Part Three

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

Pages 17 to 20

PRICE FIVE CENTS. INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1900. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

AN INDIANA MAN ABROAD

NOTES AND INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

The Road from Nice to Genoa—Monte Carlo and Its Surroundings—Aix Les Bains and Its Baths.

Occasional Correspondence of the Journal.

AIX LES BAIN, France, June 12.—Many years ago, before the railway along the Mediterranean shore was built, I journeyed from Nice to Genoa by diligence. The constantly varying panorama of extensive views enjoyed on the trip, as I sat outside with the driver of the coach, rolling along over a road as smooth as a billiard table, has never been effaced from my memory, nor have I forgotten when, on starting, an immensely fat female passenger climbed aboard, how the remark to a traveling companion escaped me, "here comes a rhinoceros." She had heard what I said, and sitting down with a snort, she chuckled and in good English flung out the retort, "Yes, we meet all kinds of animals; even to jackasses in travel nowadays! Thereupon I felt of my ears, modestly to myself I admitted the impeachment and subsided.

This great road for thousands of years has formed the southern link between eastern and western Europe, over which on the way to the Gaul and the Iberian peninsula, the legions of Caesar passed and repassed, and which, thanks to Napoleon I, is the first road on the continent of Europe. It winds its way by easy grades over the spurs of the mountains which here fall abruptly into a sea; it rises now and then to great heights, and at a point ten miles east of Nice, which we visited lately, attains an altitude of over two thousand feet above the azure waves of the Mediterranean sea. La Turbie, an ancient village, is situated at this point. It is, on account of its elevation, a prominent landmark, founded in the dim past, its little, narrow and crooked streets meander among stone houses, hoary with age, their doorways resemble entrances to caves and emit all sorts of evil odors, they affectionately surround and huddle up to the ruins of the tower from which the town of La Turbie (Turrie Viae) takes its name. This tower was originally erected by the Romans as a trophy commemorative of the victories of Caesar and the generals of Augustus. Monte Carlo, the home of fickle Goddess Fortuna, lies directly below at the foot of the mountain where the waves wash the terraces of the luxurious gardens which encircle the magnificent casino of the celebrated resort. A funicular railway now connects Monte Carlo with the village on the mountain top and climbs the steep sides in twenty minutes. Going down from the balustraded platform at the top we view far below the shining white houses and red tiled roofs of the little principality of Monaco and the palm embowered palaces of Monte Carlo.

The superb suits of "Salons de Teu" of the Monte Carlo casino are crowded during the season by the wealth and aristocracy of all nations, and money here changes hands in such amount that the profits of the establishment last year ran up to 23,000,000 francs. From the gross profits of this $4,600,000, two million goes for expenses, of which $400,000 is distributed among French and Italian newspapers as hush money; on the remainder, a dividend of 44 per cent. was declared and divided among the sixty thousand shares of the capital stock. Two hundred and twenty thousand francs on each share, the face value of which is only five hundred francs, is not so bad, but what of the unfortunate victims? The number of suicides never finds a place among Monte Carlo statistics, but it is known that one table of the twelve has a total record of one hundred and eighteen! Human flies here get their legs entangled in the sweet and alluring honey of the game; they are mostly squeezed and often milked quite dry, but then the unlucky fellow who, after a feverish tussel with fickle fortune, finds his last penny gone can go out into the grounds and shoot himself to death. Nothing could be finer than to lie down on one of these paradasical terraces, among luxurious flower beds, under rare trees brought from all parts of the globe, with a bullet-hole in the temple, the eyes turned up to a mild and beamingly smiling sky, ready to admit into paradise the ascending spirit to eternal rest, while the rich company provides the coffin for the earthly remains.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

A little farther west and nearer Nice is the cozy bay of Ville Franche. Its deep waters, protected on the east by the promontory of Cape Ferrat, provide anchorage for a part of the French navy, of which a dozen cruisers and grim battleships are stationed here all the time. Driving over the road on the mountain tops a gorge is seen to open up down to the port, which discloses out at sea pink and orange-tinged sails, skimming like gulls over the shining bosom of the water. The glitter of nickelplated handrails and the golden shine of brass mountings on white steam yachts splinter and shoot their rays up through a luminous atmosphere which here is so transparent that one can almost read the unamiable thoughts harbored in the innermost recesses of the heart of one's "dearest friend on earth."

Eze, near by, is a grizzly, weather-beaten clump of little stone houses, picturesquely stuck up on top of a sugar-loaf-shaped barren mountain, which stands detached and rises abruptly out of the sea. The Saracens dominated this coast during the ninth and tenth centuries; for generations corsairs made this spot headquarters for their piratical operations, and many bloodcurdling tales of rapine and cruelty attach to this former robbers' nest, which forms a most startling and interesting picture in an otherwise peaceable landscape.

