A NEBRASKA GIRL IN GREECE

From Athens to Sparta with Glimpses of the Arcadian Way.

PILGRIMS OF THE PELOPONNESUS

Pen-Pictures of Interesting Interiors and Colossal Exteriors in the Morean Peninsula—With the Spartan Four Hundred—Weaving of the Dowry.

ATHENS, June 8.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—We were a party of four, just a comfortable carriage load. Our hosts, an eminent New York lawyer and his gifted wife; guests, the consul and the consul's daughter. Our friends are enthusiastic Grecians, who have looked forward to this trip, they tell us, as the crowning event of their lives, and they will not be disappointed. The consul is saturated with Greek—really much more Greek than the majority of the Greeks—and we need no other encyclopedia, as he has caravaned over every inch of the ground before. The consul's daughter is chiefly useful as interpreter, a very mechanical function perhaps you think, but by no means so easy when it comes to dealing with Greek cupidity. She is quite ready to absorb all the knowledge and experience that come in her way and to sit at the feet of these learned people "taking notes."

We discussed our plans overnight in the consul's parlor and ended with having no plans at all. All we knew was that we should go somewhere at 7 o'clock the next morning. The rest was delightful uncertainty. It was drizzling and gloomy the next day, but nothing daunted we drove to the station and took the train for Corinth. We had our cosy little apartment all to ourselves. Greek cars and engines are mere absurd toys compared with our great monsters, but they are big enough for the little kingdom.

This whole way is replete with historical interest. Five minutes stop in the pretty station of Eleusis, from which we could get a glimpse of the Eleusinian Acropolis, but the great Temple of the Mysteries, with its double propylæa, is hidden from view around under the hill. We do not mind, though, as we recall many beautiful drives over the Sacred Way and have studied out the different temples and lunched in Pluto's shrine. But the consul reads to us the ever-pretty story of Demeter from an excellent French author.

We next pass Megara and notice that they seem already to be preparing for the famous Easter dances to be held a week hence. As we look back upon the historic city it makes a quaint picture, its low adobe houses built in terraces on the hillside with the round steeple of a pretty Byzantine church crowning the summit.

From here we follow the sea all the way to Corinth through scenery so varied and enchanting that we are quite carried away with delight and only regret the impossibility of looking out both windows at once. On one side the shining Ægean, with its circle of islands stretching away indefinitely—Salamis and the scene of the battle, Ægina and many others—while on our right rise high walls of rock, sheer precipices which seem to reach the clouds, for we cannot see the top. The isthmus we cross in all to short a time, but we caught a glimpse of the field of the Isthmian games, and looked down into the canal which Nero began and left for our generation to finish. It is cut clear through almost down to the level of the two gulfs, which seem so close together that the only wonder is it hadn't been completed centuries ago, the task seeming so easy.

Andromache Schliemann's Home.

Modern Corinth, alas, retains but scant traces of her ancient glory, and it took a lot of imagination to put ourselves in Paul's place. But I have since read Byron's "Siege of Corinth" and it all seemed very real. Ages cannot change the grand old Acrocorinthus, which rises before us in all its majesty. Think of the scenes it has witnessed, of the passing of generations upon generations of struggling, ambitious souls, and it still stands serenely indifferent and unchangeable. It is all we need to bring back the past times. But the state of the weather admonishes us to keep right on to Argos, so we spend the few precious moments studying the railway lunch counter of the Corinthians; and sigh in vain for the generous cups of hot coffee and ham sandwiches of our native land, while we still our cravings with the resinous wine of the country, black bread and Greek cheese. Everybody who has ever traveled in Greece assures us that we shall learn to cry for this wine as the occidental baby for Castoria, but we are as yet extremely skeptical. Time only will show.

