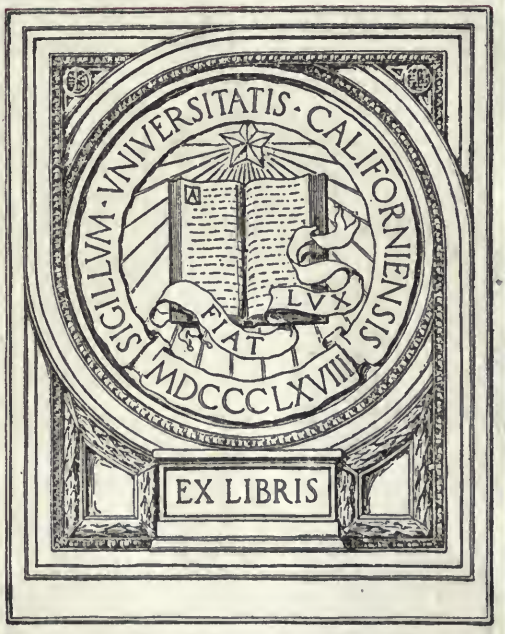

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THE CALIFORNIAN

DECEMBER 1893

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

CONTENTS

SAN FRANCISCO.

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THE . . . . .

January Californian

THE CALIFORNIAN FOR JANUARY will be a notable number, rich in fiction and finely illustrated articles of general interest throughout the world. Among the artists who illustrate the number are ALEXANDER HARMER, H. J. BREUER, JOHN WHITE, W. H. HOPPS, PAUL TILLEUX, and others. Perhaps the most remarkable paper in the issue is a letter written by the unfortunate **Empress Carlotta** to the Duchess Aosta, telling a remarkable story hitherto unpublished in English and of great historic value. **John Vance Cheney** describes an incident in the life of a cow-boy in verse, while the article on Sport is by REV. DR. JORDAN, who gives his experience on "**Deer Hunting in the Northern Sierras.**" MR. ORCUTT, the well-known botanist of San Diego, describes the **Cactus** family, so common on this Coast, and the frontispiece of the number, by HARMER, illustrates the use of the cactus hedge by the old Mission fathers. **Ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon** has a striking article on Southern California which will be read with interest. MISS HOGAN describes St. Francis, the **Patron Saint of San Francisco**, the city now of more than ordinary interest on account of the **Midwinter Fair.** On a **Peanut Ranch** has local flavor, while in the **Land of the Maoris,** by ARTHUR INKERSLEY, and **Kamschatka,** by BURLING, take the reader to foreign lands. The Attempts to Free **Cuba, The Chinese Gambler**, Immigration to the United States, by **General Chipman, City Government,** What it Should Be, by **Hon. Abbot Kinney, The Development of Opera,** with short stories, book reviews, poetry, etc., make up a number of unusual interest.

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The CALIFORNIAN For 1894

THE DECEMBER CALIFORNIAN begins the fifth volume of the Magazine, and the success achieved justifies the publishers in improving the publication in every way during the coming year.

The Magazine will devote a certain amount of its space every month to Western North America from Alaska to Mexico, presenting authentic descriptions of this region and the conditions of life which hold there, hoping, in this way, to aid in the material development of the entire West. The articles will relate to the climate, agriculture, horticulture, social and political life, artistic and literary fields, sport, adventure, history, science, etc., in fact, will present truthful pictures of the West. While this feature will hold the CALIFORNIAN will by no means be local in its matter. The entire world is its field, and in each issue illustrated articles on the topics of interest throughout the world will appear.

The ILLUSTRATIONS of the CALIFORNIAN have attracted wide-spread comment and they will continually be improved. In the past a number of local artists have been represented:—W. K. Briggs, F. R. Standish, John White, Julius Ludovici, Mathews, Miss Frölich, Miss Morrison, H. H. Sherk, Lucy Craig, Susan S. Looseley, Alexander Harmer, A. Farnsworth, A. P. Niles, Chas. Witkowski, H. R. Hopps, Paul Tilleux, Miss A. R. Wheelan, of Santa Barbara, Jeanie Peet, of Los Angeles, H. J. Breuer, Fenn, Geo. R. Cole, Nellie A. Stearns Goodloe, L. Vesaria, and others. This list will be increased in the coming year.

In the past year the CALIFORNIAN has presented its readers with contributions from almost every Pacific Coast writer and author of prominence, and many from the East and Europe. Among them have been Gertrude Atherton, Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Edwin Markham, Grace Ellery Channing, Casper T. Hopkins, John Bonner, Dan De Quille, Theodore Van Dyke, Clarence Urmy, Flora Haines Loughead, Julia H. S. Bugeia, George Hamlin Fitch, John Vance Cheney, Charles F. Lummis, Barrett Eastmann, Peter Robertson, Dorothea Lummis, Lieut. R. H. Fletcher, Senator Stephen M. White, Hon. W. W. Bowers, Ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon, General N. P. Chipman, Nellie B. Eyster, Hon. Abbot Kinney, William A. Spalding, David Starr Jordan, LL. D., E. S. Holden, LL. D., Estelle Thompson, Flora McDonald Shearer, Lucius Harwood Foote, Robert Mackenzie, D. D., Elodie Hogan, John H. Gilmour, Annie Laurie, Genevieve Green, Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, Jeanie S. Peet, Walter Lindley, M. D., Dr. W. F. Channing, Jeanne C. Carr, Jessie Benton Fremont, May Bigelow Edmunds, Clara Spalding Brown, Minna V. Gaden, Chas. Russel Orcutt, Rollin M. Daggett, M. C. Fredericks, Mark Sibley Severance, Dr. Danzinger, Neith Boyce, Dr. P. C. Remondino, Genevieve L. Browne, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Don Arturo Bandini, Judge T. C. Jones, Lorenzo Sosso, Chas. P. Nettleton, A. B. Simonds, Alfred Townsend, Elwood Cooper, Helen Gregory-Flesher, and many more.

In 1894 many new writers besides these will contribute to the CALIFORNIAN. In **FICTION** and **ESSAYS** some of the contributors will be:—Gertrude Atherton, author of "*The Doomswoman*," etc., Ambrose Bierce, author of "*Black Beetles in Amber*," etc., Charles Edwin Markham, Harriett Prescott Spofford, author of "*The Amber Gods*," etc., Lieut. R. H. Fletcher, author of "*Margerie and her Father*," etc., Grace Ellery Channing, author of "*Biography of Ellery Channing*," etc., George P. Lathrop, Genevieve Green, Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, W. F. Carpenter, Professor of Scandinavian Literature in Columbia College, Geraldine Bonner, Judge Albion Tourgee, author of "*A Fool's Errand*," etc., Walter Blackburn Harte, Octave Thanet, Verner Z. Reed, John Bonner, John W. Wood, Joaquin Miller, Robert Beverly Hale, Flora Haines Loughead, Daniel K. Dodge, Dorothea Lummis, Harry Bigelow, Lieut. Cantwell, Mrs. Bougeia, Rose Parsons Lathrop, Charles Frederick Holder, and others.

POETRY.—Verses will be published by John Vance Cheney, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Eugene Field, Lucius H. Foote, Edgar Fawcett, Joaquin Miller, Madge Morris, Alfred I. Townsend, Flora McDonald Shearer, William Barnard, C. P. Nettleton, Dorothea Lummis, Jean La Rue Burnett, Lorenzo Sosso, George Martin, Frank V. McDonald, and others.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE.—Especial attention will be given to the sports and pastimes of the great West: articles by W. C. Harris, author of "*The Game Fishes of America;*" "*Kangaroo Hunting,*" by Col. Henry Evererall; "*Hunting in the Olympics,*" "*The Black-Tailed Deer in Alaska,*" byLieut. G. T. Emmons; "*Mountain Wild Goat Hunting in Alaska,*" "*Trout in Southern California,*" by A. McKee; "*Hand to Hand with the Jaguar,*" by Arturo Bandini, and many more. Theodore Van Dyke, author of "*The Still Hunter,*" etc., on sport iu Southern California, etc. Each issue of the Magazine will contain an illustrated paper on sport in the great West.

POLITICAL PAPERS.—Among the contributors will be Ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon, Hon. Thomas Geary, General N. B. Chipman, Senator Stephen M. White, Richard H. McDonald, Jr., Representative W. W. Bowers, Governor William McKinley, Hon. Abbot Kinney, Ex-Senator Morris M. Estee, Helen Rachel Robb, Hon. John P. Irish, John Bonner, and others.

ART.—A number of interesting papers on art will be published during the year; several by Wm. Keith, and one on the "*Impressionist School;*" "*Japanese Art,*" by Ota Masa Yoshi, illustrated by Oaki; "*Chinese Art,*" by a Chinese Artist; "*Art at the Midwinter Fair,*" by Dorothea Lummis; "*The Great Art Museums of America,*" by P. C. Redfield (III); "*The Studios of San Francisco,*" by Alexander Harmer; "*Native American Art,*" by Prof. John Richardson; "*The Theatre of Arts and Letters,*" by Gertrude Atherton.

MUSIC.—"*A Musical Winter in a New England Town,*" by A. H. W. Buell; "Mozart;" "*The Great Composers,*" "*My Life,*" by Edward Remenyi; "Giussepe Verdi;" Isabel S. Hackell; "*Music of the Native Races,*" by E. A. Reed, and many more.

LITERATURE.—A number of interesting papers will be given: "*A Reply to Hamlin Garland's Literary Emancipation of the West,*" by George Hamlin Fitch, Literary Editor of the *Chronicle.* Literature in the West; "*Four Women Writers of the West,*" by Mary J. Reid; "*Japanese Literature,*" by Oto Masayoshi, and others. Essays by John Vance Cheney, George Hamlin Fitch, Peter Robertson, Lucius H. Foote, and others.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS.—A number of richly illustrated articles on foreign subjects will be given throughout the year by famous travelers and others. Among them will be Mrs. F. C. W. Barbour, Arthur Inkersley, Sheridan P. Read, Consul Wm. Newell, May Bigelow Edmunds, Grace Elley Channing, Jean Porter Rudd, Charles Hallock, Octavius G. Brooke, Robert W. W. Cryan, Professor Granville Foster, F. P. Lefroy, Prof. W. H. Carpenter, and others, comprising a variety of interesting topics relating to every quarter of the globe.

DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.—A number of interesting descriptive papers will appear. The Rev. F. J. Masters will describe the "*Chinese Six Companies, and other Chinese subjects;*" Emma H. Adams, "*The Pilgrim Fathers of Alaska;*" John Hamilton Gilmour, "*The Great Colorado Desert;*" Susan S. Looseley, "*The Salton Sea and Salt Beds,*" illustrated by the author. "*Mt. Tacoma,*" and similar papers will be prepared by Fred. G. Plummer, President of the Alpine Club of Tacoma; "*Lower California,*" by John M. Ellicott, U. S. N.; Lieut. R. E. L. Robinson, on "*Engineering Feats of the Early Americans;*" "*A Series on Mexico,*" by Arthur Inkersley; "*Articles on the French,*" by Dr. P. C. Remondino, of San Diego; "*On California Climate,*" by Dr. Robert Hall, of Santa Barbara, Dr. F. F. Rowland, of Pasadena, with other papers on the West, by Rollin M. Daggett, Dan De Quille, Sam Davis, Harry Bigelow, and others.

AGRICULTURAL.—In each issue the CALIFORNIAN will publish a paper on some industry of the West Coast suggestive to the prospective settler of the conditions that hold there and the possibilities of self-support. These papers are written by authorities. Those already published have been by W. A. Spalding, author of "*Citrus Culture,*" on the "*Orange;*" Ellwood Cooper on the Olive, C. S. Brown

on the Peanut and others on the Walnut, Lemon, Pampas Grass, Forests, etc. This valuable series will be continued throughout the year.

POPULAR SCIENCE.—A number of interesting and valuable papers on Popular Science will be given during the year. PROF. JOSEPH LE CONTE, on *Coral Reefs*, etc.; Dr. E. S. HOLDEN, Director of Lick Observatory, will write on *Earthquakes;* DAVID STARR JORDAN, LL. D., on *Evolution;* DR. THEODORE GILL, Curator of Zoology at the Smithsonian, on *Fishes of the Deep Sea;* PROF. TOWNSEND, of the U. S. Fish Commission, on the work of the *Albatross* in the Pacific; CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, on the *Illumination of the Ocean*, and many more.

TIMELY SUBJECTS.—The CALIFORNIAN will keep apace with the times, and events of great national importance will be reviewed in its pages at the earliest moment, and fully illustrated.

ABBOT KINNEY, Chairman of the Board of Forestry, will write on "*Forestry*," "*City Government*," etc. JOHN BONNER, author of a "*Child's History of England and Spain*," etc., will write on the "*Labor Questions*," "*Chinese Exclusion*," etc. The "*Moral Responsibility of the Press and its Tendency*," are questions that are agitating thinking people to day; JOHN P. IRISH will present some clear cut views on the subject in the CALIFORNIAN; other articles by him will be "*Legislating in Platforms*," "*Scenery in Journalism*," etc. It is claimed by many that PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has exceeded the powers allowed him under the Constitution, that he has unduly enforced his personally conceived notions of legislation. This subject, so important to the citizen, will be ably presented in a paper by GENERAL N. P. CHIPMAN; other articles by the same author will be "*Federal and Confederate Constitutions*," "*Immigration*," etc.

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THE PACIFIC SLOPE FOR HOME SEEKERS.—A series of papers by distinguished writers who have made a success of coming West, and who will explain in terse language what the inducements are to the immigrant, farmer or artisan.

MANUSCRIPTS.—In answer to many inquiries the CALIFORNIAN would say, that descriptive articles on all subjects of "contemporary human interest are desired;" also short stories, sketches, etc. Clear photographs or good pen and ink or wash drawings are necessary for the artist.

COMMUNICATIONS relating to business should be addressed to the BUSINESS MANAGER. Those relating to manuscripts or articles to the EDITOR.

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AND

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BY

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The essays are very ably written and reflect great credit on Mr. McDonald. The work is highly commendable and invaluable to all who wish to be well informed on the political and economic questions of the day upon which it treats.—*Times*, Pleasanton.

One of the clearest and comprehensive reviews of the Nicaragua Canal is furnished by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., and should be read by every American citizen who has the interests of his country at heart.—*Argus*, Adin.

The work is artistic from a typographical point of view, and the subject matter is treated in a terse, scholarly manner.—*Express*, Winters.

The writer is undoubtedly a scholarly, but what amounts to a great deal more a thinking man. One would suppose that the topics which he discusses had been utterly exhausted by this time, but all of his essays are so very masterfully handled, that they appear decidedly new, to an attentive reader. Mr. McDonald has the ability to make even a dry subject interesting reading, and in that respect he surpasses the many writers on political economy.—*Independent*, Santa Barbara.

Mr. McDonald holds to a high conception of the duties of citzenship, and no one can read his lines without being impressed with the earnestness of his purpose. Manifestly these papers are but the beginning of more serious literature.—*Sun*, San Deigo.

The essays are not only worth reading, but the subjects show that they are deserving of careful study and consideration by all interested in political and economic topics.

"The Nicaragua Canal and Other Essays," by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., is an intensely interesting work upon live questions of the day.—*Gazette*, Los Angeles.

They are essays of great importance and such that every good citizen should have a copy to read and study over.—*Observer*, Corning.

There are no higher class essays on leading public questions than these. They are not written in a partisan spirit.—*Times*, Pomono.

The essays show thought, and are logical presentations of subjects from a Republican standpoint.—*Argus*, Auburn.

We earnestly recommend them to our readers for careful persual.—*News*, Rio Vista.

Mr. McDonald is a forcible writer and his essays on the great questions of the day will be read by all who take an interest in the advancement and betterment of our political, commercial and social usages.—*Times*, Escondido.

These articles have already appeared in print and attracted much attention on account of the recognized ability with which the subjects were presented Mr. McDonald is a thorough student, and the salient points of the questions under discussion are brought out clearly and forcibly.—*Gazette*, Martinez.

The contents are masterly essays on important questions of the day—topics of importance and interest to every public spirited person on this coast—written by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., Vice-President of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, and reprinted from previous numbers of the *Californian Magazine*.—*Ojai*. Nordhoff.

Those who are at all familiar with Mr. McDonald's method of grappling with these important problems will hail the appearance of these essays with delight. They are admirably written and get at the root of the matter with charming distinctness.—*New Era*, Monterey.

Mr. McDonald is a constant student, thinker and writer upon the great questions of the day. In speaking of the writings embraced in this volume, he says; "If they aid in establishing better standards in political, commercial and social usage, in influencing any citizen to take a firmer stand for all that is good and right in public, then the purpose of the writer will have been served." *Appeal*, Marysville.

Richard H. McDonald, Jr., Vice-President of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, has, during the past few months contributed to the *Californian* a number of interesting and scholarly articles on the Nicaragua Canal and other political and economic topics.—*Eew Era*, Benicia.

These essays, besides discussing the Nicaragua Canal, cover quite a range of economic subjects, the topics being "Is Labor in Danger?" "Regulation of Railway Charges;" "How to Secure Good Municipal Government;" "Political Duty of Californians;" Our "Commercial Growth and the Tariff," from both a Republican and Democratic standpoint; "Ballot Reform" and "The Danger to the Republic." There is much matter in the pamphlet for thoughtful people to consider.—*Times*, Los Angeles.

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Reserve for Policies (American Table 4 per cent)		$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities		734,855 67
Surplus		15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as Follows:

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first Lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c..	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement, and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

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"Hills and Corners of San Francisco," page 63.

A SAN FRANCISCO FISHERMAN.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1893. NO. 1.

THE MESSIAH.

BY L. H. FOOTE.

His was the coming which the seers foresaw,
His was the glory which men long to see,
He was the god who died for you and me;
And we accept the sacrifice with awe.
His life and teachings are to us divine,
They furnish dole for every human need;
We would discard no dogma of the creed,
Nor blot a word or abrocate a line.
No doubting thought can turn our gold to dross,–
No sceptic sneer can hang our heaven with gloom;
And so we weep with Mary at the cross,
And humbly kneel with Mary at the tomb.
The banner of our Lord is now unfurled,–
The dead Christ lives and dominates the world.

PHILIP GRAYSON.

AS the verdure of the Eastern summer took on the vivid tints and hues of autumn, our thoughts turned toward a warmer clime, a haven for winter. Bermuda, Florida, or California, all delightful regions, were considered. We desired a spot where various degrees of altitude could be attained and where the following summer could be spent, if desired. Bermuda is essentially a winter resort and is low. The very agreeable season of Florida is from October to May, and its highest altitude is not over several hundred feet. On the other hand, we were promised in California a winter among fruits and flowers, in a land flowing with milk and honey, with a possible altitude, from the sea level, to 6,000 feet above it, all attainable within about two hours. "I will promise you," said a friend in Pasadena, "a dip in the Pacific, at Santa Monica, on a February morning, with a water temperature not lower than Newport in July. An hour or so later you may pick oranges and wade through fields of wild flowers in Pasadena, and in a little over an hour more, if you wish, I will whisk you up the Sierra Madres on the Mt. Lowe railroad and pummel you with California snowballs, 6,000 feet above the Pacific."

This Munchausen-like statement decided us. The possibility of sitting among the orange groves, and perhaps telephoning for a sleigh or a toboggan slide for an hour or so later was too great an inducement. We imagined the Raymond a California hotel, where the printed directions in each room read: "Ring one bell for the orange grove; two bells for ocean bath; three bells for sleigh ride; four bells for snowstorm; five bells for semi-tropical weather;" etc. — not all imagination, as all these strange contrasts we found in California within a few miles travel and in view of the hotel.

We left New York in a snowstorm, and were whirled across the country, ever in sight of the white carpet, and finally, in the high Sierras, where, the conductor jokingly said, instead of fifteen minutes, we had fifteen hours for refreshments, for we were

"THE TOPS OF A FEW HOUSES AND CHIMNEYS APPEARED HERE AND THERE."

hard and fast in a snow bank, that at a little mountain hamlet had piled up to an astonishing height. It was a February snowstorm, and as we stepped out of the car that morning the walls of snow rose on each side, clear and glistening; the tops of a few houses and chimneys appeared here and there from the sheet of white, while a few curling masses of smoke rose in the clear air, telling that below, the inhabitants were making the best of it. Powerful engines and rotary plows rammed the drifts hour after hour, hurling the white mass high in air, and finally the prison walls were broken and we sped away, still cutting through the snow banks in the trail of the rotary.

That night in the mountains it snowed again, the air was filled with feathery flakes, and the trees and branches along the road were loaded with fleecy, silvery frost and ice. We were hard in the grasp of an arctic winter, and dreamed of blizzards while the icicles made music against the window panes.

Morning came and with it a miracle. Golden sunlight poured in at the windows, and looking out we saw not snow, but a land of eternal sunshine—a land carpeted with a thousand flowers, through which we were rushing. In a few hours we had passed from all the terrors of an arctic winter to a land of summer—were in California, rushing down through its fields of flowers to the sea and the Gate of Gold.

The seasons of California are responsible for its strange climatic possibilities. Instead of winter it has in the lowlands a cool Eastern summer, with a wealth of flowers and a rainfall from twenty to thirty inches in various localities. This summer winter gives place in March or April

"WALLS OF SNOW ROSE ON EACH SIDE CLEAR AND GLISTENING."

"POWERFUL ENGINES AND ROTARY PLOWS RAMMED THE DRIFTS HOUR AFTER HOUR."

to a dry season in which little or no rain falls. In the California lowlands, winter, in its accepted sense, is unknown, though the lofty Sierras, with their snow peaks, constitute the backbone of the State.

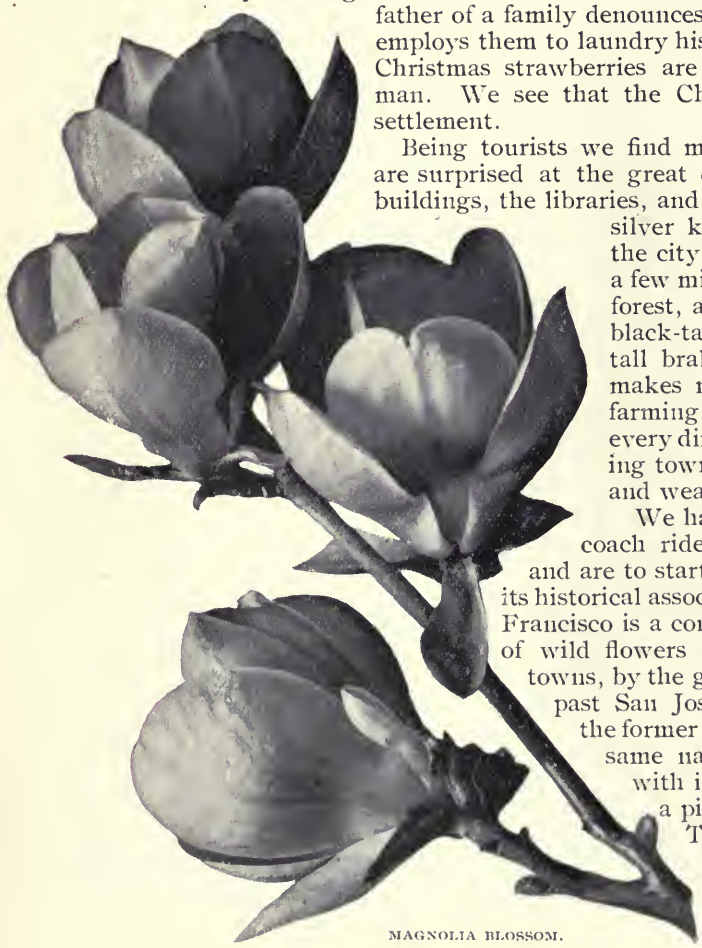
OLD MISSION, SAN DIEGO.

San Francisco is the Mecca of the tourist in Northern California, a city of 350,000 inhabitants, cosmopolitan, hospitable and replete with points of interest. Here a second World's Fair has taken shape, and the attractive park of the city has, in a few short months, been converted into a scene of beauty. Here, on a smaller scale, are many of the attractions that made up the World's Fair, suggestive of the energy of the people. San Francisco is a city of hills, picturesque, and possesses many and varied attractions. Its Chinatown is a bit of Canton—perfect in detail. Here are all the shops, the highbinders, the opium dens, the strange criminal characters, the theaters, homes beneath the ground, in which hundreds of human beings live, and, strange to say, thrive. We hear much of deportation, the Geary bill, the curse of the Chinese, yet nearly all the private houses have Chinese servants. The laundry and vegetable interests are almost entirely in their hands. The father of a family denounces the Chinese, while his wife employs them to laundry his linen, and his cabbages and Christmas strawberries are raised by the little brown man. We see that the Chinese question is far from a settlement.

Being tourists we find much to see and enjoy. We are surprised at the great dailies, the numbers of fine buildings, the libraries, and the palaces of the gold and silver kings. Then the environs of the city across the bay, to the north a few miles, and we are in a redwood forest, an ideal country, where the black-tailed deer eyes you from the tall brakes and the plumed quail makes music. A rich grazing and farming country spreads away in every direction, with scores of growing towns, suggestive of prosperity and wealth.

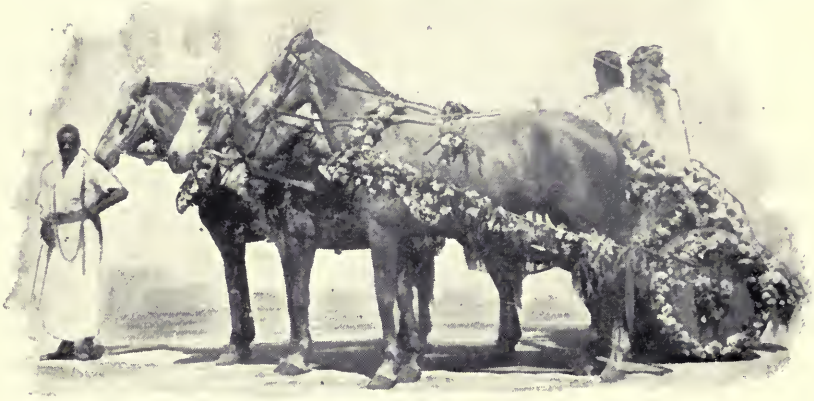
We have arranged a four-in-hand coach ride to the south along shore, and are to start from Monterey, so rich in its historical associations. The trip from San Francisco is a continual delight. Over fields of wild flowers we pass through charming towns, by the great University of Stanford, past San Jose and Santa Cruz, finding the former old town upon the bay of the same name, a village of romance, with its dwellings in the heart of a pine and oak forest.

The Hotel Del Monte is in a land of wonders. Its fantastic oaks, draped with moss, recall days at



MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM.

"SANTA BARBARA HAS ITS ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS."



FLORAL CHARIOT, SANTA BARBARA.

Beaufort and Florida; its pines the heart of the Adirondacks; yet in February the air is redolent with the perfume of flowers, and summer is here in all the term implies. From Monterey we turn southward, coaching for days along shore through one of the most delightful regions in America; now overlooking the Pacific; again skirting its beaches, passing quaint San Luis Obispo and its Mission; then on by easy stages to Santa Barbara, and from now on the driver tells us we can pray every night in a mission.

The old Mission back of the town that sweeps down to the sea is one of the best preserved in the State, is rich in historical incidents, and is the Mecca of thousands of tourists. Back from the old Spanish-Mexican town, now Americanized, rises a picturesque range of mountains—the Santa Ynez—rich in winter greens, and from them we look down on a semi-tropical garden, groves of orange, lemon and lime and the oldest olive orchard in the State. The magnolia gleams in almost every dooryard, while the blossom of the pomegranate, apple, banana, cherry, orange, almond appear in their season at almost every step and in strange and bewildering contrast.

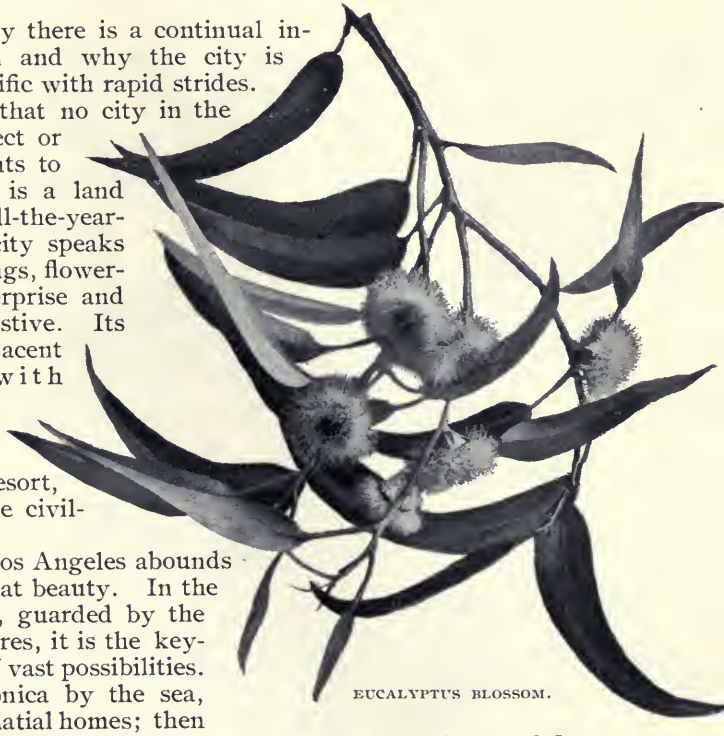
ORANGE GROVE.

Here are the old adobes of the native Californians, while the moldering heaps near shore tell of the graves of tens of thousands of Indians, the smoke of whose campfires Cabrillo saw several centuries ago, and whose stone implements in the shops and private collections alone tell of their history.

Santa Barbara has its annual Festival of Flowers, when the entire town is decorated, and carriages and teams, covered with flowers, vie with each other for supremacy in beauty and color. From Santa Barbara we drove to the town and Mission of San Buena Ventura, then on to Los Angeles, the City of Angels, passing by Camulos, the supposed home of Ramona, the rich oil country of Santa Paula, down a wide valley by lofty mountains to the angel city.

During this drive of several weeks, covering 400 miles, the air has gradually become milder, until now we find a climate altogether delicious. Here is a virtual land of the afternoon, peopled with 80,000 or more of the most progressive, enterprising and intelligent people in the Union. One can see that Los Angeles has a great future. We are told of its fabulous boom, and

can well understand why there is a continual increase in its population and why the city is reaching toward the Pacific with rapid strides. We venture the belief that no city in the Union has a fairer prospect or offers greater inducements to the home-seeker. Here is a land with an almost perfect all-the-year-round climate. The city speaks of prosperity, fine buildings, flower-embowered homes, enterprise and vigor being ever suggestive. Its parks and drives, adjacent mountains, glistening with snow, its seaside resorts but a few miles away, its incomparable climate, stamp it as the coming resort, not of America but of the civilized world.



EUCALYPTUS BLOSSOM.

Like San Francisco, Los Angeles abounds in suburban towns of great beauty. In the heart of the orange belt, guarded by the snow-capped Sierra Madres, it is the keystone of a new country of vast possibilities. We drove to Santa Monica by the sea, with itsfine beach and palatial homes; then down the San Gabriel Valley around by Pasadena, a town made up of flower-embowered homes, a vast orange grove, cut up in lots to suit the fortunate purchaser. An ideal home this, where nature is at her best, and strange contrasts can be seen. Four miles to the north the Sierra Madres rise 6,000 feet, their tops at times crowned with snow, looking down on a veritable garden, carpeted with the golden poppy and a host of wild flowers, that stretch away, mingling with the roses and other flowers that decorate every home.

Up the face of the range modern enterprise has built one of the most remarkable mountain railroads in the world. Prof. T. S. C. Lowe is the genius, and it is he who has made a truism of "Strawberries, oranges, an ocean bath and sleigh rides," all in a few hours in winter. Several railroads enter the progressive city of flowers, and one leads up to Rubio cañon, a river of verdure, where from a romantic and modern hotel we are, with freshly plucked strawberries and oranges in our hands, whisked up the lofty mountain to the snow line, several thousand feet above the sea, where a second hotel is to be placed, and from which, in time, by an electric road, we may meet a third hotel upon the very summit of the Sierra Madres. No where in the world can such a change of altitude and climate be had in so short a time. We stand on the mountain amid an actual snow storm, and through the glass look upon the garden at our feet, where the white petals of the orange blossoms and the pink petals of the rose are falling, the snow flakes of lowland Pasadena.

A SONOMA RESIDENCE.

The Mt. Lowe railroad is the only mountain road in the world operated by electricity, the entire machinery being run by this power, and from the second hotel, or Echo Mountain House, an electric road will soon take the tourist to the summit of Mt. Lowe. This whole

THE OLIVE.

work is suggestive of American enterprise and pluck, and, as a result, we have a region prolific in scenic beauties thrown open to the world, while previous to the advent of the mountain road traffic was entirely by horseback. The success of the venture is apparent in the thousands who now make the novel ascent, and it is safe to say that no one will visit Southern California without viewing this marvel of modern engineering and experience the magic change of climate possible, when the mountains are covered with snow.

Pasadena possesses a magnet in its natural beauties, in all that goes to make life delightful, and is peopled by hundreds of tourists who rode in as did we, and rode away, but to return.

The Sierra Madre Mountains rise about four miles back of Pasadena to heights of from 2,500 to 6,000 feet, while other peaks, farther down the valley, but in plain sight, attain an altitude of 9,000 feet. The range stretches away to the east for forty miles or more, constituting a labyrinth of gorges, cañons, plateaus and valleys, comprising some of the finest scenic effects in the country. From Mt. Lowe, upon which it is proposed to place the largest telescope yet built, one may in midwinter, after a snow storm, look down upon the Pacific, see the white surf breaking upon the sands, while at your feet are the gardens of Pasadena, looking like a checker-board. If in February, the mesa is a crazy-quilt of color, dazzling rivers of golden yellow, telling of the poppy or *copa de oro*, wind away, merging into tints and hues of indescribable beauty, but turn the head, and a maze of peaks covered with snow greets the eye, lofty pines bending beneath the weight of snow, while the manzanita and wild laurel are completely covered and present the appearance of masses of pompons against the blue of the sky. This range of mountains is a veritable land of romance and mystery, and except in certain directions is little known. Deep canoñs lead in every direction, some containing high falls that burst through rocky gorges and leap over green masses of fern and moss to reach the deep gorge far below, the home of the mountain trout.

OLIVE VATS OF SAN JUAN.

From Pasadena and this attractive region we bowl away on a bright winter day; the fine roads are banked with wild flowers, the air is redolent with the odor of orange blossoms and the morning sun flashes brilliantly on the white snow banks of the range so near that we watch the snow being blown up the north slope of Mount San Antonio in

huge clouds, twisted aloft above the sea, ten thousand feet, to fall and disappear in the hot air from the valley below. Down through San Gabriel we pass, catching a glimpse of the old mission of San Gabriel with its palms, ancient tuna fence, vestiges of former splendor and then away through the rift in the mission hills to Whittier, Orange, Tustin, and Santa Ana. That night we make the fine mission of San Juan, see its ancient olive vats, the splendors of its ruins and spend several days in this land of plenty, and so coach on to San Luis Rey, and finally, roll by the old mission of San Diego, and are on the borderland of the United States at Coronado, with its fine beach and bay. The soft mellow climate invites us to linger for days, and innumerable trips are made into the back country around Warner's ranch, to the edge of the desert when we look down on the site of the Salton Sea and visit the famous forest of palms. From San Diego numerous interesting side trips may be made. It is but a few miles to Tia Juana and the Mexican line, and good roads for coaching may be found far down into Lower California, through a most interesting country.

A CORNER OF SAN GABRIEL MISSION, PASADENA.

At San Luis Rey mission you find a little band of Franciscans, the headquarters of the order in America, now gradually restoring this ancient pile

LOS ANGELES PLAZA.

and splendid ruin, and not far away over the picturesque mountains are the missions of Pala and Rincon in the heart of a most delightful country where the artist will linger long.

Coaching back, we visit Pala, Pachanga, the old Indian village, Here the Indians are found in all their picturesqueness, the huts are made of tule, interwoven in a most artistic manner. Some are perched on hillsides, others on the very summit, looking like bird nests. By them is the *ramada* or out-door arbor, four sticks bearing a roof of brush. Beneath this, in one instance, sat the old grandmother, over one hundred years old, working at a basket. She remembered the country long before the Mission of San Gabriel was built, and was blessed, so she said, by Father Salvada when a girl. The good fathers wanted the Indians to live near the missions and taught them various arts. She remembered when the earthquake destroyed San Juan Capistrano, and more interesting yet, her memory went back to the time when San Clemente and Santa Catalina were the homes of a vigorous race of men and women who lived by fishing and hunting, and whose graves are now opened by the Americans for the curiosities found there.

AN ADOBE HOME.

In all these huts were stone implements similar to those found in the graves on the island of to-day. The matata or crushing stone was still used to crush grain and some fine dishes of soapstone were here that must have come from the old quarry on Santa Catalina that was worked by their ancestors before Cabrillo discovered Southern California, three hundred years before. The Indians were employed on the neighboring ranches, and presented an interesting spectacle as the last of a race that once peopled the entire Southern ountry, from Santa Barbara to San Diego. There was the home of the basket, that has become the object of a late craze, and numerous fine specimens found their way to the hampers of the coach. It was near Pachanga that Helen Hunt lingered in Southern California, and we saw the old ranch house where Allesandro pawned his violin, while beyond, against the blue sky, rose the white peak of San Jacinto, so interwoven in the history of the story. This portion of Southern California is out of the beaten track, but is a most delightful region, abounding in green and wooded valleys, lofty plateaus, as the Deer ranch, while the roads as far as Murrietta to Elsinore and beyond are all that can be asked. To any one who desires a short ride of great beauty the cars can be left at Murrietta and a carriage taken seventeen miles down to the Pala mission, where good provender for man or beast may be obtained at the old adobe ranch house and store. From here we drove on to Elsinore and so through San Bernardino, Redlands, Riverside, to Pomona, and along to Los Angeles again. In this long drive we find good hotels, and fine country roads everywhere, and the out-door life can be commended to the invalid who has been sitting on the hotel piazza waiting for health, or the professional tourist or globe-trotter.

CANDLE CACTUS.

Chiquita

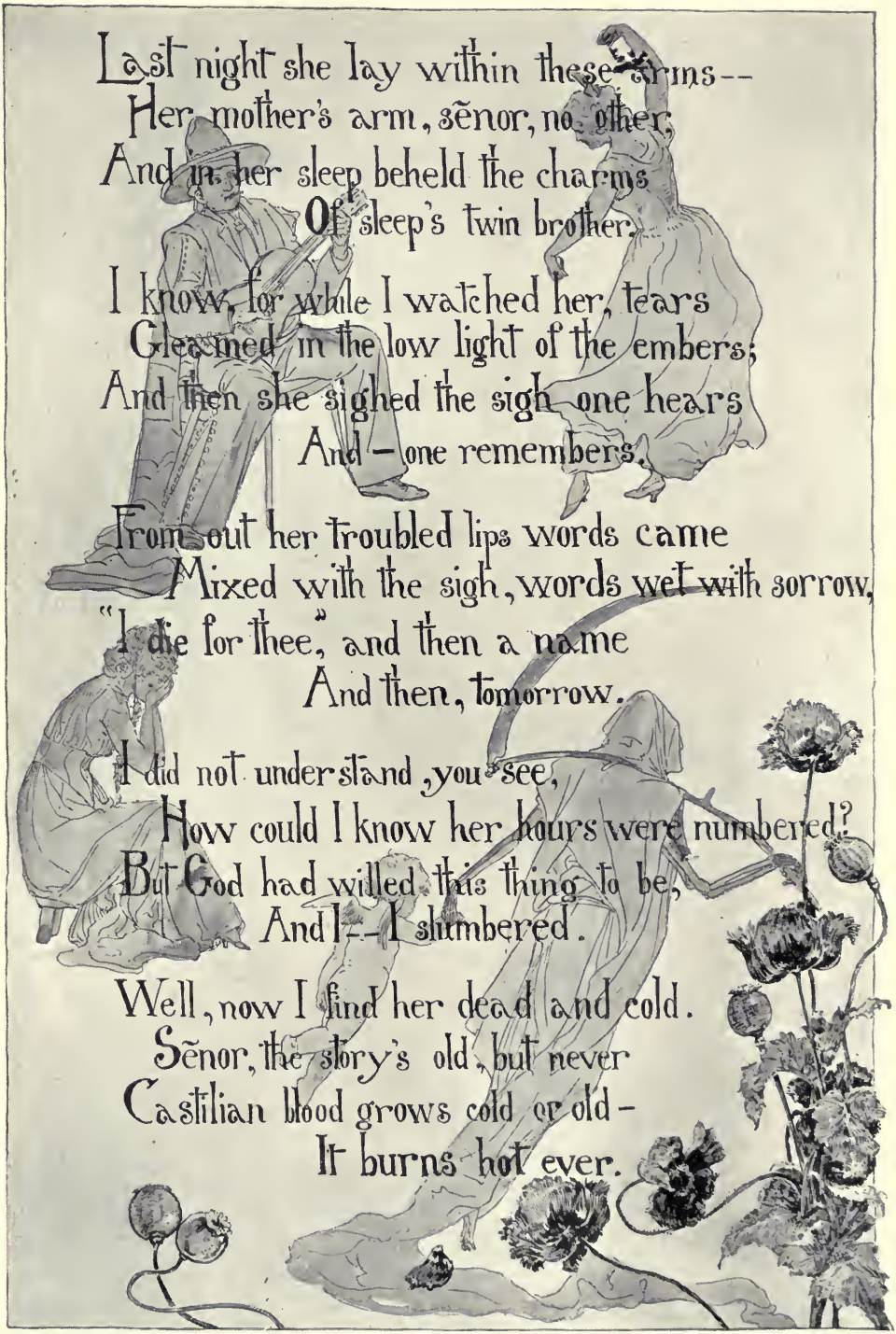
Barret Eastman.

A LEGEND OF SANTA BARBARA.

Her name? Chiquita. Ah, señor,
See how the seaweed winds around her!
Dead? Yes, for many hours before
I came and found her.

The gentle waves had laid her down
Here on the sands, and heaped her over
With soft, sweet-smelling foam, & brown
Long-leaved sea-clover.

And hark! The sea-gulls sing her dirge,
And all the chorus of the ocean
Makes mournful music, surge on surge,
In sweet devotion.



Last night she lay within these arms--
Her mother's arm, sẽnor, no other;
And in her sleep beheld the charms
Of sleep's twin brother.

I know, for while I watched her, tears
Gleamed in the low light of the embers;
And then she sighed the sigh one hears
And – one remembers.

From out her troubled lips words came
Mixed with the sigh, words wet with sorrow,
"I die for thee," and then a name
And then, tomorrow.

I did not understand, you see,
How could I know her hours were numbered?
But God had willed this thing to be,
And I -- I slumbered.

Well, now I find her dead and cold.
Sẽnor, the story's old, but never
Castilian blood grows cold or old –
It burns hot ever.

Therefore I do not blame her; no –
Others have loved with song and laughter,
And then, through loving learned to know
What woe comes after.

Love is a glorious thing, señor,
When in the dusk guitars are playing,
And on the smooth adobe floor
The dance is swaying;

But Love is bitter when he goes
And days pass on and leave her weeping.
The sun has blighted many a rose
Given to his keeping.

Well, so the world was made, and I
Do not lament that darkness covers
The shining brightness of the sky
That smiles on lovers.

To me night came long years ago –
Night in whose gloom I often stumbled;
But pride sustained me still, although
My pride was humbled.


Pride in Chiquita - that was strong;
Pride in myself - there's none remaining;
This was my secret. Right or wrong
I'm not complaining
That so it was, or that all pride
Has left me now.....All things are seeming
No more, and rocking with the tide
There is no dreaming.
Chiquita! Daughter! We shall be
Racked by regret from henceforth never:
I seek the silence of the sea--
Farewell--forever!
Albertine Randall Wheelan.
·1893·

THE PIETA BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

OVER usually dull and dingy streets of the "Eternal City," past crumbling ruins, sad with the desolation of age, and among gloomy palaces fronting on shadowy squares, incessant crowds were continually passing, and processions gaily wending their triumphant course.

First came the carnival, and though it has been celebrated yearly with less and less enthusiasm on the part of the Romans, still, as the days went by, and Shrove Tuesday arrived, they aroused themselves for a final effort. The Carne Vale, or "Farewell to Flesh," was commemorated in 1893, principally by strangers, with which Rome was full to overflowing. The Battle of Flowers was the grand finale, and then, as dusk began to creep over the city the scene was changed, and the "Moccoli" commenced. This is a purely Roman custom of ancient origin. It is the perpetuation of an old Pagan fete where the women took part in a race, each bearing a lighted torch. She who first reached the goal with her light unextinguished, (though running swiftly against the wind), came off victorious and won

the prize of the day. The "Fête of the Moccoli," at the present time consists of lighting diminutive candles to prolong the day, that the festivities may not be closed by darkness. Every one keeps his own light burning but to extinguish his neighbor's candle. It is a resentment, as it were, of the very suggestion that the last night of the carnival has arrived, and that the sombre days of Lent have begun. To look from a height down the entire length of the Corso and see thousands of little dancing lights shining brightly, then flickering, then suddenly extinguished, to be immediately relighted, was indeed a curious and novel sight. But now Lent has succeeded the carnival. Folly's bells have been carefully packed up and stowed away in the dark seclusion, and have been replaced, nominally at least, by the garb of sackcloth and ashes.

During the latter part of the first week Rome began to appear really crowded. The Pilgrims, or Pellegrime, commenced to arrive from all parts of the world for the celebration of the Pope's Jubilee. Many of them went through untold hardships during the journey, one young Scotchman dying, shortly after his arrival, from exposure during the trip. The weather in the north was extremely cold, the cars insufficiently heated and the railway accommodations execrable. A train containing 500 pilgrims would stop for refreshments, and only those who occupied the two railway carriages opposite the small buffet could secure food. Then the train would move on and hours would pass before another stop was made.

THE SWISS GUARD.

It seemed strange to read of Cook's pilgrims, but they were here by hundreds, many of them having put themselves in the hands of this well known tourist agent. But sad was the reception of a large number of these deluded religious enthusiasts, for three hundred of Cook's pilgrims spent their first night in Rome with no shelter and without beds, so enormous were the demands for and so inadequate the supply of accommodations.

There were various audiences at the Vatican and receptions tendered by the Pope to the several delegations. On Thursday, February 16th, at 9 A. M., 8,000 pilgrims from Southern Italy were received at St. Peters by the Pope, assisted by Cardinals Sanfelice, Guarino, Capecelatro, Di Rende, Rampolla, Ricci, Parraccian and Parrocchi. The Pope celebrated Low Mass in the Chapel of the Sacrament. After Mass he was draped in the red mantle, and placing himself in an armchair in front of the altar he received the pilgrims, who advanced to his feet one by one in procession. Each was presented with a medal in remembrance of the occasion. Among the crowd was a tribe of Neapolitan fishermen dressed in white, who brought several baskets of fish as an offering. The Peter's Pence was presented by a delegate from each diocese.

On Friday, 800 more pilgrims from northern and central Italy were given a reception. These brought rich offerings which were presented; an address was read by Cardinal Parocchi, to which the Pope replied in a few words; and then they passed by, one by one, kneeling and kissing the ring. The old man was feeble and quite pale, but bore up nobly under his unusual fatigue. The French, English and American pilgrims all had special

LEO XIII

audiences, as had also the foreign ambassadors.

The occasion which all faithful Roman Catholics celebrated on February 19th was the fifteenth anniversary of the Episcopal consecration of the Pope. The ring which a bishop receives at the time of this ceremony is typical of the union of the participant with the church. This is to the head of the Roman Catholic persuasion what a golden wedding is in the secular world.

The family name of the Pope is Count Gioachino Pecci. He was born March 2d, 1810, at Carpineto, near Rome, and graduated in theology in 1832. He was consecrated to the priesthood December 31st, 1837, by Cardinal Carlo Odescalchi, and then sent to Benevento in 1838, to Perugia as a Apostolic delegate in 1841, and to Belgium in 1843. In the Consistory of January 27th, 1843, he was elected Archbishop of Damiata, and on February 19th of the same year was created Bishop of Perugia. Pius IX made him a Cardinal on December 13th, 1853, giving him the title of St. Grisogono. In September, 1877, he succeeded the deceased Cardinal de Angelis to the Camerbengo, the highest honor of the church next to the Pope, and on the death of Pius IX was chosen to fill the papal chair on February 20th, 1878.

Five years ago, on January 1, 1888, Leo XIII commemorated the golden anniversary of his consecration to the priesthood, and those who saw the feeble old man of seventy-eight years carried, pale and emaciated, from St. Peter's to the Vatican thought never to look upon his face again. He appeared helplessly broken down, and his ashy paleness and worn, tired look only confirmed the impression. Many are the severe attacks of bodily illness which he has successfully resisted since then, and at this time one has only to regard the keen, searching eyes, the vivacity of his glance to realize the vital force of his will-power and to know that, although aged and infirm, he has still sufficient vigor to carry on his shoulders for some time to come his weight of responsibility.

As the great day of the jubilee approached nothing else was talked of in Rome. The usual salutation exchanged between friends meeting on the streets was: "Have you secured tickets for the jubilee?" These were held back until the last day, and so anxious were foreign visitors to obtain them that prices ranging from one to three dollars each were paid for simple entrance tickets. The porters of the hotels reaped a rich harvest in this way, for they pocketed the entire receipts without conscience. But those who possessed their souls in patience until the last day were offered without expense all they could use. Six thousand were issued, besides the pilgrims' tickets, and at the last many counterfeits were circulated. The high mass was to be celebrated at St. Peter's at 9 A. M., at which hour the doors were to be closed to the public.

At 7 o'clock we took carriages, and passing along the brow of the Pincian Hill looked down upon the still sleeping city. The mists of early morning rose from the plain below, and we could mark the Tiber's winding course by the haze which followed it like a thick cloud. It was the hour when the market wagons enter Rome, and many were the donkeys we saw decorated with roses. Great loaded carts and drays passed us, the horses almost hidden beneath the huge armfuls of hay which are tied to the shafts at the side for use as fodder during the day. As we descended the slope and drove through the Piazza del Popole, we passed the arena where the circus and games had been in full sway during the carnival, in imitation of the games of ancient Rome.

Here the procession of carriages appeared coming from all directions verging, without exception, toward one point. The sidewalks were filled with a hurrying crowd of pedestrians, while the residents of the neighborhood were congregated before their

houses to watch the passing multitude. Women sat warming their hands over the inevitable scaldino, so dear to the Italian heart. Young girls turned the cranks of roasting machines, from which the odor of cooked chestnuts greeted the nostrils and tempted the appetite of the passer-by. All hastened breathlessly toward the goal. Priests clad in voluminous robes of black touched elbows with peasants from Campazna, their feet tied up in rags and their picturesque short jackets and knee breeches covered with the large green-cloth cape slung over the shoulder. Nuns and market women hurried on side by side with the stranger and the pilgrim. Beggars jostled the richly clad dame, and all were unconscious of the incongruity in their haste to be on time.

MONUMENT OF CLEMENT XIII, BY CANOVA.

The open square before St. Peter's presented a marvelous sight. A cordon of soldiers was drawn halfway across the space, just below the obelisk, and formed several gateways, which the crowd were obliged to pass through two by two. Two doors of the church were opened for entrance —the left door for those who had sim-

ply admission tickets, and the right door for those who, through favor, had seats on the tribunes, which were wooden stands erected on the sides around the altar. There were many who had taken their places within at midnight, and had stood patiently waiting ever since, so anxious were they to secure good places near the altar. Others came at four, five, six and seven o'clock. The press at the doors was something fearful, but fortunately it was of short duration and we were whirled through into the corridor, and then, after one more crush at the inside door, were fairly launched into the nave of the enormous church. This basilica was built on the site of the Circus of Hero, where, tradition says, St. Peter was put to death. Though the largest and most imposing church in the world, it has been so harmoniously planned, and its interior is so symmetrically proportioned, that one cannot realize its vast dimensions until some of its measurements are presented to the mind. Its area is about 1,800 square yards, nearly twice that of St. Paul's, London. Its interior length is 615 feet, height of nave 150 feet, breadth of nave in front 87 feet, and length of transept 450 feet. The grand dome, the crown of its beauty, designed with such perfect art and in such fortunate proportions by Michael Angelo, is 403 feet in height, and to the summit of the cross outside 435 feet. As all the sculptures on the tombs, the mosaics, angels and marble statues are colossal, one fails to note the immensity of the whole, and is more than pleased with the general effect.

But when a crowd of humanity is congregated on the pavement below, then the contrast forces itself upon the onlookers, and they feel like pigmies in contrast with the huge monuments, bas reliefs and statues. On this occasion the throng was packed in a solid mass extending from the altar out in all directions through the transepts and naves to each wall and down nearly to the entrance doors.

It was interesting to watch the crowd. Ladies were dressed in black, with black lace veils on the head. Priests, nuns, novices, seminarists, pilgrims and among the more secular soldiers, small boys, old women, beggars in tatters, and foreigners speaking every tongue were there. Many held rosaries to be blessed, and the church was filled with banners upheld for a benediction.

The papal gendarmes in splendid uniforms patroled the church to keep the crowd in order. Very fine were they, wearing black bear skins with red cockade, black cloth coats hung with white and silver trimmings and tassels, silver epaulettes and snowy white cloth trousers with patent leather spurred top boots. The church was decorated with red brocade hangings. The Chapel de la Pieta, first on the right, from which the Pope was to emerge, was surrounded by a body of Swiss guards who always accompany him whenever he appears in public. They were gorgeous in their snowy uniforms of striped black, yellow and red, with double white ruffs around the neck and white plumes falling over the helmet. A passageway up the central nave was reserved by wooden railings on each side, lined with two rows of the pontifical soldiers in their regimentals, and low hats with crimson cockades, bearing the gold badge of Leo XIII.

Patiently stood the closely packed throng, while many fainted and were borne away by the police into one of the four rooms placed at each corner called the "Chambres de Secours," where beds and appliances for illness were prepared and physicians in attendance. The basements of the columns, the holy-water fonts and every bench, settee or raised spot were occupied by the more fortunate mortals, who clung for hours to these vantage spots. Just before 9 A. M., the crowd within became so large that the doors were closed, and many were the disappointed ones who thronged the square without, all holding tickets

THE PONTIFICAL PROCESSION.

and vainly petitioning for entrance. It was estimated that 10,000 were thus left outside.

At half-past nine the procession descended from the Vatican and commenced to form in the Chapel de la Pieta. At a quarter before ten o'clock the red curtains were drawn aside, the famous silver trumpets gave out a blast of triumph from far up in the gallery over the central door, and the pageant slowly entered the body of the church, turning to the right up the central aisle. The Pope's choir of the Sistine chapel intoned a rich anthem, and a murmur of emotion passed over the throng of people.

First entered the Roman princes, representatives of the first nobility of Italy, the Pope's men of honor who are attached to the pontifical throne, and always attend on State occasions.

Next marched a detachment of the Swiss Guards ; then came the Knights of Malta, the diplomatic body and foreign ambassadors, all distinguished looking men. There were the Palatine prelates, the secret chamberlains, the College of the Patriarchs, archbishops and bishops, the domestic prelates, the masters of ceremony and the private chaplains, all dressed in richest gala attire. Then walked in stately file the Knights of the Sword and Cloak, all in black with velvet capes, knee breeches and white ruffs, with a gold chain around the neck. This is a secular order, and as its name signifies, it unites the laymen with the clerical. Their picturesque costumes were designed by Raphael. They were followed by monsignors and signors in purple robes, most of them fine-looking old men with white locks.

And now the Pope appeared, seated in regal state on a platform borne aloft on the shoulders of the pontifical gendarmes. He occupied the chair, which is of gold, richly carved, and was carried in with the oriental white feathered fans held upon either side. On his head was the silver miter or pointed crown, given to him by his Guardie Nobili. Clothed entirely in white corded silk, with vestments of magnificent solid gold embroidery (a gift of the Roman women of rank), white gloves and white slippers, he presented an imposing sight. The spectacle was grand and it was a splendid moment.

The immense crowd with one accord broke out into loud exclamations and applause. The cries of "Viva il Papa," "Viva Leo XIII.," "Long live our Pontiff," and so on, in all the European languages, rose and was swelled into an increasing volume, until nearly 80,000 voices were blended in a single roar of sound, which rose into the vast dome and re-echoed throughout its far-away recesses, returning to be caught up once more and repeated again and again. Handkerchiefs and hats were frantically waved, and many of the faithful wept tears of joy. The Pope looked well and smiled benignantly on his followers, raising his hand in benediction, while he turned first to one side, then the other. As the splendid cortége made slow and dignified progress up the nave, the roar of applause increased until the moment he reached the high altar, when it was truly deafening. He then descended from the chair, and began high mass, when silence fell upon the multitude at once.

The scene in the vicinity of the high altar was most impressive. The altar is just under the huge dome and is covered with the imposing bronze canopy, borne by four richly gilded spiral columns. It was designed by Bermine and constructed in 1633, chiefly from bronze taken from the Pantheon. It weighs ninety-three tons and is ninety-five feet in height. The high alter under it, consecrated in 1594, was draped with a white silk altar-cloth embroidered richly in gold, and was profusely decorated with flowers, as was the confessio behind it. All around in the vicinity were the reserved seats occupied by most distinguished personages.

Under an altar the Pope's relations were seated in a private box. They were the Counts Camillo and Hudinico and Countess Uoroni with their families. Near by were the invited guests, heads of religious orders, Italian deputies and Senators. The vocal services commenced immediately and were rendered most beautifully by the choirs of the Sistine and Julia chapels, directed by their leaders, Unstafa and Ueluzzi. Voices of children united with the stronger tones of the men, and Signor Uoreschi, the "angel singer" of Rome, who has the most heavenly soprano voice in the world, added the exquisite tones of his charming music to the sweet melody which rose and blended in glorious harmony.

At one time during the mass the sound of chiming bells was heard without, and all the faithful fell upon

ST. PETER'S, ROME.

their knees in silent prayer. The scene was most impressive. After the prayer the bells rang out again, the Pope was reseated on the platform, and this time led the procession. The applause commenced once more, then a hush as the Pope stopped on this side of the altar in front of the great bronze statue of St. Peter and audibly uttered a benediction. Now the silver trumpets broke out in triumphant notes, and the singers chanted as the pageant slowly filed down the aisle again. As he passed out, the old man seemed quite feeble and scarcely able to raise his hand in blessing. If he had fasted before mass, as he is supposed to do, it is not surprising that he looked pale and faint, for it was a quarter to eleven o'clock when he left the church to enter the Vatican.

The throngs from the center of the church now commenced to press toward the exits, and, as they were narrow, the people were soon packed solid and jammed in a mass at the doors. For a time there seemed great danger of fatalities. The shrieks and cries of both men and women, as they were borne back into the church were far from pleasant to hear; but in an incredibly short time the edifice was cleared. The crowd of nearly 80,000 people had been handled in a masterly manner, and with few casualties to report. After the majority had left the building, one could advance close to the altar and admire at close range the floral decorations. The beautiful white marble statue of Pope Pius VI., in the confessio below the altar, rested on a rich carpet amid a mass of flowers, and eighty-eight golden lamps were burning around it.

Our attention was drawn to the crowd before the sitting statue of St. Peter. It is said to have been cast from the old bronze statue of Jupiter by Pope Leo the Great, and brought by Pope Paul V. from the Monastery of San Martino. It is of rude work-

manship, and when dressed up for high festivals, as on this occasion, it presents a ridiculous appearance. We approached still closer and beheld hundreds pressing forward to kiss in turn the great toe of its right foot, which is almost worn away by this attention of devotees. It was attired in lace and a red cape, embroidered with gold, with a diamond clasp. On the raised second finger was a gold and jeweled ring, and on the head a triple crown. This inanimate figure has a special attendant or valet to care for its personal appearance, attend to its robes, and dress it upon great occasions. It is safe to say that its great toe was pressed by 40,000 persons that day.

We wandered around the vast edifice, enjoying again the symmetry of its huge monuments, one of the most beautiful of which is that of Pope Clement XIII. (who died in 1769), by Canova. It is the sculptor's most famous work, and was uncovered April 4, 1795. Canova, wishing to hear the opinion of the assembled crowd, disguised himself as an abbe and mingled with them. It is needless to say that he was perfectly satisfied with their comments. Compared with some of the monuments in St. Peter's of earlier date, it shows the wonderful progress of art. Pope Clement is represented kneeling in prayer over the vault, the entrance to which is guarded by two lions couchant, one awake and one sleeping. The sleeping lion on the right is especially grand in its pose. Two statues are on either side—Religion with a cross, and the Genius of Death, holding a reversed torch.

As we neared the exit we were tempted to turn aside to the Chapel de la Pieta, where all the processions of the day had formed, and which is one of the most famous in the church. It contains a column, which is supposed to have been brought from the temple at Jerusalem ; also, an early Christian

THE THRONE.

sarcophagus on which is inscribed an epitaph to the memory of Junius Bassus who was prefect of Rome centuries ago. But its principal claim to our attention is Michael Angelo's world-renowned work made by the master in 1498. It is one of his most exquisite and greatest masterpieces, and on the belt of the virgin he has chiseled his name. Death and grief are here portrayed but do not detract from the ideal perfection and beauty of the whole conception. The mother is young, but her sweet, sad face tells of sorrow patiently borne, while the figure of Christ looks almost youthful in its gracefully natural pose.

Leaving the church, we cross the square past the great colonnade of Doric columns, past the obelisk of ancient fame brought to Rome from Heliopolis by Caligula, and past the beautiful fountains which send their streams far aloft in a silvery spray; and looking back on the Vatican palace, we cannot but experience a feeling of pity for the feeble old man within. Solitary and lonely his life must be. Alone must he eat his daily meals. No domestic ties and their accruing pleasures gladden his life, but within those four walls he will spend the few remaining years of his fast-fading life, varied only by daily exercise in the gardens, and an occasional public appearance in St. Peter's.

INSPIRATION.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Not like a daring, bold, aggressive boy,
  Is Inspiration, eager to pursue;
But rather like a maiden, fond, yet coy,
  Who gives herself to him who best doth woo.

Once she may smile, or thrice, thy soul to fire
  In passing by; but when she turns her face
Thou must persist and seek her with desire,
  If thou wouldst win the favor of her grace.

And if, like some winged bird, she cleaves the air,
  And leaves thee spent and stricken on the earth,
Still must thou strive to follow even there
  That she may know thy valor, and thy worth.

Then shall she come, unveiling all her charms,
  Giving thee joy for pain, and smiles for tears,
And thou shalt clasp her in thy longing arms
  The while she murmurs music in thine ears.

But, ere her kiss has faded from thy cheek,
  She shall flee from thee over hill and glade,
And thou must seek—aye, ever seek and seek—
  For each new conquest of this phantom maid.

FIG. 1—STOOL IN CLAY.

EARLY ART IN AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN RICHARDSON.

IN the ancient graveyards of the Chiriquians have been found numerous specimens of various mechanical arts as practiced by these bygone people. Objects of stone, clay, gold and copper have been discovered in their tombs in considerable quantities and they represent an interesting variety of ornaments, utensils, and implements.

We have stone axes and celts of every description, all beautifully finished and belonging to the highest plane of Stone Age art; spearheads and arrow points of hard, dark tufa; innumerable specimens of pottery and terra cotta ware, ornamented with life forms and painted designs; we have spindle-wheels, needle-cases, stools, statuettes, mealing stones, drums, rattles and whistles; and we have a great variety of little ornaments and idols in gold and in alloys of gold and copper, all displaying a great advance in art.

Nearly all of these relics are found in the remarkable graves constructed by the ancient inhabitants of the province, and but for the contents of those tombs our knowledge of Chiriquian art would be next to zero. Of their architecture, their system of agriculture, and of their textile art we know literally nothing. They have left no monuments, no ruins of temples or buildings to throw light upon their domestic habits or religious customs and no recording hieroglyphics of any importance to puzzle the archæologist.*

These archaic sepulchres vary considerably in shape and occur in groups of particular forms. There are oval tombs, quadrangular tombs, and compound cists. Illustration, figure 3, shows the section of a grave pit. These pits vary in depth from four and one-half to six feet and from three to four feet in their greatest diameter. It will be observed that a wall of stonework lines the lower part of the pit, and from the top of this the space is closely packed with rounded river stones and earth. The quadrangular graves were constructed in two ways, one variety in a manner almost identical with the mode of construction employed in the oval form. Graves of this class have been discovered

*Pictured rocks, however, are mentioned by Seemann, McNiel and Pinart; and stones covered with allegorical designs are stated by M. De Zeltner to have been often met with in certain tombs. Several authors, moreover, speak of sculptured stone columns, none of which, however, have been found in place.

having a depth of six feet. In the quadrangular class a pit four feet by six and a half feet was sunk to the depth of three feet; below this a smaller pit about two feet deep was cut, leaving an offset or terrace eight or ten inches wide. The smaller pit was lined with flat stones placed on edge. In this lower excavation the human remains and relics were placed and secured from injury under the pressure of the superincumbent mass by flat stones resting upon the terrace.

M. De Zeltner, French Consul at Panama, 1860, describes another variety, very extraordinary in construction. Near the surface of the ground a paving of river stones, occupying an area of ten feet by thirteen feet with a depth of about two feet, covered the mouth of a main quadrangular pit which was six or seven feet deep. In the corners of this pit were pillars of cobblestones which probably assisted in supporting the pavement. At the bottom of the pit a shaft was sunk by which descent was made into an ellipsoidal excavation on the floor of which were deposited the human remains and most of the relics found in the tomb. The mouth of the shaft was covered with a paving two and one-half feet by three feet in horizontal dimensions, and the chamber underneath was about six feet by nine feet in its widest horizontal dimensions, and between four and five feet deep. The total depth of the excavations was about eighteen feet, and their construction was a piece of work of no small achievement for a barbarous people.

FIG. 2—LOST COLOR BOTTLE.

It must be mentioned that the explorer and collector, Mr. J. A. McNiel, is inclined to doubt the accounts given by De Zeltner and others of the form of this compound cist. McNiel certainly examined more of the Chiriquian tombs than any other white man, having carried on his explorations for a number of years, and he describes the grave pits as being of oval and quadrangular form, and varying in depth from a few feet to eighteen feet. But the fact that he was not fortunate enough to come across an example of this variety should rather be regarded as a proof of the rarity of the compound cist than as justifiable grounds for discrediting the observations of brother laborers in the same field.

While on the subject of these interesting cemeteries, it should be stated that the flat stones which were used to cover the cists are often ten to fifteen feet below the surface of the ground, and in some cases weigh over three hundred pounds. In instances a single stone is large enough to cover the mouth of the cist, though more freqently two or more stones are laid side by side over the cavity. Mr. McNiel is of opinion that both the slats and the bowlders used in constructing the side walls were in many cases brought from places at great distances from the sepulchres.

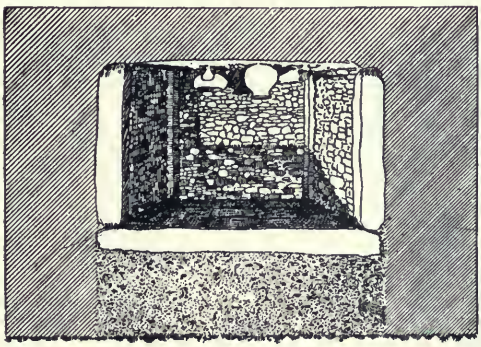


FIG. 3—GRAVE WITH PILLARS.

There being no monuments over these hidden graves, and very rarely any surface indication whatever to mark their subterranean positions, it may be thought that it would be extremely difficult to discover

them. Experience, however, has made successful search for them a comparatively easy task. Such is the nature of the deep alluvial and light vegetable surface soil in Chiriquí that the grave-hunter only needs the assistance of a thin iron rod to make his discoveries. By running it into the ground, if it comes in contact with any hard substance he knows at once that he is standing over one of these prehistoric tombs. With this preliminary account of the prehistoric graveyards of Chiriqui, we will proceed to consider the degree of art to which the ancient inhabitants reached, as made known to ethnologists by the relics discovered in their tombs.

A study of the earthenware of this province leads to the conclusion that it exhibits the highest order of development of the ceramic art in America. No group of American ware displays a greater amount of skill in manipulation, a higher æsthetic taste, or a deeper appreciation of beauty of form. The specimens of this pottery seem to have been buried with the dead, or cast into the grave with the earth and stones with which it was filled, little regularity being observed in the position of the vessels. The number of such relics found in a grave sometimes amounted to twenty, the average, however, being about three or four; all of them bear evidence of a high degree of skill on the part of the potter. The precise methods of manipulation are not easily detected, but so symmetrical and graceful are the shapes of the vessels that the archæologist is almost led to suspect that mechanical devices were employed in the manufacture. It is, however, impossible to detect the use of either the wheel or molds. The keen appreciation in which grace of form was held by the Chiriquian potter is made apparent by the shapes of the vases presented in figures 2 and 12, the lines of which could hardly be improved upon.

The forms of these vessels and vases when divested of their extraneous features, whether ornamental or functional, may be divided into five classes, each marking a corresponding progressive stage in art. First, the simple shallow cup or dish; second, the hemispherical bowl; third, the deep basin with slightly incurved rim; fourth, the globular form; and fifth, the elongated. Occasionally, but rarely, an eccentric variation from these five classes occurs, namely, a flat-bottomed vessel in the form of a hemisphere, the plane of section forming the base, and a rather narrow orifice opening on the convex summit. From these typical forms complex and compound shapes were derived, the former being modifications of them and the latter the result of the union of two or more simple forms. These are comparatively rare.

While in grace of form and fineness of finish the Chiriquian ware is surpassed by that of no other primitive race, in a decorative point of view it displays a degree of culture inferior to that acquired by some more northern tribes. Pretty evenly divided into the two general classes of plastic relief and

FIG. 4—TRIPOD VASE, WITH ALLIGATOR DECORATION.

the flat or painted form, the ornamentation presents decided individuality. The latter class is divided by Holmes into nine different varieties, each group being designated by a name sufficiently suggestive of its distinctive character, as, for instance, the lost color group, the alligator group, the polychrome group. It is not, however, the painted decorations of the Chiriquian ware that we are going to make the special subject of this article, but rather the relief ornamentation, which was executed in plastic clay and displays an exuberance of fancy and wildness of imagination, and the grotesque wedlock of incongruous designs that afford the ethnologist an insight into the mental characteristics of the ancient Chiriquians.

FIG 5—FISH VASE.

Plastic decoration embraced a very large number of animal forms, including the human figure which was usually treated in a grotesque manner. The number of species of animals that served as the artist's model was very large, those which more frequently appear being the crocodile, puma, armadillo, monkey, crab, frog, lizard, scorpion, snake and fish. The grotesque representations of men and animals and the unsystematic nature of the work point to the fact that this branch, at any rate, of the primeval Isthmian's art was not serious. These ornamental figures, some of minute size, were constructed separately, as also were the handles, legs and bases of ves sels, and were then *luted* on with such skill that the most delicate forms were not injured by the process, the irregularities of juncture being then carefully worked down. The figures were usually attached to the legs and handles of vessels, or were set upon the shoulders. Sometimes they formed parts of legs and handles and sometimes performed that function entirely. With regard to the human form, favorite subjects were doleful little figures in a squatting posture and indicating various emotions under grotesque expressions. It is hard to believe that the artist who designed some of them did not intend to represent a sufferer from bilious headache.

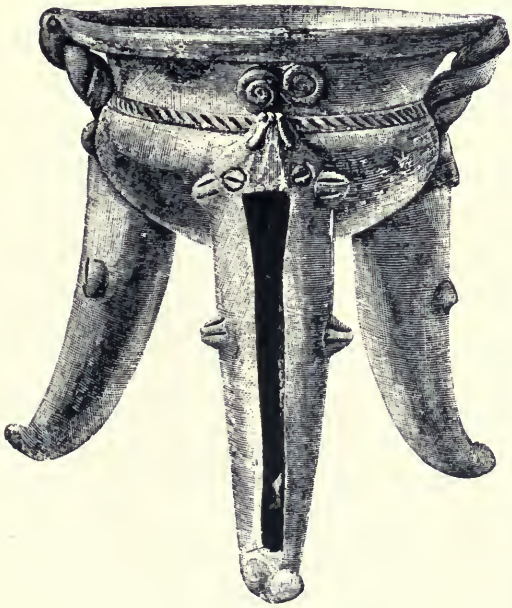


FIG. 6—TRIPOD VASE.

There is but a step from the grotesque to the monstrous, and the Chiriquians did not fail to give loose rein to their fancy and produce designs of horrible creatures and unnatural beings. In some the limbs of a human body are transformed into serpents which writhe and crawl about the person of the abnormity. Hardly

anything could be imagined more horrible than such mal-formations, and hopelessness and agony are thoroughly depicted on the human countenances. Figure 1, though classified as grotesque, is hideous, and serves to mark the stride into the region of the monstrous.

Among the relics are found representations of a creature having a trunk-like snout. "Such a form," remarks Mr. Holmes, "discovered in the earlier days of archæologic investigation would probably have given rise to many surmises as to the contemporaneous existence of the elephant in Chiriqui. In reality the original was probably some unassuming little inhabitant of the Isthmian jungles." I would suggest that the tapir or dante was the creature from which the ancient artist derived his idea, the proboscis of that shy nocturnal animal being sufficiently developed to supply aboriginal tendency to exaggeration with all the necessary suggestion of a full-grown elephantine trunk. The monkey was another favorite animal with the potter, and it is represented in all kinds of attitudes and postures, figure 8.

A remarkable specimen in illustration of the legs of vessels being modeled to represent animal forms is given in figure 11. "Two rudely modeled, semihuman, grotesque figures are affixed to the under surface of the bowl, supporting it with their backs. The legs of these figures are spread out horizontally, so that a firm support is obtained. The periphery of the body of this vessel is encircled by a number of nodes and noded projections, which represent the heads, tails and spines of two crab-like animals. The heads, with arms attached, appear at the right and left, and the tails occur at the front and back, just over the heads of the supporting figures. The use of this crab in this way is quite common."

FIG. 7—BASALT STOOL.

A most interesting and striking variety of leg-supported vessels is the tripod group. The legs of this class of ware are, for the most part, modeled after the forms of animals, that of the fish prevailing over those of all other creatures, while the human form rarely appears. The bodies of the supporting animals are hollow and contain pellets of clay ranging in number from one to a dozen or more; and in order that these pellets may be seen as well as clearly heard, slits are cut in different parts of the body or along its entire length. A fine speci-

men of this class of earthenware is illustrated in figure 6. It is of the fish-legged type, is of most graceful form and is finely finished and embellished. "The handles are formed of twisted fillets or ropes of clay and a narrow, incised, rope-like band encircles the neck, and alternating with the handles are two scrolls neatly formed of small round ropes of clay. The fishes forming the legs are very simple. The mouth at the apex is formed by laying on an oblong loop of clay, and the eyes are represented by two round pellets set into the soft clay of the head and indented with a slit that gives to them the exact appearance of screwheads. A pair of fins — small incised cones—is placed at the sides of the head and another at the sides of the body. The cavity contains a single ball of clay and the slit is long and wide."

FIG. 8—APE IN CLAY.

Another remarkably fine specimen of the tripod vessel is thus described by Mr. Holmes: "The figure is beautifully modeled, is symmetrical, and has a flaring rim, rounded and polished on the upper surface and drooping slightly at the outer margin. The body is hemispherical and is supported by three grotesque anthropomorphic figures that strongly remind us of the "mud head" masks used in one of the dances of the Zuñi Indians. The head is a rounded ball upon which pellets of clay are stuck to represent the features. The arms are against the sides of the body, as in other Isthmian specimens, the hips are excessively large, the legs straight, and the feet small and united to form the foot of the vessel. Nearly the entire surface is finished in a dark purplish red paint, which appears to have been polished down as a slip."

We will close this article with reference to a class of objects which is a puzzle to archæologists. Mr. Holmes, for lack of a better classification, has named them stools or seats. They appear both carved out of stone (see figures 1 and 7) and manufactured in clay. That they were not used as metates, *mealing* stones, is evident from their circular plate, marginal rim, and

FIG. 9—DISH.

FIG. 10—DOUBLE VASE.

absence of signs of use in those fashioned out of stone, while the softness and fragility of those made out of clay would render them quite useless for the purpose of grinding maize and seeds upon them. Indeed the earthenware specimens are too slight and

FIG. 11—DECORATED DISH.

FIG. 12—DOUBLE NECKED VASE.

fragile to be used as ordinary seats, and Mr. Holmes is inclined to believe that they served some purpose in religious rites, possibly as supports for vases or idols, or as altars for offerings.

They are uniform in construction and general conformation, and reference to the illustrations will establish the identity in design and purpose of the stone and earthenware articles. A circular plate is supported by circular vertical walls, or by figures which rest upon a strong circular base. The plate is slightly concave, and its margin is usually embellished with an ornamental cornice of grotesque heads.

The specimen illustrated in figure 1 exhibits the Chiriquian favorite method of construction, that is to say, the modeling of the different parts separately, the object then being constructed piece-meal, each most important part being first set in position. In this specimen three grotesque figures with hideous faces alternate with the same number of flat columns ornamented with uncouth figures of alligators. The cornice which embellishes the rim of the plate contains eighteen grotesque, monkey-like heads which occupy the spaces of the margin of the plate which intervene between the heads of the anthropomorphic supports.

The stone specimen here represented is carved out of a piece of basaltic tufa. It is ten inches in diameter at the top and six inches in height. Around the margin of the plate is carved an ornamental band over an inch in width. The supports which connect the plate with the annular base consist of two elaborately carved figures of the monkey which alternate with two sections of trellis work finely executed.

The earthenware objects of this group are among the most elaborate products of Chiriquian art. Their dimensions vary from ten and one-fourth inches in diameter of the plate to seven and one-half inches in the smallest specimens. Six inches is the usual height of these puzzling relics of antiquity.

While the National Museum from the specimens in which, these illustrations are taken, possesses a fine and varied collection, it is doubtless true that a vast amount of ethnologic treasure still remains undiscovered, and will repay the work of future investigators. It is to be lamented that so many of these collections are leaving the West. It is fitting that the National Museum should have fine and repre-

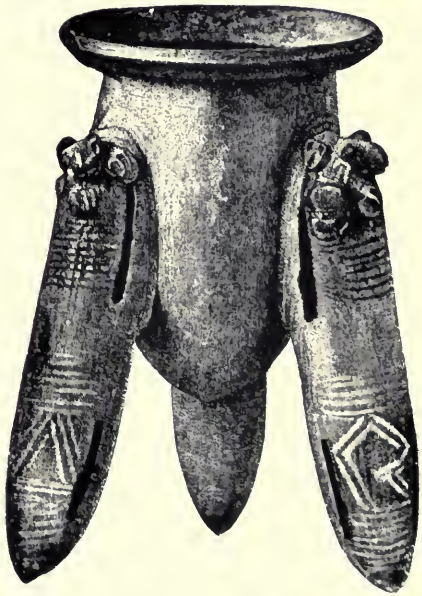


FIG. 13—TRIPOD VASE.

sentative collections, but the West is growing and cities like Los Angeles and San Francisco need fine collection as adjuncts to their public school system. The people of the West cannot all go East to study the native races and in this connection it is urged that the fine collections of antiquities being made in the West be kept here. The well-known collections of H. N. Rust of Los Angeles County has recently been sold to an Eastern gentleman when by rights, it should have been bought by some wealthy Los Angeles philanthropist and deposited in a local museum to be used by educators. When California and the West awakes, all treasures of this nature will have taken golden wings.

FIG. 14—TRIPOD, WITH HUMAN FIGURES.

POET'S PLEASURE.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

There is a pleasure known to poets well ;
A pausing in the glow of some fine thought
Divined all suddenly, the spirit fraught
With wonderment ; uncertain 'neath the spell
Of various beauty : Oft the sun will tell
Hours ere the rapt one yields him to be wrought
Away to effort; ere the voice be sought
And into echoing words the thought compel
It is the pleasure that the bright bee feels,
When, wandering far on an elysian day,
He sights a hidden flower, and darts and wheels
About the nodding blossom as he may,
Ere deep into its bosom's depth he steals
To bear the wealth of honey all away.

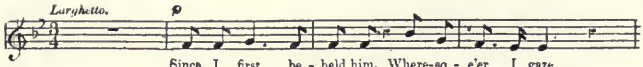
WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.*

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

SINCE the time I saw him
  Blind I seem to be;
Wheresoe'er I look now
  Him alone I see.
As 't were in a day-dream,
  Floats his image nigh:
Springs from deepest darkness,
  Brighter still on high.

All beside is dreary,
  Wheresoe'er I turn;
For my sports with sisters
  I no longer yearn,—
Rather would I, weeping,
  To my chamber flee.
Since the time I saw him
  Blind I seem to be.

*Translated from the German in the original metres by Frank V. McDonald.


Larghetto.
p
Since I first be - held him, Where-so - e'er I gaze
Seit ich ihn ge - se - hen, glaub' ich blind zu seyn,

He of all, the best, the noblest,—
  O, how mild! and O, how kind!
Gracious lips and eye clear sparkling,
  Courage firm, and steadfast mind.

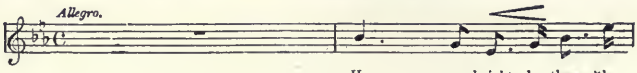
Just as in that deep blue vastness
  Light and lordly yon fair star,
E'en so he in my bright heaven,
  Light and lordly, high and far.

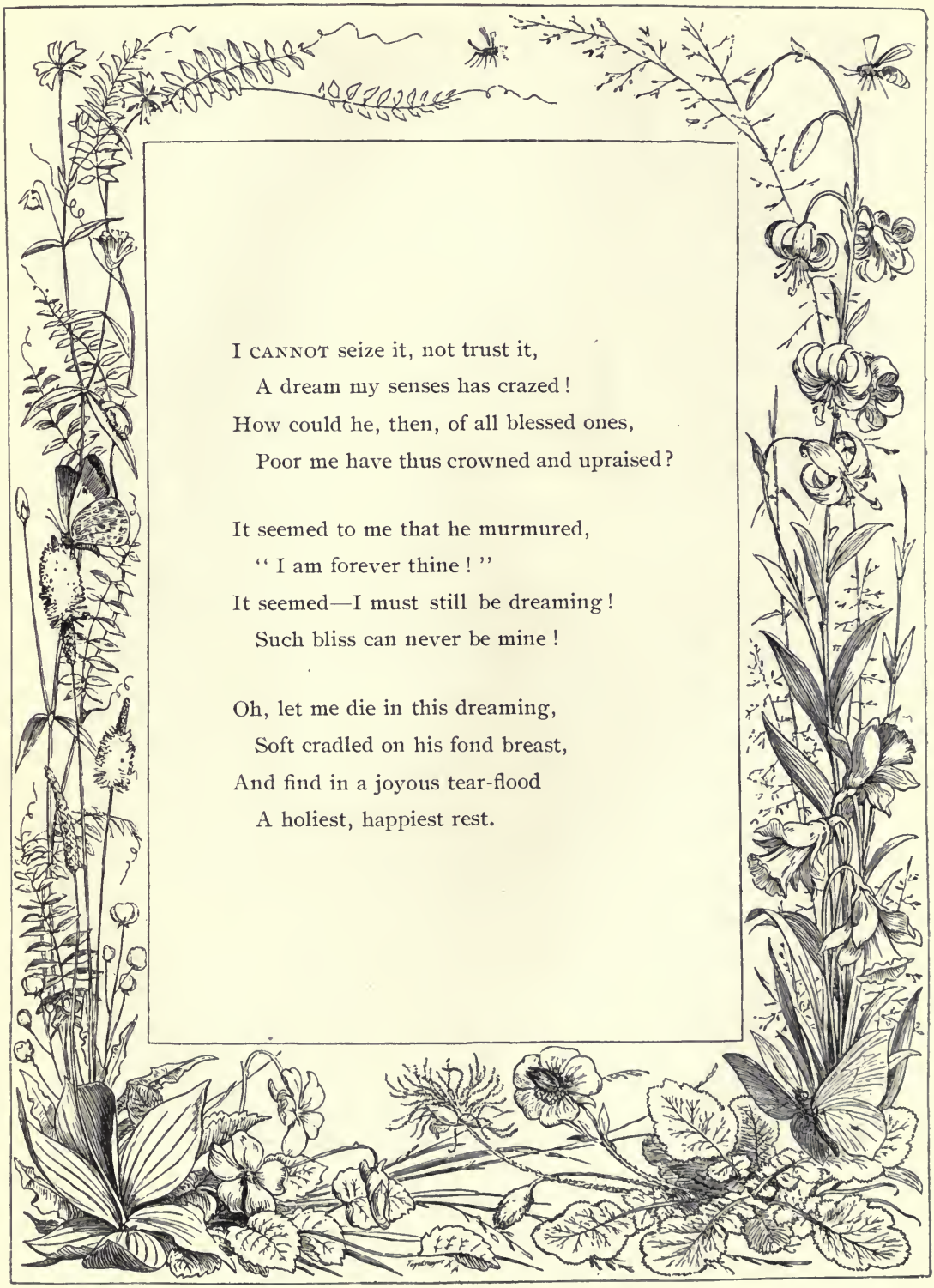
Wander, wander on thy pathway!
  Only thy bright gleam to see,
Worshipful and humbly gazing,
  Only sad, yet blissful be.

Hear thou not my silent praying,
  Consecrated to thy weal.
Must not know me, humble maiden,
  O my star, my high ideal!

Only she, of all most worthy,
  Shall be honored by thy choice.
And I, too, shall bless that fair one,
  Bless and thousand times rejoice.

Yea, rejoice I shall, and weep, too:
  Happy, happy then my lot.
Should my heart e'en break therefrom, then
  Break, sad heart; it matters not.

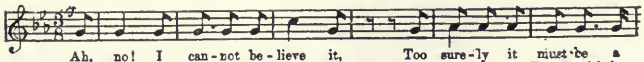

Allegro.
He, more knight - ly than the
Er, der Herr - lich - ste von



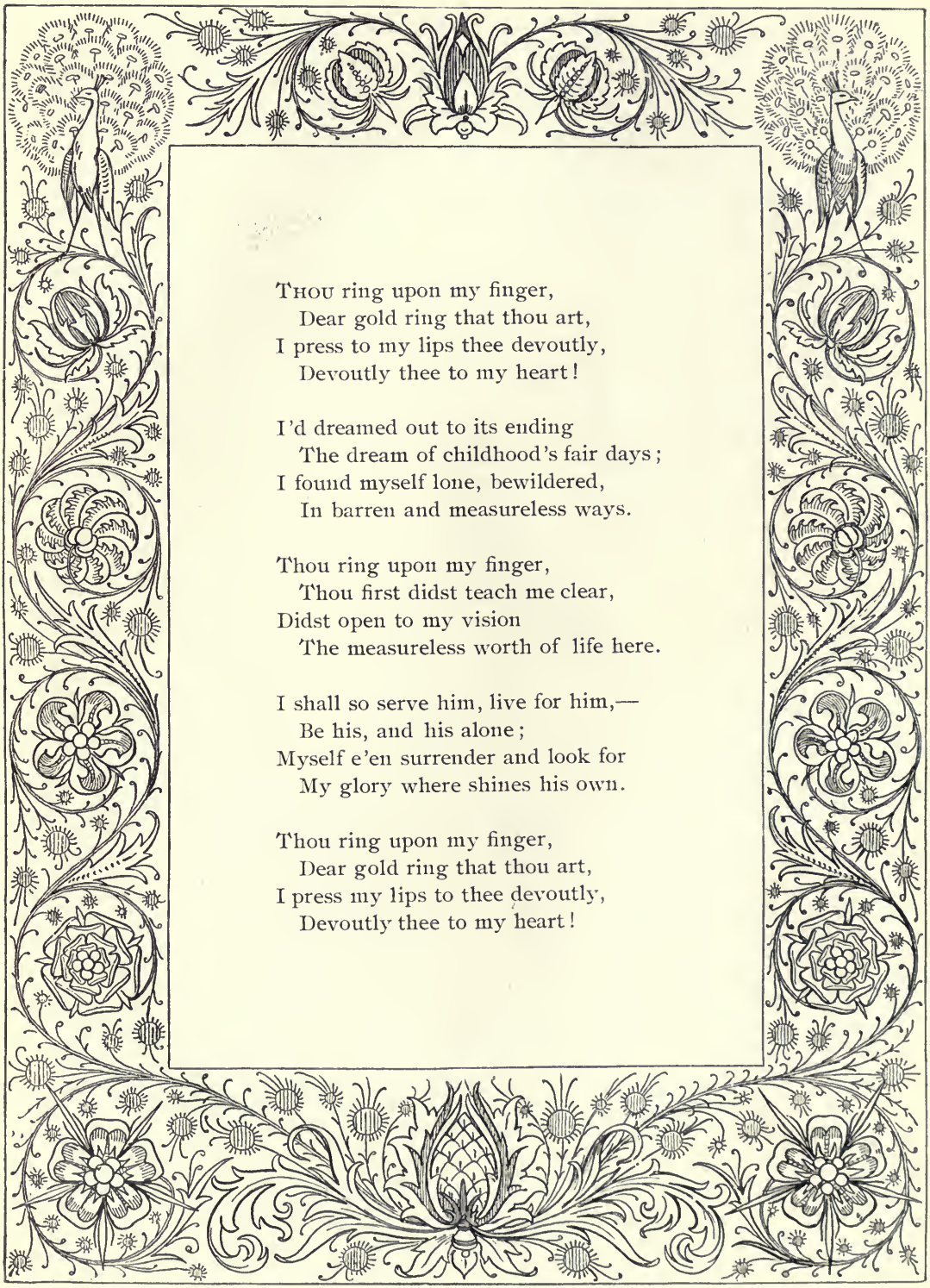
I CANNOT seize it, not trust it,
  A dream my senses has crazed!
How could he, then, of all blessed ones,
  Poor me have thus crowned and upraised?

It seemed to me that he murmured,
  "I am forever thine!"
It seemed—I must still be dreaming!
  Such bliss can never be mine!

Oh, let me die in this dreaming,
  Soft cradled on his fond breast,
And find in a joyous tear-flood
  A holiest, happiest rest.



Ah, no! I can-not be-lieve it, Too sure-ly it must be a
Ich kann's nicht fas-sen, nicht glau-ben es hat ein Traum sich be



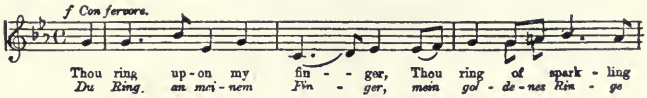
THOU ring upon my finger,
  Dear gold ring that thou art,
I press to my lips thee devoutly,
  Devoutly thee to my heart!

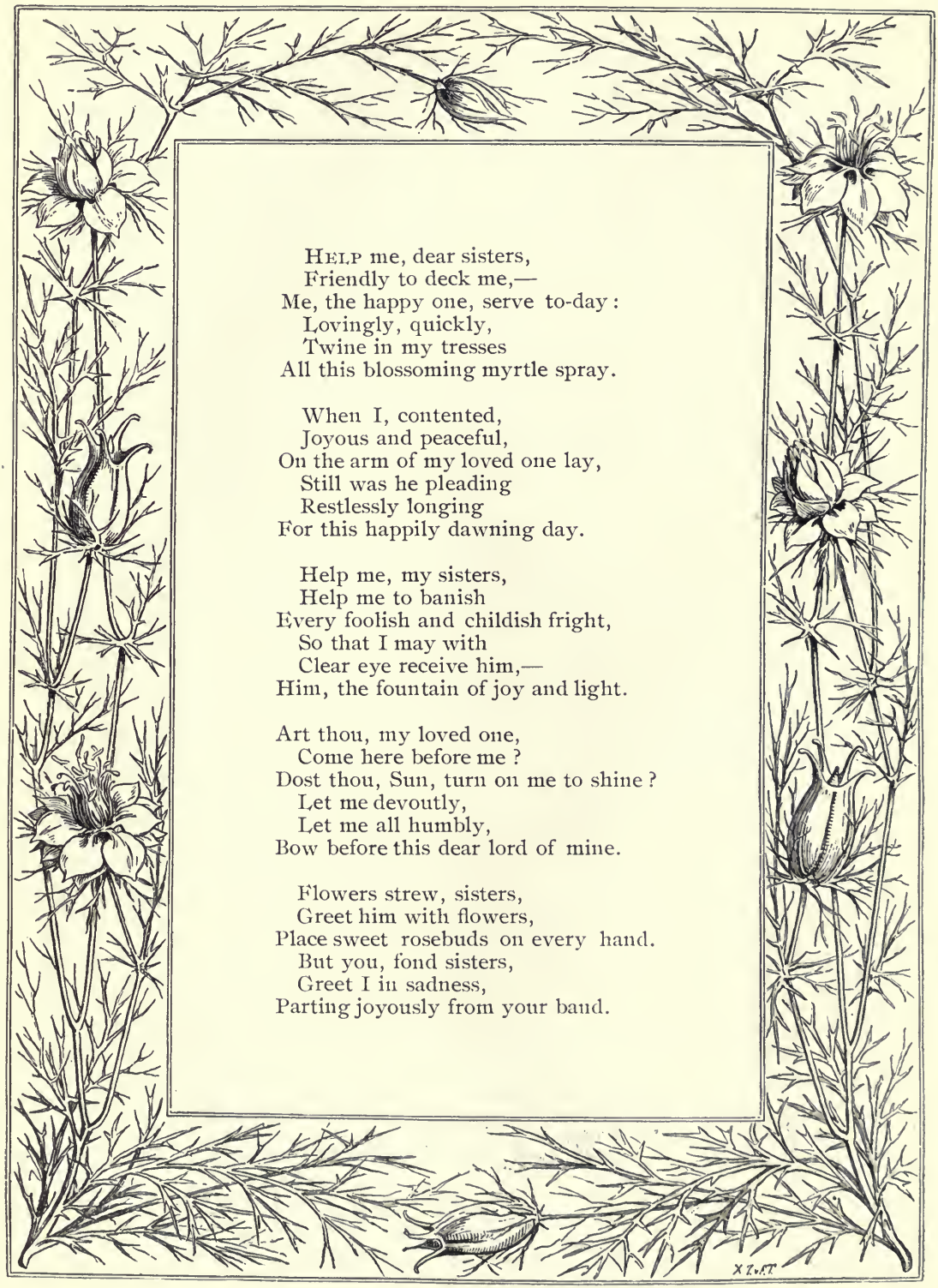
I'd dreamed out to its ending
  The dream of childhood's fair days;
I found myself lone, bewildered,
  In barren and measureless ways.

Thou ring upon my finger,
  Thou first didst teach me clear,
Didst open to my vision
  The measureless worth of life here.

I shall so serve him, live for him,—
  Be his, and his alone;
Myself e'en surrender and look for
  My glory where shines his own.

Thou ring upon my finger,
  Dear gold ring that thou art,
I press my lips to thee devoutly,
  Devoutly thee to my heart!


f Con fervore.
Thou ring up-on my fin - - ger, Thou ring of spark - ling
Du Ring. an mei - nem Fin - ger, mein gol - de - nes Rin - ge



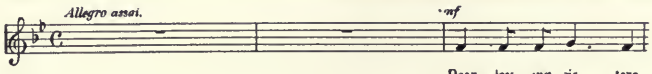
HELP me, dear sisters,
Friendly to deck me,—
Me, the happy one, serve to-day:
Lovingly, quickly,
Twine in my tresses
All this blossoming myrtle spray.

When I, contented,
Joyous and peaceful,
On the arm of my loved one lay,
Still was he pleading
Restlessly longing
For this happily dawning day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me to banish
Every foolish and childish fright,
So that I may with
Clear eye receive him,—
Him, the fountain of joy and light.

Art thou, my loved one,
Come here before me?
Dost thou, Sun, turn on me to shine?
Let me devoutly,
Let me all humbly,
Bow before this dear lord of mine.

Flowers strew, sisters,
Greet him with flowers,
Place sweet rosebuds on every hand.
But you, fond sisters,
Greet I in sadness,
Parting joyously from your band.



Dear lov · ing sis · ters
Helft mir, ihr Schwe - estern,

A SUBMARINE CHRISTMAS.

BY THEODORE R. CALDWELL.

FINALLY the annual dinner of the Biological Society of Washington ended and I was enjoying the welcome of a big grate fire after a tramp through the rapidly drifting snow when the door bell rang and the following telegram was handed me :

AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND, LOS ANGELES COUNTY., via San Pedro,
Dec. 6th, 1892.
The *Squid* a perfect success. Expect you by Christmas. VAN REED.

Van Reed was an old scientific friend whom I had met in Germany years before, and while on a visit at my home in Washington, he had unfolded a plan which he had conceived of navigating the greater depths of the ocean. We had discussed the designs of his submarine boat night after night, and finally he had gone to the Pacific Coast a year previous to superintend the construction of the craft which was to astonish the scientific world. The boat had been completed some weeks, and Van Reed had taken her to Catalina Island, California, for his experiment, where I had promised to join him for the trip, providing he was successful.

This very night my colleagues had been discussing the subject of the deep sea, depicting its wonders with the aid of drawings made directly from the charts and sketches of the investigators on the *Albatross*, who had spent months in dredging in deep water, and here was the possibility of personal investigation. My answer, "Start at once," was sent flashing across the continent, and the next day I was following it, bound for the island of Catalina.

We left winter in New Mexico, entered the paradise of palms and orange groves of Southern California, and in less than a week from the receipt of the telegram, I stepped out of the train at San Pedro and was greeted by Van Reed who, as we crossed the channel to the island, unfolded the wonderful results he had accomplished.

"I took breakfast this morning, my dear boy," he said, slapping me on the back, "with 200 feet of water overhead," and his good-natured red face beamed with enthusiasm. "In short, the boat is a complete success, and I promise you a stroll on the floor of the Pacific, three miles down, on Christmas morning. My design for overcoming pressure has been carried out and I see no reason why we may not visit the deepest and most abysmal regions of the ocean."

"And freeze to death," I suggested, thinking of thermometric experiments that showed the deep-sea temperature to be just above freezing

"No trouble about that," replied Van Reed, "I have arranged a little device that will obviate that difficulty."

In the meantime we were nearing the island—a lofty range of mountains rising from the sea about sixty miles off shore, which, as we approached the little bay of Avalon, cast rich green shadows into the clear water—a

most entrancing spectacle to me, just from the snow banks of the East. The steamer landed us at the dock at Avalon, and the first object that caught my eye was a long cigar-like boat lying near shore, her big glass eyes glistening like those of an Ichthyosaurus.

Every attempt has been made to keep the true nature of the craft a secret, and it was generally believed on the island that she was a government torpedo boat down from the iron works on a trial trip.

"Isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed Van Reed as we pulled out to her. "She has all the lines of a fish and not a little of their staying powers under water."

The *Squid* was about one hundred feet in length, slender and narrow, floating on the surface, showing two big glass windows, one on either side of the bow, while on each side amidships I could see another at least ten feet across. The back of the boat was about a foot out of the water and looked like that of a whale; but as

"THE BOW GENTLY TURNED DOWN AND WE SHOT INTO THE RICH GREEN DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN."

"THE LONG STEMS WOUND AROUND OUR LEGS AND ENCUMBERED OUR ARMS."

we stepped aboard I saw a hatch open and going below, found myself in as cosy a cabin as any yacht could boast.

"Here we are," down among the mermaids," said Van Reed, passing me a box of cigars and a decanter of sherry, "yet with all the comforts of home."

"So she is a success ?" I queried.

"A perfect success," replied my enthusiastic friend. "I have been running about here for a week and she works like a charm. I can lie at the surface, or deep beneath it ; can steam or rather electrate along at any depth, and so adjust her that she will remain in any position ; in fact she is a perfect squid, as you shall see." Suiting the action to the word, he touched a button and in a few moments the boat moved gently out from her moorings.

We were sitting in what was used as a library and chart room, facing the big window which was almost entirely submerged ; and as we moved along, small fishes and various marine objects were as visible and distinct as though we had been in the water ; indeed, I could only compare it to looking into the big tank of the Brighton, England, aquarium, which I had visited some years before.

"Yes, this is the way to study marine zoology," said Van Reed, anticipating my thoughts, "especially the fishes. I am preparing to write a book on their habits. I sink the *Squid* in a good place, turn on the searchlight, and while sitting here make my sketches from nature."

Van Reed now took me over the vessel ; showed me the wonderful machinery and modern appliances, and gave me suggestions as to her qualities. The motive power was electricity stored in batteries. By an ingenious device the propeller acted as a rudder ; there being two, one at the stern to dip, and one on the keel to lift perpendicularly, the vessel being in this way under perfect control. She was manned by a crew of four, and by an arrangement entailing compressed air, could make a trip of twelve hours beneath the water. The helmsman sat on a low turret on the bow that projected slightly above the deck, a large glass eye giving him a wide range of vision. Each man was provided with a wonderful diving suit capable of resisting pressure at a depth of four miles beneath the surface and each armor had a telephone attached so that by simply turning the head, the wearer could talk with the *Squid* which acted as "Central," and so with his companion. The boat was provided with powerful search lights, a complete, scientific apparatus, cameras, etc., as it was the ambitious inventor's desire to astonish the scientific world with photographs of life at a depth of several miles beneath the surface, where intense darkness reigned ; where the pressure was sufficient to powder glass, and where the temperature was just above freezing. I possessed my share of the fervor of the enthusiast and was rarely satisfied if not engaged in the attainment of the unattainable ; yet when I pictured myself taking this stupendous dive of four miles into the unknown, this land beneath the sea, peopled with uncanny creatures, the skeletons of ships and men, I must say I faltered, but it was too late to demur ; my luggage was aboard and we were off.

"I have found," said Van Reed, "that there is a very gradual sloping of the ocean off the Pacific Coast, and I know, from the results of the dredging of the *Albatross*, that we can go down to about 300 feet on the edge of a great basin, then walk down hill for three or four miles, and so gradually assume the increased pressure."

"About 210 feet is the deepest that a diver has ever attempted, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Van Reed, "but my new armor will resist anything. In any event, if an accident occurs I have invented a submarine parachute which, if the vessel is lost, rises to the surface at the end of three days

and floats away with the announcement of our discoveries and," added Van Reed with enthusiasm, "our death."

I could not but admire the ingenuousness of my friend who so readily took such chances in the cause of science. It was a charming spectacle, and I was undoubtedly fortunate in being a participant of his glory and renown.

We were rapidly rounding the south end of the island of Catalina and soon were speeding along in the direction of San Clemente. We now sighted a large steamer moving up the coast, which Van Reed said he would surprise. When we were within a mile of her he assumed the helm; the upper hatch was closed, the long cylinder air pipe taken in, and sitting in the pilot turret, I saw the *Squid* take her first dive beneath the sea. It was very neatly done; a touch upon an electric button, a turn of the marvelous "Van Reed propeller," and the bow gently turned down and we shot into the rich green depths of the ocean. When about ten feet from the surface a horizontal position was given the *Squid* and we sped rapidly on until alongside the steamer. Then Van Reed touched a spring; the stern became depressed and we shot out of the water, the bow protruding fifteen feet, then falling back to dip as we dived again beneath the waves. In the momentary glance, I observed the passengers rush to the side and saw their gestures of amazement as we passed by. The *Squid* crossed the bow of the steamer several times and with her big glass eyes through which we were looking must have created consternation among the crew and passengers. Van Reed now headed for the island, and when about a mile off shore he proposed a stroll on the ocean bottom. One of the crew took the helm and with the help of my friend I was soon equipped with a light aluminum armor. We now ascended the companion way and took our stations on the outer deck; had our long slender armor tubes attached and, when the water-tight hatch had been replaced, Van Reed gave the signal and the *Squid* settled beneath the water. It was my first experience in diving, and I was analyzing my varied and not unpleasant sensations, when "hello!" came through the telephone at my ear.

"We are now 300 feet down," said Van Reed; "deeper than a diver ever went before."

It was becoming perceptibly darker, but I did not experience the slightest difficulty from pressure, and as I was about to reply, "all ashore," came through the telephone, and looking down I saw in a great beam of light the bottom about ten feet below. We descended by rope ladders and landed on a ledge of rock covered with a rich growth of weed, and together moved along, with spears in hand, followed by the *Squid* which remained suspended directly above, providing us with air. It was a strange sensation, and the fact that I could converse with Van Reed made it all the more remarkable. As we entered a strip covered with hard white sand I suddenly felt his hand on my arm.

"Stop!" he shouted. I did as he requested, and made out in the gloom a strange bird-like figure moving by and over us.

"It is a giant ray, a *manta*," said Van Reed; if he fouls our tubes he might trouble us."

I thought of the patent parachute and shuddered as well as one could in an aluminum armor, but that moment the search light of the *Squid* was turned directly on the fish, which, alarmed, darted upward and away with the strange undulatory bird-like motion of its kind. It was at least seventeen feet across, and I distinctly saw the strange claspers about its mouth. We moved on, at times literally surrounded by fishes which seemed attracted by the electric search light and evidently thought us gigantic crabs. Crossing the sand spit we again found a rocky country covered

"IT STRUCK THE SIDE OF THE WINDOW SO POWERFUL A BLOW THAT THE VESSEL REELED."

with masses of deep red and purple sponges, delicate fronds of seaweed, brilliant-hued anemones, some of huge dimensions, while great abalones, whelks and other mollusks appeared in countless numbers. From beneath the rocks projected the serrated whips of cray fish and colossal crabs moved clumsily away. As I stood absorbed in this strange spectacle a message came from Van Reed to remain perfectly still. I did so and a gigantic fish, certainly weighing at least 400 pounds and looking like a black bass, moved by me. It was over five feet in length, of a rich chestnut color, and rolled its funny eyes at us as if wondering what we were.

"Its a jewfish," telephoned my companion. I could but admire the grace of its fins, which vibrated gracefully with a screw-like movement as the huge creature turned and advanced toward us, then dart away at an involuntary motion on my part, almost overturning me in the rush of waters.

Thinking that I had been below long enough for my initial trip, Van Reed telephoned me that we would return,

and we were soon aboard ship and at the surface. That night we lay at San Clemente, and a few days before Christmas sailed to the west and on Christmas day dived down upon what, Van Reed said, was the edge of a deep basin where we should find water several miles deep. Before descending we made a trial trip in deep water. While flying along 800 feet from the surface we were sitting by the big window watching the jelly fish, tunas and albicores as they darted by, when suddenly an enormous swordfish appeared ; the next moment it struck the side of the window so powerful a blow with its sword that the vessel reeled as if she had received a death blow, and we were thrown headlong to the deck.

"If that had not been a glancing blow," said Van Reed, picking himself up, "I think the glass would have been shattered. These swordfish can send their rams through the solid oak of a ship's bottom. The brute probably took us for a whale."

We gradually settled to the bottom until water 1,000 feet in depth was attained, then the search light showed a hill and over this the *Squid* poised. With lances in hand, we descended the ladder and stepped out upon the floor of the ocean, looking down into the valley of the deep sea. There was something impressive in going out for a stroll with several miles of water over one's head, and when Van Reed called a "Merry Christmas" through the telephone I realized that such a Christmas was never before experienced by living human beings.

We moved gradually down a steep sandy hill, here and there dotted with small stones which I believed to have been meteoric. The water was illumined by the search light, and every few steps we ran into huge jelly fishes whose tentacles wound about us. These beautiful objects took on marvelous colors in the bright light, and their chaste and artistic shapes stood out in bold relief. To stand and look up under one of these jelly fish and watch its every pulsation was more than marvelous. Traveling was difficult, but we made good progress and Van Reed called to me that his aquameter indicated that we were a mile and a half below the surface. "If you did not have my armor on," called my companion, "you would be crushed to a jelly here. You are holding up a weight equal to a car loaded with pig iron." Yet I did not feel any inconvenience except a slight tightness about the throat. Walking gradually became more difficult, our lead-soled shoes sinking deep into a soft gelatinous mud.

"Its is the globigerina ooze ;" and here is a forest of umbellaria," shouted Van Reed and I could distinctly hear the exultance in his voice as we stopped amazed at the sight before us. Imagine a cornfield where the stalks were slender as pipe stems, but six or eight feet in height and waving gently to and fro, the tops forming a flower-like series of blossoms. The long stems wound around our legs and encumbered our arms, and after a few steps we were literally floundering in the forest.

"Now I will show you a forest of fire," called Van Reed through the telephone. He telephoned to the *Squid* and in a moment the search light was extinguished, I expected to see darkness most intense as we were in an abysmal region where sunlight had never penetrated, but instead of darkness, the water appeared filled with lights, and the forest was literally a forest of fire. The tops of each umbellaria shone with a vivid phosphorescence, and stretching away into the vast unknown were myriads of lights. A more marvelous spectacle could hardly be realized and I was lost in wonder. We plunged on, every movement creating new splendors ; the slightest wave of the hand was followed by a streak of fire—flashes of luminosity followed the pipes, while the *Squid* was outlined in radiance—a veritable fiery dragon ablaze with living lights.

The umbellaria forest occupied a belt about 1,000 feet across and, as we stumbled along plunging deeper and deeper in the ooze, we came upon an object which proved to be a wreck.

Like a castle it loomed up, bedecked with lights, and as we drew near we saw that it was the hull of a large iron ship. The bow was buried in the globigerina ooze, the stern high, showing that the ship had dived headlong to its doom. We climbed aboard and sat upon the rail of the spectral craft. The hatches had burst away, and strange fishes swam about; curious creatures, cellular to their very tissue,

"ITS ARMS WERE THROWN ABOUT THE BOAT; ITS UNCANNY BLACK EYES GLOWING LIKE HUGE PLATES IN THE GLARE OF THE SEARCH LIGHTS."

living sponges through which the water permeated, their only salvation in this land of enormous pressure. All these forms were light-givers. I recognized the forms as Plagiodus, Beryx, Chiasmodus taken by the *Albatross* and *Challenger*. Schools of Malacosteus darted by, bearing soft white lights upon the head, while many others which I did not recognize were luminous over the entire surface and looked like living coals. Several pelican fish, Eurypharynx with enormous pouch moved lightly away from my foot and the strange crab, Colossendeis, perched on high, stilt-like legs, was dislodged from the deck in numbers as we moved about. In the crevices glowed a luminous star fish which I recognized as a Brisinga, nearly every one being luminous.

"You see the deep sea is not the 'dark unfathomed' place it is supposed to be," called Van Reed through the telephone. "It is a very densely populated region, and each inhabitant carries its own light."

We could not find a name on the ship and so walked down her decks out into the ooze. We again went down hill rapidly, a blaze of light being everywhere. We made but slow progress, the mud being in places knee-deep. Strange forms of fishes, some like snakes, as Eustomius, others short and lumpish, started from the mud, and suddenly a gigantic shape at least seventy feet in length arose before us and wriggled off

"The sea-serpent, as I live," called Van Reed, as he fell against me blinded by the mud.

To my eyes it resembled a mosasaurus, as it was a gigantic serpentine shaped monster, with four paddles and long tail outlined in fire against the gloom.

"If we could capture that fellow, or even carry off his head," telephoned Van Reed, "we would immortalize ourselves."

I pictured in my mind how Mososaurus Caldwelli Marsh would look in the report of the Biological Society and wondered whether Cope would claim it as an old species, if Marsh described it, or vice versâ. We had evidently discovered the sea-serpent, but that we could capture so huge a creature was impossible, though Van Reed appeared to think otherwise.

"I am going to return to San Pedro," he telephoned, "have a huge trap made and bring one of these monsters to the surface and to the attention of the scientific world."

"Good!" I answered, and I confess eagerly, as I had begun to experience a strange nervous exhaltation that I did not fancy. We were moving toward the *Squid*, when, looking up, to my horror I saw a huge form wound about it, and the boat turned upon its side and evidently sinking or being dragged down. I endeavored to telephone Van Reed but the instrument would not work. I now saw that the object was a giant cuttle-fish (Architeuthis), a monster at least seventy feet in length. Its arms were thrown about the boat; its uncanny black eyes glowing like huge plates in the glare of the search lights; its long tentacles moving about our craft like snakes, and kindling the sleepy water into vivid phosphorescent flame, while the huge, bag-like body of the animal hung pendulous from its side. It was evidently entangled in the propeller and the boat was sinking into the ooze. Van Reed seized me by the arm and we stood fixed as statues, stunned with the horror of the situation. If the boat touched the ooze and sank into it, we were lost irrevrocably. Down it settled and we moved back insensibly to avoid the struggles of the monster that lashed the fiery water with its cup-lined arms. We could see the men looking out of the window, evidently paralyzed with fear. The boat sank lower, turned half over, giving our tubes a wrench which threw us down into the yielding ooze; a sense of suffocation, an ineffective attempt to scream, a feeling of unutterable

despair and then there came through the telephone, loudly but familiarly, "Theodore!" and I found my wife shaking my arm and expostulating against my screaming in my sleep. I had been dreaming. My library fire still blazed brightly, and Van Reed's Patent Submarine Parachute was not needed to carry the news of that Christmas experience.

THE ROMANCE OF FORT ROSS.

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THE missions of California have been exploited at such length and so loudly, so monotonously and impressively, that it is little wonder both native and tourist have accepted them as our only monuments of historical interest. And yet high on the northern coast, secluded in their fastness between the mountains and the sea, are "ruins" quite as significant and interesting as the crumbling adobe walls of San Diego and San Juan Capistrano.

Few there are who have not read (and recited!) Bret Harte's poem celebrating Concepcion Arguello, one of the most famous women of the old Californians. Fort Ross, whose brief eventful career is the subject of this paper, owed its birth and rise to the wisdom and executive genius of her lover. The great Russian fur company at Alaska being threatened with starvation during the long unproductive winters, its Governor, Alexander Rezànof, determined to establish a branch company on the fertile coasts of the Californias and supply the mother colony with the necessaries of life so richly yielded by the wild, beautiful dependence of Mexico. He accordingly visited San Francisco and held conference with Arguello, Commandante of the Presidio, and obtained reluctant consent to his scheme. But both demand and consent were mere formalities as Russian and Spaniard knew. The northern coast, where Rezànof proposed to colonize, was separated from the Spanish settlements by miles of almost impenetrable forest and valleys jealously guarded by Indians. No army would have reached Fort Ross in condition to fight. And although Mexico might bluster—as she did—she had other use for troops than to waste them on a small and friendly foe.

Meanwhile, Rezànof in love with the beautiful, vivacious daughter of the commandante, won her heart and her father's consent. The proposed union met with the approval of both Russians and Spanish, being regarded as a token of permanent peace; but although the peace was found to need no cementing, the lovers had no such pleasant destiny. Rezànof returning to St. Petersburg to lay his plans before the Czar and to obtain the royal consent to his marriage, was thrown from his horse and killed. Concepcion gave up the world as soon as the news was brought to her, retiring to a secluded room in the great De la Guerra mansion at Santa Barbara until the Monterenas erected a convent and asked her to be its abbess. To her went the daughters of the aristocratic families to be educated. The very old Californian women of the upper classes who are now dying off were all taught by her, and describe her as a calm sweet-faced woman, always gowned in a gray habit fastened at the throat with a cross.

But Rezànof's plans matured as rapidly as if directed by his own energetic hand. The Russians settled within the year on the spot he had chosen. They called the place Fort

Ross, from the same root as the word Russia, and established a branch colony a few miles below at Bodega Bay.

Fort Ross has been selected for its timber, its natural defences, the admirable farming land in its vicinity, the seals on its coast and the otters in its forest. That it was a spot of ideal beauty probably went for little in the selection, but was doubtless appreciated later on by the exiles, aristocratic and humble. A lofty mountain spiked thick with redwoods describes a semi-circle about three fertile tablelands each sloping gently to the one below; the lowest and finest ends with the cliffs. The cove so formed is about two miles wide and one deep at the midmost point; the mountain tapers at each end of the arc, looking as if extending long determined arms to grasp the cliffs and guard the spot between for whosoever should be wise enough to elect to dwell therein. The forests at dusk look like a black wall, nothing could be denser, darker, gloomier. As you approach a great wave of cold air rushes out to greet you, but if you venture within, there is beauty of fern and creek and rolling, wreathing fog, grandeur of aisle and silence to offset the chill and the gloom.

A few yards beyond the forest all is light and pastoral strangely mingled now with death and decay. Cows nibble at grass that the fog keeps green from winter to winter, the few modern buildings are simple and pleasing; but two tottering bastions, unlike anything in modern California, and a delapidated chapel of Greek architecture arrest the eye and arouse anger at the indifference of the owner; while on a lonely knoll between the forest and the gray ponderous ocean, flanked on either side by wild beautiful gulches, are fifty or more graves of dead and gone Russians, with not a line to preserve the ego, once so mighty. The rains have washed the mounds almost flat, thrown down the crosses, doubtless filled the graves. And in one of them a beautiful girl is said to sleep in a copper coffin.

The highest intelligence directed all that the Russians did. They erected a quadrilateral stockade of redwood beams pierced with embrasures for cannonades. At diagonal corners were graceful bastions furnished with cannon. Mounted cannon were at each of the four gates and a number were ranged about the plaza; sentries paced the ramparts. At the southeast corner was a Greek chapel, surmounted by cupola and cross, magnificent within; the pictures were in jeweled frames and the ornaments were of gold and silver. Since then it has been a stable, and to-day it is as decrepit as a man in his third childhood. It takes imagination to reconstruct it, dim and odorous with incense and filled with the music of its silver chimes.

The Governor's and officer's quarters were in a long low building, built of redwood logs and so skilfully constructed that it stands intact to-day. At right angles to it is another building of similar architecture which did duty as barracks. Granaries, storehouses—one with a cellar for treasure, so the story runs—an armory, a dance hall, were also within the enclosure; and without was the "town," a collection of some 800 huts occupied by Indians and Russians—the latter convicts for the most part—the servants of the company. On a cliff, across the gulch were the warehouses and conveniences for shipbuilding. Over the mountain, beyond the redwood forest, were the skilfully managed farms whose products amply justified Rezànof's judgment.

Secure in their fortress, the Russians were only menaced once. The slaves of the "town" caught and skinned the seals and otters with utmost precision; if they did not they were flogged; tradition has it that the more unruly were beheaded down on the rocks, the bodies thrown to the waiting devil-fish and crabs. The Governor, despite his exile, managed to

RUINS OF BASTION AT FORT ROSS.

pass the time very agreeably. When his duties did not absorb him, he could read French novels in his luxuriously furnished house, eat the viands his French cook prepared, and drink his delicate wines. In the forest were deer to hunt and bear to trap, and the fields ran wild with quail. When these imported and bucolic pleasures palled he sprang on his horse and rode down the coast to the Presidio of San Francisco where he was always royally welcomed by the Commandante, perchance he pushed on to Monterey, capital of the Californias, and as honored guest of the Governor, made merry with those gay, laughter-loving people of an Arcadian court life whose like the world has never seen.

It is not necessary to give further historical data of Fort Ross; all that can be found in Hittell and Bancroft. The object of this paper is to set forth what is preserved of its legend and romance.

Life at Fort Ross, save for the occasional *amour* of a Governor and an Indian maiden, was prosaic enough until the advent of the last Governor, Alexander Rotscheff and his beautiful bride, the Princess Helene de Gagarin. The latter was a blonde of the purest and most exquisite Russian type, brilliant, amiable, and the possessor of a Parisian wardrobe which made her bloom like an orchard in a desert. Fort Ross at once became gay as the court of Monterey. Cavalcades of Californians — the men in lace and silk and silver, gold embroidered serapes and silver on their gray sombreros, their horses trapped with silk and silver; the women gay in flowered silken gowns, the rebosa or mantilla draped about their graceful heads came sixty miles and often more to dance for a week in the halls of the Russians. During the day these indefatigable pleasure-seekers raced over the cliffs or wandered through the redwoods. On Sunday afternoons dinner

was served in the orchard, a large enclosure half way up the mountain ; a delightful spot with paths winding around and over the knolls, the cool, dark, musical forest curving about the sides, a glimpse of the ocean through the leafy branches of the fruit trees and a long summerhouse, gay with the colors of Russia, wherein was spread the feast.

Duftor de Inofras writes enthusiastically of the elegance and luxury of the Russians at this period. It certainly required both determination and brains to rise above the primitive meagre civilization. The Rotscheffs did everything that ingenuity could devise to make time pass ; they even had a swing in the plaza to which the Princess and her guests would run when all else failed, and command some Indian retainer to work his stalwart arms in their behalf. On national holidays certain men of the "town" were allowed to enter the gates and wrestle in the plaza for the benefit of the house party on the verandah, the officers and soldiers. Others wrestled on the cliffs to a humbler but no less appreciative audience. It is recorded that they even had fireworks which must have made that sombre spot infernal on a dark night.

During the long winter months, when the rains turned the forest into an impassable marsh, and swept, gray and cold and incessant over the tableland and the invisible booming ocean, the Princess Helene yawned in her luxurious drawingroom, strummed the piano or sought consolation in the French novel and the society of her handsome husband. But at best it was an unsatisfactory life for a brilliant and fashionable woman, and after the novelty wore thin she doubtless longed faithfully for Paris and Petersburg. Her exile lasted but a few years, happily, and towards its close was in the way of being rounded off by a climax of a highly exciting nature. Prince Solano, Chief of all the Sonoma Indians, saw her as she rode home from a great fête at General Vallejo's, and became promptly and mightily smitten with her blonde loveliness. He vowed he would have her in spite of the forty cannons of Fort Ross and forthwith summoned all the chiefs and tribes of the Mayacumas Range to his aid. He was a powerful and popular neighbor ; dusky battalions swarmed to his standard, and the plan of attack was laid before them. They would storm the Fort by night, spike with arrows all who resisted and in the height of the confusion, while flames leapt and smoke blinded, Solano would snatch the beautiful Princess from the ruins and carry her off to his mountain lair, which, for all that is known to the contrary, may have been a "big tree." But alas ! before the army was in marching order, some traitor discovered the plot to General Vallejo, who advised the amorous prince to disband and forbear lest he and his followers be exterminated by the combined armies and navies of Mexico and Russia. And Solano, who had great respect for General Vallejo, sighed, and sacrificed his passion to the good of his race. Rotscheff thought that all things considered, it was time to go. The seals and otters were giving out, General Sutter made a reasonable offer for the land, and in 1841 the Russians departed forever, after a peaceful and profitable sojourn of thirty years.

Shortly before leaving, Rotscheff with a party of friends made a pilgrimage to the interior, ascended the highest peak of the Mayacunas Range and inserting a copper plate in its apex, christened the peak Mt. St. Helene after his wife.

