CAN MONKEYS TALK?

The Question Gravely Tested at the Smithsonian Institution.

A ZOO TALKING MACHINE.

Bottling Music for the Millions by the Phonograph—Curious Process by Which it is Accomplished—The Marine Band Applauding Itself.

CAN monkeys talk? The question was made a few days ago, so a STAR reporter learned the subject of what was probably the funniest scientific experiment ever conducted by the Smithsonian Institution. Prof. Garner, one of the honorary curators, had charge of the test.

The conversational power of monkeys has for years past been a special hobby of Prof. Garner's, and it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to take down some of their remarks by means of the graphophone. Accordingly, he procured a portable instrument and secured the co-operation of about a dozen other men of science attached to that learned establishment in the carrying out of this remarkable trial. It was a great sight to behold the group of eminent doctors and professors gathered in front of the monkey cage at the Zoo in the rear of the Smithsonian building seriously waiting results, while Prof. Garner ground away at the hand graphophone with its crank attachment and the keeper of the animals poked the monkeys up with a stick to make them talk.

THE TWO CHATTERERS.

One monkey was tame and the other one wild. The wild one could not be induced by the most vigorous poking to make any remarks worth mentioning. An occasional scream of rage was all that could be elicited from him. The tame monkey did nothing but chatter and gibber most unintelligibly, as it seemed to the rest of the audience, but Prof. Garner was inclined to think that this was really conversation worth taking down, and so he ground away vigorously at his instrument, using up half a dozen cylinders in obtaining the records he desired. A big tin horn attached to the graphophone was inserted through the door of the monkey cage during the performance.

Prof. Garner was very far from imagining that he would be able to understand this monkey talk when repeated to him by the machine. But his notion was to record the remarks of one monkey and grind them out through the horn for the benefit of the other monkey, so as to observe what sort of responses the second one would make. By comparing the original observations and the replies he hoped to get some few clues that would eventually enable him to translate the monkey language. Unfortunately, the wild monkey would only scream angrily, and thus the experiment was in a measure a failure, though the professor is convinced that he has obtained on his cylinders some really useful simian observations, if he could only tell what they were about. This is, in fact, the only difficulty remaining, and he does not despair.

THE MARINE BAND,

which may be called the President's own, inasmuch as it supplies all the music at the White House, is rendering itself immortal just at present by having its most harmonious strains bottled in large quantities. When the performers in this wonderful band are all dead and gone people will still be able to hear it play. Every afternoon it gives a concert in a room on E street near 7th, to which no listeners are admitted save five phonographs. The instruments stand in a row on tables and each of them is equipped with an enormous brass horn. In front of the horns the band discourses the loveliest airs in its repertoire, which are thus recorded on wax cylinders imperishably for the entertainment of people in all parts of the united States, who have simply to drop a nickel in the slot and listen to the concert.

You would be very interested to see the manner in which this business of bottling music is carried on. Wizard Edison runs a music-bottling factory on an extensive scale at Orange, N. J., where thousands of fresh airs are turned out on wax every month. The companies that handle his talking and singing machines in various parts of the country all do such bottling on their own account, each company having its specialty. For instance, the Washington company is making a specialty just at present of band music, the Kentucky company goes in almost exclusively for negro business—plantation dialogues, with banjo solos interspersed, and scenes on the levees—and so with the others.

HOW IT IS DONE.

While the Marine Band plays into the five great horns an expert manipulates the machines. Each phonograph being supplied with a smooth and fresh cylinder of wax the expert in charge shouts into each horn separately the title of the piece to be played. When he has done this the electric motor is turned on again, the cylinders revolve beneath the recording needles, the band starts up at a signal and the music pours into the big trumpets until each cylinder is as full of sound impressions as it can hold. Then the expert holds up his finger and the band comes to a full stop at the end of the next musical phrase. The five full cylinders are taken off the instruments and put aside in pasteboard boxes and five more fresh ones are put on. After the title of the next piece has been shouted into each horn the band starts up again at the signal and the process is repeated.

MAKING MUSIC IMMORTAL.

HOW THE APPLAUSE IS OBTAINED.

Now and then, if there is a little space left at the end of the cylinders, the band indulges in a wild burst of applause, stamping and shouting in approbation of its own performance. This passes for demonstration by a suppositious audience, of course, when one hears the phonograph reproduce it. All the cylinders are tested before being sold, to make sure that they are perfect, about 10 per cent of them being rejected as defective. Selling at from $1 to $2 each, there is a fair profit on them, after the musical performers have been paid. They are hired just as for public playing and at the same rates. The Marine Band makes $10 worth of cylinders every ten minutes, which mounts up during an afternoon's playing. Quartets and solos are done the same way in the evenings. The distance at which the players or singers stand from the horns depends upon the volume of sound produced. A cornet player doing a solo stands ten feet away, and even thus the notes are apt to be so loud and piercing to the ear, when reproduced by the phonograph, as to be positively painful. A quartet stands two feet from the horns, while a solo singer gets as close as possible. Every afternoon a big crowd gathers opposite the E street building to listen to the concert, and the employes of the branch Census Office in the rear have made a special request that the phonograph company shall leave its back windows open in order that they may get the benefit of the music.

THE DARKEY-SCENE CYLINDERS

are rather a new thing and are very entertaining, many of them. There is one called "Row at a Negro Ball," in which you hear the fiddle and the banjo, listen to the conversation of the guests, witness the progress of a quarrel over a dusky belle and finally hear threats, accompanied by the drawing of "razzers" and a pistol shot, with the subsequent flight from the police. Another scene represents a banjo concert interrupted by cries of "fire!" You hear the engine pulled out, excited conversation and the sound of horses' hoofs on the pavement. "Git up thar!" shouts the driver, the bell rings louder and louder, the whistle toots, a stream is thrown on the fire and confusion reigns for a space, until the flames are extinguished and the peaceful plunk-plunk of the banjo is once more heard as an accompaniment to the song, "Don't You Hear Dem Bells?" The vividness with which all this is rendered is positively wonderful. Real darkies are used for the darkey scenes, and the company here has a wonderful whistler employed to do whistling solos. All the harp solos come from Iowa. In this way music of all kinds is gathered from every part of the United States.