Incidents in themselves insignificant may at times "point a moral or adorn a tale." A motherly-looking little old woman, poorly but cleanly clad, with white lawn cap covering her silvery hair, was overhauled by the "break" upon which, one morning, we were climbing a mountain road through the Grand Vallon on our way to Notre Dame de Laghetto, a transalpine Lourdes, the walls of which are covered with crutches, sticks, leg irons and crude drawings offered by those who attribute their recovery from illness or escape from accidental death to the special intervention of the Virgin Mary. The traveler had started that morning from Nice on foot, carrying a basket, a bundle and a message to Father Francois relating to the approaching fete of the crowning of the Virgin. She claimed that if the sun were less hot she could have made the ten-mile climb in a little over three hours, despite her seventy-four years. The driver of the break, knowing who she was, stopped and offered her a lift, which was gratefully accepted. I helped the poor, footsore old creature aboard, and soon, in my best Posey county French, started a conversation, which suffered interruption only when, on passing a roadside cross or shrine, she would, while blessing herself, devoutly repeat a prayer. The old lady was quite an intelligent talker and told much of the mountains, their inhabitants and some of the legends current among the people. This interestingly shortened the journey, and by the time we reached the monastery I had become quite interested in her who, at the ripe age of seventy-four, was too poor to ride, but who in spite of the load of years was full of cheerfulness and courage. Her self-respecting bearing rather deterred me from offering assistance, but when my wife, on parting, made her a present she kissed the donor's hand and moistened it with tears of gratitude, and when I remarked that it would afford her a glass of wine wherewith to strengthen her old limbs on the homeward trip down the valley she replied: "No, monsieur; wine is too great a luxury. This will buy sugar with which to sweeten my coffee. I have done without sugar for so long a time that I have forgotten its taste!" All that night long the cheerful face of this silver-haired old creature, rejoicing with satisfaction that she now could have a bit of sugar in her coffee, smiled thankfully into my dreams, and the pleasant vision so impressed me that on awakening and often afterward I gratefully acknowledged the bounty of a kind Providence which permits me and mine to have sugar in our coffee and other blessings in abundance as well.

FORTUNATE FRANCE.

France is blessed with fruitful soil and a genial climate, its inhabitants with thrifty and economical habits, and, not overcrowded, they stick to their native clod and do not emigrate as do the people of other and less favorable parts of the world. A day's journey from Paris into Upper Savoy, through southeastern portions of France, over a country rich in verdure, following river valleys and numerous canals, gently undulating and covered with waving fields of grain, grassy meadows and blossoming vines, is calculated to raise the cockles of the heart of a three-thousand-year-old Egyptian mummy. The crimson of innumerable poppies and the vivid blue of the cornflower everywhere brightly dot the green fields of growing grain, and in the dusk of evening, under fragrant locust trees raining white blossoms upon the dewey sward, the mellow tones of the nightingale are heard in the darkening thicket. Arrived at the hotel in time for the evening meal, the table bears evidence to this blessed season of the year; peas which melt in the mouth, new potatoes, artichokes, salade Romain, together with young lamb, chickens from Normandy and trout from Lake Bourget tempt the palate of the hungry, while wild strawberries, fresh and fragrant from the mountainside, put one into that state of contentment "the peace of which passeth all understanding." Salt in your butter, however, in continental Europe is what you miss everywhere, and Americans generally remark and complain of it. Once upon a time my friend G. met in London a man from Texas. The man had spent most of the summer in travel on the continent; he spoke neither French, German nor Italian, and consequently had a hard time of it. Being without companionship, he naturally felt lonesome and discontented with his surroundings, and was at the time in possession of a great big fit of homesickness. He complained that nothing over here suited him. The vain wish for the luscious watermelon and the entire absence of the tempting roasting ear made him very unhappy, but, worst of all, he missed the salt in his butter, the want of which he made a special indictment of his list of grievances against a country which he swore he would never, no never, visit again. "Where are you from, stranger?" he burst forth in an angry tone of voice. My friend, in an apologetic sort of way, confessed that he was from Indiana. "What part of Indiana?" he inquired. "Evansville," was the reply. "Oh," said the man from Texas, "Evansville; that's a town on the lower Ohio; know the place; I've been there; it's not much of a town, but, by the holy Moses, you can get salt in your butter there." Then he left abruptly on his way to some shipping office in search of a vessel which would take him home to Texas p. d. p., never to return to a country where they don't put salt in their butter.

AIX LES BAINS AND ITS BATHS.

Aix les Bains, in upper Savoy, renowned for its hot sulphur springs, contains a great bathing establishment. The baths are owned and operated by the republic of France. The town has two elegant casinos, with theater and gambling attachments, and numerous hotels. It is surrounded by mountains, the valleys of which contain a thrifty population. The town itself has between five and six thousand inhabitants only, who subsist mostly on trade and traffic brought by visitors to the baths. At this season of the year English are in the majority here. When, on the promenade or on some country road, you meet a blonde young woman, "long in the tooth," thin, skinny neck and whaleboney bust and flank, taking open, lanky strides just a yard in length, I say, you c-a-w-n-t be mistaken, you know, as to her nationality; no, you cawnt.

