A JOURNALIST IN JERUSALEM.

Taking Notes on the Holy City From Mount Zion.

THE BELLES OF BETHLEHEM.

Girls Who Don't Hide Their Pretty Faces Under Veils Like the Turkish Women—Among the Caves and Catacombs.

The Halls Where Pilate Sat.

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JERUSALEM, July 10, 1889.—[Special to THE BEE.]—I write this letter on the house top of a bishop's residence, on the top of Mount Zion, in the center of Jerusalem. My American type writer stands within thirty feet of the great square tower of David, the base of which was undoubtedly built before Christ. At my left, surrounded by the yellow stone walls of houses, is the dark green pool which Hezekiah made to supply the holy city with water in case of a seige, and beyond it, out of the honeycomb of buildings, shines the great bronze dome, which stands over the spot on which Christ was crucified, and in which just now are worshipping pilgrims from every quarter of the Christian world. In front of me, not half a mile away, on a great plateau covering thirty-five acres, is a big octagonal tower with a bulbous bronze dome. It is the Mosque of Omar and it stands on the very site of Solomon's temple, while at its left is the church built on the Roman mosaic floor of the house of Pontius Pilate. The horizon on all sides is bounded by hills. Jerusalem lies in a nest in the mountains. It is built on an irregular plateau with valleys about it and steep hills running straight up from these to the city and to the higher hills on the opposite sides. Around the edge of this plateau runs a wall about thirty feet high, and within this wall is

THE JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY.

It does not cover, all told, much more than the area of a three hundred acre farm, and a good walker can make the circuit of its walls in an hour.

Sitting, as I am, upon the site of King David's palace, I see the whole city spread out below me. What a curious city it is. In my tour of the world I have found no place so full of strange sights, of picturesque characters, and so different in every particular from every other part of the world. Aside from its wonderfully interesting historical associations, Jerusalem to-day is a city of itself. Forty thousand people are packed within its narrow walls and it looks more like a great honeycomb than a city. The houses are piled one upon another in all sorts of irregularities, and if you would take a half section of land and scatter over the whole great quantities of gigantic stone boxes just as you find them back of a large store, you might get some idea of Jerusalem as it looks to me from Mount Zion. These houses have no chimneys and their stone roofs are in every case almost flat. Many of them have

LITTLE BEE HIVE DOMES

jutting out of their center and if the town were on a level these domes would look like the hay cocks of a great meadow at time of harvest. Yellow limestone is the material of Jerusalem. The wood used in the building of the whole city would not last an American family a winter, and the roofs, walls and floors of these thousands of houses are of cold yellowish white lime stone. Even in the bishop's mansion, which is one of the finest in the city, I get out of my bed on to a stone floor and I walk to my breakfast through stone halls, down stone steps.

There are no wells in this city of Jerusalem. All of the water comes down in rain, and the trees and gardens of the town can be numbered on your fingers. The hills about the city are almost as barren as those of New England, and the only foliage visible is the dark silvery green of the olive orchards on the Mount of Olives and along the hills between Jaffa and Bethlehem. The only green to be seen is in an acre or so of common inside the walls of the temple plateau, and here and there a house top, which by age has gathered a coating of dirt from the dust of the city, and on which the green grass has sprouted. Here and there you see ruined arches which are too dangerous to be inhabited by the bees of this human hive and on these the moss and grass grow. There is one green bushy tree at the base of Mount Calvary, and a solitary palm looks out over the city, beside the business street named after King David. It is not an attractive looking town, and its glaring cream white makes sore the eyes under the rays of this tropical sun.

