THE EBONY PRINCE.

-BY-

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SQUIRE WARREN was not only one of the richest, but he was also the happiest, wisest and kindest man in the whole county. His estate was composed of miles upon miles of the finest farming land which stretched itself along the bank of the river. But there was also a great deal of woodland belonging to the 'squire's property, and the lumber from his forest was famous all over the country for its excellence. He had a beautiful mansion which stood on the summit of a hill, surrounded by a park where the most exquisite flowers and brushwoods abounded in all their glorious magnificence of color and delicate perfume.

The 'Squire lived in this mansion with his wife and his two children, a girl and a boy. While the 'Squire found pleasure and satisfaction in his great wealth, he was only truly happy when with his family, and his family was never really happy unless he was among them. A smile of sublime contentment would always gather on the face of the old lady, the 'Squire's wife, when she heard him approach the gate leading toward the house, and the children would at once run out to meet him with such glee as if their very life depended upon their father's presence. Nothing pleased him more than his children's expressions of love and fondness toward him. "I would sooner lose everything I have in the world," he would often remark, "than the love of my children."

But there was no fear that such a thing would ever happen. In fact, as the children grew older and their parents declined in strength and vigor, both the young ones increased in their devotion to their father and mother, and it was easy to prophesy that the children would not consider it a sacrifice if they had to buy their parents' lives with their own.

The 'Squire's children had both grown up and to-day there was a large party at the mansion in honor of his daughter's birthday. It was afternoon, the young people of the entire neighborhood were sitting in the large and handsome dining room enjoying the delicious birthday dinner. The whole

place was all astir with excitement, because the many guests and the attention required by them made everybody busy. But everything looked exquisite. The decorations of the dining room and parlors were simply a revelation to the beholder. The last course of the excellent menu was being handed around, the old 'Squire was just engaged in answering to a toast which had been offered, the musicians in the parlor were already tuning their squeaky instruments to get ready for the coming dance, when suddenly something happened which was destined to break up the whole party and transform the scenes of happiness and mirth into a seat of mourning.

The sense of the calamity which crept in upon the happy crowd was this: A servant came running up the path which led to the entrance to the mansion and loudly called for the 'Squire. When that gentleman appeared in answer to the summons, the servant said: "Master, there is a whole army of black knights coming up the hill, and, from what I can see of them, they mean to come here. They are the most horrid looking men I ever saw. Their faces are as black as coal, their clothes, also their horses the same, but the weapons they carry are as white as silver."

The servant, no doubt, would have had a great deal more to say, but suddenly a noise of tramping horses and the clattering of swords and armor arose from the valley below which deadened the sound of everybody's voice on his lips. Another minute and a troop of black riders came up the slope. Now they arrived at the top.

All the guests of the 'Squire had come outside to see what all these strangers wanted, and they stood all in a row outside the entrance when the horsemen came up. The description the servant had given of the men was about correct. The horses, the men, and their clothes and trappings were all of the deepest ebony black, while sabers and swords seemed to be made of silver. On their heads they carried black helmets, with a plume of white feathers.

While the party in the front of 'Squire Warren's house was still staring at the approaching men in a confused and dumfounded manner, the riders came forward. When they had approached within five yards all stopped. Then one of them came from their midst, jumped off his horse and walked straight toward the 'Squire.

"Sir," he addressed that gentleman, "we are knights and princes of the Ebony Kingdom, who have come here to do homage to you and yours. We heard that your daughter celebrates her birthday to-day, and we have come here to be your guests."

Having said this much, he retired. The 'Squire stood for a moment aghast. He had never heard of the Ebony Kingdom nor of the black knights, who came from there, and how they knew that his daughter celebrated her birthday to-day was beyond his comprehension. However, the 'Squire was a hospitable man, and he had never asked any man yet where he came from and who he was when he came to him as a guest. So 'Squire Warren said to the knights of the Ebony Kingdom: "Gentlemen, although I must say that I do not know you or the place you come from, still you are welcome. My house is yours. Please enter and enjoy yourselves."

The black knights did not wait to be asked twice. They were in a few minutes in the hall. At the dinner table they did great credit to the cook, for they all ate very heartily. When the party adjourned to the parlor for the dancing, the black knights distinguished themselves in a rare manner. They were all excellent dancers, and the young ladies seemed to prefer them as partners, to the utmost chagrin and mortification of the young men who lived in the neighborhood.

The 'Squire's daughter especially showed the others a very bad example, because she danced constantly with a black knight. This gentleman seemed to be the first prince of the Ebony Kingdom, because he was the recipient of much courtesy and servility from the rest of the black party. He was a very handsome man, and to look at him for five minutes one would forget that he was a black man. All the knights made themselves in this way very agreeable to the ladies, and though the young men were angry at them, still they had too much good sense to show it. It was not until late at night when everybody retired thoroughly fatigued and fagged out from the ball.

