GIANTS AND DWARFS,

About Whom the Liars Who Have Visited Southern South America Write Prolifically.

THE 12-FOOTERS ARE ALL GONE.

Whisky and Diseases of White Men Have Played Havoc There as Well as Among Other Savages.

HOW THE SO-CALLED PIGMIES LIVE.

Missirancies Don't Talk of Hades as Warm for That Is Where They Would Like to Go.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 PUNTA ARENAS, PATAGONIA, Nov. 1 --Who has not heard marvelous tales of the giants of Patagonia, and of the dwarfs that live just across the narrow channel on the islands of Terra del Fuego? So much nonsense has been written and told about these people, ever since the first white men found them (in the year 1520), that to this day the world possesses few actual facts concerning them. You remember how Don Pigafetta, the champion liar of Magellan's expedition, described the Patagonians as "Of that bigremesse that our menne of meane statura could reach up to their waystes," and all the enrly explorers that followed felt bound to see and describe as amazing things as their predecessors had done, while a few of them went even further in their laudable efforts to keep up European interest in the New World

Regarding the stature of these giants, there is an amusing discrepancy in the statements of celebrated travelers, ancient and secure. Sir France: Drake, who came here in 1578, testified that the Patagonians were "not taller than many Englishmen." Schouten, the German explorer, declared them to be "living skeletons, 10 or 11 feet long." D'Orbigny, the French scientist, wrote in 1829 that he "never found any exceeding 5 feet 11 inches." Fitzroy and Darwin computed their average height to be 6 feet; and Cunningham, who made them a cereful study only about 20 years ago, says he found one chief who measured 6 feet 11 inches, and saw few of less stature than 5 feet 10 inches.

An Average of Seven Feet, Captain Mayne Reid, whose delightful book ealled "Old People" stands next to "Robinson Crusoe" in the estimation of millions of boys, wrote these words about the Patagonians: "Twelve-foot giants can no longer be found. They never existed, except in the fertile imaginations of the old navigators-whose embodied testimony. nevertheless, it is difficult to disbelieve. Other and more reliable witnesses have Other and more reliable witnesses have chase quantities of poor stuff from the Childen way with the Tians; but still we are eans), no storms nor darkness, and above unable to reduce the stature of the Patagoning to that of ordinary men. If not actual giants, they are very tall, many of their antarctic imaginations the old-time them standing 7 feet in their boots of hell of actual fire that we used to hear about ictual glants, they are very tall, many of guanaco leather, few less than 6 feet and a the few rising nearly to 8. These measurements are definite and certain; therefore, if of positive closts, it is safe to consider the chaps the very tallest that exist, sied, upon the face of the earth." One of the most vivid scenes in memory's sicture gallery—one that still stands out, listing and clear, amid a multitude of es and half obliterated facts of

oon, when the speaker impressively said: Takes of the Veracious Missionary. he poor giants of Patagonia, though twice as tall as naybody in this church, if not in this country-say from 9 to 12 feet high-have neither minds nor hearts in proportion to their bodies. They are among the most flerce and degraded people on earth-they are cannibals, who feast on bodies of their enemies, and on shipwrecked sallors and other foreigners who happen to fall into their hands. At other times they subsist on rawfish. But when not more than three or four feet tall, with marmously swellen bodies, large heads, bort and crooked limbs. They file their front tooth sharp like those of a dog, and devour their food raw, and, though they live in a climate so cold that water freezes

presenter importance—is that of a mis-onary lecture, on a long-ago Sunday after-

May heaven forgive the reverend gentleun his ignorance-for I don't believe he inliberately slandered the beathen. He merely gave us the commonly accepted opinion in Europe and America, gleaned, undoubtedly, from some standard Encycloand and Universal Knowledgel But at any rate, our youthful imaginations were exsted and generous pity aroused, that every in bank belonging to every child in the was ruthlessly broken and all our hunraed pennies dispatched to the our Patagonians through the pockets of Ohio in age and size. It was one of the 13

e missionary. Whisky's Havor Among Giants.

As you may imagine, that which most interests us just now in Punts Arenas are thing over 41,000. The agricultural capacthe Patagonian Indians, parties of whom strangle in almost daily at this season of the year to exchange their guaraco furs and of rich feathers for provisions and the worthless trinkets thas delight their souls. The "guants" seem to be all dead and the race gone in its decadence. It is the old throughout. It possesses, while Georgia story-pititully true wherever red man has adopted the white n peaceable terms as his near make sad havor among the former. The once sturdy Paragonian, like his cousins in North America, scens to have acquired all the vices of civilization and have omitted its virtues, his highest ambition now being to get enough to ent, drink and smoke with the least possible labor. He hangs around the ranches to pick up what is thrown to himof independence and counted 162,686 in-habitants. In the ensuing decade Ohio took a prodigious leap and increased her eli and the dogs in the line of food, and depends upon stealing and begging for whisky

It should be remembered, however, that ere are several distinct nations of Patagontans-not counting the Araucanians on the north nor the Fire-landers on the south -and that each nation has distinguishing haracteristics. Those above referred to are the southern Tehneloches, who slonely shout the country from Santa Cruz and Punta Arenas.

Who the Glants Were.