The walls of Jerusalem are clean and well cut, and they have not the dilapidated condition of those of the cities of China. They are entered by gates which are closed at night, and at each of these gates Mohammedan soldiers stand, and exact a tax on all of the produce which comes into the city. The main business gate is that which leads out behind the tower of David toward Jaffa, through which

THE BETHLEHEM GIRLS

bring their vegetables each morning to sell, and through which all of the imports which come by sea are brought in. This gate lies at my feet, and I can see the curious throng which passes through it day in and day out. There are donkeys and camels with great loads on their backs. There are pilgrims by the thousands, and all of the various characters which make up this curious people. There goes a donkey led by a fat Turk in a yellow gown and red turban; he is barefooted, and he is bringing wood into town to sell. The wood is the roots of olive trees, and his donkey load is worth just 25 cents, and he has had to pay 3 cents of a tax upon it at the gate. There is a Syrian beduin upon a gray Arabian pony. He sits as straight as a telegraph pole and he looks with wondering glances out of his fierce black eyes at the crowd about him. He has a black and white woolen blanket on his back, and his head is covered with a great yellow handkerchief which is bound about the crown with two strands of hair cord as big around as your finger. Behind him come three camels loaded with the oranges of Jaffa. Each carries a cart load in two crates which hang on each side of his back, and they grunt and grumble as their beduin driver drags them along by a string tied to their noses. Next comes a troop of Turkish soldiers in blue European uniforms and red fez caps

THEY KNOCK ASIDE THE CHRISTIANS

as they go along, and it makes one's blood boil to know that this land which is the holiest of all to christian nations is in the hands of the Turks. The sound of the Turkish band is continuously heard in Jerusalem. The Turkish sword and gun is everywhere, and the holy sepulcher itself is guarded by Turks.

There is a market inside the Jaffa gates and I can see it just under me as I write. Great piles of oranges and lemons lie upon the flag sidewalk and there are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. Many of these are from Bethlehem and the Bethlehem girls are the prettiest you see in Jerusalem. They have straight well-rounded forms, which they clothe in a long linen dress of white, beautifully embroidered in silk so that a single gown requires many months of work. This dress is much like an American woman's night gown without the frills and laces. It falls from the neck to the feet and is open at the front of the neck in a narrow slit as far down as a modest decollette fashionable dress. Over this they have sleeveless cloaks of dark red stripes and their heads are covered with long shawls of linen beautifully embroidered. Just above her forehead each girl carries her dowry in the shape of a wreath-like strip of silver coins which stand on end fastened to a string and crown the forehead with money. Some of the girls have several rows of these coins and some have crowns of gold. Not a few have coins of silver and gold the size of our twenty-dollar gold pieces hung to strings about their necks, and none of the women

HIDE THEIR PRETTY FACES,

as do those Mohammedan girls near by who in shapeless white gowns with flowery white and red veils covering the whole of their faces, look like girls playing ghost in white sheets. Beside these are Russian girls in the peasant costumes of modern Europe and Jewish maidens in gowns and flowered shawls. There are Greek priests with high, black caps, and monks of all kinds such as you see under the Black Cowls of Europe. The Syrian, the Turk, the Beduin, the African, the Armenian and the Greek are all in that crowd below me, and among them all is the form of the ubiquitous American traveler, who in pith helmet hat and green sun umbrella has conquered the east as well as the west.

What a Babel of sounds!

The noise of the city comes up to my house top like the buzzing of 40,000 swarms of bees and the city grows stranger and stranger as I try to comprehend it all. It is now more than a week that I have been wandering through it, and I find it more interesting every day of my stay. The streets of the city are so narrow that no wheeled vehicle can go through them, and Jerusalem is more

LIKE A VAST CATACOMB

than a town. Many of the streets are vaulted over and you will often pass for a half-mile through what might be called a subterranean cavern lighted by openings from the top and pierced at the sides with cave like stores. The smallest business shops in the world are in Jerusalem, and a great many of the stores are no bigger than an ordinary dry goods box. They have no windows and the only light that they get comes in from the front. I stopped this afternoon before a shoe shop, and, out of curiosity, took its measurements. It was a hole in the wall cut out with a base four feet above the cobble stone street. A rude stone two feet high was the step by which the shoemaker crawled into it, and it was just three feet wide, five feet high and eight feet deep. It was as dark as a pocket, and the shoemaker squatted in the entrance with a board on his lap and he had filled it completely. He was working at a pair of rough Beduin shoes, and the owner of these squatted cross-legged in his bare feet while the cobbler waxed his thread and in pulling it was careful to move his hands toward the street and back into the shop. The shop was so small that had he pulled his thread in the ordinary way he would have barked his elbows against the walls. There are hundreds of such shops in Jerusalem, and the average business place is more like a bank vault than anything else. Next to his shoe shop there was a Jerusalem restaurant. It was an oval hole cut into the hill twelve feet high, eight feet wide and forty feet deep. At the front was the

