HOW THE FOURTH CAME BACK

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY JOHN HABBERTON.

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"I WISH THE FOURTH WOULD COME back again," remarked old Jefferson Purley one summer afternoon, as he assisted two or three acquaintances to keep the sidewalk rail in front of Leatherton's store from feeling lonesome. Leatherton's was the most popular of the several general stores on the main street of Berryburg and Leatherton's competitors declared it was all because of the unrivaled attractions which its front offered to summer loungers. All along the outer edge of the sidewalk ran a rail just high enough to sit upon in the attitude dearly beloved by men who spend much of their home leisure in ornamenting with themselves the tops of fences; there was a lower rail just low enough to accommodate boot heels, and over all a couple of mulberry trees cast a grateful shade during the warm summer days and, according to many frequenters of the place, kept the dews of evening from the men who gathered after dusk to smoke and gossip.

"The Fourth of July?" queried Leatherton himself, who leaned against the door frame of the store and chatted with the crowd while keeping an eye on his competitor's doors to see what might be going on in the way of afternoon business. "You won't have to wait very long, Mr. Purley, if that's any comfort to you. The Fourth is only about a week off. I wonder whose house or barn will burn down this time and who'll get into the lock-up?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "the day will come according to the almanac, unless judgment day should steal a march on it. But the Fourth ain't the Fourth any more—not the way it used to be in the days before the war. There'll be lots of them infernal fire-crackers and plenty of drunks, I suppose, but I'm longin' for one of the Fourths that used to mean somethin'. Most of you fellers was too young to get anythin' out of it to remember—some of you wasn't born, but I reckon Leatherton can back me up when I say that there's nothin' now in the way of celebrations that can hold a candle to them days."

"That's a fact," said the storekeeper.

"Bein' the flag in the mornin' at sunrise," continued the old native, "an' every man an' boy in town in a ring around the pole all ready to holler an' cheer when it got to the top, an' women standin' in doorways an' hangin' out of winders all around, to get a look at the dear old rag. Like's not, too, we'd have a cannon to fire a salute; we'd have it if there was one to be borrowed anywhere; the young fellers in town didn't make nothin' of trampin' twenty miles to a town where there was a cannon, big or little, that could be borrowed or hired, an' draggin' it here by hand. They didn't care how heavy it was, the bigger the better, an' then we all chipped in to buy the powder."

"Fact," asserted the storekeeper, with a sigh. "I've sometimes sold two kegs of powder a day for one of those cannon to fire. No money to be made that way nowadays—though I did use to make it a rule to sell it at about cost when it was wanted for a cannon on the Fourth."

"And the processions! Gosh!" exclaimed the old man. "The town band, when we had one, fife and drum when we hadn't, an' a-playin' music that everybody knowed, instead of the kind of stuff that bands play nowadays. Then a great big wagon full of gals in white an' ribbons, one gal for each state, an' a little wagon load of smaller gals to signify the territories an' all of them in white an' lots of ribbons, too."

"Fact," again said Leatherton, with a sigh over business which had declined. "Sometimes I've sold as many as ten rolls of ribbon on a single Fourth—some red, some white and some blue, a dozen yards to a roll. Lots of the big girls that stood for the states bought mighty nice stuff for their white dresses, too. Such goods cost a good deal more money then than they do now, but there wasn't any beating down the price—not for that day, anyhow."

"I reckon that was so," the old man said. "I know when my gal, that was afterward my wife, was picked out to ride in the wagon to represent our state I just bought her a whole piece of each kind of ribbon—red, white an' blue—an' sold a colt I was mighty fond of to get the money to pay for it with. I tell you there was love of country in them days."

"And love of gals, perhaps," mildly intimated Clay Burnitt, a healthy-looking young man who leaned against the rail.

"Don't seem to be either kind now," said the old man, at which some of the others looked at Clay, who flushed and scowled. But the older man continued. His mind was not inclined to leave the blissful past to starve on the barren present. "It used to be the biggest chance a young man could have to show off, for a lot rode horseback in the procession and the very finest young man in the town was always picked out to read the Declaration, an' tain't no small job to read that old paper right, either. The feller that was to do it would study on it weeks ahead until he almost knowed it by heart. I know one young man that had it by heart so that he hardly had to look in the book when he got on the platform. I'll bet you there ain't a young man in these parts today that can say any of it off-hand."

"You'd lose your bet, Mr. Purley," said Clay Burnitt respectfully, yet with something in his voice which made the old man look at him inquiringly, and with some sign of approval as he said:

"Is that a fact? Hurrah for you, then—that's what I say."

The young man seemed greatly pleased by this remark and Leatherton winked at him encouragingly, at which he looked somewhat sheepish.

"I'd give everythin' I've got, seems to me," said the old man, rising, "to see one of those old Fourths come back again, but I 'spose there ain't no use hopin'. Decoration days this side of the Ohio, an' memorial days down south wherever I've been, seems to have run the Fourth out of people's heads. It's a durned ornery shame—that's what it is."