The "giants," if there ever were any Patagonians deserving the name, were found among this tribe, who are much taller and more slender than any of their neighbors, and have a different complexion, being like the North American Indians, rather than muddy brown, like the South They are excessively dirty, and treacherous, fond of personal aments made out of bones, shells, beads aments made out of bones, shells, beads affiver, (gold, strangely enough, they do nearly 15 per cent; from 1830 to 1880, 20 per cent; and now, from 1880 to 1890, nearly 15 per cent. Georgia thus appears adornments made out of bones, shells, besus and silver, (gold, strangely enough, they do not like), and are ready at any time to harter all their earthly possessions—wives, carments that cover time since the war. It is a well-known fact time since the war. It is a well-known fact time since the war.

The "Pumpas Patagones"—so called beplains of the ne-th-are subdivided into four tribes, known respectively as Puelches, or "Eastern people," the word Puel meaning east, ch: people; the Picunches, picun meaning north; the Pechuenches or ple of the pines," pechun meaning pine trest, and the Ranqueles, or those who dwell among the thistle beds, from ranquel, a this ile. Though not quite so degraded as first-class liniment, for 25 cents.

their Southern brothers, perhaps because farther removed from cillization, they are treacherous, quarrelsome and cowardly to a degree. But they are not beggars—they live by the chase and by plunder, bartering to unscrupulous white traders for rum and trinkets.

Cider and a Drink From Beans. Then there are the Chenna Patagones, who inhabit the higher altitudes, who differ both in language and physical aspect from the other tribes, and are less lazy and er-

valleys of the Cordilleras, and make very good cider from the apples that the old friars planted. They also brew an intoxi-cating drink from beans of the Algaroba,

which is in demand all over the country.

Of course the term "Patagonian" is en-tirely unknown among the Indians. Their

true name, collectively and individually, is

Tsonecas, and by it all the tribes call them-

selves. The word Pata-gones, meaning "duck-footed men," refers to their peculiar

loot gear. The lower limbs are encased in

boots without soles, or rather long gaiters,

made or guanaco skins, with the beautiful yellowish tur turned outward. The leg is

covered all around from below the knee, the fur passing over the top of the foot and around the heel, leaving the toes sticking out. This trifling circumstance

obtained the appelation by which a vast territory and all the people who inhabit it

are known to the civilized world. The flaps

"uppers" of the gaiters extending loose-

ly across the top of their feet, exaggerated in breadth by the long hair on the edges,

give the wearers the appearance of having paws or patas. When Magellan's men

first saw these Indians they were unable to secount for the peculiar appearance of their

feet and the bright vellow fur upon their legs and called them "duck-footed."

The Savage Idea of the Deity.

A large, square rug of guanaco hides, sewed

around the body under the arms, and ex-tends about to the knees. Another rug, with a slit in the middle through which to pass the head, falls over the shoulders. The

ong, stiff, unkempt hair is partially held in

place by strips of cloth, which are often large enough to form a kind of cap, or tur-ban. Low down in the scale of humanity

as they look, it appears that they have some redeeming qualities. For instance, they do not practice polygamy like most Indians, and they believe in the immortality of the soul. Did you ever notice that the character of a man, whether his kin he white block red or vallow on he

skin be white, black, red or yellow, can be pretty neurately told by the sort of God he worships, or rather by the attributes with which his own imagination invests a su-

preme being?
The Tehuelche deity is not "an eternal

spider weaving webs to catch the souls of men," nor a revengeful being who intends

to torment any of his creatures. His name is Coche, and he is of a very tender, loving

and forgiving disposition. He is waiting for his children in happy hunting grounds

beyond the farthest rim of hills, where he has prepared all good things necessary to their happiness. The "good things" mean a plentiful supply of food and furs, unlimited wine (of which beyorage they are inordinately fond and purches of the state of t

all no more cold weather. On the latter point, the missionaries who go among them

presents far more attractions than the or-

A Fen Picture of Captain Reid.

about the "duck-footed men," glancing over his chapter on the giants and making here

cretion, he rarely indulges in a plume-he knows he is tall enough without one. Over his shoulders and hanging to his heeis, he wears a loose man

tle of guanaco skins, which is of suffi

to require it; but he often throws his tle entirely aside to give him the freed

width to wrap around his body and me over his breast, should he feel cold enou

TWO RIVAL STATES.

Rates of Growth of Georgia and Ohio-The

Latter in the Path of Empire.

A contrast between Ohio and Georgia i

instructive as illustrating the growth of

States. Georgia has the advantage over

original States, whereas Ohio was admitted

in 1802. It has an area of nearly 60,000

square miles, while Ohio has only some-

ities of Georgia are larger than those of

Ohio, though in parts they have remained

undeveloped, and in other parts they have

been handled so unthriftily that they are

partially exhausted. Ohio is fairly fertile

does not, rich mines of coal, with some iron,

Georgia has 125 miles of sea coast; Ohio has

When the Union was formed Georgia had

some 80,000 inhabitants. Ohio was a wilder-

ness, which the Government was vainly en-

deavoring to people. At the beginning of the century some 45,000 persons had been

induced to settle there. Georgia had doubled her population in the first decade

number 500 per cent, but Georgia still kept

the lend by 20,000 souls. The rush of people into the Northwest, as it was then called,

continued in the next decade. In 1820 Ohio contained 581,000 people, while Georgia only showed 341,000. Ohio never lost the

lead after that.
Georgia continued to increase, but in

diminishing ratio. The decennial increases were: From 1820 to 1830, 50 per cent; from

