THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG

SUNDAY

NOVEMBER

HERE'S MARK TWAIN.

The First of His Series of European Letters to The Dispatch.

OBSERVATIONS AT AIX.

Utility of the Crowned Heads of the Continent as Advertising Agencies.

PLENTY OF FULL-GROWN NOISES.

Disappointed With the Prince of Wales' Favorite Game and the Happiness of Gamblers.

EXPERIENCE IN THE DOUCHE-BATH.

A Prescription of Drinking Water That Recalled the Burial Place of the Army of One of the Cresars.

THE PLEASURES OF A TRIP TO LAKE ANSPECT

Letter No. 1. AIX-LES-BAINS, FRANCE, Oct. 25.

ERTAINYY Aix-les-Bains is an enchanting place. It is a strong word, but I think the facts justify it. True, there is a rabble of nobilities, all the time, and often a king or two, but as these behave quite nicely and also keep mainly to themselves, they are little or no

And then a king makes the best advertisement there is, and the cheapest. All he costs is a reception at the station by the They went their way, one after the other, down into night and oblivion, leaving no account of themselves, no memorials. The Romans arrived 2,300 years ago; other parts of France are rich with remembrances of their eight centuries of occupation, but not

many are here. Other pagaus followed the

Romans. By and by Christianity arrived. some 400 years after the time of Christ. The long procession of races, languages, re-ligious and dynasties demolished each other's monuments and obliterated each other's records—it is man's way always. As a result, nothing is left of the bandiwork of the remoter inhabitants of the region except the constructions of the lake dwellers and some Roman odds and ends. There is part of a small Roman temple, there is part of a Roman bath, there is a graceful and battered Roman arch. It stands on a turfy level over the way from the present great bath house, is surrounded by magnolia trees, and is both a picturesque and suggestive object. It has stood there some 1,600 years. Its nearest neighbor, not 20 steps away, is a Catholic Church. They are symbols of the two chief eras in the history of Aix. Yes, and of the European world,

A Roman Arch Without a Sign. I judge that the venerable arch is held in reverent esteem by everybody, and that this esteem is its sufficient protection from in-sult, for it is the only public structure I have yet seen in France which lacks the sign: "It is forbidden to post bills here." Its neighbor, the church, has that sign on more than one of its sides, and other signs, too, forbidding certain other sorts of desecra-

The arch's next nearest neighbor-just at its elbow, like the church—is the telegraph office. So there you have the three great eras bunched together-the era of War, the era of Theology, the era of Business. You pass under the arch, and the buried Cæsars seem to rise from the dust of the centuries and flit before you; you pass by that old battered church, and are in touch with the Middle Ages, and with another step you can put down 10 france and shake bands with Oshkosh under the Atlantic.

Well, all these eras above spoken of are modern, they are of last week, they are of yesterday, they are of this morning, so to speak. The springs, the healing waters that gush up from under this hillside village, indeed are ancient; they, indeed, are big and lit le, here a genuine antiquity; they ante-date all those fresh human matters by processions of centuries; they were born with the fossils of Dent du Chat, and they have been always limpid and always abundant. They furnished a million gallons a day to wash the lake dwellers with, the same to wash the Casars with, no less to wash Balzac with, and have not diminished on my account.

A Small Quantity of Water. Mayor and the police in their Sunday uniforms, shop front decorations along the route from station to hotel, brass band at the hotel, fireworks in the evening, free that the hotel, fireworks in the evening that the hotel that the ho

Le Petit Journal to fill with his strange and awful veil. He arrives with the early morning and the market people, and there is a dog that arrives at about the same time and barks steadily at nothing till he dies, and they fetch another dog just like him. The bark of this breed is the twin of the whip volley, and stabs like a knife.

