful. Mexico is a much better regulated city than New York, and

there is no brawling or noise.

The theaters of Mexico are excellent. The first stone theater built in America was erected in the western part of this country and you find fair theaters in all the Mexican cities. Mexico has three theaters, which range in seating capacity from 2,000 to 3,000, and you are sure of finding at least one good troupe playing. I

HEARD EMMA JUCH in the Teatro Nacional, and the audience was as fine as any you will see in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The cream of the Spanish nobility of Mexico was present, and there were hundreds of finely dressed men and women in the boxes. There were many pretty girls, some of them Indians, some Spanish, some Mexicans, and not a few American and English. The theater was walled with boxes and all the ladies were in full dress. The pit was given up to the men who kept their hats on until the play began and who smoked between the acts.

At the close of each scene all of these men rose, clapped their opera glasses to their eyes and stared at the ladies in the boxes, and there was a great deal of bowing back and forth. There was considerable visiting in the boxes between the acts, and I am told that the Mexicans perform many of their social obligations at the theater. Another night I went to the Teatro Principal, which is nearly as large as the Nacional. This theater was founded in the seventeenth century by two monks, and when it was burned in 1722 it was looked upon as a judgment of God for the sacrilege of the Church trying to raise money in this way. The monks, however, rebuilt it and it is now one of the leading theaters of the city.

CAN PAY BY THE ACT. It is managed differently from our theaaters and you can go in and sit for an act and Mexican Central Railroad was opened a pay for that act only. I listened to 25c worth few years ago as the correspondent of the of "Traviata" in the pit and I might have concluded to stay. He is now a partner in one of the largest mercantile firms in Mexico, that of Seegur, Guernson a Concluded to stay ico, that of holes were punched for each seat. These holes were just like those of a cribbage board, and into each of them was stuck little roll of green paper, which contained the number of the seat, and when I picked out my place he handed me one of green rolls, which formed my check for m

> Mexico has first-class variety theaters and it has a circus which runs every day o the week and nearly all day Sunday, and which is operated by a couple of Americans. All told, the town is as well off for amusements as any capital of its size in the world, and its standard of culture is improving

from year to year.

FRANK G. CARPENTER. AFRICAN PIGMIES.

How the Discovery of One of Them Fur nished Food for Stanley. E. J. Glabe in August St. Nicholas.]

During the very hungriest time spent by Stanley's expedition in going through the dense forest it happened that the discovery of a little child of the dwarf tribe proved truly providentia!. Upon approaching one of the settlements

of these people, the natives, fearing that the Arabs were upon them, hastily retreated to the depths of the jungle, leaving in the village one of the young children. He was an ungainly little creature, and from Saleh's description had an enormously big head, protruding lower jaw, lean frame and ungainly fat body. The Zanzibaris sat and ungainly fat body. The Zanzibaris sat about in dejected groups, complaining of their present hard existence, and the sad contrast of to-day with their joyous life in their island home away in the Indian Ocean. The little Teki-Teki (pigmy), although not more than 3 years old, was busily searching for something in the dry leaves. The Zanzibaris were attracted by the child's activity. Presently the sparkle of his eyes and the increased earnestness of his hunt showed that he had been successful; and, indeed, he returned to the camp-fire carrying a lot of pods like enormous beans. The he scraped to a fine powder, which he damped, rolled in some big leaves, and then toasted in the ashes. When cooked to his satisfaction he opened the dainty package and the whole camp became filled with the pleasant odor of this new dish. The men of the expedition them closed event and the expedition then closed around and, much to the young Teki-Teki's disgust, helped themselves to a tasting pinch. The helped themselves to a tasting pinch. The
Zanzibaris knew the tree quite well; it was
the "makneme." This new discovery
brought a gleam of hope to the hearts of
these hungry beings. The capture of the
tiny woodsman was a godsend, and Saleh
said that had this unhappy little creature
but fairly understood their language he
would have been overwhelmed with the
heartfelt blessings showered on him. heartfelt blessings showered on him. A few days afterward another tribe of these

THE SCHOOLROOMS OF CHILE.

same small people was met, and the child was handed over to them to be returned to

Pupils Are Under Strict Surveillance Night and by Day.