General Sutter, finding Fort Ross a white elephant, sold it to a young man named Bennett, also a bridegroom. But Bennett was not a bridegroom of unleavened happiness, being much disturbed as to his financial future. He had paid a large sum of money for the property and in what manner to make the property reimburse him was a question revolved in his own mind

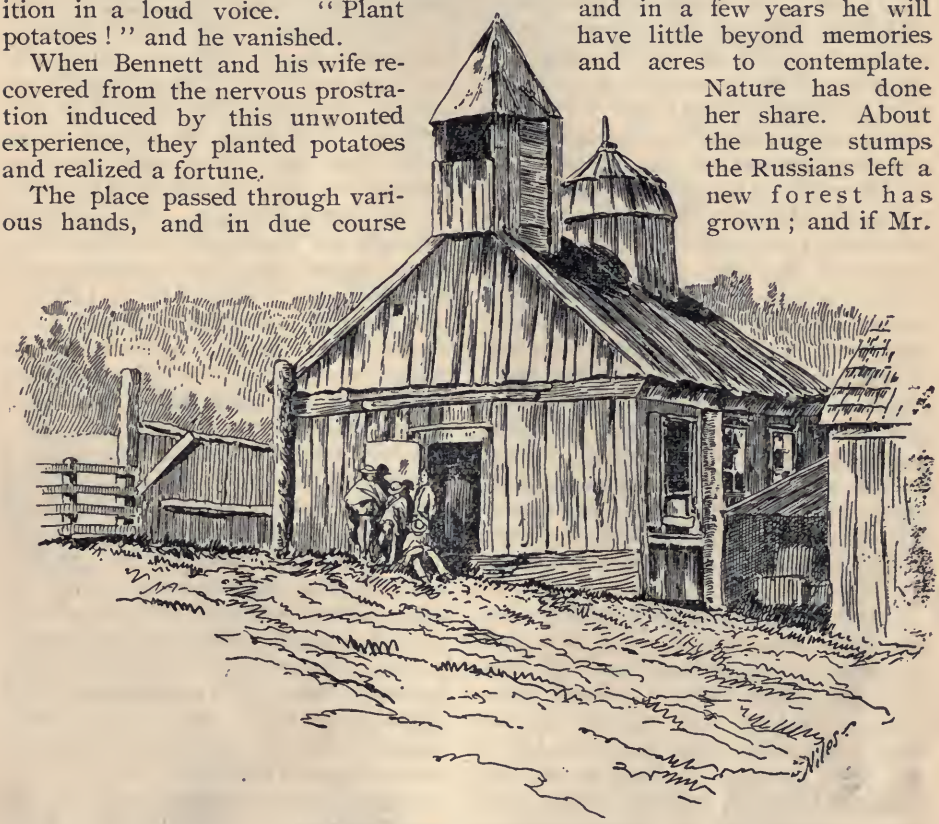
and discussed with his young wife day and night. Then—here is encouragement for the Occultists—a strange thing happened. One night he and his wife suddenly and simultaneously awoke to behold a tall, gray, venerable, transparent Russian looming out of the dark.

"Plant potatoes!" cried the apparition in a loud voice. "Plant potatoes!" and he vanished.

When Bennett and his wife recovered from the nervous prostration induced by this unwonted experience, they planted potatoes and realized a fortune.

The place passed through various hands, and in due course came to be the possession of another beautiful and brilliant woman. Mrs. Fairfax, wife of Charles Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, a Virginian, noted as the only American owner of an English title, bought it in partnership with a man named Dixon, and for a time made large sums of money with her sawmills. She also did much entertaining, and if it was not as picturesque as the Princess Helene's, that was the fault of the prosaic American times. But Mrs. Fairfax's beauty, both stately and dashing, her luxury and her splendid toilettes are part of the reminiscences of the place.

Mr. Call, the present owner of Fort Ross—and of many thousand acres round about—takes great pride in his historical possessions, but unfortunately his pride stops short of repair, and in a few years he will have little beyond memories and acres to contemplate. Nature has done her share. About the huge stumps the Russians left a new forest has grown; and if Mr. Call does not repair neither does he devastate, for no one dare fell a tree on his land.



RUINS OF GREEK CHAPEL, FORT ROSS.

Many are the traditions of murders and ghosts. A man of the "town" once flung his wife over the cliffs, cracking her in small pieces on the jagged rocks below. Another wife went over of her own account, doubtless preferring the initiative. Straggling up the mountain were huts, more or less isolated. In one of them,

its back windows looking into the forest, dwelt a young Russian with a Californian woman of the people, a beautiful girl who had come as handmaiden to one of the Princess Helene's Southern guests. The couple had a child and were very happy, ideally so. Rotscheff was kind and gave them their solitude; the wife never mingled with the rougher members of the town. One night the husband returned home to find his wife and child murdered. As none of the household possessions were touched nor the house burnt, Indians were evidently not the criminals, and suspicion settled upon a former lover. He could not be taken, however, and the husband, when the fruitless search was over, killed himself. The cottage was never occupied again; the cradle, years afterward, was seen untouched in the corner where the child had been murdered; superstition kept even the curious away; and the Castilian roses climbed gayly over the little house, and the panthers came out at night and prowled about it, until, beaten by the east winds that drive so furiously through the gorge in winter and rotted by rain, it fell to earth, and not a board remains to mark the spot.

There is a story of a beautiful Russian girl whose ghost used to appear carrying a copper box studded with nails in which were the letters of a lover who had died on his way to Sitka; but it is very mixed and is, I strongly suspect, a branch of the Rezànof-Arguello episode. She used to sit on this box in the moonlight, let down her hair (golden) and moan loud and long. Perhaps she too loved Resenoff, and, having been scorned, does not sleep as peacefully as Concepcion.

While I was visiting Fort Ross last winter, Mr. Morgan, the proprietor of the hotel, after much kind effort finally induced an old woman, half Russian half Indian, to come down from her mountain fastness and talk to me. She was the oldest inhabitant, having hidden when the Russians left, that she might not be forced to go with them. She was wholly Indian in appearance, her face unwrinkled, but strangely rutted and moth-patched. Her white teeth glittered like porcelain and her eyes were as black and bright as glass; but her hair was grizzled and hung in ragged wisps about her face. She was bent, but needless to say, as colorless in attire as an April meadow. She talked—through an interpreter—of the Princess, whom she had extravagantly admired, particularly as to hair. I told her that the place was said to be *haunted* by several generations of ghosts, and that these same intruders came out at night and rolled huge stones through the church and down the corridors. Much to my regret I had not heard the stones and I asked her if she had. She shook her head scornfully at these commonplace manifestations, but assured me and at great length, that Fort Ross used to fairly swarm with apparitions of red-headed dwarfs. They did not appear to have any object in swarming beyond showing themselves and frightening people half to death, particularly the Princess, who had no use for them whatever.

Some cultivated millionaire should buy Fort Ross, and erecting a stone house of mediæval architecture on the very face of the cliffs, where the roar of the ocean could be heard at its best, and give such brilliant house parties and splendid fêtes as are due to the traditions of the place.

A GARDEN ON TELEGRAPH HILL.

HILLS AND CORNERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

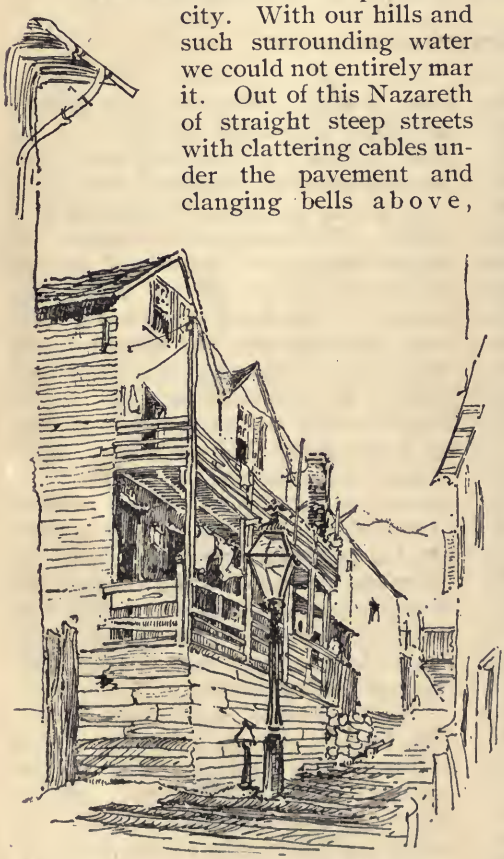
BY ELODIE HOGAN.

SAN FRANCISCO is the Pallas Athena of the modern world. She has sprung out of the skull of that bravest of people, the men and women who are generous and careless enough to lose their identity in Cosmopolis. The swift development of the majesty of her surprises and upsets the rest of the world and she comes in for heroic doses mixed of praise and blame. She has a civilization, a temperament, a coloring, a wisdom and a folly that are peculiarly her own and miraculously complete and perfect in her own singular way. More than any other city in the Union and in an equal degree with the great cosmopolitan cities of Europe—London, Paris, Constantinople, Naples—she is all things to all men. Much of beauty she has not. But there is no line that can be drawn to mark the end of her capacity to interest and entertain the curious or idle one who is willing to dig for her treasures of the grotesque and the bizarre.

It is the habit of the æsthetic-minded to bewail the mistakes of her early founders because they builded her high big buildings down in the flats instead of crowning her pyramidal clusters of hills with structures, thus giving a sky-line of architectural beauty. The superb loveliness of the broken heights of Genoa and Naples are always the models for which they mourn. Nature did no more for these cities dipping into the Mediterranean than she has done for San Francisco, washed by the restless tides of the Pacific, with her rocky hills coming up from among her trembling sands. But nature soon gets tired and throws down her tools in a hopeless muddle of unfinished material, leaving her two great auxiliaries, time and decay, to complete her work. . She is impatient of much human tampering. The best way that man can improve nature is to set his marring hand to something else, leaving her alone.

The builders of Naples and Genoa were inately possessed by the genius of beauty and builded at the instigation of mere instinct, and instinct always follows the line of nature. The steep declivities were mounted by pleasant tortuous paths; the gorges

were spanned by bridges and viaducts; the villas, palaces and convents with their open porches and arcades were located at the will of the owners; the arches, walls and towers were planted where safety required them. Not anywhere was there straining at effect, or outspoken effort at adornment. So *Santa Maria in Carignano* and the hoary walls and cloisters of *San Mattino* crown each a picture so cunningly devised of hill and woods and rock mingling with the work of human hands that it would seem that nature and the workers went hand in hand. We Californians have followed I know not what instinct and for our sins we have the machicolated barn on Telegraph Hill and the plaster insipidities of Thorwaldsen overlooking our seas. We have almost spoiled our city. With our hills and such surrounding water we could not entirely mar it. Out of this Nazareth of straight steep streets with clattering cables under the pavement and clanging bells above, some good even yet may come. And not the least of blessings may be the necessity to hunt for beauty through our apparent trade-ridden hideousness; and hunting always keeps alive the old Argonaut spirit of youth and adventurous curiosity.



THE SHAMBLING BARRACKS OF THE POOR.

San Francisco has two *ensemble* prospects, of her hills and of her waters, that are a joy forever. One may be had from the highest part of the California-street Hill. If there were in San Francisco a dictator fond of wide-reaching views, his first official action for the general well-being should be the razing of the houses which line the south side of California street between Mason and Jones streets. He might except one, the pleasant, creamy house built by Mr. Browne who knew enough to give many lookout points from windows and arcaded balconies. The other houses just shut out the view from the person on the pavement, which person may whistle for his knowledge of the hills unless he be willing to be satisfied with the meager scraps of beauty caught through the corners of the gardens and along the edges of the houses. The best viewing point is just where Jones street falls off the hill. The hills toward the Potrero, scrawled over with roads, slip down on the east to the level lands, where a small lagoon comes in from the sea —bleak, quiet and dull. A dead level of grey is there until the eyes come upon the outlines of the far-off Santa Cruz mountains. The houses thicken and pack the valley and even straggle up the slopes. But the bare hills sweep to the west in curving loveliness until a whole chain girds the horizon like a scalloped rampart of smooth gold. The city rests in dumb sordidness with a sullen cloud of gray haze hanging over it. But always the hills are there—warm, glowing, radiant, so near that one feels the desire to reach out and caress them. They lend themselves to a thousand transformations from the time the light creeps up the east until the sun goes behind them

and their own shadows fall upon them and they stand purple and radiant in the deep distances of evening.

The summit of Telegraph Hill is the look-out point for the view of the waters lying around San Francisco. To get up to the top of this bald-scarred heap of yellow earth one takes one's way through the most interesting quarter of the town. Where Vallejo street dips down into Montgomery avenue, the old church stands, "Dedicated to the honor of God under the invocation of St. Francis of Assisium," as is proclaimed from the marble tablet set in the wall above the entrance. The church of the Seraph of Assisi with its eucalyptus tree and ivy could not have been more aptly located than here in the very middle of the Latin quarter in this very Latin town. The brown church stands on the corner surrounded by houses that were carried around Cape Horn—low buildings with overhanging eaves, wide balconies and many windows open for the sun and air. If Saint Francis could come down from his little niche near the eastern tower and in his tattered brown frock walk among the crowds about there, he could easily think them the soft-tongued, brown-eyed brethren of his own Umbrian hills. For *little Italy* begins at Dupont and Vallejo streets and runs its course, ending somewhere up on the face of the hill. Yards of spaghetti and macaroni hang like golden cords in the windows of the pastry shops. There are small eating-houses with straw-covered *fiascos* of red Italian wine; vegetable and fruit stalls are weighted with treasures of all colors; geraniums and marigolds nod and glimmer high up in tiny boxed gardens hanging from the windows. Wrinkled crones like the Fates of Michael Angelo totter along the sidewalks; matrons, beautiful with the brown beauty of the South sit on the door-steps and gossip as they dress children fit to be the models for a Holy Child of Perugino. No English is heard up there save that which drops from the small red mouths of the youngsters. Follow a rickety stairway between two houses and you can come upon a slum not to be outdone in Bethnal Green or Saffron Hill. However distressful may be the poverty of Italians it is never sordid. If a hillside may be found they are always on it to catch the light and shadows, and they never live without

THE SYNAGOGUE, FROM PINE STREET.

the sun. The boys use the level bed of an alley for a ten-pin passage and throw huge stones for balls. The smaller ones roll stones down steep ditches and find the torture of Sisyphus to be their fun. Always going up, on our way, we pass the butt end of Kearney street. Its first few blocks with the swarming crew of fluttering, tinselled butterflies would never claim as kin this stingy by-way that runs into an abrupt *cul-de-sac* which is the solid yellow side of Telegraph Hill.

To the west and south San Francisco's streets and houses lie, spreading through the flats and climbing over the hills. To the north and east the bay sweeps — a dumb waste of blue. On toward the west the waters narrow in until they flow into the wide sea through the open way of the Golden Gate. The bronze hills of Marin County are as a golden border to the deep purple thrown on Tamalpais by the haze and chaparral. The Berkeley hills flank the eastern shore of the bay which stretches away in "liquid miles" of rippling lustre until it is lost to the south in the lagoons and marshes near Alviso. Around Sausalito whose green slopes dip into the bay, great, heavy, deep-sea boats lie dumb and dead, unmoved by tide or wind, unsailed and unrigged. The great Cape Horners creep to sea, or swing in heavy majesty tied to their monstrous anchors in sight of their haven under the hill. All is blue above and all is blue beneath with the encircling hills hanging unhinged between the two great deeps of azure. To get off the hilltop it is necessary to thread a web of steep alleys packed with houses—the shambling barracks of the poor. The abrupt cliffs are thatched with crazy wooden stairs that carry one over the perilous, slippery downward paths. Here abide, for the most part, Spaniards and Mexicans. Canary birds hang out of the windows and through their green painted cages send out their trills. Small gay parrots from the woods of Yucatan or Durango squeak and gibber and flaunt their brilliant plumage. From the wide balconies clothing of all kinds and colors stream like banners, and bedding hangs all day long out of the windows. Always seeking sunlight are these brown children of the tropics. The air is filled with music. From the black mouth of a foul downstairs den there will float up from a guitar the notes of a gay bolero or fandango; from a high window down into the street a rain of melody will fall from a flute; the sounds of cornets and violins break through the roar of traffic, and one has not the heart to resent even the sound of an accordion when it gasps out an Italian fisher's song. Through the open ends of streets the city lies and shines against the sun with towers and steeples tearing into the blue of the sky. There are occasional gardens, too, with thickets of jessamine, honeysuckle, flaming geraniums and scarlet carnations. Stand where Montgomery street crosses Broadway and

THE WATERS OF THE BAY ARE FRINGED WITH CRUMBLING SHEDS.

to the east, through a wild intricacy of rigging like a mammoth spider's spinning, the hills of Berkeley gleam and shine. All the way down one catches tangled views of hills, water, ships, masts, rigging, warehouses, with an occasional white-sailed ship or lugger moving swiftly across the dumb waters.

Broadway runs just at the foot of Telegraph Hill. The back ends of the taverns, eating-houses, and queer inns of the quarter scratch the very face of the jagged pile of yellow earth. The middle of the block that lies between Kearney and Montgomery streets possesses a real crown. Fearfully perched on the very edge of the dizzy cliff is a scalloped coronet of shanties, thistle brush and small slat fences, that make the brain turn lest they all topple headlong into the open street. *Il Fior d' Italia* is well named. It is just under the crown and with its square bay windows and hideous fire-escapes it is not a beautiful blossom of architecture, but then it grows out of the very hillside. *Little Mexico* straggles on to the north environs of Chinatown and spreads to the west until it abuts upon and half crawls up the thistle-lined paths of Russian Hill. Here are to be found in shops *enchilladas*, *tostados*, *tortillas* and the more plebian *tamales*. Wonderful pottery is here. Bulging skillets and broad jars; pots of weird shapes as if they came from the den of an alchemist; lean pitchers and dumpy cups, all glazed and decorated with mysterious figures and designs. The gaping mouths of gunny sacks disclose beans of a dozen kinds and colors. There are festoons of red peppers and yellow gourds and piles of different kinds of corn. A dumb solitude pervades the place, and every one seems to rest and doze and has no care how runs the world away.

Walk one block from Broadway on Stockton street and without a breath of warning you plunge from the dreamy atmosphere of Latin rest into the most amazing agglomeration of Oriental paganism which can be found in any Christian country. The reeking sidewalks, foul with unknown trash; the nauseous odors vomited from black cellars; the strange wares for sale and on view in the shops; the wilderness of alleys running in all directions like the chambers of a rabbit warren; the garish colors of the houses; the flamboyant trappings which deck the porches and the balconies; the yellow and red bulletins with their black hieroglyphics glaring and shouting from off dead walls; the barbaric splendor of the colors of the clothing of the denizens; the grisly yellow banner with its dragon whipped and shaken by the winds far up in the sky; the strange, vowel-laden tongue; the sphinx-eyed, crafty-faced yellow men who glide along the narrow pavements; these and a thousand more phenomena startle and dismay one as he enters Chinatown.

THE NORTHERN EDGE OF TOWN.

Hugo's Gringoire in the terrible Court of Miracles in mediæval Paris

was not more confounded than is the most commonplace American of to-day as he plunges into this whirling pool of Mongolian clamor and motion. A formidable gloom colors one's spirits and a vapor like the mist of a nightmare spreads itself about the surrounding objects.

You seem to move among chimeras and phantoms instead of things of earth and of humanity. It is a new world, unknown, outlandish, deformed, swarming, fantastic, unholy — like "the jumbled rubbish of a dream."

The very houses suffer a change. They are, for the most part, well-built structures. Smeared and grimed with greasy smoke and filth, they seem like huge monsters frowning upon some diabolical orgies raging down among the yawning depths beneath their foundations. Back of the chattering tumult of her streets there broods strange silence. She guards her secret well! Though her streets and alleys are open for the wandering footsteps of Caucasians; her cavernous dens and brothels be not hidden; her monstrous vices flaunted in palpable defiance of Christian habits; though like a huge reptile she lies coiled, bitter and disdainful, sleeping in our sun, yet the mystery of her flits before one and eludes at every step. She is the Sphinx of the Occident; and like that other one brushed by Saharan sands and burned by Egyptian suns, she keeps her secret well. So inscrutable is she that for all her apparent exhibition of herself she might as well be wrapped about with fragments of that great wall which swings impregnable through the plains and mountains of her mother-land. Robert Louis Stevenson, that hardiest of wanderers and healthiest-minded of all moderns, was quick to catch the charm of the grotesque and fantastic which so colors Chinatown. Somewhere he has said: "Chinatown by a thousand eccentricities, drew and held me; I could never have enough of its ambiguous, inter-racial atmosphere, as of a vitalized museum; never wonder enough at its outlandish, necromatic-looking vegetables, set forth to sell in commonplace American shop windows; its temple doors open and the scent of the Joss-stick streaming forth on the American air, its kites of Oriental fashion hanging fouled on Western telegraph wires, its

AN ALLEY IN CHINATOWN.

BROADWAY'S CROWN OF SHANTIES.

flights of paper prayers which the trade wind hunts and dissipates along Western gutters."

Far to the north of the town Van Ness avenue opens upon a wide and desolate expanse which stretches in tipsy style to the water's very edge. Low, rounded dunes roll over each other, their monotony of *ecru* broken only where they are tufted irregularly with bunches of yellow lupin and great patches of the mottled thistle plant which bears a gorgeous purple flower. These sands lie uncovered to the sun and blister all day long in his hot rays. Just beyond them lie the waters of the bay fringed with crumbling sheds and worn-eaten piers haunted by occasional fishers who ply their trade with nets. At night when the moon is up the sands gleam white, sinister and ghastly. They are obedient to the noisy winds and when the order comes they think nothing of stumbling and wallowing over the fences or anything else in sight. This accounts for the sudden disappearance of posts and railings—swallowed up and buried beneath the shifting heaps. Between the sands and Union street a large tract of land has been redeemed. Some industrious French nurserymen have actually made the desert to blossom as the rose. *Parterres* of marigolds, bachelor buttons, candy-tuft and marguerites gleam among green shrubs. Gilly-plants and wall-flowers and sweet-peas all mix together their fine, delicious, old-time garden smell. If the vicious winds have made a menace of the near-by sands, they have been made to pay a servant's toll to further the work of the industrious Frenchmen. In the small area of the gardens there are nine windmills. All day long and through the night their untired arms whip the restless air. There is not a breath born out on the Pacific and on its way to the Sierras that does not do drudge work to make those gardens bloom. And the way the wind careers and chases across that uneven space! It does one good to see those nine gaunt windmills snap it up and spitefully pump and pull the waters up from away below the sands. The small clap-boarded houses where the nurserymen live nestle close to each other and some of them are almost buried in their vines and shrubs. There are many tiny dove-cotes and flights of pigeons wheel through the air with flapping wings. Some contractors have undertaken the work of filling in the hollow space in which the gardens lie. So big, four-horse wagons and dumpcarts ply up and

OLD ST. FRANCIS

A STREET IN CHINATOWN.

which sweep in from the ocean and with malicious energy scale the high down piled with stones and earth and sand. And the little gardens with their pleasant smells and gay *parterres* are pitilessly covered with dry earth. Yard by yard the ground is made; and yard by yard the space covered with the clumps of honeysuckles, marguerites, and sweetpeas contracts and narrows in. The roofs of some of the small houses now barely peep above the level of the new-laid streets. Whatever the fate of the flowers, and whatever befalls the industrious sons of France and all their little pigeons, those nine windmills stand grim guard still, and swing and turn and catch a hold on every wind that blows.

The old graveyard sleeps in the shadows of the red-roofed Mission Dolores.

"Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years
Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred as if thro' tears."

An ugly iron railing separates the eastern end from Dolores street. The three other sides are closed in with a high fence which supports against its strong boards the rotting moss-covered palings of a half century ago. No noise penetrates within, and the only sound is the rustling of the winds fence. The little yard is so crammed with the homes of its silent citizens that there seems to be no space for another grave. It cannot be called neglected, this little graveyard, for the tender tonch of time and decay have laid such strokes of beauty on it as the neatest landscape gardener would fail of attaining. The paths zig-zag and criss-cross each other, running through tangled growths of myrtle, straggling boxwood and heaps of ivy. They lead to the doors of tombs and to the gaping mouths of sunken graves, as if the ghosts of restless sleepers growing tired of their narrow beds, walk abroad and look up at the stars during the dreary time of night. For no living feet in the light of the sun could trace such confused windings as these tiny labyrinths among the graves and blooming thickets.

The heydey of purple and gold is splendid. The royal colors run rampant all over in the bloom of alfalfa and mustard; of myrtle and jessamine; in gorgeous thistles and poppies, in heliothrope and broom. And if the gentle spirit of Omar Khayyam could leave its rose-strewn resting place in far-off Naishapur it could find no lovelier spot to end its wanderings in than under the hedges and thickets of the pink Castilian roses, planted by the brown-frocked men of Spain.

WHEN ANGELS WEEP.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

When men consign to earth a brother's dust
Their sighs and tears are not so manifold
As is the grief of angels, who behold
Men losing and betraying common trust.

One Night in Prague.

BY

Charles Edwin Markham.

Once in the crowded city of Prague,
A man stopped me begging for a meal.
I did not help: he muttered something that I did not hear—
(What were those words he said that night in Prague?)
He was gone in a moment, swept away in the surf of the street.
Something bit my soul—I turned my head:

He was looking back, his hand lifted high out of the crowd,
and waving
Again and again, till the darkness blotted him out,
I saw his hand on high, waving, waving.

And now, years after, I still see a hand waving above crowds—
Eternally waving above crowds.

A CASE OF AUTHORSHIP.

BY THOMAS R. VAN REED.

JOHNSON's book was out His library door was locked and the author sat before the blazing fire, inhaling the delicate aroma of an after-dinner cigar, deep in the anticipated delights of a first glance among the uncut pages of the virgin volume that rested beside him on the table. A messenger boy had brought it with the compliments of the publishers not ten minutes before, and Johnson, under the plea of important business, had hied him from the bosom of his family to gloat in quiet over this offspring of his brain. Settling himself comfortably in the big arm chair he took the gleaming walrus tusk that served as a paper-cutter and pushing it slowly beneath the string of the package, burst the bands. The thick brown covering parted, there came a gleam of flashing tin corner protectors, a rustle of tissue paper, and Johnson's book, his first attempt, lay in view before him. What his sensations were it would be useless to describe; every author knows them. It need only be said that closing his eyes for a moment, Johnson experienced that peculiar delight and satisfaction which comes but once in a life time and is gone like a fleeting shadow. He first looked at the binding. It was a credit to the publisher, to him, and to the importance of the subject: rich, beautiful, even æsthetic. Again he looked into the fire, holding the volume caressingly as he watched the flames play through the smoke and cinders, and for another few moments indulged in the intoxicating delights of authorship, a weakness which he would have scorned to exhibit in public. Recovering himself, he turned to the title page. Ah! there it was: Absalom Courtney Johnson. He read every letter, then scanned each word; gazed at it from the north, from the southeast, from every point in the compass, from above and below. He lingered over it long and tenderly until the ashes of his cigar rolled up his sleeve; then he turned to the table of contents, the list of illustrations, and finally began the preface, reading it over and over, coming to the initials A. C. J. each time with a great and growing satisfaction. Then he conned the succeeding pages, finding new pleasure in the lines and the appearance of the work, and finally as the gong of the mantel clock sounded the hour of twelve, laid the book down and rose, conscious that a new epoch in his career had begun.

Johnson was well acquainted with himself, as the saying goes. He was a practical business man, possessed of all the natural shrewdness that underlies success in trade, and being a conscientious man he did not have so high an opinion of his intellectual powers as he wished the world to have; hence in this evening of pleasure, in his sensations of delight and triumph, there had been a faint element of surprise that he had been able to produce a book of this kind. As he thought it over, he slowly came to the conclusion, however, that a man may be a genius and his innate modesty never find it out except by possible accident. The more he considered the matter, the longer he gazed at the volume, the more he became convinced that for years he had been blind to the shining light burning within him, and that by consecrating all his efforts to the "canned goods" interests he had possibly deprived the public of valuable services in the field of letters.

This line of reasoning was accumu-

lative, and turning out the gas Johnson walked up stairs to the partner of his joys and sorrows with a new-born dignity.

Mrs. Johnson immediately noticed it. "What's the matter ?" she exclaimed, dropping the coil of hair which she was unwinding with that peculiar back hand motion possible only to her sex. She had caught the new expression in the mirror, and as she turned, Johnson approached and silently held out the book.

Mrs. Johnson took the volume curiously, opened it at the title page, and as the author's name greeted her eyes she turned slightly pale, then flushed, exclaiming naively, "Absolom ! you don't mean to say—"

"But I do," retorted Mr. Johnson, folding his wife in his arms ; and if any one had been on the other side they might have seen a salt and plethoric tear of supreme joy and gladness coursing down the author's cheek.

It was but the weakness of a moment ; recovering himself, with conscious pride, the author told his story ; how he had worked for months on this to surprise her ; how he had found a publisher who, after examining the manuscript, had pronounced it one of the most remarkable books of the day and had encouraged him to issue it immediately, he (Johnson) paying the simple, ordinary expenses of type-setting, binding and publishing, while they circulated the book to the four corners of the earth. All the minute details of the work were gone over ; how upon various occasions he had been nearly caught while writing ; what a time he had had keeping the proof away from the curious eyes of the family, and much more. Mrs. Johnson was delighted. She had never suspected that her husband was literary and frankly told him so, but as Johnson had not suspected it himself until very lately, he was not discomfited.

The following day Johnson entered the Board of Trade rooms with a new individuality. The rumor had already gone abroad, and he was introduced to his colleagues by a facetious friend as "a author," while in honor of the oocasion another friend had suspended from the wall a gigantic gold pen, borrowed from a stationer, suggestive of the supremacy of that weapon either in war or peace.

"Johnson," in the words of a friend on the bull side of the market, "stood the racket well" ; he could afford to, as he had produced the book and was the lion. His mail quadrupled. Congratulations poured in from all quarters ; likewise requests and hints for a copy of the work, and in one way and another the author gave away twenty copies with his autograph in writing on the title page in two days.

He had previously subscribed to two literary press-clipping bureaus, that promised for the small sum of five dollars to send him one hundred notices of himself and his book, culled from the papers of the world. They said it was the custom to do this among literary men, so Johnson did it ; besides he wanted to know what the world thought of his efforts.

Within a week of the publication two small local papers gave the book some very favorable reviews. The Evening Herald, in which Johnson was a stockholder, published a column with a sketch of Johnson's life. A morning paper in which Johnson and Blear were heavy advertisers, gave the merchant what the literary reviewer called a "hundred - and - fifty - dollar send off," and mailed him a copy marked with blue pencil, with a hint that Johnson might buy 2,000 copies to send to his friends and other papers throughout the country to the advantage of himself and the book. The editor, who described himself as an "old-timer" informed him that hundreds of small but influential papers could not pay for reviews, but would copy them if they received them already prepared.

Johnson saw the point at once, and believing that he could in this way

materially aid the publishers in advertising the work, a check for one hundred dollars was forwarded to the editor, who promised to send marked copies to over 1,000 papers. The author also received a letter from the editor of an established publication enclosing a four-page account of his life and stating that just as they were going to press it had occurred to the editor that the value of the sketch to the reading public would be enhanced by a picture of the author. The editor regretted that the expense in preparing the article prevented them from making any further outlay, but if Johnson desired to pay for the picture, which, if of the kind usually used by first-class authors, would be $200, they would be very glad to publish it. The plate, the editor added, would be the property of the author, who could thus send impressions to personal friends.

The $200 looked large, but Johnson saw or thought he saw, that all this would help run up the circulation, so it was a small matter after all; the money went out this way, but it came back through the book with interest. Again, he had always been an advertiser. It was a common saying that Johnson "believed in printer's ink," and his business was a justification of his course. Indeed the author was not indulging in fanciful vagaries. He was successful in politics and business, a reader of men, a man who never made a move without looking at the proposition from all sides, and it is due Johnson to say that he grasped the problem of the book with the same vigor that he had other projects that had borne his name with great profit and financial successes.

The days slipped by, and Johnson began to wonder when the Daily Argus would review the volume. This was the most influential paper in the city and had for years been noted for its literary flavor. It was said that the columns were so well set up, so correct in style, diction and punctuation that the teachers used them as examples in the schools. Nearly all the reporters were college graduates, to which fact was due the idiomatic snap and sparkle that pervaded even the advertisements

The Argus reviewer was not known. Perhaps it was better so, as numerous authors, if the truth was told, thirsted for his blood, while several, it was said, had given up literature and devoted months to the detective business in hopeless attempts to discover his identity.

Johnson appreciated the importance of the opinion of the Argus, as it set the pace, as it were, for the press of the State, but he also believed that it would be very poor policy for a city paper to attack a home production. His friend Briggs, also a politician, took a somewhat different view, and as a result a coolness sprang up between them. Briggs argued that as Johnson had defeated the editor of the Argus in the race for alderman two years before, and having been engaged in a most rancorous fight for weeks, the editor would now in all probability take his revenge.

"You know the old saying," said Briggs, "'Would that my enemy would write a book.' Shipley has got you right where he wants you and he's merely standing you off. He has you," said Briggs, dismally, "on the hip."

"I don't believe it," replied Johnson, and in truth he did not. But Briggs was a true prophet; two days later the blow fell. Johnson came down to breakfast a little late that morning. He had attended a syndicate meeting the night before and was not in a particularly good humor. He picked up the Argus and glanced over the telegraphic headings, then turned to the editorial page, and finally came to the literary notices. His heart gave a leap. Yes, there it was, an entire column. Johnson took a drink of coffee, and opened out the paper.

It is not necessary to quote the article entire; but the author sat in

his chair, rigid as a statue, the lines in his face growing deeper and deeper, the veins in his forehead swelling until finally, forgetting everything in his fury, he brought his heavy fist down upon the table with such force that the dishes made a clatter that brought his wife rushing in from an adjoining room to see what was the matter.

"Matter? Nothing!" roared Johnson, dashing the newspaper to the floor.

"Nothing?" repeated his wife in astonishment. "Surely something *must* be the matter, Absalom, or you have gone mad."

"You have hit it," retorted Johnson, as he stopped pacing up and down the room, "I am mad. Here," picking up the offending sheet, "listen to what this viper of an editor says about me and my book: 'Johnson has written a book—save the mark! The subject is one about which the author knows absolutely nothing — "The Financial Future of Republics." This possibly is the one redeeming feature of the book. If he had been competent to write on the subject, simply a poor book would have been the result, but as he knows absolutely nothing the corrugated mess is one of the funniest things of the day. Here is a sample of Johnson's style, which, like his politics, is bad.' Here follows a dozen lines and this note: "If there was ever, even in the middle ages, such a farrago of utter imbecility it has been our good fortune to miss it. The book, looking at it as the work it is intended to be, is a good example of the kind of bosh that would, had it any influence at all, lead the world back into the depths of intellectual vacuity.

How a sane publisher could place his imprint on such rubbish is past comprehension. Either Johnson paid for it out of his own pocket or it is intended as a joke, in which case we welcome Johnson as a big success.'"

"It is outrageous!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, as her irate spouse again flung the paper from him. "But, my dear," she added soothingly, "pay no attention to it, your friends will understand it."

"Matilda," said Johnson, slowly. "I am going to have that man's life."

"Oh, no, you're not," broke in his wife, coaxingly. "Calm yourself, my dear. Every author has just such experiences."

"Well, what is it?" demanded Johnson, savagely, as a maid appeared at the door with a card in her hand.

"A gentleman, sir," was the reply.

"Tell him to go to the devil; I'm not at home," retorted Johnson.

"You had better see who it is," said Mrs. Johnson, taking the card and reading aloud, "Robert Henry Dancer, Lawyer and Counselor at law. Do you know him?"

"No, I don't, but I'll go and put him out," responded Mr. Johnson, as he strode into the hall. "Well, sir, he said to the tall thin young man who stood before him, "I hav'nt a moment; am very busy. What is it?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "I finished reading your new book last night and laid it down with the feeling that I had learned more about the subject than I ever knew before, and I determined that I would hunt you up and congratulate you personally on the completion of your great work."

"Step this way," said Mr. Johnson with a change of tone, leading the way to the library, "it's rather draughty out there."

"As I was saying," continued the visitor, "I rose this morning and said to Mrs. Dancer, 'I am going to call on the author of the "Financial Future of Republics," and thank him in person for this great contribution to the literature of so important a subject."

It is very kind of you," responded Mr. Johnson, beginning to feel somewhat calmer

"But," added the lawyer, gazing fixedly at the author and through him to the wall beyond, "when I picked up the Argus this morning and read that scandalous and libelous article my

feelings changed. I became possessed of a desire for revenge, and to make a long story short, Mr. Johnson, I determined to offer my services to right you with that scoundrel of an editor."

"Have you any show?" asked Johnson, filled with a new light.

"All the show in the world."

"For what?"

"Libel and ten thousand dollars damages."

"Libel!" retorted Johnson, "why I want him hung."

"Well," said the lawyer, quietly, "if you want him killed that is another matter. But I think the easiest, the safest way would be to tackle him on a libel suit; men *have* been worn out by that means."

"Slow torture," remarked Johnson grimly.

"Exactly," was the reply.

"But can you make a case?" queried Johnson. "This free-speech humbug gives these villains a chance at every literary man and no resource."

"I think we have him," said the lawyer, softly, rubbing his palms together, "you see, you as an author have committed yourself naturally to the judgment of the public. You are liable to experience criticism and even abuse and ridicule if your work is ridiculous, but it is not; and farther, sir, the law of libel steps in and makes it a libel for a reviewer to ridicule an author, for while it may be a public duty to show up a poor book, there is no such obligation on the part of the publisher or editor, so far as the author is concerned. The law distinctly says that beyond his connection with his work, the author is a private individual and is not subject to comment as is a candidate for office. But this reviewer has gone beyond this. He says your motives are dishonest. He says in so many words that if your book is intended as a serious effort, it is a dishonest attempt to influence the money market, etc. This, of course, is not so, and is a libel. It is a stigma upon you and will ruin the sale of the book."

"You are right," interrupted Mr. Johnson, "and I am obliged to you. I confess I intended going down this morning and having it out with this fellow, but I will give him a taste of the law. You are sure you can work him?"

"Sure," replied the lawyer, "if I can't I will make him so uncomfortable that he will wish he had never been born."

"Well, go ahead; don't let up on him," said Johnson, as he bowed the visitor out.

That afternoon the evening papers announced in big headings that one of the most novel suits on record was to be tried. The papers all took it up and it was the talk of the day. It the meantime the publishers announced that the book was selling like hot cakes, and Johnson began to feel in a better frame of mind, until the mails brought him reports from various literary bureaus. Each one sent him the original Argus review, so that he received five within a week. Two he had contracted for; two others were sent as samples of the bureau's enterprise, while another, whose offer he had refused, was sent as a pleasant reminder.

Meanwhile the bureaus which he had employed were pouring in hot shot, each letter containing from five to ten clippings from papers all over the country, and, to Johnson's rage and astonishment all were unfavorable. One paper wondered if he was still at large. Another, after making mention of the book, gave a column to the responsibilities of publishing houses that publish such books, while another denounced him as a crank. In short, the Argus reviewer seemed to have inspired all the rest, while the marked copies had fallen by the wayside.

These reports began to tell on Johnson's disposition. The servant brought in the mail with fear and trembling, and Mrs. Johnson frequently retired from the breakfast table in tears. Finally Johnson refused

to open this portion of his mail and forwarded it to his lawyer with instructions to "open up" on everyone that came within the law of libel.

Yet there was another side to all this. Johnson was in constant communication with his publishers who had now sold four editions and the trial had not begun. They seized the idea of sending out agents with the books, and hundreds of copies were thus disposed of in every town in the State, and finally, when the case was called, Johnson's book had the reputation of being the financial success of the season.

The court room was crowded on the day in question. Such a distinguished audience had not been seen in the gloomy rooms for years, and several guests sat by the side of the judge. Writers especially took an interest in the trial, as the question was one that interested them all in the right of a newspaper to kill a book by unjust criticism. Every writer knew that the Argus wielded a wide influence, and that one man who really represented the ideas and opinions of an individual was their literary censor, and the trial was to determine whether he could be stopped or not.

The selection of a jury occupied nearly the entire week. The attorney for the defense, an old and distinguished member of the Horton County bar, seemed determined that the services of men should be secured who knew nothing—a proceeding that Mr. Dancer for the plaintiff did not object to in the slightest. The first man called was a butcher. Yes, he had read the account and had views. He thought the Argus editor should be tarred and feathered.

"Was the plaintiff a customer of his?" "Yes, he was." Whereupon the attorney for the defense objected to him and informed the opposition that he would tell them then and there that any attempt to pack the jury box with their minions would be defeated. Mr. Dancer here rose and said that the age of the gentleman prevented the retort that came to his lips, but that he would allow the defense to select the jury, and so he did.

The drawing was rich in young men. The first said he was a clerk; had read the account but was not biased either way; would decide strictly on the evidence, but would rather be excused.

Finally the entire jury was obtained and it was remarked that they were an unusually intelligent body of young men. They might have been teachers but were mostly bookkeepers or clerks.

The trial progressed for several days. After the complaint was read testimony on behalf of plaintiff was introduced.

Mr. Dancer had fifteen witnesses: men and women with big bulging foreheads; men of curious appearance; women with short hair, who carried pamphlets and read in court; men who looked literary and smelled musty—all of whom testified to the sound logic of Johnson's book and expressed mild surprise that it could not be interpreted.

One man, a small bald-headed individual, was called as an expert in matters relating to the financial operations of republics, and was so deep and learned, so far above the rest, that even the judge looked puzzled. This witness created a strong impression in favor of the book, and Johnson himself was amazed at his own knowledge.

The publisher took his place in the box, while several assistants handed up a pile of massive books, by which he proved the enormous sale of the work. The only thing he could say was that he hoped to induce Mr. Johnson to prepare a second volume. The book possibly contained errors, every book did, he knew this through his experience of forty years as a publisher. He considered the review not a criticism but an attack, and that the effect it had on the sales of the volume was disastrous. While they were large and phenomenal, as the subject and method of treatment demanded,

had it not been for the attack no one could estimate how much greater the sales might have been.

The plaintiff rested his case, and the defendant moved for a non-suit; whereupon Mr. Dancer smiled, and his smile was not mirth-provoking; indeed, the editor swore softly and privately to himself as he saw it. The motion was argued and promptly denied.

The case proceeded. Counsel for defendant, in his opening statement, claimed that it was customary to use license in reviewing books. They were sent to him for that purpose; that the reviewer, a literary person schooled in the work, considered the book a poor thing and simply said so. Perhaps the language was strong, but it was made so to effectually prevent the author from repeating the offense. This created smiles and laughter which the judge quickly suppressed. He then called witnesses to prove that the book was even worse than the reviewer had said. One man testified that he had been given a severe headache in his attempt to understand it. Another stated that when he got through with the book it left him in a dazed state. He considered that such a work mixed a man all up and muddled the ideas he already had.

A dozen readers were called: men and women, who stated they had bought the book because of the excitement it had created, but had been unable to wade through it. Finally the author was called, and the defense attempted to prove by him that he knew nothing about the subject on which he had written. But Johnson was so deliberate and slow, and worked in so much about the sale and success of the book that the defense was glad to release him. The only point they made was, that while Johnson might know something about republics and finance individually, when the two were joined as a homogeneous whole he knew nothing. Johnson admitted that he had studied both subjects separately, then joined the facts so obtained, which he claimed was the only way it could be done. Finally the author sat down, having created the impression that his book must have been a good one and if the people could not understand it, it was because they were lacking in intelligence.

When Mr. Dancer, for the plaintiff, took the floor, there was silence. There was a troubled look on his face, an expression of pity and sympathy for the defense. Indeed, Mr. Dancer informed them and the jury that he did not propose to be hard on the defendant. He knew that the editor of the Argus had not gotten over a certain political defeat, but he was not going to refer to that. But he had referred to it and several other things somewhat to the defendant's disadvantage.

The attorney for the defendant, after a strong argument in favor of his client, made his final appeal amid much excitement. He denounced the trial as a farce; that it was continued to keep up the excitement and sell the book; that if the doors were thus closed to free speech, it would be stopped once and for all. When Mr. Dancer rose to reply, he was conscious of the interest of the audience. He alluded to his client as a gentleman who had aided in the development of the city. He traced his life up to the time he ran for alderman against the editor of the Argus, showing that the editor of said paper, in the slang of the day, "had it in for him," and attacked the book to strike him down at the very pinnacle of his literary success. Mr. Dancer made an appeal that brought tears even to the eyes of the janitor. He pictured the struggling writer, his privations and trials and other heart-rending experiences, and finally in a burst of oratory sank into his seat, bowing his thanks to judge, jury and audience for their attention. The judge charged the jury who were out exactly five minutes. They returned with a verdict for the plaintiff and assessed his damages at $5,000.

Five years later the editor of the Argus had occasion to visit the State Capital, where he found Dancer, the lawyer who had defeated him, installed as Speaker of the House. One day in the lobby of a hotel, he struck up a chance acquaintance with a politician who happened to be an intimate friend of Dancer's.

"How was it?" asked the editor that Dancer so rapidly acquired prominence?"

"His prominence seems to have dated from the famous Johnson libel case," replied the other. He won it by a clever trick."

"Trick?" said the editor, starting but recovering himself.

"Dancer could never have won on the merits of a book that contained such unmitigated bosh," continued the other. "But what was the trick?" queried the editor, faintly.

"A very simple one — Dancer selected the jury."

"What! I heard he tendered the other side that privilege."

"So he did, but Dancer saw that the right people were drawn, and when the jury was selected, by a mysterious dispensation of Providence every juryman was a writer whose stories or books had been attacked by the Argus. Dancer knew there were many in the city, and based his calculations on their desire for revenge. There he is now. Shall I introduce you?"

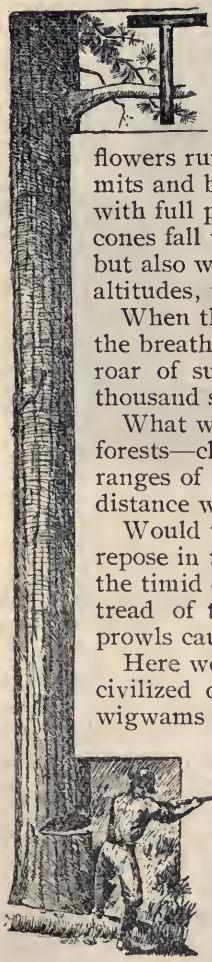
At Christmas tide, glad festal time,
May Heaven's peace with all abide;
Oh, let not discord mar the chime
At Christmas tide.

May hearts estranged united be
Forget the wrong, abase thy pride
So shall Heaven's peace abide with thee
At Christmas tide.

J. Torrey Connor.

CALIFORNIA FOREST TREES.

BY BERTHA F. HERRICK.



THOSE who miss the gorgeous tints of the Eastern Indian summer time, have been known to complain of monotony in the California forests; but to the loyal nature lover each season has its individuality and its own peculiar charm; not only in spring, when the trees are budding and wild flowers run riot at their feet, when summer breezes sway their summits and birds hold revel in their branches, in autumn, when squirrels with full pouches race up their trunks from the hazel nut bushes, and cones fall with a gentle thud upon the aromatic carpet of pine needles; but also when buffeted by winter winds, or weighted, as in our higher altitudes, with the burden of December snows.

When the boughs of these "Christmas trees" creak and grind before the breath of the storm king, there is produced a sound akin to the roar of surf upon a distant beach, or the music of "a harp of a thousand strings."

What words can adequately describe the grandeur of our vast Sierra forests—clothing deep cañons and rolling uplands; fringing long ranges of terraced mountains, and disappearing only in the purple distance with the snowpeaks for a background.

Would that the weary toilers of our over-populated cities might find repose in this great untenanted wilderness, in whose sylvan fastnesses the timid deer roams unmolested; where now is heard only the stealthy tread of the grizzly; and the gaunt wolf howls to the moon, or prowls cautiously around some lonely mountain sheep fold.

Here were the haunts of the "noble redman," some of whose half-civilized descendants still remain in isolated tumble-down wooden wigwams and indulge in the unique pow wow.

The two most beautiful and important trees of this locality are the sugar and the yellow or pitch pines; the former being distinguished by its mammoth proportions, its smooth round trunk, often branchless for the distance of fifty or one hundred feet; its long sweeping boughs; its saccharine sap, and enormous cones, from twelve to twenty-two inches in length; and the latter by its erect, symmetrical appearance, its delicate foliage, its clusters of small, brown-purple cones, and its spongy yellowish bark, in which the

provident woodpecker delights to hide its winter store of acorns.

The blue-jays also frequent these trees, cawing volubly down from their lofty perches on occasional intruders; while the thieving crow feasts greedily upon the seed packed away in the horny cone husks.

Another giant is the magnificent Douglass spruce, or Oregon pine, prized for its strong, reliable timber, and rivaled only by the rugged cedars, centuries old, or the superb red firs, with their neat, conical outlines and cylindrical upright cones.

But the monarch of the California forests is undoubtedly the majestic redwood, usually known by its Indian name of Sequoia. The habitat of the coast species (Sequoia sempervirens) is the central and northern portions of the Coast Range, as it thrives best when within reach of the cool breezes and salt fogs, which sweep in from the broad Pacific. With its rigid, tapering trunk, often upwards of 300 feet in height; its delicate evergreen foliage and rough, picturesque red bark; its odorless, brittle wood and innumerable quantity of small red-brown cones, it is indeed a veritable prince among its fellows.

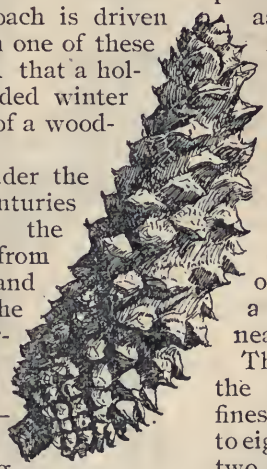
These trees usually grow in groups; not infrequently forming themselves into natural cathedrals, complete in every detail of column and arch, so that one finds himself listening for the chime of bells and the rustle of a great congregation. But here is a silence more eloquent than speech; a solitude beyond the reach of the thronging multitude.

MOSS COVERED OAKS AT SANTA BARBARA.

A peculiarity of these forests is their indestructibility; for, unlike other members of the Pine family, no sooner is a tree felled, than from six to twenty young shoots spring up around the parent stump, as though Nature was defying man's feeble attempts to despoil her handiwork. Such rapid growers are these herculean infants that they are ready for the saw when about twenty-five years of age, at which time they are nearly

two feet in diameter. It is this singular method of reproducing its kind, which renders this conifer so invaluable for building purposes and cabinet work, more especially as a second or even third crop presents itself if these young Sequoias are destroyed by fire.

That far-famed cousin of the redwood, the "California Big Tree," (Sequoia gigantea), grows only on the western slope of the Sierras, at an elevation of between 5,000 and 7,000 feet. The traveling and the reading world are already so familiar with its towering heights of 350 to 450 feet, and its enormous girth of from 60 to 100 feet, that detailed comment would be tiresome. Every one knows that a four-house stage coach is driven through an opening in one of these monstrous trunks and that a hollow stump once afforded winter shelter for the family of a woodchopper.



But when we consider the soil, made rich by centuries of vegetable decay, the abundant irrigation from creeks and rivers, and the equability of the climate, it is not surprising that they should attain such gigantic proportions—any one of them being capable of producing sufficient timber to build a good-sized house.

The comparative scarcity of animal life in redwood forests is often a subject of comment. All day the pine woods are alive with squirrels and chipmunks; and by night the owl and the mourning dove hold their solemn vigils; while the bat wheels through the smoke of some solitary campfire; but for hours in the redwoods the stillness remains unbroken save for the wind in the treetops.

The Monterey coast cypresses are also world-renowned. They have often been compared to the ancient cedars of Lebanon; and by their grotesque, gnarled, and storm-tossed aspect also suggest the weird conceptions of Doré. It is from the seed of these trees that we get our useful hedges and wind-breaks. The cones are insignificant, not more than an inch in length; and the trunks are often covered with trailing parasites and velvety golden-brown moss.

Under the pines of Monterey the Pacific Coast branch of the Chautauqua Society finds its chief inspiration. Skirting the edge of the cliffs, within sight of the ocean, they are in truth "The sea-suggesting pines, with the moan of the billow in their branches." A proof of their beauty is found in the fact that those in charge of the parks of Hotel del Monte retain them as one of their chief attractions.

Along the western foothills grows a medium-sized tree, with a grayish leaf, known as the Digger pine, on account of the large cones, which yield nuts prized as food by the Digger Indians.

The lone, or Torrey pine, is an isolated tree peculiar to Southern California; and the Cambra or white pine is a dwarf tree with a white trunk, clinging to the rocks near the snow line on Mt. Shasta.

The big-cone pine (P. Coulteri) has the largest cones in the world, the finest specimens weighing from five to eight pounds, and measuring nearly two feet in length.

Another member of the Pine family is the juniper, of which there are several kinds. They inhabit dry hills, deserts or swampy lands, and bear small, resinous, blue or reddish berries, some of which are edible. The hard thick trunks produce a very serviceable timber. Turpentine is also obtained from the berries.

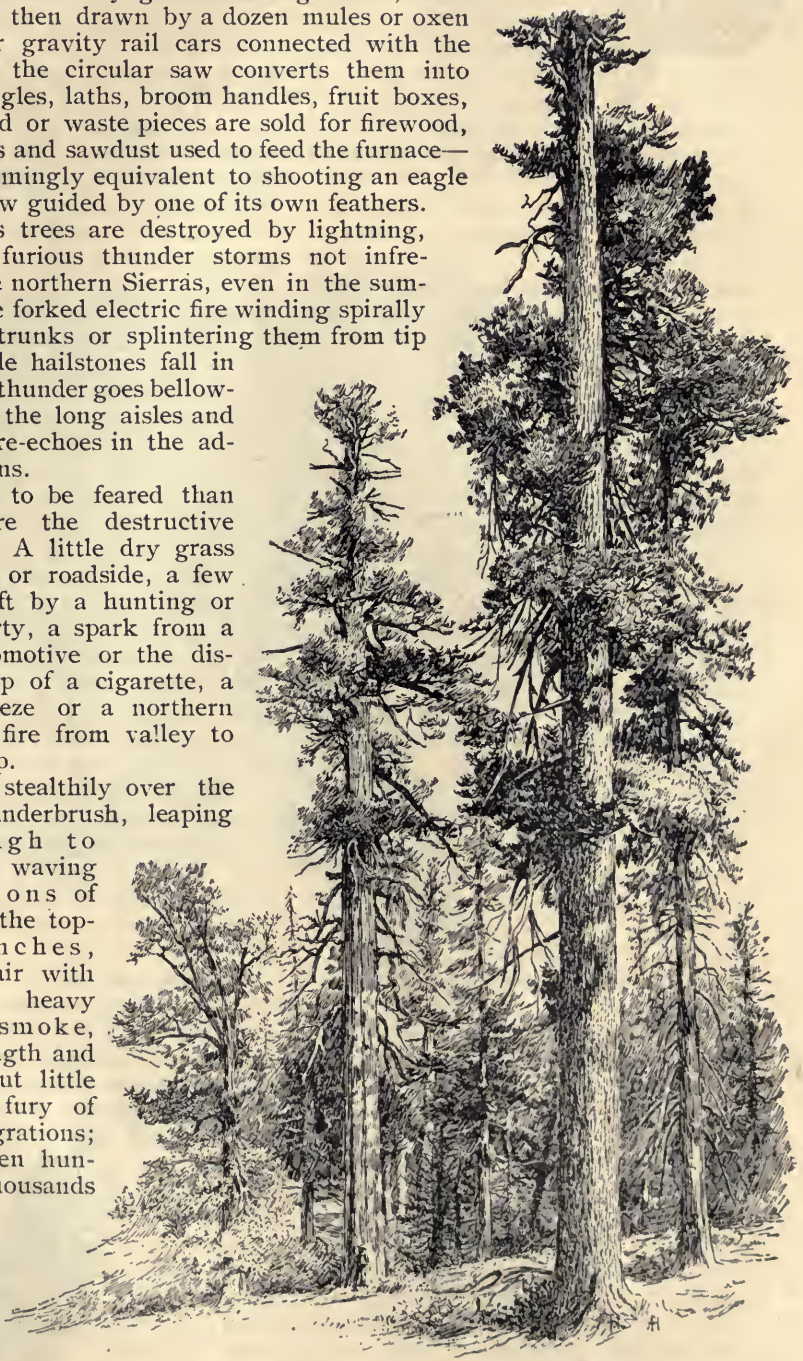
Lumbering is naturally the principal cause of the destruction of our primeval forests. Felled

to the earth by the pitiless axe, the patriarchs of the woods are stripped of their luxuriant foliage, and their huge, mast-shaped trunks divided into equal lengths. Fastened by great clanking chains, these sections are then drawn by a dozen mules or oxen to flumes or gravity rail cars connected with the mill, where the circular saw converts them into planks, shingles, laths, broom handles, fruit boxes, etc. Knotted or waste pieces are sold for firewood, and shavings and sawdust used to feed the furnace—a process seemingly equivalent to shooting an eagle with an arrow guided by one of its own feathers.

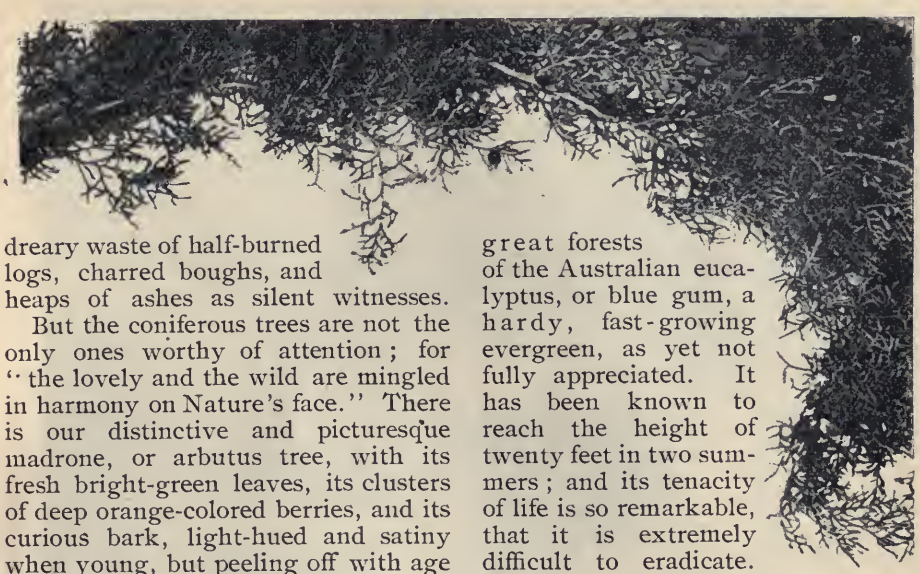
Sometimes trees are destroyed by lightning, during the furious thunder storms not infrequent in the northern Sierras, even in the summertime, the forked electric fire winding spirally around the trunks or splintering them from tip to root, while hailstones fall in torrents and thunder goes bellowing through the long aisles and echoes and re-echoes in the adjoining cañons.

But more to be feared than lightning are the destructive forest fires. A little dry grass by the field or roadside, a few live coals left by a hunting or camping party, a spark from a passing locomotive or the discarded stump of a cigarette, a fanning breeze or a northern wind—then fire from valley to mountain top.

Creeping stealthily over the crackling underbrush, leaping from bough to bough, and waving great pennons of flame from the topmost branches, filling the air with sparks and heavy suffocating smoke, human strength and skill avail but little before the fury of these conflagrations; scores or even hundreds or thousands of acres of valuable timber being often consumed, leaving a



SUGAR-PINE.



dreary waste of half-burned logs, charred boughs, and heaps of ashes as silent witnesses.

But the coniferous trees are not the only ones worthy of attention; for "the lovely and the wild are mingled in harmony on Nature's face." There is our distinctive and picturesque madrone, or arbutus tree, with its fresh bright-green leaves, its clusters of deep orange-colored berries, and its curious bark, light-hued and satiny when young, but peeling off with age in great patches of reddish brown; the slender-limbed alder, allied to the birches, with its roots tangled in the creek banks, and its checkered boughs, yielding a charcoal used in the manufacture of gunpowder; the curious buckeye, a family connection of the horse-chestnut, bearing numerous spikes of highly fragrant white flowers, succeeded in autumn by feathery, pear-shaped fruit; the great fragrant California bay or laurel, the wood of which is prized for cabinet work, and the leaves for the infusion of bay rum; the maple showering down its yellow leaves; the cottonwood, representing the poplars; and the willow suggesting basket work, whistles and willow switches.

There are also many flowering shrubs, which often attain the proportions of trees, such as the toyon, or American holly, with its well-known Christmas berries; the blue-fruited elder, sometimes thirty feet in height; the wild choke cherry, the leaves of which vie, in September, with the blood-red hue of its clusters of astringent fruit; the ceanothus, or mountain lilac; several kinds of dogwood, and the tree manzanita, measuring sometimes twenty-five feet.

Along the coast foothills are planted great forests of the Australian eucalyptus, or blue gum, a hardy, fast-growing evergreen, as yet not fully appreciated. It has been known to reach the height of twenty feet in two summers; and its tenacity of life is so remarkable, that it is extremely difficult to eradicate. A stump once carved into a carriage post, sprouted vigorously from the root, to the amazement of all beholders. In some species the young leaves are round and bluish, and the older ones, on the same tree, long, narrow, and of a deep-green color. The bark is deciduous in old specimens; and the fleshy seed-pods emit a penetrating but not unpleasant odor. As a shade tree, along our streets, it is undesirable, as the roots interfere with the sewers and cement sidewalks; but the wood is very valuable for fuel, and from the leaves is made an oil used as a medicine and to remove incrustations from the interior of steam boilers. It is also said to prevent malaria, and to be of use in pulmonary diseases; so that proposals have been made to place young trees in tubs in the corridors of hospitals.

Among the dozen or so varieties of oaks, the most common is the evergreen oak, growing singly, or in park like groves, in almost every section of the Bay counties. The trunks of these venerable trees are often mantled with thick growths of wild English ivy, and their branches adorned with long gray streamers of Spanish moss or bunches of oak mis-

NATIVE PALMS IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

OAK AT DEL MONTE.

tletoe. The small pointed acorns, dried and ground into flour, once formed the Indian's staple article of diet.

The live-oak sometimes covers an area of nearly half an acre, and the white oak often reaches the elevation of one hundred feet.

In Southern California grow the lofty sycamore and the great lustrous castor-oil trees; while the drooping foliage of the graceful pepper, which is shown on the cover of the CALIFORNIAN, meets the eye at every turn.

East of San Diego is a forest of wild fan-palms, hoary with age, and attaining such gigantic proportions as to resemble small cccoanut trees, or long-handled Japanese feather dusters, exaggerated to an inconceivable size.

The weird, fantastic yucca palms of Mojave Desert are familiar to railway tourists through that arid region of scorching heat; but not every one knows that from the fiber of these gaunt and apparently useless trees, is manufactured a paper on which are printed bank notes and no less a journal than the great London Telegraph.

Among the varied bounties which Nature has lavished upon the Golden State, none should take higher rank than her noble forest trees—in sun or shade, in calm or storm, ever living monuments of grace and beauty or rugged sentinels of majestic strength.

CYPRESS AT MONTEREY.

IF I WERE CALIFORNIA.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

PROSPEROUS, prolific in resources beyond all lands under the sun, almost beyond conception, in truth, yet bands of men go up and down crying out that they are hungry and loudly demanding employment. Now what is the matter?

By way of preface let it be noted that San Francisco is not all of California, however this great big spoiled child may assume or succeed in making the world believe she is. Nor are the newspapers of that city all of San Francisco. Nor is the sand-lot or hoodlum element with its army of tramps all of the newspapers, however full they may fill the papers year in and year out with their strikes, political schemes, including speeches and wailings for work. And let it here be briefly added, these men do not want work. This army of idlers will not work at any price longer than a few years. For six years I have experimented with these men here on my ranch. My foreman has had instructions all these years to give every man work who came, and to discharge no man, yet the biggest sum that any one man remained to earn was sixty dollars. As for the servant girl from that element she is still more restless and irrepressible when in the country. She wants to live in the city. She is not idle, perhaps not vicious, but her brother, lover, husband, is both vicious and idle. He will not work but he wants his wife, sister, sweetheart, to work, to do the hotel waiting, the chamber work and his mother to do the washing. And that is exactly where it is and what it is now. The sole question to-day is, Shall we ranchmen be permitted to employ reliable help on such wages as we can; or must we still submit to the dictation of tramps with their headquarters in San Francisco?

As for this matter of "deportation" let it be bluntly set down that if a vote of this State could be had to-day as to whether this disturbing element or the Chinese could be "deported," the vote would astonish the world; and the prosperity of California from the date of its enforcement would be the marvel and the altruism of civilization. Of course, it is social and political death in San Francisco to say these things as with the abolitionist in New York of old; but the truth takes care of its own.

The time has come to be very serious; practical rather than sentimental. Let us have facts rather than poetry for the Christmas of 1893 in California. I live within a mile of the suburbs of a great and generous city. Yet as I enter the city I am solicited by many strong men for work and for bread. Point away to the fields where fruit is going to waste by the hundreds of tons for want of harvesters; they shake their heads sulkingly and answer in all sorts of evasive ways; and almost always insultingly if a piece of silver is not promptly handed out.

I have been the length and breath of this fertile State within the year. I found the same stagnation of blood and congestion of labor from one end to the other: what is the matter? Is the fault with the farmer, the man who has the burden of this great State on his bowed shoulders and holds the honor of the land in his toil-hardened hands? Or is it with the bands of men who go up and down crying out for work and bread? Let us very seriously try to find out.

Last fruit harvest as the raisin grapes began to ripen, hundreds of

men, working men so called, banded together in and about Tulare and went from farm to farm demanding that certain laborers, who were doing the work on these farms at that very critical season, should be discharged.

One farmer, whose hard earnings of a lifetime were tied up in that one crop, and he was only one of thousands, answered, "I will dismiss all the workmen I have if you men will take their places and save my crop and save me from ruin."

"Go to h—, you and your grapes; we will dismiss them for you!"

And they did. They proceeded to where those peaceful and patient laborers had shut themselves up to rest from toil for the night, and after firing shot after shot through the walls of the house and finding the tenants unarmed, they finally, after hours of harder work than they had ever been willing to do in the fields, pulled the house down on the patient and defenseless toilers. They did indeed dismiss them; three, it is reported, were dismissed to eternity.

The total loss was of course serious, to say nothing of the loss of life, but the broad effect was almost fatal to this State and must be felt for years. For the lurid telegraph operator gave it to the world day after day in that graphic fashion for which he has become famous in California that the grape fields were red with gore and that the glorious climate had generated the hot blood and internal strifes of Mexico, Chili and Peru.

Fortunately for us the Anarchists of Chicago and New York had gotten up counter irritants in those two places, which claimed the attention of the world at the time and kept the newspapers busy vindicating their own localities, else they had just about burned us up in California. For these cities, Chicago especially, has ever been most willing to put us in the shade and divert immigration and all fair notice from our fair land by the sea of seas. But let us see what New York and Chicago found at home on sifting their own troubles down to the bottom; for it may throw light in our own path.

Well, of all the thousands who paraded through the streets of New York, demanding bread and work on the ground that they and their wives and little ones were starving, the committee appointed for the purpose of offering relief reported but two cases of absolute want.

In Chicago about two thousand consented to register for work; of these only about five hundred appeared next morning to be taken to the place of public employment and of these more than half refused to take tools in their hands when taken to the grounds and given a chance to go to work at good wages with the city as paymaster.

These facts place our whole tramp problem in California in a new light. Permit one who knows something about tramps to briefly state his experience on both sides of the question. On my second return from Europe I landed at Boston, to see Emerson, Whittier and others of our venerated authors, and became the guest of Harriet Prescott Spofford. Whittier's home, Amesbury, was only a few miles away, and I walked there one warm Sunday and walked back. But I got tired, there being no cars then, and I sat down in the straggling suburbs of Newburyport by the roadside on a stone to rest.

"Here! Get up, get up and go on!"

"Well, if I get up I will knock you down," I retorted. "Now you leave me alone."

But he didn't. Showing his star he whipped out his club with one hand, and with the other he pulled me down on my face.

By showing the Quaker Poet's letter I got off without going to jail; but the magistrate read me the most ironclad tramp law that language ever could construct; though it is generally conceded that Massachusetts is a very humane State and not without heart.

Bnt the big headlines in the papers

next morning made me furious and I went to Boston and stated the case to the Governor. He scarcely deigned to look up, even with that peculiar eye of his, but merely remarked that people who didn't like "The tramp laws of Massachusetts had better go West—go West or cut their hair."

And what of all this? Nothing at all; only please note that Massachusetts has no tramps, no tramp riots, no tramp parades, as has New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

Born with a romantic love for the gypsy, the Indian, the rover and wanderer of whatever name or nature, and trained by William Morris, the gentle poet Socialist of London, to love all men in their love of freedom, I built a house here on my hillside for the Wanderer, as Morris admired. This house for the wanderer was better and bigger than the one I built for myself, a good deal. I built it remote from my private little home so that they in their liberty and hilarity of any sort would not disturb me or I them.

Results? In less than a year the last sheet, pillowslip, bedspread, frying pan and coffee pot was gone. Not only that, but the windows were broken and the sash burned. Too worthless to go out and carry in wood one crowd broke up and burned my table and chairs, and when I put in my head to protest they threatened to "cremate the old crank in his own fireplace."

With this experience I fixed up the place for my mother and built "The Guest House" close to my own; and bought a pistol. Then I came so near having to shoot one of these tramps to prevent bodily harm that I stopped housing them entirely and only gave them work, if able to work; otherwise a very small sum of money. For with tons of fruit going to waste all around me it is silly to do more. For more than five years I gave either work or money to every man who came; generally working in the fields with those who worked. But after those Tulare riots I suspended all relations with the tramp tribe and bought a big dog.

My experience of the past six years here in this respect, would make a marvelous book; but I can only note a few dry facts here. In the first place a good many of these tramps are insane or partly so. This is a sad fact, but none the less a fact. Horrible as it may read very nearly all carry small flasks of alcohol. This fearful stuff may have a lot to do with their degradation of mind. Of course in the interior, or remote from towns, they may not use this so much; but those poor fellows nearly always left an empty alcohol flask in "The Wanderer's Home."

Another thing to note, I found them very gregarious — clannish among themselves, and not at all lazy, at least not when I worked with them. Another thing, they are well informed, as a rule; good readers of the daily papers and posted in current things a deal better than their host. Men are singularly fond of quoting poetry, and many a tramp has walked up to me quoting my poetry, as he thought; though it was generally Bret Harte's or John Hay's.

One thing more to note: there are no Jews, no Japanese, no Chinese, no Mexicans, none of the weak or despised people of the earth among them. They are, as a rule, the most robust of men, and a sad number of them are ex-convicts. Some of them are authors of pamphlets or little books of verse, and they are nearly all orators of the Sand-Lot order. They are not fools. I have not encountered a single dull one yet. Even the insane or partly insane ones are bright.

The remedy? If I were California I would put the sand-lot orator among the extinct animals. A man who has sense enough to lead those unbalanced men, and bad men, and all such men as make up the great brigade of California tramps ought to have sense enough to get off the curbstone and go to work. Civilization has a right to a fair trial and the sooner the incen-

diary gets out of her path, the better for him and his poor followers.

Five years back I would have been furious at the idea of enforcing the State and municipal tramp laws of Massachusetts here, but with the experience stated, I hold it to be a duty to the tramp, to say nothing at all about the State to utterly obliterate him. His clans are the school of crime. It is there that the ex-convict finds sympathy for his misdeeds and is prepared for another term. And some day when the State is in trouble it is not hard to predict on which side he will throw his brute strength. He will be the first to take her by the throat.

Finally, if I were California, I would not only put the tramp to work, but I would protect every person within my lines who cared to work, of whatever name or nation. If the farmer and the fruit-grower shall not be allowed to employ such men as he may please to employ without asking permission of the tramp, then farewell to fair California. I can't say certainly how it is in Oregon and Washington; perhaps farmers are not pushed to the wall at times up there as they are here where harvest time is so short; besides, they have some Indians there who are good in the hop-fields; but as for California, she needs her brown men. California needs her Chinamen, she wants her Chinamen and she is going to keep her Chinamen; and California is going to protect her laborers in her fruit fields, even though she has to shoot down every tramp in the State.

I take the responsibility of saying to the "President and all others in authority" at this Christmas time that the people of California not only will protect the Chinamen now here, but they want the Golden Gates swung wide open to all the world, as God made it.

And why has this not been said before? It is a long story, and the trouble grew slowly; but finally, the tramp or sand-lot element, all voters, became a formidable factor in politics.

Briefly then, every bright "heir apparent to the throne," editor, and politician of any sort fell down before that monstrous sand-lot god and worshipped there till it grew to be the fat and formidable beast of to-day.

The farmer wants and must have labor and cheap labor at that. His margin of profits is small. His busiest season is hot and short. He can trust the Chinaman and he cannot trust the tramp.

And we tillers of the soil in this wilderness and in this night of trouble have already fixed our eyes on the pillar of fire which we are to follow.

This question of cheap labor and the employment of whom we please to till our fields is to be settled at the ballot—the Australian ballot, mind you; not the saloon ballot or the sand-lot ballot. The issue will be: Shall a man employ whom he pleases and pay what he can? or shall he submit to the dictation of tramps?

Had I the qualities or even a disposition to be the next Governor of California, I would lay down these hurriedly written pages as the chief planks in my platform; and trusting to my fellow toilers and tillers of the soil in California would quietly pack my trunk for the Capital.

MOUTH OF CARCHARODON—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

AMONG THE MAN-EATERS.

BY J. HERNDON CAMPBELL.

EVERY lover of sport has a fad, and for a number of years shark fishing and these grim monsters have had the greatest fascination for me. I have tried conclusions with them in nearly all the waters that beat upon American shores, and the recollections of their various struggles and manœuvres are replete with interest.

The shark, or man-eater as some delight to call it, is more sinned against than sinning, as the actual casualities that are laid to its tooth-lined jaws are comparatively few and far between. Still the shark, like the professional bully, has earned a reputation for savageness that will always cling to it.

Shark fishing is not merely a sport. It requires as much science for a single fisherman in a light dinghy to conquer a thirteen-foot man-eater without being tipped over, as it does to capture a tarpon or a giant bass with a light rod; and if the shark is approached fairly and single-handed, it provides not merely sport and a magnificent display of power, but gives the fisherman a variety of exercise not dreamed of in the philosophy of the professor of athletics.

I venture to commend a course of shark fishing to the business man whose digestion is impaired and who needs something which will bring long-forgotten and neglected muscles into play. As a rule, the shark is looked upon as an enemy of the human race, and when hooked as many men as possible "clap on" to the line and the gamy monster is dragged ashore by main force. This in the unwritten ethics of the sport is unscientific; and the following accounts are based upon attempts to handle large sharks as they should be, single-handed. The materials for the sport are a long hemp line, of the thickness of a clothes-line, the longer the better, a steel hook a foot in length, to which is attached a three-foot chain; fresh fish-bait is the best, though the hungry shark is by no means dainty.

In Californian waters, especially in July and August, sharks are very common, especially the hammer-head, while huge shovel-nosed fellows are

often seen. The hammer-head is particularly gamy, and its vicious head, from each side of which extend hammer-like projections bearing the eyes, gives it a disagreeable appearance.

The effect that can be produced by one of these creatures on an average man was well illustrated off one of the Santa Barbara islands. I was sitting in a small boat, fishing, while about twenty feet away was another boat containing some young men who were enjoying their first day's fishing on the ocean. As fast as they caught a fish, it was strung on a line and thrown over to keep it fresh. The current carried the toothsome odor of fish far down the shore where an eleven-foot hammer-headed shark took the scent and followed it up. I first noticed it as it bit off my hook with a vicious jerk, then gliding along, with the big dorsal fin cutting the water like a scythe, it made directly for the fish. I warned my neighbors, who pulled in the string, whereupon the shark began to circle about the boat, not five feet from it, presenting a form that was nearly the length of the boat and of formidable proportions. The men watched it for a moment, then dropped into the bottom, thrusting a rifle over the gunwale and taking stray shots at the exposed back of the monster, but with no effect. The shark almost touched the boat and the occupants were completely demoralized by its temerity; even my fair companion took alarm and insisted upon being landed.

This shark could not be driven off, but followed several boats, trying to steal the fish, and on the surface openly defied a dozen boats and armed men for over an hour. Finally it headed out to sea, and having secured a line I gave chase, and coming up to it a mile off shore soon succeeded in throwing a tempting bait six feet in front of it, buoyed up by a piece of wood. The shark dashed at it at once; a second later the float disappeared, and the line began to pay out with the rhythmic thrill peculiar to such occasions.

My boat was a small flat-bottomed skiff with a square flat stern. My companion had the oars, and I stood in the stern paying out the line. I let the shark have about ten or fifteen feet and then jerked the big hook into it. A second of delay, and then with a mighty rush the line went whizzing and singing over the side as the big fish sounded. Stopping the line was no easy matter, but finally it was caught and the light boat went whirling along over the bay, ever and anon dipping deeply as the monster plunged about. After a deep dive it came up, still towing the boat along at steamboat speed, and I slowly took it in, giving and taking line. The shark tried as many tricks as a salmon. One which nearly turned the tables was to swing around in a circle, a game which wrenched the line over the side, then giving a lunge which almost carried the gunwale under water, and but for a quick movement would have ended in a capsize. For half an hour I played with the shark, trying to wear it out, and finally, when completely exhausted myself, felt that it was giving in. During the struggle we had been towed half a mile at a speed that made it impossible for other boats to catch up, but now, one after another, the boatmen threw us lines, and soon a procession of five boats towed the shark in slowly, which fought and struggled every yard though I had its big head at the surface.

The strength of a thirteen-foot shark can be well illustrated by one I captured in the Gulf of Mexico. I hooked it on the edge of a deep channel, and it towed our heavy boat for nearly half a mile at steamboat speed. We were then crossed by a twelve-oared barge that tossed us a line, and fourteen men pulled against the shark and for some time failed to stop it, and only after a long fight was the fish conquered. When I succeeded in hauling it up to the boat it

turned and seized the keel near the cut-water in its jaws and gripped it as would a bull terrier. This shark fought for two hours before it was landed, and had then almost completely exhausted three fishermen, as well as myself.

With an abundance of line a single fisherman should be able to handle the largest shark by skilfully taking advantage of its rushes and manoeuvres, and by drowning it into submission. I once had an opportunity of illustrating this at the mouth of the St. John's River, Florida. It was at the beginning of the shad season when these fish were filling the rivers. The hauling of the nets possibly attracted the sharks; in any event, they were fairly common, and I determined to test conclusions with them. Just east of Pilot Town there was a long sandy beach above the oyster-beds where the channel came in shore, and here I selected a base of operations and soon had my shark-hook, baited with a big shad, twenty feet out in the stream, and my long line coiled on the sand and in turn fastened to a huge root. The bait was not long neglected, and there soon came a delicate tremor as if a crab was nibbling at the dainty; then the rope stiffened and thrilled in my hands and slowly ran out. I paid out ten or fifteen feet of line, then checking it slightly allowed it to come taut; and then as the shark felt the first resistance I jerked the steel hook in among its seven or eight rows of teeth. The result of this was a response which sent me sprawling on my face in the sand, so that I lost the line altogether and it ran out like a snake, cutting the sand like a living thing. I soon caught it, however, and again was jerked from my feet; but I still held on and was dragged bodily to the water's edge where I was forced to let go.

Evidently the shark was a large one and was going to lead me a race. Its first rush was directly out, and by slacking the line and running up stream I succeeded in turning it, and then began the fight which lasted an hour. I ran along the beach, taking in the line as rapidly as I could, thus bringing the shark in shore; then it would turn and dash out, dragging me through the sand, feet-first, until I made the turn in the opposite direction.

Up the beach it dashed, taking in a single rush all the slack I had gained; then turned and cunningly rushed in shore faster than I could take in the slack overhauling as fast as arms could work. Soon came a jerk that sent me down again; the shark had turned and was rushing straight away, taking the line with irresistible force; this time it carried out all the line and started the heavy root rolling down the beach while I vainly tried to stay it. A yard more and the game would have been up, but I broke the rush by taking the line up the beach again. Rush followed rush, until thoroughly exhausted I sat down on the beach, my feet braced deep in the yielding sand, and held on, taking the sledge hammer-like blows until my arms were almost pulled from their sockets. Finally the monster weakened and the long rushes grew less. I was drowning it in its own element and, by pulling in rapidly and letting go, I soon had the shark so subdued that I got it within ten feet of the shore; but the moment it saw me all its strength seemed to return and its rush for deep water kept me dancing to avoid the leaping coils of rope. This was the last rush, and I soon had it "fin out," along shore. It was about twelve feet long, a very bulky fellow, and as it beat the sand and water the little remoras, or sucking fish, still clung to it, standing by their friend as it was pulled high and dry later on by a dozen men.

There is hardly an animal so repulsive as a shark and few can inspire greater terror. I well remember on one occasion the effect a sudden view of sharks had upon me. I had hooked one which must have been a fourteen-foot man-eater, judging from its strength, for I never saw it. It towed

us a mile, then, when another boat came to our assistance, ran away with both, finally breaking the rope after I had gained ten feet on the line. So violent was the rush of the shark that I was fearful that the line would go over the side, in which case a capsize would have been the result; so I stood on the little deck, holding the rope in a notch in the cut-water, with the water boiling on each side, the bow deep in the water as we went rushing along. I was kept busy watching the line; but chancing to cast my eye down I saw a sight which sent a cold chill up my back. On either side were five or six sharks nearly as long as the boat; curiously marked fellows, known to the fishermen on the reef as tiger-sharks, swimming along, keeping exact pace with us and apparently ready to embrace any opportunity that might come to avenge their comrade. They were in all probability deeply influenced by curiosity, as they swam swiftly but quietly along about ten feet below the surface and disappeared when the shark broke away.

During many years passed in the tropical shark country, and constantly on the water when large sharks were always present, I was never attacked, nor did I ever hear of an instance. So common were sharks that they were not feared, and I have frequently with several others dived from a deck when a twelve-foot shark was still in sight twenty or more feet below. There was probably safety in numbers. Once in wading over the reef I was followed by a six-foot shark so faithfully that I took to the land; but it was probably mere curiosity on the part of the fish, inasmuch as, when I reached the bare reef and tossed a dead head of coral at it, my follower disappeared.

One of the most exciting rides I ever took was behind a ten-foot shark. In pulling my boat over a shallow lagoon one day in the Gulf of Mexico I came upon a school of twenty or more large sharks lying on the bottom. In a moment I had my grains—a small spear—fastened into one, and away went the fish like a shot. The line was soon exhausted, and as the board to which it was attached went over the side, I grasped it, and losing my balance went overboard, and found myself dashing along behind the shark. The lagoon was not over three or four feet deep, so I determined to hold on while shoal water lasted. The lagoon was half a mile square and I was towed for some distance, my companion rowing the boat after us and finally intercepting my steed and taking me aboard, when we succeeded in bringing the shark to a neighboring island.

THH MANEATER, CARCHARODON CARCHARIAS.

While sharks do not attack men in this locality they make warfare against other large game. I have frequently found large turtles weighing several hundred pounds whose flippers had been completely bitten off, and to judge from marks and signs the shark had made desperate efforts at the head. They also follow the large sting or

whip rays, the falling of their flat bodies often being heard on the reef at night as they leave the water to escape savage rushes.

Many erroneous impressions hold regarding the method of attack of sharks. They do not always turn upon the side. As a rule the movement of the shark is slow. If the weather is warm and the water is smooth it often seeks the surface, and in July and August hundreds of shark's fins may be seen in the Santa Barbara Channel, cutting the water like knives and glistening in the sunlight. Sharks scent their food a long distance, eyesight playing a small part, and will follow up the odor of dead fish for a mile or more against the current. I once saw a dozen large sharks attack a cow. It was in deep water and the sight was a savage one. The savage brutes rushed at the animal and bit wherever they could, running their heads out of the water in their efforts, and on securing a hold pulled the animal down out of sight for a moment. I was drifting quite near in my boat and could not see that they turned upon the back in biting.

The man-eater, or *Carcharodon carcharias* of the Atlantic, is a formidable creature, and one caught some years ago was nearly thirty feet in length. Such a shark could easily devour a horse at a meal. The body is huge in bulk, the mouth enormous and filled with row after row of serrated teeth so sharp that the slightest touch brings blood. When inoperative all the rows but the outer one lie flat; but when the shark makes an attack the eight or nine rows rise erect and the object is cut in two at the onset. The capacity of these monsters is enormous. One taken in Australian waters was found to contain the parts of a complete horse that had been thrown overboard. The largest shark of to-day is the Rhinodon, a harmless creature with small teeth, found in the South Pacific, attaining a length of seventy feet. The ordinary Bone shark of North Pacific waters attains a length of fifty feet and is almost as powerful as the whale. For a number of years a large shark made itself dreaded on the New England coast by attacking fishermen, and it is supposed that this monster is the one which carried off a well-known citizen of Lynn, Mass. The victim had gone out with a fishing party, and thinking to improve the fishing jumped into a dory and pulled away from the large vessel. Suddenly he was heard to shout, and his horrified companions turned to see a huge shark throw itself into the boat, sinking it, and carrying off the fisherman. Such attacks are exceptional, the shark being, as a rule, a cowardly scavenger; not ornamental, but a valuable animal, filling the place in the ocean that the vulture does on land.

DUTY.

BY LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

Thank God for Duty—noblest, truest, best,
Of all the throng who lend my soul's unrest.
She hath no fear: when beating storms arise
I see her looking back with pitying eyes
  And reaching hands that too must blindly hold.
Hope, Pride and Joy—all fail, and turn away
Love is not wise; and Friendship will not stay,
  When dark the night, and fierce the wind and cold.

OF the many who spend the winter in Egypt and make the Nile trip, comparatively few are aware of the existence of the Fayûm except perhaps as a fertile oasis some where in the desert to the west of the Nile. Yet this interesting district is within a day's journey by rail, or two and a half day's march of Cairo ; and to those travellers, weary of the interminable mud-banks and stagnant waters of the receding Nile or of the stifling Cairene Bazaars, no pleasanter change could be afforded than a fortnight's camping out in this cheerful region of running streams.

How often on the Nile does one long to be able to see the native life as it is without the aid of a dragoman and his too-ready "Kurbash," away from the regular tourist track and if possible out of the sound of the pattering feet and the ever-present cry "'sh, 'sh Bakshish O Hawadji," to see if there is no pleasanter side in the lives of the women and children than that depicted by mud-hovels and the unending tramp over a human rat-run between the water and the village, lifting and poising those heavy clay "goolas" with marvellous grace and ease.

The district known as Fayûm is a natural depression in the Libyan Desert about thirty-seven miles long by twenty broad ; in the bed of it lies the Lake El Karn, twenty miles long and seven broad in its greatest part. This lake is below sea-level and the waters are brackish. Its nearest point on the Nile is perhaps Maidum, about fifty miles distant. An Egyptian colony was formed here as early as the XII Dynasty, and tradition has it that it was the Joseph of the Bible who first opened up the country as an agricultural center by making the great irrigation canal now known as the Bahr Ysuf from the Nile at Benisuef to Medineteel Fayûm (the capital) as well as to Lake Mœris—perhaps the most ancient reservoir in the world, the remains of which can still be seen to the north of the town—and it was probably used as a means of regulating the water supply for irrigation. Here also are the ruins of that extraordinary building known as the Labyrinth, the use of which has puzzled the archaeologists of all ages,

the majority thinking that it was a temple. To me it appears as being more like a fortress or place of refuge for the early settlers from the warlike tribes of the desert.

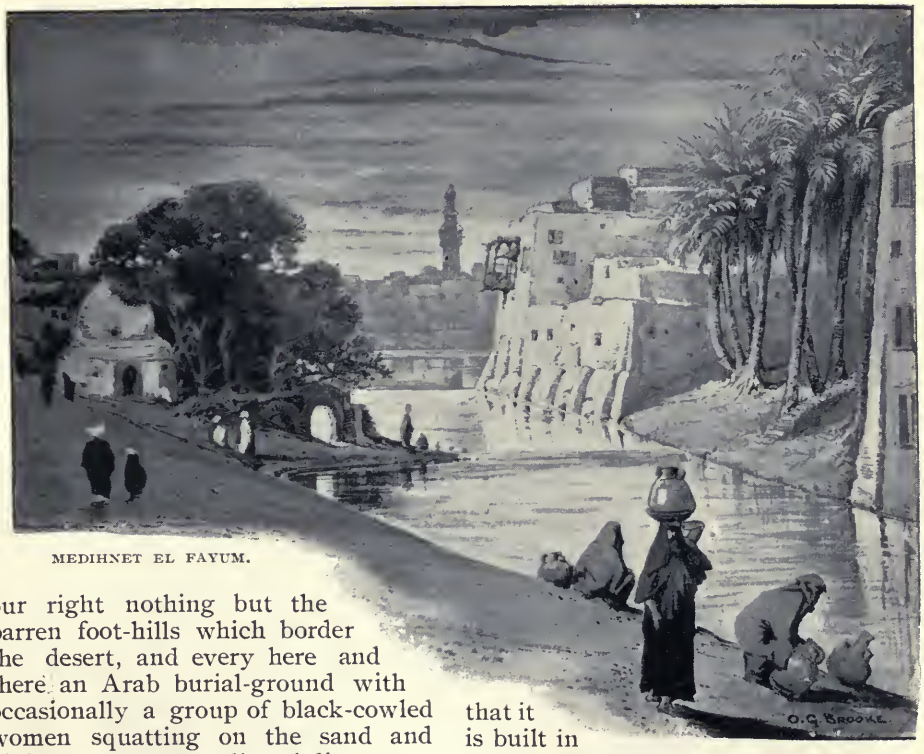
The writer having found two companions also anxious to visit the Fayûm—one, S. a fellow-traveller on the Nile boat, the other, B. an officer stationed in Cairo—the first thing to be done was to make arrangements for a camp-outfit. This can be accomplished more easily in Cairo than anywhere else, provided one makes up his mind to be fleeced to a certain extent. Round Shepheard's and the Continental hotels are always plenty of dragomen for whose comparative honesty the hotel management will answer, and, having stated one's wants to several, the best plan is to put the carrying work out to competition. The bargaining will probably occupy two or three days, as at first exorbitant demands will be made, but generally one dragoman, who may have just missed a good thing, will agree to take the party at from eleven to thirty shillings a head per day according to number, and for this sum will undertake to provide all camp-equipment (in our case three camels, two donkeys, one sleeping tent, one dining tent, one kitchen and one servants' tent), a cook and table servant, or "boy" as he is generally termed regardless of his years. Also all board which can be specially specified beforehand and forage for horses and ponies. It is generally understood that travellers provide their own wine and soda water, but in our case the latter was found for us. "Shikarees" have to be paid for extra, by sportmen.

Having made all arrangements for our trip, on the last day of January we directed our dragoman to start on the following morning. Of course his name was Ibrahim, but he was an extra fine looking young fellow, a son of the Sheik of the Pyramids who derived a solid income by levying a tax of three shillings on every one who ascends or goes inside the huge structure, and in return is supposed to be answerable for the safety of the tourist's life, limbs and chattels. Our orders were that the camels with tents should start early in the morning and pitch camp beyond Sakara where would be our first halt—as for ourselves, we would spend the night at the Pyramids Hotel at Gizeh, which would allow plenty of time for the march to Dashur, or thereabouts.

So on the evening of the first of February we rode out of Cairo by way of Gesireh and along the monotonous but shady avenue which stretches across the flat plain all the way to the Pyramids. On either side of the road were rude encampments of Bedouin Arabs, who come from the desert and rent from the fellahs acres of the rich lucern, (a specie of clover) to feed herds of camels which could be seen browsing in all kinds of uncouth attitudes, tethered so that they could only reach a short distance.

Early the next morning, February 2nd, 1893, we started on horseback from the Pyramids Hotel. The dawn had already broken, and the sun was just rising above the Mocatam Hills on the other side of the Nile, guilding the clouds of mist as its warmth drove them from the low ground across to the desert. The Pyramids were shrouded in an opaline haze, but just as we passed them the head of the great Cheops appeared turned to a warm brick-red color by the fiery rays, just as the Peak of Teneriffe so often appears from the sea when the land itself is not in sight.

Our horses were fresh and had evidently been well-cared for at the hotel stables, so we galloped merrily along the edge of the desert in order to get as much as possible of the day's work done in the cool. We passed several parties of Cairo sportsmen quail shooting in the cultivated land on our left, and thought of the better sport we ourselves were likely to find in the Fayûm where the quail arrive in large quantities as soon as the heat in Nubia and the Libyan Desert increases. To



MEDIHNET EL FAYUM.

our right nothing but the barren foot-hills which border the desert, and every here and there an Arab burial-ground with occasionally a group of black-cowled women squatting on the sand and giving utterance to dismal dirges; at the same time they did not seem indifferent to their own wants, but made a lugubrious picnic of their lamentation.

Arrived at Sakara we lunched in the delapidated house in which Mariette Bey lived while he was making his celebrated researches in Memphis; afterward we visited the interesting tomb of the chief priest Tih and the sepulchre of Apis where are entombed the sacred bulls. One is well repaid for the dive into the suffocating atmosphere by the sight of the huge corridors cut out of the solid rock, with numbers of unadorned square chambers in which lie the ponderous granite sarcophagi of the sacred bulls. These funereal receptacles are for the most part sculptured all over. The mummied bulls have all been removed. We started again at four o'clock, being satisfied with only a cursory examination of the Pyramid of Sakara, the oldest of all and differing from most in that it is built in tiers. We soon sighted what we supposed was our camp, but which turned out to be only a collection of Bedouin tents; however, by six o'clock we arrived at our own encampment which was in perfect order. The smiling Ibrahim met us; baths were ready filled with cool water and we were told dinner could be had whenever we felt disposed. Satisfaction must have beamed from our faces, but we did not say much, as experience of the East had proved to more than one of us that it is better to stint praise, especially at the beginning of an expedition of this kind.

There was no wind, consequently no drifting sand, so we dined outside our tent which was still rather hot, but by the time we turned in it was cool and comfortable. The stars came out, story-telling began, and the first day's experience was voted delightful.

The following day we were up with the Egyptian lark which appears to be much the same as his European

From the famous picture of Theo. Chas. Frère.

IN THE NILE COUNTRY.

cousin in his habits. There was one slight shadow; B's "sais" complained that Ibrahim had failed to bring water enough and had given the horses the soapy water of our baths, and that he would not be answerable for their condition if this practice were allowed to go on. Ibrahim wlth many gesticulations indignantly denied the charge, but their was little doubt that he was guilty; however, the horses were fresh and the fuss blew over. The whole of this day, after packing up tents, was spent in marching at a pace which the loaded camels arranged amongst themselves. One could hear them plotting the whole time with terse grumbles. It was not enjoyable, as the sun was severely hot, but it gave one an idea of the kind of life a caravan must lead crossing the Sahara—days of nothingness on a stretch.

A VILLAGE ROAD.

There was literally nothing to interest one in the surroundings, not a living thing apparently; a few whitened camel bones here and there and a tuft of camel grass in places; even the pebbles seemed colorless. Once, and once only, a hawk flew by. B. shot at it with a pea-rifle, out of curiosity to see what kind of a bird would live in such a place. I was glad when he missed and left something alive. At six we pitched camp, and by eight o'clock Ahmed, who had been cook's boy on a P. & O. steamer and could make excellent dry curry, gave us a first-rate dinner. At night a hot wind raised the sand and made sleep a difficulty, so that there was no difference of opinion as to an early start.

We left our camp men to pack up and follow us, and rode on slowly, By mid-day on the 4th we suddenly came in sight of our promised land, a dip in the desert and there, about ten miles below us, lay the Lake El Karn, like a torquoise dropped in the desert. To our right rose a range of hills which terminated in good-sized peaks; between us and the lake, sand; beyond a land flowing with milk and honey. Yellow corn and green bean-fields, groves of palms and smoke of villages. It was a pleasant change to the eye, and we got off our now weary ponies and enjoyed the view. After what appeared to us an interminable wait the camels caught up to us, and we started into the valley, meaning to camp on the shores of the lake. At the foot of the mountain spur we came upon the camp of a German prince and two companions, who had been there several weeks in search of large game. Their only trophy was the skin of a rather mangy hyena that had been slain after the sacrifice of a donkey bought from one cf the villagers—an expensive amusement, and one which we concluded was not worth the candle. After leaving what newspapers we had, we pushed on and that night slept close to the alkaline edge of El Karn.

Although we knew from experience that the best quail shooting is to be had on the cultivated ground bordering

NIGHT IN CAMP ON THE DESERT.

the desert, where the tired birds drop after their long flight, yet we had had enough of the desert for the time, and determined to push into the interior of the cultivated land and encamp in one of the cool palm-groves. Ibrahim was anxious to go to a village called Abshawai, where evidently he had friends, and we made no objection. Accordingly that evening we found ourselves settled in the most charming quarters in a large palm-grove with a sunny stream close by, yet no mosquitoes. On our arrival a visit of ceremony was paid us by the village sheik, a rather good looking man of about forty. After taking coffee and cigarettes he informed us that two watchmen would be appointed to look after our camp at night and keep off thieves. This is another form of backsheesh, as there is not much fear of thieves, who have a wholesome dread of the firearms of Englishmen, and usually the watchman's snores kept one of our party awake until he went out and kicked him up. At the same time in case of any loss the sheik holds himself responsible, and the amount paid is not ruinous.

Abshawai in itself represents a very fair specimen of a well-to-do village community. The houses and compounds, or walled yards surrounding them, are well built of sun-dried bricks of mud, or of what is called "adobe" in California, and thatched with corn stalks. Only the sheik's house, the Mosque and the pigeon houses were white-washed. These latter form an important feature in all Arab villages, but in the Fayûm they are more ornate and quaint in their architecture than in most places on the Nile. The pigeons never appear to be killed, unless a cold-blooded white pays for the privilege of shooting them as they circle round, and the main object of attracting and housing these semi-wild birds is to obtain manure for the communal land. The birds are of the "blue rock" species and a white pigeon is seldom seen. The small mosque, shaded by a big banyan tree, was clean and unpretentious, with palm matting spread over the floor, and devout men are to be seen bowing towards Mecca whenever the Muezzin calls to prayer.

The people, too, were friendly and

invited me into their houses. The women and children stood around while cigarettes were exchanged with the master of the house, and did not bolt like frightened rabbits. Not once did we hear the hateful word "backsheesh"; but it would be rash to guarantee that the next visitors would be exempted. Owing to the number of small streams and irrigating canals, water is near at hand and, consequently, one does not enounter the long lines of over-ladened women-folk at every turn. They seem to lead a more healthful and pleasant existence in herding the flocks and gleaning. A curious adjunct to most houses is an object like a huge egg-cup, made of mud, in which grain is stored out of the reach of rats and mongoose which are very prevalent. In the hot season of the year, also when scorpions abound, I am told that the women keep their little children in it out of harm's way. The sheik appears to arrange about the working of the communal land, from which he receives a tithe, and is responsible to the Khedive's government for the collection of taxes.

Since the British occupation these latter have been reduced in a manner which now permits the "fellah" to enjoy some of the fruits of his labor, and he is waxing fat; whether he appreciates or not the cause of his improved condition is another matter, and I am inclined to think that the old adage might be applied to him, "A wife, a spaniel and a walnut tree, the more you beat them the better they be." Armed robbery is comparatively common, and each village has its guard armed with Remingtons provided by the Government. These guards must number several thousand, and in case of a fanatical uprising might prove a thorn in the side of the very Government that instituted them. However, they appear to be a necessary evil. The village land supplies most of the people's wants; sugar-cane, pumpkins, wheat, beans, maize and clover seem to grow equally well. Cattle and sheep look fat. The natives' expenditure on clothing cannot be great, and I think the "fellaheen" ought to be, and are, comparatively happy and contented.

Our days were spent in shooting

PIGEON HOUSE AT ABSHAWAI.

quail in the meadow land and snipe that still lingered in the low ground in spite of the lateness of the season. We did not make any very extraordinary bags, but every day got sufficient shooting to keep us amused and killed enough quail to make us loathe the sight of them as food. It was an agreeable change from the country around Cairo to find the fellah taking quite an interest in the sport, never grumbling at our walking through their crops and surprised that we refrained from tramping through the beans. The difficulty was to restrain them from following in numbers, as they straggled over the fields and made shooting dangerous. On one occasion there was a slight accident which might have been serious. On our way to camp one evening, S. lent his gun to his "shikaree" who had been boasting of his prowess as a marksman. A quail got up and he grounded it in good style. Immensely pleased with himself, he fired wildly round at the next bird which rose and flew back; to my horror I saw a straggler right in line with the bird flop down in the barley. On going up to him we found his face covered with blood, and he had given himself up for dead. However, we found that one pellet in the nose, one above the eye, and three in the shoulder was the extent of his injury, and after bathing his wounds he went on as if nothing had happened. How different would have been his behavior in case one of us had shot him I need not mention. As it was, the cause of the trouble had the impudence to suggest that we should pay for his rashness—a suggestion which was met by a threat of his instant dismissal for his carelessness, with the result that the affair was never mentioned again.

It is difficult to describe the charm of a life such as we led during these favored days; the freedom from care, the peaceful evenings, cool enough to make a fire cheerful, yet quite dry with a clear sky overhead.

In order to stay in the Fayûm as many days as we could, we determined to go back to Cairo by rail from Medinet; consequently, as our holiday drew to a close, the last day found us in the capital of the Fayûm, inspecting its crowded bazaars and picturesque canals and water-wheels.

Medinet el Fayûm has been called the "Venice of Egypt," and the term is to some extent appropriate, allowing for the difference in architecture and the habits of its people The "Bahr Ysuph" (Joseph's Canal) runs through the town, whose house-walls and palms are reflected in it, and then opens out into modern reservoirs from which run flumes in all directions, working water-wheels and irrgating the surrounding country. All surplus water eventually finds its way into the salt lake from which there is no outlet except by evaporation. The people here have the reputation of being next to those of Tanta in the Delta the most fanatical in the country, and no doubt cause the English Protectorate a certain amount of anxiety. However, as elsewhere in Egypt, all is peace on the surface.

The country is wonderfully fertile; peach and olive trees flourish, roses abound, but the quality is not fine; the crop of beans is plentiful, and though short in the straw the bearded wheat has a very full ear. Centuries do not seem to have marred its productiveness.

THE LOST MISSION OF SANTA ISABEL.

ADRIFT IN A DESERT.

BY LIEUT. R. E. L. ROBINSON.

TO-DAY no country on the American continent is less known than that lying about the mouth of the Colorado River, and for four hundred miles south on either shore of the Gulf of California. The ill fortune of the early missioneries, the superstitions of the Indians who once inhabited portions of it, and the fact that it is surrounded by salt water and desert, making it extremely dangerous to enter, are all conducive to the mystery and ignorance that mantles it. If one will look on the maps of that section he will at once notice the meagreness of information, and the total lack of detail, and will wonder why he has read so little about the immense strip more than nine hundred miles in length and of irregular breadth, skirting either side of the gulf—likewise as little known—while every other nook and corner of the country has been invaded by the correspondent, miner and the homeseeker. That it is unknown is a fact, and the reasons are perhaps those given above, though if the territory belonged to the Government of the United States or any other power than the Mexican, so thoroughly endowed with the spirit of mañana, it would long ago, doubtless, have been thoroughly explored and opened to the action of civilization.

There are some who tell of desert shores, beyond which lie beautiful vales of green and flowering shrubs; cañons in the depths of which are massive fortifications of a pre-historic race; rocky islands inhabited by strange people; tropical foliage through which flit birds of many hues and almost insurmountable hardships through which one must pass to reach them, but it is all tradition, for there are few living who ever saw them.

In the spring of 1893 the writer in

company with J. W. Baker, a miner of Honduras, and Severin Andersen, a Swedish sailor, determined to test these mythical stories, and on the 20th of June set sail for Yuma, Arizona, with the intention of floating with the current into the Gulf, when we would visit the various islands about which the Indians tell such wonderful stories, and finally make Guaymas, sell our boat and return through Mexico. Whether we found much of interest or not we intended to spend the summer in those waters, and were thoroughly equipped for sounding, noting the height of the tides, the channels and direction of the winds.

Our vessel, the *Dart*, was thirty feet long, six and one-half feet beam only partly decked and at the beginning rigged with a Chinese lug sail.

Any seaman will know at once that it was entirely unfit for sea use, especially in the roughest gulf in the world, but if a priest could make the voyage in a canoe and alone, why could not three of us make it in a boat twice the size?

Regardless of the advice of friends we started, and through the good fortune, or more vulgarly speaking, "luck," by which ignorance is often protected, we escaped with our lives, though we still feel amply repaid for the hardships we were compelled to endure.

Like the Nile, the Colorado has its great rise in summer. During the year the volume of water discharged into the Gulf is about equal to the discharge of the Columbia, and as the larger part comes down through the months of May, June and July one can, without seeing it, form some idea of the rapidity and force of the current.

We began our journey as the river began to fall, and between looking out for drifts, sandbars and snags we had all we could do from the start. The expression "lazily floating with the current" does not apply to the Colorado River. The stream, at its height cuts new channels. Such streams as New River and other feeders of the Salton Sea are continually breaking out. Immense trees are torn up, roots and all, and are whirled here and there in the swift current in such a manner that to strike one means certain wreck. In places where the banks are cutting away the water runs fully twenty miles an hour, and in the general rush of drift and débris, it is very difficult and perilous to handle a boat. We succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Hardy River, however, in five days, with no other mishap than catching squarely on a drift of green cottonwoods, when the strong current pushed us over. The only damage we sustained was intense fright, for no one can swim far where the current is running like a mill-race, and we fully expected the boat to part in the middle and throw us in the whirlpool.

We had other troubles, too, that began with the first day. As soon as the sun disappeared the mosquitos came in swarms. Like the sands, they were innumerable. Mosquito-bars were of no avail, and even huge fires of rotten logs gave no protection against them, unless one kept almost within the flame. The heat was intolerable and if we wrapped ourselves in blankets it became suffocating, so that the only way we could find relief was in buttoning oil-coats about us and fighting them from our faces with wet towels. This kind of experience continued four days and nights, during which time none of us succeeded in sleeping any, doing nothing but battle with insects that became so vigorous as we went further down, that they would come from the shore into the boat, under the blazing heat of the noonday sun. I have been in the swamps of Louisiana and Texas, and on the Mosquito Coast, but I never saw a country where there were more, or more voracious ones, than the mosquitos on the Lower Colorado.

By the windings of the river it is fully two hundred and fifty miles

from Yuma to the mouth, and though we were unable to run at night we made the distance in a little less than five days. Here we were relived from the scourge of mosquitos, but during the day we were troubled with a black fly as large as a hornet. They make no noise in flying, and the bite is as severe as a puncture with a needle. There was no way to keep them off and we were compelled to endure the real pain that they caused. The nights, however, were lovely. The wind blew up from the gulf and at night was cool and delightful. From the old abandoned colony of Lerdo, the banks of the river were fringed with a dense growth of tules and wild hemp through which it was almost impossible to pass. Back of this lay heavy forests of willow and cottonwood, cut up with sloughs and lagunas. Occasionally, several hundred acres of this land would be destitute of the heavy growth, owing to the fires that had been kindled by the Indians, in former years, but it was boggy, covered with vines and weeds and filled with reptiles of all kinds.

Several times I tried to cut my way through these forests with an ax, that I might see what was beyond, and succeeded in getting one or two miles when I either came upon one of the impassible sloughs, or the tules and trees became so thick that all the breeze was cut off, the air became dark and suffocating, and the mosquitos so bad that I was compelled to retreat my steps. None of us ever succeeded in getting any distance inland until we reached the mouth of the Hardy, where the tide ran sixteen and one half feet on the 27th of June.

Just below this point begins a chain of islands that runs about one hundred miles into the Gulf. On high-tide they are submerged, but at other times are favorite fishing-places for the sea-fowl that gather there by thousands.

ENTERING THE GULF NEAR THE POINTED MOUNTAINS.

The river in its downward course, winds from side to side of a valley from fifteen to forty miles in width, bound on the west by the Cocopah Mountains and on the east by the Sonora sandhills. In the early part of June all this country is under water or only a few inches above it, and the seeds of the willow and cottonwood are left in every crevice and on the

THE TIDAL WAVE STRIKING THE "DART."

sand banks. In a few days the young plants spring up as thick as grass in a meadow, and in twelve months are young trees fifteen feet high, but on account of their growing so quickly are no larger than one's finger. When this forest is a year old it is as difficult to penetrate as a Mississippi cane brake, and after that time, nothing short of an axe and incredible labor will pierce it. Through the trees, vines and loathsome weeds wind and tangle, making it impossible to see farther than an arm's length; the bushes close behind you as you enter cutting off the sunlight, leaving all in semi-darkness, and reminding one of the jungles of South America.

The width of these jungles vary with the windings of the river. Sometimes they are only five to ten miles in width, at others thirty, and in only three places does the channel of the main stream reach the sandhills on the Sonora shore. Looking eastward from these points one sees only a waste of of sand, rolled by the winds into fantastically-shaped dunes, and extending away to the blue line of the distant Tenajas Mountains

The soil of the valley is alluvial disposited on an ever shifting bed of quicksand. Each rise of the river changes its channel in many places. Sometimes, sections of the bank will stand for years and will become covered with a large and dense forest. In a single night the bottom of the stream will shift, the whole of the current be turned against the bank. The tenacity of the roots not being sufficient to hold it, it begins falling in, and all through the night one may hear the crashing of the trees and the plunging of the falling earth, like the sound of distant cannon.

The soil is very productive, and when the great rise is past the Indians plant the little valley near the foothills in corn, melons, beans and squashes, and succeed in raising enough to live on without the assistance of irrigation. They do not inhabit the country lying immediately along the rivers, because of the changing channel, and a boat may pass from Yuma to the Gulf without seeing an Indian, unless some hunter peering from the brushy shore, concludes that he can successfully beg tobacco.

These bottom lands would be best in the world for sugar culture, if some way could be divised to kill the mosquitos, and a man could lie down at night with any assurance that when he arose in the morning the muddy bosom of the Colorado would not be rolling over his plantation.

The water is salt twelve out of the twenty-four hours at the mouth of the Hardy, and the river four miles in width at low tide. There is no timber except a few mesquites, and the only other vegetation is a wild rice that grows on all the lands covered by the high tides. The grain ripens in spring, and the spring tides catch chaff and all, and piling it up in immense drifts, leave it for the Indians to thresh and save for the summer sustenance We succeeded in getting some of the meal made from it, and found it very palatable and much like the domesticated rice. There is no reason apparent why the entire stretch of tide lands at the mouth of the river, thousands of acres in extent, may not one day, become one of the great rice-producing sections of the American continent. There the river is widening into the Gulf and the channels are more reliable, but elsewhere on the stream, below the abandoned colony of Lerdo, little may ever be expected of agricultural projects. The shores of the Gulf are equally as barren. For fifty miles below the mouth of the river a mud flat extends several miles to the mountains on either side, and as it contains fully fifty per cent salt, it is worthless for growing anything. Below that, a sand waste stretches away far beyond a day's walk in any direction.

We moved our camp several miles down the river and attempted to ascend a slough that ran some distance

CHIEF OF THE YUMA INDIANS.

into the desert, but the tide went out leaving us high and dry on the sand, and here we had the opportunity of seeing one of the bores that the Indians had been telling us of. It was the 30th of June, the day following the fall of the moon, and we took advantage of the six hours we would have to wait by washing out the boat, and drying such of our goods as had been wet by the spray and the leaking of the water-vessels.

With the outgoing tide we were left fully half a mile from the river, and about eleven o'clock, when we were expecting the tide to assist us in getting up the slough, the Gulf below us was as calm and placid as a mountain lake. The sun shone with an almost unbearable heat, and the fact that during all the morning there had not been enough wind to stir the spiral column of smoke that acended from our fire gave us assurance that we had nothing to fear from the incoming tide which we suspected might be higher at that time than any other during the month. We even began to fear that it might be a month before we would be able to get the *Dart* back into the river, but were soon relieved of any doubt in that respect.

A faint breeze sprang up, and we began to hear a noise, not like the beating of breakers, but more like a distant tornado. It finally became like the roaring of an enormous waterfall, but we were still unable to see anything unusual over the Gulf to the south. The thousands of pelicans, gulls, curlews and other sea-birds, fishing on the muddy islands, kept up their continuous screaming, and paid no attention to the sound that so disturbed us. In a little while, though great flocks of them came flying toward us from below, and swinging myself in the hallards my companions pulled me to the masthead and I was able to see the bore coming about five miles distant. It looked like a huge wall of water and foam about twenty miles in length and fifteen feet in height. As the bay at low tide was only about four miles in width, it came rolling in over the dry land on either side almost as far as I could see with the glasses, while behind it the rollers were fully twenty feet high.

There we were high and dry, but not high enough to save us, and with no way to get off till it rolled over us. There was nothing else to do but place our anchor as well as possible, pack everything snugly in the boat, and retreat to a pile of driftwood half a mile away where there was some chance of our holding our own against the waves. We regretted very much to leave the boat and supplies, but we preferred to risk the 250 mile-walk, through desert and Indians, back to civilization, to the almost certain chance of being drowned in a deluge.

About the time we climbed upon the drift the bore struck the boat and though our distance from the low tide of the bay made the water only about four feet deep, it struck it with such force that it swung around, cutting the foam like a knife with the eighty-foot chain, and began dragging the anchor directly toward us. Though the boat filled half full of water she righted, and with swimming and wading we succeeded in reaching her, and drifted into the slough that we had been trying to reach.

After this, we took care to take refuge behind some island just before the coming of the tide, though we saw

no more bores like this during the month. That tide was thirty-eight feet in height, and by measuring on the drift we found that there had been others four feet higher, making the tides at the mouth of the Colorado, without doubt, the third highest in the world.

The Indians who frequent the vicinity say that the bores usually come three times each month, the day of, the day before, and the day after the full of the moon. In March and September they are the most severe, and running to a height of twenty to thirty feet it is impossible for any ship to live in them. I have no personal knowledge that they ever reach this great height, but get my information from the Indians, who are very much inclined to exaggerate, and it may be that fifteen or twenty feet is the greatest height they ever attain.

The phenomenon of the bore in this locality, is caused by the peculiar way in which the head of the Gulf narrows into the river; the force of the current meeting the tide; the prevailing southeast winds, and a portion of an ocean current that comes into the Gulf around Cape San Lucas.

They are without doubt as destructive as those in the Yang-tsi-Kiang and any time during the seventy-two hours about the full of the moon, a small boat, or large one either, is subject to destruction anywhere between the mouth of the Hardy and Port Isabel, about forty-five miles. Below and above these points the rise of the tide is sudden, but not so much so as to endanger shippiug of any kind.

The first of the chain that extends down the Gulf is Pelican Island. It, like Montague and Gorer islands, was begun, and is still being built up by the silt and drift brought down by the river, and thrown up by the tides, until they look like long banks of mud, ten or twelve feet above the surface of the water, and covered with driftwood and wild rice. Montague Island is the largest, about thirty-five miles long by five or six in width, and a delta is gradually forming with a strong current on either side. Now, the principal channel is near the Lower California shore, though on the other side there is an average depth of ten fathoms at low tide.

Southwest of the islands lie the Pointed Mountains, about fifteen miles

ON THE LOWER COLORADO.

THE POINTED MOUNTAINS FROM THE RIVER.

off shore. When we determined to visit them, the two Cocopah Indians we had with us refused to go and attempted to dissuade us, by saying that the spirits of their dead resided there, that none of them ever visited the country and our exploration would surely bring bad luck to the expedition. We were believers, however, in the saying "That the good Indians are the spirit ones," and the next high tide we pulled the *Dart* so far on shore that it would be impossible for our uncertain companions to launch it and return to their tribe during our absence, and at two o'clock in the morning left them in charge, and began the journey across the desert.

The narrow strip on which we were camped was perfectly dry and covered with quite a growth of mesquites and palo verdes. It looked to us as if this gradually gave way to the sands of the desert, which extended to where the mountains rose abruptly out of the plain. We had scarcely gone three miles, however, till we were tramping over a crust of salt that broke with every step and let us mire from three to five inches in a slimy mud. By the starlight we could not tell how far this continued, and thinking it only a slough through which the water had run in March, we kept going, shaping our course for a cañon that came down out of the mountains, and in which we hoped to find water.

At daylight the mud was unchanged and the mountains looked as far away as ever. Before and behind us were the most beautiful mirages I ever saw. Lower California is undoubtedly the land of the mirage. We were surrounded by beautiful lakes, out of which grew stately trees, while beyond lay the shores dotted with buildings grand in conception and beautiful in structure. A sea on which sailed brigs and sloops, and extending as far as the eye could reach, cut us off from the camp, but while everything looked weird and strange, the mountains for which we were bound loomed up beyond all the glamour, and we tramped on. The sun began to shine with an intense heat. The heavy loads of water and provisions, and the muddy tramping wearied us beyond measure. The reflection of the light from the shining salt pained our eyes, and the

perspiration almost blinded us. When we sat down to rest the heat became unbearable, and it is perhaps well that it was so, for if we had found a shade our bodies might have been mummifying to-day in the salt and brackish air.

When we reached the mountains at ten o'clock we had only one gallon of water left, and were wearied beyond description. We succeeded in finding shade beneath a cliff where we rested a little, and leaving everything except our pistols, went in search of a tank or spring. We wound through the cañons and climbed over the peaks, and reached the second range, but found no water. The country had been deluged by cloudbursts, but the liquid had all been absorbed by the salty sand or sucked up by the blazing sun.

When we came into the next range, flocks of Big Horn fled at our approach and the antelope stood near by as if wondering what we were, but we were hunting water and not game, so we passed them by.

We followed a dark cañon several miles, when it opened out into a valley of several thousand acres in extent, and in its mouth, only a few yards distant, stood the ruins of a church, surrounded by the ruins of other buildings and an immense stone corral.

It dawned upon us that we had accidentally found the ruins of the Mission of Santa Isabel, though we had been led to believe that it was several hundred miles down the coast. Here, of course we would find water. But, no, earthquakes had tumbled the tops of the mountains into the valley. Their granite sides had been rent by subterranean force, and the brook that had once run down the cañon toward the sea, had been dry so long that the pomegranates and dates along its course were dead and almost decayed.

Notwithstanding the pain we suffered from thrist we spent an hour in examining the ruin, the most interesting of any belonging to the early civilization. It had been constructed of stone and brick in the Moorish style peculiar to all the early edifices of the Jesuits.

Time and the winds of the desert have had such effect upon it that the near walls have fallen in upon the altar, the dome has fallen, and the bell tower is in a very delapidated condition. Out of the débris we succeeded in pulling two of the bells, one of which we carried out with us. On them were inscribed in Latin the name of the town and the date in which they were made, but the salt atmosphere had so rusted them that it was impossible to fully decipher the inscriptions.

Thirst compelled us to depart and we retraced our steps to where we left our canteens, lay in the shade until the sun went down, and wearily returned through the mud to the river. It was by far the most trying excursion we had on land and we were unable to walk for two days owing to our scalded and blistered feet.

Launching the boat again we crossed to the other shore and attempted to beat against the wind towards Guaymas. We made perhaps sixty miles, when it blew half a gale and we ran toward Lower California again, intending if possible to follow the Peninsula to a point opposite, and cross over. During the night the storm was terrible. We lost the sail overboard, part of our provisions, and came near going to pieces on San Luis Island.

We could not take the risk of beaching the boat in such a storm, so tried with all our might to keep off shore, barely succeeding through fourteen hours of a storm.

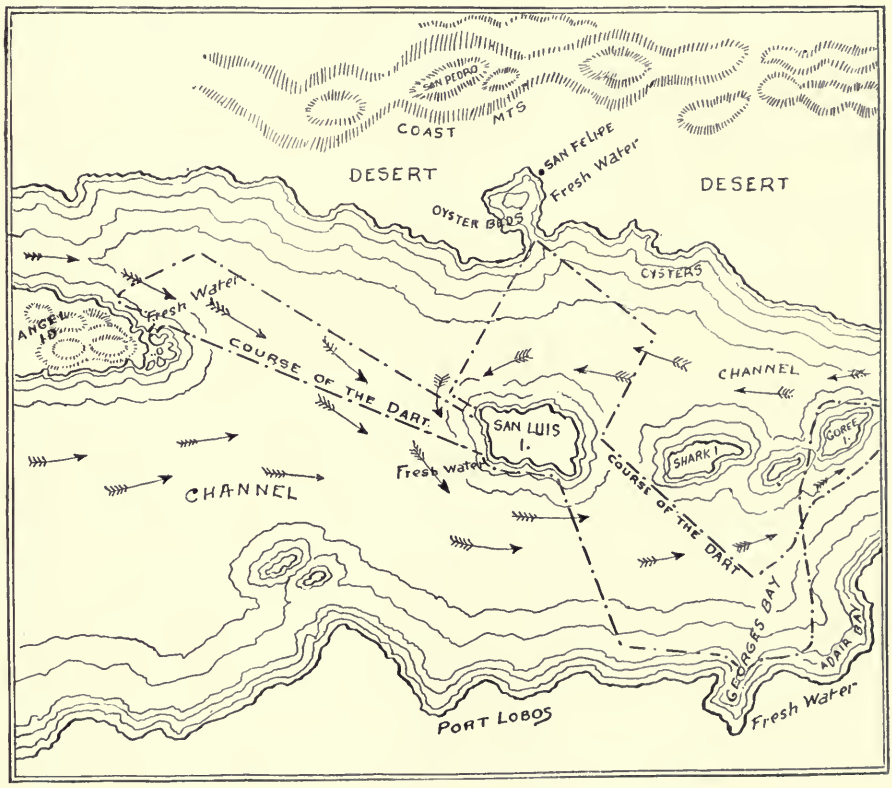
On the north end of Angel Island we camped four days, and found an excellent little harbor, four springs of fresh water, and plenty of sea-fowl. Altogether, this was the most pleasant camp we made during the trip. Fearing to attempt the crossing of the Gulf we rerigged our boat fore and aft and returned to the mouth of the river, where we spent several days fishing and hunting. Such game as antelope, mountain-sheep, ducks, geese,

curlew, snipe and water-fowl abound in great numbers. Sea bass, mullet, Spanish mackerel, smelts, clams and oysters are found at almost any point on the Gulf shore.

After spending six weeks trying to reach Guaymas we reached latitude twenty-five degrees eight minutes north, and gave up the trip, spending the rest of the two months in exploring the head of the Gulf and the mouth of the river, and though we failed to accomplish our original purpose we were amply repaid in knowledge, for the narrow escapes and hardships to which we were subjected.

The Governor of Arizona, in his present report to the Department of the Interior has recommended that Congress make an appropriation for jettying and dredging the Colorado up to Yuma, making that place a deep-water harbor. The language is not too expressive when I say that if the United States Government and all its possessions were sold at auction, they would not bring enough to put the Colorado River in such a condition that deep-water vessels could ascend it, because it is simply an engineering impossibility.

