

## AMONG SPANISH GYPSIES.

From the Picturesque Ranks of the Gitanos are Recruited Spain's Professional Beggars, Banditti, Smugglers, Assassins and Petty Thieves—Triana, One of Their Strongholds, a Suburb of Seville—A Gypsy Ball, Reminding of "Little Egypt" and the Midway Plaisance A Sunset Drive to Italica, the Ruins of the Roman Town in Which Emperor Trajan Was Born.

Special Correspondence.

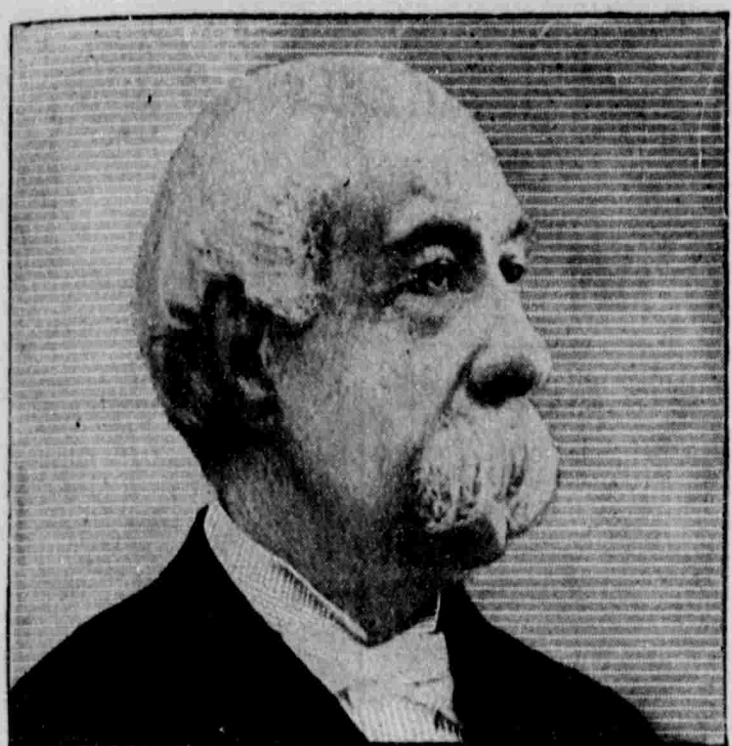
Seville, Spain, Feb. 12.—No foreigner comes to Seville without visiting the gypsy town, Triana, which lies just across the Guadalquivir, and to find a "jaleo," or dance, in full swing is considered happiness indeed. But it is rather dangerous sport for male spectators, though welcomed effusively on account of the money they are expected to spend, or which may be stolen from their pockets. There is no accounting for Spanish jealousy, especially when inflamed with too copious potatoes, and the careless Gringo who expresses admiration for any special dancer, may presently feel her gypsy lover's knife in his back. Not only are countless murders committed in Triana, but the assassination of many a stranger in the streets of Seville has been traced to his visit across the river, where he was followed by some stealthy villain, gliding like a snake in the shadows, till a convenient spot was reached for the

Tyranny gypsy models, in remembrance of the two maidens who were

### STONED TO DEATH

by the Romans, on this very spot, for refusing to worship the image of Venus. Those martyrs of long ago were makers of pottery, exactly like that which is made today in Triana and sold on the street corners. The Moorish name of the place is Jarayana, and is supposed to be a corruption of Trajana, bestowed in honor of the Emperor Trajan, who was born two or three miles above. The banks of the Guadalquivir frequently overflow in the winter, and then this dirty suburb suffers most severely. The lower streets of Seville are supplied with Malecones, or baches, which are shut down in time to keep out most of the water; but there are no such conveniences in Triana, and many times it has been well-nigh swept away. During the December floods of a few years ago, thousands of the gypsies were drowned, or perished from starvation. For eight days their only food was leaves of broad which they could catch hold of and draw from the swirling current, thrown from boats by charitable persons who were literally obeying the Scriptural in-

### ITALY'S GRAND OLD MAN ILL.



Francesco Crispi, ex-premier of Italy, is seriously ill. Cable dispatches state that the statesman recently underwent a painful operation and that his condition is such as to cause anxiety. The likeness is from his latest photograph taken at Torino.

swift because accustomed, work of murder and robbery. Then, silently and swiftly, the gypsy glides back to Triana, where to find him is as easy a task as finding a criminal in the underground passages in San Francisco's Chinatown, or for the typical needle in the haystack.

