

FAIR OF FACE AND FORM.

THE PRETTY WOMEN WATER CARRIERS OF PALMA.

Their History One of Hardship and Persecution—Palma's Homes and People, Grand Masonry and Costly Ornamentations—A Great City of the Mediterranean.

(Progress Special Correspondence.)

The three principal islands of the Balearic group are, in size and importance respectively, Majorca, Minorca and Ibiza. The first is but 60 miles from east to west and 50 miles from north to south. Cabrera and other lesser islets belong to the group but these are trifling in size, almost uninhabited and of little general interest. The population of the islands now exceeds 300,000 souls. Majorca is by far the most beautiful of all the islands, and as one at once falls in love with her capital city, Palma, and all her sunny-hearted folk, few who first land in Palma's sunlit bay will care to seek adventure here beyond Majorca's glowing shores.

One of my first enthrallments here was by the water-carriers of Palma. They are not so naive as those of the Azores, so bold as those of Lisbon, nor so languorous-eyed and petite as those of Granada and Seville. But I could not help thinking that here an artist would find hundreds of perfect models for a Rachel at the Well. Tall, lithe, slender but shapely maidens are these, and their dress, carriage, features and ways constantly increase one's admiration and interest. Had they been simply animal in their saucy beauty, one study of one group at one fountain would have answered even a sentimental traveler.

But for days I found myself, against all apparent reason, drawn to this fountain and that, and making all manner of mental excuse for what my own judgment scolded me with as an accusation of impropriety. Attempt as I might to study all other lowly, become interested in the majestic cathedral, or essay tramps into the interior, back I came to the fountains to contemplate these fair maidens and endeavor to unravel the strange spell they had cast upon me. In the first place, I never saw but one woman whose unrivaled art gave her the perfect carriage those women unconsciously own as nature's heritage. That woman was Sara Bernhardt. Added to this was a conscious dignity and a coyish but superb and stately modesty which lent positive radiance to every movement, gesture or look.

Their attire added a rare charm to all else. Their tiny feet were encased in dainty slippers. A skirt of loosely woven dark stuff fell in close and graceful folds about their long and shapely limbs. Over this lay a short napkin-like apron, spotlessly white. A dark bodice low at the neck displayed exquisite shoulders and breast, and its sleeves stopping at the elbow, where an edging of white was seen, showed the lower half of beautifully moulded arms. The head was bare, covered by a wealth of hair coiled low and heavily in the neck, giving in the sunlight the blue black lustre of the grape. The forehead is strangely wide for the Latin type; and the eyebrows, which almost meet, have the low wide arch. The eyes are large, luminous, melting, sad; and never were seen eyelashes of such length and blackness on no other women. The nose is finely chiseled and the nostrils are thin and have a perceptible tremor. An oval chin, dazzling teeth, a mouth that suggests the hot blood of the south, chastened by endless repression, with lips of crimson, complete a face of Madonna like depth and feeling. This face looks out of a filmy white kerchief drawn close beneath the chin, with points fastened with a rose or trifle of jewelry to the hair at either side of the head; while its longest point covers the neck and breast to the girdled waist below.

In processions of a dozen to a score wending their way to and from, or when loitering beside the fountains, they form groupings against the quaint old walls beneath the lonely palms, fit for Takema's master hand. Their burdens are never carried upon their heads. The bottom of the empty or filled ewer always rests upon the right hip, the handle against the carrier's breast, and her half-bared white arm is flung carelessly around the vessel just below its mouth.

All inquiries regarding these beautiful water carriers of Palma brought from the native population a shrug of the shoulder with a contemptuous smile and the sneering words,

"La Cheta."

