

TYRANTS IN UNIFORM.

HOW THEY DOG THE STRANGER IN GALICIA.

Where the Air is Said to Listen—People Who Love Their Mountain Homes—Roads With Crucifixes at Every Mile—How the People Worship.

There are two European Galicias. Each of these in their peasant life possesses great interest to the traveler. Spanish Galicia, comprising the northwestern provinces of Pontenedra, Lugo, Coruna and Orense, will ever hold for me the most tender recollections. Its Gallegan folk are the bravest, most patient and loyal in the world. They love their rugged mountain land with so passionate a devotion that they will suffer untold privation and even death before they will give it up. They become the "Gallegan dog" servant of all Spain, Portugal and Italy for half their lives, bearing inconceivable contumely, sacrifice and suffering that they may finally come back to dreary crags and wild and almost sterile glens to the ownership of a little cabin, a tiny patch of land, and the to them blessed right to lay their bones in the same graves as those who have labored, sacrificed and died, in precisely the same way, for ages before them. They are dumb folk, but not even a Spanish monarch, has ever dared attempt their enslavement.

The other Galicia is less tender and winsome in any of its aspects. It is indeed immeasurably more sombre and tragic. It is Austrian Poland.

Every one remembers the history of ancient Poland; its line of warrior kings; its splendid and unwarred victories for Christianity over the Turks; its great universities; even its wonderful medieval literature; its kingly commoners and its peasant kings; and the final treachery of Russia's Catherine, which led to repeated dismemberment and partition of old Poland by Russia, Germany and Austria; with the horrors of a hundred years of insurrection, murder, slavery and despotism that followed.

It is all too horrible to dwell upon. Austria's portion out of the Polish murder and rapine, Galicia, comprises an area of over 30,000 square miles, bounded north and east by Russia, on the south by Hungary and Bukovina, and on the west by Prussia and Austrian Silesia. Fully six million souls occupy this area.

Of these about two and a quarter millions are Rusniaks—interchangeably called Russen, Ruthenians, and Ruthenians, whom I shall call Ruthenians in these papers, and who are of Russian stock and tongue. A million and a half are Jews. The remainder are about equally divided between Austrian and Russian Germans.

Almost the entire nobility are of Polish extraction and are country-loving and living people. The peasantry are all Poles and Ruthenians. It will therefore be readily seen that nearly the entire inhabitants of Galician towns and cities are Polish Jews and Germans, the former greatly predominating. To illustrate, this ancient city whose population does not exceed 50,000 souls, contains 28,000 Jews. Lemberg, commercially the leading city of Galicia, has 60,000 Jews among its 100,000 people. And I have the word of a friend, a Canadian resident of Kolomea, that among the 28,000 inhabitants of the latter city more than 21,000 are Jews.

Practically then, Austrian Galicia presents for study four classes—the Polish and Ruthenian peasantry who, while theoretically free men, are more slavish than slaves; the ancient Polish nobility who are either rich and great enough to live almost regally in Berlin, London or Paris, or home-loving enough to live upon their own estates something after the simple and patriarchal manner of Count Tolstoi, not very far to the north of them; the Jews who financially own both peasant and master body and soul, as well as all his business affairs of every name and nature; and the military who relentlessly control them all.

Austrian rule over its share of fallen Poland, which for the first three quarters of a century after its seizure was quite as cruel as that of the Russian plunderers to the north, has had the virtue of not having retained its more barbarous iniquities. It is still impossible to escape the clang of the sabre, the jingle of the spur, the challenge of the sentry and the almost intolerable insolence of the omnipresent soldiery. These uniformed tyrants are in every railway carriage or station. They accompany every coach. They dog the stranger from hotel to countryside and back again with imperturbable effrontery. They enter the home at will; and by their godless presence sully every sanctuary and pollute every shrine; while spies are so thick—swarming among all classes in the guise of officials, merchants, artisans, laborers, peasants and comprising in one form or other more than one twentieth of the entire population—that the very air is said to "listen" in Galicia.

Despite all this the Austrian Poles of Galicia live "in Paradise" in contrast with their brethren. Ten miles north of city, in Russian Poland, the electoral reform law of 1873 gave the Galician Poles direct elections to the Vienna assembly by districts, thus breaking down the old clannish national Polish interest. The government has wisely encouraged agricultural reforms and awakened an emulative spirit between native Poles and Ruthenians and many small but thriving German agricultural colonies. And among other sensible things which should be first and best done in every farming community in the world—built roads that will live in their enduring qualities with the finest to be found in England or New England.

