

LISBON, THE ROYAL CITY.

Special Correspondence.

Lisbon, Portugal, Dec. 9, 1899.—The traveler whose first impression of the Portuguese capital is gained from a view of its straggling and shabby back doors—coming down through the country by rail, as we did—makes a tremendous mistake, which nothing can rectify but a special trip to the ocean and return by the river route. Approached by the orthodox way, from the Atlantic, nine miles up the Tagus, Lees-boah, as known to its citizens, ranks third in beauty of situation among all cities of Europe—Naples first and Constantinople second. The high, rocky banks of the deep but narrow channel are lined on both sides with antiquated forts and lighthouses, from San Brugo and San Julian, at opposite ends of the bar across the river's mouth, to the mighty Tower of Belem, nine miles above, which, since the fifteenth century, has stood guard over the royal city. On either hand are gay resorts and bathing places—Carcara, Odras, Abanada—the Coney Island—Atlantic City and Point Comfort of Portugal—the royal palaces and villas of the nobility, surrounded by trees and gardens; fishermen's hamlets and fashionable suburbs; and beyond all, the cloud-clipped granite range of the Cintra mountains. On the north bank, nine miles above the city, lies just where the river broadens into a

MAGNIFICENT LAKE.

the old city—whose earliest name was Ulyssippos, said to have been founded by Ulysses, of the Golden Fleece—the Peloponnesus of the ancient Romans—the Oshuna of the Moslems—the Lisbon of today—rambles over more hills than Rome sat upon rising abruptly from the water's edge in the form of an amphitheater. Faced by quays and backed by lofty mountains, it stretches along stream four or five miles, and straggles backward, or rather upward, an equal distance, scattered among fields and gardens in the rear. The lake, or bay, or estuary, as you may choose to call the broadening of the river, is crowded with the ships of all nations, among a multitude of native craft—for Portugal, with a population approximating 4,000,000, has still no mean commerce, though in the evening of her days. How shall one describe the bewildering variety of churches and convents and castles—Moorish, Castilian, Italian, Roman, Flemish and Mongrel styles of architecture—the brilliant hues of the house walls, reds, blues, greens, purples and yellows, a riot of colors in African mosaic, yet all in perfect harmony with the spirit of the place. There is a great castle of Soa Jorre, on its rocky height in the oldest part of the old city, which still retains its Moorish name of Al-fama. There is the immense, many-towered royal abode, Ajuda, on another hilltop beyond Belem intended for the most splendid palace in Europe, but unfinished for

LACK OF MONEY.

though begun generations ago. Among a dozen other residents of capricious monarchs is the Necessidades, an imposing structure in which the meetings of the Cortez are held. And then the multitudes of churches—the great gray cathedral, on the green slope of Castle Hill; the Church of the Holy Spirit, on the spot where Alfonso I mounted the city walls and rescued it from the Moors; the antique church of Coracao do Jesus, on the "Hill of the Star"; the handsome churches of monasteries that crown the hills, like medieval fortresses, as in truth they were times long past; and dominating all, the great, square, triple-battlemented entry-tower of Belem. You are landed in front of one of the largest and handsomest parks in Portugal—the Praca do Comercio, which is open to the river on the south, and surrounded on the other three sides by spacious arcades, behind which are government offices and the custom house. In the center of the square stands a fine bronze statue of King Joao I, and at the middle of the north side an imposing triumphal arch marks the beginning of the city's principal street. Nearly a century and a half ago, on 17th July, Lisbon was shaken by an appalling calamity—an earthquake that shook down two-thirds of the city and buried sixty thousand people beneath the ruins—a blessing in terrible guise, like the great conflagration which resulted in the building of a new Chicago. The portion that escaped the earthquake remains as in the dawn of history, with dark, narrow and tortuous alleys, whose overhanging eaves and crumbling balconies almost touch overhead; but the reconstructed section has wide, straight, well-paved streets, lighted by gas and lined with many-storied buildings. Though the population of Lisbon is a little less than 250,000, every house seems literally swarming with inmates, and you may feel at the size of Portuguese families, until you learn that each tall building is divided into flats, for the accommodation of several families. While the patriarchal system prevails, as in many parts of Europe—the sons and daughters of successive

