THE BIGGEST PYRAMID IN THE WORLD

(CORRESPONDANCE OF THE DISPATCE.)



tains States which have never been explored. It has vast egions which have not been trodden by the ot of the white man. The Mexicans themselves do not know it and we Americans have not the slightest conception of it.

Look at the size of the country! If you will take all the Atlantic States from Maine to Florida and sew them into a crazy quiit your patchwork will not cover much more than half of Mexico. It is one-fifth of the size of the United States, including Alaska, and some of its great States, whose inhabitants are Indians, are as big as our best Territories. Take the vast mineral region of Senora. It is as big as Kansas and it has a climate and soil very much like that of Lower California. It adjoins Arizona and it is said to be full of gold and silver. GREAT MINES FULL OF GOLD.

I wet an American miner who had made a mething like \$1,000,000 in mines in the central part of Mexico, and he told me that the great mining region of the future was Sonora, and that the greater part of it had never been prospected. Such mines as have been worked are not far from the sea, and these have produced fortunes in the past. The Carmen mine was worked during the years between 1820 and 1830, and it prothe years between 1820 and 1830, and it produced during this time \$25,000,000. The Babicanora mine has already produced \$31,-

100,000, and there are other mines which are

690,000, and there are other mines which are turning out great quantities of ore.

Sonora has but one railroad, a branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system, which runs from the Southern Pacific to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California. This territory has other minerals besides gold and silver, and is one of the favorite prospecting fields along the west coast. Just below the his States of Singles and guite as his it is the State of Sinaloa, not quite as big as Ohio, which is also full of minerals. It has one mine which has produced \$85,000,-600, and which still turns out ore yielding from \$85 to \$115 a ton. Any ore that yields over \$30 a ton will pay by the rudest of mining methods in Mexico, and we mine a great deal of ore which runs less than \$5 per ton. There is another mine in Sinaloa that has turned out 200,000 tons of ore, and this ore has averaged at least \$60 a ton. This is the Tejo mine. Its present output is about 24 tons a day, and its ore will average at the present \$125 a ton.

State is full of dye-woods and hundreds of tons are being cut monthly. It has some of the finest of furniture woods, and mahogany and chony are used by the poorest classes in building their huts. The capital of the state is Culiacan and there is a little railroa running from the coast to it. There are a number of American residents at the capi-tal and they have I understand given the

place quite a boom.

How many Americans have heard of the State of Guerrero? It is one of the richest mining regions of Mexico, and it is said that its soil is a crust of silver and gold. Here the first mines were worked by the Spaniards, and the country contains hundreds of abandoned mines to-day, It lies on the Pacific, and it is only partially known. It had one mine which produced 495,000 ounces of silver in a few years, and it is surrounded by great States, which are now be-



In the Hot Lands

ing, for the first time, carefully investiented. Oaxaca, just below it, is now being strated by the Mexican Southern Rail oad, and this will bring a vast gold-bearing region into the market. The State is the one in which President Diaz was born, and it is the one which will be on the Tehuantepec Ship Railway, if it is ever completed. PORTUNES IN COAL MINES.

It has vast areas of good land, and I know a half dozen American capitalists who ex-pect to make fortunes out of the coal fields, which they say they have discovered in it. which they say they have discovered in it. Coal brings about \$26 a ton in the City of Mexico, and there are said to be fine iron deposits in near proximity to these coal fields. The climate of all this part of Mexico is very fine, and the capitalist who would buy some of the agricultural lands along this route would make a fortune. The publie lands are worth from 20 to 45 cents an acre, and they will raise coffee and sugar and all kinds of grains. This new railroad will and does already tap the mining regions of the State of Pueblo, which contain both silver and gold, and one of the finest specimens of allver ever brought into the City of Mexico was shown to an American business man there by an Indian from this State about a month ago. It was a nugget of solid gold as big as your fist. The American entered into a contract with the man for the development of the region, where it was found, and traveled with him on horseback for several days, when the Indian told him that he had forgotten the place. This, of

Durango and Chihuahua are among the better known of the mineral regions of the Mexican States, and they are both being worked with great profit. The mine operated by Boss Shepard is said to be turning out \$70,000 a mouth and it has turned out \$300,000,000 in the past. The same State has another district which has yielded \$60, 000,000 of silver and there is a mine ner than \$10,000,000 a year for 30 years.

PITTSBURG AND THE DURANGO MINES. There are a number of Pittsburg men who are working the Durango mines, and capi-talists from Denver and Kansas City are investing here. The Candelaria mine in Durange has yielded about \$60,000,000, and there are a number of old mines which are being reclaimed in this district. The State of Coilmila, which adjoins Texas on the north and which is bounded on the east by Chihuahua and Durango, is another good

It has two mines which eaverage more



that the finest of coffee can be raised. I that the finest of coffee can be raised. I passed through thousands of acres of coffee, land, as yet undeveloped, in the trip I took from Mexico City down through Orizaba and Cordova, and I found coffee growing wild in my trip from San Luis Potosi to Tampico, which I took yesterday. I met at Jalapa, a New Orleans coffee merchant, Mr. Westfeldt, who practically controls the coffee export of Mexico. He tells me that the best coffee in the country comes from the west coast and that there are plantations in Vera Cruz which say a profit of from forty to fifty thousand dollars a year.

