THE OLDEST OF CITIES

DAMASCUS WAS IN EXISTENCE BEFORE THE TIME OF ABRAHAM.

An Oasis Fortified by a Desert—A Medley of Humanity in Its Streets—Where St. Paul Preached.

Damascus Letter in Baltimore Sun.

While the ancient cities along the Nile are known only by the magnificence of their ruined temples, while Baalbec and Palmyra have long since passed away, while Babylon is a heap in the desert and Tyre a ruin on the shore, Damascus, which Josephus declares was standing before Abraham's time, and which is called in the phophecies of Isaiah "the head of Syria," is to-day, as it has been for thousands of years, a mighty city, influencing the customs and trade of a region of hundreds of miles around it.

Its importance in the flourishing period of the Jewish monarchy we know from the garrisons which David placed here, and from the opposition it presented to Solomon. How close its relations continued to be to these people we infer from the chronicles of Jeroboam and Ahaz and the prophecies of Isaiah and Amos. Its mercantile greatness was indicated by Ezekiel in the remarkable words addressed to Tyre: "Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making for the multitude of all riches, in the wine of Helbon, and white wool." Alexander the Great saw its greatness, and sent Parmenio to take it while he was engaged in marching from Tarsus and Tyre. Julian, the apostate, describes it as "the eye of the East." Recognized at one time as the metropolis of the Mohammedan world, its fame is mingled with the exploits of Saladin and Tamerlane. The tradition that the murder of Abel took place here is alluded to by Shakspeare (I King Henry VI 1, 3:)

"Winchester—Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus; be thou cursed Cain
To slay thy brother Abel if thou wilt."

The cause of its importance as a city in all the ages is easily seen as you approach it from the south. Miles before you see the mosques of the modern city the fountains of a copious and perennial stream spring from among the rocks and brushwood at the base of the Anti Lebanon, creating a wide area about them, rich with prolific vegetation. These are the streams of Lebanon," which are poetically spoken of in the Songs of Solomon, and the "rivers of Damacus," which Naaman, not unnaturally, preferred to all the "waters of Israel." This stream, with its many branches, is the inestimable treasure of Damascus. While the desert is a fortification around Damascus, the river, where the habitations of men must always have been gathered, as along the Nile, is its life.

The city, which is situated in a wilderness of gardens of flowers and fruits, has rushing through its streets the limpid and refreshing current; nearly every dwelling has its fountain, and at night the lights are seen flashing on the waters that dash along from their mountain home. As you first view the city from one of the overhanging ridges you are prepared to excuse the Mohammedans for calling it the earthly paradise. Around the marble minarets, the glittering domes, and the white buildings, shining with ivory softness, a maze of bloom and fruitage, where olive and pomegranate, orange and apricot, plum and walnut, mingle their varied tints of green, is presented to the sight, in striking contrast to the miles of barren desert over which you have just ridden.

Damascus remains the same true type of an Oriental city. Caravans come and go from Bagdad and Mecca, as of old; merchants sit and smoke their costly bales in dim bazaars; drowsy groups sip their coffee in kiosks overhanging the river; the bread boy cries aloud, "O Allah! who sustaineth us, send trade;" the drink seller, as he rattles his grass cups, exclaims: "Drink and cheer thine heart," and all the brilliant costumes of the East mingle in the streets. Although Cairo contains a much larger population than Damascus, its bazaars are by no means as extensive or imposing. These bazaars are in long avenues, roofed over, and each is devoted to some special trade. There we find the silk, the saddler's the tobacco, the coppersmith's, the bookseller's, the shoe, and many other bazaars, and now and then we come across an "antique Damascus blade" which was made last year in Germany.

A HUMAN MEDLEY.

While passing through the city on Friday, the great market day, I was attracted by Persians in gorgeous silks, Nubians in black and white, Greeks in their national costumes, Jews with long ringlets, Bedouins, Druses, Kurds and Armenians mingling together, and lines of pilgrims on their way to Mecca—a marvelious medley of humanity, not to be seen, perhaps, elsewhere on the globe. The great mosque (there are over 200 smaller ones) exhibits three epochs in the history of the place, and proclaiming the three dynasties that have successively possessed it. In the transept is a chapel said to contain the head of John the Baptist, which was found in the crypt of the church. The "street called Straight," which is interesting to all New Testament readers, is about a mile in length and runs across the city from west to east.

In round numbers the population is about 150,000, one hundred thousand of whom are Muslims. These are notorious for their fanaticism, which has a terrible proof in the massacre of July, 1860, when six thousand Christians were slaughtered in the streets and nine thousand more in the district about the city. In this butchery we have a true picture of the "unspeakable" Turk when he is aroused. The churches and convents, which had been filled with the terror-stricken Christians, presented piles of corpses, and the thoroughfares were choked with the slain. Through the influence brought to bear upon the Turkish government the Governor and three city officers were shot, fifty-six of the citizens were hanged, 117 others received the death penalty, four hundred were condemned to imprisonment and exile, and the city was made to pay the sum of $1,000,000. Some refused at first to believe that the Turks were responsible for the massacre, but it has been shown beyond a doubt that they connived at it, they instigated it, they ordered it, they shared in it. Their conduct north of Damascus at present is a repetition of the same thing.

