DESEFET EVENING NEWS: SATULDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

NOTABLE UTAH WOMEN.



Jonathan Thomas, who Has Lived Three Years in the Transvaal, Writes His Folks in This City on the Foer War-Did Not Want to Fight - Marched Through Battlefields En Route to Cape Town-Witnessed Hor-

Just or unjust, this is a most cruci | rest assured I would have been among

pletely

SIGHT WAS HORRIBLE.

Mr. Thomas says he and the rest of

the foreign element of Johannesburg were then escorted 2,000 miles overland

to Capetown. They marched through

several battle fields (presumably in the

the dead and wounded. Mr. Thomas says, was horrible to behold. "It takes

quite a little to unnerve me," he writes,

"but the gruesome, sickening spectacle that met my gaze on those memorable

battle fields, shattered my nerves com-

horrors of war, and says it is impossible for persons reading accounts and re-sults of battles to form anything ap-

roaching a true conception of what

CRIES OF WOUNDED.

Mr. Thomas arrived in Capetown De-

cember 19th, after a journey of over two weeks. He says he never spent such a

miserable Christmas in his life as the inst one. He never wants to spend such another. Wounded soldiers were being

brought to Capetown by the car load.

Their cries and shrieks, he says, could be heard blocks away, and they were

At the request of his employer, Mr.

Thomas intends remaining at Capatown

until hostilities have ceased and things

have once more settled down to a nor

Boers, encouraged by a few apparent victories, won't yield a peg. The early

advantages of the war were with the

Boers, and they have reaped a few of the benefits resulting therefrom. It is all taken philosophically here, the peo-ple feeling confident as to the final out.

In an added postscript, Mr. Thomas says: "I have just received orders to go

out with others and repair some of the bridges blown up by those destructive

perfectly heart rending.

The writer then proceeds to depict the

writes Jonathan Thomas, a forw Salt Laker, now in Capetown, south Africa, in a letter dated Jan. 3, to his brother, County Jailor T. F.

The writer, who is the eldest son of Domas Jr. the writer, T. F. Thomas, of No. 633 vicinity of Ladysmith) and the sight of sith street, Twenty-first ward, this refers, of course, to the Brite-Boer war. For the past fifteen ars Mr. Thomas has been in the emof Marcus Daly, the mining magate of Montana. A little over three ran ago he went to Johannesburg, shere he was made assistant manager of Mr. Daly's mine in that city. His addence in the Transvaal gave him an they are like, selient opportunity to study the char. for and habits of the Boers, and his ters to his folks show that he took

intage of it. eident Kruger and followers did impress Mr. Thomas very favor-The Boers, he says, threw the d burden of administration upon outlanders, but denied them all singovernmental affairs. The vast i resources of the Transvaal, he ther states, were developed by for-capital and numerous mine ownhe avers, have been robbed right aft of the earnings of their prop-

mal condition. "How long that will be," he says, "is, of course, impossible to tell. Some seem to think the war eferring to the causes that led up to war, Mr. Thomas leans to the con-ion that the Boers were responsible will soon be over, while others are of the opinion it will be months before peace is declared. At this writing I fail to see the end. Great Britain is determined to whip the Boers, and the sit. President Kruger and colleagues, e taiking peace to the British au-

FIGHT OR GET OUT.

Early in December," writes Mr. "the Dutch told me and others would either have to take up arms dight for the Transvaal Republic or er out. I couldn't consistently er my gun for the Boers, and not get out. ing a British aubject I did not care to my services to the queen; so I ined the Dutch fellows that I preed to get out, as also did hundreds thers. Had it been a war in which "United States was engaged you can | Boers."