By and by, what is left of you the church bell gets. There are many bells and apparently 6,000 or 7,000 town clocks, and as they are all five minutesapart—probably by law—there are no intervals. Some of them are striking all the time—at least, after you go to bed they are. There is one clock that strikes the hour, and then strikes it over again to see if it was right. Then for evenings and Sundays there is a chime—a chime that starts in pleasantly and musically, then suddenly breaks into a frantic roar, and boom, and crash of warring sounds that makes you think Paris is up and the revolution come again. And yet, as I have said, one sleeps here—sleeps like the dead. Once he gets his grip on his sleep, neither hack, nor whip, nor news fiend, nor dog, nor bell cyclone, nor all of them together can wrench it loose or mar its deep and tranquil continuity. Yes, there is indeed something in this air that is death to insomnia.

The Style of Entertaiment.

in this air that is death to insomnia.

The Style of Entertaiment.

The buildings of the Cercle and the Villa des Fleurs are huge in size, and each has a theater in it, and a great restaurant, also conveniences for gambling and general and variegated entertainment. They stand in ornamental grounds of great extent and beauty. The multitudes of fashionable folk sit at refreshment tables in the open air, afternoons, and listen to the music, and it is there they mainly go to break the Sabbath. To get the privilege of entering these grounds and buildings you buy a ticket for a few francs, which is good for the whole season. You are then free to go and come at all hours, attend the plays and concerts free, except on special occasions, gamble, buy refreshments, and make yourself symmetrically comfortable.

metrically comfortable.

Nothing could be handler than those two Nothing could be handler than those two little theaters. The curtain doesn't rise until 8:30; then between the acts one can idle for half an hour in the other departments of the building, damaging his appetite in the restaurants or his pockekbook in the baccarat room. The singers and actors are from Paris, and their performance is beyond praise.

I was never in a fashionable gambling hell until I came here. I had read several millions of descriptions of such places, but the reality was new to me. I very much wanted to see this animal, especially the now historic game of baccarat, and this was a good place, for Aix ranks next to Monte Carlo for high play and plenty of it. But the result was what I might have expected—the interest of the looker-on perishes with the novelty of the spectacle; that is to sao, in a few minutes. A permanent and intense interest is acquired in baccarat, or in any other game, but you have to buy it. You don't get it by standing around looking on. I was never in a fashionable gambling hell

A Flexible Oar in Baccarat. The baccarat table is covered with green loth and is marked off in divisions with

convincing air of quiet and repose. But just across the narrow street is the little market square, and at a corner of that is that church that is neighbor to the Roman arch, and that narrow street, and that billiard table of a market place, and that church re able, on a bet, to turn out more noise to the cubic yard at the wrong time than any other similar combination in the earth or out of it.

A Great Place for Noise.

In the street you have the skull-bursting thunder of the passing hack, a volume of sound not producible by sir hacks anywhere else; on the hack is a lunatic with a whip, which he cracks to notify the nublic to get out of his way. This crack is as keen and sharp and penetrating and ear-splitting as a pistol shot at close range, and the lunatic delivers it in volleys, not single shots. You think you will not be able to live till be gets by, and when he does get by he only leaves a vacancy for the bandit who sells Le Pelit Journal to fill with his strange and awful veil. He arrives with the early morning and the market people, and there is a dog that arrives at about the same time and barks steadily at nothing till be dies, and they fetch another dog just like him. The leave of this heaved is the trute of the wide of the work fetch another dog just like him. The leave of this haved is the trute of the wide of the whole where the level of this haved is the trute of the whole to deposit modest in the result of the town of the shoulder to deposit modest in the results of the trute of the whole to defect of nutrition, debility of the bark of this haved is the trute of the whole to deposit modest little gold pieces, and said, "He's only fundation to defect of nutrition, debility of the bark of the whole of the whole to deposit modest little gold pieces, and said, "He's only fundation to defect of nutrition, debility of the bark of the whole of the whole the proper is the content of the



ning, now; wasting a few hundred to pass the time—waiting for the 'gold room' to open, you know, which won't be till well after midnight—then you'll see him bet! He won £14,000 there last night. They don't bet anything there but big money."