Besides the biblical allusions that have been made in this paper to Damascus, it will be remembered that Paul was converted on his way here, and that when the Governor sought to apprehend him he was let down in a basket through a window and made good his escape, and that during his residence here "he preached Christ in the synagogue; that He is the Son of God, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is the very Christ." We are tempted to think that it would take more than the eloquent voice of a Paul to disturb the consummate indifference of the average pipe-smoking, coffee-drinking, sleepy-eyed citizen of modern Damascus.

Standing among the ruins of this inglorious city, you look upon the remains of two distinct but blended civilizations. The popular natural religions, which, for centuries, held Asia captive, mingle the wrecks of their colossal architecture with the exquisite forms that the artistic genius of Greece created. Camels, sheep and goats graze on the grass which grows over the fallen, crumbling columns and capitals, and the opening spring casts fresh green garlands over these relics of the dead past. Great columns lean heavily against tottering walls, as if determined to postpone their fall to the last moment, and over the scene of desolation the white chain of the Lebanon, capped by perpetual snow, gives a chilling look.

THE RUINS OF BAALBEC.

Here is the ancient Heliopolis of the Greeks and Romans, celebrated for its sun worship in the temple which was one of the wonders of the world. Here you may witness how the pride and pomp of paganism arrayed itself before its death; here you see the ruin of an entire city, full of disorder, poetry, grandeur, and as you study some of this enormous debris in detail you find that nowhere is the Corinthian acanthus carved with more delicacy than on these gigantic blocks.

The temples of Baalbec, dating at least from the reign of Antonius Pius, were erected on the acropolis of the city, which was placed on an eminence, surrounded with gigantic walls, the stones of which belonged to that Phoenician architecture which has earned the name of Cyclopean.

First there was the great Temple of Jupiter, which has preserved a large part of its portico, its ornate architrave, its fluted columns, and a rich profusion of decoration; then there was the Temple of the Sun, the ruins of which clearly indicate its past grandeur, and the last was what was known as the Circular Temple, the only remains of which are a few highly decorated chapels. Passing through a long passageway we enter a court, seventy yards long by about eighty-five wide, which is in the form of a hexagon, with here and there rectangular recesses in the wall, each with columns in front. From this hexagon originally a handsome portal led into the great court, about 150 yards long by 125 wide, in the center of which stood the basilica, while around were rectangular recesses, called by the Romans, exedrae.

In front of this great court the principal Temple of Baalbec stood. This temple had columns running around it, only six of which are now standing. These are sixty feet in height, with Corinthian capitals and bordered with a frieze. When the temple was in its glory there were seventeen columns on either side of the temple and ten at either end, fifty-four in all, the building inclosed by them being two hundred and ninety feet long by one hundred and sixty feet broad. The masses of broken columns and failing walls indicate not only the work of the "tooth of time," but the ruthless ravages of the Arabs, who have destroyed priceless treasures in art in order that they might secure the iron clamps in the columns. In the grand portico of the temple there is an inscription, which may be translated as follows: "To the great gods of Heliopolis. For the safety of the Lord Ant. Pius Aug. and of Julia Aug., the mother of our Lord of the Castra (here it is quite indistinct) Senate. A devoted (subject) of the sovereigns (caused) the capitals of the columns of Antoninus, whilst in the air, (to be) embossed with gold at her own expense."

The second temple, or Temple of the Sun, stands on a platform lower than that of the Great Temple; nineteen out of the forty-six columns, each sixty-five feet high, remain, and the capitals and entablatures of the columns and the friezes round them are as exquisitely executed as anything in Baalbec. The portal of the temple claims one's special attention. The door posts are monoliths, most richly ornamented with foliage and genii; the architrave is of three stones, on the lower side of which is the figure of an eagle, the emblem of the sun, and the basement, which is one hundred by seventy feet, is ornamented most profusely. Built into the outer wall are three stones, the largest ever used in architecture. The temple was at one time called Trilithon, or three-stoned, probably from these stupendous blocks. One stone measures sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three feet eight inches, and a third sixty-three. Each is thirteen feet high and thirteen feet thick, and they are in the wall at a height of twenty feet above ground. It is still an unsolved problem how they were ever raised to their present position.

At the quarries in the Lebanon mountains, where doubtless these stones came from, I examined an unfinished block which is seventy-one feet long and nearly eighteen feet in thickness. The Circular Temple, which is located near to the modern village, is richly adorned by a frieze of flowers, and the entablature is heavily laden with elaborate decoration. As I sat upon an ornately sculptured parapet, and, quietly and alone, studied this wilderness of magnificent ruins, where were displayed Phoenician glory and power, the poetry of Grecian art, and the pomp of Roman pride, the transitory character of even the most permanent and glorious of the material was pictured before me as never before.

POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT FOOD.

Old-Established Theories Disputed by a Modern Iconoclast.

New York Ledger.

