



SNAP SHOTS AT GIBRALTAR.

By ANNA MATHEWSON.

An American wishing to travel through Spain today might feel that to insure its being a pleasure excursion he must provide himself with an armed escort and a dynamite gun for calming the excitable populace; but two years ago all the equipments needed for a most enjoyable trip in that region of romance was a little knowledge of French, a few words of Spanish or a good understanding of the sign language, a love for the beautiful and a supply of English sovereigns; adding, if feasible, a strong constitution to stand the wear and tear of Spanish railways and a keen sense of humor to lubricate the frictions of travel. Spring is the best time to visit the country, for by the latter part of May much of the luxuriant vegetation is parched by the tropical sun and some of the southern hotels are closed. It was southern Spain that we especially wished to see; we longed to eat its oranges, to go into cañadas over its Moorish architecture, to admire its beautiful girls—even to flee from its beggars, for surely, we thought, mendicants with hidalgó manners must be more pleasing than every-day tramps. But they were not!

So in April our steamer approached Gibraltar in the midst of a glorious sunset. There was an early dinner and the stewards were exasperated by nearly everyone's leaving the tables between courses and rushing up on deck to see the view. We withstood the temptation until the lengthy banquet was almost over, then we rushed also and saw the coasts of Africa and Spain on either hand, misty and purple, with masses of rose pink cloud floating above, while from the stern a gorgeous sky was brilliantly reflected in the sea. Getting very enthusiastic and hot, we went down again to cool off with ice cream, and I remember that this portion of the dessert also felt the heat somewhat, and, being in the form of a pensive greyhound gracefully reclining upon a napkin, showed its feelings by dripping snowy tears from the tip of an abnormally long, slender nose.

Soon a lighthouse with revolving light appeared on the African coast and gleams began twinkling from Gibraltar; the stars grew intensely bright and the scene aboard became animated. Passengers who had been chrysalises in steamer riga or gone about the decks in nondescript attire for the past ten days now emerged as butterflies, the gay bonnets and golf cloaks being donned for an hour's sightseeing in Gibraltar. The steamer anchored half a mile out and a noisy little launch took us ashore.

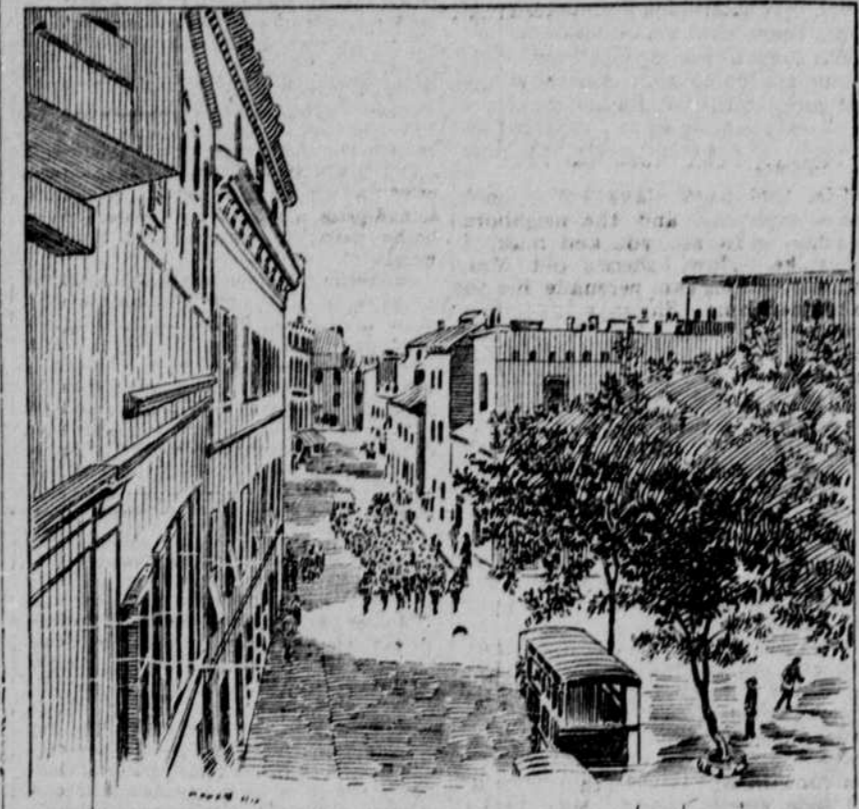
By day the resemblance between this king of rocks and the king of beasts is not very striking, but as we drew near in the dusk the lion's figure became more clear until against the grayish sky there was perfectly outlined an imposing silhouette of his leonine majesty, backed with royal gems, for light sparkled far up the magnificent height.