When first you enter one of the cells of the large, sumptuous bathhouses of Aix les Bains you are surprised at the absence of anything like a bath tub or basin; instead of this elsewhere never absent requisite, you find nothing but a plain, low, wooden stool standing on the stone floor in the center of the cell, and hung upon the wall two sections of two-inch rubber hose, with nozzles attached. Two hairy-legged cyclopeans smile benevolently and invite you to a seat upon the aforesaid wooden stool. No sooner have you done so than, unannounced, the enemy unmasks his batteries, shooting hot water from breech-loading, fast-firing nozzles into you, which knocks all the wind out of a fellow and makes him gasp like a sweating chicken in a sand pit. This deluge is supposed to completely wash out the old Adam and drive Satan from his favorite haunts in the knot holes, wind shakes and hollow places of the suffering victim. To further aid the process of purification these executioners slap, rub, punch and bruise the quivering flesh with their lobster claws until you feel like shredded veal floating off with the tepid waters into subterranean grottoes in a jellyfied dream of flabbiness. Then, like the shorn lamb that you are you are bundled up in blankets, put into a Sedan chair with red striped tent protection, and, by a couple of stalwart porters carried off to your room, where, under the restorative influence of rest, you come to. Presently you begin to feel frisky, you nicker and neigh and eventually prance and paw like a two-year-old in a bluegrass pasture. After this you are all right; the sun shines brighter and the new mown hay in the meadow smells sweeter than it ever did before.

The waters from one of the springs in the neighborhood is so strongly flavored with sulphur as to make one suspect that old Nick is burning brimstone not far away. On my referring, the other evening, after dinner, to this phenomena, it brought out from a jolly Episcopal rector an amusing anecdote. A ritualistic bishop who, one Sunday morning, had conducted the service, on coming out of church asked one of the clergy, a low churchman, how he had been edified, "Very much," was the reply; "all but the smell of the incense—to that I object." "Ah," said the bishop, putting one hand on the shoulder of the objector, "on the other side of the grave there are but two smells—one is incense and the other is brimstone. Take your choice."

J. A. LEMCKE.

COOKERY IN CHINA.

Minister Wu Prefers It to American Cookery, Strange to Say.

New York Tribune.

When questioned as to how Chinese cookery compared with American cookery in healthfulness and taste, the minister said:

"I think the manner in which Americans have their food prepared, and especially the way in which they eat their meats, is perhaps more healthful than in China, but when it comes to a question of which tastes the best, there we have you. We would not be content to eat, for instance, a leg of mutton simply boiled. With it we would have cooked some vegetable which would impart its flavor to the meat, and have the whole dish highly seasoned and garnished with cucumber or something of that sort. So with all of our meats. We would not care for them cooked alone, as you enjoy them. That is, we would not like such a preparation as a constant thing. We want variety. We like plenty of oil and good things mixed with our heavy dishes.

"Personally, I enjoy American cookery very well, and am especially fond of certain of your dishes, but if I had to make a choice of one or the other method and forever abide by it, I should select the Chinese mode, just because of that very variety of condiments which to me is a lack in your cooking. The French method of cookery is more like the Chinese than any other, and our cooks have learned many cunning recipes from French chefs employed in great houses in China.

"I remember years ago, when a French chef was a novelty in China, a very celebrated one was imported by one of our great men. One of his kitchen help was a remarkably bright young Chinese lad who quickly caught on to the Frenchman's tricks. In a short time he was exceedingly proficient and knew as much of French cooking as did the Frenchman, and could combine with it his knowledge of how best it could be applied to meet the highest Chinese taste. Now that Chinese boy is a much looked-up-to man in his line. He employs many assistants whom he has taught and who find employment as cooks in large establishments. He personally goes about from one house to another, giving the final touch to special dishes which are to be served.

"The diet differs in many parts of China, naturally. More oil, for instance, will be used in preparing food in one part than in another. Certain dishes, great favorites with the people of one locality, will be unknown in another, but wherever one goes in China there is much variety in the preparation of whatever products of meat, vegetables or fruit are obtainable. Of course, the poorest people use rice a great deal, it taking the place of bread in this country, but with it they have quantities of fish, both salt and river fish, of which my countrymen are exceedingly fond. Then they have pork, and twice a month always special feasts, at which chicken and other things not so regularly eaten are served. These feasts occur even with the very poorest classes, and at such times special drinks are prepared. The poor drink an excellent white wine made from rice, which is considered most healthful. The standard Chinese dish for the poor is, therefore, rice, and the standard drink for the poor is made from rice, but the standard is subject to many variations.

"In the matter of fruit, for instance, we are away ahead of your country. We have all of your fruits and many additional kinds. There was a time when strawberries were not common, but now they grow very well and in quantities. We have fruit in its perfection and a variety known as lai chee, which is more delicious than any other that I ever tasted, and of which you know nothing unless you've traveled in China. You can get dried lai chee in England, but, of course, it is nothing compared to the fresh fruit. Our ginger is proverbial for its delicacy and the way we preserve it.

"The Chinese laborer, whether in the field, factory or shop, fares well in the matter of food. Every worker is provided with good food by his master and does not have to provide in that way for himself out of his own earnings. He eats in his master's house and of his master's food, which is served to him in great abundance. If he has a family he looks after them out of his earnings.

"The Chinese are not a nation given to drinking especially, but a little rice or other wine is served every evening, it being considered a proper and needed stimulant and a means of bettering the condition of the laborer so that he gives increased service."

When asked if there were any dietary laws connected with the Confucian religion, particularly in relation to meats and their manner of cooking, Minister Wu replied:

"Yes, Confucius did make such laws, but like certain laws along the same line in all countries and all religions, they have become obsolete, and except in rare instances are not thought of or observed."