"That's where you're right, Mr. Purley," said Clay.

The old man sauntered homeward. Leatherton followed him with his eyes a moment or two and then remarked:

"Big offer the old man made, Clay. He'd give anything he's got. Did you take that in?"

The other loungers looked keenly at the young man, but got in return a glance so indignant that they made excuses to depart.

"Big offer, Clay," repeated the storekeeper.

"Yes—yes; I heard you, Mr. Leatherton."

"Well, don't you see a chance of business in it? He thinks so much of that only gal of his that I suppose he treats you as he does everybody else among the young fellows, but if I was a genteel-looking young bachelor and on the inside track, like I believe you are, I'd give him the kind of Fourth he asks for and then I'd demand the pay—every cent of it, or pound of it, I suppose it would have to be in that case."

"Thunder, Leatherton," said Clay, looking somewhat embarrassed and as if he would like to change the subject. "I believe everything is business—matter-of-fact business—to your eyes."

"Of course it is," said the storekeeper. "So it is to everybody else, too, though some pretend it isn't. Statesmen, preachers, girls—. But that's neither here nor there. I'll make a straightforward bargain with you right now. You want to marry Luce Purley—confound it, man, stop blushing; there's nothing wrong about it; every young fellow in town wants to marry her. Well, her father likes you about as well as he likes anybody else, but she's all the family that's left to him. As for me, I want to wake up my business a little; there's scarcely anything doing at this season of the year. Let's you and me get up an old-fashioned Fourth; there isn't much time left, but it can be done by hard work. You do the work and I'll supply the ideas. I know how it used to be done. Between us we'll get all the glory. Individually I'll get the most of the extra trade it'll make and you'll get the girl. Is it a bargain?"

"It is!" exclaimed the youth, with tremendous emphasis.

"Good! I'll telegraph an order for ribbons and white dress goods at once, and I'll talk the thing up to everybody that comes into the store—I'll say that the idea is yours and ought to be put through, and that I'm backing you up with all my might; you must say so, too, so that I'll get all the trade, though I guess I'll be pretty sure of that anyhow; I don't believe any of the other stores have got any amount of the necessary stuff in stock. And I'll spread it around that you're going to read the Declaration on the platform—'twon't do to have anybody else do that."

"Oh, say!" exclaimed Clay, with a look of alarm; "I can't do that, I'm no public speaker. I haven't spoke a word in public since the last time I was in a school exhibition. I wouldn't know how to do it."

"You'll have to learn, then. Don't say 'Can't!' You're not going to let a little thing like the Declaration of Independence stand between you and a girl like Luce Purley, are you?"

"No," said Clay, from between closed teeth.

"Of course you're not. Now get out and get all the young fellows in the spirit of the thing. Let's see; better say we'll have it in the big maple grove that I bought of Smith; all the old people will remember that there used to be such celebrations there. Tell them it's to be a picnic, and everybody's to bring plenty of cake and fried chicken. Start a subscription to hire a brass band from some other town and make up the difference yourself, if you have to sell your horse at a sacrifice—I'll buy him. I guess that's all now, except you want to say that I'm in it with all my might—was the first man that gave you any encouragement and that I've promised to see you through no matter how much trouble it takes. I must make sure of the extra trade, you know. We can talk about the rest in the morning. Better find time along about the middle of the evening to drop in at the old man's and let Luce know what you're doing, and that it's being done to please her father; that sort of thing don't do any harm when a fellow's making up to a gal. The thing will work all right if it's managed according to business principles."

"Leatherton," said the young man, "you've been taking my breath away, but now that I'm beginning to get it back I want to say that you're the most hard-hearted, practical fellow that I ever heard of. I do believe you'd be equal to the job of starting a revival of religion in this town, just for the sake of waking up trade."

"Good idea! First rate! I never thought of it before, but I'll do it as soon as cool evenings begin. Much obliged to you for the notion; I'll take you into the scheme as soon as the time comes. Now hurry along and get the boys waked up. Say, I wouldn't waste any time over Luce this evening. Here she comes down the street; just leave her to me and I'll explain everything to her."

"Clay Burnitt started off in what is known as 'a state of mismind.' He had long thought Lucia Purley the only woman in the world whom he could love, and he sometimes had dared to think his regard was returned in some measure, but the girl's father had often declared that his daughter should not marry until there came along a man who was like what men used to be—a man who was not at all likely to appear. Sleepy and out of the way though Berryburg was, it had not been off of the route of the march of progress. The young men had learned to play croquet and forgotten how to pitch dollars. They had neglected the local half-mile race track and their fathers, where every man rode his own horse and bet upon it, placing the money in a friend's hands; now they trained horses only to sell them and the only races they bet upon were run on race tracks in cities hundreds of miles away by horses they never had seen; they sent their bets by mail or express to men whom they had never seen—men called bookmakers—whom they never wanted to see unless to punch their heads for suspected tampering with owners or jockeys to make the right horse lose. Truly such times were devil and made young men good for nothing; Luce Purley with her splendid face and figure and heart was much too precious a creature to be given to any man who had not heart enough to love a horse for its own sake.