1830 to 1840, 25 per cent; from 1840 to 1850, 35 per cent; from 1850 to 1860, 11 per cent;

from 1860 to 1870 (the decade of the war), 10 per cent; from 1870 to 1880, 30 per cent; and

now, according to Mr Porter's census, 19 per cent from 1880 to 1890. The decennial

increase in Ohio since 1820 has been: From

62 per cent; from 1840 to 1850, 29 per cent;

from 1850 to 1860, 19 per cent; from 1860 to

dustry around Atlanta and the increased

acreage planted in cotton under emanci-

pation are drawing new settlers both from

the North and the less thriving Southern

States, while Ohio has been losing a suf-

nearly offset her normal gain from New

THE triumph of the age-Salvation Oil, a

England and Europe.

population to the Northwest to

1820 to 1830, 62 per cent; from 1830 to 1840

San Francisco Call.]

none.

Let us see what Captain Reid has to say

are obliged to be extremely careful.

thodox heaven.

and there an extract:

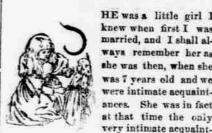
The Southern Tsonecas—as yet I have een no others—dress in the rudest fashion.

ratio. They are sometimes called Manzan-eros, because their headquarters are at a in Fairies. placed named "Las Manzanas" (the apples), where Jesuits formerly had a mission and planted a good many apple trees. They own sheep, cattle and horses in the sheltered

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BIRDIE

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.



HE was a little girl I knew when first I was married, and I shall always remember her a she was then, when she was 7 years old and we were intimate acquaintances. She was in fact at that time the only

ance I had, though I knew a good many people. We were about the same age, though it is true I had lived some time longer than she had. But there was something considerate about Birdie which made me feel that after all they did not make so much difference between us - those few years which had been entitled to me to be married. She was much more mature and serious in some ways than I was, but that probably arose from her greater experience. She was the mother of a most interesting family, and I had not yet been introduced

BOYS

A Little Girl Who Believed at each other as we left them, and the Major's humorous eyes looked in a very quiet way more humorous than ever, but he did not laugh at all. I discovered afterward that he never disturbed Birdie's be-



Talking About Pairies. liefs and fancies, or treated them with any disrespect which would spoil them for

any disrespect which would spoil them for her.

"You see she is flushed," I said, having looked at Miss Anna. "If you keep her warm and give her hot things to drink, I dare say she will have quite a beautiful rash before night. I had a wax one once who had scarletina, and I think I saved her life with hot composite to." life with hot camomile tea."
When I went away Birdie and I were no

longer acquaintances, but friends, and our friendship was destined to be a very interesting one

At first Birdie lived in the country and In the town a few miles away, and during the hot summer months my visits to her home used to be a great relief to me. The sir was so much cooler and fresher there, family, and I had not yet been introduced to Boy and the Socialist and there were so many tall trees and so much shade. Her house was built in the midst of a beautiful grove of pine and oak family that we became such intimate friends.



BIRDIE CROSSED THE ROOM AND GAVE ME A SECRET SMILE.

Birdie's aunt, she was universally admired and respected and her head was made of china. The first tim-I saw her I had driven out to see Birdie's mamma at the charming known Southern university, and he and his Birdie's aunt, she was universally admired

Let us paint the portrait of the Pata-gonian himself. He wears no hat, but suffers his long black hair to hang loosely over his shoulders, or more frequently gathers it into a knot upon the crown of his head. To keep it from strangling into his eyes he usually wears a narrow strip of guanaco skin around his forehead, or a plaited band of the hair of the same animal; but although he possesses estrich feathers at discretion, he havely indulges in a fully tucked away under the shawl that covered her, and her blue china eyes were fixed rather staringly upon space. Evidently she was concentrating all the energies of a whatever it might be. (I have since thought that-probably fearing its effect upon her complexion, which was extremely red and white-she herself had determined that the rash should not "come out.")

Having a strong private affection for dolla (I find it even increases with years. I can-not to-day pass the windows of Le Petit Nain Bleu in the Boulevard des Capucines without loitering) I could not help casting an occasional interested glance at the sofa while I talked to Birdie's mamma and the

Major ("the Major" was Birdie's pana).
But suddenly my interest was greatly increased. The door opened and a slender, delicate little girl came

the entirely aside to give him the freedom of his arms, or more generally ties a girdle around it and leaves the upper part to fall back from his shoulders and hang over the girdle. Perhaps his ample garment has something to do in producing the exaggerated accounts that have been given of the stature of the Patagonians. Certain it is that a man thus appareled looks tailer than he otherwise would and presents altogether a more imposing appearance. The Caffre, in his civet cat "kaross," and the Pawnee Indian, in his robe of shaggy buffalo hide, loom very large upon karroo and prairie—much larger in appearance than they really are. It is but natural, therefore, to suppose that the Patagonian, attired in his iong, straight guanaco muntle—perhaps seen against the sky, standing upon the summit of a conspicuous citif—would present a truly gigantic aupearance. in, and, seeming to think that as the grown up people talking she would be unnoticed, went with the most serious and absorbed little face to the sofa. She was a very pretty child. I think I can best explain what she expressed to me by using a French word, and saving that she looked