The bottom is quicksand beneath which no bedrock has ever been found.



To-day the channel may be on one side of the valley and next week it may be five miles away toward the other, cuttting out forests and undermining banks of sand sixty feet in height.

The country is worthless except it be for raising sugar-cane and rice, and taking it all in all, its mud, its heat, its insects, and its general reliability, it is fit for the habitation of no people except those who own it—the Cocopah Indians.

OLD JERRY:

BY CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

IN the dim twilight, an old man toiled up the hillside. The burden of his seventy years and the bundle of unwieldly boards on his shoulders compelled him to pick his way and to rest often. There was a pause at the top of the first hill, another at Pinneo's orchard; and twice, on the long level stretch beyond, Jerry put down his load and breathed heavily. At the top of the next hill, the last on the home climb, he sat down for a long rest. He did not look once on the wondrous scene below him, though one would think that even a miser might forget his money bags long enough to glance back at the landscape miles away, where towers and crosses and pillars of fire are piled against the grey sky. It is a road from which a poet, looking down, would see "three constellations fallen to the earth." But for Jerry, huddled down against his bundle, there were no illusions; for him there were no starry clusters, no banks of fire. He knew they were onlv electric lamps shining out from the cities around the Bay. Moreover, the knowledge that he was nearly home was more to him than any landscape. As he rested, he thought of the first load he had carried up this road; he thought of the many times he had trudged over other roads —thought of that first year in California when he could walk all the way from Pete's grocery (there was no grocery then) without stopping once.

His mind drifted farther and farther back, touching here and there, until it reached his boyhood. He saw the school-house where he had gone when there wasn't much doing on the farm. Even the features of the teacher grew distinct—that teacher who always set Dick Dawson, Joe Pillinger, and himself to splitting wood and drawing water when the committee men came. The boys used to drag the wood along until it was in line with the windows, so the visitors could see their powerful strokes with the ax. What big armfuls they carried in and with what pretended carelessness they strode past the committee men; though they could not keep from grinning when Judge Lawton, "the big man of the district," said, "Miss Turner, these boys are a credit to you."

But their pride was crushed suddenly when Lawton's Mary, the shrewdest girl in the neighborhood, said to them, "Well, you boys are easy taken in. Why, the teacher knows you are the three dunces of the school, and set you to work because she don't dare let you read before company."

Jerry brooded over this blow to his self-respect, and wished he could quit school. "I never did like that old McGuffey's Reader, anyhow," he said; "an' more 'an that I want to git to earnin' money an' buy land an' ride to town in a spring-wagon like Mr. Smith." It seemed to the boy that his chance in life had come when Farmer Smith said to him one morning, "Jerry, I have sent John away, and you must take his place: a boy thirteen years old has got no business fooling away his time in school."

Jerry went to work gladly, and worked early and late for four years, but during all this time Mr. Smith said nothing about pay. Jerry was anxious to find out whether he was earning any money, so one day he asked, "Mr. Smith, don't you think I'm worth wages?" Smith was thunderstruck. "What do you think you've been a-getting? Didn't I take you when nobody else would and bring you up and educate you? And now you want to pass over all that, and take pay for the little you've

"IN THE DIM TWILIGHT AN OLD MAN TOILED UP THE HILLSIDE."

done lately. Well! there's gratitude for you,—Ma Smith, come out here and listen to this fellow: he's in a regular tantrum. Would you believe it? He wants pay for pitching a little hay and digging a few potatoes!"

Jerry did not wait for Mrs. Smith's comments, but went back to the field. That night he lounged over to Judge Lawton's, and, leaning against the back fence, told Mary what he had done; for her smile was always sympathetic and her words comforting.

Four years passed swiftly. The Lawton's moved to Oregon, taking Mary with them, and Jerry went to work for himself. But he was not able to get steady employment, for most families did their own work, excepting in the busy season. "I'll get a job wherever I can for a few months," said Jerry: "by that time I'll have regu-

lar work." But the months went into years, and Jerry grew to depend upon the odd jobs in the neighborhood. He was busy most of the time, and in ten years had saved two hundred dollars. Then came a long sick spell in which his money all went and left him in debt besides. In the meantime, Bill Purdy, another homeless working-man, had come into the neighborhood, and from this time on, Jerry had to be content with a fraction of the odd jobs. Try as he would, he could not save more than a dollar or two at a time—nothing like enough to buy land and build a house.

All that life was ended now, and Jerry was in a new land; yet he liked to linger in the past, though others, knowing his life, could see nothing worth looking back upon. Even the girl he remembered was a queer, ugly one, six years older than himself. But she was the only girl who had ever listened to him; the only girl who had never laughed at him. To her, perhaps, he did not seem uncouth. His shoulders were no more stooped than her own, his walk was no more shambling. She liked Jerry and her dull, colorless face brightened at his coming. As for Jerry, the girl was so much to him that when he was hired to drive a team to California, his first thought was, "This means seein' Mary." The man became a boy again, and for the two months before he left Tennessee, he attended "meetin'" regularly and lent his cracked bass to the singing. There are those who yet remember how, Sunday after Sunday, his voice reverently quavered out—

> "Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown Him Lord of all."

What to the rest of the party was five toilsome months of travel was to Jerry nothing but delight. From his high seat behind the faithful oxen, he looked out across the hot, alkali plains and dreamed and builded.

From Sacramento, where the party disbanded, Jerry tramped toward San Francisco. Often he went hungry; many nights he slept in the corners of hay fields; at some doors the dog was set on him; once he was run off with a gun. Work was hard to get. At one town, while resting under a tree, he was "run in" as a vagrant. At another time, some boys threw rocks and called after him, "Rocky Mountain Pete! Rocky Mountain Pete!" But one of their number afterwards directed Jerry to a ranch where he found a few days' work. At last, footsore and weary, he trudged down through Niles Cañon, determined to be a tramp no longer. He now worked his way from farm to farm, until he reached the outskirts of Oakland. Here he stayed; sometimes working for his board, sometimes earning a little money.

In this way he saved five hundred dollars in a little more than twenty years. With this he bought two acres of land in Upper Fruitvale. Six hundred was the price, so he was a hundred dollars in debt, but the agent told him he could pay the rest in small sums, on long time. "That's a lot o' land for me to own," said Jerry; an' it's so near market, too."

Now he began to gather stuff for his house. No matter how far away his work might be he never went home empty-handed. Sometimes he worked for odd bits of lumber; sometimes he could get old boards and bricks for the asking. So every day, a little after sunset, he could be seen plodding along some road, carrying a bundle of wood, or bent forward under a heavy timber. He had no other way to build the house he had been building so long in his mind. . . .

The ringing of the nine o'clock bell in Oakland roused Jerry from his revery. He got up slowly, rubbing his sleeping limbs and muttering in self-reproach, "Poor little Stripey went to bed without his supper." He now trudged heavily up the hill, and at the top called softly, "Stripey! Stripey!" but there was no rustle of leaves near him, and even his tapping

on a bottle that he took from his pocket brought no response. At last Jerry gave up, and crept into his dugout. This was a hole in the hillside—a hole he had dug two years before to live in until he could build his house. With his knife he had cut a little shelf in the wall of the earth house to hold his lamp. He had made a lamp by taking the lid of a yeast-powder can, half-filling it with drippings from the frying-pan, and putting a flannel rag into it for a wick. This odd little lamp gave light enough for so small a room. Moreover, as Jerry said, "You take a tallow dip now, and there aint nothing can beat it for company—without it's a lizard."

To-night Jerry let the light burn, and lay there blinking at it for hours. He was worried about Stripey, and lonesome. "It's awful cold," he said, "the poor little fellow ought to had his supper. What's the good thinkin' of days that wasn't no help to me when I had 'em?"

Jerry was up early the next morning. He hurried out to the edge of the huge rock near the dugout. There lay the lizard listening and watching. His bright eyes saw Jerry at once, and the little thing came gliding swiftly to the edge of the rock.

"That's right, Stripey; come a-runnin', come a-runnin'! Aint I a great feller, gittin' home so late? But I've got as nice a lot o' flies here as ever you see. Jest sail into 'em."

The lizard darted into the wide-mouthed bottle in a manner that showed he was making no experiment. When the flies were all swallowed, Jerry put the lizard on his shoulder and went to get his own breakfast. His stove consisted of three rocks placed so as to leave a space in the middle for the fire. Owing to one rock being higher than the others, Jerry was sometimes obliged to steady the coffee-pot wlth his hand. He had thought of digging under the high rock to let it down to a level with the others. But his second thought was, "Like as not that rock saves me a lot o' money. I'm so forgitful I'd let the coffee all boil away, if I didn't hev to be by it."

After Jerry had rinsed his coffee-pot in the creek and set it on Stripey's rock to dry, he was ready to examine his boards. There were only enough for a small kitchen — so small that Jerry felt impelled to say, "There aint any sense in big rooms, anyhow, is there, Stripey? they jest keep a woman workin', don't they, little feller?"

Stripey crouched close against a board, his tail drawn tightly to his side, and his feet hidden under him. Jerry chuckled admiringly. "You've got the idee, Stripey. Now my dugout's awful short an' narrow, but I sleep like a top. You see, after I'm in, I keep 'my arms agin my sides an' my legs drawn up, about as you be this minute. But women folks is different: they want to spread theirselves. So, Pard, we'll jest hev to keep out o' Mary's way. The kitchen might look big to her, if there aint a lot o' people in it. We'll lie low, won't we, an' watch her flyin' round? You ought to see her, little feller: she's spry as you be."

Jerry had planned to put a flat roof on his kitchen, but when he examined the lumber he found there were long boards for the front, but that the back must be much lower. After a little thought he said:

"What a ninny I be! Left to myself I'd a-built the thing level, when everybody knows a slantin' roof is the best for sheddin' rain. Mary would a-laughed, wouldn't she, Stripey, if I'd a-give her a leaky kitchen to cook in?"

Stripey moved his head from side to side, in appreciation of the joke, and his eyes twinkled merrily. He knew Mary very well, for he was Jerry's only confidante, and had heard the story again and again.

It was a great day for Jerry, the day he began to build his little kitchen. There was a strange lightness in his heart. Once more the spirit of his youth came back, as it did that morn-

ing when, for the last time, he drove out of that little town in Tennessee.

Jerry had no tools except a dull saw, an ax, no sharper, a hammer and a shovel. He had not gone far with the work before he had to use the two wide boards that had always served as the door of his dugout; and so for several nights he slept with nothing to ward off the wind.

"'Taint that I mind the cold overmuch," he said to Stripey, but 'taint decent to sleep where folks kin look in on you. I tell you 'bout these things, little feller, cos I want you to know what 'decent' is. You know, Stripey, I aint undressed sence the boards went, an' I jest can't sleep with my clothes on. It stands to reason I can't."

The same day that Jerry made this complaint, neighbor Payne called and said, "Here's a piece of pork my wife sent you, Jerry. — No, just keep the sack."

Jerry was nearly speechless. It was the first bit of provision that had ever been given him. He put the pork in

"A HOLE IN THE HILLSIDE—A HOLE HE HAD DUG TWO YEARS BEFORE."

his dugout, saying, "Stripey, I'll have to rig up a spit, somehow: pork's no good without it's turned round an' round over hot coals."

Just then a happy thought struck him. The sack was a large gunny. Why not make it into a curtain for the dugout? He hastened to drive four wooden pins to hold the sack in place; then hunted round for rope but could find none.

"Well, I vow," said Jerry, "I packed home a piece of baling rope t'other day; now 'taint here. Where does a thing go to, anyhow?"

Suddenly he thought of the rope on his trousers. The week before he had ripped one trouser leg from hip to ankle, and was obliged to fold the cloth and wrap rope around it every morning, to keep it in place.

"I'll use this rope, Stripey. I lose a lot o' time, anyhow, tyin' it round my pant leg. Then like as not after I bring it all the way down, and tie a hard knot at my ankle, down it comes cos I forgit to tie a right knot at the top; to say nothin' o' fixin' it four or five times a day cos the cloth gits ridgy. I'll jest let the thing flap till Mary gits here."

When the curtain was hung, the two friends crawled into the hole, Jerry saying, "Aint it lucky I'm so stooped, Stripey? A straight man couldn't hardly git in here." After they were in and the curtain fastened down, Jerry decided.—"It's a big improvement: it lets in light and air, and keeps the cold out. The boards made it awful dark. Come, git on my hand, Stripey, an' take a look out. Can't you see through them holes fine? Why, I'd like to have gunny-sack doors all over my house, but I guess Mary wouldn't hear to it. She'll want boards like the neighbor women. Well, anyhow, I won't forgit that man in a hurry. Did you see him before you scud, Stripey? He's got a good face, haint he? Many a bunch o' grapes he'll git, I tell you. Many a watermelon he'll find on his doorstep."

After this incident Jerry moved with quicker feet, and the work went merrily on. In a few months he was living in the little kitchen, but he still cooked out doors. He explained to Stripey—"We must keep the room clean for Mary, little feller."

After a few days spent in examining the walls and corners of the kitchen, Stripey settled down; though for weeks his eyes were uneasy and his body alert. Any strange sight or sound would send him back to his rock.

Jerry worked part of the time, and spent the other days collecting materials for the rest of the house. In the evenings he talked to Stripey.

"Pard," he said one night, "I'm thinkin' a lot 'bout Mary these days. I wish she was here this minute. You'll like that girl, Stripey. She was own niece to Judge Lawton, but she was workin' for her keep the same as me. Her uncle made her call him Judge, an' call his wife Mrs. Lawton, except they had big company, an' then she had to call her Mrs. Judge."

Jerry laid the foundation for the main building as soon as he could. Then he put up a board at a time as he got it. The school boys often helped him. They liked to hear him talk; among them he was the authority on lizards. Even the little Dagos sent out to the ravines to gather watercresses would steal awas from their work to listen to Dugout Jerry.

"How did you get Stripey?" was usually the first question of a new boy, and Jerry was always ready to answer. "Boys," he would say, "I'll tell you 'bout that little feller, I never tried to git him. I jest ketched flies an' kep' still agin the rock till he got to know me. 'Twant no time till he eat out o' my hand. If I'd a tuk him on the suddin' he'd been scart. That stands to reason.—Is there more like him? No, there aint another one on these here hills like Stripey. The lizards round here is oner'y and darkish. I guess Stripey come from some other country. They say there's a place where lizards is all colors, an'

some's got wings. And there's another funny thing: they say lizards will git blue on a blue cloth and red on a red cloth; an' that if they see a snake a-comin' they can switch off a tail or leg for Mr. Snake an' git away; for they can grow tails and legs anytime they want 'em. But I haint never see Stripey up to them doin's; he's got sense like a human. Did you ever take notice when I'm talkin' to him how he listens? He's a big comfort to me: he listens with his whole body."

One Saturday Phil Hunter asked, "Where did you use to live, Jerry? My mother says you talk awful funny."

"Well," said Jerry, "the first family I lived with was Yankees, an' I picked up some of their lingo. After that I lived with mixed folks—(Sam, move your hand back a little or I might hit it when I'm a-aimin' at the nail. If you take a hold o' one end o' the saw an' Jim the t'other, I can set it better than if you keep you hand in the middle.) But I calculate I'm most Yankee, cos I've got such a head for business. Gitting this land and house shows it. Now take them fellers over in Frisco goin' round with a loaf o' bread stuck on a pole an' a singin', "We want work!" They wanted me to go in with 'em, but I said, "Boys, just take five hundred dollars an' go out somewhere an' git land. You'll hev work enough a-buildin' your house an' makin' a garden.' There wouldn't be all this fussin', if them fellers would do like me."

"How did you get the money, Jerry?"

"Well, I kin tell that, too. You see I had four days' work in the week most of the time; and I got a dollar a day and my board. My room was five dollars a month, an' my washin' a dollar, and my meals stood me thirty cents the days I was loafin'—(you boys be countin' it up) an' a couple of bits for tabacca, an' a dollar or so for clothes. How much would it leave? Three dollars a month? Well, you see, I kep' puttin' that away, an' in twenty years I hed five hundred dollars, an' here I be. Of course it wouldn't hev tuk me so long, but no man can work out in all sorts o' weather an' hev no sick days."

All were working while Jerry talked. One was nailing two short boards together, another was sawing off a knotty end, and the others sorting nails. These young carpenters could saw boards and drive nails as well as Jerry could. They were a help in other ways, too. When they heard of a chance for Jerry to get things for little or nothing, they were quick to tell him. One day, four or five of them came running to him and said all together, "There's a man tearing down a lot of wire fencing, and anyone can have it for hauling it away!"

"Where is it?"

"Over to Gordon's, that big white house in the cañon beyond Joaquin Miller's. Hurry up, Jerry, i'ts awful good fencing. We've got to go to school, or we'd help you."

Jerry went after the fencing and started home with two big bundles of it. He cut his hands on the wire so many times and fell so often, that, within a mile of home, he was obliged to throw one bundle down.

The next morning it was gone. Jerry talked it over with Stripey.

"I'm sorry I give out, Stripey, but don't you worry, little feller; we can git along without fencin' much. All I want is to keep the cow, when I git her, off the trees an' vegetables, when they're planted. An' what I managed to lug home ought to do that little bit."

One day, as Jerry was on his way home, he saw drunken Tom Sanders, wheeling a barrow of bricks for Col. Plunkett's new house, and every little while throwing off one to lighten the load. Jerry took off his coat and, tying it so as to form a sack, followed the wheelbarrow, collecting the bricks as they fell. This was something towards a fireplace, and was a great relief to Jerry; for, as he told Stripey,

"Mary, if she does git mad an' mock the Judge a-clearin' his throat before he speaks, she's got used to their airs, an' she'll want a settin' room like the Lawtons', with a fire-place in it. I wish you could hear her once—she's got such a good laugh. Them three old rocks o' ourn we cook on would jest make her yell. I wonder what she's doin'. I expect things is goin' on 'bout the same—the Judge a-visitin' schools, an' old Mrs. Lawton a-havin' her Mrs. Judge days."

About a month after, as Jerry was passing Mrs. Mahoney's, he saw a carved oaken door—a new one—lying in the yard. Mrs Mahoney told him they were going to burn the door, because, after it was hung, "it fell with no hand touchin' it"—(sure sign that the devil was in it). Jerry asked for the door, and as he went tugging it away, Mrs. Mahoney called after him, "Burn it, Jerry, for the devil's in it."

That night he was too tired to talk, but the next morning he let Stripey glide over the polished surface of the door, and said to him:

"Aint it smooth, Stripey? An' I got that jest through an old woman's notion. The devil aint in that door any more than I be, Stripey."

Once a painter gave him half a can of green paint for only two hours' work. That night he confessed to Stripey: "I didn't say nothin' 'bout it, Pard, but I wanted to paint the front o' the house burnin' bad. You see, I didn't want to shame that door."

The next morning, on his way to work, Jerry saw a humming-bird on the nest in among the high delicate leaves of a eucalyptus. That evening he went home early with a pretty story for Stripey:

"Little feller, you don't like birds, but this was a hummer an' wouldn't hurt you. She wasn't on her nest first, but settin' on a bush by it; an' when she see me she acted like she didn't live there an' went off to a willer, but she kep' her eye on me, an' when I got close she went on to anuther, still a-watchin'. Then I went back to where I see the nest, an' she come an' hung in the air over me, an' then I put my hand on the tree. An' then she give up tryin' to fool me an' went into the nest. She didn't make no noise, but jest watched me, an' I see fight in her eye; an' I bet if I'd a tried to git them eggs, she'd a-went for me. But for all her being so gritty, she was 'fraid in spite o' herself. I see her whole little body kind o' shake, an' I let her be."

Five more years had gone by and another year was growing old. Already had the leaves begun to redden; soon the orchards would be one mass of burnished copper. Then must follow the desolation of falling leaves and the heavy storms of winter.

Jerry was so old and slow now that no one cared to employ him when a younger man could be found. He had to be content with occasional half days. He still carried bundles up the hill, but often he was obliged to store half his load at some house on the way, and go back after it the next day. One afternoon, a few panes of glass and two broken-down steps from the old schoolhouse seemed to him a heavy burden—so heavy that he told Stripey:

"The road is gittin' so long I jest tried a-comin' 'cross lots through Reno's orchard to-day, an' I believe I'll do it all the time. It's lots shorter. An' Stripey, I wish the house was done: it's gittin' late. At Wheeler's I see a big bunch o' red leaves way up in a pear tree, an' yesterday wild geese was a-flyin'; an' haint you heard the frogs a-singin' every night this week? I tell you, little feller, the rain's 'most on us, an' we haint ready for it. There's another thing, Pard, I haint never told you. You know, we owe on this land. Well, the feller we owe has kep' the taxes a-goin', an' we haint had no trouble; but all on a-suddin he took to comin' every day an' askin' for money; an' a few months ago the sheriff came a-ridin up here an' read a big paper to me, an' as nigh as I kin

make out, he's ben a-sellin' our land to a feller; an' they say if we don't give that feller some money soon they'll hev to let 'im take the land for good. We knows he can't do that, Pard, cos our house is on it; but the sheriff feller an' the t'other one a-comin' here a-fussin' haint no comfort to me. I'll write a letter to Mary to-morrow, an' tell her to come. The house has got boards on three sides, an' she kin put curtains on t'other side. I wanted to wait till it was all built, but it's best to send for her now, so I kin give that feller his money. Mary has it, cos that's what we reckoned on. She was goin' to save all she could and come when I got a house. She'll bring money enough to fix the whole business, an' buy chairs an' dishes an' things. That's right, Stripey, scamper up the wall. I know you're glad as I be she's comin'!"

The next day, after hours of toil, Jerry managed to get the letter written:

dear mary the house is dun all but a side an a roof an ile fix a roof fore you kin git here me and stripey wants you to kum quick. the little feller is smart an he likes you. i live out to frutevale you jest go to pete nelson an he kin sho you the hous. kum as soon as old lawtons kin git anuther girl. ime jerry smith bring evry mite o munny with you. the fellers after it

When he had finished reading this composition to Stripey, he said, "Pard, I kind o' hate to tell folks 'bout Mary, but the outside o' this has got to hev her name in big letters, an' I don't know how to make 'em. I guess Mr. Burton would be the best to git to write it, cos he's such a still man. He's like you, Stripey: he just listens an' takes it all in, an' his eyes go like yours, but he don't say nothin'."

When the envelope, properly addressed, was handed to Jerry, he went home and showed it to Stripey.

"Little feller, haint that enough to make any girl come in a hurry? Jest look at that name, will you? The first letter has got a tail like yours, an' then comes little ones awhile, an' then another long-tailed feller. Haint it fine?"

It was the first letter Jerry had ever written. He read and re-read it before putting it into the envelope; and, when it was sealed, he held it lovingly in his hand, turning it over and over and even tracing each letter in the name with his finger—

Miss Mary Lawton,
Ashland,
Oregon.

He had not written before, because there had been nothing to tell; but now he had almost a home to offer.

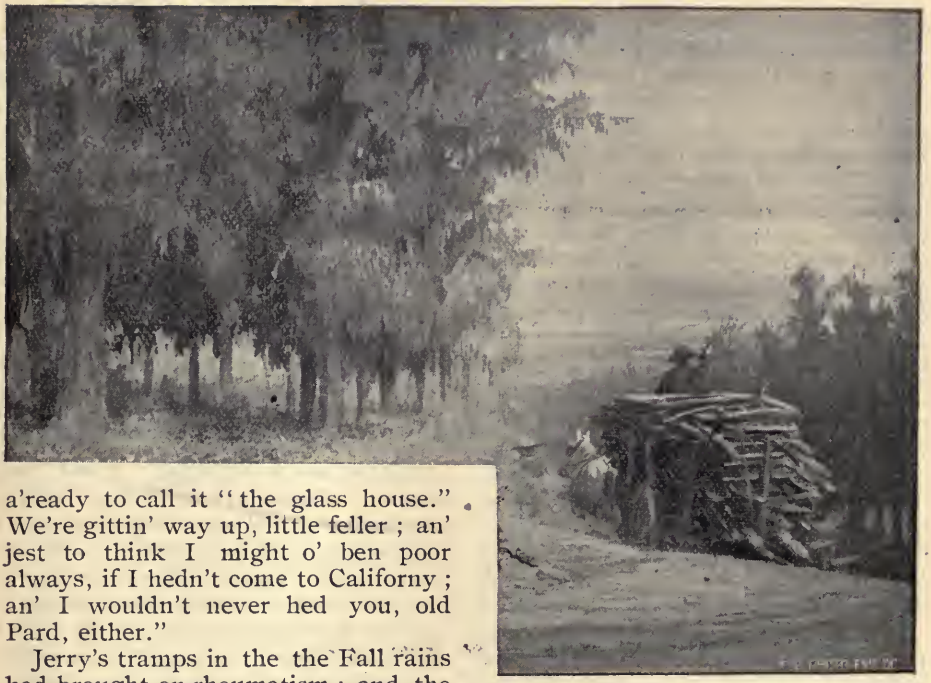
When he returned from mailing the letter, Jerry had good news for Stripey:

"Pard, we're all right! I met the man who's been havin' a fit 'bout what we owe, an' I jest up an' tole him that some o' my folks was comin' in 'bout two months, with plenty o' money. He said that would be time enough, and he was mighty nice to me after that, askin' how I was gittin' on with my buildin', an' a lot o' that lingo. Another time, I guess, he won't be so quick to bother folks 'fore he knows 'em."

Jerry worked harder than ever now, and, with infinite labor, collected lumber for the roof. It seemed to him he would never get enough for the open side. But help came in an unexpected way. Mr. Buell put new glass in his conservatory, and Jerry helped him. For pay, Mr. Buell gave him the old glass.

In the twilights, for weeks after, Jerry could be seen stumbling up the hill, carrying the windows. Sometimes he nearly fell; sometimes he slipped into a gully; often he was obliged to sit and rest on the wet hillside. At last he got all the windows home and finished his house. When it was done, Jerry stood off to take a good look at it, and held Stripey up that he might see, too.

"Aint it grand, Pard? Won't Mary be mighty tickled? She'll come expectin' to see the house open to the weather, an' here'll be a whole glass side a-starin' at her. Folks hev begun



"THEN THE WAGON RUMBLED DOWN THE HILL."

a'ready to call it "the glass house." We're gittin' way up, little feller ; an' jest to think I might o' ben poor always, if I hedn't come to California ; an' I wouldn't never hed you, old Pard, either."

Jerry's tramps in the the Fall rains had brought on rheumatism ; and, the day after the house was done, he was so lame that he did not go down town, but, for the first time, built a fire in his fireplace and tried to get warm.

"Stripey," he said, "its's 'most time Mary was a-comin'. She'll know what to give me for rheumatiz. Old Mrs. Lawton used to hev a tea that was good for it. I'm so sorry I'm so old. A man close onto eighty don't seem much to a smart girl like Mary. It's a good thing you're so spry, little feller. I'll set round 'most o' the time and watch you two."

Jerry grew worse, and on Saturday, when the boys came, they found him nearly helpless. They ran to tell a neighbor ; he came and persuaded Jerry that the County Hospital would be the best place for him. The arrangements were soon made. Before going, Jerry had a talk with Stripey.

"Little feller," he said, "I'll be back in a week or two. You stay right here, an' don't be scart at nothin'. I'll leave the back door open an' you kin go in an' out free as kin be. The boys has promised to let me know how you're gittin' along.—No, little feller, git off my shoulder : you can't go with me."

On the way, Jerry had the neighbor stop at Nelson's, to say that any one inquiring for Mr. Jerry Smith should be sent to the hospital.

Jerry had to stay at the hospital a long time. No word ever came from Mary. The only thing relieving the monotony was an occasional visit from the boys. Stripey was well, they said, but would let no one catch him.

The day before Christmas, Jerry was discharged from the hospital. He was impatient to get home but was obliged to walk slowly. As he turned into the home road at Fruitvale, the voices of children, singing, came floating down from Prospect Hill. Jerry knew they were rehearsing for Christmas, and he thought—"I'd like to see the boys, but they haint told me nothin' 'bout Stripey for a long time, an' I must see that little feller first."

When Jerry came in sight of his house, he saw strange men in and

around it. They were tearing down his home. A man in a buggy was giving orders—"Cart off the old rookery for kindling: all I want is the land."

Jerry hurried up the hill. "Wait, men," he cried, "this house is every bit mine. Don't touch that door: Mrs. Mahoney giv it to me, an' it's got the devil in it. The boys is singin' for Christmas now, but you jest wait till they git here; they'll tell you I come honest by them boards.—You aint agoin' to tear down that glass? Somebody must-a told you how I worked to git it here. Why, they call this "the glass house" all over these hills, an' there haint nothin' kin beat it."

The men gave answers, not unkind ones, but went on with their work. Jerry hobbled about in their way; he didn't seem able to get out of their way. Nor did he hear the little rustling in the leaves at his feet. Suddenly stepping back, his foot crushed something soft. He stooped down and picked up Stripey—dead. The old man clutched at the broken wall as he made his way to the rock by the dugout. He did not talk any more, but sat silent, touching the head of his dead comrade, and picking bits of sand and leaves from the little body.

When the workmen had put the last board upon the wagon, they climbed to the top of the load. Two or three turned to look curiously at the old man, so crookbacked and grey and ragged. One of their number spoke to Jerry, but he neither looked nor answered. Then the wagon rumbled down the hill. Those wheels were alive; sometimes they struck against stones—sometimes fell blindly into ruts, lurching out again, to roll noisily on into the fast-falling darkness. But all this din of wheels and all that clamor of voices down in the valley did not rouse Jerry, who sat so still with Stripey.

THE DREAMER.

BY MARY STEWART DAGGETT.

Once when the world smiled all for me,
From snowy peaks to summer sea;
The waves flung thoughts of gold in glee.
Fearless I robbed the dazzling spray,
Then in my young heart hid away
One priceless thought until a day—
When I could tell with courage bold
A story none had ever told!
Born of my thought of purest gold.
So through the years my love and I
Dreamed and forgot that all things die—
Slept while the sea sang lullaby.
But never came the courage bold
Till my sweet thought was dull and cold,
Then moaning sea our story told.

THE BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

BY GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

THE words of Solomon in regard to the making of many books and of the weariness of the flesh that falls upon him who studies them were never more true than in this year of little grace and teeming printing presses. The annual burden of reading tons of trash, issued under the imprint of reputable publishers, is borne by the professional critics, who receive small gratitude from the readers whose feet they save from many pitfalls, while the great body of authors look upon them as their natural enemies. In the good old days an author was a man of consequence. He could not get his book published unless it had special merit. The only device of the mediocre writer who had the means to gratify his passion for seeing himself in print was to issue a hundred presentation copies. In this day of cheap printing and book-making such a fellow, who is afflicted with the itch for scribbling, pays a visit to a publisher and at the small cost of $250 foists upon the unwary public 1,000 copies of his book. He may sell only a few score copies, but he has the malicious satisfaction of knowing that he has inflicted his book upon the critic of every large newspaper in the country. No one, unless he be a book reviewer or in the book trade, can have any idea of the mass of trash that is turned out from the printing presses of the large cities every month. Take the list of new publications printed in any of the book trade journals, or in the literary weekly papers, and you will find more than half composed of novels and

short stories that will be forgotten before the year is ended. Fully a quarter will be books which are merely new editions or digests of old works, many of them not worth the paper on which they are printed. The really valuable books of a year may be held on a small shelf. They will not average more than one for each week, though you may have the whole world to select from. If this statement seems extreme or the result of the mental bile of one who is weary unto death of books that are not books take the file of any monthly publication like the Book Buyer and go through it carefully. You will be amazed to find how the perspective of a few months affects the books that appeared important or noteworthy at the time they were issued. Most of the novels will seem what they are—worthless creations intended merely to amuse an idle hour. As to the others, if you can save four or five books of real value out of each month's quota, you will do well. As for the great books which will be classics in the next century and for all time, if one of these appears in a year, that year deserves to be written in red letters.

The history of English literature is a history of cycles of great intellectual activity, each marked by several writers of dominating genius. Most of these men were poets, for poetry is the supreme expression of national thought and aspiration. You can run over these cycles, each marked by its greater writer, in a moment—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson; that is the whole thing in a nutshell. So at Tennyson's death the torch of sacred fire passed from lifted hand to hand along the generations, found none worthy to receive it. We seem at this end of the Victorian age to have reached the outer edge of the cycle of great literary achievement. For fifty years Tennyson represented the majesty of English literature. His work in his last years was not his best, but he produced so great a body of poetry of the first class that this sufficed to lend luster to his age. Like Wordsworth, he will be appreciated more fully as the years go by. No literary fashion can affect the splendor of "Maud" or "The Idyls of the Kings," while single poems like "Locksley Hall" or the great "Ode on the Death of Wellington" will remain as a permanent stimulus to high endeavor. The value of poetry lies mainly in its incitement to the intellectual life, in its capacity to lift one above the low level of commonplace existence. Judged by this standard, Tennyson was one of the great poets of all time. The pity of it is that he has left no worthy successor. Swinburne is the nearest heir in genius, but his mind is warped and the erotic taint that mars his best works will forever bar him from the foremost place. As a master of poetic art he has never had an English rival, save Byron, but one may be Napoleonic in rhyme and yet may be lacking in the vital qualities of a great poet. Of the lesser herd that is clamoring for the singing robes of the English laureate, William Watson is easily the first. His sonnets on the Invasion of Egypt furnish proof that he can write vigorous verse, but it is a far cry from Tennyson to Watson. Of the others mentioned Lewis Morris is the most worthy. Morris' "Epic of Hades" reveals genuine imaginative ability and in many respects it is equal to Tennyson's "Palace of Art." Work that is admirable of its kind has also been done by William Morris. He has given us new insight into the heroes of the Nibelungen and he has made living figures of the warriors and maidens of the Angles and Saxons who conquered Britain. He posseses narrative genius of the highest order and in imagination he seems to have the capacity for feeling something of the fury of combat, that Berserker rage, which swept over these barbarians when the trumpets sounded for battles. Morris' poetry, however, appeals only to a small body of culti-

vated readers who can appreciate its literary finish and its word pictures of nature.

No great poem has been issued this year in England or America, the nearest approach to a work of the first class being Sir Edwin Arnold's "Adzuma," a legend of the heroic age of Japan rendered in flowing blank verse. It contains many fine lines but as a whole it is disappointing. Sir Edwin, it is pretty certain, will be remembered in the next century as the author of "The Light of Asia," not a great poem, but an admirable presentation of the doctrines of Buddism.

In this country no young poets have come to the front to fill the places made vacant by Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier. We have many clever writers of verse, but no poet who voices a great national sentiment as Whittier used to express it. The magazines probably receive the best minor poetry but its quality is very thin. Perhaps the man who has done the best work in the last ten years is Richard Watson Gilder. He has the genuine poetic spirit and many of his love-songs, as well as several of his odes, have already become classic.

In philosophy Herbert Spencer towers above all other writers and this year has been marked by the issue of a long-delayed work, "Positive Beneficience and Negative Beneficence." In it Mr. Spencer develops many peculiar and ingenious social theories. Nearly every chapter reveals this great writer's command of minute detail as well as his power of grouping salient facts and deducing from them novel theories of conduct and life. The conclusion of this volumne is marked by passages of great eloquence in which Mr. Spencer discusses the prospect of raising the standard of civilization and securing that refined altruism which is his ideal. What the verdict of the next century will be on Herbert Spencer is very uncertain. There is little question that he has lost ground during the last five years. When the novelty is worn away from his doctrines it is seen that he offers to the world in exchange for its old religious beliefs only the hope of bettering one's neighbors by true altruism, like that voiced in George Eliot's "O, may I Join the Choir Invisible"—a creed that has little of life in it to recommend it to those in trouble or sorrow.

To the literature of mysticism has been added this year a noteworthy volume, "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta," by Edward Carpenter. The author made a special study of the Indian mystics who claim to secure by isolation, fasting and absorbing thought that freedom from the physcal powers which enables them to perform tasks that are beyond the reach of the ablest European. Mr. Carpenter satisfied himself and he convinces the reader that these East Indians have attained that supreme command of their faculties which permits them to banish any unpleasant thought or worry and to sleep or work at will. Such self-command, the world knows, is very rare. When this is attained, who can say how far into the mysteries of the unseen one may penetrate? The great merit of this book is that it demonstrates the reality of what charlatans like Mme. Blavatsky have given only a poor imitation. It opens up a wide field for speculation and experiment. Instead of spending money in the vain attempt to master the mysteries of clairvoyance and spiritualism, how much more fruitful would be a well-directed effort to secure for Europeans the power of these Indian mystics.

Fiction still holds its place as the most attractive branch of literature in the eyes of a majority of readers. Nearly all the public libraries report that novels claim from fifty to sixty per cent of the books that are drawn out. The censors of morals who write in the magazines, deplore this large consumption of fiction, and regard it as a sign of the decadence of public taste. But the real truth is

that life is so hard, especially in this country, that nearly every one is eager to lose sight of it for a short time in the pages of an entertaining novel. The man who has ample leisure and who does the work which pleases him best may afford to disparage the novel, but the great body of American people have very little leisure; they work at uncongenial tasks and when they come home from this compulsory labor they want entertainment. Novel-reading is certainly one of the most innocent of recreations, and those who now denounce it would accomplish some good were they to devote their energies to pointing out the best novels. In the great sea of contemporary literature training is sorely needed to enable the novice to read what will be of benefit to him. It has been my experience that even those of little education may be encouraged to read good novels, if judgment be shown in selecting stories that are full of life and action.

Without question, the book of the year in this country is General Lew Wallace's "The Prince of India, or How Constantinople Fell." It has secured more readers than any other work that has been issued in a twelvemonth, and this, after all, is a test that cannot be disregarded. It is thirteen years since "Ben Hur" was issued yet the publishers declare the sale shows little falling off and that the constant demand for this historical romance of the life of Christ is something which the most sanguine bookseller would never dare to predict. Why an Indiana lawyer, who served as a solider in the War of the Rebellion and afterwards as a diplomat, should have written the most successful of American novels with the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is a problem that any student of literature will find very difficult to solve. Wallace is endowed with a fervid imagination and he has the unusual faculty of making historical characters real and vital to his readers. This most of the so-called historical novelists lack, even so learned a man as Ebers often failing to make his personages seem like human beings.

Wallace began his literary career with a Mexican romance of the time of Cortes. "The Fair God" made a name for its author, but he was comparatively unknown until 1880, when he brought out "Ben Hur." This sacred romance appealed to thousands of deeply religious people who abhor the ordinary novel. It painted the scenes of the Holy Land so vividly that they remained stamped upon the memory, and it described the customs of the time with an equally graphic pen. The author's new work has also a strong religious foundation, for it is an attempt to explain the causes which led to the overthrow of Constantinople by the Turks. Wallace holds that religion is the supreme interest in life among all people, and he selects as the mouthpiece of his own views on this theme the "Wandering Jew." It was a daring conception to introduce this figure into such a book and to make him the arbiter of the destiny of this outpost of Christianity on the border of the Moslem world, but the author has carried it out successfully. General Wallace made a close study of Turkish life while Minister to Constantinople, so that we have in this book the same vivid local coloring that marked "Ben Hur." His soldierly training also stood him in the final chapters, which record the siege and assault of Constantinople by the victorious Turks. In this we have a series of battle pictures that are as remarkable as those of feudal life which Scott has given in "Ivanhoe" or Conan Doyle in "The White Company." Love, war and religion are equally blended in this romance, which bids fair to equal "Ben Hur" in popularity. The book reveals many defects in style; it is padded with unnecessary description and irrelevant episodes; it fills more than a thousand closely printed pages; yet there is genius in it, because characters, scenes, motives, incidents—all

have the vitality of real life. In fact, the story reads more like a modernized transcript of an historical document than like a work of fiction.

Of the new writers of fiction who have sprung into prominence during the year the first place should be given to Gilbert Parker, a Canadian, who has made real to us the singular life of the voyageur and the Hudson Bay Company's agent. Under the guise of fiction he has painted this strange, wild Northern life in such vivid colors that his figures cling to the memory. The reader of the "Chief Factor" has a truer conception of the perils of life in the Canadian wilds than the study of Parkman, because Mr. Parker sees things more clearly than the historian and his style has more of real human nature in it. Again in "Pierre and His People" he has sketched a large number of characters that are real flesh and blood. We know he has seen them, and we recognize without question their vility and their truth to nature. This is a great literary feat, perhaps the greatest, for there is not one writer in ten thousand who has the art to make the illusion so perfect that we lose sight of the fact that we are not looking upon real incidents in actual life. Mr. Parker has as noble a field before him as Bret Harte developed, and all lovers of his work will unite in the wish that he be not seduced from the Canadian scenes that he knows so well. One novel of English life he has published this year and its weakness, compared with his other stories, makes one hope that it may be his last.

Another new writer who has just begun to taste the fame that ought to have been his several years ago, is Stanley J. Weyman. To my mind he is a far more skillful artist than Conan Doyle. His "Story of Francis Cludde" is worth the attention of any one who enjoys historical fiction of the best class. It may seem high praise, but nothing since Scott's "Talisman" contains so much strong incident and admirable character-drawing as this romance of the seventeenth century. "Micah Clarke" and "The Splendid Spur" are not to be named with it for the rush of incident, the power of the narrative or the reality of the chief personages. Mr. Wyman has just finished a new story, "A Gentleman of France," which will help to sustain his reputation as one of the foremost of living writers of historical romance.

A sudden literary success that reminds one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" has been won this year by the English woman who conceals her personality under the pseudonym of Mme. Sarah Grand. The book that has made a hit is "The Heavenly Twins," a curious rambling story, intended to enforce the doctrine that the two sexes shonld be judged by the same moral rules. The story turns on the revolt of a highly educated girl against her husband, because on her wedding day she learned that he had had love-affairs with other women. The story shows strong convictions and intense earnestness, but tbe author has not the literary art of Mrs. Ward. It is very doubtful whether she can make a permanent success. In fact, if one were to judge from her style, she should take up women's rights in the reviews as Mona Caid has done. Then her lack of style and of the art of story-telling would be no handicap to success. She is evidently a woman of boundless curiosity who has read far more than she has been able to digest, and her condition of mental revolt against all social laws and customs is only the natural result of such a training.

No other writer can be said to have been discovered this year, though Maarten Maartens, the author of "The Sin of Joost Aveling," has established his reputation, at least among English-speaking people, by his "God's Fool." The scene is laid in Holland and the characters are all Dutch; but the story was written in English. It is an elaborate study of the spiritual

growth of a boy who loses vision at an early age and carries into mature manhood the purity of thought, unselfishness and simplicity of the unspoiled child. It is a fine and original theme, wrought out with exceeding skill. The noble qualities of the blind hero are brought into greater relief by the circle of sordid natures that surround him. Any one who fails to read this book will miss one of the literary masterpieces of recent years.

Hamlin Garland, five years ago, was unknown. To-day he stands at the head of the writers of the new Western school. He is a radical of radicals, going to the full length that no man can write well and truly of what he has not seen. His field is the great Mississippi Valley, especially the prairie region of the Northwest, the home of the bonanza wheat farm and the blizzard. He has earned his bread behind the plow; the salt sweat of toil has run into his eyes and made them smart; he has felt the pain that lunges at the heart like a keen knife when an able man feels his mental power and is yet doomed to waste years in hard manual labor. With all this, his eyes have been open to the beauty of the prairie landscape which has the same monotony and the same sadness as the boundless, ocean-like steppes of Russia. Many descriptive passages in his stories bear a striking resemblance to pictures in Gogol's "Turas Bulba." In his short stories, "Prairie Talk," issued for the first time this year in book form, he has sketched with sharp, nervous strokes, types of this new Western life that is almost unknown to the man who is familiar only with the country from Boston to Chicago. In some stories the realism is as savage as that of Zola; but throughout all we feel the man's intense earnestness, his eagerness to paint this hard life as it is in order that the sympathy of a great people may go out to the sufferers and devise some means of giving them the spiritual and material aid of which they are in such sure need. Mr. Garland may be led away after false gods, but if he continues true to his present resolves he is sure to be one of the noteworthy figures among American writers of the next decade. What one most admires in him is the virile delight that he shows in depicting the strong, wholesome, manly character of the unspoiled American, and his disdain for the literary artifices by which so many accomplished writers refine away all that is vital in their style.

Those who predicted last year that Rudyard Kipling would write the great novel of this year have been proved false prophets. The Anglo-Indian who has had fame thrust upon him in a way that would turn the head of a graybeard, has added some brilliant short stories to his already large collection and a few poems that will live as long as his best tales. Any one of these poems or stories would have made the fortune of a new writer, for stamped upon them is the broad arrow-mark of literary power and intense personality. In this new collection of tales, called "Many Inventions," are several which are worthy to be bracketed with "The Man who Would be King," or "Without Benefit of Clergy." Kipling has also written several notable poems. One which made a great hit when it was issued last spring was "The Last Chanty;" which contained lines that are fit to be placed with the finest verses in "Locksley Hall." Among these resonant lines that call up visions of the wind singing through taut cordage in a great storm are these:

He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers flee,
And we drowsed the long tides idle till Thy trumpets tore the sea.
Sun, wind and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Stinging, ringing, Spindrift nor the fulmar flying free.

Despite the sneers of many critics who see little that is good in Kipling's work because it violates so many

cherished rules, my opinion is that he is the foremost writer of short stories of his day, and that better work than he has yet done may be expected of him. A singular feature of Kipling's character is his essential Americanism. He does not strike you as an Englishman in appearance, manner or speech. He is intensely nervous; he has the decisive speech of the American, and he has the American's trait of going straight to a point, without circumlocution. When he first passed through San Francisco, before he suddenly awoke to find himself famous, it was my good fortune to have a long talk with him. He struck me then as a man of boundless curiosity, of great personal force and of intense nervous energy. Though he looked to be about forty he was really little more than half that age. His talk was that of a man who had very few illusions; it reminded one of the talk of a man who has had a precocious boyhood with no opportunity to mature slowly. Much of his cynicism, especially in regard to women, may be traced to the fact that he saw the worst side of Anglo-Indian life long before his judgement was ripe enough to enable him to detect what was good and fair under the seamy side that was always uppermost.

This year has seen but little from Robert Louis Stevenson, whose Samoan residence appears to have had an unfavorable influence on his imaginations. His volume of South Sea Island tales is attractive only to those who have an eager curiosity about outlandish places and people. The minute details of the gathering of copra and trade with naked savages cannot interest people who never saw a cocoanut growing. In "David Balfour" Stevenson has done a strong piece of work but it is not equal to "Kidnapped" and it can not be put in the same class with "The Master of Ballantrae." Stevenson, beyond all the writers of his day, inspires readers with a personal interest in his traits. We know the man is consumtive and that it was only his idling in a yacht in the South Seas that saved him from death. When he last passed through San Francisco, he was unable to see visitors. A glimpse of him caught on the street, was a revelation to me, who has read carefully everything he had written. Lawless is the only word that expresses his look. There is something in the glance of his eye that reminds one of the man who murdered the old curiosity dealer and this glance also explains why Stevenson introduced that wholesale murder in "The Wreckers." He has a certain passion for blood and his imagination when aroused loses sight of all mere human pity. Stevenson, from all accounts, lives a queer life in Samoa. He violates all the laws of health and yet seems to thrive. He drinks heavily and he smokes an inordinate number of cigarettes; he indulges in debauches of intellectual labor from which he emerges a mere shadow of his old self, but unlimited horseback riding in the genial air of Apia soon restores him. Lafcadio Hearn demonstrates in his book on the West Indies that no one can do good mental work in the tropics; but Stevenson is a living exception to this rule, as he is an exception to most other rules of conduct and life.

Bret Harte has added this year two good stories to the long list of works. One is the usual California tale "Susy," with the customary impossible heroine, whose eccentricities we pardon because of her charming feminine traits. The other, "Sally Dows," gives promise that Mr. Harte will abandon his well-born California field and devote himself to other parts of the country which he seems to know accurately. Sally bears a strong resemblance to her Western sisters in her preternatural shrewdness, her managing capacity and her disregard of the conventional; but in all else the story is novel and striking, dealing with dramatic episodes of the reconstruction period of the South. If Harte never lived south of Mason

and Dixon's line, this story is a wonderful tour de force, for it is faithful in local color.

Two new stories, issued this year, have strengthened the position of Conan Doyle as one of the foremost writers of English romance- "The White Company" is a spirited reproduction of the adventures of English Knights' on the continent in the 16th century, in which fights by land and sea are described in a way that makes the reader lose sight of the fact that he is merely following the fortunes of fictitious characters. "The Refugees" is an even abler work in which the France of the great Louis is drawn with the sharpness of an etching. No historian has ever made the grand *monarque* or his Court so real to us as does this novelist.

Of California writers who have won distinction this year the foremost place must be given to Gertrude Atherton. She has contributed only a few sketches of Spanish-Californian life but the issue in book form of "The Doomswoman" has placed her easily first among the younger school of California novelists. She knows this early pastoral life of her own State as no one else knows it. She has sympathy with the Spanish character, which has much of strength and high resolve underlying its indolence and lightness of temperament, and this feeling has enabled her to depict a life that is wholly gone into the past with more truth and far greater power than Mrs. Jackson drew it in "Ramona." Mrs. Atherton's book has received high praise from the English critics and it is making its way in this couutry. Her short stories are all marked by great dramatic power.

The leading French writers have not been prolific during the year. Zola has added another to the shelf of volumes which he calls the Roccgon-Macquart Series. "Docteur Pascal is a study in heredity, and though it betrays the enormous pains which the novelist has taken to gather accurate facts, it is really farcical in its main incidents and in its conclusion. Who but a French novelist would ever dream of expecting any good from the offspring of an old scientist and the niece whom he has made his mistress? There is something revolting about the love episode in this story, which no charm of genius can remove. If an Englishman or an American were to take his young niece into his household, treat her as a favorite daughter and then seduce her, the verdict would be that he ought to be shot. Zola sees nothing but beauty in this domestic arrangement and he sings the praises of this love, which he regards as natural and beautiful. Despite the literary art that has been lavished on this book, it touches the low moral plane of "La Terre."

The death of De Maupassant leaves Paul Bourget the undisputed master of the short story in France. His imagination is clearer than De Maspassant's, but one will look in vain for any spiritual help or comfort in his tales. Like most of the contemporary French writers he is content to take life as it is, and he seldom feels any desire to paint the ideal.

One of the features of the year, which is full of promise for good literature, is the reissue of a number of old novels and standard books, with introductions by specialists and with many fresh illustrations. Of standard books we may mention a new edition of Boswell, which has not the completeness of Craker's work, but is well adapted to the wants of the general reader; an edition of "Pepys' Dairy" which contains some matter not printed in previous issues and Green's "Short History of England" which is coming out with superb illustrations. These editions may be taken as types of the revival of books which are worthy of more attention than "a place in every gentleman's library." The library in these days is not made for show, except in the homes of the newly enriched. Less attention is paid to fine bindings than formerly, but the lover of books to-day demands

good clear type, excellent paper and neat and serviceable dress. Of old novels, the year has seen two important revivals—the rescue from comparative oblivion of the works of Jane Austen and Miss Ferrier. The fiction of Miss Austen gained the warm praise of Scott and though over a century old, her stories will be found very modern in their spirit. As a teller of stories she has no equal among the female novelists of the period and if the reader dips into one of her tales, he will be sure to read to the end. On Miss Ferrier almost equally high praise can be bestowed, for her stories give one a better idea of the life of the eighteenth century in England than any of the historians afford. An edition of Fanny Burney's "Evelina" is also noteworthy, as it met ready appreciation from novel readers. Nor should we forget to mention a fine new edition of Fielding's works which is coming from the London press. The publishers have had the rare good fortune to secure the services of George Saintsbury as editor. With his incomparable knowledge of Fielding, this accomplished critic gives in an introduction a new and fairer estimate of Fielding's character. He holds that Richardson, Thackeray, Scott and others maligned the author of "Tom Jones" by making conspicuous traits that were not pronounced in his character and life.

In this connection it may be well to glance at the translations from the French and German which have been so conspicuous in the lists of the publishers of cheap books. Miss Wormley's versions of Balsac stand alone as admirable specimens of the best work in transferring literary masterpieces to an alien lanquage. The hack translators, who are keenly alive to the prurient, sieze upon every new French work and thrust it upon the American book market. They have the audacity to translate such suggestive works as Belót" "Mlle. Giraud, ma Femme" and De Musset's "Mlle. de Maupin." The result is that the worst books in modern French literature are presented in bald, coarse English, which accentuates all their indecency and ruins the charm of style that saves the original from repulsiveness.

No notice of the literature of the year would be complete without mention of the flood of erotic fiction that is poured forth from many presses. This trash is made to sell; the title on the cover usually suggests far more wickedness than the book contains. The writers seem to vie with one another in the painting of scenes that just escape the charge of obscenity. To mature readers who know what life is, such books offer no more temptation than the cheap concert saloons of a big city; but to the young and inexperienced this vicious trash is a source of contamination greater than the police gazettes. Fortunately the craze for this flash literature is dying out and it is gratifying to know that several publishers, who made a specialty of issuing this vile trash, have gone into the hands of receivers. It would be a good thing for public morals if they could be driven out permanently from a business which they disgrace.

In looking back over the literary work of the year which is just drawing to an end, one is surprised to find so very few works that will live. Of the new books that have been published this year how few fulfill this definition of old Richard of Bury, penned over 500 years ago: "These are our masters who instruct us without chastisement, without anger, without fee; if you repair to them they are not asleep; if you consult them they do not hide themselves; if you blunder they complain not; if you betray ignorance they laugh not." Of the 20,000 or more new publications that have come from the press of England and America, within the twelvemonth, scarce three score deserve a place among this small circle whose praises the good old churchman sang.

ON A CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A RAINY Christmas night in town is not so full of cheer as a snowy Christmas in the country. Yet the people at Mrs. Devonshire's house, if we except possibly one or two, felt no absence of cheer, at least not of Christmas cheer. What should there be but cheer in the world for Dr. Burton and his handsome wife, for Gardner Carey, who never had a thought for the morrow, any way, and was going to marry a fortune presently, for Mrs. Devonshire herself, with whom the tide of good fortune seemed to set all one way? Perhaps Randolph Berkeley, biting his mustache, had reasons of his own for gloom. Perhaps the beating of the drops had now and then a mad insistence as they kept the rhythm of Constance Carey's thought. Perhaps Mr. Chelhurst, in his seventy years, had seen vicissitudes enough to give a rainy night a reminiscent cast of gloom; but he had the buoyant health of a well-groomed Englishman, had, moreover, the income of a prince, had come to this country with a party of princes in his own yacht, and was exceedingly pleased with himself to find that he was in love with Constance Carey, for until she rose on his horizon, he had supposed himself an old man, and then suddenly it had seemed to him as if life had begun again and held untold possibilities of good. Previously he had been well enough, with his children and their children, his dogs, his hunters, his estates and tenants; but after all they were impersonal interests, and here was one all his own.

For he had met Constance Carey at what they called a grand function, early in the season; and he had gone down before her conquering power at once. And no wonder, since an effect of all the sweetness and the strength of sunbeams followed her; her smile, her movement, her manner, her tall and shapely figure, her head with its braided and banded dead gold, her great calm blue eyes under the long black lashes, her profile, pure as line could shape, the perfect modeling of cheek and lip and chin, her soft, low voice, her slowly broken sweet silence.

But Mr. Chelhurst was not the only one of the party who had gone down before those charms. Randolph Berkeley, who had but lately begun his career in the law, and whose returns were consequently still much smaller than he liked, it was well-known had been their victim for a long time, and had thought himself on the verge of victory when Mr. Chelhurst came upon the field. He had some reason to think so, for he had been allowed to be her inseparable companion from the day when he first saw her, the maid of honor at a wedding, surrounded by a half dozen of baby bridesmaids scattering their armfuls of flowers, each looking more like a flower herself than the other, and she the fairest flower of all, to the time when Mr. Chelhurst disputed the ground with him. With what timidity and reverence he had taken off his hat when he met her on the street a few days after that first time, had met her the next Sunday coming from Trinity, and she had signified her gracious pleasure that he should walk beside her, had called and waited a few moments in the drawing-room, taking up a book that had been closed upon a handkerchief to keep the place when its reader had hurredly left it, longing to keep the delicate and fragrant web, that bore the finely written Constance Carey, furtively raising it

to his lips, his face reddening at the footstep coming. And then he had sat beside her at the symphony, listening to music that wrought them both to the highest, and had walked home with her and had gone in for a cup of tea; and a few mornings afterward they had gone to see some ravishing water-colors of the scenes of oriental life, life in lands where he had once spent a season and of which he could tell her haltingly even more than the pictures hinted. Then he had sent her flowers, and she had returned dainty notes of reply. Mrs. Devonshire had had a cold too, and Constance had remained at home with her, and he had been admitted to a fireside intimacy; they had exchanged books, and their opinions of books; and then they had exchanged thoughts, memories, confidences, all as naturally as a rose opens, and, after all, not much more slowly. And at first it had seemed to Randolph Carey as if his very existence hung on his keeping his emotions to himself lest he startled hopelessly away this beautiful creature whom he might as well think to make his own as some great white bntterfly; and then the touch of her hand in greeting had sent such a joyous thrill to his heart he felt that she must know it by the throb at his fingers' ends; the sweep of her gown made him tremble; the glance of her calm eyes at the slow lifting of their heavy wax-white lids made him lower his own; he felt that he must go away before people guessed his folly. And all at once it was not folly; there was something in her smile, her look, her tone, that made hope seem a thing not impossible; and then, at last, accident having stood in the way before, had come their first dance together, and he had seemed to himself to be in a delirious dream of bliss.

They had wandered into the conservatory after the dance. The delirium had all been his; her quiet had not varied—the Tinted Venus might have danced in much the same fashion as Constance Carey did. They sat down by a screening group of banana leaves, and he took her fan to cool the color that had softly overspread her cheek. And suddenly some power beyond himself seized him, a fire seemed to leap from his eyes to hers, and the next instant his lips touched her own, her own had clung to his. An instant—a wild sweet instant—and he felt a shiver, ever so slightly, sweep through the form he clasped. She withdrew, lifting her arms to readjust the falling braid. "No, no," she sighed. "This is madness! This is—is nonsense. It must not be—"

"Must not!" he exclaimed.

"Hush, hush. No—oh! I am ashamed—I—No, we must not meet each other any more—"

"When you love me—when I adore you—"

"I have not said so," she answered quietly now.

"But you do!"

"You have no right to say so."

"You said it! You said it with your lips this moment—"

"I do not choose—I will not—oh, no, no, no, it would never do! We must go different ways—Ah, there is my aunt." And she left him without further word or look, and all the brightness of the fragrant place was dark as death.

But, on the whole, Randolph Berkeley was not a man to despair while effort was possible. When he found, the next week, that Constance had gone to New York, he was fortunate enough to have some business that took him there, too. They had the same friends; again they met in the same houses; again she trembled perhaps under the glow of his dark eyes, before the force of that irradiating smile of his, thrilled now and then perhaps with a memory when she saw the melancholy that fell upon his face in any effortless moment; and she hastened home, and filled him with regret at the thought that possibly it was his presence which had cut short her pleasure there.

She had stayed over at a friend's

house on the way, a day and night. When she boarded the train with her aunt's maid, who had accompained her, there was no help for it, there was the number of her chair next his own. She prepared herself for the worst.

Of course he rose at once, calling the porter, arranging the bags and cloaks, amd giving the Abigail a paper novel between whose leaves he had suddenly been able to slip a bit of very interesting reading, which she slipped out of sight before devoting herself to the story. Then Mr. Berkeley wheeled Miss Carey's chair to the window and his own beside it; presently lowering the shades a trifle, his heart all the time beating so with gladness that he had fancied the rest of the people could see its vibrations in his face.

"I thought you were already at home," said he.

"Yes?" said she.

"It is my blessed fortune that sent me to this train," said he. "I was born under a lucky star. The gods go all my way."

"Yes?" said she.

"I felt—I feared—No matter what I feared! I fear nothing now! Not even you."

"Yes?" said she.

"Yes!" he exclaimed in the same tone which she could hear distinctly though the noise of the train muffled it for others. "For the moment at least I am beside you. I have four hours of heaven before me. It's no secret! I love you—you know it—and I am just as sure that you love me."

She hid her face in the great bunch of red roses that she carried.

"Only some wilful caprice makes you deny it. Yes, they are lovely roses. Some poor fellow caught in the toils gave them to you. I had as lief you buried your lovely mouth in them as not. They are nothing to you—not half as much as any single leaf that I might give you. I don't know what it means—your persistent—I know I shall win in the end—"

"It means," she said, "it means," and then the tears sprang down her face and she hid it again in the roses, and a sunbeam swept through the swinging shade and dyed the face that she lifted presently in a sort of angry contempt of herself, whether with her own blush or with the reflection of the roses, and Randolph felt his heart surge and as strong a color dyed his own brow in answer. There was a moment's silence; she was flicking off her tears with the roses.

"I am not crying!" she exclaimed.

"I see you are not," he said.

"Oh, I don't know how you can—"

"Nor I! Nor I!" he interrupted. "When I love you so! When I would give my life to spare you pain! When—"

"You would give your life to spare me pain! And you torment me—"

"Torment you!"

"Yes! torment me! I go nowhere that I do not see you! I cannot even go to sleep without being haunted by your reproachful eyes—".

"I am glad of that," said Randolph.

"You need not be glad of it! When you say such a thing as that you are only proving me in the right! I should like to know," said Miss Constance, turning now, and facing him with the dewy splendor of her blue eyes, "what kind of husband a man would be who rejoiced at his wife's snfferings—"

"You shall never have a moment's suffering when you are my wife." he said. He was leaning towards her, over the edge of her chair, one arm across the top of her own. "If I trouble you—it is the same trouble that the butterfly, the dragon-fly, any lovely winged thing, has, before it spreads its wings. You will not let this winged love burst its sheath—"

"Oh, it is all very well to talk poetry!', she said. "But you can't live on it!"

"Not as it is paid for nowadays, perhaps, But let me tell you, you cannot live without it."

"I think I can. At any rate, I am going to say to you that you are pur-

suing a shadow—something which you fancy exists, but which does not exist. I am not at all what you fancy I am. You are supposing," she said, looking down into her roses, "that you—you are in love—"

"I know I am!"

"With a supernal being who has all the graces and virtues—"

"Very true!"

"How absurd! I mean a person who is all that a man idealizes in a woman—"

"That is still true."

"The qualities, that is, that a wife should have—unselfishness, a contented spirit, domestic—domestic—I mean one that loves the hearth, and the home, and all that, the sort of woman whose interests are bounded by the front yard and the pew, who lives at home and practices the economies, who ceases to exist when her husband goes out in the morning and is born again when he comes back in the evening, the sort of a woman that brings the slippers—"

"Confound the slippers——"

"Yes. That is what I say. And all the rest of the business with them. Let me tell you," she went on, having gathered her courage, "let me be as frank with you as I am with my own thought——"

"Yes!"

"I love gayety. I love ease. I love luxury. I have always had them. I don't know how to do without them. When papa lost his money and died, I went to Aunt Devonshire's. Aunt Devonshire has no money of her own, to speak of. She has an immense income that dies with her. The splendid house, and all, goes to the Devonshires. She would be glad to save me a portion out of the income, but she has always lived in this way, she has no idea how to save. What she wants, she has——the servants have been with her her life-time; she sent the *chef* to Paris and to Rome last year to refresh his taste and learning. If she wants a fine jewel, a great picture, she has it; if there is a pressing charity she must not be behind any one. I should be very unhappy to have her change a thing. To be sure, she has a great fancy for you. I admit it. She talks to me of the uplifting effect of companionship with a noble nature, with a strong intellect, of the delights of life where one is always making sacrifices for another, where two people build up a home together——"

"It is true!"

"Of the enlarging and purifying effect of all that experience on the soul and on the life beyond. But I tell her, as I tell you, that I am living in this life, not in the life beyond."

"Perhaps," said he, "you mistake the uses of this life. I have a fancy that one of the purposes of this life is the experience of love——"

"What have I to do with the purposes of this life? All that transcendental talk answers to amuse one's self with—but when it comes to the realities I want the things I have been accustomed to in this life, the things that are the pleasantest, the most comfortable——"

"That pleases the pride of the eye," he said bitterly.

"That please *me!* I want carriages, horses, gold plate, gowns from Felix—"

"It is true that my wife cannot have many gowns from Felix," said Randolph, quietly. "The most she could have, till the big fees come in—as they will, perhaps some day—is five or six hundred a year for her own purse. Her home would not be large or splendid. But it would be pleasant—pleasant! It would be heaven to be with her in it!"

"That is as it may be."

"She would have few jewels; a carriage only occasionally. But it seems to me that I should so surround her with love that she would never feel the want of anything else!"

"Love take the place of a bank account, of thoroughbreds, of yachts, of dinners and operas, of a fine house with its retinue, its ballroom, its picture gallery! Why, it is impossible for

you to understand the feeling that a woman has for lace and diamonds! No, it is out of the question for me to think of living without the things I care for most. I should be whimpering after them all my life—"

"In that case," said Mr. Berkeley, a little rigidly, and taking a somewhat easier position in his chair, "we will say no more about it. You are enlightening me. I do not want a wife who is whimpering after the things I cannot give her. Let us consider everything that has been said unsaid, and remain as good friends as circumstances will allow; but, by the way, it is quite lunch-time, let us see what we can have to allay the pangs of hunger, and drink to the new order of things." And Mr. Randolph Berkeley rose, finding his equilibrium on his long legs, and when he came back from an interview with the colored dignitary in his plate-glass cell, a dainty little table was set between them, gay with her roses in a long-stemmed glass, inviting with its broiled bird, and salad, and roll, and a bottle of sparkling Moselle, the dining functionary waiting on them, wreathed with smiles and hung with napkins, and evidently of the opinion that he assisted at an interesting ceremony, and even shedding some of the glory of it over the maid with her plate upon her knee.

And there was nothing more said of love or marriage. Only when Randolph Berkeley saw the name of Anthony Chelhurst on the card that had fallen from the roses he gave it a flip that expressed all the contempt he felt as it went spinning into the aisle. "Chelhurst!" he said.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"As the Irishman I once met knew Mr. O'Halloran, by sight, but not by name. The same Irishman who said the gout in his foot was a thorn in his side—not Mr. Chelhurst's gout." It was all the expression he allowed his contempt for Mr. Chelhurst's gout and habits, but like Mercutio's wound, it was enough.

Perhaps Miss Carey wss not altogether prepared for so entire a change in their relations. For whether it was his will controlled him, or the wine warmed him, Mr. Berkeley's conversation during the next two hours was not of the sort behind which one could imagine the lurking of a tear.

It was when they were leaving the train, and Randolph was handing her into the carriage, that her veil caught and she hung a moment half on the step, while he put up his hand to disengage it. "For all that," said he then, and apropos of nothing, "and although I shall importune you no more, yet if you ever make me a proposal, I promise—"

"Well——" she said, her face warm with the sudden glow.

"To take it into consideration." And he lifted and replaced his hat, lent the maid a moment's assistance, and was gone. The spring had come since then, and the summer. Wherever Constance Carey went with her still and shining beauty there——for the the pleasant places were his haunts of yore, and he had friends in all the great houses of wood and seaside—was Randolph Berkeley, cool and gay, delightful company when he chose, and saying no word, giving no sign of passion. Presently Mr. Chelhurst had come over from New York and appeared upon the scene, but rather idly, as he did not dance at Newport, or followed the hunt over the Essex hills, and for a time he found no chance to do so much as pick up her glove. But he could load her with magnificent orchids far beyond Randolph's purchasing power, and he could send her ravishing bon bons in baskets made of seed-pearl threaded with gold, of a sort to open one's eyes, and he could make her a dinner on his yacht for which the four corners of the earth were ransacked, and after which the doors opened on a troop of dancers with whose new fame the world was ringing, whose shining arms and feet and floating hair, and gauzes of the blue and green of shoal

water, whose tossing silver scarfs, whose blushing faces and beckoning hands rose and fell and wavered to a slow weird music, and seemed to lie on the crest of breaking waves like the vison of a flock of sea-nymphs advancing and receding and lost at last to sight; and the lights grew dim and the guests came on deck into purple night and the soft wash of water and the splendor of stars, and the delight of rushing movement under vast billowey sails. And to such dinners Mr. Randolph Berkeley was not asked.

It was not with a willing mind that Randolph went at this time to take the evidence in a great land-case across the continent; and when he returned, it was close upon Christmas eve, and Mrs. Devonshire, who was his faithful ally, had made him one of her Christmas party, and there he found Mr. Chelhurst, although the day was not yet carried, occupying every point of vantage with his forces and meaning to weary out opposition.

"Yes," said Mrs. Devonshire, at the close of the discussion of a recent love affair, as they sat, after dinner, here and there, in the great drawing-room, where the panelled mirrors, between the ivory-finished pilasters and their hangings of yellow silk, gave strange gleams and reflections of the flowers, the jewels, the brilliant faces, "yes," she said, "I believe firmly in the old original love, where two young people marry on small beginnings and help each other plan and spare and build——"

"That, I suppose, is because you married having all there is to have in life," said Gardner Carey.

"Love in a cottage, with water and a crust, is, love forgive us, water, ashes, dust," Mrs. Burton murmured to her fan.

"And in a palace, with outlaws and Johnnisberger, is it any otherwise?" asked Randolph, brusquely. "For my part I have ceased to believe in love. It is too imponderable to exist. It always kicks the beam when weighed in the balance with anything that has substance." "Saul among the prophets!" said Mrs. Devonshire. "How long since you joined the ranks of the unbelievers? We shall have to convert you—"

"I should not believe," said he, "though one came back from the dead."

"As if that were possible," said Dr. Burton. "And as if, if it were, that one would take the trouble to cross the shadowy barrier simply in order to tell you that love is best!"

"The imponderable, the intangible, the invisible, dealing with the imponderable, the intangible, the invisible! Fine results."

"Yet out of the surplus of negative quantities something positive might come," said Dr. Burton.

"'You do not believe in the—the supernatural apparently," said Mr. Chelhurst, from the depths of the armchair in which he was nearly buried, "in the—the possibility of what we may call apparitions from an unseen —that is to say from a world of—of, as we may term it, the—the dead."

"Do you?" said Randolph.

"Why, yes, don't you know. I confess—that is—I have been—yes—obliged to do so. I—I—"

"You have seen a ghost?" cried Mrs Devonshire. "Oh, let us have it, pray! Randolph, you young giant, turn down the lights a little—there is just glimmer enough from the fire, in the mirrors. A ghost! How delightful!"

"Christmas night is the night for ghosts!" said Gardner.

"For the laying of ghosts!" said Randolph, as he obeyed Mrs. Devonshire. "The ghosts of selfishness and heartlessness and worldliness, of the love of riches and ease and luxury. It seems to me I have heard that Christmas night happened for some such ends—that it has a form of exorcism which says something about giving all and following a divine leader, which declares, as the Doctor said, that love is best."

"We will take the sermon, to-

morrow, Mr. Berkeley," said Mrs. Burton. "To-night we will have the ghost story—although I don't know—if it is creepy—"

"I am sorry," said Mr. Chelhurst, "that it is not more—creepy, as you style it. It was, I am sure, very, to say the least, uncomfortable, at the time, the time of which I speak. But it was not what you might be inclined to mention as awful, that is, in the way of chilling the blood. In fact, there was no apparition," said Mr. Chelhurst, his wan face and shriveled shape making him look half like an apparition himself in the uncertain light. "It was an affair that, well, I may say, don't you know, that need not have troubled those that—that do not hear."

"We can hear! We can hear!" said the Doctor. "It troubled us, that is our family, my mother, and my father, and my sisters, and the servants, that is, the slaves, there—there were quite a number; yes, it troubled us, I may say, a great deal," said Mr. Chelhurst, "for you know one hardly needs to be superstitious in order to be, yes, disturbed by circumstances which are—that is to say, which are not, that is, which cannot be accounted for by any of the known, that is the acknowledged principles, and—and—and laws of nature. You—you agree with me, I am sure, Miss Carey."

Miss Carey bent her beautiful head.

"I believe it is generally—eh—admitted, that the—that few people are so organized as to be sensitive to what we may term preternatural impressions. But I hardly know whether that means that such—such persons are more finely organized — eh — than others, or, ahem — really — or not. Yet as vehicles of communication—"

"The trouble with this vehicle of communication is going to be that it has no terminal facilities," muttered Randolph Berkeley, leaning over Miss Carey's chair, and looking, as she glanced up at him, as splendid as Lucifer.

"'The cock will crow, the day will dawn,'" sighed Mrs. Burton to her fan, "and ghosts vanish at cock-crow, I have always heard."

"But what has all this to do with the story we were to hear, dear Mr. Chelhurst," said Mrs. Devonshire.

"I was proceeding to—to remark," answered Mr. Chelhurst, a little nettled.

"Oh, don't, don't remark! Let us hear about the ghost a once!" cried Mrs. Burton.

"My blood is in such a state of liquefaction that it demands curdling," said Gardner.

"There is really—that is, I would say, as I have already told you, I believe, as I told you, yes, nothing curdling here. It was when we were young lads, quite young, quite young, my brother and—and I. My father was given an—an official position, yes, an official position, and removed his family to—to one of the West India Islands—"

"A vague ghost and not easily to be pinned down for identification," said a voice in Miss Carey's ear—Miss Carey sitting as unmoved as a portrait of a lady, except when she now and then slowly waved her fan of flamingo feathers.

"They occupied, the family that is," continued Mr. Chelhurst, examining his thumb-nail carefully, as if the heads of his discourse were written there, "the house of, well, of a wealthy planter who—who had died, yes, who had died. He was a man of the—the worst reputation morally. You could hardly say morally, however, he—he, really—you must excuse me for mentioning it—had no morals. His wild life was the talk of a region where—where wild life was—was not a solitary exception, His vices, his—his vices, his cruelties—I—I beg pardon, it is really, that is to say, necessary to mention——"

"Don't speak of it," said Randolph.

"It was but a few nights, yes, a few nights, after my mother first slept

in the house that she was startled, yes, I supposed awaked, by a door slamming with a mighty sound. And then sudden, heavy, swift footsteps went stamping down the stone floor of the hall, and she would have declared, yes, she affirmed that she heard a sound as if a wind blew, where no wind was blowing, but that impressed her, impressed her, with a sense of blustering and commotion, with an idea, I may say an idea, of women tiptoeing and running and huddling and whispering and escaping together."

"Oh, it is going to be the dear, delightful, old-fashioned ghost story!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton to her fan again.

"As soon as my mother recovered from her start, from her awe so to say," resumed Mr. Chelhurst, a little severely after the interruption, "she went to look out. But there were the doors all open as usual, and the slaves sleeping about them, and not a breath of wind on the air heavy with jessmine and orange scents. Others heard it upon other nights, and in time, in time, they grew to call it the apparition of the—old planter himself. I should prefer not to mention his name."

"Oh, we shall certainly want to know his name, said Mrs. Burton.

"I should prefer not to mention it. But I will sav that they heard, too, what seemed to be an elderly woman coming up the hall. She used a cane; she moved slowly; she fumbled with her fingers along the wall. Sometimes, too, yes, sometimes, there was a sound of soft swishing garments, as when a lady trails them hurriedly along the floor; and sighs, penetrating piercing sighs—oh yes, it seems as though one might turn and see the women, for this one came in the morning as well as in the evening. And sometimes there resounded in the dead of night a clash of spurs on the marble; feet stalked in and out of the dining-room; glasses clinked; and always when these sounds were heard —I beg your pardon—but a cold chill seemed to surround the house as if blown from the outer regions of unknown space, chilling you to the marrow. When my brother and I came from home at the close of term—I was the elder of the two, he my brother was by no means what you call timid—we were told these things, these occurance. And of course we disbelieved them. Yes, I may say we disbelieved them. And when we heard them ourselves, we were quite sure, were quite sure that they were merely, that is to say, sounds made by the wind or the sea or the servants, don't you know. But one night, when the spurs were clattering, and the glasses clinking in there, in the dining-room, as I said, we ran along the gallery, my brother and myself. and went in, and cried, "Out of this! We want none of you!" Yes, we said that quite loudly, we did indeed. 'Out of this! We want none of you!' And the next instant, don't you know, confusion reigned. There were explosions and concussions and blows. I was felled to the floor, and my brother was thrown against the wall, and then all was still with a sudden clap which made the silence more awful than the noise. 'Oh, the murdering ghosts!' cried my mother's maid—she had come out with my mother from home—she was not a—a black person—when they ran in with lights. 'There's no such thing as a ghost!' I cried in a rage. 'I don't care a farthing for all the ghosts in Christendom!' Yes, I said so, my blood was up, you see. And in the instant I felt a sounding slap on my face that stung as if it had been made with hot needles, and left five white finger-marks after it. And the next day my check was swollen with white and purple welts in the shape of the hand that dealt the blow. That is all. Only it is true. It is quite trne. For as Virgil used to say—"

"And who were they? What did they mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Devonshire. What was it all for? What is the rest of the story? Was the lady—"

"We never learned anything more. We learned nothing more at all, I assure you. I told you that was all, don't you know."

Constance sat in somewhat languid fashion during this recital, as if heeding neither speaker nor speech. In one of the mirrors she could see Randolph, now and then, by the flicker of the low fire, see him in all the contrast of his splendid youth and purpose to this little manikin.

"It is an eerie atmosphere this," Randolph Berkeley said, "with only the glimmer of the fallen brand and the sounds of the rain and wind. You have put us in a ghostly mood. I myself—"

"You, Randolph?" cried Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Devonshire together. You have seen a ghost?"

"Several," he said, shortly.

"Oh, yes," the Doctor said, "the young men of to-day—oh, well, sometimes they call them ghosts." And on sufficiently good terms with his hostess to dare to mend the fire, he took up the tongs and put the embers together. "A little bromide, a little scutellaria, earlier hours—"

"But don't you really think, Doctor," began Mrs. Devonshire.

"And, my dear, I never can believe," began Mrs. Burton.

"It is not a matter for belief," began Gardner Carey.

"What you know, what you—eh—I—may say, have experienced—" began Mr. Chelhurst, and it was under cover of this fire along the line that Randolph repeated the word.

"Several," he said, in a lower voice, and leaning over Constance's chair. "One, a singular one—the apparition of a lover 'when the dying night-lamp flickers and the shadows rise and fall, to the woman who has thrown him over. A miserable sight! One, a terrible one, of a little lean old man, poor creature! when he discovers that he has married an eidolon, a marble image, a woman without a heart—I mean when he discovers that he has bought her. And one of a lovely lady who has found too late that palace windows may be like dungeon gates. Why should there not be ghosts of the future as well as of the past?" he said, taking her fan, and opening and shutting it, as if he were talking of the tint and glitter there. "I see the ghost of this lovely lady, dressed as she was the last time I ever saw her—her snowy throat and breast and forehead, dazzling as the moon, in the vivid scarlet satin of her dress, crowned with the burnished gold of her braided hair; I see her features chiseled in pure ivory, her great, blue, downcast eyes casting a radiance under the long sweep of their night-dark lashes, her lips, and he bent lower, "those lips that should have been her lover's, those beautiful sweet lips whose lines are like sculpture in sunlight — but quivering with a thought of pain—"

"You are cruel!" she said. "You promised——"

"Do you expect a man to think of promises when his heart is being seared with hot irons? Besides—I am going away. I told you it was the last time I should ever see you. But I shall see your apparition as I said, I shall see it on other Christmas nights——"

She rose hastily—and at that moment a strange thing happened. Doctor Burton had collected the embers on the hearth, and a tongue of flame leaped up, illumining, as if it shot in a straight line, the scarlet gleam of her dress, the golden glitter of her hair,, the creamy pallor of her cheek, the wild, swift glance of doubt, of grief, of horror upon her face, reflected it all in the mirror struck by the returning ray, which, casting it off again to the opposite panel, sent it flashing up and up the room till it reached the great mirror before herself, fading from its first splendor to a pallid phantom of something like despair.

It all happened in a second of time. In another second Randolph Berkeley had sprung forward and made a move-

ment with his foot as if treading on an insect.

"It is all right," he said clearly, "I didn't know your housekeeping allowed such a thing as a spider, Mrs. Devonshire—a great black spider. It will never run over you again, Miss Carey," and he had taken her cold hand and replaced her in her chair, for she had covered her face with her other hand, and sat now cowering back and trembling.

"Why, Constance, I never knew you were so afraid of spiders as all this!" cried her aunt.

"Of any spiders in this country!" said Mrs. Burton. "If it had been a tarantula, now——"

"I remember," said Mr. Chelhurst, "ahem, that is I woke one morning in Santanta—yes, I am, I am rather positive it was in Santanta, and a great blue spider, yes, blue, deep azure, an enormous creature, of a livid poisonous blue, was dropping down directly in front of me——"

But Constance did not hear her aunt, she did not hear Mrs. Burton, she did not hear Mr. Chelhurst droning on with his blue spider. She heard only that tone which had been murmuring in her ear; she saw only the ghost of that lovely lady Randolph had told her of. And then it seemed as if a voice from her inner consciousness were saying, "You saw me flashing up from mirror to mirror. Oh, so you are going on from life to life—loveless alone and wretched. The purpose of this world—he told you once—is love. The delights of this world are love's. Lose them here, and where shall you ever find them? You go on to all eternity, loveless, alone, and wretched. You came into this world to love, to know the uses of love, to be awakened, kindled, fused, vitalized, by love. You forswear it, you betray it, you pass by! You go through life untouched by the great quickening finger, a thing of unfulfilled destiny—not a woman, but a phantom, a thin, loveless, phantom, a phantom of despair!"

Mr. Chelhurst had finished his spider, had been wrestling with a prodigious swarm of gnats, and had been interrupted by the servants bringing in the big wassail-bowl crowned with holly, before Constance began again to hear the real voices around her.

"And when do you sail?" the Doctor was asking Randolph.

"Almost at once," she heard him answer.

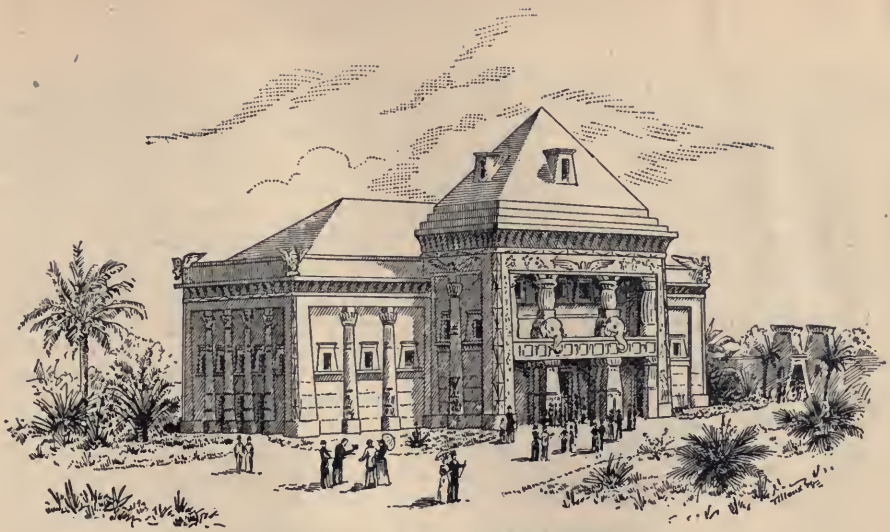
"And stay long?"

"A life-sentence."

": It is an international affair. Yes, I believe the position is practically permanent. And the climate? It has no outs? I wish you joy. You may see us there some fine winter day."

And so the various sounds went babbling on; and she sat there calm and still and white, much after her usual wont, but with a strange sensation, as if she had died and had come to life again.

The midnight bells of the neighboring church rang out the chimes of Christmas morning. The people began to make startled adieux. Randolph Berkeley was standing before her, bending, his lips white, but moving as if he was saying something, tall and stately and dark as a fallen angel receiving sentence. A color streamed up her face, the color of a tea-rose. She gave him her hand as a queen gives it; her blue eyes blazed a moment, like a glimpse of June heavens, before the white lids dropped over them, unable to bear the blaze of his; her own lips trembled. "You are going away?" she said. "Will you—will you—take me with you?"



FINE ARTS AND DECORATIVE ARTS BUILDING.

THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

WHEN M. H. De Young and the gentlemen who associated themselves with him with the object of establishing a fair in San Francisco during that season of the year when snow-storms, blizzards and "a nipping and a biting air" prevail in the largest portion of the Union, they undertook a task of no few difficulties. But great enterprises require enterprising minds to initiate them and carry them to the goal of accomplishment. It was no light work which M. H. De Young, Robert McMurray, James D. Phelan, Homer S. King, Isaac Trumbo, William Irelan and I. C. Dunphy applied themselves to when they resolved themselves into a representative committee, with the intention that California should have a fair when her climate is serene at a time of the year that is inclement in the most populous regions of the United States.

On the first day of June last their decision was made, and by the end of August the necessary funds for carrying out their project were secured; plans for the construction of buildings had been accepted, rules were established for the classification, etc. of exhibits, and contracts let for grading and preparing the ground in Golden Gate Park. The Park Commissioners met the views of the projectors with a proper spirit of encouragement, and, both in the selection of site and extent of area granted for the exposition, left nothing to be desired. Naturally they were anxious to so regulate matters that no permanent detriment should be inflicted upon our beautiful park, and they adopted measures that were judicious in that respect, and at the same time liberal.

Under the auspices of Mayor Ellert an organization was formed in San Francisco, a committee of fifty citizens being appointed under his selection. This body at once proceeded to appoint an Executive Committee, which consisted of M, H. De Young, President and Director-General, R. B. Mitchell, Irwin C. Stump, P. N. Lilienthal, and A. Andrews, residents in San Francisco, and E. J. Gregory, F. G. Berry, J. S. Slauson and J. H. Neff from the interior of the

State. A Finance Committee was also formed with General Barnes at the head.

The executive work now proceeded apace. Congress was appealed to for encouragement, and both Houses promptly passed a bill within twenty-four hours after its introduction, extending the non-dutiable exemption to exhibits at the Midwinter Fair.

Thursday, the 25th of August, will be a memorable day to the inhabitants of San Francisco. Ground was broken on the site selected in Golden Gate Park for the Exposition. In the very centre of that beautiful and extensive reservation no less than sixty acres were appropriated for the accomplishment of Mr. de Young's idea. It is estimated that eighty thousand people were witnesses to the turning of the first spadeful of earth, which was sold to an enthusiastic citizen for a large sum. Before this first spadeful of soil was raised the Finance Committee had secured subscriptions amounting to $400,000—strong evidence that faith in the undertaking had become general and popular.

How great the popularity with which the people of California greeted the project may be learned from the records of subscriptions (published almost daily in the San Francisco *Chronicle*) which show that sums, ranging from one dollar to hundreds of dollars, were contributed by voluntary subscribers. At the time of writing $150,000 has been paid in and $5,000 is coming in daily. Rich and poor alike shook hands over the proposition and contributed.

Nor is this effort on the part of California without its didactic element. To the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast and to dwellers east of the Rocky Mountains it will be equally instructive. The first will have an opportunity of seeing a selection of some of the choicest exhibits from the World's Fair, while visitors from afar will be able to compare our land and the meteorological conditions which are its pride, with nature's devastating action and uncertain proceedings in the Eastern States from Florida to the Canadian border. They will not fail to note the difference between regions where snow and sleet, frost and ice, and all attending discomforts and sufferings prevail, and the balmy air, the suburban and rural homes flower-decked —in lieu of a white winding sheet— and the stormless rains of California's winter months. Moreover, they will have an opportunity of observing the unlimited capabilities of the land as

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL HALL.

regards natural resources and boundless possibilities—a land whereon the tropical passion-flower blooms in profusion and the snow-flower raises its crimson head.

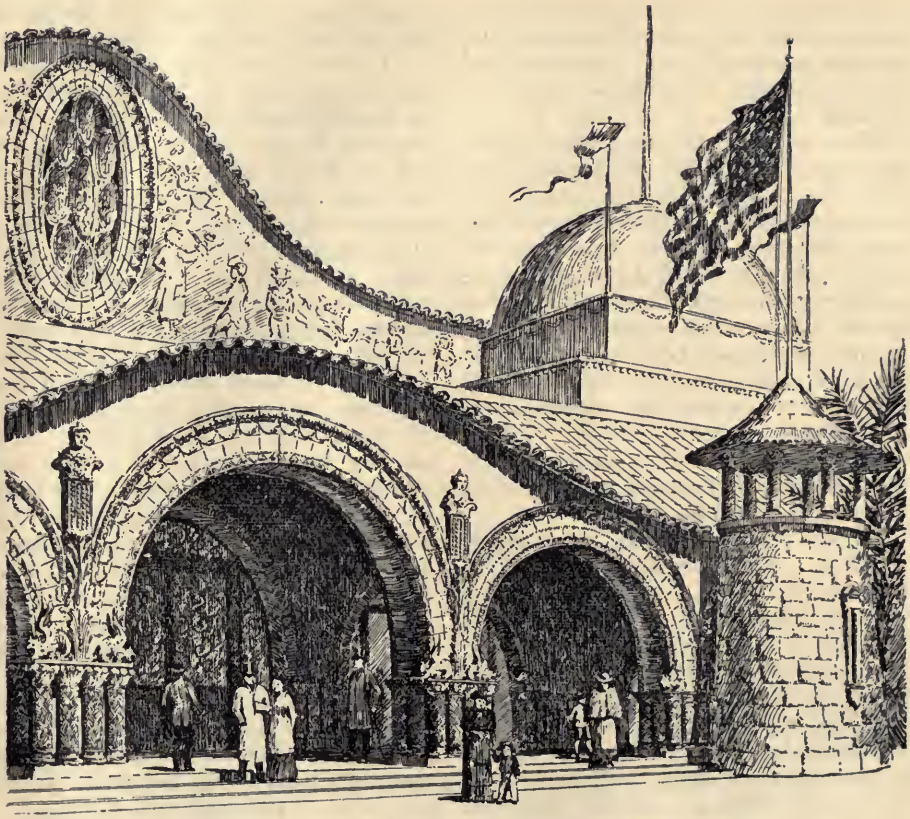
Variety is one of the greatest contributors to human happiness, and from the last remark the reader will recognize that in California he will be able to obtain it with regard to climate. He can spend the winter, if he so choose, in the Yosemite, and enjoy all the luxuries that snow and sublime scenery are capable of contributing to his taste; and, if he likes a more genial atmosphere and brighter surroundings he can visit scores of pleasant resting places, where the air is fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and brilliant coloring delights his eyes.

In the Midwinter Fair the largest building is the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. It is 450 feet long and 250 feet wide. The design is Moorish, and the edifice displays the picturesqueness which marks that style of architecture. This building will cost more than $100,000, and be substantially constructed of wood, plaster and cement. Roofed with metal tiles, with cream color exterior, it will take a prominent place as regards size and appearance in the Fair. The architect is Mr. A. Page Brown.

Mr. E. R. Swain designed the Mechanical Arts Building which is a credit to his talent. The style is East Indian and represents the character in vogue in the principal cities of Hindoostan. The structure is 324 feet long by 160 feet wide. In the rear is an annex, 246 feet by 35 feet, used as a power-house. No less than thirty boilers, each with a capacity of 100-horse power, will be erected therein. With its gilded roof and decorated sides it is a striking feature, and is a fit theatre for the exhibition of man's ingenuity and his application of the forces of nature to his own convenience and uses.

The Agricultural and Horticultural Building is being constructed on the Mission type, which was brought into prominence by the design followed by the architect of the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, and which was exemplified at the World's Fair by the California State Building. The building is 400 feet in length by 200 feet in width and may be said to be in three parts. The main portion, appropriated to agricultural exhibits, is rectangular in form, having an open court in the centre. In its spacious galleries all the products of the field and market gardening will be displayed. Then there is an annex in the form of a tower which is 80 feet high and 25 feet wide, and connected with the main building by a bridge. This portion is constructed of native redwood. The remainder of the building is surmounted by a huge dome 100 feet in diameter and 100 feet high. It will be surrounded by a roof garden and there the visitor can see the floral treasures of a new Hesperides. The architect, Mr. Samuel Newsom, has made excellent use of the flexibility which pertains to the style of architecture he appropriately chose, and which was adopted by the designer of the California State Building at the California Exposition.

The horticultral display will surpass anything of the kind ever exhibited. Twenty-two hundred feet square are appropriated for it and every available foot of that area will be covered with selected specimens. Some idea of the scope of the exhibit is derived from the item of dried fruits of which there are to be at least 14,000 separate exhibits. This exhibit is arranged from an educational standpoint, and in it the visitor who is versed in horticulture and desires to make his observations from a technical point of view will find the means of ascertaining the progress which California has made in this industry. The fact that the State Board of Horticulture has taken hold of it will result in a more complete exhibit, and one more intelligently arranged than could otherwise have been had. The work will be well done, and meet with warm encour-



DOORWAY OF AGRICULTURAL BUILDING—SAMUEL NEWSOM, ARCHITECT.

agement on the part of the fruit growers.

Directly in line with the Palace of Horticulture stands the Administration Building—A. Page Brown, architect. It will be of the Byzantine-Gothic Style with considerable Moresque ornamentation. In plan it is square with hexagonal towers on the corners, each surmounted by a small dome. From the centre of the building, and conveying the impression of receiving its support from the four small towers, will be a large hexagonal tower, bearing a fine dome in general outline similar to the smaller ones. These domes will be colored in gilt bronze and their appearance will be striking and effective. In front of the Administration Building a large fountain will play.

Contiguous with the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building will be C. C. McDougall's Fine Arts Building notable for the originality of its design. This will be the only one of the Exposition buildings that will remain permanently in Golden Gate Park after the Midwinter Fair is closed, consequently it will be constructed of durable material. It will have a solid cement foundation, and being built of brick will be fire-proof, a necessary requirement for the safe custody of the valuable sculpture, paintings and other works of art it will contain. This building will be 120 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 40 feet high. It will be a collective illustration of the architectural art as practiced by the Egyptians. The entrance will be flanked by columns grotesquely or-

namented, which in the second story will take the form of elephants. The vestibule will be surmounted by a small pyramid. The columns will be of wood placed on the outside of a solid, rectangular brick structure. the blank walls of which are decorated in Egyptian style. Lighted entirely from the roof no space for hanging is lost and at the same time the best light will be obtained.

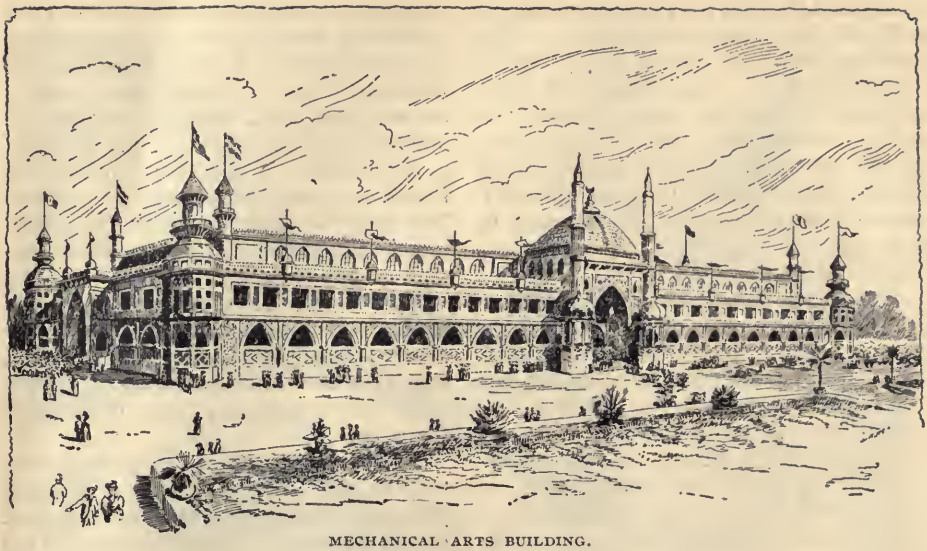
One of the most brilliant features of the Fair will be the electric illumination at night. In the exact centre of the great open court, surrounded by the buildings above described, will rise a lofty electric tower covered from top to bottom with many-colored incandescent lights. This tower will be the central figure of the illumination, but only one of many, for every building in the group of the five main structures will be outlined with similar lights. By this arrangement the general architectural features of these buildings will be emphasized by the illumination, so that their proportions and most striking details will be as evident by night as by day. The number of incandescent lights used for this purpose and for the interior illumination of some of the buildings will be about 12,000, about equally divided between the exteriors and interiors. In addition to this about 750 lamps are to be distributed over the grounds, while four large clusters of lamps will be placed in the great central court. On both sides of the roadways also will be rows of arc lamps, so that visitors can stroll about by night in a light almost as bright as the sun. To furnish this extensive system of illumination about 2,500 horse-power is required.

Besides the five principal buildings, there are numerous others to be erected by certain counties of the State and by the foreign colonies in San Francisco. Alameda was the first county to propose a separate building for her exhibits. Architecturally considered it is a beautiful structure, designed by J. Cather Newsom, and following somewhat on the lines of the California Building at Chicago. It is a combination of the Moorish and Mission style of architecture, having an old tiled roof, Moorish arches and splendid ornamentation. On the roof a profusion of flowers shows the floral richness of Alameda County. The familiar domes are there, and fluttering flags add effect to the gala aspect of the building.

To describe all the novel buildings erected by counties would occupy too much space, but it may be remarked that they are all appropriate in design and atttractive in their distinctive features.

A great attraction, if carried out, will be the Vienna Prater, or Vienna pleasure garden, located on the east of the Administration Building. This will be made up of a group of buildings designed by Edmund Kollofrath, and cover an area of 72,000 square feet. They are of pleasing and striking architecture, the main entrance being on the west side of the grounds. The gateway will be flanked by two towers where guards will be stationed. Opposite the entrance a great concert hall, 75 feet square will be constructed, surmounted by ornate turrets and towers, and possessing those architectural features which are characteristic of similar buildings in Vienna. Long verandas will extend around it. Swiss girls dressed in national costume will wait upon the visitors, and musical entertainments be given every evening. Adjoining the concert hall will be a series of twenty-one stores in which various articles of Austrian manufacture will be offered for sale.

Another of this group of buildings is the theatre, 60 by 90 feet, and close to it will be a children's playground where the little ones will find fun in Punch and Judy shows and various other entertainments. At the south side of the gardens will be another structure of artistic design. This is the Louvre restaurant in which the waitresses are to come from Vienna and be dressed in the garb of their father-



MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

land. Between the Louvre and the concert hall is the Czarda-Hungarian, where Hungarian life may be seen and where the gypsy-girls in characteristic costume will be a special attraction. All these buildings will be erected around a large garden in the centre of which will be a band-stand.

In the present issue of the CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE it would be premature to enter into particulars as to the numerous attractions that will afford pleasure and instruction to visitors to the Midwinter Fair, but we can assure our readers that the floral display during the most inclement months of the year—January and February—will be a surprise to residents on the Eastern coast and in the interior of the United States ranging in the same latitude as San Francisco. Acres of flower-beds gorgeous with the colors of those inumerable delights of flora which bloom in the Californian winter will greet the eye, and as the season advances changes will be effected from time to time, so that an incessant variety will be exposed to view, each new display developing itself over the waning one in kaleidoscopic effect.

Then when March comes in—March when the Californian poppy adorns our landscapes with golden hues—these beds of many-colored flowers will give place to a living cloth of gold, and day by day the eschscholtzia, in countless numbers, will unfold its auricolor petals and spread a golden scroll on terraces that will present to Eastern eyes a sight never before witnessed. For several weeks this natural decoration of the wild lands and grazing grounds of California will be exhibited with such degree of excellence as intelligent cultivation can achieve. Then, in due season, will follow an exhibit of roses—for the variety and size of which California is famous—and chrysanthemums, in shades of color and with diametrical measurement only equalled in Japan, will wave their plumes in the balmly breeze, while violets, double and single, will perfume the air.

It must not be supposed that the California Midwinter Fair will be on the same stupendous scale of the late Columbian exposition at Chicago, but it may be confidently asserted that it will have attractions that could not be included in the latter.

Visitors who gaze on the exhibits that will be displayed to them in Golden Gate Park will see before them a miniature of California and the Pacific Coast. Its past and its present, with the promises of its future will be laid out for their inspection. They will be able to form an idea of the life passed by those who preceded us and were the argonauts that laid the corner-stone of this modern development. They will see the transition changes of ethnological progress from a barbaric State to one of high civilization and mental power. Their attention will be aroused and their thoughts stimulated by the object-lessons that will instruct them in the history of California of the past. They will recognize more readily, as they look on a log cabin on one hand and a palace on the other, the rapid strides that have been made in this golden State during the last semi-century; and as they wander along the pleasant pathways of the park, which, but a few years ago, 'was a wild waste of sand dunes and hillocks clad with scrub-oak, they will be conscious of the great future possibilities of this Western State.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

FEW writers have done more to render imperishable the memory of New England homes and New England history than Samuel Adams Drake, whose "Old Landmarks," "The Taking of Louisburg," and other works are in every well-selected library. This year Mr. Drake is represented by a sumptuous volume, *Our Colonial Homes*,[1] which in its interest to the reader and its beauty of design and illustrations, is not surpassed among all the literary good things that Christmas brings. Mr. Drake's object has been to present distinct types of the colonial architecture of New England and a glance at the volume shows how well he has succeeded. The book is beautifully illustrated and is a credit to the house whose imprint it bears, and to the author, who has a large corner in the hearts of all true Americans.

A fine edition of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*[2] is issued by Lee & Shepard. This is the most powerful and imaginative of modern ballads, and one of the masterpieces of English poetry. In design and in execution it resembles nothing in literature, and it keeps its place in the memories of men as something apart.

The illustrations by Sir Noel Paton will be a pleasure as well as a help to the reader. They are drawn with a free hand, and are full of spirit and character. They help to give the student a visible image or tableau of the several scenes; and some degree of imagination is needed to comprehend and realize these mental pictures.

The poem, with its masterly illustrations, will be a keepsake of intellectual and artistic worth, and the publishers should receive the thanks of the public for this brilliant book.

One can but be surprised at the wealth of gift books that appear this year, and that there is a demand for such speaks volumes for the growing taste for that which is good. One cannot better combine the artistic and literary than in Julia C. R. Dorr's new book *Periwinkle*,[3] illustrated so richly by Zulma de Lacy Steele.

This book contains a series of thirty-six pictures and vignettes which were drawn in charcoal and reproduced in half-tones, and which illustrate Mrs. Dorr's beautiful poem. They are charming landscapes, such as are seen in the picturesque regions of old New England, and succeed each other with varied groupings and special details. The drawings are free and bold, giving the effect of the skilful artist's original sketches; while at the same time, the half-tone process lends a silvery softness to the work. The vignettes facing the drawings are formed of graceful sprays of periwinkle. The lover of artistic work will find new beauties to admire whenever a page is turned.

In issuing books of this class the publishers are doing a public service.

Equally choice and, expressive of exquisite taste, is *I Have Called You Friends*[4] from the same publishers. Irene E. Jerome, the author, needs no introduction to Californian readers. The work is illustrated in missal style, printed in colors and gold, presenting a rich and chaste effect. The text is taken from the Scriptures and eminent authors, and is engraved in Old English, each page framed with some beautiful and original design aptly setting forth the beauty of the sentiment. In richness of workmanship it will not be excelled, and the correct sentiment which pervades its pages should make

[1] Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Cloth $2.50. Leather, $4.59.

[2] Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth $2.00. Leather $4.00.

[3] Lee & Shepard, Publishers. Cloth $3.00. Leather $5.00.

[4] Lee & Shepard, Publishers, $2.00.

it a most acceptable gift at Christmas tide. Such works should be commended.

Readers of the old Knickerbocker Magazine, back in the fifties, will remember the poems of Curtis Guild. These bright and vigorous verses have been gathered into permanent form in a quarto entitled *From Sunrise to Sunset*,[1] constituting a most delightful book, and one which will surely repay the author and publishers. The volume comprises idyllic tales, historic sketches, domestic scenes, with a rare touch of of nature. This is a volume replete with interest and an excellent example of the perfection of the art of book-making. There are over fifty illustrations by Charles Copeland, artistic gems that add to the attraction of the work.

James Whitcomb Riley rejoices in being one of the most popular of American poets. His lines have a pathos and soul that have endeared him to the people of America and those of lands beyond. The last of Mr. Riley's books he calls *Poems Here at Home*[2] and dedicates it to his father. The little volume reflects the refined artistic taste of the publishers, who give us none but good books, and a glance through its pages show that Mr. Riley's pen has lost none of its cunning. One of the best bits in the volume is "The Raggedy Man," though the reader will hardly pass by a line in these delicately furnished pages.

'Bout oncet a year Jim Riley writes a book o' verse
ter sell,
An' the folks 'at buys it reads it, and 'ey likes it
mighty well;
His pomes are plain 'nd common, like the folks
'emselves, I guess,
With a dreamin' music in 'em 'nd a sort er tenderness
'At creeps into the heart 'nd makes it somehow beat
in time
With the fancy of the poet 'nd the ripple of his
rhyme;
So you who like the potery you c'n read 'nd think
about
Will be glad to hear 'at Riley's got
a
new
book
out.
—*Life.*

If estheticism in books is desired, *Thumb Nail Sketches*,[3] by George Wheaton Edwards, meets the requirement. Daintily bound in stamped leather, with richly-tinted frontispiece, and illustrated by veritable thumb-nail sketches, this little volume is a treasure-trove which should drift into many a Christmas package.

The suggestion that Robert Grant has written a new book with the illustrative collaboration of W. T. Smedley and C. S. Martin will be received with pleasure by the many admirers of the author. The present volume is entitled *The Opinions of a Philosopher*,[4] who is generally a married man, and the story is a most entertaining dissertation upon the experiences of a married man, tinctured with true philosophy and charming wit. The volume is essentially a sequel to his "Reflections of a Married Man," and is fully up to the high standard of the author's previous works. The illustrations are clever and aid in the philosophical interpretations.

Thackeray! the name has a charm, and the familiar features of Colonel Newcome and a host of loved characters pass before the mental vision at the breathing of the word. Thackeray is imperishable, and anything new about him is sure of a warm welcome. Eyre Crowe, A. R. A., who accompanied the author of the "Virginians" to America, has written a most interesing book, *With Thackeray in America*[5] which is illustrated by many clever sketches of American characters by Thackeray himself. The author has done his work well, and a most interesting addition to the life of the great novelist is the result. The illustrations are, of course, an attraction in themselves, and the sketches of Barnum, Horace Greeley, G. W. Curtis, President Fillmore, Rev. H. Bellows and others, made by Thackeray, forty years ago, are of the greatest interest. The book is enjoyable from beginning to end, and should find a place in the library by the side of the novelist's works.

Never was there a time when athletic sports were so popular as at present, especially those that require the possession of vigor and manliness. The richly-illustrated volume, *Book of Sports*,[6] by Walter Camp, is most timely. No one writes more entertainingly, and the work is exact in the instruction it gives. The present volume takes up four sports particularly in favor at the present time in the West — football, baseball, rowing and track racing. To college men and students this work is invaluable, containing the latest laws and regulations. The illustrations are particularly effective. Mr. Camp has long been an authority on athletics and this richly-bound volume is a valuable addition to the literature of a fascinating subject.

Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini,[7] will be read with interest by all his admirers. We have often read of Salvini and have been fired by his wonderful genius, but in this beautiful volume he takes us completely into his confidence and tells just what we would like to know: how he obtained his conception of Othello, his experience in unhappy Brazil, tracing, in short, his uneventful life from youth to its later fullness. Replete with incident, written in a simple but intertaining

[1]Lee & Shepard, Publishers, $3.50.
[2]The Century Co., New York, $2.50.
[3]The Century Co. New York.
[4]Chas. Scribners' Sons, N. Y., $1.25.
[5]Chas. Scribners' Sons, N. Y., $1.25.
[6]Century Co., $1.75.
[7]Century Co., $1.50

style, the work is one which holds the attention of the reader until the end. It was a happy idea to have Joe Jefferson and Salvini tell these stage secrets in their own words and language.

We object to the story of the Brownies being considered a juvenile; if there is a grown man or woman who cannot enjoy these delightful pictures, there is something radically wrong in their make-up. The Brownie's Book is a very funny classic, and should be on the table of every solemn-visaged adult. Mr. Palmer Cox has, in this creation, added an imperishable delight to old and young. His new book *Brownies at Home*[1] is immitable.

Topsys and Turvys[2] is just what its name indicates, a comical book illustrated by numerous colored plates each of which is like the famous reversible picture, though in this instance the result is unexpected and a part of the story. It is a delightful gift for a bright boy or girl.

The editor of the CALIFORNIAN recently gave an American story to a Chinese artist to illustrate with most interesting results. *Chinese Nights Entertainments*,[3] by Adele M. Fielde, is illustrated in the same way which adds to the charm of the author's recital. It makes a most enjoyable volume. The nights are tales heard by the author in far Cathay, in the Swatow vernacular, which have never been given in European tongue. The illustrations might have been taken from a Satsuma vase, and are the work of artists in the school sf the famous Chinese artist, Go Leng of Swatow. The work is, considering with what avidity anything relating to the Chinese is viewed at present, particularly timely.

Among the attractive juveniles of the Messrs. Putnam is a new book by John R. Coryell, author of "Diego Purzon" and others. Mr. Coryell is a skilled and voluminous writer for young people, and *Diccon, the Bold*,[4] his latest work, is one which can be heartily commended. The book is well illustrated with many full-page pictures and will be a most acceptable Christmas gift to boy or girl.

Of the many artistic editions gotten out by Chas. Scribners' Sons, the Cameo is one of the most attractive. The volumes are 16mo., richly bound, with a white cameo on the cover. A collection of the papers of Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled, *Virginibus Puerisque*,[5] is among the latest issue of the series. The title of some of the papers are "El Dorado," "Panpipes," "Falling in Love," and others, all possessing the fascination and purity of style that characterizes all of the author's works. A delightful little work this to find in one's pocket on Christmas or any other morning for that matter. Andrew Lang's *Letters to Dead Authors*,[6] is issued in the same series, with a fine etching of the author. The letters addressed to Thackeray, Dickens, Herodotus, Jane Austen, and a score or more authors who have passed away, are remarkably clever, and we note the delicacy of the author, as he rarely forgets that his audience cannot reply and that he perforce has the last word. The little book is most companionable and deserves a place with the best books of the year.

Madison Canerin dedicates an attractive little book of verse, *Poems of Nature and Love*,[7] to Joaquin Miller, and the poet of the Sierras may well be honored as the volume contains lines that will last long and much that is more than is passing good. In the mass of poetry that is published it is difficult to find a volume that is more acceptable. The book should achieve the wide popularity that has fallen to the lot of the author's individual efforts.

The translation of the poem of Van Chammisso, by Mr. Frank V. McDonald, in the present number, will be appreciated by all lovers of literature. The drawings by F. Tegetmeyer, are particularly good. The musical lines are from the Royal Edition of Schumann's Songs which excellent work can be of all music dealers.

Tourists in California and the general reader have long wished for a cheap hand book of the Pacific Coast Missions. Such a volume, *The Story of the Missions*[8], has just been issued by Laura Bride Powers and is the best work on the Missions that we have seen. The account begins with the establishment of the Mission, taking the reader in the footsteps of the Fathers from the first Mission to the last, giving the salient history as each in an attractive style. The story is a romance in real life and will ever constitute a fund for the historian and tourist to draw upon. Mrs. Powers is an attractive writer, and this little volume will take its place among the best books of the decade in California. It is richly illustrated and should be in the hands of every tourist. One feature of this little volume to be commended is the appeal that is made for the preservation of these ancient and sacred landmarks. The societies for the preservation of Missions could not do better than spread these books broadcast over the land as a check to the vandalism that is everywhere apparent.

[1] Century Co., $1.00.
[2] Century Co.
[3] G. P. Putman's Sons, N. Y. $1.75.
[4] G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.
[5] Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Cloth, $1.25.
[6] Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25.
[7] G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., $1.50.
[8] "The Story of the Missions," Wm. Doxey, San Francisco, 50 cents.

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THE ROBBER CRAB.

BY T. CRAWFORD JOHNSON.

DURING the spring of 1887, we had the misfortune to be shipwrecked some four hundred miles north of the Society group of islands in the South Pacific, and after six days in the boats, reached the Island of Hangarog in the Tuamotee group, principally famous as being the island referred to by Mr. Darwin as the home of one of the most interesting of the Crustacea family known.

Many years prior to this, I had become in a measure familiar with the Birgus latro or Robber Crab, which is said in some instances to attain to the phenomenal size of twenty-four by eighteen inches, and I was aware of the fact that we had happened on the island referred to by him as the home of this species, but the subject was so far removed at the time of my reading from any possible field of observation near or even in the possible future, that I did not give sufficient attention to the subject to lead me among our strange surroundings there to any immediate investigation of it, which I now consider fortunate for the reason that in consequence of my want of sufficient information to satisfy my own curiosity, I gave to the subject more careful inquiry than I would in all probability have done if my mind had been rendered inert by a large previous acquaintance with it.

The second night after our arrival, I was disturbed by a sound in the bush as if some one was employed tearing bark from a tree and then splitting wood with a hatchet. The sound did not seem to originate from any great distance, but suggested the idea that the wood had been broken on a hollow cylinder rather than on the ground.

We were, however, in a strange land and among strange surroundings and in contact with a people whose usages it was only to be expected, would differ materially from ours, and supposing that in the exigencies of home life some native had risen during the night to light a fire, I turned to rest.

The following night the disturbance was repeated at a very inconvenient hour, and as I lay awake, I gave some attention to the sound, and concluding that some other explanation than that of a native making a fire was necessary, the next morning inquired of the native missionary the cause of the disturbance.

Custom had, however, so dulled his ear that he had not been disturbed by the sound, but with the instinctive good taste of the natives, he interested himself in my grievances, and in a short time a smile broke over his dusky face, and going to the door, he beckoned me to follow.

Calling on a couple of natives to bring a large bread-tin and a rope we proceeded for a short distance down the main road leading to the inner lagoon, where he soon pointed to the husks and shells of some fresh cocoanuts lying about, as if some one had recently been at work. The natives immediately began to manifest an interest in the proceedings and in a short time discovered the nest or den of the crab at the root of one of the trees, from which they ejected it. It was very amusing to notice the care with which they kept out of its reach; it was, however, secured after a little excitement, and placed in the tin and conveyed to my house.

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The Birgus was a very fine specimen, and measured all over, could not have been less than twenty-four by sixteen inches. Not of a dull-red color, as one would suppose, but with that beautiful provision in nature that protects the humbler forms of life, enabling them to partake of the color of their surroundings ; the crab was tinted with a rare combination of the colors of the vegetation surrounding its home, green, yellow and red, producing a curious but pleasing effect.

The striking feature about the crab was not the color, but the enormous biting claw which measured nearly one-half of its entire length. The crab, after climbing a cocoanut tree, detaches with its forceps such nuts as are full-grown and ripe, and lets them fall to the ground, not for the purpose of breaking the nuts, as has been stated, but simply for the reason that that is the easiest way of getting them down, the husk being an ample protection from damage.

The nuts secured, the crab returns to the ground, and proceeds with great deliberation to remove the husk, holding the nut with one claw and removing the fiber with the other, this results in a small portion of the husk being left on one end ; this the crab seizes and then pounds the nut on the rock until it bursts open and food, solid and liquid, is presented.

It is said by some authorities that the crab removes the kernel by inserting one of the hind legs in the eye of the nut, but this is not the case. The crab procures the food in the manner before described. It has again been said that the crab goes once a day to the sea to moisten its gills, but from the best information I could obtain, there would seem to be no necessity for this, since ample moisture can be obtained from the nut.

A curious evidence of the superior instinct of the crab is likewise found in its removing the husk of the nut to the root of one of the trees, and lining its den with it.

The entire procedure is almost human in its intelligence, while some idea of the enormous power of the crab can be obtained from the manner in which our rest was disturbed by one at work quite a quarter of a mile from our house, and by the further fact that the day following that during which the natives secured the Birgus, it made its escape by cutting the rope and tearing the side of the bread-tin.

THE BRIDAL.

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

The sweet white world is the bride of the sun,
She was pale and cold till he came,
But he lit up her jewels, one by one,
And her heart is a pulsing flame.

He mantles her face with a rosy blush,
The sad moon hurries away,
She knows the kiss burns her soul with its flush,
And his love only lasts for a day.

Recipes for December,

By Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Rorer, Miss Parloa.

Cottage Pudding.—*By Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Principal Chautauqua School of Cookery.* Two cups of flour, one cup of milk, half cup of sugar, one egg, two teaspoons Cleveland's Baking Powder, two tablespoons melted butter. Sift the flour, baking powder and sugar together. Add the melted butter to the milk and pour over the egg, after it has been well beaten. Then stir the ingredients all together and bake in gem cups or in a square, flat pan. Serve warm with a liquid sauce.

Buckwheat Cakes. Two teacupfuls buckwheat flour, one teacupful wheat flour, three teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder, one teaspoonful salt. Mix all together, and add sufficient sweet milk or water to make a soft batter. Bake on griddle at once.

Corn Bread.—*By Maria Parloa.* For two sheets of corn bread use a pint of wheat flour, half a pint of corn meal, one pint of milk, half a gill of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Baking Powder, two generous tablespoonfuls of butter and two eggs. Mix all the dry ingredients and rub through a sieve. Beat the eggs till light and add the milk to them. Stir this mixture into the dry ingredients. Add the melted butter, and beat for a few seconds. Pour into two buttered pans, and bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour; or the batter may be baked in buttered muffin pans—this quantity yielding two dozen muffins.—(Copyright.)

Chicken Pie. Cut into pieces one chicken, boil in enough water to cover until tender, adding when half done one tablespoonful salt. Take out chicken, keep warm, and thicken the liquid with one tablespoonful each flour and butter rubbed together. Add salt and pepper to taste. Boil five minutes. Take one quart flour, two teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder, a little salt and one small cup butter. Mix as biscuit. Take half, roll ¼ inch thick, and line a deep dish, leaving an inch over the sides to turn up over top crust. Put in chicken, pour over gravy, cover with the other crust, with a large hole in centre for steam to escape. Wet the edge and fold over the under crust, press firmly together. Spread soft butter over the top, make ornament to fit the centre, and bake until done.

Cracknels.—*By Mrs. S. T. Rorer, Prin. Philadelphia Cooking School.* Add to one quart of sifted flour a half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of Cleveland's Baking Powder, a half of salt; mix and rub in four ounces of butter. Add sufficient milk to make a dough. Knead and roll out, spread lightly with soft butter, fold in three, roll out again, and cut with a sharp knife into square cakes. Beat the white of one egg, a tablespoonful of sugar and 1 of milk together, brush over the tops and bake 15 minutes in a moderately quick oven.

FRIENDS—A STORY.

BY CHARLES F. HOWELL.

IT WAS growing cool in the room. Finley shoved the brass rod at the side of the door and closed the transom, then resumed his leather chair before the grate, and took up the conversation where he had dropped it.

"No, Paul," he said, "I cannot realize that only a few weeks are left of our college life. These four years in Princeton have passed like a protracted panorama in which I seem to have stood outside and looked on, rather than to have taken part. There was always something new turning up. Even when class-room work was most prosaic, I have had a continual feeling of expectancy. So day after day has slipped by, I little heeding, until at last I start up and discover that only a few are left. Did you ever wonder, Paul, what lasting, abiding benefit we fellows are going to receive from these ephemeral pleasures? They seem to me to defy all attempts at appropriation. Look about you, for instance, at the walls of this room. Some one has said a man's room is the most faithful reflection of himself. If that is the case I must be decidedly frivolous. There hang the trophies of four years. Foot-balls, base-ball bats, lacrosse sticks, pictures of athletic teams and mementoes of midnight raids and adventures. Suspended from the chandelier are a dozen or two dance cards—bright spots were those Assemblies and Cotillions in the monotony of the long winter terms.

So you might go over the list. They make up a past delightful to think upon, but without enough materiality to cast a shadow on out into the future where it would be most needed.

And yet there is one development of these years that I am sure will endure—that is our friendship The faded black cap hanging there on the antlers recalls the time when we crossed the line of mere acquaintance and began to be friends.

It was the night of our Sophomore "rush." I was deep in a rough-and-tumble fight with a Freshman over the possession of that very cap. He was a gritty chap, and I'm afraid my Sophomore dignity would have gone down before him if you had not rushed in and helped me out. You came on to my room and helped me fix up my wounds, and then we went down to the Club together to dinner.

That was three years ago, Paul," said Mark Finley, slowly; "we have always been together since. I cannot bear to think we must say good-bye. I really don't see how I am to get on without you."

Van Ettan stopped running the poker into the red coals and looked up as Finley ceased speaking, "If ever you need me, Mark," he said, "you shall *not* get along without me."

He crossed to the table and took up a book. It was useless to try and read, so he closed it with a snap.

"No more of this sort of talk to-night," he said. "It's worse than a case of the blues." Then added with a show of cheerfulness, "you are delightfully forgetful of twenty pages of French to be recited on the first thing in the morning. Suppose you move over this way and we will dig out some Balzac. 'Le Colonel Chabert' is a great story, I'm told."

"No, I think not," returned Finley, as he settled down lower in his big chair. "I'm not equal to twenty pages of French to-night, and besides, I'm too comfortable here."

The glow of the grate-fire was very soothing, and his chair was delightfully easy. He began to think it was getting too warm with the transom closed. He settled his head back against the cushions and closed his eyes to shield them from the heat.

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The little white cots in the city hospital stood out prim and straight from the wall around three sides of the room. There must have been at least fifty of them. They were scrupuously clean and under ordinary circumstances would have combined with the soft muslin curtains and brightly papered walls to make a picture entirely in keeping with the kind-hearted matron's ideas of art. But at this time she was very sad and distressed and could find no beauty in them. The dreaded cholera, king of plagues, was raging in New York; and upon each cot in that hospital a victim was writhing and tossing.

No wonder that the matron was distressed. Worse still, she was decidedly discouraged. It seemed impossible to check the progress of the disease or bring relief to the sufferers. "God help them," she half-sobbed, "I don't see what more I can do."

The ambulance gong sounded at the door. "Where shall we put him, ma'am?" asked one of the officers who were half-carrying a limp figure into the hall. "We came across him on Union Square. He hailed us as we were passing and said he was afraid he was taken with the plague. It had just come on him, and he asked to be brought here here at once, so the people on the street might not be exposed to danger from him. It's only a light touch; keep him well away from the others here, and as he's young and strong I guess he'll pull through." "Put him in Room 17," directed the matron. "Why, it's young Mr. Finley," she suddenly added as the patient tried to raise his head and thank her;" he has often driven out here with his mother, who is one af our kindest benefactresses. Be sure we will do all in our power to help him."

