A PITTSBURG PALACE

Glimpses Inside the New Residence of Mrs. Gusky Out Fifth Avenue.

MARVELS IN HARD WOOD.

A Staircase That Seems the Acme of Architectural Art.

RARE BEAUTY IN STAINED GLASS.

Tributes of Brush and Palette in the Mural Decorations.

DETAILS OF THE LUXURIOUS FITTINGS

WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1



HE Fifth avenue cable cars pass many handsome residences. stone mansions and frame villas, mostly with spacious lawns and plenteous shrubbery about them, but it is doubtful if any

ne contains so much that is beautiful as loes the new home of Mrs. J. M. Gusky, which is all but completed. If you look out of the window to your

right as the car hurries along Fifth avenue between Aiken and Roup streets you will sec a stone mansion rise in a dignified style from a slight eminence a short distance from the street. The grounds about the house have the raw look which the builders always leave behind them, but the litter of masons and carpenters has been cleaned up and by the time the summer gets here there will be green lawns and trim drives right up to the stone terrace which protects three

The house is three stories high, with an attic. Mr. Stillberg, the architect, apparently simed at simplicity and solidity any, which resembles maple in color and

pery if they were made of glass, and the warning, "Danger—do not walk on these stairs," which some benevolent carpenter had posted at their foot the day I was

there, struck me as timely.

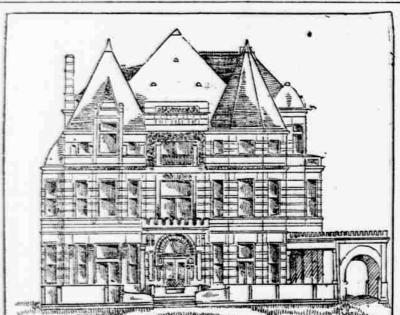
The accompanying glimpse of the stair-case shows some of its quaint features; the balcony with its broad seat overlooking the first flight, and the carved newel posts with the rails of the balustrade wound about them. At the first landing—there is a sort of half landing below it—the stairs take a turn at right angles for a brief distance and then start on their final flight to the second

nosity.

Stained glass too often produces gloom, and while "a dim religious light" is all very well under certain circumstances, it is not the thing for the hail of a dwelling

Finished in White Mahogany.

The finest room to the left of the hall as you emerge from the vestibule is the drawing room, which is entered through an arched doorway. The doors slide easily apart—all the interior doors slide into the walls, by the way-and you enter a spacious apartment semicircular at the front end, which is pierced for four lofty windows. The walls are uphoistered in gold-figured satin. The woodwork is all white mahog-



land sandstone. The First Impression Most Fa Supposing that the massive oak door has

chiefly. It is built entirely of white Cleve-

been opened, the inner door with its leaded lights passed, and that we stand upon the marble floor of the hall and look about us. The hall is roomy and almost square, and though it has no window on its own level, it is singularly light and cheerful. Before your eyes take in the details the general rightness and warmth of the will impress you. It is like a hospitable handshake at the door. Everything in the hall serves to heighten this pleasant impression. The wainscot and ceiling are both wavy maple, a golden wood with all the soft sheen of satin. The space between the cold, which harmonizes most happily with the wooden panels above and below. are arches on all sides, springing from stout pillars, all of this delicious maple. The columns have broad bands of carving near the rop, but the rest of the columns are like marble. The most graceful line in the over the lesser arches giving admission to the music room, the vestibule and the drawing room, or parlor, as it is gener-

Immediately opposite the chief entrance is the great open fireplace, made of Caen stone, a soft white stone which can be sawn and chiseled like wood. The mantel shelf is connorted by fluted columns of stone, and at other side of it n cut-glass electric light amp framed in dull steel tracery projects. Above the mantel is carved in relief in stone the cont of arms of Holland, the country from which Mrs. Gusky's father came. Th shield surmounted by a crown is supported by two tolerably fierce-looking lions ram pant, also crowned. It was Mrs. Gusky's tention to have medallions of her childre



7% Stained Glass Window

carved in this panel, but the artist's attempt unsatisfactory, and the picturesque notional arms took its place.

The Handsome Staircase Emblazoned on the wall between the library and the drawing-room is the Gusky crest; below it a little to the left is a niche tatuary, carved in the colonial style with the rising-sun effect for a background. This woodwork is also of maple. The crest and nicke above referred to and the library and drawing-room, all face the grand staircase, which is to many people's mind the bandsomest feature of the house. It oc-cupies nearly if not quite halt the width of the hall on the west side—exact dimensions because measurements are distressing and not at all descriptive. The broad steps, the this work is the admirable contrast of color which it affords to its n feet I do not propose to give in any case belinstrade and the newel posts of the stair-case are all of the same dazzling maple which reflects the light from walls and ceil-walls between china cabinets and the like

floor at a like angle.

Illuminating the stairs and sending a soft,

rich light into every corner of the hall be-low, a great window of stained glass over-looks the first landing. It is no longer necessary to go to Europe for fine stained glass, or to bemon as lost the art by which the Old World artists gave cathedrals the glory of heaven in their windows. This window, executed by Tiffany, of New York, is simply exquisite. is simply exquisite.