Noted by the hotel-runner, we passed custom officials and stalwart British soldiers—our first view of Tommy Atkins—through great rocky gateways and presently into streets that seemed topographical to be true. We meandered along, trying to look four ways at once, timidly clinging to every stray section of sidewalk to be found (though the inhabitants were promenading the middle of the street) and giving sympathy to lamenting fellow-passengers who had not planned for a stay in this fascinating place, but must tear themselves away after an hour's glimpse. Soon we were leaning from a front window, almost believing ourselves in a theater box, and greatly admiring the

stage setting. Across the way, surrounded by trees, rose an old Moorish building, and directly opposite our window a short, narrow street, bordered by irregular houses whose roofs jutted out at all angles, shapes and heights, ended abruptly with a most stagey effect of stone ramparts, moveless water, an anchored boat and a dim suggestion of hills beyond. By the corner lamps and hotel lights we could see the thoroughfare and people below us—senoras in mantillas, seniors in sashes and bare-legged Moors in long white cloaks.

Repose was rather hard to find, for Gibraltar at night, or any other time, is not a quiet place, though no machinery is heard except the hotel bells and telephone. The racket is made by people, goats, fowls and painfully hysterical donkeys.

But the first morning in Gibraltar, what a delightful thing that is! Everything is so absorbingly interesting that getting dressed and having breakfast seem only remote necessities as



A STREET IN GIBRALTAR.

we peer through the queer blinds into the glowing world. Sunshine blazes on the white houses and roofs of moss grown red tiles; swallows are darting everywhere; in the very middle of the narrow streets stands a Spaniard winding his long scarlet sash about him; there are flower women and sellers of cakes; donkeys laden with grass or panniers of charcoal; the most dilapidated vehicles rattle along taking English ladies to do their marketing; a street car drawn by mules comes up, lets the solitary passenger alight and then—there are no tracks—turns around and goes back. Tommy Atkins pervades the premises, his bright coat lighting up any shadowy places; all sorts of strange cries are heard, and somewhere a bell is tolling.

Being unused to continental customs we order a substantial breakfast and then wonder why we must wait a couple of hours for it. But the interval is well filled by walking about the streets and at length we are ushered past the bowing waiters, who are arrayed in evening dress as to the cut of their coats, although the material is white linen with lavender stripes. My mind is so occupied in wondering why

each of the four windows should have a left hand curtain of thin bright colored figured stuff while all the right-hand ones are of regulation white lace, that I scarcely notice being introduced by the lavender striped master of ceremonies to several strange articles of diet, including unsalted butter, the mild fruit called loquat and coffee with an accompaniment of goat's milk, which last makes a very strong claim upon one's attention.

Now to the amateur photographer Gibraltar is an Eden with a serpent bigger than a boa constrictor. This reptile invading the premises of British government, forbids the use of kodaks except to her majesty's subjects. The spectacle of a camera fender in charge of an officer is not uncommon, but I cannot say what fate awaits an offender, for the hotel clerk wailed us as we were sauntering forth to take snap shots galore, and bemoaned us to leave the forbidden toy in his care. Then the chaperon, Cousin Mary, and I had great fun invading the premises of British officials while attempting to convince them that our desire to sketch and photograph meant no sinister designs upon their fortifications; but the wily serpent was too elusive for us, though we chased him diligently all that morning. One after another the titled beings would twist a blonde mustache and suggest with assumed concern that we would better see one more captain, a colonial "secretary" or a "military secretary" and direct an orderly to conduct us thither. Our side of the fun consisted in seeing their charming gardens and hearing an immense amount of cleanly clipped English accent, but finally the assistant adjutant general

concluded the farce by advising us to interview our consul. As that gentleman informed us that he could not possibly obtain the desired permission, we subsided. An amateur can arrange it, nevertheless, by bribing some local photographer who is British subject to get a permit that he can use; but we learned this too late, and took only stolen shots from the hotel balcony, with the serpent liable to glide around the corner at any moment!