QUAINT SKETCHES OF A LOCAL FAMILY'S COLONIAL ANCESTORS

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as letter recently written to Mrs. | and later on was known as "Canaan histine Young of this city by a rela-the New York, a quaint bit of his-the New York, a quaint bit of hiscerning the ances. nce as time went on and additions were made, its size and prom inece making it a conspicuous land-mark in the country. In 1891 the following bit of history appeared in one of the local newspapers concerning this landmark: It reads as follows: "The Curtis homestead, situated near the tunnel at Flat Brook, and commonly known as "The old red house." after having withstood the tempests and storms for nearly a century and a quarter, became the victim of a comparatively slight wind one day last week, and its huge timbers and mud walls refusing longer to support its ei side, was born in Canaan, Cal. tottering frame, gave way, and now lies a mass of debris; yet it can never pass from our minds, as its romantic and uncouth outlines may be found in many of our parlors, it having been a pleasing model for numerous artists. "More than a hundred years ago Samuel Curtis-the first white child born in this town-wooed and won his rustic bride on what is now known as "Dean Hill," Immediately after the wedding In time he sold his ceremony the happy couple took their bridal trip, and the blushing bride was placed in the saddle behind the smiling groom, the horse, we imagine, with-out any guidance from the happy couple wending its way slowly but suredown the hill at last bringing them to their destination, which was to be their future home, and which at that time consisted of but one room. But as their means allowed from time to time addi-tions were made until it had become the structure that we all remember. large "Several years ago it was thought unsafe as a dwelling house and was therefore abandoned; but many times since fires have been built in its huge fire places, and afforded warmth and gave shelter to that class of people com. monly known as tramps. But its days stopped on a hill supposed to of usefulness are now passed-the old homestead lies in ruins." There are some pretty bits of rom-ance contained in the brief history of the old home and history of the plucky pioneers of the ongtime fastnesses, now the acknowledged centers of civilization an progress, and writers of folk lore have described many less vivid and interesting pictures of the old pre-revolutionary days than is contained in the i present article.

IN MEMORY OF BURIED HEROES.

and brightest physicians.

cerned, is told as follows:

Early in the year 1898 the call came to wery State in the Union from President

McKinley, for volunteers to fight in the war with Spain, and the State of Utah

honored the call and her sons cheerfully

responded Among that number was Dr. Harry A. Young, he being one of the

Some months prior to his enlistment

warm attachment sprang up between the two, and an engagement followed, and Harry marched away to the war

fidelity of one of Utah's fairest daughters. Their engagement was a matter of delight and joy to both families. Time passed, and

the young girl imbued with the thought

of a happy union with a mind and heart equally educated and noble as her own, contemplated a happy life with him, to whom she had committed

possession of the love and promised sellty of one of Utah's fairest

of Dr. Karl G. Maeser. A





Ruth May Fox was born in Wiltshire, England, in 1853, and crossed the plains by ox team in 1869, walking the greater part of the way. In 1872 she was married and notwithstanding she is the mother of a large family, has been an ardent worker in all that pertains to the advancement of woman. Mrs. Fox was an officer in the Salt Lake county Territorial, and later in the State Suffrage organization, and was one of the committee which drafted the memorial asking the Constitutional Convention that franchise for women be placed in the new State Constitution. She is a charter member of the Utah Woman's Press club, being made treasurer of its organization, and in 1897 became its president for the ensuing year. She was also a charter member of the Reaper's club.

In 1899 she was appointed a director of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing society by Governor Wells, and served efficiently in that capacity during the recent State exposition. She filled the position of counselor in the Fourteenth Ward Primary association for ninetecn years, and is now presiding over the Y. L. M. I. A. of that ward, being called to the position in 1895. In 1898 she was made an aid to the general board of the N. Y. L. M. I. A., a work which is most congenial and to which she devotes her most earnest endeavors.

ຄຸມການການການການການການ ການການການ ການການການການການການການ FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE.

