# FATHER OF THE EMPEROR.

## In China He is a Very Mighty Individual.

## HAS A VEIN OF HUMOR IN HIM.

### His Adventure With a Poor Cart Driver—A Visit to the Great Wall—Inconveniences of Travelling in Wheelbarrows.

### A Chinese Haroun Alraschid.

PEKING, Feb. 1.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—The seventh prince, or the father of the Emperor of China, has had to move out of his ancestral mansion, and it was sold to the government for a little over $100,000. It will be used as a temple and the reason for the selling is that no Chinese subject can live in a house in which an emperor was born. The boy emperor now outranks his father and the relations between the two are very curious. The empress regent and this seventh prince still hold great influence with the government, and the empress regent will probably still have her place behind a gauze screen whenever the emperor gives an audience. The present imperial family of China is stronger than usual. The prince Kung, who was regent in connection with the last boy emperor, is living at Peking, and the fifth prince, Kung's brother, is said to be a man of weight. The fifth prince is the Haroun Alraschid of the family. He delights in going about incognito, and many funny stories are told of his practical jokes. One is as to a cart driver. The prince met the driver when he was in disguise and asked for a ride. The man looked at his poor clothes and asked him to jump in. He did so and directed the driver to take him to Prince Kung's residence. The driver stopped when he came into the street of the great prince and said he feared to go farther as the great Kung was not a kind-hearted man, and if he trespassed on his territory he would certainly get the bamboo across his bare legs, and he might lose his head. The ragged noble urged him onward, and, to his surprise, stopped him at Kung's door. Here a great retinue came out to meet him, and the man learned that he had been entertaining the imperial prince. He had been talking very freely during the ride as to what the people thought of the emperor, Prince Kung and the fifth prince, and he feared that his tongue would lose him his head. The fifth prince dismissed him and the next day sent him a lot of money and a new horse and cart. This seventh prince, as the father of the emperor, is now the mightiest man in China, and all the celestial world goes down on its knees to him. He rides about Peking occasionally, and is by no means a bad looking Chinaman. He is well made and inclined to fatness wears the brightest of imperial silks and sports, at times, a hat for all the world like an inverted dishpan. His pony is a fine white Mongolian griffin and he goes about the city with a retinue of servants and soldiers.

### LIKE A GREAT CAMP.

Peking is like no other city in the world. It is essentially different from the other cities of China, and is the most Asiapolitan city of Asia. It is more like a great camp than a city, and its walls, fifty feet high and thirty or more feet thick, make one think of soldiers and seiges, rising and falling empires. The thousands of do-nothing nobles in gorgeous gowns, who gallop through the vile filthy streets on ponies with hundreds of soldiers and servants dressed in the raggedest of gaudy liveries, carry on the illusion, and when you ask the reason of the rags, you are told it is not poverty, but that the nobles dare not appear rich for fear the government would levy a contribution upon them. The chief of these nobles are tartars, and they are taller and better looking than the Chinese who come to America. They form the greater part of the soldiers of the capital of China, and it is said that there are 50,000 of them in the city. They are poorly armed with the oldest of muskets, all patterns, and would avail little before one-fourth as many Americans armed with Winchester rifles. China, all told, has an army of three-quarters of a million, and some of the troops of the provinces are well armed and are being trained by European officers. The country now has eight arsenals and our naval officers tell me these are turning out some guns which are equal to those of Krupp, and also that the rifles made at the Shanghai arsenal are on the Spencer and Winchester pattern. The Chinese navy has wonderfully improved since the late war with France. Their northern squadron is commanded by an English naval officer and their ships built in England and Germany, are among the best of the small men of war afloat. They carry the latest improvements in the way of guns, and the hulls of some of their boats are of steel. They are, I am told, now making gun-boats of their own, and they have a cruiser of 3,100 tons and of 2,400 horse power which they built not long ago. The country has but a small national debt, amounting, say the statistics, to not over $25,000,000, and by a judicious taxation it could establish a navy and army which might make the rest of Asia tremble.