REAL NEGRO MELODY.

NEW MAIL CYLINDERS.

Mr. Edison is now turning out at his New Jersey factory the first batches of the phonograph cylinders for mailing purposes. Already ordinary phonograph cylinders are sent by post to a considerable extent by people who have machines and who like to hear each other's voices in correspondence. But these cylinders of the common sort are too large for convenience and require several postage stamps each, going necessarily as first-class matter, like any other letters. The mailing cylinders, however, are such little things—only about three inches long by two-thirds of an inch in diameter—that one of them, inclosed in its pasteboard case, only takes one two-cent stamp to carry it as far as San Francisco from Washington. The case itself is cylindrical, with a cotton pad at each end, and also at each end a round wooden projection fitting into the end of the cylinder, so that the outside of the latter does not come into contact at all with the interior of the mailing case. Such a mailing case will serve to carry very many cylinders before it wears out. One of its ends screw on, so that it is something like a bottle. The wizard believes that the most important use of the phonograph in the future will be for epistolary purposes, phonograms being sent by mail instead of letters. Each of these little mailing cylinders can be peeled, thin as it is, half a dozen times by the usual attachment of the phonograph for that purpose. It costs only 3 cents to begin with, and you can hardly get note paper for less than one-half a cent a sheet. The cost of the necessary mailing cases will not exceed that of envelopes in practice.

Mr. Edison thinks that eventually all newspapers will be set up by a combination of the phonograph and type-setting machine. Editors will read off into phonographs all the copy brought in, editing the copy as they go along by changing it to suit themselves in the reading and by mentioning the punctuations marks, the paragraphs and the capital letters. The compositor will put the cylinder with his "take" on another phonograph and, listening to the dictation from the machine, will translate it directly into type by the keys of the piano-like mechanical typesetter.

HORRORS IN TEETH.

A Ghastly Dental Exhibition That Astonishes Passers-By.

A PARTICULARLY ghastly advertisement that has attracted much attention lately is an assemblage of human skulls and other anatomical horrors in a glass case in front of a Washington dentist's office. Most prominently displayed is a skull that is coated with a silver solution, so as to render it a shining object, the eye sockets being touched up with the same solution colored green, and the generally grisly effect being heightened by the introduction into the jaws of a full set of actual false teeth with pink celluloid gums. People pause to look at it in crowds and say, "How horrible!" But the dentist, who makes the pulling of teeth a specialty, is proud of this work of art and declares that it attracts custom.

This particular dentist is a remarkable man in some ways. He says that he pulls an average of 100 teeth a day and has the most expensive dental plant in the country. Many more things, it would seem, enter into the make up of a dental plant than formerly. For example, this operator wears during business hours some of the most conspicuous diamonds in Washington. In the center of his low-cut shirt front there glitters a cluster of diamonds as large as a silver half dollar. A sensitive patient is likely, in looking upon this brilliant object, to become at least partially hypnotized, as it were, so as not to feel very much the yank of the forceps. Lest, however, this should prove insufficient, the dentist has for sleeve buttons two solitaire diamonds, each of them as big as a hazel nut. There is nothing that succeeds in this world like palpable prosperity. Gentlemen in the negro minstrel business find it a necessary part of their occupation to wear diamonds and conspicuous clothes; why should it not be the same with drawers of teeth.

THE SKULL OF A RICH MAN.

"That skull," he said, referring to the object in the glass case, "once belonged to a very rich man. That is one reason why I consider it so valuable. How do I know? Very simply. Some months ago a friend of mine was digging up a graveyard in Leavenworth, Kan. He owned the graveyard and no one disputed his ownership of the corpses buried in it, because the cemetery had been disused for twenty-five years. People who have been dead twenty-five years are not usually looked out for very anxiously by their surviving relatives. My friend, in the process of digging, came across a casket of metal. Now, twenty-five years ago none but very rich people were buried in metal coffins. Therefore I know that this must have been a rich man and so I got his skull. I am sure that he would be proud to see himself now, so beautifully preserved and silver-plated regardless of expense, in my show case, not to mention the full set of extra-super molars and incisors with which I have provided him. His own teeth, I may remark, were extremely bad and suffering for lack of professional attention. Dentists in those days were not what they are now.

A PERFECT SKULL.

"Doubtless you observed among the other skulls in the case the beautiful specimen from Paris, for which I paid $100. Paris, you are presumably aware, is the great exporting point for skulls. There are two establishments in that city which devote their entire attention to the preparing of human skulls for the market. Unfortunately a perfect skull is a very rare thing indeed. Only one such as is exhibited in my case is found in ten thousand specimens. You may perhaps have noticed that all the teeth are absolutely perfect. It is the skull of a man thirty-five years of age—the silvered one is that of an old gentleman—and you must realize how, in this age of inferior teeth, very few persons arrive at that age with their chewing equipment unimpaired. You may also see in the glass case the skull of an eighteen months child, with the nerves of the teeth and their connection preserved entire. I am sure you will find interesting the enlarged model also shown of the human jaws, with the nerves exhibited, illustrating so perfectly just why you are hurt when you have the toothache, or when you are operated upon with the instruments.

"Though I guarantee to draw teeth painlessly, I use for the purpose ammoniated air instead of nitrous oxide gas, which has killed several people in the dental chair, though the facts have been hushed up. I have the biggest tank of anæsthetic material in the United States. Also I keep constantly on tap an unlimited supply of music in this box, which is a brand new invention called the 'Symphonium,' capable of playing 10,000 different airs. You see, it is something like a music box, but instead of a roller with needles, which would only produce a few tunes, I have stacks of these flat, round tin plates with little stickers all over them. Each plate put in the box plays four pieces and I can change the tune as often as I choose to replace one plate with another."

Wanted to Scare Sarah.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The balloonist at the exposition had a call yesterday from a young man wearing a linen duster and having his trousers tucked into his boots. He wanted to take the balloon man's place and make an ascension.

"In the profesh?" was asked.

"No."

"Ever go up?"

"Never."

"Ever perform on the bar?"

"No."

"Know anything about the parachute?"