By Railway Along the Banks of the Guadalquivir-The Famous Fisherles-"God Sends Meat and Satan Sends Cooks."

annous manual manual manual

Special Correpondence. Seville, Spain, Jan. 9th, 1900.--It sounds Hibernian, but is nevertheless true, that the most interesting things in Cadiz are outside of it-the products of sea and land as exemplified in the fisheries and the wine-trade. The best way to get a correct idea of the former is to turn fisherman yourself, and learn from practical experience, rather than from records of the annual catch. First to the old sea-wall, where a motly crowd sits all day long, with legs hanging over, angling with such persistency that their patience has passed into a proverb familiar throughout Spain-"a la paciencia de un pescador de cana." Some of the very best fish in the world, including the celebrated salmonete, or red mullet, the "Saint Peter," the "Mero," the "Gold-Head," are walting by thousands, to be hauled up at the end of a line dangling from a cane-stalk. At any rate, to go is something you should not miss-not so much for the fish as for the novel experience. The January sun, which in this latitude is like that of northern June, reflects with double "intensity from the burnished sea in front and the glare of white walls behind, but the breeze is cool and constant, and-if wise in your day and generation-your brow is shaded with a broad sombrero. Sailors from all parts of the world frequent this sea-wall, including many Moors and Africans from the other

side of the Mediterranean. There, too, are troops of King Alfonso's soldiers in gorgeous uniforms, whose countenances, like Cassius, wear "a lean and bungry look;" pompous officials; French, Spanish and English merchants; Portuguese traders; beggars an peddlers galore; promenading grande dames with lace mantillas partially covering their shining hair; and bevies of giggling senoritas, flirting with fans and eye-lids under the very

noses of watchful duennas. The seaward view is glorious. The noble bay of Cadiz, more than thirty miles in extent, is almost entirely land-locked. The outer bay, stretch-ing from Rota village, at the foot of the promontory, to the Guadalite river, is lined with

MEDIAEVAL FORTS;

the inner bay protected by the Matagorda and Puntales fortifications, the Isthmus intrenchments, Cordadura cas-tle and Fort San Fernando. These fisheries have been celebrated through thirty long centuries, and the salmonete you are hauling up today at the end of a string may be lineal des-cendants of the same which supplied the luxurious Romans with their favor-ite tid-bits when Rome was new on her seven hills. Perhaps on this very spot wise old Apollonius sat when he studied the phenomena of the tides and arrived at the conclusion that the waters were sucked in and sent out again by sub-marine winds: and Solenus, who disputed his theory and sagely urged that the ebb and flow was caused by huge sea animals! For tunny fishing, you must go out n a felucca, right under the rusty guns of Matagorda and Puntales, to the rocky islets called "Los Puercos" and Cochinos," (the pigs and chickens, that obstruct the harbor entrance. The passage is also encumbered by shifting mud-banks, deposited by the Guadalite and Santi Petri rivers, in which the tunnies bury themselves during the breeding season. On the main-land, at the mouth of the Guadalite, is the town of Carraca, with a thousand inhab-itants and a most unsavory reputation as to morals. It contains the naval arsenal, defended by the cross-fire of two orts, and the royal dock-yards, with twelve steps and three spacious basins. lose by, on the isthmus, is a fashionable and much frequented bathing place, and farther on are a dozen oth-ers, reminding you of the jewelled crescent of New York harbor by night, studded with electric-lighted resorts. Right here, in the sheltered lee of San Fernando, are the famous tunny fisheres, which supplied the ancients with sea-food of the highest price-the same which gave rise to the Greek epigram.

cooked in kettles of olive oil, over charcoal braslers. When served there is no flavor of the oil about them, or even a greasy appearance, but even and delicately browned as the best chef at De monico's could do. The oll is first The oil is first cleared of any flavor by cooking in it a few bits of dog-fish, which has the same effect, known to Yankee housewives, of