No matter how rasped the nerves of the camera enthusiast may be, an afternoon drive to Europa Point will be a panacea, especially if one has just left a snow bound land. Upward winds the road between borders of tropical plants or walls overhung by great masses of geraniums and nasturtiums, past fig and orange trees, aloes, apple trees in bloom and lemon trees, of wonderful foliage, hung with golden balls. A handsome English girl cantering by with her groom following; and Privates Ortheris, Mulvaney and Learoyd are out for a stroll. Beautiful views come at every turn of the road, and when, in the public gardens, one has seen the sweetest hellotrope growing as a tall hedge, there are no adjectives left to use. High as we go the bold

rocks still tower far above us, and as we gaze at the topmost peak there is blown across its face a flimy white veil and a delicate cloud drifting from behind it floats out to sea.

Then past colossal cannon stationed at intervals, back through the town to the boundary where English sentries pace along the straight and narrow path that leads from one sentry box to another, keeping, we suppose, an ever watchful eye on their Spanish brethren, who are protecting the rights of Spain by doing the same thing about half a mile away, on the outskirts of the town of Lixea (i. e., "on the line"), the intervening space, called "the neutral ground," is thronged with a motley crowd coming and going, and odd sights are to be seen. For example, here is a man busily fastening a large blue handkerchief about the neck of his dog, a proceeding we fail to understand until our driver explains that the wrapping hides a package of tobacco which the canine smuggler will convey into town while his master talks to the custom official. This in broad daylight, with that blue necktie apparent at 100 yards, makes one wonder what could have happened to so dim the official's eyesight.

Perhaps the most interesting thing of all is to visit the galleries, those ascending passages tunneled through the solid rock that reach to the brow of the lion with a line of cannon-filled loopholes commanding the Mediterranean. It is worth scrambling through a much harder climb to finally lean from one of the openings over 500 feet up, and see the sheer descent of rock with tiny people and vehicles crawling about at the base, and the brilliant sea dotted with boats shining in the sun. One feels that the Private Atkins who has held one's arm to render the hanging out performance safe, is in some way responsible for the lovely scene, so he is tipped accordingly; and our gratitude is increased when he tells us that we need have no fear of rain's interrupting our sightseeing, as not one drop will fall during the summer.

After a day or two one is persuaded that the desirable thing in life would be to stay in old "Gib-al-Tarik" for all time. It is a joy to explore steep, romantic lanes, and watch the agile donk picking his way down flights of steps where the rise is so abrupt that folks may look down the chimneys of their neighbors in the next street below, and no ladder would be required for playing Santa Claus; to poke about in quaint little shops and bargain with Spanish or Moorish dealers, who never expect to get what they first ask for their wares; or, above all, to be on the alert twenty times a day when the soldiers go by. The English troops are fine. One gets enthusiastic at the regular lines of scarlet coats and white helmets dazzling in the sunlight as they curve in and out along the winding street, nearly forming a letter S, headed by the picturesque drummer in his leopard skin, with his square shoulders and elbows perfectly motionless, though his hands are going like mad. But it is the bonnie Highlanders that are particularly adorable to see, with their fresh coloring, their sturdy walk, and the dear little skirts swishing from side to side.

On Sundays as the soldiers march to church the bands play lively airs as usual, but in place of the gun every man carries a prayer book. If on a quiet Sunday afternoon you should hear singing near the old town hall, go and investigate, for you may find, as we did, a few members of the Salvation Army holding an outdoor meeting. A fine looking, newly converted sailor boy was making his first public speech, very simply and prettily to the strangely assorted audience, all listening respectfully, too, whether they wore the red coat, the plaid kilt, the blue jacket, the robe of the Jew, the wide brimmed hat and sash of the Spanish or the fez, cloak and yellow slippers of the Moor. It was a curious mosaic.

Now comes sunset with its gun firing; a detachment marches down to shut the gates for the night; bits of music and bugle calls float here and there over the great rock. Soon the stranger, who is, literally, "within the gates," is ready for rest, and perhaps may recall as a lullaby a bit of the music which wakened him early in the morning as a fife and drum corps passed by, and he had drowsily listened to the stirring Scotch melody until it softened into a rhythmic beat of the drums and a faint echo of the highest notes, and so gradually lost itself in many-voiced Gibraltar.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Mr. Falfour of the English foreign office has a new bicycle which attracts considerable attention among the secretaries and officials. The action of the pedals is vertical instead of circular and when descending a hill with the feet at rest the pedals remain stationary.