### THE GREAT CHINESE WALL.

I have just returned from a trip to the Chinese wall, and I have seen enough to say that there is no doubt of its existence and its greatness. Built 1,700 before America was discovered, when our ancestors, half-naked and altogether savage, wandered throughout France, Germany and England, when Rome was in the height of her republican form of government, and when the Roman empire had not yet begun to be, these massive towers still crown the parapets, and the 1,600 miles of wall still stand. It is a two days ride by a donkey from Peking and one goes through the northern edge of the great plain of China and meets it in the great chain of mountains which separates China from Mongolia and Manchuria. Manchuria and Mongolia lie directly north of China. They are both subject to and are governed by China, and they equal in size about one-half the whole territory of the United States. Above them lies Siberia, and south of their western edge is Thibet and Ili, which are also Chinese countries as to government. All are sparsely settled and Mongolia has less than two people to the square mile, while its whole population is not greater than the city of New York. Manchuria has twelve millions of people, but both countries are far more savage than the Chinese, and Mongolians live largely in tents. The trade of all these people, however, comes north from Peking and passes over the mountains and through the great wall at the gate which I visited. The wall was built originally to keep them out, but they have swarmed through in hordes again and again, and it is a Manchurian emperor that now sits upon the Chinese throne.

What a wonderful structure it is. It would extend more than half way across America and it must have consumed years in building it. As I stood upon its ramparts I could see it climbing the mountains and going down the valleys as far as my eyes could reach. It did not diminish in strength nor size at the various points I visited, and its masonry would have been good work for the American builders of to-day. It is about twenty-five feet high, and at the top it is so wide that two carriages could drive abreast along it, and the hubs of one would not touch those of the other. Its interior walls are of blue brick of such a size that they look like massive stones, and these are filled in with earth and paved with brick at the top. The grass and the moss has now grown over the top of this great wall. No archers now guard it, and it stands amid the snowy mountains a monument of the almond eyed men who thus, two thousand years ago, sought to protect their homes and those of their descendants for all time to come. No one can stand upon the ramparts of this structure and not be impressed with the greatness of the Chinese nation. It is a greater monument than the pyramids of Egypt, built by selfish kings for royal tombs, and its purpose was nobler. It is a monument also of the great truth that while man dies, his work remains, and that the lives bottled up here twenty centuries ago exist to-day as does the hand that carved the Venus di Medici, the hand that wrote Shakespeare, and the Aeneid, and in a humbler, though no less effective way, the muscle that dug out the marble from the mines, of which the builders and architects constructed the mighty cathedral of Milan.

This wall is right in the mountains. There are no villages to speak of near it, and the surroundings are the picture of desolation. The road to it, which was once a paved highway, is now a mountain path filled with boulders and puddles, and it is impossible to get through with anything else than mule litters, camels or donkeys. We passed camels by the hundreds, and our mule litter and two donkeys, which made up the outfit of the party, had often to stand aside for herds of black Chinese hogs and droves of fat-tailed sheep which were being driven from the wild pasture lands of Mongolia down to Peking. Ponies and horses can no more travel this road than they can the passes of the Andes, and the mule litter, in which my wife rode, is a fair sample of Chinese interior travel. It was a cloth-covered box, about five feet long and four high, swung between two of the rawest, mangiest mules I have ever seen. It was hung upon shafts, and these mules, one in front and two behind, carried it in single file up the hills and through the mud. In passing through one of the villages they slipped and the whole outfit came to the ground. The muleteer was a Mohammedan, as are many of these north Chinamen. He was as stubborn as his mules and he decidedly objected when I proposed putting two people into the litter during a rain. We carried our own cook and bedding with us and slept at Chinese inns on dirty ledges of brick heated from beneath by flues. These ledges are about two feet high and they constitute half of the bedroom of a Chinese hotel. The inns were much the same, I judge, as the inns of Palestine in the days of the Savior. Low, one-story brick buildings ran around an open court in which droves of hogs and camels slept. The doors of the building all opened into the court and half of them were open at the front and were assigned to the donkeys and mules of the travelers. These brayed the livelong night and their munching of straw could be distinctly heard through the walls separating them from us.

