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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1905.

LIFE IN THE KUSTENDIL GHETTO

QUAINT CHARACTERISTICS OF THE Another woman then brought in a basin BULGARIAN JEWS

Tenacity with Which They Cling to the Tribal Observances of the cloth which covered the tables, and Brought from Spain at the Time of the Eviction by Torquemada—The Ceremonies Ushering in the Sabbath_A Young Hebrew Skeptic

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.] Kustendin, Bulgaria, May 15.—The town is long, narrow, thickest in the middle, and wedged in between the river and the high cliff called Hizzarluk. In winter, when the sun is low to southward, you have the ghetto almost exactly defined by the shadow of Hizzarluk, a large, dark bite out of the middle. In the centre an old, crumbly mosque shoots its minaret up into the sunlight. About it, in widening semicircles, like rows of seats in an auditorium, stand the low-roofed houses of what was once the Turkish but is now the Jewish quarter. From the top of Hizzarluk you see that the streets were intended to run around the mosque in concentric circles, but when you get down into them you cannot see that they run anywhere. The main street of the stores, wide and straight, cuts through the maze, passing the front of the mosque and separating the Jewish from the greater Chris-

Before I came here I heard Kustendil referred to by the foreigners in Sofia as a Jew nest. The Spanish Jews are perhaps better represented here than in any other town of Bulgaria. But the Jewish quarter is interesting to see; it is picturesque, because it is old, and the people live in it exactly as they lived centuries back. It is unexpectedly clean, for the hot sulphur waters gushing out from the bowels of the cliff wash through yards and streets, carrying refuse down to the river, and leaving behind a wholesome, if not a pleasant, smell.

INSIDE THE JEWISH QUARTER. At first the streets are confusing, because they seem mere chance crevices between high walls of unbaked bricks, topped with red tiles. In the walls are huge wooden gates. In daytime they are open,

and you walk inside the walls and find they are large quadrangles, enclosing groups, of four or five houses each, all facing a contral yard or garden, usually planted with fruit trees. In the middle is a wooden trough in the ground, into which pours the hot sulphur water, overflowing into a small rivulat which twists its way out under the walls of the stockada somewhere to join the main stream in the street. In the trough the housewife does her Friday morning's washing. At all sorts of unexpected moments a puff of hot sulphur steam sweeps up into your face from holes in the ground, indicating more rivulets covered by flat stones. Above rises the gray, rugged face of Hizzarluk, splotched

here and there by vivid green.

Usually the verandas in front of the houses, the yards, and the streets are swarming with brown-limbed, noisy children, interspersed with knots of bare-armed, gossiping women. On Saturdays they sit on benches outside the gates, their hair done up in high knots, profusely decorated with cheap, massive jewelry, so weighed down by dress that they can hardly walk. Toward evening the men become visible, the old men in last century's costumes, baggy trousers, sandals, some in long cloaks. trimmed with sheep's skin or furs, some in red fezes, some in fur caps, long-bearded and shaggy-browed all. Some are of flery red complexion, their red ringlets hanging down over greasy coat collars. They are usually taller and more robust of build than the Jews beyond the Danube, for since Torquemada drove them out of Spain four centuries ago, they have lived on fairly good terms with their environment, too good, perhaps, for their intel-

The younger men dress much like the Bulgarians, in semi-European clothes, and the inevitable sheep's-skin cap. The old men are still of the time of the Turks. the young men are imbibing from the new atmosphere of freedom a desire to be more like their neighbors. They speak Bulgarian more fluently, they read Bulgarian papers, and, by reading the signs above their shops, you can see that some have even Bulgarized their names; Abrahamoff, Israeloff, and there is Jesus Davidoff. In features it is easy to distinguish them from the Bulgarians, although the prominent nose is rare. They are even of a different type from the Russian or German Jews: more delicate of features and ruddier. Occasionally, you see a face among them, es pecially among the boys, that is strikingly heautiful in mould and delicate coloring.