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potatoes cooked in burned lard, the po-tatoes cooked in burned lard, the po-tatoes absorbing all taste and smell. The proverb, "God sends meat ano the devil cooks," is of Iberian origin. The Spanish word for cooking food— guesar—sounds strikingly like disguise; and truly, Spanish grease and garile go far faward discussion southaw without far toward disguising anything edible. Cadiz has a peculiar flavor all its own, In food as in everything else. Its ho-tels are the poorest imaginable, their attempted French cuisins modified by the savage taste of the Visigoth. There are many casas de huspedes, answering to our boarding houses and restaurants, which the majority patronize rather than the hotels. All open directly upon the board of the bo fishing from the ramparts of Cadiz the busy streets, in full view of passers. by on the narrow sidewalks, which are always fined with beggars, to whose out-stretched, imploring hands the soap of "Old Castile" is

MANIFESTLY A STRANGER.

Only two meals a day are served, breakfast and dinner; but as each occuples at least two hours, and three or four on occasions of coremony, each and every dish of the interminable courses being served by itself-there is no time for any more. On entering a public dining room, though you have never seen a soul there before and probably never will again, you salute the roomfull by a comprehensive salanm and an all-embracing "Buenos dias," or 'buenos tardes," according to the hour; and on leaving the room you bow again to the remaining company and wish them "buen provecho les haga a V. V." ""may your meal profit you." Omis-sion of this courtesy is considered gross vulgarity. But somehow, Spanish politeness is a thin veneer which gives out in spots. The men always wear their hats at hotel tables, women eat with their knives and openly pick their teeth, and both draw water noisily into their mouths and eject it on the floor when the meal is over.

A delicious dish that is frequently served in Cadiz-at least we thought it delicious until we learned what it was, is called cangrefos. It is the fore claws of crabs, that part of the animal only being used. The coast marshes beyond Puntales breed innumerable small crabs. Men, women and children make a business of hunting them, tearing off the fore legs of the living animal, and then turning it loose, maimed and suf-fering, to grow new legs and be again and again dismembered. To be sure they are only crabs; but had they voices, think what cries of agony would rise to heaven from the Cadiz marshes' It is no wonder that Spain has been

over-run with smugglers since time out of mind. Heavy taxes on the most necessary food articles make living ex-penses so very high that the smugglers ought to be regarded as public bene-factors rather THAN LAW-BREAKERS.

as intrushed mf the Curtis family of New York tislocal descendants are Mrs. Cathmfoung, wife of Apostle Brigham Im the late Mrs. Ellen Clawson, ned Bishop H. B. Clawson of the Meth ward, and Mrs. Aurella Rogers "Firmington, whose portrait and life sed appeared in a recent issue of the "News."

The writer states that the grandade of the three sisters on the fath-

sonty, in 1763, and was the first me white child born in the county. The a boy of about 10 years he dinced to find a pair of new shoes in the road, and failing to find an owner, is sold them to an acquaintance for a dollar-the first he ever owned. With the dollar he bought a sheep, let to one of the neighbors on sharesthe half the increase and the wool to ting to him. fire of the sheep for twenty dollars, as with this capital he set up in the ther and currier trade. The profits hm this afterward enabled him to esalish a harness and trunk manufac-My, and within a comparatively short me from the poor farm boy he had Nome the possessor of \$32,000, a strung which in those days was equiv-ent to a million of today. The great for a franching today.

great grandfather on the mothfiside, whose name was Smith, came om Colchester, Conn., and with his If and child, a babe of six weeks, areled on horseback from that place emake a settlement in Massachusetts. tre were no wagon roads and most of te way was through woods, so that difficulty of the migration may well magined.

