

JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

Scenes in Austria at the Famous Springs of Karlsbad.

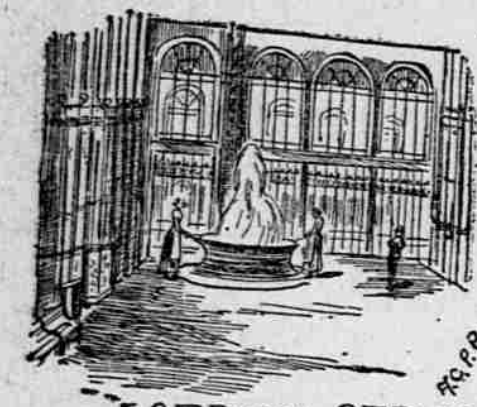
A Grand March in which Princes Take Their Turn with the Rest of Humanity.

Roscoe Conkling Carries His Two-penny Loaf of Bread Like the Balance-Mad Baths and How to Take Them.

Special Correspondence.

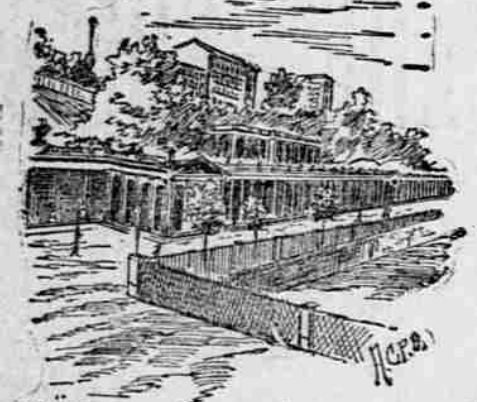
KARLSBAD, Austria, August 21.—Karlsbad is the most famous and by far the most curious and interesting of European watering places. It is away out of the usual route of tourists, difficult of access and built up on the precipitous sides of the river Topel, which flows in an irregular course through the town. It is surrounded by hills, which are wooded or cultivated to the top—and in and about which are sixty English miles of lovely, easily graded walks and park-like grounds, with comfortable seats at short intervals and frequent "restaurations" for the hungry or thirsty traveler. The houses which line the streets and are terraced up on the hills are all "villas" built as lodging houses and occupied as such at least three months in the year; the rest of the time they are probably closed in part, for their owners would hardly want to keep all of such roomy structures warm during the long and severe winter months. Karlsbad has not, however, been entirely made, nor is wholly dependent of its springs, celebrated as they are, for its growth and activity. The valley in which it lies is narrow, but it is at the confluence of the Eger and the Topel (in Bohemia) on the Prague and Eger line of railway, and is surrounded by granite formations, the highest of them—above the Sprudel—reaching nearly a thousand feet in height, and called "Eternal Life." In the neighborhood of Karlsbad, mostly in villages within a few miles, are seventeen porcelain manufactories, of which the largest is the "Hammer," but all of which produce beautiful ware, and the town is also famous for its manufacture of spun silk hose, shoes, gloves, pins and a lace—the "Erzhebrige," made by the peasant women of the village of that name—of silk in its natural cream tints, and being in fact the silk lace of Malta.

The most famous spring is the



SPRUEDEL SPRING.

Sprudel, a boiling spring which forces up a large volume of heated spray continually and is indeed the outward and visible sign of the column of boiling water covered by Sprudel shell—a thin shell at that—over which a large part of Karlsbad is built. Its water is less used for drinking than for bathing, although some do drink it, but the favorite fountain for drinking purposes is the Muhlbrunnen, and it is along



MUHLBRUNNEN COLONNAD.

the interior sides of its miles of Colonnade that the "grand" march takes place every morning at an hour supernaturally early out of Karlsbad, and which consists literally of miles of individuals of every kind and degree, their cup slung by a strap or carried in their hand, working their way towards the spring for their early morning draught of its water, which is warm but not hot, like the Sprudel, and less strongly impregnated with mineral substances. Whoever comes late, prince or beggar, must take his place at the end of the line, for there is a strong feeling which would quickly express itself should any injudicious stranger, man or woman, attempt to break the regular order of procession in which it is said the Empress Eugenie joined when she was in Karlsbad.



