# FIVE VOLCANOES IN SIGHT.

*BIRDSEYE VIEW OF PUEBLA AND THE VALLEY OF ACAYETE.*

**A Cathedral of Great Wealth and Wonderful Beauty—Convents that are Used as Hospitals—Beauties of Mexican Alabaster.**

PUEBLA, Mexico, July 2.—This "City of the Angels" is one of the few in modern Mexico which was not built upon the ruins of former Aztec greatness, but was an original idea of the early Spanish colonists. Its site, on the green plain of Acayete, was formerly occupied by a few huts belonging to the Cholula Indians, and was then, as now, environed by productive cornfields, beyond which miles of the American agave or century plant stretched away to the foot hills of the Sierra Madras.

The present city is considered by many the finest in Mexico. It is the rival of Guadalajara in beauty, and is second in size to the capital, with a population of nearly 800,000. It was founded in 1531, and was named Puebla de los Angeles (City of the Angels), because of the tradition, still devoutly believed, that while its cathedral was being constructed the work was continued every night when the workmen slept by angels, who added as many stones as the builders had placed by day. Since 1862 the city has been called Puebla de Zaragoza, in honor of the Mexican General who defeated the French army here in that year.

The streets of Puebla are wider and better paved than those of most Mexican cities, and its two-storied buildings are in pleasant contrast with the prevailing style of interior towns, where the narrow stony alleys are overshadowed by the gloomy low-roofed *casas* of a by-gone age. Besides the inevitable central plaza and the great Alameda (grove of elms), Puebla rejoices in no less than twenty-six public parks, all of which are well shaded and flower-filled spaces, where the populace congregate nightly. The shop fronts and most of the houses are built of six-sided bricks, with small blue tiles set in between. Others are a perfect mosaic of Dutch or China tiles upon a groundwork of Pompeiian red, arranged in all manner of designs, and having numerous plaques and panels, upon which saints are carved or painted, let into the walls. The effect is extremely quaint. Although somewhat startling at first to foreign eyes, one soon becomes accustomed to the vivid coloring, and comes to regard our common place dwellings much as a collector of ceramics looks upon delf as compared with decorated pottery. The finest tiles on the continent are made in Puebla, and here are no less than a dozen *fabricas* for their manufacture.

The famous cathedral, once one of the richest in the world, is still the great attraction for tourists, though much of its pristine splendor disappeared with the dwellers in the Inquisition. Standing in the midst of majestic cypresses, and surrounded by a wide stretch of marble pavement, one sees no evidence of the work of shadowy hands; but, on the contrary, everything looks as substantial as though designed for eternity. The façade of the northern entrance is embellished with statues representing the Trinity, and the mitre and keys of the Pope. On the face of the western tower is a fine old clock, made in Madrid more than two centuries ago. The main entrance of the cathedral is toward the west, and here are more statues, occupying numerous niches, scores of sculptured saints, and covered legless cherubim hovering around the marble slab, which tells us that the gloomy pile was erected in 1664. The immense marble paved space surrounding it is enclosed within a high, spear-pointed iron fence, whose innumerable posts of massive granite are all faced by bronze casts in bas relief, and topped by angels with outstretched wings. All of these bronzes were cast by an American, named Marshall, formerly from New York city, who lived in Mexico for many years.

Though untold treasures in the way of gold, silver, and precious stones were confiscated from this church by the anti-Catholic regime, it is still enormously rich. The finest collection of paintings in the world under the direction, not even excepting the celebrated Taj Mahul of India. Perhaps its most striking object is the main altar. It was erected in 1812 by a prelate of Puebla, and affords the greatest display of the beautiful Mexican onyx to be found anywhere in the republic, which is famous for its wealth of this exquisite marble in a variety of tints—from rose color to Nile green, dark yellow, and mahogany brown. Among all the most conspicuously lovely is the pure white transparent alabaster from the exhaustless quarries near Puebla. A massive railing and steps of translucent onyx lead to a circular platform elevated ten feet above the floor, beneath which are buried the successive Bishops of Puebla. This exquisite sepulchre is constructed entirely of the most precious materials, and is divided into niches and panels, the whole covered with a dome of transparent alabaster, whose crystal-like clearness is enhanced by trimmings of bronze and gold. From the centre of this wonderful canopy depends a huge silver lamp, which burns forever above the illustrious dead.

Over the altar, within the columns of the larger temple, is a small one, the interior of which is displayed or concealed by secret machinery. Innumerable lamps and candlabras of solid gold and silver surround it, and when the secret springs are touched, the Host, as a blaze of priceless jewels, is disclosed to the kneeling multitude. Opposite the front of this altar is the choir, remarkable for the rich carving of its woodwork, and the stalls for canons and clergy. Above the Bishop's seat is a colossal portrait of Saint Peter, formed by the interlacing of different woods, and so marvellously well executed that one can scarcely believe it is not an oil painting.