That meant "A little long-eared owl." I could not understand why these radiant maidens could have so offensive a name. I followed some of them about the city and then to their homes. It brought me to a strange quarter where a strange people with kindly yet sad and smileless faces wrought in all labor with that patience and diligence which characterize but one race of men. This was in the "Cheta" quarter of Palma, and this is the story of the folk that live within it:

"Death to the Jews" was the brutal cry of all good Christians in southern Europe towards the end of the fourteenth century. In Palma they were persecuted with relentless fury, beaten with crosses of wood the had been compelled to kiss, and their houses looted and sacked. During Passion Week of 1435 they were so desperately baited that some Jews attached a slave whom they named "Jesus," to a cross and mocked him in secret revenge. Four of the Jews concerned in the affair were condemned to be burned to death. Their sentences were then commuted to death by hanging on condition of becoming Christians. As the fury of the Christians seemed to promise the murder of all the Jews in Palma, not only did the four condemned men embrace Christianity but within two days' time more than two hundred were baptized, and eventually the entire Jewish population followed their example. The descendants of these are the folk of the Cheta quarter. They profess Christianity, though living wholly apart from the Majorcans of Palma. Many are rich; most are artisans such as silversmiths, weavers of embroideries and the like; all are honest, cleanly and industrious. But their bearded, solemn men and these faces by the fountains, betray, if but faintly, the memory of those old tragedies which can never be effaced from their inner lives and hearts.

In Palma and throughout the fair Balearic isles studies of the deepest interest are among the people themselves; and then among the lowliest of these. The city has few great lions for sightseers who are already familiar with the southern cities of Europe. If one has friends, or can secure them, it is true that there are no more beautiful and exquisite examples of the Moresque-Spanish interiors than can be found in Palma's homes. Indeed I have never seen in art, as representative of the patio or court of the Italian, Spanish or Moslem home, anything equalling the beauty of these open courts. The stonework, while never on so grand a scale, rivals in delicacy of texture, and richness of ornamentation anything to be found within the walls of the Alhambra.

The scenery of the bay, though not so noble as that of Naples, is far more winsome and enchanting. Then there is the ancient fortress, the Castle of Bellver, rising from one of the heights of the circling shore. It is 600 years old, and its dungeons, patio and Gothic arched galleries are among the most interesting specimens of medieval architecture in Europe. Palma's cathedral, one of the most majestic in the Latin countries, was built more than seven hundred years ago. While the Lonja, built as an Exchange, in ratification of a convention between the Balearic islands and the republic of Pisa, with its massive roof supported by but four slender fluted shafts, its floor of polished black marble, and its wonderfully carved open-work galleries, is as unique and impressive a structure as the traveler can discover among the storied haunts of the two peninsulas.

In pretty and comfortable diligences, upon the backs of mules or donkeys, or better still upon your own stout legs, the remotest portions of the island are reached, over roads that will rival England's, in scarcely more than a single day's journey. If you are simply a sightseer there is much to do and see within the little sea-girt spot.

The alquerias, or country mansions near Albano, and at Bunola and Esporlas, with their splendid avenues, gardens and rich vestiges of Moorish architectural remains, are far more interesting than similar establishments I have at any time come upon in Spain. The wonderful roadway from Palma to Soller, is grander than any roadway in Italy, and half the distance winds along and upon masses of mountainside masonry of tremendous thickness and height. Over near the eastern shore is Menacor, the second largest city of the island. A little distance to the northeast is Arta, and here entered by a natural archway 140 feet high are doubtless the most wonderful grottoes of the world; and at Alcudia is one of the most famous fisheries of the Mediterranean.

A visit to Valdemusa and its once famous monastery is worth a special trip to the island. With as magnificent surroundings as those of Vallombrosa in Italy, a mountain chasm is bridged by the ancient pile in so extraordinary and picturesque a way as to seem at a distance like a gray old cloud-kissed nest that has for ages defied decay and the battling of the aerial tempests there. But the gray of real decay is upon all things at Valdemusa; in the gray old church and endless cells and cloisters; in the gray old houses that nestle along the mountain side beneath it; and in the gray old folk that haunt the spot like wraiths of those who once were there. An indescribable sadness lingers about this splendid Majorcan relic of monkish times and days. The rich of Palma come here in summer and live a gay mock conventual life. George Sand half a century ago passed the most dolorous winter of her life within these walls. With her was Chopin. Perhaps in these very cloisters was born the wild and inexpressible melancholy of the melodic creations of the master's later life. To me Valdemusa will remain more a memory of these two strange sad souls than merely a crumbling, deserted and majestic monastic relic upon the island mountains.

