WONDERFUL CASTLES.

ESTATES IN SCOTLAND.

Kings Have Dwelt and Beauty Bloomed—The Tower, the Donjeon, and the Ghost's Walk.

A London letter to the Boston *Herald* says: A few days ago, having occasion to visit the vicinity of the Bank of England in "the city," I determined to take a peep in Tokenhouse yard, to the north side of the bank proper, at which celebrated place landed estates are bought and sold off at the "mart," a sort of auction stock exchange. This same Tokenhouse yard is so named from the fact that the house or office for the issue and change of farthings or tokens. It was built during the reign of Charles I., occupying the site of the house and garden of the Earl of Arundel, and being near the brass foundry of Lothbury, they are thought to have minted the tokens. You may naturally ask, What were these tokens? Well, in 1558, during Queen Bess's glorious reign, there was a great want of halfpennies and farthings, which want private tokens or farthings made of tin, and leather, being struck for the convenience of ale-houses, grocers and other traders, the figures and devices being emblematical of the various trades. They were made without any especial form or fashion, and the leaden tokens of the reign are now a great rarity. The issues of the convenient species were compelled to again take it up when offered, which practice continued until 1672, when the "Merry Monarch," Charles II., "struck" half-pennies and farthings. The British Museum has now several cases of the tokens in England. But it was rarely I see or hear of tokens that I did inside the mart, but to learn a price of the near-at-hand sale of one of those Scotch estates of "Fyvie," or rather by one not on sale being given. The student of Shakspeare will fail to be interested in "Glamis," as the play of "Macbeth" is the plot formed from the history of this portion of Scotland,

HAINING TO THE THRONE OF DUNCAN,

King of Scotland, at the time of its threatened overthrow by the Norwegians, and when this danger was averted by the bravery of Macbeth the "thane of Glamis" and of Cawdor. A simple announcement of the sale, to take place June 10th, was all I saw; but the clerk, big with a sense of his responsibilities, was disengaged, and gladly gave me half an hour's chat regarding the estates, near to which he was born and brought up. To begin with Fyvie, which is in the lowlands of Aberdeenshire, on the border of a wildly romantic district, which stretches away off east to the restless sea, and is filled with picturesque sylvan charms. The chief charms are those of its legends, romance, and history. All Aberdeenshire's seats with baronial residences, yet the Castle outranks all the others, and, save Glamis, is the finest place in Scotland. Both have seen great events and entertained noted guests, and both are connected with Scottish history back in the dim antiquity. Both have secret chambers with "murder-rooms and blood-stained floors." Both have ghosts, and both the turrets and towers and tumble stony echoes of tradition and omens, and yet both the castles are cheerful and much a part of the world beyond their gates. Aside from Fyvie, on the Aberdeen and Macduff railway, there is a station. The castle to which successive occupiers have added portions stands on a broad square, bounded on two sides by the Ythan river, which streaks has its spring heads sixteen miles above. The banks are densely wooded, and the Loch of Fyvie in the windings stream is the home of wild Scotch fowl. The place is regarded as one of the most exquisite specimens of Scottish architecture, which the baronage of James the Sixth's reign obtained from France. The south front has a façade of 150 feet. The Seton tower, which bears the family name of the Earl of Dunfermline, forms the centre of the south front. The arched doorway, once the grand staircase, stands between two semi-rounded twin towers, spanned by a lofty arch. The stones bear the Seton arms impaled with those of Dunfermline's wives about the massive wall masonry. Again, there is the Preston tower, dating from the fifteenth century, the Meldrum tower, and the more modern Gordon tower. The walls are from six to eight feet in thickness in all the towers. The stone consumed in the buildings, the labor to build them, and the evidences of good taste displayed prove that many architects had come over from France to Scotland, with their French ideas and designs, during