The minister pooh-poohed the idea that tiny young mice dipped in honey were considered delicacies, and laughed away the suggestion that rodents were used as articles of food, saying that he never heard of such a thing. Replying to an inquiry as to the choicest and daintiest dishes that can be served at a rich man's table in China, he at once replied:

"Bird's nest soup and sharp's fins. You cannot imagine anything more delicious than shark's fins. They are cooked in a certain manner with oil, and so prepared as to make a most palatable dish, and are always included in the menu of a specially fashionable dinner.

"You ask if Chinese women are fond of sweets? Certainly, and so are Chinese men. We are a sweets-loving nation, and no meal seems complete without some sweetmeats. The women have the candy habit, just as the women of this country, and while they are not personal customers of the candy shops as are American women, they are probably as profitable patrons, for they are constantly sending their servants to buy whatever may be their favorite sweetmeat. Our women are not the purveyors for the homes as in this country—they do not go to market or make out the list of what is to be used. The servants do that, but if there is some particular dish either master or mistress fancies having at a certain time, the order is given and the dish appears without fail. In short, it seems to me, that summed up, while your mode of cooking may be more conducive to good digestion according to rules of health, ours is the more palatable, and the fact remains that we are an exceedingly healthy and long-lived race, and as yet have not suffered from the variety of food and its preparation which is to be met with throughout our kingdom."

As Minister Wu is a cosmopolitan of the widest experience, and has eaten all kinds of food in all kinds of countries, his tribute to the methods of his own in this regard may be taken as a just and merited one.

Masculine Weakness.

Detroit Journal.

In the rush at the bargain counter a woman faints.

The other women regard her interestedly, but with noticeable aversion.

"How extremely mannish!" they exclaim, and shrug their shoulders and proceed with their shopping.

For, after all, it is the thoroughly womanly woman who commands the esteem of her own sex.

Pear Blight.

Maryland Bulletin.

Two circulars have already been issued this season on the subject of pear blight, and the prevalence and destructive nature of this disease makes a third circular necessary at this time. Within the past two weeks a great deal of blight has been cut out and burned in accordance with direc-

MADRID, THE ROYAL CITY

SPANISH CAPITAL HAS MANY DISADVANTAGES OF SITUATION.

A Site Which Was Chosen Because an Early King Fancied the Climate Helped His Gout.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

MADRID, Spain, May 30.—From Toledo to the capital is only two hours ride, by railway, through some of the dreariest scenery to be found in Spain. The first glimpse of the royal city, upon its elevated plateau, faced with noble edifices—is most imposing, as the train winds slowly towards it along lesser hillsides. But it renders disappointment greater when the goal is reached, for palaces which show off with startling effect from afar, are found on closer inspection to be bare and meagre indeed. But there are redeeming features. The snow-capped Guadarrama range forms a back ground of which any city might be proud; the atmosphere, free from smoke and haze, is peculiarly full of light; and the great parks of Madrid—just now at their best in summer leafage—afford refreshing contrast to eyes wearied by the bare rocks of Toledo and the dull brown landscape between.

Strange—is it not? How differently objects appear to people from various angles of vision? While all foreigners agree that Spain could hardly have chosen a less desirable site for her capital, the Spaniards themselves lavish upon it extravagant praises. A hundred favorite sayings are rife—such as: Solo Madrid es corte; Donde este Madrid calle el mundo; Desde Madrid el Cielo—signifying: "Madrid is the only court;" "Where Madrid is, let all the world keep silent;" Madrid is but a step from Heaven." Sevillians glorify their sunny city of the Giralda with a couplet to the effect that "Who has not seen Seville has not seen a marvel," but citizens of the capital cap the climax by declaring "Who has not seen Madrid has seen nothing at all."

ADOPTED BY A KING.

This is what the Germans call a reisdenzstadt, meaning a town which has become a capital from being the residence of a prince. Gouty and dyspeptic King Charles V, imagining that he found relief from his sufferings in this sharp, brisk air, and consulting only his personal comfort, deserted the time-honored capitals of Valladolid, Seville, Toledo and Grenada (about the year 1540), to establish his permanent residence here—on a spot which Iberians, Romans, Goths and Moors had all rejected When captured by Alonso IV in 1083, it was merely a Moorish fortified outpost of Toledo, named Majarit—an Arabic word meaning "current of air." Being surrounded by dense forests, it was made a royal hunting residence, and nearly six hundred years later Argote wrote of it as "a good cover for boer and bear." Hence no doubt, came the tree, vert, with a bear climbing up it, which figures so conspicuously in the arms of Madrid. The forests have long since disappeared, and now not a tree, nor shrub, nor blade of grass, beautifies the environs of the Spanish capital. Though the climate may possibly have agreed with gouty King Charles, it has certainly been the death of thousands of better people. Only 2,500 feet above sea level, it has none of the advantages of high position, but its unprotected plain—swept by icy breezes from the Montes de Toledo on one side, and the snowy Guardarrama on the other, is subject to the most rapid and violent thermometrical changes, fatal to weak and consumptive constitutions and particularly to young children. Its death rate is the highest of any European capital, averaging forty-five per 1,000. The Spaniards, who throw most gruesome as well as trivial happenings into doggerel, have a couplet to fit even this condition—"El alire de Madrid es tan sutil, Que mate a un hombre, y no apaga a un candil"—signifying that so subtle is the air of Madrid it kills a man but will not blow out a candle. Twenty degrees difference of temperature is often noticed in the atmosphere of the same street; on one side the sun, blazing down with tropical fury, seems to blister the walls—on the other side, in the shade, the damp chillness penetrates to the very marrow in your bones. Anon the sky is suddenly overcast, a deluge of rain falls, and an icy blast sweeps down from the mountains like a messenger of death. The natives wrap themselves in their fur-lined brown cloaks, pull their sombreros down over their ears, and thus muffled up to their noses "wait till the clouds roll by." In another hour the sun may be out again with burning intensity and not a breath of air stirring. The extreme heat of mid-day is always followed by cold nights and naturally, pulmonary affections are common and fatal.