As we swing southward another hour brings us to Nemea, with its memories of that muscular "old hero," Hercules, and his combat with the Nemean lion. Of course, now that we have seen the actual spot, it is quite impossible not to be perfectly convinced of the historical truth of the story. It was with keenest interest that we discerned the famous citadel of Mycenæ, with its Lion's Gate—just distinguishable indeed, for the railway leaves it a mile or more to the east. But we knew and admired intensely the great explorer, who has brought to light such mines of precious history, and whose Mycenæ collection is perhaps the most interesting thing in Athens—unless we accept his daughter, Andromache, whom I often visit at the classic and stately hall of Ilion, and whose engagement, by the way, we were surprised to see announced in THE BEE even while it was the fresh sensation of Athens. With what queenly grace she receives the flatteries and attentions of a host of admirers, seated in the midst of a bevy of her favorites, lovely spirituelle Greek girls, all with comfortable dots but none to be compared with Andromache. So the young Greeks knew very well for they are all fortune hunters. But now it is all settled and the happy man is Lionel Melas, the mayor's son, who possesses a handsome face and fortune and the traditional bright Greek mind.

But how I am wandering, to be sure! Where was I? Oh, yes, at Mycenæ. We now sight fair Nauplia, extremely picturesque in the distance, as we whirl through the plain and across the Trachus to Argos. Here we had fain rested, but the rain still dripped, and leaving the land of Diomedes and Agamemnon to be studied at a more convenient season we kept on to Arcadia. We realize the insignificance of Greece in point of size when we arrive in Tripolis at 4 o'clock, the distance looked so long on the map, and takes in so much.

A Celebration in Tripolis.

We were glad to pack ourselves and our bags in a little old carriage and be whirled away through the narrow old streets to the Crown hotel, crossing on the way the principal square or agora, surrounded on four sides by quaint arched bazars filled with all sorts of queer Greek knick-knacks. At the door of the inn our host receives us with the blandest of smiles and the lowest of bows. He is a handsome rascal, with snowy locks and snowy starched kilt shirts, scarlet leggins, fez and shoes, and he is altogether a refreshment to the eyes. How can we think of whiter sepulchers yet—but wait! We were shown upstairs to a nice little room containing four beds, gay with scarlet covers. Our host's color seems to be red. We gently explain that we prefer two apartments. He is at a loss to understand this bit of squeamishness but not at all loth to provide the extra room containing three beds. A long and complicated Greek menu is produced and we are rather nonplussed to find scarcely a single recognizable dish—not so strange a thing after all considering the Frenchiness of our Athenian cuisine. But we give our order and think it all the merrier to have even our dinner a mystery. We are hungry as bears and everything is perfection from the fricasseed lamb and olives to the rizogallo, or pudding of rice cooked with milk. It is surprising how fast we are accustoming ourselves to that dreadful bitter wine. Dinner done, we go shopping in Arcadia, dragging our good man of law with us, seeking vainly to beguile him into purchasing a shaggy shepherd's coat, white and picturesque, for use as a laprobe in New York if nothing else. But we had to be content with some smaller souvenirs—fantastic handkerchiefs which the peasant women wore on their heads like the negro bandanna, some hand-knit lambs' wool socks, not too dainty, but suggestive of Greek industry, red shoes, which remind one of the Italian gondolas, etc. We found the streets and the people in holiday array, and wondered if 'twas all for the distinguished strangers until we were humbled by the recollection that this was the Greek "Fourth," and they are celebrating their escape from the heavy yoke of the "unspeakable Turk." Flags were flying from the housetops and great bonfires of pitch, fed by the tireless small boys and placed along at regular intervals, lighted our footsteps. There is no lack of firecrackers and rockets, but they are not so noisily patriotic as we are at home. We got back to the hotel just in the nick of time, for our balcony looks over on that of the demarch, or mayor, and we hear him deliver his Fourth of July (or rather 7th of April) speech to a mob of noisy boys, who listen, however, very attentively. It is "all Greek" to most of us; but the Greeks are great orators and it is wonderful to see the small Demosthenes in pinafores speak their pieces at school with a confidence and with the gestures that would put Delsarte's devotees to the blush and be the despair of our stump speakers. At the conclusion of the harangue the national hymn is chanted and with much rah-rahing and zetos for King George, Tricoupis and Greece they pass on waving their lighted torches. We think it great luck to witness here in the heart of Arcadia the finish of the new nation's birthday.