How Clay Burnitt got through that afternoon, and successfully, too, he never understood until he found time to think, which was not until the Fourth had passed. He had the pleasure, however, of assuring himself, as he went to bed, that nearly all the young fellows in the village had fallen in heartily with his plan, and were willing to take part in a Fourth of July celebration or anything else that would vary the monotony of village life, and that the plan of having a lot of the prettiest girls in the village to pose for the various states of the Union went right to the hearts of all. For a little while there seemed danger of everything going to pieces through the insistance of each young man that his favorite girl should represent the state in which Berryburg was situated, but Clay settled the matter diplomatically and without giving himself away by showing that the honor of posing for the state belonged by right to Luce Purley, whose father had originally suggested the celebration. When all the young men agreed with him Clay suddenly found himself frightfully jealous, for Luce appeared to be everybody's favorite. Clay never had talked love to her, for it seemed unfair, in view of her father's ideas, and because she was the old man's all. Could it be that others had not been so fair and honorable of spirit?

During the next few days he did not have much time for either love or jealousy. Leatherton has assured everybody that Clay Burnitt had assumed entire management of the affair, and that he was the proper person to be consulted by any one who wished to ask questions. So the young man was consulted and driven half crazy by villagers and farmers who wanted to do something, but had not the slightest idea as to how it should be done. He appointed committees, passed subscription papers, heading each one with a liberal sum, he drilled the mounted guard which was to escort the stars and stripes in the procession, he wrote invitations to distinguished men in the country round, including one to the governor of the state, he made business lively for the local telegraph operators while searching the state for a cannon and a brass band, and he inlaed with women who came to tell him what refreshments they would provide until he felt that the leading features of the Fourth would be a mountain of home-made cake and a young man who had lost his mind.

In addition to all this there were two great and special burdens from which he could not free his mind, sleeping or waking. One was the duty of properly reading the Declaration of Independence and the other was that Luce's father had treated the scheme with apparent coldness and suspicion from the moment he heard of it. His daughter was his informant, bringing the news direct from Leatherton's store and embellishing it somewhat with the treasures of her own imagination, but the old man listened critically and replied that no young fool nowadays could manage such a thing in the old-time style. Afterward he listened to whatever might be said about it by his neighbors and the loungers at the store—and nobody talked of anything else in those few eventful days—but he gave no signs of approval and it appeared from what Clay could gather at second-hand that the old man really resented, on the part of past generations, the attempt to restore the Fourth of July as he had known it.

To make matters worse, Luce also acted strangely. Hitherto she had been among the most enthusiastic of the great body of young women who welcomed any change that chanced to disturb the placidity of life in the sleepy old village, and she always had been frank and unembarrassed when she met Clay Burnitt, but now she was as reserved and non-committal as if the proposed celebration had been devised by a rival belle. Clay could not understand it, nor could he look to any one for sympathy, for Leatherton, who was the only sharer of his secret, was giving his entire mind to his own personal interest in the celebration.

The young man forced a stiff upper lip and determined to succeed in spite of everything, even should he afterward be obliged to leave the town with a light pocketand a heavy heart. If the old man and his daughter held themselves aloof he would have the sweet revenge of showing them that they were alone. He succeeded in interesting all the local pastors and politicians, secured the judge of the circuit court and even found a Congressman from another district who was willing to deliver an oration. A jolly southerner who had strayed north after the war and married at Berryburg suggested that a barbecue would not be a bad thing at an outdoor celebration of the Fourth. Clay promptly supplied at his own expense a fat ox to be roasted whole and spent a day on the Kentucky side of the river in searching for men who were equal to the task of preparing so large a morsel for the table. As he returned from his quest, successful but weary, and stopped a moment in front of Leatherton's store he heard the voice of Luce's father saying:

"Barbecue? Don't tell me anythin' about it. Nobody nowadays can do anythin' of that kind without makin' a fizzle of it."

Clay slipped noiselessly and dejectedly away and repeated the entire Declaration of Independence before he got his heart back into its proper place. What nonsense it all was, any way, he said to himself. Here he was spending his time and money on as wild a speculation as he ever had heard of—trying to win a girl by gratifying a fancy of her father, who might change his mind half a dozen times before the decisive day. Suppose something should go wrong, as something is always possessed to do in great popular celebrations! Suppose—horrible thought—suppose the day should be rainy! The mere thought of it unnerved him so completely that again he had to read the Declaration to get command of himself.