The late Lord Lilford, to whose memory three stained-glass windows have been unveiled in the church of Thorp Achurch, Northamptonshire, was one of the most distinguished ornithologists of the present generation. At Lilford hall, his seat near Oundle, he had a magnificent collection of birds—both live and stuffed—including no fewer than seven different kinds of eagles, which, together with owls, falcons, hawks and buzzards were confined in the numerous aviaries with which his beautiful grounds were freely dotted. Lord Lilford during the last ten years of his life was an absolute cripple.

M. George Charpentier, the famous Paris publisher, who backed Emile Zola with a pension of \$100 a month when he was poor and struggling, has been promoted to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honor, a very high distinction in France.

ROAD WILL BE SOLD.

THE UNION PACIFIC SOON TO BE BID OFF.

Plans of the Reorganization Committee to Be Accepted by the Government.—Uncle Sam Will Lose \$25,000,000—The New Company Will Take Possession at Once.

Receivership Will Soon End.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The Union Pacific reorganization committee's proposition for the settlement of the company's debt to the United States will be accepted, the government mortgage will be foreclosed, the road sold and the company reorganized.

This statement is made on good authority. For several days past President McKinley has had conferences with the representatives of the company and with the United States attorney general, and before he left Washington he agreed to the sale of the road and its reorganization upon the basis which the reorganization committee suggested. The announcement of the decision may be looked for at an early date. It will come in an order for foreclosure issued by the president to the secretary of the treasury.

The agreement to which President McKinley has decided to give his sanction is the same which was submitted to Congress by President Cleveland last January. Under this agreement the reorganization committee will bid for the road under a foreclosure sale the sum of \$45,054,059. In order to give an intelligible statement of what this bid will mean to the United States, it is necessary to enter briefly into the story of the Union Pacific obligation to the government.

The principal debt of the Union Pacific to the United States was \$35,539,512. A part of this has not yet been advanced by the United States. The interest paid by the government amounts to \$36,954,893. The whole indebtedness on the first day of July, 1897, was \$70,494,405. The sinking fund of the Union Pacific, in the hands of the treasurer of the United States on the same day was \$17,738,209. After deducting the sinking fund, which is an asset of the company in the hands of the United States for the purpose of paying the debt of the Union Pacific Railway company to the government, the sum of \$28,015,850 remains to be paid. That is the only sum which Fitzgerald's reorganization committee, as it is known, will be required to pay the government. The loss to the government is the difference between \$35,000,000, which is the net amount due the government in round numbers, and the \$28,000,000, making a loss of nearly \$7,000,000 in round numbers, according to the figuring of the opponents of the agreement.

The agreement for the foreclosure sale contains a provision for the reorganization of the Union Pacific Railroad company and its Kansas Pacific branch. The reorganization committee consists of Louis Fitzgerald, Jacob H. Schiff, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Chauncey M. Depew, Marvin Huggitt and Oliver Ames. The new capitalization of the company under the new Fitzgerald plan will be \$100,000,000 4 per cent bonds, \$75,000,000 of preferred stock and \$25,000,000 of common stock.

JUDGE FOSTER'S DECISION

If Upheld by the Supreme Court All Commercial Exchanges May Be Closed.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—Judge Foster's decision in the United States district court at Topeka, in which he held that the Kansas City Live Stock Exchange was a trust, organized in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, may result in closing all the live stock, grain and produce exchanges of the country.

The decision, if it is upheld by the supreme court of the United States, to which it will be appealed, will be of the utmost importance, for it will class all exchanges which are organized on the same lines as the Kansas City institution as unlawful combinations in restraint of commerce.

Attorneys are uncertain as to the scope of the decision, for the reason that there may have been some peculiarity about the organization and methods of the Kansas City Live Stock exchange which does not apply to other exchanges. As it is understood here, however, this exchange is similar to others in which live stock, grain, cotton, farm produce and petroleum are dealt in, and if the Supreme court of the United States should uphold Judge Foster's decision these institutions would have to close their doors or change their organization and methods.

Announcement of Four of the Largest Appointments for the Territory.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The following appointments for the Indian Territory are announced: Marshal of the Northern district, Leo A. Bennett of Muscogee; marshal of the Southern district, John F. Hammer of Ardmore; United States attorney for the Central district, John H. Wilkins of Atoka; United States attorney for the Southern district, William Johnson of Ardmore. Dr. Bennett is a national committeeman.