A Wonderful Picture in Guss. Some idea of the beauty of form in its central and predominant figure may be had from the line sketch published in this column, but of its surpassing beauty as to colonneither words nor black and white illustration can adequately tell. Looking up the stairs from the marble-floored hall you see this tall goddess, may be of youth and beauty, robed in a flowing gown of classic cut but not scantiness, effused with a purple light, such as comes at the last hour before sunset on a summer day, standing beple light, such as comes at the last nour before sunset on a summer day, standing beneath a bough of apple blossoms upon a
meadow green, and extending her arms
with eyes uplitted in a gesture half of welcome half of seraphic joy. The tones of this
picture in glass form a soft and harmonious
chord with the woodwork and mural decoration. The selection of the panes setually tion. The coloring of the panes actually appears to increase the window's lumi-

house. The window is bisected in the upper part by a panel of carred wood, above which more stained glass in an arched de-sign within a rectangular frame appears.

- VITO IN ELEVATION OF MRS. J. M. GUSKY'S RESIDENCE.

> is especially beautiful. It is profusely carved, and the sustaining columns of mahogany are very substantial. The tiles of the fireplace are cream-colored, and the hearth is framed with panels Mexican onyx, the warm coloring of which, for it is splashed with gorgeous ruby orimson, is a welcome foil to the delicate tints of tile and wood. The ceiling of this room is the conventional blue sky beloved of doves and Cupid and Venus, all of who are to be found there. It is well painted and an effective composition, however. The sliding doors at the north end of this room -the points of the compass are only used in an approximate sense—open into the library, which is in striking contrast to the parlor, for it is wainscotted in dark mahogany, of which rich wood the bookcases, window sents and doors are also made. The walls and ceiling are finished in pale blue, over which are spread raised emblematic figures slightly gilded. The mahogany used in the wainscot and bookcases is in two shades, the panels of the dark shade being framed in the lighter. The cosy window seat, within an alcove, will be a delightful retreat for a student with a new book to read, or lovers twain with the old, old story to

rain. The mantel, which is of this wood,

The Music Room in Sycamore, Perhaps when we left the parlor we

ought to have gone across the hall to the music room, the daintiest of all the recep-tion rooms. Here we find the bright tint of the sycamore prevailing. Columns with plain capitals in the highly polished wood frame Jarge panels of tapestry, in one of which Cupid is represented in tuneful struggle with a bass viol, and in the other in similar predicament with a guitar. Delicately carved garlands fill panels of sycamore set lengthwise around the room, and above them, as a sort of low frieze, are panels of tapestry on which are represented, in subdued monochrome, sets of musical in-

The fireplace is set in pale blue tile, with columns of sycamore and a cross panel con-taining garlands, pan-pipes and reeds. Four windows light the room abundantly, and the ceiling of sky blue sprinkled with musical Cupids playing on harps keeps up the cheering illusion. Everything is in strictest keeping with the character of the room; all the decorations are symbolic of music somehow, and even the electric light brackets which spring from the center of the tapestry panels are composed of silver Cupids, lyres and the like. The chandelier in the center is an exquisite thing of cut glass and silver. The room will be brilliant at night, for electric globes, in addition to the other lights, stud the cornice.

For Dinner Parties of Twenty-Five.

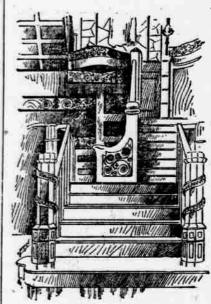
Leaving the music room we cross the hall again, and passing the foot of the grand staircase come to the dining-room, a superb room parallel with the small hall leading to the side door and the porte cochere. It is the sort of room that a dinner party of 25 or more would not find too small. On the rather dark day upon which I visited it, it struck me that like most dining-rooms ap-proaching the ideal this one would look best by candle light. It is wainscotted throughout in cherry, and the ceiling is puncled in the same wood. The ceiling s composed of circles and irregular rectangular figures, outlined in relief. The rich wine color of the room, as a result of this use of the cherry wood, is varied only in the fireplace and the tapestries upon the walls. The fireplace is set with sage green tiles, above which rises a high mantel of cherry, with two half shelves on either side of it for china, and electric light brackets.

A huge mirror towers above the mantel. The mirror is framed in carved cherry. The opposite wall as filled between the cherry panels and the cornice with a large tapestry, on which is painted on soft grays chiefly, a hunting scene. A hunter, armed with a rifle, aims from behind a tree at a couple of deer bounding into the forest. The chief recommendation of

ing. The stairs could not look more slippery if they were made of glass, and the warning, "Danger—do not walk on these stairs," which some benevolent carpenter had posted at their foot the day I was there, struck me as timely.

The accompanying glimpse of the staircase shows some of its quaint features; the balooms with its head of the staircase shows some of its quaint features; the page of the staircase shows some of its quaint features; the page of the staircase shows some of its quaint features; the page of the staircase of

Peeps Into the Homely Portions. Beneath the arch, which has been referred to, is the buffet and sideboard, a mass of to, is the buffet and sideboard, a mass of mirrors and cherry furniture, filling the entire end of the room. To the right of it is the door leading to the butler's pantry, and from that to the kitchen. The arrangement of the dining room is obviously convenient for the service of the table. The butler's pantry, the kitchen and all its appliances are in keeping with the more showy part of the house, but beyond the marble paneling of the



A View of the Stairway

kitchen-the room is all marble-there is nothing that the eye of a man remarks as extraordinary. Doubtless the range and a singular location of the boiler would drive a housewife into ecstasies, but to a man all these things look alike.

these things look alike.