At last the eventful day arrived, and Clay envied the sun, which rose as placidly as if nothing unusual was about to happen, whereas poor Clay had risen two hours earlier, after a sleepless night. The flag raising was a grand success; all the school children who could sing, assisted by many who could not, formed a circle around the foot of the pole and gave a verse of the "Star Spangled Banner" as the colors were slowly hoisted skyward; then a cannon which had been through the war burned about a keg of powder and gleefully destroyed much window glass in houses facing the town square, making so much noise that small boys were ashamed to fire any crackers afterward. Clay looked nervously about in the crowd of adults who observed the flag raising and shuddered with delight as the salute was being fired, but he could not see either old Purley or Luce. As he walked home to breakfast, however, he saw in a side street a feminine figure which he could not mistake and a man wearing a hat which any one in town could recognize as Purley's; the couple had not been out so early just for the pleasure of a walk before breakfast; evidently the old man was interested, at least to the extent of criticism, but why need he be so "offish" about it? Clay resolved that when his own time came to be an old man he would not have crochety nonsense in him to torment young men who were doing their best.

There was not much time for reflection, however. Clay had succeeded in shifting the care of the procession to the shoulders of a veteran of two wars, who had no difficulty in finding other veterans to assist him, but it was necessary to impress upon all of these the special features and procedure of such affairs before the war, and all of this Clay had been obliged to get in detail from Leatherton and repeat to the officers, prompting them again and again on the eventful day. Whenever he had a moment or two to himself there was some passage of the Declaration of Independence to turn over in his mind and mutter under his breath, to be sure that he had the proper idea as to the inflections, for he had learned that the reader to whom the old man had alluded as having "got by heart" the historic paper before reading it was no other than old Purley himself. Clay almost wished, in his anxiety and excitement, that those old rebels of '76 had been pacified somehow by George III and become good royalists again, so that the glorious, awful paper need not have been written. Still, no Declaration, no Fourth; no Fourth, no celebration; no celebration, no chance to capture Luce by first capturing her father.

Finally, to his great relief, the procession started for the grove. And what a procession it was. Matter-of-fact souls who never had seen an old-fashioned Fourth lined the sidewalks of the main street to scoff, but remained to cheer, and to finally follow the column. Berryburg was a small place, as all of them knew, but they told one another that there was a great deal of it when it was all there. First came the grand marshal, one horseback, in the uniform of a major general (he had hired it of a costumer at Louisville.) Behind him tramped a brass band playing as well as it could on short acquaintance, "The Good Old Colony Days," which, by a lucky chance, Clay had learned the old-time Fourth of July processions at Berryburg always started with. Then came the national colors and the state flag, escorted by forty young men on horseback and in uniform, so far as straw hats from the same box could make them. There was not much opportunity for display of horsemanship, but each young man was looking his very best and carrying himself with the air of a prince, for right behind the color guard came three wagons arranged as one and bearing as many interesting girls as there were stars in the flag. Between these and the wagon which carried the representatives of the territories was a carriage in which rode the orator of the day and the reader of the Declaration, the former looking thoroughly at ease, thanks to some seasons at Washington, while the younger man was wishing that he might reach the grove on foot through the back streets. While gazing ahead, however, he finally saw, through the thicket of tresses and ribbons in front of him, the head and shoulders of Luce Purley, and the spectacle seemed to strengthen his heart greatly, for Leatherton, who stood with Luce's father under a tree to view the procession, thought that he never knew before that Clay Burnitt was such a handsome fellow and the old man muttered:

"Neither did I—durn him!"

After the carriage came one containing the reverend clergy and then followed survivors of the Union and confederate armies, some of them in their old uniforms, crippled veterans being provided with carriages, while in an old-fashioned gig, all by himself, rode a survivor of the Mexican war, carrying the sword with which he had taken part in the historic charge of May's dragoons—an ex-dragoon in a gig was not in accordance with the fitness of things, but nobody said so—not on the Fourth. Then followed all the school children, each class under command of its teacher, the boys with their faces washed and looking as uncomfortable as if going to church, while the girls were doing their best to outshine those who rode in the wagons. The whole town followed, accompanied by crowds from other towns, and a large a delegation from the farming district that Leatherton, who with old Purley had fallen into the column, groaned:

"What a splendid day for business if a fellow could only keep his store open!"

"Durn business!" replied the old man, upon which the storekeeper wished he could get ahead and tell Clay that the thing was bound to work.

Arrived at the grove, the two flags were affixed to the right and left of the platform, upon which the reverend clergy, the orator, the reader and the representatives of states and territories were placed, the girls forming three sides of a square and forming a background which one of the reverend clergy said reminded him of heaven. The forty horsemen formed line at right and left of the platform, the crowd massed itself in front, and as a result of an afterthought the survivor of May's dragoons was taken to a prominent seat on the platform, as the nearest approach to a revolutionary veteran that the town could supply. There was a hush of expectation; the grand marshal asked the oldest clergyman to open the exercises with prayer; then the band played "Hail Columbia" and a glorious aroma of patriotism and barbecued ox enveloped everything and everybody as the grand marshal rose and announced:

"Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by Clay Burnitt, esquire."

