MARIQUITTA.

Yes, it was the house at the corner, and I passed it every day; its inmates became familiar to me, and I became known to them. Father, mother, daughter and son, there they sat on the flat roof in the fresh evenings of the Indian cold weather; there, too, they lounged on sultry summer nights to catch a breath of air. I did not know their name, but I knew that they were Eurasians; I did not even know to what social grade they belonged, but I knew that I was not likely ever to meet them in any society I might frequent. I was not anxious to meet them or to develop any personal acquaintance with them, but they had become familiar objects to my view, and it seemed to be part of my everyday life to see them sitting there on the roof. One day I noticed a disturbance at the corner house. A vehicle of turture, otherwise known as an Indian cab—that is prone to rattle its unfortunate inmates to atoms long before its destination be reached—stood at the door. Two boxes and a bag seemed to compose the luggage of the new arrival; no 'board-ship chair, nothing to suggest a sea voyage; no, I clearly decided it was not the mail that brought this addition to the inhabitants of the corner house. The person, whoever it was, had entered before I passed, and only the luggage was waiting patiently outside. I had the curiosity to glance at the labels, and saw they were marked "M. G."

My friends did not appear quite so often on the roof, now, and they were never accompanied by the stranger. It was the gay time of the year, and the festivities were numerous. I had a young friend staying with me at the time, and for his sake I determined to break through my lonely habits that I might show him some of the gayety of our town. There was a "mad ball," as the natives term our fancy dress dances, at the town hall, and for the sake of my friend, I took tickets and we went. The evening, for the time of year, was unusually warm, and all windows and doors were thrown widely open. The room looked charming in its decorations, and as my young companion seemed to enjoy himself I felt satisfied. Sauntering out on one of the verandas I sat down peacefully to enjoy the strains of subdued music that reached me in the balmy air. The veranda was dark that I could not see the faces of two people who were sitting in the opposite corner. But I could not help overhearing a few words of their conversation.

"How do you like being here?"

I was almost startled to recognize the voice of my young friend.

"Oh, I like it very much; it is a great change," answered a girl's voice.

As they passed me I could see that her fancy dress was a copy of a Grecian robe, and that it was entirely white, and I heard my friend say: "I have not seen you for months."

I returned to the ball-room and watched the dancers. Then I became aware that my friend was approaching me, and that his Grecian partner was still with him. This time I saw her face; it was very beautiful—her complexion pale, but not sallow. Her face suited her fancy dress, for it was purely classical. Her eyes were large and dark, her hair was of a deep brown and loosely coiled at the back of her head in a Grecian knot. "Let me introduce you," he said, "to Miss Gonzalo." With a stately little bow she turned to me, and we were soon engaged in conversation. My friend had left us, and although I no longer dance, I had asked her to be my partner. She had not been in town long, she said; she came from up country, where she had first met my companion.

"No, I do not remember having seen you at Government House the other evening," I said.

She did not reply, but played with the tassel of her peplum.

Later on I said, "Have you visited our small picture exhibition yet?"

"Yes," she answered, her face lightening up. "I am very fond of pictures; my father was an artist."

I noticed that she spoke in the past tense; he was dead, then.

"You are here with your mother?" I suggested.

"I am an orphan," she said quickly; "I am here with friends".

Here my friend came up to claim her for a dance.

Later on in the evening I again found myself alone on the veranda, a clear Indian sky above me, and my thoughts in an English home. My young friend came up to me. "They are playing the last dance," he said; "let us go home."

"By all means," I gladly rejoined. "Have you enjoyed your evening?"

"Pretty well. What do you think of Mariquitta Gonzalo?"

"She is very handsome and charming. Is she English?"

"Her father was a Spanish merchant and painter, and left her a very large fortune."

"You have known her some time, I hear?"

"Some months. I am glad you admire her. I really like the girl, and her fortune is worthy of old Indian times."

I was not prepared for this. "And so you are going to make me the witness of an engagement, I suppose?" I said, with a smile.