Before leaving the ground floor it should be remarked that all the floors are of wood cunningly inlaid, the chandeliers and brackets are from special designs in gilt and silver and steel, while the globes are all of cut glass and made especially for Mrs Graky. The housemaids will notice with delight, I dare say, that these costly globes, pear-shaped or that these costly globes, pear-shaped or circular with their rare gravings, are mostly enclosed in a network of metal.

The upper regions of this remarkable

dwelling are on a par with the reception rooms so far as luxurious and artistic appointments go. When you reach the second floor you find yourself in a hall almost as spacious as the one below, and wainscotted like the other with maple. The carving and polish of the wood astonish one again, and a new view of the grand stair-case and the stained glass window attests afresh the artistic excellence of both.

A Bower for a Fairy Queen.

The doorways here also are arched. One of them leads into a room that a fairy queen would feel quite at home in. The walls are covered with blue silk brocade and panels of maple. The mantel is of maple also, of maple. The mantel is of maple also, floridly carved, with sky blue tiles set in the fireplace. A silver chandelier, with gracefully shaped cut glass globes, depends from the frescoed ceiling of heavenly blue. The room has a swell front, that is to say, the windows are arranged in a semi-circle. A door to the left leads to a dressing room of similar decoration, only the woodwork this time is of bird's-eye maple, another beautiful variety of the wood which has been used to such good wood which has been used to such good effect all through the house. These two rooms are designed for Mrs. Gusky's use.

Across the hall at the head of the stairs s the guest chamber, a lovely room, very large and looking all the larger by reason of its pale green tints and white and gold woodwork. The mantel is in the colonial style, white and gold, with cream-colored

But one might describe every room on the second and third floors without repeating oneself. Every bedroom is a picture in at once astonishing and effective.

Some Other Interior Decorations Enough has been described to convey some idea of the unique character of the interior decoration. On the third floor the big billiard room is paneled in bogoak brought from Ireland; the boys room nearby in brick, and in the pretty chamber where Mr. De Wolt will enjoy the marine suggestions of the sea-toam decorations, cherry wood is employed. Oak in the servwoods used. Everyone who has had the orivilege of going through the house has been surprised and delighted with the wood-



In the Music Room

work. The hard woods to be found in the house include three kinds of maple, white

and red mahogany, sycamore, cherry, Irish bog-oak, oak and birch. bog-oak, oak and birch.

After all, however, the gem of the house is the window which lights the staircase and the hall, and after that, I think, comes the staircase itself with its superb balustrade, in which each baluster represents a day's work to a carver, and panels of maple of the property of the staircase with more exquisite carving in redorned with more exquisite carving in relief. Taking the house, as I saw it a day or two ago unfurnished and uninhabited, and therefore lacking much that will charm the eye and evoke the sympathies of the beholder in a few short weeks' time, I believe that nothing in the way of interior lecoration so artistic and so perfect, in details and as a whole, has been seen in Pittsburg before. Although for size it may not, for beauty it will stand comparison with the ready for the family in a few days.

HEPBURN JOHNS. finest houses in New York. It will be

How Bees Can Be Mailed. Sometime ago the Postoffice Department declared that bees were "unmailable," on the ground that they would be likely to sting people if they got loose. The bee-keepers secured the recall of this regulation by proving that the packages employed ould not be broken. Most of them use for purposes of transportation an ingenious wooden box with a sliding cover four inches compartments. The compartment at one end is filled with soft candy, for the insects to feed upon; the one at the other end has holes for ventilation, while the middle compartment is a dark chambe pants to crawl into when it is cold. In such

YELLOW JACK'S HOME.

MET EIGHT FUNERALS IN AN HOUR.

Tropical Rio de Janeiro.

Tremendous Fnakes and Impertinent Monkeys as House Pets.

PIEXOTIO'S FEAR OF ASSASSINS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. RIO DE JANEIRO, March 4 .- Our only excuse for completely altering the programme-after tickets had been bought for Buenos Ayres, luggage actually on the way to the wharf of the waiting steamer, and our mail for a month past having been consigned to the care of the Argentine Minister-is the honored one that it is a woman's privilege to change her mind. The moving cause was this: We learned, by accident, at the literal eleventh hour, that a pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen, in whose company we journeyed some hundreds of miles on the other side of the continent, were bound for Rio, on board a vessel lying out in the harbor, which in two hours' time would sail.