Roughing It in Arcadia.

We only used four beds, to be sure, but the mystery of the other three was solved in the morning when our honest host brought in his account for seven beds, at three drachmas each! The rest of that bill was a work of fiction, and the total just a little more than twice his due. Our purse-bearer edited it with great care, and tendered the new total with the alternative of taking that or awaiting our pleasure. As he would not come to terms, we left him to his meditations and took our carriage for Sparta. You will be surprised at his trusting us, but just in so far as we distrust these rogues they have perfect faith in us, and seem to think it utterly impossible for us to deviate from the path of righteousness.

We drive for several miles through the smooth and fertile Tegean plain. The mountains surround us on all sides. As we begin to ascend we take advantage of the slow-paced horses to walk a little, and the plain is a glorious picture as we look down upon it, the great lake which receives all the waters of Arcadia was nestled so prettily among the hills. Arcadia, the dreamland of poets and artists, more than fulfills all our expectations. The shaggy-coated shepherd, all in white with his crook and his dog, drives his flock by us, or as we look down from our high mountain road we can see the white dots in the green valley below. Nothing could be more beautiful, more varied than is our Arcadian drive, the rocky gorges, the rushing mountain torrents and the grand rugged chains of mountains themselves. But I quite despair of conveying any idea of the grandeur to those who have not seen it, I cannot paint landscapes with either pen or brush, so leave it to others who have that enviable gift. At noon we halted for rest and refreshment at one of the khans, or little mountain inns, which are the only stopping places one finds in rural Greece. They are decidedly more picturesque than clean; but are we not in Arcadia, and so quite content to take the simple fare of the peasants. We are quite sure we never saw anything like this khan before. The tallest of us stooped down to enter the little, low, mud building where we find one rough table and four wooden benches near the one little loophole in the wall to light the whole. The black bread, cheese and wine accorded with the surroundings and what greater delicacy could we ask for than the Laconian honey, sweet and golden, which made our dessert.

We note the little bar, in front of which rough kegs of resinate are displayed and the low roof of rafters blackened with tar and soot; the cold stone floor, and the utter cheerlessness of the whole place. An American stable of the meanest sort would be a palace in comparison. On a sort of raised platform at one end of the khan, reached by two or three rickety steps, we find a motley array of fellow travelers, mostly in the shepherd's costume, seated cross legged around a roughly made fire of olive wood. Over it a kettle is merrily boiling, filled with a nameless Greek vegetable, which they soak in rancid oil and make their meals of, all dipping from the same earthern font and sopping their black bread in it, in as primitive a fashion as heart could desire. It didn't look appetizing, this weed, or very nourishing, but the poor people here scarcely ever taste meat. When they had finished they politely vacated in our favor and we drew up our wooden benches and thought this "roughing it" in earnest. Near us were four dirty homespun blankets, in which the household roll themselves at night and sleep around the fire, for there are no beds. There is the bread trough, a rough stone basin, and home-made iron forks hung up in a gourd in the corner, evidently the total of ancestral plate. Outside and quite by itself is the baking oven, a great beehive-shaped affair and looking big enough to turn out bread for an army. Nearby a wrinkled old woman was washing, a procedure which we watched with deepest interest. When these southern women do grow old they are such hags—that is, the poor hard-worked ones. She had never heard of tubs or wringer or washboard, but has a kettle boiling over a fire, on the usual three sticks. She dips from this from time to time and pours the water upon the course homespun shirts which were spread out on a large flat stone. She did use soap plentifully and with a conveniently shaped wooden stick pounded the dirt out and the soap in, and it is a satisfaction to see that the clothes come out very clean, though I can't see how there would be a shread left after such rough usage.

Sparta of Today.

We are four hours from Sparta and we think nature very partial to this lovely land. We are entranced with her lovely farms as we near the boundary of Arcadia aand Laconia, and when we sight the glorious plain of Sparta below us, stretching down to the sea, with the Eurotas river winding in and out among the thick orange groves—our cup is filled, and all words fail us We could see little Sparta, looking as severely simple with its square white houses as it must have looked in the days of its glory.