A little to the right of the choir may be seen what was once the gem of the building—a life-sized figure of the Virgin, dressed in richest embroidered satin and literally loaded with jewels. Formerly the wealth of an empire was lavished upon this figure, strings of the largest pearls hung from her neck to her knees, the golden crown upon her head was set with emeralds as large as robbin's eggs, and her waist was bound with a blazing zone of priceless diamonds; while other gems, scattered all over her dress and robes, sparkled upon her arms and fingers, and even upon her hair and upon her breast, and filled the golden caskets lying within her shrine. Now the caskets are empty, and many of the real stones have been replaced by imitations, yet this figure is still more magnificent than any living queen in her coronation robes.

An incomparable view of the surroundings may be obtained by climbing a circular stone stairway to the cathedral top. There are two bell towers, and in each a man resides with his family. An inscription states that the towers were erected in 1678, in the reign of Carlos II., at a cost of $100,000. The great central bell bears date 1729, and the eighteen smaller ones show various sizes, down to as late as 1828. All but the big bell, which booms like a cannon, contain a considerable percentage of silver, which gives them sounds of peculiar sweetness.

All Mexican volcanoes rise in the midst of exceptionally fertile surroundings, and enjoy the most delightful climate. The great cordillera of Anahuac crosses this green valley of Acayete, and within sight of flowery Puebla are five volcanos—Popocatepetl, Ajusco, Ixtaccihuatl, Orizaba, and Malinche.

Points of historic interest meet the eye in every direction. In the distance the ancient city of Cholula and its far-famed pyramid, built by an extinct nation in the morning of Mexico's history, appears a little to the north of it, a magnificent temple to Guadalupe glistens upon a hilltop, and beyond is the mountain of Pinar, also crowned by a white-walled sanctuary. On every hand the spires of innumerable churches point the route to heaven, and the towers of convents and monasteries adorn the sloping sides of all the hills. Between those two stupendous volcanos, old Popo and the "White Woman," can be distinctly traced the steep and difficult road by which Cortez first entered the valley of Mexico. Far away, like the Star in the East, rises the snowy peak of Orizaya, the "Star Mountain" of the Aztecs. Its white summit contrasting forcibly with the eternal summer at its feet. Mme. Calderon says that this fiery mountain possesses what human beings might envy—a warm heart and a cool cold head. The western side of it towers 12,000 feet above the central plateau, while toward the east it descends rapidly to the burning plains of Vera Cruz, and is the first point of land discerned by travellers who approach Mexico by the way of the Gulf.

Many prosperous factories are scattered throughout the valley of Puebla. There are at least a score for the manufacture of cotton cloth, besides *fabricas* for woollen goods, paper, matches, &c. From all the foothills forts frown down upon the peaceful city, most of them marking that memorable epoch in Mexican history, the *Cinco de Mayo* of 1862. Near by are the haciendas of Posadas and Zavaleta. One is celebrated for a bloody battle, the other for a treaty of peace. Ruined aqueducts and causeways of the early *conquistadores* intersect the plain, and mysterious mounds are seen everywhere which, when opened, are found to contain human dust and the crumbling idols of forgotten races.

The famous alabaster comes from the extensive quarries of Tecali, six leagues distant. All who visited the late exposition in New Orleans or the Centennial exhibit of 1876 will remember the magnificent display of this most beautiful material. It is said that the principal palace of the good Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, is adorned with pillars and tables taken from this quarry of Tecali. So pure and translucent is it that the little church erected near the spot has windows made of the alabaster, which are polished almost to the thinness of glass, and admit the most exquisite light the imagination can conceive.

The *Casa de los Dementes*, or lunatic asylum, is sustained by public funds, and is located in what was once a convent for the nuns of Santa Rosa. The building was decorated to suit the taste of those pious women, and shows an odd but most charming interior. Everything is tiled—entrances, vestibule, stairs, central court, cloisters, fountains, benches, balustrades; even the tanks, bath tubs, kitchen furnace, and small garden courts are all encrusted with the most curious ceramics. Bishop describes it best by saying: "The blue and yellow fountain in its court is more Moorish than anything in Morocco. It is like walking about in some magnificent piece of jewelry."

The San Pedro Hospital, which is also supported by the State, and is a well-ordered institution, occupies a commodious ex-convent in the midst of extensive gardens full of fruits and flowers. With rare impartiality the Government has provided departments side by side for allopath, homœopath, and all other paths of materia medica, giving each an equal showing.

FANNIE B. WARD.

*WOMEN'S SECOND-HAND SHOES.*

**Advantages of the Traffic to Poor Women and Young Girls—The Interesting History of a Pair of Black Satin Slippers.**

"It is astonishing how much money poor folks can save by buying things second hand," said a Harlem housekeeper to a SUN reporter the other day. "My chambermaid was badly off for clothes when I hired her not long ago. Yesterday she came to me and begged an advance of seventy-five cents in order to buy a pair of shoes. 'You can get nothing worth having for that price,' said I. 'Better take a couple of dollars, which you are welcome to.' But no; seventy-five cents was all the advance she would take, and I gave it to her. In the evening she exhibited a pair of apparently new and really stylish and serviceable shoes, for which she said she had paid only sixty cents. 'They're second hand, ma'm,' she explained, in reply to the surprise I expressed; and then, upon examination, I found that they were so, but so skillfully repaired and renewed as to be almost as good as new, while originally they must have been a lady's fine street shoes, worth seven or eight dollars. Mary then went on to inform me that she was in the habit of buying many articles of her wardrobe second hand, and that, if a poor girl only knew how to buy with judgment in that way, she could keep herself respectable looking on a surprisingly small outlay. I am ready to believe her now, though I would never have thought it before."