The schoolrooms of Chile are curiositie A row of benches extends entirely around the outside of each room, where the young gentlemen sit during recitation hours, the teacher occupying a slightly elevated seat in the center. The blackboards are outside in the corridor, apparently reserved for playthings, and maps, charts, globes and dictionaries are all kept under lock and key. dictionaries are all kept under lock and key. Extending along one side of each patio are apartments devoted to sleeping purposes, 40 beds occupying one dormitory. The boys are under strictest surveillance by night as by day, and each sleeping room has its "watch"—a stern professor on guard in an ante-chamber, whose bed is placed so that he can overlook every movement in the dormitory. Under these gircumstances there HUB OF THE UNION. Kate Field Writes a Large Sized Boom

DESCRIPTIONS OF ITS DELIGHTS.

for the Capital City.

What Private Enterprise and Public Institutions Are Doing ...

AN INTELLECTUAL AND ART CENTER

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 .- I am not among those who protest because millions of dollars are spent annually in Europe by Americans. That money is expended largely in cultivating eye, ear and taste. Travel means expansion. It is the traveled American who returns with clarified vision to ask for the same beauty, the same art, the same comfort, the same educational advantages at home as can be found abroad; it is because I have traveled that I appreciate Washing-

ton, have made it my residence. talked about a "village," "only fit for habitation during the Congressional sessions." ing recently condescended to come here to scoff, have returned to praise. Not a little of this change of opinion is due to foreign influence. As New York and Boston are idiotically Anglomaniacal, an English ver-dict carries great weight. No European has visited Washington within five years who has not preferred it to all other American

WHAT STANLEY SAID ABOUT IT. Said Henry M. Stanley, just before sail-ing home: "I share your enthusiasm re-garding the capital of the United States. It is magnificent. It is a treat to go through its noble avenues and note how Government

and citizens are doing their best to carry out the designs of the genius who laid out Washington. Even now it is unique. Soon it will be the show of America; and as Americans now go to Europe to see its objects of interest, so Europeans will cross the Atlantic to visit your capital."

I predict that within ten years Washington will be the social and intellectual as well as the political center of the United

States, and that even in summer the Dis-trict of Columbia and the adjacent hills of Maryland and Virginia will harbor more people worth knowing than any watering place in the world. If government be the grandest of all sciences, the greater should include the less; the best of art and of society should be attracted as naturally to the hub of the nation as steel filings are attracted to a magnet. It is manifest destiny.

THE CAPITALS OF EUBOPE.

Look at Europe to-day. London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, St. Petersburg are the social, scientific, artistic no less than the political foci of their respective countries. In Europe commerce also gravitates to the capital, and a like result would be seen here did not our Republic embrace the best part of a continent. New York now rightly claims commercial supremacy, but in no distant future New York will be but one of many business marts. In the but one of many business marts. In the ratio that commerce is diffused government will be centralized, and with it all that makes life beautiful and interesting. Therefore, as years go on, Americans will look to Washington as the Meeca of thought

in all phases at all seasons. The bigger the Republic's growth the more necessary be-comes a rallying point. North, South, East and West meet here on common ground. Sectional egotism must disappear in the light of national glory, and the Con-gressman who fails to vote for appropriations to advance the interests of Washing ton will fail to satisfy his patriotic constitu-ents. Who has not visited the capital since from mud and dust to be the only wellpaved town in this country. So clean and smooth are its streets that pedestrians prefer their asphalt to the more irregular bricks of the sidewalks.

WHERE WHEELS RUN SMOOTHLY. It is in consequence the paradise of bi-cycles, the poor man's and poor woman's horses; thus clerks and other stay-at-homes whose incomes are limited enjoy a means of locomotion which takes them far and near with greatest case. Lovers of driving and riding heave a sigh of relief at the ab-sence of the noise, holes and cobblestones peculiar to our great towns, hideous facts that make exercise on wheels or in the saddle an agony instead of a pleasure.