It takes five years to make a coffee plantation, but it is no hard matter and the plants

tation, but it is no hard matter and the plants are practically left to themselves. They tation, but it is no hard matter and the plants are practically left to themselves. They are started in sprouts, planted 9 feet apart, and they grow to be bushes about ten feet high and produce at the fifth year. In the sea at the rate of 200,000 cubic feet as second, and they go at such a rate that when confined in such a narrow channel they will carry the sand bar far out into the sea, and vessels of the largest tonnage will have a safe looked harbor here at Tampico.

THE PITISIONG DISPATOR, SOAN THE PARTOR OF MEAN ACTION ON ENGINEER DURING THE REBELIONS Admerican and the Santa Rosa mine has produced as high as \$5,000 a ton. An afferican company is working the Santa Gert med mine a control of the control of th

FUTURE SEAPORT OF MEXICO.

I write this letter at Tampico, which is bound to be the great seaport of the Mexico of the future. This place has one of the finest harbors in the world, and were it not for the bar in the front of it you could anchor all the navies of Europe in the mouth of the Panuco river. This bar is to be removed by means of jetties, and Colonel Corthell, the man who was the first licutenant of James B. Eades in making the jetties of the Mississippi, is in charge of this work. It is a greater work than was the making of the Mississippi jetties, and it is to cost millions of dollars.

The jetties begin at the mouth of the Panuco river and run for 7,200 feet right out into the sea. They are 1,000 feet wide at the top and are walls of stone and wicker

at the top and are walls of stone and wicker
mats, which will become by the drifting in
of the sand, solid and permanent. When
they have become consolidated they will be
enclosed in a mass of heavy concrete, and
they will be as strong as science can make
them. The Pannec river is one of the them. The Panuco river is one of the biggest rivers in Mexico; it is about 1,200 feet wide and has for miles from this point an average depth of 33 feet. Its waters flow into the sea at the rate of 200,000 cubic feet



A BUIN OF YUCATAN.

There are many Americans now going to Sinaloa and I understand that they are engaged in lumber, as well as mining. The coffee, After your plantation is in the coffee, After your plantation is in the coffee and the co bearing each tree will produce from one to two pounds, and it costs about 7 cents ; pound to pick it and get it to the market.

THE PROFITS IN COFFEE. It sells for 20 cents a pound, and you can count on 12 or 13 cents a pound clear profit every year. Coffee orchards in bearing are hard to buy and they bring from one to two and three hundred dollars per acre. I am told that this unused land can be bought for a dollar per acre, and there is no doubt but that a portion of it would be sold in big lots for much less. The coffee export of Mexico is steadily increasing, and the prospect is that the American proprietors will increase, as the plantations require little attention after once well started, and by spending a month or so in Mexico cach year one could attend to the gathering of his crop and draw his profits regularly.

The Northeast horn of Mexico is one of

the least explored parts of the country. Still I have met a great many Americans in Mexico who have visited it and who have explored its outer edges. Take Yucatan. It is as big as South Carolina, and it is about four times as big as Massachusetts. It contains some of the richest soil in the world, but only a small part of it is cultivated. The whole country has only 300,000 people and the most of these are pure Indians. They dress differently from the people of this part of Mexico, wear the whitest of white cottons and are notori-ously clean. The whole country lives on the hemp plant and it sells \$3,000,000 worth of the dried teaves of this every year. Its 0,000 people lying 25 miles from the Gulf of Mexico and connected with the shore by railroad. The chief money used is the



A Mexican Cart.

American dollar, and the banking of the town is done in connection with New York and you buy drafts on New York instead of on Mexico. The large part of the interior of Yutacan is jungle. This is inhabited by wild Indians, who scare the people of the capital by threatening to come down and take it, but who stick pretty well to their own camp fires.

THE RUINS OF SOUTH MEXICO. The ruins of Yucatan and the southern art of Mexico are among the most wonder ful in the world. Yucatan was at the time of the conquest about the most thickly populated part of the North American continent, and there are now 60 ruined cities, which date back to the days of the Aztecs. There are undoubtedly other vast cities in the jungles of Yucatan, Tabasco and Campeache which are awaiting discovery, and there is a ruined palace in Tabasco which covers more than a acre and which stands on

a platform of stone 40 feet high.

This paince is in the ruined city of Palenque, and near this is another ruined city, which was named after Pierre Lorillard, of which was named after Pierre Lorillard, of New York, who furnished the funds which brought about its discovery. Within 100 miles of Merida there are hundreds of ruins containing magnificent carvings, the remains of great temples, of palaces and of sculptures, showing that the Toltees had a high state of civilization. And about the City of Mexico itself you find many ruins, which show you how little we know about these cultured Indians of the past. I visited near Puebla the ruins of the pyramid of Cholula. This pyramid had a base more than three times as big as that of the Great than three times as big as that of the Great Pyramid which stands in the desert near Cairo to-day. Each of its sides were over 1,000 feet in length, and it was 147 feet high.