The reporter obtained the address of the second-hand shoe dealer with whom the lady's servant had dealt, and on the following day visited him at his shop in West Forty-eighth street. The dealer was a shrewd, good humored little man, and he was also communicative. His shelves were covered with all styles of women's and girls' shoes, nicely repaired and refitted, ranging in price from twenty-five cents to $1.50, and by his work bench in the rear of the shop was a great pile of dilapidated shoes recently selected from the wagons of the collectors and awaiting renovation.

"I have been in the business about twenty-two years," said the dealer, in answer to numerous leading questions, "and, of course, I make it pay, or I'd be in something else. Collectors get these traps from all sorts of places. Some of those uncommonly mean ones were like enough picked up out of ash barrels and refuse heaps. Then they go from house to house and from tenement to tenement buying up what they can get. The very best of cast-off shoes won't fetch more than a few cents, while there's many fair to middling ones can be had for the asking, and the owners only too glad to get them out of sight. Then, they take a small advance on what the collectors paid, I get the pick of their loads, and I neither know nor care what's done with my leavings. But then I don't leave many out of a fair to decent wagon load, and let me tell you that it's an all-fired mean, busted out pair of ladies' shoes that I can't make something attractive looking out of, especially to a thin purse, with the best of toes upon the ground. Examine these."

The dealer took down a pair of neatly mended, well-polished No. 5s of substantial but graceful build. "They're labelled fifty cents, as you see, and that sort of shoe I always have a steady demand for, chiefly from poor servant girls and young workwomen. Well, that pair cost the collector four cents, and I gave him six for 'em. A fair profit for me? Well, I should say so, or what am I here for? Now, take a look at those black satin slippers. This is the second time they've come back to me, worn and repaired as you see, and I may sell 'em over and over again, at sixty cents a pop, and it's more than likely I'll stick for more than ten, either. I have a particular regard for that pair of black satin slippers. There's a regular jolly romance about 'em."

The reporter begged for enlightment, and the dealer accordingly proceeded:

"They're not a child's size, as you might imagine, though they are ladies' shoes, about the smallest that's made outside of Spanish countries. The grown woman whom they first fitted without hurting must have had feet small and pretty enough to dance among the daisies in a Chinese paradise. Well, soon after I set out that doctored pair of Cinderellas for sale, along came a some time customer of mine. She was a fine-looking young woman, the daughter of a fashionable boarding-house keeper, not far from here. I had known her from her childhood. Thorough-going style, too, only she was latterly mighty careful to wear very long dresses, fashion or no fashion, on account of the size of her feet, which were bigger than all out doors—regular Bartholdis, I'd know such as even a Chicago belle could afford to laugh at. Well, as soon as this young lady saw those slippers, she lit on 'em like a hawk on a bug. 'Just what I'm looking for, Mr. M——!' says she, devouring the beauties with her eyes, and diving for her purse without asking the price. 'They'll suit me to a charm.'

"'But whatever is up?' says I. 'You surely can't be wanting those fairy slippers for yourself, Miss J——?'

"She colored up as I looked at the bottom of her skirt, with the suggestiveness of an old friend, but burst out laughing in a minute. 'They'll suit me to a charm, the Host, and I'm a plain in my mind that I'll tell you about,' says she. 'If you promise you never tell.'

"I promised solemnly, and then she went on to tell me of a new boarder at her mother's, an old curmudgeon of a bachelor, richer than a pawnbroker and crankier than a setting hen, whom she had made up her mind to win for a husband through the instrumentality of those very slippers. One of the prime eccentricities of this old fellow was an admiration for large women with small feet. And he had frequently been heard to declare that, until he could meet his ideal girl, who must be a blonde of ample frame and yet of infinitesimal feet, he would never succumb to feminine charms, no matter how captivating in all other respects. 'Now, you mightn't understand the case, Mr. M——,' said Miss J—— in conclusion; 'for I'm both blonde and ample, ain't I?'

"'Yes, and comely to boot,' said I.

"'Well,' continued she, dangling the Cinderellas in the air, 'and these will answer to fill out the bill, so far as the fairy-like footsy-tootses are concerned, and don't you forget it.'