COOKING STOVE OF JERUSALEM,

consisting of a rude slab of limestone with holes bored into the top as big around as a workman's dinner bucket, and with other holes piercing these from the sides. A few inches from the top of each hole was a rude iron grating, and upon this the charcoal was laid, and by the draft which came in from below the cooking was done. The slab was mounted on cord wood posts and it had five fire places. At the back a rough table without a cloth was set for the guests, and the only chairs were little stools a foot high and about a foot square, the seats of which were of woven cords.

I was much interested in a Beduin inn, which I next visited, and I imagine that this inn was much the same as the stable

IN WHICH JESUS CHRIST

was born. It consisted of a series of vaulted chambers, the walls and roof and floors of which were of stone. These chambers, like the stores, had no lights and they covered altogether about the area of a good-sized house. Entering the narrow door I found four donkeys and two camels in one vaulted compartment. Upon a ledge near by, with nothing but a dirty straw mat to separate them from the stones, three Beduin men in their black and white gowns lay dozing. In another cave-like compartment were several horses and the only sign of civilization was a European lamp, which was burning American coal oil in the back of another cave. Through my guide I chatted with the keeper of the inn, and he told me that his charge for feeding, keeping and washing a donkey or a horse was 5 cents a day. As I chatted a long-haired gipsy-looking woman entered and I was told that she was the wife of one of the sleeping Beduins. I looked at the food for the camels and was shown a chocolate brown cake which was made of the refuse from the making of olive oil, and upon asking to see an oil mill I was taken to another cell-like cave near by where a Mohammedan and a negro were grinding out some of the delicious fluid which we mix with our salads.

At the side of the door to this cave there was a stone ledge as high as a pavement, and in the center of this was a hole as big around as a flour barrel in which, with his clothes tied up about his waist, with bare legs and bare feet, an Ethiopian—whose sweating face was as black as oiled ebony—was standing and

TREADING THE OIL

out of the ground and mashed olives. I peeped over into the well in which he was standing and I saw that he had a linen cloth laid on the top of the mushy-like mixture. He tramped this cloth into the olives with his feet and taking it up wet, wrung the oil out into a red clay basin, from whence it was poured into pots to be strained for the market. Further back in the cave stood a tall, ungainly camel and a very small, knotty little donkey, who were munching away while the mill was not going. These were the animals who grind up the olives, and in another cave opening into this I could see the mill itself. It was much like that of a threshing machine or the bark mill of a country tannery, and the camel and donkey went round and round in a circle hitched to a bar which turned the mill. Four men slept in these caves, and there were a half dozen others looking on while I made my notes in the establishment.

Nearly all of the business and manufacturing establishments of Jerusalem are of this cave-like character. There is a nest in the city known as the bazaars, and this is made up of long streets vaulted over with these caves, opening out from the walls on both sides and with every sort of work going on in them. The tools are, I doubt not, the same as those which were used in the days of Herod and Christ, and the crowd of customers is much the same. Above these streets and above all of this under Jerusalem houses are built. The city has a half a dozen different levels and the Jerusalem of to-day is founded upon the remains of

SEVERAL JERUSALEMS OF THE PAST.

In some places by excavation, other houses and temples have been found below the level of the present city, and there is perhaps no city in the world which so well pays excavation as this one. Just outside of the present city in building a new monastery, the monks have come upon some very fine mosaics, and they claim to have undoubted evidence that the spot on which their monastery stands is the place upon which St. Stephen stood when he was stoned. You see Greek and Roman capitals in many parts of Jersulalem, and the whole of Palestine is honeycombed with ruins. If the fund, which is now talked of in America, for making excavations at Delphos in Greece were devoted to Palestine there is no doubt but that under the proper explorers it could accomplish wonders.