spirituelle. She was very slight and moved very soitly, she had fine brown hair, which fair skin with a faint rose-leaf color, and a Birdie's Idea of a delicate small face

with the clearest innocent golden-brown eyes I ever saw. All the unusualness and charm of the small face one could not see in the first moment. One would always see a pretty, refined child, but it was only after I knew

her well that I explained to myself what her unique charm was. The clear eyes had the beauty of a crystal pool in the deep forest, a pool which had never been disturbed and had never reflected anything less sweet in nature than sunlight filtered through the trees, and friendly little birds chirpping as they came to drink and bathe their wings, such childish, dream-ing eyes—one loved them as soon as she litted the long curled lashes.

She was busying herself so anxiously about the sofa that I glanced questioningly "Oh, that is Birdie," he said, with a kind-

ly and slightly humorous smile. "Birdie, come and shake ha ds with Mrs. Burnett." Birdie crossed the room and gave me her hand and a sweet little smile. I kept the hand in mine and gave her a

smile in return, but I tried to make it sym-pathetic, because I recognized as once that the case of the invalid on the so- was not one to trifle with. I saw it in Birdie's countenance.

"I am very glad to see you," I said.
"Your papa has talked to me about you.
But I am sorry you have illness in your
family. I hope it is not very serious."
I was not laughing at all—I would not
have laughed for worlds in that serious lit-I tried quickly to amsgine that I was 7, and that I was right in the midst of and I knew it would disturb my feelings very much if I were suddenly called from her bedside to shake hands with a bride who made light of me.

And in one second I saw in Birdie's clear

gold-brown eyes a look of relief and ap-preciation. She made friends with me on the spot, without any further preliminaries.
"I am afraid it is serious," she said, looking back at the sofa. "Miss Anna has the measles very badly, and you know sometimes the measles turn out dreadully serious."

"Yes," I said, "the danger is, you know, if they take the least cold. If you can just get them through without taking cold they

It was through Miss Anna, who had been | under their shadows that we had our mos stricken with the measles, and through an incompleteness in the matter of rash which was supposed to be "striking in" instead of "coming out," was giving her parent the gravest anxiety.

Miss Anna was not a young lady, as might at first be supposed. She was a large doll. gravest anxiety.

Miss Anna was not a young lady, as might at first be supposed. She was a large doll, and though she looked young, she was quite advanced in years—for a doll—for she was 18 years old. She had been the doll of 18 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old. She had been the doll of 19 years old.

I think that as soon as I entered the room I saw Miss Anna, and observed that she was an invalid. She was lying in invalid state upon a sofa, her kid arms were care. She had been saying something to me about a certain kind of tall, swaying grass I

admired, and she quietly stopped, tied the long blades together, and bent them care-fully down in the part where the knot "What are you doing that for ?" I asked. "Ah!" she answered quite simply, lifting her clear eyes with a smile, "it is for the

"For the fairies?" I said.
"Well, you see," she said, glancing round at the wind-swept, sun-dappled field flowers and grasses, "there are so many of them here. They live in the country, you know; they don't like the town to live in-the only go there to see people they are fond of -Riverside" (that was the name of their country house) "is full of them, and they are so fond of swinging. So when I come out I tie the tops of the long grasses and bend them over. It makes a little swing,

I saw that it did, and I saw, too, that she had not a shadow of a doubt that it would sway to and fro with the light weight of a fairy before it had time to wither.

"I do a great many things for them," she said. "And they are so glad and they do

so like me.' "Let us make some more swings," I said, kneeling down and beginning to look for the tallist grasses. "And tell me what other things you do. Do you know them— "Ah, I know them," she answered, busy-

"Ah, I know them," she answered, busying herself with another swing, "but I have never seen them. I just do things to make them happy. You see they are so tiny, tiny, tiny, that it isn't easy to see them. They think we are giants, and they are rather frightened of us until they know we are their friends, and they run away and hide in flower cups and under leaves and in the grass. They know now that I won't hurt them, so perhaps I was as won't hurt them, so perhaps I may see them some day. I hope I shall. I never do anything that might make them afraid of me, and I am always trying to please them."

"I wish I could see them," I said, "I always did so want to see a fairy." "They are so pretty." she said. "They are dressed in clothes made of flowers, or spun out of sparkling spider's webs, and they have diamonds made of dew drops sometimes their ball dresses are spi out of sunshine, and moonshine, and that light, white morning mist,"

Nothing could have been sweeter or more perfectly simple and natural than her happerfectly simple and natural than her hap-py sincerity. She spoke of the fairles as if she were speaking of humming birds or butterflies or bees. I felt as if they might be swarming about us at that very minute. I tried to pretend to myself that it was true, and I succeeded pretty well, too. I always liked fairies, and it was delightful to kneel there in the warm scented long. to kneel there in the warm scented long grass and talk and act as if they were real.
"Have they balls and ball dresses?" I asked. "But of course they have, because 've read about them.