"Then she laughed again, paid for the slippers, and lit out with 'em. Well, sir, just as sure as you're born, she played that little game for all it was worth and won her man. It happened in this way: On the very next day, as the old bachelor was nosing aimlessly through the back parlor, after luncheon, he saw his landlady's comely and buxom daughter lying apparently fast asleep on a lounge in a studied negligée, conspicuous enough to bewilder bachelors snugly out of sight, as a matter of course, and with those tiny slippers lying on the floor at her side, as if kicked off, for additional ease, just before she had fallen asleep. Well, the old fool first gazed at those slippers as if fascinated. Then his eyes strayed over the fair sleeper, and he doubtless fell to admiring her very generous get-up and wondering how strangely such above-board robustness contrasted with the sylph-like feet that must be somewhere smuggled under those skirts in order to fit those amazingly small slippers. Then he sighed, and went out. This ruse was repeated on several occasions, till at last the old fool couldn't stand it any longer, and went at making love to Miss J—— in good earnest. She had hooked him with a vengeance, and those slippers were her only bait.

"In just two months after she began angling for him she landed him high and dry at the foot of the altar. When she got back from her bridal trip, she came sailing in here one day so covered with expensive clothes and ornaments that I hardly knew her. But she carried a small bundle in her hand, and in that bundle was that pair of black satin slippers. 'I gave you sixty cents for 'em, and I give 'em back to you for nothing, Mr. M——,' said she, smiling sweetly, as she turned the bundle out and handed them to me. They didtheir work nobly, and I only hope their next possessor may find as much luck in them, or rather out of them, as I did. Thank you; my husband, Mr. B——, is well, and I try to make him happy.'

"At last my curiosity got so much the better of me that I couldn't help asking if Mr. B—— hadn't kicked just the least trifle on finding the difference between her feet and the slippers he had fondly hoped were intended to cover them. Mrs. B—— grew suddenly stately, but she didn't get downright angry over the question, after all. 'Mr. M——,' said she, 'to be chagrined over disappointment at times is only human, and I do not claim that my husband is superhuman. But I think he has found out by this time that I make him a good wife; or at all events if he thinks anything to the contrary he is careful not to express it.

"'Mrs. B—— is so rich now that she doesn't need to buy anything second hand any more,' said the dealer.

"'But you said the slippers had come back to you twice,' said the reporter. 'Was there any other romance connected with them?'

"'Not that I know of,' softly replied the second-hand shoe dealer, settling down to his work bench. "I rather think that for one pair of number one black satin slippers, hand stitched and patches warranted, that was about romance enough."

**Where Large Handed Girls are Wanted.**

*From the Boston Transcript.*

A St. Paul shop girl was discharged from her position in a fashionable glove store because her hands were so small and delicate as to put to blush its lady patrons, thereby seriously affecting sales. Such was her statement, and a doubting newspaper man who talked with her employers was assured that she has told out the truth. Large-handed girls are popular in the glove stores out there.

# LETTERS TO A MONEY KING.

*PEOPLE BY THE HUNDRED ASK AID ON VARIOUS PRETEXTS.*

**Epistles which are Pathetic, Impudent, and Curious—School Girls Ask for Dresses in which to Graduate, Boys for Bicycles, and Men for Farms—No Letters Answered.**

The names of our great money kings are so well known throughout the country that they probably as familiar in the remotest district as those of the candidates in the last Presidential election. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the daily mail of these money kings is so large. For not only their friends and business acquaintances write to them, but total strangers also—people in all parts of the country who beg for assistance. If the requests of the latter were granted no one of the money kings whom they address would remain a money king very long, for streams of cash would be flowing from his office in all directions.

Six begging letters a day is the average. Some are from people who have written before and who, unconscious of the fact that others write similar letters, think it strange they have received no answers to what they consider modest requests. In point of fact none of these letters are read by the money kings to whom they are addressed. They rarely get further than the private secretaries, who glance through them and throw them into the waste basket. A SUN reporter knows the private secretary of one of the money kings. He is an exceptionally bright young fellow and has a system of his own with begging letters. After reading them he endorses on them in red ink the names and addresses of the writers and brief sentences in which the contents of the letters are condensed. The letters are laid before the money king, who, if he has leisure, which may happen to be the case once a fortnight, glances over what the secretary has written. Recently the reporter looked over a number of these letters. The vast majority of them were written in dead earnest. A fraud would have been smart enough to know that he was only wasting postage, while the cramped handwriting, the bad spelling, and errors in grammar, that were comical and yet pathetic, often testified to the simplicity of the writer. The tales of sickness and physical suffering are often distressingly graphic. The comical-pathetic character of this class of letters is well illustrated by one from a boy away down in Texas, who writes that he has been suffering all his life from a deformity, and wants to know if the money king cannot procure for him a position as a freak in a dime museum. That the people who ask for aid in case of deformity are not always modest can be seen in a letter from a one-legged man, who writes for a wooden leg with a silver plate, on which he also wants his name engraved.

This request is, however, modest compared to some others. Here are specimens of coolness:

"Send immediately by United States Express $20 to pay off debts." "Let me have $700 to publish my book." "As $1 is the same to you as $1,000 is to me, send me $1,000." "Please buy me a season ticket for the New Orleans Exposition and enclose with it money for daily lunches." "Please send clothes, hats and shoes for my five sons; their sizes are enclosed." "I'm dead broke. Lend me $50. If I have good luck at cards I may pay you back."