From the first I heard of an old man who had the reputation of being the wisest among them. It was even hinted that he was somewhat of a heretic. He had a son who wrote books in Spanish, but gained a substantial livelihood by making and repairing shoes. I made the son's acquaintance by having him mend my shoes one day while I waited, after which he presented me with an autograph copy of one of his books, a pamphlet really, which as far as I can make out, for it is printed in Hebraic characters, goes to prove that every Spanish Jew in the Balkan peninsula is the worst kind of an idiot. I gathered this from extracts he read to me.

The result of this acquaintance was an invitation from his father to visit him, kitchen to cook. The men now rose to which I gladly accepted. I found an old their feet, and, the old man leading, began to man, a fez on his venerable gray head, chant some prayers, all swaying from side | cipitated.-[Louisville Courier-Journal.

seated cross-legged on a cushioned bench, so old that he could no longer walk, but mentally bright and active. Without the since. It is his own particular system, too, isted. From the pinnacle of his philosophy he looks down with contempt on Jews and Christians alike, they being as so many idiots to him. He is rather disposed in

points out symptoms of mild imbecility among them, too. I visit him often and we have become good friends. He considers me quite rational; why, I don't know, for I have never expressed an opinion to him. But outside his own family I am his only visitor, for he is as intolerant of persons as he is of orthodox religions. He is lonely, for when I come I can see how he brightens up with pleasant anticipation of the discussion he is going to have with me. His bookcase is for his volumes, many of them in manuscript written by himself. From them he reads me extracts, smiling and winking humorously when he has driven a point home. Then comes the final test of all, when he reaches out for an old red leather-bound volume of yellow, thumbed pages; his invincible authority, the words of Rabbi kets, the lamps were still burning, and I vrote before the exodus from Spain. It is like a voice from across the centuries, the old archaic Spanish as you find it in Lope de Vega and Calderon. At times he stops to interpret meanings, but it does not seem so, really, for he speaks as they spoke there. And every time comes over me the powerful impression that it is Arambam himself reading to me. Fancy Shakspere.

ing Hamlet, and explaining between lines what he meant. Partly through my acquaintance with the old man and his son, and more especially through my friend the beggar student, who in the good opinion of the ghetto. I call him the beggar student because he rather glories in it, and there are many like him. He has never had a square meal in his life, never had a new suit of clothes, never been beyond three days' walk from Kustendil, and still he is the most brilliant student in the college. It seems that it is only the very poorest boys of the ghetto who rise in scholarship, and the Jewish commune helps them with five francs a month, which it time, and usually this pension is in arrears. Later the Bulgarian Government helps a few of the brightest to take a few years abroad in a university.

bent and withered, seated before you, read-

It has been through my young friend that I have seen as much of the ghetto as I have. He has taken me to the synagogue several times, on the pretext of showing me the customs of his people, but in truth for no other purpose than to have some one with him to whom he can relieve his feelings in sharp, cynical criticism of all that is going on. Were he to absent himself from services, they would cut off the five francs. so he takes his satisfaction in sarcastic

In the town of Dubnitza, a day's tramp from here, he has an uncle comparatively well off, who also helps him with a few francs a month. During the vacations he sometimes pays his uncle short visits, partly to show his appreciation, and also because it means a few days' physical comfort compared to home. I accompanied him on one of these visits last autumn, from Friday till Sunday, and thus had an opportunity of observing the customs of the

"SHABAT" OBSERVANCES.

We reached Dubnitza just as the eveand met the family coming home. The ghetto of Dubnitza is much like that here. We came through a big gateway into a central yard formed by a circle of lowroofed houses. The old man, my friend's uncle, went into one of the doorways, then turned, and with a salaam invited us in with the Hebrew blessing, "Shabat Shalom."

The houses within the walls of the quadrangle formed a community of which my friend's uncle was the elder, so it was in his house that all gathered for the supper of the Sabbath eve. There were four tables in the large front room, one for each family. About the walls ran a low cloth-covered bench upon which the men seated themselves crosslegged shortly after we had all entered. In all, counting women and children, there were near thirty persons present. From the centre of the ceiling hung a rack in which was placed a huge, flat, glass vessel of oil, full of floating, burning wicks. These, and the lamps, had previously been lighted by a Musselman who went the rounds to do this duty for all the families of the ghetto, for, the Shabat once begun, no Jew may touch a light.