"They are fond of balls," she answered. "They dance every night there is moon-light. They have asked Miss Anna to their balls—they are not afraid of her—they think she is a sort of relation."

"Did she ever go?" I inquired.
"Well, no. She's smal! compared with us, you know, but she is big compared to fairles, and I think she was afraid she might tread on some of them, and that would have spoiled all their party."
"So it would," I replied. "But it would have been nice if she could have gone and sat down carefully, and just looked on. Then she could have told you about it. Now we have made swings enough, what could we do next?"

"I have just thought of something very important," said Birdie. "There is a full moon to-night, and they are going to have a grand ball in the grove before the house, and I was going to prepare their ball room under the oak tree that has a hollow in it. They use the hollow for a bedroom to take off their things in, and if any of

are all right—but if they catch cold and it strikes in, it's the most anxious thing. Would it disturb her if I went and looked at her?"

"I should be very glad if you would look at her," said Birdie.

I saw her mamma and the Major glance at each other as we left them, and the Major's humorous eyes looked in a very away."

them bring badies they want very soft moss to lay them on."

"Do they bring their children sometimes?" I asked.

"They do just now. Roseleaf and Blossom both have babies, and fairy babies are so tiny they don't leave them alone because the least breath of wind might blow them away."

earnest manner.

away." We left the fairy swings and went to the oak at once, and began to work in the most

First we cleared away all twigs and fallen leaves and bits of pebble from under the tree, and made a charming smooth place to dance on. Then we made a fine moss carpet and bordered it with fresh leaves, and as a finishing touch we made moss seats to rest on between the dances. The supper room required much more work. First we had to find a piece of "diamond stone," as Birdie called it, which was the right shape and size and white enough and sparkling enough to make a table. She said the sparkles were really diamonds, and the fairies did not like chairs or tables without diamonds. The plates and dishes were made of small curled rose petals, and the cups for the fairy wine (which was dew, Birdie told me) were the cups of the timest flowers we could find. It was very pretty when it was all finished, and then we prepared the bedroom in the hollow of the tree. That bedroom in the hollow of the tree. That was carpeted with leaves and had moss beds and pillows for Roseleaf and Blossom's, babies. Indeed, it was all so charming that it made me wish to be a fairy myself, but that was nothing new, because I had always wished I was a fairy. Birdie was quite satisfied when we left the tree, and on our way back to the house we talked in the most animated way of what the fairies would say when they saw our preparations for them.

animated way of what the fairies would say when they saw our preparations for them, and what they would do, and how much they would like us for being so friendly.

It was a charming morning which I shall never forget. I had many charming mornings with Birdie. Our friendship grew more and more intimate, and at the end of the summer hay family left their homes in the summer her family left their homes in the country and took a house in town, which

was just on the opposite side of the street But before that I had a delightful visit from Miss Anna. Birdie and I pretended that she was obliged to visit some fashion-able mineral springs after her measles. So I carried her to my house in town and kept her there. I think I wrote one or two letters from her to her mother describing her gay life at Montvale or White Sulphur. But the truth was that Miss Anna was really with me and I was making her some new things to wear. I remember there were some pocket handkerchiefs among them, and when she went back to Riverside she was neatly dressed and her mother found her looking very well and much improved by the mineral waters. It was after her family had taken possession of the town house that I nearly made a fearful error in speaking of Miss Anna to her mother.

Birdie was sitting in a swing in the gar-

den and I was on a low seat near her, and in speaking of Miss Anna's many accom-plishments, I said: "She is the nicest doll I ever knew."

The most startled expression came into her sensitive little face, and she put up her hand as if to stop me.

"Oh, don't, Mrs. Burnett," he exclaimed.
"Oh, please bush! Never say she is a doll.

I never mention the word before her. It would hurt her feelings so!"
"Would it really?" I said. "I'm so sorry I said it. She didn't hear it, though. She

is in her room asleep."
"Miss Anna doesn't know she is a doll," "Miss Anna doesn't know sne is a doll, said Birdie. "She never dreams it. She thinks she is just like us, and I could not bear to have her find out that her head is made of chins—or that it seems like that to people who don't love her. It isn't china to me—and neither are her arms kid—but then I'm her mother."

I'm her mother." Never again was I guilty of inferring that Miss Anna was a doll—never so long as I knew her. I should not mention it now only I know she never reads papers, and my dear little Birdie, who must be a grown up young lady by this time, would under-stand how far I am from meaning any dis-It interested me very much to read after-

ward in one of Miss Phelps' books of a little girl who expressed exactly Birdie's idea and I wondered if perhaps Miss Phelps not heard it from a real child as I did. It was very absorbing when Boy was in-troduced to Birdie and Miss Anna and my-

self. Birdie's experience as a parent was very useful to me in my first venture, and she had a very good opinion of Boy, though I think we were both quite frank in admitting that just at first he was more big than exactly beautiful. I went abroad the next spring, and when I kissed Birdie for the last time I thought we should be intimate friends again in about two years. I wrote a story for her while I was away. She and her brothers and sisters published a little paper in their own house

and asked me to write them something. I sent it to her from London. It was called "Behind the White Brick," and has since been published with other short stories in a But since those days chance has placed us almost at different ends of the Birdie must be by now a grown-up young

lady. Remembering her delicate spirit-uelle little face and translucent golden brown eyes, I feel sure she is fair to look upon; remembering her pretty, innocent fancies and tender beliefs, I am sure she must be lovable and sweet. When I think of her, as I often do, knowing how many tender things seem to fade away as we grow from a child to a woman, I cannot help say-ing to myself wistfully, "I hope she still believes in the fairies, and I hope—because she is so gentle and tender-she sometimes

THE CHEAP WAX DOLLS.