GENERATIONS MARRYING

and remaining under the paternal roof, the Portuguese nabob is rich indeed who spreads his Larce and sonates over more than one suite of apartments the same floor. Passing under the triumphal arch and up the wide street, you come to another handsome square—the Praca do Dom Pedro Primo. In earlier days the place of the inquisition stood here and those gloomy prisons from which hundreds of previously tortured wretches went forth to their auto-da-fes. One side of it is occupied by the theater of Donna Maria II—an immense

building, but the smallest of seven in this pleasure-loving capital. Which is handsomest, the Italian Opera House, the Can Carlos Theater, or that of Donna Amalia, is a matter of fancy. In the foyer of the last named splendid theater stands a celebrated work of art, the ceramic masterpiece of Bordinho Pinheiro—a colossal vase named "Beethoven," with its beautiful glazed allegorical relief carvings. One of the largest Praca dos Terras in the world disgraces Lisbon, with "star performers" every day in the year. But in justice be it said that the Portuguese bull-fight is by no means so brutal as that of Spain, or even of Cuba and Mexico on our side of the world. Here the poor, bewildered bull has less chance for himself than elsewhere, his horns being blunted and covered, but he is seldom killed or seriously wounded. Though the American spectator longs to see the

PROFESSIONAL TORTURERS

of defenseless animals receive the punishment they deserve, his interest centers chiefly in the stirring music, the

SUCCESSFUL SHOT AT PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.



When the photographer took this "snap" of the President the latter was in the act of giving a parting word of instruction to Secretary Porter, who stood on the White House steps.

excited populace filling the enormous amphitheater galleries of the arena, and the beautiful gay-colored costumes of the bandilleros and picadores. Besides the parks above-mentioned, the world-renowned Botanical Garden and the splendid terraces of the Esplanade da Louis Philippe, there are five smaller public gardens, all much frequented by well-dressed crowds in the evenings. The dark little shops of Lisbon, with their scanty display of poor goods, are not worth a glance—excepting always the goldsmith's shops, with their queer native ornaments, card-cases, fan-sticks, etc., in flagrant work, the curio-shops where rare articles may occasionally be found among a world of trash, and the pawn-shops filled to overflowing with the helms of an impoverished nobility. The markets are more interesting, with their many varieties of fish and fruits, golden oranges, and luscious grapes, of which you may buy more than you can carry for miles to the value of an American nickel, country produce, fat beef and mutton from the Douro valley, and especially the always picturesque peasantry in their characteristic costumes.

The hotels of Lisbon are poor as poor can be; but so beautifully hospitable are the people that the stranger with a letter of introduction, or with a shadow of claim upon anybody, is sure of most gracious entertainment in private houses. The large English colony lives in the elevated district known as Buenos Ayres, while Portuguese aristocracy are mostly found in the vicinity of the Ajuda palace, the fashionable suburbs of Alcantara and Cascos, and along the sunny hillside overlooking Tagus bay. Of course the capital is the headquarters of the royal army, and barracks for the troops and municipal guards are scattered all over the city. The understated, hungry-looking soldiers remind one of Cuba in wartime, only these are more gorgeously uniformed, if not better fed, than were the Spanish army in the West. The chief naval and

MILITARY ARSENALS

of the kingdom are also here; and attached to the former are a naval school, not unlike our Annapolis, an hydro-

graphical office, and a very creditable museum of colonial products.

Among many historic landmarks which the visitor in Lisbon must not omit is the ancient convent-church dos Hieronymos, which contains the magnificent marble tombs of Camoens, Vasco da Gama and the great Portuguese historian, Alexandre Hercolano. Equally important is the old convent of St. Vincent, high up on a hill overlooking the far-stretching shores of the Tagus, which has been transformed into a Pantheon of royal tombs. Then there is the Quintade Monserate, where the poet Byron used to live, which is now the winter home of Lady Cook, Viscountess de Montserrat, of London. People on our side of the Atlantic will remember the lady as Teanie Clavin, formerly of New York, sister of Victoria Woodhull, both famous apostles of female suffrage.