THE BUILDING OF FYVIE CASTLE,

ornamenting the gables, the chimneys, and the carved dormer window canopies. One of the towers is seven stories high, and several of the turrets are ornamented with rude statuary from the red sandstone of the district, and grotesque red sandstone heads are encased in the outer walls. One of these is an effigy of Andrew Lammie, the trumpeter of Fyvie, whose love became melancholy history, for the fair maid of Tiftie mill" is perpetuated in a mournful old Scottish ballad. Usually picturesque castles are uncomfortable within, but the venerable Scotch clerk of Tokenhouse yard assures me such is far from being the case at Fyvie, thanks to the modern additions made by the Gordons. The sitting-rooms are bright and habitable, and the bed-rooms roomy enough for all reasonable hospitality. But all about is observed the picturesqueness of sharp contrasts. The present entrance opens into a modern antique hall. The superb staircase of Lord Dunfermline leads to suites of the principal rooms. This staircase is the most unique one in Scotland. It is twenty-four feet in breadth, and the steps are long and low around the massive central pillar. The rooms all command views of the parks and the wild scenery of the heather land for miles about. These rooms are of various shapes, some circular, some square, some oblong, but no two alike, and all of labyrinthine confusions of exits and entrances. But for antiquities, the dungeons under the ancient basements, the charter-room, and the secret chamber are of most thrilling interest. The dungeons here and at Glamis are kept under lock and key, but long ago they were elaborately fitted with wine-bins, and contain not captives but bottles. The charter chamber in the bottom of Meldrum tower, with its treasures in a fire-proof safe, is still more carefully secured, though when the late Colonel Cosmo Gordon lived at Fyvie he often entertained large jovial smoking parties here, to enjoy the seductive weed while listening to the thrice-told tales of olden feuds and frays in the "land o' cakes," with its perpetual sieges and its unbroken series of charters, thus preserved in the room. The earliest of these charters dates from the end of the fourteenth century. The original charter granted by Robert III. to Sir Henry Preston has been lost, but has been replaced by a well-authenticated extract. The most important of these yellow, musty papers is that of James VI. in 1597, making the lands of Fyvie a barony, with parliamentary peer privileges, with rights of justice in its domain, and power of pit and gallows. Next comes the commission charter of King James, promoting Lord Urquhart, the lay lord president of the Court of Session, to the Scotch chancellorship in 1604. Then, also, patents promoting his Lordship to the earlship of Dunfermline

AND KEEPER OF HOLYROOD PALACE.

Then there are state papers involving the reigns of the two Charles, in which the Lords Dunfermline were concerned. Beneath this historic room is the secret chamber—secret, indeed, as to its contents, for the exact locality is undoubted. It seems never to have had either door or window, so it could not have been used to conceal arms. Around it the mists of superstition fall thickly, for it has been guarded by a heavy curse against any bold intruder upon its mysteries. Of course, a vivid imagination peoples the place with entombed maids and cavaliers and all sorts of Sir Walter Scott fancies, but likely as not the only bones are those of defunct mice, the only mutilations those of spiders and beetles. The gate to Seton Tower is in its way equally interesting. It is of massive iron grating, hung in a low vaulted passage a few feet within the outer door, which was of oak and heavily clinched with iron nails. It is the most ponderous door in all Scotland, and in size, weight, and workmanship very remarkable. The horizontal and vertical bars are ingeniously interlaced, each being alternately welded around the other. Yet, in spite of this enormous metal mass, it swings lightly on its hinges, and the heavy bolts, which fit to the opposite wall, may be pushed aside with the fingers. It is a capital illustration of the Peel tower described in Scott's "Monastery." In the centre of the arch above the doorway is the fatal aperture denominated "the murder hole," whence boiling fluids and missiles might be rained down upon assailants, against whom these strong defences were designed. Fyvie, however, is rich in other things outside of architecture, for she bristles with superstitions and legends, folk lore of the purest type. Happily, the castle guests were never disturbed in their slumbers by the grewsome visitants of ghost-like aspect. The ghost of "the green lady" walks the great staircase, though she was never known to appear to any but a Gordon, and then as a warning of approaching death. Green is an ominous color in the Scotch highlands, because it was the favorite hue of the fairies, and it was fatal to many families, especially "the gallant Grahams." The "green lady" was supposed to have been a member of the family, who, like poor Ophelia in "Hamlet," went mad for love and grief, and wandered to her death in a black pool at the foot of a tangled brier-wood dell.

IN THE "MURDER-CHAMBER,"

already referred to, there is no certainty existing as to the victim of the tragedy. One tradition sets forth that one of the first Lord Dunfermline's wives met with a violent death at his hands, but his amiable character seems to repudiate such a wicked aspersion. In one of the battlements is the "weeping stone," which is damp when it should be dry, and dry when it should be damp. It is supposed to have once been a boundary-mark, stolen from ravished church-lands, and carrying a curse to the successors or lineal descendants of the sacriligious robbers. A strange proof of the truth of the superstition is to the effect that while Fyvie has been transmitted through many families for many successive generations, no male heir has been born in the castle for five hundred years. Leaving romance and coming down to the accuracy of history, the thanage of Fyvie formed for long decades a portion of the crown dominions. In 1221 Alexander the Second dated a charter from the castle to the monks at St. Thomas at Arbroath. In 1296, Edward I. of England slept in a chamber at the base of Preston tower, Reginald le Cheyne, the baron of that day, having sworn allegiance to the English prince. In 1325, after the battle at Bannockburn, Robert Bruce fixed the boundaries of "the King's park of Fyvyne." The name Fyvie is from the Gaelic for "Deerhill." In 1368 David II. granted one half of Fyvie to the Earl of Sutherland; the other half reverted to the crown on the throne where afterward sat the Steward of Scotland, who was the identical Robert of "The Fair Maid of Perth." When Robert resigned his cousin, Sir James de Lindesay, ascended in his stead, and later on his lady was beset by an undutiful nephew. Then the castle was besieged; but she was a valiant chieftain, standing out until her husband, Sir James, came to her rescue.