As the Gitanos of Spain are a race to themselves, distinct from any other on the face of the earth, so their villages are totally different from other centers of population. In fact, the few places where they swarm in incredible numbers can hardly be called towns or cities, because they have an uncomfortable aversion to fixed habitations, and many permanent dwellings than canvas walls. Like flies around

### A HEAP OF CARRION

they are continually coming and going about the swarming place; and they are really of less value in the external economy than the flies, because the latter, in time, remove the offensive substance that attracts them. While pursuing their secret and congenial avocations of smuggling, thieving and murder, the ostensible calling of the Gitanos is that of the fortune teller, the horse-trader, jockey, guide, anything that promises a little money without manual labor; for of all evils to which flesh is heir, the true Gypsy considers worst the eating of bread in the perspiration of his countenance. All over this sunny land of olive groves and orange orchards, and the warmer valleys where grapes grow, and suddenly comes upon a band of strolling gypsies, finds himself in very ill-fortune indeed. Dozens of children, well trained in their part, instantly surround him, stretching out their hands and whining for alms, even embracing his knees, or holding on to his feet. If he is mounted and seizing his horse by the bit, it is as impossible to shake them off as so many leeches, and hoping for a liberal donation to escape further violence, his hand seeks his pocket; then a blow from a blue-eyed boy on the back of the head tells him to the earth and a knife quickly does the rest. Some time afterwards the country patrol finds a naked corpse by the roadside with nothing whatever about it that may lead to identification. He buries it on the spot, and piously plants above it a cross, whose wideopen arms are a perpetual appeal to passers-by for prayers for the unheavenly soul. Ninety-nine times in a hundred nothing more is ever done. The victim's friends probably never hear of the circumstance, and the local authorities are not given to troubling themselves over such common occurrences. So cheaply is life held in Spain.

Crossing the bridge which spans the Guadalquivir, opposite the Golden Tower of Seville, you find yourself at once amid Triana's gloomy lanes, the haunt of foot-pads and smugglers, from which ragged multitudes sink away at your approach as if the earth swallowed them, like rats scurrying into their holes; but all the time you have an uneasy consciousness of menacing eyes watching you from concealment and the height of folly for a forger to venture there alone, even at mid-day, and a small party was wisely augmented by three citizens of Seville, whose failure to return would certainly be investigated. It was at Triana where Murillo found the ragged, immortal, the Santa Rufina and Santa Justina, now regarded as the patron saints of Seville, were also painted on

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And pretty maids' tresses blow free;  
There's comfort awaiting at home—  
Japan's best and most fragrant tea.

### Pride of Japan

(Tree) Tea

Quality never varies.



over the doorway bearing the lilies of France quartered with the arms of Castile. It was probably the residence of some titled grandee, before the Gitanos made this a rallying place. But its glories had vanished long ago, together with the fortunes of its owner and the heads and arms of the mythological hero in their niches. Now ruin and decay hung over all, the windows were curtained thickly with cobwebs, the doors were shut and barred. But there were indications of merry life within—the tinkle of guitars, the mythical pattering of feet, the clinking of glasses and castanets and a high-pitched voice singing the familiar ballad beginning:

"Brece el pie como Andaluz,  
Los ojos de matadoro."

The guide gave a resounding knock upon the door, when instantly all was silent at the grave. Another thundering knock brought a villainous-looking face to the little square opening half way up the oaken door, when lengthy explanations ensued, in which the word "amigos" (friends) was frequently used; then some

### COIN CHANGED HANDS

and the door was thrown wide—to be quickly barred again after we had entered.

Why the gypsies make such a secret of their dances, no one knows. I do not know, since civil law no longer interferes with them. In times past royal edicts have often been issued against them, and for centuries the church has never ceased to hurl anathemas at them, but in vain. The scene that met our eyes was as striking as picturesque. We were in a spacious patio, or inner court yard, planted with orange trees laden with golden fruit and in the center of the grove the remains of a beautiful Moorish fountain. At least 200 persons were present, of all ages and both sexes—most of them semi-outlaws, no doubt, if not worse. But true Spanish politeness prevailed, whatever their sentiments towards "Los Estranjeros." Detaching himself from the crowd, a young man came forward and made us welcome in the usual extravagant but meaningless phrase, bestowing upon us the house and all its contents. He was a handsome fellow, in a wild, reckless sort of way, a veritable hero of the operatic stage and dressed for the part to perfection, in black velvet knee-breeches, leggings of yellow leather richly embroidered, green velvet jacket with double rows of pesetas (silver coins), for buttons, and upon his head the national catanes, the ugliest hat in existence, which seemed to have been modelled upon a wash bowl. We were told that he was the owner of the house and a very wealthy man; and it was afterwards whispered in our ears that his riches came through smuggling and certain