"No."

"Well, what do you expect to do?"

"Go up about a mile and then let go and fall kerchug."

"And be mashed to a pulp."

"That's just it. I reckon there would be enough left of me to grease a wagon."

"I can't see your object."

"Well, I've got two. In the first place the old man wouldn't give me but $2 to come here, and in the next place my gal Sarah has given me the shake since we arrived and is now over in the hog department with a chap who kin buy two bushels of peanuts where I can't go 10 cents worth of gumdrops."

"Well?"

"Well, it will spite Sarah and scare her 'most to death and the old man will be put to $25 expense to gather me up and get me home. Say, lemme go."

"Couldn't think of it."

"Do me a favor."

"Not today."

"Hain't you got any feelin's?"

"Not in this line."

"Well, I'll have to try sunthin' else, I s'pose, but I had all this planned out. Where's the man who does the burning of Pompeyi? Mebbe I kin arrange to be hit kersplat by a volcano, while Sarah looks on from a 25 cent reserved seat on the grand stand."

GOOD-BYE TO BOLIVIA.

The Trials of Travelers in South America.

LA PAZ TO LAKE TITICACA.

Journeying Among the Andes in a Four-Wheeled Carriage—Royal Roads as Monuments to the Incas—System of Posts.

From THE STAR'S Traveling Commissioner.

ON THE WING, July 23.

THE TIME has come to leave this remote republic and seek the world once more. There is no way out of it but that by which the early Spaniards came, up, by zig zag windings, from the sequestered valley of La Paz to the Andean plateau and thence, following the old highway of the incas among the mountains, to Lake Titicaca. Small steamers ply between Chililaya, a village on the Bolivian border of the lake, and Puno, on the Peruvian side. Chililaya is fifty-six miles from La Paz and a diligencia runs between, making the round trip only once a week, timed so as to meet the regular arrival and departure of the steamers. The diligencia is a lumbering coach of the oldest "Concord" pattern, resembling an ark more than a carriage, with four seats inside of it and several perches on top, which by tight squeezing can be made to accommodate (?) from fifteen to twenty passengers. The fare one way is $5 for each person. This, however, does not include luggage, all of which must be sent the day before to the coach office, where it is duly weighed and charged for at an average of $3 per hundred pounds and is then sent on ahead in freight wagons, when it is not forgotten.

CARE OF BAGGAGE.

Everywhere in South America, and especially in these parts, the tourist will do well to keep a sharp eye on his own baggage, or the chances are about ten to one that it may be left behind. If no trunks are to be found when you are ready to sail across the lake there will be profuse apologies on the part of the powers that be and no end of assurances that the missing articles shall at once be forwarded to your address. But don't you believe a word of it, though the promises are probably made with the best intentions. There being no check system there is no way of identifying stray bags and boxes and the employes are much too careless to be trusted. At any rate a great many things disappear somehow on this short journey as mysteriously and completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed them. Though the start is made promptly at 7 o'clock, a very early hour in this country, the accommodating officials will not send the coach to your door, and therefore the mountain must go to Mahomet. Despite the absence of breakfast (which you could not possibly procure anywhere in Spanish America before 10:30 a.m.), storms, cold, sirroche, or whatsoever may betide, you must hurry on foot up and down the steep and stony streets to the diligencia office, which is fully three-quarters of a mile from the hotels.

THE TILLBURY.

Besides the stage there is another vehicle that may be hired for private use, if one's purse is long enough. It is called a "Tillbury" from the name of the English manufacturer and is an odd cross between a double phaeton and a Black Maria. A day's use of it costs anywhere between $30 and $100, according to the mood of the owner and the exigencies of the occasion. If your need is great—such, for instance, as having to convey an invalid who could not possibly endure the crowded coach—the highest price will invariably be charged; but if you are careful to display no eagerness and are only a travel-stained pilgrim with no indications of wealth about you, you may get the Tillbury for $30. It is a two-seated vehicle and only four persons, including the driver, are permitted to ride under any circumstances; therefore if your party numbers three $10 apiece is not so bad, especially as the carriage will come to your door and its driver will conform somewhat to your directions in the matter of going fast or slow and the length of stops. Think of being whirled over the Andes sitting at ease in a carriage! We have crossed and recrossed these mighty mountains in many places, generally on muleback over perilous trails, and I am glad to tell you that though grand and picturesque from any point of view the Andes can nowhere be seen with greater satisfaction than right here on the easy road between La Paz and Chililaya.

ON THE ROAD.

The first three miles out of the valley the road is like a corkscrew, winding higher and higher by so sharp an ascent that frequent stops must be made in order to allow the panting animals time to recover breath, though eight horses are to the coach and six to the Tillbury. When the plateau is reached at last the view spread out beneath is more magnificent than tongue or pen can adequately describe, and one might travel the world over without finding its superior. More than 1,500 feet below lies La Paz in its narrow gorge, but from this aerial perch nothing of it is visible but an apparently flat surface of red-tiled roofs, pierced here and there by trees and church towers and curling columns of smoke. On every hand there are hills on hills, crowding close upon the town, and beyond rise the jagged peaks of the snow-capped cordilleras. It is now nearly 9 o'clock and the mists of morning are rapidly rising. As we look the view is suddenly shut off so that the zigzag road up which we came seems to drop into a sea of cloud. And thus we bid adios to the "City of Peace."

THIS VAST ANDEAN PLAIN,

of which Lake Titicaca is supposed to be a part, lies at a mean elevation of 13,000 feet, and is 180 leagues long by 35 leagues wide—a Bolivian league being nearly three miles and a half, instead of three miles according to the measurement of North America. The broad road is excellent, though not even drained, being neither wet nor dusty, and hard as if macadamized. Part of it leads along the ancient highway of the incas, a wonderful work, which still endures in good condition, though constructed nearly eight hundred years ago. Perhaps the best monuments left by those people of the past are their caminos reales, or "royal roads," which extended from Cuzco, the capital, to the remotest parts of their empire. One of them led to the sea and the other, which is followed to La Paz, ran along the crest of these cordilleras, the combined length of both with their branches being about four thousand miles. Says a recent writer: "In contemplating them we know not which to admire most, the scope of their projectors, the power and constancy of the incas who carried them to completion or the patience of the people who constructed them under all the obstacles resulting from the topography of the country and from an imperfect means of execution. They built these roads in deserts, among moving sands reflecting the fierce rays of a tropical sun; they broke down rocks, graded precipices, leveled hills and filled up valleys, without the assistance of powder or instruments of iron; they crossed lakes, marshes and rivers, and without the aid of the compass followed direct courses in forests of eternal shade. They did, in short, what even now, with all of modern knowledge and means of action, would be worthy of the most powerful nations on the globe."