GRAND MARCH.

The place is indeed no respecter of persons. Royal personages, equipages with outriders, are a common occurrence and everybody is too busy and too much engrossed with their own affairs to pay them special attention except their own train of servants and valets whose business it is. Karlsbad is in fact wonderfully democratic. Of itself it claims upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, but it entertains about 65,000 visitors annually, most of whom come for the "cure," and the place, while apparently the freest in the world, is under such governmental superintendence that the advantages are accessible to the poor as well as the rich—cleanliness, order and moderation as to prices are universal, and if people are imposed upon it must be by their

own will and... There are about 800 houses in Karlsbad nearly all let in lodgings. This mode of life is universal. In many of these houses breakfast is supplied—no dinner—and the third meal, also afternoon coffee, and are always taken at some one of the "park" or "garden" restaurants with which Karlsbad abounds, and all of which are good. The average cost of rooms is from eight to twenty-five florins per week and according to size and location. The higher the situation the more desirable, as the low-lying houses are apt to be damp and lack the advantages of air and view. The majority are, however, well situated with large, cheerful, airy and well furnished rooms, often opening upon balconies and looking out upon the sunlit heights above and the curious blending of all interests and nationalities in the life below. It is the most fascinating place one can imagine, crowded with all sorts of persons and nationalities, and the attraction grows with every hour. Austrians, Greeks, Servians, Hungarians, Roumanians and Russians mingle with the more commonplace English, German and American, and preserving more of distinction and individuality of custom and bearing than when we see them occasionally as tourists or travelers in our more remote regions. The most singular costumes are to be observed; from that of the Thuringian nurse—all white, with her singular headdress—to the Servian lady—with her red, fez-shaped headdress ornamented with gold, her gold embroidered jacket and striped gauze shirt or scarf. Jews abound—just such as we see on the stage as Shylock—short, stout and bald, with long, black, loose gowns rather than coats, carpet or cloth slippers, which hardly hold their feet as they shuffle along the street, and the air of Irving's Rialto so strongly about them that you wonder at the photographic fidelity of the picture to the original. Finely contrasted with these are the tall and military looking Austrians, who as a rule are splendidly built both men and women. They also walk well, owing to military training, dress richly and in fine taste, though with much blending of fine color. Half an hour ago in the Stadt Park two tall Austrian ladies passed, dressed alike in gowns of cream satin, embroidered in front exquisitely with a coppery mixture of silk and beads; long black lace cloaks lined with dull gold satin, and yellow satin bonnets with sigettes of lace and gold. This was early in the morning; but it must be said that this is a most unusual toilet at such an hour of the day. All are early risers here. The longest line at the Muhlbrunnen is to be found at six and between six and seven a. m. By eight the Colonnade is empty. At six the band begins to play, stopping at eight, and from seven to eight the walks and promenades are filled with the water-drinkers, who allow an hour after the last glass to elapse before they eat their breakfast. Many go to the market platz to buy flowers, which are sold very cheap there—lovely roses for five kreutzers (two cents) and a bouquet of roses, mignionette and forget-me-nots for twenty five kreutzers (about 10 cents).