### CHINESE CARTS.

I paid some calls yesterday in company with Colonel Denby, our minister to Peking. We went in the minister's Chinese cart, preceded by his mafoo or groom on horseback. The Chinese cart is the only carriage known in Peking outside of the elephant carts, on which the emperor goes out to sacrifice at the temple of heaven. It is the rudest, cruelest and most unbending vehicle I have ever met with. It has no spring, and its heavy wheels bump and jolt on a level road to say nothing of the torture they produce on these streets of Peking, which are a continuous series of ruts, holes and mud ponds. There is no window to the cart, save a piece of glass about one foot square set into its side and its covering is made of blue cloth stretched over a frame, making it as close as a cab. The bed of this cart is level with the shafts, and the rich Chinaman or the noble Chinawoman sits in it with crossed legs flat on the floor. There is no room for more than one person in a cart, and if the grand Pekingese dame has a maid with her the servant must sit on the shafts beside the driver. It was on such carts that the hundreds of Manchu maidens, who were brought to the palace from all parts of North China that they might be looked over as prospective inmates of the emperor's harem, were carried, and it is in such carts that all the travelling of North China, outside of donkey, pony and camel back and mule-litter is done. It is the only vehicle that will withstand the ruts and ditches of Chinese public roads. These are everywhere bad and the statement in the geographies that China has more than 20,000 imperial roads, conveys no idea to the American mind of the highways of this great empire. Many of the streets of the Chinese part of the city of Peking are too narrow for these carts, and there are many cities in the empire where neither four-footed beasts nor carts are to be found. Here in Peking the easiest method of moving from one part of the city to the other is by means of donkeys, which, not larger than good sized Newfoundland dogs can go anywhere.

The great part of the carting of the city and all of the drayage is done by men. Wheelbarrows are the drays and these are pushed and pulled by stalwart, half-naked men. They carry sometimes as much as a ton, and I have seen three men and one donkey harnessed to one of them. One man, naked to the waist, held the shafts of the barrow aided by a wide band of camel's wool rope, which stretched from them across his shoulders, and two others walked in front harnessed to the barrow by like bands across their chest, and stooping over and straining every muscle as they pulled at the load. The donkey was also harnessed to the front of the barrow and he walked between the men. The load they carried was made up of a large number of boxes labeled with the name of one of the leading agents of the Standard Oil company of the United States. China uses a great deal of American kerosene, and I see this coal oil everywhere throughout North China.

These Chinese wheelbarrows are entirely different from ours. The wheel is as big around as the front wheel of a buggy and it comes up through the center of the barrow instead of being in front of it as in America. The load is put on each side of the wheel and there is a sort of a frame work which runs up from the bed and keeps the load off the wheels. The handles of the barrow are very long, and the front part of the bed ends in two sharp points. In some parts of China, such as Shanghai, the wheelbarrow is the cab and street car of the Chinese, and each barrow is expected to carry two passengers. I have seen two pretty Chinese maidens being pushed along the road in this way, and at Tientsin you find the streets often blocked with these wheelbarrows loaded with coal, stone, wool, cloth, and a thousand and one things which are used in one form or another by the Chinese. In the great plain where the winds are very strong the wheelbarrow-carrier often hoists a sail to help him along, and the wind pushes with him as he goes. In Shanghai these wheel barrow men pay a license, and not long ago there was an attempt made to raise this from 50 cents to $1 per year. The men clubbed together and struck to the number of some hundreds, and the result was that the increase had to be materially lessened.