UP MOUNTAINS AND OVER MOORS.

In ascending mountains too steep to admit of grading broad steps were cut into the solid rocks, while the ravines and hollows were filled with heavy embankments flanked with parapets and planted with shade trees and fragrant shrubs. The "royal roads" were from eighteen to twenty-five feet wide and paved with immene blocks of stone. At regular distances tambos were erected for the accommodation of travelers. Where rivers were to be crossed bridges were constructed which, though simple, were well adapted for these rapid streams that, rushing down from the Andes at certain seasons, defy the skill of modern engineers. Strong cables of twisted rawhide were stretched from one bank to the other, something after the style of the great suspension bridge at Niagara. Poles were lashed across transversely, covered with branches, and these were covered with earth and stones so as to form a solid floor. A kind of wicker balustrade was made by extending other cables along the sides, which were interwoven with branches of trees. Some of these old bridges still exist which are known to be over four hundred years old. Another way, yet used in many parts of South America for crossing deep ravines and mountain torrents, was to suspend a wicker-work basket or car on a single cable, to be drawn by ropes from side to side.

SYSTEMS OF POSTS.

To these conveniences were added a system of posts, by which messages and small packages could be transmitted from one extremity of the incas' domain to the other in an incredibly short time, though the Indians of those days possessed no domestic animals fleeter of foot than man. The service of these posts was performed by runners, stationed in small buildings erected at easy distances all along the principal roads. Many of these post houses may still be seen, and as a proof that these runners were swift, though the course was often rugged, it is asserted that fresh fish caught one day on the seacoast, used to be eaten by the inca the next day in Cuzco, more than three hundred miles away! The messengers were especially trained for the service, and wore a distinctive uniform. Each had his allotted station, between which and the next it was his duty to speed along at a certain pace; and when near the station at which he had to transmit the dispatch or parcel to the next courier, he had to give a signal of his approach, so that the other who was to carry it farther might be in complete readiness and no time be lost. In these respects the old times must have been an improvement on the present, for letters are frequently lost in the postal service of today, and dispatches going from one part of Bolivia to another are liable to be rendered useless by long delay.

A few years ago, when the government extended the Inca road beyond La Paz in the direction of Obrajes, the work was begun with religious ceremonies, presided over by the bishop, assisted by the priests, the president, the diplomatic corps and other prominent personages. In cutting through a hill close to the city the workmen came upon a number of crushed and buried houses, skeletons, household utensils, &c., doubtless the work of an earthquake at some forgotten period.

THE INDIANS.

Along this wonderful mountain highway the degenerate descendants of those who built it are everywhere to be seen, with faces which, in shape and feature, closely resemble those on the ancient water jars dug from the tombs. It is always cold at this altitude, and the Indians have a queer way of warming themselves by piling all available covering upon their heads, leaving the lower extremities entirely bare. Though nature has provided each with a heavy shock of coarse hair like a mane, he draws a knitted cap tightly over his head and ears and puts a folded blanket on top of that. Both men and women perambulate the earth with naked feet, the former with legs also much exposed to the weather, their short black trousers slit up above the knee and the loose cotton drawers flapping like patent fans when the wearer walks. Their adobe huts, brown, solemn and expressionless, seem off the same piece as the brown, silent and solemn owners, who, cultivating their poor farms, driving their llamas or sitting by the wayside with eyes fixed upon vacancy, do not deign to bestow a passing glance upon the traveler.

THE CROPS.

Alternating with acres of stones are fields of barley, now yellow and ready for cutting, though at this altitude the stalks are headless. Other fields, freshly planted or just being plowed, are covered with clouds of blackbirds, industriously searching for worms and seeds. Women and children are digging potatoes that resemble chestnuts in size and color. There is considerable snow in places between the potato hills, but as those tiny bulbs are all to be frozen before being considered fit to eat, an extra frostbiting will not make much difference. Somewhere toward noon we stop at a wayside tambo for breakfast, an adobe casa of comfortable size, the corral for mules and cattle in front, all inclosed, like a fort, within walls of adobe as high as the house. There are no chairs in the inn, but boxes turned up on end, with planks laid across, serve well enough for seats. The floor of the eating room is only mother earth, undisguised and unadorned; the wall, close overhead, is a thatch of clean straw, and the plank table is covered with a strip of coarse sheeting; but, what is most to the point for hungry travelers who have been riding five hours in the chilly weather on nothing but a cup of coffee, the breakfast is much better than might be expected. It consists of cabbage soup, hot though watery; beef, for which dentists ought to pay a premium, with fried eggs on top; butterless bread, a trifle sour, and coffee; each dish served with ceremony in separate courses to the tune of a dollar a head. Displayed for sale, on shelves around the dining room walls, are tin cans of salmon, sardines, pickles, &c., and bottles of native beer, cognac and other liquors for the benefit of those who are willing to pay about ten prices for inferior articles.

TOWARD TITICACA.