But best of all in Majorca you will love the peasant folk of the island and the sunny setting in which you will everywhere find them. The three classes in Majorcan provincial life are the titled landholders, the farmers who rent their land from the nobility, and the common peasant laborers who toil in the fields, forests and vineyards. The houses of the nobility are very fine and beautiful, and a large number of servants are retained. Many of the middle class farmers each control from 500 to 2,000 acres of land. Such as these possess farmsteads spread over acres of ground, all surrounded by vine-covered walls, and all possessing first the quaint court into which all the living rooms of the family enter, and behind this, the greater court, from which all the out-buildings and granaries are reached. Many of these structures which formerly housed the country aristocracy, contain private chapels, or rather chapels into which a latticed gallery extends from the upper gallery of the court.

In my trappings about the island I secured entrance to many peasants' and farmers' homes. From this I found that all methods of agriculture and homestead labor were of the most primitive sort, and that there were no idle folk in Majorca. Outdoor labor of some kind is continuous the year round. All the women spin, knit or weave, and I have never entered a peasant's cabin where mothers and daughters were not in some such manner employed. Hospitality is charming, naive and wholehearted. The plate of figs, basin of almonds or basket of oranges with a pretty good friend or stranger's coming.

Somewhat there grows upon one the winsome notion that you have known all the lowly folk before. Surely they are an idyllic people in an idyllic land. Want is unknown; crime is unheard of. There are no politics in Majorca, and but one religion. All this in time may change. But as I know it, and you can know it, now, little Majorca, fastened in matchless beauty beneath a smiling sun, is the one land of plenty and content.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

His Crazy-Bone.

The man that struck his crazy-bone,
All suddenly jerked up one foot
And hopped three vivid hops, and put
His elbow straight before him—then
Flashed white as pallid Parian stone,
And clinched his eyes and hopped again.
He spake no word—he made no moan—
He muttered no incoherent—but
Just gripped his eyelids tighter shut,
And as the world whizzed past him then,
He only knew his crazy-bone
Was stricken—he he hopped again.
James Whitcomb Riley.

THE FIGHT OF A QUIET MAN.

His Name Was Unimportant, and so it Remains Unknown.

Near the Dells of the Wisconsin river stands this old house, once famous among the river men as a place of revelry, a harbor for fugitives from the pioneer justice of the time, and a place where physical prowess was the one safeguard of purse or person. A good many stories cling to the spot, and any good guide can tell of battles that chill the blood of the summer tourist. For in the days when the Dell house was at its best great rafts of logs went down the river in charge of gangs of men who drank and swore and fought like all the pirates in Algiers.

Once upon a time—the guide will tell you—Bill Endsen came down with a raft of pine from the upper woods, and, before pushing through the narrow gorge now called "The Dells," he tied up at the Dell house and told his men they might stay over night. Among the crew was one Flintstone, a bully who had beaten half the men in the party, and only waited a proper opportunity before tackling old Bill Endsen himself; and, although old Bill had for years been called the best man on the river, he was afraid of the savage raftsman who fought so like a tiger and whose passion was never sated until his victim was unconscious. Bill had decided if ever trouble did arise he would kill Flintstone with an axe rather than meet him hand to hand.

Sitting in one corner of the Dell House, when the noisy crew came laughing and swearing in at the door, sat a short, square man with a rather large bundle on the floor beside him. He paid no attention to the men, and at first they allowed him to pass unnoticed. But as liquor stirred their blood they grew more boisterous and invited him to join them. He declined, and again they gave him some moments of peace. After a while the wildest ratter in the party came over to the corner and asked the quiet man what he had in his bundle. He declined to answer, simply saying it was his own and that he was taking it down to Madison. The ratter was angry, and he amused himself by standing across the room and tossing empty whiskey bottles at the motionless bundle.

"You stop that!" yelled old Bill Endsen.

"The man is not bothering us and we won't bother him."

"But we will," said Flintstone, who had not yet seen so good an opportunity to quarrel with his rival. Words could but lead to blows with these men. They were unarmed and there was no chance for postponement. They stepped outside on the level, grassy plot of ground and engaged in a battle which is still remembered by the pioneers. They rolled over the ground; they sent in heavy blows; they kicked, wrestled, bit and gouged, till old Bill was utterly beaten, and lay defenceless against the brutal blows that fell upon him.