### THE CANTON MOB.

Our Asiatic squadron is now scattered along the coast of China. The little palos is roofed with matting and is frozen in just opposite the big city of Tientsin. This matting has windows in it and the marines have their drills under cover. It takes about two months to get a letter to them from New York, and there is no possibility of their being moved before spring. The Omaha, the Essex and the Marion are, at this writing, in the harbor at Shanghai with Admiral Chandler commanding. They have periodical drills, which, I am told, send terror into the hearts of the celestials, and it is said that the 70,000 drilled soldiers under Li Hung Chang actually tremble when they think of Captain Craig with his less than fifty of the Palo's crew. The reason of the bringing of the fleet to China was the apprehension that the expulsion act might cause the Chinese to retaliate upon our American residents here. So far, however, the only outburst has been at Canton, and I doubt very much if one man in ten thousand in North China knows that any of the Chinese have ever gone to America, and fewer still know that they have been warned to keep away and some of them sent back. There are 300 Americans in Shanghai, about thirty in Hong Kong, a small number at Peking and a few hundreds of missionaries scattered throughout the interior. The Chinaman, however, knows not the difference between the American and the Englishman, the Frenchman and the German. He classes them all as white foreign devils and cannot discriminate. The only ugly people in China seem to be those of the south and the literati of Peking. The Cantonese mob burned the residence of the Chinese minister to America when the news of the expulsion law was received, and travelers tell me they have an unpleasant way of throwing bricks at foreigners and of spitting in their faces when they happen to travel along the streets of their city. They made some kind of an offensive demonstration the other day in front of our consul's residence and it is said that they are very angry over the new law. I will visit Canton within a week or so and will then report things as they are.

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# THEY FOUGHT OVER A PRAYER

### Some Strange Tales of Men and Other Animals.

### HER GRAVE MID LIGHTNING RODS

### The Queer Fancy of a Georgia Widower—An Epidemic of Lunacy—The Corpse Quake—One Man's Horrible Revenge.

### The Curious Side of Life.

A dozen Hebrews were before the mayor of Indianapolis recently for fighting in church over a prayer. A small congregation in the southern part of the city is known as the Orthodox Jewish church, of which Simon Glassman has been acting as rabbi. He is opposed by some of the members. It is the custom of the church in a certain prayer for the laymen to take part up to a certain point, when a church leader prays. Harry Bernstein had been appointed to this office, but when the time came Glassman claimed the privilege. A free fight ensued, and the personal beauty of several members was marred by bloody noses and blackened eyes. The defendants were fined by the mayor for disturbing religious meetings.

An old man living up in the mountains near Elijay, Ga., has had his wife's grave surrounded by several lightning rods. While the old lady was living lightning struck the old man so often that he dreaded to think of even his wife's body being struck, so he bought the rods. He's got ninety-five of his dead wife's dresses and thirty-five pairs of her shoes piled up in the house, and he wouldn't sell them for anything. He is a queer customer. He's got a hat for every day in the week, and the last one of them is out of style. He wears a beaver on Sunday, a white hat on Monday, a slouch hat on Tuesday, a faded derby on Wednesday, an old brown wool hat on Thursday, an old-fashioned white derby on Friday and a coon skin cap on Saturday. He has forty pairs of boots and he is buying new ones every week or so. Another curious thing about the old man is that he has a mania for pocket knives and has 125 of them, and is still adding to his collection. He's a farmer, and every few days he brings a load of extra fine potatoes to sell. He won't accept any kind of money for them unless it's silver or gold. He wants hard money, and will take no other kind for his potatoes. He recently married a 16-year-old girl, though he's 60 himself.

A strange species of insanity has attacked the pupils in the Soldiers' Orphan school at McAlisterville, N. Y. It is most apparent among the boys, twenty-five of whom are badly affected. The boys were bright and happy, but a day or so ago they began ckipping at their clothing or at the clothing of their fellow pupils, in a nervous sort of way, as insane people sometimes do in asylums. When engaged in conversation they talked fast enough, but unintelligibly.