"The hygienic extremist is never tired of expatiating on the advantages of fruit as a breakfast dish," said an old doctor, "and there may be persons who are benefited by the use of fruit early in the day; but I know from careful observations that it is positively injurious to a great number of persons. Robust people, with great vitality and strong digestion, often find themselves improved in condition by the use of fruits of all sorts, but thin, pale, cold-blooded women and men rarely keep their health through a long course of fruit eating early in the day.

"Just consider for a moment the absurdity of beginning the day with an orange or two, then some cereal with cream or milk. The acid of the fruit curdles the milk, and indigestion is the result in the most acute pain. I believe that fruits, and cereals and milk should never be taken one after the other. If it is more agreeable to the palate to take the fruit omit the other, or take the cereal with a little butter or sugar. As there are so many people who depend largely upon oatmeal and other farinaceous food for their morning meal, it would be found an excellent plan to take fruit much later in the day. Indeed, I very decidedly approve of taking fruit between meals when one is the most likely to crave it. I know that many of my patients have declared that they ate fruit at breakfast simply because they had got into the habit of it, and because everybody said it was the proper thing to do. I have been obliged to forbid fruits of many sorts to scores of my patients. Fresh apples are almost always allowable, but they must be cooked; they are very cooked to have been cooked, they are to many persons a decided irritant. One lady can eat fresh apples at any time of day or night with great benefit, and the same is true of many others, especially when they are cooked. As many persons, they cause indigestion when made into apple sauce, they are eaten. Oranges disagree with many, especially when they are partaken of before meals, and two of my patients have had such violent paroxysms of pain after eating them that they have been abandoned altogether.

"Rhubarb is another article about which there are many opinions. It is almost like poison to certain temperaments, and seems to agree with others. I have often remarked, however, that dishes of which people are very fond are likely to be the last things that they will admit as disagreeing with them. It is always something else, or they are bilious, or had taken cold, or they invent some new and flimsy excuse for their indisposition.

"We once had as a guest a very delicate young woman who positively dissipated on a morning diet of fruit. I knew that it was bringing on dyspepsia, but whatever I said she met with a laugh and the assertion that she couldn't live without fruit for breakfast. It so chanced that our family went to the country for a few days, and subsisted on plain food, without a particle of fruit. The young woman improved in health every day, and when we returned the customary fruit was omitted. And this would be the experience of a large number of persons if they would try the experiment."

Summer Costumes.

Harper's Bazar.

Every week brings some change in style, some new models for skirts or waists, or some dainty trimming that is not as yet been seen, until it seems easy to believe that Dame Fashion can evolve any more ideas. The newer gowns show a decided modification of the more showy styles of last month, and there is a tendency towards light, airy effects, with most delicate points of difference. It is difficult to say just what the outcome of all these changes will be. There is no question but sleeves are smaller and skirts narrower in the very newest costumes, but in the materials particularly there seems no limit to the width of the skirts and to perceptible shrinkage in the size of sleeves, that is, about the shoulder or the upper arm. From just above the elbow to the wrist they fit snugly, and there is a wrinkled shirred look much like that given by the long evening gloves. The puff effect on the upper arm serves to give the desired breadth across the shoulders, which accentuates a small waist and makes a slender figure look more slender. Evening waists have most absurd little frills for sleeves, made of a double boxpleats of tulle or thin silk.

Skirts are almost invariably trimmed. Sometimes the gores are defined by insertions instead of lace, straps of braid, or cut-work embroidery, or the front-breadth is embroidered or in some way made a panel; but at the bottom of skirts is where new fashions are particularly noticeable; small overlapping ruffles are headed with a ruche, perhaps two or three rows of narrow ruffles bordered with a band of ribbon. At all events there is something to break the straight line down from the waist. The festooned flounces have knots of ribbon with wee little buckles put on at regular intervals, or, at the back of a gown just finished, with the festoon apparently ending in the middle of the front breadth and fastened with a large rosette and rhinestone buckle. Wash dresses almost invariably have a bit of ribbon trimming just to have the ruff; A dark blue India silk that is flowered at the bottom of the skirt three bands of the best quality of dark blue velveteen and the upper two green and pink; just the narrow edge of these ribbons shows, and makes an extremely pretty finish.

Sarcastic.

Sketch.

It was Mr. Justice Maule who said, in answer to a witness who declared that he had been wedded to the truth from infancy:

"Yes, sir; but the question is, how long have you been a widower?"

HOW SHE PLAYED HOUSE

THE BRIEF BUT GLORIOUS LARK OF A SMALL BROOKLYN GIRL.

She Found an Unoccupied Furnished House and Lived in It Three Days Before the Police Came.

New York Sun.

In all her life little Katie Brennan had never had adequate opportunity to play house. Her own home in the cellar of 66 Columbia place, Brooklyn, offered no facilities, certainly, for play of any kind. What time Katie spent there was fully occupied in scrubbing the floor, helping cook the meals, cleaning up—that dreadful process which has thousands of beginnings, but no ending—and minding the baby. So she took to playing truant when Mrs. Brennan sent her on errands, and finally to stealing things by way of making life more livable, so that in the end she was arrested and sent to St. Dominick's Home, one of those institutions where bad little girls are thrown in with scores of other bad little girls to the end that all may become good little girls, which is a peculiar thing when you come to think of it. Life at St. Dominick's didn't suit Katie at all. One day she fell out of a window and was never heard of afterward. It was an outside window, by the way, and Katie, if she didn't land on her feet, at least must have got to them very quickly, for there was nothing there when they came to look for her mangled remains. Thus it happened that at nine years of age Katie found herself a fugitive from the Brooklyn police, and in her wanderings fell upon her golden opportunity, and played house in such magnificent dimensions that, though she should spend her years from now until her majority pent in some institution—which seems extremely probable—the glory of her frolic will outlast her imprisonment.