Meanwhile, the women had gone into the

to side with closed eyes. A woman came in with a glass of wine, which she gave to the elder. Still chanting, he sipped of the wine, and passed it along, the last man giving it back to the woman, who also ouched her lips to the glass, and then passed it on to the women and children who had come in for a moment to observe this ceremony.

of water into which each man dipped his hands, as she held it before him, and as they dried their hands on towels a second woman gave them, they spoke a certain formula of prayers or grace.

When they finally paused a woman drew we all walked up beside them. Along the edges had been laid small, round loaves of bread. The old man took up one of these, broke off a piece, and from this piece tore off smaller bits, which he passed around to all of us; each man dipped his bit of bread in the salt-cellar, and ate it. Then we all seated ourselves about the tables, on benches. One of the girls brought the old man a book of prayers, and he began preaching, in a sing-song, droning sort of voice, while the rest lis-

The reading over, a girl brought a bottle usual inquiries into my past he took me of "slivi" (plum-brandy), a small glass, off at once; first, into a discussion on the and a dish of hard-boiled eggs. The old Spanish language, then into theology and man first poured out a brandy for himself, finally brought up into philosophy. That | which he drank with the toast, "The Lord's has been our subject, or his rather, ever blessings upon all Jews, and upon us specially." All the men drank after him, one and differs from any other that ever ex- by one, each offering a similar toast. Then we all broke and ate an egg.

which they repeated without understanding,

but now the old man read in Spanish.

About ten minutes of general conversa tion followed on commonplace topics, till the women brought in the supper. First favor of the Protestants, although he came a huge meat pie to each table, and after the father of the family had cut it, they began eating from the one dish, with their bare fingers. A half-lamb, the fore part, stuffed with rice, came next. Later

Supper finished, grace was said, the hands washed as before, the women cleaned the tables, and conversation followed. My friend had introduced me as a Jewish student in the Sofia University, from Salonica; so I excited no curiosity. The talk was mostly of the latest news from the war, and they beside him, and he reaches out his hand discussed Oyama's recent victory with much satisfaction.

> we all retired, the other families to their own houses. The big gate had been closed and heavily barred. The men all slept in one room, on the floor. As we rolled ourselves up in blan-

Moshe Molmonit Arambam, who lived and | heard the old man grumbling that so much burn until exhausted. No Jew could extinguish them. The day's tramp gave me a sound night's sleep. The splashing of water awoke me

in the morning. As I opened my eyes, the old man was sitting up, while his wife held before him a basin of water. Into this he dipped each hand three times, then, drying them, got up, dressed, and began his morning prayers, and these were parts of his prayers:

"Thank Thee, Great God, Adonie, that Thou did'st return me my soul after the night, and did'st hold it safe for me while "Thank Thee that Thou did'st make of

me a Jew, and not a 'goy' (Gentile). "Thank Thee, Great God, that Thou did'st make me a man, and not a woman, but did'st fashion me to Thy will." As he droned out these prayers, he yawn-

ed, rolled a cigarette, and kicked the cat Prayers over, we drank a cup of Turkish coffee, then, all the community together, started for the morning services in the

synagogue. "All this I endure," growled the beggar piece. Bah! Fanatics!"

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY.

[Copyright, 1905, by Tribure Company,] Mr. Carnegie has given a fossil diplodocus to the

Libraries have been scattered far and wide, Museums have been given here and there, Town clocks, and fountains, monuments, beside The streets of countless places proudly bear: But now the generous philanthropist Is notified of what the people want "Be sure to get a labyrinthodont."

Now shrinks the erstwhile great endowment fund Now walt the missionaries for their checks, The charity support grows moribund; Philanthropists their intellects must ver With data of the mesozoic age For one by one the bland petitions come We'd like a fossil megatherium."