Now comes the linking of Fyvie's history with that of Glamis, for Sir James, quarelling with John Lyon of Glamis, chamberlain of Scotland, a family connection, challenged and

SLEW HIM IN SINGLE COMBAT.

Sir James fought under the Douglas against the Percy at Otterburn. After the Prestons at Fyvie, who succeeded Robert and Sir James, came the succession of the Meldrums, who built Meldrum Tower, holding the property for a century and a half, and one of whom was sent on an embassy to Henry V., of England, at war with the French allies of Scotland, and engaged in the siege of Boulogne. In 1596 the Meldrums sold the estate to the Setons. Then come the Setons, the younger son of Lord Seton, Alexander being a staunch champion of Queen Mary, who was his godmother. He was the trusted friend of James VI., and after many promotions of rank became Earl of Dunfermline in 1600. He was a familiar correspondent of the Cecils and the other foremost statesmen of England. Leaving Seton Tower and other similar monuments to his memory to Fyvie, he was succeeded by his son, who became prominent in public affairs. Then came the Gordon era, through the marriage of the Duke of Gordon's daughter to the Fyvie incumbent, the second Earl of Aberdeen. Since then it has passed through various branches of the Aberdeen family, and is now owned by Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, who succeeded a few weeks since. In 1644 the great Marquis of Montrose occupied Fyvie when retreating before the forces of Argyll. Montrose kept his position, though reduced to melting down all the pewter vessels in the castle, and the remains of his field-works are still to be seen near Robert the Bruce's "King's seat," under the boughs of the beech-tree. During the reigns of the early Stuarts Fyvie was a royal hunting seat. A park of 700 acres, once a deer park, is now used for sheep-grazing. Beech-, elm-, and birch-trees crowd thickly in wooded glens, while in and out the black Scotch firs show like crests along the sky-line. There are ten acres of garden, to the side of it being the servants' quarters and the coach-horse stables.

Of the history of ecclesiastic people, Fyvie has its share. Once there was a fraternity of monks hereabout, with half a dozen sacred wells christened after saints. These wells are in the midst of genuine highland scenery, the streams of which are stocked with trout, and even salmon. The estate has many farms, whose tenants have been settled on them for generations.

Glamis is very like Fyvie, to which it is near, and is the old feudal seat of the Earls of Strathmore, and is, perhaps, of even

GREATER GRANDEUR OF APPEARANCE.

It is a sort of an overgrown feudal keep. Here resided James V. when Lady Glamis was burned for witchcraft and treason. At Glamis is more of grim antiquity than at Fyvie, the latter having so much of modern luxury. The drawing-room is the old banqueting-hall, tapestried anciently. Secret doors are constantly being discovered at Glamis. Its secret chamber is full of strange mysteries, and it is a veritable "secret chamber," while that of Fyvie is but "a chamber with a secret." But no one knows where to find it, save the lord of the castle and his confidants, though rumor places it under the chapel. Its great "horror chamber" is the one in which Malcolm II. was brought to die when he had been struck down by assassins in the neighboring forest, and it is this story which suggested to Shakspeare the murder scene of Macbeth. The romances of the Castle of Glamis would fill several volumes. The handsomest apartment is the banqueting-hall; the most unique is the long, low kitchen, with its vast fireplace, before which an ox might be roasted and leave spare room. Twice Sir Walter Scott slept at Glamis. The first time he was a lad of nineteen. The second time he was a great novelist and poet. Glamis has been in the family of the Lyons since the fourteenth century, and is, after all, the most romantic of the two celebrated Scotch estates, one of which, "Fyvie," is on sale still, for the 10th of June passed and no offer reached the sum which was the lowest one set for the place as a starter. The wise old auctioneer and valuer's clerk predicted as much in his valuable recital of the histories of those two wonderful estates.

SPURIOUS CORPSES.

Is There a Gang of Brokers and Doctors Swindling Insurance Companies?

[New York Sun.]