It must be remembered that Jerusalem has been almost entirely destroyed a number of times, and that it has undergone two score of sieges. The walls which surround the city, and especially those which run up from Solomon's temple, are from eighty to one hundred feet under ground, and these were undoubtedly at one time on a level with Jerusalem. I visited the church of St. Anne a few days ago and was shown a marble pillar as large as any of those in the capitol at Washington, which had been dug up a few days before, and there are vaults and tombs, houses and streets under the present city of Jerusalem quite as interesting as those which have been unearthed at Pompeii in recent times. I have been taken down to the original floor and court in which

PONTIUS PILATE EXAMINED CHRIST,

and I have had hundreds of antique silver and copper coins offered me which undoubtedly date further back than the time of Christ.

These walls found underneath Jerusalem are many feet thick. They are built of great stones and some of them are so carefully put together that a knife blade cannot be inserted between them. One who has not visited Palestine can have no idea of its wonderful ruins. The tombs of the kings on the edge of the city are large enough to put a city house inside of the pit which, cut out of the solid rock, forms the entrance into them, and a recent excavation of the pool of Bethesda shows that it is eighty feet deep and that it covers nearly an acre. New streets are everywhere found and under the thirty-five acres which is now devoted to the Mosque of Omar and which the Turks will not allow to be excavated, there are some of the

MOST WONDERFUL RUINS OF HISTORY.

Just outside of this temple the earth has been excavated for 175 feet before the rock upon which the foundation walls rests has been found, and in one place alone there was found 600 feet of a gallery. The whole of the space under these acres is honeycombed with vast tanks and there is one here that will hold 2,000,000 gallons of water. It is supposed that there are a number of valuable old books under this territory, and the Jerusalem which is now covered with houses has as many tiers of dwellings below it as above it.

The upper city or the town of to-day is made up, as I have said, of a series of stone boxes piled one on the top of the other. Each great stone box is a dwelling, and these dwellings are as curious as the vault-like stores. Few of them have any windows and most of the rooms are of the same cave-like character. I have gone through the houses of Jews and of Greeks, and I find that multitudes live in a single nest of rooms, and the old story of the Psalm comes back to me:

"Jerusalem a city is,
Compactly built together,
Unto that place the tribes go up,
The tribes of God go thither."

The town is as compact to-day as it was when

DAVID THRUMBED UPON HIS HARP,

and the tribes not only of Palestine, but of all the world, came here to worship. There are magnificent monasteries scattered throughout the city, and on the very top of the Mount of Olives, a great Russian church, lifts its bulbous domes toward heaven. In the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ spent the night before he was crucified, there is a resting place for pilgrims and the Roman Catholics have 1,500 brothers and sisters in their monasteries and convents, while the old Armenian church has a big monastery near the gate of Zion, which contains 180 monks, and which can accommodate 2,000 pilgrims. There are Greek Christians here by the thousands, and there are Syrians and Copts by the hundreds. There are Abyssinian priests with faces as black as your hat, and you may see every costume and hear every language in the worshipers who gather around the holy sepulcher. The Jerusalem of to-day is the mecca of millions of souls. It is to hundreds of millions the holiest spot on the face of the earth. And among the others, whom I have met in Palestine, is the party of American Roman Catholics, the first pilgrimage which has ever been made to the holy city by a band from the United States. It is above all a religious city, and, stranger than all, it is again becoming a city of the Jews. The Jews are fast coming back into Palestine, and the Jews of Jerusalem, who now make up a large part of the city, are far different from their brothers in any other part of the world. Their movement toward the holy land is strange, and their life here is so interesting that I have made it the subject of investigation, the results of which I will give you next Sunday.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A Five-Foot Venus.

Samuel Minturn Peck, in Boston Transcript.

If weary of plodding a bachelor's way
You long for connubial glee,
Don't linger in doubt till your tresses turn gray,
But sue while still supple of knee.
And when you rush forward on amorous feet,
Like a brave knight to do or to die,
Select a wee maid who is graceful and neat—
A Venus just five feet high.

Tall women look well on the tragedy stage,
Majestic and stately; but yet
You don't want a woman to rant and rage,
But a dear little creature to pet.
You wish one the size you can take on your knee,
And kiss when your labors are by;
And that is the reason I say she should be
A Venus just five feet high.