At last a physician took one of them aside and began interrogating him.

"What is this?" said the doctor, holding up a knife.

"Tadpole," was the reply.

"What fruit do you like best?"

"Lizard," the lad answered.

Another boy was taken into a hall and his fur cap thrown away.

"Oh, why did you throw out my overshoes?" was what he said, the sentence being mumbled.

The children have vacant expressions on their faces and at times are worse than at others.

The symptoms of aphasia may be due to over-study, but it is a curious fact that many members of classes not at all studious are affected.

A strange sort of mental affection known as "corpse-quake has often been found to exist among grave-diggers. It is no uncommon occurrence that a person employed in cemeteries for many years is suddenly afflicted with a shaking similar to that experienced by persons suffering from ague.

A grave digger who has been employed at the Cypress Hills cemetery, New York city, for fifteen years, said:

"I know of a number of such cases. Ten years ago we had three diggers here who had worked together for quite a while. One of the three, who used to be a very lively chap and always willing and ready to tell a good yarn, became very quiet all at once. His companions noticed this, and thinking that Joe was not feeling well, let him alone. There was to be a funeral in the afternoon, and we went over to dig the grave. As soon as Joe stuck his spade in the ground he began to shake. His companions told Tim to stop working if he didn't feel well, but Joe paid no attention and continued with the work until the job had been finished. Three or four more graves were made that day, and every time Joe put down his spade he shook. The other two tried to make fun of him by imitating his shaking while at work. A few days later Joe's companions had the corpse quake too, and a week later had to stop work entirely.

"I thought that the three men had contracted malaria, but, strange to say, they never would have that peculiar shake away from the cemetery. Joe came back to us, but every time he would pick up a spade and try to work, that old trouble would come back. We insisted upon his giving up the job, as he was failing away. He remained home for about a week, and his wife told us that Joe was getting better again, when one day his boy mentioned the word 'spade' in his father's presence. It was the strangest thing in the world—no sooner had the boy said 'spade' than Joe took the corpse-quake again. He didn't last long after that. He would be thinking about digging graves all the time, and this made him so sick that he died shortly after. I don't remember what became of the other two men. They had to give up the job, and, I think, moved away from here altogether.

I read or rather had read to me the other night a horrible story of Griffiths Wainwright, says a writer in the London Globe. It was out of a book written by an Australian clergyman, and though the poisoner's name was not mentioned, there could be little doubt of his identity. When Wainwright was released from prison it appears that for some time he acted as a kind of assistant surgeon at the hospital. To this institution a man hated by Wainwright was brought in in a dying condition. Just before he yielded up the ghost a scene took place which, as an example of unabated revengefulness, surpasses anything I have heard before.

Wainwright gained admission to the fellow's bedside, and in a piercing whisper, loud enough to be heard by the next patient, said: "Listen! I have one word to say to you before you die." The dying patient, as if suddenly magnetized, lifted his weary eyes and stared at the person who addressed him. "In five minutes," said his malignant tormentor, "your soul will be in hell, and before your body is cold my dissecting knife will be in your entrails." Those who were present could never forget the horrified expression of the man's face as his dying ear caught the frightful words, and his dying eyes took the impression of the gleaming Mephistophelian face bending over his death bed.

Grover Cleveland Kingsbury is a patient in the temporary ward of the new Long Branch hospital. He is a pretty curly-haired youngster of four years. His father is a house carpenter, who lives in Red Bank. Like another Grover Cleveland, this youngster had a fall last November. He missed the soup kettle, but landed on his back in the fire. The result was a large wound, which has not healed. It was finally decided to take him to the new hospital for treatment. Drs. S. H. Hunt of Long Branch and Baker of Eatontown decided that skin-grafting was necessary. The Rev. N. A. MacNichol, the handsome young pastor of the Bishop Simpson Methodist Memorial church, at Third and Garfield avenues, offered to supply the necessary amount of cuticle from his arms. Young Grover's anxious old grandfather was an interested spectator of the first day's operations. He closely watched the physicians as they carefully raised little pieces of skin from the young clergyman's arm with a delicate little pair of forceps, and, after snipping them off with a pair of scissors with curved blades, deftly placed them on Grover's back. The old gentleman was interested in the probable effect of Mr. MacNichol's skin upon his grandson. He asked the clergyman: "Will this make a dominie out of him, he being flesh of your flesh?"