Mr. E. B. Harper, president of the Mutual Reserve-Fund Life Association, advertised yesterday a reward of $500 for information securing the arrest and conviction of any person who has swindled the Association by fraudulent death-claims. Mr. Harper said yesterday:

"There is an organized gang of insurance brokers in this city who make it their business to swindle insurance companies on fraudulent claims. They bring in some good business, and under cover of it work in the box. I know who they are, and I can lay my hands on them. Detectives are after them, and I propose to get some of them into prison if possible. The insurance companies have lost enormous sums by these swindlers. The life insurance business pays out $50,000,000 a year in losses, and it is natural that swindlers should try to get hold of some of this money. They have two ways of doing it—by substitution and by pretended death. In substitution they bring a perfectly healthy man to be examined, and he gives as his own name the name of some person who is very sick. Of course he passes the medical examination readily. Shortly afterward the man for whom he was substituted dies, and then a claim is made for the insurance. You see how hard it is for us to discover the deception, but we are now very careful to be sure of the identity of the man before we give him a policy.

"In pretended death it is either asserted that the body cannot be found or a body is produced which is asserted to be that of the policy-holder. In the first case drowning is a favorite pretence. The man goes fishing in the evening, falls overboard, and his body can never be found. In a recent case a man fell overboard in a Catskill creek. Cannon were fired and the creek dragged, but no body was discovered. A claim was made for a large insurance, and detectives investigated the case. They found the supposed dead man in Cleveland. He had dropped overboard purposely and swam quietly to a point some distance away, where confederates had left dry clothes for him. The people with whom he was fishing were quite innocent of any guilt, and really supposed him to be drowned.

"Then, again, a strange dead man is dressed in the clothes of the policy-holder, and the family recognize the body by the clothes. Recently a body at the morgue was identified in this way and a claim made upon us for a heavy insurance. We found that the family did not attend the funeral and that friends were excluded. We have since learned that the man is in Hamburg. It is easy to buy a dead body for such purposes.

"I remember another case of a man who was a member of several benefit societies, and whose total insurance aggregated $20,000. He apparently died and was buried, and the family put on mourning. The benefit associations hastened to pay the money, and thought they had done a good thing. Four years later the entire family, dead husband included, were found living in affluence in Germany on the money thus fraudulently obtained. They had substituted a body.

"The swindling brokers generally pick out small insurance companies, which cannot afford to make extensive investigations on every suspicion of fraud. The fraudulent insurances are generally for amounts under $5,000, as they thus attract little attention, and the companies do not make such a fuss over them. To secure the money on a pretended death it is generally necessary to have the physician or some one of the family in the scheme. I recall a case of substitution, where the widow of the dead man was to receive a certain sum for passing him off as the man to whom the policy had been given. She learned that she was entitled to all the money, and made such a fuss that the fraud was discovered. To avoid fraud we now require physicians to certify that they are positive as to the identity of the dead man. The mercantile agencies often investigate cases of alleged death for us, and have reported in several instances that the men were alive. If a company gets badly caught it is very apt to hush it up for fear of injuring business. Insurance-men meet and talk over these matters, and we have already prepared a black-list of fraudulent agents and physicians, and by it we have saved a great deal of money. We are working now to expose them, and we hope to drive them out of the business."

Russian Fortified Camp in Poland.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 17.—The Government has ordered the formation of a permanent fortified camp near Grodno, the capital of the province of Grodno, formerly a part of Poland.

A GREAT MASTER.

FRANZ LISZT AT WEIMAR.

His Wave with Pupils—Heartburning and Jealousy Among His Worshippers—A Man of the World.

[Pall-Mall Gazette.]

Abbé Franz Liszt lives on the upper floor of a little house belonging to the Grand Duke in the outskirts of the town, bordering on the park. This cottage, known as the Hofgartnerei, is a charming retreat; the river Ilm meanders leisurely through the thick trees, and the groves along its banks reecho at all hours of the day and night to the touch of the grand piano in the Hofgartnerei, under the "Meister's" hand; for Liszt is no ordinary mortal, and makes about three short nights and three short days out of twenty-four hours. His position at the Grand Ducal Court is that of chamberlain. This is a sinecure office in his case, and is only intended as a tribute to his merits—a chain by which to attach him to the court—and his office secures him a sufficiency, though not more, while the royal kitchen caters for his midday wants. The Meister is now about seventy-two years of age. His classic profile and thick white hair are well known to all devotees of music, and it would not perhaps be going too far were he to be described as being the greatest living musician. There is, at all events, no living musician of any note that has not worshipped at the feet of the Gamaliel of the tonic art. Himself this pupil of Beethoven, the father-in-law of Herr von Bülow and Richard Wagner, the preceptor of Rubinstein and Sophie Menter, he is the link between the music of the past and the music of the future. The Meister is only during the spring and summer resident in Weimar—the rest of the year is divided between his native Buda-Pesth and Rome. But, live where he may, he is constantly surrounded by a swarm of satellites in the shape of pupils, male and female. Some of these, Icarus-like, soar too high and melt into obscurity; for the Meister is a most exacting preceptor, and his frowning disapproval often condemns an over-ambitious and over-confident pupil to insignificance. "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus.*" The Meister's ideas, conception, and style of music must be scrupulously observed, or else—*fort.*