One wants a team of horses and a plough, but will take oxen. Another wants money for a trip to Europe. But the height of impudence is attained by a lad from a neighboring city, who, after stating that he has to pay 10 cents every day for car fare to and from the bank in which he is employed, adds:

Now, Mr. ——, for my own pleasure as well as to save money, I should love dearly to have a Columbia, full nickel, fifty-two inch bicycle, with ball bearings. The best is the cheapest in the end. The whole cost is nearly $130. I will expect that amount by the middle of next week.

Many of the writers regard the religious racket as a sure method of getting a hearing. One man wants money to build a church and pay the minister's salary for three years. Another writes:

Do you know any man in the Baptist Church that would give a mortgage of $115, provided he was paid for to get into Heaven on prairieering night for two years by the writer.

Any number want money to pay for attendance at theological seminaries or for various missions. A woman sends a worked quilt with the following request:

Put your name on one of the blocks, win ten dollars on same and return, as it is for the minister.

Even the last, however, is not as striking as the majority of the begging epistles made by women. The following are selected at random:

"Please buy a home for my husband, he cannot or don't know enough to get one." "Send money for me to live on till I get a divorce from my husband." "I am an invalid and want you to support me. In repayment I will point you out in heaven and interpret for you in all probability I will get there before you do." Another woman is "sick and will be sicker if you don't send her a dollar." Another writes: "My partner" wins "would like a present of one she and two ponies" and a woman who wants $125 "to start opposition business to husband who I was divorced from, as he could not keep me up to my station."

Particularly amusing, however, was a letter from a Southern school girl, who, having the same surname as the money king, addressed him as "My Dear Uncle," and signed herself "Your Unknown Relative." This is what she wanted:

Could you please give me five or ten dollars please. I am attending this school. It is now Commencement time and the girls are going to be dressed so nicely I hate to go on the stage not fixed right. If you should think I am telling you an untruth you can just send me 12 yards of black lawn and I can make it. Please send as soon as possible as the time is short. Candidly, if you need not send me the money but if you just as leif send me the money it will do as you do.

Besides this Southern school girl there was one from Brooklyn who wanted besides a dress in which to go on the stage at commencement, "some colored hose," of which, however, she did not give the measurement. A leading letter from a woman is dated from 70 Ludlow street, which is the well-known Ludlow street jail.

The misspelling in some of the letters is amusing. Any number of men want assistance for a "whife and sun," and one wants to be set up in "buzeness," adding that, as he has failed twice, he is sure to succeed the third time. But none of the business letters are too genuinely pathetic to be lightly quoted.

Requests for farms are numerous. One man in one of the Middle States has been a persistent writer for several years. So has a woman "in the South, who wants to have a future "mapped" out for her. They are exceptions. Few people write more frequently than twice. The man who is persistently begging for a farm says in one of his letters:

I ask not to live in Pomp, to hold extravagant dinners, and drive with match horses. Please send a check in my wife for $5,000 for a farm. Oh! happy day! Oh! happy will that moment of surprise be!

Not having received a reply, he writes about a month later:

I was not Saratoga, Long Branch, or Cape May enjoyment, but only a two-horse farm. Talk with your rich comrades, and combine to buy us a two-horse farm.

In the next he addresses both the money king and his wife, beginning, "Highly Esteemed Personages." Last month he seems to have grown tired of writing, for he sends the following epistle:

I am not Positive whether I had send five Birthday cards to you or to Vanderbilt. If I send them to you, will you do that much for me to Return them? As to any aid from a millionaire is like asking the moon for money. I find that you all are sooner willing to help some rich man or take a $1,000 note to light a cigar.

No distinction is made by the secretary between the begging letters, but he admitted that it would be inexpensive philanthropy to send printed refusals to all but those who were impudent.

*SODA WITH SYRUPS.*

**Great Quantities are Sold Every Summer at New York's 2,000 Stands.**

One of the most active trades during the summer months is that of soda with syrups. A reporter visited a number of large drug stores where soda water is sold, and found that over 800 such stores are engaged in the business in this city, the trade ranging from 5,000 glasses per day to 500, according to location. There are also a large number of toy and cigar stores where soda water is sold. Some stores make a specialty of this business alone during the summer months. In various parts of the city are also seen street soda water stands, which, according to settlement, is a thriving business, but nothing compared with that carried on in the stores devoted to the special traffic, as the prices charged do not permit of their giving as good an article. The estimate, therefore, is that over 2,000 establishments of various kinds are engaged in the sale of soda with syrups, and at a moderate average of 1,000 glasses per day, which is considered by the larger dealers to be much under the fair calculation, would give 2,000,000 glasses of soda water drunk in this city every day during the heated term. As this generally lasts about 100 days, the aggregate of the sale of soda water would be 200,000,000 glasses. This, on an average of five cents per glass—some charging eight and ten cents and others two cents—would make the receipts from this source $10,000,000.