The breakfast is simple often, rolls and coffee, for those who are taking the "cure," "black" (rye) or Graham bread, butter, coffee with cream, and one or two boiled eggs. The cost for this for two persons is set down day after day at one gulden, twenty-five kreutzers (50 cents). The table d'hote dinner at the majority of restaurants—the "Stadt Park" being one—is one



KARLSBAD-STADTPARK.

and a half or two gulden, florins, the fish being omitted from the bill of fare of those put down for the cheaper price. This is sixty and eighty cents, not a high price for a coarse dinner of the very best, delicately cooked, and served as well as at Delmonico's. The dinner consists of soup, beef a la mode with vegetables, poultry or game, compote (stewed fruit) and pudding or dessert. This is the dinner for sixty cents. For eighty there are soup, fish, potatoes, roast beef, vegetables, poultry or game, compote and dessert, pudding or "furschenbrucken," a delightful kind of cherry pie, or pudding. If you do not wish to take table d'hote, you can have a "Chateaubriand" steak, or an "entrecote" steak, either of them enough for two persons, for one gulden, fifty kreutzers, and blumenkohl (cauliflower), erbsen (peas) or spinat (spinach), for from 25 to 30 kreutzers each—in good measure, not the meagre quantities our restaurats serve. A great feature of the Karlsbad dietary is beef tea and eggs—both are universally recommended and in demand at every meal, and are put at a uniform price. Ordinary bread except a little of the crust, soup in which there is flour or rice thickening, potatoes, and all sugary and starchy foods, are forbidden to patients, and also all raw fruits, and of course puddings and pastries, except in the rare case of puddings made with cream and eggs and very little sugar, such as omelette soufflé for example. The preponderance of people who come for the "cure" over ordinary visitors, and the strength and peculiar properties of the Karlsbad waters, which often exact a serious penalty of disobedience, has had a perceptible influence on the general dietary of the restaurants, discouraging those articles of food which are forbidden, and monerating the cost of those that are recommended, so that poor as well as rich patients can eat that which is most nourishing and ben-

eficial for them. On this principle "Bouillon mit ei" (beef tea and egg) is kept at a uniform rate and a nearly uniform and most excellent quality at all the restaurants. It consists of beef tea, boiling hot, into which the fresh yolk of an egg freed from the white is broken. The heat stiffens and sets without hardening it. It is brought in a pint cup and poured into a deep soup plate, the golden globular substance making a little island in the sea of clear amber liquid which is distributed as soon as the spoon touches it. This dish is furnished everywhere for 15 kreutzers—about 6 cents—but bread is not supplied for this sum; a roll would cost an additional cent. But the regular patients do not eat the rolls, except occasionally the under or "kissing" crust. They buy at the bakeries Graham "broad," in 2 cent rolls, made of whole meal and very thoroughly baked. The crust is indeed so hard that it is difficult to cut through it, and it may lay exposed for days, yet the interior will be as soft as at first. The only fault of the making is the use of too much flour. It is made too stiff, as stiff as ordinary bread, which whole meal or Graham bread should never be, because it stiffens and thickens much more in baking than ordinary white bread. People are not a bit proud, and they get the starch taken out of them in more ways than one in Karlsbad. It is quite common at any hour of the day to see the most dignified personage walking along the streets with a twopenny loaf in a little pink paper bag in their hands. It is said that Hon. Roscoe Conkling, who is spending a month here, has been

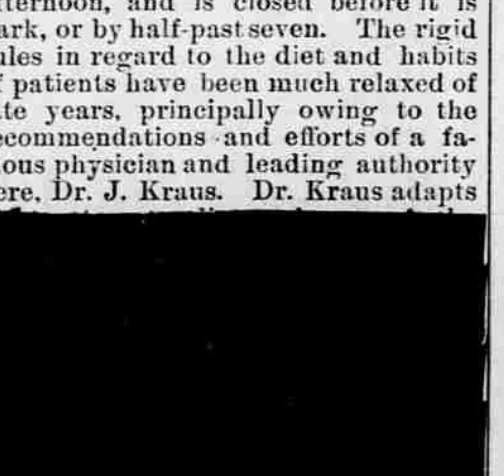
met equipped in this manner, but no member of the New York portion of the American colony believes it. Before leaving the subject of the dietary, let me say that the bread and uniform excellence of the bread here, and all over Germany and Switzerland, but particularly Germany, is largely due to thoroughness of baking—the quick action of the oven at first, which closes the air cells and makes it so sweet and fragrant of the wheat, and the slow action of the heat later, when the crust needs to be thickened and browned. We ruin the best materials in the world in America by cooking them too fast, and with fires that are blazing hot, but not permanently laid and too quickly die out.