But what was the astonishment in Warren's mansion next morning when it was discovered that the ebony visitors had all disappeared. However, this was not all yet. Soon after it was also found out that the 'Squire's daughter had gone. Consternation reigned supreme now. "Where could she be? What was to be done?"—these were the questions that were asked by everybody, but no one knew an answer. Not a sign of her could be traced anywhere, and after a long and fruitless search everybody retired in grief and mourning. The old 'Squire and his wife were almost heartbroken. They had never met with a calamity of such enormity during all their lives, and this was too hard and too sudden for them to bear. The 'Squire's son ran all around the forest in despair. He had hunted the country high and low, but all in vain, and when he came home and found his parents exhausted with crying and mourning at the loss of their child, he did not know what to do. At last he went to his father and told him to keep up his courage, because he meant to go and find his sister.

"Give me six months to find her, and if I do not return with her, or at least some tidings from her, then we will give her up as dead."

The 'Squire promised and the son went away. He traveled for miles and miles over a hundred counties, but still in vain, not a word did he hear about his sister nor could he find out where the Ebony Kingdom was. One day he was high up on a very high mountain to look around and see where he ought to go to next. He was tired, and after a while he fell asleep on the mountain. Suddenly a noise like the flapping of wings awakened him. He looked up and he saw an enormous big eagle soaring over him. When the bird noticed that the young man was awake he let himself down on the ground and coming toward him the eagle said: "Who are you?"

The 'Squire's son told the eagle who he was, where he came from, and all about himself.

"So you want to go to the Ebony Kingdom?" he said. "Well, my boy, I do not think you will ever get there unless you can fly."

"Is it so far?"

"Yes it is. Now look here, young man, seeing that you are so devoted to your father and mother, and anxious that they find their daughter again, I will help you. I will give you the power to change yourself into an eagle whenever you want to. Here take this feather and push it in your arm until it bleeds. As soon as the blood flows you will be an eagle. Then when you want to change yourself again pull out the third feather of your left wing and you will have your human shape again."

The young man at once did as the eagle, who by this time vanished, had told him. In a few minutes he found himself to be a large and enormous eagle. He spread his wings and flew up from the ground. It was a delightful sensation to be able to course through the air with the rapidity and swiftness of an arrow. "Now I shall soon find the Ebony Kingdom," he said to himself, "because I believe I can fly around the world in a month."

He raced through the air for a whole week without resting once. All the food he had during this time were a couple of pigeons, whom he passed and gobbled up during his flight. At last, after about two weeks he felt that his strength was beginning to leave him somewhat, so he resolved to make for the nearest mountain and rest. In the distance he noticed the Cordilleras de los Andes along the Pacific Ocean, and he thought he would be all right there for a rest. But when he came closer to the mountains he discovered a lot of people wherever he looked. He also noticed that all these people were as black as ebony. He went closer, and he was now directly above a magnificent palace where thousands of people ran hither and thither. He went still closer, and he now recognized that they were all dressed like the black knights at his sister's

birthday party. Quickly he coursed around the castle. Suddenly he saw a white figure walking in the garden behind the palace. He looked closer, and behold! he saw his sister.

In a few moments the eagle was on the ground. He pulled the third feather from his left wing, and he was changed again into the human shape. As such he walked up to his sister, who was much astonished when she saw her brother. But she soon told him all about herself. She said that she had been stolen by the black prince the night of her party. How she got here she did not know.

"The people here are cruel, unfeeling wretches, and I shall be glad to get away again if you will only help me."

"That I will," replied her brother; "you be here again to-morrow about about this time and I will fetch you."

Then he fixed his feather again, and he quickly flew up into the mountains. Here he called all the eagles and condors together, and he told them that he would like them to help him to rescue his sister. All the birds cheerfully promised, because they anticipated a first-class meal off the Ebony people, against whom they had a grudge because they plundered their nests very often. However, the next day all the eagles and condors of the Andes swept down upon the Ebony Kingdom like a cyclone, and the people flew before them like dust in a storm. A number of them were killed, but the 'Squire's son only flew down and picked up his sister. She was rather heavy, but the young man had strong claws, and he carried her through the air until he arrived at his father's home.

When he and his sister arrived there the old 'Squire and his wife were nearly dead with grief, but they soon rallied when they had both their children again, and all of them lived happily together for many years afterward.

Complying With the Rules.

Old Mr. Pheets—It's a pesky onhandy way of gittin' on th' cars, but I s'pose them rules has got ter be followed.—*Judge.*

THE IRISH FISHER.

A Whole-Souled, Hard-Working, Poverty-Stricken Personage.

THEIR HOMES AND HARDSHIPS.

Immense Fleets That Scour the Sea in Search of Juicy Mackerel.