For some time after her escape from St. Dominick's Katie kept pretty quiet, fearing that the police would catch her again. But she wasn't particularly popular at home, having imbibed, with her lawless spirit, a disinclination for work, wherefore she found it advisable to keep out of her mother's reach as much as possible. Being somewhat of an aristocrat in tastes, she took to wandering about the heights, and in a spirit of adventure one day broke into the old Pierrepont mansion at the foot of Remsen street, which she found, on the whole, too gloomy. After wandering about its lofty ceilinged rooms for a time she went away, taking a bunch of keys which she found there, because she thought they might prove useful later. Desire for further explorations was strong within her, and she found her opportunity at 127 Hicks street, where the big brown-stone house owned by Mr. William E. Merrall, of the firm of Acker, Merrall & Condit, was boarded up in a manner to tell the most careless observer that it was unoccupied. As a matter of fact, the Merralls are now in California.

Katie hasn't the pleasure of Mr. Merrall's acquaintance, but she liked his house at first sight. It seemed to her that the basement door should open to some of the keys on the bunch she had taken from the Pierrepont house. Patiently she tried them one after another. All failed of the desired result. As she turned away in disappointment a small window commended itself to her favorable notice. To crack the glass, slip the catch and climb in should, she reckoned, be a matter of little difficulty. Nevertheless she didn't attempt it right away. Instead she went home and sought out a chum of hers, Alfred Frazee, aged ten years.

"Hullo, Fraz," was her greeting.

"Hullo yourself," responded her friend. "I seen a cop here haffanour ago. Yer'd better skin out."

"I don't have to skin out," said Kate with a lofty air. "I got a house of my own to go to."

"Huh!" replied Alfred, with a scornful conciseness.

"If you don't believe it," continued Katie, with a note or wrath in her voice, "you just come with me an' I'll show you."

"Doll's house, I s'pose," observed the superior Alfred, but he condescended to say that maybe he'd go sometime.

"What's the matter with to-morrow?" asked Katie.

"Sunday school p'rade, 'n I got a putty-blower."

"You'll get pulled in. They's goin' to be cops on every corner."

SHE BROUGHT COMPANY.

This was distinctly a work of imagination on Katie's part, but she was eager for companionship in her explorations, and so cunningly did she throw out hints and suggestions of the wonders to be seen in her house that her chum finally consented, though with much reluctance, to forego the pleasure to be derived from shooting putty balls at the Sunday school children on parade, and agreed to go with her at the time mentioned. On Friday, therefore, they went to the big house, where Katie broke open the window and let her companion and herself in. Experience having taught Katie caution, she first went through the house to make certain that it was empty. Having assured herself that nobody was there to interfere with her occupancy, she proceeded to make herself quite at home. To her taste for the magnificent the big parlor appealed most strongly.

"This'll be my home," she informed her chum; "and you can come here and call on me, Fraz; only you must always ring the bell outside."

"They ain't no bell outside," objected he after an investigation in the region of the parlor door.

"Well, you can say 'Ting-a-ling-ling,' can't you?" she retorted disdainfully. "What fools boys are."

"Say, Katie," said the boy who made a discovery. "What's all the chairs got overcoats on for?"

"I keep them that way," she explained grandly, "because they cost a thousan' dollars a piece, an' I don't want dust on 'em. I clean 'em off every day an' then put coats on 'em."

"I'm goin' to take 'em off," announced Alfred, and he did, being somewhat awe-struck by the splendor displayed.

Next a very big "overcoat" in the corner attracted his attention, and he pulled that away, revealing a tall piece of furniture of polished wood.

"Wot's that box fer?" he inquired.

"Maybe it's got things to eat in it," suggested Katie, who was beginning to feel a craving for something in that line. "Here's the place it opens. Oh, look! I know what it is. It's a py-anner."

Down she sat upon the piano seat and began banging on the keys while Alfred performed extravagant dances around the floor. Then they changed places, and in the excitement of this new pleasure the demands of appetite were for the time forgotten. The boy was first to feel the pangs, and announced that he was going home to get something to eat, a declaration which brought forth contemptuous remonstrances from his companion. Didn't he suppose there was lots to eat there, she asked; more than he could ever get at home. So they foraged and found some canned goods and preserves. Warm tomatoes suggested themselves to the girl as a good basis for a dinner, and she made a fire in the grate, which wasn't a brilliant success, because the flue didn't draw. However it served to warm the tomatoes, which was the main point, and a little smoke in the room didn't matter to them. Dinner was eaten on the table, spread with a $75 silk scarf which suffered somewhat from Alfred's using it as a medium wherewith to remove the surplus jam from his hands, while Katie, with a finer sense of propriety, carefully licked her fingers before wiping them on the carpet. After dinner there was more music on the "py-anner," followed by a thorough exploration of the premises. When it began to get dark both children concluded that they would be better off at their old home than their new one, so they went back to 66 Columbia place, having agreed to repeat their frolic next day.