MANY DISADVANTAGES.

Indeed, Madrid seems to possess not a single advantage of situation, except the fancied one of occupying the exact geographical center of Spain, and this happens to be the least accessible portion of the country, and, therefore, valueless for commercial purposes. So difficult is communication with Madrid that the cost of conveying merchandise here from the coast is heavier than the freight from the coast to London. Almost every other important city of Europe is situated on the banks of some stream, but the Manzanares, upon which Madrid stands, is a dry channel the year around. Among many jokes concerning this waterless river, which some say "flows bottom side up," is that Madrid is the only European capital which has neither see nor river—referring also to the singular fact that it has not an archepiscopal see and possesses no cathedral. It is related that when the French troops entered the city they exclaimed, "What! has the river, too, run away?" To them is due the epigram, which still clings to Madrid, concerning "Men without courage, women without modesty and a river without water." There are plenty of Spanish rivers without bridges, but this presents the anomaly of a splendid bridge crossing nothing at all. It was built by Philip IV, to whom wits of the time suggested that he would better buy a river or sell his bridge. In the reign of Charles II the court used to amuse itself by driving up and down the dry, rocky bed of the Manzanares, and local traditions preserve many amusing mishaps that occurred. Up to fifty years ago this great city, of about 475,000 inhabitants, depended entirely upon the gallegos, or human carriers, for every drop of water used, and so scanty was the supply and for so high a price did it sell that most of it was drunk and very little left for lavatory purposes. Thanks to an English company, the city is now abundantly supplied with delicious water, which is distributed into every part by hydraulic works. It is brought from the source of the river Lozoya, away up in the Guadarrama range, more than thirty miles away, through an acqueduct which cost 25,000,000 pesos.

IMPRESSIVE TITLES.

Though Ferdinand and Isabella occasionally set up their pilgrim tabernacles on the declivity that overhangs the Manzanares, and Charles V nursed his gout here and other Kings tarried a while to hunt in the neighboring forests, the monkish King, Philip II, was first to declare Madrid "the only court" and add all its other high-sounding and meaningless titles—"El Cuidid Imperial y Coronado, muy noble, muy leal, y muy heroica"—the imperial and crowned city; very noble, very loyal and very heroic. Mr. John Hay, our secretary of state, in his "Castilian Days," says on this subject: "It seems hard to conceive how a King who had his choice of Lisbon, with its glorious harbor and unequaled communications; Seville, with its delicious climate and natural beauty; Salamanca and Toledo, with their wealth of tradition, splendors of architecture and renown of learning, should have chosen this barren mountain for his home and the seat of his empire. But when we know this monkish King, we wonder no longer. He chose Madrid simply because it was cheerless and bare and of ophthalmic ugliness. The royal kill-joy delighted in having the dreariest capital on earth. After a while there seemed to him too much life and humanity about Madrid, and he built the Escurial, the grandest idea of majesty and ennui the world has ever seen. This vast mass of granite has somehow acted as an anchor that has held the capital fast moored at Madrid through all succeeding years."

EXASPERATING OFFICIALS.

Arrived at Madrid, you find the railway station infested with an importunate crowd of beggars, porters, guides and lottery-ticket venders, through whose fragrant ranks you fairly fight a passage to the line of waiting cabs. Jumping into the nearest cab you are hardly started hotelward before the driver suddenly pulls up and an official, putting his head into the door, politely requests you to descend. "What is the matter?" you ask, fumbling for the ever-ready passport. "Recomocer el equipage" (inspection of baggage), is the reply. Oh, yes! Though your trunks have gone to the custom house, that little hand bag was forgotten in escaping the swarm of beggars at the station, who now hem you in and settle down upon you like locusts on a Kansas field. Probably rain is falling, as it usually does five days out of seven in Madrid; but there you must stand in the mud, at the mercy of the crowd, with your effects exposed to the wet, while the inspector makes a deliberate examination even of your tooth brush and shakes out your robe de nuit, to make sure that you have nothing concealed in it; then thrusts your things back helter-skelter and, chalking some cabalistic signs upon the valise, bows low and permits you to proceed. There is no use in remonstrating, for these derechos de puertas, or "gate duties," are bound to be attended to. If you carried so much as an apple, or a sandwich, it would be promptly confiscated, for the benefit of the government, and probably there would be a fine to pay, if not something worse. A most vexatious tax is levied upon all articles of food before they are allowed to be carried within the walls, or exposed for sale in the markets of any town. Every pound of flour, every pint of wine, every orange, pays tribute to the reigning family; and, of course, the burden of this imposition upon the necessaries of life falls heaviest upon the poor. The tax is collected without pity, and the slightest attempt at evasion is sure to be followed by the seizure of the eatables in question, and the fine or imprisonment of the offenders. These argus-eyed officials, whose wits are sharpened by hunger and bad pay, are, however, not altogether indifferent to an influence styled el untar de las manos, which, freely rendered, means "greasing the machine."