Liszt is a man of the world in the highest degree, a gallant host, a convivial guest, but he adds to these qualities others of a far more solid kind. When his life one day comes to be written it will be recorded that no more self-denying and no kinder-hearted man ever existed. Many a promising pupil would, but for his material assistance, have been unable to pursue his or her career. In his early years he experienced the greatest triumphs due to his art, and takes no little pride in knowing in how high esteem his genius is held. The great refreshment of his declining years lies in handing down to posterity, through the medium of others whom he has especially chosen, his conceptions of music as a science, to be a living testimony to his greatness. There may be a little pardonable self-laudation in this, but there is no doubt that to have been a pupil of Liszt is a passport to most of the concert-halls of the world. It must be remembered that "musical excellence" is the only introduction required to the charmed circle of which he is the centre; but it must be excellence such as to augur greatness in the future. Not one farthing of pecuniary remuneration does he ever accept from any pupil. Between 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of about three days in the week musical reunions are held in the Meister's *salon*. There are then gathered together about twenty pupils around his grand piano—pupils is perhaps hardly the name suited to the persons there collected. It might be said that there were assembled a number of admirers looking to their chief for words of approbation, encouragement, and advice, but yet pupils they call themselves. A pupil is invited to play. Liszt's *modus operandi* is to allow them to choose their own pieces. The young lady singled out seats herself; the Meister paces the room and beats time with his fingers; all the eyes of the remaining nineteen enthusiasts are fixed upon his face; a nod of approval means sullen looks from the nineteen; at remarks such as, "Go on, go on," "That is your way," "Tastes differ," the nineteen faces light up with glee and flash exultation, for this means failure on this occasion, and the sole endeavor of these rival artists is to narrow the circle of the Meister's admirers and favorites. It is, however, the highest reward if the player be constantly interrupted, and if the Meister himself takes his seat at the piano and replays the few bars. This is recognition indeed. It is a bad sign if the piece is allowed to be finished without comment. The more frequent the interruptions, the greater, as a rule, the performer's perfection in the art—except, of course, in the case of a really famous performer. For Liszt, though sympathetic, is sparing of his interest until a first-rate standard has been reached.

That green-eyed monster, jealousy, plays nowhere in the world a greater role than in Weimar generally, and in the Meister's *salon* in particular. Petty intrigues to gain the great man's favor or to bring a rival into disfavor are unceasingly going on. To possess one of the hairs from the Meister's venerable head, to kiss his hand, and, in the case of a lady, to be chastely kissed upon the brow in return, constitutes the sole bliss of the hard-worked worshipper of Liszt. Weimar echoes not with the din of arsenals and workshops, but with the clanging and banging of some scores of pianos, each endeavoring to out-Herod Herod, and to forge weapons to assert the superiority of Liszt in the musical world. While his pupils are interchanging glances and looking askance, the great man sometimes—not unfrequently—retires to his buffet and refreshes himself with a glad red wine. By 4 o'clock the seance is over, and now woe to the poor Meister, and woe to the happy possessor should he present a flower to any young lady as a mark of special favor. Those who know him more intimately will then successively upbraid him, and will, until they have received other and similar tokens of recognition, plot against the now luckless possessor. Those who stand more outside the charmed circle will beg morsels of the costly flower, and treasure them in their secretaires as souvenirs. It may therefore be readily conjectured that such marks of distinction are but seldom given.

Middleton's Reward.

TORONTO, ONT., July 17.—In the House of Commons this afternoon a vote of thanks to the officers and men engaged in suppressing the Northwest rebellion and a vote of $20,000 to General Middleton were unanimously adopted.

Military Situation in Cochin China.

PARIS, July 17.—With the view of allaying public anxiety, the French Governor of Cochin China has telegraphed that the military situation in Combodia was really never dangerous, and that the French losses since January amounted to but seventeen killed and thirty-four wounded.

A SAND-STORM AT DONGOLA.

The Perturbation it Carried to the Tent of a Newspaper Correspondent.

[London News.]