As soon as Finley was settled in his room he asked that a message be sent his mother. "Tell her I will soon be over it," he said, "and that she is not to worry. Send another to Mr. Paul Van Ettan, Oriental Hotel. He must learn why I did not meet him at the train. He lives in the West and I have not seen him for a year." He added after a pause—"He is my particular friend." Finley had evidently hit upon a favorite theme. He was about to say more about it when a return of the terrible suffering broke in upon his words and threw him back upon his bed in agony. It was the worst attack of all and the nurses administered great tablespoonfulls of the soothing opiate to relieve the pain and afford rest.

Before he had entirely recovered consciousness, Finley felt, even in his exhausted condition, a sense of comfort and friendliness. Another hand than the nurses had smoothed his pillow and cooled his forehead. He half remembered how in his delirium it had helped him. For it was not a stranger's touch, but one he had somehow felt long ago. The hand was holding his, now, in a firm and reassuring grasp. He did not dare to look up for fear he should be disappointed. He raised his heavy eyelids a very little and stole a glance at the hand. It was bronzed and muscular, and on the third finger was a garnet stone in a plain gold setting. He closed his eyes. The hand and the ring were perfectly familiar. "Paul," he said very faintly. "Yes," old fellow, came the quick response. "Here we are, bag and baggage, and here we propose to stay until such time as Mark Finley sees fit to be himself again. I had just reached the hotel when I heard of your being brought here. Some of the fellows saw you put in the ambulance—"Of course, Paul," the low voice interrupted him, "let us understand each other. I am down with the cholora. By coming here you are playing fast and loose with your life. Yon must leave this place at once. It is a matter of a few hours with me when I shall leave it too—but for the grave. I insist upon your going as I say."

"Come, come, my boy!" cried Van Ettan, cheerily, "what a serious mess you are making of all this, to be sure; you are not going to die; far from it; of course, you are not over well, just now, but I have taken your case into my own hands. See, I have had two big quilts piled on you and hot vessels placed about your body. Here is iced champagne to quench your thirst. Why, you will soon be doing famously; I bought some camphor and other simple remedies as I came down town, and with their help, and my eye right on you, you will never have another such turn, please Heaven, as you have just come through. As for danger to me, bosh! I may not have studied medicine long, but I've kept track of cholera's tricks any-

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how, and propose, with the aid of a little prudence, to be as safe here as in my own home. Furthermore, I begin my régime by forbidding any allusion to the matters you have just suggested. I hope I am understood? " he said with mock severity.

It would have been hard to say just whether he was or not. There had come to Finley a realization of what a friend was capable of doing. He did not answer, but blinked back the tears and looked hard at the ceiling, and swallowed down the lump in his throat. "I construe your silence into consent," said Paul, "the reign of your new nurse has begun."

The results of his care were immediate and most flattering. Cholera is a finical will-o'-the wisp visitor, at best. It has no time on its hands, but proceeds in a summary manner to dispose of its entertainer at once. Treat it ill and you may perish that very hour ; show it kindness and you recover just as quickly. The latter case was Finley's. The simple remedies checked the disease and soothed the patient ; while the quiet confidence in his new physician brought him rapidly to recovery. Perhaps the best medicine he took, was the courage and determination that Van Ettan was constantly instilling. He remained by the bedside with untiring devotion. He cheered his charge by word and example. Reminiscences of the old college and the life they both had led there, were mingled with descriptions of his own farings since.

And so at the close of the fourth day, and when Finley was well on to recovery he found it particularly hard to bear for a day the enforced absence of Van Ettan. Paul had sent word that it would be impossible to come, and would Finley be a well-conducted patient while he was away. The latter clause of instructions Mark did not observe. He made life a burden to every one about as he waited for the day to pass. "You people are abominable nurses," he growled. "I wouldn't give Van Ettan for the whole hospital full of you." And so he looked forward to night and the return of Paul, inwardly vowing he would appreciate the dear fellow all the more. But night came and Paul did not. "He is getting deucedly careless of me," thought Finley, in a spoiled way. "I shall warn him against it in the morning."

When still another day passed and there was no word from Paul, he ceased to complain and became serious. "I wonder could he have been injured," he thought. "I certainly don't think the health officer would allow him to leave the hospital grounds, and then there came a thought that made him sick with sudden dread." The plague! Could he have become careless and fallen its victim! He may be suffering somewhere in this building now, and I not know it! He may be dying this very moment. What if he were dead! If he is, then he died for *me!*"

Finley was chilling with cold sweat at the very thought. He drew his dressing-gown about him and crossed to the door. "Stand aside!" he shouted to the officers who were passing with a body on a stretcher. "I have no time to lose! I am going to find my friend!" Then he stopped as if rooted to the spot and leaned heavily against the door for support. His eyes were burning and dilated, and glued on the passing bier. The body was covered with a pall, but one hand was protruding, blue and parched, and on the third finger was a garnet ring.

* * * * * * * *

Finley started up with a groan and stared about him. Instead of hospital wards he saw a snug little room with etchings and water colors on the walls and books on the desk and a bright fire glowing in the grate. Across the table, hard at work on his French, sat Paul Van Ettan. He looked up as Finley stared blankly at him, and quietly said, "Mighty glad you woke up, old man. This French is something awful. Suppose you open that transom, too ; it's very warm in here." Finley stood before him as if he were in a stupor, the horror of his dream hanging on him. He crossed to Van Ettan and flung his arms about him. "Thank Heaven," he said, "it was not true. But I believe, upon my life, you are capable of doing it."

"What's all the trouble?" asked the bewildered Paul, "capable of what?" Finley did not answer at once. He took down a volume of Balzac and opened his lexicon. Then he saw to it carefully that a grammar of the language was within reach.

And even then, he only said with an effort at a smile—"Well, of twenty pages of French, perhaps."

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By GEN'L N. P. CHIPMAN.

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.·. THE .·.

February Californian.

THE FEBRUARY CALIFORNIAN as the mid-winter issue presents a number of attractive features. The question of **Woman under Oriental Civilization,** will be treated by MRS. SARAH PARKER, the famous Orientalist and traveler. The paper will be illustrated by cuts of types of woman of the Orient. **Wellington and Napoleon** are treated from a new stand point, by CAPT. EVERALL, F. R. G. S. Of local color is a paper on the **Snow Shoers of Plumas County, Cal.,** in sections of which the snow often lies at a depth of thirty feet on a level and the people are literally snowed in for the season. A delightful article on **A Visit to the Mission of Santa Ynez,** is given by CAROLINE HAZZARD, illustrated by HARMER. The **Mid-Winter Fair** and the **Strange Characters** that gather there are depicted in a paper by J. J. PEATFIELD. To be followed by others during the life of the Exposition.

Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon discusses the Irrigation Question now interesting the south-west. **General N. P. Chipman,** discuses the question of National Immigration, so important to the future of the Country. In fiction the CALIFORNIAN will be particularly rich. **Chas. F. Lummis** contributes a short story. **Mrs. Lindon W. Bates** has a powerful story of Pioneer Life, while there are several other stories by distinguished writers. Poems, book reviews, etc., make the issue one of the best yet published.

THE CALIFORNIAN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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The CALIFORNIAN For 1894

THE DECEMBER CALIFORNIAN begins the fifth volume of the Magazine, and the success achieved justifies the publishers in improving the publication in every way during the coming year.

The Magazine will devote a certain amount of its space every month to Western North America from Alaska to Mexico, presenting authentic descriptions of this region and the conditions of life which hold there, hoping, in this way, to aid in the material development of the entire West. The articles will relate to the climate, agriculture, horticulture, social and political life, artistic and literary fields, sport, adventure, history, science, etc., in fact, will present truthful pictures of the West. While this feature will hold the CALIFORNIAN will by no means be local in its matter. The entire world is its field, and in each issue illustrated articles on the topics of interest throughout the world will appear.

The ILLUSTRATIONS of the CALIFORNIAN have attracted wide-spread comment and they will continually be improved. In the past a number of local artists have been represented:—W. K. Briggs, F. R. Standish, John White, Julius Ludovici, Mathews, Miss Frolich, Miss Morrison, H. H. Sherk, Lucy Craig, Susan S. Looseley, Alexander Harmer, A. Farnsworth, A. P. Niles, Chas. Witkowski, H. R. Hopps, Paul Tilleux, Miss A. R. Wheelan, of Santa Barbara, Jeanie Peet, of Los Angeles, H. J. Breuer, Fenn, Geo. R. Cole, Nellie A. Stearns Goodloe, L. Vesaria, and others. This list will be increased in the coming year.

In the past year the CALIFORNIAN has presented its readers with contributions from almost every Pacific Coast writer and author of prominence, and many from the East and Europe. Among them have been Gertrude Atherton, Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Edwin Markham, Grace Ellery Channing, Casper T. Hopkins, John Bonner, Dan De Quille, Theodore Van Dyke, Clarence Urmy, Flora Haines Loughead, Julia H. S. Bugeia, George Hamlin Fitch, John Vance Cheney, Charles F. Lummis, Barrett Eastmann, Peter Robertson, Dorothea Lummis, Lieut. R. H. Fletcher, Senator Stephen M. White, Hon. W. W. Bowers, Ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon, General N. P. Chipman, Nellie B. Eyster, Hon. Abbot Kinney, William A. Spalding, David Starr Jordan, LL. D., E. S. Holden, LL. D., Estelle Thompson, Flora McDonald Shearer, Lucius Harwood Foote, Robert Mackenzie, D. D., Elodie Hogan, John H. Gilmour, Annie Laurie, Genevieve Green, Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, Jeanie S. Peet, Walter Lindley, M. D., Dr. W. F. Channing, Jeanne C. Carr, Jessie Benton Fremont, May Bigelow Edmunds, Clara Spalding Brown, Minna V. Gaden, Chas. Russel Orcutt, Rollin M. Daggett, M. C. Fredericks, Mark Sibley Severance, Dr. Danzinger, Neith Boyce, Dr. P. C. Remondino, Genevieve L. Browne, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Don Arturo Bandini, Judge T. C. Jones, Lorenzo Sosso, Chas. P. Nettleton, A. B. Simonds, Alfred Townsend, Elwood Cooper, Helen Gregory-Flesher, and many more.

In 1894 many new writers besides these will contribute to the CALIFORNIAN. In **FICTION** and **ESSAYS** some of the contributors will be:—Gertrude Atherton, author of "*The Doomswoman*," etc., Ambrose Bierce, author of "*Black Beetles in Amber*," etc., Charles Edwin Markham, Harriett Prescott Spofford, author of "*The Amber Gods*," etc., Lieut. R. H. Fletcher, author of "*Margerie and her Father*," etc., Grace Ellery Channing, author of "*Biography of Ellery Channing*," etc., George P. Lathrop, Genevieve Green, Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, W. F. Carpenter, Professor of Scandinavian Literature in Columbia College, Geraldine Bonner, Judge Albion Tourgee, author of "*A Fool's Errand*," etc., Walter Blackburn Harte, Octave Thanet, Verner Z. Reed, John Bonner, John W. Wood, Joaquin Miller, Robert Beverly Hale, Flora Haines Loughead, Daniel K. Dodge, Dorothea Lummis, Harry Bigelow, Lieut. Cantwell, Mrs. Bougeia, Rose Parsons Lathrop, Charles Frederick Holder, and others.

POETRY.—Verses will be published by John Vance Cheney, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Eugene Field, Lucius H. Foote, Edgar Fawcett, Joaquin Miller, Madge Morris, Alfred I. Townsend, Flora McDonald Shearer, William Barnard, C. P. Nettleton, Dorothea Lummis, Jean La Rue Burnett, Lorenzo Sosso, George Martin, Frank V. McDonald, and others.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE.—Especial attention will be given to the sports and pastimes of the great West: articles by W. C. Harris, author of "*The Game Fishes of America;*" "*Kangaroo Hunting,*" by Col. Henry Evererall; "*Hunting in the Olympics,*" "*The Black-Tailed Deer in Alaska,*" byLieut. G. T. Emmons; "*Mountain Wild Goat Hunting in Alaska,*" "*Trout in Southern California,*" by A. McKee; "*Hand to Hand with the Jaguar,*" by Arturo Bandini, and many more. Theodore Van Dyke, author of "*The Still Hunter,*" etc., on sport in Southern California, etc. Each issue of the Magazine will contain an illustrated paper on sport in the great West.

POLITICAL PAPERS.—Among the contributors will be Ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon, Hon. Thomas Geary, General N. B. Chipman, Senator Stephen M. White, Richard H. McDonald, Jr., Representative W. W. Bowers, Governor William McKinley, Hon. Abbot Kinney, Ex-Senator Morris M. Estee, Helen Rachel Robb, Hon. John P. Irish, John Bonner, and others.

ART.—A number of interesting papers on art will be published during the year; several by Wm. Keith, and one on the "*Impressionist School;*" "*Japanese Art,*" by Ota Masa Yoshi, illustrated by Oaki; "*Chinese Art,*" by a Chinese Artist; "*Art at the Midwinter Fair,*" by Dorothea Lummis; "*The Great Art Museums of America,*" by P. C. Redfield (III); "*The Studios of San Francisco,*" by Alexander Harmer; "*Native American Art,*" by Prof. John Richardson; "*The Theatre of Arts and Letters,*" by Gertrude Atherton.

MUSIC.—"*A Musical Winter in a New England Town,*" by A. H. W. Buell; "Mozart;" "*The Great Composers,*" "*My Life,*" by Edward Remenyi; "Giussepe Verdi;" Isabel S. Hackell; "*Music of the Native Races,*" by E. A. Reed, and many more.

LITERATURE.—A number of interesting papers will be given: "*A Reply to Hamlin Garland's Literary Emancipation of the West,*" by George Hamlin Fitch, Literary Editor of the *Chronicle.* Literature in the West; "*Four Women Writers of the West,*" by Mary J. Reid; "*Japanese Literature,*" by Oto Masayoshi, and others. Essays by John Vance Cheney, George Hamlin Fitch, Peter Robertson, Lucius H. Foote, and others.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS.—A number of richly illustrated articles on foreign subjects will be given throughout the year by famous travelers and others. Among them will be Mrs. F. C. W. Barbour, Arthur Inkersley, Sheridan P. Read, Consul Wm. Newell, May Bigelow Edmunds, Grace Elley Channing, Jean Porter Rudd, Charles Hallock, Octavius G. Brooke, Robert W. W. Cryan, Professor Granville Foster, F. P. Lefroy, Prof. W. H. Carpenter, and others, comprising a variety of interesting topics relating to every quarter of the globe.

DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.—A nnmber of interesting descriptive papers will appear. The Rev. F. J. Masters will describe the "*Chinese Six Companies, and other Chinese subjects;*" Emma H. Adams, "*The Pilgrim Fathers of Alaska;*" John Hamilton Gilmour, "*The Great Colorado Desert;*" Susan S. Looseley, "*The Salton Sea and Salt Beds,*" illustrated by the author. "*Mt. Tacoma,*" and similar papers will be prepared by Fred. G. Plummer, President of the Alpine Club of Tacoma; "*Lower California,*" by John M. Ellicott, U. S. N.; Lieut. R. E. L. Robinson, on "*Engineering Feats of the Early Americans;*" "*A Series on Mexico,*" by Arthur Inkersley; "*Articles on the French,*" by Dr. P. C. Remondino, of San Diego; "*On California Climate,*" by Dr. Robert Hall, of Santa Barbara, Dr. F. F. Rowland, of Pasadena, with other papers on the West, by Rollin M. Daggett, Dan De Quille, Sam Davis, Harry Bigelow, and others.

AGRICULTURAL.—In each issue the CALIFORNIAN will publish a paper on some industry of the West Coast suggestive to the prospective settler of the conditions that hold there and the possibilities of self-support. These papers are written by authorities. Those already published have been by W. A. Spalding, author of "*Citrus Culture,*" on the "*Orange;*" Ellwood Cooper on the Olive, C. S. Brown

on the Peanut and others on the Walnut, Lemon, Pampas Grass, Forests, etc. This valuable series will be continued throughout the year.

POPULAR SCIENCE.—A number of interesting and valuable papers on Popular Science will be given during the year. PROF. JOSEPH LE CONTE, on *Coral Reefs*, etc.; Dr. E. S. HOLDEN, Director of Lick Observatory, will write on *Earthquakes;* DAVID STARR JORDAN, LL. D., on *Evolution;* DR. THEODORE GILL, Curator of Zoology at the Smithsonian, on *Fishes of the Deep Sea;* PROF. TOWNSEND, of the U. S. Fish Commission, on the work of the *Albatross* in the Pacific; CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, on the *Illumination of the Ocean*, and many more.

TIMELY SUBJECTS.—The CALIFORNIAN will keep apace with the times, and events of great national importance will be reviewed in its pages at the earliest moment, and fully illustrated.

ABBOT KINNEY, Chairman of the Board of Forestry, will write on "*Forestry*," "*City Government*," etc. JOHN BONNER, author of a "*Child's History of England and Spain*," etc., will write on the "*Labor Questions*," "*Chinese Exclusion*," etc. The "*Moral Responsibility of the Press and its Tendency*," are questions that are agitating thinking people to day; JOHN P. IRISH will present some clear cut views on the subject in the CALIFORNIAN; other articles by him will be "*Legislating in Platforms*," "*Scenery in Journalism*," etc. It is claimed by many that PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has exceeded the powers allowed him under the Constitution, that he has unduly enforced his personally conceived notions of legislation. This subject, so important to the citizen, will be ably presented in a paper by GENERAL N. P. CHIPMAN; other articles by the same author will be "*Federal and Confederate Constitutions*," "*Immigration*," etc.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.—A series of illustrated interviews with famous men and women of the Pacific Coast; how their successes were made; the records of distinguished lives.

THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.—A series on this interesting subject will be given in which the development of the State will be followed as illustrated by the Fair. The papers will be fully illustrated.

TOWNS AND CITIES.—The series in the CALIFORNIAN of the cities of the great West will be continued, the articles being written by competent authorities and fully illustrated.

RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST.—An interesting series of articles, showing how the country has been opened up by the great railroad systems of the West, and what may be expected in the future.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE FOR HOME SEEKERS.—A series of papers by distinguished writers who have made a success of coming West, and who will explain in terse language what the inducements are to the immigrant, farmer or artisan.

MANUSCRIPTS.—In answer to many inquiries the CALIFORNIAN would say, that descriptive articles on all subjects of "contemporary human interest are desired;" also short stories, sketches, etc. Clear photographs or good pen and ink or wash drawings are necessary for the artist.

COMMUNICATIONS relating to business should be addressed to the BUSINESS MANAGER. Those relating to manuscripts or articles to the EDITOR.

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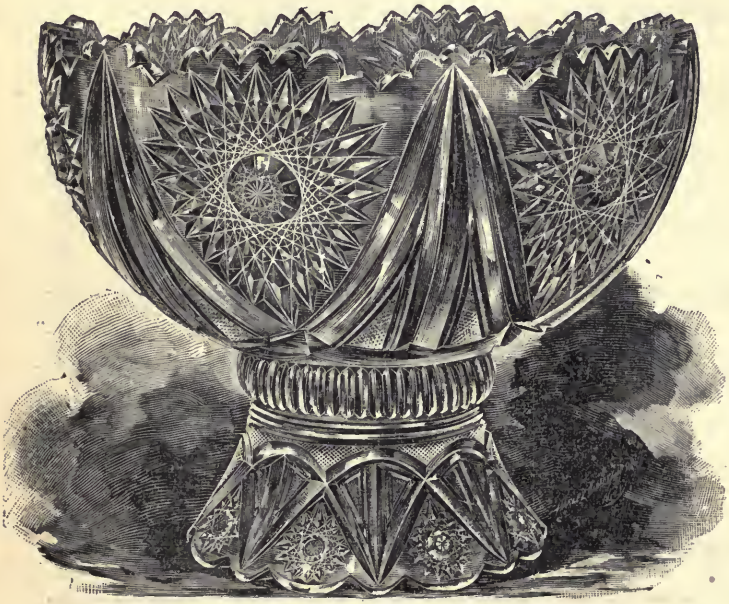

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Miscellaneous Liabilities		734,855 67
Surplus		15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-holders	$19,386,532 46	
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The Assets are Invested as Follows:

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first Lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

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Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement, and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

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"A Prickly Family," page 177.

THE TUNA HEDGE, SAN GABRIEL.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1894. No. 2.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Pause if the adverse phrase
Too careless from your lips
Unpitying slips,
Whene 'er you are prompted to dispraise
Man's dreams in poem or painting wrought,
Music or marble. Ask your thought
If power and purpose may not here
Inseparably bide,
Yet to your cursory heed appear
Valueless because dim—descried.
From charms of sky, field, brook,
Coldly one oft will turn,
While some more fortunate look,
Gifted with keener pupil, suppler lid,
Magic may then discern
And treasure. To the Egyptian, drowsy-eyed,
Half its gray grandeur may perforce be hid,
Even as the pages of an unread book,
By his familiar yet proud pyramid.

Ye that being human therefore should be kind,
Bear well in mind
That he who strives to trim art's holy flame,
Finds in the applausive glance
Given him sincerely, zest for larger aim,—
For loftier effort finds rare sustenance.
Spleen on conspicuous faults forbear to wreak,
Nor merely carp and cavil at what is weak
In his creation. Better gaze askance
At flaws, remembering how rich help is lent
By even a whispered word,
Heard faintly, and yet when heard
Dear as choice balms to limbs fatigue hath spent,
A boon and benediction sweetly blent,
Live with the elixir of encouragement.

AMONG THE FERNS.

THE LAND OF THE MAORIS.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

NEW ZEALAND is popularly supposed to be a group of comparatively unimportant islands, lying close off the coast of Australia, and subject to what is vaguely termed "the Australian Government." As a matter of fact it is about equal in area to the British Islands, is distant some 1,200 miles from the neighboring continent, is an independent, self-governing colony, and possesses more beautiful and varied scenery than any other single country of the world except the United States. The colony consists of two large islands and a third small one, called Stewart Island to the south. The two large islands are properly called the North Island and the Middle Island; but in ordinary language the Middle Island is termed the South Island. As the South Island is nearer to the Antarctic Circle than the North Island, it has, especially in its southernmost part a cold climate. The North Island has a warm enough climate to cause the oleander and camelia to bloom luxuriantly, and in its northernmost part the orange grows well.

The tourist from the United States usually obtains his first view of New Zealand at Auckland, the chief port of the colony, and the principal city of the North Island. Auckland stands on the Hauraki Gulf, and has an average temperature about the same as that of the Riviera. The district surrounding the present city was one of the earliest settlements of whites, and is well-known to those interested in the history of missionary enterprise as having been the scene of the labors of Bishops Selwyn and Patterson. Auckland occupies a most valuable commercial position, for it is in direct communication by lines of steamers with San Francisco, Sydney, Melbourne, the Fiji Islands, Samoa,

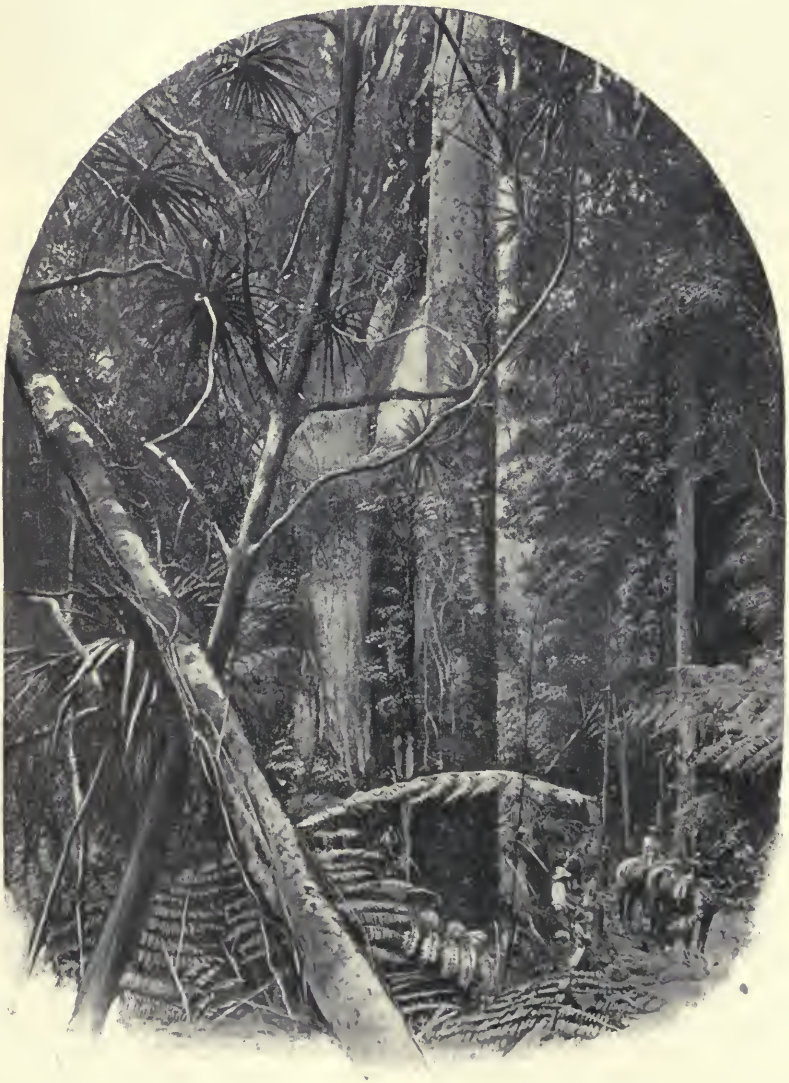
Europe, and and the United States. The harbor, according to the opinion of Sir William Jervois, an old engineer officer highly esteemed as an authority on military defenses, and formerly Governor of the colony, can very easily be rendered secure against attack. The city stands upon an isthmus about seven miles wide, which separates the Hauraki Gulf from the Manukau harbor. The Auckland, or Waitemata harbor is on the Hauraki Gulf, and is one of the safest havens in the world. There are from seven to nine fathoms of water close in shore. There would also be a harbor on the western side of the isthmus, were it not that the Manukan Heads have a bar between them which prevents ships of any considerable tonnage from passing.

Auckland possesses two docks, of which one is small, for vessels drawing up to twelve feet of water, while the other, not long since completed, is intended to accommodate ships of war and steamers of the largest size. The latter dock cost more than half a million of dollars, and is the fourth largest in the world. The entrance to the harbor from the sea between North Head and the volcanic island of Rangitoto is about two miles wide. Rangitoto is a very curious island with three conical peaks, and it presents just the same appearance from every point of view. The sides are covered with the roughest slag and scoria, and in places a stunted brush grows. In summer this sometimes takes fire and burns for several days. The whole Auckland district shows the plainest trace of violent volcanic action, and from the top of Mt. Eden, to which we shall have occasion to refer again, more than twenty cones of extinct volcanoes can be seen. The sidewalk outside the business streets

A MAORIS CHIEF.

of the town are made of volcanic scoria, which is most destructive to the shoes of pedestrians. The roadways are also mended with it, and are the hardest to drive over I have ever seen. Blocks of volcanic slag are also used for walling gardens and fields. On one side of each volcanic cone is an ugly gash, where the heart of the crater, black and scarred, is seen. This marks the passage through which the stream of boiling lava poured when the mountain was active.

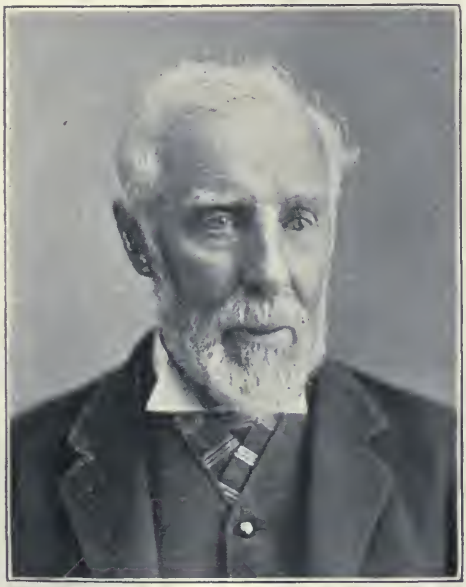
The whole district was originally densely populated by Maoris (pronounced Mow-ries) traces of whose fortified enclosures, or "paho," are to be seen in many spots. In passing between Rangitoto and North Head we see the wharves of the city crowded with shipping, the villa-adorned slopes of the suburbs of Ponsonby and Par-



IN THE KAURI FOREST.

nell, and the commercial houses and stores on the flat below. Much of the level ground upon which the warehouses stand has been reclaimed during recent years.

The city has a very well-endowed Harbor Trust, the income available to which is about $2,500,000 per annum, and with this money extensive reclamation has been carried out, and a handsome Harbor Trust office built. The principal wharf is a direct continuation of the chief street of the city, Queen street, and as a consequence, is a very favorite resort of idlers, who come to watch the incoming or outgoing steamers and their passengers. On leaving the wharf we at once come upon the railway station, a commodious brick building, very conveniently situated with respect to the wharves and warehouses.



SIR GEORGE GREY.

Originally the buildings in Queen Street were of wood, but wooden structures are rapidly disappearing, city ordinance forbidding their erection within certain limits. Yet several somewhat ramshackle wooden stores and verandas remain to show the old order of things. All the houses in the suburbs are wooden, and fires are exceedingly frequent. But the precautions against fire are very well taken; and as the water in the lower parts of the city has a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch, the chances of extinguishing a fire in that location are very good. In the suburbs a small wooden house once well alight can hardly be saved, as twenty minutes or half an hour reduce it to smoking ruins. In various convenient spots stand bell-towers from which the alarm is given, and at the time of our stay in Auckland such alarms were of frequent occurrence.

In Queen Street are several handsome bank buildings, many of which are of stone, while a fine brick and stone building through which passes an arcade, has been erected by the New Zealand Insurance Company. There are many hotels. The lower part of Queen Street, is almost the only level street in the city, and on every side from it rise more or less steep ascents. Above Queen Street to the left is a steep hill, which has been reserved as a public park. It is turfed, and has flower-beds and trees; and standing as it does on an eminence, affords a fine breezy place within a few yards of the busiest street of the town.

After the Custom House, the banks, the New Zealand Insurance Company's Building, and one or two exceptions to be noted later, Auckland has very little, architecturally speaking, to boast of. The finest building in the city is the Free Library and Art Gallery, and even of this the material which is concrete, is not satisfactory. The building was raised from money (upwards of $500,000) left by Mr. Costley, to build a library, and by Mr. McKelire to found an art gallery. The sum furnished by Mr. McKelire was $200,000. The building has wisely been made the central abiding place of the Public Library, the Art Gallery, the School of Design, the old Provincial Council Library, the library

of the Mechanics' Institute, and the Grey collection of old books and manuscripts.

Thus all the literary and artistic treasures and resources of the city are gathered together into one focus, instead of being frittered away in half-a dozen small institutions. The Grey collection was presented by Sir George Grey, K. C. B., a former Governor of New Zealand, and a great benefactor of the colony. It includes the manuscript from which was printed the first Bible in Germany in 1450 A. D. by Gutenberg; a copy of the Four Gospels of the tenth century A. D., and a splendid missal in vellum. There are also three books printed by Caxton and a Petrarch on vellum. The collection includes autograph letters from many great personages to Sir George Grey: from the Queen of England, the Prince Consort, Florence Nightingale, the travelers Moffat and Livingstone, Bishops Wateley and Colenso, the explorers Spoke and Sturt, and many others. There we find also curious gold ornaments from South Africa, Sir George having been Governor of Cape Colony many years ago. On leaving that colony, where he was much beloved, he gave a valuable collection of books and manuscripts to the people.

Nearly opposite to the Library and a little further on up a hilly, winding street we come to the Wellesley Primary School, the largest public school in the city, in which about one thousand pupils are educated. Attached to this is the training school for teachers in the primary school of the colony. At the head of Wellesley Street and on Symonds stands a large wooden building on a concrete foundation, and surmounted by a cupola. This is the Auckland College and Grammar School for boys and also the Girls' High School. Originally the two schools occupied distinct buildings, but a shrinkage of income has induced the governing Board to amalgamate both institutions under one roof.

THE HARBOR OF AUCKLAND.

The Supreme Court Building, which stands on high ground overlooking the harbor, is a not unpleasing structure of brick and stone in the Elizabethan style. Opposite to it is a large wooden house surrounded by gardens, the old Government House, the residence of the Governor of the colony,

when Auckland was the Capital. Now the seat of government has been removed to Wellington, a town at the south of the island, and the Auckland Government House is occupied only when the Governor pays a visit to the city, and keeps alive the loyalty of the citizens by inviting them to a ball, a musical evening and a garden party.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

The great sight of Auckland is the view from the top of Mount Eden. The mountain is about 700 feet high, is distant some two miles from the wharf, and has a good carriage-road to its summit. On the way up, and near the top, the old crater is passed. This is a perfectly round bowl converging to a point, and has its steep sides lined with blocks and pieces of scoria. When the scoria decomposes, it forms a soil in which grass grows excellently, and Mount Eden is now beautifully carpeted with turf. It is proposed to utilize the crater as a reservoir for water. In various spots on the hill pines have been planted and thrive well. Arrived at the top we obtain a magnificent panoramic view, looking out upon the volcanic island of Rangitoto, the North Head, the wharves crowded with steamers and sailing craft, and perhaps on a *flowing* tide; on the other side we see the Manukan Harbor and Heads, and an *ebbing* tide, which leaves large, bare mud-flats, which would be somewhat dreary did they not glisten in the sun. At our feet and stretching away from the base of the hill are suburbs with neat white villas and gardens; clumps of pines and cedars are massed darkly against the lighter green of other trees and the grass. We see, too, the Domain, an attraction which we had well-nigh forgotten to mention. This consists of about 200 acres, and is set apart as a recreation ground. It is full of shady walks and fern-grown dells which suggest coolness and repose. In one part of it is a Botanical garden, and a small, very small, beginning of a Zoological garden. At the south-west end of the domain is the public cricket-ground which lies in a slight

EMMA, PRINCESS OF THE MAORIS.

hollow, thus affording many convenient points of view for spectators. It is of such extent that a dozen cricket matches are sometimes played upon it at one time. It forms a very favorite resort of the young ladies of Auckland, who being, like the girls of this country, much less chaperoned than in England, muster in great force on pleasant summer afternoons, especially on Saturdays.

In various spots on Mount Eden we notice heaps of white glistening shells. These are pipi shells, the pipi being a shell-fish esteemed a great delicacy by the Maoris, when pork or "long pig" (human flesh) was not obtainable. A very curious thing about Mount Eden, to which the English historian and trader, Mr. J. A. Froude, draws attention, is that, though it was a strongly fortified position of the Maoris, yet there are no springs of water on the hill and all water must have been taken up from below. The outlines of the native fortifications are still plainly to be seen.

There is a very good club at Auckland, called the Northern Club, of which all the leading men in the North Island are members. The building which is quite near the old Government House and the Supreme Court is not attractive externally, but its interior arrangements are good. It has a very large and handsome dining-room, writing and reading-rooms, card-rooms and billiard rooms; also sleeping apartments for the use of members. It further commands on one side a very fine view of the harbor.

The chief trades of Auckland as distinguished from other towns, are the timber, the kauri-gum, and frozen meat industries. The Freezing Company has a large warehouse near the wharves, and export a great number of frozen sheep to Europe in the refrigerating chambers of the ocean steamers; it also cans meat. The kauri-

pine is a magnificent tree, of which there are vast forests in the Auckland District. It grows to a great height, and has a straight smooth stem. The timber obtained from it is hard, fine-grained and does not split under the tool. According to Mr. Froude it takes 800 years to grow and is so recklessly cut down that in twenty years at the present rate of consumption, the supply is expected to be exhausted. The kauri-gum is a resinous exudation from the kauri pine and is found in the ground at no great depth in places where old kauri forests have been. It looks like a somewhat inferior clouded amber, and commands a price varying from fifteen to eighty

TATTOOING OF MAORIS.

cents per pound, according to its quality. It is largely used in the manufacture of carriage varnish. In Auckland curios are carved out of it, and these are sold to those steamer-passengers who have but little artistic taste, and merely buy something to serve as a memento of their visit. More satisfactory souvenirs from an artistic point of view are ornaments made out of the greenstone from which the Maoris fashioned their war-clubs. But greenstone is becoming scarce.

Many Aucklanders, especially during the summer, live across the bay on North Shore. On North Head is a fort armed with heavy guns on disappearing platforms. The fort is manned by a small force of artillerymen, and is in communication by signal with the forts on the opposite shore at Point Takapuna, Point Resolution, and the Bastion Rock. The North Head fort or Fort Cantlay, has a powerful electric search-light, which brilliantly illumines any part of the harbor or city upon which it is thrown.

A favorite excursion from Auckland is to the North Shore and Lake Takapuna. The lake is reached by a very dusty drive along a poor road, but it repays the discomfort experienced. It is nearly circular, and is the crater of an extinct volcano, huge blocks of igneous rocks and scoria on its shores sufficiently indicating its origin. The water is very clear and of great depth. On its surface are a few tame swans, and around it a luxuriant growth of ferns and moss, the bright green of which is lighted up by the crimson of the splendid blossoms of the "pohutau-kaua," the New Zealand Christmas flowering bush. Pines are planted here, as on Mount Eden, and grow vigorously; as also do the furze-bushes, or "winns," the brilliant golden-yellow, and the sweet scent of the flowers of which delight the senses of the traveler. But furze threatens to become a great nuisance in the colony, for once fairly established it can scarcely be eradicated.

New Zealand is particularly interesting as being the home of the Maoris, the aboriginal inhabitants, who are rapidly decreasing. In 1878 there were about 43,000. They are a Polynesian race, and probably migrated from the Navigators' Islands. They are divided into tribes which have their priests and chiefs, and all land was formerly held by tribal tenure. In 1840 there was an assemblage of chiefs at the Bay of Islands when the treaty of Waitangi was signed, acknowledging submission to the Queen of England, and to-day natives and whites are co-operating for the general good of the community.

HARBOR TRUST OFFICE.

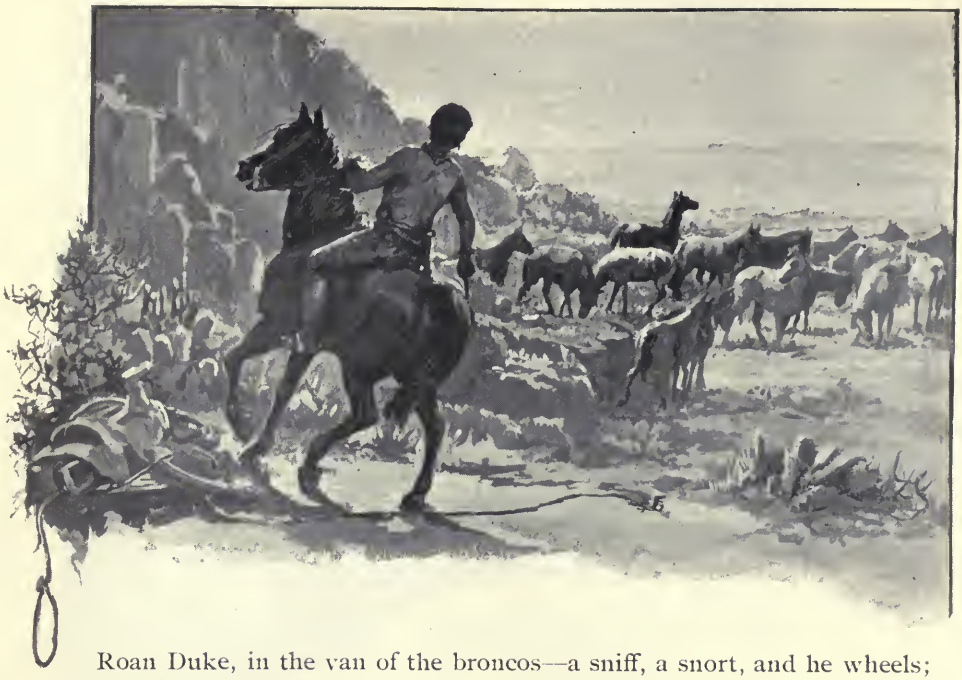
Jeff Dason of Cajon

BY John Vance Cheney.

In Cajon, the grazing-ground, in Arizona land,
Were the horses and Jeff, Jeff Dason, the wrangler of the band.
He had climbed the cañon wall—the herd busy feeding below—
When his drifting eye caught a sight such as only Border Boys know.

Up there, keeping cool in the cedars, the thoughts took fire in his brain,
Broke ablaze at a breath of "Hell-patch," the endless alkali plain;
Two miles out into the desert, a little to west of south,
Five mounted Apaches were steering straight for the cañon's mouth.

Jeff's legs, well bowed by the saddle, had not quite the turn for a leap,
But he made it, he got to the bottom, and slipt in under the steep,
Just where he had tied the great gelding, the pride of his wrangler's heart,
His rangy, raw-boned glory, game old Bonaparte.



Roan Duke, in the van of the broncos—a sniff, a snort, and he wheels;
See! he'll be off in a twinkle, the herd, too, hard at his heels.
The wrangler has stript; an extra strap on old Bony, not one;
A spring, and the two are ready. Roan Duke—the stampede is begun.

Thro' sage and mesquite and seepage, the roan leads dead to south,
Swish! the herd, like a whirlwind, whisk from the cañon's mouth;
The red wolves jump from their hiding, rush with a yell toward the prey,
Ha, Bony has been with the devils of "Hell-patch" before to-day.

Spur, Jeff, and hold him steady! he'll do it, he'll turn the tide!

Head 'em off, set 'em once toward the rancho, swing to th' other side!

Dig him, and ply the shooter!—Bony, it's Jeff and you.

They are tangled—they waver—they turn; a lunge—they have broken through!

Safe? Apaches have arrows; hark! there's death in that yell.

Old Bony, lay flat your ears; every nose, now, straight for "cross L."—

The biting dust of the desert, it rolls up white and high,

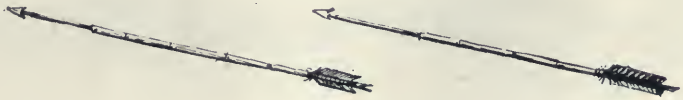
Jeff, did he stop two arrows? Well, there's no time to die.

The white dust rolls and rolls; the wolves, the red wolves—are they gone?

The white clouds roll and roll, and the herd goes flying on.

The minutes were never so long, and never so long the mile:

"The damned Apache arrows!" 'tis muttered with a smile.



Way for the caballada! once more for old "Cross L"!
"A little farther"—still mutt'ring—"perhaps"—he cannot tell.
Roan Duke will make it, and Bugle, and Pink, and Silver-heels;
But Bony, too, stopt an arrow. Is't he, or his rider, reels?

Ay, which? for, with head well up, he has got to the gate and—through!
Bony, the cheering! it's little red-headed Jeff and you.—
Roan Duke and the herd may hear, but old Bony—not a sound;
Deaf he lies as the wrangler, dead ere he struck the ground.

DEER HOUND.

DEER HUNTING IN THE SIERRAS.

BY W. T. JORDAN.

FOR pleasant, easy and successful hunting and fishing the mountains of California are unsurpassed. During the warm season you can make your camp by a lake or a stream, either of which abound in fish and are within easy reach of game. In many instances you can stop at a mineral spring, or a cluster of them, affording different kinds of water, both warm and cold, put up at a good hotel, rent a cottage, or pitch your tents, and still be convenient to fair hunting and fishing. Either in the Sierra or Coast Range mountains you can sleep on the ground from one to four months without any fear of taking cold or of being drenched with rain. In the Sierra Range there is more large game to be found, such as the grizzly and the mule-eared deer, and the trout are some larger. There are no grizzlies in the Coast Range and no elk anywhere in the State, except perhaps in Humboldt County. All things considered, I prefer the Coast Range to the Sierra Mountains for a summer outing. My objective point has been on the head waters of Elk River, in Glenn County, about twenty miles northwest of Snow Mountain, about three miles in an air-line from the Black Buttes of Mendocino County, and located on the top of the Brusly Mountain range, six thousand feet in altitude.

We start from Dixon, Solano County, twenty-one miles from Sacramento, and in the center of one of the finest wheat-growing sections in the world. It is one hundred and seventy-five miles to the camp, and if we go by wagon we will be on the road five days. The road is good and mostly level till we start up the mountain, and then we have twenty-five miles of steep climbing. Or we can go to Willows on the cars, take the branch road that runs out to Fruito and be within forty miles of the camp. From this point we can take the stage to Elk Creek, six miles away, and meet the stage which takes us to Alder Springs, only twelve miles from camp. But this twelve miles is the most difficult part of the road, and the first time it is traveled you will be likely to conclude that it is forty, since you climb over two thousand feet in going the distance, and most of this is made in going

IN THE HEART OF THE DEER COUNTRY.

a few miles. But once in camp a more delightful place for spending the warm months, and for hunting and fishing will not be sought for. True, good fishing cannot be found nearer than six miles of the camp, but you are nearly equidistant between the Grindstone and Eel rivers, both of which abound in trout. Deer are very numerous and easily hunted. The mountain being almost level for miles around the camp, one can ride all day without getting off his mule. And what makes the hunting so pleasant is the fact that the country is open, there being little underbrush to prevent one from seeing game. There are a few black bear in the vicinity, some wild cats, mountain lions, a few grouse, mountain quail, and occasionally a marten. The pine squirrels are plentiful on the top of the mountain, while down among the oaks and near the streams the gray squirrels are found in great numbers.

A few years ago Mr. J. S. Garnett, for whom the camp is named, purchased from the government eight hundred acres of land lying along the top of Brusly Mountains. Since then he has been yearly improving the place until now he has three cabins and a stable. He has enclosed with barbed wire nearly a hundred acres on which there are mineral springs of as good water as ever came from the earth, and enough grass to feed a large number of horses during the summer.

For equipment I prefer a thirty-eight Martin rifle, twenty-six inch barrel, and of about seven pounds and

A TROPHY.

a half weight with the magazine full. This will balance well on the saddle, and one can walk all day without becoming tired of its weight. Then, too, it will kill a deer 400 yards away, and it can be used on smaller game. For a grizzly, a larger gun would be needed. But you may never get a chance at a grizzly. For a shotgun I prefer a twelve-gage choke bore, though I own a ten-gage Parker. A true sportsman will not use a shotgun on deer, except it be when the game is scarce, and the thickness of the underbrush precludes the use of the rifle. Even then he will not enjoy it.

A properly trained dog is almost indispensable for successful hunting. Mr. J. R. Garnett's half hound and half shepherd dog is by far the best dog for still-hunting I have ever seen. He will not leave you more than thirty yards while hunting, and most of the time is at your heels. If there is a deer within a hundred yards he is very apt to wind it, and will let you know by sniffing in its direction and whining. If asked which, in my opinion, is the best fly for trout fishing, I should say that I have found the gray and brown hackle to be so superior to all other kinds that I use them almost exclusively.

When I first visited Camp Garnett it was known as Bedford's Camp. A tall, busy Kentuckian by the name of Bedford had been ranging his cattle there for more than twenty years. He had built a cabin and a stable near one of the springs, and here he would spend half the year alone with his cattle. Many are the tales he could tell of the grizzly, the panther and the deer. He had been living in the valley on Stony Creek for more than thirty years, during which time he had never been to San Francisco.

At the time of my first visit we could drive no nearer than six miles of the camp. From this point we had to pack our camping outfit on mules. Since then a road has been made all the way and you can drive to the door of the cabins.

We reached camp at two o'clock in the afternoon. There were five in the party, one of whom was an old hunter and well acquainted with the mountains. As we were pitching camp, one of the group remarked, "Well, I have been out hunting many times, but have never yet seen a deer brought into camp."

"You won't be able to say that much longer," replied the old hunter.

At four o'clock he and I shouldered our rifles and started out. I had been doing my best all the way up to make a friend of Towser and had succeeded, so when I took my gun he was at my heels. When we had gone a short distance, I proposed to my companion that we separate and come together at camp. I could not have pleased him better. Looking off to the north I discovered a point where several little streams seemed to come together, about a mile away. Following the ridge down which I had started, I soon came to a bluff from which the ridge sloped rapidly toward the conjunction of the streams. Just as I sat down upon a log to rest, my eye caught a glimpse of a small deer lying at the root of a large fir tree. It was chewing its cud and shaking the flies

THE CAMPERS.

CAMP GARNETT.

from its ears, and unconscious of danger. It was about a hundred and fifty yards away, and a hundred feet below me. I had never shot the rifle I carried, and remembering that there was a man in camp who had never seen a deer brought in, I determined not to take any chances. Knowing that the chief danger lay in overshooting it, I aimed at the point just where the point of the shoulder touched the ground and pulled the trigger. The ball struck where I aimed. The deer sprang upon its hind feet with its shoulder still resting on the ground. The second shot took effect in the neck. As it fell, another deer of the same size jumped out from behind the tree and stood in full view. The ball went through its shoulders. It fell, but recovered itself again and offered me as fair a mark as before, A second shot and it disappeared. Just then, a three-point buck sprang up from a log about thirty feet this side of the others, and, lifting his antlers into the air, stood a perfect picture and a perfect mark as well. Zip! I heard the ball strike him as plainly as if he had been a log. Over he tumbled, but recovering himself, went plunging down the mountain with Towser close in pursuit. Only a few hundred yards and he was brought to bay. Going down to where I had shot the two small ones, I found that neither of them was dead, but were standing together, reeling and staggering, and bleeding.

Thinking to put them out of their misery I fired at the head of one and missed it. The next time I hit it in the same place where I missed before. In fact I did this more than twice or three times. The truth is, I could n't hit its head at all, and it was not thirty yards away. I didn't have the "buck ague," but something was the matter. All this time Towser was baying the big buck almost in sight of me, but he now left him and came to my assistance. When he got to me one of the deer was dead, and he very kindly caught the other for me. When the fusilade was over I counted my shells and found that I had shot seventeen times, and lost the big buck. That was very poor shooting, I confess, but it was

the first time I had ever fired a rifle at deer, and I did not expect to find the deer in droves. But the man in camp saw a deer brought in, and all of us had venison for supper.

One morning at breakfast, when our meat was nearly out, the old hunter said, "Boys, let's kill a big buck to-day." "Good," responded two voices at once. In a few minutes three of us were in the saddle. Riding down Hayses Bridge to Rocky Basin, about two miles away, we hitched our mules and separated, the old hunter going off to the left and Theo and I to the right. After being gone for several hours, during which time Theo killed a rattlesnake and I missed a deer through the woods, we came out on the trail a mile below our mules, and started back to where we had left them. When we reached the Basin the old hunter was there waiting for us. "Did you hear me shooting?" he said. "No," we replied. "What did you shoot at?" I shot at a big buck, and crippled him bad. If Towser will trail him I think we can get

DINNER.

him; and it will pay us if we can, for he is a good one. I have been here waiting for you two hours."

"Towser will trail him," said I. Down on the south side of the mountain, among the rocks and scrub oak, we went. It was now twelve o'clock in the latter part of August. The sun came down upon the rocks with sickening heat. There was very little air, and no water except in a gulch many hundreds of feet below us. The trail was soon found. Instead of making for the water, as a deer when wounded usually does, it started for the top of the mountain. I soon discovered that it was wounded in the fleshy part of the left hind leg, since there was s little blood wherever the foot of that leg touched the ground. The blood was dry, and the sun was so hot that Towser became almost exhausted, and could not trail it. So I took the trail myself, with Towser at my heels and the old hunter puffing and blowing behind, while Theo made for the top of the mountain. Pretty soon the old hunter gave out, and said, "Go on, boys, get him if you can. I'll rest awhile, and go back to the mules." When I reached the top, there was so much pine straw that it was impossible to tell which way the buck had turned.

A pleasant breeze was blowing and I sat down to rest and cool off. Theo came up and joined me. In a few minutes Towser, being considerably rested, began sniffing around on the ground. He found the trail and started off on a slow walk. About one hundred yards away was a fallen tree top and he went directly towards it. When he reached it, he bounded into it with a yelp. Out came a four-point buck, breaking the dead limbs and hurling himself down the mountain with a crash at every jump. Bang! bang! roared our Winchesters as Towser and the buck disappeared down the mountain with Theo following at full speed. A chase of half a mile, and he came to bay. I listened to hear Theo's gun. Bang! and the sound reverberated through the hills. Away they go. He had missed. Only a few hundred yards and Towser bays again.

I couldn't stand still any longer. I had to see the fun; and if ever my legs carried me in a hurry, then was the time. I arrived in sight just as Theo's bullet brought the monster to the ground. Leaving me to dress him, Theo started after the old hunter and the mules. At four o'clock we rode into camp, having been gone since early in the morning. But we got the big buck and enjoyed our supper.

As we were sitting around the camp fire in the evening the old hunter said, "Parson, if you follow a sinner as you did that old buck I don't want you to git after me."

THE AUTHOR'S RETURN.

A MEXICAN CACTUS.

A PRICKLY FAMILY.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL ORCUTT.

IN the old days of the Mission when the good Fathers were engaged in converting the Indians, there was often danger of attack, and it is said that Father Peyri, of San Luis Rey planted agaves as boundary lines or fences, and that Father Salvadeo of San Gabriel, hedged in the Mission with the large-leaved cactus known as tuna. Parts of the old fence can still be seen near San Gabriel, rising to a height of ten or twelve feet, and that it was intended as a defense there can be but little doubt. The spined leaves form a perfect defence against a foe armed with bow and arrows, and the defenders of the faith probably found but little difficulty in protecting the Mission aided by their dusky converts and the spines of the tuna.

Cacti are mostly leafless plants, peculiar to America. Many species of yuccas and agaves are popularly but very erroneously called cacti; as are also several African plants, such as aloes, and stapelias, Several species of cacti have become thoroughly at home in the southern countries of Europe, where they were early introduced. Opuntias thrive as if natives of the soil, and in volcanic districts have not only proved useful for the fruit, to-day abundant in the Spanish and Italian markets, but have greatly advanced horticulture in those districts by preparing the previously barren soil for more valuable crops.

These same Opuntias were also prominent in the early history of California, having been widely planted by the founders of the chain of Missions. The luscious fruit which it yielded in the greatest abundance added materially to the food resources. At some of the Missions in Baja California the dried trunks and branches of this and other cacti furnished the larger share of the valuable fuel.

The fruit of these Opuntias, thus introduced into California by the early missionaries, is utilized in the preparation of delicious jellies; the juice may be expressed and converted into wine, vinegar, or molasses as the

housewife needs; the succulent green stems may be fed to stock, first burning off the spines; or these same fleshy stems may be sliced up and preserved in sugar and eaten as a confectionery.

There are several species of these introduced prickly-pears or tunas, notably the tuna proper, with a delicious green-colored fruit, the Indian fig, which bears a purplish-red fruit, and the tuna-manse, with a mottled orange-colored fruit of rather insipid flavor. These are all natives of Mexico, where hundreds of other varieties occur, and where they are cultivated for the fruit as apples are in New England. In Sicily the fruit forms an important article of diet for three months out of every year, and among the numerous varieties produced by cultivation is reported a seedless variety.

California is also rich in native species of Opuntia. The genus Opuntia is a large one, and may readily be separated into two sections; the one section comprising the prickly-pears or tunas, (see frontispiece), with flattened joints (Platopuntia); the other with cylindrical, more or less tuberculated, jointed stems (Cylindropuntia), among which the cholla is a familiar object in Southern California.

OPUNTIA PROLIFERA.

Of the first group, the commoner species is Opuntia Engelmanni, which produces a beautiful crimson fruit, of a pleasant tart flavor, that makes most excellent jellies. This cactus extends as far east as Texas, and numerous variations from the type occur.

Opuntia chlorotica is a tree-like flat-jointed species, with slender yellow spines, the pale green orbicula joints giving it a pretty appearance. Opuntia augustata is often prostrate in habit, producing a small fruit, and is recorded from the Cajon Pass and from Arizona. Opuntia Mohavensis is a fourth variety that has been described, of which fruit and flowers are both unknown.

Who has traversed either the San Gorgonio Pass or the Cajon Pass, out the San Bernardino Valley, during the month of April, without observing the large and beautiful magenta-colored flowers of Opuntia basilaris? The plant is broad-jointed, spineless, but the areolæ supplied instead with an abundance of short brown bristles of which the stranger needs beware—for the plant, like the most of its order, resents too great familiarity. The joints branch out only from near the base, so that the plant is seldom over a foot high, but often spreading for three or four feet, and when covered with the large brilliant flowers is indeed a beautiful object. This species, like most Opuntias, is easily grown and soon repays any one for the little attention it requires.

Opuntia rutila is a prostrate desert species, producing a dry spring fruit. It also occurs in Utah and other portions of the West. The so-called cholla is one of the most characteristic features in the native vegetation of Southern California. No one knows how many species there are, and no one seems to greatly care.

PFEIFFERA CEREIFORM.

The most abun-

dant cholla around San Diego is Opuntia prolifera, and Cholla Valley received its name from the dense thickets of this arborescent species which were impassable to man or beast. It is a large densely-branched shrub, three to six feet high, bearing flowers of a pretty pomegranate-purple color, which are followed by a fleshy, usually seedless fruit, from which other flowers open in their turn —hence its specified name. Other species occur in Arizona and eastward and southward, bearing red flowers and fleshy (but not edible) fruit.

Opuntia serpentina is a low, slender, prostrate succulent plant, bearing yellow flowers, the dry fruit filled at maturity with large yellowish seeds. This is common near the sea-coast; while another similar species, longer-jointed and more erect in habit, occurs in the foothills and mountains, to which Dr. Engelmann proposed the name Opuntia Bernardino, I believe, but a description has never been published.

On the Colorado Desert occurs a multitude of beautiful cacti; and two members of this genus particularly are worthy of notice. The one is best known as the desert cholla (Opuntia Bigelovii), and is covered densely with millions of spines of a bright straw color—and oh! so sharp! I transplanted a few to my garden once, and one morning my attention was called to a poor gopher, which had been led to investigate too closely and had become securely fastened between two plants. He fought well for his life, using his teeth, but the merciless spines held him fast and his mouth was filled with the shining spears.

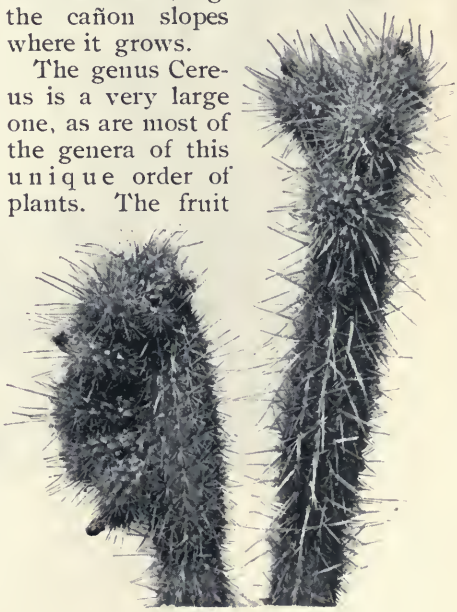
The young, tender joints of this cactus are easily detached and are then called cholla-balls. It is proverbial among those who are familiar with this plant that if you simply "point your finger at it," it will jump at you, and if the tenacious, cruelly beautiful spines once take hold there is no letting go! The spines on the trunks of old plants take on a dirty dark-brown color, in strong contrast with the bright yellowish-straw color of the younger branches and stems.

The other Opuntia is also an arborescent species, much and densely branched, the slender, long, straight joints armed with a multitude of shining gray spines. The pale greenish-yellow flowers are not conspicuous. At a little distance it has a close resemblance to a diminutive, but very symmetrical, erect-growing tree, and from this habit of growth is very noticeable.

A still more conspicuous denizen of the Colorado Desert is the giant cactus (Cereus giganteus) specimens of which grow from fifteen to over sixteen feet in height. It is a prominent feature in the desert landscapes of Arizona, and also occurs, it is said, west of the Colorado River, in the northeastern portions of San Diego County. The flowers are creamy white, while the large, oval fruit is edible and much sought for by the Indians of Arizona.

A very similar giant cactus (Cereus Pringlei) occurs in Baja California and Sonora, standing out sharp and clear like sentinels, against the sides of the cañon slopes where it grows.

The genus Cereus is a very large one, as are most of the genera of this unique order of plants. The fruit

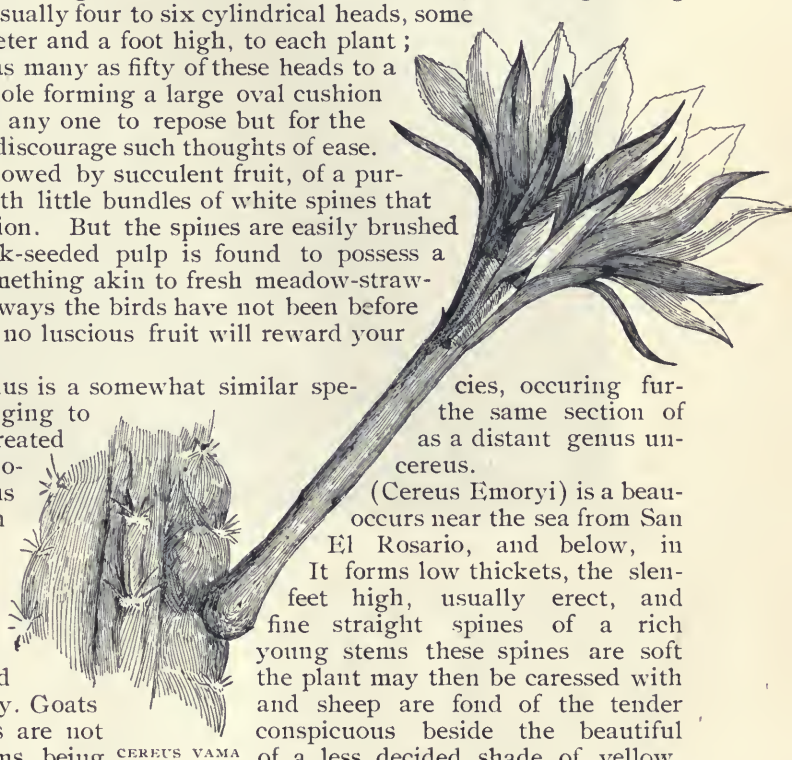


CEREUS EUSERGI.

THE GIANT CACTUS, ARIZONA.

of many species is edible, and in some attain a very large size, and are often eaten by the Indians.

Cereus Engelmanni, the cushion-cactus of the desert and mountainous regions of California and Arizona, is characteristic by its cespitose habit, and the clean, shining white or rich brown spines which render the plant itself beautiful even when not half hidden by the broad, shining magenta blossoms with bright apple-green stigmata, which entice the bees away from neighboring flowers. There are usually four to six cylindrical heads, some three inches in diameter and a foot high, to each plant; but I have counted as many as fifty of these heads to a single plant—the whole forming a large oval cushion which might tempt any one to repose but for the sharp bayonets that discourage such thoughts of ease. The flowers are followed by succulent fruit, of a purplish tint, armed with little bundles of white spines that point in every direction. But the spines are easily brushed aside, and the black-seeded pulp is found to possess a delightful flavor, something akin to fresh meadow-strawberries, providing always the birds have not been before you, for in that case no luscious fruit will reward your search.



CEREUS VAMA BILIS.

Cereus enneacanthus is a somewhat similar species, occuring further east, but belonging to the same section of the genus, by some treated as a distant genus under the name Echinocereus.

The Velvet cactus (Cereus Emoryi) is a beautiful species which occurs near the sea from San Diego southward to El Rosario, and below, in Lower California. It forms low thickets, the slender stems two to four feet high, usually erect, and densely covered with fine straight spines of a rich straw-yellow. On young stems these spines are soft and almost silky, and the plant may then be caressed with comparative impunity. Goats and sheep are fond of the tender stems. The flowers are not conspicuous beside the beautiful symmetry of the stems, being of a less decided shade of yellow. The fruit is globular, bristling with sharp spines both long and short, and when matured, burst open, disclosing the reddish-white pulp thickly studded with large black seeds. The fruit is edible, but inconsiderable in quantity and quality produced; but the seeds doubtless, with the seeds of various other Cerei, formed a no small part of the food available to the Indians of Baja California in the early missionary days. Occasionally the slender round stems of this beautiful plant flatten out into a shape like the stems of a prickly-pear, and these fastigited species are in great demand among cacti fanciers. These monstrosities doubtless occur more or less frequently in every species, for I have observed them in other species of Cerei (notably C. gummosus), in species of Opuntia, and in a number of instances in the genus Echinocactus. Dealers in cacti also catalogue *monstruosa* varieties of many species, either produced accidentally by nature, or perhaps in some cases formed by art.

Cereus flagelliformis, the whip cactus, or rat-tail cactus, is a slender Peruvian species, now familiar in cultivation, and often used for grafting into other varieties of cacti. The prostrate, cord-like stems may thus be utilized for hanging-baskets, or in many curious devices, enlivened by the very handsome red or pinkish flowers.

APACHE BOY AND CACTUS.

Cereus Peruvianus is another giant columnar species from South America, which soon attains to a height of twenty feet under favorable conditions. Fasciated or contorted species are comparatively frequent in this species.

Cereus triangularis, distinguished by its triangular stems, is remarkable for its bright scarlet fruit, of the size of a goose egg, with the flavor of a strawberry, and hence often called the strawberry-pear. It is of a climbing habit, and one specimen at Ventura, California, is quite famous, having climbed over a porch to the roof of the house, making a beautiful appearance when in bloom, since the flowers measure a foot or more across, and are scarcely less handsome than the flowers of Cereus grandiflorus, the night-blooming cereus.

There are quite a number of night-blooming cacti, but the one of greatest prominence is Cereus grandiflorus, with slender, climbing stems which seek any convenient support. The pure-white flowers emit a powerful vanilla-like fragrance, and are produced profusely from the roundish stems. The stems are armed with fascicles of short, inoffensive spines.

Of other night-blooming cacti, a red-flowered one from Mexico is noteworthy, but is comparatively rare in collections as yet. Cereus Mac Donaldiæ is one of the finest of night-bloomers, of a creamy whiteness, and rather larger than the flowers of C. grandiflorus.

Passing to another genus, Phyllocactus, we find other profuse night-blooming cacti, to which many of the so-called night-blooming cerei belong. Phyllocactus is easily distinguished from Cereus by the flat, spineless joints, some of them being known as "case-knife cacti." None of the cacti excel these in brilliance of flowers, the richest crimsons and scarlets and the most delicate tints of rose and blush occurring in the endless variety of forms. They are mostly day-bloomers,

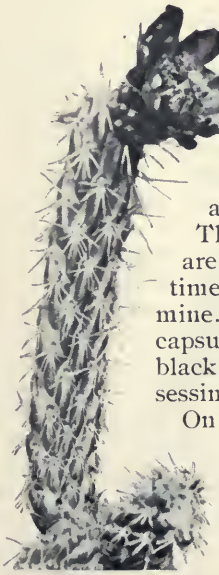
the flowers often lasting for long periods. Phyllocactus Ackermanni is one of the handsomest and best-known forms in cultivation, remarkable for the size and profusion of its rich crimson flowers.

Phyllocactus latifrons—the Queen cactus—has become a general favorite with thousands, being a very strong-growing plant, and producing its well-known flowers in profusion. As none of the Phyllocacti are Californian by nativity, a genus abundantly represented in California will now be brought to the reader's notice.

Echinocactus is popularly dubbed the Hedgehog cactus, while the several species peculiar to the southwestern portions of the United States are respectively known by such names as the bisnigre, "nigger-head," barrel-cactus, Turk's-head, or by some other suggestive appellation.

The genus is the largest in the family, usually of a thick, globose or cylindrical shape, armed with strong spines. Some are small, but many attain to large size, single plants of E. Visnaga of New Mexico, sometimes weighing a ton.

Near the sea-coast at San Diego occurs the modest Turk's-cap (E. viridescens) a globular or depressed plant some six inches high, with handsome, stout, annulated spines. The flowers and fruit are greenish, or sometimes stained with carmine. The fruit is a pulpy capsule filled with coarse black seed, the pulp possessing a pleasant acidity.

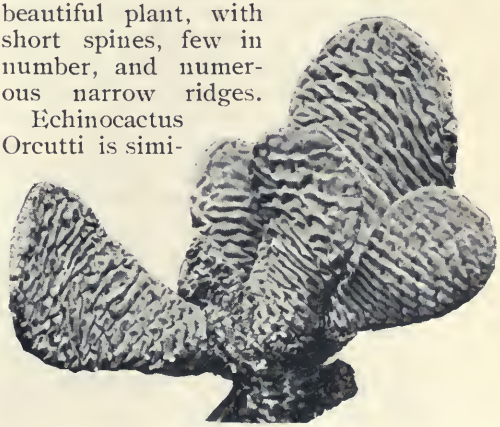


OPUNTIA SERPENTINA.

On the Colorado Desert occurs other forms of Echinocactus, some of them attaining a height of ten feet, cylindrical, erect columns, a foot and a half or two feet in diameter, crowned in springtime with a circle of lemon yellow flowers. Some individuals possess beautiful spines of ivory whiteness, especially when young, which intertwine and form a lovely, lace-like structure around the plant. Others have bright-red or crimson-colored spines, sometimes curved and bent like a fish-hook, giving them the appropriate name of fish-hook cacti. Still others have silvery-gray spines, delicate and refined in color.

When a plant dies, it often decays, and leaves behind it the beautiful network or skeleton of spines, which retain the form of the living plant and form striking objects for any parlor cabinet. In the dry air of the desert they retain perfectly their bright colors or the purity of the ivory white as may be the individual case. These natives of the Colorado Desert have been described under several names, E. cylindraceus and E. Le Contei being the two most abundant forms, but both are merely varieties of E. Wislizeni, originally discovered in Texas or New Mexico. E. Texensis is much like our E. viridescens, in general appearance, and is a common species in Texas and Northern Mexico. E. Simpsoni is a curious species found in Colorado and Utah, which more nearly resembles a Mamillaria than the other Echinocacti, being quite small and cespitose in habit. E. multicostatus is another more odd than beautiful plant, with short spines, few in number, and numerous narrow ridges.

Echinocactus Orcutti is simi-



OPUNTIA BASILARIS.

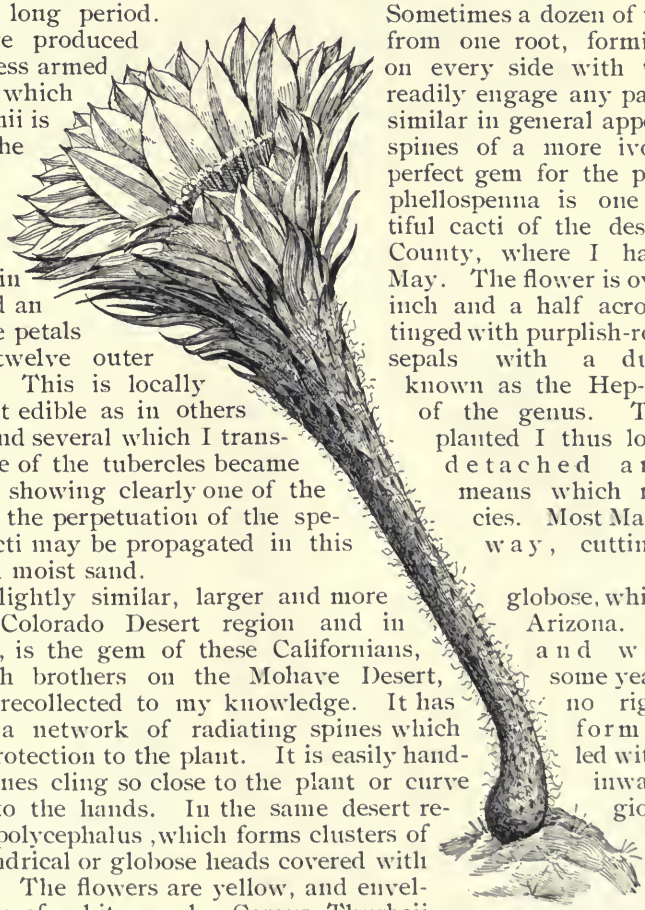
lar to D. viridescens, but larger, columnar, with reddish-veined flowers. It often forms clusters of fifteen or twenty heads from one root, making a large, irregularly oval mass, much like E. polycephalus—another desert species. E. Orcutti occurs in Baja California within fifty miles of San Diego.

For delicacy of design and perfect symmetry the Mamillarias are unequaled in the vegetable kingdom. A volume may well be written on the exquisite arrangement of the spines, which occurs in the different species, and on the forms and beauties of the plants themselves.

Mamillaria Goodrichii is abundant from San Diego, southward, near the coast or on the confines of the Colorado Desert. It is oval to sub-cylindrical in shape, the tubercles of the plant crowned with ten to fifteen whitish spines which radiate around a strong deep-brown spine, strongly hooked at the end, which is sometimes kept in company by one or two straight brownish spines. The flower is an inch across in which green and white prettily blend. The flower disappears and a year later where it was, there suddenly appears a greenish, club-shaped berry, at the same season that new flowers are produced. These berries, at maturity, are a bright scarlet, and add greatly to the beauty of the little plant, as if it were decked with drops of coral. These berries are edible, possessing the delicious flavor of wild wood-strawberries, and remain on the plant for a long period. Sometimes a dozen of the cylindrical heads are produced from one root, forming an impregnable fortress armed on every side with the long hooked spines, which readily engage any passing object. M. Grahamii is similar in general appearance, smaller, and the spines of a more ivory whiteness, forming a perfect gem for the parlor. Mamillaria phellospenna is one of the rare and beautiful cacti of the desert region of San Diego County, where I have found it blooming in May. The flower is over two inches long and an inch and a half across, the thirty or so white petals tinged with purplish-rose pink, the ten or twelve outer sepals with a dull, brownish mid-vein. This is locally known as the Hep-pi-talla, the scarlet fruit edible as in others of the genus. The plants easily decay, and several which I transplanted I thus lost; but in decaying some of the tubercles became detached and promptly struck root, showing clearly one of the means which nature has adopted for the perpetuation of the species. Most Mamillarias and Echinocacti may be propagated in this way, cuttings taking root readily in moist sand.

M. Arizonica is slightly similar, larger and more globose, which also occurs in the Colorado Desert region and in Arizona.

M. deserti though, is the gem of these Californians, and was found by the Parish brothers on the Mohave Desert, some years ago, and not since recollected to my knowledge. It has no rigid central spines, but a network of radiating spines which form a close and beautiful protection to the plant. It is easily handled without gloves, as the spines cling so close to the plant or curve inward as to prevent injury to the hands. In the same desert region occurs Echinocactus polycephalus, which forms clusters of twenty or thirty cylindrical or globose heads covered with stout grayish spines. The flowers are yellow, and enveloped in a dense mass of white wool. Cereus Thurbeii



ECHINOPSIS OXYGONA.

is a large-growing plant which occurs in Arizona, Sonora, and Lower California, known as the sweet pitalla, and produces large globose fruits of the size of an orange, and said to be of a most delicious flavor. In 1882, a party of botanists, of which I was so fortunate as to be a member, visited Todos Santos Bay, Lower California, where we found several new species of cacti. Among them were Cereus gummosus or pitalla agria (sour pitalla), which, when growing, looks much like a load of cord-wood flung promiscuously over the ground. The fruit is the size of an egg and as delicious as strawberries. The dried stems of this form a gummy substance useful in caulking boats, or for similar purposes, hence the specific name which it received at the hands of Dr. George Engelmann. The species is still unpublished, I believe.

WHIP-CORD CACTUS

On a trip taken in 1886 to El Rosario Mission, in Lower California, I found the Carden (Cereus Pringlei), a giant cactus already mentioned, the garambulla or old-man cactus (Pilocereus sargentianus) and Cereus cochal—all new species. Echinocactus emoryi, with dull reddish flowers, was also abundant, in aspect much like the desert species. Hariota (Rhipsalis) is a genus related to the Opuntias, known as the mistletoe cactus. The Hariotas have slender, leafless stems, the most of the species but little resembling other well-known cacti. H. sarmentacea, here illustrated from a photograph sent me by Mr. Justus Corderoy, of England, is a pretty species with slender cylindrical stems densely covered with small black spines, much resembling Cereus flagelliformis. The flowers are an inch in diameter, of star-like form, and a creamy white. It is a native of Brazil.

Mr. Corderoy has also sent me five photographs of the three following species, typical of three other genera of cacti rarely seen in cultivation: Pleiffera cereiforme is a Mexican plant with angular stems and white or rose-tinted flowers. The globular semi-transparent fruit is of a violet color, half an inch in diameter. Disisocactus biformis is a Honduras species with pale rose-colored flowers, followed by bright-red fruits, which give the plant a pleasing aspect. It is usually treated now as a species of Phyllocactus instead of the type of a genus. The individual illustrated at the time it was taken had over ninety buds and blossoms.

The hatchet-cactus (Pelecyphora aselliformis concolor) is a rare plant of great botanical interest, closely related to Mamillaria. At the apex of the flattened tubercles in the place of spines, as in Mamillaria, are two rows of flat horny scales which overlap like the tiles of a roof.

The Anhaloniums are also closely related to the Mamillarias. A. Engelmanni, the "Living Rock" of florists' catalogues, is the type of the genus. The plant is spineless and of curious aspect, well illustrated herewith.

Among the oddest of all cacti is the Pilocereus, popularly known as the

old-man cactus. Pilocereus Sargenttianus is a new species recently described by the writer, from San Quintin Bay, Lower California, where it attains a height of fifteen feet. The upper portions of the "fertile" stems are covered with flexuous gray spines, which give an aged aspect to the plant. Pilocereus senilis, now quite common in collections, sometimes attains a height of twenty feet, the crown covered with flowing locks of flexuous spines, which makes its name of the old-man cactus singularly appropriate. P. Hoppenstedti, P. Brünnowü, and P. Houletti are other Mexican species of peculiar aspect, all still comparatively rarely seen in collections.

A thousand pages would not begin to exhaust this enteresting subject. There are some twelve hundred described species of cacti, and new ones are being constantly discovered, even within our own borders. They are comparatively easy of cultivation, and yet each group of cacti thrive best under some individual treatment. The ornamental uses to which they may be put are endless. Either for bedding plants or for hanging-baskets some members of this great family may be found available, while by grafting one species upon another the most wonderful results may be attained. Thus the decumbent whip-cord cactus may be grafted on a climbing Epiphyllum, and the two caused to mingle their bright-colored flowers against the side of the house,

The cactus is the one plant which can be successfully grown in conjunction with hens. The hens usually leave them alone. For California gardens they are nearly all excellent, thriving best when given the least attention, and requiring no irrigation. The fruit may be made into jellies, the flowers into perfume, the spines into toothpicks or fish-hooks, the stems fed to the cows, and the woody fibre converted into fuel. Some of the Echinocacti when sliced and preserved like citrons make most excellent sweetmeats; in Mexico this is often done.

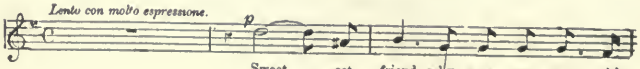
A CACTUS BLOSSOM.

There is something peculiarly weird about cacti and they seem adapted to their surroundings. As a rule, they frequent desert places—rearing their strange shapes where almost no animal life exists. The tall cacti shown in the accompanying engraving, are the sentinels of the desert, and thrive in a burning heat that is deadly to every other form of vegetation. The visitor to Arizona or California is attracted by these giants, and often at night or as evening approaches, they present a weird and mystical appearance rising out of a lifeless plain. Curiously enough, this apparently inhospitable cactus forms the home of several birds. One species often becomes decayed where a branch breaks off, and the hollow interior is laid open; into this a bird makes its way, and the hollow is soon lined with bits of grass, feathers and other material, in which the eggs are in time deposited and a family of young birds reared, protected by a most remarkable defense of spines and needles.

A DESERT SENTINEL.

Many of the cacti afford similar protection to birds. In Southern California, especially in the San Gabriel Valley, a little bird makes a bag-like nest among the leaves or branches of a cactus. The opening is concealed, and approached by a small platform, while the interior is lined with the softest grasses and down from seeds. There the young family is safe from hawks and other enemies.

Many of the cacti have a great indirect economic value; thus the cochineal insect is matured in a species of Opuntia. In some localities vast plantations of this cactus are kept up for the sole purpose of rearing this insect for the trade, and are known as nopaleries. In one over fifty thousand plants can be seen covered with the richly-hued insect known to science as Coccus cacti. The planters place the female insect on the cactus in August, and four months later the first crop of cochineal is collected and is followed by several more during the year. The insect is a native of Mexico or the country contiguous to Southern California, but by far the greatest supply comes from the Canary Islands and New Granada. For centuries the trade has been a valuable one—70,000 insects are required to weigh a pound, and in 1869, the exports from the Canaries amounted to six million pounds — more individuals than the mind can grasp, and valued at nearly five million dollars. So it will be seen that the cactus, while offensive in its appearance, has a decided value, other than appealing to the eye as a part of the weird ornamentation of the desert places of the world.


Lento con molto espressione.
p
Sweet - est friend, why gaze on me with
Süs - ser Freund, du blick - st, mich

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.*

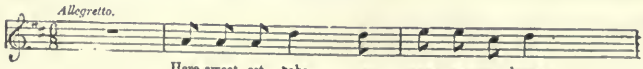
BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

PRECIOUS one, thou watchest
  Me in half surprise ;
Canst not understand it,
  With thy tearful eyes :
Let these pearly dew-drops,
  This unwonted sight,
Tremble thus and glisten
  On my lashes bright.
Oh, how throbs my bosom!
  Oh, how full of zeal!
Could I but in language
  To thee all I feel!
Come and hide thy face, love,
  Here upon my breast,
While I whisper to thee
  Joys that make me blest.
Led by certain tokens,
  Mother did I see,
And the dear, good mother
  Told me all—to be.

Showed me how, most likely
  That the day was near,
When we for a cradle
  Must provide, my dear.
Know'st thou now the tear-
  That so freely fall? [drops,
Shalt thou not behold them,
Thou, my love, my all?
  On my heart here pillowed,
Stay and feel its beat,
  That I close and closer
May thee press and greet.
Here, close by the bedside,
  Is the cradle's place,
Where 't will bide in silence
  Dreams of coming grace.
Soon will dawn the morrow,
  When the dream will wake,
And therefrom thine image
  Two glad hearts will make.

*Translated from the German in the original metres by Frank V. McDonald.

Allegretto.


Here, sweet-est babe, re - pose on my breast,
An mei - nem Her zen, an mei - ner Brust,

On my heart nestling, close to my breast,
Thou, precious darling, slumber and rest.

Oh, bliss is in loving, and loving is bliss!
I've said it, and ne'er will change from this.

O'erhappy I my lot did vow,
But find I am o'erhappy now.

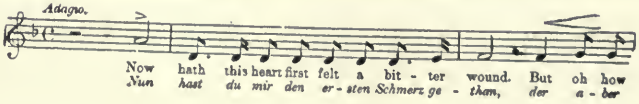
A mother's love she truest knows
Whose child to her subsistence owes.

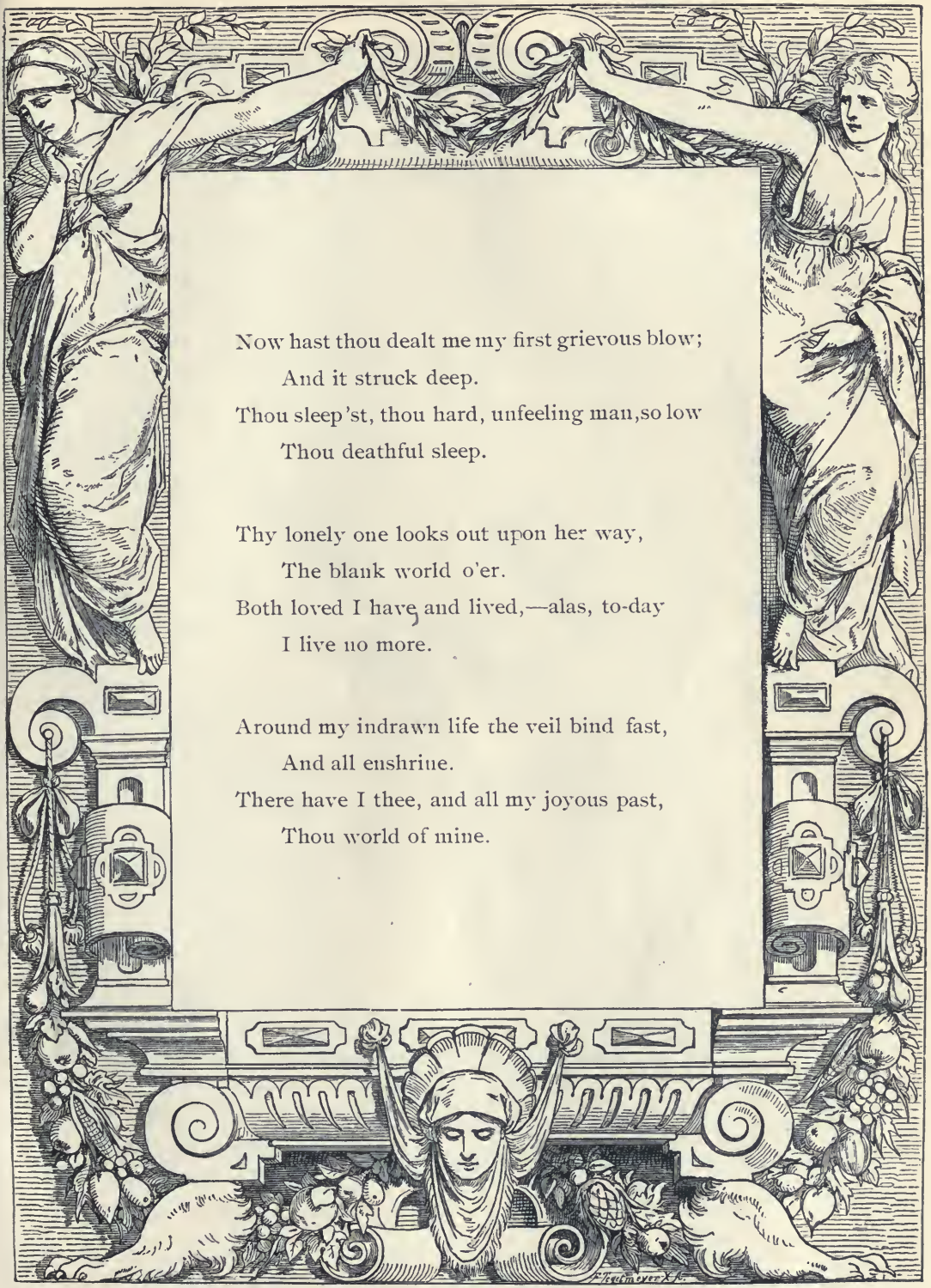
For mothers only know
How hearts with love and joy can glow.

I pity man,—he has no part
In joys that thrill a mother's heart.

Thou lookest and smilest prettily now,
Thou lovely, lovely angel, thou!

On my heart nestling, close to my breast,
Thou, precious darling, slumber and rest!


Adagio.
Now hath this heart first felt a bit - ter wound. But oh how
Nun hast du mir den er - sten Schmerz ge - than, der a - ber



Now hast thou dealt me my first grievous blow;
And it struck deep.
Thou sleep'st, thou hard, unfeeling man, so low
Thou deathful sleep.

Thy lonely one looks out upon her way,
The blank world o'er.
Both loved I have and lived,—alas, to-day
I live no more.

Around my indrawn life the veil bind fast,
And all enshrine.
There have I thee, and all my joyous past,
Thou world of mine.

"I WAS ONCE AS THOU ART, YOUNG AND FRESH AND FAIR."

DREAM of those far days, when
Life was always bright,
Daughter of my daughter,
Child of my delight,
Take, before the pall-cloth
Shrouds this weary form,
Take into the new life
Blessings true and warm.
Feeble is my frame now,
Silvered is my hair;
I was once as thou art,
Young and fresh and fair;
Loved, just as thou lov'st now,
Was, as thou art, bride.
Thou, too, shalt grow old, dear,
Gray and bent beside.
But let time in flying
Wander ne'er so fleet;
Only keep thou firm thy
Bosom's safe retreat.

As I once have spoken,
I'll ne'er change from this,—
Bliss alone is love, and
Love alone is bliss.
When my belovèd
In the grave did lay,
Love I still kept burning,
Hidden deep away.
Though my heart was broken,
Courage stood me nigh;
And of age the ashes
Let the glow not die.
Take, before the pall-cloth
Shrouds this weary form,
Take into the fresh life
Blessings true and warm.
Must thy heart break one day,
Turn from earth above,
From the joy of loving
To the grief of love.

MAXIMILIAN IN MEXICO.

BY ELODIE HOGAN.

SPAIN acknowledged independence of Mexico in 1821. During the succeeding forty-five years, the country saw a confusion of empires, republics, dictatorships and military usurpations. In 1861 the Liberals under Juarez triumphed and began reforming things. Toward the end of the year, France, Spain and Great Britain entered into a convention by which each agreed to contribute a naval and military force to compel Mexico to fulfill her treaty stipulations concerning the losses suffered by certain French, Spanish and British subjects during the unsettled state of Mexico. The convention distinctly disavowed any desire to acquire territory, or to interfere with the right of the Mexican people to choose their own form of government.

The Mexican Government having acceded to the demands of the allies the British and Spanish commanders withdrew from the expedition, leaving in Mexico the French troops under Gen. Lorencz.

Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, conceived at this time the Utopian plan of a magnificent fusion of the Latin races, with an imperial stronghold in Mexico. At his express command the French Generals Forey and Lorencz were ordered to fight Juarez and his Provisional Government. After some inconsiderable fighting, Pueblo was captured on the 17th of May, 1863, by the French, who immediately pushed on to capture the City of Mexico, from which Juarez and his government fled on the 31st of May. On the 9th of June, Forey entered the Capital and assumed the government of the country. He formed a Provisional Government consisting of two hundred and fifty prominent men called the Council of Notables, who in the name of the people were to choose a form of government. By a unanimous vote on the 12th of July, 1863, this Council declared in favor of abolishing the Republican form of government and of establishing an empire. At the suggestion of Napoleon, they named as Emperor, Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria.

Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph was born at Schonbrunn, Austria, July 6, 1832. He was the son of Francis Charles Joseph, Archduke of Austria, and Sophie Dorothea, daughter of Maximilian I, King of Bavaria, and was the younger brother of Francis Joseph, present Emperor of Austria. He received his education in Vienna. Amid a corrupt and disordered court he was remarkable for his quiet and studious habits. In 1859 he married Maria Carlotta, daughter of Leopold I, King of Belgium, and sister to the present King. After his marriage he spent his time with Carlotta in his castle of Miramar on the Adriatic Sea. He was the very man needed by Napoleon to further his plan. He was young, handsome, rich, with a rare fascination of manner, a poet, a dreamer, an artist and an enthusiast, besides being the scion of one of the greatest imperial families of Europe. When the crown was first offered to him, Maximilian refused it. Napoleon, Eugenie, King Leopold and others with influence begged him to accept it. On the 3rd of October a deputation from Mexico waited on him at Miramar to request his formal assumption of the Imperial office. He still refused to consent until he could be satisfied that he was really called to the position by the voice of the

Mexican people. The Mexican delegation returned to Mexico with the ostensible purpose of procuring a popular vote in favor of the proposed empire. The disturbed condition of Mexico made it impossible to obtain a popular vote. So Maximilian consented on the 10th of April, 1864. Preparations for his departure began immediately. Three vessels of the Austrian navy carried Maximilian, Carlotta, and their suite from Trieste. On the 28th of May they arrived at Vera Cruz. On June 12th, they made their formal entry into the City of Mexico, and were crowned Emperor and Empress of Mexico.

Maximilian's first official act was the granting of amnesty to all political offenders. He tried to maintain a conciliatory policy, and to establish a Constitutional government. At first the general current of intelligence was favorable to the new Empire, although the Republicans under Juarez maintained a series of isolated encounters with the Imperial troops. On Oct. 2, 1865, the Imperialists drove Juarez from Chihuahua, thus depriving the Liberals of their last stronghold, and reducing them to a roving condition. The next day Maximilian made the fatal mistake of his life when he issued his "Black Decree." He proclaimed the departure of Juarez and declared the Liberal cause utterly lost, asserting that "the struggle in future will be between honest men and bands of criminals and bandits." Then followed the orders to shoot within twenty-four hours of his capture any rebel caught in arms. The letter of this ferocious law was followed with only too great a readiness.

The opening of 1866 found all of Mexico in a most deplorable condition. A semblance of order and established government could only be found where the authority of Maximilian was upheld by an imposing military force. The organized armies of the Republic had long ceased to exist. Scattered bands of guerrillas and irregular soldiers kept the northern and southern parts of the country in continual disorder. Rapine, murder and horrible outrages occured every day. The Imperialists held the central portion of the country. But they were kept in continual alarm and apprehension by a restless, unscrupulous, vindictive foe which hung upon their northern and southern flanks. The financial condition of the Imperial government was deplorable and daily it was becoming worse. Then came the disastrous rumors that the United States were forcing Napoleon to withdraw his troops. The correspondence between Washington and Paris was completed in April and by that time Napoleon had pledged himself to remove his troops in three detachments, in such a manner that Mexico should be free of foreign soldiery by November, 1667.

In September, 1866, the Empress Carlotta left Mexico to implore Napoleon to retain the troops. Failing with him she hastened to Pope Pius IX to beg him to throw his influence in favor of Maximilian and his tottering throne. He was helpless and could do nothing. The United States had tied up Francis Joseph by informing him that they could not countenance the presence of Austrian soldiery in Mexico. At the discovery of the hopelessness of her mission the Empress became insane.

Deserted by Napoleon, dropped by the Pope, hated by all native parties, surrounded by men ot whose honesty and fidelity he had small proof, grieving for the misfortune of his wife, Maximilian was on the point of giving up his fight, and on October 2nd he left the Capital on his way to embark for Europe from Vera Cruz. Bazain, the general of the French forces, for fear of the safety of his troops, prevented his departure and demanded a formal abdication on Mexican soil. Maximilian returned as far as Orizaba where he yielded to the entreaties of the leaders of the Conservatives and determined to make one more effort to save his

shaken Empire. He attempted to reorganize the Imperial army in order to fill the place of the French troops. Generals Miramon, Mejia, and Marquez were each given a division. On the 6th of March 1867, the French evacuated the City of Mexico and by the 12th of April the last French soldier had sailed from Vera Cruz. Maximilian took charge of the three divisions of his army. Marquez was to hold the Capital. Maximilian was to remain with Miramon and Mejia who were already advancing to Queretaro (110 miles northwest of the Capital) to meet the forces of Juarez who were swiftly coming from the north to occupy the places evacuated by the French. Miramon, Mejia and Maximilian were driven inside of Queretaro. The siege lasted until the 15th of April when the garrison surrendered. The two generals and the Emperor were tried by court-martial and were sentenced to be shot.

In spite of all the efforts to save him, Maximilian was shot inside the city walls at 7 o'clock on the morning of June 19th, 1867.

The whole history of Maximilian rings like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. With the soul of a dreamer, the heart of a gentleman, the ideals of a reformer, a lover of poetry, music, and the face of the great outside world, we can only wonder what curséd spite, what fatal crook in his nature led him from his sea-washed gardens upon the Adriatic to embark upon so perilous an enterprise as the unfurling of an Imperial flag just within the shadow of the great Republic. A strain of fatal inconsistency an unsteadiness of will neutralized the splendid qualities of his head and his heart. Facing the consequences of his errors, believing still in his dreams, his fate was the only outcome of his enterprise. And, for the most part, men have been content to "crown with the halo of martyrdom the divine doom of him who taketh the sword."

THE LAST OF THE BUFFALOES.

BY ARTHUR C. GRISSOM.

Dark sea of forms on the eternal plain,
  Swaying and tossing like the waves in spasm,
  Sweeping resistless by plateau and chasm—
A living, breathing, riotous hurricane!
Whence comes it?—But the wayward winds have proofs!
  Whence goes it? Ask the trembling stars on high!
  The crouching Indian lets his arrow fly
'Mid thundrous falling of a myriad hoofs! . . .

Encompassed by white wolves on every side,
  (He that was last to fall in the mad chase),
With piteous wounds athwart his hardened hide,
  And bullets hailing death into his face,—
'Twas thus the mighty western monarch died—
  Last haughty scion of a noble race!

A LETTER OF THE EX-EMPRESS CARLOTTA

TO THE

DUCHESS OF AOSTA, QUEEN-ELECT OF SPAIN.

MY DAUGHTER: — Permit me to call you daughter, now that I am a widow; now that my sorrows give me the right to employ with you the sacred name of mother.

I saw you in Italy when you were very beautiful, very young, and very happy. I, too, was young and happy, although not beautiful like you. I saw you again when you were most happy and I most unfortunate.

I write you to-day to announce that a time may come when we shall both be unfortunate. I also was a queen, and, Maria Victoria, I, too, smiled, and deceived.

You are aware that my mind is unhinged, and God loves you so dearly that he sends me this lucid spell that I may tell you the truth now, while so many ambitious, flattering, unworthy men, so many lying mouths, and idiotic tongues, so many cankered hearts will tell you falsehoods. I have been a queen, duchess of Aosta. I am acquainted with that office. Do you understand me? Yes, you do. Now you have only to be sure that your womanly heart does not delude you. I am Carlotta, the antique empress of Mexico, the consort of Maximilian. Do you understand me? Yes, you do understand. Now you have only to be sure your womanly heart does not deceive you. I am in haste to communicate my fears to you, for I know not what length of time my dementia will leave me free. Who could have told us what has come to pass, when we met for the first time in the groves of Italy, of Tivoli? Do you remember those pleasant evenings?

Alas, Maria Victoria! listen carefully to what my misfortune points out to you. See the advantage that is yours in learning what an unhappy wife tells you, who is insane through grief. A deputation went to Vienna to offer the crown of Mexico to my husband. I speak of a committee. Maximilian called me and said: "Carlotta, they offer me the empire of a famous people in America. What do you think about it?" I bowed my head, thoughtfully. Maximilian asked me again. "What do you think of it?" I continued to reflect without responding. My husband made a movement as if to leave the room. I comprehended that he was about to reject the empire which had just been

offered him, and I know not what inward fire was burning at my vitals.

"Wait!" I said, and Maximilian returned smiling. What did that smile mean? Alas, Maria Victoria! My husband knew what a woman would do where a diadem is concerned. I do not wish to pretend to, or deceive you. The splendor of that coronet dazzled me. I imagined the glitter of its jewels: its pearls, its sapphires, and brilliants. I gazed upon a people who knelt about me, who kissed my feet, who thronged to look upon me, who kept awake to bless me, and who shouted with joy. Tremendous illusion! Horrible flattery! Read on, my friend, and you will see what that flattery cost me. I answered my husband: "Listen, Maximilian; I do not say no, but neither do I say yes." He understood the significance of those words. Now I must confess that I made no mistake. Maximilian saw the import of my reply, and a voice burned in his eyes which I could not then explain. Time explained it afterwards. Maria be very careful of yourself, of your son, and your Amandeo. Ambition kindles a diabolical flame in the eyes of men, and converts an angel into a devil. The man who desires to become a king, becomes a fiend. Maximilian's eyes lighted up in such a way that I felt terrified. He was a demon at that moment. "The deputies will come at three," he said. "You will listen to them; be ready." My husband comprehended that I had listened to myself —to woman's pride, and that there would be no necessity to listen to anybody else. If he had understood that I had listened to my vanity, it is quite probable that Carlotta would not have seen the deputation. God deliver you from a man who desires to be a king! A wild beast is more reasonable.

"The deputies will come at three." I was ready at two. One year after another deputation had to be met at one. I was ready at four. I had already learned how to be an empress. I say again I was ready at two. Do you hear, Maria? I waited impatiently. I suspected the committee had repented. Glancing at my court-dress, Maximilian said; "How handsome the Empress of Mexico is!" This sapient gallantary of my husband saddened me, for I imagined the deputation was en route for America.

Three servants precipitately announced the "Mexican most serene deputation," and I felt a thrill of pleasure. "I am an empress already!" I exclaimed in my heart. "I am already an august imperial majesty." Oh, sad illusions! Oh, black vanities! Oh, terrible spectres of conscience! How much you cost me! Dear as you were to my heart, how dearly I paid for you! Read on, Maria Victoria, read on.

The deputation knelt and kissed my hand. It was the same as I desired. It was precisely as I had dreamed.

They declared presently, that heaven had destined us to save a celebrated people that lived in the depths of the most disastrous anarchy. They affirmed that Mexico saw in us tutelary angels. Maximilian looked at me as if saying: "You see now what they assure us; what must we do?" I nodded my head as if to say—"It is true."

The deputies spoke of the fertility of the soil, the wealth of fruits, the mildness of the seasons, of the gorgeousness of the landscape, where Nature is all one smile. Maximilian looked at me as if to say: "Do you not see?" I glanced toward him as though saying: "It is true."

The deputation spoke extendedly on the magnificent views of Orizaba, of the transparency of the atmosphere, the extent of the horizon, the blueness of the skies, the sunrises and sunsets, of the birds, etc. I thought I saw the fiery-colored auroras, the pale tint of the clouds at the disappearance of the sun in the west. I imagined the sweet mystery of those western skies which presented themselves to my fancy like evening prayer. I imagined

I heard the melody of those birds, inhaled the perfume of those flowers, the murmuring of those rivers, the sighing of the wind through the silent density of the woods and forests.

Finally, Maria, I imagined myself the Imperial Majesty of Mexico, goddess of America, in the most flowery, the gayest sphere in the smiles of God. Maximilian turned toward me as if to repeat: "Do you see now?" I looked at him as if responding with: "It is true."

My husband and I were left alone.

"How did the deputies appear to you?" he asked. I replied that I was greatly pleased with them.

"They are perfect gentlemen, and are exceedingly courteous. They kissed your hand on entering and leaving. They are known as belonging to the highest class of people."

"Yes, yes," I answered, "they must belong to the genteel class."

Read on, Duchess of Aosta, queen-elect of a famous people, and you will see what came to put a stop to so much complacency, so much poetry. A thousand times alas! Those men, the deputies from Mexico, mocked us with a thousand lies, and we said proudly:

"They are known to belong to the highest class." If we had told the stern truth, the honest truth—if those beggars had been loyal persons, we should have said with repugnance: "They are known as plebian folk."

We embark, the steamer pursues its course, the land of Europe disappears from our sight. There remain the ashes of our parents, and brothers and sisters. Memories of our native country linger there. We disowned the country that saw our birth, fascinated with the unknown glories of our foreign country. I have said *unknown glories*. They were not unknown glories, Maria Henrietta, they were, alas! criminal glories.

As the coasts of Germany disappeared, I felt compunction in my heart, and there the fever began, which later, troubled my mind. There the delirium commenced which consumes my strength; this dreadful consumption that devours my life. There are two kinds of fever, Maria Victoria, that of the body and that of the mind. That of the body kills, that of the mind crazes. Take great care of your husband, and of yourself!

Near nightfall the same day on which we started out, I descried a whitish speck at the horizon. This yellowish-white speck seemed to move as if it were red mist. I approached my husband and asked: "What is that white, moving point that is seen in the distance?"

"They are seashores."

"What shores?"

"Shores of the Adriatic."

"Farewell, Baltic coasts!" I cried to my conscience. "Farewell, sands of my country! When I return to you some day, you will see me clothed in mourning."

"What is the matter?" asked Maximilian.

"Nothing," I responded. I also lied, I also deceived him. They all lied to him, his wife likewise. Oh, my husband! Unfortunate man! Adored spirit of my life, pardon me! Do you wonder, Maria Victoria, that I should have lost my reason? Read on!

We were twenty-three days on the journey. You do not know what it is to live twenty-three days between sky and water, between day and night, between sun and stars—while a crown is awaiting you on land.

I was so jealous of my diadem, so enamored of my imperial majesty, that each wave seemed to me a rock on which the ship would be dashed to pieces.

Maximilian gave me a look that asked: "Shall we arrive, Carlotta?"

I answered with my eyes: "We shall arrive, Maximilian." Alas, my friend! Why was not the sea charitable to us? Why did it not open its mysterious bosom to the vessel that conveyed us?

* * * * * *

We arrive at Mexico. What a

multitude! How many huzzas! What loads of flowers on the road, and in the streets! How many anthems! What great illuminations! What joy! What love! Neverless—be horrified, Maria Victoria!—Mexico hated us. We were received like tutelary angels, like heavenly spirits, like two demi-gods, but Mexico abhorred us.

If you leave Italy some day, if the splendor of a crown blinds your eyes and heart, do not trust the numbers that may obstruct your path. Believe not in the eyes of those who rush forward to gaze upon you. People look at kings and emperors as we look at a theatrical spectacle, as at a young bull race, or a zoological collection. People see kings like criminals under sentence of death. Do not trust either, in the smiles of those whom the world calls great, and if you knew, Maria Henrietta, how little they are! If you saw them in their national size—if you saw them shorn of their pomp; if you saw them as I have seen them! Crocodiles and those men are alike in that they both seek a captive to rend to pieces with their teeth. The crocodile weeps to allure; man smiles to betray. The courtier smiles, the crocodile weeps; but crocodile and courtier weep and smile to allure and devour. I shall never forget that a magnate of Mexico crawled at our feet, and kissed the ground we trod upon. That one was the first to betray us: that one was the first who duped my husband. That one was the first to conspire against him, until he saw him shot. Shot, Maria! Do you hear? My husband was shot! Do you hear it, Henrietta? ,He was shot on foreign soil. Have you heard distinctly? On foreign soil! He who flatters us most, is the first to deceive us. He who kisses our hands the most, is the first to betray us. He who grovels most is the first to deliver us over. I say it to you: I know it. Do not doubt it. Alas for you if you doubt. Maria, I saw you at Frascati, I saw you at Tivoli, when you were very young, beautiful and happy. For your happiness, for your beauty and your youth, do not forget the words of a faithful friend who cannot deceive you, for she is very unfortunate—the most unfortunate that was ever born of women. I loved a man more than my life, and they assassinated him. The people did not assassinate him; Mexico did not assassinate him. Those men who came to seek us, who kissed our hands, who crawled at our feet—those murdered him. Maria take great care of your husband, your son and yourself Have you any acquaintance with him whom some call the Duke of Aosta? Take care, my daughter! Do you see those who call him, who bow their heads, and kneel to him? Well, those very ones will shoot him. I tell you I know it, Maria. Do not doubt it.

The decorations, the anthems, the illuminations, the triumphal arches, the shouts, the flowers are gone by. News of war comes, and my husband regards me with an incomprehensible air. There are mysteries in the depths of the earth, as are the volcanoes in the depths of the crater, as there are certain troubles in the depths of the soul. My husband preceived some tremendous secret. He gazed at me without a word. What would he have to say to me if that secret were not a death sentence? The Emperor called a personage of the government, and went into an apartment by themselves. I concealed myself among the curtains of a door, and heard something they were talking about. Finally my husband said to the personage of that country: "Well, but how many will it be necessary to shoot?"

"Eight, or nine thousand will suffice," answered a tremulous voice. Nine thousand creatures were to be sacrificed, and they actually were. The government personage disappeared, and the Emperor remained alone. I went to him.

"What were you conferring upon?"

"Nothing."

I looked at him fixedly for some

time. Maximilion bowed his head, and riveted his gaze on the floor. Do you wonder my friend, that this unhappy woman should have become insane?

Oh, Henrietta! Rather than dwell in certain palaces, seek to live in a gypsy's cave, in a shepherd's hovel, in a fisherman's hut. In the hut, hovel, or cave, you may believe in God; you may believe in Providence in this world. You may love a man, a father, a son; you may love in a Moorish dungeon—may believe: In certain palaces there is no room for anything else but to suspect, hate, and curse.

The deputies told us that Mexico was involved in the most disastrous anarchy. It was false, Henrietta: the anarchy existed in the deputation, and in the men who sent it to destroy us. Anarchy was in some roving politicians, beggars yesterday, hungry always, pretending to familiarity with persons of importance, and to domineer without knowing how to act in either capacity. The disorder existed in them ; in gluttony, in dissolute conduct, robbery, bankruptcy, apostacy, shameful actions, scoffing at every moral idea; at all modest feeling. Alas, Maria Victoria! You do not know what has followed.

The deputies came in large ships, gave great banquets, twenty-five dollars being assigned daily, to each one for his meals. They brought besides, five thousand dollars in small gold pieces, to feed the poor of another country, making themselves opulent and great. Then, while all this was passing, important communities in Mexico were scourged by yellow fever, and misery. Preceptors of the youth died of starvation, and soldiers harassed the villagers to compel them to pay the taxes. Had you forgotten it? The cavalry invaded the towns, already impoverished to the last degree, grasping men with such rude violence as to tear pieces of flesh out of their arms, even, and driving them lacerated and in tears, at the sword's point, as in barbarian times, as in Montezuma's times. There was the anarchy in whose black depths Mexico withered in agony.

Oh, evil ones! Why did we believe in you? Why did we trust you instead of handing you over to justice as the first bandits of America? Ah, if it should happen again! My dear friend; if my body were dissected at this moment, my heart and every vital organ, would be found completely dried up. How I have wept! How I have suffered! Maria, Maria! learn of me! Close your eyes, shut your ears to the falsehoods of those Carnival gentlemen.

Maximilian retired to his couch, but did not sleep. I also found it impossible, and seated in an arm-chair, reclined my head on the pillows. Hardly had I closed my eyes when my spirit became a prey to a nightmare which, against my will, I record. How grateful you ought to be to me for this sacrifice of my conscience, Maria Victoria! I am tearing open my wounds; I am rending my soul. In the delirium of that nightmare I thought I heard many discharges of fire-arms amongst the lamentations and groans of the nine thousand sacrificed creatures. I thought I saw numerous squadrons that speed over the quivering members of those unburied bodies crushing in the faces with their horses' hoofs. I seemed to see masses of bleeding flesh—wolves and tigers glutting themselves in great pools—not of water. I seemed to see the shining eyes of wild beasts that turned their heads this side and that side to guard against their being surprised as their teeth tore the flesh, and cracked the bones of their victims. I heard the cracking of those bones as did Phœdre de Racine; I saw blood drip from those hairs pulled out by the roots even as the blood dropped from Hector's beard in the frightful dream of the ever-green oak. Maximilian felt my anguish and heard my sighs; he called me repeatedly but was unable to wrest me from that

agony. Then he arose, shook me with some violence, almost with frenzy, and I was brought out of that dream. It was not a dream, Maria Victoria; it was a world of strange and horrible monsters. Who had died in that hour?

Oh, *Dios mio!* How much sorrow Thou wouldst have delivered me from! "What is the matter?" my husband asked.

"Do you ask that?" I responded.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"What ails you, Carlotta?"

"Nothing, Maximilian."

"Tell me what is the matter with you, though the heavens fall and the earth sink."

"You wish me to tell you?"

"Yes."

"I have seen lights in the air; I know not what phantom draws me by my garments. I have seen a shape which forms three headless bodies, and I know them: the Emperor Maximilian, and the Generals Miramon and Mejia. You are my only, only love in this world, the friend of all my life. I see you lost. Do not say no! You are lost."

"I know it already."

"Save yourself and me, Maximilian; let us go away from here."

"I cannot."

"Yon are not an Emperor."

"What am I then?"

"There was a faction of evil-doers here, without a leader, and they brought you. You are not the Emperor of Mexico: you are the captain of a gang of murderers and thieves. You are the captain; I am the captain's wife, and that cannot be. If you obstinately persist in sacrificing yourself with the nine thousand beings, as you have to, I will not countenance such an act by my presence. I will dress in mourning, and return to Europe. I leave you my soul. although my body departs."

"Do you tell me you are going away?"

"Yes, I will go; I want to try if it is possible to love a man."

"Carlotta, you do not love me now as you loved me before."

"I love yon more, but I am afraid. I love my husband, but I fear the tyrant of an innocent people."

"I, a tyrant?"

"Yes."

"You are going to Europe?"

"Yes."

Maximilian became cold, motionless, mute as a stone. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands, and burst into a fit of weeping.

Daughter of my soul, do you wonder that this unhappy woman should have gone mad?

* * * * * *

The time arrived to set out. What a difference between the reception and departure! Nobody spoke to me about the wealth, the fruits, the fertility of the soil, the mildness of the climate, the murmuring of the fountains, the perfume of the flowers, the song of birds, or the views of Orizaba. No deputation called. A contemporaneous journal published the following:

"The Mexican Emperor's consort returns to Europe."

"At the moment of departure I asked my husband:

"Are you going to remain?"

"It is my fate," he replied.

"Then," I continued, "in Europe I shall receive a letter from you, couched in similar terms to this:

"You divined it, Carlotta; the ray of light that enters my abode is the last sunlight I shall see. I am in chapel, kneeling before the figure of Jesus. Within an hour, I shall be on the road to torture, between the priest and executioner."

I cannot tell you what passed in my heart on separating from Maximilian. I knew the departure was forever, and he was the only love I had, that I have, or ever will have. Would to God I had never loved! The ship started. The whistling of the wind through the pipes seemed to me like the sounds of a battle. Cursed be war! Accursed those ambitious ones

who provoke it! The continual dashing of the waves sounded in my ears like the boiling of blood. The noise of the engine like strokes of battle axes, the thunder of cannons or of guns. The steam pipes loomed up before me like executioners. On the twenty-first day out at sea, I went up on deck. My vision extended far out over the ocean, and everywhere met with Maximilian's countenance. At sunset I perceived a white, moving spot in the distance. "What is that spot that is discerned at the horizon, commander?" I asked the steamer captain.

"The Baltic shores, madam."

"Baltic shores! Sands of my country!" I exclaimed within myself. "Here you have me according to my promise. I return to you clothed in mourning. I arrived at Paris; I hastened to the Tuilleries, and cried out to the first palace attendant:

"Inform the Emperor that Maximilian's widow desires to speak to him."

Alas, Maria! Napoleon received me like a wooden man, like a granite statue, like an iron machine. But I descried a cross, at its foot wept a woman—more than a woman, a mother. I kept that great hope; I worshipped that sublime religious faith; I blessed the anguish of Calvary. I longed to receive consolation from Jesus and Mary. I flew to Rome; I went to the Vatican; I pressed my lips to the feet of his Holiness. While thus prostrate I beheld anew lights in the air. I saw the shadow which shaped itself into the three headless bodies. I saw two crossed hands—hands from which blood was streaming as from the hairs of those victims; hands that were bound to the gallows—hands that spoke and said: "We are Morti and Tognetti."

I had no hopes now; my faith was extinguished. I remembered a man and lost my reason. They conducted me to Vienna, but there is much shouting of the multitude therefore I came to this castle. Here I am in the country, living in silence, with solitude, and an adored memory. Here they brought me a casket containing the remains of the man I loved. I opened it one day without the cognizance of any one. My husband's right hand was closed as though it were of bronze. My hands opened his, and encountered a paper which read:

"Carlotta, you divined it. The light which penetrates my dwelling will be the last sun I shall ever see. I am in chapel kneeling before a Nazarene. Within some hours I shall go to the sacrifice between the priest and the execution. You are not to blame. Be comforted, pardon me; salute my family, and my country. Farewell Carlotta; the judgment of God awaits me. Now that I have lived ill, I wish to die well. My last sigh shall be for you. Who would have believed this, my love?"

Do you marvel, my dear friend, that this poor woman should have lost her reason?

I gaze in the mirror very often, and exclaim:

"I am not what I was. I am not Carlotta; I am not a woman; I have no life; I have no soul. I did have a soul but they robbed me of it. Bring it back to me, thieves!

Napoleon III. exalted, destroyed me. Napoleon III. fallen, will destroy you.

Maria, everything ended. Kiss your son, Amadeo. I must now finish this letter. Farewell, Maria Victoria. I grieve that my mind becomes disordered; that my soul again wanders about in the unfathomable depths of madness. Again I behold lights in the air; the phantom shapes of headless bodies, the two crossed hands. I hear the cracking of bones; I see the countless wild beasts satiating their thirst in pools of blood. As soon as I seem a goddess, so soon do I seem a monster of the Inferno.

Oh, daughter of my heart! Do not go out of Turin. Do not go away from Florence, nor from Rome. Do

not leave your own country. See how they deceive you even as they deceived me; see how they betray you even as they betrayed me. * Behold, the moment will come when your hope will not conceive any other than the humble fortune of dying insane. Maria, Maria! Care well for your husband, your son, and yourself. I have given you the greatest proof of friendship that born woman may give, relating histories, sorrows, and mysteries that none knows more than

Your unfortunate , and loyal friend,
Carlotta,
Ex-Empress of Mexico.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

CONDITIONS CONDUCIVE TO PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

MAN is endowed with the germs of intellectual and moral growth, and civilization results from their development. No study is more interesting and profitable than that of the conditions under which human progress takes place or is arrested. Leisure from manual toil is essential to the successful development of the intellectual and moral faculties. There must be time for observation of the phenomena of nature in their various phases, and for inquiry and thought touching the laws that govern them. These mental operations cannot be carried on with effect when the body is worn and enervated by continual physical labor. In order, therefore, that this leisure may be had the conditions must be such that a sufficiency of food and reasonable comforts of life can be acquired without overwork. This is not only philosophical, but it is proved by the world's experience. The process of civilization began not on the sterile plains, nor in the rugged mountains, but where the soil was fertile, and the climate promoted an abundant growth of food products without exhaustion of the physical powers. Nor did civilization germinate in a country of exclusive pastoral pursuits, and when it has been transplanted there it has not proceeded to the highest development. It has never flourished exuberantly where the climate requires the consumption of quantities of carbonaceous food in order to maintain bodily warmth, nor where the waste of tissue from heat makes the consumption of liberal quantities of nitrogeneous food necessary. Extremes of heat and cold are both enervating to body and mind, and in such climates longevity is not a distinguishing characteristic of the people. The physical conditions which affect the germination and progress of civilization are soil, climate and the aspects of nature.

It has not been precisely determined whether civilization began in Egypt, India or Persia. It is certain that the start was made where agriculture was a leading pursuit of the people, and agriculture was first resorted to in a dry country and where irrigation was necessary to produce food crops. It was introduced afterward into localities where rains supplied moisture. The best authorities assert that plant-

*The greater part of this, and foregoing prophecy of Carlotta, was verified in, or about the year 1873 when Amadeo was compelled to abdicate the Spanish throne. As is well known, Gen. Prim was mainly instrumental in crowning Amadeo King of Spain, and although his enemies acknowledged his superior virtues, and noble qualities, they were opposed to his reigning over them because he was an Italian. Gen. Prim's influence being so great, however, all of their efforts to dethrone Amadeo failed successively until they combined to assassinate him, which was accomplished by five men one night, as he was in his private carriage.—TRANSLATOR.

ing began in Egypt and afterward was adopted in other fertile districts of Asia. In the earliest period of which we have any knowledge the arts were considerably developed in Egypt and some of the sciences were understood. In India the people had knowledge of methods for producing for human necessities and comforts, and social institutions were advanced as compared with those of surrounding peoples. Both Egypt and India were celebrated for food production. Persia was early distinguished for strong men and for knowledge of the arts of warfare. It is supposed that the Aryans originated in the neighborhood of Mount Caucasus, and spread from there into India and later into Europe. Climate in Persia is promotive of health and strength, and the country is productive. Climate in Egypt and India is classed as warm, but it is not so immoderate as to produce serious enervation of the physical or mental powers. That the Egyptians and Indus did not continue to advance, but have apparently retrogressed is alleged to be due not to climate but to other influences. It has been a query of philosophic minds why as conditions as to soil and climate remain as they were there has not been progress in civilization, and why instead of being engulfed in ignorance and superstition the Egyptians and Indus have not kept their place in the front of human advancement. The Aryans in India soon came to a standstill, but westward they developed the civilization that exists in Western Europe. The causes of this difference have been studied by historians, philosophers and scientists and it is accounted for in part at least as a result of natural conditions other than soil and climate.

It is held that to produce the best and highest civilization the faculties of reason, imagination and taste must be harmoniously and co-ordinately developed. In a plain and uninteresting country the reason is liable to be developed out of proportion to that of the imagination and æsthetics, that in a country of flowers and exquisite scenery there is liable to be an undue growth of the taste, and that where the aspects of nature are terrible there is a tendency to an abnormal development of the imagination, which smothers the other faculties and produces credulity and superstition. It is argued that in India the huge mountains, tremendous torrents, dreadful hurricanes, ponderous and ferocious animals, and monstrous and poisonous reptiles, are phenomena, that among a people not advanced in knowledge of the laws of nature, are regarded as supernatural, and manifestations of the wrath of the gods, and in whose presence man seems small and helpless. As in the early stages of development the reason became atrophied, the Indus fell into the most groveling superstition and became victims of the most crushing tyranny. Similar phenomena exist in other fertile portions of Asia, and this and the further fact that much of it is sterile are assigned as reasons why civilization has not progressed in that continent. It is a known fact also that superstition is contagious. Unless the Egyptians and Indus have been emasculated of the civilizable quality through centuries of superstition and oppression there is no reason, now that the laws of nature are understood, and can be taught to them, why they may not be started in a new career of advancement, for natural conditions favorable to progress still exist.

In Europe conditions in some respects are more and in others less favorable than in Asia. The climate is better and the aspects of nature are not as terrible. There is more beauty of scenery and the surroundings tend to a co-equal development of the faculties of reason, imagination and taste. Europe is not as productive as many parts of Asia and cannot sustain so dense a population on the products of the soil. Though there has been and still is superstition it was to no small

extent borrowed from the East. It is a fact that civilization has increased as population has emigrated for permanent residence from the rising toward the setting sun. The elements of enterprise and courage are developed by emigration as well also as the disposition to inquire and investigate. Though superstition remains longest with an immobile population, still a migrating and roaming people have never been noted for knowledge, or progress in civilization. The Norse were a strong people, were adventurous, enterprising and courageous, but they made no advancement in civilization till they colonized the productive and populous districts of Europe and settled down to regularity of life. Civilization has progressed most rapidly where there is a numerous population and peaceful occupations are most widely diversified, and such a condition cannot well exist except in a country were food productions are abundant or are easily obtained.

Superstitious people are facile subjects of oppression, and where superstition generally prevails goverment is invariably tyrannous. None has been more so than that in India, for the masses have been consigned to depresing toil, and deprived of all but a pittance of food and comforts of life. Governments in Europe have been far better, but for many centuries they were all barriers to progress. Great minds now and then even during the middle ages, broke through the trammels of ignorance and superstition, yet their discoveries in science and their social and economic doctrines but slowly elevated the masses because knowledge was not generally diffused. A nation cannot be said to be civilized because it has a few learned and enlightened men. There must be wide diffusion of knowledge and it will not take place unless there is leisure on the part of the masses for observation and thought. The status of a nation in regard to civilization may be gauged by the condition of the laboring classes. History of all countries ancient or modern proves, where other conditions are equal, that that nation is least civilized which least requites the labor that produces food, clothing, implements of industry, and constructs houses and useful public works. Where knowledge is generally diffused reforms in government and social institutions originate not with rulers but with the people themselves.