Flintstone desisted at last, and the other river men took the victim to the river and washed his wounds.

Then Flintstone went into the house and approached the quiet man, who alone had not followed the fighters and watched them.

"Now what you got in that bundle?" he demanded.

"No matter what I've got," returned the short man; "it's none of your business."

"Then you get up and fight."

"Well, you take an hour to rest up and I will fight you," responded the quiet man; and there was that in his eye which promised he would keep his word.

You take an hour to rest up. Then we will go in the cellar together, lock the door inside, and throw the key out through the bows.

After that, God have mercy on the weaker man."

Flintstone was wild with delight. Here was a chance for two good fights in one day. He took a drink to his own good luck, and then stretched out on the floor and waited.

When the hour was up the quiet man cast one long look at his still motionless bundle, stripped to his shirt, and led the way to the cellar. The basement was walled with rocks. The door was heavy and strong. The windows were barred with iron. The floor was earth.

They locked the door, tossed the key out through the grating, and a moment later the crowding river men outside knew the fight had begun. They could see little through the bars. They pressed their faces against the windows, climbing upon each other for a vantage point, till the only air passage was choked, and the men inside fought in poisoned atmosphere.

They were there scarcely twenty minutes. Then the man who had been quiet came to the window and calmly asked for the key. Besides him there was not a sound in the cellar. He unlocked the door, and they crowded in. There, in the middle of the floor, lay Flintstone, bound hand and foot, gagged almost beyond the point of breathing, and stripped naked. The tough clothing which had covered him now held him a disgraced prisoner. When he had been freed the men asked him if he wanted to try it again.

"No," said he. "That man held me with one hand. He knocked me down whenever he wanted to. I couldn't touch him. And if I tried to clinch he downed me and fell on me. My ribs are broken. My heart hurts."

The quiet man still sat in his corner.

"Do you mind telling us who you are?" asked one of the raftsmen politely.

"I don't make any difference who I am," said the man, "but, if it will interest you any, I will tell you I make a pretty good living as a fighting man. This little bundle you have asked about is my baby. My wife died up at Liston, and I am going to Madison to leave the baby with my mother. If any of you men want lessons in boxing when I come back I will accommodate you."

Bill Endsen and Flintstone are historical characters up and down the Wisconsin. But the man who was better than either of them is unknown to this day.—Chicago Herald.

A Funeral in Florence.

We wander on and cross the Piazza del Signoria (how white the great statues in the Loggia look in the evening light!) and reach the corner of the Piazza del Duomo. There is a little stir and the sound of the word "Miserereordia." At the corner of the Via de Martelli we stand and wait. Across the street comes a funeral, the solemn dome of the baptistry making a fitting background to the procession, and all the passengers in the

busy thoroughfare stop and uncover as it passes.

First is the coffin covered by a red velvet pall and carried by six frati, then a dozen couples of them, their eyes gleaming in the circle of white around them, out of the blackness of their mask-hoods. They carry their broad-brimmed hats in their hands; strange and weird they look, even more so perhaps because the ordinary life of the city is flowing on around them, than as one imagines them going about their errands of pity in the silence of a plague-smitten land. The last of the brethren has already crossed the Via de Cerretani, where, advancing from the shadow of the baptistry, come three more black figures. The middle one bears aloft a crucifix of gold gleaming on high, a long red pennon hanging limp beneath; his companions on either side bear torches, whose flame throws a glare over the shrouded forms behind. The brethren pass, and some priests in full canonicals, touched with a gleam of scarlet, bring up the rear. Another moment and the Brothers of Pity with their still burden have disappeared, and the stream of life and business rushes on.

February.

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Signed: C. PICKARD.

Affirmed before me this 13th day of Nov. 1891, at Sackville.

Signed: CHARLES E. LUND, J.P.

This is to certify, that I have this day parted off one acre from Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and marked the bounds of the same for the purpose of a prize competition.

Dated at Sackville, 26th Sept., 1891. Signed: C. E. LUND, D. L. Surveyor.

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