Process of Manufacture in Germany From the Plaster Models Up. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1

Nine dolls out of ten are little German girls. In whole districts in Germany the country people spend the winter in making dolls, tilling their fields in summer. The cheap wax doll, commercially known as 'composition wax," such as may be bought at retail in this country for twenty-five cents, furnishes perhaps the best in how dolls are made. A "modeler," has nothing further to do with the making of dolls, makes plaster of Paris models of



German Peasants Making Dolls. the styles of heads and limbs most in demand, and sells them, singly or in sets to the peasants who make the dolls. Throughout the winter, father, mother, and all the larger children unite in making papier mache casts from these models. The mache casts from these models. legs and arms are dipped in flesh-colored paint, and the painted shoes are put on with brushes. These various parts, to-gether with the head, are fastened to a cloth body stuffed with sawdust, and dolly goes off to the factory, where the more artistic work is done. Her limbs have the proper tint, her body is as true to nature as neces-sary, but her head is still bare, her cheeks are gray, and her colorless eyes express no

intelligence.

An expert workman in the factory, holding dolly by the foot, dips her head and shoulders for a moment in melted wax, and she emerges from the bath the composition-wax doll of commerce. When she is saf-ficiently dry she passes into the hands of a girl operator, who quickly paints the pink tinge upon her cheeks. Another girl adds the blue eyes, still another the eyebrows the blue eyes, still another the eyebrows and eyelashes, and so she goes through the hands of a row of girls, one girl for each tint, the whole process taking about six hours, for there are delays while the paints are drying. In six hours six girls are expected to paint 10 gross, or nearly 1,500 dolls, complete. This requires rapid work, and the girls require about \$1.75 a weekand the girls receive about \$1 75 a week each. Flowing locks of mohair are fastened to the head, and dolly is ready to emigrate to America.

ODD FACTS ABOUT SNAKES.

one of the Large Ones Are Poisonous-The Rattlers Are the Largest-How the Fangs Are Drawn-Cutting the Artery of the Poison Bag-A Narrow Escape, [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

LL snakes are naturally vicious, but they are not all poisonous. None of the larger varieties are poisonous, and you can al ways tell a poisonous snake by the formation of his head, which is shaped round; back of the eyes there is a high lump, rising from

inside the head. The harmless snake has a they desired him to carry up to the house. long head, and it kills by crushing, while a He stood, red-faced and blinking, with his poisonous snake darts at you. The ana- crooked arms outstretched, while a male condas hardly ever bite, and in Brazil it is hand, protruding from the window, kept quite common for a householder to keep a few of them around his residence for the purpose of killing the rats, which are a

great pest in that part of the world.

Among the poisonous snakes there is the variety known as the coral, which is found in Venezuela. Any one bitten by a coral snake dies in the most horrible agony, his blood bursting or oozing out through the pores of his skin. Any snake that measures over seven or eight feet is not poisonous; in fact, I do not know any that grow over six feet long. The rattlesnake is the largest poisonous grade we have in this largest poisonous snake we have in this country. Then there are the deaf adder, the black water snake, the moccasin. These

the black water snake, the moccasin. These are about the only poisonous snakes we have in the United States.

The men who call themselves "snake charmers" do not handle poisonous snakes. If they have a rattlesnake they extract his fangs, and in that way render him perfectly harmless. This operation is assily nor harmless. harmless. This operation is easily per-formed by means of a silk handkerchief, which is waved in front of the snake, who snaps at it viciously, when the handkerchief is suddenly pulled away, bringing the fangs



Extracting a Rattlesnake's Pangs. with it. Or, you can cut the artery that feeds the poison bag and thus destroy the source of supply. This is a rather difficult operation, however, although I have often had occasion to perform it on rattlesnakes. Something, generally a piece of cork, is put in the snake's mouth to keep it open; the teeth of the reptile become imbedded in the cork and you have a chance to cut the artery. Taking the teeth out of a rattle snake is like pulling feathers out of a bird; they will form again. Snakes shed their teeth just the same as a cat sheds its claws. Another point about snake charmers. After you have handled snakes for a coniderable length of time they become very quiet. To a certain extent you can make pet of a snake as you can of many other animals, and as I have said, the large varieties seldom bite; handling them seems to deaden them. Snake charmers keep their nimals well fed and they become so slugrish as to offer no resistance when they are handled carefully. It is very fortunate for

most showy reptiles in the world are not poisonous. Small boa constrictors are worth \$15, large ones \$150; very large specimens, \$300. The Indian boa constrictor, a very large, showy reptile, about 25 feet long, commands a big price, one only ten feet long being worth \$75 or \$100.

the snake charmers that the largest and

The other day I was bitten by one of my snakes; he got hold of my forefinger. In such a case you thrust your finger down his throat. Do not attempt to pull it out, be-cause their fangs project backward. After thrusting the finger back for a while he will begin to choke and open his mouth, when you can pull your finger out. The right way to grasp a snake is to hold him firmly with one hand just below the head. DONALD BURNS.