### SECRET EXPEDITIONS

to the mountains, whose object would better not be too closely inquired into. We were given seats close to an elevated platform, where we had a fine opportunity to study the faces of the crowd, and to note that the fiery eyes of many glittered with anything but pleasure at the intrusion of strangers. Women were largely in the majority, all in the most brilliant colors, gorgeously embroidered silk shawls and garlanded with flowers. Some wore girdles of alternate red and white roses; others had their jet-black hair entirely concealed by a solid mat of rose-buds extending to the eyebrows and covering the head like a closely fitting cap. The orchestra was composed of tambourines, kettle-drums and guitars, and their monotonous tune was accompanied by some of the spectators, who clapped their hands and chanted a barbaic melody in the Gitanos jargon. Suddenly a tall girl glided upon the platform and began the "Ole." She was dressed in a skirt of yellow silk, reaching half way between knees and ankles, and a low-necked blouse of scarlet velvet, and a white silk shawl beautifully embroidered in flowers in their natural colors. In her hands she held a pair of ivory castanets and clattered them incessantly. Warming up her work she moved to the very edge of the stage, till we expected every minute to see her tumble off upon the heads of the people, and contented herself as lightly as

### "LITTLE EGYPT"

on the Midway Plaisance. But this was not by any means the dance of Cairo. The Ole seems to bring every muscle of the body successively into action, head, arms, waist playing as prominent a part as the feet themselves. Another and another girl joined her, until there were a dozen or more on the stage, at a given signal the tune was changed to a livelier one; the orchestra played faster and faster; the audience, growing excited, crowded around the platform and cries of "Arre! Arre!" filled the court—the little bodies of the dancers all the time swaying to and fro, keeping perfect time to the furious music. The girls tore their waists in pieces and showed roses upon the performers; some pelted them with oranges; a few (a very few) threw small coins, and on occasional hat was tossed upon the stage by some enthusiastic fellow, instantly kicked back again over the heads of the bystanders amid tremendous applause.

One "ole" was quite enough to satisfy our curiosity, and we soon made our adieux to the host and departed amid a clatter of heels that we were assured would continue unwearied all day and far into the night.

The Jaleo is more Oriental than the "Ole," being accompanied by Arab music, low and melodic, with sudden pauses. The dancer merely shuffles her feet, without once stirring out of her tracks, meanwhile swaying her body like a crazy thing, beating her brown palms together like a "ruffled drum" and chanting a wild recitative whose chief burden is "Jaleo, Jaleo!" Somehow, senseless as it is, it works upon your nerves and stirs you strangely, like the song of an Arab snake-charmer, the chant of an

### IRISH WAKE-DANCER.

or the low monotonous beat of an Indian calabash drum at a warrior's funeral. The origin of the Gitanos or Spanish gypsies is involved in mystery; and their habits of daily life, their marriage ceremonies and other customs are jealously hidden from the eyes of strangers. Their harsh and guttural language is almost impossible for foreigners to acquire, and even the Spaniards, who are constantly trading with the gypsies and

to whom a knowledge of their jargon would be of greatest service, have never mastered a dozen words of "Romany," as the peculiar dialect is called. Every Gitanos is a pagan, his religious ideas never extending beyond fetish worship; but so intensely elanistic and secretive are they, that nobody has any idea what forms their superstitions take. As they never marry outside of their sect, their mental and physical peculiarities are perpetuated, unaltered or intensified, from generation to generation. The Spanish gypsy, in fact, is born a thimble, and every man's hand is against him, and he feels it no more than fair that therefore his hand should be in every man's pocket. Dishonest by nature, instinct and education, and priding himself upon it as an Indian upon his stoicism, a Gitanos considers a highway robbery, although it involves a murder, as something to boast of. His wife shares his agreeable pursuits, and his children are trained to surpass their

### PARENTS' CUNNING

If they can. Frequently the wife is much the worst rogue of the two. She wanders about telling fortunes and selling infallible love-potions, which she compounds from the most disgusting ingredients. She does not hesitate at child-stealing, or any crime that puts a few pesetas in the family purse; but her virtue has passed into a proverb. Like Caesar's wife, she is absolutely above suspicion. A terrible punishment awaits the gypsy woman who violates her conjugal vows, or who is even strongly suspected of having done so. Her own relatives take her in hand and scourge her into insensibility; and then she is dragged to some secluded place and buried alive.