The proposition that civilization progresses more rapidly in a productive country has sometimes been combatted. There are some countries where heat and moisture are so great that vegetation grows so rapidly and in such rankness as almost to defy human effort to control or subject it. This occurs where rain and heat are excessive and never where irrigation is necessary, and more labor is required in the former than in the latter to produce equivalent results. It is true that when wealth comes easily there is a tendency to luxurious life which is obstructive to growth of civilization. The estimation in which achievement is held has something to do with progress. Where public sentiment is so vitiated that wealth is regarded more highly than learning, where the people bow down more to a Crœsus than to a savant, there will be less ambition to gain knowledge. It is rare that an opulent man becomes a litterateur, scientist, economist or publicist. Such cases have occurred, but more frequently in a country where knowledge holds a higher place in public esteem than riches. Those who believe that hard conditions best promote progress because they compel men to work, take New England as an example. In the main, and comparatively, New England cannot be said to be a productive country, but it must be remembered that civilization did not originate there. The first emigrants from Europe were in their day among the most advanced people of the world, and they were reinforced by the immigration of a similar class for a century and a half. The population of New England are entitled

to great credit, that they have not only preserved but improved on the civilization they inherited from their immigrant ancestors. It has often been said that it is a good country to emigrate from, and the New England people have recognized its truth, for they have colonized many portions of the nation. They have not lived on what New England produces from the soil; they have drawn from the most productive sections of the nation. If they had been confined to the resources of their own section it is not probable that they would have advanced as they have, for they could not have acquired the general competence which has given them leisure from toil and time for the development of that knowledge for which they are distinguished. In but little of this country are soil and climate such as to forbid the growth of civilization, and hence no potential facts can be adduced to disprove the proposition that productiveness of soil is a condition essential to the germination of growth of civilization.

It is an historical fact that the most rapid strides in the attainment of knowledge have not been made in countries sparsely inhabited, but in those where population has been numerous, and where occupations have been diversified. That it is so is philosophical, because these conditions stimulate activity and afford opportunities for collision of mind, and provided that climatic conditions are favorable to health and longevity, a great food-producing country is best able to sustain a dense population. There is more rapid progress in a salubrious climate than in one where disease is engendered and where the people are necessarily short-lived. There is undoubtedly, something in race, and so far the Caucasian has outstripped all others in the race of civilization; and the Anglo-Saxon branch, if achievements in science, art, literature, government and commerce are taken into consideration, has excelled all other classes. In the United States there are few localities where there are positive hindrances from natural conditions to the progress of civilization, but some sections are more favorable than others. As people have advanced, government has become less obstructive to progress and more liberal and democratic. This is apparent in this country both as to the general and local governments.

Among the sections most highly favored by nature is Southern California; first in its geographical location, for it lies almost exactly midway between the equator and Arctic circle and but a little south of the center line of the temperate zone; and secondly, physical conditions so modify the temperature that there is neither extreme heat nor cold. On the north a mountain range protects it from the frosts of winter, and the winds during that season bring to it the warmth of the torrid zone, for they blow with considerable regularity from the south or southerly direction. In the summer the trade winds blow regularly from the northwest, bringing with them the cooling atmosphere of the northern seas. The country is open to the sea, which gives free play to the breezes both in summer and winter. The salubrity of the climate is phenomenal; animals are strong and enduring; the natives are healthy, and the section is a sanitarium for invalids from other parts of the nation who generally improve or recover their health. It is a country where one can live out of doors for three hundred and fifty days of the year. Health and longevity are characteristic of the people. The soil is immensely fertile and produces in abundance and variety, including all the cereals except rice, all the vegetables known to temperate latitudes, raisins, wine and table grapes, the berries, all the fruits of the temperate and some of the tropical latitude, olives, walnuts and almonds. Two crops of vegetables are produced in the year. The rains are in the winter season, and in the

summer water for irrigation is plentiful. In no country in the world can so much be produced whether in quantity or value by the same labor as in Southern California. Soil and climate are elements that in the highest degree contribute to the progress of civilization.

The scenery is such as to promote a healthful growth of the imagination, and the flowers, shrubs, and picturesque vales that of æsthetics, and there is every surrounding that furnishes aliment for the reasoning powers. The rewards to labor stimulate exertion. No where can people find so much leisure from manual toil, so much time for acquiring knowledge after gaining a comfortable sustenance. No country is able to sustain a denser population. Productions are so abundant and various that large sections are destined to become horticultural cities with most of the advantages of veritable cities, and without the disadvantages. Such a condition exists to a considerable extent already, though Southern California is comparatively a new country. Social intercourse can thus be free and frequent, and every educational and religious advantage can be provided without burdensome expense and enjoyed without inconvenience. Nature has done its part with a profuse hand, and it only remains for man to supplement its work. There is at present a great lack of population to make the country what it should be. Production from the soil is not a tithe of what it may be, and there has not been nor is there now that development of manufacturing industries which is necessary to the highest prosperity. Raw materials are not altogether wanting and markets for manufactures are constantly increasing. Extensive regions are natural trade districts for Southern California cities. Transportation facilities are fairly ample for present wants and no doubt they will be extended as they are required by increased productions. Charges are high, but they are destined to be reduced as traffic is enlarged, and in obedience to popular demands. Large land holdings have been and are obstacles to settlement and development, but they must be subdivided as population increases. Such holdings are in conflict with the genius of our institutions and with public opinion. Southern California is just passing out of the period of colonization and into that of organization. The spirit of speculation is fast disappearing and the era of rational development has commenced in earnest. Immigration is now of the classes who wish to become permanent residents, rather than speculators.

The political institutions of the United States are favorable to the progress of civilization. There is no law or religious creed that forbids doubt or inquiry or the investigation of any subject. The laws of California and the sentiment of the people favor schools and churches, both of which are liberally patronized. Perhaps no part of the nation is better supplied with facilities for acquiring a common school education. High schools, academies, colleges and universities abound and are well patronized. Public improvements are carried on with a liberal hand. The present population is a good one to build on. Mainly it is composed of immigrants from all parts of the nation and the best countries of Europe. They are not scum and riffraff, but industrious, orderly, intelligent. Southern California borders on the occidental sea, and as civilization has grown in the onward march of population westward, it will have attained its highest development here as soon as the elements which contribute to it have their natural and full effect. These elements exist in soil, climate, scenery, political, religious and educational institutions and in the character of the present and prospective population. That consumation will be realized when the material resources of the country are adequately developed, and

the desire to amass inordinate wealth does not interfere with the attainment of that which constitutes the highest achievement of man.

As men emigrate to new countries to improve their material condition it is quite natural that the first and main effort should be to advertise so as to induce immigration of those whose ambition is to acquire fortunes. The people of Southern California have not been negligent in this respect, its climate has been proclaimed as superb, its scenery magnificent, and its productions enriching. These facts have been spread abroad diligently and with possible exaggeration, but the important fact that conditions are highly favorable to progress of civilization has rarely if ever found place in any publication. The course pursued has had its effect upon the more sordid, but it has had no influence with the class who have higher objects in life than the accumulation of superfluous riches- Men who labor to promote the growth of civilization want to know merely that without severe struggle they can acquire comfortable sustenance and that the elements of nature and the population are highly conducive to human advancement. The great body of people in all civilized countries are more attracted by these higher considerations than through their cupidity. To let the world know that here is where leisure can be had for observation and thought where social intercourse is instructive and elevating, and moral and mental stagnation are discouraged, and there need not be want, if reasonable industry is practiced, will do more to induce immigration than florid statements as to how great riches can be acquired, and it will bring the class whose moral and intellectual attainments will give to the country its greatest prosperity and highest character.

LA MARIPOSA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

Child of the summer winds, bright butterfly,
Drowning thyself in perfumed waves of light,
Poising one moment on the airy height
Of frond-like tendrils, then to flutter by.

Seeking on restless and bespangled wings
The mingled sweetness of a thousand flowers,
Yielding unto those transitory things
The fragrant essence of thy life's short hours.

Pursue in happiness thy dainty way,
Fleeting though it may be—how canst thou feel
Thou fickle, truant creature what each day
For me of gloom and sadness may conceal?

Alas! that I, like thee, could but forbear
To fix my flight beyond the passing hour,
For in the earth's wide garden blooms no flower
Worth even a season's tenderness or care.

SENATOR JACK.

BY GENEVIEVE GREEN.

A DEMOCRATIC nomination had always been equivalent to an election in that district of Northern California. The population being composed almost exclusively of Missourians, with a sprinkling here and there of Kentuckians from the backwoods of the good old State, Democracy was naturally orthodoxy and Republicanism heterodoxy in the most sacrilegious degree. The few unorthordox who were politically so unblest as to live there, had long since buried all that lurking ambition that haunts at times the soul of every American citizen, and had even ceased to envy the purple and fine linen of the county clerk and the manifested importance of the town constable. A Republican convention was only a form that was loyally gone through with whenever the occasion required, after which the candidates retired to their respective places of business, without any of the bother, labor and expense that usually harrows the ambitious soul of an office-seeker.

And yet Jack Worthington, the son of old Rufus Worthington, who had been known for years to hate a rebel and a Democrat worse than he hated Lucifer, was running for State Senator on the Republican ticket, and actually had the audacity to think he had a chance of election. His apparent hopefulness made his candidacy absurd—it became a real good joke that recalled many funny episodes in old Rufus's career, but occasioned no really serious comment.

It was a hot afternoon when a crowd of the local politicians happened around at the corner grocery. The watermelons piled up on the sidewalk were baking in the glaring sun and everything in sight seemed to sizzle. There was just a little patch of shade where the politicians had made themselves comfortable, occupying not only the boxes and barrels, but even the edge of the water-trough that had been put in front of the grocery-store for the accommodation of country customers with teams.

Seth Turner, the recognized leader of Democratic politics, was dangling his legs from the sugar barrel and punctuating his august opinicns on the political outbreak with frequent bites into a juicy pear.

"Yes, sir! the nerve of that thar chap is simply overpowerin'," he was saying in a tone of deep disgust. "Why, he ain't nothin' but a dude—one of them college chaps, you know, with a head full of Latin and that thar stuff, and not enough common sense to plant potatoes."

"Wall, I aint never seen the chap mysel," drawled old Silas Jenkins from the edge of the water-trough, "but I've hearn it said as he was a right smart dresser, a-wearin' stiff shirts every day and a-shavin' four times a week. I reckon though he won't be quite so spry after the election. I wonder what that old dad of his'n thinks about Jeff Davis these days," old Silas continued, with a sudden burst of laughter. "I'll never forgit as long as I live the day that Billy Applegate tanned that old man's hide for 'im! It was one time about sech a day as this that me and Billy stepped into John Higgin's saloon to git a drink. Wall, old Worthington was there, and he was a-rippin' and a-snortin' around about some men what had quit his plowin' jest when he needed 'em most and we heard 'im

say somethin' to John about 'em bein' nothin' but Democrats, nohow. I looked at Billy and Billy looked at me, but we didn't say nothin' till he got to tellin' that old yarn about Jeff Davis' dressin' up in women's clothes to keep from gittin' caught. When he got to tellin' that I saw Billy's eyes flash fire, and all on a sudden he jumped up and said, 'That's a blasted lie and you know it!' 'It taint no lie,' says old Worthington, 'it's right down in real genuwine history!' Then before he could say another word Billy had him layin' on the floor almost as dead as a mackeral."

The boxes and barrels quaked under the unanimous burst of laughter that the story of old Worthington's misfortune produced.

"I reckon he aint had much to say about Jeff sence that time," put in a tall, lanky individual who was just hanging up the dipper after a long drink of water from the pump.

"No, I reckon not," retorted old Silas. "He found out that day that he can't talk too promiscuous in this here neighborhood."

"Yes, and that kid of his'n 'll have to be learned the same lesson," said Seth Turner, as he helped himself to the dried apples that stood in the sack near by. "I'm thinkin' we'll have to show 'im that he can't be too fresh around sech folks as us."

One story led up to another till tales at old Worthington's expense grew numerous. Besides things of a political nature that made him universally unpopular, he had always been recognized as the gigantic silurian of the county. He was by far the largest land-owner in that part of the country, and no price had ever been suggested that would buy an acre of it from him.

And this was the state of affairs that Jack, with a certain polite egotism, actually expected to overcome. His confidence was doubly egotistical when the fact was taken into consideration that he knew absolutely nothing about the people of his county. His father with the determination that uneducated men frequently have to bestow on their children the advantages of which they themselves have been deprived, sent him off to school at a very early age. There he always evinced a natural brightness and aptitude, but was never noted for industry or application. He finally graduated at the age of twenty-three from one of the leading colleges of the East, and then he went abroad, and spent five years among the attractions of the Old World. He had come back bronzed and handsome, educated quite beyond the comprehension of the folks at home, and with a well-developed dread of a routine farm life. As to how he would occupy his time, now that his travels were over, he had no idea in the world. Learning a profession would require some years of study and labor, and Jack was not looking for any kind of hard work.

It was while debating the question of how to dispose of himself that he thought of acquiring political distinction, and the idea pleased him exactly. The opposing majority, with which he would have to contend, and the prejudice which he knew existed against his family name, were obstacles which pleased him somewhat, but did not utterly discourage him. Ever since his childhood days Jack had been possessed of certain magnetic qualities which had drawn around him friends and satellites wherever he had been. A consciousness of his power to please had given him an abundant supply of self-confidence, and it did not seem so utterly improbable to him that a fight for State Senator would terminate in victory. He had really never taken sufficient interest in public affairs to have any deeply-rooted political principles. It would have been just as gratifying to him to be elected on a Democratic ticket as on a Republican, and the thought had actually suggested itself of branching off from the politics of his ancestors and joining the party that was so largely in the majority in his district. But that was a thought which his good sense forbade him to entertain for a moment. His father

was a member of the G. A. R., and as partisan a Republican as ever lived. To him Democracy and rebellion were synonomous, and Jack felt sure that forsaking the "grand old party" would be sufficient justification for his father to disown him. As the old man's "sack" was quite essential to his comfort in life, that thought was abandoned, and Jack became a full-fledged candidate for State Senator on the regular Republican ticket.

Realizing that his success was entirely dependent on his personal popularity, he planned his campaign on the old time, but still effective principle of kissing every body's baby and of being indiscriminately affable. For the purpose of establishing a sociable relationship between himself and his desired constituents, he looked forward to the picnics, barbecues and dances that disturbed at intervals the chronic monotony of the place and which were sure to be attended by the entire population within a radius of twenty miles.

It was Fourth of July night on which he chose to make his social debut. The occasion was a grand ball to be given in Smith's warehouse, the most spacious and accommodating salon in that part of the country, and a building that served for every purpose, from a Fourth of July celebration to a Methodist revival. It had once been decorated on some occasion of extraordinary importance with the inevitable streamers of red, white and blue calico. The streamers had never been taken down but still floated from the rafters in rather a faded and dilapidated condition, yet glorious withal and like the warehouse itself suitable for every possible occasion. It had been whispered around that Jack would attend the ball, and in spite of the prejudice that existed among the masculine part of the population, against "the chap what thought he'd come home and run things ginerally," there was quite a little flutter of excitement among the various coquettes, and many an extra touch was added to an already finished toilet that was for Jack's benefit alone.

The musicians had taken their stand and were "tuning up" preparatory to the first quadrille when Jack walked down the length of the ball-room in company with Billy Applegate, from whose lapel hung a gorgeous red badge bestowing on him the authority of floor-manager. Billy was not insensible to his importance by any means, nor to the duties which his dignified position required of him. Naturally, since the Jeff Davis affair there had not been any great exchange of courtesies between himself and the Worthington family, but he was too much of a society diplomat to let a political difference interfere with the discharge of his social duties, and had pleasantly offered to introduce Jack to the young ladies and do all he could to help him have a "right smart" time.

"I'll introduce you to Mirandy Simpson for this here dance," Billy said, as he steered him toward a bevy of beauties. "I don't reckon as she has a partner—she don't usually have one."

Not chagrined in the least with the prospect of having a recognized wall-flower for a partner, Jack found himself bowing before a most uninteresting young damsel who was radiant in a blue tarlatan dress and a profusion of artificial flowers. There was a modest looking little creature with big brown eyes and a glorious mass of auburn hair, sitting on one side of Miss Simpson, that threw the blonde charms of that young lady entirely in the shade and intensified her usually faded appearance. "Well, I'll keep my eye on *her*," Jack said to himself as he looked again from the simpering Miss Simpson to the brown-eyed girl. "She's a stunner for this region."

He had hardly time to exchange a few conventionalities with Miss "Mirandy" when a call of "Git yo' partners" proceeded from behind the home-made organ, and instantly a stampede resulted. An emphatic pull

from Miss Simpson saved him from being lost in the shuffle, and guided by her example and that of every one else, he crossed the room at the rate of twenty miles an hour and reached the location that his partner very evidently desired. He was trying to recover his breath previous to making himself conversationally agreeable when another call of "All ready—salute," plunged him without further warning into the mazes of the quadrille. That every one was bent upon getting as much dancing into as little time as possible was very evident, and Jack with a determination not to be outdone in the race, danced till the perspiration stood out in little beads on his forehead.

"Allemande left!" sang out the curly-headed organist, and as Jack turned to obey the call he found that it brought him in contact with none other than the hand of the dark-eyed girl. Dressed in a simple white costume, with her beautiful hair hanging in a long, heavy braid, she seemed among all the tawdry finery of the girls around her, like a delicate La France bud in a bouquet of cabbage roses. He wondered who she could be and was debating in his own mind the policy of putting the question direct to Miss Simpson when the information was volunteered.

"You know Seth Turner, don't you?" said Miss Simpson, when a breathing spell at last came.

"No, I haven't the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance," Jack replied, with his best effort at graciousness.

"Humph! I don't see as it's any honor to know Seth Turner," the young lady remarked, with a disdainful toss of her head—"though he thinks he's terrible smart—that's him over there with Susie McGill; they're engaged and every body's been wishin' for a year that they'd go ahead and get married."

So the dark-eyed and altogether interesting little creature had the very unromantic name of Susie McGill, and worse than all, was engaged to the big, burly individual at her side.

"Well, she's pretty, just the same," he thought, "but no doubt is as stupid as the rest of them." Then he lost interest in Susie for a minute and devoted himself more assiduously to Miss Simpson. He felt quite grateful to that young lady for having pointed out Seth Turner to him, who, as the "boss" of political affairs, was naturally the man that he was most desirous of cultivating. He wondered at the disdainful way in which Miss Simpson had referred to him and half guessed what was really the truth, that at one time she had made a desperate effort to ensnare the heart and hand of Seth, but without the success that Susie McGill's superior charms ensured.

Jack had worked hard through a number of dances, and the ball was fully half over, and yet no opportunity had presented itself of meeting Miss McGill. He finally found Billy Applegate and asked for an introduction when his request was received with an exclamation of astonishment. "I'll tell you right here for yer own good," said Billy as he slapped him on the back with increasing familiarity, "that thar girl's already spoke for, and you'd better be mighty keerful about how you go monkeyin' around *her!*" Then he haw-hawed his loudest and enjoyed the joke to its utmost, but finally brought about the desired introduction.

"Miss McGill, allow me to present Mr. Worthington," Billy said with his most profound bow and a ready assumption of his "society" manners. Jack likewise made his best bow and asked for the pleasure of a dance.

But Susie did not respond as eagerly as the other girls to whom he had shown the same attention. With a little blush that deepened the delicate pink of her cheeks, she answered in a tone of real solicitude, "You're tired dancin' I know, and I'd just as soon sit and talk."

"Just as you please," said Jack,

affably, seating himself in the vacant place beside her. "But what made you think I was tired dancing?"

"Oh, I just thought so," Susie answered, with true feminine logic. "I've been watchin' you for quite a little bit, and I don't believe you like to dance very well anyhow—that is *here*."

"What a queer little notion for you to get into your head," said Jack. "As a matter of fact, I am notoriously fond of dancing—but what made you put such an emphasis on *here?*"

"Because I think you're only dancin' to-night for votes."

This remark was certainly discouraging. Had he been applying himself with such energy and will only to be seen through by the most unsophisticated of maidens? He had worked hard to convey the impression that he was enjoying every minute of the time and as much in his element as Seth Turner or Billy Applegate. Only a few minutes before, he had been congratulating himself on gliding so beautifully into the good graces of every one, but now a simple remark of Susie McGill's made him feel that he had only been making a fool of himself.

"I'm not sayin' that I blame you, though," Susie continued rather apologetically. "Of course, people has to make votes, somehow, and I reckon you've made folks like you to-night what hated you before. Old man Simpson was so tickled cause you danced first with Mirandy that he said you was n't a bit like that old father of yours."

This was growing a little more encouraging. Jack realized full well the light in which his father was regarded and appreciated the compliment in being recognized as unlike his sire.

He was becoming immensely interested in Susie. To contradict her and try to make her believe that he had not been "dancing for votes" never entered his head. In her simple, unsophisticated way she seem to understand him, and he liked her for it and had no desire for the time being to have it otherwise

"Well, I'm glad you don't blame me, Miss McGill," he said in a tone of surprising humility. "But tell me, what would you do if you were in my place? Suppose for a minute that you were a candidate, how would you go about it to make a campaign if you were very anxious to win?"

"Well, I don't know as I would do any different from what you're doin'," Susie replied in her slow thoughtful way. Then in a tone that implied some doubt of the propriety of the remark she added: "I know what'll elect you sure."

"What?" inquired Jack with an eagerness of which he almost felt ashamed.

"Get Seth Turner to stand in with you," she answered.

"Yes, but that's easier talked about than done. Seth Turner is one of my most radical enemies and I can't conceive of any kind of force that would make him 'stand in' with me."

There was silence for a minute during which a dozen couples flew by them in the hippoty hop of an old fashioned polka, shaking the warehouse till its old floor quaked, and little showers of pent-up dust fell from the patriotic decorations.

"Maybe I can make him do it," she finally said, as a blush again suffused her cheeks.

To avail himself of her suggestion and say "But will you try?" with the blandishments of which Jack was master when he took the trouble to be so, under other circumstances would have been the natural thing for him to do, but with her he did nothing of the sort. She was such a serious, sincere little body and was already evincing such an unsolicited interest in him that he did not feel the necessity for any of his art. That there was any impropriety in the remark did not at the moment occur to him. Coming from her it seemed perfectly natural and part of her own unconventional little self, and yet it suggested a

thought that was startlingly consoling to the would-be senator.

"I guess she's not so much in love with that duffer after all," he thought, and then he wondered if Seth Turner had any idea of what a really classic face his lady love had, or whether he knew that her hair was the very color that had put Patti to some expense and hours of toil to acquire.

"I think we had better finish this dance, Miss McGill," he said, suddenly jumping up from his seat and changing the subject merely because he did not know how to continue it. "I imagine that you dance well."

As a matter of fact Susie danced like a sylph. She was naturally lithe and graceful, and her little form bent itself with Jack's until he could feel his heart begin to beat, and the music of the home-made organ developed into a rhapsody. There was a moment of half-blind intoxication—a staggering sensation of real actual pleasure—then the crash of the usual finale and Jack knew with regret that the dance was over.

He walked home slowly that night from the warehouse, and his reflections were not encouraging. He had gone there to win—instead of that he was afraid that he had lost a very important bit of himself. Past experiences should by this time have taught him that his occasional affections of the heart were only trifling disorders that were not likely to prove serious—but those eyes and that hair!

"What a lucky dog that hoosier politician is," he mentally commented as he thought of Susie's betrothed. Then some of the ridiculousness of the situation occured to him and he laughed aloud as he imagined himself a rival of Seth Turner's.

II

Susie McGill was the eldest of a family of eight. She was nineteen years of age and her brothers and sisters ranged at regular distances apart from sixteen down. Her mother was a pale, sickly woman, long since dragged down with her constantly increasing maternal cares, and absolutely unfit for any responsibility whatever. Of course, under the circumstances the whole burden fell on Susie.

It was hard enough to bear at any time, but her cares had been considerably increased during the last few years since her father met with an accident that practically rendered him useless in the support of his family. In an encounter with a runaway team his arm had been terribly mangled. Amputation became necessary and since thst time Dan McGill had been a burden to himself and every one else. To work the little farm for what it would yield which had been the daily bread of the McGills, now became impossible without assistance from other hands, for which he could hardly afford to pay. But paid it must be and on Susie's shoulders fell the responsibility of grinding out cash profits from butter and eggs and anything else that she could possibly render available for the market, to pay the hired man and keep up the interest on the mortage that hung with its weight of worry over the little McGill farm.

Dan McGill and his wife were not insensible to the burden that was spoiling the youth of their first-born, and had spent many an hour devising impossible remedies. It was particularly a source of annoyance to them since Seth Turner had asked earnestly for Susie's heart and hand. Seth had long been a favorite with both of them, and they were gratified and flattered with his preference for their daughter.

Nothing could have given them more real happiness than to put her hand in his and accord them the parental blessing, but the insurmountable obstacle was there. How were they to exist without Susie? Who was to look after the children and the chickens? Who would milk the cows and attend to the churning? In short,

there were dozens of problems associated with the bare thought of Susie's departure to which they could find no possible solution. The thought had occured to them that if Dan McGill could succeed in obtaining some easy position with a salary just large enough to pay the help, they might engage some one to do Susie's work and in that way get along as best they could. But the position was not forthcoming, and so they sat around and waited, Micawber-like, for something to turn up.

And Susie was strangely silent and heroicly patient through it all. She plodded along from day to day and gave no indication that a little soul within her was yearning for something better. None of the McGills had any suspicion that the butter they ate had been churned amid fantastic castles and glowing scenes of splendor. They did not know what dreams and longings and heartaches had accompanied the rolling of that pie-crust over which they smacked their lips with true epicurean relish. Even Seth the betrothed, had no insight into the actual nature of his fiancée. He assumed that she was placidly contented with the existing state of affairs, and that same assumption gave him no little worry. It would have been infinitely more gratifying to him if she had shown some little anxiety in regard to the date of their nuptials, and her indifference was something that he could not understand.

But then he did not pretend to understand her — there was something about her that he felt was above and beyond him—something vague and incomprehensible. In fact, all that he did know about her was that he loved her with all the ardor of his big, good-natured soul—he knew that she was more to him than any other woman in the world ever could be; he knew that he would have died for her. And Susie fully realized the length and breath of his devotion and tried with earnest perseverance to reciprocate his love. She was doing bravely, too, and her eyes had learned to light with genuine pleasure at his coming, when Jack Worthington appeared upon the scene to outbalance all of Seth's most heartfelt efforts.

It was a sleepless night that Susie passed after the party at the warehouse. She was restless and excited, and sleep would not come to soothe her. She lay for an hour or more staring at the moonlight on the wall that shone in bars through the wooden shutters. The bars made her think of jails and then she fell to wondering how many jails there were in the world and how many people there were in them. "Prisoners don't have such a hard time after all," she thought, "they only have to do the same thing over and over, every day, and that's what I have to do. Oh, if I was only good enough for *him*," she murmured. Then she shut her eyes and imagined herself back in the ball-room, going through that delicious dance again with Jack. She could hear the very tune that the musicians had played, and could feel his arm around her, pressing her against him. Her pillow was hot and the sheets were crinkled from restlessly tossing about when she thought of getting up at six o'clock in the morning to milk the cows; then she tried to coax her eyes to sleep. She remembered hearing some one say that a good remedy for wakefulness was to count a number of imaginary sheep jumping over a fence. Accordingly she conjured up a band that jumped in ones and twos and fives, but daylight came where the moonlight had been and the sheep were still jumping and she was still awake.

III.

The little town was ablaze with excitement. Bonfires were crackling in the middle of the streets, and the local brass band was rendering its choicest selections. The occasion was

a grand political rally, in that neighborhood a social event of great importance, in which not only the men but the women and children participated. The energetic campaign which Jack was persistently making in spite of the Democratic majority, had succeeded in awakening the enthusiasm of his party men, and they were stirring things up generally—"getting a move on," as the chairman of the county committee expressed it. "We aint been in it for so long that them Demercratic fellers thinks we don't know how to have a torchlight percession — but we'll learn 'em a thing to-night about paintin' the town," he chuckled that afternoon, as he put the finishing touches on the last transparency. Composing the poetry and painting the banners were the recognized duties of the chairman and secretary, and a whole day and a half had been spent in dutiful preparation, with the result that when the procession started on its glittering way, a dozen or more transparencies revealed the poetic and artistic genius of the local statesmen as they reflected in big black letters, verses like the following :

"He's the son of old Unk Rufus,
And Worthington's his name,
He's a great big, black Republican,
But he'll get there just the same."

Besides the torchlight procession the other attractions billed for the evening were speeches by the Republican candidate for Congress, who had been imported for the occasion, and a number of local orators, among them, of course, being Jack.

The population was out in force, regaled in all its Sunday finery. Every one came from far and near and helped to swell the throng, and differences in political creed were forgotten in the general hubbub and excitement. Susie was radiant in a brand-new muslin dress that she had taxed her strength to finish for the occasion. She had embellished it here and there with bows of ribbon and had donned her best new hat, trimmed with pink roses that Seth had always said made his mouth water whenever she put it on—she reminded him so much of peaches and cream. But it was not for Seth's gratification that the extra touches were added to her toilet on this particular evening. There was but one thought that absorbed her as she took the final glance at herself in the little old-fashioned mirror, and that was that maybe Jack would see her and approve of her appearance.

But it so happened that he missed her as he rode along in state with the other dignitaries, bowing to the right and to the left in response to occasional cheers. She was standing apart from the crowd, surrrounded as usual by her little flock of brothers and sisters, when his carriage passed by with him looking in the opposite direction. A big lump of disappointment arose in her throat and for a moment she felt that she could cry. She had been picturing to herself all day the look of pleased recognition that would come into his face when he saw her, and she could not control the quivering of her chin when it all happened the other way. With less amiability than the children had seen her display for many a day, she marched them off home and to bed in spite of their clamors to "see the speakin." Left to herself, however, after the rest of the family were lost in dreamland, she began to wish that she had remained to hear Jack's speech, and the temptation was strong within her to steal back alone and stand for a while within the sound of his voice. The meeting being held out of doors, as political rallies always were in that region, she could hear through the still country air occasional bursts of applause, and then at intervals the strains of the band playing "Hail to the Chief," or "Yankee Doodle." At last the temptation became too strong to resist and softly opening and closing the door so as not to disturb the sleeping McGills, she stole back to the scene of action and reached the meeting place just as the Congressional candidate had closed a

long-winded speech, and the chairman was introducing Mr. Worthington.

"I've hearn it frequently held up against this here candidate," the worthy chairman of the evening was saying, "that he's an educated chap what knows more larnin' than common sense and aint no fit representative for plain folks such as us. But ladies and gentlemen of this here meetin', I tell you I am convinced that Mr. Worthington's education aint hurt him one single bit, and that he is just as caperble of representin' this here great constituency as I am or as you are, Mr. Smith."

Here the speaker discontinued for a moment, and slowly filling a tumbler with water from the pitcher that stood on the table, drained it in little sips. It was his only chance to think up the rest of his speech, so he stretched the time as long as possible. Mr. Smith, the hoary-headed old rancher, who had been addressed by the chairman, nodded his head affirmatively when the comparison was made and approvingly bit off a generous hunk of tobacco. When the chairman had finished his introduction, which was unnecessarily lengthy, Jack arose and uttered the first sentence of his speech when he was unceremoniously cut off by the band playing "Hail to the Chief." It was the fourth time that it had been played during the evening, but the band's repertoire was not extensive, and the good folks of that region liked something "what made lots of noise." They were particular about the quantity, too, as well as the quality, and the band always had instructions not to miss an opportunity of rendering a a selection.

Jack's chance came at last and he acquitted himself with honor. A baby cried now and then in some of his most effective parts, but he persevered in his good nature and did not lose his patience once. There was a tremendous round of applause when his speech was ended, and it became very evident that he had made a decided hit. He had not tried to talk politics to his audience—he was shrewd enough to know that no amount of eloquence nor logic could convert that inborn Democracy, and he did not waste his time in trying it. His aim was to make a good personal impression, and his speech had been prepared with that end in view. He was happy in selecting the humorous style. Anecdotes and stories were told until everyone's sides were sore from laughing, and the meeting adjourned with the verdict pronounced that he was the best speaker they "had hearn in many a long day."

Susie had not missed a word. She was standing apart from the audience, under the shadow of a tree, and her eyes were bright with enthusiasm over Jack's success. She was growing desperately anxious for him to win, and it was only with an effort that she restrained herself from joining in the general applause. If she could only think of some excuse for asking Seth to work for him, she felt that the battle would be half won, for Seth had never refused her anything, and she knew that politically he could accomplish wonders when he set out to do so. Suddenly a thought occured to her that brought a smile to her lips and joy to her heart. "Yes, I believe it will work," she said to herself as she turned her back on the disbanding crowd and started out on her lonely way home.

She had not gone very far when Jack overtook her. He had seen the little figure under the tree, and the light from a Chinese lantern had enabled him to recognize her. He was surprised at seeing her alone, and yet it pleased him that she was evidently there to really listen to his speech and not on account of the general gayety that brought out every one else. That he was really interested in her he did not deny to himself. She was the choicest morsel of femininity that he had seen in that part of the country, and he could not help acknowledging that she had affected the sentimental part of his nature. But when he over-

took her that evening it was not entirely sentiment that prompted the action. Masculine selfishness had introduced a little bit of the practical and he was really anxious to find out whether her clever little brain had not devised some scheme by which the unsuspecting Seth could not be brought into line.

The night was a typical California one. There was only a piece of a moon in the sky but it saved the landscape from utter darkness and revealed the golden fields of ripened grain bending gently in the breeze. Susie was lost in a maze of dreams wherein Jack was the principal figure, when she heard his voice beside her saying, "Good evening, Miss McGill." A consciousness of her own thoughts made her perceptibly embarrassed, and it was with something like a shiver that she exclaimed, "Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Worthington!"

"Yes, it's only I," he answered. "I hope you will forgive me for intruding on your solitude, but don't you know I couldn't resist the temptation to overtake you when I saw that you were alone. I don't think I've ever seen you before when you were not guarded by Mr. Turner. By the way, where is the gentleman this evening? I can't imagine what his composition must be to let his sweetheart stroll home alone on such a night as this."

The words were said jestingly, and prompted by a good natured spirit of teasing, but Susie did not respond in a like vein. It annoyed her on every occasion to be considered the recognized property of Seth, and coming from Jack it piqued her more than ordinarily. She felt that he ought to understand the situation and not taunt her with a state of affairs that she would gladly have changed if she only could. But Susie rarely displayed either temper or pique. A martyr-like little way of swallowing her feelings was one of her peculiarities, and on this occasion she simply grew serious, and answered in the same quiet manner, "Seth's not here, to-night."

"He's off doing politics I suppose, in some part of the country," Jack rattled on, "fixing things up so that I can't possibly be elected. Susie, what do you think a fellow ought to do with a such an ungodly majority on the other side."

He had unconsciously called her Susie, and she was pleased rather than otherwise with his increasing familiarity. "I've been thinkin' about a scheme that I reckon 'll work with Seth," she said with a little animation, recovering somewhat from her seriousness.

"A scheme! Well let's hear it. I imagine you're a pretty good politician, Susie, and I'll have an extra bonfire built for your especial benefit if you help me to be elected."

Then she told him about her father who was waiting at home for a position, and how the wedding of herself and Seth had been indefinitely postponed on that account. In her own simple language she made him understand that Seth Turner would do nearly anything to hasten the day of his happiness, and at last the "scheme" was made clear to him. He was to promise the old man a position in exchange for Seth's influence—it was a very simple plan and he did not see why it could not be worked successfully. Whether he would be able to fulfill his part of the agreement did not enter his head. He knew that he could promise it, and that was all that was necessary until after the election. And Susie too, was thinking only of the promise, and not of the fulfillment on Jack's part. To hasten her nuptials with Seth was far from her desire, for prosy and distaseful though her life at home was to her, it was infinitely preferable to uniting herself with Seth now that Jack had come into her life. She had not dared put into a real thought the ghost of a longing that was haunting her soul that some day he himself might be the Prince Charming who would come to deliver her; but

even under the existing circumstances she felt that she at least had the right to make him the hero of her dreams and twine around him the garlands of her fancy, where as Seth's wife it would be a crime. In some indistinct way she expected to ward off the result when the time arrived, and yet she did realize that she was tampering with the heart of the man who loved her, and deliberately planning the grossest deception.

"Well, you are something of a schemer, aren't you," said Jack in his good natured way. "I had heard of you father's misfortune before, and if I had been anything like as good a politician as you are I would have thought of the plan myself. But hold on a minute, you are walking awfully fast, and I want to tell you how much I appreciate the interest you are taking in me."

They were nearing the little pointed house Susie called her home, and Jack was wishing that they had a few miles further to walk. He had been half in love with her before this evening when her disinterested solicitude for his welfare had really touched him. The spell of the night and delicious femininity were upon him. She looked tantalizingly pretty in the moonlight as the breeze blew her soft curly hair against her face, and then her dress was cut in a most aggravating V that revealed the dainty whiteness of her throat—altogether the situation was growing very dangerous for poor absent Seth.

Just then a dog from a neighboring farmhouse, whose mission in life was to bark at all the unfortunates who passed by after sunset, came bounding out on the road and refused to be quieted until soothed by Susie's gentle voice. The attack of the impudent brute, spoiling as it did all the harmony and romance of the moment made Jack lose his temper and he felt that if he had had a pistol there would have been one dog less in that neighborhood. "What an infernal little town this is," he exclaimed, after the dog had been persuaded to retire. "To think that a man can't walk along peacefully after dark without being torn to pieces by some sort of an everlasting brute—well, between you and me, Susie, it's the meanest place I ever struck and the time won't come any too soon for me to get out of it.

"What would you do if you had to live here always—as I will?" Susie asked, with just a little suggestion of reproach in her voice.

The tone was too much for him, and before he could realize what he was about, he had taken her in his arms and was saying as earnestly as he knew how, "No, you won't have to live here always, Susie, because I'm going to take you away myself, and make you my own little queen. You're too good and too beautiful for this place, sweetheart, and I'm going to take you where you'll be appreciated. Why with your eyes and your hair I'll make you a sensation, and you'll be all my very own, won't you, pet?"

The words were said at last that filled Susie's soul with happiness. Her deliverance had come, and her heart was throbbing with a joy unspeakable. In a dazed, bewildered way she yielded to his caresses, for her eyes were blinded with ecstasy, and in her ears was ringing the music of her joy.

On her knees that night she thanked God for her happiness—and then she prayed for Seth and begged that his broken heart might be healed.

IV.

Jack Worthington had been born not only rich but lucky, and in this case his luck was verified again. In no other way in the world could the influence of Seth Turner have been obtained in his favor, but in the one way in which it was finally accomplished. Uncouth and illiterate though he was, Seth Turner was nevertheless a man of the broadest principles, and his honor he would not have sold for a mil-

lion. He would have knocked a man down who would have dared to try to negotiate for his vote or his influence, and yet he yielded to the persuasion of the girl he loved, and did not realize that the price he was taking to deliver his party was as truly a bribe as the thirty pieces of silver. The thought that Susie had planned the trade so as to bring about the happy day of their wedding, was the fond delusion that he was hugging to his soul. "Poor little sweetheart," he had said to himself, while his throat choked with joyful emotion, "she loves me after all. Well, it's a hard road she has to hoe, and it seems to me I'd be a great big brute not to keep her." It had occurred to him that the same trade might be made with the Democratic candidate, but after an interview with that individual the idea was abandoned. Democracy was too solid in that part of the country for a candidate to tie himself up with promises after the nomination had been made and Seth's hint of working for the other man was ridiculed. And so it happened that with ample funds from the Worthington wealth, he canvassed the country for Jack and won. The task was not as difficult as it might have been for some other Republican candidate, for Jack had succeeded in making himself particularly popular with the boys, so that they were frequently glad of an excuse to vote for him.

As Senator Worthington, Jack was the recipient of more attentions at the Capital City than was usually accorded to members of the Legislature. He was young, handsome and rich, three qualifications that, added to his Senatorship, made him the lion of that winter's season. In matters of legislation, however, he did not cut any special figure. Being an exceptionally good talker, he could, if he had taken the trouble, have been one of the leaders of the Senate, but it required some immediate necessity to overcome Jack's natural indolence, and just now he found it more to his satisfaction to take life easy, and let the other members wrestle for the honors.

Altogether he found being a Senator rather a comfortable way of spending a winter, and a slightly remunerative one as well. Although not naturally dishonest, Jack's principles were rather elastic—they were the popular kind that are regulated by respectability demands, and of course "respectability" only prohibits getting found out. The old man was generous with his now distinguished son, but his allowance was not unlimited, and as Jack's taste's were exorbitantly extravagant, he did not find himself sufficiently independent to make any special parade of his honesty. That he owed anything special to his constituency did not occur to him. His ante-election promises were like the funny stories with which he had delighted his audiences — simply the means to an end, to be forgotten when the purpose was accomplished. Even his promise to Seth, which had been the means of his election, met the same general fate. In the two months between the election and the session, he had had ample time to forget the obligation, and even if he had been so disposed, it is doubtful that his influence would have been sufficient to redeem the promise, as his inattention to his senatorial duties was most conspicuous.

And yet the McGills were waiting patiently at home for some word from Senator Worthington that would relieve them of their anxiety, and make the burden of life less hard to bear. They had no definite ideas about what they expected, nor of what kind of a position it was likely that Mr. McGill would be called upon to fill. All that they did know was that something had been promised, and in their eyes a State Senator was an all-powerful being, who had only to touch the button, as it were, for positions multifold to appear.

Only Susie did not display any special enthusiam over the prospective prosperity of her family. She who

ought to have been the most interested, who had planned the whole affair, and for whose sake the plan had been carried into effect, was strangely passive through all the excitement of anticipation that prevaded at times the McGill household. She seemed to live in another world, and poor Seth wondered if he would ever understand her. With her heart full of confidence and faith in Jack, Susie was simply awaiting the time when he would come to make her his little queen as he had told her on that memorable night. Oh, the happy remembrance of that happy night! It dispelled her lonesomeness and made solitude a joy. It filled her heart and prevaded her being till she became self-sufficient in her happiness and took no real part in the lives of others. There were times when her conscience smote her for her deception of poor big-hearted Seth — times when she would forget her dream long enough to pity him. Then it was that she would make matters worse by treating him with unusual tenderness and consideration. She could be so gentle when she tried, and big, burly Seth loved her more than ever in those tender little moods. They filled him full to overflowing with the one intense longing to make her his forever, and made him doubly impatient with the state of affairs that persistently kept them apart.

As the session drew near to a close and no news had come from Jack, Seth began to think that he had been made a fool of, and the more he thought about it the more convinced he became that such was the case. There was a certain stubborn vindictiveness about Seth that it was not wise for any man to arouse, and in this case he shut his teeth together and made up his mind that Jack Worthington would get the worst of it in case he had been trifling with Seth Turner. If it had been done in any other way but through his love for Susie, he felt that it would have been easier to forgive, but to utilize the sacred passion of his soul to make a fool of him called forth all the thoughts of vengeance within him. One day to Susie's horror he intimated his suspicions of Jack, and gave her to understand that in case the position was not forthcoming very soon he intended to go down to the capital and make it lively for that blasted dude. She knew full well that he meant what he said and her conception of how "lively" Seth would make it was very vivid. Accordingly the next day a little letter, carefully penned on the most elaborate note paper with red roses and cupids on the top of the sheet, found its way to Senator Worthington's desk. The letter read as follows:

> DEAR JACK:—Seth is right mad at you because you have n't found a place for pa and says he is going to make it lively for you. I really believe that he means to hurt you, and write this to tell you that you had better go ahead and find something for pa. You need n't be afraid that I will marry Seth because I will die first. I love you more than ever, Jack, and do not feel hard because you have not written to me as you promised, because I know you must be awful busy. Your own loving
>
> SUSIE.

There was a spirited debate going on in the Senate that afternoon, and the highly decorated chamber was crowded with visitors. Senator Worthington had been quite the main attraction in a bevy of stylishly arranged young ladies when he stepped to his desk for a moment to read his mail. There was a bill from the tailor who deemed it expedient to press his claims now that the session was nearly over; an urgent invitation from a local photographer to add his likeness to a collection of statesmen, and finally Susie's letter, It did not take him many minutes to peruse all three of the communications and each and all met the same fate. He scanned them indifferently—then crumpled them in his hand and threw them into the waste basket that stood beside his desk. Such was the effect of poor Susie's warning. And yet

Jack was not as heartless as his treatment of Susie would seem to imply. He was really what is known as good-hearted, and was noted for his generosity. He was compassionate with physical distress and would fling a quarter to every beggar that addressed him in the streets, but of the emotional suffering of which people are capable, he had no conception whatever. He would not deliberately have hurt Susie's feelings, or those of any one else, but he was cruelly thoughtless and forgetful, and in this case did not realize that what to him was the whiling away of an idle hour was to poor little Susie the passion of a lifetime. Under the influence of her personality he had meant all he had said to her, but in a week afterwards the occurance had escaped his mind entirely, and now that several months had elapsed since he had seen or heard of her it took her letter to remind him that she was in existence.

Seth was gradually becoming convinced that he had simply been duped —that Jack had no intention of redeeming his promise, and in his heart he swore to get even. No one but Susie knew of the fermentation that was going on within him. Thinking that her grievance against the Senator was equal to his own, he discussed the matter with her frequently, and entered into abusive tirades against the wily Jack. On these occasions Susie would sit mute and pale until she felt she could scream aloud with anguish. Her conscience was driving her mad for the part she was playing, and more than once it had been on the tip of her tongue to tell him the whole truth—that she did not and never would love him—that her whole heart was given to another, and that she had deliberately planned a scheme for his own deception. It would have been such a relief to have told him all, but she dreaded the effect it would have upon him, and mercy for the man whom she knew would have died for her kept her from making the confession.

It came at last, however, and Seth received the blow in a way that she was not prepared for. She had expected him to be harsh with her, to reproach her, and she had even thought that maybe he would curse her out of the bitterness of his wrath. All of this she was prepared to receive as a just punishment for what she had done, but she had not dreamed of that quiet submission with which he listened to the death knell of his hopes and happiness.

They were sitting in the little family parlor, the room that was always reserved on Sunday evening for Seth's and Susie's "courtin." She did not frequently permit him to demonstrate his affection by any of those tender familiarities that are usually considered the privilege of engaged couples, but to-night, in anticipation of the story she had determined to tell him, she felt sorry for him, and he had been holding her hand between his own rough palms, occasionally stroking it from the cuff of her dress to the end of her fingers. He still held it while she told him the story of her love for Jack, and worse than all, how she had used his own great love to accomplish Jack's election. The little clock on the mantel, that stood under a framed wreath of flowers made from the hair of some deceased relative, ticked its loudest as she finished the story, and for a moment it was the only sound that broke the stillness. Then he gently laid her hand aside and gulping down the lump that rose in his throat, said with something like a little laugh, "Well, you fooled me, didn't you, Sue?" If he had only reproached her, or called her names, or even used violence with her, Susie felt that she could have endured it, but he only sat there swallowing something in his throat and trying to hide the quivering of his chin till she felt that she could have died.

"Yes, I'll give you up to him, Sue," he finally said, with a big effort at resignation, and God knows I hope he'll love you as much as I do."

Then before she could realize it, he

had gone, and she was sitting alone on the old-fashioned mohair sofa, staring into space and wondering why she had ever been born. She was mercilessly sacrificing all those who loved her the best for Jack, and yet in the hour of her desolation he could not be with her, and had not even written to her to renew the protestations of his love. For a moment a doubt assailed her, but she persistently killed it as soon as it was born. Yes, he did love her, she argued. Had he not folded her in his arms and talked of the time when she would be his little queen? Yes, she would believe in him and trust him, but, oh! if he were only there to help her. With him beside her, she felt that she could trample on a world of hearts, and still feel nothing wanting from the fullness of her joy. There was a haggard look around her eyes when she glanced in her mirror that night, and her hair was tumbled and disorderly from nervously running her fingers through it. She felt that she did not look like herself, and it was a sad little smile that greeted her from the mirror, as she wondered how much of a "sensation" her eyes and hair in their present condition would make her.

With his idol shattered, his faith in human nature shaken to its foundation, and hatred of the man who had wronged him filling every fibre of his being, Seth wandered to his lonesome home that night after hearing Susie's confession.

The next day he started to Sacramento. The account with Jack Worthington had become too galling to remain any longer unsettled, and he felt that his honor demanded some atonement for the wrongs that he had suffered.

He had never been in the Capitol city before, and the big white building bathed in a flood of golden sunlight seemed to him like a perfect dream of splendor.

"By gracious! I'd give a tenner if Sue could see this," he said aloud to himself, forgetting for a second that Susie was no longer his. But the blessed forgetfulness was only for a second. The realization of his loss burst upon him again in all its agonizing intensity and blinded him to every beauty of earth and sky. Shutting his lips tighter and clinching his hands he walked faster up the long pavement that leads to the Capitol. He had nearly reached the entrance when a number of the Honorables emerged from the building, and among them was Jack Worthington.

"Hello, there's one of my constituents," Jack said, with a wink at his companions. Then walking up to him in his cordial manner he slapped him on the back and said with extended hand, "How are you, old man, when did you come down?

But Seth drew his hand behind him, and looking Jack straight in the eye said in a tone that implied a challenge, "I don't shake hands with liars and snakes, Jack Worthington."

"What do you mean?" asked Jack, flushing with indignation, stung in spite of himself by the words that Seth had used.

"I mean," exclaimed Seth growing more excited, "that you are a liar and a snake, and I'm goin' to show you that no such dressed-up dude as you can trifle with me."

"For God's sake, Worthington, don't get into a scrape right here," interposed one of Jack's friends who had heard the words betweed them and realized that danger was imminent. "Make a date with him and have it out later."

Jack himself was not sufficiently anxious to avenge the insult to enter into a common brawl in a public place, still he was no coward, and was willing to listen to Seth's grievance. Handing him his card he said with more politeness than he really thought the fellow deserved, "Meet me at my room at seven o'clock, and I'll give you any explanation that yon may desire."

The arrangement was satisfactory to Seth, who was anxious to have his dealings with the Senator without so much

interference with others, and taking the card he walked on the other way.

Jack was at his room on time that night, and had manufactured a plausible story to tell the irate Seth about his failure to keep his promise. He was consistently a peace-loving individual, and would sacrifice a good deal of his pride for the luxury of pure, white-winged peace. He was sitting with his feet on a chair before him, comfortably smoking a cigar while he awaited the coming of his enemy. He had become a little excited in the afternoon, when Seth had addressed him in that manner in the park, but after thinking it all over it occurred to him for the first time that the poor fellow did have a little grievance after all. "It *was* rather a shabby way to treat a fellow," he penitently said to himself. "Well, I'll simply have to square myself by looking around in earnest for something for the old man." But he reckoned without his host—he did not know the deeper grudge that Seth had against him.

* * * * * *

Jack "squared" himself by lying for weeks on a racking bed of pain with a bullet through his shoulder that had narrowly missed the vital organs of his being. He was persistent in declaring that he had shot himself accidentally, and Seth had gone home unmolested.

As the months flew by, Susie gradually awakened from her dream. Left to itself, without anything real to replenish it, her passion gradually burnt itself to ashes, It consumed all her childishness, and left little parched, jagged edges in her nature that before had been rounded out with simplicity and confidence. But then came the the remorse, the humiliation, and an utter, utter sense of loneliness.

She had not seen Seth except casually for many weeks when one Sunday night he came to see her, and she received him in the little parlor as in the old-time days. "Sue," he said in a husky voice, "I can't git along without you nohow."

In another moment she was crying on his shoulder.

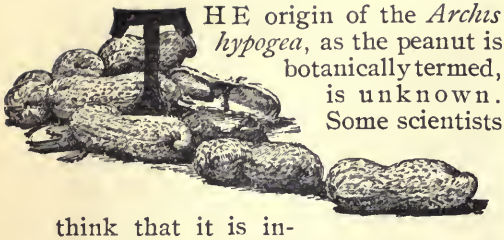
AMID A SCENE LIKE THIS.

BY ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

Far in the west is a glint of the ocean;
  Far in the east is the desert extended;
Limitless, gray, without hope or emotion,
  Grave of all life, where death's seal hath descended.
Far in the south fruitful orchards are blowing;
  Far to the north ragged mountains are rearing—
Rough shaggy manes, to the winter storms showing—
  Naught but indifference; brave and unfearing.
Turn from this scene to the crevice below thee,
  Read there the history somberly written,
Tersely and vividly fancy will show thee,
  How in the past was the poor mortal smitten!
Only a gun barrel, rusty and battered,
  Clutched in the grasp of some skeleton fingers;
Naught but some cartridge shells, empty and scattered—
  Tells how the hope of a dying man lingers.
Naught but a diary, wedged in a cranny;
  Only a flutter of rags in the breeze;
'Tis but a deathbed, though strange and uncanny—
  With granite jaws gripping a skeleton's knees.

ON A PEANUT RANCH.

BY CLARA SPAULDING BROWN.



THE origin of the *Archis hypogea*, as the peanut is botanically termed, is unknown. Some scientists think that it is indigenous to the United States, although it has never been found in a wild state. Others believe that it came from the western coast of Africa, where the immense quantities of peanuts are raised for the European trade. In a history of Jamaica, it is stated that peanuts formed a part of the provisions carried by the slave ships for the support of the negroes, and the species may have been introduced into America in that way. Another theory is that the peanut is a cultivated form of one of the six other species of *Archis* that are grown in Brazil.

It has proved to be a valuable addition to the products of this country, and will be utilized still more as its capabilities become generally understood. When eaten in moderation, it is a healthful as well as a delicious nut; of a fattening tendency, owing to the large percentage of albuminoids in its composition. It is most familiar to us from its sale on the streets of cities, redolent with the recent baking, but it is employed in divers other ways both expedient and profitable. The peanut — known also as the ground nut, pindar and goober—contains from forty-two to fifty per cent of a nearly colorless oil which is equal in quality to sweet or olive oil. It has a bland taste, is more limpid than olive oil, and is not a drying oil. During the war it was much used in the machine shops of the Southern States, and was regarded as superior to whale oil. It is highly esteemed for burning. Twenty-two pounds of hulled nuts will yield one gallon of this oil. An inferior quality produced by heating the seeds before pressing them is used in soap-making with good results; and the residuum, or oil cake, may be fed to cattle. Large quantities of the nuts are used for the adulteration of chocolate. They are much cheaper than the nuts of the *Theobrama Cacao* from which chocolate was formerly made, and like the cocoa bean they contain a great deal of starch and oil. Of themselves, when properly roasted and ground, they make a palatable beverage resembling chocolate in flavor, and costing less than any grade of coffee. They are sometimes used in place of shortening for bread after the skins have been removed, and they are mashed or ground into pulp, and bushels of them are required for peanut candy.

The plant cannot be cultivated in all portions of the United States, as it will not stand frost and needs a rather long season of heat for maturing its pods. The assertion has been made that it will thrive—given correct soil and treatment—as far north as the grapevine will flourish. It is chiefly raised in Virginia and the States southward, where it forms one of the best-paying crops. The Central States cultivate it here and there, and I have heard of a fifty-acre peanut-field in Nebraska, which does reasonably well. In Southern California an increasing acreage is being planted to peanuts each year, as they have been found to thrive in many sections of the equable region. Texas is becoming interested in the matter and seems a promising locality for the industry.

In the Southern States good corn land is chosen for peanut cultivation, soil of a reddish color being avoided as it stains the shells and affects the market price. The main essentials are good drainage and a soil not inclined to pack. The field must be free from roots, stones or rubbish of any kind, and it must be kept friable. An extremely rich soil is not so necessary as for corn or cotton, and the peanut does not impoverish the ground as they do, but it requires a goodly percentage of lime in some form to produce paying crops. The best fertilizers for this plant is marl, in which the principal ingredient is carbonate of lime. This is used freely in the South. Sometimes the ground is planted every fourth or fifth year with peas or some other green crop.

PLOUGHING ON THE PEANUT RANCH.

In Southern California, a light, sandy loam free from adobe has produced the best results. A little gravel is desirable and if, underneath the sub-soil, there is a layer of sediment (often found in the deep, rich soil of the Pacific Coast), retaining the moisture during the long dry season, the conditions of the soil are perfect for the successful fruitage of the peanut crop. Most of the Tennessee peanuts are grown on what is called the "second bottoms"—above overflow—of the rivers.

THE PEANUT PLANT.

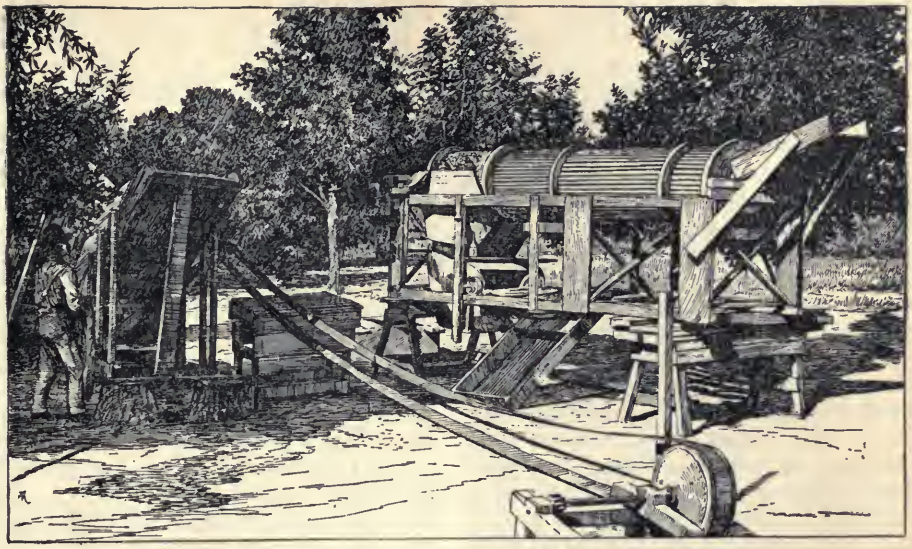
Early in the spring the ground is well plowed and harrowed, and in California is irrigated before planting. The peanut being a tap-root plant requires no further irrigation except on very sandy land, and most growers do not water the ground again. A correspondent of the Rural Californian, however, writing from Bloomington, thinks the field should be irrigated regularly and gives the following description of the process: Mark on both sides of the row with a shallow shovel-marker, one that throws the dirt both ways. "Mark just close enough so as not to cover the young vines. Then irrigate until the ground is thoroughly soaked. After it is dry enough cultivate, throwing the dirt in close to the vines. Continue this every three weeks during the season; each time mark a little further from the row, and always when cultivating

roll the dirt in close to the vines; by so doing you will keep the ground high and mellow, so that, as the vine spreads, the little, tender spurs that shoot down can penetrate and bear fruit. Do not allow the water to run over the row, as it causes the ground to break and the nuts to be of a dark color. It is not the nuts that require the moisture, but the tap-root of the vines underneath the nuts." Only the best hulls should be used for seeds. Put some into a tumbler with a sponge or some dampened cotton and set the tumbler in a place of mild and uniform heat. The hulls will begin to swell in a day or two, if they are good, and the plants will begin to grow. To try them out-of-doors select a sunny spot, sheltered from cold winds, and plant from 50 to 100 seeds. They will soon germinate if they are reliable. From a bushel to a bushel and a half of seed is required for an acre of ground, according to the variety used and the distance between the rows. A Santa Ana grower used thirty pounds of either the California or Virginia seeds and fifty pounds of the Tennessee reds, advocating the California nut, as it yields much better than the Tennessee variety (which is planted closer) and commands a readier sale.

Planting is done from the first of May to the middle of June, as weather and location permit. All danger from frost must be over, the young peanut being an exceedingly tender plant. The common practice is to sow in ridges slightly raised above the general level, though one authority believes in keeping the field as level as possible. Furrows are turned the same as for corn, three (some plant four) feet apart, and, if fertilizer is used, it follows the plow, after which the ridge is formed. In the South a home-made machine, drawn by one horse—the knocker and dotter—is used in planting. The knocker levels the ridge, and its wheels, in which three wooden pins are inserted at regular distances, make the holes for the seed. Sometimes the dotter is separate from the knocker and worked by one hand. The hulls are cropped in each hole, at a depth of two inches, and are covered with the foot, eighteen inches apart. In a week or ten days the ground will begin to crack, and in a fortnight or three weeks the plants will be large enough to show if any replanting will be necessary. The peanut transplants readily in a damp time.

It is a trailing, diffusely-branching plant, with abruptly pinnate leaves of four leaflets which cover the ground like a carpet of velvet when fully

PICKING PEANUTS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



THE MACHINERY.

grown. It bears small yellow flowers in spikes, blooming in July. Pods begin to form soon after the flower and, soon after the blossoms fall away, their stems curve downward until the ground is reached and the tubercles are forced an inch or two beneath the surface. As soon as they are covered with earth, they enlarge rapidly. There is no need of assisting nature by covering the blossoms, as some people have supposed! On the contrary, such treatment is an injury.

The cultivation of peanuts and corn is much the same. Three weedings and plowings are usually given. The soil must be loose about the roots of the plants, and grass and weeds must be kept away. If they get through the first month after planting, success is almost sure to result. After they run together but little should be done to them. Harvesting, according to locality, is from the first of October to the middle of November. The vines are plowed out, or sometimes their long tap-roots are cut with a knife. They are taken up with a pitch-fork and laid back on the ground, nuts downward, the spreading tops reminding one of huge dandelions in shape if not in foliage, shading them and keeping dampness from mildewing the nuts. In the Southern States, after two days they are stacked or taken to a shed to cure for about two weeks. It is thought that the pods dry sooner in the field, and make heavier and brighter nuts. On the ranches which I visited at Santa Ana, in Orange County, California, where more peanuts are raised than in any other locality on the coast, the vines were left in rows for from one to two weeks and picking was done in the field, chiefly by women, making a not unpicturesque scene. One field I remember particularly. It was a beautiful day in the latter part of October, the sky blue as only the semi-tropical sky can be. At intervals, over the level brown earth, where not a stick or stone of smallest size was visible, piles of peanut vines had been placed, and by each pile sat one or two women busily picking off the pods. Some of them had fixed umbrellas in the ground to protect them from the too-ardent rays of the sun. As fast as their boxes were filled with the fragrant nuts—for ripe peanuts even in a raw state, exhale a peculiarly

delicious odor—the contents were emptied into sacks standing near by, and by the number of sacks filled in a a day, each person's wages were regulated. One of the women told me that the price paid them was thirty-five cents a sack. She filled three sacks the first day and averaged four or five, though she was a new hand at the work. Expert pickers sometimes fill seven or eight sacks, each sack containing forty pounds. In Virginia, where colored help is employed, the pay is twelve and a half cents a bushel, and it takes an extra good hand to pick four bushels in a day. The dusky men, women and children make a gala time of the peanut picking as they sit in a circle with the empty vines piled at their backs, thinking more of their songs and jests than of the day's wages. On this coast it is not poorly paid work, and it is certainly more healthful and inspiring while it lasts than indoor labor. Picking-machines have been invented, but they do not give universal satisfaction. Mr. Hargrave of Santa Ana, uses one and does not object to the leaves coming off with the nuts in the machine, as they are cleaned out with a fanning machine, while nuts picked by hand have to go through, with no extra trouble. He also has machines for cleaning and hulling, of home invention. Nuts of a certain size go through the huller, while larger ones are crushed, and the small ones drop into a box, from which they climb a ladder and go into the sheller again. In picking, care must be taken to reject the stems, and keep the dark or partially filled pods and the saps apart from the perfect ones. "Saps" are the last pods to form on the vines and do not reach maturity. 'Pops" grow to full size but have nothing to them. They are cleaned by a farming mill or in a wooden cylinder. Sometimes the shells are bleached with the fumes of burning sulphur. There are factories in some parts of the South for the sole purpose of cleaning, assorting, and storing peanuts, and disposing of them to large buyers, thus relieving the farmers of much care. It is impossible to secure every nut when the vines are plowed out, and some of those left in the ground are the best, being the first matured and the heaviest. Women and children pick these up. Southern planters make sure of any remaining ones by turning their hogs into the field. The swine as well as all kinds of stock and poultry are fond of peanuts, and fatten on them. If the vines are not frost-bitten, they

THE PEANUT IN THE CITY.

make good forage, and thus the income of the rancher is added to.

Seed peanuts are dug shortly before they reach maturity and, after being cured are picked, they are kept in a cool, dry room, in small parcels, as they must not be allowed to heat. They are usually shelled by hand or with a "popper," in the spring—a tedious operation. The machines so far invented for this work either split many of the nuts or break their skins. Only the pink-skinned hulls are used for seed; inferior ones are sold to confectioners at a low price. There are several varieties of the *Archis hypogea*. Virginia peanuts are larger than those grown in North Carolina or Africa. The Tennessee red is not a bountiful bearer and is planted closer than other varieties. The California peanut is large and white, and produces well. A small, hardy, very prolific variety called the Spanish is seldom planted except for hog pasturage.

The yield varies greatly, soil, care, weather and other influences affecting it. In the South the crop ranges from 30 to 100 bushels an acre, and in case of a good yield is considered more profitable than cotton or tobacco. California growers call 35 sacks to an acre a fair crop, and 45 sacks an excellent yield, obtainable only when the soil is specially adapted to the cultivation of the peanut. Mr. Witt, of Santa Ana, has a field of 48 acres which this season produced 45 sacks to the acre. Beside it is a little patch of 1⅝ acres which had the same care and yielded 105 sacks of nuts, another proof of the marked difference often existing between the adjacent soils on this coast. Mr. Johnson raised 45 sacks to the acre at Santa Ana among the young orange trees. In 1890, he sold his nuts for six cent a pound and realized $90.00 an acre, but the price this year is only three and a half cents. Of the one thousand acres of land in Los Angeles and Orange counties, on which peanuts are grown (a rough guess as to average made at the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce) about half are set with young trees, and an income is afforded by the nuts while the orchards are attaining a bearing condition, This practice is condemned by some authorities in the peanut culture, who say that the trees drink up the moisture needed by the vines, and they are horticulturists who do not favor any planting between trees on account of the possible injury to their growth. But peanuts do not impoverish the soil to any great extent, so there seems to be no reason why the farmer should not bridge over the unremunerative interval between the tree planting and the bearing by this means, if his vines do well.

Like nearly everything on this coast, the peanut has its special pest. A small insect called the red spider makes its appearance after the weather becomes warm, first attacking sickly vines, and those nearest to the trees or hedges. If weeds are allowed to grow among the vines the pest is more likely to come upon them. Very early planting is not advised as the ravages of the spider are more severe when the vines are started prematurely. A remedy is to cover up the affected vines with the dry dirt as soon as the pest is discovered upon them. Southern planters have not been troubled with any insects, but lose many nuts through the depredations of moles, raccoons, foxes, squirrels and birds. To prevent the squirrels from reaping too rich a harvest the seed is often tarred.

Few reliable statistics of the peanut industry have been gathered in any part of the country. A seeker for information is surprised to find so little printed upon the subject. In the annual report of the State Board of Horticulture for 1890, the only reference to the peanut is as follows: "The peanut can be cultivated in almost any part of this district where the soil is suitable for the cultivation. It produces well." This occurs in a general report for Humboldt County. The assessors, in Southern California at

least, have no figures which shed light on the proportions of the industry, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has received only the following responses to the questions sent out to the peanut growers:—

H. A. Draper, Vernondale, four acres of nuts; product sold $312; cost of production, $105.

Geo. A. Getchell, Vernondale, peanuts, six acres; product sold for $300; cost of production, $75. Crop planted between fruit trees.

P. H. Wood, Clearwater, peanuts, three acres; produced 5,000 pounds; sold for $250. Cost of production, $40; not irrigated; planted too deep, and got about one-third crop."

At the Sixth District Fair in Los Angeles, October, 1891, there were choice peanuts exhibited from Vernon, Pasadena, Rivera, Artesia, Norwalk, Santa Ana, Anaheim and Hesperia (in San Bernardino County). No one could doubt after seeing them that the peanut thrives in the region. The crop is not a troublesome one to handle, and pays well when the market price is good, but the high cost of land and the expense of picking are drawbacks that the South, with its cheap lands and labor, does not have to contend with. The Southern States also have the advantage of an almost unlimited market. Pacific Coast growers cannot compete with them at such a distance from the Eastern market, but must dispose of the entire product at home. There has been no trouble in doing this, though the price has not always been satisfactory. There is a good local sale, and San Francisco takes a large quantity of the nuts each year.

The Pacific Rural Press of February 13, publishes a Market Review for 1891, prepared bv J. R. Farish, in which the following reference to peanuts occurs:

"Peanuts show the heaviest crop, according to arrivals, that has ever been grown in the State. Receipts for the season to date aggregate nearly 15,000 sacks, or more than double the quantity for corresponding period in 1890. Peanut market this season opened at 4½ to 5½c., but soon declined to 4 to 5c., and has been lately dull and weak at 3 to 4c., carload lots of prime nuts failing to move at lower figure."

A young man in Vernon, a thriving fruit setttlement near Los Angeles, used a combined picker and cleaner which has the distinction of being the cheapest machine of its kind. It is a cross between a chicken coop and a churn, made of laths on top and bottom and two sides, with solid ends, the laths not being over half an inch apart. It has a door in one side and is braced in the middle.

The most serviceable length of the machine is three feet, width the same, and depth two feet. It swings on an axis, suspended two feet above the ground, and rattles the vines and nuts around at such a lively rate, with its sharp corners, that they are separated. After turning them out on the ground it is easy to pick out most of the leaves and stems and the nuts are returned to the revolving box for cleaning.

IN THE PEANUT GALLERY.

IS THE WEST IN LITERARY BONDAGE?

BY GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

EVERYONE who keeps in touch with newspapers and magazines is familiar with the perennial complaint of a large body of young Western writers that they are discriminated against and barred out of the avenues to print by hypercritical Eastern editors and publishers' readers. These complaints are usually ludicrous, because they reveal so clearly the personal grievances of the writers. But occasionally a man of great force appears as the champion of these Western men and their grievances, and what he says on the subject is always worthy of attention. Such a man emerged in the October Forum with a paper on "The Literary Emancipation of the West." It is a vigorous indictment by Hamlin Garland of the Eastern editors and literary critics, who are accused of chilling the young enthusiasm of Western authors and blasting in the bud their creative force, which is supposed to bourgeon on the Western prairie like the ragweed or the bull thistle. It also contains an outline of the new literary creed of the West. This creed scorns all reverence for the masters of English literature. It declares that the dead past is more worthless than an Egyptian mummy; it announces that the present alone is worthy of celebration and that it must be glorified, not in any effete style, but in the tongue of the common people, who have made it illustrious by their achievements. To many who have not followed the drift of recent discussion in the Arena and other organs of radical opinion, this may seem like a burning of bridges and a march into an unknown country; but the small coterie of writers who have been clamoring for what they call an untrammeled native literature, stick at nothing in their eager desire to throw off the control of the "Academic East." The members of this coterie are usually vague in prophecies of what the near future is to bring forth in the way of a strong, new American literature, formed on no outworn, old-world models, but racy of the fresh-turned prairie soil. Hence it is a relief to find in Mr. Garland's article a clear-cut, definite statement of the Western literary creed, and an estimate of what the new school may be expected to produce.

In the first place it may be well to glance a moment at what Hamlin Garland has done, for he is the best type of this new literary movement, of which he is the most eloquent "boomer." No one has ever equalled him in his power of making the reader see the rugged western country, hear the wintry blasts that sweep over the prairie and feel the misery of labor in ice-bound fields. His point of view is always the plough-handle, never the hammock of the tourist. He has written stories and sketches of the life of the common people of the great middle West, which bring out the hard struggle for existence and the unlovely features of an endless round of monotonous labor, with the painful fidelity of a photograph. There is no softening of the hard lines, and, in the main, no effort to reveal the spiritual force which robs coarse labor of its usual brutalizing touch. Occasionally, as in "A Little Norsk," he lets the tender light of love and sacrifice soften the harsh lines of his picture, but too often we have merely the dreary prospect of unending work with only the faintest gleam of hope to light up the dismal future. A good specimen of this depressing sketch of a hard, material life, destitute of all spiritual outlook, is "Sim Burns' Wife." There

is no lack of power in it, but somehow the reader feels that this is not real life in the West, for it lacks the spiritual quality as wholly as though it were a picture of savage existence on the Zambesi. The difference between it and real art may be seen by comparing this sketch of Garland's with the "Living Images" of Tourgenieff. Garland's heroine, a faded, overworked farmer's wife, meditates suicide for several days because her equally hard-worked husband is brutal in speech to her. She is finally led to abandon her design by the sight of her children, but the reader takes leave of the household with the conviction that happiness and content have fled, never to return. As far as any higher motives are concerned, the actors in this gloomy prairie drama that hovers in the shadow of tragedy might as well have been in Central Africa. The sordid spirit of materialism has bitten through their lives so completely that no gain in comfort would help them.

In the great Russian novelist's sketch we have a poor, helpless, bedridden country girl, who lost her lover and all that made life dear by a sudden accident, yet who is so filled with the spirit of Christian resignation that she is a living lesson to all who see her. The spirit of primitive religious faith, unfailing patience, serene good nature and content with her life which breathes through her poor palsied lips, is something which strikes on the heart. No one can fail to bear more cheerfully a heavy burden after reading this story.

Garland's sketch leaves the reader with a bitter sense of despair for men and women who go through each day's work with the dogged temper of the life-term convict. The other gives an outlook upon spiritual heights that makes the real world seem brighter and better when we return to it. One is the triumph of the new Western realism which, however, is as impotent in all the best spirit of true literature as the evil French system on which it is patterned. The Russian story is a perfect specimen of realism employed for the best uses—the enforcement, without any preaching, of a moral lesson that is as old as the Bible but fully as true and as inspiring in its nature. Such literary art as this can never become obsolete, while faith, love, duty and unselfishness hold their place as the chief factors of life.

Returning to Mr. Garland's article, we find that the heavy indictment which he brings against the Eastern critics and authors, is that, while they assume to speak for the country, they have done nothing to produce a genuinely national literature. They are also accused of discouraging "the truest, freest utterance of the American poet and novelist," so that the young writer "has turned to copying old forms and has benumbed and sterilized his creative soul." Pages are given up to a development of this theme in rhetorical language that reminds one in its high-keyed intensity of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' essay on religious belief. As Mr. Garland asserts that the magazine is "the greatest outlet for distinctive American art," we are brought back to the old question: Do the American magazine editors discourage the young American author? This question is answered by Garland with a very positive affirmative. His language seems to vibrate with a tone of personal resentment and he drops into metaphor in speaking of "the frost of conservative culture" which has fallen upon "the tender springing plant of American literature."

But this florid rhetoric doesn't establish anything. The claim that the Eastern magazine editors and Eastern publishers discriminate against Western authors cannot be proved. It is a favorite argument with those who fail to get their articles or stories printed, but it is about on a level with the device of stitching together sheets of a manuscript in order to demonstrate that the cruel editor who rejects the contribution has not read what he

refuses. Publishers are conservative and they are compelled to be so. They must get the best expert judgment on the manuscripts that are submitted to them. Occasionally this judgment is wrong and a book makes a hit which the ablest of literary "tasters" agreed was without merit. Then at once there goes up a great cackling from the host of the rejected contributors. But we do not hear of the ninety and nine volumes of trash that the experts have prevented from getting into print. Archie Gunter's success is always "pointed to with pride" by the Western author when airing his perennial grievance against the Eastern publishers, but with all deference to the monetary aspect of the vogue of "Mr. Barnes of New York" and the other works that Gunter has turned out since, it must be admitted that the publishers' "readers" who rejected this cheap and frothy book deserve the thanks of the discriminating public. It is impossible to conceive of any sane man reading one of Gunter's stories unless he be on a railway train with several hours that must be killed. In crossing the Colorado or the Mojave desert, one may be pardoned for reading this St. Vitus kind of fiction, but not elsewhere.

It has been my fortune to know several magazines from the inside, and from this knowledge I have no hesitation in saying that the Western claim of want of recognition of new authors is without foundation. The old-time magazine editor may have been governed by conservative rules; he may have had a small coterie upon whom he depended for nine-tenths of his contributions; but the editor of the period has changed all that. The fierce competition of the great Sunday newspaper has forced him to throw out a drag-net and bring in everything that has in it the faintest promise of novelty or strength. Nearly every American author who has gained recognition within twenty years has been discovered and exploited by a magazine editor. The West has no just ground for complaint on this score. It would be difficult to name a Western author who did not receive his first encouragement from the "Academic East." The Atlantic Monthly is usually regarded in the middle West as the type of the Brahmin in American literature; yet it is undeniable that the men who have had charge of the Atlantic have discovered more new authors than any other editors in the country. From Howells to Miss Murfree is a far cry, but if one counts over the authors who have come up through the magazines he will be amazed to find the large proportion that has owed introduction to this old conservative Boston periodical. All that is necessary to secure prompt recognition in it to-day, as it was thirty years ago, is to have something to say and to say it in good style. The idea wlll not carry an essay or a story: that is the axiom which the Western author will not recognize. He demands that crudeness be pardoned because of the virtues of strength or originality that are in the author's conception; but no self-respecting editor can afford to print matter which does not reach a well established standard. This failure to recognize a simple rule is the secret of the animosity against Eastern critics that has grown up in the West.

How exaggerated this sentiment is may be shown by a few practical examples. Take Bret Harte, for instance. Before fame came to him, he was editing a magazine in San Francisco and helping out the enterprise by printing some short stories that he had written of early California life. These stories met with about the same measure of appreciation that Rudyard Kipling's "Tales from the Hills" received in India. There was even a ludicrous protest by a squeamish female proof-reader against printing the first and strongest of these stories, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," because it contained a few vigorous

"cuss-words," and the suggestion of a bit of immorality as old as the pyramids. These stories were read by the then editor of the Atlantic Monthly, who promptly recognized their novel and picturesque features as well as their wonderful literary style. The result was the engagement of Harte to write for this old and staid New England magazine. As a representative of the wooliest part of the woolly West, Mr. Harte has never had any ground of complaint against the academic Eastern censors. Scores of men who saw the same stirring life that Bret Harte has described have tried their hands at picturing it and have failed dismally, because they did not have the literary gift that he possesses in such high measure. Yet you cannot convince one of these failures that he has not been barred out of the literary Pantheon by gate-keepers who objected to his long hair, the cut of his clothes or the dust of the prairies.

Another equally striking example of success that came out of the West is furnished by E. W. Howe of Atchison, Ks. His first book, "The Story of a Country Town," was exploited by Howells. It was written late at night after tedious labor on a country newspaper; it was pessimistic in tone, but it showed such rare vigor in description and such insight into the springs of human nature that it was lifted clear above the mass of contemporary fiction. The story had been printed in cheap form by Mr. Howe, but when Howells wrote an introduction and the book was issued by a Boston publisher, it at once leaped into notoriety. This ought to have made the author's fortune, but unluckily, in subsequent books, he developed the erratic vein in his nature, so that much of his work is merely broad caricature. He had a great opportunity, but he failed to utilize it. Doubtless many of those who see the sign of Eastern jealousy in the failure of every Western author will ascribe Howe's decline to this same malignant influence. But the facts are plain and easily understood.

Mr. Garland repeatedly lays stress on the fact that the new literature of the West will be rough-hewn and that the Western writers will not submit to the dictation of any Eastern academic council of censors. He cites Whitman as an example of this new American school which is to be untrammeled by any old-world rules, unweakened by any imitation of models which the world has accepted as the perfection of literary art. In this contention he loses sight of the vital principle of literature, for all literature depends upon form quite as much as upon spirit. No real American can fail to be struck with the virile genius of Walt Whitman; but no one of any literary cultivation can read a single work of the gray poet's without having his teeth set on edge by persistent violations of the simplest rules of euphony and melody.

Great thoughts abound in Whitman, but his works can never become the classics which they ought to be, because he neglected or ignored the form in which they were cast. Form is as essential as substance in literature and it is the perfect fusing of the two that makes the flawless work of literary art. It is because the new school of Western writers has flouted this literary law (which is as old as Homer or Sophocles, and as true to-day as when the Iliad or the Antigone was fashioned) it is because of this, the unpardonable literary sin, that they have made so little impression upon the world, and not because of Eastern jealousy or Eastern hypercritical standards. Lowell put the whole matter in a nutshell in his famous definition of a literary classic, a definition which should be writ large in every school of composition and enforced with all his power of argument and illustration by every teacher of rhetoric.

Here it is from the essay on Spenser in "Among My Books," second series: "A classic is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and exquisite

sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity, which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old."

No critic within my knowledge has equalled Lowell's wording of the chief literary law that knows no age, no race, no creed. It fits Omar Khayyam and Saadi as well as Shakespeare and Milton. It measures Swift, or De Quincy as truly as Poe or Hawthorne. Truth to nature, sledge-hammer blows for social reform, pathos that appeals to all who have warm blood in their veins—these qualities will not make a literary classic. The work must be cast in a mold which men and women of culture the world over will accept. If it be not cast in artistic fashion, it cannot endure. It may have a great vogue for a year or a decade; but it is bound to perish, for it lacks the very essence of vitality. Take any great literary work that is as fresh and readable, as full of beauty and of wise suggestion to-day as when it was written one hundred or five hundred years ago, and you will find a poem or a story which fulfills the highest requirements of literary art. These survivals of the fittest in literature are no more bits of chance than the survivals of the perfectly developed man or beast in the animal world. They follow a law which not even a genius can violate any more than he can violate a fundamental law of nature, without paying the inevitable penalty.

Take a homely illustration. Suppose we could gather in one large room the better class of poems issued in England in the same year which saw Gray's "Elegy" published. They would number many thousands. A few score would be held as almost worthy of a place among the world's great poems, but when compared with the work that assured the fame of Gray, they would all seem cheap and common. Better this one poem than a whole library of verse that fails to touch the high-water mark of literary art.

And yet the majority of writers of the West and hierophants like Mr. Garland, who are eager to preach the new gospel of untrammeled art, are engaged to-day in the vain effort to demonstrate that a library of second or third class verse is better than the one matchless work. They are striving to beat down the old standard; to make it appear that a genuine literary work is not the rare flower of a generation but is something which any man or woman who has felt the beauty of nature or the pathos of life and who can use words, is able to produce. They are scornfully flouting that hero worship which is as natural to one who has the true appreciation of literature as is the pleasure in perfect rhythm of verse or that equally perfect melody of impassioned prose. This faculty of perception and enjoyment of literary form cannot be taught; it is innate like the enjoyment of harmony in music. To lack it is a misfortune, but many of the world's greatest men, many of the greatest artists in painting, sculpture and the drama have been conspicuously wanting in it.

It may be that there is something in the grandiose scenery of the West—something in the wide stretches of rolling prairie, the monotony of the neutral tints of nature, the sameness that appalls and depresses one who was bred in a land of mountains, valleys and clear-flowing streams—it may be that these aspects of nature, which no change of season is able to materially affect or improve, have dulled the Western sense of the power and the beauty of words. Some future Buckle may yet develop this theory, which seems to contain an element of truth. That enormous stretches of country, such as are found in the middle West, broaden the mind and stimulate the imagination does not seem to be proved, despite Mr. Gar-

land's emphatic assertion. The tendency of such a land is to sadden the people who live in it; to dwarf their imagination and to bring them down to material things. This is seen in Southern Russia, which in many natural features bears a strong likeness to the valley of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Tolstoi, Gogol and a few other men of genius in Russia have freed themselves from the influence of their environment and have given beautiful pictures of the picturesque life of the steppes; but Russian literature is not marked by the imaginative element any more than Russian painting.

In the same way we do not even find the faintest sign of any strong native literature in Australia. If this theory, that a big country expands the mind and broadens the conceptions of the people, be true, then surely Australia ought to be in the fore front of intellectual progress. As a matter of fact, it is hopelessly given over to material things. So acute an observer as Professor Royce of Harvard summed up his impressions of the country in the statement that the physical had so far outrun the mental development of the people that there was little hope of any literary activity in Australia for many years. Yet the Australians come of fairly good stock; the convict taint clings to only one settlement, and there seems to be no good reason why the force and flexibility of the English mind should not be improved by transfer to this new land, with its imposing natural features and its semi-tropical climate. But if you run over the literary work of Australians you will find only one name that deserves to be remembered. Marcus Clarke has won fame by that somber romance of convict misery, "His Natural Life," but it is the only work of the first class produced by an Australian in this century.

Akin to this depressing effect on the mind of great distances is the Western sense of the necessity of "hustle." Nothing but this slang term fitly expresses the trait which has reached its perfect and unlovely development in Chicago. It eliminates everything that is sweet and gracious from life, and before it real appreciation of art in any of its forms cannot exist. The man who carries the tense excitement of the wheat pit or the stock exchange into his social life is unable to understand or value literary culture or any of its manifestations. As a rule he makes no pretense of appreciating literary art; he is content to give liberally to institutions which promise to instill into his children this acquired taste which is beyond his own reach. Literary culture demands leisure and the love of books. There is no sign that even the younger generation in the West, with ample leisure and means, has any leanings toward the literary life. Instead there is a decided tendency toward the same physical existence, the same passion for out-door sports that marks the young Australian.

It is a singular thing that Mr. Garland, and the school whose complaint he voices so vigorously, have the habit of referring to the Cambridge group of writers as bookish, as taking things at second-hand. This criticism is probably due to a latent resentment against the New England writers because they all write good idiomatic English. The best native and foreign critics are united in placing Emerson at the head of our writers because he assimilated the best culture of all literatures and gave it out in such genuine American form that it has been the greatest mental stimulus of the country on this side of the Atlantic. Those who never heard Emerson speak cannot know the effect of such lectures as "The American Scholar" which he delivered before various colleges; but it is no exaggeration to say that we owe to Emerson's words and example much of the best spirit that has marked our literature for the last forty years. To call such a man bookish is as absurd as to dub with the same title the author of "The

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is equally absurd to damn with the same faint praise a writer like Hawthorne, who had his own original way of looking on life and who was not swerved one jot from his position by any hostile criticism. The only thing which Hawthorne owed to books was his incomparable style, and it would be a great gain to the reader had his critics been able to profit equally by their study of the masters of literature. Hawthorne is more vitally American than any of the young Western writers of to-day, who pose as examplars of the new national movement and demand the literary emancipation of the West. Foreign life had no effect upon him save to give a larger and a richer background for his characters. It is his incapacity to apprciate this devotion to native ideals that made Henry James dwell on the provincialism of Hawthorne. It would be a God-send to America's literature if it could have a vigorous injection of this same provincialism, which brought forth tales that reflect the best spirit of our national life, embodied in a style that ensures them a place for all time among the classics of the English tongue.

The test of a work of art, according to Mr. Garland, is, "Does it touch and lift and exalt men?" Judged by this test most of the work of the new school of Western writers is absolutely barren. It is only the exceptional story among Garland's own work that fulfills this condition. Most of his tales and sketches depress one by their pictures of human misery for which there seems to be no relief short of death. The attitude of many of the new school of modern writers is as unnatural as that of the decadent school of Parisian realists, who look out upon the life of the boulevards through the fumes of their daily absinthe and say, "Behold the flower of our fin de siècle civilization; this is really the essence of life!"

According to our prophet, Chicago is to be the center of the new American literature, which knows no models and respects no dead masters. It is to infuse into literature the American idea, whatever that may be. Well, it is not difficult for any American to admire Chicago. Its superb self-confidence, its physical force, its impatience of obstacles, its unbounded generosity, these are qualities which appeal to every true American. But hand in hand with these go a colossal self-conceit, a hard, material instinct and a scorn of leisure that are absolutely opposed to any true work in literature. You must upset completely the Chicago conception of life before any writer of great ability can emerge from the "hustle" that now marks the second city of America. You must put into the people some idea of the amenities of life before you can hope to secure any appreciation of works of literary art. A novel or a poem that should express the barbaric materialism of the typical Chicago business man would be rejected as a libel on human nature. The very men who furnished the models would be the first to denounce the work as a malicious caricature. It may be that in this atmosphere of selfish money-getting and of reckless speculation the young plant of the new American literature will rear its head and flourish, but as soon should we expect to see a rose blossom from the fetid, sluggish stream that seems to absorb all the vice and foulness of the great city.

Rather should we look to New York as the center of a strong new literature, for it is the meeting place of representatives of all parts of the country. It is so well established that it has lost the painful self-consciousness that marks most of our Western cities. Like London, to which all tides of English life flow, it is the objective point of thousands of Americans who have wealth or culture, or who desire to enter the race for the large prizes in the professions that a great city offers. Even a recluse like Carlyle felt the need of the mental stimulus of other

minds and the necessity of living within arm's reach of large libraries. So he moved from his barren Scotch moor to Chelsea and at once laid hold upon the real life that he found on every hand. In the same way we see our authors drawn toward New York, though they may rail against the spirit that animates the city and lament the charm of the places which know them no more. When the practical work of book-making is centered in a single city like New York—when nine-tenths of the great magazines, weekly papers, art journals, and other periodicals are printed there, it is absurd to speak of moving the center of literary activity.

In the peroration of his article Mr. Garland assumes the singing robes of the prophet. He bids the young man and woman of the West, "Stand erect! Face the future with a song on your lips and the light of a broader day in your eyes!" We fancy the broad grin that will overspread the face of the young Western generation when it reads this invocation. It will say, using the common speech of the people of which Mr. Garland is so enamored: "This is absurd. Why expect us to swallow such stuff as this? We have our enthusiasms; we expect to do the best work that is in us. But why make us ridiculous by such an address as this, which is as ludicrous as any thing that can be found in the most affected book in any literature."

And what would be the young West's response to this sentiment of Mr. Garland's: "To know Shakespeare is good. To know your fellow-man is better. All that Shakespeare knew of his fellows you may know of your fellows, but not at second hand, not through the eyes of the dead, but at first hand." We fear that the young West—whom we like to fancy a hard-headed young fellow who has paid his way through college by dint of severe work and much severer self-denial—will say to this: "Why expect me to accept so absurd a statement as this? I know that Shakespeare has broadened and enriched my mind. Granted that I can study nature and human life at first hand, how narrow and poor are most of the comedies and tragedies of real life when compared with those which are found in 'Hamlet' and 'Othello' and 'Lear.' We see in the West many families broken up by jealousy, but what a flood of light Shakespeare lets in on this passion in his study of the Moor. We see many ungrateful children, after securing the old homestead in return for the care of their parents, heap daily insult upon mother or father until the poorhouse would be a welcome relief from this suffering. Yet such prairie tragedies seem poor and common beside the titanic wrath and revenge of Lear. One who has read Lear is the richer by so much experience of a life that is as real as though it had passed under his own eyes. The man who tosses away as valueless this reflected light that genius-throws on life, rejects that for which genius alone can compensate. The ordinary writer cannot afford to discard the Bible and Shakespeare as useless baggage, for without them he has no imaginative background, no source of inspiration in style, no supply of words and illustrative phrases with which to bring home his meaning to all readers."

One of the axioms which Mr. Garland lays down is this: "Knowledge is democratic, culture is an autocrat." Hence, the new West wants knowledge, not culture. One who knows life or who has had any intimate association with real scholars is aware that this statement is very wide of the truth; but it may be worth while to point out its radical error. All really great men, all who possess true culture are known for their simplicity of thought and manners. Newman among the dead and Froude among living Englishmen are good examples of my assertion. I have a friend who was an associate of Newman for many years. He described the famous Cardinal as one of the greatest and

most democratic of men, of a nature so sincere and simple that when he was asked to lecture for the benefit of some charitable work, he replied that his position forbade him to appear on the platform as a lecturer, but he would gladly play the violin to aid the entertainment. This was at a time when his fame was world-wide. Froude I met on his first visit to this country, and a man of simpler manners it has never been my pleasure to talk with. He wished to get at the heart of things and, possessed by this desire, he took not even ordinary care of appearances or conventionalities. He had none of the pride of scholasticism which Mr. Garland confounds with culture. What the West needs beyond anything else is real culture—not the chromo-culture which results from a smattering of knowledge and which forms itself in conduct and thought on the model of the pompous professors of small fresh-water colleges. Of culture no man can have too much. It does not hamper creative thought; on the contrary, given the creative instinct, the larger and more liberal the culture the finer will be the artistic work produced. Goethe is an excellent example of the truth of this. His "Faust" is a liberal education if studied in the proper spirit; it was the finished result of seventy years of study and thought, the perfect flower of the highest culture.

What Mr. Garland has mistaken for real culture is this pretentious imitation of which the most offensive types are seen in the new West. It is always on dress parade; it is always posing for the benefit of the gallery; it is pharisaical and scorns help to those who need aid and suggestion. Its best type is seen in the college professor, who goes through a certain beaten round of duties and scorns to deliver any lecture or afford any help to the vulgar public that is outside the college walls. An equally perfect type is seen in the literary critic who has failed in authorship and who wreaks his revenges by throwing vitriol on the heads of publishers and successful writers. It is only after a certain measure of knowledge is secured that one can build up culture. The pride of learning is fatal to it, and unfortunately in this country, and especially in the newer parts of it, we are sorely afflicted with this intellectual pride that is barren of all good literary work, barren even of helpfulness to those who are seeking aid as to the right path in self-development. Our colleges are filled with these pretentious frauds—men who never meet their students as fellow men, who never take a personal interest in bright boys, never give them the enormous stimulus of wise suggestion for special study and reading. Our pulpits are also filled with these caricutures of culture—preachers who mouth the same old stereotyped Biblical phraseology, that is as monotonous and as irritating as the sing-song method of its delivery.

And the men who should reach the people most directly—the authors and the newspaper writers—how large is the number afflicted with the same complaint—the solemn pretense of learning, the vanity that sees nothing in the past to venerate or to study, the measureless conceit that prefers the small neighborhood circle, with its low aims and its petty gossip, to the great world of men and books here and abroad. No, knowledge will not cure the evil that hampers the literary development of the West. It will require the broadest culture to set the young generation in the right path, to show them what is the spurious art of the day and what the genuine art of all time.

In conclusion let me offer a suggestion to Mr. Garland, a suggestion which opens up a plain and practical way of demonstrating the truth of his theory that the new West is full of creative literary ability that only needs to be emancipated from the blighting influence of Eastern criticism to produce original work of the best class. He has declared that Chicago is the nat-

ural center of this new literary school Well, let him and his followers solicit from the generous millionaires of Chicago a fund with which to found a strictly Western magazine. Men like Marshall Field, George M. Pullman, Potter Palmer and others who give so liberally to art galleries, colleges, observatories and other institutions for advancing science and culture, would be equally generous in support of such an enterprise as a magazine. The sum of $200,000 would establish and maintain in good style for two years such a periodical as this. Let a good level-headed editor, free from fads and dyspepsia, be chosen and let him give as full scope to the contributors as possible. With good illustrations such a magazine could be made the equal in appearance of any of the old established periodicals and it could be sold at twenty five cents a number.

Then, with a free field the young men and women of the West, whom Mr. Garland apostrophizes in such glowing language, could don their singing robes and prove to the effete East that the center of literary culture should be shifted westward. Seriously, it would be a great opportunity for any young author with real pith in him, and if the contributions received failed to establish the magazine it would be the clearest proof that Mr. Garland's theory of blighted Western genius is not founded on fact. If the stories, sketches and poems printed in the two years of trial should make their way to the heart of the people; if they should convince even the critics that here was a new, virile literature, opening up glimpses of American life as it really exists to-day, then the Q. E. D. of Euclid could be attached to the theory.

There is no place for dithyrambs in such a suggestion as this, but it has the merit of good, hard common sense, a quality that ought to commend it to Western men. It has also the merit of offering a simple, practical solution of a literary problem that will never get itself solved by the theorists and the dreamers. Let us have done with all this frothy rhetoric about literary emancipation. Let us bring these so-called literary bond slaves out into the free arena and bid them prove their claim to places on the bead roll of American authors.

A NAME AND A PERSONALITY.

BY ELLEN BARRETT.

THE Coming of the Friars to California was the beginning of a civilization unique and interesting and the first step in that sequence of affairs which gave the metropolis of the State a Latin name.

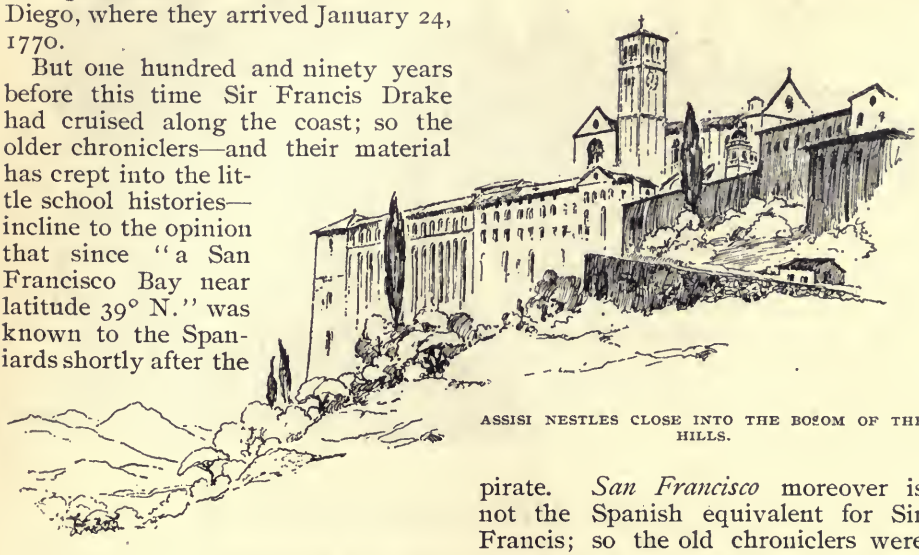
Sometimes the poets and the historians agree. They could hardly disagree in California where the data of the historian has been the raw material of the poet; and so it happens that a vagrant fancy of Bert Harte—

> "Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
> Of her Franciscan Brotherhood—"

may be turned into the hard prose of history. The more imaginative among us like to think that one of the old monks—then a young man with the soul of a poet—looked down upon the city from one of the Mission hills, and, watching the fog as it moved and shifted over the sand dunes, thought of Saint Francis and discerned a phantom friar in the mist. But let us see what the historians have to say. The Franciscan missionaries left San Diego for Monterey in October, 1769. Losing their coast bearings, they missed Monterey and journeyed on to the north until they found a splendid bay and harbor, which they called *San Francisco*. It was the custom of the *visitador*, or inspector-general of the Spanish Government, to select from the Calender the names of certain saints to whose patronage the new missions should be entrusted. When Padre Serra received instructions as to his journeyings the name of Saint Francis was omitted. "What!" said the excited Junipero, "is not our dear Father Saint Francis to have a Mission assigned to him?" The *visitador* replied: "If Saint Francis wish a mission let him show you a good port and then it will bear his name." Six weeks later, when they discovered, our wonderful bay, they cried out: *Este pues es el Puerto al que el Visitador el refirio y al cual San Francisco nos ha conducido. Bendito sea su nombre!* [This, then, is the port to which the *visitador* referred and to which Saint Francis has led us. Blessed be his

name!] and they called it San Francisco Bay. They set up the cross, took possession, and returned to San Diego, where they arrived January 24, 1770.

But one hundred and ninety years before this time Sir Francis Drake had cruised along the coast; so the older chroniclers—and their material has crept into the little school histories—incline to the opinion that since "a San Francisco Bay near latitude 39° N." was known to the Spaniards shortly after the voyage of Sir Francis Drake, they got their geographical data through him and gave his name to the bay. But this is hardly probable. Sir Francis was no hero to the Spaniards: he captured their towns in the West Indies; he burned a hundred of their ships from St. Vincent to Cadiz, and humorously referred to this naval skylark as "singeing the Spanish monarch's beard!" Moreover, he was Vice-Admiral under Lord Howard; so it is more reasonable for nineteenth century critics, tinctured somewhat with the philosophy-of-history habit, to assume that the Spaniards of the sixteenth century named a beautiful bay lying off the shores of their provinces out in New Spain after an Italian Saint whom they loved and revered, and not for an adventurous knight who was nothing more to them than a detested British pirate. *San Francisco* moreover is not the Spanish equivalent for Sir Francis; so the old chroniclers were mistaken, and *Saint* Francis not Sir Francis, is our patron.



ASSISI NESTLES CLOSE INTO THE BOSOM OF THE HILLS.

For a while in the early history of the State San Francisco was called Yerba Buena. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that a small patch of land down on the shores of the bay, two miles and a half northeast of Mission Dolores, was called Yerba Buena. The name had a musical lilt, and carried an invitation with it; here were magic weeds that might minister to the mind diseased as they did to the body; even the hard English of it was wholesome; it smacked of health and cheer and out-of-doors; but notwithstanding all this, every child of the light may be glad that the name of the bay was given to the city, when that name suggests so sweet and interesting

YERBA BUENA OR SAN FRANCISCO IN 1848.

a personality as that of Saint Francis of Assisi.

Assisi, a little mediæval town of Italy, perched up in the Apennines and overlooking the beautiful Umbrian Valley, was the birthplace of our saint. The old town, with its walls and roofs and campanili, nestles close into the bosom of the hills, high up above the lonely railway station. The road threads its winding way among olive orchards, vineyards and hedges of rose bushes, thick with pink bloom.

SAN FRANCISCO'S PATRON SAINT.

There an April morning makes a vision of almost unparalleled loveliness. The blue sky falls gently down upon the far-off tops of the green Apennines; the gleaming sun touches up to life the melancholy hues of olive foliage. Masses of immeasurable clouds float through the high blue, and cast black and purple shadows on the gorges of the mountains or move slowly over the wide fields below. The road, white and dusty—a silver trail gleaming on the mountain side—is the only spot of earth which is not gay and transfigured with grass and flowers. From every crack and crevice in the old gray stones that line the road great golden bunches of wall-flowers flaunt themselves like banners and fill the air with their delicious perfume. Like a brilliant patchwork, anemones, gladioli and stray narcissi flash among the grasses. Gradually the road climbs the hill, and from the city gates there breaks upon one's vision the whole splendor of valley, hills, Arno, woods, fields and sky, all mingled with the radiance of the streaming sun.

The very brilliancy and breadth and glory of the scene throws upon the spirits that melancholy which always comes with wide views of untouched loveliness.

So the little town with its impenetrable walls, narrow ways, deserted streets and silent houses, is not any more sad than the splendors of the great outside world beyond its walls. Here, seven hundred years ago, toward the close of the twelfth century, Saint Francis was born. His father was Pietro Bernardone, a shop-keeper of the little town; his mother was Madonna Pica. Every year Pietro Bernardone went to France to buy up costly stuffs for the feudal lords of the Apennines; and it was during one of these visits to the land of Troubadours that Francesco Bernardone was born. His mother called him Giovanni; but Pietro on his return, changed the name to Francesco out of love for the land of his excursions; and it was specially fitting that this remarkable child, who in his early manhood was to bring about "a hope and a renovation without end," should be identified from the beginning with a nation which has been the torch-bearer of civilization.

Francesco was a cheerful youth. His biographers, and there are many of them, tell us that he was fond of

society and of fine clothes. Never was there a young citizen more ready to embrace the delights of living than Francesco Bernardone. His imagination was captivated by the foreign minstrels, their fantastic trappings and their graceful ways. He had plenty of money, plenty of freedom, a fine voice, and the temperament of a poet. It is easy, therefore, to imagine him in his early youth, singing through the moonlit streets of hilly Assisi, and always the leader of his crowd.

But amid all this gayety, Francis had his serious moments. Down under this happy *sans souci* there were tragic elements at work in the young man's soul. As one instance of this, he had the fine clothes which it was his delight to wear, lined with the coarsest stuffs he could find: it was good, he thought, to make a mockery of the trivial daintiness which a fastidious temperament imposed upon him. One day, while standing in the market-place selling the velvets, embroideries, and laces of his father's stock, he was accosted by a beggar. The whining "*Io poverino*" of the old Italian, worked on the highly-strung nerves of Francis, and the young salesman bade him be off. But a moment after, when his mind was free, he remembered with sharp compunction the man whom he had permitted to stray away unrelieved. He abandoned his stall and rushed after the beggar through the windings of the crowd. On finding him he emptied his *scarsella* or pouch into the hands of the beggar, and "made a solemn promise to God that from that day forth, he would never refuse an alms to anyone who should ask it of him, for the love of God." Probably that same night "the gayest, cleverest and most dashing member of the *corti* of Assisi;" banqueted his friends in his usual lavish and splendid manner.

In his twenty-fifth year Francis fell ill. It was during this time that his whole character underwent a change. Thomas of Celano, his earliest biographer, pauses here in his narrative and gives us a glimpse of the young man at this important moment. One day during his convalescence he dragged himself, panting and wearied, to the door of the house in which he lived and looked out upon the wonderful landscape which lay at his feet. "Its beauty and sweetness," says the old Franciscan chronicler, "delighted him no longer; henceforward he held that in contempt which he had hitherto held in admiration and love."

So Francis Bernardone rose from his sick bed an altered man. The curious, wistful eyes that had looked death in the face now looked upon life with an altered vision. The past became the "jumbled rubbish of a dream." Through introspection he had found his soul, and with the discovery came a sense of the deeper seriousness and importance of life. It was still the age of chivalry, when every armed man was bound to redress wrongs and succor weakness, so the first impulse of Francis was to surrender himself to a life of military service; but he soon learned that the fire which burned in his heart was the fire of love and sacrifice, and not that of military ardor.

When the Count de Brienne made war to recover the Sicilies from Frederick II, Francis joined him. On his way south, before reaching Spoleto, he had a mysterious dream. A palace stood before him in the halls and chambers of which were treasures and wealth inestimable. The walls were adorned with rare and costly weapons and noble suits of armor. Each piece was marked with a cross. Francis asked the meaning of it all, and a Voice announced that it belonged to him and to his soldiers. Francis took the literal meaning of the words and providing himself with a horse and armor, hurried on to Sicily. But at Spoleto he had another dream. The same Voice asked him about his aim in life. "Earthly honor," Francis answered. "And which of the two can you serve more," the Voice further asked, "the master or the servant?"

And why," It continued, "will you forsake the master for the slave?" "O, Lord, what shall I do?" cried Francis, eagerly. "Return unto the city and there it shall be told you what to do and how you may interpret this vision."

He went back to Assisi and the vision became to him a command from on high, which he obeyed by founding his order of Friars Minor, an order of spiritual knights-errant, instituted like its secular counterpart, for the redressing of wrongs and for the defence of the helpless and the oppressed.

Up to this time, by birth, education and tradition, the monk belonged to the aristocratic class. He was a gentleman and a scholar, and for him the cloister meant escape from the turmoils and dissensions of a distracted age. This was especially so in Italy, in the thirteenth century, where a certain fierce municipal rivalry was the source of continual bloodshed. The long and bitter strife between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the party of the Church and that of the Empire, was also in active existence. Kings fought and the people bled at every pore. The monastic bodies, hampered by their great wealth, vast possessions and almost unlimited power, were losing their old fervor. The misery of the poor was very great. The older simplicity of life was gone, and the rich went on accumulating riches, living in luxury and imposing terrible burdens upon the people. Such was the condition of society when Francis Bernardone had his vision at Spoleto and went back to Assisi to establish an order which was to regenerate his age.

I should like to pause here and dwell on the growth of this remarkable soul from the hour when he chose Poverty to be his bride, up to the first great Chapter held at the Portiuncula in 1219, when seven thousand of his followers celebrated with him their Pentecost; but I hurry on, as I purpose to deal with his character as reformer, as poet and as an influence in art and refer the interested reader to the "History of St. Francis of

THE AWFUL STORY OF THE PASSION WAS CARRIED TO THE PEOPLE.

Assisi" by the Abbé Limonier, to Mrs. Oliphant's "Francis of Assisi," to Dr. Jessop's "Coming of the Friars," and

to the "*Fioretti*" or "Little Flowers of St. Francis," a collection of marvelous stories about the saint recently translated from the early Italian.

That the influence of so gentle, mild and loving a nature as that of Saint Francis should help to shake the whole feudal system, is one of the paradoxes of history. Yet when we reflect on the personality of the man and on the character of the message which he delivered to his age, we cease to marvel. Moreover, Europe had sickened over the losses and misfortunes of nearly two centuries. Feudalism, which in its proud ages refused to recognize a middle class, had received a shock from the crusades. When the baron came back from the wars he found himself much poorer than when he went away. The artisans of the leading guilds became enriched through the necessities of the upper classes, and were no longer a servile race. The rights of men were beginning to be acknowledged and St. Francis took up the cry of equality and resolved it into an aspiration for human brotherhood. "He transformed monachism by uprooting the stationary monk, delivering him from the bondage of property, and sending him as a mendicant friar, to be a stranger and sojourner, not in the wilderness, but in the most crowded haunts of men to console them and to do them good. This popular instinct is at the bottom of his famous marriage with Poverty. Poverty and suffering are the condition of the people, the multitude, the immense majority of mankind; and it was towards this *people* that his soul yearned."

Were his followers not *Frati*, the brothers of every man, though, as St. Francis loved to remind them, *Minores* also, less than the very least?

This great man understood little and cared less for the terms of art which the dialectitians of his age dispensed so freely; and so it was that the Franciscan movement was essentially moral, and neither scholastic nor theological. Eleven hundred years before, twelve men, with no other equipment than the Divine words of the Gospel, changed the face of the world. Could these words do less now? And so the poor had the Gospel preached to them by the poor; for St. Francis and his brethren were lovers of poverty and owned nothing in the world but the brown robes that covered them.

To the wordly multitudes around him St. Francis cried: "You cannot serve God and Mammon."

To own property was to be in bondage; to have riches was to be enslaved. To the letter, St. Francis interpreted the words of his Master: "Sell what thou hast and give it to the poor, and come and follow me."

The peace of God, the love of God, the mysterious and awful story of the Passion were carried to the people. The very life of Christ was imitated before them.

It would seem as if this greatest Life seized upon his imagination as the lives of other heroes seize upon the imaginations of other men. To him it was a case of entire self-surrender; of following Christ in a life of detachment and austerity, or not at all.

To most people a saint is a very indifferent personage; half-mythical, half-historical, entitled perhaps to the consideration of the devout, but not to be taken seriously in an intellectual way. The hero-worshippers of the nineteenth century have some how frowned upon the saints. Only the less orthodox among them have had a philosophy wide enough to take in these heroes of yesterday; for heroes the saints were, until the religious estrangement of the sixteenth century cut off mediæval Christianity from a large section of the modern Christian world. The English Pasitivists are educating their contemporaries into an appreciation of the old Catholic idea of individual merit. Their "choir invisible" has its voices of the old saints as well as its salvos and harmonies of a newer and later order. To this philisophico-religious

system the names of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas open up a vista as inviting as the names of Plato and Spinoza; its novelist has built up perhaps her best novel—"Middlemarch"—around the idea of Saint Theresa. Emerson, though he has given us no saint in his chapters of "Representative Men," has recognized in stray allusions here and there that the lives of the saints hold many of the sublimest ideals of the world's spiritual phenomena. But this appreciation is indeed rare. There is only a too general tendency to leave the saints in the litany where an indifferent and mistaken generation has convinced itself they belong. The biographers are somewhat to blame for these neglected biographies. Too often they have given us a halo for a physiognomy, reminding us of those very things which, for the time being, we needed to forget. The very fact that men and women are saints sets a chasm between them and us. Their perfection embarrasses our imperfection; their virtue alienates them from us; they have been lifted up so high by the great hand of the Church that somehow they seem inaccessible to struggling sinners like ourselves. And so it is that the wise and careful biographer will first show us the man or woman and afterward

FOLLOWERS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. FRANCIS.

the saint. There have been a few such biographers; not many. It remains for the future hagiologist — at least in the English language—to represent the saints "to be what they were in truth, not stones but men; not angels, but human beings; not an unfeeling mob predestined to glory, but sensitive souls who sweat blood with Christ; and who first and last on earth and in heaven, have thought, worked, and prayed for us as if we were their children."

Saint Francis of Assisi is one of the most human and lovable saints on the Calender. Though he practiced in the highest degree those virtues which are the very essence of the religious sentiment, he never became the least hard. The austerities which narrow and sadden less buoyant natures only made our saint more cheerful. His heart overflowed with sympathy for man and beast. God's creatures they were, and as such he loved them. We of a later age talk arrogantly of "an animal kingdom" and a "vegetable kingdom." Nature has been handed over to the classifiers. We have lost the cosmic sense. What wonder that we are sad!

To St. Francis the whole world was a pageant of God's glory, a poem to his goodness. Not only was every man his brother, but every animal also; the sheep on the hillside; the birds on the trees; the "brother-ass" on which he rode; the "sister-bees" who swarmed around him for protection. "He was the friend of everything that suffered and rejoiced," says Mrs. Oliphant in her delightful biography; "no emotion went beyond his sympathy; his heart rose to see the gladness of nature and melted over the distresses of the smallest and meanest creature on the face of the earth. And by this divine right of nature everything trusted in him."

Overcome by his sweetness, his gentleness, and that strange combination of majesty and simplicity which belongs to all great natures, the wildest creatures were gentle and tame to him. An enthusiastic biographer calls him "a mediæval Orpheus." The sheep and lambs grazing in the Umbrian fields, on hearing him salute them as "Sisters," would leave their pastures "and run to him, fixing their eyes upon him; and so gladly did they frolic round him," says St. Bonaventura, "that the friars and shepherds marveled."

One day at the village of Gubbio a live leveret was brought to him, probably to serve him for a meal. When he saw the tiny hare he was moved to pity and said: "Little brother leveret, come to me. Why hast thou let thyself be taken?" The nervous, trembling little creature escaped out of the hands that held it and fled to Francis, taking refuge in the folds of his brown habit. And when with quaint formality he gave it permission to go back to the woods it nestled still closer against the dear heart of its rescuer; finally it was sent back to the fields. What a lesson for the brother who had intended it for the stew-pan!

The same story is told of a wild rabbit which took refuge with him in an island on the lake of Perugia. "It still returned unto the Father's bosom as if it had some hidden sense of the pitifulness of his heart," says the poetic narrative of Bonaventura. Perhaps the prettiest story out of the *Fioretti* is the following: "One day our blessed Father St. Francis was walking with a certain friar near the Lagune of Venice; in the trees by the roadside were an infinite multitude of birds. He said to his companion: 'Our sisters, the birds, praise their Creator; let us go, therefore, into the midst of them, and sing the Canonical Hours to the Lord.' And when they went into their midst the birds kept on singing until our dear Father St. Francis said: 'My sisters, little birds, cease your singing until we have fulfilled our duty in praising God.' And the birds hushed at once and remained silent until the Office was fully said. And then he preached a sermon to the birds who had gathered around his

feet; and suddenly those which were in the trees over his head came down to him, and they all stood quietly until our dear Father had done preaching and did not depart until such time as he gave them his blessing."

The ants were not so dear to St. Francis as other living things; their habits of thrift, their general nervous acquisitiveness offended the soul of our saint; he used to say that he much preferred the birds, because they did not spend their time to-day laying up things for to-morrow. In an age which painted Death grotesquely on its bridges and on the walls of its cemeteries — a hideous skeleton beating a drum and dancing off with his deluded victims— St. Francis called on *Sister* Death. Is there another passage in the whole range of literature which so touchingly disarms death of all its terrors? Writing about it, Matthew Arnold says: "The philosophy of the pagan admits as much of the world as is pleasure-giving; the philosophy of St. Francis admits the whole world, rough and smooth, painful and pleasure-giving, all alike, but all transfigured by the power of a spiritual emotion, all brought under a law of super-sensual love, having its seat in the soul. It can thus even say: 'Praised be my Lord for *our sister the death of the body*.'"

St. Francis was the first Italian poet. Up to his time France possessed an unchallenged predominance over the heart and imagination of Europe; and the Italian language, so soon to be the first of modern languages to strike the classic note in literature, did not then exist. Spain and Portugal could boast of singers, but "the soft bastard Latin" of the Italian had not yet found its poet. The old classic language was the medium for everything beyond the commonest affairs of life excepting in the case of those songs of love and chivalry which "the Provencals had stolen out of the stately keeping of the old language."

It remained for St. Francis and the poet-friars of his order to lift up the common language of the people; that language which in so short a time was to blossom into the glowing metaphors of Dante and into Machiavelli's polished and luminous prose. It was characteristic of our saint—of the man who frowned on the distinctions of class, whose ideals, straight from the heart of the Gospel, upset the tyrannous conditions of the feudal system—not to disdain the simple language of the peasant folk. To his sweet impartial spirit it seemed unjust and discourteous that the sentiment of a people should be locked up in a language with which the majority of them were not familiar. And so the quaint and unskilled rhymes of Francis and his followers were the beginning of vernacular poetry in Italy.

It is not claimed for St. Francis that he was a great poet; but he had that susceptibility to every impression of beauty and mystery in nature which is always the highest and best part of the poet's endowment. His "Canticle of the Creatures" or Canticle of the Sun," was composed by him in 1224. If according to the old adage

HE PREACHED A SERMON TO TO THE BIRDS.

the translator is the traitor, he is specially so in this instance, where the poets vocabulary was taken from the very lips of the people, and where the artlessness of his language and his irregularity in rhythm set at defiance every rule of translation:

CANTICO DELLE CREATURE.

Altissimo, omnipotente, bon Signore
Tue son le laude, la gloria, et l'onore,
Et ogni benedictione,
A te solo se confano,
Et nullo homo e degno di nominarte.

Laudato sia Dio mio signore
Cum tutte le creature,
Specialmente messer lo frate sole,
Il quale giorna et illumina nui per lui,
Et ello e bello et radiante cum grande splendore,
De te Signore porta significatione.

Laudato sia mio Signore
Per suor luna et per le stelle,
In cielo le hài formate clare e belle.

Laudato sia mio Signore per frate vento,
Et per l'aire et nuvolo, et sereno et ogni tempo;
Per le quale dai a le tue creature sostentamento.

Laudato sia mio Signore per suor aqua,
La quale e molto utile et humile et pretiosa et casta.

Laudato sia mio signore per frate foco
Per lo quale tu alumini le nocte
Et ello e bello et jocundo e robustissimo et forte.

Laudato sia mio Signore per nostra madre terra
La quale ne sostenta et guberna
Et produce diversi fructi et coloriti fiori et herba.

Laudato sia mio Signore
Per quelle che perdonano per lo tuo amore
Et sosteneno infirmitade et tribulatione,
Beate quelli che sostenerano in pace,
Che da ti, Altissimo serano incoronati.

Laudato sia mio Signore per suor nostra morte corporale,
Da la quale nullo homo vivente puo scampare.
Guai e quelli che more in peccato mortale!
Beati quelli che se trovano nele tue sanctissime voluntate
Che la morte secunda non li pora far male.

Laudato et benedicite mio Signore et regratiate
Et servite a lui cum grande humilitade.

"This poem," says Frederic Ozanam in his *Les Poetes Franciscains* "comes to us like a breath from that earthly paradise of Umbria where the sky is so bright and the earth so full of flowers. The language has all the simplicity of a new-born idiom; the rhymth shows all the inexperience of a poetry untrained which satifies indulgent ears at small expense. Sometimes rhyme is replaced by simple *assonance;* sometimes it occurs only at the beginning and end of a stanza. The fastidious writer will find some difficulty in recognizing in it the rules and conditions of a lyrical composition. It is nothing but a cry; but it is the cry of a new-born poetry destined to grow and to make itself heard through the whole earth."

Kathleen O'Meara's translation, which carries the whole spirit of the original, runs as follows:

CANTICLE OF THE CREATURES.

Most high, most powerful, and kind Lord, to whom belong all praise, glory and benediction!

They are due to Thee alone, because of all creatures and chiefly for our brother, my Lord, the sun, who giveth us the day and the light! He is beautiful and shines with a great splendor and bears testimony unto Thee, O my God!

Praised be thou, my Lord, for our sister the Moon and for the Stars! Thou hast formed them in the heavens bright and fair.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for my brother, the Wind, for the Air and the Clouds, for the Calm and all the Weathers! For it is by this that thou dost uphold all creatures.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for our sister the Water, which is very useful, humble, precious and chaste.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for our brother the Fire! By him Thou dost illumine the darkness; he is beautiful and pleasant to see, dauntless and strong.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for our mother, the Earth which supports and nourisheth us and brings forth fruits of divers sorts, the grass of the field and the variegated flowers!

Praised be thou, my Lord, because of those who forgive for thy sake, and for love of Thee patiently bear infirmities and tribulation! Happy they who persevere in peace, for they shall be crowned by the Most High!

Praised be Thou, my Lord, because of our Sister the Death of the body, from which no man can escape! Woe to those who die in mortal sin! Happy they who at the hour of death are conformed to Thy holy will—for then the second death cannot hurt them.

Praise and bless my Lord, give Him thanks and serve Him with great humility."

To St. Francis, as to one of our modern poets, "Earth was crammed with heaven and every bush aflame with God." Here in this canticle we have the whole of earth from the great burning sun down to the very weeds, and God behind it all.

Our poet-saint, out among the fields proclaiming his kinship with the sun and moon and wind and fire and stars, reminds us of Plato's primitive man gazing in rapturous wonder at the sunrise. The poets attitude of surprise was the every-day mood of Francis; things were eternally fresh and new to him. His feeling for the beautiful, his almost Pantheism (if underneath it all were not the love and worship of God) remind one at times of Wordsworth; but there is a gloom in the Intimations of Immortality which we do not find in St. Francis. Here in this hymn is a fulness of delight only too rare in modern literature: the brooding spirit did not belong to the Man of Assisi; his was a spirit of fire. For our poet-saint who drew from the spiritual world so much gladness and content

THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS AT ASSISI.

there could not pass away a glory from the earth. Rather did his rapture run over upon the material world and transfigure it.

Some of the mystical poems of St. Francis have been compared to certain lyrics by William Black. There are passages in the "Book of Thel" which carry the mind straight to the chivalric ideas and rich imaginative coloring of "Love sets my Heart on Fire;" the same fulness of allegory, the same depth of mysticism characterize both poems; and yet a little incident out of the life of Blake shows a deeper analogy between the two men. One day a lovely child of wealthy parents was brought to William Blake as he sat in his old worn clothes only one degree from absolute bareness. He looked at her kindly for a long while without speaking and then stroking her head and long bright curls he said: "May God make this world as beautiful to you, my child, as it has been to me!" It might almost have been St. Francis.