Instead of sending cash to build a church An icthyosaurus which will have a perch To turn the mind of Jopah and the whale A nterodactyl, too, will flap its tail

Where otherwise would be a corner stone Devonian and silurian strata yield Their relics of the wondrous former times Philanthropy seeks the jurassic field And brings us treasures from cretaceous climes

And grateful are the happy people who Receive a mounted archeopteryx. -[W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

Now take the place of gifts of books and bricki

BLIND MAN WHO TELLS THE TIME.

and sometimes puts to shame men possessed of two good optics. Yesterday Charlie visited the county jail. After talking a while snapped it shut with a sigh of relief. "Well, it's time for me to start home, he remarked. "What time is it, Charlie?" he was asked

quizzically. "One minute to three," was the prompt response. Every watch in the crowd except Charlie's came into view. It required longer for the

men with good eyes to verify Charlie's observation than it did for him to ascertain the time, but he was declared correct almost to the second. "Good-by," and he was off, without waiting to hear the discussion his feat had pre-

SOME STORIES OF MY PETS

A FOX TERRIER AND A CANARY WITH POINTS IN COMMON

Dogs That Were Notoriously Fickle in Their Affections, and Cats That Deserved the Title of Wotan the Wanderer-An Argument to Prove That No Two Animals of the Same

Species Are Exactly Alike in Their Traits of Character -Dogs That Are Optimists by Nature

By GERALDINE ANTHONY

eralizing glibly about our higher domestic animals, conceding to each class certain conv-book attributes. So we assume that a dog is necessarily loyal, and that a cat attaches itself more to places than to people, whereas a little reflection might convince us that animals are as various in their traits as people, that some dogs are notoriously fickle in their affections, and some cats deserve the title of Wotan the Wanderer, as one of ours was named from his migratory habits. When the discerning Isabella observed that Miss French's enchanting Hezeklah was not a bird but a person, she voiced the conviction which any confirmed keeper of pets must share. The longer we live with animals the more sharply individualized do their characters appear, until they are revealed to us as the little furred and feathered persons that they are.

It is only the amateur in pets who assumes that one fox terrier is like another. Certain outward points of similarity may be noted, such as a surplus of energy, and a tendency to hysteria; but I have a mocking bird who is more like our lamented Peggotty Barkis than any other fox terrier I have ever known. Peggotty, dog, and Robert, mocking bird, assume the same air of lamblike innocence to cloak some bit of recent mischief; they have the same specious meckness when discovered in wrongdoing, the same wickedly gleaming eye ert pounces upon the fresh newspaper carpet of his floor, and with naughty beak drags it up by the corners until all the sand is heaped in the middle of his cage. his squawk is the counterpart of Peggotty's pouncing growl when she worries. a shoe or some other prohibited article. Both are jealous and exacting, and each plainly would prefer to be the only animal in the house. Both are flerce in their play, pecking and biting with enthusiasm, and apologizing later for their violence, Peggotty with kisses and cuddlings, Robert with the most delicious little spring songs. soft and liquid as a fairy flute. Neither bears the least resemblance to Belle, a gentle, deprecating fox terrier who visited me for some days, and always had the air of asking permission for so much as shifting her position on the floor. She was playful. in a decorous way, but her teeth never closed hard even on a ball, and as for the joy of barking her head off over nothing, she knew it not. She was a restful dog, but one felt her lack of initiative and enthusiasm, and there was no wondering what

INDEPENDENCE IN CATS. Most of my cats have been independent and some of them downright obstinate. There, for example, was Minnijack, a kitten of great personal attractions, whom some heartless and ingenious person put into student, "all for an occasional five-franc paper bag with her sister Lagrimas and abandoned in the woods. Lagrimas spent her time in futile lamentations, but Minnijack clawed her way out of the bag as she subsequently did through life, and insisted on following us home. Poor little Lagrimas, tagking on in the wake of her more energetic sister, and stopping to wall at every corner, was speedily put out of her troubles by a stray dog, but Minnijack never deviated from her path until she reached the kitchen, where she seated herself be fore the range with an air of determination and began to perform her toilet. We had other cats. We did not really want Minnijack. We found several homes for her, but she would not stay in them, and always returned to us with her little assured air. until we gave in before such resolution and adopted her. Though such a beautiful cat, she had always the manners of a guttersnipe, so perhaps the defects of her early education were her excuse for not instructing her two kittens in the rudiments of feline good breeding. I am sure no kittens ever had such sharp claws, and such a tendency to misuse them, as Minnibrown and Pterodactyl. They tore the lace curtains, they crouched like miniature panthers in a chair by the dining-room door, and as the three little house dogs came trotting in, the kittens clawed their unsuspect-