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

Driving through wide and well-paved streets—such a contrast to Toledo and Cordova!—you are struck by the extraordinary number of tramway lines running in all directions, and the word "Ingleses," meaning English, labeled on everything in sight. In Spain the word "American" is applied only to South America, and all the inventions of the United States go in under the term "Ingleses." Thus the street cars made in Delaware are credited to England, along with St. Louis and Milwaukee beer, Elgin watches and New York cocktails such as England never dreamed of. There are "Ingleses" hats, "Ingleses" corsets, "Ingleses" biscuits, "Ingleses" everything, even to Ingleses maple sugar made in Vermont and Ingleses apples grown in Michigan. The Hotel de Paris, said to be the best in Madrid, fronts the Puerta del Sol, Gate of the Sun, the great square which marks the exact center of the city, where ten streets and all the tramways meet, and whence they diverge like so many arteries. Here originally stood the gate of the old Moorish fortress. It disappeared long, long ago; and now the vast oblong space is surrounded by splendid buildings of light-colored stone, showing decided Parisian taste and influence, which have helped to give Madrid the sobriquet of "Little Paris." In these edifices the finest shops and clubs are located, and the gorgeous cafes, with their gilding and frescoes and walls of plate glass. One whole side of the square is occupied by an enormous structure erected for Charles II and devoted to the Ministerio de la Gobernacion, or headquarters of the municipal and military governments of the city. The handsome Fonda de Paris stands upon the ruins of the old Church of Buen Sucesco, in which the good Canon Vinuesa was murdered, and where, in 1808, Murat perpetrated one of his vast terrorist butcheries, many of the victims being buried on the spot. Multitudes of peddlers of every description literally pack the pavements of Puerto del Sol and swarm around its fountains, making both night and day hideous by their cries. It is also the general lounging place of the "gilded youth" of Madrid, sauntering forth for flirtatious purposes; for bull-fighters, scandal-mongers and the idle of both sexes in every walk of life. Elegantly dressed ladies, leaning languidly upon the arms of their escorts, stroll along the pavements, casting occasionally furtive glances upon some muffled cavalier; or, by an almost imperceptible movement of the fan—which has its language and code of signals—conveying a tender greeting to some passing friend.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Ghastly Compressed Heads.

Chicago Record.

The most curious and the most ghastly relics to be found in South America are the compressed heads of human beings occasionally to be purchased from the savage Indian tribes on the River Naipo, in Ecuador. A sample can be seen at the Field Columbian Museum at Chicago. The process by which they are made has never been discovered, nor does the practice prevail in any other part of the world; but these Indians, who control a large area on the eastern slope of the Andes, cut off the heads of prisoners, remove the bones of the skulls and compress them to about one-fifth of the natural size without destroying the features or losing the expression of the countenance at the time of death. They can reduce the head of an ordinary man to the size of his fist. No white man has ever seen it done, although several adventuresome scientists have taken the risk of visiting the Naipo country for the purpose of investigation. The Indians are not hostile to the whites, and will not injure them except for booty or revenge. They will kill travelers in order to secure supplies, or will defend themselves and revenge injuries. Some years ago a missionary went over the mountains to convert them to Christianity, although he was warned to keep out of their country. A few years later a trader brought into Guayaquil a compressed head of a white man, the only one ever seen there, which bore a striking resemblance to the missionary. As he was never heard from after leaving the frontier it is believed that this ghastly relic was sent down to the city by the Indians as evidence of his fate.

BULL MOOSE AT BAY.

His Appearance Is Well Calculated to Inspire Terror in the Novice.

Forest and Stream.

If the student in geography will take a map of Maine and a pair of dividers and set them with one point at the city of Augusta and the other point at Bangor, and will then describe a circle on the map, having Augusta for its center, he will find while he has inclosed but one-fifth of the area of the State within the circle this fifth contains nine-tenths of the population of the State. The other four-fifths, about 25,000 square miles, is mostly a vast unbroken wilderness, traversed only by the tote road of the lumberman, brawling brooks and rushing rivers, and thickly dotted with lakes and ponds. The latter literally swarm with countless myriads of trout and other valuable food fishes, while the forests are the abiding place of game—birds and animals—the varieties and number of which are simply astonishing. In the sections most remote from the settlements these denizens of the woods have not yet learned to fear man. The doughty Nimrod, whose skill in the use of the modern breechloader is taxed to its uttermost to stop the lightning-like flight of our educated grouse, can here knock its unsophisticated cousin on the head with his walking stick. The would-be deerstalker, whose initial lessons with deer that have been much hunted have been productive of nothing but failure and disgust, can here find fields suited to his capacity. Stalking deer in Maine is something like stalking cows in a pasture lot. The novice will probably kill several before he comes to his senses and asks himself why he does it. He cannot take them out of the woods, and he will have a far better opinion of himself if he limits his killing to what is required by his necessities. As to the others which he might kill, let him study them and admire them while their curiosity impels them to linger within range of the deadly rifle, and then bid them go on their way unharmed. There is more sport in this than there is in converting such beautiful creatures into repulsive heaps of carrion simply to gratify the desire to kill.