From Triana it is a pleasant sunset drive to Italica, following the muddy banks of the Guadalquivir a mile or two, and then across country to the foot of some low, olive-covered hills. Here you find all that remains of the splendid Roman city which Scipio built and Adrian adorned, and where several emperors were born—among them Trajan, who seems to have left a deeper mark than the others upon the surrounding region. Tiers of benches may yet be traced to the great amphitheater, and all around are the cut and polished stones of fallen palace walls. Luxuriant grass and wild flowers cover the arena, whose soil was fertilized through many generations by the blood of martyrs, gladiators and wild beasts. In the vaults that once served as prisons for the captives and dens for the animals, a few gypsy families live; and out they swarm like flies to beset the visitor with the usual importunities.

FANNIE B. WARD.

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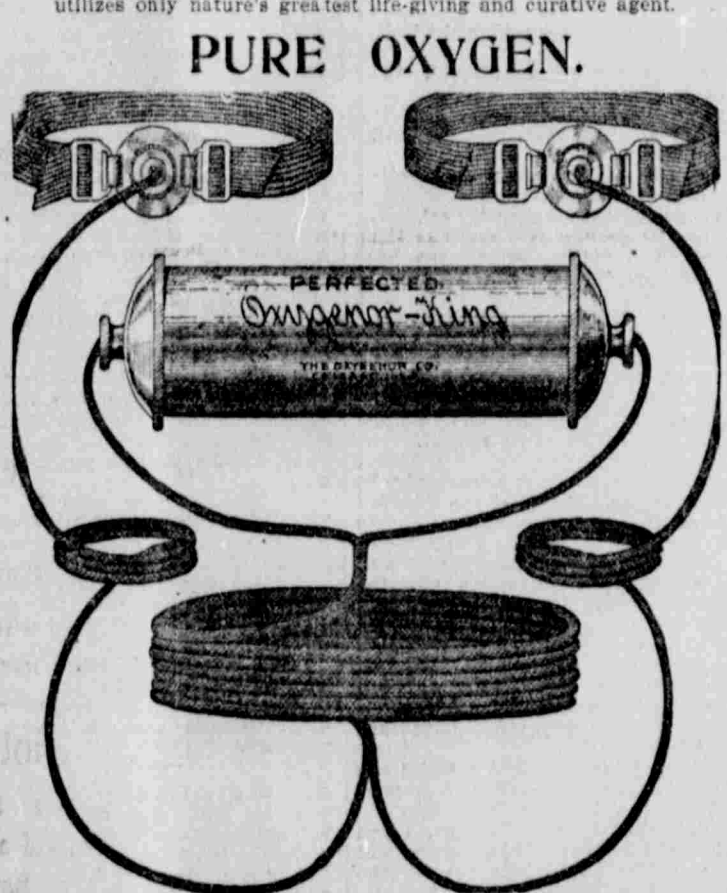
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Seeing Mr. Levi A. Des Rocher's printed statement, but like many others still skeptical, wrote Mr. Des Rocher a personal letter, and the following is his reply:

## STRONG ADVICE GIVEN TO MR. K. FRIEDMANN OF SAGINAW.

Mr. K. Friedmann, Toledo, Ohio, March 11, 1900.

122 N. Washington Ave., Saginaw, E. S.

Dear Sir:—In answer to yours of the 8th inst., must say that I can highly recommend the "Oxygenor King" to anybody afflicted with Locomotor Ataxia; I was so afflicted that I was totally helpless and am now working at my trade every day.

After trying doctors, who did me no good, I used the "Oxygenor King" and in ten days was a new man.

You may feel as I did at first (skeptical) but if your wife is afflicted, for God's sake try it. I am positive it will help her; the doctors will tell you it is a fake but you understand that the instrument is a boycott on their business.

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