At this typical tambo the horses are changed; and after half an hour's rest we again tuck our blankets about us and go bowling along toward Titicaca. On one side the mountains follow us all the way, a near-by wall of snowy peaks, their tops piercing the clouds. Midway between Illimani and Soratto, those stupendous sentinels that stand one at each end of this journey, rises Potosi, so famous in the past for its silver mines, whose lesser height attains something over 21,000 feet. It is said that the marvelous richness of Potosi was first discovered by an accident. Early in the sixteenth century an Indian named Diego Icualca was chasing a vicuna on the mountain side when, happening to slip on the steep ascent, he seized hold of a shrub to steady himself. The bush tore loose from the ground, and what was the Indian's amazement to see a quantity of pure silver clinging to its roots. Knowing the rapacity of the Spaniards, who had already possessed themselves of the country and were searching it for treasure, he determined to keep his find a secret. Unfortunately, however, he had one confidant, a slave, who betrayed him. So the mine very soon became public property, and though during the next three centuries more than $2,904,690,000 were taken out of it neither Diego nor his descendants realized a penny of that prodigious amount. That the modern Indians are not guilty of the indiscretion of telling their secrets may be inferred from the comparatively recent case of Senora Poso, who lives near the foot of Potosi, and a faithful peon whom she had befriended. Desiring to show his gratitude to his benefactress he revealed to her the fact, long known among all the Indians of the neighborhood, but zealously kept to themselves, that on a remote part of her estate was a gold mine, of whose existence she had never heard. While on the way thereto, accompanied by the senora and her agent, the Indian suddenly fell dead at their feet, shot through the heart by an unknown hand.

IN THE VILLAGE.

About 4 p.m. this stage of our journey is concluded by the arrival at Chililaya, as desolate and uninviting a village as one can readily find. Its principal street, straggling for some distance along the lake, is exposed to the chilly winds that constantly sweep that highest navigable body of water on the globe and colder airs blown from the Andean snow fields on the other side. The place is important only as the western terminus of the Titicaca steamers that connect with the railway running across Peru to the sea. There is a hotel in the village, but the tourist is advised not to brave its terrors if there is any other alternative. The little steamer will be lying at the wharf when the diligencia arrives, and although she sometimes does not sail until next morning, one can go directly on board after the luggage has been identified and passed through the custom house.

One incident only lingers in my memory connected with the few hours' stay in Chililaya. We were invited to the house of a hospitable German, where luncheon was served, in course of which the host inquired of one of our party where the ladies were going.

"All over South America," was the reply. "They are traveling for pleasure."

"Mein Gott in himmel!" ejaculated the astonished Teuton, lifting his eyes and hands heavenward. "Trabbling for bleasure and in Bo-lee-fia!"

FANNIE B. WARD.

A Baby's Boot and a Skein of Wool.

A baby's boot and a skein of wool,
Faded and soiled and soft—
Odd things, you say; and no doubt you're right—
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but, mate, look here;
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on the far-off strand,
With a wedding ring on the small soft hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers deft and fair
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was o'er; I came ashore;
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,
A cottage empty and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the church yard drear.

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Three Varieties.

From the New York World.

"How many people were at your hotel?" asked one Jersey City girl of another as they met after their summer campaign.

"Well," was the reply, "I never counted them, but I should say, counting men, women and dudes, there were about two hundred and fifty."

NEW YORK NOTES.

Political and Financial Matters Being Talked About.

THE TAMMANY AND COUNTY DEMOCRACY PLANS—THE RECENT SQUEEZE ON WALL STREET—FOREIGN MANUFACTURERS COMING—A BOOM.

From THE STAR'S Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.

Local politics are beginning to be very brisk and interesting. Tammany people are showing a wish to run Grant again, but it will be a risky experiment. The opposition is uniting, and, of course, if a sincere coalition is made Tammany has no chance. I understand that Mr. Grace can have the opposition nomination if he cares to take it. He is one of the shrewdest politicians in the country. He has already beaten Grant once, and it is the opinion of a good many politicians that he can do so again. He really aims higher than the mayoralty, but he might take that as a step to the Senatorship or the governorship, to which he aspires. He would get the support of the County Democracy, of the Citizens' League, and probably of the republican machine. Ex-Senator Platt is thoroughly estranged from Tammany, because of the bad faith which that organization kept with him in the last legislature. On this account the long-time secret alliance between the two machines is broken, and Platt will join forces with any good democrat to upset the present masters of the city. The religious league, engineered by Mr. Teale, is daily showing a greater voting strength, and is beginning to receive that respect which follows actual power at the polls.

THE WALL STREET SQUEEZE.

The pinch in money which characterized the early part of the week has disappeared under the liberal policy of the treasurer. No doubt to some extent the stringency was artificial. There are a large number of very respectable old gentlemen who, in the line of business, think it no wrong to squeeze their neighbors for a few extra per cent interest. One of the tokens of hard times in Wall street is the appearance of a number of elegant looking old gentlemen, who might come down from the family portraits on the wall so far as their venerable and benevolent appearance goes, but who are very much alive, and who always put in their appearance during a pinch in cash. These shrewd old gentlemen study the market closely and keep on hand a large amount of cash, which they loan on strictly good security when "The Street" is hard up. At times during the week money has ruled at from 150 to 200 per cent a year, and this on first-class security. Of course if a venerable financier can put in a few days' work at these rates it is better than holding government bonds. These stormy petrels have now gathered up their winnings and left the street, which is one of the best auguries that times are to be easier. The general understanding is that Congress will extend the time in which goods stored in bonded ware houses before the 1st of August may be taken out without added duty to the 1st of February. This will help matters very much, although the importers are keeping the cable hot with orders for new goods to come in before the 1st of October, and this may cause another urgent call for money about that time, in which case the anxieties of the week may be renewed.

THE HOME SIDE OF THE CHINESE WALL.

The news is published this week that Louis Hermsdorf, the great Saxon dyer, is soon to visit this country to start a branch establishment here. The probable location will be in Philadelphia. Hermsdorf is the Krupp of the textile world, and this move on his part is of as much importance to all the clothing trades as the naturalization of the great cannon maker in this country would be to our military element. Hermsdorf's career is one of the miracles of this industrial age. The son of a poor Saxon clergyman, he developed by his own genius into the leading dyer of the world. His establishment at Chemnitz is now one of the boasts of that great center of the hosiery trade, while his home is perhaps the most splendid of any German citizen and rivals most of the palaces of Europe. At the same time Mr. Hermsdorf retains the charming domestic simplicity of the true German. His visit to this country will be eagerly expected by the large textile interests and will make quite as much of a stir as the recent settlement of Sprekles, the sugar refiner, in Philadelphia. In connection with this movement I might speak of the recent establishment here of a branch dry goods mill connected with the French firm of Wysong & Co. The plans contemplate the largest dress goods mill in the country if not in the world. I understand also that a number of other large French manufacturers are to establish manufacturing plants in this country to develop their business here. This movement by foreign capital has been stimulated in some cases, though I understand not in the case of Mr. Hermsdorf, by the new tariff, as in certain important lines of goods the bill gives the domestic manufacturer a vital advantage. Seeing they cannot climb over the Chinese wall with their manufactured goods in a pack on their backs, the foreign capitalists intend to settle down on the home side of the wall and be good Americans like the rest of us.