INTERESTING FACTS FOR AMERICANS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

VALENTIA I., IRELAND, April 29.—An Irish fisherman's home is hardly a palace, but occasionally one holds love and content; and the one to which my new-found, shaggy friend with whom I had tramped from Killarney, led me with rapid strides of home nearing, was one of that sort. Most of the habitations of the fishing village were wretched hovels indeed. This one was not only clean, but from corrag to thatch disclosed the touch of loving hands. As we neared it, I could see that white-flounced curtains showed behind the tiny panes of cabin and loft; some pretty vines were trained about the windows themselves, and the little curl of smoke above the thatch which told of the humble hearthside within, escaped through a sturdy chimney instead of the usual hole in the roof. As the big fellow bounded into his cabin I remained outside with pretense of enjoying the fine coast scenery; and this seemed wise, for the joyous riot within fairly signified that for the time being there was little room for a stranger. But this shortly subsided, as the giant reappeared at the door tossing his tiny, barefooted wife in the air as though she were a baby; while a brood of little ones, the youngest as big as the little mother, danced wildly about them; and I was directly installed as a guest with great honor, greater garrulousness, and a ringing cead mille failte. And what

MERRY HUSTLE AND BUSTLE

were there about that home-welcoming meal! Blocks of the finest turf were put upon the embers; and the little ones took perspiring turns at the dingy, wheezy bellows. Ashes and flame roared up that great chimney as never before. Schowders (oaten-cakes) were set on edge for a fresh toasting. In a jiffy the "white horses were gallopin'" above the "praties" in the pot; the "tay was wetted by the fire;" and everybody was falling over everybody else in excess of loving effort.

"Will it be three aigs the day?" the little wife blushingly asked her burly husband.

"Three aigs, is it?" roared the giant fisherman, taking his wife's little head in his two huge hands, so big there was no place left on her glowing face to kiss. "Three aigs? Phat's three aigs to empty craythurs like ourselves, suillish machree? Sure impty sacks can't stand. It's rubbing grase to a fat pig to say it, but yes might drink wid the stranger in a coal-hole wid yer eyes to the slack. Make it sex—an'—an' a slewsther (kiss of fondness) a villish (my sweet)! An' a two-eyed beefsteak (a herring) for the aich av us; and a fine miscaun (cone of butter) from Misthress O'Neil's by the crag, an' a gawlinge (large measure) o' milk; an' the hartsomest fayst in Kerry entirely, wid banaght Dhea orrin, ershi misha! (with God's blessing on us, say I!)."

It was all that, in the pleasant cabin, and then came the problem of my own housing for the week I should remain among the fishermen of the region. The cabin like all its class had but one room below, and a little loft above. There was no room for me in these. But in a little shed at the end, dry and clean, where all the sea and fishing gear was stored, we soon had fine cot made on a well-folded seine; and though a clearly defined aroma of fish, tar and oakum pervaded the place, as one little window showed some sweet, fern-covered cliffs behind, and another gave a superb view of Valentia Island, the sublime promontory of Bray Head, and of the mighty sea beyond, only a churlish traveler could have found else than gratulation in the sunny and winsome spot.

SATISFIED WITH LITTLE.

And yet how little served these quaint folk fully. There was not a chair within the cabin. Two stone "strangers' seats," one at either side of the chimney, and a few rude stools answered in good stead. A bunk against the wall was the bed of the fisherman and his wife. The bouchaleens and girshas slept upon the floor of the loft. Their only mirrors were each other's eyes. One table of heavy deal stood beneath the window. One cupboard, made by a little recess in the wall, and another of ancient Irish oak, easily held all the household's scant though prized belongings. One or two case-knives, several fish-knives used in cleaning fish and in all seafaring work, two or three earthen bowls, a pewter mug for the rare treat of sugar, one modern tin pan, a huge pewter basin and two or three saucers, comprised all the ware for the table the fisher family possessed. Beside these, there were a few of those rare old Irish methers, or square drinking cups, carved out of solid wood. These are precisely the same as those used in Erin 20 centuries ago. A strong bot, or tub, had its place beneath the table. A scnrahag, or flat osier basket with narrow sides, always held the boiled potatoes at the meal. And the cooking utensils were the same, and as few, as were used by the peasantry since there were such in Ireland. There was the great iron pot for the stirabout, the potatoes and for boiling cabbage-leaves and other delicacies for the pig; the iron kettle, in which an egg might be boiled, or the "tay was wetted;" and the great, round, flat iron griddle in which blackbread, the schowders and all extraordinary goodies were baked, either hanging from the crane above the fire, or set at an angle against it and turned as necessity required. The schowder, being next to potatoes the great staff of life, deserves mention. It is made of a thick batter of oaten meal, seasoned with salt, and, on extraordinary occasions, with drippings from fried pork. It is the equivalent of the "bannock" of Scotland and the North of Ireland, and is ever a splendidly healthful and toothsome article of food. Strictly speaking, the schowder is only such when, as the oaten cake baked on the great hanging griddle, it is additionally toasted or roasted on the muddha arran before the greeshaugh or embers. This muddha arran is the only other utensil of the fireplace of these fishermen, or the peasantry at large. It is an iron forked stick with three legs, on which the schowder, all fish, and any bit of meat good luck may send, are toasted or broiled; and it is one of the most ancient cooking utensils remaining in Ireland.

A DREARY PICTURE.

What is true of one is pretty nearly true of the many fishing villages of the southwest Irish coast. Perhaps one, two or three homes in each will be found as tidy and comfortable as that of my fisher friend. But all the rest are a sad lot indeed. There is hardly a well-thatched house among them. The floors, always of mud, are filled with little pools, in which the ducks clatter their bills for crumbs, and the pigs cool their hams or deposit their snouts at will. The latter invariably have the best part of the cabin; the chickens appropriate the loft, and the cat, the prized protector against their ever-alert enemies, a species of huge and ferocious rats, is undisturbed in its possession of the only warm corner at the hob; nets and general fishing equipments sway like dirty pendulums from rafters and pegs; and the seines, oars and more important gear of the boats are secured in the only dry spots which the habitations can furnish.