The soda water manufacturers, who merely supply the effervescing portion of the drink, say that hundreds of persons are daily engaged in the manufacture of soda water, and during the season have as much as they can do to keep the retail dealer supplied, while a large number of men are employed in conveying the soda water fountains in trucks from the manufactories to the places where they are retailed. A soda water manufacturer, in conversation with a reporter, said the trouble with the soda water business is that it generally comes with a rush, and was so affected by the weather that very little calculation could be made for future deliveries. A very hot day would soon exhaust what might be on hand, while a cold wet day, coming unexpectedly, would leave the manufacturer with a heavy stock, which could not be kept long without the liability of being spoiled. Close, muggy weather was considered very good for the soda water trade, as the majority of persons deemed it safer to use soda waters on such occasions than even light drinks of a stronger character.

At a prominent drug store on Broadway where soda with syrups was made a specialty, it was said that it was not uncommon to sell from 5,000 to 6,000 glasses a day, and yet the night trade, at that house, was very insignificant. The business would aggregate nearly $500 a day, a large share of which was profit.

*REAL ESTATE OUT OF THE MARKET.*

**Large Blocks of Property Either Entailed or Under Long Leases.**

There is a large amount of real estate in New York city that is practically out of the market and cannot be sold. A notable case is that of the Van Courtland estate, consisting of about 900 acres in the annexed district. There are in this property, on a rough estimate, about 144,000 city lots, valued at about a million dollars. It is not to be sold until the death of the oldest son of Augustus Van Courtland. Part of the property, however, has been taken for the new up-town parks.

A considerable portion of the Astor estate, belonging to the children of J. Winthrop Chanler, cannot be sold until the youngest child becomes of age.

There is a good deal of property occupied under very long leases. A notable instance of this is the Sailors' Snug Harbor property, extending irregularly from Fourth to Fifth avenue and from Eighth to Tenth street. This is the old Randall farm, which Capt. Randall set apart for the support of poor sailors. The proceeds keep up the munificent charity at Sailors' Snug Harbor. A. T. Stewart's up-town store and Mayor Cooper's residence stand on the property.

The Spingler estate comprises considerable property between Thirteenth and Sixteenth streets, near Fifth avenue. It includes some of the large houses and vacant lots that attract so much attention in West Fourteenth street. Much of it is held up under long leases. Much of the property of the old Stuyvesant farm, located in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth wards, is leased. It is generally located between Houston and Second streets, Avenue A and Fourth avenue.

Trinity Church real estate in the city, chiefly located below Fourteenth street and west of Broadway, is valued at about $50,000,000. Much of it is held on long leases, and very many pieces are sadly unimproved. Aside from church ornamentation Trinity has, in proportion to the extent of its ownership, more unimproved property than any other large holder of real estate in the city.

There is a very valuable piece of property in New Bowery, near Oliver street, owned by the Portuguese Jews, and for many years used as a cemetery. No interments have been made there in many years, but the denomination is noted for refusing to sell its cemeteries.

The Columbia College leases cover considerable property between Forty-seventh to Fifty-first street, and from Fourth avenue to within about 100 feet of Sixth avenue.

The Windsor Hotel stands on leased property belonging to the Goelet estate. This estate was one of the largest in the city, as the Goelets often bought and seldom sold. Much of it came out of the old Buchanan farm in the neighborhood of Sixth avenue and Forty-second street. There are some long leases on this property, but most of it is improved. The old Mason farm, running from Fifty-fifth to Sixty-third street, between Fifth and Third avenues, has a good deal of unimproved property belonging to the Jones and Hamersley families and some long leases.

In the large estates of the Brevoorts, the Cuttings, the Rutgerses, the De Lacys, the Lorillards, the Lenoxes, and others there is a considerable quantity of property leased and practically out of the market.

*AMERICAN HARDWARE.*

**It is Sold in All Parts of the World in Spite of Adverse Circumstances.**

Perhaps the most interesting fact about the hardware trade is that neither England, France, Germany, Sweden, nor Belgium, with all their skilled iron workers, is able to make small core castings, or casting with a hollow or tube in them, so as to compete with American foundrymen. It is an astonishing fact also that thousands of tons of scrap iron are every year brought to this country and here converted into the simplest of American manufactures, the sad or laundry iron, and then exported back to Europe, and at no small profit.

There is not a corner of Europe where American small cast hardware is not on sale. The tool makers and machinists of Europe, such as Krupp of Germany, Whitworth of England, and Armstrong, too, and Hotchkiss of France, with their vast resources are unable to-day to produce a Moncky or screw-bar wrench equal to the American wrenches, and consequently they have to import these tools from this country. In fact there are no less than 80,000 dozen of them exported to Europe alone every year. It is interesting to note that Charles Moncky, the inventor of this screw-bar wrench, received only $2,000 for the patent, and he is now living in Williamsburgh, Brooklyn, in a small cottage bought from the proceeds of his sale.