Indeed in wandering through Galicia, I am not certain but that I could count these grand Galician roads as the greatest of all blessings of all time to the peasant Poles. Their general direction has been governed by the course of the great chain of Carpathian mountains which forms the Hungarian boundary on the south.

I am explicit regarding the thoroughness of Galicia, because without this, those who travel with me can hardly know Galician folk and their ways. Their roads furnish the outward seeming of their lives and affairs, threatening to and from a score of countries and sharply defined peoples, is seen. From them every variation in outdoor daily life, aspect of quaint husbandry,

ceremonial between classes, and hint and tint of peculiarity and color in national fact and feeling, comes close and clear to the traveler upon his legs. And I have nowhere else in Europe seen such a variety and wealth of roadside shrines.

I should think that in the two or three thousand miles of the great stone roads of Galicia a huge wooden or stone crucifix, or a tiny brick or stone shrine, might be found on the average at the distance of every half an English mile. Most of the crucifixes are of wood hewn out of beech or oaken logs. Whether of wood or stone, as if from some great burden, every one leans, and this very leaning lends a strangely suggestive sadness and loneliness to the landscape.

They are most frequent in districts nearest the Carpathians which form the Hungarian boundary. The Ruthenian peasants being of Russian stock are all Greek Catholics, and the Polish Galicians are without exception Roman Catholics. They are equally pious, and you can never pass crucifix or shrine without witnessing a group of both in rapt devotion, many of whom are groveling prostrate upon the earth before the sacred reminders of Calvary. At Whitsuntide one will see crowds of these simple and pious devotees crawling upon all fours, while trailing huge wooden crosses from their necks and shoulders, around every roadside shrine in all Galicia.

At the little inn where I tarried in Cracow, I made the acquaintance of a youth of twenty who had tired of Tatra peasant life, and had come to the great city to seek his fortune as a keller or servant.

He had led the dog's life of the city inn long enough to pine for his old mountain home with an unutterable longing. I bought his freedom of his landlord master for 80 marks, and thus secured the most devoted guide traveler ever known to the shepherd hut homes of the wild and almost untraversed Tatra mountains.

These comprise a western spur of the Carpathian range where the latter, between Galicia and Hungary, are broken by the great panoramic valley of Arva, and reappeared beyond, in lesser ranges such as the Liptau and Neutra mountains and the Little Carpathian range. The entire region reminds one strikingly of the wilder and grander portions of the English Lake district where the lordly Helvellyn rears his craggy, mist-crowned crest above the shadowy Vale of St. John; only that the elevations are vastly higher; the glens and valleys more dark and shadowy; the cascades more impressive and sublime; and the forests more deep, vast and impenetrable to all save those who knew their secret ways; while the splendid olden sturdy Umbrian peasantry of English Westmorland and Cumberland, who are both shepherds and agriculturists, have here their congeners in a purely shepherd peasantry whose lives and ways have been changeless for more than a thousand years.

We went by rail to the little village of Jordanow, and crossed a northern spur of the Tatra, thus coming directly into the valley of the Arva and the great highway from Cracow to Buda-Pesth. Along this road we tramped for a day in company with every manner of picturesque fellow traveler; lodged at Arva Varalya; and the next morning set our faces towards the east and the Tatra heights.

That night we came to Ludvig's people. The reunion was touching and joyful. Between 200 and 300 souls comprised this one mountain folk band. Perhaps there are 100,000 folk of the same sort in the Tatra range. They are all shepherds, principally goatherds, and the number of animals they care for must reach millions. For about four months of the winter they retire to such towns as Niedzwiec, Jablonka, Neumarkt, Thurdorin, Dunajec, Mdgura, Repisko and Krivan—although many remain in their huts upon the mountains profiting by woodcraft in trapping and snaring animals and birds—so filling up and over-crowding the villages that they become winter cities.

They call themselves Podhalians. Their language is a mixture or dialect of the ancient Magyar and the Germanic tongue. Their food is simply oats, either boiled into a thick porridge or made into a thin bread of oatmeal and salt, baked before the coals like the Scotch "bannock," goat-milk whey, the wild mountain fruits and such small game as they can secure in the mountain forests. They neither have nor wish any other. Unlike the Galician peasant, who is a slave to brandy and the Hungarian peasant, who loves and can secure good and cheap wine, they drink no liquor of any sort whatever, and are huge in frame, handsome in face and physique, robust and powerful, and live to an extraordinary old age.