"Not likely," he answered, with a laugh that somehow struck me unpleasantly.

"O, well, I only thought from what you said——"

"No, no; not for me," he rejoined; "they are all very well to talk to; perhaps, you may say, to flirt with—I do not say no; but marry a woman with—well—dark blood in her ancestry—never!"

I heard a slight noise and turning saw Mariquitta Gonzalo in the doorway. The next minute she was gone.

"She heard," I faltered.

"Well, well, it cannot be helped," answered my companion, and turned to depart.

My friend left the next day; a constraint seemed to have fallen upon us.

* * * * * * *

It was a cool, pleasant evening when I stopped my carriage at the corner house I knew so well. It was not the usual calling hour, but the one at which I thought my friends were most likely to be found assembled. It was some time before I discovered a man who looked as if he might belong to the place, as he sat reading, and, seemingly, by no means inclined to understand me. When, at last, he appeared to have grasped the situation, he took my card and vanished into the house. Another man appeared, a very untidy man, whose would-be white clothes looked somewhat ashamed of themselves. He led me up a bare staircase to a still barer landing-place and from there into their gay coloring, and certainly not bare. The walls were covered with brightly colored prints; all the tables, and there were many, had brilliant cloths thrown over them, and were littered with bright ornaments, photographs, and, incongruously enough, signs of a meal in the form of plates that had not yet been cleared away. Of birds there seemed quite a collection, but, like the furniture, they seemed chiefly to have been selected for they gay coloring, and cergainly not for their melodious voices. Some moments elapsed before "the mother" entered. I knew her well from my observations of the family as they sat on the roof. Over a loose wrapper she had thrown a bright crimson shawl which made one feel uncomfortably warm, though, doubtless, it was meant as a reception costume. I asked after Miss Gonzalo, on whom I had come to call. Thereupon the lady called, "Flora!" Flora, appearing, bore a great resemblance to her mother, and was also attired in white, but her dress was tidier, and she proved decidedly pretty.

"Flora, this gentleman wants to see Mariquitta?"

"Yes, she is in," was the reply, and the damsel vanished.

"Miss Gonzalo is your niece?" I ventured.

"O, dear, no! She is staying with us because we knew her well up country before her mother died, and we wanted her to see the town and enjoy herself, so we have been taking her about."

"I was happy enough to meet her at the fancy dress ball the other evening."

"Ah, well! She did not enjoy that, she was ill afterwards; but Flora liked it."

Here we were interrupted by the appearance of that young lady and Mariquitta herself. The contrast between the two girls was very striking; nobody could have suspected Mariquitta of ancestors darker than Spaniards. She greeted me quietly, though, as she first recognized me, a deep flush had mounted to her cheek.

"I wonder if that man is bringing tea?" asked the mother, apparently of nobody in particular. I began to talk to Mariquitta, and was glad when mother and daughter vanished, one after the other, evidently in quest of the untidy man and the tea. Then Mariquitta rose and walked to the open door that led to the flat roof I knew so well.

"It is hot here," she said.

We both stepped out and sat in low chairs on the roof. She was dressed in a neat, white dress, and wore no ornaments, save a large, plainly set sapphire at her throat. Her beauty was of the finest Spanish type.

"I am glad of having an opportunity of wishing you good-bye," she said.

"Are you leaving us so soon?"

"Yes, I do not think I like town life, after all."

"Do you not find it lonely up country? You do not live by yourself?"

"An old friend of my mother lives with me. She and I have no time to be lonely, for I like to see to everything myself. Besides I am not always there. I have been to Europe twice since my parents died. I went to Spain, but my father's relatives are all dead."

"Miss Gonzalo," I said rather abruptly "your friends will return directly, and I have a message to deliver to you."

"Yes?" with a questioning glance.

"From my friend; he has left me; he was very sorry you—overheard. He was grieved to have hurt you."

I looked at her, but withdrew my glance amazed, for the quiet girl beside me seemed of a sudden to be inspired with all the fire and dignity of her father's race.