Saturday found them back there again, and there was more music and cooking and exploration. Alfred formally took possession of the rear parlor as his own particular and private sanctum, and invited Katie in there to dinner, whereby another table spread was wrecked. Pride in their discovery drove them to the necessity for admiration and envy.

"Let's give a party," said Katie, "and invite Petey Slavin."

THEY GAVE A PARTY.

Accordingly Petey, who is nine years old, was bidden for Sunday and came. Also, he ate as much jam, pickles, preserves, lump sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg as he could crowd into himself, and washed his feast down with draughts of vanilla and maple syrup, with such dire effect that he curled up in the big parlor chair, with his hands pressed firmly against his shirt, and howled until his entertainers were fain to smother him with pillows lest he should arouse the neighborhood. Then they played tunes and sang to cheer him up, which they succeeded in doing after a time, for the stomach of a nine-year-old urchin is tougher than the fruit of the boiler factory, so that he promised to come again next day and bring some friends. As it happened, the music which had charms to soothe him was heard by some people who were passing by, and it finally came to the ears of the American District Telegraph Company, in whose charge the house had been left, that there was something wrong. This was not until Monday afternoon, and special policeman Lynch got to the house just about the time that Katie and Alfred expected Petey Slavin to arrive with his friends. As he came to the basement door Lynch heard the piano being mauled with a vigor little short of ferocity, totally out of tune with two youthful voices shrieking:

"Casey would dance with the strawberry blonde
While the band played on;
He waltzed roun' the floor with the—"

Here there was a thump on the floor, followed by a howl. The music ceased, and in its stead a voice said:

"I'm glad you fell off. You're too fresh, Fraz, tryin' to help me play. All you've got to do is sing."

"I'll punch yer nose fer yer," responded a boy's voice, most unchivalrously.

"Can't do it," was the prompt response.

"Ah-h-h-h, watcher givin' us?"

"You—can't—doo—wit!" came the response in measured accents, and at this point the policeman stepped within the door and it slammed behind him.

The two temporary proprietors of the house gave over their quarrel instanter.

"That's Petey," said Katie. "Now, when he comes in you want to say 'How-dydo?' like that."

"Aw right," replied the boy. "An' then you ask 'em t' have some grub."

Up went Lynch, wondering what he was going to find, and walking to the parlor door, looked in upon a peculiar scene. All the chairs in the room were set rigidly in line against the wall, except four, which were placed at a table in the center. On this table in impressive array stood half a dozen tomato cans, two handsome cut-glass carafes, some preserve jars, a China soup tureen and a washbowl.

On the piano, near enough for convenient use as a sideboard, was the remainder of the refreshments. Some of the pictures had been taken down and placed in conspicuous positions on the mantel and the floor, while others, which had evidently failed to impress the givers of the feast, had been ruthlessly turned toward the wall. In the middle of this scene of luxury stood a homely, barefooted, tow-headed urchin, and an extremely pretty, blue-eyed, barefooted girl.

"How d'y' do," she said, in easy, unembarrassed fashion to Lynch. "Did Petey invite you? What's your name?"

Lynch was too amazed to respond to this polite greeting.

"May be you're the man that used to own the house before I came," proceeded the girl, looking at him intently. "If you are, you can have it back again. I'm all through with it, only—I—we was goin' to have a party to-day. Couldn't you wait till to-morrow?"

Then Lynch explained himself, and the boy immediately began to howl, but his companion rebuked him.

"Shut up," she said severely. "We ain't goin' to be killed. Anyway, we had a lot of fun."

They were taken to the rooms of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where the boy told the whole story of their experiment in housekeeping. Subsequently he tried to escape, but didnt' succeed. Petey Slavin was arrested later and also Mrs. Brennan, because young Frazee said that she had received some towels stolen by Katie from the house. All were arraigned in the Adams-street Police Court yesterday morning. Nothing could be proven against Petey and Mrs. Brennan, so they were immediately discharged. The unchivalrous Alfred put forth the first plea in the history of wrongdoing, "the woman tempted me, and I did eat." He didn't put it in just those words, however. This is what he said:

"She come t' me, Judge—sniffles—an' said she had a house—more sniffles—wit' t'ings t' eat an' a py'anner—sobs—an' I cud come 'n' live there—sobs and sniffles—an' I d-d-d didn't mean no harm. Judge—snorts of grief and terror—it was all her fault."

Here he burst into howls, was discharged and haled forth as a disturber of the peace and dignity of the court. Katie, looking as innocent as a seraph and as pretty, had nothing to say, and was held as a vagrant. By the time her unwilling hosts, the Merralls, get home she will be the carefully attended guest of some institution. Beyond some smoke grime on the ceiling and the ruin of the silk spread, the Merralls will find no harm resultant from her occupancy.