The Church of St. Francis at Assisi is the wonder and glory of the Christain world. There is no church in Europe to be classified with it, as there is no saint on the calender with so distinct and lovable a personality as that of St. Francis. It embodies the whole art and genuis of the middle ages. Append to it Dante and the Fioretti of St. Francis, and according to Taine "it becomes the masterpiece of mystic Christianity." Within thirty years after his death this, to us, late-blooming flower of the thirteenth century sprang up and blossomed out of stone. On the walls and arches of this Assisi church Giotto and Cimabue worked out those exquisite ideals which two centuries later found their loftiest expression in Raphael. But one turns from the splendid angels, madonnas, and sybils of the Renaissance—from "the posturing and beautiful deceit" of Raphael—to the artists of the earlier age, when men caught the enthusiasm of the religious life around them. The painters of the Renaissance had no religious passion to express; as the leader of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood phrased it: "They thought of the Madonna very

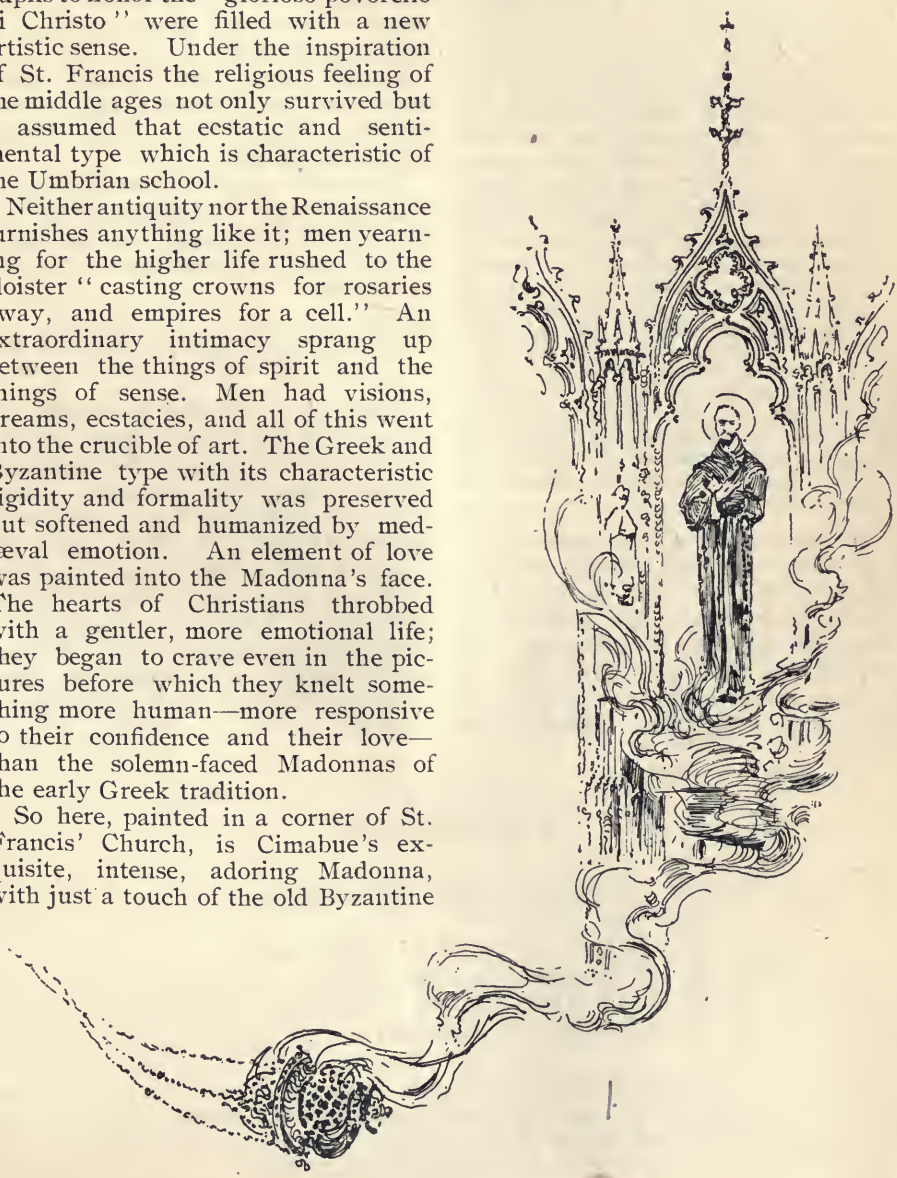
IT EMBODIES THE WHOLE ART AND GENIUS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

calmly and had no desire to pour out the treasures of earth at her feet, or crown her brows with the golden shafts of heaven." But here in Assisi, these faded mystic canvases tell us that the artists were possessed with a burning desire to show what their love and reverence could achieve. The masters who came with their pupils to honor the "glorioso povorello di Christo" were filled with a new artistic sense. Under the inspiration of St. Francis the religious feeling of the middle ages not only survived but it assumed that ecstatic and sentimental type which is characteristic of the Umbrian school.

Neither antiquity nor the Renaissance furnishes anything like it; men yearning for the higher life rushed to the cloister "casting crowns for rosaries away, and empires for a cell." An extraordinary intimacy sprang up between the things of spirit and the things of sense. Men had visions, dreams, ecstacies, and all of this went into the crucible of art. The Greek and Byzantine type with its characteristic rigidity and formality was preserved but softened and humanized by mediæval emotion. An element of love was painted into the Madonna's face. The hearts of Christians throbbed with a gentler, more emotional life; they began to crave even in the pictures before which they knelt something more human—more responsive to their confidence and their love—than the solemn-faced Madonnas of the early Greek tradition.

So here, painted in a corner of St. Francis' Church, is Cimabue's exquisite, intense, adoring Madonna, with just a touch of the old Byzantine immobility. Who that has seen it can be out of sympathy with Ruskin in his declaration that "the Queen-Virgin sank into an Italian mother in Raphael's Madonna of the Chair?"

No one has more accurately caught the subtle charm of this wonderful church than the late James Addington-Symonds:



"The whole low-vaulted building glows duskily, the frescoed roof, the stained windows, the figure-crowded pavements blending their rich but subdued colors like hues upon some marvelous moth's wings, or like a rainbow mist discerned in twilight dreams or like such tapestry as Eastern queens in ancient days, wrought for the pavilion of an Empress. Forth from this maze of mingling tints, indefinite in shade and sunbeams, lean earnest, saintly faces—ineffably pure—adoring, pitying, pleading; raising their eyes in ecstasy to heaven, or turning them in ruth toward earth.

Men and women of whom the world was not worthy at the hands of these old painters they have received the divine grace, the dove-like simplicity, whereof Italians in the fourteenth century possessed the irrecoverable secret. Over the whole scene—in the architecture, in the frescoes, in the colored windows, in the gloom, on the people, in the incense, from the chiming bells, through the music—broods one spirit: the spirit of him who was 'the co-espoused, co-transforate with Christ, the ardent, the radiant, the beautiful in soul; the suffering, the strong, the sinful, the victorious over self and sin; the celestial who trampled upon earth and rose on wings of ecstasy to heaven. Far down below the feet of those who worship God through him, St. Francis sleeps; but his soul, the incorruptible part of him, the message he gave the world, is in the spaces round us. This is his temple. He fills it like an unseen god."

Six hundred years have passed since St. Francis trod the Umbrian roads, spreading the fire and love of his spirit. Since then the world has swung through many changes, has been burned in many fires and in many agonies has faced the birth of new truths. We have traveled so far away from the spirit of the mediæval period that we have almost completed the circle. Unconsciously we are making our way back to the old ideals; to grasp as a moral stimulus the old fire of self-sacrifice and common love. What else is meant by our vague strivings after universal brotherhood, our dream of the "Parliament of man, the Federation of the world?" It is merely the farthest shoreward ring of that ripple which St. Francis made when he dropped into the sea of men's affections, this gauntlet against the avarice and selfishness of the favored classes in his days.

Tennyson, the very embodiment of the temperament of the nineteenth century, in his arraignments of the faults and category of the virtues of the age, cried out—

"Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again!"

The loving, merciful personality of *Pierre Loti*, the French Academician, has thrilled the heart of the multitude with his gospel of universal love. Even the much-maligned Ouida has called upon the spirit of St. Francis to come again and fill our hearts and move our wills to good. And his spirit is alive among us. Whenever we are moved to pity or gentleness or mercy it is an echo from the cries of love that came from the burning lips of the friar of Assisi.

EXPRESSION.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Words have not power to rightly bear
  The message of my soul to thee,
It lives but felt, unuttered there,
  In deepest cells of secrecy.

But when into thine eyes I look
  And touch thy warm and trembling hand,
I read thy spirit as a book,
  And know that thou dost understand.

EXECUTIVE ENCROACHMENTS.

BY GENERAL N. P. CHIPMAN.

RECENT and current political events are compelling the public mind to consider what are the true and just functions and powers of the President. At this writing (October, 1893) the leading daily journals in all parts of the country, and not always journals unfavorable to his party, concur in declaring that the President is rapidly concentrating all the powers of government in the Executive; that he is dictating to the courts in the matter of prosecutions under the Geary Act; that he has suspended the execution of that law; that he is coercing Congress to pass laws relating to finance and other questions agreeably to his personal convictions; that he is using the executive power of appointment to enforce his personal views as to legislation; that he arrogates to his office the right to use every official means at his command to compel Congress to pass laws in conformity to his personal judgment. These are grave and serious charges and, made against a man who but yesterday had the confidence of the American people in a high degree, must challenge public attention and must be accorded more than passing comment.

Whatever of truth there may be in these alarms, some good will come of them, if the people can be made to realize the danger lurking in our indifference to or acquiesence in usurpations of unwarranted power by the Executive.

It is not proposed in this article to personally attack Mr. Cleveland; I respect him and his high office; I freely accord to him patriotic motives. His personality is not necessarily involved. But I assert and shall endeavor to show that no greater danger can ever befall this nation than when we shall concede to the Executive the constitutional power to conceive and enforce legislative policies. The time is opportune for the discussion, and it should be had in a calm and judicial spirit. Mr. Cleveland is the exponent of a construction of our fundamental law which has been steadily growing, and has been enforced by other Presidents, but which has too long escaped public censure and criticism. He will have done our country a signal service, if by his alleged usurpations he shall have aroused public thought and shall have brought the judgment of the people to a proper understanding of Executive limitations. It will not hurt even partisans to halt a moment and re-examine our fundamental law and recall the scheme of government handed down to us by the Fathers of the Republic. Every intelligent person understands that when we emerged from the British yoke and formed a Government of our own under a permanent union of the States, the framers of our Constitution wisely and carefully divided the powers of Government into three separate departments—Legislative, Executive and Judicial—and all powers not given to one or the other of these departments were reserved to the people or to the States.

Article I, Section 1, declares:

> "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives."

It needs no argument to show that when all legislative powers were given to Congress none remained to be given to, or to be exercised by, the President.

Then follows in this sacred instrument a careful definition of these powers and to what subjects they

extend. The President in no wise is made a party to the exercise of these powers, except so far as his veto may arrest legislation, and of this I will speak later on.

Article II, Section 1, declares:

"The Executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States."

Section 2 defines the various powers conferred, and it may be well to carefully summarize them, for it will be seen that nowhere in this enumeration can any warrant be found for the exercise of legislative functions.

The President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States and of the militia of the several States when called into active service of the United States; he may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices, and he shall have the power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States.—(Sec. 2.)

Then follow the provisions as to making treaties, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate: the power to nominate, and with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint certain officers. He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, to recommend consideration of such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may on extraordinary occasions convene both Houses, or either of them; in case of disagreement between them he may adjourn them to such time as he may deem proper; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.—(Sec. 2.)

These comprise all the powers of the Executive as conferred by Article II.

In Article I, defining the legislative powers, will be found the provision relating to the veto, and this makes up the sum of the Executive powers.

"Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President. If he approves, he shall sign it, but if not he shall return it, with his objection, to the House in which it shall have originated.

"If both Houses pass it on reconsideration by two-thirds, it shall become a law without the Presidential approval.

"If any bill shall not have been returned by the President in ten days after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall become a law in like manner as if he had signed it; unless Congress by adjournment prevents its return, in which case it shall not become a law."

In so far only as the veto power is related to legislation has the President even a voice; but I hope to show that this power was never intended to be used as a weapon reaching back to the origin of legislative measures, and to be a sort of sword of Damocles hanging over Congress as a coercive instrumentality. I will come to this presently.

Looking then to articles I and II, can anything be found suggesting that the Executive has the power to originate and enforce legislative policies?

What are legislative powers? Judge Cooley in his work on Constitutional Limitation, says:

"Legislative power we understand to be the authority under the Constitution to make laws and to alter and repeal them." (Page 110.)

Chief Justice Marshall said:

"The difference between the departments undoubtedly is, that the Legislative makes, the Executive executes, and the Judiciary construes the law." (10 Wheaton, 16.)

"One of the most notable features in American Constitutional laws," says Judge Cooley, "is the care which has been taken to separate legislative, executive and judicial functions. It has evidently been the intention of the people in every State that the exercise of each should rest with a separate department. The different classes of power have been apportioned to different departments; and as all derive their authority from the same instrument, there is an implied exclusion of each department from exercising the functions conferred upon the others."—Cooley on Lim. 106.

The power to make laws, vested in the Congress, comprehends about everything with which the people parted in forming the Government. Until Congress acts there is nothing for the Executive to execute or the Judiciary to interpret. That the people ever intended the Executive to make their laws or to compel Congress to make them to his liking

cannot for a moment be conceded. No more can it be conceded that the Executive may nullify a law by refusing to execute it because obnoxious to his judgment.

The idea of popular government finds its expresssion solely in the legislative branch of government. Here, and here alone, the voice of the people is reflected. The President is chosen to execute the laws enacted by the people through their Legislature, and he is not chosen to make the laws himself, or what is the equivalent—to use his executive power to coerce Congress to make laws of his choice only. If we concede to the President the right to use his high office to bring about particular legislature, the step is an easy one to concede his power to nullify obnoxious Statute. Let us see how logically true this must be. He first presents his measure and insists upon its passage. Congress does not agree with him and passes a different measure altogether. He vetoes it; Congress passes it over his veto. He then nullifies it by refusing to execute the law. And if he is to arrogate to himself superior judgment, why should he not nullify the law?

The Silver Question recently before Congress may illustrate my meaning.

It is manifest that Mr. Cleveland is a strong monometalist. His determination to defeat free silver coinage is conceded. The issue is a living vital one in National politics. No party has dared to declare against it. A party avowedly in favor of it chose twenty-three Electors in the Presidential policy. To what extent has the President a Constitutional right to interpose Executive powers to defeat legislation looking to free coinage? Let us concede that he has the right to use all his influence to warn Congress of the danger which he individually sees in it; let us concede that he may to some extent use his patronage or power to bestow office so as to weaken the influence of the silver men and strengthen the influence of the monometalist in Congress (although this is a most dangerous concession to make); let us concede his right to formulate the argument against free coinage and convey it by special message to Congress, as he may do, the question recurs—Has he the Constitutional right to override by his veto the will of the people expressed through the deliberate Act of both Houses of Congress? He has the veto power, and no court can restrain him from using it. If the bill comes to him within the last ten days of the session he can kill it by the use of the pigeon hole; if before that and he returns it with his objections, it may become a law by the vote of two-thirds of both Houses; but has he the right to say that a measure that has been under discussion by the people for several years and has had the deliberative consideration of Congress shall not become a law unless by a vote of two-thirds of all the members of Congress, and this in a government of majority rule?

We are brought at once to confront the all important proposition—Shall we concede to the Executive the right to exercise his personal, independent judgment upon questions purely of legislative policy?

Let not the monometalist answer this in the affirmative simply because the Executive mind agrees with his. The very next great public measure may be one upon which the Executive will disagree with those whom he had before greatly pleased. And it comes to this—that all the important legislation of the country must pass the crucible of Executive judgment and the Executive must ultimately determine the policies that shall control. If we concede to the President the right as Executive to enforce his personally conceived legislative policies, we must concede also his right to use all his vast powers to that end. But this makes of him practically a despot and our free institutions an empty mockery. He stands armed with the appointing power of the heads of all the Executive Departments, and

through them of all their subordinates, which means the power to appoint to, or remove from, office persons of influence in every country and town in every State of the Union. The employees of the Government whose official life depends upon the will of the President directly or indirectly are equal to one out of every ten of the entire voting population. This vast army of chiefs and subordinates are given official life largely through the solicitations of Congressmen. Probably not one per cent. are appointed except through Congressional influence. Here then we have a tremendous lever which the President may rightfully use to carry out his designs if he may rightfully conceive and enforce legislative policies. To be in favor at the White House and to secure appointments to office makes the aspiring Congressmen strong at home. In a thousand ways the President and his Chiefs of Departments may build up and strengthen or they may pull down and destroy our Representatives. If we regard the President as acting only within his appropriate sphere and in his true capacity of Executive officer, we fail to find any motive for misuse of these irresistible influences (unless it may be to secure a re-election, and that belongs to another danger threatening us). But if it is to be admitted that he may legislate for the country, then we at once find a motive for using every means within his reach to make laws to suit himself. Consider also his power through the Executive Departments in carrying out laws passed. He may, for example, dole out appropriations or refuse to allow expenditures to be made for the public welfare. He may stop work on public buildings or rivers and harbors until some recalcitrant Senator or Member of the House yields to his demands; he may refuse to appoint to office where vacancies exist or to remove unworthy officers; he may suspend the operation of a law until he can compel its modification, as in the case of the Geary Act. In short, his power to compel legislation is almost unlimited if we concede to him the right to enforce a legislative policy. Over the judiciary also the shadow of this monarch may fall. He may appoint to the Federal Bench only such men as may promise to register his decrees or are known to entertain views in harmony with his. To bring the precise question more vividly before us, let us suppose that the Supreme Court by a majority took it into their judicial heads that they had, as a co-ordinate branch of Government, the right to entertain and enforce by judicial power views of legislative policy. The Judicial Department is no more distinct from the Legislative than is the Executive. How long would Congress permit this Court to wilfully nullify a valid law? And yet the Judicial power has its limitations just as has the Executive, and neither the one nor the other can constitutionally go beyond them.

The intelligent reader will recall President Andrew Johnson's efforts to force upon the country what he termed "My policy." In his tour over the country, stigmatized as "swinging around the circle," he openly attacked Congress and defied its power and declared his purpose to enforce a policy of his own relating to the seceded States. He cut loose from the party that had elected him and undertook to defeat by his vote all measures of reconstruction proposed by Congress, and so bold was his contempt of the legislative department, and so determined was his conduct in defiance of Congress, that Articles of Impeachment were presented against him by the House, and he escaped conviction by one vote only, and that vote openly charged to have been purchased. This historical episode, the most remarkable of a century, should admonish the Executive Department to keep well within its defined limitations.

Apart from these considerations he holds the veto, with which he stands ready to strike down obnoxious legis-

lation, or it may be used in retaliation. He may say "this bill shall not have my approval unless that bill is also passed." And this brings me to consider the most dangerous weapon placed by our Constitution in Executive hands.

That the veto power may be exercised in a way to control legislative policies must be apparent, and if it was given to the President to be exercised by him whenever his individual judgment might disagree with Congress, and to enable him upon all matters of public or private concern to defeat legislation which he might disapprove, then is it a legitimate weapon to be used like a ballot or a vote just as the President may please. But nothing is further from the true office of the veto, and to so use it is as much a violation of the Constitution as to refuse to execute a law of Congress.

I venture to assert that no more subtle and dangerous encroachment upon our fundamental law is threatened than through abuse of this power, and upon no question is there greater confusion of ideas as to the origin and purpose of the veto. With most persons who look no further than to the text of the Constitution, it has been supposed that if the President has the power to veto a bill and no limitations are expressed, he may rightfully veto any and every measure formulated by Congress, and unless Congress pass it by a two-thirds vote, the matter must there end and no one can complain. But we might as well fold our hands and allow a general jail delivery to take place by executive pardon as to tamely submit to an indiscriminate use of the veto. There are implied limitations to the veto power, beyond which the President may not go, as there are in the exercise of the pardoning power. These limitations grow out of the nature of the power itself and are found also in its history and object, which it is my purpose now to briefly point out,

The grave error commonly indulged is that because all bills must go to the President for approval that he therefore constitutes a part of the Legislative Department. But we have seen that when a bill is presented to him and is not returned within ten days (unless Congress sooner adjourn) it becomes a law without his approval, which could not be true if the Executive were a part of the Legislative Department. Again, if he returns the bill with his objections, Congress may make it a law by a two-thirds vote in its favor.

Our veto cannot be said to come from the British Constitution, for it is absolute and when exercised forbids the law altogether. Besides, the power had become obsolete and had not been exercised for over a century when we framed our instrument. But even there the power was, as Mr. Blackstone shows, "the power of resisting rather than resolving," and was designed to protect the Executive against encroachments upon the powers and prerogatives of the King.

The Romans in an early day gave the Tribune the absolute veto, as afterwards was given to the King of Great Britain. But in modern France where we find the Latin race as more advanced artificers of government, the President is not given a veto.

Does it not seem somewhat of an imputation against the wisdom of our Congress when we find Great Britain getting along without resort to the veto for two hundred years, and France absolutely eliminating it from the Executive, while Mr. Cleveland found it necessary to veto 413 bills in one term of office. Either Congress is wholly unsafe or else the President is departing from his line of duty.

In our Constitutional Convention the question was much discussed and opinions differed widely, some members opposing it altogether, while some contended for a three-fourths vote to overcome the veto. No one, however, contended for it as a part of the legislative power, but rather as a check, as also was the power of impeach-

ment given to Congress to be a check upon the Executive and the Judiciary. We might as well contend that because the House may impeach and the Senate try the Articles as a Court of Impeachment, therefore Congress shares the functions of the Judicial Department, as to say that because the President has a veto upon legislation the Executive branch is a part of the Legislative department.

Mr. Hamilton in No. 75 of the Federalist said:

"The primary inducement to conferring the power in question upon the Executive is to enable him to defend himself; the secondary is to increase the chances of the community against the passing of bad laws *through haste, inadvertance or design.*"

This was the universally accepted meaning at the adoption of the Constitution. There was no suggestion by any one that the power conferred upon the President the right to interpose his personal and individual judgment, and yet this is precisely what is now being done.

President Grant in many instances vetoed bills for the relief of individuals although passed after deliberation and full reports and debates. In the case of Nelson Tiffany, a Union soldier, for whose relief Congress passed a bill, General Grant returned it upon his personal judgment, and the House again passed the bill by a vote of 178 yeas to one nay, and the Senate by forty yeas and no nays.

Mr. Cleveland in his first term returned 250 pension and relief bills where his private judgment differed from that of Congress, and he pocketed forty-seven more, although he signed hundreds of similar ones. Neither of these Presidents in these cases acted within the interpretation given the Constitution by Mr. Hamilton.

Mr. Kent says in his Commentaries:

"The qualified negative of the President upon the formation of laws is at least some additional security against the passage of improper laws, through *prejudice or want of consideration; but it was principally intended to give the President a Constitutional weapon to defend the Executive Department* as well as the just balance of the Constitution against usurpations of the legislative power."

It must be obvious that any other view would be subversive of legislative independence. A bill must first go to a committee. Here it has discussion, investigation; witnesses are brought, evidence taken; all the departments of government are consulted for facts essential to the inquiry; it is submitted to the House or Senate and undergoes the fire of open debate. It goes to the other House and is again examined in committee and again in open session. Notwithstanding all this, it may encroach upon some of the powers of the Executive or Judicial branch of government. It may be a bad law through the "haste, inadvertance or design" of Congress, and the President should arrest its passage by calling attention to these objections. But he has no power under any interpretation of the Constitution to resolve himself into a part of the Legislature and undertake to judge of the wisdom of the law, unless it is clearly an encroachment upon other powers than those possessed by Congress or unless it be a bad law passed through inadvertance, haste or design. To concede more than this is to erect a branch of Congress at the White House; it is to constitute the President the equivalent of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress; it is to admit that he may, without calling his action in question retain every bill submitted to him during the last ten days of each session and refuse to approve or disapprove, and thus defeat all legislation for that time. The letter of the Constitution gives the power, but must it be read literally or in the light of contemporaneous interpretation and of its obvious meaning? How long would Congress allow its power to impeach to remain dormant, if a President were to announce and act upon the assumption that his private and personal judgment must be convinced upon all bills or he would veto them. The people choose their representatives to make their laws and the President

to execute. His share in making them is so inconsiderable that he is not chosen with any reference to law-making duties. To assume legislalive functions as such, which an unrestricted right to veto all measures implies, would be such usurpation as would demand his removal by the only constitutional method. The peril is not an imaginary one. The tendency of Executives throughout the Union is to assume legislative functions and bring members of legislative bodies to realize that measures are far from becoming laws when passed by both Houses.

The duties of our President are onerous and multiform. Few men can stand the mental and physical strain. Likewise the life of a useful Congressman is a most laborious one; the great mass of the work of Congress is distributed among many Committees whose labors are constant and exhausting. But where are we to find a mortal man capable of doing all the executive work of the President and add to it the duty of reviewing all the work of Congress? It is simply preposterous, and never was intended. But if our fundamental law empowers him to pass originally upon all bills it also devolves upon him the duty, and he cannot shift it by occasionally sporadic examinations. Either the country must hold him responsible for all laws, in which case it must give him machinery to pass upon them equal to that of Congress, or it must hold Congress responsible and excuse the Executive.

If it had been intended that this veto power should be legislative in its nature and exercised as such it is not conceivable that the framers of the Constitution would have given the prodigious advantage to the President of making his negative equivalent to an affirmative two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. Such construction would add immensely to the already great coercive powers of the President over the legislative body in matters of appointment, and would practically make him the dictator of legislation, for his veto would rarely be overcome, and it would come to this, that we would have the two branches merged, though intended to be carefully and wisely separated. Prior to 1855 only one veto was overcome by vote of Congress. That was Mr. Tyler's objection to building two revenue cutters and steamers. From 1817 to 1855 Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Polk and Pierce stood firmly entrenched upon the proposition that there was nowhere to be found within the Constitution any power to build lighthouses, improve harbors and rivers, or carry on any internal improvements whatever. For nearly forty years these presidents stood like a wall impeding the progress of the Nation, and not one of their many vetoes could be overcome. In 1856 the effort was renewed, A bill was passed to remove obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi River. Mr. Pierce promptly vetoed it. Referring to his previously expressed objections, he said:

> "These objections apply to the whole system of internal improvements, whether such improvements consist of works on land or in navigable waters, either of the seacoast or of the interior lakes or rivers."

Another was a bill to deepen the channel over the St. Mary's Flats. Another was to continue the improvement of the Des Moines Rapids in the Mississippi River. Another was to make the city of Baltimore accessible to war steamers by the Patapsco River. All these were vetoed, but Congress passed them over the veto. Mr. Buchanan, however, was able to arrest these improvements, and his veto of a bill to continue the removal of obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi River could not be overcome. Feb. 1, 1860, Mr. Buchanan vetoed the bill to deepen the channel over the St. Clair Flats, and his veto killed the bill. He put the question thus:

> "Does Congress possess the power under the Constitution to deepen the channel of

rivers, to create and improve harbors for purposes of commerce? * * * The time has now arrived for a final decision of the question."

It had not arrived; his vetoes stood, but he was the last President ever to suggest the want of power or to question the policy.

Nothing can more strikingly illustrate that harm that may come to the country through pertinacious opposition to wise legislation, and the difficulty of overcoming the veto, than the evolution of our law upon the subject of internal improvements. It took from 1817 to the close of Mr. Buchanan's administration in 1861 to put to rest this constitutional bugaboo, which it is now universally conceded never had a leg to stand upon. The work on the Des Moines Rapids, now about completed, has cost about $5,000,000, making a continuous river hitherto blocked at Keokuk, from Minnehaha Falls to the Gulf of Mexico. River and Harbor bills now reach the immense sum at times of $24,000,000,000, and no suggestion of unconstitutionality has been made.

Mr. Buchanan vetoed the Agricultural College Bill in 1859 and the Homestead Bill in 1860, on the ground that the Constitution gave no power to Congress to "give away the public lands, either to States or to individuals." Both these measures had to wait for a more enlightened and a broader view of constitutional powers, and yet no class of legislation is more deeply rooted in the Constitution, or has more universal sanction than these very measures. Under these benign laws and the Act in aid of public schools, 78,659, 439 acres were conveyed to the States up to 1880, and 56,667,439 acres were given to actual settlers to the same date, representing about as many families as 160 are contained in the whole acreage—or nearly 500,000 families.*

A statement of the money expended in internal improvements since the barrier of Presidential vetoes has been overcome would be staggering.

The mouths of the Mississippi, which several Presidents would have forever left closed, have been opened by jetties and other devices costing many millions, while the shores of that majestic river are being rapidly carpeted with willow matting, and built up to stay the ravages of floods, so that ultimately the Government will have the waters controlled from Cairo to the Gulf of Mexico at a cost greater than would be believed, if stated.

As we now understand the Constitution, we relieve the cholera and yellow fever stricken people; we build transcontinental railroads; we give enormous sums as pensions; we build asylums for the insane, the halt and the cripple, the deaf and dumb and the blind, the orphan and the widow; we extend the mouths of rivers into the ocean by great sea walls; we dig great canals around rapids; we spend countless millions on rivers and harbors all over the land and on the Great Lakes; we build costly buildings here, there and everywhere; we enter upon stupendous schemes for storing water and irrigating the public domain and making it possible to give away land that nobody will now have for the asking; we bore experimental artesian wells for the same purpose; we conduct experimental stations to develop agriculture, and we carry on a large garden to produce seeds for gratuitous distribution, and a hundred other things we do under the universal belief that the Constitution permits, and all of which Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Pierce and Buchanan asseverated in the most solemn manner would be gross violations of our fundamental law. We may well ask where we would stand to-day in National development if the scruples of these Presidents, as expressed by their vetoes, had not been overborne by a public sentiment that gave to the Constitution an interpretation commensurate with na-

* "The Public Domain," 1880.

tional growth and national requirements.

It must be apparent that the vicissitudes of legislation would be very great if we had to fight our way through the Executive as well as through Congress. It is doubtful whether we could get on at all if the President felt bound to satisfy his personal judgment before signing bills. It is difficult now to pass important measures by the requisite majorities, but what would be our situation if we had to secure two-thirds of both Houses? An examination of the debates will show that men devide not so much on party lines as on lines of individual judgment, and with the President it would always be doubtful where he would place himself on bills involving no party issue. Of the six river and harbor bills vetoed, only one—that of Mr. Arthur—was passed over his veto. Of the seven vetoes of bills classed as internal improvements, not one was overcome by the required two-thirds vote. Of the long pathetic catalogue of private pension and relief bills passed in aid of Union soliders by a Democratic House and concurred in by the Senate, and vetoed by Mr. Cleveland, only one was overcome by the requisite two-thirds of both Houses. The Halls of the House of Representatives were resonant with suppressed anathemas as these bills came back in batches with the President's negative, and yet the House dared not rebuke the President by passing the bills. Members who had voted for the bills on the passage voted to sustain the veto. They did the same thing with General Grant and other Presidents, and this will always happen. It only shows how dangerous will be the concession once made and firmly fixed in the popular mind that the President has the right and upon him rests the duty of subjecting all bills to the crucible of his private judgment.

I refer to a few of Mr. Cleveland's vetoes as illustrating my meaning, and with all due respect for his exalted character. He vetoed the House bill granting a pension to the widow of Major General David Hunter. The public will recall many instances of recognition by Congress to the widows of distinguished soldiers for conspicuous public service. General Hunter was one of the grand characters of the war and had devoted his life of great usefulness to his country. He died poor. Congress proposed to make a small provision for the widow. Mr. Cleveland said no, and on a vote a majority of the House sustained the veto after once granting the pension. This was a case where no just interpretation of the veto power warranted any Presidential interference. It was a case where Congress should be the exclusive judge of the wisdom of the measure. About many of Mr. Cleveland's vetoes there was a flippancy, not to say heartlessness, entirely unworthy his high office. They only serve to punctuate and emphasize the position I take as to the right of the President to object where Congress has not acted through inadvertance or in haste or with bad motives. In one case he remarked, with unconcealed sarcasm, if not cynicism:

> "Whatever else may be said of this claimant's achievements during his short military career, it must be admitted that he accumulated a great deal of disability."

And yet it was because of this disability that Congress offered relief. In another case he said: "His wife and family present pitiable objects for sympathy, but I am unable to see how they have any claim to a pension," and the House voted to sustain the veto by 116 to 113. In another case he seems to have grown weary and petulant in his negative duties, and thus expresses himself in his veto:

> "I am so thoroughly tired of disapproving gifts of public money to individuals who in my view have no right to the same, notwithstanding Congressional sanction, that I interpose with a feeling of relief a veto in a case where I find it unnecessary to determine the merits."

By some these wholesale vetoes were regarded as exhibiting great courage, for they were conceded to be the most unpopular of all of Mr. Cleveland's acts. But there was neither courage nor wisdom in them. He signed hundreds, as he himself in one of his vetoes said, because he had not time to examine them. They involved no principle and established no precedent because no two were alike and none of them came within general law. They were clearly and simply cases of personal appeal by soldiers and widows of soldiers for relief, and Congress thought them worthy.*

In 1840 the exciting contest involved among other things the re-creation of a National Bank. Harrison and Tyler were elected on that issue in part. But Mr. Tyler, after the death of Gen. Harrison, vetoed the bill, and it could not be passed over his veto. It is fair to say that Mr. Tyler had before his election declared against the policy of establishing a National Bank; but elected on that issue, we have another phase of the veto power turned against the popular will.

An examination of all the vetoes placed upon grounds of want of constitutional power to pass the bill, will show that in no instance has the final judgment of the country sustained the vetoes, except two of Mr. Madison's where Congress granted aid to certain churches. In every case the objection has been finally overcome by the judgment of practical statesmen. This shows the fallibility of personal judgment and the greater wisdom of the many. It also serves to admonish Presidents to be cautious in the exercise of this high prerogative and suggests that, after all, the Judiciary had better be left to deal with the constitutional objections.

General Grant's message, accompanying his approval of the River and Harbor Bill, Aug. 14, 1876, presents a curious phase of the Executive discretion.

"Without enumerating, many appropriations are made for works of purely private or local interest in no sense national. I cannot give my sanction to these and will take care that during my term of office no public money shall be expended upon them."

This is a curiosity in Executive Messages. There is a flavor of the military camp about this blunt avowal not to do the very thing the Constitution devolved upon him that is almost grotesque in its frankness. "He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed," says the Constitution; and yet rather than veto the bill, some features of which he approved, he boldly signs it and notifies Congress that certain appropriations he will take care shall not be executed. Only Grant, the Nation's Idol, could have made such an avowal, and even *he* would have been checked in any general observance of such a policy. Indiscriminate veto is bad, but it is worse to approve and nullify.

Some day we shall have a President who will veto a measure on the ground of unconstitutionality. Congress will pass it over the veto. The President will refuse to execute it because unconstitutional and, therefore, void. We may then hope to have some light thrown upon the powers of the President through a Court of Impeachment. But the veto power and the pardoning power can never be defined by the Courts of Law. The President cannot be restrained, nor can he be prohibted by any process known to the law. The lines of demar cation must be drawn by enlightened public sentiment and by just perception of these great powers on the part of the President himself.

There remains to notice one further phase of the veto power. The President may withhold his approval and retain the bill ten days (excluding Sundays) and if Congress adjourns

*Congress in 1890, with President Harrison's approval, passed the Disability Pension Act, showing that the sense of the nation was and is against all the pension votes of Mr. Cleveland, for he placed his objections mainly on the ground that the injury complained of was not received in the line of military duty; and yet this is the very class now provided for at an estimated cost to the nation of $50,000,000 annually.

during this time the bill fails. This is called a pocket veto. The final session of each Congress is always a short one. It convenes the first Monday in December and expires by dissolution of Congress March 4th, at noon, following. There are now three sessions of each Congress. One of these must terminate on the first Monday of December preceding the dissolution, and the last one must terminate at noon March 4th, on the day of dissolution. There are then ten days at the close of each session fixed and known during which the President is absolute master of all bills then submitted to him, and he need do no more than pocket them and they are killed. Whether the section quoted in the early pages of this discussion is mandatory upon the President, requiring him in all cases to return the bill in order that Congress may have an opportunity to pass it, may admit of question, but all will concede that he should do this.

A proper recognition of the dignity and powers of a co-ordinate branch of Government would impose this duty upon the President. Fourteen such pocket vetoes only are found among the legislative archives—none since Mr. Buchanan. In every case formerly the President sent in his objections to the next Congress, and in nearly every one he stated his inability to return the bill in time for action by the Congress passing the bill. But if this power to enforce individual opinion rests with the President in all cases, why should he scruple to retain all bills not to his liking and thus kill them by his silence. He is not bound, if he acts as one of the Legislature, to make it possible for the bill to pass by returning it. He has all the rights, if his veto is a legislative act, that a member has to defeat the measure if he can, and here he has a sure way and need never assign a reason. Much—I may say most—of the important legislation reaches the President within these ten fatal days. He holds the reins of Government absolutely during this period. If he is to search the many bills only to discover encroachments upon other co-ordinate branches of the Government, or to find evidence of inadvertance, haste or wicked design, his task is comparatively easy, and we may not fear abuse of power or miscarriage of legislation. If he is to examine each bill upon its merits as a legislator must do, and satisfy his personal and private judgment of the wisdom of the measure, then he becomes not only two-thirds of both Houses, but he resolves himself into a committee of one of both Houses and is Congress itself, and may stifle all legislation by the simple use of the pigeon-hole. This would be a menace to and subversive of representative government. And yet this dilemma is inevitable and logical if the position I am combatting is right.

We must cease to look so much to the Executive to save us from unwise laws and look more to the personnel of our Legislatures. The resort to the Executive is dangerous and forbodes greater ills than those we would fly from. We must keep clearly defined the dividing lines of Legislative, Executive and Judicial functions. While the Executive stands clothed with power to protect itself against encroachments by the Legislative, it must take care not to commit the very wrong it would prevent in others. The Legislature must not execute or interpret the law; no more must the Executive make it.

"All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives."—American Constitution, Art. I, Sec. 1.

"The Executive power shall be vested in a president of the United States of America."—Ibid, Art. II, Sec. 1.

Let us accustom ourselves to observe these broad lines of distinction, and let each operate within its appropriate sphere.

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PRESS.

BY WILLIAM A. SPALDING.

SOME weeks ago a mass meeting of women prominent in good works and social reforms was convened in San Francisco with the object of bringing the subject of the purification of the press to the attention of the public. They stated the case so effectively as to enlist at once the co-operation of the church, and, on a given Sunday, nearly all of the Protestant pastors in the State of California discoursed upon the theme. Thus has been inaugurated a moral uprising of considerable magnitude and force.

Meanwhile the daily press pursues the even though reprehensible tenor of its way. Together with their accustomed budgets of scandal, personal detraction, criminal news and sporting intelligence, our enterprising newspapers have published most complete and gratifying reports of the reformatory proceedings illumined with portraits of the most prominent reformers. This suggests the homely simile of water on a duck's back. The daily press not only sheds the shower, but seems to take delight in paddling about through the consequent puddles. Clearly the daily press was not born to be drowned by any such downpour.

It is not my purpose, however, to cast reproach or ridicule upon a movement that I believe originated in the purest motives, and has been urged thus far in a sincere and generous spirit.

The daily press is able to defend itself, and certainly has not selected me as its champion, but an experience of nearly twenty years in California journalism, during which I have served on two as reporter, business manager and editorial writer, entitles me to speak with some degree of accuracy from the newspaper standpoint.

There is one portion of the press that I have no purpose to defend—that is the disreputable part. A newspaper that shapes its course for the gratification of private malice, or dishonorable greed; a newspaper that would accept pay for attacking or for refraining from attack; a newspaper that has opinions for sale to the highest bidder—I do not regard as within the pale of reputable journalism. Nobody has a more profound contempt than I have for a newspaper blackmailer or a newspaper hound. We will rule this class out of the discussion.

The criticisms that have been offered indiscriminately against the daily press (including therefore the most reputable of its representatives) may be epitomized as follows:

1. That it transcends the bounds of liberty and runs into license.
2. That it is sensational and unreliable.
3. That it assails private character in a wanton manner.
4. That it gives undue prominence to reports of evil doings.
5. That its policy is too often shaped by its own selfish interests.
6. That it panders to vicious appeties and idealizes crime.
7. That it does not devote sufficient attention to moral and religious movements and church happenings.

Probably a score of other specific indications might be formulated from the animadversions of those who have undertaken the reformation of the press, but those I have cited will do.

It is worthy of note that these charges are generally made by people who have never undertaken the responsibility of conducting a daily

paper, or of helping to fill its columns with readable matter. Their ideas have been formed superficially or have been taken at second-hand from other superficial observers, and are therefore open to the charge of being one-sided. Just where the liberty of the press ends and license begins may never be established by statute or determined to a nicety by the concurrence of any dozen people who have positive views on the subject. It is a line that every editor and publisher must draw for himself, and his best guide is his own sense of justice and fair play, supported by his understanding of the law of libel.

Some people seem to have the impression that the editor of an aggressive, outspoken paper takes a keen delight in attacking people—in blasting private characters—in publishing malevolent things about anybody and everybody, and that his chief incentive thereto is to make a spicy paper. Such people labor under a grave mistake, and they never find it out perhaps until they pen an anonymous squib about some enemy, and try to induce the aggressive editor to publish it. Then his close inquiring into the case, his searching diagnosis of underlying motives, and his final refusal to gratify personal spite for no good purpose, opens their eyes and puts them to shame.

Readers of newspapers note the unpleasant things that are said about people in its columns, but they have no adequate conception of the matter that is denied publication. Many a sensational article that is presented by a reporter is consigned to the waste basket because the editor feels that it is unduly colored or that its publication is not justified by a legitimate purpose. Notwithstanding the hurry of preparation which must necessarily obtain in a newspaper office, (which is unduly exaggerated in public estimation), a great deal of care is exercised in supervising manuscripts and passing upon them. Through long experience the editor in charge acquires a quick and almost unerring judgment. Like the umpire in baseball he must decide matters of the utmost importance to the game on the shortest notice. He feels the grave responsibilities that rest upon him, and it is well that he does. Let us see why. If the article in question contains anything of a derogatory character about anybody, by admitting it to publication he may be inviting a suit for libel. Now, libel suits, while not generally successful in point of damages recovered, are nevertheless very expensive luxuries for a newspaper. The mere fact that such a suit is entered involves the employment of first-class counsel for defense, and good lawyers do not work for nothing. What the editor considers in a few minutes and admits to print he must be prepared to prove in a searching legal investigation where time is no object. And proof of facts is not an all-sufficient defense. The old English doctrine, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," is recognized in most if not all of our State laws. The editor must not only sustain his statement by facts, but he must show that the publication was made without malice and for good and justifiable ends. Many hundreds of suits for libel are tried in the Courts of the United States every year; how many of them result in verdicts against the defendant newspapers? I believe not more than five per cent. on a general average, and the judgments in these are mostly for insignificant sums—mere bagatelles compared with the damages claimed. Nobody will urge that this result is due to an overwhelming prejudice in favor of newspapers on the part of courts or juries. A more reasonable explanation would be that the defendants make out good cases and secure honest verdicts. Is this not an attestation of painstaking methods on the part of collectors of news, and of sound judgment and keen discrimination in editors who admit it to their columns? It shows as clearly, as general averages can show, that the

newspaper man who publishes accusations is able, ninety-five times out of a hundred, to prove their accuracy and to establish a justifiable purpose for their publications.

But there is still a further incentive to editorial care. The man who publishes disagreeable things about other people knows that he may be called to personal account for his act. He may be attacked publicly or privately; he may be subjected to a sound thrashing, or his life may be exacted as a penalty. Thus the editor at his post of duty holds in the balance of his judgment not only the fortunes of his paper, but his own well being, and possibly his very existence. Is not the weight of this responsibility calculated to make him painstaking and judicious?

But beyond all these incentives, which are personal and material, and which perhaps are the last to enter into his consideration, there is the abstract question of right and wrong. If he is a conscientious man, he will seek some justification for publishing a statement that must wound the feelings of another; he cannot from a mere spirit of wantoness inflict pain and humiliation on one whom he believes innocent. Many people believe that an editor, hardened in his calling, has none of the milk of human kindness in his bosom. They do him an injustice. It gives him no pleasure to injure people whom in most cases he has no acquaintance with, and against whom he has no prejudice. And my experience is that the longer an editor serves at the desk, the more conservative and the more considerate of the rights of others he becomes. I know of several newspapers in this State with an inflexible rule for their reporters that, whenever an item is secured that reflects on the character of an individual, that individual must be interviewed on the subject, and given a chance to tell his side of the story. Even the red-handed murderer, arrested in the perpetration of his crime, is followed to his cell by the reporter and is given a hearing.

"But," some reader observes, "why publish disagreeable things at all? Why subject the newspaper to such financial risk and the editor to such a strain of responsibility? Surely there are enough pleasant events to record and enough complimentary things to say, why not fill the paper with these?"

Because if the newspaper is anything, it must be the true record of events. It is the contemporaneous history of mankind. It cannot be reliable or of any value whatever as history unless it presents the dark side as well as the bright.

A newspaper filling its columns with matter that offended nobody would simply be an abomination, and would meet its merited death by starvation and slow torture. The public would be its executioners, and our friends, the pastors, would refuse to preside over the obsequies. The modern newspaper records the history of the civilized world for a day. Probably it is less prejudiced and more truthful than most histories that are written to record events long past. Take the opinions that historians sometimes express about each other, and we are bound to believe that some of them are sadly addicted to error. They discredit one another's work almost as much as newspapers do. Histories also destroy the reputations of individuals—sometimes unjustly—but their great advantage lies in the fact that the aggrieved party has generally gone to a bourne whence there is no return.

A newspaper should show that an important part of its mission is, for the right that needs assistance.

For the wrong that needs resistance a fulsome adulation of the right, and an indifference to the wrong in life can never make a good newspaper or a good man. Now, if we concede that the newspaper, in order to be of service to mankind and claim the right of existence must oppose something, and in doing so, must offend somebody,

against whom shall its efforts be directed?

It may be stated broadly that the newspaper holds up to public opprobrium only those transgressions which, by common agreement are regarded the most egregious of follies or the most flagitious of sins. A man may break eight or nine of the ten commandments in his own quiet way, and so long as he does not thrust his evil doing into the face of the public—so long as he commits no overt act that brings him into conflict with the law—he goes unwhipped of the press. The newspaper, in a great majority of cases, overlooks the follies and foibles of mankind, and even forgives an open sin seventy and seven times. But it eventually transpires that the evil-doer, grown bold through his long immunity from exposure and punishment, does something in open defiance of public morals or grossly infringing upon the rights of others. The time has come when society must raise a protest in self-protection. If all of its written and unwritten laws are to be overriden with impunity; if all of its standards are to be openly and ruthlessly trampled upon without punishment, the time will come when there will be neither laws nor standards—and then the deluge—then anarchy. The vigilant newspaper is the watch-dog of civil government. Its field of usefulnesss extends, not only throughout the domain of politics, but through all the ramifications of society and religion. Often the newspaper goes side by side with the law in the pursuit of evil-doers; often the newspaper goes in advance of the law and points the way. In either position the function of the press is legitimate; its justification is the protection of society. Show me a newspaper that refuses to recognize and condemn any particular kind of wickedness that threatens the rights of man or the good of society, and I will show you a paper that shirks a sacred duty.

The protection of the public from political abuses rests largely with the press, as everybody is willing to concede. But this service, great as it is, is probably exceeded by the protection that an honest and fearless press extends to the community in warning it of every danger that threatens. The press is an important factor in establishing and maintaining a high state of law and order.

It helps to guard us from burglars and footpads at night, and from sneak-thieves and sharpers by day. It is ever-vigilant in the pursuit of rogues until they are captured by the officers of the law; then it turns its search-lights upon the courts and holds them to an accountability. How does it accomplish this great service? By filling certain columns daily with reports of every infraction of law that a corps of lynx-eyed reporters can discover. By dragging criminals forth from their hiding-places and holding them up to public inspection. By making every swindling device the talk of the town and giving notoriety to the man who operates under an alias.

No doubt many people are not interested in this mass of police intelligence that is presented by the daily press; but it is of vital importance to the community that such intelligence be published. Some people will read it and every body will receive from it a certain measure of protection. It is of vital importance also that this police intelligence be accurate, circumstantial and searching. Rogues sometimes work to better advantage in a twilight than in pitchy darkness. Nothing discomfits them worse than the full light of day and the full light of the press. I venture that if in any one of our large cities, by common agreement the press should discontinue the publication of police items for six months, that city would swarm with knaves and cut-throats. With all criminal intelligence ignored, many of the courts would become lax in the administration of justice, and some would become venial and corrupt.

There is an old saying that it is easy for any man to be honest when he is well watched. The press watches many public officials so closely that it makes honest men of them. The good people who receive directly or indirectly the benefits of all this newspaper surveillance should contain themselves in patience. The moral shock they sustain from a class of published intelligence that they are not obliged to read is nothing compared with the inconvenience and loss which they might experience if rogues were to go forth unheralded and hold high carnival.

I may give you a very apt illustration of the pitfall into which a community is liable to fall when its press goes off duty by referring to the recent Panama scandal that shook France from center to circumference and threatened at one time to overthrow the government and percipitated a bloody revolution. In the official investigation of the management of the canal project, it was in evidence that princely sums had been disbursed to publishers of prominent Parisian journals. The money was paid for a double purpose; first to secure immunity from attack, and secondly to enlist the efforts of the corrupt press in a grand scheme to fleece the public. If the enterprise had not been a fraud from its inception, its managers would not have felt impelled to pay blackmail. If the purchasable press had not known that the scheme was corrupt it would not have demanded blackmail. One single newspaper with a character for truth-telling and a reasonably large circulation might have held out against the combination, and by exposing it, might have preserved for the people millions of francs of their hard-earned wealth. But the one honest journal was not forthcoming. The serial press of Paris sold its birthright for a mess of pottage and gave a most shameful exhibition of journalistic debauchery. One honest newspaper might have saved the people of France from the mortification and disgrace and loss of the Panama fiasco; might have kept scores of the foremost men of the nation from their downfall; might have turned aside without a ripple the mighty tide of indignation that came so near overturning the government and writing a new bloody chapter in the history of France.

But if that one honest journal had existed, and had dared to breast the popular sentiment of the time and expose the corrupt machinations of the Panama syndicate, we may be sure that it would have been obliged to stand a deal of abuse. Its editor would have been denounced as a blackmailer, an enemy to public enterprise, a cut-purse and a scoundrel. He might have been challenged to fight half a dozen duels and perhaps been ruined in business and hounded to his death.

Now let us take the case of an editor who has a conception of duty such as I have outlined, and let us place ourselves at his elbow for a few moments. He is in a position of grave responsibility to the body politic, to society at large, to the newspaper over whose destinies he presides, and to his individual interests. It will not do for him to adopt the lax policy, that "the easiest way is the best way," and thus evade the perplexing obligations that press upon him. He cannot play the coward, and successfully maintain his position as responsible editor. He has under consideration at this moment, we will say the case of a man who has announced himself as a candidate for an important public position. The editor knows that this man, whom we will call X, is totally unworthy the office that he seeks. He knows that X has defaulted in public and private trusts hitherto imposed in him. He knows that X is lacking in capacity as well as in integrity. But notwithstanding all this, X may stand fairly well in the community; the public may not know him as the editor does. X may be a member of the

same political party to which the editor's paper pays allegiance. X may hold a pew in a popular church; he may have many respectable and influential friends; he may be possessed of wealth and social position. Now the question arises in the editor's mind, "Shall I expose this man and advise the public of his true character, or shall I evade the responsibility and let him pass? After all it is not my individual concern; I shall gain nothing directly by exposing him, and I may lose a great deal." If the editor is methodical enough to draw a line and balance the *pros* and *cons* on either side of it, we might imagine a diagram like this:

Duty: Expose him	And—I shall excite his everlasting hostility. I shall alienate the good will of his friends, some of whom are friends of mine. I shall subject myself to personal abuse privately or from the stump or through the columns of an opposition newspaper. Many good people will hold up their hands in horror and call me an assassin of private character. I may weaken the influence of my paper in the party. I may be charged even with attempting to disrupt the party, and accused of every sort of ingratitude and disloyalty. I may turn away business from the paper, and, after all, I may not be able to convince the public that X is an unworthy man; he may triumph in the nomination and election and put me to shame.

Now I submit to the good critics of the press that this is not an apocryphal dilemma in which I have involved the the apocryphal editor. It is only a logical statement of the situation that often confronts him, and he knows it, and the public must recognize the fact when it is thus stated. But it is rarely thus stated. The editor himself does not present it for his own justification, for it is his holy of holies —the chamber of his conscience in which the public may not enter.

Now I ask, Upon which side of the line lies the higher moral principle? I ask whether the editor can satisfy his conscience by deciding that the easiest way is the best way. And yet the easiest way may lead into pleasant paths and into good repute, and into easy prosperity. Decide the question for me some of you good people who are fond of discoursing about the assassins of private character. Some of you who have so lightly fathomed the depths of your brother's conscience, tell me whether your plummet really touched bottom or not.

Do you not see now that an editor may be a moral hero, and yet be reviled of men for his very heroism?

I stated that the newspaper, if it fulfills its mission is a contemporaneous history of humanity. History, to be of any value must be true. But who can write a history of mankind and put only pleasant and praiseworthy things in it?

A lie that is half a truth is ever the worst of lies. The press is only the fallible record of a fallible race. It is complied by men who have the same frailties as those whose history they write. Any single issue of a metropolitan paper embodies the work of many different men. They do not all have the same mental and moral standards. The paper may not even be consistent with itself in different departments, and on different days. It may decide one question with moral heroism, and on another it may act the poltroon. It may not tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth even when it is at its best. It must necessarily be a strange conglomeration of good and bad, but the truth of its influence is for the protection of society and for the betterment of mankind. A newspaper falls short of perfection only in so far as it fails to utter the truth and the whole truth.

We shall never find the ultimate ideal of a paper until on the Day of Judgment, the Recording Angel presents his scroll. Therein we expect

to find recorded all the good and all the bad deeds of mankind. A merciful God spares us such a newspaper on earth.

What, then, is to be the outcome of this movement that I have lightly termed a fad? Why, nothing very perceptible as a direct result. The newspapers will continue in their perverse and sinful ways. The sensational journal will be sensational still, and will continue to receive its reward in the largest subscription list. The unscrupulous editor and the grasping business manager will not apparently mend their ways, and, by and by, the reformers will conclude that Ephraim is joined to his idols and they will let him go, while they turn their attention to other reforms with like results. And is this all? By no means. Somewhere, somehow, the sowers that went forth to sow have dropped fruitful seed in good ground. In time it will spring up and yield an hundred fold. The minds of some men and women and boys and girls have been touched; their consciences have been quickened; their ideals have been formed. If these men and women, and boys and girls do not preside over the destinies of the press now, they may do so sometime. Possibly a little loftier purpose, a little firmer grasp on principle, a little broader conception of duty may have been imparted to some men who now help to shape the policies and fill the columns of newspapers. If so, depend upon it, the result will be good, though the most ardent and persistent of the reformers may fail to recognize the fact.

And, one of these days when, our race shall have become better, the newspapers will be better. It is by just such imperceptible stages that the grand advance of mankind is made. After all, the newspaper is a very human thing.

WORTH.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

"IT 'S a shame!"

"Yes; one of the many great shames!"

"It need n't *be*, either; its all waywardness."

"I think it 's Fate. Fate covers a multitude of sins!"

"It 's want of taste, *I* say!"

"Such a beauty, too!"

"One can hardly tell, in dresses like those."

"She looks like a waitress."

"It only costs a couple of thousand to dress twice as well. They must be able to afford *that!*"

"Clothes are not all one cares for, you know. How about bills for provender? Should they *eat* nothing?" asked a pretty creature, in a costume not only rich and fashionable, but delicate and charming.

"One never eats anything, if there are no servants to speak of," replied a huge belle, whose dressmaker always had to take her heavy eyebrows into consideration.

"*They* eat up our meat, comfits and pasties, while we make out on snipe and terrapin."

"Well, I think a woman who dresses as shockingly plainly as Faustin's wife, is simply ostentatiously posing," cried the bride of the party, who struck one as something graceful made of paper and lace, and filled principally with effervescence—a kind of confectionery surprise.

"It must make poor Faustin perfectly furious to see his wife such a zero," was the contribution to the plate of comment of a plump little thing, incapable of looking distinguée,

but as tightly clothed as an apple. She smiled as though she were a mask of Comedy, and her mammoth pearl ear-rings were important to excess in proportion to her height, suggesting the side-lights of a brougham. "He used to be very fond of dashing girls," she continued, holding the attention of the other women, because they paused to pity her confessed but futile attempt to rise to her dressmaker's requirements. "And he never asked a bungler in effects to sit beside him on the front seat, you know! Well, he has had to take in his pride in more matters than one, by that marriage, poor fellow!"

The door opened in the distance, and into the *salon* where Elise Shayrer was at home for a special purpose, entered Faustin and his wife.

Faustin himself was handsome, glistening with health and youth and elegance. And she was, oh, so young! She was straightly supple as a willow sapling. You saw nothing very definitely but her face and hair. She looked as happy as a kitten that has just been made acquainted with rolling spools and dainty strings; and she was as dignified (just now) as the kitten when being asked to frisk.

Faustin had only run in for a moment. He knew it was foolish of him to call; but he was unblushingly devoted to his young wife of a year. Everybody thought it the one stupid thing which he could be accused of ever having done, this being so untiringly devoted to his wife. What could it mean? Did he pretend to imply that Mrs. Faustin was the most wonderful creature in existence? A sort of Helen? Did not we all know that Helen was the only woman possible who could please wayward fancy forever? *Oh*, why did a man so disappoint one in one's estimate of his intelligence!

So, in a few minutes, Faustin got up to go, and made as if he were not looking at his wife, while successfully conveying to her that he wanted her to meet him in an hour for a drive.

"Yes, my Worth gowns have come!" Elise Shayrer was saying to the group of young women, "and a Virot hat, and a few other odds and ends."

"Odds and ends," murmured one of the listeners, breathless with awe. "Oh, have n't we come here to-day to *worship* such *trifles* as you've got from Paradise—no, I mean Paris?"

"Are n't you ever going to be ready to show 'em to us, Elise?" begged the huge belle, with the eyebrows that seemed to shout.

"Instantly, if you say so," replied Elise. "I think," she remarked, as they all sprang up, and as she passed near Phyllis Faustin, on her way to the staircase, "I think you and I are about of a size, Phyllis."

Everybody streamed up the stairs; not "golden stairs," but at any rate broad and stately and carved by hand. And there was forthwith an exhibition of Elise's new clothes, whereat the girls and young women were as earnest and keen as old artists could have managed to be over works by Rembrandt and Rousseau.

"Enchanting!" ejaculated Phyllis Faustin.

Elise laughed.

"Hear her!" she cried. "She, who usually scorns clothes that are ornamental, is at last aroused by Worth's genius!"

"No, I don't scorn ornamental clothes," laughed back Phyllis.

"We call you *Simplicitas*, behind your little back," exclaimed one of the girls, somewhat pertly.

"*And what else?*" asked Phyllis, with a roguish smile.

"One of the prettiest women in New York," the bride burst out, good-naturedly, and entirely forgetting that she was one of Phyllis's severest out-of-hearing critics. I would give *anything* to see that Virot hat on your head, Mrs. Faustin. Do, do, *do* put it on. May n't she, Elise?"

"May n't she? She must!" Elise announced, approaching Phyllis threateningly with the hat.

Most of the young women present

knew that Elise had planned to initiate Phyllis into the splendors and fascinations of costly dressing by inviting her to attend this "private view" of the latest acquisitions from Worth's studio. It was lovely to have the performance opened, after days of waiting.

"Oh, do let's have a grand dressing up, just like those when we were children!" a voice sang out from some one who wanted to second Elise's efforts and make them seem all the more impromptu. "Phyllis, put on the Felix wrap, and the hat, dear, and parade back and forth!"

No sooner said than done. Phyllis gave up her hat and jacket, and Elise tricked her out in a few thousand dollars' worth of ideas in clothes.

Everybody screamed, and Phyllis was conducted to the cheval-glass, and asked to look at herself.

She blushed, and her eyes fell, for fear she should look vain. Oh, how pretty she had seen herself to be! They were all in ecstasies; and it is fortunate that Elise Shayrer was never easily flustered or hurt; for it was evident that her clothes were nothing on *her*, in comparison.

"It is a wide-spread abuse," asserted she, recklessly, "that you don't wear the finest things fashioned all the time, child! How these stuffs and shapes bring you out! Don't you *feel* it, Phyllis? You look so calm, and there you are, a beauty to lead beauty anywhere!"

Phyllis made a little obeisance in honor of this speech; and all the onlookers screamed.

"What *is* it?" demanded poor Mrs. Faustin, getting a thought angry.

"Oh, you did look so stunningly when you bowed your head!" gasped the bride. "You can't think how these artists bring out one's attitudes. It is perfectly marvelous and irresistibly appalling, what these Parisians accomplish!"

"Take the things off!" Phyllis directed, turning to the maid.

"Very good," cried Elise, "but now comes Worth himself, so to speak. You must put on my dinner dress. Then I can see it *myself*, as I never shall when I wear it. Now, do be an angel. I mean, stay an angel right straight along! Bring the dress, Fanny," she added, leading Phyllis to an adjacent boudoir, and she threw back over her shoulder in the most gleeful exclamation the words: "What fun this is, girls!"

Absolute silence greeted Phyllis when she again stepped from the boudoir, attired in the regal dinner dress. She really was so lovely, so distinguée, that the on-lookers forgot their tongues for awhile.

"I'm simply going to give her that dress," Elsie sighed, sinking into the nearest chair. She looks so in it, I *must*."

To tell the truth, Elise could do anything she chose, that cost money.

"Oh, no; thanks!" answered Phyllis, to this offer, glancing around the circle of faces like a princess royal.

"There; didn't we tell you that you despised magnificent clothes? screamed the bride in silvery tones.

"I don't, all the same," persisted the young wife. But I can't afford them, even as a gift."

"Don't tell us you're an oddity," implored the big belle.

"Perhaps she's only a bluestocking," suggested some one. "Though that is awful enough."

"You ought to consider your husband," said Elise, solemnly. "Just think how happy it would make him to see you set off in this way!"

"It's just because I consider him," answered Phyllis, flashing out a brief little smile that "told," and then vanished. She looked, for a second, into the great cheval-glass by her side. "I would not have my husband see me now for all the world," she murmured. "He would be ruined if he did."

"Faint heart never won any kind of success," retorted Elise. "Suppose your husband were stimulated to some brilliant *coup* on the street

from seeing how your beauty demands creations in velvet and brocade?"

"Especially a combination of pale-blue velvet and white and gold brocade," chipped in a young girl, who blushed with her effort to be quite fair toward the exquisite creature standing before them all.

"Bah!" laughed Phyllis. "How many women have thought that—and the *coup* has proved a boomerang! Come, Elise, I must be going, dear, as I have an engagement; and besides, I am catching cold with all this neck-and-arms display."

"Would you believe," said the tight little millionairess, who might as well have been an apple, when Phyllis had faded beyond the boudoir door, "that a color and a lace could do so much?"

"And would you believe," broke out the effervescent bride again, "that even Worth, combining effects in any way he chose, could make the shivers course over your soul like the breezes on a lake!"

As young Mrs. Faustin drove through the Park with her husband, half an hour later, he felt that, for the first time since he had known her, a shade of sadness tinged her demeanor. Whatever moods Phyllis may have had, they were never melancholy—dread word! In every way Faustin now tried to "draw" his wife "out," but she played with him and put him off, for hours; she frisked around chairs, as it were, out of his way, but yet looking a trifle sad all the time.

The next morning she took a brougham, and told the man to drive to Redfern's.

Her orders being obeyed, and the brougham having drawn up to the curb, the door of the vehicle did not open. The driver soon peeped around in surprise. Had he perhaps driven off from Mrs. Faustin's door without his passenger, after all? He got down and looked in at the carriage window.

"Redfern's, ma'am," says he.

"Who said Redfern's to you?" snapped Phyllis, her eyes even bigger and brighter than usual. "Drive to —East Fifteenth street."

When the carriage moved off from the curbstone, at the funeral pace adopted by hired conveyances, in a state of surprise, Phyllis, within the hearse, for she so felt it to be, burst into tears.

What were those strange words which she was saying to herself, over and over again?

"Two thousand dollars in the bank; two thousand dollars in the bank for my husband!"

She alighted at the door of a large house, and was admitted to its vast and dark interior. Here her widowed mother boarded; an invalid who had been a great beauty not long before, but who was now broken and blanched by reverses of fortune. Phyllis found her mother among the dimly discernable furniture of a dim and forlorn parlor, of which the tall windows seemed to have no genial capacity for light. The young woman sank down by the shadowy figure on the sofa, and exclaimed:

"Dear, would you like to see me dressed in Redfern gold braid and magnificence, to say nothing of Worth?"

Like all invalids, Phyllis's mother enjoyed being mentally startled, and pronounced the word "nonsense!" in a stately, pleased way.

"You know," she added, "that I do not believe in a woman's dressing finely, and pinching somewhere else desperately. Tell me what you mean!"

However, Phyllis would not divulge a word more on her part as to why she had breached the subject of clothes. It is much better to fight one's battles alone, if one only can. The breath lost in explanation and complaint is greatly needed for wrestling with the enemy.

Phyllis made her mother extremely happy by her charming ways and merry touches of fun, and the big dark room seemed alive with a cheery breeze, and the sunlight actually col-

ored the windows a yellow hue! A palm in a Japanese jar, standing by the sofa, shot out a tender green sword, rustling, that had not been visible before. The canary woke up and sang for all it was worth, which was twenty dollars. Then the young woman gave her mother a warm-hearted hug and departed.

Was she right or was she wrong? Was she a fool, or a wise little angel? Phyllis asked herself these questions more than once, in looking at her wardrobe, her almost prim simplicity of elegance, and thinking of her husband's delight in her prettiness, though he did not dream of its possibilities. Would he not be a million times happier if his wife shone out in "things"? For a few days she gazed at clothes; she studied hats as if they were profound. If she had only known how sweet she looked, all the time!

Then she asked Faustin, at dinner:

"Dearest, do you think I give you good enough fare? Do I set a meagre table?"

The answer was prompt and cordial.

"Meagre? I never had such fetching dishes! I don't see how in the world you do it, on what I can give you on the bills, little Wonder!"

Faustin was especially full of spirits that evening. He told laughable stories; almost burst out singing, now and then, and kept murmuring across the small round table the cabalistic words: "Oh, my! What a beauty!"

But when they had gone up-stairs to Phyllis's parlor, the young wife saw a strange thing. It was pictured in an ornamental mirror that ought not to have lent itself to the reflection of such tragedy. Faustin was caught on the concave surface in the act of putting his hands to his head with a gesture of misery, and then wringing his hands, all silently. Phyllis's eyes were turned in the direction of the tell-tale glass and observed these motions made behind her back. Her heart stood still for ever so long, and then burned with terror. She turned like a dancing light, and he smiled back at her brilliant stare.

"What is it?" she asked.

"What is what?" Faustin calmly retorted.

"I saw you do it!" she said.

He thrust his hands into his pocket and looked angry; very angry.

"Which?" he demanded.

Phyllis did not lose sight of the main point; and that was, that her husband was in trouble, and that she was sorry for him, and would have liked to help him in some way. So she bore his very first impertinence of manner towards her without winking. "You regret you married me!" she said, archly and engagingly.

He burst out laughing, for answer,

"Well, then," proceeded Phyllis, "You've found our investment in Florida *land* is only *water!*"

"Wife, what has got hold of you? It's no such thing!"

"Have you joined a Suicide Club, Phyllis?"

"*Well*, whatever it is,—what are you going to *do* about it?"

"My precious angel, I—I'm all right;—it's—it's nothing;—I don't want to tell you a lie;—so, please don't ask me any more questions, Phyllis!"

He had turned pale, and she thought he had grown very thin in the last few minutes. He exclaimed: "It *isn't* the toothache;" and half smiled, sighing, really relieved that at any cost he had not fortified himself with so mean an advantage as he might have taken.

"You must tell me," replied Phyllis simply.

"Ridiculous!" This is not for women—this affair of mine!" said Faustin. "You should be thankful that business does not turn and rend you, as it sometimes rends us men."

She positively clapped her hands; yet as if not certain that she could allow her good spirits to have their way.

"Now, is that kind?" Faustin asked. "Your pleased look is sin-

gularly galling, my dear; though I don't wish you to be in the least miserable, of course."

"Would you like two thousand dollars?" she exclaimed.

Faustin was silent for a moment and then almost groaned, and said dryly: "I would like it very much. But don't let us waste time with vain regrets."

"Why vain? But tell me, sir, would you like me to dress more expensively?"

"You rush between the extremes of heaven and earth," he answered, with one of his penetrating glances of admiration. "Your clothes are sweet little concerns; but your *face*—the *you* about you.—Do you suppose I want you to be a shop-counter, a peddler's basket of variety? That soft, folded silk stuff you have on, the color of the under-side of a leaf—do you want to dress any better than that, Dryad? Do you want to frighten us all by being brittle at the waist; or impersonate a Saxon queen in a grand revival of royal robes, flowing from your shoulders; or ask us to take in the gargogles of French style which have been fastened to the graceful proportions of your figure? As far as I can see, you have just taste enough about your apparel, with some to spare for other lines of self-cultivation. Don't let the women bother you. They look as if sprites had been painting on them for fun;—a daub here of embroidery or velvet, and a flourish there of frill or lace. As for the hats—well, women can look pretty through anything! Then, the diamonds—. You never shall have many of those, Phyllis, even if I grow insolently rich. Ah, that reminds me. I must run over to my father's for a moment, dear, on business. I must see him about something—at once. Ah—why can't we be happy just a little more like the birds and fishes? How we men have to beat our brains to get ahead of each other in this city life! And sometimes we trust each other too easily, and then it is not *we* who shine in gorgeous clothes and glistening coaches—those longed-for prizes of every little monkey among us! Phyllis, I'm raving!—*You* are such a goddess of simplicity and loveliness! But don't change—don't ape the styles of Worth, or covet the jewels raked together upon another woman's breast! So, good-bye, for a short time!"

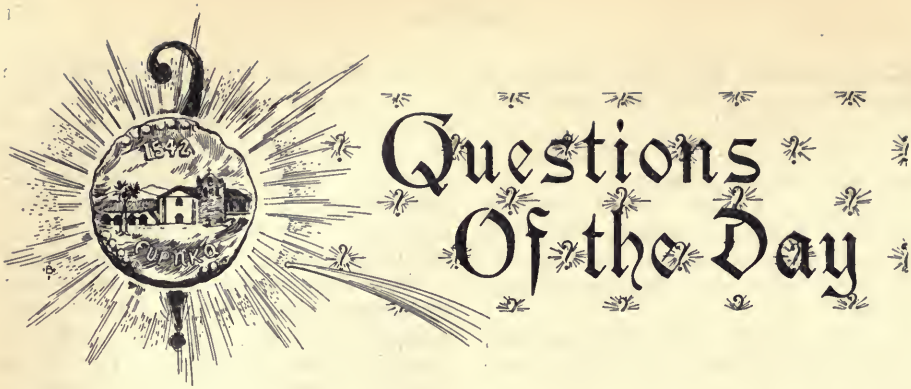
"Was it deceptive of me?" cried Phyllis, springing in front of him, as he turned, in half suppressed agony, to leave the room. "I've saved up on the dress and housekeeping funds you've showered upon me, thinking a surprise might please you. My little bank-book says that there's two thousand in the bank, and its all for you!"

Faustin gazed and gazed at her. If he had looked for a hundred years he never would have seen a shade of the trouble she may have felt hitherto from the undertaking, now that she had done right.

"Dear Love!" he said.

I ask any wife if Phyllis were not repaid by those two words for all her sacrifices for her husband's sake? What are like the words of love which are pronounced by a man of generosity and integrity? Who can earn them? Only those who smile when they might weep, who do not squander when they are trusted, and who give the best of their thoughts, smiles and beauty to earn, if it be possible, in the hour of suffering, these gems of life—the words:

"Dear Love!"



THE RECENT ELECTIONS—A REPUBLICAN VIEW.

THE recent elections are very significant, not so much with reference to mere party success, but as indications that the people have become alarmed at a change of policies on Democratic lines. They may be regarded as a rebuke to the President. The American people never have and they never will tolerate the methods of a dictator in an executive. Mr. Cleveland seems to regard his views as the consummation of human wisdom.

Hard times are always charged to the party in power, but in the present case there is no doubt that they have been produced in large part by the fear that our industries would be disturbed through tinkering with the tariff on the lines invented by John C. Calhoun, and in the interest of foreign labor and capital. Under the best circumstances there is uncertainty as to what the Democratic party will do, and hence its accession to power naturally unsettles business. The country feels that there is an insufficiency of the circulating medium, and as it has been reduced since the present administration came into power, and as the President indicates no plan for increase, the people have for this reason expressed their disapproval at the polls.

There is nothing to prevent Republican success next year and at the next Presidential election, except a failure on the part of leaders to comprehend and act in accord with the tendency of public thought. If they have too much confidence in success and disregard the popular views the party will fail. To maintain permanence a political party must be progressive.

Of course there will now appear numbers of Republican candidates for the Presidency as the prospect for success is so excellent. The tremendous majority for McKinley in Ohio will make his name very prominent. It is no new name, for he has been talked of for several years. His position on the tariff question will be satisfactory, but his financial views may be unpopular in the South and West. The administration and Congress may be so frightened that the pledge to make radical changes may be disregarded. Many things may occur within the next three years that will put a new phase upon political conditions. Candidates had better not be discussed for the present. It is wiser for both parties to make a study of conditions as they appear from day to day, and to adapt their action to the wants of the country.

POPULAR UNEASINESS.

There is an unusual feeling of uneasiness throughout the world. There are troubles in Brazil, Central America, Northern and Southern Africa, and strikes and turbulence in many European countries, and idleness and dissatisfaction among the laboring classes in the United States.

We wonder if these are precursors of more serious affairs. The rulers of European nations are constantly proclaiming their peaceful intentions, but their armies are on a war footing and ready to march at the tap of the drum, and no one knows when the spark will fall among and ignite the combustibles, and cover the continent with a blaze of war. As the laboring masses are everywhere uneasy, war may be set on foot as a means of averting internecine disturbances. The masses in the civilized nations evidently aspire to better circumstances which they will never realize without exist-

ing institutions in the old countries are overturned or modified.

In this country involuntary idleness was never so great; there are hundreds of thousands of people who must in some way be provided with work or fed through public and private charity. It is a Christian duty to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but such charity extended to large numbers is impoverishing, and if continued long, will have a deleterious effect upon its objects. A great people should be able to devise ways for furnishing employment to all who are willing to work. It is better for individuals and for the nation. Idle habits are dangerous to the best of men. It is when times are unpropitious that there is a demand for statesmanship.

Uneasiness and turbulent tendencies result either in improving the condition of the masses or in the reverse. The latter was more usual until the last century or two. The masses are becoming better informed as to their natural rights, and gaining independence of spirit. Progress is generally on the wing in most of the European nations and more especially in this country. Governments are more cautious than formerly in the use of force to repress, and are more disposed to appease through reformatory measures. Forcible repression in this country is out of the question, and we look for the suggestion of measures that will remove idleness and uneasiness from our midst. When industry prevails in this country and it is properly rewarded, peace and contentment inevitably follow.

THE IRISH BILL NOT TO BE TAKEN UP.

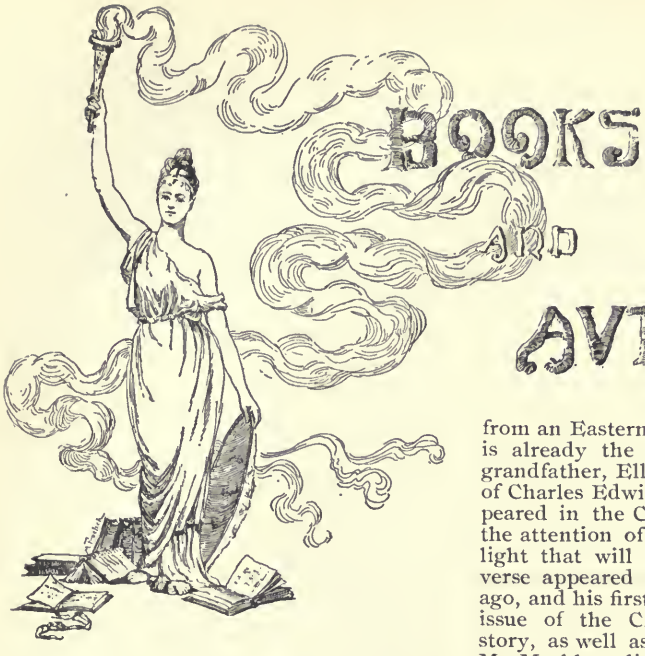
Mr. Gladstone does not seem inclined to take up the Irish Home Rule Bill, and again send it to the House of Lords. The majority on the part of the Peers is overwhelming, while the Gladstonian majority in the Commons is very slender. According to the British rule a second rejection by the Lords compels the dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the country. There is not sufficient strength of public opinion in the United Kingdom in favor of Irish Home Rule to warrant an attack upon the House of Lords with a view to its disestablishment or limitation of power. Sentiment in England is largely against the Irish bill and Gladstone holds a majority in the Commons through Scotch and Irish votes. An appeal to the people on the Irish question alone would likely result in liberal discomfiture. Should Gladstone die there seems to be no one in the Liberal party capable of taking his place.

The Irish question to an extent involves religious antagonisms. The Home Rulers in Ireland are mainly Roman Catholic, and the opponents in that country are intense Protestants. The votes of the bishops of the national church in the House of Lords were solidly against the Home Rule bill. In religious controversies statesmanship has no part. As matters now stand it does not look as if Ireland stands much chance to gain control of her own domestic affairs.

In the present session it seems apparent that little else than English affairs will be attended to. It is probably a matter of justice that should be done, and it is a wise political program, for with England neglected and solidly against the Liberals there would be no chance for them to retain control of the government.

THE CHINESE.

The Detroit Free Press expresses surprise that the CALIFORNIAN, published in the heart of the anti-Chinese country, should have the temerity to publish an article advocating the Chinaman. The CALIFORNIAN is bound by no party or faction; it has no limitations; it aims to present to its readers both sides of all the great questions of the day, and especially, those which affect the Pacific Coast. The various phases of the Chinese question have been discussed in a series of articles by the Rev. F. K. Masters, the well known Chinese Missionary of the Pacific Coast, who has ably presented the claims of the Chinese, while the other side has been given by the Hon. Thomas Geary, framer of the Geary Bill, and others. In our last issue, Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, gave expression to an opinion that will possibly excite some comment and will be a surprise to many who hold anti-Chinese views.



THERE is in the West, especially on the Pacific Coast, a decided literary activity and growth. California has been rich in material in the past and gives good promise for the future. The very air is suggestive of mental vigor, and the conditions are such as to stamp the work with strong individuality. Californians regret to see Ina Coolbrith leave California. Her work, so strong and impressionable, has a warm corner in the hearts of the people. Miss Coolbrith has written little prose, that we remember, but will contribute a paper to the CALIFORNIAN soon, on an almost forgotten writer.

Among the many writers, attracting attention, is Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, whose delightful works, published by the Century Company and Scribner's, have found a wide circle of readers. Mr. Lummis has lived among the Pueblos, and seems to have imbibed their feeling, and presents scenes that can only be compared to Bandelier's in their light and local color. "The Delight Makers" of the latter writer is one of the happiest titles of the year.

Grace Ellery Channing, of Pasadena, one of the earliest contributors to the CALIFORNIAN, is producing stories that place her in the front rank of the fiction writers of the day. Her "Basket of Anita" will be remembered as a charming bit of romance, a mere suggestion, showing true art, while her tale in a late Scribner's is a decided advance. Miss Channing does not confine herself to prose; many examples of her verse will be found in the back volumes of the CALIFORNIAN. Her stories will soon appear in book form from an Eastern publishing house, and she is already the author of a work on her grandfather, Ellery Channing. The poetry of Charles Edwin Markham, which has appeared in the CALIFORNIAN, has attracted the attention of purists who see in him a light that will not fail. Mr. Markham's verse appeared in Scribner's several years ago, and his first story was given in the last issue of the CALIFORNIAN. It is a life story, as well as a strong study of a type. Mr. Markham lives on the slope of the green hills back of Oakland, above the world, where the bee hums on Christmas day, and golden pollen from a thousand wild flowers constitute the snowstorms. Not a mile from Markham and his famous Swinburnian library, is Joaquin Miller, the apostle of Morris, and the scene of his experiments with all men as a brother, "sweetness and light," while not far away, over the hills, lives Ambrose Bierce, whose genius burns brightly; a search-light the literary fakir is apt to deem it.

Gertrude Atherton belongs in the sunlight that pours down upon these hills. The fact that Mrs. Atherton, one of the brightest women California has produced, lives in New York, is suggestive that we do not appreciate the good things that are given us; but perhaps this is not true. Still California cannot afford to allow Mrs. Atherton to live in New York, or Ina Coolbrith to become an alien. Among the poets who are, and who are to be, in California, one whose modest praises are unsung because she has that attribute of real genius, modesty, is Flora McDonald Shearer, of San Francisco. Miss Shearer does not appear to have been discovered by the world at large for the very good reason mentioned. Some of her verse has been published in the CALIFORNIAN, and is remarkable for its purity of diction.

Columbian literature is still appearing and among the best books is "In the Wake of Columbus," by Frederick A. Ober, a beautiful volume, containing over two hundred illustrations, making an attractive holiday gift.

Mr. Ober's plan of study is as follows: "Starting with the inception of the enterprise in Spain, carrying the action across the Atlantic to the last landfall, through the Bahamas to Cuba, thence to the coast of Hayti, the first settlement at Isabella, the initial attempt at discovery in Espanola, showing where gold was found and the first cities started," the author follows the adventures of Columbus, making them vivid by inserting parallel adventures of his own.

The form of personal narrative adds to the interest as well as enhances the authentic value of the book. Besides describing the chief features of the Columbian land as it has existed in natural characteristics since the day of the great navigator, the author adds information upon the present social industrial and political conditions of the various places. Mr. Ober went to Spain to study the beginnings of American history; but to the average reader the chief interest of the book will begin with his arrival on these shores.

The whole book is an important addition to the means of studying Columbus, and the author has performed his task admirably.

Readers of the CALIFORNIAN who have enjoyed in its pages the prose and verse of Robert Beverly Hale will welcome his little book of verse, *Elsie and Other Poems*,[1] each of which well represents Mr. Hale's attractive style. This little volume should find a welcome place on the library table.

Young people appear to be especially fortunate this year. Scores of beautiful books are seen on the counters of the bookstores, laden with good things in the way of pictures and good tidings as well. An attractive little volume is *Everybody's Fairy Godmother*,[2] by Dorothy Q., a good story, well told, which can be heartily commended to the young reader.

The Little Heroine of Poverty Flat,[3] by Elizabeth M. Comfort, is a charming story of a little girl who was as brave as she was beautiful, and whose well-told life should be a good example to many a girl and boy as well. The story is laid in the Rocky Mountains. The book which is bound in a new style, its white cover glistening with what appears to be particles of ice, is well illustrated with scenes among the ice and snow of the great range. The volume is a good example of the axiom that truth is as strange as fiction.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood has written a number of good books for young people and *The White Islander*[4] is no exception. The author takes us to the island of Mackinac, so rich in Indian tradition, and weaves a most interesting romance, so interesting, in fact, that no young reader who takes it up will lay it down unfinished. The volume is artistically bound, as one might expect from the Century Co., and illustrated with many attractive engravings.

Windfalls of Observation,[5] gathered for the edification of the young and the solace of others, by Edward Sandford Martin, well carries out what its title suggests, and both young and old will be edified by reading it. There are chapters on the horse, climate, travel, habit, death, college and a variety of subjects, all written with a literary skill and cleverness, delightful to the reader. The little volume is well-furnished and bears the imprint of the Scribner's—a reason in itself that the book should be bought and read.

The Rev. Washington Gladden wrote for the Century Club, some time ago, a paper which he called *The Cosmopolis City Club*.[6] It created a decided sensation at the time, and the Century Co. have wisely brought it out in attractive book form. As a result of the story, several societies have been formed in various parts of the country in the interests of law and order as outlined in "The Cosmopolis City Club." The author says: "I hope that this book may help to stir up the pure minds of a great many good citizens to think soberly and patiently upon the most important practical questions now before the people." If some philanthropist would place one of these books in the hands of every voter, and he would read it, better men would dominate in public life. A book to possess, to read and to keep. In publishing such works the Century Co. is doing a public service.

In glancing over the wealth of text-books which are issued every year the reader cannot fail to contrast the facilities which the youth of to-day possess over those of three or four decades ago. The text-books are in the main written by distinguished specialists in the various departments. This thought is suggested by a glance at a number of text-books issued by the American Book Company. The *Anabasis and Æneid*[7] by Dr. Harper, President of Chicago University, assisted by Professors Wallace and Miller, form part of Dr. Harper's celebrated Inductive Classical Series, the publication of which has been said to have revolutionized the teaching and study of the classics in this country. Both books have been accepted in most of the leading colleges and schools. A new feature is noticed in the twelve full-page illustrations reproduced from old paintings and statues, which adds much to the artistic and esthetic value of the books. These books can be commended as beyond criticism, representing the most scholarly thought of the country.

Swinton's School History[8] is a revised and enlarged manual containing new features, new illustrations, new maps, in fact,

[1] R. B. Hall & Co., Boston, $1.00.
[2] Tait Sons & Co., N. Y.
[3] Thos. Whittaker, N. Y., 50c.
[4] Century Co., N. Y.
[5] Chas. Scribner's Sons.
[6] Century Co., N. Y.
[7] American Book Co., N. Y., $1.50.
[8] American Book Co., N. Y.

is a new book. In looking it over one notices many features that commend themselves to the teacher—its clear, concise paragraphing, simple and direct construction, a new method of topical review. The book is admirably illustrated with maps and pictures, and is worthy the marked success that has followed it.

A new edition of Scotts's *Lady of the Lake*[1] is the latest addition to the American Book Company's series of English classics for schools. The series embraces the works usually read in academies and preparatory schools. The books are of uniform size and binding, the notes frequent and helpful. The series should meet with a most favorable reception by schools, and the general reader will find it a most admirable addition to the library.

California and everything Californian will probably receive more attention this winter than ever before. Thousands of Eastern people, seeking change and a more even temperature, will enter our State at the south and leisurely traveling northward will visit the most important of our Missions. To be in readiness for these visitors W. K. Vickery, of San Francisco, has prepared the *Missions of Alta California*. Twelve photogravures of unusual merit, by the Photogravure Company of New York, form the basis of the work. The clearness of these photo-gravures and their superiority to silver print photographs impress one at once. We may instance the Mission of San Antonio, and say that we can scarcely conceive of any improvement in this picture so far as reproduction goes. Twelve pages of letterpress, giving a short but interesting history of each Mission accompanies the pictures. Facts not generally known are recorded, such, for instance, as the foundation-stone of the Mission Dolores, containing the bones of some of the saints brought all the way from Europe. Some introductory verses delightful in themselves, are written by Mrs. Vickery. The sheets, which are loose, are placed in a parchment portfolio of quite an original character. It represents an old map of California with the names of the Missions represented printed on it in their relative position to each other geographically. For originality of design, for its artistic quality, and for its historical information we would very strongly recommend this portfolio to our visitors and to such of our residents who wish to send a souvenir to friends in the East.

Bishop John H. Vincent's name on the title page of a book is a guarantee of something good, and in the little leather-bound daintily prepared volume, *The Holy Waiting*,[2] we have a collection of thoughts that will receive a warm welcome from many readers. As the author says, it is a handbook for Christians, and intended for home meditation. It would be a choice inexpensive gift to a friend.

Among the critics of America none hold a warmer place in the affections of the masses of people than William Winter, so long the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune. Mr. Winter, with his gentle poetic nature, so thoroughly appreciative of the ideal in art and literature, is just the one to wander through the scenes of Skakespeare's life and plays in England and make an endearing record of them, a record at once artistic and attractive. This he has done in his latest book, *Shakespeare's England*.[3] The sketches he need not tell us were written "out of love for the subject," as this is apparent in every line of the delightful book, delightful in every way, from its rich and quaint binding to the artistic illustrations. Every lover of Shakespeare should possess this book which will find readers in every land where the English tongue is spoken. *Guert Ten Eyck*,[4] by W. O. Stoddard. 8vo. The book is full of stirring incident; there is not a dull page from cover to cover. The times of which Mr. Stoddard writes were not dull times for the Yankee boys, and the disclosure of the cave with its treasures is, with all its realism, as fascinating as a bit from the "Arabian Nights. Mr. Merrill's fine illustrations add much to the dramatic interest, and the typographical features of the book are all that could be desired.

In *David Balfour*,[5] Robert Louis Stevenson has had added another claim to the long list that he has before the reading public. His style is inimitable, and "David Balfour," while not in some respects so pleasing as "Kidnapped," is a masterpiece, and takes its place with the best fiction of the day. The book is more than clever, and is a credit to the genius of the South Sea. The publishers have given the volume a sumptuous dress.

Ota Masayoshi of San Francisco has collected a number of Japanese proverbs and translated them for the benefit of American readers, making a most attractive little work The author extends the book as a memorial of the Columbian Exhibition. Some of the proverbs call to mind our own while others are essentially Japanese—"Trouble proceeds from the mouth," "The bat hanging upside down, laughs at the topsy-turvy world," "A quick temper hurts itself," "Life's road is the same to high or low," "Tiger and deer do not play together," are some which will illustrate the scope. The volume is issued by the author and should have a wide sale for its intrinsic value as a contribution to the translated literature of Japan.

[1] American Book Co., N. Y.
[2] Hunt & Eaton, N. Y., 75c.
[3] Macmillan & Co., N. Y.
[4] D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, $1.50.
[5] Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

BY EDWARD FREEMAN WELLES.

THE city of Colorado Springs was founded on the thirty-first day of July, 1871, when a party of ladies and gentlemen, interested in the building of the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., then under construction, assembled upon the open plain, unbroken save by one primitive, mud-plastered log-cabin, and deeply impressed by the natural beauties of the place, the bracing purity of the air, and the proximity of the wonderful Manitou Mineral Springs, drove the first stake in the townsite of Colorado Springs. The location was made with a view to establishing an ideal resort, an abiding city, a Spa in the Rocky Mountains.

Situated as the spot was in the midst of conditions so favorable to this end, surrounded by all of Nature's most lavish endowments, with everything to charm the eye and content the heart, they saw with prophetic vision the successful culmination of their hopes, a beautiful city of most advanced civilization, a city of homes, a haven of rest for the sick and enfeebled, a sanitorium whose fame should reach all nations. Where that little cabin stood in its solitude, twenty-two years ago, is now gathered a community of about 15,000 souls, famous for its beauty and sanitary properties.

The growth of Colorado Springs from its inception savors nothing of the traditional characteristics of the wild West. It was born of patrician blood and has not departed from the tenets of its ancestry. It differs fundamentally from the typical Western town, in that it has always offered inducements to persons of high moral status, of education, wealth and refinement. Its immediate railroad connection, having had one from the first, was of great advantage, keeping it in constant touch with civilization and the rest of the world. Of more importance still was the fact that it never permitted a saloon or dance-hall within its limits, for this was enough in itself to keep away the ordinary riffraff and dissolute throng that usually colors the early years of Western towns. As the city's reputation was in large measure to be built upon its *waters*, the manufacture and sale of intoxicants was strictly inhibited from the first, and the law to-day enters into

the conditions of every transfer of real property. The saloon is a thing unknown, there is not one.

A subtle and amusing commentary upon the character and tone of the city is conveyed in the words of an old-timer, who, in the early days, when it was yet young, stood on the summit of a bluff in the vicinity and warned his comrade against entering the place.

"Don't you never go thar, pard," said he. "Don't never set foot in that ar' town. Why, ther' aint a place whar you kin get a smile in the hull camp, and they keep six Shakespeare clubs runnin' all the year 'roun'!"

Cosmopolitan in every sense of the word, and constantly receiving increments of new blood, the society is always brilliant and interesting, never tiresome. There is one drawback, the occasional loss of one of its choice members, who, having entirely recovered his health, for which he may have come, returns to his old home. It is a significant fact that these are always ardent missionaries in its behalf.

Colorado Springs has been said to lie in "an amphitheater of mountain and mesa, pine and plain;" but it occupies a more conspicuous position than this, at an elevation of 6,000 feet it is spread upon a stupendous stage, whence it commands the beauties of the whole gorgeous panorama around about. Its background is the eternal range, tumbled about with cyclopic grandeur, pile on pile, declivity supporting declivity, until, surmounted by the snow-capped Peak, the central figure, its rugged outline is boldly projected against the western sky. When the fleecy clouds appear as they sometimes do at evening time, the setting sun clothes them with a wealth of color and glory beside which the brilliant imagination and skill of Turner is tame. Like gorgeous painted rings, the rosy stratum of rocks, a perfect peach-blow tint, upheaved from its prehistoric bed, skirts, with only an occasional break, the entire length of the range. Standing on edge, as it were, and of a height varying from one hundred to four hundred feet, it presents a most striking contrast with the surrounding landscape, culminating in its *piece de resistance*, that master-stroke of nature, the "Gateway of the Garden of the Gods.

THE BROADMOOR CASINO.

The amphitheater is the broad and fertile prairie which spreads itself at the city's feet, unbroken until it rises again in the slopes of the Appalachians.

The prairies and mesas are covered with myriads of brilliant-hued flowers, each in its turn lending the general hue to the landscape as it preponderates in its season, now scarlet, now white, now purple, now yellow. A volume could be, and has been, written upon the flowers of Colorado, and the sweet poet, Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H."), has made them familiar to many a delightful reader by her loving touch.

The Gateway of the Garden of the God is brilliant red in the direct rays of the morning sun, every detail distinctly limned upon the somber hills beyond, the weather-worn points and projections resembling mediæval gargoyles in their grotesque outlines. Perhaps it is in the coloring that lends most beauty and effectiveness to the landscape here. In other countries one can see mountains, rocks and cañons and flowers, but nowhere in the world such color as in Colorado. It is now a blending, now a sudden contrast of white, red, yellow. blue, green, purple, orange and all their variations. These sentinel rocks, rising to a perpendicular height of between three and four hundred feet, makes one feel his littleness almost oppressively as he passes between them. Their composition is a sort of sandstone, and so soft that many an embryo Thorwaldsen has used his jack-knife upon them with more or less success. When they first burst upon the view they seem only a few hundred yards away, so clear is the air and so unobstructed the space between, but their distance is, in reality, between four and five miles. Once within their portals you are upon Dame Nature's playground; here has her fancy run riot and she has deported herself without fear of interruption and beyond criticism. Here is a group towering high into the air, which from one point of view resembles nothing so much as "Cathedral Spires," and so takes its name. There upon the summit of a ruddy ridge sit complacently the "Bear and Seal," as naturally disposed as though at afternoon tea; the bear on his haunches, the seal on his tail. Everywhere are masses of stone, twisted and tumbled into fantastic semblance of life—gigantic toadstools, birds, beasts and marine monsters. One of the most remarkable monuments in the Garden is the great "Balanced Rock," weighing about 400 tons, but so slenderly poised on an almost invisible base, that one dares not lean his puny weight upon it, and to sit down under its projecting edge requires as much nerve as to lie down under the leaning Tower of Pisa. The Garden of the Gods is the favorite haunt of the tourist and sightseer, and takes first rank in the long list of the local attractions. It is one of the few places about the city not

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

1—RESIDENCE OF MRS. A. A. WARREN. 2—RESIDENCE OF J. J. HAGERMAN.
3—RESIDENCE OF J. W. MILLER.

yet reached by the electric cars, and it is the hope of every lover of nature that it never will be.

At a little distance from the regular road before reaching the Garden is to be seen a handsome gate and picturesque, vine-clad lodge, which indicate the entrance to "Glen Eyrie," the beautiful country home of Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, a gentleman closely identified with the founding and entire history of Colorado Springs, and who early selected this spot for his summer residence. Entering the gate, the road winds through beautifully-kept flower-beds, brilliant with bloom, under the drooping trees, over rustic bridges, spanning sparkling streams, where a sharp eye can sometimes detect the speckled trout in his lurking place, past mossy. bark-covered gardener's cottages, and finally out into an open natural park or cañon of considreable size, shut in upon every side by bristling ledges of rock. In a corner of this romantic spot, the spacious house is built, adorned in its immediate surroundings by velvety lawns and countless flowers, all in the highest state of cultivation, while at arm's length, so to speak, Nature sits untouched by the hand of man. The place is frequently called the "Little Garden of the Gods," because it contains many like or *unlike* specimens of Nature's handiwork, distributed with her accustomed random. Upon the one hand towers the "Major Domo" straight up into the air, like a mighty finger pointing to the sky, and on the other, the "Whispering Rocks," "Melrose Abbey," and a dozen other petrified anomalies, all of the unusual red sandstone, while high upon the precipitous side of one of the cliffs may be seen the eagle's nest from which the cañon takes its name. A few miles further on lie Blair Athol and Monument Park, all these places being similar, and yet each different in its specific attractions, ever producing a new play of the imagination.

Near the Garden of the Gods and the town of Manitou there is another country place which is such a truthful and beautiful representation of one of the homes of Old England that it is deserving of special notice, the more so because it is the work of a gentleman who has been associated with Colorado Springs from its birth, Dr. W. A. Bell. The house is built of rose-colored sandstone from a neighboring quarry, and is constructed in the early English Gothic style of architecture. A dozen Scotch masons occupied more than a year cutting the stone for the building. The south front is a hundred feet in length; the east front, where the house is entered through a fine Gothic arch,is fifty-four feet. The interior is mostly treated in oak; the hall and staircase being good reproductions of Tudor work. Altogether the house is a very interesting and beautiful one, and is set in grounds covering several acres, which twenty years of careful culture have brought to a high state of perfection, and have thus demonstrated the vast capabilities of these mountain valleys for effective landscape gardening and the cultivation of trees, flowers and

CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS.

lawns of rare excellence, rivaling, if not surpassing those of England.

From Manitou, near by, starts the Pike Peak's Railway. The grand mountain that Pike turned his back upon in despair, with the belief that no human being would ever reach its summit, is to-day scaled by the iron horse; triumphant steam has conquered its impossibilities, and carries thousands of visitors annually to its highest point to enjoy the matchless view. This marvelous feat of engineering, completed in 1891, conveys its passengers over a cog-road eight and three-fourths miles long, to an altitude of 14,147 feet above sea level! The up trip consumes about three hours, but amidst glorious scenery the whole route. Almost everybody goes that way now, though there is also an excellent carriage road, which is largely patronized, from which the views are equally fine, and very often people exchange tickets at the summit, going up one way and coming down the other, which is a very good plan.

To the south from Colorado Springs and at a distance of about five miles stretches out the stately length of Cheyenne Mountain, in some lights the most striking of the range. This, together with the cañons at its northern extremity bearing its name, has been made famous as the favorite resort of that rare woman, Helen Hunt Jackson; her expressed desire was to be laid in final rest upon its rugged bosom amongst the kinnikinick and pines she loved so well. No monument was required to mark her resting place, *it* marked the mountain. A heap of stones dropped one by one upon her grave as simple tokens of love and admiration by a mourning people, express more here than sculptured marble. The view from the summit is superb, of mountain, city and plain, and is enough to inspire the most prosaic and fill his soul with enthusiasm. The cañons below are amongst the most popular resorts in this much-favored region. They are two, "North" and "South," opening into the mountains from about the same point, like a huge "V," beautiful, strange, and awe-inspiring, great crevices leading into the heart of the range, bounded by precipitous crags and beetling precipices, any one of which

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

PIKE'S PEAK.

is an ideal place for a "lover's leap." In some places the overhanging rocks nearly meet in the dizzy heights above. The road winds in and out amongst them, crossing ever and anon the purling stream that sparkles and plunges along at their foot. The beauty of the South Cañon is enhanced and completed by its abrupt terminus in a broken precipice several hundred feet high, down which come tumbling in delicious abandon and rainbow brilliancy the beautiful waters of the "Seven Falls," dashed hither and yon by the constant irregularity of their bed, at each turn the water bursting into clouds of spray, flashing like diamonds in the sunlight. A flight of wooden steps reaches to the top, up which the venturesome tourist toils his way and is amply rewarded for his pains by the picturesque view down the ravine.

In another direction is a delightful spot of a different character and only a mile and a half from the heart of the city—Prospect Lake—a splendid sheet of clear, cold water, about seventy acres in area. It is well stocked with fish, mostly speckled trout, and furnishes sport to delight the heart of the most fervid disciple of Walton.

The city itself is *sui generis*. Its broad, beautiful streets and avenues, regularly laid out, and lined with graceful shade trees from one end to the other, its lovely parks, Acacia, Alamo and Dorchester, its handsome buildings, public and private, and above all, its bracing mountain air, make it an ideal city of homes. Fifteen thousand people are gathered within its hospitable borders. An altitude of 6,000 feet gives it a clear, dry atmosphere, with but few days of rain and a sky of a beautiful blue three hundred out of three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The old Indian legend of the place, that the Great Spirit gathered everything of interest on this side of the earth toward Heaven, so that he could look on the exhibition through a clear sky seems not improbable. It yields the palm to no other spot in the world as a natural sanatorium for the cure of asthmatic and pulmonary disease. Nine

THE ALAMO HOTEL.

THE ANTLERS.

MONTGOMERY HALL AND PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

times out of ten the first advice of the physician is—"Throw away your bottles, spend as much time as possible out of doors and *breathe the air*." This is the secret, no germs of disease can thrive in the dry and rarefied atmosphere. Dampness and dew are unknown, the days are warm and the nights cool, sufficiently so for a blanket at all seasons, and a day without a breeze is a rarity indeed. Patients from every civilized land have testified to its magic powers, and for every invalid there are a thousand robust visitors. For all ample and elegant accommodations are provided. The leading hotels are the "Antlers," "Alta Vista," and "Alamo," these being worthily seconded by several smaller hostelries of greater or less pretentions, and supplemented by many excellent boarding-houses, sometimes preferred by visitors.

The Antlers is one of the finest hotels in the West. Built of gray lava stone, upon a regal scale, it presents a most imposing and attractive appearance to the weary traveler. Through and over the trees of a beautifully kept park of some ten acres, its graceful turrets and balconies, its deep-set mullioned windows show with most artistic effect. Its 200 rooms are provided with all the conveniences modern ingenuity and money can procure. The parlors, dining-room, office, are large, airy and luxurious in their appointments, and all present a magnificent view of the snow-capped Peak and the adjacent range. A more perfect spot for an ideal hotel could not have been selected, facing, as it does, the broad plaza of Pike's Peak Avenue on the one side and the "everlasting hills" upon the other. Cascade Avenue, the esplanade of the city, stretches away to the north, festooned on either

PALMER HALL, COLORADO COLLEGE.

1—RESIDENCE OF J. K. MILLER. 2—RESIDENCE OF D. W. A. BELL.
3—RESIDENCE OF J. A. HAYES.

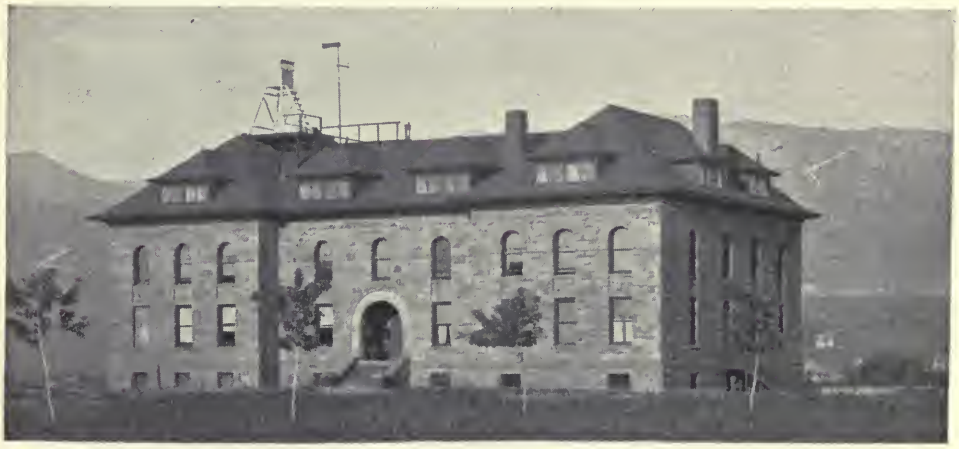
border with splendid shade trees, and adorned by the elegant residences, palatial in some instances, unique in architecture and generous in design in all, of gentlemen of wealth who, recognizing the advantages of the city —climatic, scenic and social, have made it their permanent home.

A block or two above the Antlers the attention is attracted by a handsome pressed brick building, with broad verandas and fine architectural outlines. It might be either a small hotel or a family residence upon a large scale. As a matter of fact it is both, a family hotel in the true sense of the word, the "Alta Vista," a home for the sojourner, where he can rest and recreate and enjoy himself to the fullest extent. All the comforts of home are provided there. The arrangement of the whole building is unique and perfect, which contains little parlors, cosy nooks, large commodious bedrooms, single and *en suite*, a sun parlor, and a bright cheerful dining room. Upon entering the handsome doorway, are seen the pleasant parlors on the one side, with deliciously lazy-looking chairs and lounges, pretty pictures and bric-à-brac, and the latest books and periodicals scattered temptingly about, and upon the other, the cosy office, if office it may be called, so completely is its business nature disguised, and through the center of the house the broad, airy hall leading to the *salle-a-manger* at the further end. It is true that the good things of life—those that round out the daily happiness of every man and woman—have their beginning with the home and its surroundings. These things are generally bidden a long farewell by the tourist, but when he is so fortunate as to set his foot within the hospitable doors of the "Alta Vista," he finds himself in the midst of them again.

Rich as the locality is in natural attractions, the city is unsurpassed in its prodigality of social entertainment. Who would ever expect to find in the heart of the Rocky Mountains such a pleasure house as the Broadway Casino? It was planned and built in 1891 by a wealthy German nobleman, Count Pourtales, who has for several

A COLORADO TROUT STREAM.

years made this his summer home—a bit of Europe is transported over the sea for our delectation. Standing upon the bank of Cheyenne Lake, on an elevated plateau, about three miles from Colorado Springs, it commands a comprehensive and glorious view of the entire country round about. A well-equipped electric railway deposits its human freight at the very gates, and a brilliant scene there meets the eye, at night ablaze with electricity, and by day in the light of a cloudless sky. The handsome building stands in the midst of beautifully-laid out grounds, so graceful in its old colonial style, with slender pillars, hanging balconies and festooned decorations in gold and white, that it resembles nothing more than a gigantic bit of Dresden china. Here pleasure is *en evidence;* every afternoon and evening a fine orchestra renders delicious music from the best as well as the latest composers It is a place for artists, lovers and Bohemians. The building contains a spacious reception hall, wine and card and billiard rooms, a large ball-room with floor like polished glass, lounging and reading-rooms, and a restaurant and cuisine *sans reproche.* It is a most charming place of recreation and enjoyment, new pleasures being constantly provided by the managers for the amusement of its patrons. The Broadmoor Casino is a feature of which the city rightly boasts.



HAGERMAN HALL, COLORADO COLLEGE.

The man of the world in being relegated to the seclusion of the Rockies for a season would naturally expect to be denied for the nonce the pleasure of his club. He will, however, be agreeably disappointed, for the El Paso Club of Colorado Springs will fill him with surprise, delight and satisfaction. The fifty-thousand dollar club-house, built of fine pressed brick, with white stone trimmings, is beautiful inside and out and the pride of its members. Magnificently equipped, complete in every detail, it is a benefaction to the idle, a boon to the convivial, and of great use to the business man. It is like any other first-class city club, perfect in arrangement and attendance, providing in a most luxurious and delightful way for the comfort and pleasure of its members and their friends.

A gem of an opera-house, under a generous management, can be depended upon to always furnish during the season a list of entertainments of a high order. Famous players seem themselves to enjoy a brief sojourn under the shadow of Pike's Peak and amid the inspiring surroundings of

the Garden of the Gods, often making it their stopping-place.

That Colorado Springs is a community of religious and intellectual people is evidenced by the presence of a Christian college and the unusual number of its capacious schools and beautiful churches. No institution in the city is more closely connected with its future welfare than Colorado College. It is the oldest institution for higher education in the Rocky Mountain section of the country, and during the past five years has taken rank among the leading colleges in the United States. President Slocum has made it his one purpose to give to Colorado a college that should compare with the best Eastern institutions, and with the generous coöperation of the friends of higher education, his ideal is being rapidly realized. The beautiful location of the college, together with the excellent quality of work that is done in it and the great advantages of climate are drawing students to it from all parts of the country. A number of students take part of their college course here, and then without loss of time, owing to the rank of Colorado College, spend their last year or two in one of the older Eastern universities. The college campus comprises fifty-six acres in the heart of the residence part of the city. There are now four large stone buildings in addition to the gymnasium and a small music room. The beautiful new library, the gift of Hon. N. E. Coburn, of Newton, Massachusetts, is in process of construction and will accommodate 175,000 volumes. The new Astronomical observatory is also to be completed during the present year, the gift of Hon. Henry R. Wolcott of Denver. Dr. D. K. Pearson, of Chicago, has offered to give the college $50,000, on condition that $150,000 additional be secured, and of this amount $53,000 has already been pledged. The faculty of the college is largely composed of young men who have brought the results of advanced scholarship to their work, and are creating an atmosphere of cultivation and literary taste that is influencing the life of the whole city.

The State school for the education of the mute and blind is also located here, with three large buildings and several small ones; and drawing its pupils from thirty or more States. Near beautiful Prospect Lake, and distinctly outlined against the eastern sky, stands the stately Childs-Drexel House for Union Printers, located here after a thorough examination of all the most desirable sites in the country, dedicated with distinguished ceremony in the spring 1892. For the accommodation of invalids desiring such a home are two large sanitariums and a hospital for the poor is the Aid Society," for young men a

EL PASO COUNTY BANK.

RESIDENCE OF F. E. ROBINSON, ESQ.

splendidly housed Y. M. C. A., for the general public a Free Reading room and Library. One thing intimately associated with the future of El Paso County and of especial interest at the present time, cannot be passed over, namely, the marvelous discovery of gold just across the first range of mountains, less than thirty miles from Colorado Springs. In the wanderings of a cattle-herder over the barren hills he picked up a piece of quarts that appeared to be mineralized. Bringing it to Colorado Springs, it was assayed and returned the astounding result of 240 ounces of gold to the ton, a value of $4,800. Interesting some prominent gentlemen in his discovery, they returned to the spot, and located the first claim where was soon to be the great mining Camp of "Cripple Creek." This was in the spring of 1891. The news spread, miners and prospectors flocked in by hundreds and thousands, every foot of ground was taken up for miles around, a townsite, two or three of them indeed, was laid out, and where two years ago there was not a solitary inhabitant, is now a population of about ten thousand, with schools, churches, newspapers, electricity, and they are even talking about waterworks and a street-railway. This is a *gold* camp, and while the financial stringency has somewhat retarded its development, it has made remarkable progress, and in the opinion of many experienced men is destined to be the greatest gold camp on earth. There are to-day seventy-two producers of pay ore, and there are a vast number more that could be profitably worked were there a railroad into the camp. As it is, all ore having to be hauled by wagon twenty miles to the nearest railroad, greatly increases the cost. Two roads are surveyed into the camp and as soon as the money market will permit will probably be built and equipped. Gold has been found in almost every condition from the placer nuggets in the gulches and hillsides to chlorides and oxides. The water in the wells and gulches contains gold in solution, which has been collected by means of amalgam plates, so that beyond any doubt the opinion that vast bodies of this precious metal are hidden away beneath the surface is well founded and will add to the future wealth of the State.

MEN OF THE DAY.

BY THEODORE R. COPELAND.

AMONG the prominent men whose names will go down to posterity in the written history of the Pacific Coast, is Ex-U. S. Senator James G. Fair. While Mr. Fair resides in San Francisco, has large real estate interests in this city and is expending immense sums in carrying out improvements upon his property, which are calculated to prove a public as well as a private benefit, he cannot be claimed altogether by this city; his enterprise has carried him too far afield and been of too broad and far reaching a character to admit of any one locality claiming him as its own. He is eminently a man of the people. The possessor of great wealth, he expends it where it was acquired, giving back to the State in productive form what his business ability and far seeing policy have enabled him to draw from its resources. Unfortunately many of the men who owe their wealth to this State have ignored their indebtedness and invested their capital elsewhere.

James G. Fair is a representative man in more than one respect; it is not his millions alone which cause him to be a notable figure on the street; he is possessed of a commanding presence which would attract attention and comment on the public thoroughfares of any large city. His full gray beard and heavy mustache, and clear eye and high forehead all denote strong character and determined will, combined with mental capacity of no small order. He is a man to conceive and carry to a successful issue enterprises and undertakings which would appal weaker men. If ever true courage was stamped in unmistakable characters upon the features of any human being it can be read in those of Mr. Fair's; showing a calm and determined mind, which is at all times prepared to meet any emergency, no matter how suddenly it may arise. His record as U. S. Senator from Nevada gave evidence not only of his ability but of the great interest which he feels in the welfare and prosperity of the Pacific Coast. As before intimated he is at present engaged in the improvement of his real estate situated in San Francisco. This will necessitate the outlay of millions and give employment to hundreds.

A number of years ago he purchased some fifty blocks of land lying between Harbor View and Black Point. In order to make the property available for residence or business purposes a great deal of filling in and grading will have to be done, since much of the land is swampy and a good deal of it under water altogether. Contracts have been made, and work has been begun to reclaim the tract, which will require 3,000,000 cubic feet of sand and soil to render it available for settlement.

Mr. Fair has obtained from the U. S. Government the right to grade Black Point Reservation which will necessitate the removal of about twenty feet from its surface; this will be used on his swamp. He has also obtained the privilege of taking rock from Angel Island. Wharves are to be built, and this part of the city, which has been neglected for such a long time, will be vastly improved, its aspect changed and its value increased. As a sound business venture, there can be no question of the eventual result, while at the same time it will constitute one of the most notable public improvements which has

EX-SENATOR JAMES G. FAIR.

yet been undertaken in San Francisco.

James G. Fair is a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, and came to California in 1849. His life has been one of constant business activity, marked by a pronounced success in all his undertakings, his whole career making a chapter of Pacific Coast history well worthy of study by every young man who is entering upon life's journey on his own account.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL W. H. H. HART.

Lawyers are as plentiful in San Francisco as in other cities of the Union, and there is as much difference in their practice, position and ability. Some few are here who, by reason of their acumen and the celebrated cases in which they have been engaged, have attained a reputation of more than local fame. With regard to noted cases, there have been none in the country which take precedence of what is known as the "Blythe Case." It was not only that it involved the disposal of an estate valued at several millions of dollars, but the case stands alone in legal jurisprudence. In rendering his decision the Judge of the Supreme Court said:

"We have here a father at all times domiciled in the State of California, a mother at all times domiciled in England and an illegitimate child born in England and continuously residing there until the death of her father in California. Florence founded her claims upon the statutes of the State, and invoked the jurisdiction of the State's courts. It was a question of California law to be construed in California courts, and there was nothing in the Constitution, statutory law or

international law which prevented Blythe from making Florence his daughter in every sense that the word implies.''

W. H. H. Hart was chief counsel in the case and devoted himself to the interests of the young girl whom he believed to be the rightful heir. That he was successful in winning the case against the array of talent, evidence, and numerous claimants which were brought to bear against him, speaks volumes as to his able management. Attorney-General Hart, though born in England, is distinctly an American having been brought to this country by his parents, while yet in his infancy. When only fourteen years of age he volunteered for active service in the War of the Rebellion, serving during the four years of its continuance, and being present at many of the most notable battles in the West, namely, those of Fort Donaldson, Shiloh, Champion Hill, Vicksburg and Missionary Ridge. During these engagements he was five times wounded. At the close of the war he devoted himself to the study of the law which he had commenced during his service in the army, while doing provost duty in Tyrrel County, Georgia. In 1868 he was admitted to practice in the District Courts of Iowa; in the Supreme Courts of that State in 1869; in the Supreme Court of California in 1873; and in the Supreme Court of the United States in 1874. In 1875 he settled permanently in California, and from that time to the present his success has been marked and continuous.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL W. H. H. HART.

Mr. Hart is a fluent and impressive speaker, one of the best informed law-

yers in the country on constitutional and international law, and of a genial disposition which has served to secure for him many warm friends. His term as Attorney-General of California has been the most important in the history of the State and the masterly manner in which the weighty and delicate duties devolving upon the office have been performed by Mr. Hart, will give him, for all time, a notable place in its records.

Attorney-General Hart has taken a deep interest in the American Financial System, especially in regard to the Silver question. A national policy outlined by him was published by him in Fair Play, and afterward in pamphlet form. It is well worthy of both perusal and careful study. In it he says: "I would like to ask why it is that England and Germany, non-producers of silver, should fix or determine its price? There is no nation on the face of the earth that fixes the price of an article it does not produce with this exception. My idea is, that on account of diversified interests of the several American States, that the United States should adopt a policy of its own on the monetary question, and on that subject my views are, that we as a nation should adopt three kinds of money.

First, gold and gold certificates; second, silver, and silver certificates; third, greenbacks or treasury notes." We have not space for the whole text of the pamphlet, but in it he proposes that "a tariff be placed on all silver coin and bullion brought into the United States, which should be equal to the difference between the market value in London and the minting value in this country. Free coinage of American product at 129 per ounce, absolute guarantee by the Government of the value of the silver and silver certificates which should be made a legal tender whether the law creating the same be repealed or not. That when the appropriation of the general Government exceeds the income, greenbacks be issued to meet the deficiency and retired when a surplus exists."

A reciprocity treaty should be made with all Spanish-American States, the West Indies and Mexico on the Silver question. Silver produced in those countries at $1.29 per ounce should be accepted by us in payment of the balances of trade in our favor, we having the same privilege of paying in silver at $1.29 per ounce, when the balance of trade is against us. The balance of trade against us with these countries, since 1859 has been $1,700,000,000. This won't furnish a market for our silver of $90,000,000 per year, which, however, might be reduced one-half by increase in trade with these countries.

England and Germany sooner than lose their trade with these countries would remonetize silver. If not we would gain trade enough from these countries sufficient to rehabilitate the United States."

COLONEL CAMERON H. KING.

Colonel Cameron H. King's management of some of the most famous cases which have been tried in California has brought his name into prominence as one of the leading men connected with jurisprudence in this State. Notable among these cases was his defence of Edward J. Maybridge, the photographer, for the killing of Harry Sarkins. In this trial Colonel King's address to the jury was commented upon, as an effort of grand oratorical power. One of the most important cases in which he was engaged was the suit of Smith vs. the City of San Francisco. This was at the time of the Dennis Kearney sand-lot agitation, and the suit was brought to obtain payment for lumber destroyed by fire on Beale Street wharf. Application to the State Legislature for indemnity had met with refusal, there being no direct proof of incendiarism. Colonel King took the case in hand, proved the existence of a riot in the neighborhood, and com-

pleted such a strong chain of circumstantial evidence that his client was awarded $66,000, of which amount Colonel King received $30,000 fee for his services. He spent a number of years in travel and in Arizona, where he was appointed a commissioner to revise the laws of that Terrritory. He was chosen chairman of the Commission, and the able character of the work accomplished was highly commended.

Governor C. Meyer Zulick appointed him Commissioner of Immigration, an office which he resigned in order to resume practice in San Francisco.

Cameron H. ing is a native of Rochester, New York, where he received a University education. His father was a lawyer of note in New York State; the late popular Ex-Governor of California, Henry H. Haight, was his uncle, and it was in his office that he began the study of law. Colonel King is still on the sunny side of the half-century mark, and has lost none of his vitality and force of character.

COLONEL CAMERON H. KING.

JUDGE HENRY C. DIBBLE.

The record of Judge Dibble of San Francisco is the story of a very busy and stirring life.

His paternal ancestors arrived from England and settled in Connecticut in 1634, the family being one of the oldest in that State. In 1826 his immediate family removed to Indiana where they founded the town of Delphi, in which place Henry C. Dibble was born in 1844. His mother was a Ruland of French Huguenot descent. Her father, one of the pioneers of the Ohio Valley, built at Lebanon, Ohio, the first paper-mill erected west of the Alleghanies, in the first years of the century.

On the breaking out of the civil war in 1861, Henry C. Dibble, though not yet seventeen years of age, enlisted in the Union army, joining the New York Marine Artillery. This organization formed part of the Burnside expedition to the shores of North Carolina. Early in 1863 the corps was mustered out, and young Dibble reenlisted in the 14th New York Cavalry, which was ordered to Louisiana. His military career was ended at the time of the Siege of Port Hudson, where he was wounded so severely that he suffered the loss of a leg. Having recovered, he took up his residence in New Orleans where he had relations, and where he commenced the study of law. He was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Louisiana in June, 1865, though he was still under twenty-one years of age. Afterward he graduated from the Law School of the University of Louisiana with the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

During the notable Reconstruction period when party feeling ran high, Mr. Dibble entered with zeal into both State and national politics. In the spring of 1868, he was chosen president of the first Republican Convention held in New Orleans, and became one of the leaders of his party in that city. He was elected chairman of the

Executive Committee, and at the first election was the Republican candidate for District Attorney but was defeated with his party.

The new Constitution and reconstruction laws caused much bitterness of feeling as well as fierce litigation. Mr. Dibble was employed by the State Government in many suits, and argued a number of cases in the Supreme Court involving the validity of the new laws.

The Legislature at this time created an additional court in New Orleans with unusual powers, and Mr. Dibble was appointed judge at the age of twenty-five, a position which he occupied for three years. At the expiration of that time his party nominated him for a second term, but he was defeated and thereupon resumed his practice. In 1873 he went to Europe and spent several months there. On his return to New Orleans to resume his profession, he was selected by the Republican Committee to go to Washington to argue the Louisiana contested election cases before the Senate Committee of Privileges and Elections. In 1874 he was appointed Assistant Attorney-General to discharge the duties of the Attorney-General, that officer being feeble and superannuated. Most of the legal business of the State was transacted for three years by Mr. Dibble. In the fall of 1874, and also in 1876 the Republicans of the Second District nominated him for Congress, but he was defeated, the district having a Democratic majority. Judge

JUDGE HENRY C. DIBBLE.

Dibble thereupon continued the practice of his profession.

In 1878, and during a portion of 1879, he became the leading editorial writer of the New Orleans Times, without, however, giving up his law business. It was during the period of the session of the Constitutional Convention called after the overthrow of the Reconstruction Government. His treatment of the new questions then before the Southern people attracted wide-spread attention. The Times was an independent paper.

In 1881 he was employed by New Orleans capitalists to attend to some land and mining litigations in Arizona which he successfully settled. Deciding to remain in Arizona he located himself in Tombstone, forming a partnership with Hon. J. F. Lewis, Ex-Chief Justice of Nevada.

In 1883 the firm removed to San Francisco. Judge Dibble was Assistant United States Attorney for California, from 1885 to 1887, when he resigned to form a law partnership with Louis T. Haggin. In 1888 he was elected to the Legislature from the 41st Assembly District, serving on several important committees. He was the acknowledged leader of his party in the House. When elected a second time in 1890, he became chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and was on other leading committees.