Delightful as are the broad avenues lines

with well-grown trees and intersected at many points by verdant squares and parks, the neighboring country is still more at tractive. Nowhere is nature so accessible and nowhere is it so varied in its beauty. Go east, go across the eastern branch of the Potomac and you enter woods as wild as though they were primeval, with views of water, hills and town that await the brush of a Turner. In this direction, but nearer Capital Hill, the Roman Catholics, always far-seeing, have begun a university which will cost millions before its completion. It is situated on rising ground and the scenery from its windows i exquisite; here a glimpse of the capital's dome, there of the Monument's Sum-mit, nearby the tower of the Soldiers' Home-all of white marble and far enough away to seem like pictures in a dream or s nance. By moonlight it is fairyland,

AN ADVISORY BOARD OF SAGES.

Adjoining this university is the Soldiers Home with its hundreds of acres of well-kept drives, of hill and vale, of flowers and primeval forest. A few miles distant is the country home of the Riggs family, and not far off loom up the commodious barn, which make the stock farm of General E. F. Beal a landmark. Still further norm is Holly Hills, the lovely retreat where ex-Secretary McCulloch and his family spend Though eight miles from half the year. Though eight miles from town, Holly Hills is high enough to com-mand a view of capitol and monuments while the woods are as wild and the brooks babble as merrily as though far from the haunts of Congress.

It is a privilege to spend a day with the

venerable ex-Secretary of the Treasury, who, at Salmon P. Chase's urgent request, left the presidency of his bank in Indiana to become Comptroller of the Currency and organize our present system of national banks. Mr. McCulloch is as vigorous as ever mentally, and discusses national issues with a breadth and an impartiality which it were a blessing did high official follow. What a pity that the real solons of this Republic are not utilized! Why could there not be a sort of advisory board ap-pointed from retired naval, military and civil officers? It seems a shame that some of our best brains should be thrown away. Perhaps we shall learn the science of ecor omy in all things, brains included, one o

PROOF OF A DOCTOR'S OPINION. Nearer town are Columbia Heights, where

Mrs. John A. Logan has a charming home, and where Dr. William A. Hammond has put up not only a palace for himself and his agrecable wife, but a sanitarium for his many patients. This shows what Dr. Hammond thinks of Washington's climate, where spring is earlier and autumn later than in Northern cities, and where outdoor sports are possible the year round.

Drive up that most beautiful of streets, Sixteenth, which is a straight line from the White House to the boundary, and on the first hill stands the stone castellated struc-

ture built by ex-Senator and Mrs. J. B. Henderson, of Missouri; opposite is an ideal site for an ideal hotel. Beyond lies the pretty suburbs of Lanier Heights leading direct to the wild and picturesque re-gion of Rock Creek, which Congress has set

dale, woods and lawn, with the merry Rock Creek dancing at its base, make this park a fitting home for the animal kingdom of two continents. Already elephants from India and Ceylon have taken possession of their house. Daily in the afternoon they stroll down to the creek for their half hour's bath, which they enjoy hugely, playing with each other in a truly elephantine way, yet returning to dry land at their keeper's signal with an obedience that American children might imitate to advantage.

