Tour of Europe

From Algiers the tourist sails for Palermo, with its beautiful gulf, "The Golden Shell," encircled by lofty mountains. The city lies in a blossoming plain, was fought for, like all Sicilian cities, by Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens and Normans, and, although still fairy-like of environment, retains few traces of its origin. When the last of the winter snows has melted away, the orange and judas trees bloom marvelously, and every land breeze brings the city a springtime freight of the rarest fragrance. Nature offers man an Eden here, but he, poor mortal that he is, hungers and thirsts pitifully, starving physically in this paradise of beauty.

Poverty is general in Palermo, yet it has its treasured sights—the university, the public libraries, the many famous churches, clubs and palaces, and courts of justice. In some of these edifices are mosaics which are like old tapestries, silken in appearance, but more enduring than tapestry handiwork being made of cubes of agate, of jasper, lapis lazuli, and other rare and brilliant stones.

The people are given to many church feast days, but the poorer workers are quite industrious. The cobblers work necessarily to make the money wherewith to buy their daily macaroni. The tailors with extraordinary skill patch old clothes, which look at the beginning as if they never could be worn again. The sellers of poultry carry their wares tied together by the legs, and hung suspended from their necks. The hucksters sell cauliflowers—pink, purple, green or yellow. The fountains are the centers for gossiping women and idle maids. Families often have their luncheons in open doorways. They sit on the earthen floor with the shallow platter of charcoal, whereon their meal is heated, placed between them. There is a certain friendliness about the sunny city, notwithstanding its poverty. The flowers that grow charm irresistibly, and the human element seems only incidental.

Naples never looks more beautiful than when the morning sun reveals the city in a negligee of rainbow colors, with Capri and Sorrento in sight, and Mount Vesuvius, distinguished-looking in the tall, white plume it wears.

The Museum of Naples is a treasure house of artistic and archæological gems. Its mosaics and frescoes are famous, and its pictures include "Scenes from the Story of Hercules," "Achilles Delivering Briseis to the Heralds of Agamemnon," and other classical subjects. Here, too, is found the celebrated Farnese Hercules, and a cabinet of medals and the small bronzes unearthed in Pompeii. It is an interesting experience to view the Neapolitans under the stress of excitement, such as is witnessed when an eruption of Vesuvius is apprehended.

All night the streets are thronged with people who watch with superstitious awe the column of fire that rises fully 1,000 feet in height and the great masses of molten lava that leap up in the air and fall heavily to earth again, carrying destruction with them. The fact which excites the people most, however, is that the mountain is "sweating fire"—to use an expression of an Italian scientist—that is, opening up new craters which discharge burning streams of lava that surround and ruin neighboring villages on the mountain's slope.

They realize the appropriateness of Goethe's words, "Vesuvius is a peak of hell rising out of paradise." For all of the volcano's lower slopes are fertile vineyards, where is grown that famous wine of ashes, the Lacrima Christi. And just above are hardened lava streams, contorted like lizards and crocodiles in agony.

From Naples, by a brief drive, Pompeii, city of the dead, is reached. So deeply was this place covered by Vesuvius, that during the middle ages the site became a historic mystery. It is a sombre, lonely spot. The various houses shown to tourists have been given names in accordance with the treasures discovered in them when they were disentombed.

There is the "House of the Wounded Adonis," "the House of the Labyrinth"—so called because a mosaic of Theseus and the Minotaur was found in it; there are the "House of the Little Fountain," "The House of the Faun," "The House of the Tragic Poet." There are temples, too, the theater upon the hill, and the famous forum, never finished, where one can get the finest views from Pompeii of the mighty mountain which ever, even in comparatively peaceful mood, flames its defiance at the sun and stars of heaven.

This buried city is the best source from which to learn what the domestic life of the Romans really was. Originally settled by the Oscians, and thoroughly imbued with the civilization of classic Greece later, in 82 B. C. it fell into Roman hands and became so Romanized by its conquerors that by the time of its final destruction, in 63 A. D., it had been rebuilt in Roman style. The final catastrophe, wherein the city was buried under successive layers of ashes, red hot pumice, and ashes again, did not take place until August, 79 A. D.