There are different ways of visiting this paradise of the sportsman which are suited to all the conditions of life. Let the wealthy, the overworked man of business and the physically incompetent place themselves in the hands of a reliable guide, who will take them "on flowery beds of ease" into the very heart of the wilderness. They can lull luxuriously on the cushions of the canoe while they revel amid the beauties of nature unadorned, each bend of the sinuous stream unfolding fresh vistas to their admiring gaze as the silent paddle and rushing tide bear them onward, each forest-girt lake adding to their wonder at the extent of this sylvan domain and the prodigality with which nature has endowed it with everything to captivate the senses. But the true woodsman, or they who are forced to economize and whose knowledge of woodcraft fits them to care for themselves, will eschew guides as far as possible. I say as far as possible, because a provision of Maine's game law compels every party that visits the State for the purpose of fishing or hunting to employ at least one guide. The typical Maine guide is a noble specimen of manhood, as well as an artist in his line, but there is a pleasure in doing everything for oneself which those who employ guides fail to realize. There is no better test of what there is of a man than to strip him of the conventionalities and accessories of civilization and leave him to his own resources in the heart of a wilderness like that of Maine. Some of those whom the world esteems great and wise would starve forthwith, while many of the people who live and die unknown to fame would "wax and grow fat." There is one denizen of the Maine woods that stands pre-eminent to all others which claim the attention of sportsmen. Pre-eminent in size, pre-eminent in the uncouth grandeur of his gigantic bulk, pre-eminent in the time, patience, labor and skill involved in his capture, and pre-eminent in power to thrill the steadiest nerves and cause the blood to flow in quick, throbbing beats like quicksilver in the veins.

The sportsman who has not confronted a bull moose in his native wilds has missed an experience which is well worth the best year of his life. I speak advisedly, for I have been there. Imagine if you can a huge bundle of muscular power, reared on great stilt-like legs to a height of seven feet, with bristling mane and eyes which gleam viciously from beneath broad, massive antlers which sway with the huge head eight to ten feet above the ground.

Imagine yourself standing, if you have strength to stand, in front of this frightful apparition, and only a few yards distant, with the knowledge that if you don't kill him he will very likely kill you, your heart throbbing so painfully that your ears fairly ache with its pulsations, the blood racing through your veins like molten lead, the sweat starting from every pore in your skin, while your brain labors in vain to regain control of the wild tumult which possesses you. Imagine all this, if you can, and then multiply the sensations which it calls up two or three million times, more or less, and you will have a result which approaches the reality in magnitude. The man who sends every bullet straight to the mark under such conditions as these should be excused if he brags a little about it afterward. He should also be excused if he does some very foolish things when he sees the awe-inspiring monster collapse under the paralyzing shocks of the well-directed bullets—namely, dropping his rifle and trying to hug himself, attempting to turn somersaults which only land him on his head, trying to shout the great news to everybody within 100 miles and only succeeding in making a poor little squeak somewhere down in his throat, trying—but let us drop the curtain. The ethics of sportsmanship forbid me to disclose all the absurd things even the most sedate and dignified of our craft will do on such an occasion.

Dirt and Art "Values."

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Dirt is a great promoter of picture sales," remarked a New Orleans dealer, rather cynically the other morning. "For over a year I had a couple of small canvases on exhibition here in the store, and although they were really works of art, I couldn't get rid of them at any figure. They were studies in oil by a young French painter—one an ideal head and the other a landscape, and they were well worth my original price of $100 apiece. There were no customers for them, however, and after a few months I cut that down to $50 and then dropped a notch at a time until I finally ticketed them at $8.49 for the pair. I put on the tag partly as a joke and partly because I was mad, but I must confesss I was considerably surprised when nobody took up the proposition. Then I had a bright idea. I took the pictures out of their handsome 'shadow boxes,' slapped them into a couple of shabby gilt frames, put back the first price and sent them over to a second-hand store in the Old Quarter. The place I am speaking of is beyond doubt the dirtiest den in town. It is cluttered up with broken furniture, smells like a morgue and hasn't been swept since the year 1, but nevertheless it is a great resort for northern curio hunters. They imagine they make 'discoveries' there, and sure enough, in less than a week one of them discovered my paintings and almost dislocated his arm in getting out his pocketbook before anybody could rush in ahead of him. My conscience is easy, for he got a bargain as it was, but the episode is discouraging. I'm thinking of discharging our scrub woman and emptying a few trash barrels around the store. Then, maybe, I'll be able to convince people that I have works of art on the premises."

FOUND IN OLD CORINTH

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES MADE BY ARCHAEOLOGISTS.

Work of Excavation Carried on by Men Who Are More Concerned with Ancient Times Than the Present.

Athens Letter in New York Post.

This year's work at Corinth has eclipsed in one way the work of former years. It is true that we had gone on in three campaigns excavating one important building after another until we found ourselves inside the agora. The establishing a topography of such an important city was in one aspect a brilliant success. But though the excavator's main object may be the recovery of buildings, he still hopes that good luck will throw in his way some interesting small objects. Our workmen are perhaps not singular in their feeling that excavations which do not bring out statues are a failure. We ourselves felt keenly the lack of heads for the dozen or twenty statues found in the first three campaigns; and, although we had found a fairly good quantity of vases of early styles, we still wanted something more striking of the art of that rich city, which, even after its destruction by the Romans, possessed so much. It began to look dubious whether very much had survived the slower and surer destruction of ages of occupation. Particularly, after we had last year passed up the paved street from Lechaeon, ascended the great marble staircase, gone through the central opening of the Propylaea, and proceeded nearly half way through the agora, clearing a space thirty yards wide as we advanced, without finding anything of importance, it began to seem as if our holy of holies was empty, after all. So it was with some misgivings that I began, this year, in performance of what seemed a duty, the clearing out of so much of the agora as was already expropriated.