The child's father is an ardent democrat. One of the physicians is a democrat, but the other is a republican. The Rev. Mr. MacNichol is a prohibitionist. If Grover lives to grow up and the grafted skin takes as good a hold on his political opinions as it does on his back, he may be the founder of a new order of mugwumps.

"Did you ever shave a woman?" was the question put to a Pittsburg barber by a customer who was being shaved. "Many a time," said the barber, who went on to tell of his experience in that line of business. "There are ladies in town who have quite a mustache, and others who have something like a chin beard, and I have operated on both kinds. I shaved the upper lip of a lady yesterday afternoon to prepare her to go out to a party. She keeps down the growth of hair by clipping it, but she wanted to look extra fine on this occasion."

The citizens of Walker county, Georgia, a few miles from Chattanooga, Tenn., are very much excited over the existence of a genuine wild man, who haunts the mountains of the county. He is described as being of gigantic stature, covered with a thick growth of hair, and he carries in his hand a large knotted stick. He looked as if he might be the twin brother of Barnum's wild man.

This modern Orson has been seen by different parties. One gentleman bolder than the rest encountered the creature in a lonely part of the mountains one day not long since and at a safe distance endeavored to strike up a conversation. A perfect shower of rocks greeted his first words, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, he made racks from the dangerous neighborhood.

The remarkable result of a tidal wave in the province of Baunam, Java, has been a great increase of tigers. The land laid waste soon relapsed into a jungle affording welcome cover to the tigers, which became so daring and numerous that whole villages had to be abandoned. Last year the tigers killed no less than sixty-one persons there. To remedy the evil the government of Java has raised the reward for killing tigers from 100 to 200 gilders a head.

A discussion arose on Tuesday evening in a cafe on the Boulevard des Capucines between two young men, says the Paris Gaulois. One of them became furious, and finally cards were exchanged, seconds appointed, conditions drawn up and the duel was fixed for the following morning in the Bois de Boulegne, near the gun club ground.

The two adversaries were placed in front of one another at a distance of thirty paces and pistols were handed to them. Then, without any warning, the young man who had been most violent took to his heels and fled into the bushes, leaving his enemy and the seconds in a state of bewilderment.

John Wilson, living near Astor, Florida, cut a big cypress tree in the swamp north of town recently and found in it a live alligator seven feet long. As the opening in the tree was not half large enough for the animal to get through the presumption is that it crawled in when quite young and lived on other animals and reptiles that sought shelter in the same tree.

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## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Melbourne, Aus., theatres are, as a rule equipped with billiard tables.

It is said that Billy Emerson has rejoined Katie Putnam. Katie is to go to Australia for a long trip in May.

Maurice H. Barrymore will not write the comedy in which J. R Mason and Robert Hillard are to go starring.

The Hanlon's "Voyage en Suisse" will be taken off the stage at the end of the season. It was old when the chestnut bell was born.

"Antony and Cleopara," with Edwin Booth as Antony and Mme. Modjeska as Cleopatra, is the latest rumored production for next season.

The new opera, "Oolah" which is to be produced at the Broadway theater, New York, is an adaptation of a French play, "The Jolly Persian."

Mrs. Potter's magnificent production of "Antony and Cleopatra" has enjoyed a very successful run of eight weeks at Palmer's theater in New York.

Mr. Francis Wilson, the comedian of the Casino company, has recently fallen heir to £7,000 sterling, the bequest of his aunt, Mrs. Joan Wilson, late of Aberdeen, Scotland.