"Grieved to have hurt me!" she repeated slowly. "If I had believed his ardent words, if ever I could have believed him, he might have hurt me. But I knew that he could not mean such protestations for more than a few hours. I knew, for I had learned. Listen, I have had a good education, and my father was one of the most refined men I ever met. I knew long ago that I was rich, and thought I had advantages even above other girls. Ah! but I did not understand. My father never brought me to this town—I was educated in a convent at home. Then my parents died, and gradually I began to understand. I might have advantages, be educated and rich; but there would ever be one barrier that no man's hand could raise—the barrier of prejudice, of race. And I do not blame them; but it is hard sometimes, and I thought there might be exceptions."

She faltered, despite the proud curve of the lip, and I felt dimly what my friend had won and—lost.

"There are exceptions, Miss Gonzalo!" I exclaimed.

I gave her my hand; she pressed it lightly, but gently shook her head. Mother and daughter returned; the father and brother, too, appeared, both very dark, both very talkative. We conversed, we drank tea out of oddly assorted cups, and then the untidy man escorted me through the gaudy sitting room and bare landing, down the dark staircase, out into the street, with its gayly robed homeward bound natives.

Before leaving I had turned to Mariquitta. "Good-bye," I said. "I hope we may meet again."

"Good-bye," she answered.

* * * * * * *

I still pass the house at the corner, and look up at the roof, but I have never been inside of it again. The mother sometimes nods to me from the top, but they claim no other acquaintanceship. I often remember Mariquitta and her strange fate; and think angrily of my friend, whom I have not seen since, and wonderingly of her words, "And I do not blame them." But when I recollect the untidy man, the gaudy room, the white-robed mother, Flora, the ill-assorted cups, the objectionable father and brother—in fact the whole establishment—I leave off wondering, and I, too, understand and do not blame. But, understanding with my head, there is a feeling which is still foolish enough to whisper:

"Poor girl! poor Mariquitta!"

OUR INDIAN POPULATION.

Annual Report of the Department for the Past Fiscal Year.

The annual report of the Indian Department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, has been printed. According to it there are 100,000 Indians in the Dominion, 24,498 being classified as Protestants; 42,454 as Roman Catholics, and 16,812 as pagans. The religion of 12,263 is put down as "unknown." In Ontario there are 17,663 Indians; in Quebec, 10,626; in British Columbia, 25,068; in Manitoba, 9,444; in the Territories, 14,679. There are only 340 straggling Indians in the North-West Territories, which speak well for the efforts of the mounted police. The repatriation of five hundred Canadian Indians who fled after the rebellion of 1885 to Montana is noted. The history of "Charcoal," the Indian who was executed on March 12, is thus given: "Charcoal, an Indian of the Blood tribe, always bore a good character, but owing to the improper intimacy on the part of another Blood Indian with his wife, the poor fellow became maddened with jealousy and shot the offender. Like the true savage, once having drawn blood, the desire for more became aroused, and under such circumstances white men, if in the vicinity, became the victims. Thus the agent, being the most prominent person, was selected but he was absent when Charcoal sought his life. He then attempted to kill Mr. McNeill, farming instructor, by shooting him, when McNeill got between him and a lighted lamp, and an intervening object caused the bullet toswerve and McNeill escaped with a slight wound. Becoming desperate, Charcoal threatened to kill any one who attempted his arrest, and Sergeant Wylde of the police, who made the first attempt, was shot dead.

The expenditure on the Indians of the Dominion for the year was $880,500, to which headquarters' expenses are to be added. It is stated that the sun dance has become almost an extinct Indian ceremony. In British Columbia the prodigal "potlatch" festival is also being stamped out. The "Tamnawas" dance is described as degrading and disgusting.

The number of pupils at the Indian schools in the Dominion was 9,714, and the average attendance 5,376. There are fifteen industrial schools, thirty-four boarding and 239 day schools. It may yet become incumbent upon the department to adopt more stringent measures to secure increased attendance.