One never wears of the hill-top views above Lisbon—the mighty river, running through a semi-tropic paradise; the stately and historic monuments of antiquity amid endless colonies of palaces, villas and luxuriant gardens. Into the latest royal palace, with its pinnacles, domes and terraces, was incorporated a fifteenth century convent, which for two hundred years stood alone on Pina mountain. The Palacio Real, another royal residence, was built by Ferdinand of Coburg upon the ruins of the ancient Castillo dos Mouros, "castle of the dead." The

We carry with us a hat (which blows off when there is a slight breeze and is ruined by a shower of rain), an umbrella to protect the hat, and a small black bag containing papers. On our way back we have in addition in another bag a piece of fish which we have purchased in the market and are taking this to our residence. Laden with these impedimenta, we attempt to board a car in motion.

At first sight it would appear that one hand is necessary to catch on to the rail, another to secure the hat, another hand to hold the black bag, another to hold the fish-bag. But this is not so in practice. One hand can satisfactorily account for a black bag, an umbrella, and a fish-basket. The trouble begins when we try to hold on to the hat with the same hand with which we are gripping on to the rail. And in the case of the two-handed man this happens every day. As the train starts, we lose our hat or our balance, or both. The third hand would make all secure.

Go down-town at midday and enter any of the popular restaurants, and you will be faced at once with a great luncheon difficulty. There is a long counter and a number of men seated at it on high stools. The counter itself is crowded, and there are many waiting for their chance at it, and waiting valuable time. Now there is room and to spare, but not against the counter.

The third hand blows out all the difficulties of the rush luncheon at once. The third, or middle hand spread out flat would hold the plate on which was cut from the joint. The right hand would hold the knife, and the left the fork, as now. The counter could be removed entirely, thus giving more space. Every man would be his own waiter. When the luncheon race first started with the original couple, there was plenty of room and two hands sufficed, but in the crowded condition of the metropolitan luncheon the third hand, to hold the plate, has become an imperative necessity that he shall sneeze. Think what a third hand would mean to him at that moment—By Barry Pain in the January Pearson's.

Pass from the business to the social function. Let us suppose that it is a reception after a wedding. The wedding presents are ranged round the room. There is an enormous crowd of smartly dressed people; there are two detectives, carefully disguised to look exactly like detectives; there are refreshments. In the middle of the room is a young man with a coffee tin in each hand making his way to two ladies in the corner. There is a crowd round him and no available place on which he can put down either of the tins. At the moment it becomes an imperative necessity that he shall sneeze. Think what a third hand would mean to him at that moment—By Barry Pain in the January Pearson's.

TRANSVAAL PHONETICS.

Problems of Pronunciation Solved by a South Afrikaner.

It is not so long since that newspaper readers were confronted with the difficult problem of correctly pronouncing Spanish and Filipino proper names. Today they are face to face with names from the South African battlefields, compared with which the Spanish pronunciation is simplicity itself. It would not be out of place under these circumstances to ascertain the correct pronunciation of South African proper names, and it will be found that a few hints would make this a very easy task. First as to the two brave republics, Transvaal is pronounced "Trans-fahl," accent on the second syllable, "Aa," one should remember, reads always like the English "ah." "Ee" is equivalent to our "ee" in the word feet. "Ey" is same as the English "ay," and "oe" is equivalent to "oo" in the word room. "V" is always pronounced like "F," for instance "Volksraad" must be read as if it were written "Folksraad," and

CANDIDATE FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

This is a good photograph of Timothy L. Woodruff, on whose behalf a campaign has already begun for the vice-presidency, as running mate to Mr. McKinley in 1900. It is reported that President McKinley would prefer Secretary Root, so there may be an interesting fight over the nomination.



royal palace of Cintra, erected by John I in the fourteenth century, was built upon the ruins of a Moorish castle, by Mozarabic workmen, in semi-Moorish style. But among all the remarkable specimens of architecture, ancient and modern, in the Portuguese capital, none is a really greater work than the aqueduct which brings water to the city from Bellas village, twelve miles away. It is partly conducted under ground, but in the vicinity of Lisbon crosses a deep valley, which is spanned for nearly three thousand feet by a bridge of thirty arches, the loftiest of which is 240 feet high and 110 feet wide. In the Praca das Amoreiras is a large reservoir for supplying the many fountains of the city with water.