ing heads. The climax of their misdeeds was reached when they made mince meat of a pair of cold roast chickens which had been placed on the table for Sunday night. tea. Then the cook rebelled. She was a fat woman, with a deep baritone voice and a lively vein or superstition, and she had objected to Minnijack from the first, tally blind. Light and darkness are the on the ground that she was a witch. "I same to him, but he makes his certain way saw her once before in Morristown," she about the streets with the aid of a cane, declared. "She looked through the keyhole and told tales on me, and she lost me my place." Rather than be cookless, with a house full of company, we put Minnihe pulled out his watch, an ordinary gold jack and her daughters into a covered timepiece, with a double case, held it in his basket, and drove them several miles into hands a moment in the usual way, and then the country, to a farm house where they were willing to take more cats. The farmer's wife shut them up so that they could not follow us back, and we went home feeling relieved, if a triffe guilty..

One night some two weeks later a familiar yowl sounded on the back stairs. "I exclaimed. It proved to be Minn jack in the flesh, gaunt and dusty, but as determined as ever. She had evidently settled her daughters, but for her own part she preferred to remain with us, and remain

sons to take up her residence with the butcher. She put on great airs in her new abode, and would hardly deign to notice us when we came to market. Whether we had unwittingly offended her, or what led to her decision, we never knew, but she showed no inclination to return to us.

In no way is the individuality of birds

more strongly shown than in their various

treatment of the intruding mouse. Chipmouse, a large golden English cauary, offers the invader a placid hospitality. He is a philosopher, and knows well that his seed cup will be replenished in the morning. Robert Mocking Bird, a pugnacious Georgian, who could impale a mouse with his sharp beak if he chose, takes to his highest perch, where he bounces and squawka with indignation, plainly calling for some one to remove his foe. The cardinal rather disconcerted one mouse by following him about and eying him critically, with his head on one side; but Patsie, a tiny Hartz canary, has the soul of a warrior, and evidently believes in cage rights, for he attacks the thief, and has twice been found in the morning with the marks of sharp teeth in his little yellow throat. To guard against a repetition of this. I put his cage beside my bed at night, where I can intervene in time to prevent a tragedy. In the darkness I have heard the first act of the little drama enacted, though I can see nothing. First, there is a little scrambling sound, an evident reconnoitring, then a faint vibration of the wires of the cage, as his mouseship squeezes himself through. Up to this time there has been no sound from the little ball of feathers asleep on the upper perch, but with the singing of the wires Patsie takes his head from under his wing, and advances stealthily towards the spot where the robber is helping himself uninvited to the millet and rape seed. He executes a little side-step, spreads his wings, lowers his head, and suddealy bounces at the mouse with a vigorous peck. The gravel crunches on the newspaper carpet of the cage. Patsie squeals, the mouse squeaks, and by this time I have the cage in my hand, and the startled invader scrambles away, while Patsie, still belligerent, shricks his tiny call of defiance after him.

AN UNLUCKY GREYHOUND. Some dogs are optimists by nature, others are pessimists. Leicester Square, familiarly known as Benny, a beautiful coursing greyhound, with whom I was very intimate one summer, always looked on the dark side of life. He was an unlucky dog, prone to which belies their repentance. When Rob- get into trouble, and so inclined to selfpity that you could reduce him from a tolerably happy mood to dismal wails, simply by addressing him in sympathetic tones, as "Poor hound-dog!" Everything went wrong with Benny. He seemed to invite misforsaid plainly; "I told you so." A week before the Newport show, for which he was entered, he got into an altercation with another dog, and came off with a large hole in his side. As he persisted in licking out the stitches, we made him a sort of surcingle of white cotton, and hitched it by tapes to a Dutch collar of the same material, to keep it in place; and in this costume he departed for Newport. He was very sensitive to ridicule, as most dogs are, and I have never seen a more abject spectacle than poor Benny in his white belt and collar, being coaxed into the stage that was to convey him to the station, while unfeeling humans laughed at him, and equally unsympathetic capines wriggled disdainful noses at their brother's plight.