A REAL LIVE DOLL BABY.

Wrapped Up in Flannels and with Clothing and All It Weighs Only 2½ Pounds.

Kansas city has the honor of being the birth place of what is probably the smallest baby in the world. With all of its clothing on and wrapped in a thick flannel blanket it only weighs two and a half pounds. The child was born a week ago. The baby, small as it is, seems to be as healthy and well-developed as the noisiest of ten-pound affairs.

The infant is the daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Chandler. They have had several children and all have been of normal size except on one occasion, when Mrs. Chandler gave birth to triplets. They averaged a little over four pounds each. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Chandler can understand why it is that this child is so small when all of the other children, save the triplets, weighed from eight to ten pounds. It is a mystery which neither will attempt to explain.

There was consternation in the Chandler household on the night when Dr. B. F. O'Daniel brought this tiny young lady into the world. It was so puny that he did not think such an insignificant bit of flesh and blood could possibly "make a live of it."

The baby, in a weak, plaintive voice, protested its right to a living, and care was taken of it accordingly. It was fed for three days on catnip tea, but now it receives its mother's milk from a doll's play spoon, the mouth being so small that it cannot take nourishment in the old-fashioned way. Dolls' clothes have been bought, and a pillow is the cradle. The physician hopes to bring the child up to be as large as any girl wants to be. The arms and legs are hardly three inches long and are about the size of a slate pencil.

A WONDERFUL TRICK.

Levi and Moses were twin brothers, and some time ago were invited by a friend to dinner. Now it was quite impossible for Moses not to make "monish" out of such an opportunity; accordingly, when he thought he was unobserved he slipped a silver spoon into one of his boots. Levi saw him do this, and was naturally "green" with envy at Moses' success, for he had not even managed to "transfer" so much as a salt spoon. A brilliant idea of revenge struck him. "My tear frents," he said, "I vill show you now vunderful dricks." Seizing a spoon, he cried, "You see dees 'ere spoon, my frents? Vell it has gone," as it passed up his sleeve; "you will find it in Moses'boot!" They did find one there, much to Moses' disgust.

AS TO GLOVES.

The proper kind of a glove is a heavy dogskin, with a tailor-made gown for shopping, white glace four-buttoned kid ones stitched with black for other daytime occasions, and white or light-colored suede mousquetaire for evening wear.

SOMETHING ABOUT CRETE

HER PEOPLE, HER CITIES, HER FRUITS, AND HER WRONGS.

Her Grand Old Man, Who at 95 Is Still Struggling to Throw off the Turkish Yoke and Annex the Island to Greece—Perfidy of the Sultan—No Reform, but Separation From Turkey, Say the Cretans.

A Greek mail steamer plies weekly between Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, and the island of Crete, and travellers who miss it, and who do not care to wait a week longer, usually take passage on one of the many small Greek freighters. These freighters touch first at the island of Syra, the ancient Hermopolis and the residence of the Governor of Cyclades Islands. After a day in port there they proceed to Crete, touching at the islands of Naxos, Paros, and Siphnos, the whole trip lasting three and one-half days.

The harbor of Canea, the destination of the vessels, is protected by a well-preserved fortress, one side of which extends down to the edge of the water. The eastern side of the fort is about 1,500 feet long, the southern side 2,400, and the western side 1,800. These walls are protected by four ramparts, two of which face the valley and the other two the sea, and the whole is surrounded by a deep and wide ditch. The northern side of the city is built down to the harbor, which is partly protected by a chain of rocks hardly visible above the water. Upon these rocks is a wall 1,130 feet long, in the middle of which is

A STRONG RAMPART.

At the eastern end of this wall is a tower with a lighthouse, the light being visible twelve miles away. At the western end there is a fortress with a few old-fashioned guns. Although the harbor of Canea is larger than that of Candia or Retimo, it is very shallow and can accommodate only small vessels. Large ships usually anchor in the bay of Souda, which is divided into upper and lower bays.