rich State of Tamulipas to it, and another road will be projected south through one of the richest parts of Mexico to Mexico City. Within a few months the Mexican Central have opened their line from San Leuis Potosi to it, and this harbor will make San Luis Potosi the commercial center of Mexican Center of ico. It will open up the agricultural in-terior of the Panuco river which is said to comprise the finest lands of the country and will materially change all parts of Mexico. Leaving gardens, the road climbs up into the mountains. It takes you into a rocky region interspersed with patches of cultiva-tion. It winds about like a snake, crawls



Hulling Coffee

up great hills and goes at the rate of 50 miles an hour down steep grades. The scen-ery is peculiarly Mexican. Here you pass a field of voicanic rocks. Adjoining it is another of soil as black as your hat in which two peons in dirty white are scratching the ground with wooden ploughs, and next to this is a road over which a team of oxen with the yoke tied to their horns is pulling a wooden-wheeled Mexican cart. Next there is a stretch of cactus, and all around you are the rocky hills, bare of earth, which make you think of the barren mountains of the land of Judea. As you go onward the soil grows richer, and you soon whirl around a horseshoe bend and enter one of the most wonderful gorges of the world.

THE GREAT TAMOSOPO CANON. This is the Tamosopo Canon. I rode through it on the top of a box car, and it is the most wonderful ride on the continent. Starting in an amphitheater of the riches green, you shoot out over a waterfall into a great gorge, and ride for 30 miles along the edge of precipices, besides rushing rivers and through the wildest of forests, with the mountains above and the earth thousands of mountains above and the earth thousands of feet below you, until in an hour you find yourself out of the temperate zone and down into the tropics, with your eyes dancing and your head buzzing in trying to comprehend the kaleidoscopic panorama which you have passed. In some places the rocks were bare and great cliffs overhung the road, roofed only by the sky. Here you go into tunnels, and the smoke along the top of the car makes you think that are at the of the car makes you think that are at the

entrance of Dante's Inferno. And so you pass on until you find your-self in forests of orchids, and your ears are saluted with the rough voices of the birds of the tropics. You are new in the low lands of the coast, and the air has grown hot. This branch of the railroad cost \$10,000,000 Luis Potosi is perhaps the most expensive railroad in Mexico.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Laughing With the Mouth Closed.

t. Louis Globe-Democrat.] The man who laughs without opening his mouth is like the man who laughs at you with his eyes half closed, a good man to watch. He may be a perfectly reputable citizen, an honest man, a good neighbor and have many excellent qualities, but he is of have many excellent qualities, but he is or a profoundly secretive disposition, will not take you into his confidence unless he has use for you, and will cast you aside as soon as you have served his purpose.

ago of the fact that she was formerly the wife of Stevens T. Mason, the tamous "Boy Governor" of Michigan. From an inter-view with her, the object of which was the



Mrs. Paulina Mason

possible discovery of missing links in the annals of Michigan and the great North-west, the facts came out. The story as she west, the facts came out. The story as she tells it, runs substantially as follows:
"I was born 70 years ago last March. Our family includes many famous names. My maiden name was Reauff. That is taken from my grandfather's name, Reauffanoff. My grandfather was a giant, both physically and intellectually. He was over seven feet in height, and he weighed about 350 nounds. He was a native of Russia. He pounds. He was a native of Russia. He was the firm friend of Alexander I, and was the firm friend of Alexander 1, and when the opportunity came he was made commander-in-chief of the whole Russian army. Europe has had but one general since then that could in any way compare with him, and that was Count von Moltke. My grandfather was a sort of tutor to Von Moltke and it was a sort of tutor to Von Moltke, and it is no doubt due to the lessons in military tactics which he gave him that the latter attained such great success. Alexander II, Von Moltke and my father were sent to school together, and were insered the friends

AN ESTATE IN HOLLAND. "As a reward for his services, Emperor Alexander I gave grandfather a vast estate of eight or ten thousand acres in the territory which he had helped the French to win. The old general resigned his position in the army and moved to the new possessions, which became a part of Holland. He had his sons complete their courses at Zurich, each of them taking up the study of mining engineering. My father wooed and won a nicce of Paul the Emperor; she was also a nicce of Peter the Great. I am their child, and hence a grandnice of those great child, and hence a grandniece of those great

rulers.
"But I didn't tell you how the Resuffs was between the French and English broke out as a partial result of the war of 1812, and the conflict of the merchant vessels of strong and energetic, although nearly 90 years of age. He owed considerable to the French Government, and he promptly joined its army. He was an old friend of Napoleon's and the latter made him one of his greatest generals. He was finally taken prisoner along with Napoleon and the rest of the French. Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena, and grandfather was given his choice of going with him or going to America, besides having his vast estates confiscated. For his children's sake he ame to America.

THE PAMILY IN PENNSYLVANIA "He brought all his sons with him and located with the rest of the Dutch in Pennsyl-

vania and New Jersey. Then grandfather and one of my uncles moved into Philadel and one of my uncles moved into Philadel-phia, where they lived on Chester street until the old man died in 1834. He was then 107 years of age. I was 13 years old when he died, being the youngest one of my father's family.

"My father and uncles became very active

in prospecting. They worked all over the State. One of them acquired a competence, and settled down for the remainder of his life in Baltimore. Another became the head of a great iron company, with head-quarters in New York. I think it was the head of a great iron company, with head-quarters in New York. I think it was the Holland Iron Company. The one in Phila-delphia took care of grandfather until the latter died. There are plenty of Beauff de-scendants in all these cities and scattered around in their vicinities.