WHERE TOYS ARE MADE.

Furnishing the Best. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,

The Most Come From Over the Sen. France

T is an open secret that Santa Claus brings the greater part of his vast stock of Christmas toys from Europe, Germany being his favorite collecting grounds. But he encourages American industry in a few directions, notain railway trains and tin horses and steam-

boats that run when wound up with a key are made in great quantities in Brooklyn by machinery; and the cast iron toys of the same description are made principally in main, and three villas began to sprout up on the other side. With eare hearts, the New York. When he desires an expensive mechanical

toy, however, he goes to France for it; to Saxony for his Noah's arks and all the other carved wooden toys; to Nuremburg for his toys, tin trumpets and magic lan-terns; and to Thuringia for his toy china tea sets.

Rack and Thumbscrew

Were scarcely more torturous than the twinges of rheumatism. Not only is it one of the most agonizing, but most obstinate of complaints in its chronic stage. Forestall the untold agonies it inflicts with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest blood depurent in existence. Dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and maiaria are also completely eradicated by this comprehensive medicine.



STORY OF LOVE, MONEY AND DIFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "White Company," and Many Other Long and Short Stories of Great Literary Merit.

of the door, "number three is moving in." the window of the sitting room.

large detached villas, each standing in its own little square of grass and flowers. All three were equally new, but Nos. 1 and 2 were curtained and sedate, with a human sociable look to them; while No. 3 had apparently only just received its furniture and made itself ready for its occupants. A earriage had driven up to the gate, the cabman had descended, and the passengers within were handing out the articles which piling up upon him a series of articles the sight of which filled the curious old ladies

with bewilderment.
"My goodness me!" cried Monica, the more wizened of the pair. "What do you call that, Bertha? It looks to me like four

batter puddings." "Those are what young men box each other with," said Bertha, with a conscious air of superior worldly knowledge.

"If you please, mum," said the voice of a domestic from somewhere round the angle of the door, "number three is moving in."

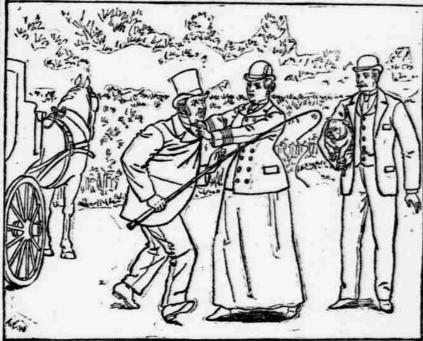
Two little old ladies, who were sitting at either side of a table, sprang to their feet with ejaculations of interest, and rushed to the window of the sitting room.

At the other side of the road were three widow, and her nephew, Charles Westma-cott. How simple and how select it had sounded! Who could have foreseen from it these fearful portents which seemed to threaten violence and discould.

threaten violence and discord?
"Well, at least, Monica," remarked Bertha, as they sat over their teacups that afternoon, "however strange these people may be, it is our duty to be as polite to them as to the others."
"Most certainly," acquiesced her sister.

"Most certainly," acquiesced her sister,
"Since we have called upon Mrs. Hav
Denver and upon the Misa Walkers, we
must call upon this Mrs. Westmacott also."
Half curious and half fearful they
knocked at the door of No. 3, which was
instantly opened by a red-headed page boy.
Yes, Mr. Westmacott was at home, and she
led the way into a very handsomely-appointed library, with three great cases of
books, and upon the fourth side a long yellow table littered over with papers and
scientific instruments. "Sit here, and you
there," she continued. "That is right.
Now let me see—which of you is Miss Now let me see-which of you is Miss

Williams and which Miss Bertha Williams?"
"I am Miss Williams," said Monica, still



SHE HAD HIM WITH BOTH HANDS.

Two great bottle-shaped pieces of yellow palpitating, and glancing furtively about in the shining wood had been heaped upon the dread of some new horror.

"Oh, I don't know what those are," confessed Bertha. Indian clubs had never before obtruded themselves upon her peaceful and very feminine existence. These mysterious articles were followed by a pair of dumb-bells and a tennis racket. Finally, when the cabman, all top heavy

and bristling, had staggered off up the and bristling, had staggered out up the garden path, there emerged in a very leisurely way from the cab a big, power-fully built young man with a bull pup under one arm. He extended his hand as if to assist some one else from the vehicle.
The only thing which his open palm received was a violent slap, and a tall lady bounded unassisted out of the cab.