If this be a dreary picture of the interior of Irish fishing village huts, the scenes without are drearier and more hopeless still. Half naked children sprawl and brawl in the mud of the filthy street; old men with their backs against the sunny side of rotten walls, suck their short, black pipes and hopelessly doze the hours away; while the old women, squatting at cabin doors, beside pumps, or along paths leading seaward from the cliffs, gossip in apparently endless hours in fierce threnodies of tones, as if their hunger could thus alone be appeased. In more than a score of these nameless, unmapped collections of tumbling huts which we visited, the same pitiful scenes were presented; and where all the ablebodied men are at sea in their boats, while much that is picturesque may be found, the feeling that war, famine, or some extirpating pestilence, must have swept away all but the wretched, half-mummied portion, becomes so strong upon you as to render long contemplation of it unbearable.

IRISH LASSES MISSING.

In all this coastwise villages, save at the curing stations, where a considerable number of women are employed, one will scarcely see face or form of Irish lass or maiden; and I asked my fisher friend where in heaven's name they had all gone.

"Gone, is it?—Gone? Heugh! Over the say enthirely."

One seldom sees any save cursory reference to the Irish fisheries; and it was surprising to me to know of their extent, and the remarkable number of boats and men they employ. From the mouth of the Shannon to Malin Head, the northernmost landpoint of Ireland, all manner of deep sea fishing, while abundant, is scarcely followed, from the poverty of the fishermen, who are usually also holders of small patches of land, and the insufficiency of means for prosecuting the vocation. Consequently, little else than herring fishing is followed. From loughs Swilly and Foyle, to below Belfast, fishing is carried on with very much more regularity; the markets of Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool furnishing a ready sale for the catches. Whatever the abundance of the fish may be in the Irish Sea, from Belfast around the east and south coasts of Ireland to Cork, little else is attempted by fishermen than to supply the local Dublin market. But from Cork around the southwestern coast to the mouth of the Shannon again every estuary, every bay and every square mile of deep sea, for 100 miles off the coast, furnish, in season, unsurpassed harvest-ground for seine and line. The whole sea and coast region comprises some extraordinarily productive "banks," including a turbot bank at the mouth of the Shannon, an extensive bank about 15 leagues northwest of the Blasquet Islands, another extending northwest from near Valentia Island, 10 or 12 small banks to the west of Kenmare Bay, and a splendid cod and haddock bank northwest of the majestic Skellig Rocks. Together these grounds and banks produce cod, hake, haddock, red gannet, ling, conger, whiting, flatfish and the ever-prized mackerel and herring, and are known as the Fisheries of Kerry. To the American, the surprising fact is that fully 3,000 boats and 25,000 to 27,000 men are employed in this single industry off this little bit of island coast.

IMPOSING FLEETS.

The Irish fleet, including possibly 100 Isle of Man boats of from 20 to 60 tons each with crews of seven men and little engines for "shooting" and hauling the seines, comprises about 2,200 boats. The French fleet is an imposing sight in itself. It comprises between 800 and 900 boats, each of from 100 to 150 tons burden; much larger vessels than those forming our own Gloucester fleet.

Mackerel fishing begins on, but never before, St. Patrick's Day. Any French or Irish fisher violating this unwritten law would be forever driven from the coast. The greatest number of vessels will be found off the Skelligs. Here they are massed so densely that frequently the water cannot be seen from a fishing smack's deck. Casting, or "shooting" the nest, which requires about one hour's time, is invariably done just before sunset, so that the boats can see each others' night-berths; that fouling of the seines may be avoided, and also in order to "trim" and make everything snug for the night. The lights carried in the yawlers and smaller sailers are simply a common lantern set in a "crutch" amidships, about six feet from the deck. Rude "flashes," of cotton-waste soaked in petroleum and struck with matches, are also provided for dark nights and foggy weather; and when the fogs close in too heavily, the crews keep up a terrific bellowing with buffalo and tin horns. After everything is trim for the night, a watch of the men is stationed, and all others go to their bunks below. Precisely at midnight all are awakened, and "hauling up" begins. When done by hand this requires nearly five hours' labor, and but half that where the "donkey engine" is used. The "sole-rope" which hauls in the seine is "wenched" in by two men; two men are required to "shake out" the fish as the net "comes home;" one man is needed to coil the slack "sole-rope;" and two men are in the hold stowing away the seine.

SOME BIG HAULS.