LAST HOURS OF KATE FIELD.

Death Came to This Gifted Woman as a Surprise.

Chicago Post.

Mr. Kohlsaat is indebted to Mabel Loomis Todd—a member of the Amherst eclipse expedition, dispatched to Japan to view the total solar eclipse Aug. 9, for the pathetic details of Miss Field's last hours.

The members of the expedition had been visiting the volcanos of the island of Hawaii, and were returning by steamer to Honolulu when Miss Field came on board at Kaawaloa. The date was May 18. She was physically worn out, and fast in the grasp of pneumonia, as the ship's surgeon quickly discovered. The disease had been upon her for several days, and constant exposure had greatly increased its violence. Everything was done for her that love could prompt or science suggest. But it was too late.

At the request of the ship's surgeon Miss Todd undertook the hard task of communicating to her the fatal character of the malady, and of telling her she would die. She "seemed to take it in a dazed sort of way at first;" then, after a gentle suggestion, carefully spelled out an address in Washington, dictated a letter in fragments that became more and more confused as the death lethargy deepened, and finally sank into stupor. Let these words describe the way the end came:

"As we passed Maui she suddenly opened her eyes and looked out. The cliffs are bold and rugged and the mountains very impressive, with cloud-shadows chasing over them, and between the island and the steamer lay a bright blue strip of sea covered with white caps.

"'Oh, how beautiful!' she exclaimed, and for a moment her eyes brightened clearly. Then the lethargy came on again and I could not arouse her. Later she looked up at me as I sat beside her and said:

"'What did you say was the name of your expedition, and what are you going for?'

"'The Amherst eclipse expedition,' I said 'and we go to Japan to observe a total eclipse of the sun Aug. 9.'

"'The Amherst eclipse expedition,' she said brightly; and those were her last words on earth."

"So passed, speaking brightly, the kala washine nauauao—the 'learned woman,' as the natives called her—into what some call and think eclipse. But others know better."

Essential Qualities in an Actress.

So many New Orleans girls have taken a mad fancy for the stage that the Picayune of that city recently published the points which go toward making an actress. Here are a few:

A strong physique.
An unimpaired digestion.
A slender figure.
A marked face.
Strong features.
A carrying voice.
A lack of real feeling.
An abundance of pretended feeling.
Much magnetism.
Great fascination of manner.
Purity of speech.
Elocution to a degree.
A general knowledge of history.
A good general education.
A general knowledge of costuming.
A practical knowledge of economy in dress.
An artistic knowledge of the effects of distance.
Considerable business faculty.
Unflagging industry.
Undaunted ambition.
An utter lack of sensitiveness.
A capacity for taking pains.
An unwedded life.
An ability to distinguish criticism from abuse or fulsome gush.
A readiness to profit thereby.
Some genius at advertising.
A quickness at seizing opportunities.
An adeptness at making herself necessary.
A well-defined specialty.
A good memory.
Good luck.
Quick study.
Talent.

Some Are Like This.

Chicago Post.

The life-insurance agent had returned by appointment, but the young man shook his head.

"I don't think I want a policy," he said.

"But think of the benefits," protested the agent.

"I have," replied the young man, "and also of the drawbacks. I like to feel that I am a little bit independent and, in a measure, my own master, but that—"

"My dear sir, what has that to do with taking out a life-insurance policy?" interrupted the agent.

"Everything," replied the young man. "You don't say anything about it when you're trying to get me to take out a policy, but I find it all attended to in the 5,000 or 6,000 words of small type. That tells me that I cannot stir from one comparatively small spot on the globe without asking permission. If I do it's all off and I die at my own risk. I have to get the company's permission to go to Europe, I have to get its permission to go to Mexico, I have to get its permission to go to Alaska, or even some parts of the United States nearer home. If I take out a policy I shall have to inspect it every time I turn around to make sure I am not violating some of its provisions, and the wear and tear on my nerves would be so great as to materially shorten my life. Why, I'm not sure that I could play ride-a-cock-horse with the baby without getting the written consent of the president of your company."

The agent turned sadly away, for he realized that the young man had read the policy carefully and understandingly.

A SILVER MAN IN TOWN.

The Policeman Didn't Care if He Was a Friend of Blackburn.

New York Evening Sun.

"Free silver is the thing, sah; it's all that will save this grand and glorious country of ours from ruin—ruin certain and sure," and the old soldier dressed in a G. A. R. suit waved his hands wildly about his head to lend emphasis to his remarks. He was standing at the corner of Fortieth street and Fifth avenue, and from the hitch in his speech and the occasional unsteady step it was evident that the old soldier had been overcome by his emotions or something else.

When he first began speaking a solitary newsboy was his audience, but as he got louder and louder in his oration more newsboys gathered around him. Then a few men, attracted by the crowd, pushed their way in to listen to the denunciation of gold and the praise of silver.

Encouraged by the attention he was attracting, the old man waxed eloquent, and, steadying himself by holding to the shoulders of a friendly newsboy, he launched forth:

"I am a Southerner, sah," he continued. "I do wear G. A. R. clothes and I fit in the federal army, but my home is the land of the true and the brave," and the old man took off his hat and waved it wildly in the air.