As we move southward the flowers are more abundant and varied. Lovely bunches of pink asters on the mountainsides, vivid patches of yellow gorse, while among the many fields of wheat the tall poppies lift their proud heads, their brilliant scarlet contrasting with the green. We drove through several picturesque villages, and were charmed, with the circular stone threshing floors which are often built out over the edge of a ravine, and are now prettily overgrown with poppies and wheat, which push their way up through the cracks in the stones. On fete days the men and maidens turn this into a dancing floor, though the dance does not much resemble ours. The lovely white fleur-de-lis grows in great clusters along the roadside.

On the outskirts of Sparta we began to see evidences of Dr. Waldstein's late excavations there, the earth looking as if freshly plowed up under the fine old olive trees, with a bit of wall or the shaft of a column pushing up into view. The streets of the city are as broad and grassgrown as those of our western towns. After carefully comparing the merits of the two hotels (and, truth to tell, they are about equally dirty), we decided for the hotel of the Crown, as the landlord was fat and good natured with an altogether well fed appearance that spoke well for the establishment. The jurist was hungry and had set his heart all the way down on some spitted lamb, so I penetrated into the cook's domain and found our landlord (who happened to be man of all work) stirring the identical black broth that the tough old Spartans used to eat in their barracks at the common table. But we Athenians preferred our lamb, which proved tipton, and some nice salad with olive oil. We retired early, some of us, to find the Laconian flea altogether too sociable. The sufferings of that little Spartan with the fox were not a circumstance to ours, and, by the way, we saw some fine foxskins hanging in the shop windows in the agora, so the hunting must still be good in Taygetus. The night's torture ended, the kitchen must be invaded once more. The landlord was gone and in his place was a small boy very much in need of a bath and very sleepy. But he proves better than he looks, for he but mildly resents the suggestion that the coffee pot should be washed—an entirely useless proceeding, as it never held anything but coffee. He had to shuffle back and forth between the inn and parts unknown for every article required, whether bread, water or salt, as it seems to be the rule not to keep a scrap of anything in the house from one meal to another. I rashly inquire for butter and he brings a tin of it, very yellow and tempting, though perhaps a little too fragrant. I think, though, it will be a great surprise to the others and so it is. One sniff is enough for the jurist, whose tastes are rather Ionic. However, the consul insisted that we hold onto it and declared that it became fresher and sweeter every day; but it had staying qualities and was still with us when we got back to Athens, six days later. Not so with the luscious Laconian honey, which more than deserves its reputation; in a pot of it we found consolation for a multitude of Spartan shortcomings, or short commons, if you prefer. Then there was the Scotch tea in our own basket drawn at last, though we had only one pitcher at our disposal and that full of hot goat's milk.

A Spartan Welcome.

Thus refreshed, we are off for our morning drive through the olive grove that was once the agora to the Acropolis, all lying outside the present town. Little is left of the ancient city, but the theater is still well-defined and the supporting walls in good preservation. Orchestra and amphitheatre are now planted with olives and overgrown with waving wheat and bright red poppies and precious bits of marble are scattered about. I don't think it could ever have been so pretty as now. The untiring archæologist had been at work here too and succeeded in making a mudhole where the stage should be, a great pity we thought, as we floundered in up to our ankles. From the Acropolis we got our first satisfactory view of Taygetus—one of the loveliest we had ever beheld—its snowy peaks all the more beautiful for being somewhat misty and obscure, and seeming to lose themselves in the sky above. For I must tell you that the gods have seemed to frown upon us from the start and Helios has obstinately refused to show himself, but he did condescend to beam a little for our benefit as we were wading in search of Leonidas' tomb, as they think convenient to call the great quadrangular foundation between the theater and the town, which may quite as well belong to Lycurgus or any other old Spartan.