Thomas, on the contrary, was an optimist. a cheerful, stocky Boston bull, who believed he could do everything he saw a higger dog do, and throw in a few improvements of his own. When Benny caught a rabbit, Thomas, with touching confidence in his own prowess, selected as his quarry a horse in a neighboring field, and was much surprised, but little discouraged, when he failed to bring it down and lay it at the feet of his mistress.

Mr. Micawber, a moderately tame crow, came to his tragic end through an undue sense of humor. He lived in the kennel yard-a circular enclosure around the kennel, surrounded and partitioned off by a wire netting eleven feet high, each partition having its own door into the kennel. Mr. Micawber had one of these triangular segments to himself, and his chief diversion lay in insulting a pair of beagles, who were his nearest neighbors. Harkaway and Melody were, for the most part, amiable and well-disposed dogs, but after a prolonged course of flouts and feers, their feelings towards Mr. Micawber became uncharitable. He would put his head down, spread his wings, and deliver himself of the most insolent, drawling squawk that ever issued from the beak of a bird. He imitated them when they gave tongue. He climbed up and down the partition wires jeering at them, just out of their reach. We imagined him perfectly safe in his segment of yard, for his wings were clipped; but, one unlucky day, he evidently felt himself "above his boots," as the saying is, and climbed to the top of the wire fence, where he lost his balance, and fell into the beagles' domain. Poor Mr. Micawber! Harkaway and Melody revenged his insults with such promptness that only a quantity of black feathers remained to bear witness to his untimely fate.

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

The young man with the yellow satchel stopped at the cabin of an old colored min-"Let me sell you an alarm clock," began

the young man. 'Automatic, double-action guaranteed timepiece." The old man lit his corncob. "Dat all sounds very good," he drawled,

but de only kind ob an alarm-clock dat tired risin' early yo' kin turn aroun' en hab de alarm-clock for dinnah. Beats all de automatic alarm clocks on earf."-[Chi cago Daily News,

VILLAGE PLEASURES.

As the days glide past we become more and more content to live in a small country town. Of course, city life is a great institution, but there are those things offered by the country town that compensate for the loss of the city attractions. If we decide to neil another lath on our chicken coop we can do so without fearing a call from the carpenters' union; if we want to carry home piece of kindling, we can do so without being boycotted by teamsters; are only two of the things enjoyed by the man who is willing to forego the pleasures offered by she did, until she elected for her own rea- city life,—[Galena (Kan.) Republican,

LIKE VIRGINIA "BEFO' DE WAH"

LIFE ON THE PLANTATIONS IN thick shoes." JAMAICA TO-DAY

How the Planter and His Family Live in the "Great House" -- Some Stories of the Old "Nana," the West Indian Equivalent of the Southern Mammy

By WILLIAM THORP

Readers of "Tom Cringle's Log" must have wished that they could have lived in Jamaica in the spacious days of Paul Gelid and Aaron Bangs, and held high festival with governors and judges and bishops and admirals on the "great house" of a sugar plantation which, in those distant days, produced a revenue sufficient to make the Creole heiresses the first prizes in the Eng-

lish matrimonial market. The sugar plantations are no longer a source of great wealth, owing to the competition of the European beet product. Once, when you said a man was a sugar planter in Jamaica, you meant that he was a magnate. Now, the term implies that he is an unfortunate wretch who lies awake at nights thinking about the mortgages on his property. Even Aaron Bangs's plantationfor he was a real man, and his house and property were faithfully described by Michael Scott-has now "gone out of sugar," as they say in Jamaica, and is devoted to the cultivation of bananas for the American market. But the "great house," which is called "Tulloch," still exists exactly as it did in the time of Scott. It is owned by my uncle-in-law, and I have stood in the hallowed spot where Tom Cringle split his breeches and had to be helped out of the room under cover of his pretty cousin's petticoat.

Near by is Spanish Town, formerly called Saint Jago de la Vega, in the days when it was the capital of the colony and "the home of all that was wise, learned, gallant, hospitable, and distinguished." Now it is a moribund town-little better than a deserted negro village, with grass growing in the streets. Long-tailed pigs wander about the main thoroughfares, and quarrel with the John Crow vultures for the ownership of the garbage. There are no other scavengers.