"This country is on the verge of ruin, and the only thing that can save us from this dire, dire calamity is to strangle the gold bugs."

"Who is de guy?" asked one of the newsboys. "He must be Mr. McKinley."

"Naw; that hain't McKinley; that's Joe Blackburn come ter town. Didn't yer hear him say 'strangle de gold bugs?'" answered the boy who was acting as the speaker's support. "Nobody but Blackburn and dat Senator from Nevada named Stewart ever talks about strangling de gold bugs."

"It's Blackburn, sure," suggested a man on the outside. "He talks just like Blackburn; he talks so much."

"Blackburn! Did you say I was like Blackburn?" shouted the old man. "There is no man in the world like Joe Blackburn. He could give George Washington and them fellers cards and spades and beat 'em out, sah."

"Yes; I think our old friend is right about there being none like Joe Blackburn," said a man who had just joined the crowd, and who, from his sarcastic tone, was a gold bug.

"And as for that man Stewart, why, he is of the finest, sah. He knows more about politics in a day than all your gum shoe statesmen in the East do in a lifetime. He is the stuff, he is. Talk to him about silver and gold and it won't take him long to show you that there hain't but one kind of money," said the orator.

"What about Tom Platt?" called out a small boy who had climbed up a lamp post to see above the heads of the crowd.

"Tom Platt? Who's Tom Platt? I don't know no Platt. Heard of him some, but don't know him like I do Blackburn and Stewart. But to return to our subject," and the speaker mopped his brow and prepared to continue his oration when the small boy yelled out again:

"How about Grover Cleveland and Carlisle?"

"Who? Who did you say? Young feller, don't you dare to mention those names in my presence. I am a gentleman of the old school and I'll tan the life out of you if you dare insult me or mine by the mention of the names of men who are thorns in the flesh of the American people," and the old man threw his arms about so wildly that he lost his balance and had not the crowd been jammed in so closely he would have fallen to the street.

By this time the streets were crowded. Carriages could hardly pass and at the last wild outburst a laugh went up that could be heard for a block.

Then there was a commotion in the crowd. Men and boys were pushed right and left and the high hat of a policeman was seen advancing to the center of attraction.

"Get out of this!" commanded the policeman, catching hold of the old man and pushing him backward, "or I'll put you in the jug."

"I am a friend of Joe Blackburn, sah, and you don't dare order me about," yelled the old man.

"Joe Blackburn don't count here," said the policeman, and renewing the grip on the G. A. R. coat collar, he led the old man away.

Seeing that the policeman was in earnest, the old man began to beg and he was released. The last seen of him he was making his way out of Thirty-ninth street to a hotel at which he is staying.

A Painless Handshake.

Chicago Post.

On the very eve of his nomination we are pleased to record the invention by William McKinley, of Canton, O., of a novel and painless handshake. "The Major," as he is lovingly called by those who have had the pleasure of experiencing the gentle pressure of his painless handshake, say that this alone would win him the presidency if he had no other qualifications. The invention really consists of an adaptation of the "high" society handshake to the exigencies of sixty or more shakes an hour with all sorts of hands, the knobby and the smooth, the gentle and the fierce, the flabby, the callous and the iron clamp. The victim approaches the Major with his hand on the ordinary level, only to find the Major's hand several inches above his own. As he raises his the Major's swoops down on it from its coign of vantage, with the palm downward and the fingers so hooked that any attempt to grip them will take in the whole fist and bring confusion to the victim, while the Major smiles a sympathetic smile and prepares for the next shake.

It is believed that Major McKinley could greet Tom Platt with this handshake without occasioning pain to the New York boss or committing himself to divide the patronage of New York with the bosses' machine.

Criminal Lines in a Man's Face.

Washington Star.

"I used to be a strong believer in physiognomy," said R. C. Ridley, a visitor in this city, "but have lost some of my faith in it as a science. In fact, a man's surroundings have very much to do with the character shown by his face. I had an illustration of this coming into Washington. When we left Chicago I noticed a group of men two or three seats in front of me, but paid no attention to them particularly, but after we had gone about fifty miles I saw that one of them was handcuffed. He was well dressed, and at first I thought he did not look like a criminal, but soon saw lines that betokened cunning, duplicity and a lack of morality generally. I became so interested that my gaze attracted the attention of one of the officers having him in charge, who said: 'You seem to be studying the man I have there. Did you ever see him before?' I told him I had not, but I was a physiognomist, and was studying the criminal lines in the face. He prevailed upon me to make a report on the man's character, which was greeted with laughter from the prisoner as well as the officers. Then they explained that he was of irreproachable character, and in a prank had tried on the cuffs, which belonged to the officer, and the key being lost, could not get them off. Then the criminal lines in the face all disappeared."

A WOMAN'S INVENTION.

Asbestos Smoke-Proof Cap to Be Used by Firemen.

New York Mail and Express.