While lunching at the "public mess," so to speak, and in the public gaze, for the inn tables were crowded with sturdy Spartans, we received a courteous note from the demarch (mayor) welcoming us to his demas and offering us an accomplished escort in the person of a gymnasium professor, Mr. Nestorides, the first authority on Spartan topography and author of a work now on the press on that subject. As the consul had left his pausanias behind, and the professor was loaded with archæological lore the arrangement was naturally acceptable. He declared himself ready to turn Sparta inside out for us and was so hospitable and beaming that we were very glad to accept his offer of a room at his house for the ladies during the rest of our stay in Sparta. We finally found an old edition of Pausanias at one of the two book shops, where we were amused to see also Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" in Greek, gayly bound, displaying on the cover a redskin of the fiercest order and calculated to make the eyes of the Spartan youngsters pop out of their heads. There was also a Greek "Robinson Crusoe" and stacks of Greek primers, short and easy, and profusely illustrated, exasperating by contrast with the torture mills we are ground through in the name of Greek at home. The jurist's wife bought one and began forthwith to speak Greek—a point which our collegians at home never reach.

The demarch received us with open arms, as he had not forgotten the consul and the great caravan which camped two days on the Spartan Acropolis last year. In fact a foreign consul, if known to be such, can hardly travel in the provinces without being a part of public gush and overwhelmed with Hellenic hospitality, and it is notably so at Sparta. The present demarch is the chief physician of the province and a most genial, simple minded gentleman. From his broad balcony we looked down into a lovely orange garden and thought it strange to see the luscious yellow fruit and the fragrant, pure blossoms growing side by side on the same tree. We were constrained to partake of an elaborate variety of Greek cakes, very rich and heavy, with honey and butter, but so appetizing that our jurist forgot his dyspepsia and satisfied his soul with good things in spite of wifely protests, which were all of no avail. But we heard from him later. Then small glasses of of cognac were served and exquisite orangeade—all by the same stunning retainer in snowy fustanella and linen greaves and scarlet fez and slippers. The demarch's housekeeper, a very bright and keen-looking lady in black, introduced herself as a matchmaker (entirely legitimate business in Greece) and offered to negotiate a Spartan alliance on the spot. As there was but one eligible in our party the situation was not free from embarrassment. However, the intended victim escaped with nothing more serious than a burden of orange blossoms at the good woman's hands.

Home of a Spartan Village Lord.

This was our entree into Spartan society and the rest of our stay was a continual whirl of dissipation such as we had never dreamed of at home. Antiquities and ordinary sight-seeing were secondary matters and threatened to be sadly neglected. We looked through the little museum, with its portico supported by Ionic columns and containing some intetesting inscriptions and works of ancient art, and then set out for a drive to the ruins of Amyclæ, the prehistoric sacred city of Laconia. But the rain came down in torrents and we were obliged to take refuge in a picturesque wayside inn, where we found others had preceded us, peasants, mostly in shaggy sheepskin coats, who were sociably chatting and imbiting resinats with no care for the tempest without. We soon had enough of this and our good professor proposed that we push on to a nearby village and visit his friend, the village lord. Our road was of the narrowest and crookedest, and the flood from heaven did not improve it, but with a good bit of wading we got through at last to Slavochorion (the name is a reminiscence of the Slavic occupation a thousand years ago or more) and found ourselves at the threshold of the great rude stone house. It stands in a magnificent grove of orange trees, the boughs bending under their load, and the ground strewn with the fallen overripe fruit. Our host, a grand old fellow with a carriage and stride that Booth would envy, greeted us with "kalos orisate," welcome, and helped us to scud under our umbrellas into the great house, where we were in turn greeted by his two comely daughters. Unfortunately, as we thought, they had discarded the pretty Greek costume, as their attempt at Parisian modes was not very successful. They took our intrusion very calmly and busied themselves helping their mother (a rather pretty, blue-eyed lady) to prepare Turkish coffee on the cheerful glowing hearth in the room adjoining. The room of state, in which we were received, was large and airy with a wooden settee against the wall, the family photos displayed to advantage around a mirror; in front of this a marble topped table. But the most interesting thing to us was a pile of gorgeous quilts, rugs, blankets and bedding of all sorts on one side of the room and reaching well-nigh to the ceiling. There were soft woolen blankets, striped white and red, and splendidly woven rugs in fantastic patterns, making me think of the relic-hunters whom I have seen searching Athens to satisfy their craze for curiosities and how wild they would be over this rich display. This, they explained, was the girls' dowry; every stitch of it woven by their own fair hands. As soon as these girls can use a needle they begin to prepare against the day of their marriage and spend years embroidering their wedding gown, even plaiting the white petticoats or kilts for the coming man. I saw one of these maidens at work on this fustanella. It is no child's play. Countless strips must be sewed together, and it requires twenty yards of cloth, as it must stand out like a ballet girl's skirts. As for the young man, it seems to be taken for granted that he will be forthcoming when the dowry is provided, and the poor girl cannot even enjoy weaving her dreams into her work, as papa and mamma choose the husband, who may be to her quite a dark horse till the last ballot is taken. We were told the history of all the sisters and cousins and aunts and met our host's son-in-law, the village schoolmaster. He finished the gymnasium in Sparta, but does not know ancient Greek. Our host is not of old Spartan stock, but Argive by descent, and named accordingly Argites.