Well! A great deal can be accomplished in two hours by dint of vigorous hustling, aided by telegraph and cable. A man could never have done it, among these procrastinating, lasy people; but all, the world is good to women, and the lasiest South American will bestir himself for gallantry's sake, when lucre would not move him. We had been dreading intensely the visit to Brazil, imagining all manner of bugaboos to affright lone females unacquainted with the Portuguese language: and here was an opportunity to accomplish t under the most favorable circumstances Eight Funerals in an Hour,

They assure us that just now is the healthiest season in Rio, when yellow fever cases are down to the minimum; yet last evening, in course of an hour's drive, which haprened to lie along the broad, palm-bordered avenue leading to the main Campo Santo, we passed no fewer than eight funeral processions on their way to that city of the dead, whose population must outnumber the living city a thousand to one. Though every foot procession went at a lively jog trot and those in carriages galloped along at full speed, it was easy to tell to which social strata the departed belonged, for here, as elsewhere, the same treatment is meted out to dead people as when they were living, according to the criptural axiom. "To him that hath shall

e given."
Those Brazilians who have lived in luxry are escorted to the tomb with the pomp and circumstances" (and, incidentally, with the vast expense to the relatives, who thus have double cause to mourn), of sable-canopied hearse, a score of plumed horses, and a long following of hired carriages filled with male friends—every man of them wearing black kid gloves, a band of crepe around his tall silk hat and a yard or two more of the same emblem of woe conspicuously streaming from his right coat sleeeve; and those whom we saw bowling merrily behind the hearse were all smok-ing the inevitable cigarito and animatedly discussing politics, or perhaps the financial condition of the family of the deceased.

Women Do Not Attend Funerals. In no case are there any women, for, as usual, in these Southern countries, the "gentler"—and presumably more tender-hearted—sex are excluded from funerals and must bid the last adieu to those they have loved in the privacy of their homes; a very sensible arrangement among these passionate, high-strung, uncontrollable peo-ple who boast no Spartan females.

The humbler dead, stretched, coffinless, on a black palled board, or inclosed in a gaudily-painted box, are borne to the place of interment on the shoulders of their can muster enough mil reis go out on the second-class street cars. We observe one beautiful custom, that everybody in sight— on their balconies, in the streets, in shops, in carriages, rich and poor, haughty and humble—reverentially uncover their heads when a funeral cortege passes by doing in-voluntary homage to the pathetic "It" which we must all become when the soul

Even grim death is not without its humorous side in this strage city. Brazilian angelitas ("little angels," as the corpses of children are universally called), are not arrayed for the grave in the conventional white or black of other countries, but in scarlet. There is a small scarlet hearse for the convenience of those who can afford it, adorned with scarlet pall and curtains, scarlet plumes and trappings for the horses; while the little coffin it contains is invariably covered with scarlet, and the wreaths and bouquets on top of it tied with scarlet

ribbons.
Dirt and Neglect Kill Children.

To carry out the "eternal fitness," the child should have died of scarlet fever, in-stead of disease engendered by dirt and neglect, the prevailing cause hereabouts of mortality among children. The angelitas of people too poor to hire the splendid scarlet hearse, are conveyed to the tomb on the heads of their parents, in a small box, painted blue or yellow striped with white, almost identical in contour, size and color with those boxes that are continually trotted about the streets in the same manner. containing bread, cakes and dulces, so that to unaccustomed eyes the two are indistinguishable.

We arrived at the cemetery gate just as

a soldier's funeral was filing through, and, wishing to see the spot where the wanderings of so many of our unfortunate country-men have ended, we left our carriage and followed the procession—at a very "respect-ful distance," remembering the prevalence of smallpox and other contagions. The dead warrior lay upon a sort of double-decked platform, in full view of men, with only his martial cloak around him, and had been carried in this manner through the crowded streets of the city on the shoulders of his comrades from the barracks, a distance of three miles or more, preceded by a military band playing jubilant marches and quick-steps. Uncoffined, he was laid in the soldier's corner, to await the resurrection revelle. Each of his late comrades took a shovel full of the freshly turned-up earth and threw upon him, and then, to the ex-hilarating strains of "The Barber of Seville," they quick-stepped back to town.

A Beauty Words Cannot Picture.

I am not going to bore you with a descrip-tion of the unrivaled beauties of Rio's bay, jor other travelers have done it time and again. Enhanced by history and tradition, they are even more entrancing to-day than that January day, 390 years ago, when, sailing through the narrow gateway from the ocean into the bay, they fancied themselves entering the mouth of a mighty river that led to the enchanted land, and christened it led to the enchanted land, and christened it Rio de Janeiro, "River of January," from the month in which the event occurred. There are plenty of pictures to show you how it looks, better than mere words could do. Yet no picture can do faintest justice to tropical scenery. The contour and even the colors may be reproduced, but it lacks the full glory of equatorial sun and sky, the living green, the ever-shifting clouds which in these regions of strong contrasts distinctly change the tint of folisge and flowers ly change the tint of folisge and flowers wherever their shadows fall; the indescrib-able glow and intensity of animal and vegetable life, the hot air that visibly throbs and palpitates. Some of us, feeling all this for the first time, realize in the depths of our souls that some mistake in nature's plan cast our lines in the cold and colorless North; or is it the 'natural man's' vague, instinctive recognition of the birth-place of his kind?