Clay got upon his feet in some way, he scarcely knew how, and opened his old school history at the appendix, where the declaration was printed. The courage accumulated during the ride had all vanished. Clay looked around with an air which the sheriff of the county said reminded him of a criminal's last glance from the gallows. Indeed, the sensation was much the same, for Clay felt himself bidding farewell to hope and at the same time looking for a reprieve or for strength from some power outside of himself. He got it, for, as his eye hurriedly swept the platform, it was arrested by that of Luce Purley. It was only for a fraction of a second, but as Clay faced the great crowd in front it was with the firm conviction that Luce Purley's heart was with him and wanting him to succeed. He was so sure of it that when his eye fell upon Luce's father, who leaned against a tree near the front with folded arms and critical face, it was with a flash that vowed the stubborn-hearted old fellow and compelled him to seat himself on the ground, where he meekly remained during the reading. Then Clay tossed his head upward, closed the book and began in a loud, clear voice: "When, in the course of human events—." The remainder need not be printed here, though it would be entirely new to many readers.

Absolute silence was maintained until the reading ended, but the instant the words "their sacred honor" had announced the end and the grand marshal was about to announce "music, Yankee Doodle," old Purley sprang to his feet and shouted:

"Three cheers for Clay Burnitt and the Declaration!"

Everybody loyally roared. The marshal brought the band into action as the last cheer died away, and then—well, there's no room in a short story to tell what the strains of Yankee Doodle can do for a crowd of 2,000 or 3,000 people who have not had the force of old association refined out of their blood. Clay Burnitt arose to acknowledge the compliment to himself and the fathers of the republic; then he stole a glance at Luce Purley. The cheeks that ten minutes before were pale were now two glorious roses; the eyes that had looked anxious were now dancing with joy, yet telling a story which Clay was sure he understood. The oration which followed was a fine effort, but Clay could not repeat a word of it afterward, neither could Luce. As for Purley himself, he was in waiting for his daughter when the exercises concluded; he also caught Clay's arm and led him aside, put the girl's hand in his and remarked:

"She's yourn. I couldn't have done it better myself—I didn't do it better the time I read it."

"How did you like the rest of the celebration, Mr. Purley?" asked Clay when he had recovered from his surprise at the suddenness of things.

"First-rate; just like old times. Mighty glad you got it up."

"Then why did you act so very distant about it from the very first? And"—this with a gentle pinch of Luce's arm—"why did you follow your father's example?"

"Because," said the girl, trying to look angry, "we knew why you were doing it."

"You knew? How did you find out?"

"Leatherton told father and we were afraid he would tell others."

"The scoundrel! If I'd known that you knew I——"

"I'm so glad you didn't," murmured the girl, leaning heavily for a moment on her lover's arm. The old man looked cheerily at both while he gesticulated and said to himself:

"Their lives—their fortunes—and their sacred honor."

There is one family in Berryburg to whom Independence day is now a double holiday, and a leading feature of its celebration always is the story which Grandfather Purley tells his daughter's children of how the Fourth came back.

A Bad Blunder.

From the Epoch.

Visitor (in gaol, to prisoner)—"What are you here for?"

Prisoner—"For stealing."

Visitor—"What did you steal?"

Prisoner—"I stole a girl's affections."

Visitor—"Well, that is no infraction of the law."

Prisoner—"Hem, I carried 'em off with her father's horse and buggy."

Not Hard to Please.

From the Newark Standard.

They were talking confidentially of the present and the future with that sublime happiness which only love at twenty knows.

"What is wealth or station," he remarked, trying to bring in some poetical quotation on the subject, "the idea that to be happy one must be born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

"Any metal would suit me, Robert," she whispered approvingly, "so long as we had ice cream to eat with it."

CHILIAN CONCEIT.

The People of the Republic Are Remarkably Self-Approving.

LIFE IN THE GAY CAPITAL.

What It Was Before the Present Revolution—Charitable and Educational Institutions—The Government Theater—Echoes of the War—Failure of Attempts to Secure Peace.

From The Star's Traveling Correspondent.

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, 1891.

ABOUT THE MOST SELF-APPROVING SET of people on the face of the earth, particularly as regards their beloved republic, are these Chilians. A fair sample of the native conceit was displayed to a commission from the United States, which came down here a few years ago to talk about reciprocity and if possible to foster closer friendly and commercial relations between the two countries. Our representatives were politely received by the chosen men of Chili and a lengthy but rather one-sided pow-wow was held. Finally, after listening attentively to all that the Americans had to say for themselves, young Miss Chili briefly spoke her mind. She gracefully admitted the truth of all the flattering things which the gentlemen from the north had said about her—that she was a great, a rich, a prosperous and a beautiful country—but assured them that the half had not been told. She acknowledged that it might readily be discerned, with half an eye, as it were, how much it would be for the interest of the United States to have dealings with her; but—really, begging pardon for the seeming discourtesy—where would the benefit to Chili come in?