One of the latest additions to the park is a cinnamon bear from the Far West. I made his acquaintance soon after he emerged from the box in which he had traveled for two weeks. Bruin was not amiable and I didn't blame him. He naturally looked at the state he had a warmhod. rally looked as though he hated everybody. Every man's hand seemed against him and his paws were against every man. On being asked to name this irate cinnamon bear I christened him "Sin" for short. He immediately diately proceeded to live up to it, by throwing himself against the bars of his cave doors, and would have wreaked vengeance on Dr. Baker's hand had not this well-known specialist been unusually alert. "Well named," said Dr. Baker, who is acting manager. "He care like original sin." ing manager. "He acts like original sin."
Across Rock creek, at the entrance to the soo, a California syndicate, led by those masterful spirits, Francis G. Newlands and Senator Stewart, of Nevada, have built a Eighteen months ago when I determined to set up my household goods in the Capital New Yorkers and Bostonians sneered. They Chace. Big ideas come from the West. None but Californians would have leveled Those critics had no comprehension of what they were talking about. A few, hav-Chace, only seven miles from town, will stand 400 feet above the level of the sea, and offer still another breathing place for the City of Parks. Southwest of Lanier Heights lies Woodley Lane, where some of the most attractive country houses are situ-ated, among them President Cleveland's "Oak View," which sold within two years for \$120,000 more than Mr. Cleveland paid for it! This sounds like a fairy story, but

HOW SHE NAMED A BEAR

A RESIDENCE FOR PRESIDENTS. Nearby is "Twin Oaks," Gardiner G. Hubbard's nineteenth century copy of a colonial mansion. It is admirable within and without. There the connoisseur in etchings and engravings may beguile many an hour, for Mr. Hubbard's collection is rare. Across the lane, higher up the hill, is the old Bussey place, superb in situation, commanding a view of the Capitol, monument, city and Potomac. Here might be built the noblest country houses in the world, and here should be the private residence. dences of our Presidents. It is now owned by the Sharon estate. Beyond, to the southward, is the Town and Country Club, where members congregate for breakfasts, dinners, suppers, balls and hunts, according

to the season of the year.

Still further south rise Wesley Heights, where \$10,000,000 will be expended in building and equipping the American University, of which Bishop Hurst is Chancellor. On these beautiful heights some of Washington's best citizens intend to put up summer ton's best citizens intend to put up summer homes. On one side Virginia's dreamy Blue Ridge Mountains are seen, on the other the capital and the winding Potomac. Nor is this all. A pretty country lane leads from Wesley Heights to the right bank of the Potomac, and after following its sinuous course for six miles another suburb, Glen Echo, suddenly appears, where stone villas crown a spleudid bluff and where a fine hotel will soon be erected. One mile fine hotel will soon be erected. One mile and a half beyond is the National Chautauqua, whose stone amphitheater has not its like in America. Two hundred feet in

liameter, it seats 6,000 persons. CALLS IT A SPORTING PARADISE. Hot in summer? Of course Washington is often hot in summer. - So are New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and every town of my acquaintance. What I maintain is that Washington has special attractions as a summer residence because it approximates to the country, because its and finally, because library and museums offer mental stimulants when everything

What are the summer pastimes in this sporting paradise? That depends. If you are a fisherman you will drive over the longest arched bridge in the world, a monument of engineering skill, and pass days at Great Falls on the Potomac, inviting your soul and black bass at the same time. If you are one of our 5,000 devotees of the wheel you will almost fly over the face of nature in every direction and find enjoy-ment at every turn. If you are fond of the net and racquet, you will find 3,000 amateurs to keep you company. You need not give a kingdom for a horse who will take you a different ride every day of the month and make you realize that Maryland and especially Virginia are yet to be discovered. Baseball has myriads of adherents and the fine house of the Columbia Athletic Club attests the popularity of manly arts, while the Potomac river for the most part is dedi-

cated to pleasure craft.

Have I won my case? If you do not believe in your capital, my dear readers, put yourself in my place and you will be converted. Until then, I pray for you. KATE FIELD

CARRYING THE BABY.

A Cute Little Hammock That Swings From the Mother's Shoulder. Lady's Pictorial.]

There is always something being invented for the benefit of one class or another, and the latest production of inventive genius, the patent "baby carrier," will specially appeal to the great host of mothers. This most ingenious and useful little article is in reality a miniature hammock, which can be fastened round the neck at various heights by strong hooks; the baby being placed inside the hands of the nurse are left perfectly free, the arms are saved from any strain or subsequent aching, and perfect com-



fort and safety are insured for the child The "baby carrier" weighs under three ounces, will wash, and when not in use can be folded up into a very small compass and carried in the pocket. Every woman knows how when baby wants to be nursed every-thing else must be put aside, and every movement studied, therefore the value of an article the use of which admits of a book or work being held, and saves the arm from many an hour's aching, can be thoroughly

Only Colored Woman Dentist. The Working Woman.]