in Massachusetts, and cleared up a ama When fairly settled the State line dween Massachusetts and New York te ren out, and it was found that were inhabitants of the latter "In those days," the letter reads, Tark State" had such a poor reputaon that for several years they did not it the home relatives in Connecticut low they lived in the despised, State." The location is just east of Flat Brook

lieutenant Harry A. Young was born , would consent to his return again to the 24th day of February, 1865, at Salt his almamater, and, with new vigor and late City. His father was the late determination, the medical student conheop and Patriarch Lorenzo D. tinued his studies, until finally, he gradlang. His mother is Annie Larsen uated from the college with high honors, long. When about ten years of age returning soon after to his native city. contracted scarlet fever, and by reawhere, he opened an office and began a of a severe cold at the time caused practice as one of Salt Lake's youngest ous affection of the kidneys, resultat in uremic convulsions. He received eministration in the ordinances of the Gapel, by his father and other breththe and was healed by the power of Gd. While hovering between life and bath, he was ordained by his father, min at this tender age, to the office of first to place his name upon this roll of horsor. Since that date of emilstment, High Priest. In April, 1884, Harry his history, up to the time of his death, is before the country. Before going to the war, however, a beautiful little ro-mance. In which he was deeply conwas called and set apart by the late Avatle A. H. Cannon for a mission to b Northwestern States. He continued h itis labor about a year and a half. and was called home on account of the he film d the acqua'n ance if the b au-tiful and accomplished Annie Maeser,

degenous illness of his father. Not long after his release from the Wantenary field, his father having retorest. Elder Young concluded to may medicine, and departed, with the teant and blessing of his father, for the University Medical College of Verhom, is which institution he remained star es and careful s'ud int for about thes rears, visiting home during the terms of vacation, to see his dear old futer, abose health was at times very but at each of these visits his father which finally resulted in pneumonia, and she was placed under the doctor's During the most severe part of care. her illness, the sad news came of the death of Dr. Harry A. Young and Corporal John G. Young, on the 5th and 6th of March, 1899. The sorrowful tidings were kept from Harry's beautiful fance until the attending physician had pronounced her out of danger and convalescense seemed well established. Then, one day, her mother broke the sad news to her of Harry's death at Manila. She told how he had fallen upon the battlefield while in the discharge of his duty. The sad blow proved to be more serious than she could en-dure; and from that time she failed in strength very fast, and in the course of a few weeks her bright spirit was re-leased from its earthly tenement and was borne back by the angels into the home of her primeval childhood, into the paradise of God, to meet the spirit of her promised husband, who had only preceded her into the spirit home a few months.

Corporal John G. Young was born August 29, 1866, in St. Charles, Idaho, In the following spring his parents removed with him and the rest of the children to Salt Lake City, Utah, their former home, where he grew up sur-rounded by these grand old mountains, whose very grandeur and breath from their snow-clad peaks impressed this boy with the love of freedom and of His father was the country. His father was the late Bishop and Paviarch William G.Young, and his mother Martha Granger Young.

He grew up a stalwart, noble specimen of the sons of Utah, fearless, loving, devoted to his kindred, humble as child, earnest in the faith of his father, and the hope and joy, and pride of father, mother, brothers and sisters, beloved by all who knew him. He was called upon a mission to New Zealand August 11, 1893, and set apart by the late Apostle A. H. Cannon. He cheer-fully responded to the call and went fully responded to the call and went away with a trust in God and a deter-mination to do his whole duty. Just prior to his departure, he married a beautiful young woman, and in twelve days after he was on his way, speeding to his missionary field. In the far off land of New Zealand, John G. Young for three here years continued his faithful three long years continued his faithful

labors, traveling many thousands miles on foot, and during the rainy seasons of that country, drenched seasons to the skin, day after day, week after week, contracting a severe cold and cough, which at times threatened to be very serious with him, and, to add to these hardships of a missionary's life, the news of his father's death came to yet, notwithstanding all this, h three finished his mission of duration, and when the honorable release came from his presiding officer. returned home to find a warm welcome from his dear old mother, from his brothers and sisters, and from relatives who held him in high esteem.

No murmuring words escaped him, and only words of love and kindness to all associated with him in the past, were ever heard from him, and satisfaction was always expressed by him that he was honored to be a servant of the Lord and to preach His Gospel in a foreign land. When the call for volunteers came, with his uncle, Harry A Young, for that was the relationship they bore to each-uncle and nephewhe placed his name upon the roll of honor and enlisted as one of Utah's volunteers, to follow his country's banher through the thickest of the fight, "and uphold that country's honor in the strength of manhood's might," and his noble mother, like Harry's, was called to offer her heroic son on the altar of our country.