CHILIAN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

In some respects the Chilians are not without grounds for their self-esteem. Their educational institutions, for example, are ahead of those in many older republics and certainly far surpass any others in South America, and their progress in literature, the arts and sciences has been truly remarkable, considering that this ribbon-like strip of territory—walled by the mighty Andes on one side and washed by the limitless Pacific on the other—is more remote from the world's great centers of population than any other civilized land.

For some years past education has been a government hobby in Chili and no pains or expense have been spared in discovering the best methods, securing the most competent instructors and opening up a really "royal road" to learning for the masses as well as for the wealthy few.

THE OLDEST COLLEGE.

The oldest college in Chili, the Instituto Nacional, received its charter from the King of Spain more than a hundred years ago, and was known as the Colegio de San Felipe until 1842, when it was reorganized and renamed. It occupies a fine building in the Alameda, alongside of the great university. The latter is divided into five faculties, and in it the sons of wealthy families who are designed for the learned professions finish their education. Its course of study covers a period of six years and embraces mathematics, practical surveying, physics, natural history, chemistry, astronomy, cosmography and other sciences, besides ancient and modern languages, medicine, law and theology.

All well-educated young people in this country learn French and German, and of late years it is becoming the fashion to study English after the "dead" languages have been acquired—as in the United States. Spanish is about the last language the student thinks of applying himself to, except at West Point and Annapolis, where, I believe, it is compulsory. That is not as it should be, considering that they are the two languages of this western world, English being universally spoken on one continent and Spanish on the other.

AVERAGE ANNUAL ATTENDANCE.

The last statistics I have had an opportunity of seeing gave the average annual attendance at the university as 981 and of the Instituto Nacional as 1,150. The former has a splendid library of about 10,000 volumes and all manner of scientific apparatus for the use of the students. It is filled with earnest and thoughtful young men, scores of whom may be seen, books in hand, pacing the extensive inner corridors and reading or studying aloud, after the southern fashion. In the law department I noticed two young ladies—an altogether new departure for Chili, not looked upon with favor, so that the position of the two senoritas can hardly be enviable. Had they taken to the medical department instead, possibly they might have been forgiven; but nobody hereabouts can see any sense in women studying law.

OTHER FLOURISHING SCHOOLS.

Santiago also supports a flourishing school of arts and trades; a school of agriculture—founded in 1869 by the Sociedad de Agricultura; a conservatory of music and numerous other public and private seminaries, all well filled and doing creditable work. The Military Academy is another government institution for the education of young men intended for the army and navy, and is said to have done much toward improving both services. It is conducted on the French system, and, like that in Valparaiso, occupies a very handsome and extensive group of buildings. The numerous normal schools of Chili are a later experiment, and are designed especially for the training of those who are to become teachers in the government schools. They are under the general supervision of the minister of finance, and directly superintended by a commissioner of education—the latter a very learned gentleman, who has been sent to all countries at government expense expressly to study the different methods of conducting schools, in order to decide upon that which is best for Chili.

A YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

Among numerous private schools, the most popular is the "Colegio Norte-Americano," for young ladies, which may be called an institution of the United States, because it is the outgrowth of a missionary enterprise originated in that country, and is conducted by people whose names are familiar in Washington (Mr. and Mrs. I. H. La Fetra), assisted by eight teachers from the United States and a round dozen of "professors especiales," who give lessons in music, painting and the languages. The college, which is both a boarding and day school, now occupies its own casa, a splendid new building of gray stone in the calle (street) de las Augustinas, and has plenty of commodious recitation rooms, drawing rooms, library, reception rooms, dormitories, arranged with every convenience. Though emphatically a Protestant school, its mission work is very quietly accomplished, in a more effective manner than open attempts at proselyting would prove in this intensely Catholic country.

The National Library, located in a fine large building near the central plaza, contains upward of 50,000 volumes and is open every day in the week to all classes. Its collection dates back to the year 1813, but was greatly augmented by many valuable books, manuscripts, inquisition and colonial records, stolen from the once rich library of Lima during the Peru-Chili war. There is also a smaller public library in another college, besides that of ten thousand volumes in the National Institute.

PRINTING FIRST INTRODUCED.

Printing was introduced into Chili in the year 1812, with a little screw press, brought from the United States, which is still preserved in the National Museum. Now there are at least a dozen printing establishments in Santiago, publishing four daily newspapers, beside the official journal and various reviews and serials. The *Ferro-carril* ("railway train"), established about forty years ago, is the leading paper of the capital, and enjoys a daily circulation of perhaps 9,000. Within the last twenty years newspapers and periodicals have been established in nearly all the provinces and departments of Chili and most of the larger towns, such as Concepcion, Iquique, Copiapo and Serena, have each two or three dailies—or rather they had before the present war, which has temporarily destroyed the newspaper business, in common with every other industry. Valparaiso has two or three big dailies, beside the *Diaro Oficial*, the *Catolica*, an English and a German weekly, and a number of Chilian literary and social periodicals.

THE HOSPITALS.