A woman dentist! Yes and a little colored one at that. She has a neat, cosy office at 216 Ninth street, Richmond, Virginia, and her sign reads "Miss Ida Gray, Dentist." She is a graduate of the school of dentistry at Ann Arbor, Mich. She is aside for a national park. Here, too, is the zoological park, which promises to be the finest as it is the largest in the world. Hill, United States, is doing a good business.

TEMESCAL

Enough of It to Supply America When the Works Are in Shape.

ORE OF THE FINEST QUALITY. Many Untruthful Statements Have Got Into

Print About It. WHAT THE MANAGERS HAVE TO SAY

The development of the Temescal tin mines in California has been the subject of considerable romancing on the part of zealous correspondents of both parties, owing to its bearing on the operation of the Mc-Kinley law. Extravagant statements on both sides have unsettled the public mind and made the English gentlemen in charge of the works very reticent in the presence of a news gatherer. "A grand lot of lies about us has been

going the rounds of the newspapers, and we hope you are not wanting to make up a new batch," said two of the managing Englishmen whom the correspondent of the New York Tribune met a few days ago. Upon the assurance that the paper was a friend to

American tin, and sought to tell only the truth, the correspondent was cordially admitted to their confidence.

Among the published statements which the managers flatly deny are the following: That they have shipped 38,000 pounds of pig tin at 25 cents a pound to the Tin Plate Company in St. Louis; that they have orders to the arrange of \$2000 in advance of to the amount of \$300,000 in advance of their output; that their works have at any time been closed down; that they are employing 250 men; that they have promised within any definite period of time to produce any stated amount of the metal; and that they have arranged to send each member of Congress a little tin pig. FACTS ABOUT THE MINES.

With the field cleared of these fictions, the affirmative statements of fact have room to stand out in clear outline. The tract of land embracing the Temescal mines lies about 90 miles in a northerly direction from San Diego, and covers 48,000 acres of land. Since the destruction by flood of a part of the Temecula Canon branch of the Santa Fe Railroad, the mines are reached by way of Santa Anna and South Riverside, over the main line. The present owners are Englishmen, who purchased the property from capi-talists chiefly residents in San Francisco. Active development of the mines began in December, 1890. Colonel E. H. Robinson is general manager, and Richard Harris, an expert from the Cornish mines, is in imme-diate charge of the work. Hugh Stephens, purser of the company, is here on an errand of inspection, and it is from these three gen-tleman and W. W. Stewart, of this city, the commercial factor of the company, that the following facts are learned:

Up to the present time the active operations at the mines have been confined strictly to experimental tests. The ore must be reduced to the fineness of flour and then washed, and for this purpose a mill of mod-erate size, with the requisite machinery, has been built.

Besides this, a smelter has been erected, and has been subject to more or less change

USE OIL INSTEAD OF COAL

and has been subject to more or less change to accommodate the mode of reduction, which is entirely different from that employed in Wales. There coal is exclusively used, while here oil is injected by a steam spray into the cupola, producing a white heat in much less time than by the former fuel. Perhaps the most important part of the experiment has been applied to the mining of the ore and the adaptation of machinery for this purpose. In this branch of the business local conditions require new

parks offer perpetual verdure, because its suburbs are within walking distance, because its drives are many and lovely, because river excursions are varied and mountains and sea are near, because markets are fine and the best people are plenty, The result of the operations, however, has been an incidental output of a fine quality of pig tin, which our eyes have seen, and which has been caught up by an eager trade as fast as produced. One lot, of 8,193 pounds, and another of 14,336 pounds, have been shipped in small orders to different tin factories. The manufacturers of tin goods in St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland and Philadelphia have taken small invoices for the purpose of trying American tin. In San Francisco the metal has been found equal to any obtained from foreign mines.