Patti's farewell American tour has been contracted for. It begins at New York in December and includes Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis Chicago and San Francisco.

Wagner's "Tannhauser," in the version given it by the composer for the Paris performance of that work, is shortly to be produced at Carlsruhe, under the direction of Felix Mottl.

The success of Miss Marlowe at the Chicago opera house has been so emphatic that the management has arranged with Mr Ariel Barney for a return visit. Miss Marlowe will therefore reappear on Monday March 11.

A Greek tragedy of Sophocles never before presented in this country, will be given in the Lyceum theater, New York, at a special matinee in the latter part of February, under the auspices of the American Academy of Dramatic art.

At the Munich Court theater 166 performances of opera took place during the past year, the most important novelties produced there having been Verdi's "Otello," Webster's "Die Drei Pintos" and Wagner's early opera, "Die Feen."

Franz Rummel, the pianist, having just completed a very successful series of chamber-music concerts at Berlin, has left that capital for a tournee in southern Germany and Austria, after which he will pay a visit to England, previous to his departure upon another artistic tour in the Scandinavian countries.

Marcello Rossi, the well-known violin virtuoso, has recently aroused the enthusiasm of a Trieste audience by "playing within four minutes the Perpetuum Mobile, by Paganini, a piece consisting of upwards of 6,000 notes!" It is to be hoped that this remarkable "artistic" achievement will not give rise to a general race among violinists, in order to "beat the record" established by Signor Rossi.

May will be a great month for San Francisco, theatrically speaking. During that month Booth and Barrett will open the new California theater, Mary Anderson will be at the Grand opera house, and the Bostonians at Baldwin's, all under the direction of Al Hayman, who is rapidly forming a kind of a theatrical trust on the Pacific coast. Miss Anderson's season opens April 22, the same night that Sothern presents "Lord Chumley" at Baldwin's.

Herr Nikisch of Leipsic, Saxony, is announced as the successor to Mr. Gericke as conductor of that excellent organization, the Boston Symphony orchestra. Herr Nikisch is now conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic, and has served for some time as first conductor of the Stadt theater. His memory is said to be wonderful, allowing him to conduct the Wagner operas without a reference to the score. He is forty-five years old, and is held in high regard as a leader.

Not long ago at the Grand opera house in Pisa the premiere dansuese miscalculated her distance and made a pirouette clean over the footlights into the orchestra, where she alighted greatly to the dismay of the musicians and with much damage to their instruments. One of her legs pierced the big drum, two violins were smashed to matchwood, and then ricochetting she impaled herself upon the apex of the bald head of the double-bass player and only escaped transfixion by the expanse of the musicians shoulders. Two of the performers were slightly injured but the fair danseuse escaped with a few scratches.

A beautiful woman must be healthy, and to remain healthy and beautiful she should take Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. It imparts tone and flush to the skin, strength, vigor and pure blood; is equally adapted for all ages, from the babe to the aged, and either sex.

# A ROMANCE OF THE BOTTOMS.

### Pathetic Story of the Tenant of a House-Boat.

### A MELANCHOLY OLD RECLUSE.

### The Fair Maid He Loved and Lost in the Far-Off Land of the Pine Tree — Faithless Annie.

**Peter and Annie.**

In a dilapidated house-boat—half boat and half house—against whose scum-bemottled hulk the muddy waters of the Missouri lap in summer and whose poorly joined timbers are made to groan and creak by the doleful north winds of winter, snuggling close to a sheltering pier of the Union Pacific bridge, lives Peter Jensen.

A reclusive soul is Peter; not much given to parleying with the motley crew, representatives of nearly every nation upon earth, which constitutes the population of the vicinity in which he lives. As he goes and comes to and from his work he seemingly is lost to his surroundings. The children of the neighborhood seek their own doorstep when he draws nigh; and yet the pale blue eyes that occasionally glance from beneath the rim of the tattered felt hat, always drawn low over the brow, are not unkindly. But seclusion always begets suspicion, and so it is with Peter. Never known to have addressed an unkindly word to a fellow being, or to have done aught that should bring him into disrepute, he is yet ostracised and condemned by the simple and ignorant folk of the bottoms as one possessed of the devil. One whose company and association are to be eschewed by all honest men.