Dongola was visited yesterday by a sand-storm—to my idea the most dreadful of storms. Was there ever such a one before? Millions, I suppose, but I never experienced one so bad. I must really use the penny-a-liner's very convenient expression, "It baffles all description," and for that reason I shall describe it. Our respected friend the penny-a-liner, I observe, after stating that a thing baffled description, invariably tries to describe it. Why, then, should not I? Midday, everything sweltering and seething in the sun that happens to be exposed to it; everybody bubbling—positively bubbling—with perspiration that happens to be in the shade; thermometer looks as if it would burst—I am afraid to say how high the mercury has risen—in fact, the perspiration pours so into my eyes that I cannot see the small figures. Rock and sand pain the eye by their glare. A black, dense, mud-colored cloud suddenly appears on the horizon at the south—at first a speck, then growing larger and larger, rolling rapidly toward us, now in the distance, now nearer and nearer. Down go tents, and up in the air go straw huts and sheds, while the palm branches wave and nod like the plumes of a hearse caught in a gale, or of the helmet of a knight at a mad gallop. On, on, it rolls—that grimy, fast-riding cloud. Now I cannot see twenty yards ahead of me. The landscape is suddenly enveloped in a black shroud. It bursts upon my hovel. Away, away, away go my half-answered home letters. Who shall catch them? "Go; run after them; quickly, quickly, boy." I am enveloped in sand. Over goes my only globe-lamp—crash! My bottle of seven days' allowance of lime-juice—it totters and capsizes. Down come the spiders and away bolt the rats, whom I encourage to run about and eat the scorpions, centipedes, and white ants. In comes a flock of little crimson-headed bats, and tumble exhausted. I have no doors or windows to be blown in, and there is no fear of a shower of broken glass, such as I have seen during a sirocco on the shores of the Levant. Books, sketches, writing-paper, manuscript, linen, lie scattered on the floor; I was going to say—no, the earth—we have no floors here in Ethiopia—buried in a moment in black dust; and over goes my only bottle of cognac, kept for medical purposes. Luckily the cork was in. But the only bottle of whiskey an Irish friend had been at; he had left the cork out; it was light, not much balance left, and over it went. An aroma of mountain due pervades the room. Bisallah! It was to have accompanied me across the desert to Wady Halfa, where, some say, Cambyses lost his army, though others near Meroe.

I put my head out of my window, was I going to write?—I mean a square hole in one of the four mud walls forming what was called by courtesy a house. I was blinded as quickly as any inhabitant of the cities of the plain was by the hand of the angel. My eyes were instantly filled with sand, every molecule of which was a burning spark—every particle a scintillation. It wearied me to find my way to my—washing-stand; I mean my pile of old wooden cases, on which was carefully balanced my basin—an old biscuit-tin, with a classically-shaped red amphora in it. Finding it at length, I cleanse my eyes, smarting with the fiery dust, and put on a pair of huge green goggles—all glass; these are the only kind that keep out the sand. Thus armed, I looked forth into the moving mountain of sand. A burning blast, like unto the breath of a fiery furnace, scorches my face, dries up my skin, stopping every pore. I look unto the heavens. The sun was a blood-red ball of fire, floating "all in a hot and copper sky"; while along the horizon hung a lurid light, such as one sees on the ocean before a storm. In the distance trees, huts, and tents were invisible; but near one could just make out the winding, lead-colored Nile lashed into billows. A dense cloud, which enveloped all, seemed raining fire. The atmosphere as if seething, boiling, sputtering. And now waltzing, whirling along the banks come the "devils" (shaytans), as the Arabs call them, the sand-spouts—aerial giants—each indulging in a *pas seul*, their huge, fantastic figures rearing their heads from earth to heaven. One is reminded of the djins of the "Arabian Nights" let out of the casket in which King Solomon had sealed him up, and rising as a tall column of smoke. How grim and grueesome are they! No doubt the fanciful ghouls, efreets, and genii of Arab folk-lore drew their origin from such as these.

And a destructive element are these rolling, spiral sand billows—powerful agents of disintegration, having a grinding, roughing action on rocks and stones—as they ride the whirlwind, accelerating destruction in a country replete with decaying pedigrees of decay—a country where all changes are not of life, but of destruction—where the characteristics of the scenery around are heaps of rocks breaking into fragments. And these gusts of sand penetrate everywhere, into clefts and fissures of stones, eating into and sapping their foundations, and acting with immense mechanical strength, lifting and rolling rock over rock. There is a weird and ghastly dance all around, in a dull and lurid glare. Now I am enveloped in a heaving mountain of sand; the air is stifling, my mouth is parched, speech is impossible without wetting the lips, the tongue is swollen. I never before properly understood "the darkness of the Egyptian plague" which "could be felt." Half an hour—the sand tornado has swept by. I can hear the rush of seared horses, mules, donkeys, and cattle, as they rush madly by, having broken loose; the tremendous guttural roar and grunting of camels, the howling of dogs, and the shrill screeching of vultures and kites flying before the gale. All nature groans. Half an hour—the Dongola carnival of the wild elements of the "Soudan" is over.