"When I was 16 years of age I was grad-nated from the convent. I was as highly educated as one of that age could be in those days. I suppose I was accomplished.

those days. I suppose I was accomplished, too, for I could play nearly every instru-ment there was, could paint pretty well and do many other things.
"After I graduated I lived with my uncle

"After I graduated I lived with my uncle, right along. Then one day he got a letter from Detroit, Mich., from Mr. Mason, who had been chosen Governor, making a proposition to him to prospect in the upper peninsula of Michigan, and ascertain if the reports were true as to its mineral wealth. My uncle accepted the trust, and the next

summer he moved up there.

"I had not been in Detroit long when he was visited by Governor Mason, old Judge Woodward and others. Among them was a Woodward and others Among them was a Mr. Pierce, who was appointed Superintendent of Public Schools by the Governor. He is the man who founded Michigan's excellent school system, reserving section 16 of every township in the State for a public fund. They came up to see how uncle was getting along with his work. One Sunday afternoon, when I sppposed they were all away somewhere, I got out my guitar, and was singing the German to what you call 'Home, Sweet Home.' My uncle sent for me to come into the parlor, and there sat the Governor and all the gentlemen. A HUSBAND WITH A GUITAR.

I was presented to them, and Mr. Mason said he had heard the singing, and wanted to hear more of it. It was a long time before I would consent. I sung two or three songs, and then they went away, but Mr. Mason watched me all the time he was Mason watched me all the time he was there. I didn't know what to think. I was afraid I had done something I shouldn't. He came next day and asked me to sing again and the same thing the next day. Well, it was the same old story. We were married about six months after that, and settled down to housekeeping at Detroit, then the capital of Michigan. He had been private secretary to Territorial Governor Porter, and when the latter died in 1835, Mr. Mason was left in charge for a short Mr. Mason was left in charge for a short time, pending the President's appointment. Although he was only 20 years old and per-fectly beardless, he succeeded so admirably that President Van Buren appointed him

Governor.

"My husband is a direct descendant of one of the oldest families of England. His one of the English forefathers were very near to the English throne at one time. The leader of the Mason house embarked on the Mayflower for America. Various members of the family became leaders of New England politics during colonial times, when the Revolution broke out they were foremost in the fight for liberty. History tells us of General Mason, who was killed in the war. Others of them were Governors, Senators or Congressmen. My husband's father was a general in the war of 1812.

ENTERTAINED WILLIAM HARRISON. "We entertained a great deal, for the "Boy Governor" was not only famous, but he was popular. William Henry Harrison, who became President the next year after we were married, was a frequent visitor and a welcome one. Through him we got some property at Napoleon, O. Judge E. J. Potter, the man who is vented the little 3-cent pieces you sometimes run across, was cent pieces you sometimes run across, was often at our house. He is is still alive and

cent pieces you sometimes run scross, was often at our house. He is is still alive and lives in this city.

"After Mr. Mason's term he became interested with General John C. Fremont in exploring the West. He and Fremont were students together and graduated side by side. They forced a way through the wilderness to the ocean, exploring the regian where San Francisco now is, and north, up as far as Columbia river. They discovered some of the silver deposits in Colorado and located several claims. One of those of my husband's was 320 acres, on which part of Denver is now built. It was legally recorded and we have a good title to it. We got a Government patent. But circumstances afterward occurred so that I could not attend to it, and the recorder who wrote down the claim afterward took the book home and changed the title to his own name. This I did not find out until after several years, when it was proven in court. He sold it to a man who soon died, and this man sold it to another named Yerkes, who atill lives. The recorder died two years ago. The case is now in the Chancery Courts of Denver, and I think we will soon win it. One of my sons now lives in Denver, and is personally fighting the claim.

SENATOB PAYNE ONE OF THEM.

SENATOR PAYNE ONE OF THEM. "I have another big case in the courts, too I, with several other descendants of the Reauffanoff family, among whom is Senator Payne, of Ohio, are the sole and lawful heirs to one square mile which is now in the heart of Cleveland. We obtain our claim by right of a patent granted to Count Reauffanheart of Cleveland. We obtain our claim by right of a patent granted to Count Reauffanoff by the King of England, before the Revolutionary War. The patent is a matter of record and we have indisputable proof of its legality. Senator Payne now has the case in the United States Supreme Court. I do not suppose it will be determined before I die, but it will be some time. General Reauffanoff was in the Russian army at the time and got the land through Alexander I., who made some kind of a treaty with the English. Our right to it is as good as that of the Knickerbookers, Stuyvesants, Van Burens and others who obtained patents from the mother country.

"There is some more property which by right belongs to the Reauffs. That is the great Holland estate, My husband died in RSS, and with two or three of the other relative, among whom is my cousin, Governor Mitchell, of Oregon, I went to the old country to see about it. Alexander II. remembered the circumstances and promised to do what he could for us. He opened negotiations with the French and Holland Governments, and was in a fair way of success when the Nihilists struck him down. That took away our greatest hope and strongest belp, and nothing has been done about it since. I do not suppose there ever will be now.