FANNIE B. WARD.

MAN WANTS A THIRD HAND.

When nature gave us two hands she gave us all that was wanted at the time, but we have moved on, and nature has remained stationary. We have the trolley-car to take us down-town.

means Parliament, People's Council. The capital of the Orange Free State is called Bloemfontein. "Bloom-fon-tayn," accent "ay," and President Steyn will turn his head should you call him Herr "Stayn." President Kruger, and he ought to know best, calls himself "Kreeger." We will take the important town of Potchefstroom, which is sure to burn up in cablegrams later on, and which should be pronounced "Potch-festrom," accent on "Pot." Natal is pronounced "Nah-tal," accent on "ah." The chief port of Natal is Durban. The beautiful town was named in honor of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the courtly high commissioner of South Africa. It is a perfect rhyme on urban. Pietermaritzburg is undoubtedly the most formidable looking name of all. It is the official capital of Natal, and is generally abbreviated to "Maritzburg," under which name it is assumed the town will be known a few years hence. In 1838 a Boer pioneer by the name of Erasmus Pieter was where the town was founded some years later. Maritzburg should read "Mah-riztsburg," accent on "Mah." Pietermaritzburg should read "Pier Mar-riztsburg," but the majority of South Africans find it easier to pronounce it "Pieternitzburg," accent on "ritz." Weenen, Natal, must be pronounced "Waynen," accent on "Vay." It means the shedding of tears; Elands-laag, or rendered phonetically "Eland Shlak-tie," accents on "E" and "ah." In Cape Colony a name which is often incorrectly pronounced is Mafeking. This is a kaffir name and must be pronounced "Mah-feking," as three syllables, with "ay" accent on "king," which is really greater work than the name of Mafeking. It is readily pronounced in accord with the rules mentioned above, as "Mahgers Fontayne," accents on "ah" and "ay."

It is not hard to guess which word is more constantly used in Africa in these days than any others. It is war. But in South Africa Briton, Boer and kaffir alike use one word for war, namely "Orlog." It is impossible to render the pronunciation of "Orlog" in English characters. It is pronounced like the German "Orloch." An article on Transvaal phonetics would be incomplete if it did not mention the fact that the Boers themselves do not call their country "Transvaal." The official name is "De Zuid Afrikaansche Republiek." In the phonetics rendering adopted above, "De Zeeid Afrikaansche Republiek," accents on "ahn" and "leek"—the South African Republic—a title to be proud of. Every Boer, and every man wears the badge reading "Z. A. R. P." or Zuid Afrikaansche Republiek. This badge has given rise to the nickname "Zarp," which is as prevalent in South Africa as the more familiar "topper" in this country.

The Crucifixion of Philip Strong

By Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps What Would Jesus Do?" "Molam Kiv," "Robert Hardy's Seven Logs," Etc.

(Continued from page 29.)

when he was hard pressed that even if the church withdrew all support he (Philip) could probably get a job somewhere on a railroad or in a hotel, where there was always a demand for porters who could walk up several flights of stairs with a good sized trunk.

"Sometimes I almost think I missed my calling," said Philip, purposely talking himself in order to run about himself. "I wish my wife came to the defense. 'I ought to have been a locomotive fireman.'"

"The idea, Philip Strong! A man who has a gift of reaching people with preaching the way you do!"

"The way I reach Mr. Winter, for example!"

"Yes," said his wife; "the way you reach him. Why, the very fact that you made such a man angry is pretty good proof that you reach him. Such men are not touched by any ordinary preaching."