As she turned slowly round, and the sunshine struck upon her face, the two watchers were amazed to see that this very active and energetic lady was far from being in her first youth—so far that she had certainly come of age again since she first passed that landmark in life's journey. And yet she was very handsome. Her features were as firm in repose as those of a Greek bust, and her great dark eyes were arched over by two brows so black, so thick, and so deli-cately curved, that the eye turned away from the harsher details of the face to marvel at their grace and strength. Her hair, black but plentifully shot with gray, was brushed plainly back from her high forehead, and was gathered under a small round felt hat, like that of a man, with one sprig of feather in the band as a concession to her sex. A double breasted jacket of some dark frieze-like material fitted closely to her figure, while her straight blue skirt, untrimmed and upgathered, was cut so short that the ower curve of her finely-turned legs was plainly visible beneath it, terminating in a pair of broad, flat, low-heeled and square-

toed shoes. The cabman, red and heavy jowled, came back from his labors and held out his hand for his fare. The lady passed him a coin, there was a moment of mumbling and ges-ticulating, and suddenly she had him with both hands by the red cravat which girt his neck, and was shaking him as a terrier would a rat. Right across the pavement she thrust him, and, pushing him up against the wheel, she banged his head three several times against the side of his own vehicle.

"Can I be of any use to you aunt?" asked the large youth framing himself in the open doorway.
"Not the slightest," panted the enraged lady. "There, you low blackguard; that will teach you to be impertinent to a

lady."
The cabman looked helplessly about him with a bewildered, questioning gaze, as one to whom alone of all men this unheard-of and extraordinary thing had happened. Then rubbing, his head, he mounted slowly oute the box, and drove away with an uptossed hand appealing to the universe. The lady smoothed down her dress, pushed back her hair under her little felt hat, and strode in through the hall door, which was closed be

The cottage from the window of which bly in cheap mechanical toys. The
tin horses and steamround up with a key

The cottage from the window of window
the Misses Williams had looked out stands,
and had stood for many a year, in that
pleasant suburban district. Field by field
the estate of old Mr. Williams had been on the other side. With sore hearts, the steady progress and speculated as to what fashion of neighbors chance would bring into the little nook which had always been their own.

In a few weeks the card had vanish from number one and it was known that Admiral Hay Denver, with Mrs. Hay Denver and their only son, were about to move into it. The news brought peace to the hearts of the Williams sisters. The Hay Denvers had hardly moved in before number two also struck its placard, and again the ladies found that they had no reason to be discon-tented with their neighbors. Dr. Balthazar Walker was a very well known name in the medical world. He moved himself, his ientific instruments and his two daughters

you to call so early. I don't suppose that we shall get on, but still the intention is equally good." She crossed her legs and leaned her back against the marble mantelpiece.
"We thought that perhaps we might be of some assistance," said Bertha, timidly, "If there is anything which we could do to

the pretty little cottage. It is very nice of

make you feel more at home-"Oh, thank you; I am too old a traveler to feel anything but at home wherever I go. I've just come book from a few months in

the Marquesas Islands, where I had a very pleasant visit. In many respects the Marquesas Islands now lead the world 'Dear me!" ejaculated Miss Williams "In what respect?"
"In the relation of the sexes. They have

worked out the great problem upon their own lines, and their isolated geographical position has helped them to come to clusion of their own. The woman there is, as she should be, in every way the absolute equal of the male. Come in, Charles, and sit down. These are our neighbors, the Misses Williams. Perhaps they will have some beer. You might bring in a couple of bottles Charles." "No, no, thank you! None for us!" cried

her two visitors, carnestly. "No." I am sorry that I have no tea to offer you. I look upon the subserveney of woman as largely due to her abandoning nutritious drinks and invigorating exercises to the male. I do neither." She picked up a pair of 15-pound dumb-beils from beside the fireplace and swung them lightly her head. "You see what may be done on

beer," said she.
"But don't you think," the elder Miss Williams suggested, timidly-"don't you think, Mrs. Westmacott, that woman has a mission of her own?"

The lady of the house dropped her dumbbells with a crash upon the floor.
"The old cant!" she cried. "The old shibboleth! What is this mission which is reserved for woman? All that is humble, that is mean, that is soul-killing, that is so contemptible and so ill-paid that none other will touch it. All that is woman's mission. And who imposed these limitations upon her? Who cooped her up within this parrow sphere? Was it Providence? nature? No, it was the arch enemy-it was

"Oh, I say, auntie!" drawled her nephew.

"It was man, Charles. It was you and your fellows. I say that woman is a colos-sal monument to the selfishness of man." Terrified as they were by this sudden torrent of words, the two gentlewomen could not but smile at the sight of the fiery domineering victim and the big apotogetic representative of mankind who sat meekly bearing all the signs of his sex. The lady struck a match, whipped a cigarette from a case upon the mantelpiece, and began to draw the smoke into her lungs.

"I find it very soothing when my nerves are at all ruffled," she explained. "You don't smoke? Ah, you miss one of the purest of pleasures—one of the few pleasures which is without a reaction." Miss Williams smoothed out her black silken lap. "It is a pleasure," she said, with some approach to self-assertion, "which Bertha and I are rather too old-

fashioned to enjoy."
"No doubt. It would probably make you very ill if you attempted to. By the way, I hope that you will come to some of our Guild meetings. I shall see that tickets are sent you. Your Guildon

"It is not yet formed, but I shall lose no time in forming a committee. It is my habit to form a branch of the Emancipation Guild wherever I go. It is only by organ-ized resistance, Miss Williams, that we can hope to hold our own against the selfish sex. Must you go, then?"

"Yes, we have one or two other visits to pay," said the elder sister. "You will, I am sure, excuse me. I hope that you will find Norwood a pleasant residence."

She came to the door with them, and as they glanced back they saw her still stand-