NEW YORK'S IMPERFECT CENSUS.

From all appearances Superintendent Porter has really made a pretty bad break with the census in this city. One can go as far as this without falling into the absurd clamor that is raised in some quarters against the accuracy and the good faith of the bureau. In the sample ward taken for review, the error appears to be 30 per cent, which is too serious a discrepancy to be pooh-poohed away. Moreover the second census was taken with great care by experienced men. The weak point in the government's case is the fact that its enumeration was taken to some extent under the auspices of the republican ward politicians. Mr. Porter made a grave mistake by allowing politics to enter and vitiate the official statistics by requesting the co-operation of these hack politicians. The health officers are now going to tackle some of the other wards, and if the ratio of error is anywhere near maintained it will turn out a very serious business for the bureau.

THE BUSINESS BOOM.

I never saw the down-town streets so blocked up by goods as they are now. Possibly it may be that a large amount was kept under cover until after the long-continued rains, but whatever the reason, the exhibit all along Broadway and in some of the side streets on Thursday has been phenomenal. A veteran in the dry goods business told me he had never seen anything like it in his life. People grumble about the streets being obstructed, but it means millions to the city and very few would care to have the elbow room that would represent stagnation. I find that it is the universal testimony among merchants that there has not been such a brisk demand from consumers all over the country in many years. Stocks have run down in anticipation of changes in the tariff until the counters and shelves of retail merchants all over the country are bare and buyers are fairly fighting for goods. This is true of the wholesalers not merely in New York, but in Boston, Chicago and other great jobbing centers. Advices from Europe are that the merchants there cannot find ships enough to send goods here. Saturday will be the last day when shipments can be safely made to anticipate the new tariff, provided October 1 stands as the date. The general feeling is, however, that it will be physically impossible to put the tariff in force much, if any, before the middle of the month.

HENRY R. ELLIOT.

A Wonderful Invention.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

A man seated himself in a shady nook of Central Park a few afternoons ago for a comfortable half hour with his favorite magazine, the latest number of which he had but just purchased. Much to his annoyance he found that he had taken an uncut copy, and, having no pocket knife or other paper cutter, he essayed to part the leaves with his forefinger. A succession of indentations in the print resulted. He next tried a lead pencil with but little better effect. The edges of the pages hung in shreds, and in some places it was necessary to match the pieces in order to read the printed matter. While indulging in mental vituperation against uncut periodicals the man casually glanced across the shaded path and saw a young woman seated on a bench opposite him apparently engrossed in the contents of a Harper's Bazar. While he was looking at her she endeavored to open the paper, but found that the leaves needed cutting. Without a moment's hesitation her right hand sought her back hair, out came a hairpin and in a twinkling the leaves were neatly slit apart. The hairpin was restored to its proper place, and the male observer, with a suddenly awakened recollection of the multifarious uses to which he had previously seen the hairpin put, laid aside his magazine and mused on the greatness of that tiny instrument, which, in a woman's hands, is not only a hair fastener, but a paper cutter, a tape needle, a cork extractor, a glove and shoe buttoner, a skeleton key, a shawl fastener, a crochet needle, a fish hook and various other things.

ARE YOU AFFRAID TO INVEST IN REAL ESTATE? You need not hesitate about buying lots in Spring Lake Park. They are offered at acreage prices—4,800 feet for $125. $5 cash and $5 per month (no interest). Examine plat at Danenhower's, corner 13th and G sts. n.w.

Written for THE EVENING STAR.

DIGNIFIED COACHMEN.

Something About Albert Hawkins, the Driver for Many Presidents.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF FOUR-IN-HAND—SOME SWELL TURNOUTS AND THE MEN WHO MANAGE THEM—COACHMEN AFTER THE ENGLISH STYLE—COST OF KEEPING AN OUTFIT.

ALBERT HAWKINS, coachman to the President, has resigned. There were few more important characters in the eyes of the multitude than he. When the band played and the crowd yelled, because the President of the United states was riding to the White House on inauguration day, how many people were there that looked upon the President's face without subsequently taking a good look at the man who was driving him? If his position was less important than the President's, it was, at least, more conspicuous, for he sat higher up in the air. But all this glory was to Albert an old story. Gen. Grant, Mr. Hayes, Gen. Garfield, Mr. Cleveland, Gen. Harrison—he held the ribbons over the horses that drew each one of them in proud procession to and from the Capitol. His face is as familiar to the residents of Washington as the face of any Senator, more familiar, in fact, than the faces of most Senators.

A HAPPY TIME.

There was a happy time for Albert when he drove four horses as an ordinary thing, but now he performs this feat only upon state occasions. We become more and more democratic every day. It was not considered bad taste for Gen. Grant to ride behind four horses and he constantly did so, and in those days it was the customary way for the President to go about, but Hayes didn't like it and so the custom lapsed for four years and was only fitfully revived by President Arthur. That the latter preferred to drive that way was evident, for in the summer, when there was nobody in town to raise objection, he frequently took an airing behind the four high-stepping bays he owned.

Albert is black. In the good old times in Washington nearly all the coachmen were black, and if there is anything finer to gaze upon than a big black coachman in an old-fashioned family livery it has yet to make its appearance. He knew his importance and he gloried in it. There a good many of them left, but the white man is fast taking the colored coachman's place.

John R. McLean still sticks to them, and two gentlemen as black as the ace of spades, in a livery of drab and yellow, attend to the navigation of his yellow-wheeled barouche.