In the matter of the common pocket boxwood rules the American manufacturers so far excel all others that nearly all European nations, certainly all nations outside of Europe, are supplied from this country. The manufacturers pay not one of the rules whatever system of measurements is followed by the country for which the goods are intended.

American augurs and augur bits are used the world over, no other nation being able to compete.

These are only samples of the iron manufactures which America sends to all the world," said a hardware man. "We can do this in spite of the high prices we pay for coal and iron ore under an unjust tariff, and because of the low prices which we pay to our wage-workers."

*THE JESUITS TO QUIT MONACO.*

**Their College to be Removed by the Prince's Order—Welcomed to Italy.**

MONACO, July 6.—The Jesuits have lately been at variance with the Prince of Monaco. They have for many years had from the Prince the use of the old Convent of the Visitation, nearly in front of the Prince's residence, and have established a college for boys, which is known as Visitation College. Charles III. has lately become very much attached to the new Bishop of Monaco, and has granted the use of the building to him for a college. Only seven or eight pupils in two years have flocked to the new episcopal institution. Now the Prince, in order to protect the Bishop, has ordered the Jesuits to leave the old convent and build another college in the principality. The Fathers, who have spent over 200,000 francs in the old convent, have remonstrated at Rome. The Prince, however, has been deaf to every remonstrance, and has declined to see any of the Fathers or any of their superiors sent from Rome. As he is blind and receives nobody but the nursing sisters, it appears that the influence of these sisters has been used against the Jesuits.

They must, therefore, leave the place. An agreement has recently been signed by the Governor of Monaco and the rector of the college, so that the Fathers will receive a small compensation for damages, and must leave the college within two years. The Fathers have already bought a large property at San Remo in Italy, where they will build a magnificent college in one of the finest spots of the Riviera.

This coming of the Fathers to Italy has been very much approved by Italians, who refrained from sending many of their children to Monaco, as the establishment was not officially considered sufficient for preparing pupils for the university course, though managed by exceedingly clever teachers. Italian parents are very thankful to the Prince of Monaco, who, by his decree, has contributed to give Italy a solid college in the healthiest part of the Riviera. The college was greatly needed by the Genoese wealthy families. The traditions of the colleges are brilliant. Among its principals was Father Pellico, the brother of the celebrated Silvio Pellico, the author of "Mie Prigioni." The present rector is Father Carega, a member of one of the Genoese patrician families.

*EX-PRESIDENT MERINO.*

**He is Elected Archbishop of San Domingo—His Consecration in Rome.**

ROME, July 6.—The readers of THE SUN must remember that all the New York papers had a great deal to say during the years 1880, '81, and '82 of a certain priest, Padre Fernando Arturo Merino, who, after the revolution and a very stormy period, had been elected President of the Dominican republic by almost the unanimous choice of the citizens. Several times reports came from San Domingo that the discontented had tried to put down the President, who displayed great energy in preserving the peace. By order of the President, many who were caught with arms in their hands were shot or sent to prison.

Padre Merino has now been elected Archbishop of San Domingo, and as such was consecrated in Rome yesterday by Cardinal Parocchi in the Church of Saint Apollinare. Many members of the diplomatic body were present at the consecration, as Padre Merino has several times represented his country in the different States of Europe. The new Archbishop was born in San Domingo in 1833. He studied at the ecclesiastical seminary of the diocese, and was afterward Professor of Philosophy and vice-rector and finally rector of the seminary. He was ordained priest in 1856 by Archbishop Portes. In 1859 he was elected Vicar Apostolic by the Holy See. From 1880 until 1882 he was President of the republic. He commands a great deal of respect both for his theological and scientific works. A hermeneutic work of his on the Scriptures is yet in the hands of the clergy of the republic, and his learned geographical and ethnographical work on the Dominican republic is used in the Government schools. Archbishop Merino has also contributed for a long time to many European and American papers, and the largest professional school in the island was established by him.

# IN THE LONG BRANCH SURF.

*SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT SEASHORE DIVERSION.*

**The Water as Populous as Ever, and the Bathers Not Less Interesting—Costumes and Characteristics of the Belles Afloat.**

LONG BRANCH, July 25.—The beach along here lies close under a twenty-foot bluff, and roofed platforms are common on the elevation, so that the spectators looking down on the bathers are like the people on the higher seats in a circus gazing at the ring performers. Every fair day these facilities for sight seeing are fully used. Especially is it so in front of the Ocean House, where the excursionists land at the pier, and at the West End, where most of the fashionable bathing is done. At the beginning of every season it is always predicted that surf bathing is going to be discountenanced by refined folks, but this never comes true; and this year, though the bathers are a minority compared with those who go to the beach to see them, they are fully as numerous and sightly as ever.