A tall girl! Don't wed her, dear boy, I implore,
Not even the belle of the town.
'Twill take twenty yards or a half a score more
To make the dear creature a gown.
Then think of her gloves, and her shawls, and her shoes—
Large sizes are dearer to buy.
A man of sound judgment will certainly choose
A Venus just five feet high.

If you walk with Miss Lofty and treat to ice cream,
In summer refreshingly nice,
'Tis exceedingly coatly to win her esteem,
Six saucers will hardly suffice.
In winter when oysters are toothsome and good,
You'll never get off with a fry;
When you foot up the column you'll wish you had wooed
A Venus just five feet high.

The Venus of Milo is lovely in art,
But the Medici give me instead,
If you marry a woman as high as your heart
She'll always look up to your head;
And wanting a woman to love and to kiss,
And cause all your sorrow to fly,
Choose one who will give you perennial bliss—
A Venus just five feet high.

ABANDONED AT SEA.

Stowaways Thrashed and Then Left on a Barren Rock.

Chief Officer Zollinger, of the Brazilian mail steamer Finance, now moored at Roberts' Stores, Brooklyn, is charged by a number of the passengers with having shockingly ill-used several negroes on the high seas, and also with leaving three of them on a barren rock miles away from land, says the New York Herald.

Early in the evening of Sunday, July 7, after the vessel had left St. Thomas, four negroes were found concealed in the coal bunkers. They were hauled up on deck by Acting Captian Zollinger, it is stated, and beaten with a stout board until their heads and faces were a mass of cuts and bruises. Zollinger, it is alleged, called for a belaying pin and continued the attack on the defenseless stowaways despite the protests of some of the passengers, who had been attracted to the deck by the piteous cries of the unfortunate men. The second mate was ordered to man a boat and take three of the stowaways to a rock in the sea a considerable distance away.

The rock appeared to be about a half mile long and thirty miles from land. The negroes were thrown overboard from the boat, and two of them finally reached shore by swimming, while the other would have drowned had he not been rescued and taken ashore. The fourth stowaway had managed to escape the further fury of the captain by hiding himself. A search was made for him, and he was found and again ill-treated, and several shots fired over his head with a pistol. All this was done in the presence of the lady passengers, who were in the cabin crying. A Baltimore physician approached the captain and asked nim for the sake of the ladies to cease torturing the negro. He then had the negro blindfolded and thrust over the side of the ship, where he was left for awhile, and then taken on board again.

As the vessel neared port a young man named James Burke, who had been put in irons before the ship left Rio because he had accidently dropped some rubbish that soiled the dress of some passengers who were coming aboard the Finance in a tender, was asked to sign in the log book the statement of the reasons for his punishment. He wrote that he had been drunk and disorderly, but as the ship landed he went to a lawyer and laid the matter before him, claiming that he was assaulted without provocation, and what he signed in the log book was forced by threats. Second Officer Zollinger Evelyn is also accused by Burke with ill-treating him.

Chief Officer Zollinger was not aboard his ship when a visit was made there yesterday, and all that Officer Evelyn would say was that Burke was disorderly and deserved his punishment. He would say nothing regarding the stowaways.

SKETCHES IN A STREET CAR.

Odd Bits of Life as We See Them Every Day.

SHE WAS A SWEET YOUNG THING,

But the Old Maid Scowled When She Jabbed Her With Her Long Parasol—A Modern Abraham.

Street Car Incidents.

She boarded a green car out on North Eighteenth street and the young men with cigarettes on the rear platform shifted their positions to ones more favorable to a diligent study of the picture.

The white-chokered bald-head on the opposite seat twisted himself round and leered past the edge of his morning paper with one wicked old eye.

The two young ladies with lunch baskets and a typewriter cast of countenance took a rapid but thorough inventory and looked appealingly into each other's eyes with a mutual Did-you-ever! expression.