This time, we turned the west flank of the Propylaea, and before we got far we found our way fairly checked by an abundance of marble blocks and statues. The former were architrave blocks, very massive, carved on one side with most elaborate moldings (the most prominent of which was the palm-leaf band), on the other with the usual Ionic moldings, and on the bottom with a triple band of overlapping myrtle leaves; and cornice blocks ornamented with brackets and rosettes. Among about ten of each kind of these several were curved, the ornamented side being concave.

STATUARY FOUND.

The first statues found were a pair of colossal figures, eight feet high, wearing the Phrygian cap, attached to pilasters at the back. Two Corinthian square capitals fitted on to the top of these pilasters. The backs of the heads of the statues were cut away, that they might come closer up against the capital, which was also cut away a little. The figures thus appeared to assist at least in bearing the architrave, and so were analogous to the famous Caryatids. Two square bases, three feet each way, with the same ornamentation as the architrave blocks, and with most shabby reliefs on one side, were seen to be bases for these figures, the plinth with the feet of one of the statues fitting exactly into the depression at the top of one of them. Thus, we can reconstruct the whole system from the bottom up. Two more large, fine female heads, with the same proportions and the same cuttings at the back, belong evidently to the same series; but nothing of their bodies has yet been recovered. One large plaque of ceiling, doubtless of the same building, containing in two of its sunken squares busts of Helios and Selene in relief, and in a third a rosette, is supplemented by several other pieces with rosettes. As we kept on going southwest from the west end of the Propylaea, we expected to find foundations to fit all these pieces of the superstructure; but now that we seem to have got beyond the mass of them, and no foundation fitted for them appear, the probability that they come from the Propylaea, of which we have massive buttresses remaining, is greatly increased. To reconstruct the Propylaea is a large hope, and it seems now about to be realized. At any rate, the sculpture, although of Roman times, is valuable for itself.

BEAUTIFUL CARVINGS.

After the first flush of excitement there followed many dull days in which we had little to record, except the removal of so many cubic meters of earth. Then came the discovery of a very fine head of Ariadne, with an ivy wreath and one hand thrown up over the head, in a state of perfect preservation; then a relief, with two ecstatic maenads most beautifully carved on a rounded block which formed a part of a base about four feet in diameter, perhaps a base for a group of Dionysos and Ariadne from which the head just mentioned came.

But, not to catalogue all our finds here, I will note the crowning success of the year. About seventy-five feet southwest of the west end of the Propylaea, we came upon a platform about three feet high with a facade made of metopes and triglyphs and a coping above them, with red, blue and yellow paint still covering them, making a gorgeous show even now. This facade had a length of about thirty feet, and in a part of its extent it had no platform behind it, and was simply a balustrade. At one point it was broken through. As we advanced into this opening we came upon a series of slabs on a level with the bottom of the triglyph system. When these slabs were taken up the earth rolled down on one side so much that those working above joked at those below to the effect that they were going to be swallowed up in the earth. In a few hours we did get down into the earth; but it was by a flight of seven steps, at the bottom of which we stood on the floor of an irregularly quadrangular room, about twenty-five feet below the surface which we had broken up. In the west wall of the room there were two rather undersized lions' heads of bronze, through the wide-open mouths of which water had once flowed Beneath them were the round holes in the pavement in which pitchers were placed for filling. Above them there projected forward the edge of the native ledge with which we had become familiar two years ago in the fountain Pierene at the other end of the Propylaea.

RELICS OF OLD GREECE.

There was no doubt, there could be no doubt, that here we were at an ancient Greek level, and that the fountain which we have is an ancient Greek fountain, not destroyed like Glauke nor remodeled several times like Peirene, but remaining absolutely intact, an absolutely unique example. I was so staggered by it that I could hardly believe in our good luck. Mr. Kabbadias, the Ephor general of antiquities, came out from Athens and upbraided me for not being enthusiastic enough over my luck. And when he wrote about it in the papers, visitors came from Athens and elsewhere, so that we had to have a guard mounted to see that the lions' heads were not stolen. Two Cabinet members came separately yesterday afternoon. To-day, casts of the heads are being made.

Although it is certain that the fountain itself is Greek, the balustrade at the top of the steps is Roman in the sense that it was placed there when Corinth was refounded by Julius Caesar. But it is Greek, and very interesting Greek, in that it is taken from temples which Mummius destroyed when they had all their parure fresh upon them, and convey to us a lively impression of the distribution of color on a Doric temple. Pausanius never saw the buildings from which they come, for when he visited the place they had ceased to exist for more than three hundred years. And he was too much engaged in recording sacred things to mention this balustrade made of their remains, beautiful though it must have been. He does, indeed, I think, mention this fountain without noticing the balustrade especially; for this is in the agora, and he mentions a single fountain there, one on which stood a bronze statue of Poseidon with a dolphin at his feet ejecting water from its mouth. As we