Pure solvents and pure rubber are absolutely essential in making cements for leather, wood, or celluloid. Whatever care be taken in following the best approved recipe failure or disappointment is the result if that direction is not strictly attended to.

Having used an artificial gastric juice prepared with hydrocloric acid and pepsin, Messrs. Chittenden and Cummins obtained the following figures for the digestibility of certain substances, that of beef being assumed as 100: Veal, 95; mutton, 92; chicken (light meat), 87; chicken (dark meat), 84; salmon, 92; mackerel, 86; haddock, 82; trout, 87; lobster (young), 88; lobster (large female), 79; lobster (large male), 69; fresh cod, 72. Generally the white flesh is more digestible than the dark, and raw meat than cooked.

ORPHAN BOYS.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

Richmond Male Orphan Asylum—First Report of Mrs. Gill—Its Good Condition and Future Prospects.

[For the Dispatch.]

Shortly after the death of Mr. Joseph R. Gill, late superintendent of the Male Orphan Asylum, the Board of Directors elected his widow as successor to him. The result has proved the wisdom of the Board in selecting her. At the monthly meeting of the Board held a few days ago she presented her first monthly report, from which we make the following synopsis:

In compliance with a request from your body that I would accept the management of this asylum for the month of June, and be prepared at its close to make a report of the condition of the different departments, I submit the following. I felt it my duty to accede to your wishes, and have endeavored to perform the duties of the office faithfully and conscientiously. It gives me great pleasure to report favorably of the conduct of the boys. Each one has shown a disposition to be obedient and obliging, and good order has been maintained during the entire month. They have to assist in the work of the departments, and the neat appearance of the dormitory, nursery, school-room, and dining-room shows the faithful performance of the duties connected with them. It is but just to say that the matron, Mrs. Chilford, and those employed under her control, have been untiring in their efforts to look after the work assigned to them, and the excellent order and discipline she preserves testify to her superior capacity for the position.

The school has continued during the month with great satisfaction. The majority of the boys show an increasing fondness for study, and are much more careful in preparing their daily lessons. Mr. Anderson uses every effort to encourage the boys in cultivating a taste for learning, and endeavors to pay particular attention to the development of their moral nature.

Mr. Fossette, the competent manager of the cigar-factory, gives a most gratifying report of the boys while under his charge. Their work is well done, and without murmur or complaint. Each boy is given a daily task, and this is done cheerfully, and with apparent desire to master the trade as rapidly as possible.

The health of the boys has been remarkable. Although the season among children in the city is considered sickly, the asylum has enjoyed almost entire freedom from any disease. Our warmest thanks are due to our kind and able physician, Dr. E. J. Moseley, who is untiring in his attentions to the institution and the sanitary condition of the house and its surroundings.

It is almost impossible to give a correct estimate of the current expenses, since they are less at this season of the year than at any other. Our garden this season has furnished all the vegetables we need, and they have been excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. Indeed, we had quite a surplus, and realized a small sum from the sale of them, which we expended in the purchase of flowers and in ornamenting the grounds. On account of the abundance of vegetables the purchases for the table have been few. Our cows furnish milk in sufficient quantities for the boys' table and our own. No clothes have been bought; only the larger boys wear shoes during the summer, consequently the bill for shoes is comparatively small. In consideration of these facts I can only approximate somewhat as to what the expenses of the asylum are for each month:

Number of employees, 10.

Salaries	$172 40
Provisions	80 00
Clothing	16 00
Coal	5 00
Sewing	4 70
Total	$318 10

An inventory accompanying this report will show you exactly the condition of each department.

With the help of all employed, we have tried to do our work economically but well, and we respectfully submit this report as the result of our labor for your kind consideration.

MRS. J. R. GILL, Manager.

A GOLDEN AGE IN STORE

For the First Race in Africa—Characteristics—Its Territory—The Industries and Pursuits.

[National Review.]