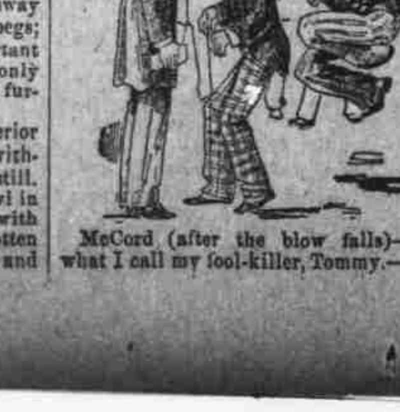
Whatever the catch—one seineload of over 30,000 mackerel was taken at Garnish last October—the entire Irish fleet is away from their berths by 5 o'clock in the morning for the markets at Village Harbor, Dingle, Ventry Harbor and Kinsale, where the curers have their buyers; and from whom, until a few years since, every fish taken was sent to Manchester, England. About the middle of June the Isle of Man fleet leaves these waters and proceeds to the Shetland Islands, where fishing for herring is carried on until October; and on July 1 the crews of the home, or Kerry, boats also discontinue quest for mackerel, and begin "long-line" fishing in water of 40 to 50 fathoms for herring, ling and cod.

An interesting fact to Americans regarding these Southwest Irish coast fisheries is that a few years since some far-scented Yankee fishermen of Gloucester and Boston, noticing the scarcity of mackerel in the American market, and the enchanting margin usually existing between pauper labor and exorbitant product prices, quietly came here, and have since been able to purchase, cure, pack, and pay the import duty of $2 per barrel on mackerel, and together annually lay by a greater profit than has been yearly secured by the combined mackerel fishers of our entire Northeastern coast.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Check on Humor.

Very Funny Broker—I haven't smashed a hat for a week. Think I'd better take a crack at that new one of McCord's.



McCord (after the blow falls)—That's what I call my fool-killer, Tommy.—*Judge.*

IN BEAUTIFUL VENICE

Mary J. Holmes Furnishes a Glimpse of the Picturesque City.

QUAINT SCENES IN THE STREETS.

Motley Crowds in Which Glitter and Grime are Buttercupped.

SWEET MUSIC OF VENETIAN ORGANS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

VENICE, April 20.—Poets have sung of Venice by moonlight and Venice by sunlight for hundreds of years, each from his own standpoint of view or feeling. One bard has stood on the Bridge of Sighs and looked where "Venice sat throned on her hundred isles," and bathed in such sunlight as might have been distilled from all the summers which have come and gone since the old Doges reigned triumphant here; while another has stood upon the Rialto and from the silvery moonlight reflected in the water below conjured up the fair forms of Portia and Desdemona gliding by in gilded gondolas, whose oars kept time to the song of the gondoliers, now a thing of the past, for the gondoliers of to-day do not look much like birds of song as they bend to their task, with no thought of anything beyond making the trip last as long as possible, if it happens to be by the hour.

Moonlight and starlight and sunlight have all had their meed of praise, but I do not remember to have heard of Venice by foglight, but this has been our experience for the last ten days. Fog in the morning, fog at noon, and fog at night, so dense sometimes that the lights across the canal were scarcely visible. And yet it is always fascinating, this quaint, water-soaked city, with its pictures and churches and palaces, its easy-going people, its 150 canals, where everything is thrown, and which, but for the tide, which, like a great broom comes in twice each day and sweeps them clean, would be unendurable.

FANCY VERSUS FACT.

When you first see Venice in the distance, with its domes and towers repeating themselves in the sea, you are very apt to grow sentimental and quote Ruskin and Byron and a good many more Venice-mad people, and to feel a little mad yourself, unless, as was our case, you have in your party a fresh young mind which sees things as they are, and which throws a wet blanket over your sentimentality by the remark, "Looks as if there had been a tremendous flood and the city was all afloat."

And that is just the way it does look, especially from the top of the Campanile, if you are foolish enough to take the 500 steps necessary to reach it. It is, however, comparatively easy of ascent, being an inclined plane which reminds one of the Frue Kirche in Copenhagen, up whose tower Catherine of Russia once drove a four-in-hand with Peter behind her on horseback. It is a pity there are not more inclined planes in Venice, for then when walking through its streets and narrow alleys you could think of something more appropriate to the occasion than the ridiculous stanza, "Upstairs and downstairs, and in the lady's chamber." And, leaving out the lady's chamber, it is all upstairs and downstairs, over one bridge after another, until you feel like crying out, "My kingdom for a horse!" But alas! there is no horse here, although tradition speaks of one at Lido, just across the lagoon, where in summer there is a short tramway from the boat-landing across the island to the 400 bath houses built upon a pier. Here for a franc and a half you can wash yourself in the Adriatic, towels not included, and here the other day we saw in the bath-houses old straw hats and slippers, relics of the summer time when the place is crowded with the fashion of Venice, and reminding one of similar wrecks left by the sea at home.

HARD TO KILL TIME.

Just what one does each day in Venice would be difficult to tell, unless, following the example of Mark Twain, whose first diary read for weeks: "Got up, washed and went to bed," we record, "Got up, washed, ate a roll, and went out to see the churches and the crowd and to beat the Italians down." "Never give more than a third, or, at most, a half of the price first demanded," is the advice frequently given travelers by their friends, and in many instances it is good advice to follow, especially when the vender begins to fall himself and finally asks how much you will give. Prix fixe, however, is much more common now than it was years ago, and there are establishments where the proprietor puts on an air of insulted dignity worthy of Arnold himself if you tell him his goods are too dear. Just now the shop windows are unusually gay, and the city is at its brightest, and in spite of the fog keeps up a continual round of gaiety, with processions and music and masses and gatherings in the streets, where you can take your choice of amusements, which, if not of the best kind, are peculiar to the people.