than which none finer can be found in the world, one remembers that all the traditions of earth speak of Paradise as a place where palm trees grow. But Brazil must be a long way from Paradise, or the place has greatly changed since Eve's peccadillo. The flowers have no perfume, the birds no song, death is frightfully busy everywhere, and the people—well, the kindest thing to be said of them is that the majority are not such as one would like to associate with through eternity. A tangled mass of wild, luxuriant vegetation crowds close to the city, full of birds of the most beautiful plumage, bugs that look like jewels and blossoms of vivid scarlet, purple and gold that make the woods appear ablaze. There are no delicate hues nor gentle tints, but everything is intense. The whole country Fannie B. Ward Arrives at Intensely are no delicate hues nor gentle tints, but everything is intense. The whole country seems painted red and yellow, unprotected from the scorching rays of the sun, because the palm trees grow too tall to cast a shadow—their round, smooth trunks, like exaggerated telephone poles, towering, perhaps, 200 feet from the ground before the first great leaf shoots out. Alas! "the trail of the serpent is over it all," in fact as well as figuratively. Many of the gemlike bugs are fatal in their sting, and you never touch a leaf or a flower without the uncomfortable consciousness that under it death may be lurking in some guise.

Paradise of the Tarantuia.

Paradise of the Tarantuia. And the tarantulas! We thought that long ago in the hot lands of Mexico we had made the acquaintance of pretty respectable specimens—so far as size goes—of those hairy abominations; but none of them could hold a candle to those that abound in Brahold a candle to those that abound in Bra-zil. Ever since we came there has been one lurking in our hotel bedroom, visible only at intervals, when, as if animated with an impish desire to torment strangers, he will dart from some unknown source and scud across the floor, rolled up in a brown, woolly ball large as a hen's egg. The instant his spidership appears we rush frantically to the bell rope and summon the servants, when a general hunt is inaugurated; but al-ways to no purpose, for the wretch puts himself out of sight like a second harle-quin.

quin.

The very best advice I can offer to the uninitiated coming to Brazil is this: Never step out of bed slipperless in the dark, nor put a bare foot down by day without first looking sharp to where it is going; nor don your hose nor shoes nor any other article of clothing without first treating it like a bottle of medicine "to be well shaken before taken." Never get into bed without first inspecting the curtains and looking carefully between the sheets and under the pilfully between the sheets and under the pil-lows. Never poke careless fingers under a table spread or rug, or into any darkened corner, nor rashly walk into a thicket or clump of flowers, or even among rank grass. Never take active exercise in the hottest part of the day, nor expose yourself to the chilly, poison-laden dews of the night, nor drink water when you are heated, or ice water at any time. Eschew bananas and most fruits as you would so much arsenic.

Keeping Away From Fever. Whenever you meet an overpowering stench in the streets (and that will be at almost every step in some localities) don't stop to scold about it, but cover your nose and mouth with your handkerchief and flee as from a pestilence-which it really is. as from a pestilence—which it really is.

Avoid, if you can, any spot where an old
wall is being torn down, or bit of pavement
being taken up, or a drain disturbed, for
those are the very places where the deadly
germs of fever lie dormant till disturbed.

And don't be frightened out of your
senses if, while being entertained in a Brazilian home, you find a big snake comfortably salesp in your receiver chair or couldably asleep in your rocking chair, or coiled under your pillow, or feel his slimy length

drawn slowly aeross your neck in the night time. It is only the useful and harmless housesnake, which people keep as we at the North do cats, for exterminating mice and roaches. I have not yet learned how to spell his Portuguese name, but have been introduced to him, so to speak, a number of times, and live in hourly dread of his attimes, and live in hourly dread of his attempting to cultivate a closer acquaintance.
He is commonly from about 7 to 12 feet
long, and is dressed in gray, mottled with
black. Already we have been offered several of these so-called "beauties" to take
home with us, as souvenirs of pleasant
visits; and when we have declined the
honor, without being quite able to disguise
our shuddering horror, have been asked
with surprise. "Don't you have rats and
roaches in your country?"

roaches in your country?" as Peta

And it is impossible to tell one's kind entertainers that we infinitely prefer mil-lions of rats and roaches to their favorite lions of rats and roaches to their favorite pets. Here dogs are few and cats are fewer; but every family has parrots and monkeys galore, not to mention the useful housesnake, as universally and numerously as we foster canary birds and kittens.

The political caldron is just now quiet in the Brazilian capital, but all the same it is seething below the surface, and the silence is ominous. Athough General Da Fonseca, the deposed President whose legal term has not yet half expired, is seriously ill, so that his enemies entertain cheerful hopes of his demise, it is by no means certain that he will not regain control of the adminis-tration, for his friends are surprisingly numerous, considering the facts of the case. General Peixotto, the present occupant of the Executive chair, is a rather fine looking gentleman, in early middle life-a Portugoose to the back-bone; but evidently he is not enjoying the greatness that has been thrust upon him. To tell the truth, the man is almost scarced into insanity, living in constant terror of the assassin's knife or bullet, or of another revolution which may break out at any moment. Every day or two he changes his residence, and never goes out without a strong escort. It is said that his bedroom is guarded by a double cordon of soldiers; but who is there to guard the soldiers and ensure their faithful FANNIE B. WARD.