Her curly blonde head was buried in a wilderness of white leghorn, illusion and flowers; her dimpled, pink-nailed number two hands were encased in black silk mitts terminating somewhere near the shoulder; the tips of two little russet brown shoes barely touched the floor; a tremendous sash enswathed her plump little figure from under her arms to below her waist; her cheeks had the bloom of the peach and her blue eyes glanced nervously up under long dark eyelashes. On her left arm she carried a marvelously-wrought shopping-bag, and with her right she engineered a parasol taller than her bewitching little self.

She climbed into a seat near the front of the car, and began the inevitable hunt for a fare. From the depths of her hand-bag she first fished up an eighteen-inch pocketbook, scattering over the floor a miscellaneous assortment of chewing-gum, hair-pins, glove-buttoners, caramels, scraps of paper and handkerchiefs. Then she began the collection of her scattered property, while the lofty parasol toppled for a moment and came down with a crash on a shining silk hat in front. With a blushing apology she snatched it back, punching its huge handle into the face of a frowning spinster just behind.

Gradually, with many a plunge and struggle with the unruly parasol, order was restored, and the exploration of the pocket-book began. Its recesses were interminable, and the amount of bric-a-brac in each separate and particular compartment would be difficult to conceive. As the fruitless search proceeded the little fingers grew nervous and the peachy cheek grew crimson.

The interest was intense. Old Baldhead, in his absorption, had dropped his paper altogether, and leaned forward with his hands on his knees; the cigarette smokers were almost breathless in their attention; the typewriting operators became startlingly eloquent with their did-you-ever glances; even the driver almost forgot his brake, as he stared back through the window, when with a last despairing plunge the little hand went down into the shopping bag and drew forth a five-dollar gold piece. There was an audible sigh of relief as the passengers settled back in their seats to meditate over the mysteries of the feminine pocketbook.

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A case of love's young dream appropriated two seats of an avenue car at the corner of Fifteenth and Farnam. Half a dozen others entered at the same time. Two had changed their minds at the corner of Harney and stepped off unobserved by the driver and without depositing their nickles. The young man had paid his fare while the driver was performing a war-dance at the brake in anticipation of a collision with the cable.

The young man was bashful and nervous, his hands toyed incessantly with his watch-guard or his handkerchief. He was hard hit, new at the business, nervous and making the supreme effort of his life. The case was so palpable that before the car had gone two blocks up Howard the passengers were all quietly but intensely interested. At this juncture the driver began regarding the couple with cursory but curious and inquiring glances which gradually changed to a cold, stony stare that apparently fascinated the youth. The handkerchief and watch guard came into more constant and violent use. He shifted about in his seat like a victim of St. Vitus dance. He flushed and paled and mopped the perspiration from his face, he plunged violently into spasms of conversation but irresistably and invariably his agonized gaze returned to the snakelike unwinking stare of the eye in the window.

Every eye in the car except two was glued upon him. The exceptions had an amused twinkle, and were fastened upon a paper. The hands of the young man went aimlessly through his pockets, and the ladies of the party grew sympathetically uncomportable. Without removing his eye the driver jerked savagely at the fare bell, and the young man glanced wildly out the door. Evidently he was meditating flight, and the driver shoved his head through the door and bawled: "Fare, here, young feller!"

Then the owner of the twinkling eyes came to his relief with the information that the missing fares had escaped at Harney, and an audible smile went round the car, while with flaming cheeks the young man and his adored got off the car.

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One of the passengers on the Dodge street cable, the other day, was a fine looking old gentleman, dressed in a neatly-fitting black suit with a white vest. Almost down to his waist flowed a carefully combed and trimmed snow-white beard, and his hand rested on a silver-topped, silk umbrella. As he left the car with his erect and dignified carriage and vigorous step he might have been the personification of the eventide of a long life well spent.

It was Dr. David Wilding, of Crescent, Ia., a patriarch who has passed his eighty-fifth milstone, and whose seed, like Abraham's, is as the dust of the earth.