ENOUGH TO SUPPLY AMERICA.

The cost of the Temescal plant thus far mounts to \$300,000, exclusive of the original purchase. About 100 carpenters and other mechanics were employed in the erection of buildings and furnaces, and when these had finished their work and left the place the report went out that the mines had closed down. The actual number of men employed is about 60, which is as large a number as the machinery established an the shafts opened can profitably work. These men are worked by shifts, day and The ore is of remarkable purity, in some

cases reaching 80 per cent. It is found in a quartz matrix, and in some specimens the native metal is apparently pure and evident to the eye, as in many specimens of gold quartz. Investigation thus far proves the quantity of rich ore to be inexhaustible.

The management disclaim any connection with the lockout in Wales or with any other scheme whose object is to influence the market. They claim to be working pre-cisely as they would were they Americans instead of Englishmen. They "mean busi-ness," in the conservative, solid, judicious, Ringlish way. They have paid a duty of \$3,500 on new machinery received from England. They refuse to boast or to indulge in glowing predictions, but the facts speak for themselves.

The Temescal mines and the reduction

works which will grow apace with their development give fair promise of an ability to produce tin enough to supply the American

DOCTORS SHOULD BE COOKS. The Frying Pan Often Undoes All He Ac-

complishes for His Patient, In some parts of Europe the impression prevails that a physician's training is not complete until he has become an expert in cooking, and the idea is not a bad one, says Dr. Ohmann-Dumesuil in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. At one of the colleges in which I studied the policy was much favored, and there were lectures on how to prepare food to suit different constitutions. Every one admits nowadays that bad cooking, and especially the indiscriminate use of the frying pan, is one of the commonest causes of dyspepsia, and many a time a doctor will go on prescribing remedies with-out effect, simply because the cook is un-doing all the good he effects by calling upon the weak stomach to do what it cannot

possibly perform.

There are very few articles of food that must be absolutely banished from the invalid's room, the exceptions being chiefly immature meats; and when all doctors learn how to cook as well as how to prescribe this feet will be experally admitted. fact will be generally admitted

The proportion of male to female children

born in England during the last ten years is as 1,038 to 1,000; but as the former suffer from a higher rate of mortality than the latter, the equilibrium between the sexes is restored about the tenth year of life, and is finally changed by immigration, war and perilous male occupations, to the extent that there are 1,000 women of all ages to 949 men in England.

Forty Years' Exemplence. An old nurse says she has never used a wine that has had such it pleasing effect on her patients as that made by Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J. A pure article.



AN AMERICAN SERIAL STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XVI. HARRY SHELTON.

The article in question had been taken from an Australian paper, the Morning Herald, of Sidney. It read as follows: "It will be remembered that the last attempt, made seven years ago by the Molly's Hope, to discover what had become of the survivors of the Dreadnaught, ended in nothing, and the belief was forced upon the world that they had all perished, either before running on Browse Island or after leaving it. The mystery still remains as great as ever, although one of the officers of the Dreadnaught has just reached Sydney. It is none other than Harry Shelton, the mate of the clipper ship. He was found on the banks of the Paroo, one of the branches of the Darling, almost on the boundary line of New South Wales and Queensland, and brought to Sydney. But such is his weak and reduced condition that as yet he has been unable to give any account of himself, and the physician in charge announces that his death may occur at any moment. This notice is given in hopes that it may reach the eyes of those interested in the fate of the Dreminaught."