Some of the devices of the surf belles for forcing admiration are extremely clever. Nor do these always appertain to the indecorous features of their costumes. There is one girl who attains success by means of a trick hat. The mistake commonly made is in putting on garments which are shapely only before wetting, to become distortive afterward, and in loosing the hair down the back, where it hangs picturesquely enough until the first immersion, and then becomes stringlets. But this creature twists her hair inside a cap of oil silk, covers that with a wrapping of red cloth, and surmounts the whole structure with a straw hat. It is suspected that the wide brim conceals some springs and toggle joints, if not an elaboration of clockwork, for every time she rises out of the buffeting waves the hat assumes a new and invariably striking shape. It does not seem to be possible that this succession of tableaus is accidentally struck by that brim. Nothing short of careful prearrangement could so warrant them against uniness in themselves and unbecomingness to the face underneath.

Ninety in a hundred of the girls in the surf wear the old-fashioned blousy rigs of blue flannel, which sag disconsolately on thin persons after being drenched, and cling distractingly to thick ones; but there is a common and venturesome departure from conventionality in the matter of the trousers. Formerly a very loose pair reached down to the feet, to be gathered in at that point, being practically a divided skirt, so complete was their drapery. Now the fashion is to end the trousers just below the knees, and cover the lower legs with black stockings. The disclosure thus made is striking only as to outlines, for the color deprives it of appreciable indelicacy. In order to vivify a description of the approved style of costuming for the surf, it is well to utilize Miss Kate Forsythe, she is the handsome actress who used to support John McCullough. She swims well, and evinces no great desire to force notice, though her sea toilet is careful enough to show that she expects to be looked at. The body of the suit is blue flannel, and the stockings are dark; but she has relieved the dismal effect by introducing a yellowish material over her shoulders and arms—ecru pongee, to be technically exact—with embroidery that becomes curiously distinct after the thin fabric has become wet. There are unmistakable outward symptoms of a corset underneath; and yet, on the whole, she does not suggest an artificiality disconsonant with the idea of a Long Branch belle. On her head is a straw hat trimmed with red, and her hair is hermetrically packed against the salt water in an oil-skin cap.

Mrs. T. F. Emmons came from Washington to the West End Hotel, accompanied by three horses, a man servant, a maid servant, and a big dog. She took the best of the house's accommodations for herself, and was also remarkably solicitous as to the comfort of her beasts. The horses were daily weighed, to see how the sea air agreed with them, and one was doctored for nervousness. This made no difficulty, for the eccentric attentions to the horses were paid by the stable; and the lady's departures and arrivals on the beach and at the wheels were interestedly watched by the other guests. It was different with the dog, however, for his quarters were in the hotel. He was a Newfoundland, and his name was Treasure. The occupants of adjoining rooms objected to his sleeping in the corridor, and especially to his nightly gambols. Again, the clerks felt compelled to restrain him the privilege of bathing in the same surf with fashionable human beings during the appointed hours for that diversion. Once a day Mrs. Emmons walked down to the shore wrapped in a loose envelope of flannel, and attended her at one elbow and her valet at the other, while Treasure followed behind. Then the maid removed the wrap, disclosing the mistress in an entirely skirtless costume, the principal feature of which was a pair of genuine Turkish trousers. These were bright in color, a change being made every day. The valet led her to the surf, in which she sedately disclaimed all intent of swimmer. But the dog was excluded by his bath master in spite of coax, threat, or bribe. At length Mrs. Emmons decided to give Treasure a bath in the evening. Even that poor boon was denied. She thereupon paid her bill and set the maid to packing her trunks, while the valet proceeded to see that the horses were immediately brought out. She could make the journey to the Highlands. The man demurred and telegraphed to the husband for instructions, but Mrs. Emmons quit in the night according to her hasty programme.

Bathers distinguish the surf bathing this year. The aquatic belle wraps a scarlet cloth round her head, and ties it under her chin, which protects her hair from wetting, and thereby becomes picturesque at her top, whatever may be the result of drenching in the rest of her costume. Nor is this absence of screening skirts characteristic of those women who aim openly at conspicuousness; it is common to the most modest and circumspect maidens, and they do not seem to think anything about it, a girl will emerge from the water, drop on the sand in a bevy of male acquaintances, and join easily in the conversation quite as carelessly as though seating herself over a parlor sofa in full attire. There is one Frenkish thing in this summer's bath dresses, however, which jolts the sense of a charge of roguishness in the wearer. Gazing off shore, you see a figure with seemingly bare arms. You at first think it is masculine, because sleeveless shirts are usual to men in the brine; but after awhile the shape and movements convince you that the person is feminine. Then your interest is centred. Presently she comes ashore, and you see that you have been fooled, tricked, swindled. What you supposed was bareness was flesh-colored mesh, like the mock cuticle of the ballet girl. It is useless for anybody to argue to you in extenuation that the sun would in an hour blister an exposed arm. You reply that, were she honest and true, she would choose another color than that of flesh for the sleeves of her bath costume, and would not make them skin tight.

*CATCHING SWORD FISH.*

**They are Harpooned from a Platform Rigged on the End of a Smack's Jibboom.**

"Caught it off Block Island," said Capt. Murphy as