CONKLING AT KARLSBAD.

The Karlsbad waters are recommended for a great variety of complaints, but there is no pretence that they can perform miracles or do their work without time and serious attention to diet and general habits of life. Karlsbad is "early to bed and early to rise," and the force of example, of atmospheric influence, is so great that the most inveterate night owl will find himself "following copy" and gaping rudely if kept up beyond the usual nine or half-past nine "of the clock." The "summer" theatre, which maintains a good company, begins its performances at half-past four in the afternoon, and is closed before it is dark, or by half-past seven. The rigid rules in regard to the diet and habits of patients have been much relaxed of late years, principally owing to the recommendations and efforts of a famous physician and leading authority here, Dr. J. Kraus. Dr. Kraus adapts

of the best and most nourishing food, while absorbing the completely alterative influence of the waters. This bill of fare for diabetes includes "fish and flesh in every form, except with sweet or flour thickened sauce, craw-fish, lobsters, eggs, cream, butter in plenty, spinach, asparagus, cauliflower, French or kidney beans, coffee with yolk of eggs or rich cream, tea, good drinking water, bitter beer (pilsener), red wine, genuine claret, and Austrian and Hungarian wines." He adds that all kinds of food not mentioned are strictly forbidden. The directions for bread are given in a note, in which he says that this so-called glutinous or Graham bread, contains starch in injurious quantities, and that a small, crusty roll, or crust of a roll, is preferable. Dr. Kraus is unacquainted with our "glutinous" bread, made from health food flour.



NEW SPRUEDEL COLONNAD.

It is perhaps wrong to have given the impression that there are no regular hotels in Karlsbad; there are several excellent ones, but they are more expensive than lodgings, and not so well adapted for patients, and therefore are not frequented by the majority. Nine-hundred lodging houses to half a dozen hotels tell the story. The cost of living at Karlsbad, very comfortable, for one person, man or woman, during the season, may be reckoned at from \$12 to \$15 per week. A visit to some of porcelain manufactories is always made, as it not only affords an opportunity of seeing a magnificent collection of the famous Austrian ware, but of visiting the little native villages and seeing the peasant population in their homes. One of these manufactories belonging to Mr. Schwabe, a banker of Karlsbad, works altogether for New York, and all its productions are sent there.

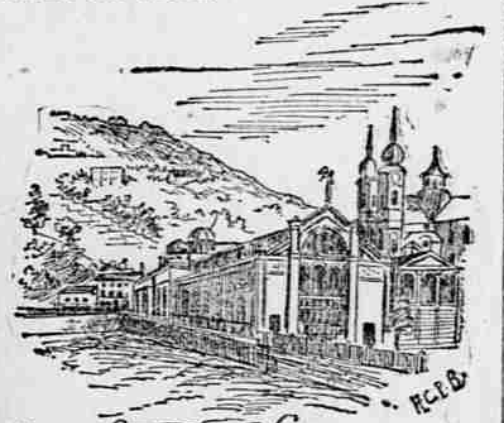
The cure of a patient is not considered complete by a month of treatment; very often he is told that he must return, and he is always sent somewhere else—to some more quiet, less exciting and less disturbing springs—for his "after cure." Regatz, in Switzerland, Gastein or Wildbad, in the Black Forest, are places usually recommended, and therefore my next letter may be dated from Wildbad.

faa, one piece of roast beef or venison, the crust of a roll, a small quantity of Giesshubler or Sauerbrus water, or as an alternative one glass of bitter beer or good red wine. For the supper a piece of cold corn beef or lean ham and the crust of a roll. For persons who suffer from constipation or intestinal catarrh he prescribes: "For breakfast, coffee, tea or milk, rolls and soft eggs; for dinner, soup, white meat, fresh vegetables (not roots) and stewed fruit; for supper, white meat and stewed fruit."