Upon the long summer evenings of this northern country, Peter is to be seen seated upon the deck of his habitation in lonely solitude. His face is always towards the north and he seems to be ever staring at the stars shining northward of the zenith, fondly imagining, perhaps, that they are at the same time twinkling over his distant home among the tall pines of Norway. In winter, when these communings with the stars are perforce stopped, he will draw his solitary stool before the antiquated little stove that serves him for cooking and heating purposes alike, and gazing into the little open grate lose himself in retrospection.

If you should become sufficiently interested in Peter Jensen to inquire concerning him of those from his own country who live on the bottoms, they would tell you a story something like this.

Less than forty years ago there lived within the boundaries of a small hamlet on the coast of Norway, a family consisting of three persons: father, mother and son. The head of the family was a goodly man, not addicted to much drink or debauching—one who gained his living honestly, principally from the sea. He and his good wife lived in quiet contentment, satisfied to gather from the great deep sufficient sustenance to meet their daily needs; content in their humble home and the possession of their only son, Peter. A sturdy boy was Peter, tall and straight like his father, and not differing greatly from the pines symbolical of their native land. Peter had grown from a babe in arms to the age of ten with but few of those ills that are like an heritage to the young and an unceasing source of worry to mothers. The happiest day of his life was when, upon his tenth birthday, his father placed him in the base of his simple craft and took him along a-fishing. Many a tale head he to tell the mother that night upon his return of the adventures of the day. The most trifling minutiae was not forgotten. In the lapping of the waves against the sides of the boat; in the varying clouds, the flash of birds' wings, the white caps and the sky he heard and saw things that the more obtuse father had never noticed.

He had now been attending the village school for nigh onto two years, and although he was ever at the foot of his class, the master knew that he was the superior of all. That the little mind could not content itself with the regime of study.

When he had not yet attained his majority, Peter met and loved Annie Olsen. A pretty, simple girl was Annie; not given to breaches of modesty or possessed with forwardness. Annie, too, loved, and it was generally understood in the valley that some day the two would be made one.

As he grew older Peter became dissatisfied with the life of a fisherman, and hearing of great opportunities in the city for acquiring money and fame, he bade father, mother and sweetheart all good-bye and, promising to return soon, left.

Annie mourned Peter as one dead, and the weekly letters from him seemed to bring but little comfort to her, but after a time she grew more tranquil; a stranger with darker hair and eyes than are found in the north, appeared on the scene. He had known Peter in the city, he said, and told her many things of her absent lover's failures, disappointments and successes. The two became inseparable, until one night Annie died, leaving behind her a little babe, which took but one peep at the earth and then, too, died. They were laid at rest together. Peter's mother and father died, also, but the efforts of kindly neighbors to apprise Peter of his loss and bring him back to the old home were fruitless.

On night a quiet young man appeared at a tavern in the little village, and after spending a night listening to the idle gossip of a few villagers gathered near the fire, disappeared. His face was familiar to all, but it was not until he was gone that they recollected him as Peter Jensen. He was never seen again in the village.

It's a simple tale, common enough to every day life in this iniquitous world.

And so old Peter, sitting upon the deck of his house boat in the summertime, gazes wistfully at the stars in the north as though asking them of Annie. The lapping of the waves against the half wrecked hulk, recalls those fishing jaunts with the father long ago, or in winter when he so moodily stares into the fire, who knows but what he sees amongst the coals the still beloved image of Annie Olsen.

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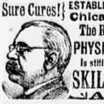

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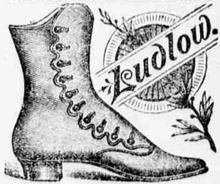

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