The Japanese legation, too, that has for so long had the handsomest carriage in the diplomatic corps, delights in the possession of a slim, but stately colored coachman, who has a pair of whiskers through which the wind may gently blow. He is proud of these whiskers and justly so, for any man might envy them.

Then there is that brace of dusky birds that perch upon the box of a carriage belonging to a prominent private citizen here. They look like twins. They are old as crows and gray, and sedate, and dignified. They hold themselves erect, they look proud, but it is the pride of conscious worth and there is no vulgar glancing among the common herd, who walk for their approbation. They wear a livery of dark blue, with yellow facings. They drive one of those glorious old glass coaches, full of plate glass windows, painted claret color, and hung upon leather hinges, and with dark red running gear. The whole thing (as the negro chimney sweep said of his loud yell of "Chimaney-oh-oh-o-o,") "creates respec' as it goes along."

HE WON'T DRIVE FAST.

There is another one that is a fine old boy, too. He drives the coupe of a distinguished army officer. Jove! how important he looks as he moves soberly along with that stout old family nag. No fast driving for him! Leave that to these smooth-faced foreigners! "Boss," says he, "I'se done gone driv dat ole hoss ever sense he war a coit, an' I ain't never driv him fast, an' ef de gen'ral he want de horse driv fast in he ole age I ain't gwine ter do it, dat's all!" Perhaps he sacrifices some degree of style, but he saves "de ole hoss."

There are some old white coachmen that are fine on the box also, and several can be seen during the season that would look extremely like Senators if it were not that they resemble more closely the judges of the Supreme Court.

COACHMEN OF TODAY.

But these types are practically things of the past. The swell coachmen and footmen of the present day are white and middle-aged. Here are an ideal pair: The coachman, big and burly, short side whiskers cropped close, erect, with whip in hand and driving rapidly—an extra-high seat makes him taller on the box than the footman, although on the ground they are of equal height—such is the English coachman that our rich residents have, or try to have, and they mate him with a tall, slim, smooth-faced fellow who is nimble in getting up and down and understands how to open carriage doors gracefully and to close them rapidly with a bang.

Dr. Hammond has a good coachman and footman, and he possesses some of the handsomest traps here. His favorite one is a large victoria hung high and having a very lofty box. The livery is blue with silver buttons, and black cockades ornament their silk hats. When they don't wear their top-coats they sit on them, and they are so folded that the double row of buttons is visible to the occupants of the carriage. This is the regulation way.

Senator Stanford of California, Representative Hitt of Illinois and the Postmaster General have probably the finest carriages in Washington.

COST OF KEEPING A FINE TURNOUT.

Now, suppose you want to set up a carriage, how much would it cost you? A pair of showy carriage horses cannot possibly be bought for less than $600. This is the cheapest. A span of really stylish high steppers would be worth from $1,000 to $1,500. In buying your carriage you can be modest and buy a good coupe for $1,000, or you can spend a little money and get a fine landau for $2,400. You can get a good double harness, silver mounted, not too heavy or ostentatious, for $150. You must have a carriage whip with a wooden handle and a long lash, and this will cost you $12. You cannot possibly get along with less than three pairs of blankets for the horses, a pair of day blankets with your initials in the corners, costing about $14, a pair of little street blankets for about the same price, and the night blankets, which are cheap and need not be taken into consideration. If you want to do the thing properly you can get a pair of leather-back blankets, with your monogram in silver in the corners, and you can pay about $40 for them. The lowest possible cost of your outfit will be $2,000, but it will come nearer to $4,000. Then you must pay your coachman, if he is one of the best, $60 a month and your footman $35.

Altogether you will find on investigation that you had better stick to the street car or hire a hack.

Caring for the Lamp.

From the Boston Advertiser.

With the return of the lamp to fashionable society has come, in some of the great cities, a new occupation for intelligent women. The average servant does not understand the management of the beautiful and somewhat intricate lamps which are now seen in every well-furnished house. She will break the elegantly decorated globe or bedaub with oil the delicate silk shade. She will spoil the thread by wrenching with her untutored hands. She will put in a wick too small and provoke an explosion or will crowd in a wick too large and clog the delicate wheels. She will leave them unfilled at a critical time or she will fill them while standing in their places upon the library table and perfume the table scarf with the surplus oil. She will do everything that she should not do and leave undone much that should be done. All this trouble has given place to the professional artist, who knows and appreciates the artistic excellence of the elegant lamp and cares for it as it should be cared for. She is, in many cases, one "who has seen better days" and who is obliged to resort to some honorable occupation for a livelihood. She contracts with private families to care for their parlor lamps by the week or by the month, and she comes daily, or as often as is necessary, to perform her task. She has studied lamps as carefully as the veterinarian has studied horses, and she understands all their ailments and all their needs and requirements, and those who put their lamps in her charge are sure to find them always shining and always trimmed, if, like those of the wise virgins, they are not always burning.

Quick Work.

From the New York World.

Last call at the seashore.—Ethel's mamma—"Have you met the young stranger who arrived last night?"

Ethel—"Yes, mamma; Harry and I are engaged."

Ethel's mamma—"Well, you haven't lost any time."

Ethel—"I couldn't, mamma. Harry's going back to Albany this afternoon."

"And did you go out sailing with George any great way?"

"Well, he didn't exactly hug the shore, and yet he didn't goo to far."—*Philadelphia Times.*

HOW FINE CANDIES ARE MADE.

Some Hints About the Methods of Manufacturing Sugar Plums.

"MIGHTY few of the candies people make at home are good to eat," said a wholesale confectioner to a writer for THE STAR the other day. "And yet there is a certain sort of candy, seldom attempted, that may be manufactured at home just as well as we can do it—fruits glaces, I mean. Dealers in confectionery charge big prices for them, chiefly because they are so very perishable. I think you will admit that no candies are more delicious. If it was realized how very easy they are to turn out, every one would make them on the kitchen range. All you have to do is to boil a mixture of sugar and water on a good hot fire, taking two cupfuls of granulated sugar to a little less than one cupful of cold water. Stir it up thoroughly before putting it on the fire, but do not stir it at all afterward. Let it boil until a spoonful of it dropped into a glass of cold water becomes at once so brittle as to break like so much glass. There comes in the important point; if you do not follow this instruction literally the result will be failure. When the mixture exhibits this symptom take it off the fire and pour it into cups or little bowls which have been previously heated in the oven. Drop your Malaga or Tokay grapes, your nuts or figs or Mandarin oranges into hot sirup, one at a time, fishing them out as quickly as possible with forks and laying them upon buttered tin pans. Do not have the butter too thick, else the candies will taste of it. When the sirup begins to be sugary throw it away. Put the candies on the tin pans into the refrigerator, on the ice, or in the open air if it is winter, until they are cold, when they are ready to eat. Any one can make fruits glaces in this way within twenty-five minutes, including the boiling of the sugar and water, and they are better than those you buy at the confectioners', because they are more fresh and crispy.