The Giesshubler water mentioned in one of his bills of fare is one of the features of Karlsbad. It is a delicious sparkling water of very excellent qualities, curative rather than medicinal—a delightful table water of itself or to mix with wine. It is derived from an ever-flowing spring about nine miles distant, a visit to which is one of the most delightful of the neighborhood excursions. The owner of the spring, Mr. Heinrich Mattoni, is the owner of much of the property in the vicinity of the spring, and he has greatly enhanced the natural beauty of the surroundings by graded walks and other attractive features. The fine, wide nine miles of road cut through and about the mountains and by the side of the stream called by courtesy a river was made entirely by Mr. Mattoni, or rather out of his private purse, at a cost of 800,000 florins. He has the reputation of a generous, public-spirited man, and has built up a pretty village on his property, with a picturesque little church, for the accommodation of his work people. In front of the spring, which occupies an elevated position, is a shady plateau, furnished with seats and small tables. All visitors who seat themselves at a table are waited upon by a Giesshubler maiden in the peculiar dress of the spring, red skirt, blue bodice, white cap and apron, who brings you a goblet of the sparkling Giesshubler water with a little bow and the information that it is "gratis." Everybody drinks at Karlsbad, and one misses it sadly when it can no longer be procured from the fountain head.

The baths are a great feature of the treatment, the kind varying with the condition of the patient. The mud baths are, it is said, very agreeable to take—a statement which seems to need the test of experience. The mud used for the purpose is not found in Karlsbad but is brought from Franzensbad, a few miles distant. The patient is placed in a reservoir with numerous other patients, his head resting against the wall, his body covered with a thick coating of the mud, through which the water from the Sprudel Spring is made to percolate. This treatment is applied to cases of gout and rheumatism. The cost of the best "saaloon" individual baths is nearly two gulden, counting in the twenty kreutzers for use of a bathing mantle, ten for a sheet, four for a towel and ten for warming the linen. In the common bath of the "Cur-haus" the cost of a bath is only five kreutzers.

The shops of Karlsbad are a great attraction to visitors. The principal are on the Alte Weisse (old meadows), which is lined with them on both sides. Shoes, gloves, spool silk hosiery, silk lace, pins and needles, Bohemian glass and porcelain are special manufactures, and Bohemian garnets are also very fine, and comparatively low priced. The most distinctive ornaments however, are made of Sprudel stone—stone over which Sprudel water passes—and by its powerful action produces a kind of many-colored oxidation, which is probably heightened by artificial means. It is really too solid and weighty for ornaments, but it makes excellent and curious knife handles, and the like, and is certainly distinctive and different from anything else in the world.



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Rather Lose Life Than Limb.

Miss Lena Solvel is a Swede, 22 years of age, employed as a domestic in the family of Mr. Adams, 223 West Newton street. About 9:30 o'clock last evening, while returning from Roxbury on the East Boston horse car, she alighted at the corner of Tremont and West Newton streets, when a Brooklyn car going the opposite direction ran over her left knee and thigh. She was taken to the City Hospital, where it was decided that she could not live unless the injured limb was amputated. She positively refused to have it taken off, arguing that she was poor and friendless, and had rather die at once than be a cripple for life. She was perfectly cool and collected, and, although suffering severe pain, seemed as calm and reasonable as philosophically about the removal of her injured member as if it was one of the most trivial matters possible. The physicians have no authority to force her decision, she will probably die, in case she does not change her mind.

A Wise Young Fiancee.