The harbor of Souda is, strictly defined, the upper bay, being five miles long and one mile and three-quarters wide, with a depth of 450 feet. On a small island at the entrance of the harbor is a fortress with twelve Krupp guns. On the southern shore of the harbor is the Mediterranean navy yard of Turkey. It is in this harbor that most of the European men-of-war sent to Crete find safe and comfortable anchorage.

The city of Canea, being the seat of the Governor-General, has clean strets, fine houses, and some public buildings of considerable pretensions, such as the Governor's headquarters and the Court House, both of which are of modern construction. The military hospital, two armories and the health office also are fine structures. The population of the city is estimated at 14,610, of whom 4,750 are Greeks and 9,500 Turks, 160 Isrealites, and 200 Roman Catholics. Nearly every European Government is represented by either a Consul or a consular agent. Most of these representatives live in the small town of Halepa, about half an hour's walk from Canea.

Halepa became quite famous on account of the well-known treaty of 1878 that was signed there by the Cretan plenipotentiaries and the Sultan's envoys. On lofty grounds, covered with olive, pomegranate, and almond trees, commanding an excellent view of Halepa and the country around it, there stands the famous

OTTOMAN TOWER OF HALEPA,

built by the Janizaries. It is well fortified, and has been a refuge for Turkish families in revolutionary times.

The Turkish quarters of Canea are around the Spanzia square. It was impossible for a Christian to pass through the square without being attacked by the Mussulmans. It is here also that the Mahommedan families gather in the evening for recreation; they sit on wooden benches and listen to the music of the Arab musicians of Canea.

Until a few years ago the population of the island of Crete was a matter of conjecture. The most trustworthy census on the island was taken in 1881, by order of Gov. Photiades, and is regarded by competent authorities, both Christian and Mohammedan, as fairly honest. It gave a total population of 279,165. Of these 205,010 were orthodox Greeks, 73,234 Mohammedans, 253 Roman Catholics, 8 Armenians, 647 Israelites, and 13 Protestants. Nearly all the inhabitants speak Greek. Even the Mohammedan priests and teachers use the Greek language in explaining the Koran or the Turkish lessons to their pupils.

Besides Canea there are two other cities of some importance in Crete, namely, Candia, inhabited by 13,000 Turks and 6,000 Greeks, and Retimo, with a population of 6,321 Turks and 1,320 Greeks. Both cities lie on the northern shore of the island, and they are only a short distance apart.

Not far from Retimo is a range of hills, known as the White Mountains, with extensive table land at each end, which are places of refuge during revolutions for the Christian families. The mountains are covered with pine, chestnut, and cedar trees, and abound in springs of excellent water.

On the southern coast of Crete there are few settlements of any importance. The only noteworthy post is the harbor of Fair Havens, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 27, verse 8, in which the vessel carrying St. Paul to Malta found refuge. Vessels to-day usually seek refuge in the same port

IN BAD WEATHER.

There are but a few small houses at Fair Havens, and these are occupied by Turkish officials stationed there to report on the Aga of Deaki, the chief village of the district, the passing of vessels. These officials have little to do. On the east side of the bay there are the ruins of the old Greek chapel dedicated to St. Paul; legend has it that the chapel was built on the spot on which the Apostle stood when he preached to the natives of Crete.

No island has a healthier or more agreeable climate than has Crete. In the hottest days of summer refreshing sea breezes are seldom lacking, and winter which begins in December, ends about the latter part of January. The rainy season often continues until late in April, but it very seldom rains in the summer.

A chain of mountains divides the island into what are called the northern and southern slopes. One-third of the island consists of rocky slopes; another third has a good soil, which remains uncultivated for want of farm hands; and the other third is cultivated only rudely for the same reason. The cultivation of fruit remains as it was centuries ago. The want of progress is owing to the repeated acts of injustice committed against the Christian farmers by the Turkish tax-gatherers. Olives and their oil are the staple products of Crete. Valleys from one end of the island to the other are covered with olive trees. Next to the olive industry comes that of the vines producing many varieties of grapes, raisins, and wine. Orchards of orange, lemon, citron, and almond trees abound in the valleys, while chestnut and fig trees are found at the base of the mountains. A peculiarity of all Cretan products is their exquisite flavor, which they retain long after they are gathered and shipped. It is the opinion of the oldest and best informed Cretan merchants that, with proper facilities for transportation of products to the seaports, and a guarantee against misrule and arbitrary taxation, Crete could

PROVIDE ALL EUROPE

with oil and fruits of several kinds.