A NURSE DURING THE WAR

A NURSE DURING THE WAR.

"When I got back from Europe, where I had stayed long enough to study medicine at the Zurich Medical college, and to get a iploma, I went West to see about our Den-



Mrs. Mason's Toledo Residence ver property. Here I met General Fremont and wife, and with them went to Pike's Peak. Trouble with the South then seemed immi-ment and the General started for Missouri to nent and the General started for Missouri to get his men together. After the inaugration of Lincoln and the mutterings of war had grown almost into a tumult, the news came of the fall of Fort Sumter. All the old military fire of my grandfather seemed to be in me, and I could not stop. I hastened to St. Louis and enlisted as a war nurse, the first in the United States. I was detailed to go with General Fremont's army. We went right along with Grant's army. I was in the battle at Pittsburg Landing and also at Shiloh. After we had won the victory at Shiloh and the Confederates had retreated, I was busy attending the wounded. It was about four hours after the battle when a bullet from from some sharpshooter's rifle struck me under the right arm. It glanced upward, went through part of my lung, knocked a piece off my shoulder blade, and lodged in my throat just in front of the main artery. Feel, here it is."

Mrs. Mason pointed to a lump half as large as a lien's egg, on one side of her PAULINA OF THE POTOMAC.

"When I got out of the hospital at Cincin nati, where they took me," she continued,
"I went to Washington and joined the Army of the Potomac. The soldiers nicknamed me 'Paulina of the Potomac' there, and by me 'Paulina of the Potomac' there, and by that name I am often referred to in the histories of the war. The soldiers have often made inquiries about me in their papers, but I have never told them where I was.

"After the war I came to Napoleon, O., and Toledo. I finished my medical studies so I could practice in Ohio, for I wanted to keep busy, although I did not need to work so far as money was concerned. But the day came when my profession was a valuable help to me. I had over \$50,000 in the banks at Napoleon and Toledo. The owners of them were old friends of my dead husband's, and for 25 years or more our families had been on intimate terms. I trusted them to properly care for my money. Nine years ago every bank failed, taking \$38,000. I spent \$10,000 more trying to get the rest back, so now I am poor and have a hard battle to get along. It is a fearful blow. My only object in living now is to see my sons as well elitnated as possible. One of them is in Denver, one in Chicago, where he is on Government business, one in Washington and one in New York. They are all good boys, and I carnestly hope that they will not sully the proud name of either the Reauff or the Mason family. Never has there been a black name among either of them, and my effort as long as I live is to keep the record black name among either of them, and m effort as long as I live is to keep the recor up. You see I am proud, if I am poor." SHERMAN TO GET HER A PENSION.

The old lady is wrinkled somewhat, but withal a remarkably well preserved old lady. She has a small practice in this city, and the infirmary directors do what they and the infirmary directors do what they can for her by giving her city cases. She is said to be a good physician.

In connection with her story Mrs. Mason exhibited the disries which had been kept by her grandfather, one from Paul the Emperor, two from Napoleon and dozens of them written by her uncle and husband. She retains as heiricoms articles from the Reauffanoff castle and gifts from the potentates of the European nations. She says most of that which fell to her lot, however, is now in the possession of the sons. The house she lives in is a story and a half frame cottage, plainly furnished. The gate is bouse she lives in is a story and a half frame cottage, plainly furnished. The gate is rickety, the fence is rickety, many of the slats in the window shutters are gone and the spikes in the short walks from the gate to the door catch one's toes. Mrs. Mason, after declaring for years that she would not, has applied for a pension and sone of her friends here have gotten Senator Sherman personally interested in having it granted. She bids fair to need one for many years yet, for the longevity of her family seems to be inherited in her.

ARTHUS CAMPBELL.

Celery the Year 'Round. Celery in the midsummer market was n winter when home-grown celery is in. Nearly all of this celery comes from Kala-mazoo, Mich., where the raising of the suc-culent vegetable has been reduced to a science, and is kept up all the year round. The celery growers are Swedes.

BADGES for lodges and societies at Mo-fahon Bros. & Adams', 52 Fourth avenue.

A NEW OSCAR WILDE

The Sar Josephin Peladau, Who Has Caught the Parisian Eye.

POSES IN RUFFLES AND VELVETS And Indulges in Twenty-Five Different Per-

fumes All at Once. EFFEMINATE SCHOOL OF POETASTERS

PARIS, Aug. 21 .- Paris owns a strange creature calling itself Josephin Peladau Begging its pardon, calling itself the Sas Josephin Peladau. Peladau holds to the Sar, especially. It is a fantastic title in sound, but Josephin claims right to it as being descended from Eastern kings.