On an ordinary postal card, in a clear, firm hand with a fine pen, he had written:

"I, David Wilding, son of Henry and Jennet Wilding, born in Longton township, near Preston, Lancashire, England, in the year of our Lord 1804, came to America in the spring of 1841. In the fall of 1859 I returned to England. In the spring of 1860 I once more came to America and located in the vicinity of Council Bluffs. Since then I have traveled to Salt Lake City and back, I think, six times, each jourdey being 1,040 miles. My family is very great. My children are all living, ten in number. I cannot tell the number of my grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. Years have gone by since one of my daughters-in-law wrote to me stating that she had had twenty of my great-grandchildren to take dinner with her one day. I had a nephew who lived in Hutton, Lancashire, England, and a nephew, John Wilding, and my niece, Ann Wilding. I would like them to see this from their uncle.

"DAVID WILDING, M. D."

Dr. Wilding is now living with his youngest son in Crescent, Ia.

The World's Tallest Chimney.

The tallest chimney in this country is the new stack of the Clark Thread company, at Kearney, near Newark, N. J., says the Philadelphia Record. It is a circular shaft 335 feet high and 28½ feet in diameter at the base. The chimney cost $30,000 and contains 1,697,000 bricks. It was finished in September last, but its supremacy among American chimneys will be brief, for one is now being erected for the Fall River Iron Works company, in Fall River, Mass., that will be 340 feet high and 30 feet in diameter at the base. Chicago's highest chimney is 330 feet tall. American chimneys, however, are mere pigmies beside some of the tall Scotch and English stacks. The great Townsend stack at Glasgow, the tallest in the world, is 454 feet high and 32 feet in diameter at the base. Tennant & Co., of Glasgow, have a chimney 435½ feet by 40, and the mills of Dobson & Barlow, Bolton, England, have an octagonal stack 367½ feet high and 33 feet 10 inches in diameter at the bottom.

The King's Diary—July 14, 1789.

John W. Chadwick in The Century.

"Rien," he wrote, because it chanced that day
There was no hunt of fawn, or stag, or boar,
All else was nothing to the man who wore
The crown which once the brows of Hugh Capet
Had ached beneath, eight centuries away.
Since then what well-beloved and hated more
Had worn it lightly, or with anguish sore,
Some strong to rule and many but to slay.

"Nothing!" And, while he wrote the senseless word,
The tocsin rang in Paris; the human flood
Poured onward, raging till it came where stood
The bastile. Soon the foolish king had heard
How prone it lay. Behold his aimless wit:
He and his kingdom were as he had writ.

BITTEN BY A SCORPION.

A Doctor's Horrible Experience in the Wilds of Mexico.

Dr. George Mallett, of Brooklyn City, who is on his way to the mining camps of the interior of Mexico, writes from Las Yedras the following story of his journey and his experience with a scorpion:

"I started across country on mule-back with a dangerous looking guide, whom I feared might at any moment cut my throat while asleep for the little money I had, fortunately, he did nothing of the kind, and turned out to be a very good man. The third night out I had an experience that I would not repeat for all the wealth of Mexico. It was just dark, about 7:30, when I discovered a light up the side of a mountain and though it would be a good time to camp, as we had been in the saddle almost constantly since 3 o'clock that morning. We made for it and found a little shanty inhabited by two horrible looking specimens of humanity in the most abbreviated of costumes.

"The guide told them we wanted to stop all night, and the female prepared a corncake for me. As they, of course, had no chairs, I sat on a low stool in front of the fire to eat it. I was scarcely seated before I felt something on my neck, and putting my hand up, felt an exceedingly severe sting on my left index finger. It almost made me howl. I immediately tied my handkerchief around it and stopped the circulation and then sucked it, and the old woman parted with a chew of tobacco for it. In about ten minutes the stinging ceased and I thought it was all over, when intense vertigo came on with much vomiting and retching, then a sense of great weakness and collapse, accompanied by a profuse cold perspiration, then a sharp tingling began in the bitten finger, extending over the hand and up the arm, then the other arm and hand, then both feet tingled and stung like an electrical current, and yet they were completely dead to all external impressions, and I could scarcely move them; then my face began to feel the same way. I called for water and was terrified to find that I had lost all sense of taste, and my jaw was getting stiff and I could scarcely articulate at all.