New York Cor. Philadelphia Record. I know of a young man who has a tenor voice that, if it is heard in public in New York, will set the people wild with delight. Some managers have heard this young man, and have made him offers of a contract for as long as he will sign it for \$250 a week; but this young man has refused the offers, and is singing in church and at an occasional concert. Knowing how scarce tenors are, and knowing what an exceptionally fine voice he has—there is no one of the Italian opera who is at all to be compared to him—I could not wonder why he was not singing in some of the light opera companies, and I took the pains to ask those who knew him what the reason was.

The answer was soon given. The managers wanted him, would take him in a minute if they could get him, but this young man is engaged to be married to a young woman, and this young woman made him promise that he would not go on the operatic stage. She would rather they would live on \$50 or \$60 a week earned off the stage, than to live on \$250 or \$300 earned on the stage.

How to Manage Him.

Most men like to have their own way, and my husband is one of them. Now, he would really be a domestic tyrant if he had a chance, and I should be a most unhappy wife. But I take care that he doesn't have a chance. So long as I am aware of the fact that he always "goes by contraries," I would be very foolish indeed to tell him what I actually want of him. For instance, when I want to accept of an invitation which I know he would refuse, I remark with indifference: "Those folks have invited us again, don't you think, and you won't want to go; of course, they will have an elegant supper, but it will be the stupidest affair, and we shall enjoy the evening much better at home." Then he says very decidedly: "Why, certainly, we must go; Jones would take it as an insult if I declined." Then, when I want a new dress, I tell him that Mrs. Brown has been terribly extravagant and bought a new velvet, and I am sure she doesn't need one half as bad as I do, but I can't think of such an expense at present; I shall just wear my old dresses as long as they hang on. Then he flares up and says I shan't do any such thing; he guesses he can afford to dress me as well as Brown can his wife, and I must go right down town and get a better dress than hers! Well, it does keep a woman a little sort of planning and watching all the time; but then, you see, it's really the only way, and it pays.—Happy Hours.

London Society.

Following is a picture of the upper crust of London society as drawn by an intelligent foreigner, who is recording some of his impressions of English life in a book, published under the above title. Any one at all familiar with the subject matter will acknowledge the correctness of the likeness. The I. F. says: "London society is, in a sense, stage-struck. It takes the same sort of interest in associating with the ornaments of the stage as boys feel in making the acquaintance of ballet-dancers. There is a certain prurient prudishness, a salacious inquisitiveness about London society. It loves to hover over, or alight on, the borderland which separates conventional respectability from downright dissoluteness. There is nothing which it so dearly loves as a soup-con of naughtiness. I never see that well known picture of two young ladies peering into a volume which they have taken down from a shelf in the paternal library—'Forbidden Fruit,' I think it is called—and reading in it things which make them alternately smile and blush, without recognizing the pictorial symbol, the engraved allegory of London society. What, to it, is the mystery of holiness in comparison with the mystery of sin? Who would not sooner contemplate the lives of the sinners than the lives of the saints? London society is infinitely charitable, because its curiosity knows no bounds. One of the reasons why it welcomes actresses is that it surrounds them, rightly or wrongly, with a halo of antecedents and environment which leave much to the imagination."

PREPARING TO GO.

An Aged Man Predicts the Day of His Death and Arranges For It.

Nyack, N. Y., Journal. Vailey Cottage is a way station on the West Shore Railroad, midway between this place and Rockland Lake. It takes its name from the hamlet, and the hamlet from the farm of John Ryder, who was long the most prominent man in the place. On the 11th inst. Mr. Ryder died, and under circumstances that caused widespread comment among the villagers. Mr. Ryder died after prophesying for three days that June 11 would be his last day on earth. Mr. Ryder was a wealthy farmer and a high official in the Methodist Church at Rockland Lake. He was seventy-six years old, and his ruddy cheek and clear blue eyes gave no indication of approaching dissolution. He used to boast he had never been ill a day in his life. Up to within a few weeks ago he worked on his farm, going out to plow at daylight. One day he returned to the farmhouse and seated himself in an arm chair. When asked if he was ill he replied that he was not, but said, "I have plowed my last. Now I feel that as I have passed beyond my threescore and ten the good Lord allowed me, I shall not live to see this harvest. God, Thy will be done."