Mrs. John H. Miller, of Syracuse, N. Y., possesses considerable inventive talent as well as a good working knowledge of chemistry and physics. Noticing in the accounts of fires that nine-tenths of the losses of human life were produced in the form of suffocation by smoke, and very few by flames, she set to work upon a cap or hat which would be smoke proof. After considerable experiment she succeeded in producing an article of headwear which is practically fire proof, heat proof and smoke proof. It is made of asbestos cloth, and conformed to the head of the wearer. It is held in place by a rubber band which makes it comparatively air tight. Holes are cut through for the eyes, but instead of having the edges covered with button-holed stitching, they are fitted with a metal frame holding in position two oval eye glasses of mica, which is as transparent as glass, but has none of that material's brittleness or weakness before heat. Over the mouth is a sponge, kept quite moist, which permits the air to enter and depart from the lungs, but stops all the smoke elements and holds them in suspension.

With this cap the fireman who tested it in Syracuse entered a room full of hot smoke and staid there thirty-five minutes without any apparent ill effect. The cap weighs according to the size of the head, an ordinary size being about sixteen ounces and an extra large one twenty-four ounces. The upper part can be stiffened and reinforced so as to be made into a helmet, and thus protect the head against falling bricks and timber, or can be worn plain. Separate caps can be carried as furniture to the engines, and can be used in saving lives of people who are compelled to wait a few minutes in upper floors while surrounded by huge volumes of smoke. The Syracuse fire department, it is said, pronounce it the best addition to their weapons they have yet received.

Mrs. Miller has also suggested an idea which should be acted upon by every fire department of the country. It is the usefulness of covering fire holes with asbestos cloth covers full length and with a double thickness of the cloth where they are exposed to the heat of the conflagration. Another very wise and scientific suggestion of this talented woman inventor is the use of an overcoat, also made of fine asbestos cloth. These can be made as strong to-day as the strongest wool, are extremely durable and whenever soiled can be thrown into a fire and "washed," if the term may be employed, by being exposed to the heat until they are red hot. After this treatment the coat is again snow white and is as soft and comfortable as when new.

Comparisons Are Odious.

Overland Monthly.

Contrasting Japan with America is the comparison of a pigmy with a giant. Japan has a territorial area of 155,000 square miles, comprising 30,000,000 acres of cultivable land, an amount equal to that of the State of Illinois, and seven million acres less than the State of California. The United States has 3,400,000 square miles, of which 700,000,000 acres are susceptible of the highest state of cultivation. The people of Japan as a race have manifested no commercial genius, no inventive skill, and no decided manufacturing taste or aptitude. The people of the United States belong to a race essentially commercial in all its attributes, unsurpassed in inventive genius, and fertile in every industrial resource. Japan has 40,000,000 of people, living upon a very low plane of production and consumption. Its limited territory will retard the growth of its population. America has 70,000,000 of people, occupying a plane of civilized potency equal to the highest ever attained by mankind. Prophecy concerning the future greatness of Japan is founded wholly upon the beginnings expressed up to the present time by the manifestation of an imitative genius. America has passed every experimental stage of civilized attainment. As contrasted with America the accumulated capital of Japan is insignificant.

Asked the Cabman to Dinner.

New York Sun.

George Orchard, of 755 Sixth avenue, hired Cabman William Clarke of 211 West Thirty-first street on Saturday afternoon to drive him about town. At the expiration of three hours Orchard paid Clarke $3, as he had agreed. Then he bought him several drinks and invited him to take dinner with him. Clarke accepted the invitation, and it took just an hour to eat the dinner. Orchard paid for it and then bade Clarke good-by.

"But don't I get paid?" asked cabby.

"Why, I did pay you," said Orchard.

"I know, but you have kept me an hour since then," said Clarke.

"Well, I'd like to have your nerve," said Orchard.

Clarke insisted that he must have $1 for the hour spent at the dinner, but Orchard refused to pay it. The cabman had him arrested and charged him with violating the hack ordinance in Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning. Clarke didn't get the money he claimed, for the $1 Orchard was fined goes to the city.

"Sze Fisi Schenn."

Saturday Review.

If you are "werri ill" you send for "sze fisi schenn," and say, "Szoffil! do nott totsch mi; ei hahw eh pahn in mei back, dokter," whereupon "sze fisi schenn" replies, "Schoh mi juhr tong." If you have only "e kahf" (cough) or "th szohr szroht" you may go to "szi apposzi kerri" and ask him prettily, "Plihsz, will ju pripehr szis meddicin forr mi," or, "Plihsz, will ju giw mi forr feif zents kemmomeil tih, e dohsz af kastor oil, ann euntment, eh weszikaterri, sze constipaschen, e porgativ, delaris, e seddlitz pouder." Some of these requests may puzzle him; but that is his affair. If you "hahf e mohst terrihi tuhsz ahk" you "most get sze tubes stuffd."

Fateful.

Kansas City Star.

Mr. Hardlot—One thing, our son John can never bore his wife by telling her what a fine cook his mother was.

Mrs. Hardlot—What do you mean?

Mr. Hardlot—He can never forget that his old father died from dyspepsia.

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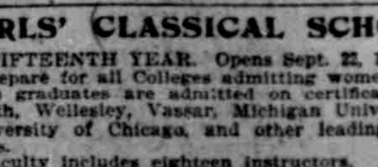

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