News came to the loved ones here at home of the death of those two noble sons of Utah, on the 5th and 6th of March, 1899, that they had fallen in the the treasure of her young heart's first love. During the winter of 1898 and '99. Miss Maeser contracted a slight cold, of last August the Utah batteries re-

turned home, except the devoted few who had fallen. When the power of Spaln was broken by the soldiers of the United States government, on the Philippine islands, many concluded that the war was at an end. Happily would it have been had this been the case; but those who remained, by orders of the government, realized that to leave the wild natives of those islands with freedom just given them from the Spanish yoke, would be to consign the country to anarchy, to lawlessness, resulting in death to the inhabitants of those islands and especially those who formerly held dominion as representa-tives of the Spanish government; and to establish a government of law and order, the United States troops were retained, and during the subsequent battles that resulted from the hatred of the Filipinos, our Utah boys met their death. For, be it remembered, that the Utah boys with other volunteers did not

remain and fight the lawless Filipinos for plunder, for the extension of em-pire, nor for the continuing of an unholy warfare, but for the purpose only of establishing law and order and a government under which all the inhabi-tants of every nation and color could be amply protected.

These noble patriots, in their soldier life, won the love and admiration of their comrades and officers and all with whom they associated. Corporal John G. Young was fired upon from an enemy in ambush and fatally wounded while serving one of the guns of which he be longed, and died the same day, March 5, 1899. When Lieutenant Harry A. Young learned of the death of his beloved kindsman he was pierced with deep sorrow, and on the following day rode out to inspect the forces and to learn if any wounded needed his profes-sional attention, but missed the old old water-works house and continued his ride to a further station, where the enemy were in ambush waiting the advance of the American soldiers. He soon fell a prey to the fire of the treach. erous foe, who were waiting to take his life. He met his death on the 6th of March, or on the following day that his kinsman was slain.

I will say to the mothers, brothers and sisters of Harry A. and John G. Young, these noble boys have fought the good fight; they have kept the faith, and from henceforth there is a crown laid up for them. As John the Evan-gelist said. "Be true unto death, and gelist said. God will give the crown of life." have been true, faithful ministers of our Lord Jesus Christ. They have been true and manly soldiers, as young vol-unteers, fighting the battles of their country, bearing fatigue and hardships under the deadly fire of an ambushed foe, with the nerve and valor of old and tried veterans. They were sober. temperate, praying men, and these qualities with their manly physical structures, made them the best and most reliable soldiers. God bless their memory and sanctify to the mourning relatives this cruel blow which has pierced their hearts so deeply. May He our Heavenly Father send His Holy Spirit to comfort them abundantly.

"The looms of time are never idle, and the busy fingers of the weavers are the ousy inpers of the weavers are weaving as in a tapestry, the many threads and colors that make up our several lives; and when these are fin-ished there shall be found none of brighter colors or of nobler pattern than these lives of Lieutenant Harry A Young and Copporal John G Young " A. Young and Corporal John G. Young.

Though now I am footsore and weary I shall rest when I am safely at home; I know I shall receive a glad welcome For the Savior Himself has said "Come."

So when I am weary in body And sinking in spirit I say All the toils of the road will seem

nothing. When I get to the end of the way. SEYMOUR B. YOUNG.

A NEW LINCOLN STORY. A Good Piece of Acting Which Won Over the Big Crowd.

Prof. Smith, for many years superintendent of the city schools of Burlington, Iowa, related to the writer a story about Lincoln which he asserted has never before been printed, and all who knew that good man will testify to his moral incapacity for coining such a story. His statement to the writer was that he and Prof. Newton Bateman of Galesburg, Ill., were with the speakers on the platform, as members of the Republican central committee, or as a sub-committee to accompany Mr. Lincoln on this occasion. The incident occurred at one of the joint meetings between Stephen A. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln, during the memorable senatorial campaign in 1859.