MISS EVA BEEM ACQUITTED

The Suspended Hutchinson Money Order Clerk Not Guilty of Theft. WICHITA, Kan., Sept. 24.—Miss Eva Beem of Hutchinson, charged with the embezzlement of \$1,800 from the postoffice there, was acquitted this morning. Miss Beem said that she had assurances from Washington that her old place in the Hutchinson postoffice would be given back to her and that she would afterward secure an appointment at the national capital for which she is an applicant.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN FICTION

As a Heroine She Is Smart, and Delights in Managing Men.

"Sometimes the characteristic type of the American heroine of fiction is vulgar, sometimes cold-hearted, or unkind, or willful, or indiscreet, but she is never stupid," writes "Droch" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "That is the verdict of contemporary observers on the American girl. Whatever she may be or do she always has her wits about her; she is 'smart.' While her father delights in managing factories, stock operations, or railroads, she delights in managing men. And in every kind of fiction which she dominates the men seem to be uniformly glad to be managed by her. Often in fiction she has been lacking in certain graces—chiefly the supreme grace of tact. But there are signs that our novelists have discovered that the American girl possesses this grace also, and so it happens that today she trails through fiction not only with fine clothes, and a beautiful face, and generous deeds, and witly, if impertinent, remarks—but there is developing around her a gracious manner, an unconscious simplicity that shows itself in consideration for the weaknesses of others—in addition to that keen knowledge of their foibles which was always hers. What we have yet to hope for is that her wealth or her poverty may be made less obtrusive and less a significant part of her always attractive personality."

Notable Typewriters.

In the Strand Magazine there is an article concerning the origin of the typewriter, in which many interesting facts are stated. The writer says:

There have been many curious and beautiful machines constructed from time to time to the order of various people, or for presentation. Perhaps the most elaborate typewriter ever produced was that made for the Czarina of Russia. All parts of the machine ordinarily black were enameled blue, and those portions of the frame work usually outlined in gold were inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The keys were of African ivory and the bright parts of solid gold. A similar machine was presented on her wedding day to the Duchess of York; and another was recently made to order for the Khedive of Egypt. The Queen also possesses an extremely elaborate typewriter. It is a "bar-lock," ivory-keyed, gold-plated throughout, and very beautifully engraved.

An extraordinarily curious machine was that made for Li Hung Chang. It was fitted with twenty sets of characters—eighteen hundred in all—each of which, as no dies were available, had to be engraved by hand. Apropos of this remarkable machine, its introduction into Pekin was promptly followed by the appearance in London of an enterprising Celestial bent upon forming a company for placing typewriters on the Chinese market. According to this gentleman, it is quite possible to write the Chinese language, or at all events, a sort of modified phonographic version of it, with as few as 250 characters. The machines he proposed to manufacture, and for which he asserted there would be a ready sale in the Flowery Kingdom, were to have been about five times the width of an ordinary typewriter, and the sale price was to have been one thousand pounds apiece. The English capitalists, however, failed to "bite," and China still does its writing in the old-fashioned way.

Insuring Workmen.