The band which I visited was a fair example of them all. It had just come upon the southern slopes of the mountains from the valleys with its herds, but its members had already built a mountain village of thirty huts. These were of tree limbs, bark and leaves, large and comfortable, but all opening to the south. All the band, including women, were dressed in the untanned skins of the goat with hoods and sandals of the same material. They do not remain long in these sylvan huts, but, as the summer advances, leave them, never to return to the same structures, for the higher grazing lands, where new homes are built with each change of location. Each band really comprises one immense family, patriarchal in system, and, as nearly as I could judge, to a great extent communal in regard to their little gains. By nature they are full of sentiment, and are rude poets and artists of no mean quality. The mountain giants around them constantly re-echo their wild and endless vocal melodies, and the exultant notes of the czigank and the splendid enthusiasm of their movements thrill one when of an evening they engage in the czardas, as only these strong-legged mountaineers can whirl and leap in this weird Hungarian national dance. They are Arcadians pure and simple; simple, good and pure.

EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

A Good One of Oscar Wilde's.

A good thing, attributed rightly or wrongly to Mr. Oscar Wilde, is going the round of the dinner tables. Oscar, so the story goes, was once profoundly bored after dinner and much irritated at the tardiness of his hostess in leaving the table and making way for the cigarettes. Suddenly some one remarked that a lamp on the table was smoking "Happy lamp!" said Oscar, and the hostess took the hint.

A GREAT FRENCH TAILOR.

He Made Uniforms For the Military and Gave Satisfaction.

A French military tailor of great renown has lately joined the majority, after having outlived by more than a score of years the period of splendor and extravagance, in connection with army uniforms, which set in under the regime of the First Consul, and came to a close simultaneously with the fall of the Second Empire. M. Paul, the "artist" in question, whose funeral took place in Paris the day before yesterday, had himself been a soldier before the thirties, and on the accession of Charles X. was transferred from the stately corps of the Guard Cuirassiers to a crack Hussar regiment, in which his sartorial talent soon enabled him to attain the position of "tailleur-en-chef." His reputation for good taste and correct judgment spread rapidly throughout the French army, so that in course of time the Clothing Board accustomed itself to consult him respecting all important changes in uniforms and equipments, and it became his privilege to set the fashions, for the French cavalry in particular.

Paul's influence endured through the reigns of the Citizen King and of "the nephew of his uncle." Under the former dispensation he invited the crimson peg tops, which were patronized by Louis Philippe's soldier son, the Duc d'Aumale, and speedily established themselves in the favor of the French Army; under the latter he designed the picturesque uniform of the Imperial Guides, when that fashionable corps was formed under the auspices of Louis Napoleon's favorite aide-de-camp, Col. Fleury. The late Emperor held Paul's gifts in such high estimation that he would not wear any military dress which would not be turned out by the famous ex-hussar, who was, moreover, honored by a special command to "create" the first uniform—that of a Grenadier of Guards—ever induced by the Prince Imperial.

Paul's taste, which seemed to have suited Legitimists, Orleanists and Bonapartists equally well, was of the florid order, and by no means accorded with the sober and simple military fashions which came into vogue with the third republic. He was a staunch advocate of the colored plumes and glossy bearskins, glittering gorgets and aiguillettes, richly embroidered sashes, braided pelisses, and fur trimmed dolmans, shining shakoes, kalpaks, and overalls, burnished handkerchiefs and pipe-clayed gauntlets, richly gilded swordknots, belts, and sabretaches—in short, of all the spendthrift magnificence with which the French army was accoutred and equipped by the First Napoleon, and which but slightly modified by his Bourbon successors—all three equally anxious to avoid giving umbrage to their soldiers—was revived in all its gaudy glory by the young son of Queen Hortense, when for the second time, the Imperial bees supplanted the Royal Hives in the French army.

Marshall Wilder's Experiences.

The way in which Marshall Wilder chose this method of earning a way in the world was merely accidental. As a child he was delicate and afflicted. He was not strong enough to play with boys of his own age, and his sole experience of life was gained by sitting propped up in a high chair at the window and observing people passing up and down the street. Debarred from active participation in the work or pleasures of existence, the senses became abnormally acute. The little invalid commenced unconsciously to mimic the strange sounds he heard as he sat patiently at the casement.

He gradually learned to imitate the unusual accents of foreigners, the brogue of Irishmen, the cockney dialect, the German guttural. His father, Dr. Wilder, was glad to see the little fellow's mind interested in this harmless diversion and encouraged him by laughing at his attempts to portray the unusual things he had heard at the window.