"So you really think I have a little gift at preaching?" asked Philip slyly. "A little gift! It is a great deal more than a little, Philip."

"Aren't you a little prejudiced, Sarah?"

"No, sir. I am the severest critic you ever had in the congregation. If you only knew how nervous you sometimes make me! When you get started on some exciting passage and make a gesture that would throw a stone image into a fit and then begin to speak of something in a different way, like another person, and the first I know I am caught up and harried into the subject and forget all about you."

"Thank you," said Philip.

"What for?" asked his wife, laughing. "For forgetting you?"

"I would rather be forgotten by you than remembered by any one else," replied Philip gallantly. "And you are such a delightful little flatterer that I feel courage for anything that may happen."

"It's not flattery; it's truth, Philip. I do believe in you and your work, and I am only anxious that you should succeed here. I can't bear to think of trouble in the church. It would almost kill me to go through such times as we sometimes read about."

"We must leave results to God. I am sure we are not responsible for more than our utmost dog and living of necessary truth," Philip spoke courageously.

"Then you don't feel disheartened by this morning's work?"

"No, I don't know that I do. I'm very sensitive, and I feel hurt at Mr. Winter's threat of withdrawing his support, but I don't feel disheartened for the work. Why should I? Am I not doing my best?"

"I believe you are. Only, dear Philip, be wise. Do not try to reform everything in a week or expect people to grow their wings before they have started even pinfeathers. It isn't natural."

"Well, I won't," replied Philip, with a laugh. "Better trim your wings, Sarah; they're dragging on the floor."

He hunted up his hat, which was one of the things Philip could never find twice in the same place, kissed his wife and went out to make the visit to the man which he was getting ready to make when Mr. Winter called.

To his surprise, when he went down through the business part of the town, he discovered that his sermon of Sunday had roused almost every one. People were talking about it on the street, and almost unheard of thing in Milton. When the evening paper came out, it described in sensational paragraphs the Rev. Mr. Strong's attack on the wealthy sinners of his own church and went on to say that the church was very much wrought up over the sermon and would probably make it uncomfortable for the reverend gentleman." Philip wondered, as he read, at the unusual stir made because a preacher of Christ had denounced an undoubted sinner.

"Is it, then," he asked himself, "such a remarkable piece of news that a minister of the Gospel has preached from his own pulpit against what is without question an un-Christian use of property? What is the meaning of the church in society unless it is just that? Is it possible that the public is so little accustomed to hear anything on this subject that when they do hear it it is in the nature of sensational news?"

He pondered over these questions as he quietly but rapidly went along with his work. He was conscious as the days went on that trouble was brewing for him. This hurt him in a way hard to explain, but his sensitive spirit felt the stir like a stab in a sore place.

When Sunday came, he went into his pulpit and faced the largest audience he had yet seen in Calvary church. As is often the case, people who had heard of his previous sermon on Sunday thought he would preach something like it again. Instead of that he preached a sermon on the love of God for the world. In one way the large audience was disappointed. It had come to have its love of sensation fed, and Philip had not given it anything like that. In another way it was profoundly moved by the power and sweetness of Philip's unfolding of the great subject. Men who had not been inside of a church for years went away thoughtfully impressed with the old truth of God's love and asked themselves what they had done to deserve it—the very thing that Philip wanted them to ask.

The property owners in the church who had felt offended by Philip's sermon of the Sunday before went away from the service acknowledging that the new pastor was an eloquent preacher and a man of large gifts. In the evening Philip preached again from the same theme, using it in an entirely different way. His audience nearly filled the church and was evidently deeply impressed.

In spite of all this Philip felt a certain element in the church had arrayed itself against him. Mr. Winter did not appear at either service. There were certain other absences on the part of men who had been constant attendants on the Sunday services. He felt, without hearing it, that a great deal was being said in opposition to him; but, with the burden of it beginning to wear a little on him, he saw nothing better to do than to go on with his work as if nothing unusual had taken place.

(To be continued.)