As the Piazza of St. Mark and the broad Riva are favorite places of resort, it is there that you see the Venetians at their best, when the inmates of the palaces and the alleys and lanes and dark passages, where sunlight never falls, are out for a holiday, and during which you see as heterogeneous a multitude as can be found in any city in the world. Near our hotel a crowd gathers daily to listen to a tirade on the "Transmigration of Souls," illustrated by heads of various kinds, and once, I think, by a dog, who looked more human than the master: a little farther on is Punch and Judy, and farther still a larger crowd is listening to an auctioneer selling his patent medicines, while nearer to the water a tall woman, with a tall feather in her hat and big bracelets on her big arms, is selling her wares, and by her loud voice and fierce gesticulations drawing scores of people around her. On the piazza of St. Mark's crowds are listening to the band which plays there every fine afternoon from 2 to 4, and sandwiched in between all these groups is a moving mass, representing every condition of life in the city.

HIGH AND LOW LIFE PICTURES.

The nobility, who have come from Rome and Naples, are out in gorgeous array, and, while their black gondolas trimmed with gilt and their gondoliers in livery wait upon the Grand Canal, they walk along the Riva, the ladies in their rich attire, the children with their nurses, looking very much as do the children of the rich in the parks of New York and Boston, and the gentlemen, with that dignified, self-possessed bearing which seems to befit an Italian of high rank and position. The tradespeople, the working class, the seller of shells and snail bracelets in the street, and the gondoliers with their wives are there, dressed in their Sunday clothes and looking as happy and content as if of all cities in the world Venice was the best to live in, as they really think it is.

Then there is the scum, out for its holiday; dirty, frowzy-headed women, some with old shawls wrapped around them, and others with no outside garment to shield them from the wind, which blows cold and damp from the lagoon; little children, ragged and dirty, tired babies in arms, crying to go home, and their still more tired mothers, who have no intention of going home, and who shake the babies to make them stop their crying; young girls, with stockings full of holes and wooden sabots, which clatter as they walk; barefoot boys, who kiss your hand and ask you for soldos, as the Arab does for backsheesh, and when the kisses fail turn somersaults one after another, to the infinite peril of the unwary passersby into whose stomachs their feet are sometimes planted; soldiers in bright uniforms; school boys marching in line and looking as if they were enjoying themselves about as much as the boys of Mr. Blimber's school when out for exercise; processions of priests in crimson and white and gold, with candles and banners and queer-shaped hats, going to the churches to pray; knots of men singing at the corners and reminding you of the Salvation Army at home, and, lastly, the bells—the bells—the merry 360 bells ringing every hour and filling the air with Christmas chimes which, it seems to me, might be heard in America if one were only listening.

MUSIC MOST DIVINE.

Such are some of the sights of Venice which we have seen daily since the night before last, when we attended high mass at San Salvadore, where the great unwashed stood so thickly around us, and the odors were so much stronger than the powerful incense from the altar could dissipate, that camphor became a necessity, while one woman fainted from the heat and poisonous air. The music of that organ was something wonderful and never to be forgotten. Sad and mournful at first, like the moan of a woman in pain, then low and plaintive, like the cry of a little child; then loud and jubilant and so rapid that partners in a quadrille might have danced after it, or waltzers might have whirled in giddy circles to its measures; then swelling higher and higher, until the church was full of one mighty hallelujah and joyful thanksgiving. It was 1 o'clock in the morning when we at last threaded our way homeward through the narrow, winding streets near the Rialto, where one could easily imagine a brigand hidden under the long cloaks and slouched hats which occasionally glided by us.

St. Mark's is also the center of attraction for tourists, for there is generally high mass, and the music is finer even than that at San Salvadore and the ceremonies more gorgeous. Thousands of people on the day of our visit knelt or stood on the cold, uneven floor of the grand old church, where the high altar of solid gold, studded with precious stones and dating from the tenth century, was uncovered to view, and blazing in the light of the hundreds of candles burning around and near it. Besides the immense organ there was an orchestra of brass and stringed instruments, which accompanied the choir, above which one boy's voice rose clear and distinct, without jar or discord, and in perfect harmony with the other voices, which it controlled and took along with it. How the grand music of Beethoven rolled through the aisles and filled the domes of the church until even the 12 Apostles upon the screen seemed imbued with life and listening to it.

HISTORIC BUT THREADBARE.

A letter from Venice is scarcely complete with no mention of the Doge's Palace and Tintoretto's great picture, 84 feet long and 33 feet high, the largest in the world. Or of the dark, damp dungeons, the thresholds of death, where only 24 hours were ever spent, and from which no one ever passed except to his execution in the slimy corridor where you see the round holes in the floor through which the blood of the tortured victims ran down to the canal below. It is too horrid to think about, but we saw it all and more, and were glad to escape from that haunted prison into the sunlight above, and to hear the bells ringing their merry chimes.

We were fortunate to see a funeral in St. Mark's. The coffin was borne by four lackeys in red and followed by 12 men in black, each bearing an immense candle around which was tied a wisp of crape. Apropos of candles, there are thousands of them in the churches, all very long and some six inches in circumference and costing 6 francs and upward apiece. But the rich pay for them, and so it does not matter.