Though cruel as the grave in war, the Chilians are justly celebrated for their care of the sick and afflicted. The first hospital in Santiago was established almost as soon as the city, by Valdivia, the founder. Those of San Juan de Dios, for males, and of San Francisco de Borjas, for females, are the most noted. These, as well as many other hospitals scattered all over Chili, in every town and city, are under the care of the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paulo, who have their central convent in Santiago. They are aided by the government, but have also considerable revenues of their own, derived from gifts and legacies. In the capital city there are asylums also for the blind, the insane, widows, orphans and the sick and homeless of all classes. The insane asylum has over 600 inmates. An official report states that during last year 317,879 invalids were treated in all the hospitals and dispensaries of the republic. The asylums for widows and orphans are mostly in charge of the Sisters de la Providencia, from the dominion of Canada. During the last forty years they have established and nobly sustained six convents—in Santiago, Valparaiso, Concepcion, Serena and Limache, and have given shelter to thousands of unfortunates. In various wars and epochs of epidemic these good women have shown the most heroic devotion.

Speaking of Chilian generosity, it is asserted that the owners of Santiago's marble palaces are so free with their wealth that Irish and American tramps easily make from ten to twenty dollars a day by begging at their doors! This careless giving, however, should not be called charity, but rather a weak indulgence in the luxury of spending money, which can scarcely be counted among the saving virtues.

SANTIAGO'S THEATERS.

In noting Santiago's public institutions we must not omit the theaters. Besides the Teatro Politeama, the Teatro Santiago, the French theater on Santa Lucia and a few other third-rate temples of music and the drama there is a splendid government opera house known as the Teatro Municipal, which is the finest structure of the kind in South America, and for size, gorgeousness and arrangement surpasses anything we have in the United States. A description in the cold black and white of print can convey but a faint idea of how it looks at its best, brilliantly lighted and filled with the creme de la creme of the Chilian capital—when the blaze of jewels is not more dazzling than the glances that flash from southern eyes nor the music sweeter than beauty's smile—when Parisian toilets, bare arms, glittering fans and a thousand opera glass flirtations bewilder the spectator. The building is constructed in horseshoe form, and its internal arrangement is on the European plan, with four balconies, three of which are divided into boxes, tier above tier, in semi-circular shape, all luxuriously upholstered with crimson brocade and decorated in white and gold. The balconies have no pillars to obstruct the view, but are supported upon brackets, each bracket being a beautiful female figure with uplifted arms.

BONNETS AND NO BONNETS.

Formerly none but men, and those not of the upper classes, ever sat in the body of the house, though in reality it is quite as comfortable as the boxes; but the English residents, with the natural independence of loyal Britons—and who are known to stand as high socially and financially as anybody to the Chilian "manor" born—succeeded in time in elevating the character of the pit by persisting in occupying it with their well-dressed ladies. Now, though perhaps not so fashionable as the slower places above, the floor of the house is always filled, at the average price of $4 a seat, even when the boxes are comparatively empty. But inexorable custom, which in Spanish America must not be departed from, decrees that ladies in the pit must wear their bonnets or some other light covering for the head, while never a bonnet appears above, and the ladies in the boxes being dressed for the simplest force (or rather half undressed so far as the bodice is concerned) as for the grand opera in Paris or London.

LIGHT OPERA THE RULE.

The Teatro Municipal, as its name implies, is controlled by the city authorities, and every year its boxes are sold at auction for the season, under the direction of the mayor, and the receipts given, in whole or in part, as a subsidy to the opera management. The fashionable evenings are Thursdays, Saturdays and especial Sundays, the attendance on other nights being very slim, unless some fiesta is in progress. The lightest of operettas are the rule—such as "Doña Juanita," the ballet of "Brama," and "Orfeo in los Infiernos;" but I have seen "Boccacio," "Rigoletto" and the ancient but always acceptable "Chimes of Normandy" rendered better here than is usual in the United States. Like all Latin peoples, the Santiagoans are judges of music, and would hiss an indifferent company off the stage. In this theater everything bears the monogram "I. M. S." (Teatro Municipal de Santiago), on chair backs, music racks and wherever a monogram can be placed.

The orchestra numbers seventy-five pieces, the stage furniture is fauitless, and there is a splendid proscenium box especially reserved for the president. But he will not be likely to occupy it at present, for by his order the municipal theater remains closed this winter. It seems odd to be writing of June, July and August as winter, but on this side of the equator, you know, the almanac with which we are familiar is all out of joint, and the coldest season occurs while northern people are suffering most with heat. The closing of the opera house is a grief to Santiago society, and complicates more than anything else ever against "Dictator Balmaceda." Owing to war troubles, foreign performers cannot be imported, and the harassed government has neither thought nor money to bestow upon the drama. Thus the rebellion of a few cranky congressmen is felt in every circle of Chilian society, but to the president is attributed the blame.

ANXIOUS FOR PEACE.