HOW TO COOK THE TROUT. Bolling With a Touch of Wine Vinegar is

the Epicure's Way. Forest and Stream ! There are three excellent methods of sooking trout, viz., frying, roasting in the shes a la Thad Norris, and steaming or boiling. To fry trout well is a great art, and rarely understood. The fat, be it butter, olive oil or lard, should be sweet and burning hot. As soon as browned, the fish should be lifted out and the fat allowed to drain off. A thin slice of salt pork or even bacon will go well with the fish, but too much bacon may give them a smoky flavor. Small trout, from 6 to 8 inches are best

cooked in this manner.

Any sized fish may be roasted in the ashes, and they are excellent that way; but trout from a fourth to three-fourths of a pound give the best results. But, above all, give me a good big trout boiled proprity, with a little white wine vinegar in the water, and served hot with either caper or egg sauce, and a glass or two of white win to wash them down. I think a trout s cooked goes shead of even the royal salmon, as it is more delicate and not so cloying. I have never eaten a well-cooked and tasty trout in a city restaurant. It is impossible to get them fresh enough, and they are gen-erally disguised with some outlandish sauce

which ruins their true flavor.

In selecting any kind of fish in the markets, see that the flesh is firm to the touch, and the eyes bright and clear. The gills should be of a bright red color and not slimy. Frozen fish are never good. Freezing seems to spoil the texture of the meat and to destroy the flavor.

The Origin of Petroleum Various theories have been suggested a to the origin of petroleum, and in the light of recent chemical discoveries in France in is possible that a true explanation has been found. M. Berthelot now claims that acetylene forms the primary material, or starting point, for the tormation of other hydrocarbons. If this fact is established it is quite possible that such compounds of metals with carbon, upon coming in contact with water under conditions of more or less rague, instinctive recognition of the birthplace of his kind?

Everything Is Intense There.

Gazing at the imperial palms of Rio,

Gazing at the imperial palms of Rio,

GIRL FIRE FIGHTERS.

Brigades of Them Protect Royal Holloway College of England.

A PART OF THE CURRICULUM.

They Handle the Apparatus Like Veterans and Use the Escapes.

THE SYSTEM ADOPTED BY HOSPITALS

(WRITTEN POR THE DISPATCH.)

I had a long search for the woman's fire rigade. Some chance mention somewhere in print or in talk of such an organization had found a lodgment in my mind, although all the newspaper editors to whom I spoke of the idea assured me it never had existed, never would, never could; nor was any fireman to be found who had ever heard of a woman's fire company. None the less I was walking in the busy west center of London one day when happening to glance across the street I saw a great building devoted to firemen's equipments. In the windows I espied a rectangular wooden stand

fire. This drill was also accomplished in only a minute, and at the commands, "Knock off!" and "Make up!" the hose pipes were promptly disconnected, the pipe that is always kept attached to the hydrant was "flaked down" and an extra 100 feet "coiled up" on the bight with astonishing rapidity.

The drills are genuine realities, and the

The drills are genuine realities, and the students thoroughly enjoy them. The small sets of fire equipments are used here to great advantage, for, if there should be a little outbreak of fire in one of the rooms or minor passages, the girl who occupies the room, or who happens to be nearest it, has but to raise the alarm, take the nearest hand pump and begin playing on the fire. Each of the pumps is kept filled with water; in use, the handle is worked quickly up and down with one hand, while the other holds the jet. With each hand fire engine there are kept four leather buckets full of water, and as the water is exhausted in the engine cistern it is replenished from the buckets by a chain of girls formed to the nearest water supply; the full and empty buckets pass from hand to hand and thus the jet is kept going continuosly, until the fire is extinguished.

Sliding Down a Canvas Chuta.



on which stood a compact engine surmounted with a coil of rubber hose, and bearing on its front, in great golden letters, the words: "Boudoir Fire Engine, for Women's Use." Beside it on either hand stood a light wooden pail large enough to hold several gallons.

I made my way into the office and found that there is a woman's fire brigade, or more properly, there are several. They are proving of so great importance that the drill is taking permanent place in the cur-riculum of the best women's colleges and gymnasiums and is in use in the first houseolds in England.

The Protection of a College, Here is the story: One day when J. Compton Merryweather was going on his usual quarterly round of inspection at the

Royal Holloway College (he is fire inspector in chief of a great district and of many valuable buildings) he tormed the project of starting among the students there such an organized force as should insure

their safety against fire. Holloway College is a magnificent \$4,000,-000 building erected about six years ago through the liberality of Thomas Holloway. It is built on a knoll in one of the loveliest parts of England's loveliest counties-Surrey. Since its doors were opened by Her Majesty in 1886, hundreds of its girls have honorably passed Oxford and Cambridge examinations and received degrees. To Miss Bishop, the scholarly head of the college—a woman in whose broad mind there is always room for progressive and humane ideas—

Mr. Merryweather pointed out what would probably happen in case of fire and what could be done by means of his new idea. Mr. Merryweather was the son of generations of firemen; more than that he was the son of generations of practical men. Miss Bishop listened to him attentively. When he said he himself would plan a drill for the girls and superintend its giving she unbesitatingly consented. She said the students in their course of physical training went daily through a drill that required much more physical effort than would the fire drill.