Of palaces I can say but little. The King's palace is always open to open to visitors, but it is much like all other royal palaces which the monarch seldom visits. A succession of rooms, with massive furniture and a marble bathtub and a few good pictures is all, if I except the franc paid for going through them. Many of the palaces of the old Venetians in the days of the Republic are either hotels or belong to the Government, while those owned by the nobility of to-day are just now occupied, so that to see them is impossible. We have, however, had access to one,

THE GRAZZI PALACE,

now the property of a German baron. Some of the paintings and frescoes here are good, and the tapestry upon the walls heavy and rich; but, aside from this, the rooms are plainly and stiffly furnished, especially the sleeping apartments, and bear no comparison to similar rooms in the handsome houses in America. One of these palaces has recently been bought by an Englishman, son of the poet Browning, who, with his American wife, is stopping at our hotel. She tells me they are fitting it up after their American and English ideas, and it looks very attractive and homelike with its coat of fresh paint, its pretty conservatory and its vines hanging from boxes in the windows. All the old palaces look dingy and time-worn and water-soaked, and the wonder is that that they do not tumble down. But the piles on which they stand are 40 feet long, and I am told that at that depth a hard bottom is struck. Just how many piles they stand upon I do not know. The church of the Santa Maria della Salute is said to rest on 1,000,000. But this should be taken with allowance, like the stone of John the Baptist and the bones of the Apostles.

Venice is full of beautiful pictures, and everyone is a Titian or Tintoretto, or a Paul Veronese, and we have seen nearly all, and walked over the graves of the great painters, and stood breathless before Canova's tomb, designed by him for Titian, and visited scores of churches and seen the entire population in Venice in what was better than a carnival.

MARY J. HOLMES.

The Height of Absent-Mindedness.

New York Sun.]

First Sportsman (shouting at the top of his voice)—Come here! Come here! Quick!

Second Sportsman (arriving out of breath)—What is it?

"The best shot you ever saw at a rabbit! He's just got out of sight."

"Why didn't you shoot him yourself?"

"I forgot I had my gun with me?"

The Finishing Touches.

New York Sun.]

"Where is your wife, De Jones?"

"She's at school getting the finishing touches."

"At school! Why, I thought your wife was a graduate of the Harvard Annex."

"So she is. She's at a cooking school in Boston."

Some Changes in Expression.

Mr. Soker (at the lecture)—There, Mandy!

Mrs. Soker—There, Silas!—*Judge.*

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582—A MONEY-MAKING SCHEME.

You have heard of the lightning-rod peddler, I trow,
Of the windy-mouthed "drummer" with samples to show,
Of the lawyer who argued an hour at one breath,
And the barber who talked two book agents to death;
But the mining-stock broker who made me a call
In superlative wordiness outdid them all.

He called, so he said, for a short little talk
On the merits and claims of his favorite "stock;"
And then, without pausing a moment for rest,
He proceeded to work his pet scheme at his best.
At nine in the morning he'd barely begun,
And the big clock struck twelve ere his story was done.

To get rich one had only to purchase a few
Of the hundred-pound shares in this company new;
The result would in sooth make each buyer content,
As they quickly would yield full five hundred per cent.
So he urged me at last a half dozen to take,
Before 'twas too late, for they sold "like hot cake."

Now, lovers of puzzles, please come to my aid,
For to act on your judgment I'll not be afraid;
And though in advance your reply I have guessed,
Yet please to advise me: What shall I invest?

E. W. HARRIS.

583—A WHIST PUZZLE.

HEARTS—Knave, 8, 7, 6.
Spades—Knave.
Diamonds—8, 7.
Clubs—Queen, 10, 9, 6, 3, 2.

B		D
HEARTS—5, 4, 3, 2. *Spades*—Queen, 5, 4. *Diamonds*—Ace, Queen, 10, 9. *Clubs*—8, 7.	C / B D / A	HEARTS—King, 9. *Spades*—9, 8, 7, 6, 3. *Diamonds*—6, 5, 4, 3. *Clubs*—Knave, 5.

HEARTS—Ace, Queen, 10.
Spades—Ace, King, 10, 2.
Diamonds—King, knave, 2.
Clubs—Ace, King, 4.

Hearts are trumps. A leads, and A and C (partners) take all the tricks.

J. H. FEZANDIE.

584—RINGING THE CHANGES.

Transpose what transpires in the thick of the fight,
Where valor is oftentimes vanquished by might,
And you have a substance on which we're told,
A wonderful edict was written of old;
Which applies to all generations of men,
Though its author employed neither stylus nor pen.

Transpose it again; if you do it with skill,
'Twill reveal what is gleaned by the knights of the quill.
Again, and 'twill show you what you often have heard,
Instrumental or vocal your feelings are stirred.
Curtail it and you have an Irishman great,
Who died for his country in dark ninety-eight.

Transpose it and you will a paper behold,
If correctly indorsed 'tis as good as the gold.
Read backward, 'twill spell you in England a town,
Which has, as the seat of a college, renown.
Behead in conclusion, and it will display
To feminine readers the fashion to-day.