Hunting Out the Right Bath.

nervous system, or to a gouty, rheumatic, herpetic or scrofulous disthesis—all diseases extremely debilitating and requiring a tonic, and not a depressing action of the remedy. This it seems to find here, as recorded experience and dail, action can testify. * According to the line of treatment, followed particularly with due regard to the temperature, the action of the Aix waters can be made sedative, exciting, derivative or alterative and tonic.

suggests a sore piano leg. By attention and practice the pall bearers have got so that they can keep out of step all the time—and they do it. As a consequence their veiled churn goes rocking, tilting, swaying along like a bell buoy in a ground swell. It makes the oldest sailor seasick to look at that specificals. that speciacle.

The Details of the Course.

The "course" is usually 15 douche baths and 5 tub baths. You take the douche three days in succession, then knock off and take a tub. You keep up this distribution through the course. If one course does not cure you, you take another one after an interval. You seek a local physician and he terval. You seek a local physician and he examines your case and prescribes the kind of bath required for it, with various other particulars; then you buy your course tickets and pay for them in advance—\$9. With the tickets you get a memorandum book with your dates and hours all set down in it. The doctor takes you into the bath the first morning and gives some instructions to the two doucheurs who are to handle you through the course.

structions to the two doucheurs who are to handle you through the course.

The pour boires are about 10 cents to each of the men for each bath, payable at the end of the course. Also at the end of the course, you pay 3 or 4 francs to the superintendent of your department of the bath house. These are useful particulars to know, and are not to be found in the books. A servant of your hotel carries your towels and sheet to the bath daily and brings them away sgain. They are the property of the hotel; the French Government doesn't furnish these things. You meet all kinds of people at a place like this, and if you give them a place like this, and if you give them a chance they will submerge you under their experiences, for they are either very glad or very sorry they came, and they want to spr. ad their feelings out and enjoy them. One of these said to me:

Had Inflammation of the Sout.

"It's great, these baths. I didn't come here for my health, I only came to find out if there was anything the matter with me. The doctor told me if there was the symp-The doctor told me if there was the symptoms would soon appear. After the first douche I had sharp pains in all my musclea. The doctor said it was different varieties of rheumatism, and the best varieties there were, too. After my second bath I had aches in my bones, and skull and around. The doctor said it was different varieties of neuralgia, and the best in the market, anybody would tell me so. I got many new kinds of pains out of my third douche. These were in my joints. The doctor said it was gout, complicated with heart disease, and encouraged me to go on. Then we had the fourth douche, and I came out on a stretcher that time, and fetched with me one vast, diversified, undulating continental kind of pain, with horizo s to it, and zones, and parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude, and isothermal belts, and variations of the compass—oh, everymeridians of longitude, and isothermal belts, and variations of the compass—oh, everything tidy and right up to the latest developments, you know. The doctor said it was inflammation of the soul, and just the very thing. Well, I went right on gathering them in, toothache, liver complaint, softening of the brain, nostalgia, bronchitis, osteology, fits, coleoptera, hydrangea, cyclopedia britannica, delirium tremens, and a lot of other things that I've got down in my list that I'll show you, and you can keep it if you like and tally off the bric-a-brac as you lay it in.

"The doctor said I was a grand proof of what these baths could do; said I had come here as innocent of disease as a grindstone, and inside of three weeks these baths had sluiced out of me every important ailment known to medical science, along with considerable more that were entirely new and potentable. Why, he wanted to exhibit me in his bay window."

There seems to be a good many light this There seems to be a good many liars this

The Baths Are Taking. I began to take the baths, and found them out halt.

The majority come afoot, but great numbers are brought in sedan chairs, a sufficiently ugly contrivance whose cover is a steep little tent made of striped canvas. You see nothing of the patient in this diving bell as the bearers tramp along, except a glimpse of his ankles bound together.