One evening Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) was dining with the Wilder family, and in order to give his share in the evening's enjoyment the boy ventured to mimic a conversation which he had heard that afternoon between a policeman and the Dutch grocer. Mrs. Croly was highly amused. She invited the boy to come to one of her receptions and entertain her guests. Dr. Wilder took the little chap over to Mrs. Croly's house soon afterward, and after some persuasion the boy was induced to display his remarkable talent.



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Marshall Wilder's reputation began that night. Among the Croly guests were several influential people. The took considerable interest in the boy and invited him to dinners and receptions at their houses. In a short he was overrun with hospitality. Finding his services in regaling dinner parties with funny stories so much sought after he decided that he would follow the example set by Frank Lincoln and adopt the profession of social entertainer.

At first his fees were very modest and he was glad enough to get \$5 for pocket money for an evening's performance. His talents, however, grew in general appreciation until at present he is in great demand among rich people and lecture bureaus at \$100 an evening.

Incubated Babies.

Some of the best New York hospitals employ incubators for undeveloped infants. The incubator looks like that used to hatch eggs, though it is larger. Hot-water pipes run beneath it, and two currents of warm air are conducted into the cage. The baby lies on an air pillow, at a temperature of about seventy-three degrees. The air, of course, is kept in constant circulation. A baby viewed a few weeks ago weighed at its birth about two pounds, and had presented a most uncompleted appearance, but under the influence of the heat looked like any other infant of the age of six weeks, only a trifle redder, perhaps, than children brought up under the usual conditions. In the same room with this baby were twelve others of about the same age, two in each cradle, all dressed precisely alike, and distinguished from each other by a bit of writing stuck to the gown. The mothers were in an opposite room, and the nurses reported that every day, when the children were bathed, there was the greatest excitement in the mothers' ward lest the babes got mixed. "Wouldn't each mother know her own child by instinct?" was asked. The nurse shrugged her shoulders, and replied: "The babies are all exactly alike, and all paupers, but each mother wants her own, and each one's own is the prettiest. It's the idea of getting another woman's baby they don't like."—Ex.

Delsarteanism.

She bendeth lo!
She kicketh high!
She swaveth gently to and fro,
She treadeth only on her toe;
And when I ask the reason why,
The lissome maiden doth reply:
"Dear Edmund Russell doth so."
"And who may Edmund Russell be?"
"Tis thus I catechise her.
She looketh in amaze on me;
She saith, "In truth, I ply thee here!"
She crieth, "Shame unto thee; why, sir,
The high priest of Delsartism is he;
A type of man full of variety,
Our dear devalutizer!"
She fluttereth her wrists
Just like that matchless man:
She battereth her fists,
She doth wondrous twists,
Though I don't see how she can,
The whirle and spin; insists
She likes it, till vague mist
Swim round her, and she's wan;
Just like that prince of priests,
The pale Delsartean.

Buffalo Courier.

Do You See THE POINT?

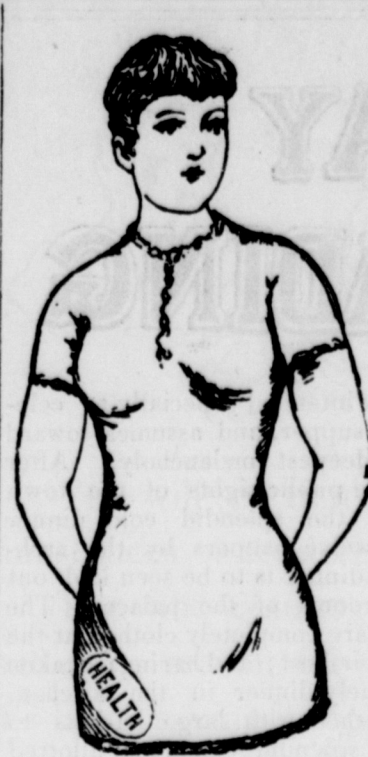


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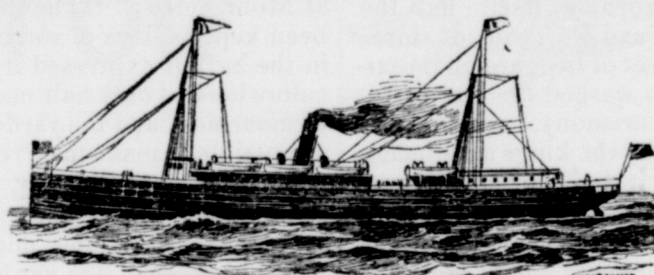
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