On July 27, the moment Andrew Hollis-

his life had been since the wreck of th Dreadnaught on the reefs of Browse Island, in a word, to have the mystery cleared up. Harry Shelton was carried to the nearest point in railway communication with Sydney and thence to that city. The news of his arrival in the capital was first made public by the Morning Journal, extracts from which article have already been given, and from which it appeared that the mate of the clipper ship had not as yet recovered consciousness sufficiently to reply to questions

put to him. Mrs. Allaire never would have recognized Shelton, so changed was he. Al-though only 46, he had the appearance of a man of 60. This man, or rather this pitiaman of 60. This man, or rather this pitiable wreck of humanity, was the only human being able to tell what had become of Captain John and his crew. Up till now the most tender nursing had been ineffectual to bring about improvement in Shelton's condition—a condition due, no doubt, to the terrible fatigues undergone during the weeks, who can say, possibly months of his wandering across Central Australia. A sinking fit might at any moment extinguish the spark of life still aglow within him. Since he had been in this hospital it would sinking at might at any moment extragalast the spark of life still aglow within him. Since he had been in this hospital it would have been impossible for him to open his eyes without the attendants knowing whether he had regained consciousness or not. He took no notice of those who administered nourishment to him as a sich



HE HAS RECOGNIZED ME, WHISPERED MOLLY.

ter was informed of this piece of news which had been telegraphed to San Diego, he hastened to Prospect Cottage, where Zach French happened to be. When the news was made known to Mrs. Allaire her sole reply was: "I leave for Sydney at once."

"For Sydney?" repeated Hollister.

"Yes "aid Malls "Will you go with

"For Sydney?" repeated Hollister.
"Yes," said Molly. "Will you go with
me, Zach?" she added, turning to the boat-

"Is the Molly's Hope ready for sea?"
"No," replied Hollister; "it would take
three weeks to get her ready." "Before three weeks are up I must be in Sydney," exclaimed Molly. "Who the next steamer sail for Australia?"

"The Oregon leaves San Francisco to-"Zach and I will be in San Francisco this

"May God bring you and John together, my dear Molly!" cried Andrew Hollister. "He will do it!" was her reply. That evening a special train, gotten ready ther request, landed Mrs. Allaire and Zach French in the capital city of the State. At-

l o'clock in the morning the Oregon slowly through the Golden Gate.

The steamer Oregon had averaged about 17 knots on this trip, which had been favored by superb weather. Zach had an idea that the steamer was doing her very Mrs. Allaire's account. It need hardly be said that passengers, officers and crew manifested the greatest sympathy for this brave lady, whose rare courage in bear-ing up under her misfortunes made her richly deserving of it. On August 15, after a voyage of 7,000 miles, the Oregon entered the bay of Port Jackson through its lofty gateway of schistous cliffs. To the customs agent, who was the first person to board the steamer, Mrs. Allaire turned with the anxious inquiry:

"Harry Shelton?" "He is still alive," replied the agent, who had guessed who the lady was, for did not the whole city of Sydney know that she had taken passage on the Oregon, and was she not awaited with the greatest impatience?" Where is he?" she inquired. "At the Marine Hospital."

Mrs. Allaire, followed by Zach French. landed at once. The crowd received her with that deference which had always been shown her at San Diego, and which would have been shown her anywhere. A carriage conveyed them to the Marine Hospital, where they were received by the physician in charge.
"Has Harry Shelton been able to speak

ciousness?" "No, madam," replied the physician, "the poor man has not recovered the use of his faculties. He seems to be unable to articulate a syllable. Death may carry him off at any moment."
"Shelton must not die!" exclaimed Molly.

yet?" she asked. "Has he recovered con-

"He alone knows whether Captain John is alive, whether any of his crew still survive. He alone can tell where they are. I have come to see him, to hear what he has "Madam, I'll take you to him at once,"

replied the physician.
In a few moments Mrs. Allaire and Zach
French stood by Shelton's bedside. French stood by Shelton's bedside.