PAST PROMINENCE OF ST. JAGO DE LA VEGA. streets, you feel that once St. Jago de la Vega was indeed a city. The huge houses, now empty and tumbling to pieces, have an air of aristopracy about them, to which those in Kingston, the modern capital, have no pretension.

"Cho, sahi" says the old negro who conducts you through the vast halls of the abandoned "King's House," where former governors of Jamaica lived and held high revel, "all de old bockra (white gentlemen) dem gone, sah. De young ones, dem no good! Dere was money in de old days, an' dem spend it free. Dem dance ebry night, sah-an' dem drink-land, sah! how dem did

And the praiser of the times that have been tells stories of Luculian feasts of jerked hog and black crab, turtle soup, and old Madeira. He conjunes up pictures of the wicked old times when aides-de-camp used to ride alligators through the streets, when admirals of the blue gave balls to: the brown girls of the town, when vice in every shape and form was more reputable. if not more fashionable, than it is at presa single bottle of the old Madeira extant. Nobody even remembers the Hell Fire Club, and the oldest inhabitant of the town cannot tell you how to compound the famous Bath punch. Nevertheless, the life of the white planter in Jamaica is fully as pleasant to-day as it was in the time of Aaron Bangs. It is very much like the life on the plantations of Virginia and other Southern States in the days before the war, barring, of course, the slavery of the blacks.

I have visited at many plantation houses in which the host and hostess, the colored "nana," and the swarm of faithful, merry servants all seemed as if they had been resdays. Poets and novelists who deplore the passing of that social order should take the short sea trip to Jamaica, and they will find that the old Southern life is being lived in all its glory on hundreds of planta-

Many of these Jamaican planters belong to the oldest and noblest British families. just as the old Southerners did. Their ancestors who emigrated to Jamaica were probably friends, in the old country, of those "gentlemen adventurers" who built up the colony of Virginia. The plantations and the family plate and the family pride have been handed down, perhaps, for more than a couple of hundred years. Such a life as that which Thackeray has described in the opening chapters of The Virginians' is still lived to-day, in much the same fashion, on many Jamaica plantations. There is the same generous hospitality, the same pride, the same solicitude for dependents, the same free, open air, rollicking life. There are a thousand points of resemblance, but perhaps the closest is the likeness of the West Indian "nana" to the old Southern 'mammy."

When one of her former charges marries "Nana" goes to her new home as a matter of course. It is not at all uncommon to find. that she has nursed mother, daughter, and granddaughter, one after the other. Naturally, she becomes the family desnot. It is amusing to see her still treating the mother and grandmother as children. They take her scoldings as if they really do not know

Here is a conversation I heard between one of these dear old women and her mistress, who was the mother of eight children and the grandmother of two.

"Miss Lily!"-any one whom Nana ever knew as "Miss" remains "Miss" to the end of the chapter, even if she has been married for a generation-"Miss Lily, you mus'n' walk 'pon dat damp grass wid dem. Enterprise

thin shoes! Come in dis minit, now, an' put on thicker ones."

"Oh, nurse, I'm only running across to the chicken-yard. My feet won't get wet." "Neber mind if you was only goin' two steps! You mus come in an put on you

"Nurse, you're an old tyrant; but I supe pose I must." And the mother of eight children meek

y did as she was told. HOSPITALITY IN JAMAICA,

Hospitality in Jamaica is a fine old tradition which even the opening up of the island as a tourist resort has not yet destroyed. The poorest planter prides himself on maintaining it. If the traveller is provided with letters of introduction, so much the better; but he can hardly travel through the country, except by the wellbeaten tourist routes, without receiving overal hearty invitations to stay in pri-

"My dear," says the planter at breaks fast, "I hear there's an American gentleman staying at old Mother Mendoza's lodge ings in the village."

"My goodness, Jack! Whatever will he think of Mrs. Mendoza's greasy soup? wculdn't want my worst enemy to eat it. Go down and call on him, and ask him to come and stay with us."