You see from here how picturesque is the image of Oriental ancestry evoked? Everybody in Paris has heard of the Sas Josephine Peladau. Every one in Paris connected, in near or remote fashion, with that life of Bohemia that recruits its ranks from les jeunes in literature and art has seen him. What Oscar Wilde was to London and New York ten years ago, he to-day is to Paris. A portrait of him in one of the spring exhibitions drew a curious and laughing crowd. Imagine a small being in a velvet blouse belted to the waist, with cuffs of old lace turned up from wrists and hands nervous and womanish. A face and head—with a black pair of eyes—eaten up and engulfed in a pent-house-roof of tangled black hair, curling in a bush to the eye-brows, and met-by a sable beard, vaguely and Vandykely

The eyes, to an admirer of the Sas, are supposed to look by the straightest path into all manner of transcendentalities. To him Josephin is streaked with a something of Madame Blavatsky. Eastern insight into adopt esoteric lore of some shadowy sort or kind is thought to be his. By word of the few coursgeous individuals who venture to stand up for him, the Sas is a deeply original thinker and talker as well, one whom the common herd of men may despise, but who holds himself serenely far beyond the reach of sordid ridicule and vulgar contumely—a gorgeous oriental planet in purple velvet, knee-breeches and feathered hat, spinning magnificently in feathered hat, spinning magnificently in in space above the head of the crude modern man, who gets his clothes from London and whose soul is dead to the subtle fascinations

whose soul is dead to the subtle fascinations of the poetry of the decadents.

Not exactly that Josephin Peladau is a decadent poet himself. That is, he is no poet of any sort, if by the term one conceive the doer of anything whatever, even of anything so unsubstantial as a rhyme. The populace is given to understand that he has achieved somewhat or other. But if a curious seeker should try to put his finger on the achievement it seems to result in nothous seeker should try to put his inger on the achievement it seems to result in nothing much more than that the bushy-headed Sas has succeeded in using as many as twenty-five different sorts of perfumes about his person at one and the same time. I don't contest that this may not be a claim to celebrity of a kind.

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE But Josephin Peladau has affiliations

nevertheless with the new and ineffable school of symbolish and decadents, of which school of symbolish and decadents, of which no ordinarily-constituted mind pretends to understand anything. It is quite possible that these progressive poets would scout the connection. In fact they do. A derisive cry goes up when the velvet breeches and the birdiest head with a silver fillet through it, saunters upon the scene of a Decadent symposium. "The Phenomenon," his companions and acquaintances in circles of the latest French literature designate him to his face.

his face.

But whether they approve of him or not, whether or no these interesting young mem give the stamp of their endorsement to the Vandyke velvets, and the lace ruffles, and the 25 different sorts of perfumes, used at the 25 different sorts of perfumes, used at one and the same time, there is a family similarity which you can't prevent the common mind from detecting. I won't affirm that it goes any farther than the silken and scented underclothing, which many of these fin du siecle poets are said to affect, finding in this elegance and softness of the dessous (as the French have it in that inimitable vernacular of theirs). A stimulus, I believe, to a a hysterically acute sensitiveness of impression, hitherto held to be proper to the weaker sex only. One can't doubt that the picturesque Josephin is clad in purple and fine linen as well within as without.

WHAT THE SCHOOL PRODUCES.

Impossible to feel the texture of the same

fibre in the monstrons growth of emascu-lated egoism that is Peladau's, and that of some of these minor French poetasters. Of many of them, also, one hears much, with-out ever being able to discover that they many of them, also, one hears much, without ever being able to discover that they
have written anything whatever. What
you do read is in inverse ratio to the perhumed underwear. Its chief characteristic
is that it does not smell sweet. The materialism of Zola may be rank, but there is something in the suggestiveness of the school
that seeks to supplant it in spite of much
swimming in the blue is ranker still.

It is a sight, not for gods, but for the best
carlcaturist procurable, one of these youthful, end-of-the-century litterateurs of this
particular school, with white, soaked face,
neither masculine nor feminine, and a shock
of Samsonian hair, all rather than Samsonian in the effect of strength, standing
out on curly end, from under the hand-wide
brim of a chiuney pot hat. Marvelous,
these hats! I have only seen them equaled
in the green-bannered processions of the
good Saint Patrick on the 17th day of March
iu New York. The Parisian poet, wearer of
the Paddy hat, is usually accompanied by
some striking-looking woman who has the
niasculinity of appearance while he has the
effeminacy.

And yet some of these cigarette-smoking

And yet some of these cigarette-smoking women do wonderful things with their pen. And some of the most stirring and adorable lines you get to read have emanated from brains that, if not exactly belonging to the shock of hair and the scented underlinen, are first cousins to both. One has but to mention Verlaine, who has naught to do with berufiled undergarments and two dozen assorted scents, to be sure, being usually recumbent on a cot in a hospital as the result of a long-protracted spree! The exquisite verses he writes have to be rescued from under the hospital cot mattrass. He is at the opposite pole from Peladau, the later Oscar Wilde, who poses much and writes nothing. But betwixt the two there runs, up and down, a gamut of personalities, some repulsively ludicrous enough, some with genius enough, to repay the pen of Balzac.

A. G.

CRABBING ON THE HUDSON.

New Yorkers Mightity. If I were asked what the favorite style of

fishing was around the city I wouldn't stop long to say "crabbing," says a Hudson river steamboat captain in an exchange. I get so tired of seeing people "crabbing" I wish they'd all die off or invent some new shellfish that was as easy to catch. As I go up and down the Hudson every day, when the tide's right I see an unbroken line of "crabbers." I should say the daily catch must average a great many hundred bushels. Where the crabs all come from I can't imagine. And this 50 miles of "crabbers" ain't, as a rule, those that are catching them for sale; they're just residents on the banks, that come down to get a few for a little salad they're going to make. Every Sunday thousands of people come from the city, swarm into the boats and

Celery in the midsummer market was something unknown a few years ago, but now it is as plentiful and nearly as cheap as in winter when home-grown celery is in.