"Just imagine my feelings—no one near but those almost savages, and they understanding not a word I said, and the horrible sense of impending death due to the depression caused by the poison. I tried to ask if there was a doctor anywhere near, but could not even speak English now, and of course they could not understand me. It was simply horrible, and I thought surely I was dying, for the dead feeling seemed to be extending, and I could scarcely move a muscle. With a great effort I made signs for a bottle of claret that I happened to have in my bag to use in case of bad water. Most of this I drank, and it braced me up some so that I made them understand that I wanted hot water, and it seemed almost a year before they got any. When it came, although they could not bear their hands in it, I put both hands and feet in it without feeling it. Then I made them rub hard, and this they did all night, and by morning I slept for about two hours, being perfectly exhausted. On awakening I felt much better, my limbs tingled just as though they were asleep, but I could use them; by moving about the sensation began to return.

"As soon as I could get up I got into the saddle again, hoping to reach some civilization in case I should get worse. The journey was just half over, so I pushed on for Yedras and soon found that the exercise was of benefit, the tingling ceased, and by that night I could taste the food. I ate the next morning and had no signs of the previous night's experience, except a loss of sensibility in my left arm and hand and a feeling of great weakness. Now, five days after, I am entirely well except that I have no feeling at all in my left index finger and half of back forearm up to the elbow. I was told here that it was a scorpion that bit me and that I was lucky in getting out of it so easily. I am all right now and apprehend no further trouble.

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We have superior advantages and facilities for treating diseases, performing surgical operations, boarding and nursing patients, which, combined with our acknowledged ability, experience, responsibility and reputation, should make the Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute the first choice.

You can come direct to the Institute, day or night, as we have hotel accommodations as good and as cheap as any in the city.

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Best Facilities, Apparatus and Remedies for Successful Treatment of every form of Disease requiring MEDICAL or SURGICAL TREATMENT.

In this department we are especially successful. Our claims of superiority over all others are based upon the fact that this is the only medical establishment manufacturing surgical braces and appliances for each individual case. We have three skilled instrument makers in our employ, with improved machinery, and have all the latest inventions, as well as our own patents and improvements, the result of twenty years' experience.

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The treatment of diseases by electricity has undergone great changes within the past few years, and electricity is now acknowledged by all schools of medicine as the great remedy in all chronic, special and nerve diseases, for nervous debility, paralysis, rheumatism, diseases of women, etc., and in many eye and ear diseases it is the most valuable of all remedies.

In order to obtain its full virtues, it is absolutely necessary to have the proper apparatus. We have lately purchased three of the largest and most complete batteries manufactured, so constructed as to give the most gentle as well as the most powerful current. Persons treated at this Institute by electricity recognize at once the difference between our expensive and complete electrical apparatus and the common, cheap batteries, in use by many physicians. Over 3,000 dollars invested in electrical apparatus.

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We claim to be the only reliable, responsible establishment in the west making a specialty of this class of diseases. Dr. McMenamy was one of the first thoroughly educated physicians to make a special study of this class of diseases, and his methods and inventions have been adopted by specialists in Europe and America. He is the inventor of the Clamp Compress Suspensory, acknowledged the best in use. All others are copied after his invention. By means of a simple operation, painless and safe, recently brought into use, we cure many cases that have been given up as incurable by medical treatment. (*Read our book to men, sent free to any address.*)

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We have had wonderful success in this department in the past year, and have made many improvements in our facilities for treatment, operations, artificial eyes, etc.

We have greatly improved our facilities and methods of treating cases by correspondence, and are having better success in this department than ever before.

We are fully up to the times in all the latest inventions in medical and surgical operations, appliances and instruments. Our institution is open for investigation to any persons, patients or physicians. We invite all to correspond with or visit us before taking treatment elsewhere, believing that a visit or consultation will convince any intelligent person that it is to their advantage to place themselves under our care.

Since this advertisement first appeared, many boasting pretenders and frauds have come and gone and many more will come and go, remembered only by their unfortunate and foolish victims.

"*A wise man investigates first and decides afterwards,*
A fool decides first, then investigates."

The Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute is indorsed by the people and the press. More capital invested, more skilled physicians employed, more modern appliances, instruments and apparatus in use, more cases treated and cured, more successful surgical operations performed, than in all other medical establishments in the West combined.

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