Mr. Dibble since the war has preserved his interest in military affairs. He was Judge Advocate with the rank of brigadier-general under Governor Kellogg in Louisiana. He is also a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic, having been twice elected Commander of the famous Lincoln Post of San Francisco and having served a term as Junior Vice Department Commander of California.

Mr. Dibble has not confined himself to his professional and political duties, but has given evidence that, had he chosen literature as a field for his talents, he could have won fame in that direction. As it is he has done some effective work. His style is striking, concise and attractive. In fiction his stories have attracted much attention and he is known among journalists as a strong and vigorous editorial writer.

As an orator Judge Dibble has few superiors. With a well modulated and sonorous voice he combines an ever ready command of language with convincing reasoning powers. Gifted with no small degree of personal magnetism he is a speaker who holds his audience with remarkable skill.

He has always taken a special interest in educational matters. During the absorbing and busy days of reconstruction in Louisiana he served for six successive years as President of the Board of Education in New Orleans.

In private life Mr. Dibble has made many friends by his agreeable social qualities. He has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Chappell of New Orleans who died in 1873. In 1875 he was married to Miss Flash also of New Orleans. He has several children.

With such a record to look back upon as soldier, lawyer and statesman; descended from a line of ancestors who have helped to build up the country and make it what it is, Henry C. Dibble has a right to a prominent place among representative citizens.

SAN BENITO'S BELL.

BY F. M. P. DEAS.

"WHERE are you going, Margaret?"

The inquiry was made in a sharp, fretful tone; the person addressed turned and regarded her interlocutor with a pair of handsome gray eyes in which patience and resentment mingled.

"I am going for a walk, father; I am tired of staying indoors."

"Yes, Yes! of course—always tired of being with me—of doing your duty."

"I don't think I fail very often in my duty, father, so far as it consists in waiting upon you. Can I do anything for you now?"

"No, nothing. Go your ways and leave me alone."

With this ungracious permission, Margaret departed; she was scarcely outside the door, however, when an impatient summons called her back.

"Send Geoffry to me. Say that I wish to speak to him at once."

"I think he has gone into town. If he has returned I will give him your message."

"Stay a minute; I have just thought of something. Has Geoffry asked you again to marry him?"

A wave of crimson surged over Margaret's face and neck; the resentment in her eyes deepened.

"If he has, there is no reason why I should speak of it," she answered coldly.

"There is a reason! I choose to be told; I will not be kept in ignorance of everything."

"Very well, then; since you must know, I will tell you that he has again asked me, and I have again refused him."

"And pray why have you done so? Is n't he good enough for you?"

"No," said Margaret with decision. "He is not good enough for me." She hesitated, toying with the handle of the door; her gaze, resting on the helpless, querulous figure at the fireside, softened, and with a sudden impulse, she stepped to her father's side, knelt down and took his hand between her own.

"Father—father, dear, why don't you love me any more? You used to be different," she said, pleadingly. "Has Geoffry turned you against me?"

"Geoffry! Folly! why should he interfere between us?"

"I do not know; I cannot understand his motives; but I do not trust him; and, father, I think that you trust him too much."

"Do you take me for an imbecile, child? Have I lost my senses, that I should accept you as my counselor?"

"No, father, it isn't that I mean to set my judgment against yours, but I see more of Geoffry, perhaps, than you do. I think he is working for some end of his own, I cannot tell what; he will blind you if he can. He is not honorable, father; don't let him influence you."

"You talk very strangely, to-day, Margaret; childishly, too, I think. I did not know that you were of so suspicious a nature." He looked at her keenly from beneath his shaggy brows, but she drew encouragement from the fact that there was no anger in his tone. She bent her fresh young lips to the surface of his

(Continued on page 20.)

"Pot Luck"

is always good luck
if there's a supply of

Cudahy's Extract of Beef,

—REX BRAND,

on your pantry shelves. It's use is half the culinary battle. A superior stock for gravies, sauces and soups. A sick-room delicacy. Makes a nourishing Bouillon after exposure to cold.

Your grocer keeps it—they all do.

Send 6c. to pay postage on sample jar. Our handsome illustrated little book, "From Ranch to Table," mailed to anyone—free.

"Highest Award at World's Fair for
"Excellence in Quality and Flavor."

The Cudahy Pharmaceutical Company

South Omaha, Nebraska.

wrinkled hand, and laid her cheek against it with a caressing touch; she was so lonely and did so crave a little tenderness sometimes.

"At any rate, father, don't let him persuade you to love me less."

"Nonsense," said Elmer Brand, frowning. There was a short silence while she still knelt, clasping his hand, and hoping for some softer word; but no such word came, and she presently rose, sighing a little, and turned to go.

"Don't be late," said the old man. "I think there is a storm coming."

"I am not going far," answered Margaret. She walked slowly out, through the big dreary garden where the wind was swaying the tall eucalpytus trees, and blowing the dead leaves about the paths, into the road beyond, and took her way toward the little hill of San Benito that overlooked the sea.

This hill was her favorite resort; the ascent was short, but steep, and on the summit stood an old chapel long in disuse, a relic of the early mission days. A mantle of ivy clothed the crumbling walls, thrusting long tendrils in at the shattered windows and yawning door; rank weeds sprouted from the roof, and moss and mildew stained the bell from which a broken rope hung down. The old bell, silent now for many a day, had been used for a long time after the closing of the chapel as a signal in time of danger, or any other excitement to the inhabitants of the little town beyond the hill; it had pealed lustily when a fire swept through the town, an event dimly remembered by Margaret as happening in her childhood, and had given warning of more than one shipwreck, calling for aid for the storm-tossed pilgrims of the sea. Now its tongue was mute and fettered, and the frayed end of rope that dangled from the belfry, was stirred only by the wind that in summer kissed the ivy and in winter sighed mournfully through the deserted walls.

Margaret entered the building, and leaned against the embrasure of a window; below her stretched a sullen expanse of water, dark swelling waves of green crested with foam, rolling in to the shore; above a gray lowering sky, melting at the horizon in a veil of mist. There was no boat visible, no sea bird or other living thing was to be seen; it was as though Nature, in a stern and solitary mood, had thrust aside all tokens of created life.

An approaching step made Margaret start; she looked around and saw her cousin, Geoffry Crane.

"I knew I should find you here," he said with an easy smile, "Why are you so fond of this gloomy old place, my fair cousin? You might select a more cheerful resort, especially on a day like this."

"I came here," said Margaret pointedly, "because I wished to be alone."

"And I must crave pardon for frustrating your design. I saw you climbing the hill, as I was on my way home, and could not resist the temptation to follow you. It is seldom enough now that you allow me to enjoy your society. Why will you so persistently avoid me? Is it because you are afraid of my persecuting you with those overtures which you seem to find so distasteful?"

"I suppose that being a gentleman you will not willing annoy me," replied Margaret; then hastily changing the subject, she added, "On the whole, it is just as well that you chanced to come, for now I can give you my father's message."

"And what may that be?" asked Geoffry in an indifferent tone.

"He wished me to send you to him; I believe he has something of importance to tell you."

"It will wait until we return," said Geoffry. Margaret bit her lip with annoyance, reading in his cool manner the assurance that he did not mean her to be so easily rid of his presence. Smiling, he sauntered to the little stairway of the belfry, and climbing a few steps took the rope in his hand.

"How odd it would seem to hear the old bell again," he said. "Shall I invoke the ghost of by-gone days?"

"Don't dare to ring it!" cried Margaret. She had grown white to the lips; her eyes blazed, and she trembled from head to foot.

"Why, Margaret!"

He came toward her directly, but she shrank from his extended hand.

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"I had no idea you felt so strongly on the subject," he said, regarding her curiously.

"What have my feelings to do with it?" she rejoined, trying to speak lightly, and to force a smile, as if to efface the impression her manner made upon him. "It would be a pity to alarm the neighborhood by ringing a bell that has not been heard for twelve years."

"Confess that your feelings *would* suffer," said her cousin with a dark glance, "from the recollections which the sound of the bell would bring to your mind, associating it, as you would, with the memory of the person who rang it last. God! do you cherish that memory still?"

"I shall cherish it until death," was Margaret's reply. Their eyes met fixedly, his full of baffled love and wrath, hers shining with the intensity of an emotion that for a moment seemed to raise her above the consciousness of his presence. If she had feared him, he was brute enough to have taken advantage of her; as it was, he turned and looked sullenly away, hiding his evil thoughts beneath an inpenetrable mask.

A shiver passed through Margaret; her head drooped, and in a low voice she said, "I am going home." Without exchanging a word they walked together down the hill; she felt faint and chilled, and a prescience of evil had crept into her heart.

* * * * * * * * *

It was New Year's Eve. The weather was gloomy and cold; for a fortnight it had rained, and now the rain had ceased, and a somber calm prevailed. People said it was a lull presaging heavier storms, and the weather-wise spoke of danger to those at sea.

In his leathern arm-chair Elmer Brand sat all day by the fire, and pored over his accounts, and shook his head, and frowned, and fell into long fits of musing; his daughter watched him, and felt that something was going wrong. Geoffry, smiling and assiduous, was often at his side, ready to offer help, which was sometimes accepted and sometimes repulsed according to the old man's mood. Once meeting Margaret's gaze, her father spoke to her harshly and sent her away. She went to her own room, locked the door, and kneeled on the window-seat, pressing her forehead against the cold glass, and looking out through blinding tears.

"Twelve years ago to-day—twelve long, dreadful years. Oh Basil, cousin Basil, will you never, never come back to me again?"

Memories crowded upon her thick and fast; memories of her childhood, when she and Geoffey and Basil had played hand in hand in the old garden, keeping house in the arbors, swinging in the twisted vines, roaming together here, there and everywhere, happy and free as the days were long; of her youth—and here Geoffry's figure faded into less prominence and Basil's stood out clear and plain, blue eyed and handsome and brave, and always at her side. Both orphans, they were wards of her father, who at first seemed to prefer Basil, but as time went on rather inclined to favor Geoffry, and to show him special marks of confidence and esteem. She could recall angry words, jealous moods, estrangement, suspicion, reconciliation; the revelation, coming unexpectedly upon her, that she was loved by both her cousins; her careless disregard of the one and frank preference for the other; light words, rashly spoken, kindling a fire which all her repentant efforts could not afterwards extinguish. Then a terrible time, when the discovery was made of a forged note, and she was told that Basil had committed the deed. Of course she refused to believe this; she laughed in her father's face when he bade her never speak her cousin's name again. Basil guilty—Basil dishonored! Not all the fathers on earth could make her credit so monstrous a statement. In a tempest of passion she sought her lover, ready to follow him, if he desired it, to the world's end, to prove her faith—only to find him gone, vanished utterly without trace or sign. Days of helpless misery followed, uncheered by any ray of comfort or hope, days in which the horrible conviction began to grow upon her that it must be guilt which had driven him away. At last one day she had crept wearily to San Benito's chapel, to hide her sick longing and grief for a little while in solitude; and there in a nook known only to Basil and

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herself, she found a letter. It told her of his undying love, of his innocence which he would one day come back to prove, and prayed her never to let any doubt of his truth enter her mind; and on her knees before the ruined shrine she had vowed that come what might nothing should shake her faith in him again, even though fate might keep them apart until both were old and gray.

And this was New Year's Eve; and on New Year's Eve, twelve years ago, Basil in a sportive mood had rung the old mission bell to summon the neighborhood to a bonfire built on the hill. It was the last time; never since that time, for joy or for sorrow, had its voice been heard. That very night the thunderbolt had fallen on the household, and in all these years, Basil had remained to his people as one dead, but to one of them, at least, thank God, not as one disgraced.

The afternoon wore on and faded into twilight; the long evening passed drearily; Margaret sat in the dark until she heard Geoffry go to his room, then went down to wish her father good-night.

"Where have you been all this time?" he asked.

"In my room. You did not want me here."

He looked up at her appealingly.

"Margaret, I have something to say to you." He paused, his features working nervously, then with a strong effort, continued, "I want you to know that I have made a great mistake. I have found out that your cousin Basil did not forge that paper."

With a cry she dropped down beside him.

"Oh, father! oh, father! And you drove him away!"

"I did not drive him away; he was too rash; if he had waited patiently, all would have been well."

"And now it is too late. What you tell me, I have known all along; but what can the truth do for us now? Our two lives are ruined—his and mine."

"You loved him, poor child!" He laid his trembling hand on her head. "Well, he may come back; if he does, there is that in my desk which will prove him innocent. Don't forget that, Margaret."

"He will never come back." Her whole soul was in revolt against the hard dealing of fate; her father's unwonted gentleness which at another time would have awakened a response in her heart, now added to its resentful bitterness; and feeling that she could not bear a farther discussion of the subject so painful to them both, she bade him a cold good-night and left him.

It was, perhaps, two hours later that a figure bearing a shaded lamp softly descended the stairs and entered the sitting-room. The embers smouldering on the hearth, shed a dim glow on the walls; Geoffry—for it was he—looked about him cautiously as he entered, and started to see his uncle still sitting by the fire-place. The old man's head was bent forward, his hands resting loosely on the arms of his chair; his deep breathing told that he was asleep. Geoffry stood quite still for a minute or two; he wanted to be very sure that his entrance was unperceived, before attempting to accomplish the purpose of his unusually late visit to this part of the house. Satisfied apparently that he was in no danger of discovery, he stepped gently across the room to a table where stood Mr. Brand's desk, a heavy brass-bound piece of furniture in which all his important papers were kept. Setting down the lamp, he noiselessly inserted a key in the lock of the desk, and having opened it, proceeded to investigate its contents. One package after another he drew forth, examined and set aside; bills and letters tied up and labeled received only cursory inspection; as the search progressed, his movements became more nervous and hurried; a cinder dropping with a slight noise on the hearth, sent a slight tremor through him, and drew a muttered oath from his lips. What if the old man should awaken? But Elmer Brand slept on, unconscious of the wrong being perpetrated so near at hand.

The desk was an old-fashioned one with many compartments; and so well filled were all of these that it was no easy task to go through them systematically and re-arrange them in the exact order in which they were found. This, however,

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Your Lucky Jewel.

If one wishes good luck to follow her through life it is said she must wear the stone belonging to the month in which she was born.

January.
By her who in this month is born
No gem save Garnets should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

February.
The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyst will wear.

March.
Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

April.
She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

May.
Who first beholds the light of day
In Spring's sweet, flowery month of May
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

June.
Who comes with summer to this earth
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and long life command.

July.
The glowing Ruby should adorn.
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

August.
Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August-born without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

September.
A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze
A Sapphire on her brow should bind—
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October.
October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

November.
Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow
Should prize the Topaz amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

December.
If cold December gave you birth—
The month of snow and ice and mirth—
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue:
Success will bless whate'er you do.

Geoffry did; and nearly an hour passed before he found at length what seemed to be the object of his quest—a sealed envelope superscribed in his uncle's handwriting. Holding it near the light, he examined it carefully; his face cleared, and a look of triumph succeeded the anxious expression it had worn.

"Now, my cousin Basil, you may come back when you please," he murmured, with an evil smile. "Since I have obtained possession of this document, your return can do me no harm."

At this moment, borne upon the wind which blew strongly in from the sea, there fell on his ear the clear note of a bell.

With a startled glance he raised his head and listened. Again it came, full and loud—again and again—peal upon peal, a sound he could not mistake; some one or something was ringing the old chapel bell.

Geoffry was superstitious; and there rushed into his mind recollections which invested this remarkable and inexplicable event with a mysterious significance, and filled him with actual fear. A cold dew broke out on his forehead, and his limbs shook under him as the ghostly warning kept on sounding in his ears. Suddenly the door was pushed open. Margaret, aroused from her light sleep, had flown down stairs, and stood like an avenging spirit before him. For an instant she confronted him with wide-eyed amazement, then like a flash sprang toward him and tore the envelope from his hand.

"Robber!" she cried in a tone of horror. Awakened by her voice, her father raised his head.

"Why is Basil ringing the bell?" he asked. "Send for him to come home, Margaret; he will be drenched through in the storm."

"Father, see here!"

As the words passed her lips, Geoffry shook off his stupor, and with an oath seized her slender wrists in his grasp.

"Give me the paper!" he said between his set teeth. "I don't want to hurt you, Margaret—"

The sentence was left unfinised; hands stronger than his own loosened his hold, and sent him reeling backwards; and the man whose life he had tried to ruin stood towering above in the pride of conscious rectitude and power.

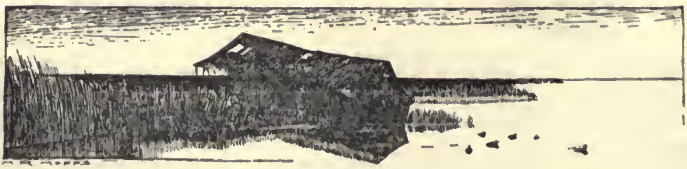
"Your opportunity is past," said Basil Brand, "and mine has come. With a word I could place you in a convict's cell; but for the sake of early days I will let you go free."

* * * * * * * * * *

But who had rung the bell?

It was found that a quantity of ivy had been torn away from the belfry, doubtless for Christmas decoration, and some persons advanced the idea that the wind, thus gaining freer access to the bell, had blown on that night with sufficient force to set it swinging, and loosen its iron tongue. But Margaret in secret never endorsed this prosaic theory. It was Basil's good angel, she felt sure, whose hand had interposed at a critical moment to turn the scale of fate in his favor, by foiling his enemy's design.

Only to her husband, however, in after years, did she ever whisper this fond belief.



Moral Responsibilities of the Press

By JOHN P. IRISH.

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EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

CONTENTS

SAN FRANCISCO.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

The March Number

of the "Californian"

will contain among other entertaining features:

An article, from the pen of ELODIE HOGAN, on **Joaquin Miller at Home.** The illustrations will include a portrait of the poet, engraved by WATT.

A Memoir of Edwin Booth, by ELIZABETH BOWERS.

"Why I Preach," by RAY FRANK, the eloquent Jewess whose sermons have been attracting much attention throughout the country.

A Love Tale, by ARTHUR MCEWEN, with scene laid in Virginia City during the flush times on the Comstock.

"My First Polar Bear Hunt," by LIEUTENANT CANTWELL.

Short Stories, by JOHN BONNER, EDWARD HAMILTON and SEWALL READ.

"The State School at Whittier," by WINIFRED BLACK (Annie Laurie).

An Ancient Tahitian Poem.

Descriptive Sketches of the **Californian International Midwinter Exposition.**

"Ouida, as She Is," by CHARLES ROBINSON.

A Southern Sketch, by HELEN RACHEL ROBB.

Articles by CHARLES A. DANA, IRVING M. SCOTT, THOMAS L. THOMPSON, T. J. GEARY, Prof. WM. HUDSON, SENATOR PEFFER and others.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

With the February number of the "CALIFORNIAN," *Charles Frederick Holder*, retires from the editorship of the magazine. He is succeeded by *Ed. J. Livernash.*

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Miscellaneous Liabilities	734,855 67
Surplus	15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as Follows:

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first Lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement, and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

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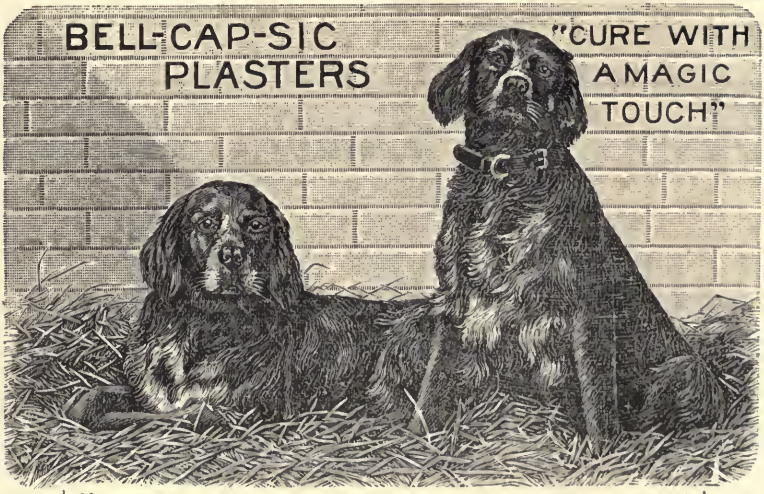

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RANDOLPH COLDECOTT.

THE WOMAN IN THE WIND.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1894. No. 3.

A DREAM OF SOULS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I dreamed I saw three disembodied souls
Awaiting judgment. First the sinner came
Who moaned for his lost body and its joys,
Its appetites and lusts. "In those desires
Which still enchain the spirit, lies thy hell,"
Spoke God in pitying tones; "Go wear them out
In lonely meditation."

Next I saw—
The righteous man whose life had held no stain
Because temptation never crossed his path.
"Go back to mortal form," his Maker cried,
Thou hast not erred; there is no hell for thee,
No heaven, because thou hast not overcome."

Then, slow advanced one who had fallen low
From being sorely tried; one who had found
How bitter are the fruits of sin, and learned
Through loss of it, fair virtue's priceless worth.
"Lord, Lord!" he cried, "thy deepest, darkest pit
Were all too shallow to conceal my shame."

His Maker smiled and answered, "Soul, arise;
Thou hast obtained the truth, it matters not
Through what dark ways the knowledge came to thee,
So thou, but understand; thy hell is past.
Go dwell with thy redeemed forever more."

A TERRACE IN ALGIERS.

WOMEN UNDER ORIENTAL CIVILIZATION.

BY SARAH PARKER.

WOMAN'S position in and outside of Harems is an interesting subject for Christians to investigate and discuss. Different denominations of our creed, both in the United States and Europe, annually spend thousands of dollars and thousands of pounds in sending missionaries to foreign lands for the purpose of converting the so-called "heathen." The desirability of these efforts of proselytism is queried by the writer; while the following incident will serve to point out the amount of success attending at least one of these undertakings.

Last June the writer was returning to London from Algeria, and entered into conversation with a missionary and his wife who had spent eight years in the same country. On being asked how many converts they had made, the wife ingenuously replied that there was just one Arab of whom there was some hope of gathering into the fold. The husband was more cautious, and instead of supplying information launched off into a long harangue.

In India and Egypt under English rule the natives are more sensitive to conversion; but it is a conversion of convenience and not one bearing the true stamp. Christianity for the stomach's sake and Buddhism for the soul's sake is the principle on which the converted in Hindoostan act. In Egypt also conversion is convenient on the same principle. In California the follower of Confucius, if you gain his confidence, will tell you that he goes to Melican man's church because he gets "heap washing, heap washing." These philosophers of the labor class know well how to adjust the balance between exoteric and esoteric principles.

The Arab and the Arabess form the picturesque statuettes in the *coup d'œil* scenes in Algeria. Men of magnificent form, whose light brown faces stamped with an expression of refinement and reflection, distinguish them from the darker-visaged Moor,* attract the attention of foreign visitors. In strong contrast with these fine speci-

* There is one tribe of the Moorish race, however, that is as fair in complexion as the European.

KABYLES WOMAN.

mens of human physique, the women strike the eye as you wander along the streets. Their appearance suggests to you the conviction that they must have left their sleeping quarters with their bed-clothes rolled around them and their feet incased in high-heeled slippers, which do not contribute to a dignified gait. Of their features only the eyes are visible, but they glisten like black diamonds in silver settings.

In the same style, but with display of richness of costume, the fair ones of the higher classes are clad. Fine soft silks constitute the material of their robes. Silk trousers confined at the ankles, and silk stockings just showing themselves above the pretty shoes. As elsewhere in all parts of the female world, the Arabess does not disdain to court admiration, and you can see under the thin veiling of diaphanous drapery the contours of face and figure of Arab beauties, and catch glimpses of waists enclosed in multicolored satins and velvets decked with precious stones.

There is no social prohibition in Algeria against native ladies riding in public trains or walking in the public streets; but it is a recognized rule that no lady does so alone, or after nightfall. Members of the unfortunate class of females are very few in number, and those few the result of the introduction of European ideas with regard to a social problem which hitherto the civilization of the nineteenth century has been unable to solve

It may seem strange to the reader, who has formed an opinion of the strictly conservative principles involved in the Arab's creed and his domestic laws, that the natives of Algeria are beginning to intermarry with Europeans. But such is the case, and the writer knows of many instances of Arabs of education and high standing having taken to themselves European wives. In no case did the wife express herself discontented with her lot; on the contrary they all proclaimed the devotion of their husbands. In one instance a Soudan Arab was not only supporting his wife in comfort bordering on luxury but also her old and infirm parents

Friday, the Sabbath of Mahomet, is a day which transient visitors to Algiers should not fail to take notice of. On that sacred day a great gathering of harem ladies assembles at the cemetery to decorate the graves of the dead with flowers. As a rule, they take with them their luncheon, consisting mainly of bread, cakes and fruits, with supplies of water. Most of them speak French and will engage freely in conversation, at which they are delightful. They look upon Christian women as barbarians—the latter's dress, habits and diet, especially meat and wine, being regarded by them as evidences of barbaric tastes and requirements. The writer, being invited to their homes and becoming familiar with their children, found, not perfection of life, but a life of great content, a fervent belief in Allah and invincible family love.

KABYLES TYPE.

Twenty-five miles up country may be seen many of the lower class women attending upon the military of an encampment, their little tents being cleanly kept and frugally supplied. These workers are paid for their labor at the rate of from one to two francs a day, a different state of affairs from that which is found in India and Egypt. But be the pay large or small, when climate and simplicity of clothing and living are taken into consideration, the condition of these women is far above that of the same class of European female workers, especially during the winter season. Another point strongly in their favor is their abstinence from intoxicating beverages.

WOMAN OF GOOD SAADA.

Marriage, according to the Azran law, is not a contract for enjoyment in this life, protection of self, service from another, or production of progeny. It is a solemn union of souls, having the education of the heart as its sole end, with a view to the realization of that condition of being wherein self is merged in the All. This high

principle is carried out in Algeria, as the reader will recognize by the following incident.

Seated by the blue waters of the Mediterranean I saw, day by day, stalwart Arabs cut out their children's clothes and sew them. Surprised at this humble occupation, engaged in by men who might make a "horrid battle-front," if so inclined, one morning I summoned up courage to make the remark to one of them that with our race that was woman's work.

"That may be," was the reply, "but *we* think that, when our wives go through the pain and danger of child-bearing for us, our duty is to save them all the trouble possible thereafter."

Domestic life among the Arabs is truly one of love and contentment. The husband never tyrannizes his wife. Parents and children form a happy family whose domestic peace is not interrupted even by want and hardships. I have been much among the working classes, and have witnessed the deep affection of husband for wife, wife for husband, parents for children, and children for parents. Divorce is rare.

I accompanied the Arab to his home and we halted in front of the entrance, the door to which was a curtain. The chatter of female voices, ripples of laughter, and the sound of dancing feet were heard. The Arab clapped his hands three times, whereupon followed the hurried scattering of women and children. Then the one wife presented herself at the entrance and was about to embrace her husband when, seeing me, she desisted and cordially invited me to enter and partake of their hospitality.

An Arab husband, as well as all Oriental husbands, does not intrude into the presence of his comrades' wives, and in all classes the rule is that, if the wife desires quiet and privacy, she expresses her wish by placing her slippers outside the curtain of her apartment; however humble it may be, no husband will intrude. Slippers also are used in divorce cases. They are turned upside down at the entrance to the law court and indicate the wife's grievance. All the sickening details of connubial infelicity, as given in the journals of civilized countries, are absent and not published broadcast. But, as before remarked, divorces are of rare occurrence, one of the reasons for which is that the man purchases his wife, and the principle that what costs is valuable is a vinculum seldom parted.

On one occasion I was witness to an interesting scene.

"You are my property, my slave," cried an Arab chief to his pretty, beautifully-dressed wife. "I bought you from you father." Thereupon she called her three children around her, and binding the husband with silken cords, forced him to his knees

GROUP OF CHILDREN.

and made him sue for pardon and acknowledge himself her slave.

This feat accomplished, the merry creature turned to me with the inquiry —"Do not the men in your world also buy their wives?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "we have hosts of disconsolate females who would willingly buy a husband if they could, some of whom succeed in doing so."

These discussions, practical and literal, were carried on while I was being served with coffee, cake and sweetmeats. I had no introduction to the family, and yet this is the unrestrained and hospitable manner in which a stranger is received by the Arab people of Algeria.

In one tribe in Algeria the women are endowed with the material property, and the descent is in the female line. The women are well-educated and learned, and though plurality of wives is admissible in law, the rule is one wife to one husband.

Let us now visit Egypt and India, and consider the status of woman in those countries.

In the streets of the principal cities of Egypt, the women wear a half European dress which consists of a long, gored garment worn over trousers; not white like that of the Arabess, but made of colored cotton. This cheap material has one advantage, that of never shrinking, and the first owner of such overskirt can confidently wear it without fear of longitudinal diminishment after innumerable baptisms

DANCING GIRL OF ALGERIA.

in the Nile or other lavatories. Egyptian women of the lower order for the most part go barefoot, like their children, in city, town or country. The little ones give little trouble, and as soon as they can take care of themselves are left to rear each other while the parents labor. The progeny of twenty mud-hut families physically develop muscular growth by scrambling up and down sand hills all day long. The climate is dry and fine, and the necessities of life are easily satisfied, which is fortunate for the children, as the male parent receives but four piastres a day for field work, and the female, who often labors with her infant riding on her shoulders and resting its head on hers, only two.

STREET DRESS OF COMMON CLASS.

The Khedevial ladies in their palaces are in want of nothing except the liberty to enjoy, though English nineteenth-century Christians are in full possession of the country.

In Alexandria there may be seen at an early hour in the morning from thirty to fifty native women carrying on great tin trenchers the quartered carcases of cattle from the slaughter-house (three miles distant) to the market, and for this laborious service their pay is fabulously small. Both men and women are of much darker complexion than those of Algeria or India, and do not bear the race stamp of a refined and cultured ancestry. No city have I ever seen so thronged with halt and lame and blind—women as well as men—begging, all begging and whining in the public streets. And this under English Government. Since the bombardment there is not a public library where one can borrow a book or write a letter.

On the bank of the Nile, half-way between Alexandria and Cairo, is situated the grandest of Egyptian harems where one day I presented myself, my washerwoman, who could speak French, being my escort and interpreter. In this harem there was only one wife, neither young nor beautiful, but so good, so loving and genial that her husband was fond and proud of her. After my peculiar introduction she received me twice a week, always placed me on a divan to rest, spreading over me a gorgeous covering, and when it was time for me to meet another pupil residing in the neighborhood, roused me from my pleasant

NEAR THE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT, ALGIERS.

slumber and refreshed me with steaming coffee and delicious fruit. In Egypt as in India, the meals are taken on the floor upon which one sits tailor-fashion—an attitude picturesque, perhaps, but very uncomfortable.

Each harem vies with the other in style and the inmates visit each other, all being in the same social scale. Work and games of various kinds occupy their time, while theatrical performances and exhibitions of dancing girls frequently serve to fill up the days, and boating on the Nile is a recreation much indulged in. The baths are great resorts both for diversion and business. There most marriages are planned, the mothers selecting suitable brides for their sons, and the fathers, in their turn, choose bridegrooms for their daughters, duly considering the physical perfections or defects of young aspirants to matrimony. It is inculcated by their religion that marriage is a duty, and as in France the parents decide the partners for their children. The high class Oriental husband never sees his intended unveiled until the nuptial knot is tied.

Mohammedan marriage is a simple ceremony requiring only a mutual promise in the presence of two witnesses. The occasion is celebrated by a feast, great or small according to the wealth of the bride's and bridegroom's families.

In Calcutta I witnessed a marriage procession at which the noise of drums, tambourines and native instruments of music was deafening. The attendant crowd was carrying furniture to the bride's new home, every article of which was supplied by the bridegroom. In all cases these marriage gifts become the wife's property absolutely whether divorced or not.

In the same land I also witnessed the manner in which burials are conducted. In our civilized countries we drape ourselves in black, follow to the grave the remains of the deceased with expressions of grief—sometimes assumed by those classed as his friends—and then hurry off to our usual occupations and routine of life. Nothing of the kind can be charged against the people of the land, I am writing about. The corpse, extended on

a draped plank, was covered with a bright red cloth. A band was playing not such a solemn dirge as the "Dead March from Saul," but a triumphal pean, and the mourners, I should say followers, were indulging in demonstrations of joy.

"How is it?" I exclaimed, "that so sad a ceremony as the burial of a human being should be made an occasion of rejoicing? Was the deceased a dreadful malefactor, or a scourge to his fellowmen?"

"Ah, no!" was the reply. "The cause of our rejoicing is the release of our friend's spirit from its earthly prison, and its flight to its heavenly home in Great Spirit's realm."

According to our views these humble philosophers are heathens. Will not the consciences of many who read these lines tell them that our mourning is but a mourning for our own loss, or a cloak donned for the occasion and cast off with indifference?

On an altar erected by these "heathens" outside of Calcutta, I once saw a sheep sacrificed, and when the ceremony was ended, moved away with a feeling of respect for the religious rite, for all the meat was given to the poor and needy, and many a half-starved woman and many a famished child had the wherewith to allay the pangs of hunger that day.

While in Calcutta I established a Hypnotic Institute, and among my patrons was a "Maharaga" chief who had an Italian wife. They with their two sons spent much of their time with me, and owing to the friendship of the lady I was enabled to realize much of the true inwardness and realities of harem life in that city. Taking into consideration the European marriage and divorce laws in their true light, and the excess of female over male population in old countries, the comparison of the condition of harem women with that of European women is in favor of the former.

Never can I forget the charm and simplicity of harem life, the unbounded hospitality and sweetness of the inmates. Petted and attended upon with indulgent care, as are the ladies of the harems, their lives afford a favorable contrast with the lives of even wealthy European wives who often have no more of the society of their husbands than those of the harem have.

It is stated by one authority that in India the males are more dependent on the females than the reverse although the husband is declared to be the master and teacher of the wife.

ALGERIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

KABYLE WATER CARRIERS.

She, in turn, is pronounced to be the god and object of reverence, not only of the husband but of the whole family. "The whole question of right is thus presented in a nutshell. The relation of sex is physically, and therefore mentally and morally settled already by nature. Nature has sought only to write the positive and negative sides of her harmonious action into a complete whole. Love and all that belongs to the heart make up the woman, while physical strength and all that belongs to the head are embodied in the male."

Religion is philosophy in India and permeates and regulates all questions social and political. All the religions teach that the female is the light of the family, the fountain of love, joy and happiness, and inculcate the principle that "where females are worshipped and respected, all happiness attends; where they are ill-treated or despised, calamities are imminent."

ANTICIPATION.

BY DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

I only know that day is sweet—
  That vague dreams haunt the night—
That in a moment we shall meet—
  And life be turned to light.

WATERLOO RELICS.

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY CHARLES EVERILL, F. R. G. S.

THE battle of Waterloo was undoubtedly the most important military event of this century. The very existence of nations depended upon the success of the allies, for had the Emperor Napoleon gained the victory, the entire destiny of Europe would have been changed, and the world of to-day would probably have had a very different history. But resulting as it did, all Europe rejoiced at the overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte, and gladly welcomed the peace that followed his banishment to the island of St. Helena, and put an end to those long and disastrous wars by which all classes of society had suffered so severely. The history of the so-called Hundred Days is a very notable one.

Napoleon escaped from his small dominion of Elba on the 26th of February, 1815, landed on the coast of France on March 1st, and made his triumphal entry into Paris on March 20th without an arm being raised to oppose him, and without a shot being fired either upon himself or his followers.

Napoleon's first step on regaining the throne was to issue a proclamation declaring that his future policy would be strictly one of peace, and he at once attempted to open friendly communications with the other European nations. But the great powers declined to treat with him on any terms. They considered that the peace of Europe would never be secure while Napoleon reigned, and entered into an offensive and defensive alliance against him, with the avowed object of driving him from the throne of France. The continental powers had men enough under arms to render victory certain, but they lacked the necessary sinews of war, and could not put their armies in motion without money. In this crisis England came to the rescue, and negotiating a new loan, distributed no less than eleven million pounds sterling among the continental powers, of which Austria received £1,799,220; Prussia, £2,382,823; Russia, £3,241,919, while the remaining £3,579,036 was divided between Hanover, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and the smaller German States. The European Coalition was then in a position to bring at least 600,000 men against Napoleon, and the allied forces were at once put in motion. The Duke of Wellington and Field Marshal Prince Blücher commenced to concentrate their forces on the borders

of Belgium, and threatened the northern frontier of France, while the Austrians were massing their formidable columns on the eastern frontier, and a large army of Russian troops was already on the march to join in the invasion of France.

Napoleon foreseeing that the invasion of France was inevitable, and that he would shortly be encompassed on all sides by the overwhelming forces that were being mobilized against him, decided to take the initiative. His plan of action was to attack and defeat the English and Prussian armies in detail, before the great forces of Russia and Austria had time to concentrate, and co-operate with Wellington and Blücher. By this action he hoped to make Belgium the center of hostilities and thus prevent France becoming the theater of war. Napoleon had occupied himself between March and June in increasing and reconstructing his army. He had replenished an exhausted treasury, and also strengthened the fortifications of the principal cities; and by the 1st of June he had no less than 556,000 men under arms, of which 250,000 were fully equipped, the others being made up of national guards, pensioners, etc. The army of the north or grand army who fought the campaign of Waterloo, was composed of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th corps d'armée, the whole of the reserve cavalry and the Imperial Guard, numbering in all about 128,000 men, and constituted an army which military writers state to have been, both for its composition and its numbers, equal if not superior to any that the world had then seen. Napoleon left Paris at 3:30 A. M. on June 12th, and traveled with his usual celerity, to Beaumont, fifteen miles south of Charleroi, where he established his headquarters, and on the morning of the 14th put forth the celebrated order of the day:—

PRINCE ROLAND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"Soldiers!—This is the day—the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland—which twice decided the fate of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and oaths of princes whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence, and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us then march to meet them. Are they, and we no longer the same men?

"Soldiers!—At Jena, against these same Prussians who are now so arrogant, you were one to three, and at Montmirail one to six.

"Let those among you who have been captives to the English, describe the nature of their prison-ships, and the frightful miseries they endured.

"The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the confederations of the Rhine lament, that they are compelled to use their arms in the cause of princes—the enemies of justice, and of the rights of all nations. They know that this Coalition is insatiable. After having denounced twenty millions of Poles, one million of Sascons, and six millions of Belgians, it now wishes to devour the States of the second rank in Germany.

"Madmen! One moment of prosperity has bewildered them. The oppression, and the humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their grave.

"Soldiers!—We have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with firmness, victory will be ours. The rights, the honor and the happiness of the country will be recovered.

"To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment has now arrived to conquer or to die. NAPOLEON."

At daybreak on the morning of June 15th, the whole of the French army was in motion. The frontier was crossed, the Prussians were driven from Charleroi and Marchienne, and the short but decisive campaign of Waterloo had commenced. French, English and German accounts of the battles of Ligny, Quatrebras, all differ considerably and no two military writers seem to agree about the time the battle of Waterloo actually commenced, or in their estimate of the number of the forces engaged on either side, but undoubtedly the best and most reliable account is given in "The Campaign of Waterloo," recently written by John Codman Ropes.

The position, to the south of the villages of Mont St. Jean and Waterloo, known as the field of Waterloo, had been reconnoitred by the English engineers some time before the campaign opened, and the sketches of the different officers had been put together, and a plan of the position made. On the morning after Quatrebras, a copy of this plan and sketches were given by the Duke of Wellington to Quarter Master-Gen. Sir William de Lancey, chief of his staff, with orders to take up the ground that the battle was fought on next day.

The Duke of Wellington's army at Waterloo numbered 67,661 men, of which 12,408 were cavalry, 49,608

ARTHUR BRAND, A DESCENDANT OF WELLINGTON.

WELLINGTON.

infantry and 5,545 artillerymen with 156 guns, who were composed of different nationalities and were for the most part raw, inexperienced troops.

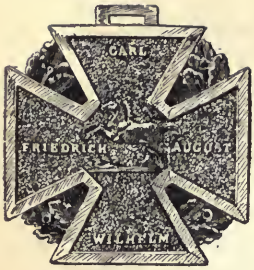
Nationality	Cavalry	Infantry	Artillery	Total
British	5,843	15,181	2,967	23,991
King's German Legion	1,997	3,301	526	5,824
Hanoverians..	497	10,258	465	11,220
Brunswickers .	866	4,586	510	5,962
Nassau troops.		2,880		2,880
Dutch Belgians	3,205	13,402	1,117	17,784
Grand total...	12,408	49,608	5,645	67,661

Napoleon had 71,947 men and 246 guns on the field of Waterloo, of which 15,767 were cavalry, 48,950 infantry, and 7,232 artillery. They were composed of the 1st, 2nd, and 6th corps. The heavy cavalry of Kellerman and Milhand, the light cavalry of the 3rd corps (Domon) with the cavalry corps of Pajol, and the grand Imperial Guard of 20,884 veteran soldiers. Unquestionably the *morale* of Napoleon's army was composed of well seasoned troops, all of whom were devoted to their Emperor, while great doubts existed of the loyalty even of some of the undisciplined levies of the continental allies. About 11:30 A. M. on the 18th of June 1815, Napoleon directed Reille's corps to attack Hougoumont, and the battle of Waterloo was commenced by a column of Prince Jerome's division advancing in skirmishing order. The engagement lasted until half past seven in the evening, when after the British had defeated the famous charge of the Imperial Guard. Tiethen's Prussian Corps reached Papelotte and at once attacking the French, completed the total rout of Napoleon's grand army.

After his defeat, Napoleon handed over the charge of the army to Marshal Soult, and hurried on to Paris, arriving there early in the morning of the 21st. But Napoleon's star had set forever; in the short space of nine days, his destiny had been accomplished, his armies no longed existed, and on the morning of June 22d the powerful Napoleon, the man who had risen from obscurity to become the creator of kings and the despotic ruler of millions, who had dismembered empires, and who for years had controlled the destines of Europe, abdicated the throne of France, and disappeared from history, to spend the remainder of his days on a solitary island in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean.

In the course of the Waterloo campaign the British and Hanoverians lost no less than 11,114 killed and wounded and missing; the Dutch Belgians, 4,136, while the Prussian loss was still heavier and amounted to to 43,132 men.

The exact French loss has never been properly ascertained, by reason of the utter dissolution of their army, but it is generally estimated that 35,000 men fell at Waterloo alone. There can be no doubt that the Duke of Wellington fully deserved the honors and rewards that were literally showered upon him. There are very few men possessing the nerve and coolness of the celebrated "Iron Duke." His position was a most critical one. The army that he commanded was without doubt the poorest one that he had ever led; but his plans were so well laid that he always seemed prepared for anything. For instance, when the unexpected news of the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny was brought to Wellington soon after daybreak on the 17th of June, he was standing in front of the farm house at Quatrebras, and coolly turning to Capt. Bowles, with whom he had been conversing said, "Old Blücher has had a good licking, and gone back to Mavre, eighteen miles. As he has gone back, we must go too. I suppose in England they will say we have been licked. I can't help it; as they are gone back, we must go too." The Duke then made all the arrangements for retiring on Waterloo without moving from the spot on which he was standing, and it certainly did not occupy him five minutes. In spite of all criticism there can be no doubt that Wellington



GOLD CROSS BRUNSWICK LEGION OF HONOR.

exercised the greatest skill and judgment in selecting the ground at Waterloo, and in handling the troops at his disposal, The Earl of Ellesmere in writing a critical estimate of the battle says: "The Hanoverian contingent and the Dutch Belgians were very raw troops," and of the 30,000 British and King's own Legion that fought at Water loo, writes: "Of this very body which bore the brunt of the whole contest, it must be remembered that not above six or seven thousand had seen a shot fired before. For purposes of resistance the fact is unquestionable that these raw British battalions, were found as effective as the veterans of the Peninsula, but it would have been very hazardous to have attempted to manoeuver under fire with some of the very regiments which, while in position, never flinched from the cannonade or the cavalry charges through the live long day of Waterloo."

MEDAL OF PENINSULAR.

Wellington in his choice of ground and the disposition of his forces, knew the material he was working with, and rightly calculated on the endurance of that grand Anglo-Saxon race, whose enterprise and tenacity in America, Asia, Africa and Australia have made the English-speaking race the greatest the world has ever seen.

MAJOR VON STROMBECK'S MEDAL.

The Prussian army commanded by Prince Blücher in the Waterloo campaign numbered 124,000 men, 90,715 infantry, 11,879 cavalry and 11,879 artillery with 312 guns. These troops were mostly veterans, and the youngest soldiers had seen service in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814.

REVERSE SIDE BRUNSWICK LEGION OF HONOR MEDAL.

When the allied forces entered France, the Duke of Wellington circulated a proclamation to the effect that he entered France at the head of a victorious army, not as the enemy of the French people, but of the usurper Bonaparte, declared to be an enemy to the human race, with whom neither truce nor treaty could be maintained, and that life and property of all persons should be respected and all requisitions paid for, excepting only those who held correspondence with the usurper and his adherents. This policy was strictly adhered to by Wellington, and the strict discipline that he exacted from his troops, made the French people regard him as their best protector against violence from other quarters.

REVERSE PENINSULAR MEDAL.

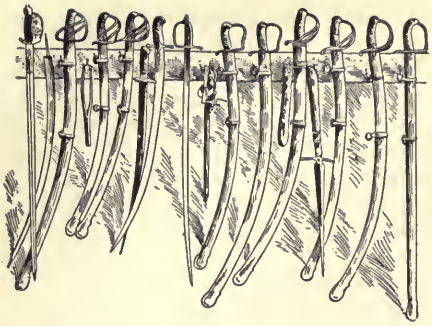
Wellington had a very difficult part to play, after the military occupation of Paris, for his

REVERSE SIDE MAJOR VON STROMBECK'S MEDAL.

colleague, Marshal Blücher, smarting under his frequent defeats by the French army, and keenly feeling the humiliation that Prussia had suffered at Napoleon's hands, totally disregarding the promises made by the allied Commissioners, when the capitulation was ratified, commenced to treat Paris as a conquered city. He commanded the municipal officers to furnish 100,000,000 francs for the payment of his soldiers, and at the same time set his pioneers to work upon the bridge of Jena, which he declared himself determined to blow up. He also made preparations for the destruction of the pillar of Austerlitz, and was only induced to forego his exactions by the admirable tact of the Duke of Wellington. Blücher's reply to Count Von der Gobz, the Prussian plenipotentiary, who entreated him to spare the bridge, was: "I have determined on blowing up the bridge, and I cannot conceal from your Excellency how much pleasure it would afford me if M. Prince Talleyrand would previously station himself upon it, and I beg that your Excellency will make my wishes known to him." The bridge of Jena was only saved from destruction by the Duke of Wellington placing a British sentry on the bridge; the presence of that single red coat proving more effectual than the combined remonstrances of the French Provisional Government and the ambassadors of the allies. Blücher (who, by the way, Napoleon generally alluded to as "that drunken Prussian hussar) appears to have had a considerable dash of the moss trooper in his composition. On his first visit to the city of London, it is said that he was so overcome at the numerous signs of its wealth and the tokens of prosperity of the inhabitants, that his first involuntary exclamation was—"Oh, mein Gott, mein Gott! vat a splandeed zeetie to zack." The military tactics used at Waterloo, or as the French term it, the battle of Mont St. Jean, were very different to the manœuvers that would be resorted to at the present day, under similar conditions. The days of cavalry, charging down upon squares of infantry, are past and gone. The favorite weapon of the British infantry, the good old "Brown Bess" musket is to be found only in museums. "Brown Bess" was considered a very effective weapon in her day, and for a long time all attempts to introduce improved rifles into the British army were strenuously opposed by the old school of officers who argued that "Brown Bess" had served them well in the Peninsula wars, and at Waterloo, and it would be safer to depend upon the old musket than any new-fangled weapon. One can very easily imagine how a regiment of soldiers, equipped with the old-fashioned muskets would fare against an equal number of troops provided with modern arms.

The improvements in all classes of artillery has also been very great since Waterloo was fought. There were no rifled cannon at that time, and those fearful engines of destruction, the machine and the quick-firing guns had never been heard of. Then a troop of horse-artillery was composed of five, six or nine-pounders, and one five and one-half inch howitzer, and a field brigade of five guns ranging from light six to twelve-pounders with one howitzer. The artillery corps were not even complete in themselves, for the guns and ammunition wagons were driven by a separate driver corps composed of subaltern, non-commissioned officers, artificers, horses and drivers. The French artillery was perhaps the finest in the world, for Napoleon attached great importance to that branch of the service, and the artillery played a very prominent part in all his tactics.

Many citizens of the United States are descendants of Waterloo men. The original autograph letter of the Duke of Wellington and the old commission which bears the signature of George III are in the possession of Mr. Arthur Brand, a native of this



WATERLOO SWORDS.

city, both of whose maternal great-grandfathers were officers under Wellington in the Waterloo campaign.

Mr. Brand's grandfather, Col. Von Strombeck, was the son of Major Von Strombeck who was killed at Quatrebras, and his grandmother was the daughter of Col. de Hertzberg, who commanded the Brunswick corps, after the death of the Duke of Brunswick who fell at Quatrebras.

Colonel, afterwards Sir Frederick August de Hertzberg K. C. B. received the order of the Bath for his services at Waterloo, and in 1830 as Lieut.-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Brunswick army, took a very conspicuous part in the rebellion at Brunswick in 1830.

The autograph letter reproduced is of peculiar interest not only from the fact that it is in Wellington's own handwriting, but that it was written from the Duke's headquarters at Nivelles, immediately after the battle, and appointed the recipient to an important command, It is a curious coincident that Mr. Brand is now a student in the law office of Col. John O'Byrne, whose grandfather, Frederick O'Byrne, was one of the leaders of the insurrections in Arklow and Wexford in '98, and who afterwards joined the French army and was captain in the 2nd Regiment of Clauset's brigade at Waterloo.

The letter from the Horse Guards to Lieut.-Col. F. de Hertzberg bears the the original signature of Frederick Duke of York, second son of George III, who was for many years Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

The battle of Waterloo restored peace to Europe which lasted for many years.

The London Gazette of June 21st, 1817, published a notice of the distribution of the Waterloo prize money, granted by the British Parliament to the army which served under the command of the Duke of Wellington in the battle of Waterloo and capture of Paris. In this distribution the Dutch, Belgic, Nassau, Hanoverian and Brunswick troops shared alike with the British soldiers.

The shares of each individual was proportioned in the following classes:

	£	s.	d.
The Commander-in-Chief's proportion was estimated at	£1,000	0	0
Class 1. General officers received	1,274	10	10¾
Class 2. Field officers and Colonels	433	2	4¼
Class 3. Captains	90	7	3¾
Class 4. Subalterns	34	14	9½
Class 5. Corporals, drummers and privates	2	11	4

The Duke of Wellington appears to have received the lion's share of this prize money, for his single portion amounted to about the same as that of all of the British non-commissioned officers and privates put together.

The English public came forward and with great liberality subscribed £518,288 in aid of the relations of the killed and wounded. This sum was also distributed not only to the parents, widows and orphans of the British,

WATERLOO RELICS.

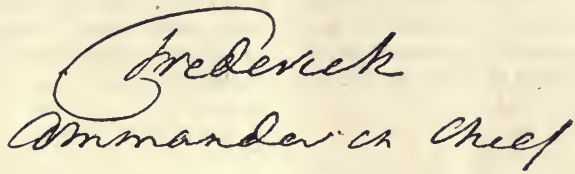
but of the Prussians, Brunswickers, Hanoverians and Netherlanders, who all shared in the appropriation of the Waterloo subscription fund.

Prince Roland Napoleon Bonaparte who visited the Pacific Coast last April, is the grandson of Prince Lucien, who was president of the historical "Conseil des Cinq Cents" on the 18 Brumaire. Prince Roland would have been the present head of the Bonaparte family, had not Prince Lucien been cut off the line of succession. Prince Roland was brought up a soldier, but was obliged to resign his commission in the French army when the law was passed in 1886, interdicting all military employment to the members of families that had ruled in France.

Prince Roland inherits the Republican feelings of his grandfather Lucien who was the only one of Napoleon's brothers who declined the royal crowns offered by the Emperor, and who always refused to derive any benefit from the Imperial gratitude.

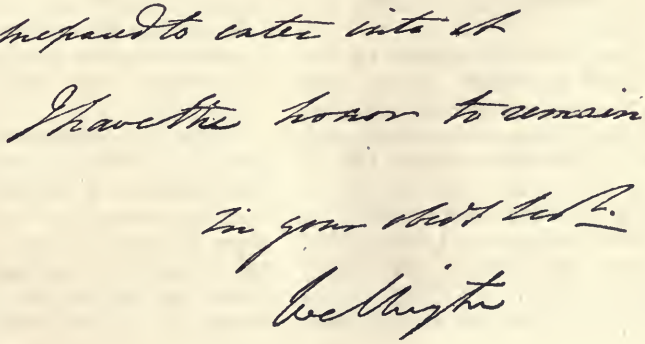
When Prince Roland's military career was so suddenly closed he devoted himself to scientific pursuits. He is known as a distinguished geographer, and has published many anthropoiogical works.

The Bonaparte family has always had many vicissitudes. The late Emperor Napoleon III had a very varied career before he was elected President of the Second Republic, and after the fall of the Second Empire the family became so reduced in circumstances that the Princess Pierre Bonaparte opened a milliner's shop in London. Prince Roland was born at Paris on May 19th, 1858.



FAC SIMILE OF FREDERICK'S WRITING.

The great house of Rothschild became eminent in the financial world during the progress of Napoleon's continental wars through the successful operations of Nathan Rothschild, who came to England with a capital of £80, and commenced money dealing in Manchester. In 1803 he transferred his business to London, his original £80 having grown to no less than £200,000 during the five years he was in Manchester. Nathan Rothschild commenced speculating in the funds, and soon became the leading man at the Stock Exchange. His transactions were on a scale never



before attempted and were attended with the most brilliant results. He organized an intelligence system, and by means of trusty agents disseminated everywhere about the continent, who sent in their report by specially trained carrier pigeons. He frequently procured news a day or two in advance, not only of the government, but of Lloyd's, making him for the time being absolute master of the Stock Exchange. But his crowning feat was to put himself in possession of the earliest tidings of the Battle of Waterloo, of which he had been an eye witness, and from which he returned at great personal danger, crossing the Channel in very stormy weather, in an open boat. For upwards of twenty-four hours, Nathan Rothschild was the only man in England who knew whether Wellington or Napoleon had been victorious in the great combat fought near Mont St. Jean, and in those twenty-four hours, it is said, that Nathan Rothschild added a clean million pounds sterling to his fortune.

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PRESS.

BY JOHN P. IRISH.

THE newspaper of to-day differs in many important features from that of thirty years ago. Many causes are confluent in the change, but the element of cost is common to them all.

The telegraphic news service, by land and sea, requiring paid agents at points from which the centers of continents and the midst of oceans may be reached, is a purely modern feature not only costly in itself but compelling expenses before unknown in the production of newspapers. Telegraphic news costs millions of dollars in the aggregate, and scores of press associations are incorporated with salaried officiary, for the purpose of gathering, transmitting, editing and distributing it.

What has cost so much to get quickly loses its value, if not read quickly. News is the most perishable of property. To save it until it goes to market has made necessary the invasion of the composing room by mechanism; "stick and "rule" are passing, and automatic type-setting, by a machine to which "lean" copy is as good as "fat," which does not stop to "jeff" for the drinks, nor strike for longer pay on a shorter "string," is ousting the "chapel."

What electricity has flashed around the world and rapid stereotyping has put into line and column must not be hindered by a slow press. Therefore, we have the great machine which takes the continuous web of white paper from the spool, prints a complete paper, cuts, pastes, folds and counts the copies, ready for the lightning mail train that is to carry the news to hundreds of thousands.

The electric current flashes, steam shrieks, and cogs rattle down all the columns of the modern newspaper. Its production has become a complex industry, and upon it rests the curse of hurry and haste. It bears less and less the kindly impression of human hands and more the hard imprint of cold metal, the clatter of cam and ratchet.

With this change and its impinged financial needs, has passed away the disinterested newspaper. The sheet is now made only to sell and to produce profit to its owner. Our traditions survive amongst the people. There are some who think a newspaper is still a champion of great

causes, a disinterested organ of popular rights, and this remains true of the local country press to a great extent.

With the metropolitan press sentiment has ceased. The expression of news-gathering facilities has created a public demand for news that must be met whether the haps and mishaps amongst men keep up the supply or not. In commerce the increase of profit by adulteration, under weight, scant measure and other methods of lessening the buyer's value received, has been the odium of trade from the beginning, for did not the Greeks make Mercury the god of the thieves and the merchants?

In the newspaper, sophistication of news is resorted to, and this immorality leads a long procession of offenses against good taste, decency and the whole canon law of a clean civilization.

It is not necessary to file a bill of particulars in the case. The daily paper has become a daily exhibit of the ignoble doings of ignoble people. Its display of the unclean in life is excused upon the ground that people like to read the unclean, It is a favorite device for the offensive newsmonger to say that there are outlawed terms in the Bible, and that he will be as decent as that old Book. If his premise be granted his conclusion is deniable. Because the scant resources of a primitive language, or the unchastened fancy of a primitive people may have made their solemn writings need expurgation in translation, is no excuse for the flaunting of indecency in the midst of a different civilization and highly changed conditions. In morals we refuse to recognize David's disposition of Uriah as a valid excuse for quieting Uriah's modern anologue by giving him a place in the Mint.

It may not be denied that the unclean finds many readers, nor that their taste for feculence is cultivated by feeding it.

I suppose many who read this are familiar with the museum of morbid anatomy which is part of the equipment of a medical school. Fancy the effect upon the mind of spending a lifetime in such a place, surrounded by every grotesque distortion of which the human form is capable, and by every revolting imprint of accident, disease and distress that can be embossed on human flesh! This contact with the morbid in physiology, though serious in its results, is less so than daily familiarity with the abnormal in psychology. No wonder that a taste for the fetid and distorted in conduct gains such strength that a paper loses sales when it fails to bring to such a market the supply it craves.

Finally it comes to pass that misfortune and misconduct, human weakness and infirmity fail to yield a crop equal to the consumption, and at that point the press passes to forgery of filth, using all the arts of insinuation, inuendo and implication and invading every privacy of life into which it can pry. The characters of public men are regarded by it as wholly legitimate material for blackwashing, and by indiscriminate accusation the press has destroyed the force of even just criticism in such cases, for no thoughtful person takes any public man at the newspaper estimate.

When the press passes the point of the actual events that befoul human life, and enters upon this field of suspicion and invention, it is in the region of blackmail. Pressed on one side by the cost of production, faced by loss of readers if it become clean, finding a short crop of human weakness and infirmity, the maw of the cash drawer is filled by blackmail. Witness now how perfectly sensationalism has made blackmail a branch of the newspaper business. About a year ago a young woman jumped from a ferry boat to suicide in San Francisco bay. Upon investigation of the case by a reporter of a Pacific Coast daily, it was discovered that a young man in a suburban town was related in a blameworthy way to the affair. His mother has wealth and social position. That night she was waited on by a representative of the

paper whose reporter had made the discovery, with a demand for $5,000 as the price of suppressing her son's name. The offer was rejected, and within an hour the representative of a local daily called with a demand for $500, as the price of omitting scandalous mention of the young man in its account of the matter.

I need not add that next day both of these papers exposed the young fellow and preached loudly about the profligacy of the rich, roasting him to such a turn that the next rich mother will think $5,500 cheap for the rescue of her son from such a fate.

By these methods the newspaper,— I am not implicating journalism proper,— has become a semi-criminal vocation. People pay tribute to it for exemption just as the commerce of the Mediterranean used to pay the pirates of Tripoli. It pursues even the dead wantonly. Recently I read in the Populist press of the East terrible attacks upon men and affairs in California. As a share of the fanatical rot was flung at me personally, it interested me enough to induce an examination of that part that blackened others. Among them was a dead man the late Judge Sawyer, an eminent jurist who, in a normal community influenced by a wholesome public opinion, would have a place in the Patheon of the commonwealth. The accusation blackening to his memory was, that, dying in judicial office he left a fortune of half a million which he could have gained only by the shameful sale of justice, using the bench as a shambles. Moved by curiosity I traced this charge back to the San Francisco daily press, found it in all of the papers in connection with the offering of the dead jurist's will for probate, and reached its very origin at the reporter's table in Judge Coffey's Court, where one reporter said as the will was offered, "How much did old Sawyer leave? Let's say $300,000," and another, "No, make it $500,000," and so it went into the papers, before the will was probated or the estate appraised. When appraised it proved to be of no such value and to consist almost entirely of property acquired in practice anterior to his judicial career. The excuse given for maligning the dead was that in life he refused to be interviewed by the papers! Now this abuse of the dead, turned into an argument by the organs of a party, was made a reason for teaching the people to defy the Courts, and distrust the purity of that judical action upon which depends the safety of life and property. With this lie about the dead for material, frenzied appeals were made to "rise in their might and scourge," and otherwise destroy the existing order of things.

But it is not necessary to multiply instances. They are known to every active man. The fact that they are of common knowledge impresses the change that has taken place from the *profession* of journalism to the *business* of printing and publishing newspapers. It is a business pure and simple, and public opinion and the law must apply to it the same principles that are found necessary in the business of selling dry goods or any other commerical article.

Considered as a vocation, the production of a newspaper carries no right of invasion of the proper privacies of life, no immunity to attack a public character and smirch it by falsehood, no privilege to lie about the helpless dead to the shame of the living who mourn.

Let us suppose that a dry goods merchant should claim the right, because he is in business and many people resort to his store, to tell nasty gossip to his customers; to tell one woman tales that tarnish the chastity of her neighbor and to a man that which saps the credit of another. How long would such a business man escape either private or judicial vengeance, and who would dare even plead the truth of his tattle as justification? Why not apply the same rule to the business of making and selling a

paper? It is occasionally applied with a dagger or a derringer and the application is uniformly endorsed by public opinion through the medium of a petit jury.

Since the business of printing papers put the profession of journalism under its heel, every city is blotched and freckled with newspapers which subsist by beggary and blackmail to enrich some vulgar fellow who parades his picture as "a journalist."

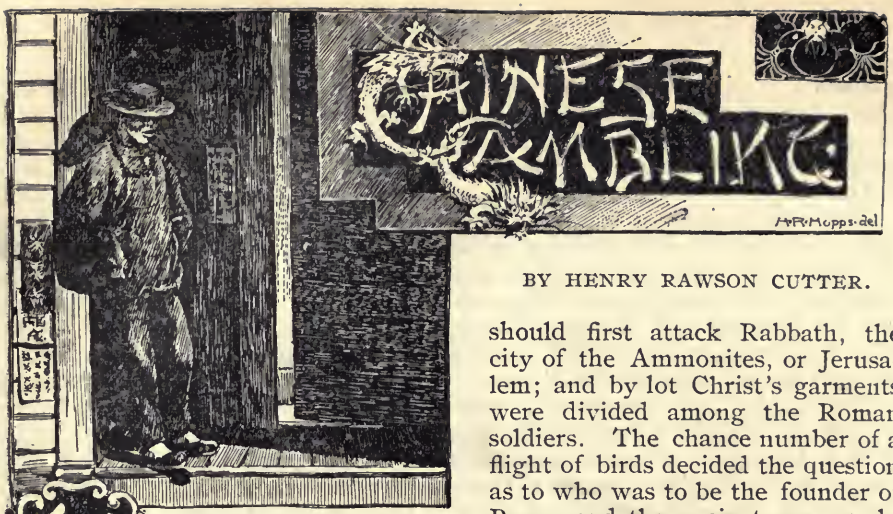
Journalism, as professionally established by Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, George D. Prentice, and their peers, was a distinct branch of literature and a valuable educating force. Its utterances has behind them a definite and respected personality and an individual responsibility. The place of those impressive characters is now taken by the swaggerer who defiles dead walls with claims of "the largest circulation," promotes subscriptions by lottery and invites public admiration of "scoops" consisting usually in cunning inventions or a bit more filth than rivals have dared offer.

Is it any wonder that thoughtful people are in disgust turning from the daily paper to the magazine and review, for reading matter that is not carrion and for news of something besides the ignoble?

FAIR HOPE EVER DISTANT FLIES.

BY ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

Whither, from whence? The future, and the past!
We gaze from naught, to naught, and stand aghast!
Beyond the near confines on either hand—
The scene is blank! Irresolute we stand
And strive to paint the picture to the end—
Before the mists, the fatal mists, descend!
But all in vain; the prophet, sage, and seer,
Have each one left for us a message here
Which speaks of Hope; of expectation sweet;
But have you found the messages complete?
They breathe of naught but hope—that fickle dream
When fond illusions firm and stable seem—
Until they fade from view! I have pursued
Fair Hope, the evanescent, many hued,
And when at last she seemed within my arms—
The many hues were gone; the fancied charms
Were as a touch of sorrow—more than this—
I woke and saw before me an abyss
Whose awful depths were blackened by my fear,
And far across the chasm dread and drear,
Fair Hope, the ever distant, swiftly fled
And joined the Hope of others—and the dead.



BY HENRY RAWSON CUTTER.

NUMEROUS definitions of man have been supplied by eminent writers, distinguishing him by habits peculiar to himself from all other species of the animal kingdom. One author has defined him as "a cooking animal," another as "a spitting animal," and a third as "a laughing animal. We propose to add to the list of definitions by calling him "a gambling animal."

The propensity to gamble has prevailed in all known ages of the world and in all known races of mankind, and it is a curious fact that it owes its origin, at least in Europe and Asia, to religious ceremonies, derived from a faith in divine indications which left the decision of important matters to chance, fortuitous results being regarded in ancient times as the expression of the will of the deity.

In the archaic records of Asiatic monarchies; in the biblical annals of the Hebrew theocrasy; in the Homeric accounts of events that occurred at the siege of Troy; and in the history of ancient Rome we find the same prevailing practice of invoking an appeal to the deity by casting lots and by other such moves of learning his will. By lot nine and a half tribes of Israel obtained their respective possessions in the land of Canaan; by lot Nebuchadnezzar decided whether he should first attack Rabbath, the city of the Ammonites, or Jerusalem; and by lot Christ's garments were divided among the Roman soldiers. The chance number of a flight of birds decided the question as to who was to be the founder of Rome, and the ancient augurs obtained their devinations from instructions derived from the dictates of chance. The mightiest monarchs of antiquity had recourse to this method of decision for the guidance of their action, and the vicissitudes of a nation's existence not infrequently depended upon the controlling influence exercised by it over the movements of great military leaders.

The element of chance being thus constituted the arbiter in all important questions in the management of religious, civil and military affairs on all occasions of uncertainty during the lapse of ages, this solemn mode of appealing to the deity was gradually extended in scope and finally degenerated into gambling. The religious element, however, long kept its grasp on the mind, and the ancient gambler would mutter a prayer as he shook the dice-box. In process of time the habit became general and a religious ceremony became the parent of a wide-prevailing vice, pregnant with evil. The Roman legislators at an early date recognized the pernicious effect of gambling, and it was prohibited by law both during the Republic and during the Emperors. This brief outline of the origin of gaming is sufficient to explain the reason of its widely prevailing existence.

Although the love of gambling was thus implanted in most races of man-

kind, the curse it entails by unlimited indulgence in it is so pestilential that in all civilized communities it has been curbed and kept within bounds by legislation. Chinese civilization, however, has not yet arrived at that stage of advancement, and gambling in China is a veritable epidemic. It is true that the Government long ago made an effort to suppress it, but so universal is the vice that laws and enactments proved ineffective, and the legislators fell back upon the profitable compromise of issuing licenses to keepers of gambling establishments. All that was accomplished by this policy was an increase of revenue; it had little or no effect in limiting the evil, for so far as the prohibitory sections of the gambling laws go, discriminating in favor of the licensed hells, they may be regarded as dead letters.

After the Chinese began to arrive on this coast it was not long before the professional gambler made his appearance, and as their numbers increased, Chinatown in this city became a nest for gambling dens and lottery companies. Prone as man is to evil, the haunts naturally allured numbers of the white population of San Francisco, the lotteries especially being a very loadstone of attraction. Clerks and employees spent their earnings in tickets, the youth of the city began to be corrupted with the deleterious leaven, and even women gambled extensively in the Chinese lotteries. What increased the temptation and consequent ruinous effect of these institutions was the frequency of the drawings and the enormous possible prizes. Every-day drawings took place in half a dozen different back rooms in the rear of shops opening on to the streets; and as it was possible to gain in a few hours from two hundred to four thousand dollars on a dollar stake, the inducement was overpowering. There was no waiting anxiously for weeks for the issuance of the prize list; you could stake your money in the morning and know what your luck had been in the afternoon. This diurnal drawing places Chinese lotteries almost in the same class of gambling games as faro, rouge et noir, etc. It only takes a little longer time for the player to drop his capital or make a coup.

Another reason for the patronage extended by white gamblers to the Chinese lottery companies was the invariable punctuality with which payment was made upon winning tickets no matter how large the amount. Moreover, the system precluded the possibility of forged tickets being passed upon a player, it being quite different to that on which the lotteries of white races are conducted, which admit of rascals disposing of fraudulent imitations of the genuine tickets to purchasers. These several inducements to uninterrupted gambling led to the invariable result. Cases of defaulting employees occurred, and around homes that otherwise would have been prosperous and happy, the specters of poverty and want hovered. Wives gambled unknown to their husbands, and husbands failed to bring home with punctuality their weekly earnings. Had it not been for the vigorous action of the police, the evil would have assumed gigantic dimensions and reduced to misery a large portion of the working population. But a vigorous war was waged against the Chinese gambling institutions, and though it seems impossible to suppress the vice entirely, it has at the present time been reduced to a minimum.

At these gambling dens the one great game that is played is Fan Tan, or the Tan game as it is called by the whites. What rouge et noir is in the salons at Monte Carlo and Monaco, such is fan tan in the Chinese hells. The following is the mode of play.

It is really a simple matter, consisting in backing one number out of four, but the way in which the game is managed seems to preclude all possibility of cheating, and the player seated at the fan tan table has only to

contend with luck, which gives him a better chance than the professional faro dealer allows him. The paraphernalia of this favorite game of the Chinese consists of a square slab of metal, generally pewter; a heap of Chinese *cash*; a cup or small bowl; a money tray, a packet of cards or narrow slips of different colored cardboard, and an implement which we will call a chopstick.

On the sides of the metal slab which is about a foot square, and for which paste-board is often substituted, are marked the numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4. One of these numbers the player backs to win against the other three, placing his stake on the side of his numerical choice. The banker having taken his seat, with his money tray before him, on one side of the table and opposite the square slab, which is placed in the center, his confederate, or partner, seats himself at one end of the ends of the table with the heap of *cash*, or some substitute therefor, in front of him, the players standing or sitting around.

Before the stakes are put up, the confederate takes from the heap of *cash* before him a large handful of the tokens or counters and without counting them places them under the cup; when all the bets are made he lifts this up and proceeds to count them off by four at a time with the chopstick. The number left at last decides the winning number of the fan tan slab. Thus if one count is left over, No. 1 wins; if two, No. 2; if three, No 3; and if four remains at last, No. 4 wins. The betters on the winning number receive three times their stake less a certain percentage deducted in favor of the banker. So far as gambling games go the management of it is perfectly fair, the counter of the tokens not being allowed to touch them with his fingers, each bunch of four being sep-

CHINESE GAMBLERS.

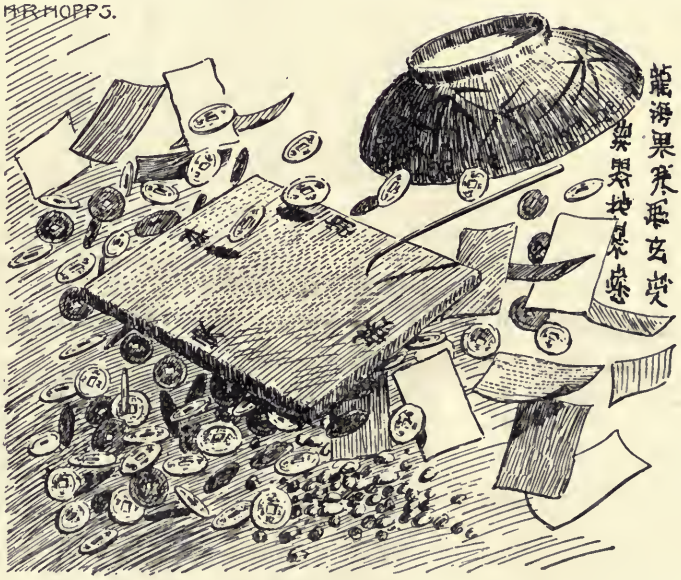
arated from the heap by the chopstick. The proceeds, however, derived from the losers' and the precentage deducted from the winners' gains make fan tan a profitable game for the banker. When a large number are engaged in the game, each receives one of the colored slips of card-board on which he places his stake, thus enabling the banker to distinguish the betters, and prevent disputes and attempts at misappropriation.

The Chinese system of lottery is unique, and there are some interesting particulars with regard to the name and the ticket used. By reference to the illustrations the reader will perceive that the tickets bear eighty Chinese characters, no two of which are alike. These characters are the reprint of ten lines of a celebrated Chinese poem, each line consisting of eight words. See Tsz King is the name of the poem which is a marvelous production. It consists of one thousand lines in which no word is ever repeated. There is no other book of the kind in China, and it would not be rash to assert that no other such could be found in the world. To weave eight thousand words into a poem is an achievement which only the the Chinese language admits of a poet performing.

Another curious thing is the origin of the Chinese name for lottery which is *pak op pen*, meaning *pigeon document*. In very ancient times the practice of employing carrier-pigeons as postmen prevailed in China. The message was written on a slip of paper of the finest tissue, and the letter, being then rolled tightly up, inserted into the quill of one of the bird's pinion feathers which was carefully opened for its reception. A note thus conveyed by a pigeon was called *pak op pen;* pak op meaning pigeon, and pen, document. In the earliest attempts on the part of the Chinese Government to suppress gambling in lottery ventures, an infractor of the law promulgated with that object, on being arrested, swore in court that the tickets produced in evidence against him were only "pigeon documents," and from that incident the lottery game derived its present name. Let us now see how the Chinese lottery is conducted.

As before mentioned the tickets contain eighty different characters. A sufficient number of them are printed off for each drawing, possibly for several drawings, all of which are exactly similar. The player having found his way into the office of the lottery keeper, having taken due caution to avoid the observation of the watchful police, he is provided with a ticket on which he is allowed to mark off ten of the characters after having deposited his stake, the lottery keeper taking a duplicate of the same. The characters thus marked are designated as *spots*. At the drawing the keeper of the lottery marks off on one of the tickets, by a process that will be afterward explained, twenty such spots. When the lottery is closed, if five spots of the player's ticket correspond with five of the lottery keeper's tickets, he wins the amount of his stake; if none, or less than five, correspond he loses. If, however, six of his spots correspond with six of the banker's he wins ten times his stake. Seven corresponding spots gain for him two hundred times his stake; and eight, nine and ten corresponding spots secure for him respectively, one thousand, two thousand and four thousand times the amount of his put-up. Though, of course, the chances against the player of winning even the amount of money which he stakes are enormous, their true negative value is a hidden quantity to the uncalculating public, while the seductive attraction of the large sums that may be won *with luck*, is irresistible to a large number of people. Were it not for the activity of the police in ferreting out the secret quarters of these lottery men, a very considerable portion of the working and other classes of San Francisco would be involved in ruin and reduced to abject poverty.

The way in which the lottery dealer marks off the twenty spots on the ticket which regulates the winnings is as follows: He cuts out all the eighty characters of one of the tickets and rolls them up into little balls or pellets. These are well mixed up in a cup and then twenty of them are drawn out and laid aside; the heap is then mixed up again and another twenty withdrawn, the remaining forty being mixed up and divided. The keeper of the lottery has thus four heaps of characters, twenty in each.



CHIPS AND COIN.

Each of these heaps is in turn well mixed up and five of the little balls are withdrawn from it, so that there are twenty in all when the drawing is finished. The characters which these twenty pellets bear are those which are marked off on the lottery man's ticket and constitute the game. When the player returns after this ticket is issued, the hour of which he is informed of, it is shown to him and he compares the spots on his own ticket with those which it bears. It is well known that rich Chinamen are at the back of these lotteries, and there is never any doubt as to the payment of prizes.

There seems to be in this system of lottery no possibility of cheating if the drawing of the characters that decide which are the winning spots could be conducted in public. But the secrecy with which these lotteries have to be managed on account of their illegality renders a numerous attendance on the occasion impossible. The probability is that only a few Chinamen witness the drawings and these very ready to be silenced for a *consideration*. As the ticket seller keeps a duplicate of every ticket sold, it would be possible by the aid of rapid calculators and a system of tables, so to select the spots on his own tickets as to reduce his payments out to the minimum. The writer is unable to state whether this is the case or not; the reader must draw his own conclusion on this question. Bret Harte would probably decide in the affirmative, maintaining as he does

> "That for ways that are dark
> And tricks that are vain
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar."

Owing to the frequent raids made by the police authorities on the Chinese gambling dens, it is difficult to obtain information from the Mongolians themselves; it was only through the courtesy of Detective Cox, who obligingly rendered the writer every assistance in his power, that the above details were obtained and a photograph of a fan tan game secured. Since the Supreme Court of the United States declared the Geary Act constitutional the Chinese have drawn themselves into their shells, are reticent to the last degree, and close their doors to the photographer. They are particularly careful to avoid exposing their countenances to the camera, as will be observed in the illustration; sun-pictures of Chinamen and their surrounding are now obtained with difficulty.

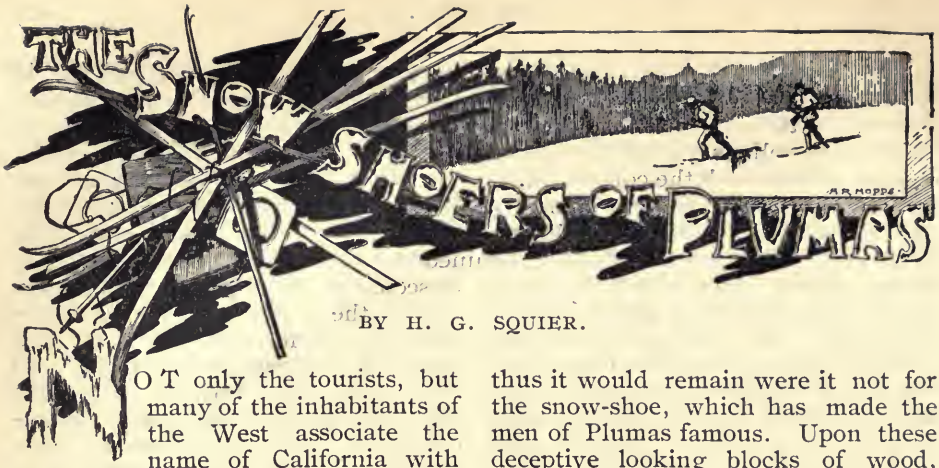
Comparatively few white gamblers frequent, or ever did frequent, the fan tan gambling dens. To take part in that game requires the players continued presence at the table for some length of time, and the danger of a visit from the police deters men from indulging in a legal proceeding which necessitates a lengthened stay. In visiting the lottery places less risk is run. A few minutes are all that are required to enable the player to procure his ticket, pay his coin, and mark off the spot, and still fewer to learn what his luck has been when the drawing has been made. Moreover, the lotteries attract a large number of people who cannot afford the time to play long games—clerks and employees of every class, mechanics and workmen, who are occupied in their respective vocations during the day. Thus it is that the Chinese lotteries have always drawn more victims into their meshes than fan tan.

CHINESE LOTTERY TICKET.

THE POET.

BY FREDERIC F. SHERMAN.

A wizard soul, he calls down the sky
  Fantastic shapes of light,
Or, forth from hidden caves where shadows be
  Strange fancies of the night.



BY H. G. SQUIER.

NOT only the tourists, but many of the inhabitants of the West associate the name of California with sunny skies and ever-blooming flowers. Yet from its eastern to its western limits; from its vineyards and orange groves of the south to its snow-laden pines of the Sierras, we find every variety of climate. While the people of Central and Southern California are enjoying the delightful days of winter, dwellers in other sections of the State are endeavoring to ward off the snow. Within an area of some thirty miles square in Sierra and Plumas Counties, lies a section of country that in regard to rigor of climate and severity of snow storms will compare with almost any of our Northern climes. Here nestled beneath the snow-crested peaks of the Sierra are many little mining towns inhabitated by a class of people peculiar to that section. Warm-hearted hospitable and charitable, they are always ready to assist less fortunate fellow beings. As a class they are industrious, happy and contented, and under no ordinary circumstances would they be willing to exchange their mines and houses so picturesquely situated in the shadow of the surrounding peaks, for a good bearing orchard in the valley land. During the months of September and October, like the squirrels, the people of Plumas begin to lay in their stock of supplies for the winter.

A short time after the snow begins to fall all communication with the outer world is completely cut off, and thus it would remain were it not for the snow-shoe, which has made the men of Plumas famous. Upon these deceptive looking blocks of wood, men, women and even little children skim over the glistening surface with marvelous ease and speed. The shoes are made with great care and many men have become famous because of their ability to make fine snow-shoes. Such a one is Mr. John Madden of Gibsonville, Sierra County, whose shoes are famous far and near for their beautiful shape and speed. He has done much toward bringing the snow-shoe to its present point of perfection. The snow-shoes of Plumas are modifications of the Norwegian "ski" and are from eight to twelve feet in length, varying in width to suit the rider's foot. In thickness they are from an inch and a half thick under the foot to one quarter of an inch at the toe, or forward end, and three-quarters of an inch at the heel.

The forward end is slightly bent upward, so as to slide smoothly over any little rise or knoll in the track. The bottom is carefully planed and highly polished, having a long tapering groove running its entire length. This groove is an equal distance from each edge of the bottom, one and a half inches in width, one-half inch in depth at the heel and gradually tapers toward the toe. Its object is to cause the shoes to take a straight course and not slide from side to side. In manufacturing the higher grades of snow-shoes, great care is taken in order that this groove may be perfectly straight and not vary the least particle

in its gradual taper. The upper portion of the shoe is given a coat of shellac or paint and varnish. The bottom, besides being highly polished, is made still more glossy by burning into it tar, pitch and beeswax. Not satisfied with this, the snow-shoeers make a mixture or compound called "dope," which they rub over this last coat in order to make the shoe glide along more smoothly. "Dope" is regarded as the main thing in a test of speed, and many snow-shoers are famous for the wondrous "dope' they have made. The principal ingredient used is spermaceti, but almost everything found in country drug stores has, at some time or another been experimented with. "Dope," that is good for *dry* snow will generally cause *wet* snow to adhere to the bottoms of the shoes.

To assist the snow-shoer in keeping his balance and in climbing steep hills, he carries a pole, or as the Norwegians call it a "stav," which is about one and one-half inches in diameter and six feet in length, with a button about four inches in diameter attached some three or four inches from the lower end. This button prevents the pole from going into the snow for any great distance, thus acting as a propeller when braced against.

Snow-shoers usually carry a pair of snow-shoe moccasins—two long narrow bags or sacks that are made so as to just fit over the rear half of the shoes and tie at the strap. These moccasins prevent the snow-shoes from slipping backward while climbing a steep hill.

To the inhabitants of these snow buried towns there is no visitor hailed with greater delight than the mail. During the severest storms of winter, communication is maintained for long periods only by snow-shoers, who carry the mail upon their backs. They are always expert snow-shoers and attempt but seldom to handle more than the letter mail, leaving the papers and bundles to be brought in upon sleighs later on. It often happens that no man, no matter how strong he may be, can face the storm and carry to the people of the next town their mail. As soon as the weather clears up, parties of volunteers start out and "trail" is broken through. At each turn, where a tree may be conveniently situated, they nail a piece of board or shingle in order to indicate the exact location of the road. In summer when all the snow has disappeared, these guide-boards act as reminders of the great depth of the winter's snow.

GIBSONVILLE, SIERRA COUNTY, UNDER THIRTY FEET OF SNOW.

Later in the season, after the snow has become firm, trained horses are

brought into use and anxious miners are given their first view of the newspapers, possibly three or four weeks old. If there is one place in the world where every word of the newspaper, even to the advertisements, is read, it is in one of these mining towns during the heavy storms of winter. A horse in order to be of any use in carrying the mail over the mountain ridges must, like his driver, be an expert snow-shoer. The shoes worn by the horses consist of large plates of iron or steel some eight or ten inches square, and one fourth of an inch in thickness. They are covered on the lower side with a piece of heavy rubber belting in order to render the horse less liable to cut his legs when floundering around in the snow. Two holes about one half an inch by one inch square, and three inches apart are cut into the iron plate through which the heel calks of the regular horseshoe are placed. This is done to steady the foot and to allow the shoe to be more securely fastened to the horse's hoof. Two narrow strips of Norway iron, hinged at one end to the top of the snow-shoe are brought together over the front of the hoof and firmly fastened to the foot by means of an adjustable screw-bolt and nut. Upon the bottom of the shoe, a large sized, but thin, horse shoe with sharp calks is fastened. This insures the horse a safe footing and keeps him from slipping and sliding. He soons obtains confidence. A span of horses thus equipped can draw a heavy load with comparative ease.

START OF THE RACERS.

It is not every horse that becomes a skilled snow-shoer. Some master it readily, while others seem to be utterly incapable of handling the ungainly appendages. A horse must have more than an ordinary amount of intelligence, with an even disposition, as it often happens that the lives of both driver and passengers are saved through the intelligence and experience of one of these animals. To the uninitiated it is a novel sight to see four horses hitched to a sleigh with these cumbersome looking snow-shoes attached to their already iron-shod hoofs. Each animal appears to be perfectly at ease, and rarely strikes one foot against the other. He invariably manages to lift the forward snow-shoe out of the way just in time to let the rear one take its place. Thus encumbered, they can average about three miles an hour.

Most of the horses used for this purpose are the little Mexican mustangs,

ranging in weight from eight to nine hundred or a thousand pounds each, and are very hardy animals. Their value is enhanced by their ability to travel on snow-shoes. One old stage horse, known as "Snow-shoe Sally," will long be remembered, not only by her driver and owner, but also by every man, woman and child along the route which she had so often traveled. Tradition has it that she is the first horse that ever used snow-shoes successfully in that part of the country.

Many of the little mining towns are composed of houses that are completely covered in during the storms of winter. Each house is built with a steep and very sharp gable roof, made thus in order to facilitate the sliding of the snow. Late in the season when the snow attains a depth of eighteen to twenty feet, the eaves of the houses become entirely submerged and the householder must oftentimes venture forth in the storm in order to shovel off a part of the snow and thus prevent his roof from being crushed by the heavy weight upon it.

Gibsonville, in the northern part of Sierra County, is in about the center of California's heaviest snow-belt. It is common to find snow here from *fifteen* to *thirty* feet in depth, during the months of February and March. Often the houses are entirely obscured from sight, and when riding along the show-shoer will suddenly come upon a narrow tunnel, or passage-way, leading down into the ground like the burrow of a gigantic owl. Close investigation will show it to be a snow channel or trail sloping downward into some miner's home. The writer remembers one experience of this kind. I rode snow-shoes over the passage-way leading down into a neighbor's house and, desiring to ask a friend who lived there to go with me for a ride, I jumped off my shoes into the trail. My feet went out from under me, and I went rushing down a distance of some fifteen feet, crashing against the door, which gave way, and I landed in the hall-way, unannounced except by the avalanche that accompained me.

A PLUMAS COUNTY FOUR-IN-HAND.

The heaviest fall of snow experienced for years in Plumas was in the

winter of 1889 and '90. In Quincy, Plumas County, where snow rarely ever falls to a greater depth than three feet, it piled up that winter until it measured nine and ten feet on the level.

Eureka Mills, a mining town of considerable importance, about thirty miles from Quincy, the county seat, was completely buried during a greater part of that long-to-be-remembered winter. The miners were obliged, in some instances, to splice their chimneys in order to get them above the level of the snow. The attic windows were the most available means of entrance, and even these had to be reached through a long sloping passage-way. Inside the rooms had to be lighted by day as well as by night. The great deposit of snow caused the miners but little inconvenience, since they were all employed in the mine underground and went to and from their work on snow-shoes. They experienced one novel difficulty, however. Many of them lived by themselves in little low cabins and, on leaving home in the morning, they would attach a pole to the chimney. To this they would tie a rag or a tag, in order that they might have no trouble in finding their own home on returning from work. They were away about ten hours of the day and, after a heavy fall of snow, they would return to find that in many cases the terrible storm of that high altitude had either blown off the tag or had completely obliterated all trace of anything by which they would find their houses.

MAIL CARRIER ON SNOW-SHOES.

Many are the sufferings and hardships endured by him who braves the rigor of a winter in the Sierras. At times, the settlers who live in the deep cañons or ravines become alarmed, fearing that an avalanche, or as they term it a "snow slide," will come down the sides of the surround-

ing ridges and bury them alive beneath its icy covering. If it is not already too late, they get out their snow-shoes and journey to the nearest town or domicile there to wait until the snow has ceased falling and has settled so as not to be dangerous. The most appalling accident of this kind that has occurred in recent years was at Sierra City, Sierra County. The snow rushed down from the mountain-side in one immense body and carried away a portion of the town and buried a number of its inhabitants.

The inhabitants of these snow-encircled towns live together like members of one large family, thus enjoying the association and counsel of one another, and during the long winter evenings, gather together at some neighbor's house, each one bearing his or her offering toward the banquet that will surely follow. Thus equipped, with a band of musicians, consisting generally of a violinist and a banjo player, at their head, they go forth to take possession of the house and home of some unsuspecting neighbor, where they remain until the small hours of the morning, enjoying themselves in dancing, games and social intercourse. The winter is a round of parties and balls and smaller festivities.

The popular amusement is snow-shoe racing. The people of one of the towns club together and contribute three or four hundred dollars to be divided into purses of from fifty to one hundred dollars each. These are given to the snow-shoer who succeeds in making the greatest speed over a certain chosen course.

Great is the excitement when there appears upon the bulletin board at the post office the notice announcing the event. It is generally couched in the following terms:

"DOPE IS KING! DOPE IS KING!

SNOW-SHOE RACING AT THE LA PORTE RACE TRACK

ON

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 3d, 4th and 5th, 1894.

$300.00 IN PURSES!

First Day.

First purse,	$50.00
Entrance fee,	2.00
Second purse,	Entrance money

Winner of first purse debarred.

Second Day.

First Purse,	$50.00
Entrance fee,	2.00
Second purse,	Entrance fee

Winner of first prize debarred.

Third Day.

First purse,	$200.00
Entrance fee,	2.00
Second purse,	Entrance fee

Winner of first purse debarred.

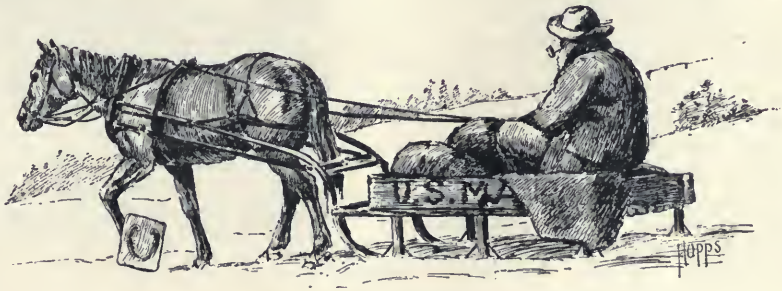
Third purse, Championship Belt

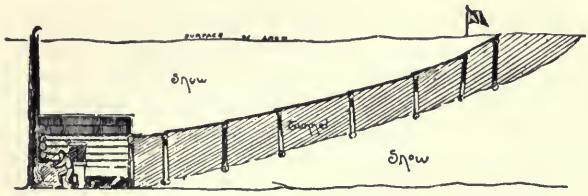
Each day's races to be followed by a Grand Ball at C——'s Hotel.

Signed,

_____
_____ } Com."
_____

Every one who can ride now begins to practice, and continues to do so until the day arrives. Every kind of a drug in the drug store is given a trial, and every kind of a mixture imaginable is made in order to find out some compound that will make fast "dope." There is a well-organized





A PLUMAS HOME IN WINTER SHOWING THE TUNNEL.

snow-shoe club in most of the towns and it is generally in charge of some old settler who has a good-sized bag of different kinds of "dope" that he has made from time to time, the ingredients and the proportions in which they are mixed being known only to himself. The riders drill and practice every day and when the long-looked for day of the races arrives, some five or six of the best riders are chosen to represent the club in the contest for the prizes. The winner generally divides equally among other members of the club. Each person has a peculiar pride in the riders from his respective communities. Many names are remembered by the inhabitants to-day only because of their exploits upon the snow-shoe race course. As long as there is a man living in Sierra County the traveler will hear of the wonderful rides of "Yank" Brown, Charley Littick, Tommy Todd, John Hillman, Jake Gould, Mattie Judge and many others.

The snow-shoes made for racing purposes are from twelve to thirteen feet in length and about four a half inches in width. Like a race-horse, their value depends on the number of races they have won. In each town there are one or more old pairs laid aside waiting for the next year's races.

The course is generally about 2,000 feet in length, and is exceedingly steep for the first twelve or fifteen hundred feet, ending in a long, gradual slope.

There cannot possibly be a more exciting contest. Here, instead of depending upon the efforts of some dumb animal, you are watching the efforts of some intelligent human being in his attempt to gain supremacy. From good authority we know that they have attained a speed of over 200 feet a second. This is not at the rate of more than a mile a minute. Upon reaching the bottom of the declivity, the riders often report that they have not had time to breathe between the start and finish. They are started off by the tap of a drum and are privileged to use their pole or "stay," as much as they may wish in order to accelerate their speed. As a rule, they stand braced with the pole ahead of them and between their shoes. When the signal is given, they raise themselves by means of the pole and give one grand shove. Some strike the pole to the snow five or six times, before they assume the proper position which is by stooping as low as they can, with the pole held out directly in front, thus acting as a wedge to cut the air apart. When they reach the bottom the winner is carried upon the shoulders of his admirers, and a general feasting ensues. Such is winter in Plumas, but in summer all this is changed. The climate now is very delightful. With its cool gushing springs and beautiful lakes, Plumas is the sportsman's ideal home.

PLUMAS HOUSE, QUINCY.

SOME FOREIGNERS AT SUNSET CITY.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

NOTHING is more indicative of the progress of modern civilization, or more assuring of its future expansion, than the unprecedented concourse of foreigners at the World's Fair last year. Civilized and semi-civilized nations, barbaric and semi-barbaric tribes, were there represented, not only by their arts and industries, but by personal attendance at the great celebration. From remote islands in the vast Pacific Ocean, from the center of the Dark Continent, from Asiatic lands into which the white man's entrance is barred visitors were led to the White City by the far-reaching hand of civilization or followed its beckonings thitherward. And all these representatives of wild and untutored types of mankind will take back with them the leaven of civilization and prepare the way for progress.

A fair proportion of the most interesting ethnological attractions at the Chicago Fair are present at the Exposition in Golden Gate Park, and the people of the Pacific Coast have an opportunity of beholding living representatives of strange peoples in their native costumes, and of taking object lessons as regards their different customs, habits and natural surroundings. The Chinese village, the Hawaiian Cyclorama, the Turkish Theatre, the Japanese Village and the Moorish Maze are all attractive and instructive but none of them more so than the streets of Old Cairo with its rambling lot of low, quaint buildings, from the fact that there so many nationalities are represented. To that ancient city on the Nile the Arab and the Soudanese guide their camels across the desert; thither sail on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the Moor, the Algerian and the Turk. Inhabitants of the sacred cities of Medina and Mecca—cities which would be absolutely unknown to us but for the exploits of such men as Burton and Palgrave, who, disguised as Mohammedan pilgrims, reached these holy places and returned in safety, owing to their extraordinary knowledge of oriental customs, rites and ceremonies, find their way to Cairo; and the natives of the rich regions around Lake Chad cross the Sahara Desert and gaze on the waters of the Nile at Egypt's capital.

Despite the uncompromising exclu-

A MOOR.

sion of all others but those of the Mohammedan faith from the sacred cities, the true Arab, away from the pernicious influences to which the inhabitants of towns are exposed, leading a pastoral life in patriarchal state, is a noble man. Says Mr. Hugh Robert Mill: "Even the degenerate scoundrels who poison Africa with their slave raids, and can only boast a traditional trace of Arab blood, retain manners which are the admiration of every white traveler who has come in their way. Again and again Arab slave traders have saved and brought to the coast Europeans whom they knew to be the bitterest enemies of themselves and their system, and this without promise of reward."

A Bedouin Arab prepared to cross the desert on his dromedary, with its caparison decorated with beads and festoons of tassels, himself in picturesque costume and scimitar in hand, is an abject of wonder and admiration.

A BEDOUIN ARAB, READY TO CROSS THE ARIZONA DESERT.

These transient inhabitants of Cairo excite our keenest interest, for they come from mysterious regions of which little is known as yet. Few are the Europeans who have seen such men in their native homes. By referring to the illustrations the reader will be able to mark the variations in facial form and expression observable in the

BEDOUIN ARAB GIRL.

countenances of the Arab gentleman and the Bedouin, the Moor and the Soudanese. If the Moor is less comely and of darker complexion than the Arab he is by no means behind him in the richness of his dress. The costume of the Moor presented in the illustration is most gorgeous. His fez is of a brilliant cardinal red, the tassel pendant from it being navy blue. The burmouse is made of rich cream-colored China silk. The tight-fitting waistcoat is scarlet and embroidered with gold braid; the loose jacket green, also embroidered with gold braid but of a different pattern. The ample trousers are sky blue and made of the finest cloth, while the boots from top to toe are of red morocco leather. If any of our fair readers will take their color-boxes and give to each article of dress its proper color, not omitting the gold buttons and decoration on the left breast or the silken sash, they will be able to realize the full brilliancy of this latter-day fellow-countryman of Othello.

The theatres connected with the Old Cairo street in Golden Gate Park have a great attraction. Dark-haired, dark-eyed and dark-complexioned maidens from Turkey and Egypt, from Morocco and Algeria, give performances in ballet dances, each nationality after its own terpsichorean style. There are also Old Cairo actors and jugglers, sword-fighters and necromancers. Adjoining the main Cairo building is the Turkish Theatre where similar performances are given. Albert Sonhami, the treasurer of the company, has long been a resident of Constantinople and brought with him on his arrival in San Francisco at the end of November last, a number of performers celebrated in that city for their skill. The Turkish girls in the troupe are fine-looking, and some of them are wonderful dancers. The Moors and Algerians are darker and less gentle in expression, but are by no means lacking in beauty. Their dance is distinct from that of the Turkish girls, and one of the principal features of it is the extraordinary

A CINGHALESE TYPE.

power of endurance displayed by the performers in whirling round on their toes for a great length of time.

While on the subject of dancing mention should be made of the South Sea Island dancers and singers who are expected to arrive here about the beginning of April. H. J. Moore, an American, is the projector of this exhibition, having successfully established a South Sea Island village in the White City. At the end of November last he passed through San Francisco with his troupe on his return to his "kingdom" in the South Seas. The narrative of his experience in those distant isles is interesting. Twenty years ago, while still a youth and adventurous, he went to Samoa. Many of the Samoan girls possess great beauty, and Moore not only liked the island but also one of its comely daughters. So he married and made his home at Apia. So pleasant was life that he concluded to secure an island for himself, and having obtained a good knowledge of several of the South Sea languages, he proceeded to cast about in search of a realm. Opportunity favored him and while on a tour with his wife on a trading schooner he found his island kingdom. Ten degrees south of the equator the vessel touched at an islet about three miles in circumference, inhabited by a few half-starved cannibals who had little to live upon except their relatives. Moore established a protectorate over them, converted a few members of the moribund tribe by teaching them to live on roasted hog flesh with which he supplied them, and instituted the hog-raising industry on shares. On a return voyage, however, he found that the last of his partners and their tribe had disappeared. The island was uninhabited. Thereupon he introduced a colony of subjects non-anthropophagous, revived the hog-raising industry, and to-day is supplying the German market at Samoa with a large portion of its pork.

A SOUDANESE YOUNG MAN AND EGYPTIAN BOY.

A JUGGLER FROM HINDOSTAN.

The fertile little spot was called Nassau Island, and Moore at a later date, extended his territory by assuming possession of Sophia Island about a thousand miles distant from Nassau and twice as large. There were no cannibals on it and the few inhabitants readily became his subjects. On neither of the islands does any one dispute their self-constituted ruler's authority, willingly obeying his commands.

Mr. Moore left San Francisco with his company of thirty-five South Sea Islanders, who constituted his village of subjects at Chicago, on a schooner chartered by him for his homeward voyage. His plans, at that time, were to increase his company by fifty or sixty additional men amd women, representing all the island types. After visiting Nassau, Apia, and Sophia in turn, his intention was to proceed to the New Hebrides, the Carolines and other South Pacific islands for the purpose of procuring members of the different tribes, and then turn his vessel's prow to the Golden Gate. If he succeeds in his plans, there will be visitors to Sunset City in the spring such as Chicago never saw—not decendants of cannibals but the genuine article.

Mr. Moore was accompanied on his late visit by his wife and little daughter. The illustration of two Samoan women is from a photograph of Fetoai and Lola, the two leaders of the female performers of the South Sea Island troupe.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND GIRLS.

The Ceylon exhibit affords another opportunity of seeing members of a strange people. J. R. Foster, representing the Ceylon Government, and Thomas A. Cockburn, representing the coffee and tea planters of Ceylon, have made the exhibit as identical with that island as possible, and for that purpose the best part of the exhibit at Chicago has been brought to San Francisco. There are nearly a score of Cinghalese men and women. The tea and coffee trade of Ceylon is very large, especially that of the former article which is one of the staple resources of the country. Another native production is cocoa, and a vast quantity of precious stones and curios are displayed. But it is rather of the natives that we would speak than of the exhibits.

The Cinghalese women are very

A SIOUX WARRIOR.

skilful in the production of laces and silk embroidery, the latter being unusually artistic and beautiful in design.

The laces, though, perhaps, not so fine as some of the best French and German productions in point of delicacy, nevertheless display designs peculiarly unique. The beauty of the silk embroidery will be recognized by that of the dress of the Cinghalese woman presented in the illustration. Among the Cinghalese, as in other Asiatic tribes polyandry is in vogue, and the lady whose portrait is before the reader may have as many husbands as her heart may desire.

It is believed that an interesting collection of American Indians will form a part of the exhibit at the Mid-Winter Fair. The Indians of California. the Modocs, the Mission Indians, and others, are among the most interesting of the race. Then in Arizona and New Mexico we have the Pueblos, while the Sioux, further east, one of whom is represented in the accompanying illustration, will make a most picturesque exhibit. It would be a most interesting and novel idea to

have a congress of the native races of America, and have each tribe represented by typical specimens, with their homes, equipments, arms, etc., suggestive of their evolution and development.

The men are good natured and of mild demeanor, and it is owing to this easy temperameut that less than five thousand Europeans find no difficulty in holding firm control over the island, which has a population of more than 3,000,000 including naturalized emigrants from Southern India. The Cinghalese are not the descendants of the aborigines of Ceylon, but took possession of it by force of arms, and on completion of the conquest their warlike nature seems to have died out. A few who are supposed to have descended from the aboriginal islanders are the "veddahs." It is said that these people never laugh. However docile and submissive the men of Ceylon may be to the Europeans, they are men of valor and mighty Nimrods on the hunting grounds. To slaughter the huge elephant is, or rather was, their great sport, and but for the interference of the government that animal would well nigh have become extinct on the island by this time. In 1862 a royalty of $100 a head was exacted for all elephants killed. All the way from the sea to the foothills of the mountains is the great pachyderm's home, and there lay the wide hunting grounds of the Cinghalese. During the five years previous to the imposition of the license no fewer than 1600 elephants were either captured in crates or shot with the rifle; during the following eighteen years only 1688 were reported killed, less than one-third the previous slaughter. In 1882 the royalty was reduced to one-half; but the courage of the Cinghalese on the hunting ground seems also to have died away. From 1880 to 1892 only 447 elephants were killed. The Cinghalese are a meek and gently disposed race.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND HOUSE.

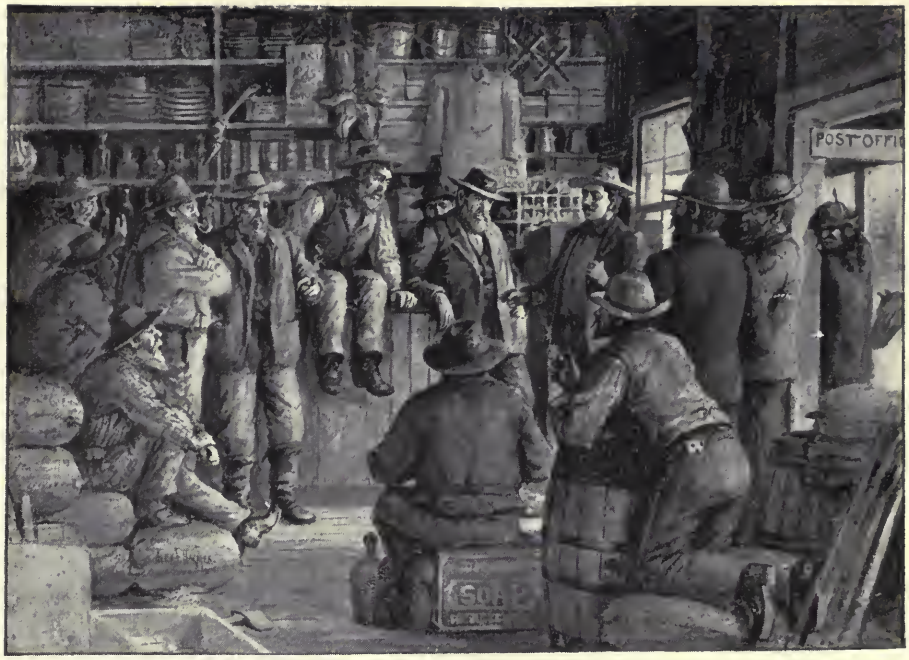
A young lady who had spent some time in Southern California, was about returning to San Francisco, when to her surprise the Chinese cook in the household where she had been visiting, presented her with a beautiful white fan made of feathers. With it he also presented a card bearing on one side the accompanying legend, beautifully written in Chinese characters, and on the reverse a translation of the same. It has seemed to the writer so pretty and delicate that she has ventured to put it into verse.

With a Fan —

Take this gift, lady, a white cloud-like thing,
Stirring the air as young birds do in Spring;
Now, while the pink chrysanthemum flower, in bloom,
Fills the bright garden with its sharp perfume,
You leave us — we are sad that you must go.

Farewell! but when the cotton flowers blow
And scatter their white petals to the breeze,
May the same winds that waft you over seas
Whisper a message from this distant shore,
And on its pinions bear you back once more.

Mary E. Mannix.



"I'M STANDING BY THE NAME THE INDIANS GAVE THE RIVER."

RESURRECTION ON THE UMPQUA.

BY MRS. LINDON BATES.

I.

JOHN ROWE'S place had become to the settlement, general store, postoffice, lodging house and city hall. It was the first of erection, and therefore, the first available for the communal needs of the squatters.

They had meet to-day on important civic duty, and were grouped about, some standing, some sitting upon seats of appropriated barrel tops.

"You citizens have got to stop flying off the question," one was saying. As he occupied a stool with four legs, he had been made chairman, though there was no formality, and but little order in the proceedings. "You 've just got to get down to bus'ness," he insisted. "'Here's Abe Emerson shifted onto fences, and Ives discusing a chimbly; and the meetin' ll break up like the three others, without settling about what this here town 'll be named."

Abe Emerson, thus called to order, returned to the business of the day.

"I'm standing by the name the Indians gave the river. Umpqua's good enough for me."

But Ives protested vigorously.

"I don't want nothing Indian, I want the town named for whites, not for redskins. We're as good as savages, maybe, and as well able to name a place. 'Umpqua' may make sense to a Chinook, but I aint Chinook. Let's call it something that's got a meaning to ourselves."

"If you want something that's got a meaning to ourselves," said John Rowe slowly, "You'd best call the town 'Judgmint.' There aint a name

as fits the conditions and hits everyone of us like 'Judgmint'."

It was a daring speech. Few would have had the courage to voice the truth which the settlement masked, even to itself. Rowe's irony was like a challenge. Two of those standing nearest leaped to their feet, but the assailant met their eyes straightly; there was no quailing about John Rowe. And the men weakened, and dropped to their seats again. The first quick flash of resentment changed slowly on the squatters' faces, to a subtle shame. The occupant in the chair turned; he smiled, and his smile was grimly frank, where frankness was almost wickedness.

"You're right Rowe," he said. "There's no name 'll gather in facts and fit me tighter'n that. I throw my vote for Judgemint."

The group looked uncertainly to the two. What treacherous influence was impelling these men, who maintained always the attitude of abused victims of ill fortune, to vow at last in this reckless abandon, that in misfortune had been fault? The speech of the oldest was as a breach in the barrier of each mind's long reserve, and one after another, with a strained smile, half furtive, half desperate, stood in that strange confessional, and spoke his condemnation in—

"I throw my vote for Judgmint."

After each slow avowal, there was a pause, in which all looked to the ever lessening few, wondering where would pass the line that marked off those self-justified. But through the group it passed, and each one stood at the bar, and each one spoke as had the others, "I throw my vote for Judgmint," till the last one stood alone, the youngest, the favorite, the man born crossing the plains. His voice had in it no harsh undertone, and his speech no burden of story.

"This place aint Judgmint to me," he said cheerily, "I've nothin' to git judgmint for. I've worked with one or other of you below in Californy ever since I could hold a pick. We've had hard luck in the gold fields, and we've come up here to try a new deal. I didn't mind being broke particular. I got enough to eat, and I'd none but myself to trouble about. I'll get enough to eat here, and some good land threw in. We're gettin' back on our luck, and we'll pull out on the Umpqua. You folks can call it Judgmint if you like; to me, it 'll be Resurrection."

There was something about this one, who still had youth, and was guiltless, that touched them vitally. He stood suddenly apart; a being unlike them, embodying all that they had lost. His name, "Resurrection," was as a far faint bugle call to courage, to effort, to hopes that had long lain buried. But the force of years was upon them, and they might not lift it at will.

"It can be Res'rection to you," John Rowe observed cynically, "You 've got no kin. You never had no home.. You don't know nothing but Californy."

"That's true," the youngest allowed, "I've got no past. It used to make me feel heavy sometimes, long ago, when I was a youngster, and you fellers used to talk about your famblies, and your old fathers and mothers; but you got out of the way of alluding to 'em after a while. I aint heard one of you mention the States in—well, it's a powerful long spell."

John Rowe gave an impatient stamp of his foot.

"Would you have us chatterin, about 'em for ever? There was nothing more to say."

"Prob'ly not. I suppose latterly you took it out in thinking."

"A man's thoughts is his own private business," Rowe observed curtly; "they don't concern outsiders."

The tone of the meeting had fallen into the minor. This was a subject not to be rashly intruded. The men seemed for the time, indisposed to talk, but they smoked hard, and stared at the floor, and one felt that their minds

were busy though their thoughts were far away.

II.

The settlement on the Umpqua was an offshoot from the great horde that had crossed the Rockies in the early days of California's mining excitment. They were not of the fortunates whom romance has immortalized; but of that larger majority, left to their oblivion—the men who did not "strike it rich," in the gold fields.

Ramson, the youngest, knew little of those earliest days, for he was born and orphaned on the journey out. He grew naturally into the life surrounding him. He subsisted as did the rest of this unsuccessful column; but he had none of their impatience at defeat, or their feverish greed for "luck." He dug and washed, because everybody dug and washed, but a possible fortune gave him little concern. When once his companions rallied him for his want of their common fire, he answered—and his reply was justification to them all.

"You, pardners, are here to make a fortune, and go back home. I've got no home to go to."

So, while the others worked and grew angry and defiant, and at last despondent, this lad remained indifferent; not loudly happy, but not morose, indolent, shiftless and contented.

Ramson was a type that, alas! they did not recognize— the man with no ties and no duties. Later, when they had themselves cast off the links of their own connections, they knew at last, that they had grown into his image of vagrancy, and that it was darkened in them, by the cowardice of guilt.

It is hard to deal impartial justice to these stragglers of a defeated army. They had been at first full of the courage and good purpose of the hopeful; but persistent disappointment slowly froze their ardor and left them stolid. After the years of bootless effort, they no longer saw visions, or dreamed dreams. "The States" that name which so long had held them by necromancy, at whose memory yet again, they had hurled defiance in the mocking face of failure, and turned to the treacherous syren-song of hope, "The States" had lost the magic from its spell. They would never go back, these exiles, for what could they carry with them as the fruitage of toil, but permature age.

There is a relentless law in the universe, by which whoso accepts failure, accepts with degeneracy. These outcasts of fortune grew blunted to their civilizing impulses. The indifference which was at first occasional, the product of depressed moods, became soon a fixed condition. They felt themselves the dross, precipitated from the social solution, and they came at the end to rather like their position. It was a comfortable one, surely. The world made now, no exactions; it expected of them nothing. They had the license and the liberty of those beyond the pale. And they sank by the weight of a growing inertia, into the listless indigents which are ever the pariahs of a community.

The younger men talked less and less of the sweethearts left behind, and the older ones ceased reckoning the heights of their growing broods. The name of home no longer made them sullen. They had grown past sullenness, and heard the words with the furtive smile of the foolish and self-deceived.

When the Placer mines began to fail, the first to feel the pressure, was this impecunious sediment. It had lived on the rim of the possible; the narrowing of margins crowded it over the edge. To exist now, the river bottoms must be abandoned, and another occupation chosen. The "Rabble" of the gold fields scattered, some working north, some south, all seeking conditions allied to their peculiar needs and temperaments.

This particular band followed the line of the Sacramento, and crossing the ridge of the Siskiyou dropped into

Oregon. In the valley of the Umpqua, they halted at last.

The fertile soil gave pledge of sustenance with slight exertion. They homesteaded each a quarter section, and put up a cabin of rough-hewn logs.

III.

Mining has ever been subversive of the home; agriculture, its foster-mother. In the old conditions, woman was superfluous; here she became a pressing necessity. In farming there were no companionships. The men were isolated, save through the evenings, when, as now, they came together for very loneliness. Their desultory labor and their long intervals of rest, both began to press upon them their forlornness and to bring back meditations that they had long since ruthlessly banished.

Their speech was becoming more and more reminiscent. The banished word "home" was furtively recalled, and it was spoken now more in regret than in cynicism. There was beginning to be a something latent in the temper of the squatter that was ominous of revolt. The men were fitful in their impulses, irritable, often quarrelsome. The amiable content had passed from their natures, leaving a moodiness that verged on the lawless. And because, perhaps, of their growing alertness and the sensitiveness to one ever vibrant chord, these fateful strings seemed to be smote upon at every turn. Even here, where they had assembled to settle that harmless subject of a name for the settlement, the purpose was forgotten, for the haunting specter had stolen in and would not be exorcised.

Ransom's allusions to "famblies" and "fathers and mothers" had precipitated again this feverish silence that brooded as a herald of change. To-day in the name "Judgment" the discontent had found its first desperate voice. Now in the stillness forces were growing articulate. Ever and anon one drew his pipe from his mouth and looked up as though about to venture a remark. But the knowledge of all, as to what was the dominant thought of each, was constraining, and the pipe was once more set between the teeth. Soon the silence became oppressive, and John Rowe rose to escape it. Usually he but half rose, lacking the enterprise necessary to draw himself to his full stature, but to-night he moved with energy, as though he would project himself out of the miserable current of his reflections. He walked to the door with a stride that was new to the squatters. It startled them all from their musing and brought them back violently to the subject for which they had assembled.

"Look a-here," the chairman called to the retiring figure, "you citizens can't disband till you've come to some agreement as to what we'll call this settlemint. We aint going on no longer, one man calling it Umpqua, and another Akin's Holler, and another Devils's Rest."

"We've called the place Judgmint," Rowe said decisively, from his post against the door; "I aint heard but one man say he was against the name, and——"

"But he's very much against it," the youngest broke in. "It's a bad name. It's like a curse somehow, and people would avoid the place, thinking it unlucky. Now Resurrection would draw settlers. The name would be a kind of good omen."

"It's a pleasant soundin' name," one allowed.

"It's a kind of a woman's name," remarked another.

The group turned on the speaker, with a ridicule that had a savage undertone.

"What do you know of a woman's name?" called Emerson, spitefully, "You aint seen a woman since you crossed the mountains."

"Why would we call the town by a woman's name?" growled a second. "There aint a woman in the settlement, nor ever will be."

The man attacked, kicked over a can, but said nothing further.

Conversation was treacherous to-night; every theme seemed to lead the community further and further into this fateful vortex. They continued mercilessly their onslaught upon the possible feminine quality in a name for the town, and their persistence of assault proved only how strongly this haunting force was moving them. While they wrangled, the youngest, Ramson, was lost in reflection. Finally he broke in upon the assembly with a question that struck like a lightning flash out of a summer heaven.

"Why don't you fellers," he asked hesitantly, "you that aint never going back to the States, bring your famblies out to Resurrection?"

The hardihood of the question left them at first overawed. Dimly, with blind groping, emotion had been reaching out after this thought, that Ramson had bluntly voiced for them. Now that they stood face to face with the image of their inmost reflections, they were dumb, held by the sense of their own futile daring. No one answered, and again the youngest ventured:

"You fellows won't never go back to the States, and the Umpqua's a mighty taking climate. It's coming spring now, why don't you fetch your famblies out to Resurrection?"

Then the oldest man of the group, the one that held the chair, broke into a laugh so hard, so pitilessly grim, "Why don't we bring 'em out to Resurrection? They wouldn't come. We don't bring 'em, because—because they wouldn't come!"

And all the strange assembly broke into the same weird mirth. There was something satanic in its unnaturalness. It had a hopelessness that made it awful.

"What makes you so certain they wouldn't come?" Ramson persisted.

They glanced at each other. The defiance of recklessness broke from their faces. Nothing would be concealed to-night.

"I aint sent home a dollar in eight years," the oldest said curtly. "Is decent folks likely to want to come to me?"

"But you hadn't nothing to send." Ramson excused him.

"I aint wrote 'em in five years." The tone was conclusive. The reply seemed all-sufficient. What could a man expect, a husband and a father, who, through five unbroken years, had left his family without a message. The others shrugged their shoulders.

After an interval, Ramson spoke again. His question this time was asked with a diffidence, almost of apology.

"Aint none of you fellows sent nothing or wrote?"

He passed his eye along the group, but each in turn shook his head. It was the world-worn experience. At first letters had been frequent, and remittance regular. Then came harder conditions with poorer returns, till at last, drafts were perforce stopped. Then letters became only a chronicle of failure, and shame overcame conscience, and the men drifted out alone.

Now, as Ramson's gaze rested upon them each shook his head, and with it named the term of his silence, and the periods ranged from three to thirteen years, and the longest term was Rowe's. As the last man finished his confession, they broke again into that awful violence of mirth, whereat even themselves shuddered. It was all such brutal irony. There was something so mocking in their guilt, that it was like an exquisite torture.

When the youngest spoke next, it was after a long, long silence. His voice now was so low, it fell upon the listeners like a far distant whisper.

"Aint none of you fellers got a mother?"

"I've got a mother," John Rowe said. "She's seventy by this. I aint seen her since I left home. It's eighteen years ago to-night."

"I have n't any mother," Ransom

said in the same low lingering voice, as of one who dreams aloud. "I never had any mother, you know. Mine died when I was born, that winter night on the plains. I've always envied people their mothers. I haint seen many, but I kind of imagine what they'd be like. How their voices 'ud be gentle, and their hand soft-like on a feller's head. I used to wonder long ago, when some of you pardners used to get packages from home, how women folks ud write, and what they'd say. I've never wrote to a woman in my life; nor I've never had a letter from one in my life. Will you give me leave, Rowe, to write once to your mother?"

Rowe's teeth closed on his pipe with such quick energy, that it broke. He took the pieces and flung them from him, with an oath. He knew the meaning of the appeal; the innocent would beseech the mercy the guilty could not.

"Where's the use of troubling people?" he said, doggedly. "When a man's well dead, let him stay dead. She's buried me, and wept over me, an'—an'—prayed over me these thirteen years. I'm dead to her. Why should you write?"

"Because, because, I want this place Resurrection."

John Rowe rolled out an oath, but the men who stood beside him, saw a tear, and they knew that the oath but disguised it.

"Write, if you like," he said sullenly, "but don't tell her what—what I'm come to."

And Ransom replied only,

"I won't."

IV.

The young man wrote that night. It was a labored scrawl, full of errors, and crudeties. The pen was an instrument unwieldly to those fingers. But the message it traced was a simple one, not needing much culture to express it.

"These fellows here has all been down on their luck," he wrote. "They could n't nowise manage to draw trumps in Californy, so at last they threw up the game. Times had been very hard the last few years, and money getting tighter. For, you see, the diggin's got worked out. These chaps felt powerful bad about never coming onto a stake, and they got discouraged, I didn't mind it, for, you see, I'd no one belonging to me, being an orphan that lost both parents crossing the plains, but these pardners here, took it hard that they couldn't never rake in a jackpot when there was them back in the States as depended on 'em. They have'nt wrote home latterly, 'cause—'cause, well I guess they was 'shamed to write, having never nothing to send, an' losing heart. But they're a most distressing miser'ble lot of men. They all kind of want to take a new grip on life up here in the Umpqua, and it seems like to me they'ud hold the grip someat stiddier if the place wasn't so all-fired lonesome. The pardners is afraid to write home after being good-for-nothing for such a spell. But if one could somehow get forgave, and take up with his fambly again, I think the rest 'ud pick up spirit, and foller the lead. I've wrote to you 'cause you're John Rowe's mother, thinking hows maybe it 'ud be easier for his mother to show pity, than maybe for his wife. The citizens was set on calling this place Judgmint. They can't just see their way clear to calling it nothing else, though there's one that's working hard to have it Resurrection. Your letter 'll cast the vote. As you condemn or as you pardon, the settlement on the Umpqua 'll be to us all, Judgmint or Resurrection."

It was singular, the influence of this letter upon those rough, degenerate men. While they knew not the words they knew the purport—that it was a hand reached out from the darkness in a prayer for reconciliation. As it carried the story, so it seemed to carry the fate of each, and through the long weeks that followed, the community

lived in an atmosphere of silent, but tense expectancy. The subtle excitement lifted them out of the shiftless lethargy that had held them. Their unrest dispelled their inertia, and for the first time in many years, they genuinely worked; and work here, as everywhere, began to effect its saving grace. The men carried themselves with a returning sense of dignity. The vagabond air passed from the settlement, leaving it respectable.