A Brigade for Every Floor, From a large water tower the hydrant supply was distributed by water mains all over the vast building, and last October the over the vast building, and has October the fire brigade was regularly organized, with Miss Bishop, herself, as captain, all acting under the instruction of Mr. Merryweather. The "Holloway Volunteer Brigade" formed in three sections of ten students each, these representing the occupants of different floors. They were drawn up in fireproof canvas attached to a strong wrought-iron frame that fits the window opening. The upper end is of course kept open, the other end, reaching the ground, s also open.

When the word is given "Make ready to go down the chute!" the young ladies tie their dresses around their legs with scarves or anything else that is convenient. Then the first girl is put into the chute, feet foremost; as soon as liberated, she slides down the tube, regulating her speed by means of a rope made fast to the frame and running through the entire length of the chute, or brough the entire length of the chute, or



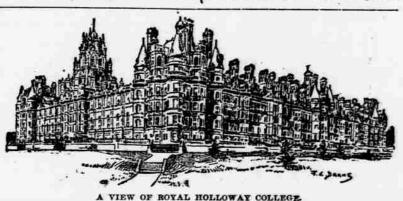
Chute jor the Guis' Use. forming an effective brake for herself by

simply pressing her elbows and knees against the sides of the tube.

Invalids or infirm persons who could only be carried down a ladder by a strong man are sent down this chute with perfect safety. As for speed, when I tell you that the Royal Holloway students came down at the rate of 50 in five minutes, it will be seen that one chute is more effectual than many ladders

in the same length of time.

College fire brigades are usually dritled in squads of four each, and each squad goes through with all the work, from taking down the utensils to restoring them to their proper places, while the other squads look



line at "right turn! quick march! position!" Then each section went quite through with two full drills.

A fire in sitting room No. 10 was supposed. At command, "Get to work!" the engine was run down to the doorway, a "chain" of recruits was formed to the nearest source of water supply and the buckets were handed in line that the engine might be kept in full play. The pump was vigor-ously applied by two girls, while another worked the small hand hose quickly and ingeniously, so that the engine was at full speed in less than a minute! When the drill was concluded with the orders, "Knock off!" and "Make up!" everything

had been put in its own place.

Then came the "Hydrant drill," which was conducted at the hydrant nearest the point of a supposed outbreak of fire. In this, six students from each section took



part. Directly the alarm was given, 100 feet of canvas hose was run out and an addi-tional length (regulated, of course, by the distance) was joined to it.

Fighting an Imaginary Fire. At the words "Turn on!" by the officer known as "branch hoseman," the hose was directed so that had there been water in it, it must have streamed onto the suppo

on, a la conservative method; each squad is on, a la conservative method; each squad is responsible, too, for its own hydrant, or if there are many hydrants in close proximity, for two hydrants. Each girl is taught the escape drill, and after a few trials no more terror is engendered by the thought of descending thus feet foremost from a window 50 feet above the ground than by the thought of walking downstairs.

The fire apparatus for private residences is concernly the same as the small apparatus.

is generally the same as the small apparatus in Holloway College, or else like the bou-doir set of which I have told you. I give here the details of another drill,

one used in many places. At the residence of J. Blundell Maple, Childwickbury, St. Albans, a laundry fire brigode has been formed, and its drill is perfectly adaptable to any similar building. The women there have a hand fire engine that, on alarm, is run out of the laundry to a pond; suction hose is attached, and delivery hose is laid down; the levers are "manned" by women, and a jet is thrown upon and over the build ing. The brigade practices every month, the head laundrymaid superintending.

Nurses Fighting the Flames.

Among the declared patronesses of this movement, ladies who have studied it most earefully and then adopted it at their own homes and on their premises are: Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, Her Imperial burgh and Argyle; the Marchionesses of Breadalbane, Hertford, Downshire and Londonderry; the Countess of Londesborough, Lady Sheffield, Baroness Rothschild, Baroness Burdette and many others.

For dress, the drillers have thus far observed these simple rules: a plain skipt not too full—of dark. For dress, the drillers have thus are observed these simple rules: a plain skirt—not too full—of dark blue serge, heavy, warm, woollen underclothing, no corsets or very loose ones, blouse waists and sailor hats. It is a very pretty uniform, but the adoption of the divided skirt or gymnastic costume is under advisement.

THEO TRACK.

THE HEAVEN BUSTERS

Should Have Consulted Plutarch Before Trying to Make Rain.

HE ANTEDATED GEN. DYRENFORTH

But Thought Evaporation From the Bodies

of the Dead the Cause.

SHOWERS AFTER ALL GREAT BATTLES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. NEW YORK, April 2.-General Dyrenforth, who has been shooting Government bombs into the sky ever since Congress voted appropriations for that purpose, is soon to publish his report on rainmaking. Plutarch published his 18 centuries ago. Chief Observer E. D. Dunn, of the New York Weather Bureau, discovered it the other day while looking over his classical library. He was reading the life of Caius Marius (157 to 86 B. C.) as treated by the ancient historian. About a quarter way through he came to the record of the battle with the Teutones. This is what he first read, following the account of the slaughter, which was very great:

They say, however, that the inhabitants of Massalia built fences around their vine-yards with the bones and that the ground enriched by the moisture of the putrified bodies (which soaked in with the rain of the following winter) yielded at the season a prodigious crop and fully justified Arch-llochus, who said that the fallows are thus

"Well, there's fertilization with a vengeance," said the Observer before reading on. But he was more surprised when he came to this immediately following:

It is an observation, also, that extraordi-It is an observation, also, that extraordinary rains pretty generally fall after great battles; whether it be that some divine power thus washes and cleanses the polited earth with showers from above, or that moist and heavy evaporations, steaming forth from the blood and corruption thicken the air, which naturally is subject to alteration from the smallest causes. "Do you think this puts an end to the

"Do you think this puts an end to the explosion theory?" he was asked.