PEMMICAN AND "DEPUYER."

Equipped with nothing but their skill and endurance, a few ponies, a gun or two, and provision enough to last them for the day, the early mountaineers of the West set out to make their way through a vast wilderness that held all the terrors of the unknown. William T. Hamilton, a type of these self-reliant men, spent his whole life on the plains, and in "Sixty Years on the Plains" he tells, among other things, of the foods in use by the Cheyennes, with whom the plainsmen often came in contact.

The Cheyennes were and are to-day a proud and brave people. Meat is their principal food, although berries of different kinds are collected in season, as well as various roots. The kettle is on the tripod night and day.

Most tribes of plain Indians dry their meat by cutting it into thin flakes and spreading it on racks and poles in the sun. Pemmican is manufactured in the following manner:

The choicest cuts of meat are selected and cut into flakes and dried. Then all the marrow is collected and the best of the tallow, and both tallow and marrow are dissolved together over a slow fire. Many tribes use berries in their pemmican. Mountaineers always do unless they have sugar.

The meat is now pulverized to the consistency of mince-meat, the squaws generally doing this on a flat rock, using a pestle. A layer of meat is spread, about two inches thick, the squaws using a wooden dipper, a buffalo horn or a claw for this work. On this meat is spread a certain amount of the melted marrow and tallow, the proportion depending on the taste. This same process is repeated until the desired amount is secured. One pound of pemmican is equal in nourishment to five pounds of fresh meat.

Another important article of food, the equal of which is not to be had except from the buffalo, is "depuyer," depouille. It is a fat substance that lies along the backbone next to the hide, running from the shoulder-blade to the last rib, and about as thick as one's hand or finger. It will weigh from five to eleven pounds, according to the size or condition of the animal. It will keep indefinitely, and is used as a substitute for bread, but is superior to any bread that was ever eaten.

When going on the warpath the Indians would take some dried meat and some "depuyer" to live on, and nothing else, not even if they were to be gone for months.

Women invariably speak of an unmarried minister as talented.

PLIGHT OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

Aged Sunnihat Forced to Sell Tombstones of His Ancestors.

Nearly blind and helpless, Chief Sunnihat of the Alaska Haidahs arrived in the city on the steamer Al-Ki, en route to Los Angeles, Cal., to secure treatment. In order to obtain treatment for his eyes the Indian chief has sold the tombstones to the graves of his ancestors, the house in which he lived in Alaska, many curios which he has collected from the members of his tribe, and will go on exhibition himself at Redondo, the Huntington summer resort near Los Angeles.

Chief Sunnihat and the collection of Indian curios, including three totem poles, one of which is the largest ever sent out of Alaska, are in charge of W. L. Bunard and Walter Weymouth. The house, totem poles and other curios weigh a total of about 200 tons and will be transferred to three different boats before reaching the destination.

The largest of the three totem poles is fifty feet in length and four feet four inches in circumference at the butt. The house was torn to pieces at Kassaan, Prince of Wales Island, and shipped in that manner to be erected again at Redondo.

At Redondo Chief Sunnihat will live in his own house, surrounded by the totem poles and the other curios which form the collection. He will be one of the features of the summer resort and will remain as long as his eyes are in need of treatment. He is about 70 years of age and has been chief of the Haidahs since he was 14.

The house of the Indian chief is the first house to be sold out of Alaska. When this house was built Chief Sunnihat gave a big potlatch to the members of his tribe, at which he gave away about 3,000 blankets.

The big totem pole was shipped in sections on the Al-Ki, and immediately after the arrival of the Alaska steamer in port was transferred to the Umatilla for San Francisco and will be transferred again on arrival at that port for southern California.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

The Wrong Way.

They were drinking soda in the Gentlewoman's Club.

"I wish," said the fat one with gray hair, "that you could break my daughter Nell of bridge."

The young one in pink smiled faintly.

"I did break her last night," she said.—New York Press.

None for Her.

"Miss Flutters sat all the evening in that thin dress, and I know she was cold!"

"Yes, but she says when women go around with little woolen shawls on their shoulders it's a sign of age."—Detroit Free Press.