From time to time Balmaceda, who is more anxious for peace than any other man in the country, has offered the olive branch to his enemies, of course with conditions. But the handful of greedy politicians who lead the revolt will accept no conditions—they want the earth, or all of it that Chili claims, demanding nothing more than that Balmaceda shall resign his power altogether into their hands and let them run the government after their own fashion.

The other day Mr. Patrick Egan, the United States minister, late from Dublin, undertook to negotiate terms between the president and the rebels. Well, the upshot of his overtures between the president and the insurgents was that the latter returned a scornful message to the effect that they considered Balmaceda a usurper, as opposed to the new government they have lately established in the northern provinces. The absurdity of this needs no comment. The constitutional president, whom they themselves helped to elect, now nearing the end of his legal term, can hardly be called a usurper; and the federal government, under which Chili has long been the most prosperous of South American republics, promises better for the people than that set up by a party of malcontents whose greatest grievance is that they cannot all rule at once.

THE TRUE STATE OF POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

The rebel congressman who has been sent to the United States because he is half an American, is reported to have frequently said in high places that "it is time the true state of political affairs was made known in the north," but the "true state" will hardly be presented by so pronounced a partisan as himself, whose acknowledged object is to gain in the United States official sanction of the rebel cause.

It is particularly unfortunate for budding business interests that the United States has been in any way brought into this affair, for in the best of times Chilians have no deep-seated regard for the stronger northern republic. The prejudice against us, which grew out of the attitude assumed by our government during the Peru-Chili war (ended in '83), has not yet died out. On this subject the most famous of Chilian writers says in a recent book: "A generous policy on the part of Chili, and the unreasonable and unwarranted interference of Secretary Blaine of the United States, through his agents, Hurlburt in Lima and Adams in La Paz (at that time United States ministers in Peru and Bolivia), imposed on Chili heavy expenditures of life and money without in the least bettering the defenders or causing any manifestation of inability on the part of the victor to maintain her own interests, much less to accept the forced intervention of any neutral power, European or American.

FANNIE B. WARD.

In the Base Ball Season.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The trouble all arose over one breakfast. It may be that they knew he hated base ball, or it may be that their talk resulted from the fact that every man, woman and child in the boarding house, with the exception of the lank pessimist, had been to the game the day before.

At any rate, when the landlady took the coffee pot in one hand and the cream pitcher in the other and began pouring from both at the same time he was moved to ask, without a suspicion of danger, what she was doing.

"Making a double play unassisted," was her prompt response.

He looked pained, but said nothing.

A moment later, when a codfish ball was gallantly declined by the dude, who insisted on passing it to his fair neighbor, the dry goods clerk on the other side of the table called out:

"Passed ball!"

The pessimist fingered his knife nervously as he glared at the clerk, and had hardly recovered his composure when the waitress kicked the cat through the doorway, and the pretty typewriter lisped:

"Put out!"

And the young lawyer added:

"Safe hit!"

He hardly had time to shift his reproachful glance from the pretty typewriter to the young lawyer when the old maid began telling what a brute the man next door was and the real estate agent sang out:

"Score one!"

For sympathy he turned to the landlady's pretty daughter, who sat next to him, and who had so far said nothing. But as he declined the last muffin on the plate and she took it she looked him straight in the eye, and with her most captivating smile said:

"A sacrifice!"

Then he got up and stalked out, and there is a room to rent in that boarding house.

HOW TO BECOME PLUMP

Diet to Give Dimpled Cheeks and Rounded Shoulders.

ADVICE FOR THIN PEOPLE.

Celia Logan Having Aided Those Who Would Be Thin, Now Gives Counsel to Those Who Need More Flesh on Their Bones—Lines of Beauty.

Written for The Evening Star.

IN YOUTH—"THE SEASON MADE FOR joy," as Sheridan phrases it—a girl should be plump enough to be pleasing to the eye. Her jaw and cheek bones should have sufficient flesh upon them to give a soft, rounded contour to her face. Her neck, like a column, should have every chink covered and rest upon firm shoulders, well filled in to hide the clavicles. The chest should rise into a gently swelling bust and thence slope evenly downward to the round, supple waist.

From the shapely arm no sharp elbow joint should protrude, but should taper down to a bone-hidden wrist, supporting a small, dimpled hand, with fingers prettily curved. Alas! not to every daughter of Eve is given the exact proportion of adipose tissue indispensable to a faultless form. Many of our girls are too thin, and, knowing it, resort to various specious artifices of dress to conceal their skinniness and succeed fairly well as far as the body is concerned, but there are points of the human frame which defy art to soften or change them.

When art fails them our women, enlightened and progressive, call upon science to aid them, and I, a humble exponent of one small but not unimportant branch of it, have been asked if, knowing how to teach the fat girl to become slender, I cannot instruct the too slim girl how to coax adipose tissue enough upon her bones to meet the requirements of beauty.

Unhesitatingly I reply that it can be done, always provided that the person is healthy, that the thinness arises from no disease, such as atrophy of the tissues of the body, a malady which mainly supplies museums with their "living skeletons." This wasting disease is ca