The planter does so, and as soon as the guest is installed at the "great house" tennis parties and dances are arranged in his nonor. They are attended by other plants er's families within a radius of twenty of thirty miles, and it is not long before the American, if he is desirable, receives invitations to stay at half-a-dozen houses.

The planter's house servants are always looked upon as the lucklest of the negroes on the plantation. They have all the faither fulness and lively wit and humor so commonly associated with the Southern darkey. and it is curious how closely their habits and amusements correspond to his. He dances the cakewalk; they dance the share shay." He tells Uncle Remus stories: then tell stories about B'rer Anancy, the crafts spider. And they are fond of making up songs about the events of the day, just as he did in the good old times, and singing them in their quarters at night. Many of these ballads eventually become enshrined in West Indian folklore.

A plantation "busha" (overseer) named Bayse was going to be married. In telling the news to one another, it was natural for the plantation hands to cast it into the form of a song, thus:

**Busha Bayse a go marry to-marra, Marry to-marra, marry to-marra; Busha Bayse a go marry to-marra, Blow me organie, blow!"

A colored man, named Charles Higgins, refused to kiss a kirl named Mattie. That the disappointed girl gave rise to the best-known of all the Jamaican native

"Marse Charlie say, wouldn' kiss Mattle-No. not wid a willin' mind. Marse Charlie say, wouldn' kiss Mattie-No, not fe a t'ousand pounds."

An overseer, named Coop, comes in to dinner before the cook is ready for him. When he complains, she answers: "Oh. Missa Coon, you come too soon!

Dinner won't be ready till to-maira afternoom.

An' a warra you a come, an' a come so soon. of mine once saw the following notice nails. ed to a tamarind tree near a thatched hus

by the roadside: "English rethmecktich, and limmetry (geometry?) taught in firs rate style and cheapes rates by ---, Professor of the Gospil."

And there were actually a number of black and brown youngsters in the thatched hut receiving their education from this

learned professor! Any West Indian governor can show batch of queer petitions which he has received from the natives, but perhaps the most amusing one I ever saw was received by Sir William Robinson, when he ruled over Trinidad several years ago. It ran

"Your Petitioner now approaches Your

literally as follows:

Excellency to solicit, crave, and implore an inestimable boon, being aware that you have been delegated, nominated, and constituted, and appointed by the united voice of the distinguished Conclave or Cabinet of our Most Gracious and Illustrious Sovereign Lady the Queen, to preside over her liege subjects as Archon or Executive in this Tax dependency of Her vast Dominions. Greater is Her Majesty than the famed Semiramis, Queen of Babylon, or Her the Eastern Sheba, or the Egyptian glorious Cleopatra of celebrated memory, Anthony and ed Queen. You see the Queen, thou are representative of the revel of whose drum circles the world, and Sol or Phobus never sets on. Pardon Your Excellency for the egotistical digression, and resumes subject. Your Petitioner's son, unfortunately by name Joseph Barrow, was sentenced for unlawfully cutting canes to six months. imprisonment, but, unlike Prometheus, who stole fire from Heaven, her poor son was driven or induced by thirst to take of a

reed containing saccharine, along will another aqueous fluid element. Your Part
er now humbly appeals to that clean
and frusts that Your Excellency and
pleased to take compassion on along pleased to take compassion on a second titute, and bereaved widow, and realist roles. Petitioner's son, as did the prophet of law hovah, the good Ellian, at Zarepala, other widow's son, by remitting the time imposed. Had your Petitioner the wings of Pegasus, fly she would to Parmassus to consult the Oracle of Delphi, to know of her son's liberation from Tartarus suffering the punishment of Sisyphus or a second Tan-

This petition, needless to say, was not written by the poor widow herself, but by the colored schoolmaster of the little vil

lage in which she lived. NEWS FROM RABBIT CREEK.

There is no news, to speak of in this

here settlement. Bud Spurlin was bit by one rattlesnake and two moccasins yesterday; and is feeling unwell at this writing The Jug-train, with ninety gallons of spirits aboard, was wrecked by unknown miscreants Saturday night, and in consemonce Sunday in this town was dry enough

a will now close, as there is no news to speak of, as I said before, wishing success to the paper and all good citizens.
[Rabbit Creek Correspondence Adams (Ca.).