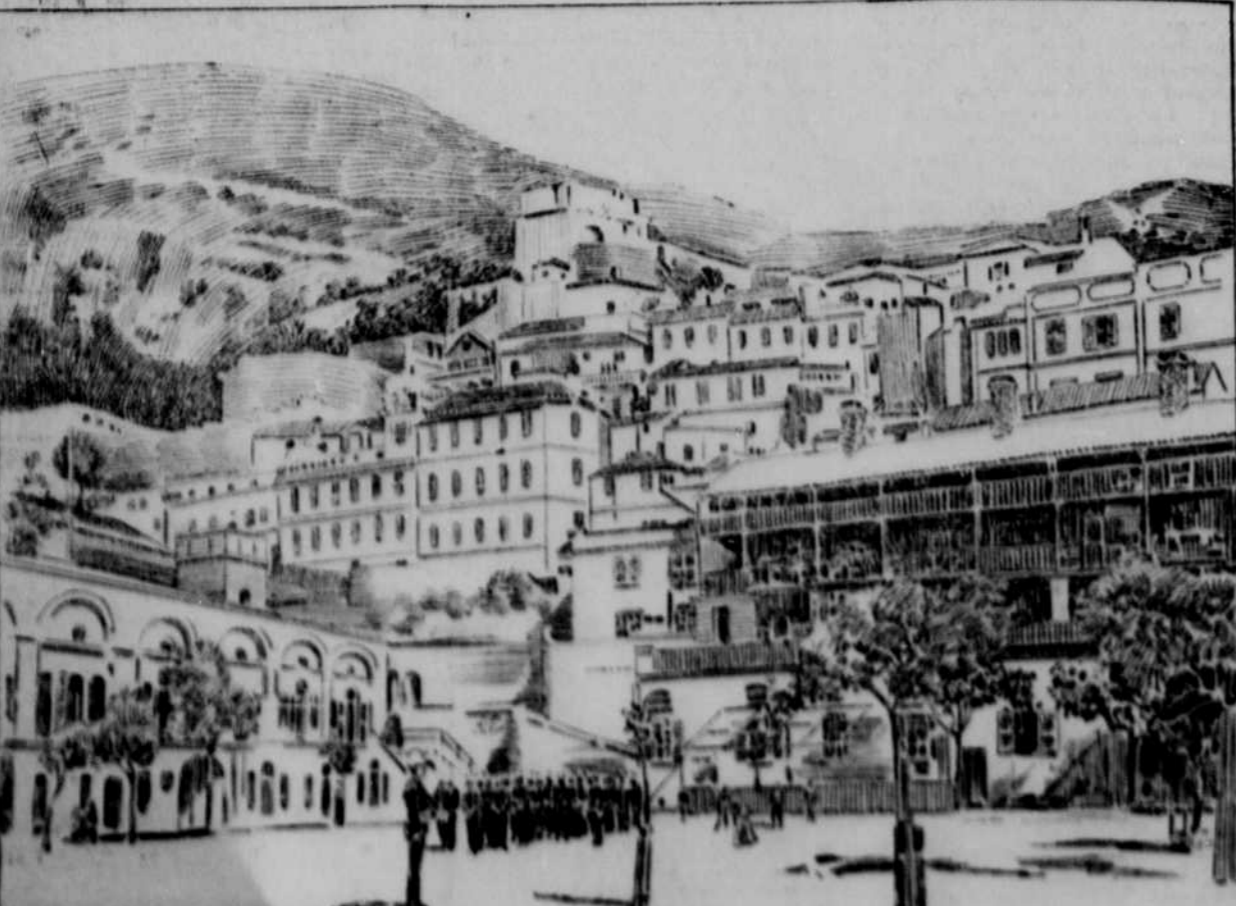
The German government provides a system of compulsory insurance for working men. Under this system a workman 20 years of age pays an equivalent of 40 cents a week for three years, and at the age of 65 he receives the sum of \$77. In the meantime having had an insurance against accidents. The annual premium is divided into three parts, one of which is paid by the workman, another by his employer and the third by the state. The report for 1896 shows that 18,389,000 persons were insured under the law, of whom 3,409,000 were employed in shops and factories, 12,290,000 were employed in agriculture and 690,000 were in the employ of the state. In that year the number of accidents was 74,897, of which 6,448 terminated fatally. The total expense of the system for the year was \$13,400,000.

Noosing a Sea-Lion.

A correspondent of Ram's Horn narrates a pulling match between a sea lion and a farmer; Near Tillamook, Ore., an old German farmer chanced to be driving along the beach, when his watchful gaze was greeted by the sight of a large sea lion some distance out on the sand, fast asleep. It was the work of a moment for Jacob to make a lasso of a stout rope he had in his wagon, fasten the end of it to the hind axle, and adjust the noose over the sea lion's head. Then Jacob jumped into the wagon and started homeward with his prize. The sea lion did the same, and as his team was the stronger of the two, Jacob started seaward at a good pace, and only saved himself and his "oufit" by springing quickly to the ground, grasping his jack knife and cutting the rope.

She Knew Papa's Circumstances.

He—Do you think your father would receive me civily if I were to go to him and ask for you?
She—Let's see—I believe you hold a mortgage on papa's business, don't you?
He—Yes, and it's about to mature.
She—You will be perfectly safe in approaching him at any time or place that may suit your own convenience.—Pittsburg Chronicle.



THE CABERNETS, GIBRALTAR.