"That I am not prepared to say," said Sergeant Dunn. "The disintegration of bodies produces a chemical action that might have a decided effect on the atmosphere. I don't think the evaporation would be sufficient to fill the air with the moisture required to produce rain. If rain is produced as Plutarch says then some other cause not yet discovered lies back of it. Plutarch's observation may have arisen from his noting the fact, patent to every thinking person, that the putrefaction of corpses might pollute the atmosphere with a vapor having all the qualities necessary corpses might pollute the atmosphere with a vapor having all the qualities necessary to produce rain. In my opinion, if rain has been produced, it has been chemical action that has brought it on. The presence of large bodies of animals and their habits unquestionably has a modifying effect on the air. The fact that Plutarch, who lived from 50 to 120 A. D., had noticed the prevalence of after-battle rains shows that the concussion theory was antedated by another plausible explanation."

What Army Surgeons Say.

Dr. John T. Nagle, of the office of the Registrar of Vital Statistics, was an army surgeon during the late war. He was sur-prised to learn that Piutarch had a theory. "I, like many others, have noticed that rain followed battles, but I do not believe it could have been caused by the evapora-tions or corruptions of the field, as the rains came too soon after the battle, long before the putrefaction had become sufficiently ad-vanced to pollute the air."

Dr. S. T. Cook is another medical man

who served on many a battlefield. "I can't agree with Plutarch," says Dr. Cook, "because I don't take much stock in the current battlefield superstitions. 'Fields slippery with blood,' streams running red with blood,' and all that are mere idle tales of imagination. I never observed that of imagination. I never observed that rains were a peculiarly regular sequence to battles. If they were I doubt very much see bodies are not strewn as thickly over the field as is supposed. They may lie here in a group and there in a group, but this death harvest is scattered over the long front of a line of battle. In Plutarch's time, to be sure, the battle array was more com-pact than to-day, but even then, I think the decay of the corpses would have been too gradual to make the rain appear as an

General Dyrenforth was interviewed in Washington. He said he had heard before of Plutarch's version of rain-making and pointing to his library said: "Why, there's a copy of Plutarch. eagerly for the extract, which he read carefully. Then he was asked if it didn't make his concussion-explosion theory look ridiculous.

"I want to disclaim the possession of any idea about rain-making. This concussion theory is referred to as the 'Dyrenforth theory,' and I am assailed with all sorts of abuse. The fact is, it is not my theory at all. I never had any. I don't know and I don't care whether rain comes from con-cussion or not. I was engaged by the Government simply as a scientist to test some other person's theory, and to apply my knowledge of chemistry to the explosion of certain bombs. Now, whether those bombs bring rain or not is a matter of indifference to me, in so far as they have anything to do with my theories of rain-making. I am not a meteorologist; if I were I might have

ome rain theory. Plutarch May Have Been Elght,

"So you see I can dismiss the idea of Plutarch without prejudice. Now, whether or not the presence of large bodies of men and other animals will or will not have an effect toward the production of rainfull, I am unable to say; but the rain theory is, I am unable to say, but the rain theory is, I understand, that there must be a commingling of currents of air with the possible breaking up of any dry surface stratum. Now, the presence of a large body of animals might cause, by radiation of heat from the bodies with moisture, ascending currents and thus a commingling. While the quantity of moisture which passes from the human body into the air by evaporation is much greater than is perhaps supposed by those who have not given much attention to the subject, it would seem absurd to intimate that the mere quantum of water passing into the air from bodies would be sufficient o present a return as a rain; but it may be that the moisture rising with the ascensional current presents a body or nucleus for the collection of more. If there is anything in the theory at all, I should think that the result would be from the ascensional current and the disturbance thus caused.

"As the current ascends moisture-charged ir may rush in to supply the place, just as there is a draft to a stove as the hot products of 'combustion go up the chimney. If there is any sense in the idea of an ascensional current, it may not be far fetched to consider that ascensional currents may also be added to by the putretying bodies of animals, and this may be a provision of nature. Decay is a process of oxygenation and oxygenation always means evaporation of heat. Now, not only may these be an ascension of air currents from the heating, but the products of decay are light gases, combinations of hydrogen.
"I don't want to be understood as adopt-

wrongly to evaporation and chemical changes is ridiculed by Observer Dunn. "The noise of a big city in that case would always give us rain," he said. "The rattle of wagons over our stony streets, the jar of the elevated trains and other disturbing agencies ought certainly to be as potent in that regard as the clashing of swords and spears and instruments of ancient warfare, W. E. H.