Six weeks prior to this time a band of trappers who had crossed New South Wales and penetrated into the southern portion of Queensland, while camped upon the left banks of the Paroo, had come upon a human being in the bash. The man's clothes were reduced to the merest shreds, and so near death's door was he through hunger and exposure that he had lost consciousness. But fortunately his enlistment papers as an officer in the American merchant marine informed his finders who he was, namely, Harry Shelton, the mate of the clipper ship Dreadnaught. Where did he come from From what distant and unknown portion of the Australian continent had he made his way here? For how long a time had he wandered about in the awful solitudes of this central desert? Had he been a prisoner among the natives, and had he succeeded in making his escape? Where had he left his companions, if any of them were still alive? Could it be that he was the last survivor of the ill-fated ship wrecked 14 years ago? Up to this moment not one of these questions

had received an answer.

There did not cease to be, however, a great desire everywhere manifested as to and now his gaze was riveted upon the Cap where Harry Shelton had come from, what tain's wife and a half smile moved his lip

catch one single word. Standing behind her was Zach French, intent upon noting some glimmer of intelligence, as a sailor watches for the first ray of light through the lowering gloom of the horizon. But no lowering gloom of the horizon. But no rglimmer came that day. The lids of Shelton's eyes were not lifted save by Molly's fingers, and then only to find the fixed stare of unconsciousness. Still she kept despair from her soul, and Zach, too, still had

hope.
"If Harry recognizes his Captain's wife,"
said French, "he will find a way to make
himself understood even if he can't talk." Yes, it was important for him to recog-nize Mrs. Allaire, for by so doing his en-thralled senses might be set free. It would

be necessary to act with the greatest pru-dence until he should become accustomed to her presence. Little by little his memory would take up the lost clew, and he would be able to express himself by signs, if he could not by words.

Although Mrs. Allaire was counseled not o remain too long on watch by bedside, yet she refused to quit the room

for a moment. She clung persistently to the head of his bed.

"Shelton may die," she murmured, "and should the word which I am yearning for be uttered with his last gasp, I must be there to catch it. I shall not leave him."

Toward evening there was a dight change

Toward evening there was a slight change for the better in the mate's condition. He slowly opened his eyes, but they took no notice of Mrs. Allaire's prescuce. She, however, bent her gaze upon him, called him by name, and repeated the wordst "John, Captain of the Dreadnaught, San Diego," but they awakened no recollection of his companions. The driver meantill of his companions. The dying man still failed to make reply to the off-repeated questions: "Is John alive?" "Is anyone of his crew still living?" Toward night Shelton's weakness increased, his eyes fell shut, his hands grew cold, as if the little life left within him had retreated to his heart. Would he die without uttering a

On the following day the physician, alarmed at these signs of collapse, resorted to the most vigorous methods of resuscitation; but without effect. It was evident that the man was sinking. Thus were the bright hopes which Shelton's return had given rise to about to go out in blank de-spair, the light which his coming had kindled to be succeeded by a gloom so deep that nothing would be able to dissipate it. This would be the end, ves, the end At Molly's request there was now a con-sultation of the principal physicians of the city, but after they had made a careful ex-

amination of the patient they reluctantly declared the case hopeless.

"You can do nothing, then, for this unfortunate man?" asked Mrs. Allaire. "We regret to say, nothing," replied the physician in charge. "Not even bring him back to conscious-

ness for a single moment?" Willingly would Molly have laid down her whole fortune to have gained this point. But when man fails God is always left. It is to Him that helpless man turns with up-lifted hands when human resources are pow-erless to save! The moment the physicians had left the room Molly fell upon her knees by Shelton's bedside, and when Zach opened the door he found her in prayer. He stood for a moment with bowed head, then advanced tiptoe to the head of the hed, in order to satisfy himself whether Shelton

were still alive or not.
"Madam! Madam!" suddenly burst from the senman's lips. Thinking that French's cry announced that death had come at last, Molly rose to

"Is he dead?" she whispered in a tone so sad as to smite the honest boatswain's heart.
"No, Madam, no! See, his eyes are open,

he is looking about him."

It was as French had said. From beneath his half-raised tids Shelton's eyes burned with a strange brilliancy. Color came to his cheeks, his hands rose and fell. He had come at the beneath the the ben come out of his long-continued lethargy, and now his gaze was riveted upon the Cap-