Every suntax taxobands of people come from the city, swarm into the boats and station themselves out in five or six feet of water and fish for crabs all day, or as long as they'll take the bait. It isn't very danas they'll take the bait. It isn't very dangerous sport—any child can do it, and I suppose that's what makes it so popular. Most of the boats are provided with five or six lines, with a piece of meat on the end of each, which lies on the bottom. They pull up one after the other round and round, till they happen so find a crab on the end of one. Then they net him and throw the line overboard and go on. Sixty crabs are a good morning's eatch.



A STORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

CHAPTER IV.

A CHAPERONE. Kildare stood stunned and blinking; then panic at being so dreadfully misunder-

stood seized him.

"My dear girl, you don't know what you are talking about," he protested.
"Oh, yes—yes—I am right," sald Dalsy gently, "and you must not hurry me. That would be unfair to me." Kildare felt he must set himself right,

ut he found it impossible to be too gandid. Besides, he was too much of an artist to disturb the harmony of the scene. "Little one, artists are different from-other people," he explained. "Certain

"I know," she interrupted. "You would my that one must be the more careful about orming ties. That is why I will not bind myself by any promise—not till I am sura. Nor shall you bind yourself, either." Kildare felt himself getting desperately involved, but the girl went on: "I don't

even know yet that I can love you," she altered prettily over the word, "and maybe you are mistaken, too. Maybe I am not the oman you take me for at all."

Kildare wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and to himself confessed himself beaten—at least in that direction, but he had much confidence in contact. urgent she felt the need to speak to him at

once. Yet, how could she?

Somehow, she felt her obligation a thousand fold when a letter from Henroyd Broton advised her of his intended visit during the company's stay at Washington. Besides, there were other reasons. The sight of Miss Ellaine caused her a guilty sense of discomfort.

of Miss Ellaine caused her a guilty sense of discomfort.

Miss Ellaine grew more wraith-like each day. A sad hunger showed from her eyea, She was ill—no doubt of that, and Daisy felt as if she had helped to make her so. Miss Ellaine loved Kildare, there was no doubt of that, and Daisy felt herself a low-down traitor. Ahl if she could see her tharried to Kildare! She could not content herself with Freda's philosophy. "Never meddle with what is none of your business,—never worry about what you can't help." She felt a desire to meddle and she did worry. Her heart warmed toward Bird. Falling into this state of mind and sympathy she felt herself involved in the wickedness of it all. At last she went to Freda

thy she felt herself involved in the wickedness of it all. At last she went to Breda with some of her perplexity.

At mention of Bird's sorrow Freda's color rose. "How do you presume to judge her?" she said shortly.

"But, Freda, she has thrown herself at the feet of a man who does not love her. Freda, don't get angry with me. I do wans your help. I don't knew what to do, er what I ought to do. Mr. Kildare—"

Freda's eyes flashed upon her, and narrowed. The pause was painful, but Marguerite's glance did not fall. Presently



WITH A FLINGING OPEN OF THE DOOR SHE CAME.

"My darling," he said, and strove to take her in his arms again. She was shy and swift as a wild bird. Then, her tender heart fearing she had hurt him, she reached

heart fearing she had hurt him, she reached out her hand and said wistfully: "Mean-while, he friends, please he friends." He clasped the hand in an absent-minded, half-dazed way. A bright voice broke in: "It is I—Freda. Daisy, run up to the train. I will come in a moment." Freda's air of confident authority induced

Mildare stood stroking his chin and smiling. When Daisy was well out of hearing, he said pleasantly: "Listening?"
"I did not need to. I know what you

were saying."
"You ought to," Kildare admitted.
"Yes, as you say, I ought to. Aren't you ashamed? and a girl who might believe you!"
"She did. She says she can't be my wife

now. But I am utterly unprotected for the future. Can't you help me out?" "What a laudable lot you men are!" "We are hardly as interesting as yo

vomen—yourself in particular."
"Have you no decency?"
"I bathe regularly, my child." "I believe I possess yours, dear," Freda glared a minute, her color waver-ing, then she laughed lightly. "Only that I am fond of Daisy I should not have lost my

temper. You are not worth it. Now, listen. Daisy is a lovely girl." ten. Daisy is a lovely girl.
"Didn't you observe my appreciation the fact? the fact?"

"And she is so simple-minded and good, that with all your devilishness I don't believe you could make her love you."

"I could try."

"Give it up."

"I can't. Fascination."

"Hang it all, she will expect me to go on.
thelieve, yes, I believe we are engaged."
Freda ground her teeth. "For Heaven's
ake, don't be so irritating. Nobody knows

you and Daisy were together. They all think I was with her." think I was with her."

"By the way, why did you come back?"

"I walked up past the train. When I came back to the car, Charlie said you had gone down to the falls, and asked me about Daisy. 'She is just behind me,' said I, and sent him into the car. Then I tore back here."