I began to take the baths, and found them most enjoyable; so enjoyable that if I hadn't had a disease I would have borrowed one, just to have a pretext for going on. They took me into a stone-floored basin about 14 feet square, which had enough the stone of the patient in this about 14 feet square, which had enough the stone of the patient in this about 14 feet square, which had enough the stone of the patient in this about 14 feet square, which had enough the stone of the patient in this should have borrowed one, just to have a pretext for going on.

as thick as one's wrist playing upon me while they kneaded me, stroked me, twisted me, and applied all the other details of the scientific massage to me for seven or eight minutes. Then they stood me up and played a powerful jet upon me all around for another minute. The cool shower bath came next, and the thing was over. I came out of the bath house a few minutes later feeling younger and fresher and finer than I have felt since I was a boy. The spring and cheer and delight of this exaltation lasted three hours, and the same uplifting effect has followed the 20 douches which I have taken since.

After my first douche I went to the chem-

After my first douche I went to the chemist's on the corner, as per instructions, and



Royal Billboards.

asked for half a glass of Challe water. It comes from a spring 16 miles from here. It was furnished to me, but, perceiving that there was something the matter with it, I offered to wait till they could get some that was fresh, but they said it always smelt that was.

that way. Water of Shady Reputation.

They said that the reason that this was so much ranker than the sulphur water of the bath was that this contained 32 times as much sulphur as that. It may be true, but in my opinion that water comes from a cemetery, and not a fresh cemetery, either. History says that one of the early Roman Generals lost an army down there somewhere. If he could come back now I think this water would help him find it again. However, I drank the Challe, and have drunk it once or twice every day since. I suppose it is all right, but I wish I knew what was the matter with those Romans.

My first baths developed plenty of pain, but the subsequent ones removed al nost all of it. I have got back the use of my arm these last few days, and I am going away now. Water of Shady Reputation.

Thomas A. Edison Believes Every Particle of Matter Is Intelligent.

MAN IS A COMBINATION

Of Conscious Atoms and Lives as Long as They Are in Harmony.

DEATH IS A SORT OF REBELLION.

A Novel View of the Great Problem of Life and Comments on It.

THE VITAL ENERGY OF ELECTRICITY

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.)

The remarkable views of Mr. Thomas A. Edison, printed below, are supplemented, by way of illustration, with brief interviews from distinguished men whose special studies have led them to look at life from an individual standpoint. Taken apart, these opinions may seem to occasionally diverge; considered collectively, they present a remarkably consistent, if many sided, view of a great problem.

With regard to Mr. Edison's contribution to this remarkable symposium comment is useless. The wizard has his own peculiar way of discussing any question, and in doing so he seldom fails to turn a flood of light into many a dark corner of thought. Although he picks his way through the many pitfalls of speculation with characteristic modesty and caution, who shall say he makes his bow as a philosopher in vain? The leading question addressed to Mr. Edison was: "What is Life?" His reply tol-

VIEWS OF THE WIZARD.

Every Particle of Matter, He Says, is Imbued With Consciousness.

"My mind is not of a speculative order," said Mr. Edison; "It is essentially practical, and when I am making an experiment I think only of getting something useful, of making electricity perturm work. "I don't soar; I keep down pretty close to

There are many beautiful drives about Aix, many interesting places to visit, and much pleasure to be found in paddling around the little Lake Bourget on the small steamers, but the excursion which satisfied me best was a trip to Annecy and its neighborhood. You go to Annecy in an hour by rail, through a garden land that has not had its equal for beauty, perhaps, since Eden; and certainly not Eden was cultivated as this garden is. The charm and loveliness of the whole region are bewildering. Picturesque rocks, forest-clothed hills, alopes richly bright in the cleanest and greenest grass, fields of grain without fleek or flaw, dainty of color and as shiny and shimmery as silk, old gray mansions and towers half buried in foliage and sunny eminences, deep chasms with precipitous walls, and a awift stream of pale blue water between, with now and thep a tumbling cascade, and always noble mountains in view, with vagrant white clouds curling MARK TWAIN. | rather an agreement between the stoms so

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MARK TWAIN ON HIS TRAVELS. bath in the morning. This is the whole expense; and in return for it he goes away from here with the broad of his back metaphorically stenciled over with display ads., which shout to all the nutions of the earth-

assisted by the telegraph. Rhenmatism routed at Aix-les-Bains! Gout admonisted, Nerves braced up! All Diseases welcomed, and satisfaction given or the money returned at

We leave nature's noble cliffs and crags undefiled and uninsulted by the advertiser's paint brush. We use the back of a king,

which is better and properer, and more effective, too, for the cliff stays still and few see it, but the king moves across the fields of the world, and is visible from all points like a constellation. Mark's Compliments to the Crar.