CARAMELS AND SUGAR PLUMS.

"I have never known people to make first-rate caramels at home, though they are so usually tried. One very essential quality they lack is 'chawiness,' which is given to the ones you buy in great measure by an admixture of glucose. For chocolate caramels a mixture is made of chocolate, glucose, vanilla and cream from milk, which is poured into a wide shallow trough, after boiling, with a marble bottom to cool it, after which it is chopped up into squares. Other sorts of caramels are prepared in like manner of different materials according to the flavor desired.

"The basis of nearly all sugar plums is just such a mixture as I have told you should be prepared for fruit glace. Granulated sugar is slowly cooked in steam-jacketed copper kettles through the medium of steam. When the mixture reaches a temperature of 244 degrees it is emptied into a shallow rectangular trough with a marble slab for a bottom for cooling. Then workmen with long-handled wooden scoops stir it up until it is transformed from a thick translucent jelly into a white substance resembling plaster of paris half hardened. This imitation plaster of paris is taken from the trough and poured into big round tubs to season for a month or more. The date of cooking is marked upon each tub and the foreman in charge knows when to use it.

USING THE CREAM.

"When the confectioner is ready to use this 'cream,' as it is called, he heats a quantity of it to a fluid state in a jug with a dozen spouts. Meanwhile he has prepared a number of shallow wooden boxes filled with snowy white potato starch and smoothed off cleanly at the top. Upon the surface of these boxes wooden slabs, encrusted with knobs of various shapes, are laid, with the knobby sides down, so as to make in the starch corresponding holes. The said holes are in rows of say a dozen each, which are destined to serve as molds. The operator with dexterous hand passes the many-mouthed pitcher over the molds, filling them a row at a time. When a boxful is completed, it is put away to cool and harden. Finally the contents of the box, potato starch and all, are dumped into a big sieve and shaken. The starch disappears through the wire network, leaving behind the sugar drop, made in all sorts of shapes. It should have been mentioned that while the original mixture was being stirred up in the trough with the wooden scoops a certain proportion of some flavoring was poured in.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

"The sugar drops thus prepared are assorted, placed on trays and conveyed to another department, where they are distributed among a number of girls seated at long tables. Each young woman has before her a rectangular piece of tin, with a sheet of waxed paper spread over it. At her left is a pile of cream drops on a wooden board, while at her right hand is a little glass pot with a steam jacket, in which a small quantity of 'cream,' of one color or another, is kept liquid. The girl, with deft fingers, throws the drops one at a time into the pot, fishing them out again in rapid succession with a little pair of tongs and laying them on the waxed paper in rows. For all chocolate sugar plums slabs of fine chocolate with plenty of vanilla and sugar in it are broken into chunks and melted in copper kettles, where it is stirred with paddles until perfectly smooth. In this condition it is poured upon marble tables, where girls rub in the soft and muddy mass of it the cream drops, nuts, nougat scraps, &c., which are to be coated.

OTHER CANDIES.

"'Jellies' are made from the pulps of various fruits boiled in sugar and molded into shapes to represent grapes, plums and so on. All of them are imported from France. Marshmallows are composed of whites of eggs, gelatine and sugar, with a flavoring of vanilla and orange-flower water. The business of making flavoring for candies is quite an extensive one. Vanilla is prepared by steeping the chopped-up beans in spirits of wine for three months, after which the liquor is strained off and serves as an extract. For other flavors sirups are prepared from the fresh juices of fruits, though in making the cheaper grades of candy the intense essential oils are employed. Such colors as are used for tinting sugar plums are all manufactured from vegetable substances and put up in jars under the supervision of the French government."

Written for THE EVENING STAR.

Barney of Bladensburg.

O'er Bladensburg's blood-flowing runs
Upon the wooded height,
Brave Barney met the British guns
In fierce and steadfast fight,
And kept the field before the foe
Throughout the desperate fray
Ross and his redcoats massed below
From their fleet in Chesapeake Bay.

First Barney his flotilla led
Against the British ships,
The starry flag above his head,
Defiance on his lips;
And next he left his boats alone
To thwart victorious Ross,
Who after burning Washington
Fell back with paltry loss.

Honor to Barney and his band,
Our hero of the wave,
Who saved the day in Maryland
With his ranks of farmers brave;
And on the river fought the fleet
With his plucky fisher crew,
Then showed an army in retreat
What a salt ashore could do.

That sailor gallant to the core
And soldier staunch as steel
Taught enemies on sea and shore
To rue a patriot's zeal;
Patuxent's lusty broadsides rang
And Bladensburg's hot field
A sailor-soldier's glory sang
While with wounds the hero reeled.

Thank heaven he lived to feel the tide
That o'er the nation flowed,
To share the swelling throb of pride
With which his country glowed,
To join th'enthusiastic groups
Which gathered on the day
When the Yankees drove the British troops
In their ships from Chesapeake Bay.

—DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

In the War.

From the Lowell Citizen.

Lightfoot—"Runley tells me he had chills and fever in the war."

Veteran—"He did. He had chills when the shooting commenced and fever when he stopped running."

She Got Him.

From London Tid-bits.

Scene in an omnibus—Thin man (vainly endeavoring to wedge his body on to a seat)—"This 'bus ought to charge by weight."

Stout woman (contemptuously): "If it did it would never stop to pick you up."

Conscience is that within us that tells us when our neighbors are doing wrong.—*Epoch.*