The two gentlemen referred to, Mr. Douglas and many other persons of distinction were with the speakers on the platform. Douglas opened the debate with a speech of an hour and a half. He seemed to be inspired by the occasion, the immediate presence of his wife and the large and appreciative audience, to surpass himself. His argument and oratory were convincing and overpowering. His title to the cognomen "Little Giant" given him by his friends was fully demonstrated by his eloquent performance.

As point after point was made amid the applause of his friends and admirers, they grew more and more confident and elated, while Lincoln's friends were correspondingly discouraged and depressed. So eloquent and convincing was his address that Prof. Smith leaned over and whispered to his friend and colleague, Prof. Bateman: "Bateman, we are licked this time. Lincoln can never answer this address: the crowd is so carried away with Douglas that it will be impossible for Lincoln to get a heating." "Wait and see," was the rehearing." "Wait and see," was the re-ply of Bateman. During the delivery of his opponent's

address Mr. Lincoln sat with legs crossed, head bowed, eyes partially closed and countenance as expressionless as parchment. When Douglas had concluded his address and taken his seat, Mr. Lincoln remained seated, mi-lowing the friends of Douglas to cheer and shout to their heart's content. He then arose and walked slowly and deliberately to the front of the platform, raised himself to his full height and looked over his audience for a little while without uttering a syllable. He then began to unbutton and slowly remove a long linen duster which cov ered a conventional suit of black. After folding it with great care and delib-eration, he handed it to some one just back of him and said in his clear, pene-trating voice, that reached every ear in his expectant audience, "Young man, hold that while I stone Stephen." The effect was electrical and all that Mr. L'incoin's fri nds could hive desired.

Douglas' eloquence was forgotten. The audience was quick to catch the force audience was quick to catch the force and point of this play on words. They laughed and cheered and were at once placed in that receptive attitude that was necessary for Mr. Lincoln's suc-cessful rejoinder. Mr. Lincoln had by this master stroke of wit, secured the good will and kind-iv attention of his hearers while he

ly attention of his hearers while he proceeded to "stone Stephen" with arwhich permanently enriched guments political literature and made the speak-er the first Republican President of the United States.-United Presbyterian. 'Bass, congers' head, and tunny's un-

Are juxuries to slender means denied." They liked salmonete better; but tunny was dearer, and like swells of modern times, the philosophers favored that which was farthest removed from hol polloi. The wisest men of Greece and Rome set their mighty wits to work over new recipes for tunny cooking. Athenaeus recommended that the fish be stuffed with onions and served with acrid condiments, and the Ligurians ate only the "under part, stewed in oil and Corsican wine, with pounded pepper and chopped onlon." You may find it today on the tables of all Mediterranean steamers, cut up into brown strips that look like mahogany shavings, floating in grease,-as nasty a mess as can well be imagined. But the fish itself, as seen in

ITS NATIVE ELEMENT.

is beautiful-dark lustrous blue on the back, shining with the tint of pollshed steel, shading underneath to dull sliver. It feeds on sardines, pilchard, mackerel, and even the young of its own species and by an admirable law of compensation, is in its turn preyed upon by larger fish, to say nothing of its great-est enemy, man. It is said to vary in tion. est enemy, man. It is said to vary in flavor according to the locality in which grows, the best being caught off the shores of Sicily and Provence.