His farm work fell into the hands of his hired men, and he mechanically received their reports. All day he walked up and down the veranda, his head sunk on his breast, deep in meditation.

"I am tired," he would say, when any of the neighbors or his relatives rallied him on his actions. "I shall not live long. Soon I will tell you beforehand the day on which I shall breathe my last." On Tuesday, June 9, he called his family around him and sent a servant after the farm hands, meanwhile preserving a calm demeanor. When all had assembled he said in deep impressive tones: "My friends, my time is drawing nigh. My sands of life have nearly run out. But two days more and I shall not be with you. I have received a warning, and it portends death. My friends, I leave you with a life, I hope, clear of crime, and with a hope and belief in the infinite tenderness and mercy of the true and living God." Turning to a farm hand, he said, with energy: "Harness up my horse and buggy. Do it quickly." When the vehicle was ready he sprang in unassisted, and drove to the little burying ground near by, owned by a few of the old families in the neighborhood. Arrived at the graveyard, he looked around, and, running to a mound where there was a pile of stakes, he marked off the space in which he wanted to be buried. Driving home he did not spare the horse, and when his house was reached he immediately dispatched a servant to Nyack for a lawyer who had done legal business for him before. In the note he said he wanted to draw up his will. He also ordered the man to bring an undertaker with him. The undertaker came, and jokingly measured the old gentleman. "Now give me your bill, I want to pay it now," he said to the undertaker. The surprised undertaker obeyed with reluctance, and the old gentleman paid the money down. The lawyer had been sent for him. The will was duly drawn up, and after the instrument had been signed, giving the proportions to his children and grandchildren, he invited the lawyer to come to his funeral, as he was an old friend of the family, and also to act as a pall-bearer. The lawyer laughingly assented to the proposition, thinking it was but a whim of his old client. Mr. Ryder then named the three other men he wanted to act as pall-bearers. In the lawyer's presence he named all the other details about the funeral, and made disposition of his personal effects and mentioned his friends.

On the following day Mr. Ryder sat in his old arm chair on the veranda most of the time. During the following night he got up several times, and his family heard him walking through the house. He was in his place in the morning, and appeared to be in his usual health. Toward noon he called his family around him, saying: "My friends, I am now going. Good by all, and God bless you." He then lay back in his armchair, and, gazing tenderly at his family, gently closed his eyes. His lips moved in prayer, and once again he opened his eyes and smiled, and again the eyelids closed and all was still. Those around him thought he was sleeping, but when they called him he did not answer. He was dead.—New York Journal.

Gen. Nicholas Darnell, who died near Fort Worth, Tex., recently, was a notable figure in Texas history, having entered public life as a member of the first congress of the old republic of Texas. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1843, and figured in all important events.

A writer in the Tribunesays that on the evening of March 11 an astrologer called at General Grant's house to see him and find the exact hour of his birth. He was not allowed to see the patient, but prophesied that the general would not die in March, but that on certain days he would be worse. These days were March 12, 21, 22, 28 and 30, and at these times his condition was in accordance with the prophecy.

President Porter, of Yale College, is engaged in supervising a revision of Webster's Dictionary. The work is conducted in his New Haven residence, and has been in progress for several weeks, although the fact has but lately been revealed. President Porter is assisted by several gentlemen, among them being Professor Ralph Williams, Frederick Allen, Yale class of '83, and Mr. Dorsey Gardner, of New Haven. Several months will be required for the completion of the work, and there will be many more additions than in the last revision.

Jenny June
Copyrighted 1885.
Firewood in payment of subscriptions is already being called for by the Lafayette, Ga., Messenger, in anticipation of a cool fall.
The oyster industry is now being followed on a big scale in France.