Six months, beginning with May. When it is at its height there are thousands of visitors here, and in the course of the season will be along soon—probably his Satanic Majesty of Russia. There's a colossus tor you! A mysterious and terrible form that

The Gambling and the Climate.

These are not all here for the baths; some come for the gambling facilities and some for the climate. It is a climate where the field strawberry flourishes through the spring, summer and fall. It is hot in the summer, and hot in earnest; but this is only in the history of man and the geological records of its rocks. Its little lake of Bourget carries the human history back to the lake dwellers, furnishing seven groups of their habitations, and Dr. William Wakefield says in his interesting local guide book that the mountains round about furnish, "geologically, a veritable epitome of the globe." The stratified chapters of the globe." The stratified chapters of the plobe." The stratified chapters of the plobe." The stratified chapters of the plobe." The stratified chapters of the plobe. The stratified chapters of the plobe and the strate plobe plobe

calculation that Atlantic is three-quarters of a mile down in the earth. The calculation is based upon the temperature of the water, which is 1140 to 1170 Fahrenheit, the natural law being that below a certain depth heat augments at the rate of 1° for every 60 feet of descent.

Air is handsome and is handsomely situ ated, too, on its hill slope, with its stately prospect of mountain range and plain spread out before it and about it. The streets are out before it and about it. The streets are mainly narrow, and steep and crooked and inferesting, and offer considerable variety in the way of names: Rue du Puits d'Enfer—pit of Hades street. Some of the sidewalks are only 18 inches wide; they are for the cats, probably. There is a pleasant park, and there are spacious and beautiful grounds connected with the two great pleasure resorts, the Cercle and the Villa des Fleurs. The town consists of big hotels, little hotels, and pensions. The season lasts about six months, beginning with May. When it

as many as 20,000 in the aggregate come The Gambling and the Climate.

There were several varieties of pagans.

THE THREE AGES.

No Candidates for Sulcide.

No Candidates for Sulcide.

The thing I chiefly missed was the haggard people with the intense eye, the hunted look, the desperate mien, caudidates for suicide and the pauper's grave. They are in the descriptions, as a rule, but they were off duty that night. All the gamblers, male and female, old and young, looked abnormally cheerful and prosperous. However, all the rations were there, clothed richly, and speaking all the languages. Some of the women were painted, and were evidently shaky as to character. These items tallied with the descriptions well enough.

The etiquette of the place was difficult to master. In the brilliant and populous halls and corridors you don't smoke, and you wear your hat, no matter how many ladies are in the thick throng of drifting humanity; but the moment you cross the sacred threshhold and enter he gambling hell, off the hat must come, and everybody lights his cigar and goes to suffocating the ladies.

Hunting Out the Right Bath.

The Temple of the Baths. The "Establishment" is the property of France, and all the officers and servants are employes of the French Government. The "The doctor said I was a grand proof of

employes of the French Government. The bath house is a huge and massive pile of white marble masonry, and looks more like a temple than anything else. It has several floors, and each is full of bath cabinets. There is every kind of bath—for the nose, the ears, the throat, vapor baths, tub baths, swimming baths and all people's favorite, the douche. It is a good building to get lost in, when you are not familiar with it. From early morning until nearly noon people are streaming in and streaming out withple are streaming in and streaming out with-

chalk or something. The banker sits in the was the batha. My right arm was disabled and swatted around with blankets or towels two half naked men scated me on a pine in view, with vagrant middle, the croupler opposite. The cus- with rheumatism. To sit at home in Amer- to that generous degree that the result stool, and kept a couple of warm water jets about their summits.

There are many beautiful drives about

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