If any race in North Africa has a golden age in store for it, that race is the Berber or Shelluh. In numbers and physical strength it already stands first in Morocco. With the Arab element it does not mix at all. Peoples of this blood and language spread under different tribal names from Cape Spartel to Nubia and the Egyptian Soudan. They are, in a rude but energetic fashion, traders, farmers, and shepherds, and have against desperate odds gained a reputation for intelligence and industry. It is a sign, characteristic of French rule, that in Africa alone have the representatives of this most promising race, the Kabyles, declined in numbers. We say promising advisedly, because those who wish well to Morocco must live in hope. The rule of Sultan Mulai Hassah, except in coast towns subject to European influence, like Tetuan, Tangier, and Mogador, is a weak but uncontrolled despotism. Persons convicted of small offences, or entirely innocent, crowd the prisons and remain there for life. Slavery is forbidden, but in no wise suppressed. Fiscal monopolies and taxes are decreed at will, and payment of the latter is evaded by any one who can take to the hills. The inhabitants of the Riff and Atlas live in chronic rebellion against the funds of their provinces who act as the Sultan's tax-gatherers. From the southern territories of Sus and Tafilet the imperial exchequer gets little more than the spoil amassed by Government raids, often headed by the Sultan himself. The retaliatory brigandage which is provoked by such measures is perpetuated by the absence of an efficient army or police. Indeed, military service and personal serfdom are often synonymous. The worst features in the situation are the thinness of the population and the want of communication. Morocco is larger than France, but its inhabitants, once very numerous, have dwindled to about 6,000,000. It is said to possess no wheeled carriage besides the Sultan's coach at Fez. It is covered with metalliferous mountains and traversed by large rivers, mostly running westward from sources in the Atlas; but it has neither roads nor bridges. Irrigation, which now supplements to some small extent the deficient rainfall and the irregular flow of the rivers, needs an enormous development; but the natives have neither the money nor the confidence required. In circumstances like these the weaknesses of the Government and the poverty of the people act and react upon each other to the common ruin. The condition of the rural population is indeed one of primitive destitution, and would be intolerable but for the magnificent climate in which they live. The men tend flocks or scratch the earth with plows of patriarchal make, and the women act as beasts of burden. The ordinary village is composed of the rudest cabins of mud, sticks, and leaves. The few manual industries of the country are starved alike by want of encouragement and want of accessible markets. Such export trade as is done at the ports, and notably at Tangier, gives no idea of the real resources of Morocco. The construction of roads and harbors and the abolition of vexatious imposts would enable other industries to share in the success which actually attends the cattle trade with Gibraltar. But neither poverty nor tyranny have entirely crushed the well-conditioned natures of the population. Least of all has it prepared them for forcible annexation by a European power. Neither Arab nor Berber has anything of Egyptian servility about him. One might expect mendicancy to be rampant, but this is not the case. Beggars are thicker and more shameless at Seville, Naples, or Boulogne than at Tetuan or Tangier. The character of the people, like that of the country, is calculated to excite hope as well as regret. It seems quite impossible to believe that these fine races are to live on like this forever. The transforming influence must come from Europe, and the fate of Morocco depends on the generosity and single-mindedness of the particular European nation that may exercise that influence.

Free Passes for Our Legislators, &c.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I beg leave to express my own hearty approval of the admirable resolutions recently adopted by the Albemarle Democratic Convention published in the *Dispatch* a few days ago. I am sure they will commend themselves to the common sense and sense of right of a very large majority of the honest and fair-minded voters of Virginia, and I would be glad if our State Convention, soon to meet in Richmond, would simply adopt the whole of them as the platform of our party.

The second resolution (which reads as follows:—"*Resolved*, That the public good demands that the great corporations of the State be so controlled and regulated that there shall be no discrimination in tariff rates against Virginia farmers and manufacturers whose products are carried to market over their lines of transportation,"—expresses the sentiment I believe of nine tenths of the voters to a dot. These "great corporations" must be compelled by law to put a stop to the great outrage of compelling the farmer who ships wheat and other produce from Staunton to pay as much freight as one who ships from Chicago. The duty of righting this nefarious practice of all the railroads that pass through the State devolves upon our Legislature, and the Convention will not have done its duty if it fail to denounce in strongest terms the common practice of members of the Legislature accepting free passes from railroad companies. Let there be put into our platform a clause which shall insist on putting a stop to this whole business, and let the county and town committees, and the people everywhere throughout the State, demand of every candidate before he is nominated a pledge not to accept a free pass in any case whatever. P. B. P.

July 10, 1885.

Strengthening Tripoli.

TRIPOLI, July 17.—The Porte has decided to strengthen the defences of Tripoli. A Turkish transport, with 1,100 troops and a number of guns and torpedoes, has already arrived here, and other transports with men and war munitions are coming.

The Egyptian Loan.

LONDON, July 17.—The *Standard* believes that the Government has received such assurances from the European Powers as will enable it to raise the Egyptian loan immediately. Germany is desirous that one third of the loan be raised in that country.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

[no 21-1y]

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PERSONAL.

I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN advising the public that I have secured the services of Mr. KIRKWOOD MATTHEWS (up to the present time with Messrs. Ryland & Lee) as piano and organ salesman. He will be pleased to see his friends. NANCY N. NAWN, 301 Main street, next to corner of Main. jy 15-W,F,&Su1t

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TRE