MOUNT ROYAL.

585—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Words of Six Letters.

1. In a state of death. 2. The wheel of an axis in peritrochio. 3. To set with stars. 4. A kind of twilled cloth. 5. A cruciferous plant. 6. A genus of seals. 7. A passerine bird. 8. A formal statement. 9. Resplendent. 10. Son of Asher. 11. Nitric. 12. The three fates.

Primals, a follower of the founder of my finals.

CONCOURS.

586—AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.

My name is famous through the land
Where business is done squarely,
No reputation can withstand
The use of me unfairly.
Men in business oft rely
On my statements when they buy,
And when they sell, again they must
Depend upon my judgment just.
In truth my dealings are so square,
My word is taken everywhere.
The only trait that I despise
In man or things is levity;
I care for neither shape nor size,
I deal alone with gravity.

F. S. W.

587—A FULL MARKET BASKET.

1. A country. 2. Sour apples. 3. Clothier. 4. A gulf. 5. What the winner of races does. 6. An Irish staple. 7. A son of Noah. 8. The unruly member. 9. Fruit of Eschol. 10. The silent hero of Holland. 11. A bird's bite of couples. 12. Spoiled children, or sorry plights. 13. A Delaware product. 14. A river in Montana. 15. A river in New Brunswick. 16. Natives of Sweden. 17. Food of the Chinese. 18. A feather. 19. Historical fruit. 20. Thanksgiving pie. 21. To crush. 22. Food for wild ducks. 23. The planted shell fish. 24. A Norway tree and a northern fruit. 25. A Chesapeake wild fowl. 26. A fashionable piece of beef. 27. A band for the hair. 28. Parts of shoes. 29. A terror to mariners.

ST. DENIS.

588—CHARADE.

To reach the highest round of fame,
And bask in glory's sun,
The height at which so many aim,
Requires TWO ONE.

A ONE TWO journey they must go
Who such a path pursue,
And yet by dint of ONE we know
'Tis gained by TWO.

NELSONIAN.

589—CURTAILMENTS.

I'm found in every human frame,
And necessarily, I claim.
Curtail me, and I'm always found
In mathematics so profound.
Once more curtail me, and you'll see
The cause of human misery.

NEMO.

ANSWERS.

574—Sometimes a shooting comet flaming goes around the sun.
575—Sugar.
576—Best, lest, nest, pest, rest, test, vest, west, zest.
577—Six: An old lady, with one daughter and her two daughters, one daughter and no children, and the daughter of an absent daughter.
578—(T)wo-men.
579—Sagas.
580—Sir William Blackstone.
581—A butterfly.

DON'T LIKE IT THRUST ON US.

Some People Have a Way of Making Their Riches Unpleasant.

London World.]

That which in the hero or the genius we call a noble self-confidence, in the parvenu we call bumptiousness. It is the same quality, only the men are different. We can forgive a man for being proud of having won a great victory against overwhelming odds, or of having painted a great picture, or written an original book. But we can not forgive him for bragging of the house he has built for himself, or the cellar he has stocked with choice wines, or his cook, or his stud, or his wife's diamonds, or his lucky investments. We forgive the hero or the painter, the poet or the philosopher, for his pride in his own work, because we don't care a straw who paints pictures, fights battles or writes books. But we hate the man who boasts of his house or his stables, his wife's diamonds or his select wines, because we all hanker for fine houses and good horses, and our wives are all pining to be more richly jeweled.

We all want to be millionaires and we are all offended by the prosperous man's pompous satisfaction in his own riches. We are so offended that our only consolation is to think that his cheerfulness is a sham, that there is a canker-worm at the root of his fortune, that his financial position is tottering and his downfall within a measurable distance.

A Prohibitionist's Taste.

Chicago Herald.]

A boy in Maine tried to kill the hired man by putting paris green in a jug of cider. The man drank every drop in the jug with a "hah!" of satisfaction, and observed that cider seemed to be getting the old-fashioned twang back.

THE ORIGIN OF VISITING CARDS.

The Chinese Invented Them So Long Ago as 618.

Toronto Times.]

As is the case in many other instances, we owe the invention of visiting cards to the Chinese. So long ago as the period of the Tong dynasty (618-907), visiting cards were known to be in common use in China, and that is also the date of the introduction of the "red silken cords" which figure so conspicuously on the engagement cards of that country.

From very ancient times to the present day the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to the paying of visits. The cards which they use for this purpose are very large, and usually of a bright red color. When a Chinaman desires to marry, his parents intimate that fact to a professional "match-maker," who thereupon runs through a list of her visiting acquaintances, and selects one whom she considers a fitting bride for the young man; and then she calls upon the young woman's parents, armed with the bridegroom's card, on which are inscribed his ancestral name and the eight symbols which denote the day of his birth. If the answer is an acceptance of his suit, the bride's card is sent in return; and should the oracles prophesy good concerning the union, the particulars of the engagement are written on two large cards, tied together with the red cords.

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Efficacy

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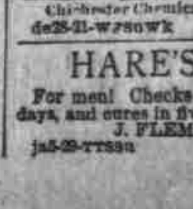

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