I watched them make the coffee, so unlike ours, very thick and served in tiny cups. Along one side of the kitchen wall was a wooden shelf heaped with loaves of black bread, one of which we carried away with us. The shelf had one living inhabitant—a poor little hare—which had been caught in one of their mountain hunts. I petted it a little, only to repent later, when they insisted upon making me a present of it.

Penelope in Ninety-Two.

By the kitchen hearth was an American sewing machine, and from this—after coffee and healths in flowing resinate—we passed to a weavin groom such as Penelope might have wrought in against the day of her wedding with Odysseus. Here one of the girls tried to teach me to run the bobbin back and forth, a thread at a time, and keep the treadle going with my feet. It proved to be by no means so simple as it looked and I made awkward work of it. They showed us a skein of the pure raw yellow silk, like spun gold, and also a bolt of the most fascinating silk cloth, so delicate and fine in texture that one could see through it, but so firm as to endure for years and with the natural yellow color of the silk. Much as we coveted the lovely fabrics we did not dare suggest a purchase, for Kyr Argites was lord of many acres and the village head; all his neighbors looked up to him; his daughters could weave but to sell—impossible. It was like a dream to see the new Penelope weaving her robe, and we had fain lingered in this charmingly unique household, but at length the deluge moderated a little and for all their kind entreaties to spend the night that they might show us how they amused themselves and dance for us, we took our lingering leave. It was a rich experience; this peep into the home life of these simple sturdy Laconians and one which the tourist very seldom enjoys.

Returned to Sparta, we found that our visits were not yet ended. Our professor thought it no more than his right that we should stop at his domicile and meet his good wife, who was an Athenian and lived accordingly. He proudly showed us his library containing a very good selection of Greek, Latin and German works, and enlarged upon his forthcoming "Topography of Sparta," of which we saw the first sheets. We heroically partook of Turkish coffee for the fourth time that day, and this was followed by another tray load of sweets and water. There was a spoon holder with spoons for each and two jars, one a delicious rich cherry preserve, the other containing a white paste like our cream candy, and flavored with mastic. Now the style in Sparta is to take a spoonful only of each and a drink of the water, and then leave the spoon in the water glass. But it was so good that some of us deliberately forgot our etiquette and went in for more. At length we got away to our inn for a week of rest on our promise to come back in the evening and meet some of the elite of Sparta.

The prospect was alarming, as we had not thought of the necessity of swallow-tails or decollete gowns, but Mrs. M. tied a rainbow-colored Arcadian scarf around her black bodice, which gave her quite a festive air and I felt quite elegant when I had had my boots scraped of their layers of mud and shined and had brushed two or three inches of mud from my skirt. The consul begged hard to be let off, declaring that this social strain would be the death of him, but his official importance and his overworked classical Greek could not be spared on such a state occasion. In the course of the evening we unwillingly spoke of our fondness for music and were interested to learn that there is no such thing as a piano in Sparta. But music there was and it was sent for forthwith—one of those instruments called a melodian, though why so called I cannot make out! Again there is call for all our Spartan heroism to endure interminable repetitions of the same monotonous Greek love ditty.