According to Aristotle, the best way to catch a tunny is to spear it while it is basking on the surface of the sunlit sea. The Thracians rigged up a contrivance by which they plerced many fish at once as they lay in their winter quarters in the mud. A short, thick, leaded pole had on its under-side a number of barbed and serrated spear-heads. This weapon was slung by a long rope to the bow of the boat from which it was hurled with such force as to cause terrible execution among the unsuspecting fish, impaling them by scores. The modern method e catching them is with the seine. are timid fish and the slightest unusua sound or motion will so confuse and terrify them that they rush blindly into the nets. Cadlz fishermen stretca seine across the rocky islets at the nouth of the bay, then shout and churn the water with their paddles; after which the full nets are drawn taut It is a blessed thing for poor old Spain that fish are cheap and plentiful other necessaries being so hea taxed, and the original price on heavil

city gates. For example, fresh meat, which is nearly all brought over from Tanglers,-bad at its best and usually spoiled

IN ICELESS TRANSIT.

retails from 50 to 80 cents a pound. The common people never taste it at all. Chickens are from 75 cents to \$1.50 each. But in Cadia and the state

Neither city nor state derives any great benefit from the imports, for most of the money goes into the pockets of petty officials; hence the smuggler trade ppears to be the safest in the country. Everybody in Spain plunders everybor beneath him, beginning with king and clergy, and so on down, to the servants, who also have their servants, who in

turn take it out on their donkeys. The distance from Cadiz to Se-ville is about 96 miles by railway. and considerably more by the Guadal-quivir. Unsophisticated travelers may choose the river route for the romance of the thing, but they will never do it a second time. The only romance about this historic river is its name-the Arab Wad-al-keber, ("great river"), pronounced in Spain, wah-dal-ke-veer. The gray and turbid stream is navigable as far as Cordova, and barges of 100 tons may ascend to Seville. The river scenery is of the tamest-treeless plains, with hedges of "prickly-pear" cactus; farther on, fields of wheat and corn, and by and by the vineyards of Xeres.

Going by rail you come upon a novel sight, just beyond the isthmus marshes, Far as the eye can see the whole landscape is studded with small, snow-white pyramids-thousands of glistening mounds, each in the center of a square plot, dug out like a flower-bed and filled with salt water. The pyramids

ARE SOLID SALT,

the shallow beds are the pans in which salt is evaporated, and everywhere are little canals, bringing in sea water. The salt crystalizes first along the edges of the pans, when it looks like a border of fresh-fallen snow. It takes about a fort-night for one of these to evaporate, except when a levante blows the "north-er" so dreaded elsewhere, which, like those of Texas, always come up from the south. The drying power of the levanter is so great that three or four days will evaporate the salt; hence the more disagreeable the wind, the better pleased are the miners. Some idea of the extent and importance of this salt industry may be inferred from the fact that it supports a town of 27,000 souls-San Fernando, ten miles from Cadiz. It is a gay little city, with snow-white houses and fantastic lattices; but it is said that its citizens can hardly be classed among "the sait of the earth," though depending entirely upon sait for a living. In the neighborhood of Xeres, now

called Jerez, where the famous sherry is made, vineyards occupy all the land that is not covered with "bodegas" and manufactories of wine. Some of the bodegas or wine cellars are said to contain as many as 15,000 butts. Piles of caskets extend for miles on both ides of the track, and one marvels that o much liquid, good or bad, can ever be disposed of. Speaking of the mag-nitude of this industry, an English felow traveler told me that last year up. wards of twelve million dollars' worth of German alcohol (made of beets and potatoes) was imported into Spain, for the sole purpose of adulterating Xeres sherry for the foreign trade. We shall visit the place later from Sevile and learn more about it. As travelers approaching our nation-

al capital see from afar the Washing-ton monument dominating the land-scape, so we caught the first sight of the Moorish Geralda while yet a long way from Seville, rising above olive groves and gardens, with the green priate background. As we drew nearer, hundred magnificent structures cam oto view, the Alcazar, with its court ards and fountains, the cathedral tith forty bells the Casa del Avunand palaces whose names are

yet to be learned. FANNIE B. WARD.

RECRUITING FOR TRANSVAAL.

Recruiting Officer: "I'm afraid you are not smart enough for a cavalryman. We want men who can ride over verything, if necessary."