Like Cuba, Crete has always found her curse in the beauties with which nature has endowed her. Since the island was left by the Venetians to the Turks in 1715 no fewer than nine revolutions have taken place among its people. Each time the revolt was precipitated by Turkish tyranny. The most remarkable feature of all these revolutions is that in no instance have the Cretans been forced by defeat to lay down their arms. Their disarming has been due always to the intervention of some "friendly power" which wished to give an opportunity to the Turkish Government to introduce reforms. Whoever has lived in Turkey has his opinion as to the good faith of Turkey in promising reforms, especially when they are exacted by the threat of the demolition of the Ottoman dynasty in Europe. But for "friendly" foreign intervention Crete would have secured her independence long ago. Russian diplomacy has frustrated the hopes and aspirations of the Cretans in last year's revolution, and despite the role she is now playing with the other European powers, as if to force the Sultan to carry out the long-promised reforms among the Christians in his dominions, she is the one country directing the Sultan's policy in the East. There is not a Cretan of any prominence on the land who has the least faith in the professions of the Porte as to carrying out any reforms.

At present there is no man more trusted by the Cretans than the Grand Old Man of Crete, old Costa Veloudakes, the permanent President of the Revolutionary Assembly, and a scion of one of the oldest families of the island. He has just celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday. He has taken part in

EVERY REVOLUTION

on the island during his time. In the eight-year revolution of 1821 he was at the head of a strong Cretan force, having distinguished himself by liberating sixty-eight Cretan women held in bondage in a Turkish fortress. He is a man of few words, but whenever he speaks his utterances carry great weight. His courage is proverbial. At the battle of the Fountains in 1866 he was fighting beside his two sons when a bullet killed one of them. Without flinching he gave orders to carry the dead from the battlefield; he continued fighting until the enemy were repulsed. In 1878 he was proclaimed Commander-in-Chief of all the revolutionary forces on the island, and was subsequently selected with two other Cretans to proceed to the German capital, during the drawing of the Berlin treaty, to lay before the representatives of the powers the claims of the Cretans.

To give evidence of the low esteem in which Turkish promises are held by the Cretans it is necessary only to quote the remarks recently made by one of the most conservative members of the Cretan Revolutionary Commitee.

"Turkish firarms," he said "granting reforms reminds me of the story of the schoolboy caught in mischief by his teacher and then resorting to all sorts of excuses and promises of better conduct so as to escape punishment. So it is with the Sultan and his firmans granting privileges to the Christians of Crete; you may always look for them whenever some high-handed rascality has been committed by his people and the foreign Governments look sternly at him. It is needless to say that the excitement once over you need not look for the fulfilment of his promise."

Public opinion among the Cretans is adverse to the acceptance of any reforms. The prevailing opinion at the meetings of the Cretans is that they should fight until the union of Crete with Greece is accomplished.

GREAT EASTERN AS A SHOW SHIP.

The last days of the Great Eastern were certainly sad, considering the purpose for which she was designed, and the great work she did in cable-laying. For some time before she was broken up on the mud of the River Mersey, near Liverpool, she was on view as a show ship. One firm of Liverpool clothiers hired her for a season, and in addition to using her for their advertising purposes, made use of her for catch-penny shows. In the large cable tank a circus was fitted up, and performances given at so much a head, while other exhibitions were spread all over her deck.

UNRELIABLE MAN.

George told me that one of my golden hairs could draw him like a team of oxen.

Yes?

And then when the harness broke down he asked me if I had a rope in my pocket.