A Spartan Youth.

Quite the lion of the evening was a young Adonis in white kilts, red leggings and and pointed red shoes. He wore an embroidered sleeveless jacket, loose, and showing underneath folds of a white linen blouse, and the waist confined by a broad sash, while on his curly blonde pate was poised with most artistic negligence a red fez, drooping to one side under the weight of a dashing silk tassle. One wondered if he knew how well it set off his classical face. As he posed with one tightly gaitered leg crossed over the other, he was a picture of unconscious grace and self possession, while his bows would put a New York swell to the blush. He proved to be the brother of our little Penelope, and was longing to go to that wonderland of wealth and happiness, America; but he was his mother's darling and she could not part with him, he said, and he loved his fatherland too well to stay more than a year or two if he went. He has Spartan friends in New York who send him rose-colored pictures of their life there. Some old lady suggests that it is time for him to be choosing a wife instead of dreaming of America, but he must first marry off his sisters and do his part in preparing them a sufficient dowry before he can think of himself. That is the rule all over Greece and a very good one, too. He will please himself and have the girl he fancies. As for his sisters, their parents will find their ideal young man. After they have come to terms and settled the business details, the elect youth calls at the house with friends and inspects the unsuspecting maiden. If she please him the wedding follows in short order. They assure us that these much-to-be-pitied creatures are always very happy afterward, for the parents select discreetly and well. But just imagine our girls submitting to such infringement of their rights.

One chamber at the professor's was most un-Spartan in its luxurious furnishings. Gay Greek rugs for our feet, and beds so immaculate with brocaded crimson silk coverlets and white silk sheets, that we were quite embarrassed and were long making up our minds to venture to ruffle them. But sleepiness overcame our scruples and we crept carefully and softly in, hoping it was all right and no sacrilege. Our dreams of the glories of ancient Sparta were undisturbed by any animals whatsoever. They seemed to be as shy of this luxury as were we. And so we slept the sleep of the blessed, in preparation for tomorrow's program, which was to be nothing less than (the gods being propitious) the crossing of Taygetus. Of that undertaking and the rest of this Peloponnesian raid another letter must tell the story.

WINIFRED MANATT.

LEAVENWORTH, K, June 15, '90.

Mr. J. B. Moore: My Dear Sir—I have been subject to sick headache all my life. Over two years ago I began using "Moore's Tree of Life" for it and never had a case of sick headache since, except when the medicine was at one end of the road and I at the other. It is worth more than money to me. I heartily recommend it to all sufferers of headache. Very truly yours,

W. B. LILE,
Pastor First Baptist Church.

For sale by all druggists.

CONNUBIALITIES.

At some recent weddings the bridesmaids' bouquets have been horseshoes with the nails worked out in contrasting blossoms.

Arthur—Do you like to hear the popping of those toy pistols, Miss Madge? Madge—Yes; anything that pops just tickles me to death.

Sue—How did you and Tom Hillow happen to get married, Blanche? Blanche—We were both single, you know! "Yes!" "Well, we married to get even."

J. Malcolm Forbes, the Bostonian, was married Wednesday to Miss Rose Dabney in San Diego, Cal. The honeymoon is to be divided between the two coasts.

"As Chappie married in haste I suppose he is now repenting at leisure," remarked Snipes. "Yes," said Bailey, "and an elegant leisure it is, too. The girl was worth three millions."

An interesting Boston wedding of Wednesday was that of Miss Alice Vivian Ames, daughter of Rev. Charles G. Ames, who performed the ceremony, to Mr. T. Gerald Winter.

Among the recent unique methods of contracting matrimony was that of William S. Hughes and Miss Nellie Franklin of Sedalia, Mo. They were married on a street corner seated in a buggy. How romantic!

Hojack (looking up from his newspaper)—Here's another illustration of the tendency of wealth to combine. Tomdik—Well! Hojack—The proprietor of a summer hotel has married the daughter of an ice dealer.

Well, girls, the first half of leap year is closed. Remember that time flies, and that the young man is now easier to capture than when the keen autumn and winter winds are whistling through his summer suit.