"Hm-astute kid!" "Daisy will never say anything, and don't you dare to. You let Daisy alone!"
"Do you consider yourself eligible for chaperone, Spitfire!"
"Ugh! What a contemptible thing a six-"Whither away, fair Ophelis-to a nun

I am going to overtake Daisy. "We will go together." "Are you coming!"
"I see so little of my pretty pepper box.
She must not begrudge me these few mo-

"Thanks, I wouldn't touch your arm. I wonder how it feels to feel as you must."
"Fascination." murmured Kildare. "I

should like to kiss you."

Poor Daisy was uncomfortable in cumulative fashion as the next few weeks passed.

Kildare had received the manuscript of a new play, and in the interest of study the little episode with Marguerite passed from his mind. She found herself included in the abstracted manner he showed every one. the abstracted manner he showed every one. Sometimes she was tortured by a fear that he swaited some word from her; again, a humiliating doubt of his sincerity arose. No woman is above feeling chagrin to fancy herself made love to carelessly, above all when she has accepted the advancement in good faith. To do her justice her sense of obligation to Kildare weighed chiefly. As weeks passed she realized how little her heart felt for him. She began to upbraid herself. Her words to him there by the falls now seemed culpably due to the mere impulse of the moment. Yet she had promised to try and love him. Her cheeks burned. The more time taught her that to love Kildare was an impossibility, the more impulse of the More time taught her that to love Kildare was an impossibility, the more impulse of the More time taught her that to love Kildare was an impossibility, the more impulse of the More time taught her that to love Kildare was an impossibility, the more impulse of the More time taught her that to love Kildare was an impossibility, the more impulse of the More time taught her that to love Kildare was an impossibility, the more impulse of the More time taught her that to love Kildare was an impossibility, the more impulse of the More time taught her that to love Kildare was an impossibility, the more impulse of the More time taught her that to love the more time taught her that to love the more time taught her that to love the more time taught her that the more time to refuse this chance, when money is so much needed."

"But—the altitude angrily—"You are quite wrong," she said; "It would have been cowardly for me to refuse this chance, when money is so much needed."

"Oh, I get along very weil." Daisy felt half pleased at Breton's expression of interest in her. Something in his protecting manner gave added gentleness to his air of an old friend, and both Daisy found good, after so many months among new faces.

"Daisy flushed angrily—"You are quite wrong," she said; "It would have been cowardly for me to refuse thi

Breda, with a rather mirthless laugh, said:

"Look here, Daisy, in this stage life illusions must go sooner or later. Forgive me for dispelling perhaps one or two of yours. I fancy Kildare has been giving you the usual dose."

"The usual dose, Freda?"

"Yes. For instance, you have heard us speak of the girl whose place you took—Josephine Davis."

Josephine Davis.

"Dear old Joe! Wish you had known her. She would have been a liberal educa-tion to you, Dairy. She wore shirt fronts, and scratched matches on the heel of her boot. As straight-forward, honest and manly a girl as ever lived. She had been in the company about three weeks last sea-son when Kildare told her now much he needed some one to sympathize with and understand him, and how he felt her the only woman in the world to help him in his work."

"What did she say?" gasped Daisy.
"I believe," said Freda, musingly; "Ah! she was a girl, was Joe! I believe she said 'Rais!"

Daisy covered her face with her hands. "When it came to contracts for this sea-"When it came to contracts for this season he started in again. He asked her more or less delicately what she would do if he put her in Miss Ellaine's place, as leading actress of the company. She flecked the ashes from her cigarette and asked sweetly, "What would I do if I were in Miss Ellaine's place?" 'Yes,' said he. Then spoke Joe again, smilling straight in Kildare's eyes: "What would I do if I were in Miss Ellaine's place?" I would make your life a torment." place? I would make your life a torment, and she puffed some smoke in his face. Ah!" and Freda sighed ostentatiously, "Joe was a very level-headed girl, if it did cost her

an engagement."

Daisy was white to the lips, and her eyes were strained. Perhaps Freda noticed it, for she went on more gently: "I have been through the same thing, my dear. Maybe it hurt me a little; it only arrused Joe. I did my best, however, to meet it in a mat-ter-of-fact, business way. I explained to Mr. Kildare that I understood he was sug-gesting for me the honor of a matrimonial engagement and that—"

Daisy burst into tears. In the same mo-

Dalsy burst into tears. In the same moment Freda's arms were around her.

"There, dear, I know it is all hard for you to bear. I have tried to save you some of the bitterness of experience. Don't judge all men by Kildare, and don't bother any more about it. For heaven's sake, you don't care about him, do you?"

"No," sobbed Daisy, "that was partly what was making me miserable. I—I thought I ought to, and that I ought to tell him I couldn't."

"Well, you can make up your mind com-

"Well, you can make up your mind com-fortably that you oughtn't to, and that you need tell him nothing. The woman who finds herself cursed with a love for such a man had better die." Freda clenched her hands, and said again, "Had better kill her-

Freds, how good you are, and how "I am only kind to those I care for. You must not judge any of us, Daisy. Remem-ber, women who work in the world must all fight the same battle, and must each fight it in her own way. You must not judge-you

must not judge."
There was an appeal in the girl's voice. CHAPTER V.

A LITTPE SUPPER