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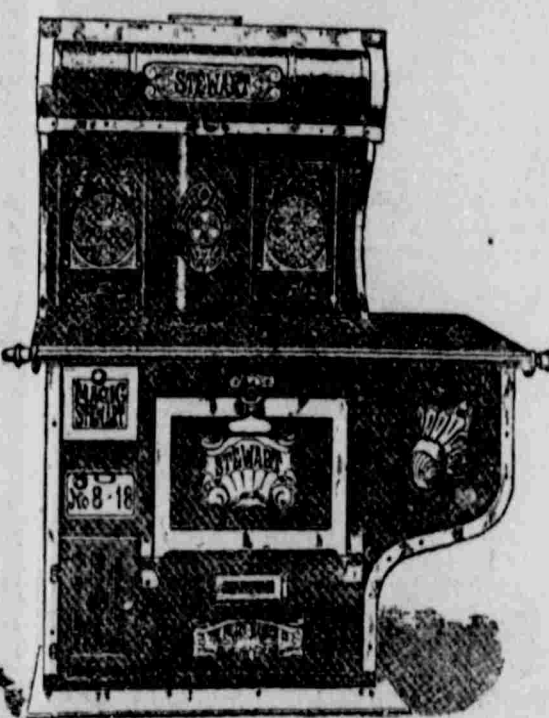
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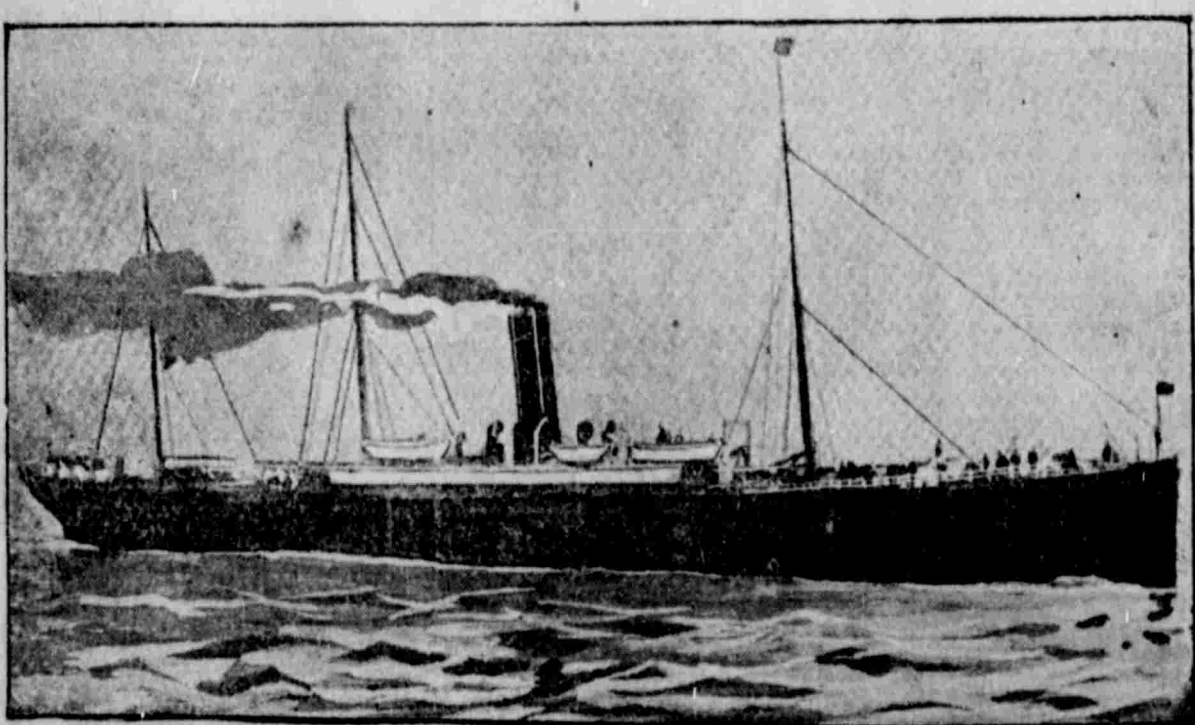
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