Jennie—So Charlie married a Chicago girl. Was it a church wedding? Daisy—Yes, indeed. Jennie—How was she dressed? Daisy—Oh, she wore the loveliest long rain coat, with rubber boots and umbrella to match.

The engagement has been announced in New York of Miss Eleanor Duer, second daughter of J. G. Rees Duer, to Joseph Laroque, jr., son of the eminent lawyer of that name. Their wedding will take place in the fall.

A white clergyman of Newton, L. I., recently married one Moy Tywood, a common Chinese laundryman, to Miss Jennie Pickering Clarke of Philadelphia. It is the old story of a white woman teaching a Chinaman in Sunday school.

A provincial newspaper in Australia not long since contained this advertisement: "A widow, who still possesses the entire wardrobe of her deceased husband, is disposed to enter into correspondence with a suitable gentleman, if such can be found, with a view to matrimony."

One of the principal New York social events of last week was the marriage of Miss Sallie Floyd-Jones, daughter of the late David R. Floyd-Jones, who was a member of the assembly and at one time secretary of state of New York, to Captain Barnardiston of England, grandson to the earl of Dartmouth.

Mr. Pullman has presented his lucky son-in-law with the Boyd palace in San Rafael, Cal. The house is one of the handsomest on the Pacific coast, and has long been the home of John T. Boyd, a San Francisco capitalist. The grounds surrounding it are provided, among other attractions, with a fishing pond.

One of the first society events of import in Newport this season was the wedding of Miss Catharine Hunt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, to Lieutenant Livingston Hunt, whose father was at one time secretary of the navy and at another time American minister to Russia. It took place on Thursday.

Jason of old went to Colchis to steal the golden fleece, and had to marry Medea, the sorceress, who had helped him to capture the booty. Today the wool of Jason, a colored clergyman in Orange, N. J., is in danger from Miss Adeline Brown, a member of his congregation, who had assisted him in bringing treasures more valuable than gold to his flock. Miss Brown is suing her pastor for breach of promise of marriage.

On June 23, at Moline, Ill., Elsworth Mapes and his good wife celebrated the sixty-sixth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Mapes is and has been for many years a justice of the peace in Moline. He will be 87 years old next September. Mrs. Mapes, who was married at the age of 17, is now 83. They have raised a large family of children.

The Name Was Deceptive.

"You cannot always tell what a thing is by the name it bears," said Mr. Depew the other day to a New York Times man. "Some years ago I met an Englishman in London, and our conversation soon touched upon investments in American securities. The Englishman informed me that until a short time before he had several thousand pounds in New York Central and Lake Shore securities, 'but I took my money out of those properties,' said he, 'and reinvested it in an American railway that I think will pay much better.' 'May I ask what the new investment is?' said I. 'Certainly,' replied my London acquaintance. 'I got hold of a prospectus of the New York, Boston & Montreal railway, and I made up my mind that a railway between the three principal cities in America was about the best paying thing that you could have.' That railroad," continued Mr. Depew, "is now known as the New York & Northern. It has not reached either Boston or Montreal as yet."

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Is it Madame Ruppert's bleach?
No! but baby's mama's cheek
Volumes to its praise doth speak!
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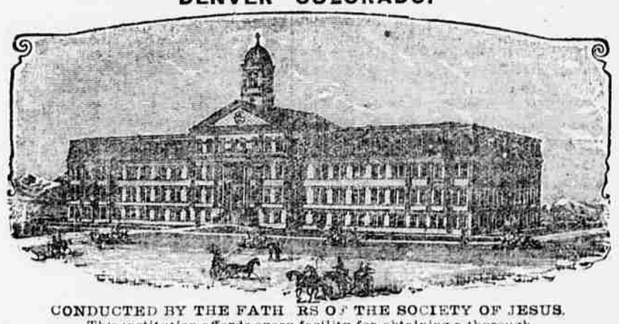

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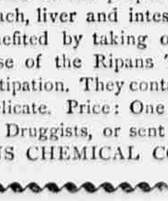
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