The letter had, too, another influence. Its personal quality made it, as it were, the trial of each one's individual case. And each man's thoughts dwelt now on his own deserted fireside. In the gatherings at John Rowe's the talk was all of home. The older ones took to reckoning again the heights of their growing broods, and the younger to musing about sweethearts whose pledges were part of that sweetly-bitter past, that they had forfeited.

But the weeks passed, and brought no olive branch. It was early spring when the letter had gone from the settlement on the Umpqua; but spring faded into summer, and the long summer crept into autumn, and no word came of even the coldest greeting. They had sinned beyond forgiveness —this was the message of the silence. They had rent the ties of duty. They were left now to the freedom and the solitude they had chosen.

Through the spring they had hoped. Through the summer they had doubted. At the autumn they took their doom. There was no murmur, no resentment, no reproaches. There had been meted to them only justice. In their manner, was a dumb resignation, that left them almost gentle. The settlement had left forever the plane of the vagrant; sorrow and suffering had touched it to heroism.

"JOHN," SHE CALLED, "WE ARE HERE, HAVE YOU NO WORD FOR US?"

It was on a clear Sunday morning in October that they were again together. They were not religious, these men. They did not indulge in Sabbath observances. No hymning was heard, or preaching, but they rested from their labors, and collected at the one general store, to sit and to

talk together. And they spoke at length of their dead, who lived in the forfeited Eden; of the lost Paradise, before whose gate stood the cherubim with the righteous sword, that barred them out forever.

"There's my Janie, now," one said, "I never look on these yaller autumn fields, with the wind just lightly shakin' em, but I think of my Janie's hair. 'Twas the silk of the corn,' her mother used to say, badgerin' her. She was small of her age, Janie was, and when she run, this yaller stuff ud float an' sweep out behind her—the sun set t'other night, and after he dropped behind the ledge, he shot up a fan like of gold, an' he brought up my Janie runnin', with her hair a-trailin' after. But—but, she don't remember her dad. I've been gone too long for that."

"I wonder now," said another, "if Susan still runs the farm. There was Miles Legrange that wanted her before she took up with me. Maybe she—maybe. It needed a man on the farm—and Miles, he never married. Maybe now, they made it up again, after I was—dead."

But John Rowe spoke, and his voice was suddenly thick.

"My son, Archie, if he's grown as he used to, he's as tall as I be now. I'd forgot it all. He's been only the lad to me—the wee, toddlin' lad I left eighteen full years ago. But he's grown by this. How comes it, I'd forgot? He's grown, he's a man now —Oh!—" He raised his hand suddenly to his head, and reeled. The men sprang to aid him, but he waved them back—fiercely he waved them back, and staggered to the door. Then he turned and faced them. In his eyes was a light that left them speechless. Each looked to the other, and read his own reflected thought. The strain had reached its fatal, pitiless end, and John Rowe's mind was going. He stood before them one long minute, then he said hoarsely:

"There won't never any letter come. I see it all now. I understand. It could n't be any other way. I'd forgot somehow, thinking of them like they used to be. My Archie was a boy, but now he is a man, He hates me. He curses me. I left him, my child, and his mother, and my mother. I was penniless, and I wouldn't go back. He'll never let 'em forgive me. They'll never have nothing more to do with me. Oh, Mary, my love, my wife!"

He reeled, but with desperate effort he drew himself erect.

"I'm going away, pardners," he said. "My life is over. There's nothing more for me. Write once again Ramson, will you? Send just one line, say to ,em only this—John Rowe is dead.'"

He turned, and throwing wide the door, passed through it. The sun was setting. It threw its glow along the street, in a flood of golden splendor. As the man stepped into it, it folded him; and wrapped him about with its dying glory. The entire assembly arose and followed. They had all at times known this desperate hunger for death. They understood John Rowe's instinct, for they too had longed to wander away into the mountains, and lose themselves. They knew the man too well. But they would fill the last office of comradship; they would follow him to the outer border, then leave him, for his solitary journey into—peace.

As they emerged from the house, and struck into the street, they heard the distinct rumble of the stage coach, that once a month drove in from the outer world. At another time they would have halted, for the conveyance brought light provisions and mail besides any chance passenger that had business in the valley. But the unloading of provisions was a light thing, beside the tragedy of this hunted creature, staggering out before them, to solitude.

As they reached the limit of the settlement, John Rowe paused, looking out to the distant hills, where he would rest. And across the town,

into the same street, rolled the monthly coach, that he had watched so long. It halted before his door, but no one was within, and seeing on the other verge the procession of citizens, the driver lashed his horses, and hurried down. The men turned to greet the arrivals, and John Rowe, drawn by some lingering memory of the hope that through the months had centered in that visitant, paused also. But he did not approach, only stood looking, with vague dreamy stupor, at the scene that was being enacted.

On the seat behind the driver, sat two—one was a man, young and vigorous, and one a woman, permaturely white. Her face, though plain, had in it the loftiness born of enduring patience, and her eyes looked out with the quiet peace that only the humble know. The young man helped her to alight, and she faced the group, scanning each countenance; but she knew, and was known by, none. They looked at her—all; and she looked at them all, but never a gleam of recognition broke the strangeness of the meeting. Then she spoke, and though at first she named no name, they fell back and left the road way open to the man that stood apart.

"His mother is dead," the woman said, "and we had to sell the farm to get the money to come; but we would'nt make the town Judgmint, when the Lord left it a chance for Resurrection. So we sold everything, and moved out; and this man is Archie, John Rowe's son, and I am Mary, John Rowe's wife."

Her voice as she began had not reached her husband, but some subtle influence had drawn him down slowly, and when the men fell back, in the open road, he stood alone. As the women ended, she raised her eyes, and straight in the path before her, stood the husband of her youth, old now, and broken, but to her heart ,unchanged, her love in time and in eternity. She reached to him her hands, in faltering appeal.

"John," she called, "we are here, have you no word for us?"

And he caught her to his heart—while the youngest observed quietly, "Friends, this here settlemint is Resurrection."

LOVE'S WORSHIP.

BY LEONARD S. CLARK.

"The moon looks on many brooks
"The brook sees but one moon."

Thou art the moon on whom I gaze;
My raptured eye turns but to thee;
Thou shed'st thy tender witching rays
On all, and not alone on me.

"O foolish little brook," you cry,
"Scarce worthy of my fav'ring beam;
"To look on you alone—'twould dry
"Your little flood—ambitious stream."

Nay, turn your every look on me;
I shall more surely llve the while;
And if I die for love of thee,
'Twere bliss to die beneath your smile.

IRRIGATION OF THE ARID LANDS.

BY EX-GOV. LIONEL A. SHELDON.

THIS subject has been agitated for several years to such an extent that the national Senate and House of Representatives have dignified it by providing committees for its consideration. That is a step towards some solution of the question, but it cannot be taken as the expression of an intention to make the irrigation of the arid lands a national work, on the contrary, Congress has distinctly said that whatever has been done shall not be construed as committing the Government to it. The subject has been brought more prominently to the attention of the country than ever before by the International Irrigation Congress which recently held a five days session in the city of Los Angeles, California. That Congress was composed of delegates from the seventeen States and Territories lying west of the 97th meridian, and from Russia, France, Mexico, New South Wales and South Africa. The foreign delegates participated in the proceedings, except the discussion of questions touching the policy that should be adopted in this country. The members of that Congress were among the ablest and most earnest of the citizens of the States and Territories they represented. Its object was to elicit thought and investigation, that information accurate and of the widest range may be obtained, and the wisest plan discovered for rendering the arid lands cultivable. It provided methods for keeping the subject before the country to the end that there may be created a public sentiment that will press the national and State Governments into doing that which will not only render the arid regions inhabitable and productive, but which will prevent a monopoly of the water supply to the injury of the mass of the people.

In its address to the people of the United States the International Irrigation Congress gave utterance to principles that are fundamental, the observance of which in national and State policies is regarded as absolutely essential to securing to cultivators of the soil the profits they are justly entitled to. It laid down the broad proposition that water in natural channels and beds is public property, and when under the laws of any State the right to the exclusive use of such water has been acquired, like other private property, it may be condemned to public uses in the exercise of the right of eminent domain. It may seem unnecessary to those who are unacquainted with conditions in some sections of the arid region to have asserted that familiar doctrine, but when it has become understood that under policies in some of the States and Territories private persons and corporations have acquired a monopoly of the water supply, the duty to return to fundamental principles will be apparent. It further declares that streams having their sources in one State and whose channels extend into one or more States are inter-state streams, whose waters for purposes of irrigation should be distributed under national regulations. It also declares that irrigation of the arid public lands is a national work and should be undertaken by the general Government, and commends the district system recently introduced in California to all the other States and Territories. Conditions in this country press consideration of the irrigation question, and imperatively demand a speedy solution.

Elaborate argument is not necessary to prove the value of irrigation. Agriculture was first practiced in a country where artificial application of water to the soil was necessary to assure production. It was among agriculturists and in an arid country that civilization germinated. Irrigated lands produce better crops and retain their strength longer than those which depend upon rainfall for moisture, and crops are produced upon them with less labor and more certainty. Rainfall is irregular both as to time and quantity. With experience irrigation can be applied with mathematical exactness, giving to the lands the necessary quantity and at the proper time. Arid countries have their rainy seasons, and the expense of irrigation is in conserving the water that falls during such seasons and providing means for conveying it to the lands under cultivation. The arid section of this country is mainly mountainous and the mountains are the storehouses of the water that falls during the rain periods. In the mountains the water is to be conserved by the construction of dams and reservoirs, and in the plains by interception of it in subterranean channels and bringing it to the surface. The additional work is in the construction of ditches or flumes or laying pipes. This may seem to involve an enormous expense, but it will not be greater, taking into consideration all the lands to which it is practicable to apply irrigation, than it costs to remove the forests in the East, or to prepare the prairies of Illinois and Iowa for cultivation. It will probably not cost as much on the average.

The arid section cannot be made extensively habitable and cultivable unless irrigation is broadly applied. Do conditions demand that this shall be speedily done? So long as there were lands in abundance which were productive without irrigation there seemed to be no necessity for the wants of an increasing population. The time has come when there is but little of such lands at the disposal of the government. Our population has become so great that there is demand for room. The percentage of homeless people is alarmingly on the increase, our cities are surcharged with involuntary idleness. How to give employment to the people is a grave problem in all populous countries, and it is graver in this than any other because our laboring classes are accustomed to better food and clothing, more comfortable surroundings and higher wages than any other people of the same class. Natural accretion is adding more than a million to our population annually, and the number thus added will be greater as time proceeds. For room we have no way to look except toward the arid regions. They contain about 1,200,000,000 acres. To but a trifling portion is irrigation applied. Seven-twelfths of these lands have been disposed of by the government to private individuals, granted to railroads, ceded to the States for educational and other purposes, and reserved in the remaining Territories to be ceded when they become States. Five-twelfths are still retained by the government subject to be taken up under existing land laws.

To avoid the installation of an insufferable and sweeping monopoly of both land and water it is necessary that some action should be immediately taken, The homestead law so humane in principle has been used in the arid region to the detriment of the government and the people. Locations are made upon quarter sections on which there are springs, or the sources of streams, or lie along their courses, and which give the owners control of the water supply. The adjacent lands are thereby rendered valueless, and cannot be disposed of by the government. The owner of 160 acres which control the water supply has the use of an indefinite area at no expense. Thus have arisen vast cattle ranges without investment of capital in lands. The desert land acts which were in-

tended to enable the people to acquire homes are mainly advantageous to capitalists. It is only in exceptional cases, and they are few, that an individual can comply with their requirements. In order to prepare the desert lands for extensive cultivation water must be conserved and developed and conveyed long distances. The locator is compelled to part with the greater portion of his claim to induce the investment of capital in such works as will supply him with water for the part he retains, and this is done by corporations which exact such rates for water as they please. The law allows the taking up of reservoir sites without limit, and in some instances corporations or individuals have filed on the tracts of size of an ordinary county in an Eastern State for the purpose of controlling drainage areas. Under the desert land acts individuals have acquired tracts baronial in extent and under local laws have corralled the water of considerable rivers. If this is permitted to go on it may be apprehended that the whole arid region will fall into the hands of the few, and that it will be no place for those without money to acquire homes. The lands disposed of by the government to private individuals are chiefly situated in the valleys, while the water supply is on lands in the mountains, which are still owned by the government. So long as the supply is sufficient for their uses the valley people make no effort to conserve or develop water. The general government can put a stop to all these proceedings so far as the public domain is concerned, and it would be a wise policy for it to suspend the operation of the land laws in the arid regions until there has been thorough engineering and topographical investigations, with a view to determining the location and extent of the drainage areas, the amount of water that can with practicability be conserved and developed and the extent to which the public lands be placed under irrigation. When that information is acquired the government will be able to devise a land policy adapted to the arid regions, In no other way can the remaining lands be made available to a great extent for homes for the people. So far as concerns the lands already disposed of their irrigation, are subject to such policies as the respective States may adopt.

There is plausibility in the proposition that irrigation should be left to private enterprise. It has been our theory that individuals should be permitted to enjoy the largest freedom in legitimate business affairs, and that government should not attempt to control or interfere any further than to pass revenue laws, collect taxes, pay debts, and suppress crime. Under this theory and the careless policy that has been practiced inequalities have arisen in this country quite as great as in countries where class privileges have been established by law and custom. It is doubtful if in any country in the world the people are more under the heel of monopoly than in the United States. The idea that money is of more consequence than man is dangerously prevalent. In no country is there greater disparity in the possession of wealth. As irrigation of the arid lands cannot be extensively applied through private enterprise merely, there is an admirable opening for capital to acquire monopoly over water and land, two elements of nature as necessary to human existence and happiness as the air and the sunlight. The arid region cannot be made available for homes without the expenditure of large sums of money. The general government is the only power that can supply it without the installation of monopoly.

The proposition that the government shall undertake this great work will be combatted. First, probably on the ground of a want of power. There are those who think the constitution is as barren of power to do good as the heart of Shylock was destitute of humanity. The same ob-

jection was urged for thirty-five years against appropriations to improve rivers and harbors. The clause that confers authority upon Congress to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises to pay the debts, provide for the common defense and general welfare was at length construed as granting power to appropriate the money to improve rivers and harbors as it does, provide for the general welfare. It is under this clause that the construction of public buildings is justified, and many other things are done which require the expenditure of the public revenues. If to provide homes for the homeless, to give employment to the idle and to add to the general wealth are not promotive of the general welfare, it is difficult to conceive what would be. The work in no sense would be local or sectional for it would be of benefit to the people of every part of the nation, and more especially to the most populous localities.

The power to provide for the general welfare should not be construed as merely permissive, but as mandatory. It is as much the duty of Congress to do that as to pay the debts or to provide for the common defense.

The cession of the public lands to the States and Territories to aid them in the work of irrigation is a proposition that has advocates, and will be favored by those who think the States should do everything and the national Government nothing. This plan would, in all probability, prevent uniformity in methods, for each State would have to provide its own engineers whose views would likely be different and they would be subject to no common control. The management of lands ceded to States for educational and other purposes by the General Government, cannot as a rule be praised, the bulk of the land frauds, and the most outrageous ones, have been committed in connection with lands, ceded to the States. It is true that the cession might be made with restrictions and limitations as to their disposition, but there has always been a feeling of delicacy in calling a sovereign State to an account. The General Government already possesses well-organized land and engineers' departments, and to do the work under their supervision would save no inconsiderable expense. The Engineers' Department was organized ninety years ago, and no department in any Government in the world has been more highly distinguished for ability and integrity. I believe no officer in that department has ever been dismissed for ignorance or misconduct and very few have been charged with negligence or impropriety. The business of no Government in the world has been better conducted than that of the United States under all administrations. That it is done better than that of the States may be reasonably supposed because there are more eyes to watch and a greater variety of interests to be dealt with. Defalcations of federal officers have been few as compared with those of the States.

The extent to which the public domain can practicably be placed under irrigation has not been accurately or perhaps proximately determined. Estimates are various. The conservative place it lower and the sanguine higher. The lowest estimate is 100,000,000 million acres or one-fifth of what remains in the hands of the Government, and others put it at one-third or 166,000,000 acres. One hundred million acres will supply homes to 2,500,000 families of five persons each or to 12,500,000 population, giving to a family forty acres. If one-third can be placed under irrigation, homes and livelihood will be furnished to more than 20,000,000, a number almost equal to a third of our present population. Forty acres are taken as an average. In some localities one-fourth that number will be ample, and there are many intelligent men who think that twenty acres on an average throughout the arid region will be sufficient to support a family in comfort. Those who are unac-

quainted with the productiveness of irrigated lands will think twenty or forty acres a very small farm. How much can be placed under irrigation depends upon how much water can be conserved and developed and the practicability of conveying it to the lands. The quantity of water in the aggregate is very large but the chief difficulty lies in the distribution. Volumes are constantly flowing to the sea through the Missouri, Arkansas, Rio Grande, Colorado, Columbia and smaller rivers. In the mountains are numerous small streams whose waters can be brought to the surface. Irrigation is in its infancy and will only be developed as necessity or interest demands. Without careful investigation and considerable effort it is impossible to tell how much irrigation can be extended even in localities where it has been carried to the higest development. In some parts of Utah and California there has been the largest experience, and the best results have been produced. If one had asserted ten years ago that water was sufficient in Southern California for the lands already under irrigation, he would have been considered a wild enthusiast or insane, but to-day, every intelligent man knows that the irrigated area can be increased under intelligent methods.

The practice in general is to use more water than is beneficial. In fact, the tendency is to use so much water as to be hurtful. As the irrigated area is extended the atmosphere becomes more humid and consequently evaporation becomes less. Experience will prove that the greatest difficulty will not be in water supply but in the engineering problem of conveying the water upon the lands where there is great unevenness of surface.

The expense of the work will at first blush cause men to shrink from consenting that the government shall undertake it. To place the public domain under irrigation and then dispose of it under the homestead, law would involve the expenditure of a vast sum of money. It is my proposition that the reclaimed lands shall pay that expense. Let Congress appropriate a sum sufficient to place a limited area in each State and Territory under irrigation and then sell the land to actual settlers at prices that will refund the expenditure, conveyiug to them the land and the right to use water as an inseparable appurtenance, and then take the money thus received and extend the work, keeping on doing so, until the entire domain as far as practicable, is supplied with the means of irrigation. In the end the Government will get all its money back. The cost to the settlers, as experience thus far shows, will be only about eight dollars per acre on the average. In the conveyance it should be stipulated that for the use of the future water the owner of the land shall never be charged more than is necessary to operate the plants and keep them in repair. When the work is done the management can be remitted to the States and the General Government relieved of all further trouble. There can be no doubt that as fast as the lands are made ready for occupation they will be taken up. They should be sold in small tracts, the size depending upon their productiveness. It is of the highest importance that the water should be utilized for it is king in the arid region, as fully as cotton was once king in the south. To allow it to be monopolized is a crime upon humanity. The time has come when there can be no monopoly of land without making a vast number of people miserable.

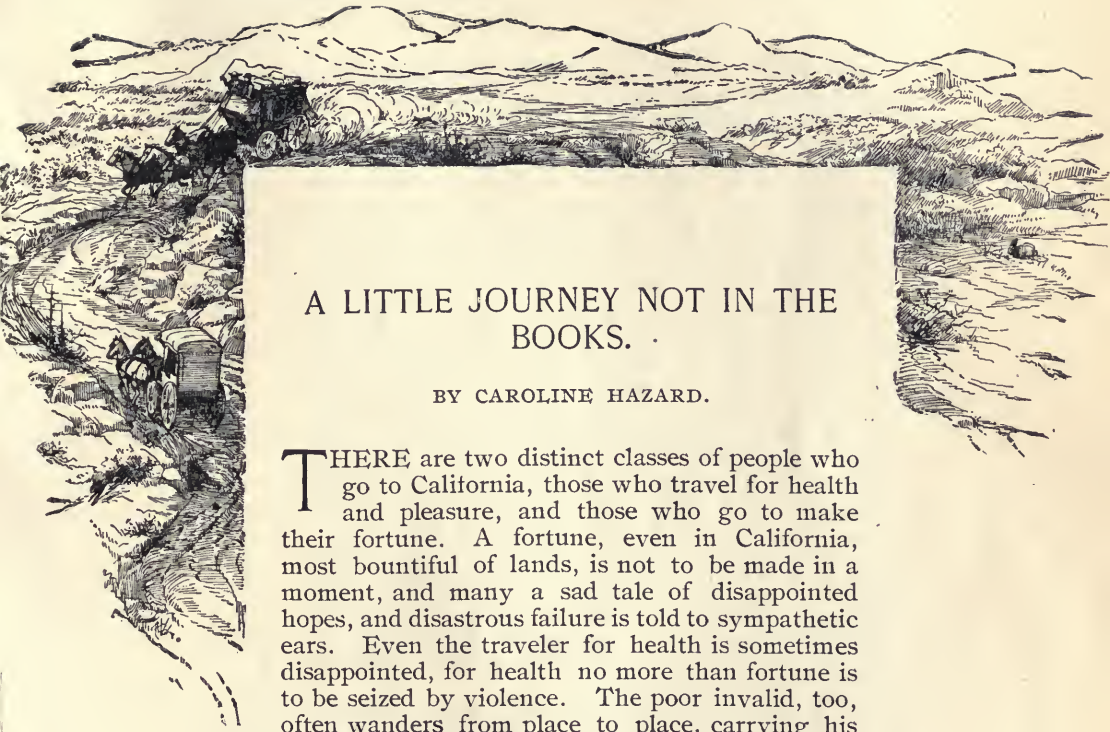
Governor Flower of New York in a recent speech at an agricultural fair in his State is reported to have said that when in Congress he spoke and voted against the appropiation of any considerable sum of money in aid of irrigation for the reason that it would create competition with the farmers of his State and reduce the prices of their products. It may be that this dem-

agogical and unpatriotic speech voices the feeling of the Eastern people. Assuming that to place the arid region under irrigation would produce the result he describes let us see how it would effect others than the farming class. The farmers of the nation constitute about one-third of the whole population. In New York State they are not more than one-fourth. To cheapen the price of food might be disadvantageous to one-fourth but it would benefit the other three-fourths. New York produces only wheat enough to supply one-sixth of the year, and New England produces what will supply her people two weeks of the year. Not a State east of the Appalachian Mountains one year with another raises bread enough for its people. In the South, aside from Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, no State produces sufficient food for its people. The interests of the great majority in the East and South are opposed to restricted agricultural production. It is the Northwest that should resist the proposition for the Government to aid irrigation if interest and not patriotism is to control. It is true that agriculture for a few years last past has been depressed through low prices, caused by over production. The virgin lands of the West have been opened to settlement and cultivation faster than was for the profiit of agriculturalists, Consumption is rapidly overtaking production. Conditions are becoming equalized and the day is not far distant when there will be no complaint that food articles are too cheap, on the contrary the complaint will be that they are too dear. The lands are being taken up for small homes and devoted to other purposes than agriculture.

In many ways the cultivable lands are being trenched upon. The rapid increase of population in cities and towns indicates that agriculture is being abandoned for other pursuits. It need not be feared that the farmer of New York will be seriously injured, for by the time the arid lands can be placed under irrigation and settled upon by cultivators, consumption will have overtaken and passed production.

There is a broad humanitarianism in the irrigation proposition. It looks to the welfare of the masses and not especially to that of classes. It is a provision for the future. Indeed it is a provision for the present, and it will not do to delay doing something effective with it. Our crowded cities and a miilion or more idle, homeless and breadless people appeal for relief. Where shall we put them except upon the vacant lands? They cannot go upon those that are arid until they are fitted for production. We may establish ship-yards, build and sail ships and enlarge our industrial establishments, but that will not supply homes to all who are without them. To assure homes to the people has been the policy and glory of this country, but for ten or more years homelessness has been fearfully increasing. More than a million adult people, native born, are annually coming upon the stage of action, and they must have employment and homes. We will be able to provide these for years to come if we but utilize in the best manner the resources at the Nation's command.

It is a fact that should not be overlooked, that the arid region is already liberally supplied with railroads and their settlement would not be retarded by the want of transportation facilities. Their early settlement may be the means of preventing the railways in that vast region from going into bankruptcy.



A LITTLE JOURNEY NOT IN THE BOOKS.

BY CAROLINE HAZARD.

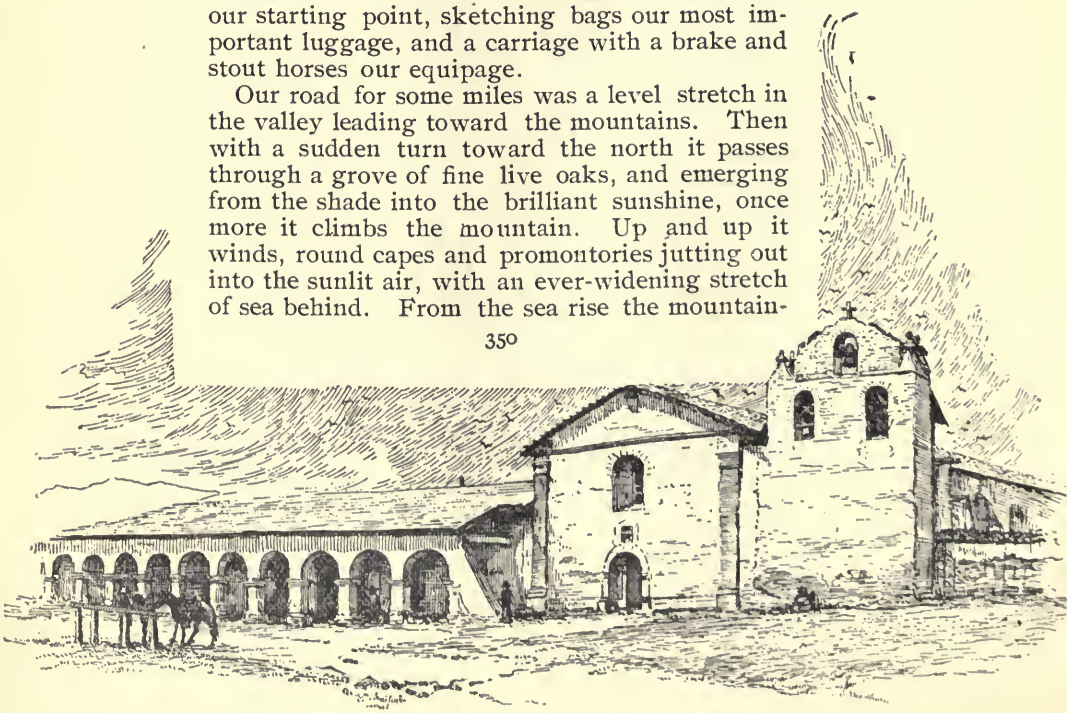
THERE are two distinct classes of people who go to California, those who travel for health and pleasure, and those who go to make their fortune. A fortune, even in California, most bountiful of lands, is not to be made in a moment, and many a sad tale of disappointed hopes, and disastrous failure is told to sympathetic ears. Even the traveler for health is sometimes disappointed, for health no more than fortune is to be seized by violence. The poor invalid, too, often wanders from place to place, carrying his discomfort with him, and finding something unpropitious even in that land of sunshine. The traveler for pleasure has generally the best of it. If he has half an eye for the beautiful, he cannot fail to be charmed, and his spirits rise with every new rose he encounters. But in California there has come to be a regular round of travel. The tourist, to give him his California name, enters the State at the south, and sees the regular things, including the three or four great hotels he must visit, and he makes his exit at the north, or he reverses this process. His little red book, if he is a regular tourist, provides tickets for the wants of any reasonable traveler. If he hears of any desirable place to visit, his first question is, is it in the book? If it is not, presumably, it is not worth seeing. Fortunately, there is so much to see and to enjoy that the regular tourist has all he generally has time for, and at the end of a

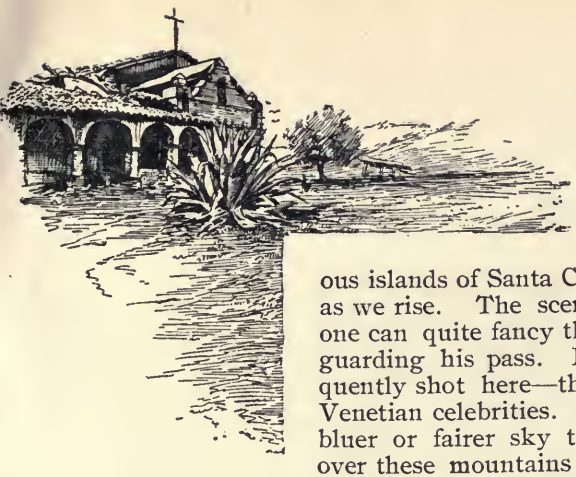
six-weeks' trip, of course, knows all about California, and is prepared to lecture upon its climate and resources when he comes home.

And the real lover of California, who has basked in its sunshine successive winters, and delighted in its placid days full of memories of a patriarchial state, who has heard the days and hours rung in by the soft Mission bells, resounding in the limpid air, such a lover rejoices that the traveler can get a glimpse of it all, and trusts to the charm of California to call him back that he may know it better. The hurry and bustle of the city life, the great growth, the boom itself with its disastrous consequences, seem so very external. Behind and beneath it all is a vast and bountiful nature, most sublime and most lovely, which some day will claim her children, and rear them as becomes so noble a mother.

So knowing a little of California, we started out as free as the birds to make a little journey that was not in the books. Santa Barbara was our starting point, sketching bags our most important luggage, and a carriage with a brake and stout horses our equipage.

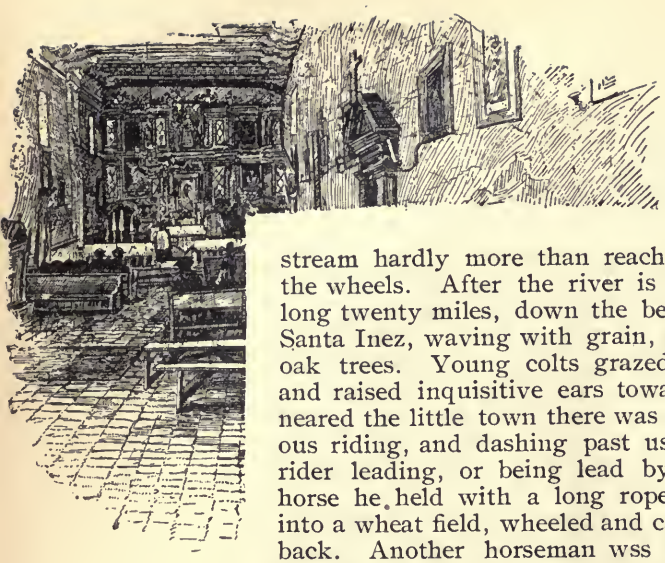
Our road for some miles was a level stretch in the valley leading toward the mountains. Then with a sudden turn toward the north it passes through a grove of fine live oaks, and emerging from the shade into the brilliant sunshine, once more it climbs the mountain. Up and up it winds, round capes and promontories jutting out into the sunlit air, with an ever-widening stretch of sea behind. From the sea rise the mountain-





ous islands of Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, rising as we rise. The scenery grows more wild till one can quite fancy the lions of San Marcos are guarding his pass. Indeed they are not infrequently shot here—the California lion, not the Venetian celebrities. But Venice itself has not a bluer or fairer sky than the dome which rises over these mountains of St. Agnes; and if ever her lamb can lie down with the lion it will surely be here.

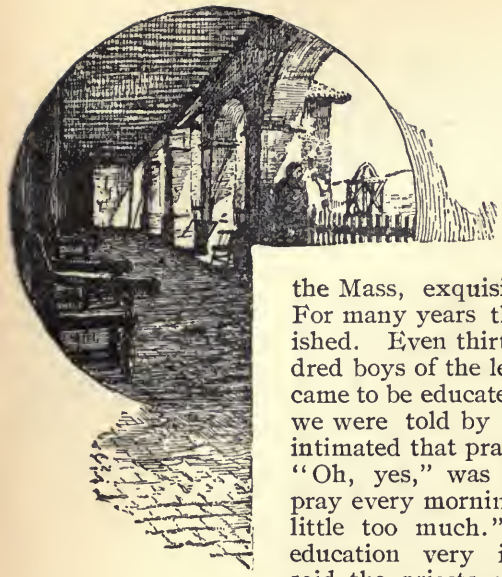
The pass grows narrow as the top is reached, giving brilliant triangles of ocean and sky framed by oaks and blooming bushes. The sun beats down on the tortuous way, the horses pant and pull, the stage comes creaking up with its six little broncos. They stop to change horses presently; we get a good start and soon come to the very top of the pass. There lies Santa Barbara spread like a map at our feet, its wide main street running directly to the sea. In the clear air it looks as if one could make a flying leap and land at the head of it. Reluctantly we turn our backs upon the sea, and begin the descent into green woods. The whole character of the country changes; there are splendid white oaks among the live oaks, which to a New Englander have always the look of home, so closely do they resemble the form of old apple trees. But these oaks are very different, tall and symmetrical, with splendid great branches, and trunks often from twenty to thirty feet in circumference. Then we come to a rushing brook, and follow its rocky course toward the Santa Inez River. This last is a real California stream, capable of becoming a raging torrent destructive to life and property, but when we crossed a series of limpid brooks, divided by islands of sand, the main



stream hardly more than reaching the hubs of the wheels. After the river is crossed comes a long twenty miles, down the beautiful valley of Santa Inez, waving with grain, and dotted with oak trees. Young colts grazed by their dams and raised inquisitive ears toward us. As we neared the little town there was a sound of furious riding, and dashing past us came a native rider leading, or being lead by a wild young horse he held with a long rope. They turned into a wheat field, wheeled and came thundering back. Another horseman wss engaged in the same way, a primitive method of horse-breaking. We came into a straggling village street, and ended our long day's ride at the College Hotel. More singular still is the college saloon, the next-door neighbor of the hotel. But the name recalls the fact that the Mission of Santa Inez was once a famous college; the college ranch still exists though alienated from its founders. In 1795 exploration was begun among the mountain valleys for a site for a new Mission. Santa Barbara, scarcely ten years old, was already prosperous, and the fathers' hearts yearned over the heathen in the mountains. There are those who say they coveted the rich pasture land for their flocks and herds, and the services of the Indians which could be compelled by threats of torments to come. But in the early days at least the friars burned with true missionary zeal. The explorations continued till 1789 when the present site was situated, though the Mission was not founded till 1804. From Santa Barbara over the mountains, and La Purisima toward the sea, came priests and neophytes, and in this beautiful valley thickly settled with Indians, the Mission was established. There it stands to-day. Only nine arches of its long colonnade are left,

but the church itself with its white eagle and bell-tower is in good preservation. The bell-tower is a wide wall arched and ornamented at the top, pierced with arched openings in which hang three bells. The side walls of the church are buttressed, and the tiles are still upon the roof, though the colonnade has been shingled. The exterior is white, and as the morning sun fell upon it was very brilliant with the depth of shadow from the over-hanging eaves, and in the arches of the colonnade. The church is of the usual basilica shape, long and narrow, almost as long as Santa Barbara Mission, but not so wide.

The Easter decorations were still about, the hanging lamp in front of the altar full of Calla lilles, and the shrines gaily dressed. In the sacristy are one or two instruments made by the Indians; an old violincello looks as if it still possessed a good tune, so fine and delicate are its lines. But the strings have long since disappeared, and the varnish is cracked and gone. A melancholy spectacle it was, lying on a shelf, cast aside and neglected, an epitome of the race who made and used it. Some silver is left, but only a small part of what the rich church once possessed. A good censor with its swinging chains black and battered, an incense-box covered with a lid, like a sauce boat, some old pictures of no great merit, a stiff little St. Agnes with her lamb among them; these are the treasures of the sacristy. The confessionals are very good, of carved wood, now a beautiful color. They have a leather seat in the middle with a short curtain in front different from any of the other confessionals in California so far as we saw. In the music gallery is a fine parchment music book of



the Mass, exquisitely written by the Indians. For many years the College of Santa Inez flourished. Even thirty years ago there were a hundred boys of the leading Californian families who came to be educated, "They prayed too much," we were told by one of the old students. We intimated that prayer was a good thing after all. "Oh, yes," was the hasty rejoinder, "but to pray every morning from six o'clock till nine is a little too much." This student considered the education very inadequate. Mathematics, he said, the priests could not change, but history was taught largely from the legends of the Saints, and for literature they had the same pabulum. Now the Indians are gone, the boys are gone, one solitary priest walks the cloisters, and celebrates the Mass, while among the ruins of the crumbling adobe tall mustard and blooming weeds have grown.

Across the road is a great cistern, which still looks strong and sound, to which the fathers brought their water for irrigation. Now the college ranch has passed from their possessicn, and young olive tress cover the red earth with their pale green. Wheat fields stretch in every direction bounded by the mountains, but the fertile valley which the fathers planted is reaped by other hands.

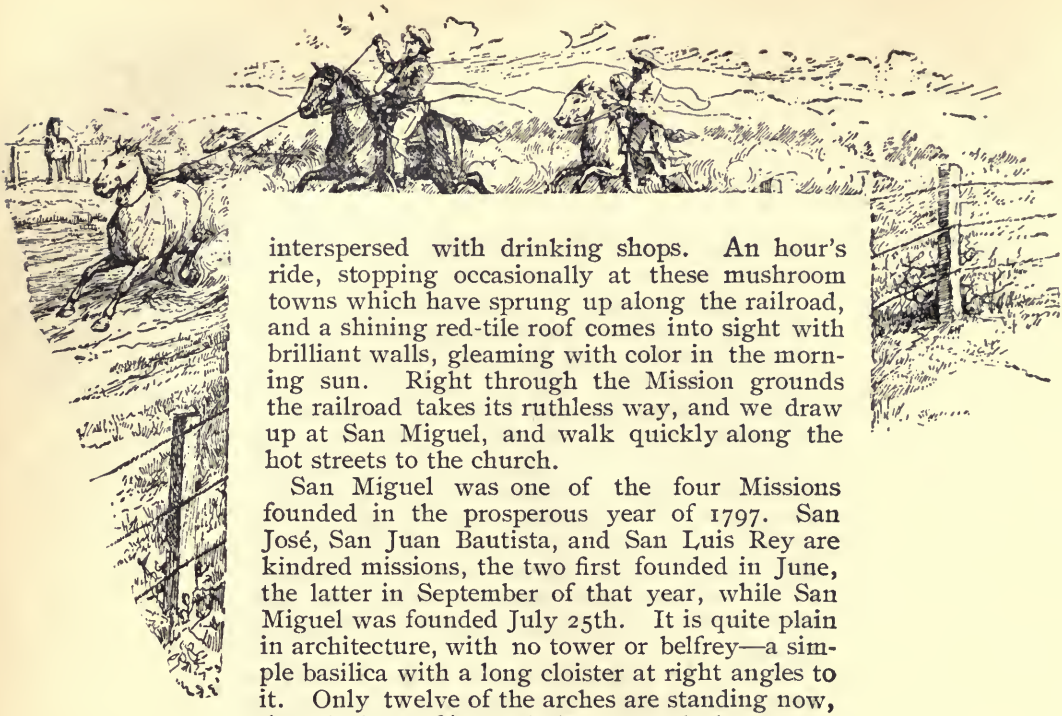
From Santa Inez to San Luls Obispo ought to be a short railroad journey, But there are milk cans to be taken on an off, calves and sheep to be loaded, all the business of one train a day to be carried on, so that the sixty miles at present takes five hours of steaming and waiting.

But finally the twin mountains of San Luis and his mitre came in sight. Most curious mountains they are, bare, and boldly volcanic.

The Mitre is exactly like a bishop's mitre, over a thousand feet high, rising abruptly from almost level ground. The Mission here is sadly restored, even the most determined searcher after the picturesque can find little to satisfy him. The garden is usually the last resort of the sketcher when all else fails, and here was a charming garden, gay with fleur-de-lis and geraniums, with an arcade draped in roses along one side. The church is not large, but is rich in vestments, both Spanish and French. Long trays of chasubles, with stole and maniple were shown us by the courteous priest. The church doors embossed with many nails are fine here, and also the confessionals rich with carving and leather.

Early the following morning we started for Santa Margarita. The excellent road winds up the narrow valley till it comes to a rushing stream, and creeps up beside it through the threatening hills. These are of most curious conical shapes, usually bare of trees, with the red soil showing through the early vegetation. Still narrower grows the ascent, and then comes the short and rapid drive into the smiling valley lying nine hundred feet above the sea level, which was left a short two hours before. The whole face of the country changes. Broad meadow land studded with splendid white oaks stretches before us. The grass is flecked with flowers, and to the left can be seen a ranch house, and the ruins of the Santa Margarita Mission barely discernible among the trees. It is a great cattle country, and one is not surprised to hear that two millions was refused for this beautiful valley during the boom.

The railroad ends, or begins here, and we come to civilization, the new half civilization of straight streets, and false-fronted houses, frankly



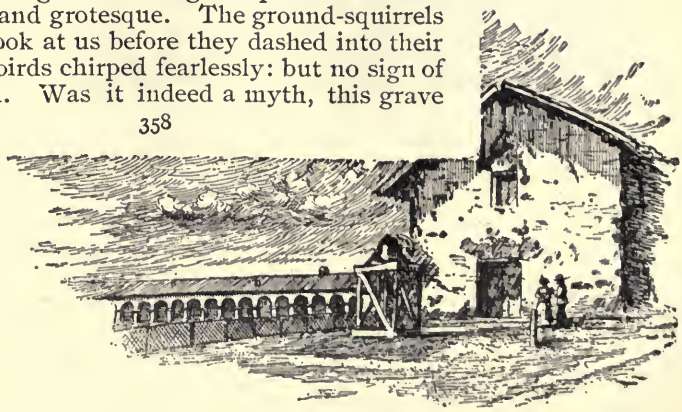
interspersed with drinking shops. An hour's ride, stopping occasionally at these mushroom towns which have sprung up along the railroad, and a shining red-tile roof comes into sight with brilliant walls, gleaming with color in the morning sun. Right through the Mission grounds the railroad takes its ruthless way, and we draw up at San Miguel, and walk quickly along the hot streets to the church.

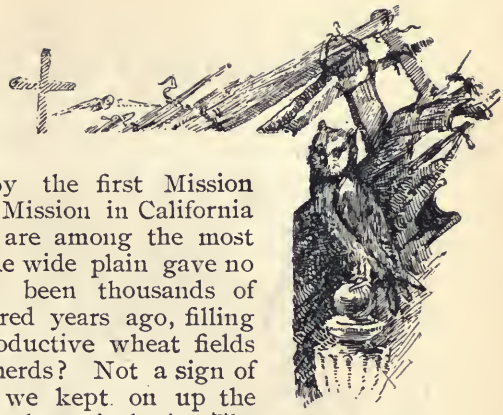
San Miguel was one of the four Missions founded in the prosperous year of 1797. San José, San Juan Bautista, and San Luis Rey are kindred missions, the two first founded in June, the latter in September of that year, while San Miguel was founded July 25th. It is quite plain in architecture, with no tower or belfrey—a simple basilica with a long cloister at right angles to it. Only twelve of the arches are standing now, though the roof is much longer, and the present priest and his brother have supported it on pillars, and laid the tiles afresh. Here are to be seen the long cauls of tule, which lie upon the rafters, bound together with rawhide, upon which the heavy tile are laid. In the church, which is very bare, St. Michael stands with his scales, and over the altar is a very grotesque All-seeing Eye with rays about it. The outside well rewards the sketcher in search of color, in spite of its simple form. Nowhere are the tiles a more glaring red, or the broken plaster walls, showing the adobe underneath, more brilliant. The very shadows are full of color. The great bell has been moved to a scaffolding in front of the church door, where it stands most picturesquely against the tarnished walls. Chickens ran about, and the simple household life of the priest's brother's family went on. A place full

of sunshine and quiet, and we only left it after a hard day's work.

We were now approaching the Mecca of our pilgrimage, the lonely San Antonio de Padua, off in the mountains, a good twenty miles from anywhere, anywhere in this case being King's City, a little town upon the railroad. The whole of this part of California is a series of beautiful valleys lying north and south between parallel ranges of mountains. The Santa Margarita Valley narrows and rises till the progress of the train seems blocked, when, rounding a promontory which juts into this sea of meadow land, another lake of verdure opens, bounded again by hills and mountains, and stretching northward in long, level fields. This is the great Salinas Valley, with the river winding through it, down which the wind blows a balmy gale. At King's City there are great sand hills along the river banks, like the sand hills of an ocean beach. And soft as was the air the wind was certainly "tedious," to use the old New England phrase. We were glad when the long stretch leading to the river and the fine bridge was safely crossed and the peaceful hills shut us in again. Most lovely the hills were, covered with blooming shrubs and the freshest green. On the north slopes of the hillsides it was really startling, such brilliant blue-green, in all the openings of the

blooming thickets. The country was pastoral in a Renaissance fashion—nymphs and goddesses should have hidden in those blooming thickets, not the nymphs of Mt. Parnassus, but the later representations of them. Splendid white oaks spread their arms far over the tiny path the few wagons had made. The "grade" is excellent—in California any good road leading over a pass seems to be a "grade;" but it was where it began to wander through the valley, after our ascent was won, that the way was most charming. The little village where the traveler stops is of only a dozen houses or so, including, however, a choice of hostelries. The brook sings through it, charmingly wooded hills surround it, and after our twenty miles drive we felt as if we had arrived at a truly idyllic spot. The Mission is four or five miles away, and we started eagerly to see it. Another upland valley has to be traversed. Along the way are signs of the old irrigating ditches which once watered its fields now destitute of any culture. A stray goat nibbled the fresh grass, birds sang in the sunny air, the valley was full of smiling peace. On and on we went, past a little schoolhouse where hung a sweet-voiced bell taken from the Mission. A soft-blue mountain blocked the valley at the north—Santa Lucia, the noblest of her own Sierras. Could her poor eyes see the beauty of her namesake, we wondered idly? Not a sign of human habitation as we went on. It was like Childe Roland wandering in his desert, though here everything was smiling and peaceful instead of horrible and grotesque. The ground-squirrels turned to look at us before they dashed into their holes; the birds chirped fearlessly: but no sign of the Mission. Was it indeed a myth, this grave





and holy place founded by the first Mission Fathers in 1771, the third Mission in California whose records and annals are among the most important of them all? The wide plain gave no reply. Could there have been thousands of Indians here a short hundred years ago, filling the whole valley with productive wheat fields and the hills with grazing herds? Not a sign of life remained. And still we kept on up the smiling vale, till suddenly there it lay! The valley gave a sudden dip, and, close before us, stretching its long cloister in the sun, watched over by Santa Lucia, there was the Mission. Desolate and gray the olives stood beside it, and a great maguay raised its spiked leaves protectingly before. Great rents were in the brilliant roof, where the tiles lay moss green and purpled and red. The brick front is almost the only perpendicular thing about it, with its two little belfries, one despoiled of its bell. The rest of the building sways and sags in every line. In front of the cloister are the remains of a flower garden now trampled by the cattle of a neighboring ranch. Lilies are St. Anthony's emblem—lilies and the crucifix—and here once must have been many. In the great cloister yard an old pear tree was in full bloom, and the Castile roses climbed on the half-broken pillars. In the church itself the roof has fallen in places. The altar is standing, shorn of its ornaments, but St. Michael with his scales is still above it to guard, while the high pulpit still hangs upon the wall. The fallen timbers lie as they fell. "All her gates are desolate."

There are Indian remains to be seen here, the old Mill, the place the water was taken out of river, and many works of the good fathers. But the building itself was most impressive of all, left in its utter solitude and desolation, where all told of past activity and splendor.

INEFFICIENCY OF OUR CITY GOVERNMENT.

BY ABBOT KINNEY.

AMERICAN city government is a failure. This is a sweeping statement, but it is unfortunately true. The Federal Government is fairly satisfactory. We have then our city political units of government, wasteful, incompetent, expensive, and often, we must admit, corrupt; while the General Government is comparatively efficient and, aside from pensions, not excessive in expenditures. City politics educate a considerable number of men interested in general public business, and city methods are more and more being introduced into State and Federal affairs, so that such assimilation of condition as is going on is for the worse, and must continue downward until city politics are reformed. Present city methods in politics best reward secret machinations, combination in conspiracy, deception and audacious fraud. The welfare of the city or its citizens plays no part in success. Men with the talents of present practical politics are always dominant in municipal matters, and such citizens as go into politics from an interest in public affairs in the higher sense, are at once confronted with the cohesive combinations for plunder that pervade all city politics, from the primary to the court room. To attain place and power, it seems essential to use the methods and machinery at hand, or to consent knowingly to their use by the cabal or boss. Thus the best type of citizens is either discouraged and driven from any public service, or is tempted and seduced into moral sewers and becomes, in spite of everything, lowered and defiled, and loses its power to do good.

There are, of course, exceptions. It seems fair to say that the moral tone in politics is lower than the moral tone of the community. It is generally admitted that men consent to, or procure or perform questionable acts, treacheries, combines, violations of law and absolute frauds in politics, that they would have nothing to do with as business or professional men in every-day life. However this may be, there are several sufficient reasons for a reform of city politics which are beyond dispute. These may be summarized as follows:

First—Excessive expenses and consequent high taxes.

Second—Unbusiness-like methods, lack of proper checks, and consequent leaks in the public treasury.

Third—Poor and ill-combined work in public matters, lack of efficient supervision of all sorts of contracts and contractors, waste and favoritism.

Fourth—Moral degradation of city politics, threatening infection to all other politics.

An examination of the Federal and city plans of government, reveals at once a radical difference in their theory, which is quite sufficient to explain the difference in their practice. The Federal system provides an elected President and Congress. All the executive and judicial officers are appointed by the President, and nearly all may be relieved or removed by him. The Executive has therefore the power of doing damage, and the power of doing good, and is directly and clearly responsible to the people. If the administration is not efficient, economical and honest, it is the President's fault, because he has the power to make it so. He has this power by law. We can thus explain how our national administrations have

been so little controlled by cabals and bosses behind the chair. City government is on exactly the opposite type. The council, or supervisors and mayor are indeed elected, but all the executive and judicial officers are independent of the nominal executive chief. Some are appointed by the city legislative department, some by the Governor of the State, and some by boards or commissions; but most are elected by the people. The mayor is an executive cipher. He has the legislative power of the veto, and some advisory and auditory powers. He has however no practical executive power. Simmered down, his function is that of a common scold.

Our city system insures a government without plan, unity or force. It invites inefficiency, waste and corruption. It is pervaded by inherent defects that must produce poor government.

Like a child with rickets, the tendencies and ambitions to good works and great acts that exist in the spirit must fail in execution, through the physical debility arising from the constitutional disease.

The city system is so weak and unworkable that it has everywhere encouraged, and nearly everywhere created and supported, an inside real government. This is headed by a cabal or oligarchy in some cities; in others by a boss or by bosses, with full executive power over its organization or machine. The legal or charter government of cities is in reality under the control of another government that has no warrant in law, is totally irresponsible and is generally commanded by a chief who is not even a member of the legal government. The complete centralized system which the boss-inside-government has developed is the actual governing and appointing power in our cities. It only exists because of the contemptible incapacity of the charter system. The boss or bosses operate sometimes for power and sometimes for gain, but their method is always the same—that of using public office for plunder instead of honor, and the public taxes for personal profit instead of the public advantage. This method must continue to be the only one possible for our back-door government, because under it, city office is no longer an honor, and the sole object in joining the machine is gain.

The defects of American city governments are not due to party politics or to partisan fanaticism. Nowhere is there less fanaticism or less inquiry about principles than in city politics. Nowhere is treachery to a general or national ticket more common, in consideration of money or a local office, than in cities; and at the same time the boss-cohorts, ballot-stuffers and thugs are more united and organized than are any other political elements.

It is easy, in a popular rising, to rout these gangs of plunderers, but the weakness of the legal city system immediately calls in new bosses, and matters do not improve.

New York was robbed of Tammany by Tweed. He was a Democrat, but secured such State laws as he wished, by the purchase of Republican Legislatures. The Democratic party is supposed to control the New York machine, while the Republican party controls the Philadelphia ring. The members of this latter combine have stolen and embezzled directly large amounts of public money. San Francisco has been under Boss Buckley, a so-called Democrat, whose career ended under the charge of selling the State and Congressional ticket for coin. It is now under a firm of Republican bosses, who are repeating Buckley's methods, and putting the taxpayers through the familiar sweat-box.

It is not primarily a matter of the national parties at all that city government is such a mockery and disgrace. This is due to the continuance of a municipal plan that may be suited to a small village, such as we started our government with, but which has been entirely outgrown by

our cities, both in their cosmopolitan composition and in their size.

Under the present system we elect a mayor as the city's chief, with no executive power, and then cause those executive officers, through whom he must work, to be appointed or elected independently of him, and place them beyond his control. By this means these officers often belong to different factions and parties from the mayor, and are frequently more desirous of causing the mayor's failure in administration than his success. Many cities give the appointment of certain executive officers to the council. This causes members of the city legislature to be elected, not on their quality as public-spirited citizens, or their capacity as legislators, but upon the issue as to whom they will select as chief of police. Such executive candidates only too often make common cause with the criminal and quasi-criminal population, and elect, as a result, councils to whom we would not trust the integrity of a hen-coop. Another grave objection is the great number of candidates, sometimes over one hundred, that must be submitted to the voters at each election. Even the best citizens are unable to scrutinize such a ticket intelligently.

Our city governments are devoid of harmony in their parts, and totally lack force for good, while plentifully endowed with a capacity for waste and for evil.

If anyone should propose to remodel the National Government on the city plan, he would be hooted out of court. Think of electing a President, electing his Cabinet, and even down to his marshals and peace-officers! It is manifest that a President so handicapped could not be held responsible for his administration. He being of one party, with distinctive principles, might find his executive officers, not only entirely independent of his control, but actually belonging to and dependent upon a party, or several parties, with principles the exactly diverse from those he was elected to carry out. No merchant, manufacturer, or farmer could manage his affairs under our city system. Such an attempt would result in his prompt destruction. What would become of a business in which the heads of departments, and even the clerks, were appointed and held in place independently of the owner? Not only so, but as likely as not appointed by his rivals and opponents! There is but one answer—the business would fail.

The conduct of city affairs is essentially a business matter, and the analogy is essentially appropriate.

The defects of city government in this country have long been recognized, but the treatment tried for them has been, in the language of medicine, a treatment of symptoms without any diagnosis of the constitutional disease — the common cause of all the ills sought to be eradicated.

In New York, a number of city departments were taken from the city and given to the State Legislature, with a common injury to the city and the Legislature. In California cities, similar experiments have been tried, and now we have park and harbor affairs in State hands. Taxing power has been limited; power to incur debt has been limited; laws have been piled on laws, until a city charter is a mountain of words, a labyrinth of legal technicality and a muddle of confusion that has become a life-study to understand. And all this with no material remedy for essential defects, and no suppression of the boss nuisance. It is like a building erected on an insecure foundation that patchwork and additions only render more unsafe.

There is one idea common to all our city charters. It is that, under the present system, citizens of cities are incompetent to manage their public affairs. This is rank heresy in a Republican Government, for if it be true, Republican Government must be a mistake.

A radical remedy stands exemplified at our hand in the Federal Con-

stitution. Why not adopt and put in force a theory, that entrusted with the vast interests of the whole country has worked fairly well? Simplify and curtail city charters. Elect a legislative body and a mayor. Elect no other executive or peace officer. Place the appointment of such officers in the hands of the Mayor under such civil service regulations, as will not confine his energies to official appointments. That is placing subordinate and clerical officers on a tenure of competency.

In this way a city government can become an harmonious whole, with an executive head who is and can be clearly held responsible for the efficiency and economy of all departments. At the same time, the policy of the city will be in a legislative body elected upon legislative lines, and not upon questions quite foreign to legislative business. The people do concentrate their energies on the election of a mayor, and in all American cities, generally get good men for this office. The enlargement of power and efficiency here suggested is certainly likely to increase this attention of the public to their chief, and to secure even stronger men than we now get.

If it be objected that this simple change will place too much power in the hands of the Mayor, there are two answers:

First—The President of the United States has infinitely greater powers in a similar line. Besides civil officers, he appoints, controls and commands also the Army and Navy officers; and if such powers be a danger in a mayor they are a thousand-fold greater danger in a president.

Second—The present system has built up an irresponsible power unknown to the law, that has become a corrupt tyranny alike dangerous to the material and moral welfare of cities. The boss rule in cities is a direct outgrowth of the inherent weakness of the present system. No powers that might be given a mayor could result worse than our oligarchy or boss rule. A mayor would be only elected with the knowledge and by the consent of the citizens, whereas the ring or boss come into power by secret, self-seeking machinations, corrupt in themselves and dependent on corruption. Their present power is to-day greater than that suggested for the mayor. So that if objection be raised to giving a mayor the possibility of making a good government, we are thrown back on the present certainty of the boss power to create a bad one. We have tried patch-work; we have tried legal rule piled on legal technicality; we have tried from every point, the theory that city citizens are incapable of self-government. Is it not about time to try a theory in harmony with Democratic institutions? Is it not about time for our citizens to throw overboard their heretical and boss-breeding insanity, and adopt charters in which the people's trusted agents shall be given the power to transact the people's business without any ring and boss intervention?

A business system of city government, by agents directly controlled by and responsible to the people, will lower taxes, increase improvements, create public works, build up commerce and more than all else, purify politics.

CLIMATE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY DR. R. J. HALL.

TRAVELERS, whether in search of health or pleasure, are too apt to think of Southern California as a whole, regardless of the fact that peculiarities of position, the promontories and indentations of the coast, the direction and height of mountain ranges, the distance of a few miles from the ocean, the protection in places, by islands, lying off the coast, etc., cause marked and important differences between points only a few miles distant from each other. I propose, therefore, to describe the special characteristics of a comparatively small extent of country, lying along the coast between Point Conception and Ventura, about sixty miles in length.

This forms a narrow strip, from one to five miles in width, shut off and protected by a range of mountains, the Santa Ynez, at the northwest, lying for the most part, on a gentle slope, toward the northeast, where it is bounded by the Pacific, and to a great extent protected from ocean storms by a chain of islands, about twenty-five miles from the coast.

The protection, by the mountain range to the north and west and on the other side by the off-lying islands, from the high winds prevalent in many other places, and warmth afforded by the southern exposure, tempered by the neighborhood of the sea and the ocean breezes, have combined to give this narrow strip a mild and equable climate.

This, with its freedom from malaria and its unrivaled scenery, renders it in many respects superior to the south of France, Florida and other well-known resorts, as a refuge for those suffering from diseases of the lungs and other chronic disorders.

I wish also to emphasize the difference between this region, lying immediately on the coast, and the country inland, and the varieties to be found even within these narrow boundaries. There are numerous cañons and valleys, either running inland from the sea or lying parallel to the ocean, between the foothills and the mountains—valleys and cañons, in some instances, so shut in as to give an almost tropical climate, with tropical vegetation — where the slope of the mountains and foothills enables sufferers from asthma, hay fever and similar affections to choose the exact exposure and altitude suited to the individual peculiarities of these capricious cases.

Statistics as to temperature, etc., are frequently misleading, as where, in a climatic map, we find the mean temperature of Santa Barbara and Sacramento to be the same, though the climates of the two places differ widely, that of Sacramento being much hotter in summer and colder in winter than that of Santa Barbara. A few figures, however, specially compiled for the use of invalids will be of value.

In an excellent article on the climate of Santa Barbara, by Doctor Bates, published in the Southern California Practioner, January, 1887, records of temperature kept for thirteen years are given. These show an average—for January of 53.25°, for July, 68.45°, and for the entire year, 61.43°. There was an average of only fifteen days for each year on which the temperature rose above 82° and of eight on which it fell below 42°.

These figures may be applied, with fair accuracy, to the whole strip of coast, which I have described. The nights are almost invariably cool, but

not cold, both summer and winter. Special characteristics very important to invalids are the entire freedom from malaria and the absence of any sudden changes of temperature, as night comes on such as in many places expose delicate persons to the danger of a sudden chill.

Many invalids, to whom an entire open-air life is all important, are thus enabled to sleep out-of-doors, summer and winter, either on partly enclosed piazzas or in tents, without risk or inconvenience.

Crossing the mountains, only a few miles inland, we find a different state of affairs, even where weather reports show the mean temperature to be the same. Here the temperature rises much higher in summer, 115–120 being frequent in the great fruit-growing districts. The weather is colder also in winter, frost being by no means uncommon. The diurnal variations are much greater, chilly or even cold nights often succeeding the extreme heat of the day. This is in many ways an advantage; but, as the change is apt to occur somewhat rapidly and does not come until twelve or one o'clock at night, great care must be taken, lest, falling asleep with light covering, invalids may become chilled before waking.

The coast line, of which I have spoken, is exposed chiefly to winds from the northwest and from the ocean. Those from the ocean seldom amount to more than a pleasant breeze, sufficient to cool the air. There is an occasional north wind, which, heated by the sands of the Mojave Desert, crosses the mountains and causes sultry weather for a short time. Even then a temperature over 60° is very exceptional, and these winds never last more than two or three days, and occur at most once or twice a year.

The really high winds, which are somewhat annoying, come from the northwest. The range of mountains to the northwest and the projection of Point Conception protect this favored region, however, to a far greater extent than elsewhere on the coast, except perhaps at Santa Monica, whose position in a deep indentation favors it also.

High winds are, moreover, far less common than is generally supposed. Careful records, kept by Mr. G. S. J. Oliver, of Santa Barbara, for ten years, give an average of only 16.4 days in each year, on which they occured. They are most frequent in June, July, August and September.

This peculiar portion of Southern California is known, especially in the East, far too much as a purely winter resort, and too little as a delightful place in which to pass the summer or for a permanent residence. With a temperature seldom over 80° during the day, the heat of the sun frequently tempered by a thin veil of clouds threatening no rain, nights cold enough for a blanket, magnificient scenery and perfect sea bathing, what more desirable summer resort can be wished? Along the coast and among the mountains the most beautiful situations abound, where "camping out" enables one to enjoy change, freedom from conventionalties and an entire open-air life. Such expeditions form quite a characteristic of summer life among the residents.

It is true that the splendor of the wild flowers has disappeared, and the hills are no longer brown. But other flowers, and especially roses, bloom the year round, with a luxuriance unknown in the East; and the beauty of the country is not destroyed, it is only a different kind. The only serious disadvantage is the dust, where roads are not properly watered.

There is a widely spread impression that Santa Barbara and the portions of the coast near it are foggy. This, however, requires explanation. Real fogs are comparatively rare during the day time, but common at night. These roll in from the ocean, chiefly after nightfall and disappear by early morning. Even when they occur during the day, there is no damp chill

such as we are accustomed to associate with Eastern fogs. The vapor is warm and not of a character to irritate the most delicate lungs. There are many cloudy days, which serve only as a pleasant relief from the glare of the sun. But an unfortunate local custom has given to these clouds, which co-exist with a perfectly dry dry atmosphere, the name of 'high fog.'

To this alone, I believe, we must attribute the false impression that Santa Barbara is a foggy place.

The rainy season lasts from November to the end of April or middle of May. The rain-fall, however, usually occurs in heavy showers followed by clear weather, so that fifteen to twenty days in the year on which an invalid would be confined to the house by the weather is probably a high average.

In concluding I must express my obligations to Mr. Hugh D. Vail of Santa Barbara, for his extremely valuable series of observations on the climate, extending over many years.

Also I append a table giving the observations, through a series of ten years, made by Mr. G. S. J. Oliver of Santa Barbara, himself an invalid who has found great benefit from the climate. The mode of classification, while differing widely from that usually adopted in weather reports, seems to me to have quite extraordinary advantages as a guide to invalids seeking to gain an accurate knowledge of the climate.

Average of the weather in Santa Barbara for ten consecutive years from 1882 to 1891:

	Days in the year.
Perfectly clear and sunny	157.9
Some fog, and clear	84.9
Cloudy during part of the day	58.9
Some fog, and cloudy all day	9.9
Clear, with some high wind	16.5
Cloudy all day. No rain	16.
Cloudy all day. Some rain	17.3
Some rain and some sunshine	10.3
Rainy most of the day	4.4

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

BY N. P. CHIPMAN.

CAN the United States receive over half a million people annually from Europe and still maintain a distinctively American civilization? If the present flow of immigration goes on at what point will the National character begin to change? What will be the new form, and what will be the dominant race factor of this conglomerate and heterogeneous mass of humanity? Is there no limit to the assimilating powers of our people? What is the filtering process; what is the method of absorption by which a half million people, speaking all the languages of Babel, and reared under as many diverse surroundings, can be taken up, so to speak, in the national arteries and made part of the life blood of the nation, and not affect its character? Is there no law governing these movements of humanity?

It must be apparent that at least this much is true: this number could not move annually into England, France, Italy or Germany from foreign countries without rapidly changing local character. Is it because of our greater numbers or larger extent of territory that the same may not be true here? We hardly have double the population of France, so that this difference could not shield us. Our extent of territory is large, but the per cent. of foreign population distributed among the mass remains the same, and extent of territory cannot entirely protect us, though it may mitigate and prolong the final effect.

The census of 1890 showed that

14.56 per cent., or 9,249,547, of our entire white population are foreign born. It showed, also, that 18.37 per cent. were children of foreign-born parents. This is a very large proportion. In no other country on the globe can we find such a condition existing, and hence we find no parallel exactly in point from which to draw any lesson or make comparisons.

History records instances of invasions, as in the early days of the Romans, when overwhelming numbers poured out of the land of the Goths and overthrew the Empire, and for the time destroyed its civilization. The Norman conquest revolutionized England and planted a new civilization. But we have not that case here. The case we have is this: Given a reservoir of people of distinct type into which is flowing from a dozen sources entirely different types. The reservoir is replenishing itself at the same time from within, but the flow from without is greater than from within. What is the probable result?

Here is a compact little table showing the number of immigrants arriving by decades, that is pregnant with meaning:

From	To	Number Arrived.*
1820	1830	128,393
1830	1840	539,391
1840	1850	1,423,337
1850	1860	2,799,423
1860	1870	1,964,061
1870	1880	2,834,040
1880	1890	5,246,613
Total		14,935,238

Assuming that the increase will continue in like proportion, is it not possible to determine the precise point of time when the foreign-born citizens will outnumber the native-born? It will be seen that more than one-third of the immigration since 1820 came in the last decade. A steady progression is observable except during the war period. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, there came 579,663. If this ratio of increase continues, the arrivals for the decade ending 1900 will be not less than 7,000,000, and if the increase during the decade ending 1890 over the number for the decade ending 1880 continue, the arrivals will reach 10,000,000. Our foreign-born population will then be about 20,000,000.

An examination of the Census Reports shows the significant fact that the alien population is not distributing itself equally throughout the Union. Of the 579,663 who came during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, 459,852, or 79.5 per cent., were destined for the seven States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Ohio.† Examine for a moment the result in the three States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The increase of foreign-born, expressed in per cent., was:‡

	New York.	New Jersey.	Pennsylvania.
1870 to 1880....	6.42	17.34	7.80
1880 to 1890....	29.69	48.39	43.87

The foreign increase for these three States from 1880 to 1890 was 35.87 per cent. Considering the three States as a whole, 50.83 per cent. are native whites born of native parents, barely one-half.

The Southern States may be omitted in any examination of the threatened foreign invasion, as only about five per cent. of that population are to be found in the South.

If we consider the entire foreign population as equally distributed throughout the North, our capacity to absorb those now here might be admitted. It is when we regard the rapid increase locally, and especially in a certain few States, that the danger seems imminent. In two States a very remarkable condition exists.

Out of each 100,000 of the population of Minnesota, 56,006 are foreign born, and out of 100,000 of the pop-

*Report of Superintendent of Immigration, 1892.

†Report of Superintendent Immigration Bureau.

‡Census Bulletin No. 183.

ulation of North Dakota, 80,449 are foreign born, including natives born of foreign parents.* This is the result of very rapid changes that have been going on in recent years and that are continuing. The changes in the three States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania are scarcely less significant, as we have seen.

Under our system of State autonomy citizens of one State are little concerned with those of another, and are but slightly influenced in character by reason of contiguity of boundary lines. We find often distinct types of foreigners in neighborhoods of the same State that have remained unchanged by contact with neighbors for fifty years.† So that we may deal with the question in detail by States. If North Dakota has a population foreign born and of foreign-born parents, of over eighty per cent., and it is still increasing, it cannot be long before the American type will disappear and the work of transforming or Americanizing her population must cease, for want even of leaven to leaven the whole. The same thing must go on in Minnesota, and the same result follow. Thus State after State in detail will pass under foreign influences.

I have extracted from the Census Bulletins the following details, which cannot fail to be instructive. The facts are presented in as compact a form as possible.

STATE.	Per cent. of Whites.	Per ct. Natives Born of Native Parents.	Per cent. Foreign Born.	Per cent. Born of Foreign Parents.
N. Dakota...	99.67	20.48	44.52	34.67
S. Dakota....	99.54	38.69	27.63	33.22
Minnesota ...	99.56	23.89	35.87	39.80
New York...	98.77	42.03	26.11	30.63
Wisconsin ...	99.62	25.76	30.77	43.09
Michigan	99.00	43.83	25.87	29.30
California....	92.52	41.20	24.30	26.52

The white population of the United States is 87.80 per cent. of the whole. Of these 54.87 per cent. are natives of native parents; 18.37 per cent. are born of foreign parents and 14.56 per cent. are foreign born—only a little over 60 per. cent of the white population are pure American stock. A comparison of the table above given with the per cents. for the whole United States will show how much greater the proportion is in some of the States than for the whole country.‡

I have examined the population also by counties, and find the same disparity, only much greater. In Grand Forks County, North Dakota, out of 18,306, there are 3,518 born of native parents. In Griggs County there are only 343 out of 2,810, and in Pembina County only 744 out of 14,217. The same disproportion appears in many other counties, and also in South Dakota.§ In Becker County, Minn., out of 9,222, only 1869 are born of native parents; in Carver County 1,282 out of 12,532, and in Norman County, 581 out of 10,616.‖ There is not a county in this State where the natives born of native parents equal the foreign born and those born of foreign parents. Of the eighty counties in the State in eighteen only do the natives born of native parents equal the foreign born. The foreign element in California is larger than generally supposed. In Alameda County out of 89,559, there are but 31,267 born of native parents; in Amador, 4,023 out of 9,909; in Contra Costa, 4,410, out of 12,982; in Sacramento, 15,322, out of 35,364, and in San Francisco, 62,141, out of 270,696, or less than one-quarter. In twenty-three counties of the State the foreign-born and those born of foreign parents outnumber the natives born of native parents.* Much has been said of the classes who come here being unlettered and therefore unassimilative. It seems to me the more highly educated the immigrant, the less easy to transform him. He is the slowest of them all to

* Census Bulletin No. 201.
† "Our Country" by Josiah Strong, page 44.
‡ Census Bulletin, No. 194. § No. 208. ‖ No. 205.
* Bulletin, No. 322.

yield his love for the existing system of laws in the mother country. His intelligence may restrain him from opposition or outbreak or intrigue, but he is more capable by reason of superior intelligence to engraft his notions of government upon ours. The prime motive once was to escape tyranny and oppression, priestcraft and intolerance. This is no longer true. Governments in later years are more mindful of the welfare of the people; there is less complaint, and less ground for complaint by reason of oppressive laws. Now the prime motive is gain. Immigrants do not come so much because they dislike the Governments whence they come and are therefore the more ready to fall in with ours; but they come, many of them, with a strong belief that they have left a better and stronger Government. It would be hard to find an Englishman in this country who will concede that a Republic is better than a Constitutional Monarchy with limited suffrage.

Continental people do not dislike a strong central government, even at the sacrifice of some of the rights of the citizen. There is a growing tendency towards greater central power in this country. If we search deeply the cause, may we not find it in the presence of an unassimilative and un-Americanized population?

The entire argument in favor of unrestricted immigration (admitting that all agree upon the exclusion of paupers, idiots, insane and criminals) rests upon the assumption that the incomers will quickly assimilate and become Americanized. There was absolutely no tenable ground for the exclusion of the Chinese except the one potent and all-sufficient reason that they retained all their national characteristics and refused to assimilate. By assimilation we did not mean alone a failure to intermarry. We gave to the word a much broader meaning. The word means, to be made like something else, and in the case of immigrants, to be made like Americans. The Chinese in no sense identified themselves with our institutions; they had no homes or families. They showed no wish to become citizens; they kept aloof in class herds, and always came with a declared and unalterable purpose to return with their earnings to China. They never learned our laws or adopted our customs. Like bees, they swarmed out of their hives and took of our substance and returned to their isolation to hoard it and send it out of the country. Logically we must apply the same rigid rule of exclusion to any other peoples whom we find coming with like purpose and intent. It is said that 60,000 Canadians swarm across the line into New England at certain seasons, yearly, and return to their homes when the work is over. They escape the tax-gatherer; they perform no duty of citizenship, and add nothing to the wealth or stability of the State. Upon principle, they are no more to be encouraged than the bringing of the Chinese.

It has recently been brought to notice, although not through Government channels of information, that large bodies of South-of-Europe people have possessed certain anthracite coal counties of Pennsylvania. They come from Italy, Sicily, Poland, Austro-Hungary and Bohemia. They have crowded out the American, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, German and English, and exhibit almost the exact counterpart of the conditions existing in California among the Chinese before we began to exclude them. The foreign-contract law was not passed until 1885, but between 1875 and that time the counties of Lucerne, Scuylkill, Carbon, Lehigh and Northumberland had almost entirely supplanted their foreign mine-laborers and erected a section of Southern Europe.*

Let us look at the parallel for a moment. They do not, as a rule, bring their wives or families. They work for about half the former wages.

*Mr. Henry Rood in the Forum, September, 1892.

They club together and herd as do the Chinamen. They live on the simplest and cheapest food. They sleep in confined quarters. The Chief of the Hazleton Police raided an Italian boarding house. The building would accommodate an American family of six or eight. He found in it fifty Italians in the attic and on the ground floor, and in the cellar twenty others lying naked in the straw like hogs. They hoard their earnings and send them abroad to their families. They do not send their children to public schools. They do not learn our language. Their local papers are printed in their own language and their priests conduct religious services in that language. They are clannish and mix but little with Americans. They do not acquire landed possessions. They have no taxable property in sight. They support neither the Church, the school, nor the State. There is strong evidence for believing that they have a secret organization for mutual protection against our criminal laws, and it is found extremely difficult to convict them of any crime. The chief difference observable between these people, as described by this writer, is that many of these foreigners take out naturalization papers and vote at local elections, while the Chinaman consistently abstains from qualifying himself to vote.

A somewhat different picture is that presented in the same periodical by Mr. Kenrick C. Babcock in treating the Scandinavian movement to the Northwest. Few people outside of these States realize what has taken place as the result of the movement.

In 1850 the Scandinavian population in the United States was 18,075; in 1860, 72,582. From 1880 to 1890, 492,987 came to our shores.* The arrivals for 1892 were 66,295, and for 1891 about the same number. There has been a steady and increasing flow from Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and a very large per cent. of this immigration has gone into Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Fully three-quarters of a million foreign-born Scandinavians are in these States.

In Minnesota whole townships and counties are formed by them; in the newer counties in this State, as well as in the Dakotas, as high as forty per cent. of the entire population are of this race. In traveling through these Northwest States one is never out of sight of the Scandinavian farmhouse. These people are represented as industrious, frugal and law-abiding with scarcely any illiteracy among them. They incline to agriculture, and keep away from the towns and cities; they quickly become citizens and assume the responsibility of citizenship. They aspire to office and figure in official ranks fully up to their per cent. of the population. Their love of politics is only excelled by their love of the Church which is Lutheran and intensely Protestant. They patronize the public school and generally conform to American customs, and seem not to be inclined to perpetuate memories of the mother country. They are to some extent clannish and disposed to demand political recognition, by reason of their solid vote, but are not offensively aggressive. They come here to stay, and apparently have severed all connection with the old country and have no desire to return.

They have pushed the Northwest forward marvelously and it is not easy to find objection to this population.

Looking under the surface, however, may it not be doubted whether even such a peaceable invasion of an alien population is to be desired? It may be doubted whether an exclusively foreign-born population, no matter what it may be or whence it may come, can conduce to the motion and healthful development of an American civilization, unless distributed and so intermingled as to lose its national characteristics.

In 1890 there were of white population in Minnesota 1,296,159. Of

*Census Bulletin, No. 357.

these 457,057, or over one-third, were foreign born, and 518,151 were born of foreign parents. Out of this entire white population of over one and a quarter million, only 310,951, or less than one-fourth, were born of native parents.

In North Dakota, out of 182,123 only 37,428 were born of American parents, or about one in five.*

Let it be admitted that the German and Scandinavian, among our best classes of immigrants, have possessed those States, and let it be admitted that they do not organize as a class to control the State, will the tendency to further settlement not be towards more of that class and fewer American born, and may we not before long find these States with no American population? Will the young men of the Middle and Eastern States seek new homes where they must learn a new language and conform to the habits of living prevailing in Norway and Sweden, and Denmark and Germany?

Hon. Jas. W. Covert, a member of the Committee on Immigration of the House of Representatives, in a recent speech (March 3, 1893) in the House said:

"What the country most needs, so far as immigration is concerned, is a class of men of brawn and muscle, to assist in agriculture, and in the line of their work to aid in the development of the almost boundless resources of the Great West and South." The Congressional Record reports that the sentiment was received with applause on the floor and in the galleries. The Memphis Appeal-Avalanche gives expression editorially to the same idea. It says:

"The people of this country do not want desirable immigration retarded. The land is broad enough and rich enough to support millions of the worthy poor of Europe."

Ex-President Harrison probably had the same humanitarian idea in his mind when he spoke just before the last campaign with some little pride of the fact that the gates of Castle Garden swung inward, which was only an euphemistic way of expressing that more common form of hospitality that the national latch string continued to hang out.

And we must admit that if the public press is to be taken as giving the concensus of opinion at this time, Mr. Covert was not far wrong in his interpretation. I will venture the assertion, however, that in any popular audience in America to-day, the sentiment "that all people who can and will work for wages inadequate to decent living should not be permitted here to drive intelligent labor to the wall" will receive ten votes to the other one. In this sentiment lies a world of meaning; it strikes at the root of our civilization, which rests upon intelligent, well-paid labor.

The problem deeply concerns the wage-earners of this country. A crusade against Chinese cheap labor was begun by the working classes. The rich who readily utilize and make money out of the labor of others, were either hostile or indifferent to this movement. It is a singular fact, however, that the labor element of the country to-day has not become impressed with the present importance of the immigration question, and that the discussion is being carried on by the press and the thoughtful men without their co-operation.

Let us in a paragraph state the danger to labor. Statistics show that the wages in Europe, whence come our immigrants, range from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. lower than in this country. This difference is found in skilled and unskilled employments alike. The constant and unchanging claim of both great political parties here is that legislation should be so framed as to maintain the high standard of American prices for labor. But labor, like all purchasable commodities, is subject to the law of competition, and the man who will

*Census Bulletin.

work cheapest will get the employment.

There is already a surplus of labor in this country, and the inevitable result of adding to this surplus by immigration or otherwise, will be the lowering of rates in the strife for work. The foreigner who has accustomed himself to live on a small amount, and is willing to do so here, will crowd out the American whose scale of living requires a larger amount to subsist upon. It seems to me that our legislators are sufferlng from mental obliquity or mental strabismus—they are either blind to the real sentiment of the people or are looking at opposite directions and fail to see the real danger. If we may consider the American, the result to him must be the same, whether he is gotten rid of by being good-naturedly elbowed one side, or is driven out by cruel competition of cheap wage-earners, or whether he is so surrounded by an alien element as to make life uncongenial. If it is to be the survival of the cheapest, we all know what will follow.

But a word as to the assumed vast unoccupied territory of the Great West. Is it true that the paramount demand is for rapid settlement and occupation of all our public lands, regardless of other considerations? Is it more important to add to the wealth of the nation than to maintain the distinctive character of her people? In our greed for gain in numbers and in wealth, are we to sacrifice the great motive of founding an American civilization?

Is it even now easy to obtain desirable public land upon which to settle? Is it so soon forgotten that United States troops are required to keep the peace wherever an Indian Reservation is thrown open to settlement? Have the wild scenes of disorder and the hungry scramble of thousands of home-seekers (mostly American) in Oklahoma faded from our memory? It is not true that we need the teeming millions of Europe to occupy our limitless lands of unbounded fertility. The assumption that our fertile lands are limitless is without foundation.

But for the prompt and effective protest of California, and the subsequent action of Congress, the Chinese would by this time have practically destroyed free labor in this country. Our present law against contract labor does not reach the root of the danger from competitive labor. The very men who cannot be brought in by contract may come *ad libitum* without a contract.

We draw the line now upon the undesirable classes by reason of some moral quality lacking, which implies that all others are desirable, and we have so held hitherto. The "asylum-of-the-oppressed" idea has been a national policy. It built itself up by an appeal to our greeed and our philanthropy, and when the avaricious and the philanthropic elements unite, there are few to oppose. Both of these elements struggled hard to protect the Chinamen, and both will contend against similar restrictive measures against other foreigners. But of one thing the honestly reflective and informed mind must be assured, that our national character and our present standard of labor wages must sink lower under the constant pressure of large bodies of alien races rapidly moving in upon us.

The danger to American civilization does not lie alone in the admission of the so-called undesirable classes, nor the remedy alone in the exclusion of the pauper and criminal. The danger lies in admitting, in unrestricted numbers, people against whom nothing can be urged, except that they are not of our blood or of our civilization. In the interest of the human race, we ought to be permitted to work out our destiny upon purely American lines. It is idle to say that fifteen per cent. of pure Americans can absorb or assimilate or otherwise annihilate the natural characteristics of eighty-five per cent. of the mixed races, chiefly con-

posed of only two types, and those utterly unlike ours. Considering the United States as a great human sponge, it is fast reaching the point of saturation.

The rapid change of population is not confined to a few States only. In 1880 there were thirteen States and Territories having from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of foreign-born citizens. In 1890 the number had increased to eighteen. We shall soon have to go south of Mason and Dixon's line to find the American type.

There can be no doubt that the absorbing public question in most minds relates to the subject of immigration. The periodicals and news journals are full of the discussion, but it will be observed that the burden of the argument deals with a limited class who are now pretty effectually reached by the recent laws of Congress.

It may not be easy to suggest, in advance of further public thought and discussion, to what extent our laws should go; but I am impressed with the belief that we have not sufficiently broadened the inquiry, and that we shall soon be obliged to determine whether our civilization, as well as our form of Government, is not menaced by the insidious and seductive argument that our broad and unoccupied acres must be peopled, no matter whence the occupants come so long as they are peaceable and law-abiding.

Of the foreign-born people in this country, taken as a whole, 31.75 per cent. cannot speak the English language. It is notable that in the States where the largest per cent. of aliens is found, the per cent. who cannot speak our language is much greater than the average.* In Wisconsin it is 42.23 per cent., in Pennsylvania, 41.40 per cent. There are 4,348,459 adult males foreign born in the country. Of these 36.02 per cent., or over one-third, have taken no steps towards citizenship, but are aliens.

*Bulletin No. 202.

In the United States, as a whole, 25.67 per cent. of males of voting age are foreign born. It can hardly be assumed that this very large element, eligible to vote, or to become voters, may be regarded as innocuous at the polls. The history of political elections shows that this element votes largely in classes, and as these classes have divided in their choice of parties hitherto, they have about equalized one another in their influence upon national affairs. But should an appeal be made upon an issue uniting all foreign classes, it is easy to see that they might control even now. It is in the possibility of successful class-appeal that one danger lurks. We have seen it in localities and why may it not be apprehended in large areas? It is no longer concealed that the negroes are practically deprived of their votes in the South, where they outnumber the whites, because of their voting as a class. There is no accounting for the uniformly large majorities in New York City for a particular party, except by the class vote of the foreign population. There can be said to be no assimilation of a class so long as it can be controlled nearly *en masse* for any party. No part of our population can be said to be Americanized so long as it thinks, acts or speaks as a class. It is poor compliment to our fellow citizens of foreign birth to appeal to them, in times of party strife, as foreign born. Such appeal can only proceed upon the assumption that they are less American than foreigners, and any such assumption is subversive of good citizenship.

With rare exception the public press agree upon stricter enforcement of our laws, excluding the so-called undesirable classes as the only step now called for.

In the light of the facts presented imperfectly in this paper, would it not be well to inquire whether we should not enlarge the list of excluded classes?

THE RACE OF THE TAILS.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

"JUST one more story!" said fat Juanito, turning up an appealing eye to his grandfather. We sat around the blazing adobe hearth in the shadowy room—a curious group you might have thought. The one white face there was mine. On all the rest the leaping firelight seemed to throw only shadows, for all were dark and strange. There were fat old Lorenso, and lean old Anastacio, and tremulous Diego, and white-haired José—four ancient Indians, in the quaint garb of their people. Cuddled against them were five boys, of whom alert Ramon with his ten years was tallest. As for Juanito, who was nearly as broad as long, he could not have been more than half that age. But he was plenty old enough to be as eager as the rest for the queer fairy tales which are the first schooling of a Pueblo boy.

"Then I will tell you of the Race of the Tails," said old Lorenso, stroking the boy's soft black hair; and he went on between slow and impressive puffs of smoke:

"You know well that Too-wháy-deh, the Coyote*, is the most foolish of all beasts since all the others make sport of him. And once even the Rabbit put a trick on him, when they ran the race around the world.

"It came that one day Too-wháy-deh was wandering on the plain, very hungry, when he saw the Rabbit sitting outside his house. 'Ho!' he said in himself, 'here is the one that will be my dinner.' And to the Rabbit he said: 'So here you are, you who have treated me so! Do you know that I am going to eat you up this very now?'

"'No, Coyote-friend, do not eat me! But I will tell you what we will do. Some say that it is easier to run with a large tail, like yours, but others, that those who are short-tailed, as we are, can run fastest. Now here shall be a proof. We shall run a race around the world; and if you come in first, you shall eat me. But if I come in first, I shall eat you.'

"'Pooh!' thought the Coyote, 'but *that* is easy! For everyone knows that I can run much faster than this one. Only I am very hungry *now*.' But no one can refuse such a challenge†, so he said: 'It is well—we will run. But how?'

"'In four days,' answered the Rabbit, 'as is the custom; for you will need to practice much. We will start from my house, here, and run around the four sides of the world. You shall run upon the ground, but I will run beneath it, for so my people run best. And whichever comes back to this point first, he shall be the winner, and shall eat the other. Is it well?'

"'It is. And then I shall certainly eat you, for I shall be very hungry.'

"'The eating is the last of the race, Coyote-friend. But go now and practice running. For you are so tough that I do not know if I can eat you.'

"Too-wháy-deh went away, twisting his face; for he did not like to wait. But being very sure, he did not practice running, saying in himself: 'Pooh! why should I trouble? For I am the fastest runner in the world.' As for the Rabbit, he came out of his house every morning, and put his shirt down by the door, and went running and kicking the dust—always so that the Coyote could see him. But secretly at night he went to see his brothers, and sent word ahead to the Rabbits all around the world.

*The small prairie wolf of New Mexico.

†This rule is very strict among the Indians, even when life is the wager.

"When the fourth day came, the Coyote and the Rabbit stood side by side at the door of the Rabbit's house. They wore only the *taparabo** for running, and their faces were painted. Behind them stood two elders, and when the war-captain shouted '*Hai-koo!*' one pushed the Coyote and one the Rabbit, and both sprang like arrows. The Coyote went running across the plain as no other thing can rnn; but the rabbit sprung into his hole and began to dig, throwing the dirt out behind him until it was as a cloud.

"For many days the Coyote ran, not tiring himself; for he thought: 'Why should I hurry?' but when he came to the east side of the world, he pricked up his ears. For just ahead of him a Rabbit sprang up from a hole, and taunted him, and went down again, digging so hard that the dust flew up to the sky.

"'*Pero*,' said the Coyote, 'who could think it was possible to run under the earth? I will go a little faster,' and turning around the east he went running north very swiftly. Days and days he ran, never stopping. But when he came to turn, a Rabbit popped up just ahead, and mocked him, and went down digging like a badger. At this the Coyote was troubled, and said: 'Here I have been running faster than the deer can run, and yet this slow thing without a tail surpasses me! Of a truth, they must be very wise at digging, since they go through the earth so swiftly. But *now* I will show him!' And turning his tail to catch the north wind, he flew along the west faster than an arrow. Day after day he ran, until he could see the end of the west. But just as he was coming to turn, up came a Rabbit, crying: 'Pooh! Your tail will not let you run!' Then it dived back under the earth, and the sand and pebbles flew out behind it.

*Breech-cloth.

"'It must be *easier* to run underground,' thought the Coyote, 'else this tailless thing-to-laugh-at could not keep up with me. But that is nothing—now I *will* run!' And he ran as he had never run before, splitting the south like the yellow lightning. But when he came to the end of the world on the south, there was the same thing. Turning, he ran up the east, twice as swiftly as before—for now he was afraid. Day after day he flashed, like the red lightning; and at last came in sight of the Rabbit's house, whence they had started. Just as he was very near, out jumped the Rabbit, very dusty, crying:

"'Ha! It's too bad to have so much tail that one cannot run. Now if you were like us, perhaps you would not be such a slow-poke. But come here, that I may eat you as agreed, though you are so tough.'

"But the Coyote, being afraid, ran away. He was the first one in the world that, having lost the game, refused to pay the forfeit; and because of that, he is despised by all animals, and they call him 'the Coward.' As for the Rabbit, they made him a counselor among the four-feet, for his wisdom."

"But how could he run so fast under ground?" cried Juanito, whose big eyes had been growing bigger all the time.

"Ho! He did not run at all, you!" interposed Ramon, with all the superior wisdom of ten years. "He told his brothers, and they showed themselves at the four turning-points of the world, looking just like him. But *he* stayed at home, until he saw that *tou-too-dah*, the Coyote, coming back!"

"Is that the way?" said Juanito, drawing a long breath.

"That is the very way," answered the old man gravely. "And that was the Race of the Tails."

OPERA.

BY A. W. H. BUELL.

THE war of the last few years for supremacy in the operatic world and the apparent victory of the German and French or Eclectic schools over the old Italian, with the latter's steady descent into oblivion at least for a long period if not forever, has aroused considerable interest in the evolution of Opera. In a recent article it was urged that if Wagnerian or German opera must be the accepted standard, instead of evolution there is involution, inasmuch as Wagnerian opera simply returns to the original form, cutting off as pernicious the changes evolved in two hundred years time. In order to judge if this is so or if, as we would rather think, we have a turning back to the earlier stage simply for needed reformation, it is necessary to examine the growth of the musical germ since its birth.

The word opera is an abbreviation of the clause "*Opera in Musica*" and means a musical work, that is, a drama either tragic or comic, sung throughout, with appropriate scenery and action. There are Grand Opera, Romantic—sometimes comic but never tragic, and *Opera Buffa* or comic.

There are to-day three distinct schools—the Italian, the French and the German. English Opera has no place among the great schools, being of a lighter type and different derivation, though strongly tinctured by contact with *Opera Buffa.*

In the early Greek tragedies it is quite certain that the choruses of the "Agamemnon" and "Antigone" were sung and the singers were accompanied by a band of lyres and flutes, and also that the dialogue was intoned.

Early in the 16th century, a small circle of musicians and *litterateurs* met together in Florence to revive, if possible, this old musical drama of the Greeks. Three of these men—Jacobo Peri, Guilio Caccini and Vincenzo Galileo, the father of the astronomer—while endeavoring to restore a lost art, discovered instead the *Lyric* drama. This consisted of a well-accented declamatory recitation of immense dramatic power, the simplest of melodies and a rudely constructed bass. The first work was Peri's "Dafne," which was followed by his greater "Eurydice," the latter being performed at the marriage of Henry IV. of France and Marie de Medici. Corsi, the liberal patron of Florentine art, presided at the harpsichord, while a chitarone, a viol and a large flute composed the remainder of the orchestra, which was concealed behind the scenes.

At first there was much opposition from the Church, which saw a rival for the mass and oratorio in this secular art-form; but its growth could only be retarded for a time by the opposition thus encountered.

Peri's immediate followers were Monteverde, Pergolesi, Stradella, Bunoncini, Freschi, Scarlatti and Handel. Scarlatti added an elaborate accompaniment, formed on contrapuntal rules, and, tired of the uninterrupted recitative, he adopted three styles—*Recitativo Secco* for ordinary stage business, *Recitativo Stromentato* for deep pathos or emotion, and the aria for passionate soliloquy. He also introduced the *Da Capo*, or repetition of the original strain as an ending, and was the first to write a prelude or overture. His overture became the model for the modern orchestral symphony. It was on Scarlatti's model that Handel wrote his forty-four operas.

About the middle of the 18th

century *Opera Buffa* gained its place on the stage through the efforts of Nicolo Logroscino. Previously to this the short scene of similar character was used only as an *entr' acte.*

Piccini, an Italian, the rival of Gluck, was carried to Paris, through the influence of Mme. de Barry, in opposition to Gluck who was supported by Marie Antoinette. The ensuing war between Piccinists and Royalists was a severe struggle between factions rather than between the two musicians. On the side of Gluck were du Rollet and Rousseau, while the Piccinists included Marmontel, La Harpe and D'Alembert. Piccini was a melodious composer, and developed the "*Finales*" into long concerted pieces not only excellent as music but remarkable as the earliest known instances of an attempt to make the interest of the piece culminate, as it approaches its conclusion, in the richest harmonies producible by the united voices of the *dramatis personæ*. His operas served as a model for the later Italian composers, some even accusing Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini of plagiarism.

Cimarosa and Paisello were both court musicians to Catherine of Russia. Paisello introduced the viola, clarionet and bassoon into the operatic orchestra. Cimarosa was one of the followers of *Opera Buffa*, greatly increasing its importance by "Il Matrimonio Segreto," written with the same plot as Rossini's "Barber of Seville." Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and "Le Nozze di Figaro" were written in Italian style, Scarlatti serving also as his model; but the German love of harmony is noticeable throughout.

The first great Italian composer of the present century was Gisacchino Rossini, called the "Swan of Pesaro." Most of his knowledge was derived from German models. He seems to have been a favored child of nature, for his melodies are sensuously sweet and his instrumentation richer and more ornamental than that of any of his Italian predecessors. He used the *Crescendo* extensively for effect, so that "Rossini's *Crescendo*" became a by-word among his enemies. He abolished the *Da Capo;* he gave more prominence to the bass and baritone parts; he banished the piano from the orchestra, which he increased with every new instrument; he gave the chorus a more important part, and insisted that the singer should sing only the written notes. Of his "Semiramide" the old English musical journal the "Harmonicon" writes: "It is composed in German style, but it is German style exaggerated. Rossini became a convert to this school, and his conversion does his judgment credit, though like all proselytes he passed to extremes. Not satisfied with discarding the meagre accompaniment of the Italian composers, he even goes far beyond the tramontane masters in the multitude and use of instruments and frequently smothers his concerted pieces and choruses by the overwhelming might of his orchestra." "Guillaume Tell," written after his removal to Paris, belongs to the French school.

Vincenzio Bellini was fortunate enough to secure the assistance of the great Barbaja, of La Scala at Milan, and also to write for such artists as Grisi and La Blanche. "His genius is exclusively lyrical and tuneful; he was no harmonist, he had no power of contrivance; and in his most dramatic scenes he produced his effects simply by the presentation of appropriate and expensive melodies."

Gaelaño Donizetti was not only a musical genius, but he also wrote and rearranged his own librettos, writing the last acts in both "Lucia" and "La Favorita." From the number of his works he stands at the head of the Italian school. His melodies are most agreeable, and there is much chance for vocal display; but he lacks the sweetness of Bellini and is too much an imitator of Rossini.

Guiseppe Verdi is the only living great Italian composer. His earlier

works were written in the old Italian style, but his "Aida" shows a strong tendency towards the German type, which may be a forewarning of the entire submerging of the old form or, as we would rather hope, the formation of a new Italian school of opera. "The noble orchestration of 'Aida,' the power and beauty of the choruses, the dignity of treatment, the pathos of the work, reveal that new purposes and methods have been fermenting in the composer's development. Yet in the very prime of his powers though no longer young, his next work ought to settle the value of the hopes raised by his last," writes Ferris. "Otello," unfortunately, is not its equal.

The general characteristics of the old Italian opera are "Predominance of melodic forms, adapted principally to the display of solo vocalism in accordance with the genius of the Italians, general harmonic poverty and lack of dramatic truthfulness."

French Opera owes its birth directly to the ballet, an entertainment consisting in its first stages not only of dancing but also of singing, the performers oftentimes carrying musical instruments. As early as 1581, a ballet with dance tunes, choruses, musical dialogues, and *ritornelle* was acted before Henry III. The dramatic ballet is said to have been invented by the Duchess of Maine, one of Louis XIV.'s court beauties. She used as her libretto the fourth act of "Les Horaces," and, at the express desire of the monarch, ladies of the Court were admitted in the ballet, thereby creating for it a prestige hitherto unknown. It was impossible to adapt the classic form of French poetry to music, and at last, amid the outcries of his friends, the Abbé Perrin wrote a libretto in blank verse which was immediately set to music by the Court organist Cambert. This was called "Pastorale Premiere, Comedie Francaice en Musique." This resulted in a patent for the opening of a school of opera.

While Perrin and Cambert were enjoying the benefit of their united efforts, a new and dangerous rival presented himself. Giovanni Battista Lully, born in Florence in 1633, was brought to Paris in the service of Mlle. de Montpensier, niece of the King. He gradually raised himself to director of the King's orchestra. Gaining the friendship of Boileau, Lafontaine, and finally that of the King himself, he at last obtained the position of first musician of the kingdom and quietly appropriated Perrin's patent for himself. Lully turned to classic poetry for his librettos, making his music an accessory only, and by his exact knowledge of stage effects, his earnestness, the immense amount of study he demanded from his artists, raised the standard immeasurably. He also developed the form of the modern overture. In the place of the weak preludes of his contemporaries he substituted an opening slow movement followed by an *Allegro*, and sometimes added a third movement in dance form. This was an innovation we cannot be too thankful for. He had only one rival, Rameau, who first discovered the foundation of harmony as studied to-day. Rameau's career was darkened by the establishment of an Italian comic-opera school in Paris which led to the two cliques, the Bouffonites and Anti-Bouffonites. On the side of the former was J. J. Rousseau who had some reputation as a theorist and above all was known as a reformer of all modern styles. His advice in regard to Grand Opera is to-day of great value: "The orchestra should never come to a stop in an opera, but even when the singing ceases should follow up the thought-train of the actor."

In Gluck, Rousseau found his ideal composer. The reformation Gluck desired is explained in his preface to "Alceste":

"When I undertook to set 'Alceste' to music I resolved to avoid all those abuses which had crept into Italian opera through the mistaken vanity of

singers and the unwise compliance of composers which rendered it wearisome and ridiculous, instead of being, as it was once the grandest and most imposing stage of modern times. I endeavored to reduce music to its proper function, that of seconding poetry by enforcing the expression of sentiment and the interest of the situations without interrupting or weakening it by superfluous ornament. My idea was that the relation of music to poetry was much the same as of harmonious coloring and well-disposed light and shade to an accurate drawing, which animates the figures without altering the outlines. I have therefore been very careful never to interrupt a singer in the heat of a dialogue in order to introduce a tedious *ritornelle*, nor to stop him in the middle of a piece either for the purpose of displaying the flexibility of his voice on some favorite word or that the orchestra might give him time to take breath before a long sustained note. Furthermore I had not thought it right to hurry through the second part of a song, if the words happened to be the most important of the whole, in order to repeat the first part regularly four times over, or to finish the air where the sense does not end in order to allow the singer to exhibit his power of varying the passage at pleasure. In fact, my idea was to put an end to abuses against which good taste and good sense have long protested in vain. My idea was that the overture ought to indicate the subject and prepare the spectators for the character of the piece they were about to see; that the instruments ought to be introduced in proportion to the degree of interest and passion in the words; and that it was necessary above all to avoid making too great a disparity between the recitative and the aria of a dialogue, so as not to break the sense of a period or awkwardly interrupt the movement or animation of a scene. I also thought that my chief endeavor should be to attain a grand simplicity, and consequently I have avoided making a parade of difficulties at the cost of clearness. I have set no value on novelty as such, unless it was naturally suggested by the situation and suited to the expression. In short there was no rule which I did not consider myself bound to sacrifice for the sake of effect."

In spite of this ample apology his work was denounced by all the critics. Germany was as severe as Italy. They complained of "too much simplicity" and "a naked skeleton"; and yet his works are models used to-day, and of all the operas of that time, his "Eurydice" alone survives. Rousseau, his great friend and admirer, said: "I find that melody streams out of all his pores."

A few years later and the Revolution put an end to all idea of dramatic composition in France, excepting that one sublime offspring of the times, Rouget dé Lesle's "Marseillaise"—first called the "Chant du Guerre pour l'armée du Rhin." Strange to say, this period saw the beginning and opening of the Paris Conservatoire under Sarretti.

Cherubini, considered by some the father of modern French opera, forms the "Link between the classic idealism aud modern Romanticism." A worthy disciple of Gluck in all that was pure in form and having from his Italian birthright the love of melody, he combined the best of the two elements. For twenty-eight years he stood the foremost figure on the operatic stage, admired by all the great musicians of the day. A contemporary, though a very youthful one, of Gluck and Mozart, the friend of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, of the same age as Bellini, Rossini and Donizetti, and living to hear the earliest works of Verdi and Wagner, he stands forth as a pedagogue of an eclectic school, his influence being felt more as a guide and a teacher than a writer. Among his pupils were Mehul, Spontini and Halevy. Meanwhile the example of Gretry in

Opera Buffa, was followed by Boieldieu and Auber.

Giacomo Meyerbeer, whose name should be written Jacob Meyer Beer, was a native of Berlin, but was attracted to Paris as an art critic, and there brought out in 1813 "Robert le Diable." The people became wild over the new departure in stage effects, but the musical critics condemned it severely. Mendelssohn wrote: "I cannot imagine how any music could be composed on such a cold formal extravaganza as this." Vischer says: "Notwithstanding the composer's remarkable talent for musical drama, his operas contain sometimes too much, sometimes too little. Too much in the subjeet matter, external adornment and effective situations; too little in the absence of poetry, ideality and sentiment, as well as in the unnatural and constrained combination of plot."

Georges Bizet whose opera "Carmen" placed him in the foremost rank of French composers, died all too soon to give us more than one brief taste of the great possibilities of his genius.

Of all the modern French school Charles Gounod shows the greatest degree of science, beauty of idea, and freshness of individuality. His "Faust" has no rival. "It contains some of the noblest music ever written —not only beautiful, but spiritual, humorous, subtle and voluptuous according as Goethe's text demanded." There is no part on the stage so dearly loved as that of gentle, loving, sinning Marguerite.

French Opera is the intermediate state between the two extremes of Italy and Germany. It has borrowed from both, though more largely from Germany. Most of its great composers like Lully, Gluck, Cherubini, and Meyerbeer were foreigners, but it still keeps its individuality in its love for the ballet, of dramatic action, a certain sparkling vivacity and the desire for spectacle.

German Opera, or Opera among the Germans as it should properly be called, for the first hundred years of its life amounted to very little. There was no national school as in France. It was only an exotic plucked from Italy until 1765 when Joseph II. suppressed Italian Opera and the ballet and substituted the national "Song-play." Previously to this the city of Hamburg, which early in the 17th century was the music center of all Germany, produced several of these "Song-plays," even Handel writing music for them. They could not, however, be well given, for prejudice ran high against public singers, and the parts were filled of necessity by the ignorant; but a revival in their favor was wrought through the influence of Klopstock and Lessing. Already Mozart, taking Scarlatti as a model, had written his two Italian Operas, "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." He now produced his first German work, the "Entführung aus dem Serail," or "El Seraglio." The Emperor was not especially pleased, and criticized it severely.

"Too beautiful for our ears," he said, "and too many notes, dear Mozart."

"Just as many notes, your Majesty, as are necessary," replied the composer.

Of such importance was it, however, that all other compositions were overshadowed by it. But it was reserved for Mozart in the "Zauberflöte," which was given but a short time before his death, to open the eyes of his countrymen as to what a German opera might be. Beethoven declares this to be Mozart's greatest work, for he has shown himself a *German master*.

The next event on the operatic stage was Beethoven's "Fidelio" in 1805. He paid so little attention to the construction of the human voice that the parts were extremely hard to sustain, and it met with but indifferent success. Kotzebue writes: "The melodies and characterizations, exquisite as much of it is, lack neverthe-

less that happy, striking, irresistible expression of passion that carries us away in Mozart and Cherubini. But it was in this work that Beethoven gave the instruments a capability of expression unexcelled even to-day; to that extent that in the orchestra was found a true language for revealing the most secret emotions of the soul."

Weber's "Der Freyschutz" was first given in Berlin in 1821. His son writes: "He did not compose Der Freyschutz, he allowed it to grow out of the rich soil of his brave German heart, and to expand leaf by leaf, flower by flower, fostered by the hand of his talent; and he feels as if every line of the work comes from his own heart." He was the first to extensively use the *leit-motif*, and he also made a striking innovation in the overture, tying together with invisible withes all the themes of the opera, thus familiarizing the audience with the work.

Robert Schumann's "Genevieve" was not successful. There is lack of purpose throughout the entire work in spite of the individual beauty of some of the numbers. Two of Weber's contemporaries were Spohr and Heinrich Marscher — whose power of depicting the unearthly and demoniacal is unsurpassed.

Richard Wagner, the greatest of all dramatic musicians, was a great admirer of Von Weber, and his earliest works show Von Weber's direct influence. Unusually fond of classical study, he mastered all the details of the Greek drama, finding in its choruses the secret for his orchestration. He conceived the idea of a drama modelled after Æschylus, Sophocles and Shakspearean plays, which should be accompanied by music of Beethovenian grandeur. "His critical results may be briefly summed up thus: Poetry, music, scenery and acting are so blended that each has its own appropriate share and no more, as a medium of expression." He felt that opera had made a false start among the luxurious Italians, who simply wanted delicious melodies; and Gluck's reform consisted more in the music than in the words. In order to create his own music-drama, he decided to write his own librettos, with a simple plot and a few strong passions and great situations. Meanwhile, poor, disliked and feared by his friends for his new and startling views, exiled from home because of political troubles, he lived a hard weary life. But in spite of all he was able to rise above petty cares and write that keenest of all satires on restricted form, "Die Meistersinger;" and when, in 1864, Louis of Bavaria summoned him to Munich, he gave "Tristan and Isolde," the direct exponent of his art-views. The antagonism that the appearance of his first writings called forth was especially violent, for the reason that their author attacked not only the existing opera, but its representatives also, some of whom were still living. This state of things was not improved when the composer courageously followed up his theories by deed and in "Tristan" consummated with perfect consistency the break with the previous opera form. Not until his Beyreuth theatre was opened with the "Nibelungen" and pronounced a success would public opinion believe in him. Writing of Wagner, Langhans quotes Herder's words uttered in regard to Gluck: "The progress of the century leads us to a man who, despising the fripperies of wordless tones, perceived the necessity of an intimate connection of human feeling and of the myth itself with his tones. From that imperial height on which the ordinary musician boasts that poetry serves his art, he stepped down and made his tones only serve the word of feeling, the action itself. He has emulators; and perhaps some one will soon outstrip him in zeal, overthrowing the whole shop of slashed and mangled opera-jingle, and erecting an Odeon, a consistently lyric edifice, in which poetry, music, action and decoration unite in

one." Who is this? Had Herder the spirit of prophecy?

German opera, one may say, is distinguished by an unity of text, action and music, the absence of florid ornament, and the abundance of rich harmony.

After having gone over in brief outline the history of the Opera from its birth in the 16th century, nay, even from its early predecessor, the Greek drama, we find at first only intoned recitative accompanied by lutes and harps in unison. The genius of Scarlatti increased the number of recitatives for different situations, harmonized the accompaniment and developed the early overture. Later the gradual creeping in of the sensual love of melody, the display of voice peculiar to the old Italian school, and the utter loss of connection between words and music, brought about Gluck's stirring reform in Paris, where already Lully had made sufficient change to mark a separate school.

Gluck restricted the music to the office of ministering to the poetry without interrupting the action, and once more we find recitative aria and chorus each arranged in respect to detail as well as unity of the whole. With the assistance of all this came the rise of the German school under Mozart, Beethoven and Weber. From the last we gained a new form to the overture and the general use of the *leit-motif*, first found in Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

Rossini showed by his adoption of an eclectic course that he appreciated the necessity of reform and the lack of power and stability of the old Italian school.

From Germany at last came that poet and musician who, appreciating the necessity for reconstruction, turned back to the early simplicity of the Greek dramas for foundation and strove to establish equality of proportion in poetry, music and action.

Out of all this, and surely one must call it growth, there still remain the three schools. Each has borrowed and built upon the others, though still keeping its individuality. While musicians must feel that German opera to-day leads above all others in its entire completeness, still it is not best to forget had there been no Italy there would been no tender nursery for the little germ of music to expand in. And again, Italians will do well to appreciate the needed reforms their northern co-workers instituted.

SONNET.

BY W. G. BONNER.

A phantom ship went over the sea
  Close in the wake of a star,
  And since she stood away from the bar
No tiding has come to me—
Grief moans in her sleep, "Ah, well! ah, well!
  She will come to thee never again!"
But over and over Hope comes to tell
  Of the white sail on the main,
She may sail away for a year and a day,
  Hope may die and the ship go down;
She may sail away for a year and day,
  And then, when the tide runs up to the town,
Drifts in on the sunset's golden glow,
My beautiful ship of long ago.

SECOND CLASS.

BY DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

AFTER a three-months stay in Europe, I found myself one fine morning in one of the great German commercial towns, with a purse as light as my heart, and still some thousand miles from home. A week in Paris, with all the café, theatre and other pleasures that are so attractive to a young Harvard graduate, had played havoc with my budget; and the simpler but more extended amusements of a German university town had served to complete the process of bankruptcy. In plain American, I was very nearly "dead broke." Dismissing the porter with the smallest fee that even German frugality would permit, I sat down on the inevitable slippery sofa, leaned my elbows on the equally inevitable round table and set to work to consider the situation. Two hundred and fifty marks, not a penny more in purse or pocket. With the two hundred I could buy a ticket on one of the slow steamers and spend a fortnight perhaps on the water. That would never do. It was absolutely necessary that I should be in New York by the 18th, and the calendar showed me beyond the possibility of argument that we had already reached the 7th. A ticket on one of the fast boats would cost almost double my whole capital. It was certainly very awkward, worse than awkward. The idea of borrowing occurred to me, to be immediately rejected as I was a complete stranger in Bramburg. Cable to America for a remittance? Equally impossible, as there was no one there to remit to me, and in any case there was not time to await an answer.

In default of better counsel, I filled my porcelain pipe, a tried old Heidelberg friend, and settling back on the slippery sofa, resigned myself to the half-unconsciousness of the drowsy weed. "There is never smoke without flame," says the proverb, and so it proved with my pipe. Hardly had the fragrant circles begun to envelop the room in a misty cloud before light broke in upon my mental darkness. Splendid idea! A second-class ticket by the "Moltke," which was booked for the next day at 9 A. M. The price the same as by the objectionable slow steamer, the accommodations presumably as good. And even if they were not, what did it matter to a young fellow of twenty-three, who had roughed it in German third-class railway carriages, on long student trips up the Neckar and along the Rhine? It must have been my German pipe that spoke so sensibly. In a moment my Republican principles asserted themselves "How," whispered this spirit of human equality, "how can you, an American citizen, who read in your glorious Declaration of Independence that all men are born free and equal, how can you degrade yourself so far as to travel second class on a steamship? How can you thus openly parade your social inferiority? It is well enough for a German or a Scandinavian, who knows nothing of liberty, but for an American, ugh!" For a long time I sat debating the question, now assuring myself that there was really nothing more degrading in economizing in ocean than in land travel, again shuddering over the possibility of meeting some aristocratic acquaintance on board, in whose eyes my position would be damnatory. However regarded it was disagreeable, like so many other necessities. But necessary it was, and so after finishing my pipe I strolled down to the booking office, and by great good luck succeeded in securing a very fair

berth. The agent's praise of the saloon and the superior society on board comforted me a little, though I knew it was not to be depended upon, and I left the office with the satisfaction that a settled resolution always brings.

That evening I went to the opera and heard the Meistersinger, whose foolish humor and rough jests brought one fully in sympathy with the plebian trip before me. The next morning I took the train, together with several hundred other travelers, to Hammerhaven, where in the greatest confusion we were taken out to the huge black mass that was to be our home for the following seven or eight days. My hurried review of the people on the little damper showed me no familiar faces, and I congratulated myself that fate had not suggested to any of my friends to engage passage by "my steamer," as I already felt tempted to call it.. My lately acquired European democratic principles gained firmer hold, on this discovery, and I resolved that hereafter I should never allow myself to be influenced by the vulgar plutocratic prejudices of my native land. Foolish resolve! "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar"; scratch an American and you will find a snob or something very like it. In my case, the disillusioning scratch was administered by a young lady with whom one would never have thought of connecting so vulgar an act. Indeed it almost appeared as if those rather thin, aristocratic lips had never parted to utter such a word, and yet the sight of her standing there behind the funnel made me straightway forget all my German sense, reminding me that after all I was a true American. At the same moment the young lady—Ruth Putnam—recognized me and with a cordial bow extended her hand.

While exchanging light nothings with Ruth and her mother, whom I had not at first noticed, I speculated busily upon every possible means of concealing my real position, but they all proved equally impracticable. I could not feign seasickness before there was some sea even if my reputation as an amateur yachtsman had not been so well known; and while the passenger list gave no indication of the separation of classes, the secret would out on the first day. There was no harm, however, in keeping up the deception as long as possible, so dismissing the disagreeable subject, I resigned myself to the enjoyment of the moment.

"Yes, we have had a splendid time," Ruth was saying, "we 've been a week in London, another in Paris and two months in Germany, hearing Wagner and taking German, and now we have spent all our money and are coming home in a bankrupt condition. You must not be surprised if mother applies to you for a loan."

I did not say that surprise would but mildly express my feelings at the mere mention of such a possibility. I only smiled in what I knew to be a sickly manner and murmured, "Charmed, I am sure." Mrs. Putnam's rebuke of her daughter's levity was somewhat reassuring, and the grating of the boat against the steamer's side created an excitement as agreeable as it was opportune. Nodding a gay *au revoir*, Ruth followed her mother up the gangway and disappeared in the crowd, while I slunk miserably down into the confined quarters of the intermediate. The cordial greetings of a Hebrew commercial traveler, the only one of my roommates visible, by no means served to raise my spirits. Just then it would have required no great powers of deception to have consigned me to a sick bed. But the moments were precious, the lunch gong of the first class would sound in an hour and a half. Until then I need fear no discovery, until then I had the run of the ship.

Ruth was already on deck and alone. She was briskly walking up and down a strip of plank amidships, which terminated at one end in the

gangway leading to the second class. Approaching from the other side so that she should not perceive whence I had come, I greeted her with some commonplace remark to the effect that I hoped to find her looking as well all the voyage.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I am always on deck, and I know that you are just as good a sailor. I shall expect you to take me all over the ship."

"Yes," thought I, "especially over the second class," but again I answered with a forced cordiality, "Charmed, I am sure."

What a contrast to those jolly tennis meets at Beverly Farms and Cambridge, those more confidential and therefore still more charming chats at teas and receptions on my ancestral street. And to think that this was to be perhaps our last meeting and all because of that wretched economy of mine. Why did n't I let my New York engagement go to the dogs rather than run such a risk of social ostracism? But Ruth was gayly talking while these self-reproachful thoughts flitted through my brain.

"What a lot of funny people there are on board," she was saying, "I wonder why foreigners will always make such guys of themselves when they travel! I am sure we Americans don't."

"I know one American who would find it very difficult to make a guy of herself," I replied with a feeble attempt at gallantry, which did not, however, receive the discouragement it deserved.

"Not even if she wore a straw hat with a white streamer and a check ulster like that dowdy English girl over there? . .

"No, for she would reverse the fairy tale and make the clock invisible to critical eyes."

"How deliciously German that compliment is, unless it's an American joke," laughed my fair companion, though she seemed gratified by my words, I thought. "Have you learned any other German ways while you were studying in Heidelberg this summer?" with a slight emphasis on the participle.

"Yes, I learned to smoke a porcelain pipe that sometimes gives me the admirable advice which I ignore in the usual way. You know I never did care much for advice, good or bad, but especially good. Its last direction, however, I followed, and I since then have treated it with more respect."

"And what did this wonderful pipe tell you to do, pray?"

"To return by this steamer, intimating at the same time that I should never cease to regret it, if I did n't. That roused my curiosity and the pipe had its own way."

"I really begin to feel quite afraid of the creature. I hope it is n't like that old Eastern pipe I once read of that had a horrible lizard wound around its bowl, which came to life with the warmth of the smoking?"

"Oh, no, it's as stolid and harmless as a German burgomaster."

We were getting along famously, when all of a sudden the penetrating clang of the lunch gong sounded its aristocratic summons to the members of the first class. At that moment it seemed to me the most dismal sound I had ever heard, and I thought that even Ruth started. The wielder of this instrument of torture appeared to ring maliciously and to expend more than usual force on his blows, as he passed me.

"Don't let me detain you, Mr. Beacon," Ruth said, rather formally. "Mamma is always late and I am sure you are dreadfully hungry after that German apology for a breakfast you must have got at the hotel."

"N–no," I stammered nervously, "I should much rather wait here with you. I have 'nt my sea appetite on yet."

"But I really wish you would go, for we have no places engaged at table, and I will ask you to do it for us. Mamma wished me to tell you that she would be so glad to have you sit with us, if you are traveling alone."

"Exceedingly kind of your mother," I answered, the perspiration fairly standing out on my forehead. "But ——"

"Oh! you have a friend with you. What have you done with the unfortunate man all this time?"

"N—no, I am quite alone and should be charmed to accept your mother's kind invitation, but I—I—"

The fatal moment had arrived. Ruth's surprise at my hesitation and confusion would quickly turn into anger and contempt. But the truth must out. Mrs. Putnam might be expected at any moment, and I could not contemplate confessing my miserable secret to her unsympathetic ears. Bracing myself with a supreme effort, I said:

"The truth is, Miss Putnam, I am compelled by circumstances to travel second class, and for that reason I cannot even dine in the same saloon with you and your mother."

I half rose to pass over to the detestable after deck, but could not resist the temptation to glance at my companion. Her first look of surprise had deepened into one of amazement. Her aristocratic lips were tightly compressed, so tightly that they showed white at the corners. Those told the story of my condemnation more clearly than words could have done. With a slight bow, the most shamefaced I had ever made in my life, I passed to the quarters allotted me, ignominiously expelled from the Paradise in which I had been so happy. Then for the first time I realized that a gentleman has no business to travel other than first class on an ocean steamship. If I had had my treacherous pipe in my pocket, I should have thrown it overboard.

Fortunately there was no one in the stateroom when I entered, and throwing myself down on my berth, I gave myself up to the most gloomy reflections. At that moment Ruth was probably telling my miserable story to her mother. My name was figuratively being removed from their visiting list and their hearts at the same time. I could condemn it as snobbishness and call to mind the number of aristocratic foreign friends who had openly traveled second class on this very steamer without thereby losing caste at home; my home was not their home, nor our customs their customs. I was done for socially as far as Boston was concerned. My self-reproaches were interrupted by the ringing of the lunch bell of the second class. Our waiters had played their little piece for our superiors and could now attend to our material wants. I fairly shuddered at the thought of eating with that crowd (I had almost said rabble) of unrefined people. The superior society of the Bramburg agent did not appeal to me at all. But there was no denying that I was very hungry, so pocketing my pride, I marched into the rather stuffy dining saloon. All the places appeared to be taken, and I was about to leave in still greater disgust than I had entered when in the farthest corner of the apartment I spied an unoccupied chair and (could I believe my eyes?) next to it sat Ruth Putnam, no longer indignant and scornful but with a face full of expectant amusement. My amazement at seeing her in that place at first left no room for the joy that immediately after possessed me. There was still some help for me then and Ruth had not been angry because of my apparently false position.

"I hope you have got your sea appetite on, Mr. Beacon," she said with a laugh, as I seated myself by her with a sigh of perfect contentment.

"And I see that you have not forgotten how to tease in the serious atmosphere of the Vaterland," I replied, reproachfully.

"Tease!" she repeated, with a bewitching affectation of surprise, "I have had no such intention."

"But how could you make me think that we were separated by an impassible gulf, when all the time we were both on the same side of it?"

"They say an honest confession is

good for the soul. I will admit then that I learned your secret before our talk on deck. As we went down to our stateroom, which is nearly opposite yours, I saw you hurry by, and from your whole manner concluded that you were ashamed of being seen there. I was not entirely free from the same feeling myself, but I resolved to get some fun out of your sensitiveness. Hence my request about the seats at table and all the rest. When you got up after your final speech, I did not dare to look at you, and my efforts to keep from laughing must have been mistaken by you for wounded pride. Mamma has already scolded me for being so naughty, but I trust you forgive me. I really could n't help it. And now I will tell you why we are here, as you seem to think it is dreadful. I had a long struggle to induce mamma to do it. But all the places in the first cabin were taken weeks before we applied, and I was determined to get home for Marie Burrough's wedding on the 20th. I am to be one of her bridesmaids, you know, and I have a gown from Paris on purpose for it. Think of a second-class passenger with a Worth dress in her trunk! Finally, mamma gave in; no feeling woman could resist such an argument."

On retiring to my stateroom that evening my newly acquired benevolence induced me even to return my Hebrew companion's greeting with an approach to cordiality, and as I took my porcelain pipe, still warm after its moonlight smoke, from my pocket, I was careful to put it in a very safe place. Indeed, if you ever chance to drop into my studio, you will find it hung by a beautiful silk cord over a photograph of a young lady who once expressed a wholesome dread of it.

"We shall never part from the old porcelain pipe, shall we, my darling?" I said to her one evening. "It taught me a lesson and got me a wife."

"No," said she, "not even if it develops an Oriental taste for lizards."

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

BY HENRY J. PEARSON.

ON February 12th, 1886, the subject of this brief sketch died at St. Augustine, Florida, not having attained his fortieth year of age. He was born in Chester, England, March 22d, 1846. During his education at the King's School in that city he did not display much ardor in the pursuit of knowledge as offered to him in the monotonous subjects and routine of the class-room. The boy found more pleasure in rambling about the country and finding sport and amusement in rural surroundings and resources.

It must not be concluded, however, that Randolph was a truant. It was only leisure time that he spent in these rural enjoyments, and his worthy biographer, Mr. Henry Blackburn, pays him a just tribute in these words: "Perhaps the best and most characteristic record of his early life is, that he and his brother were two of the best boys in the school; the genius that consists in an infinite faculty for taking pains having much to do with his after career of success."

When twenty-one years of age Caldecott obtained a position in a bank at Whitchurch, Shropshire, in which he remained for six years. The duties in a country-town bank in England are not very irksome, and the young man had plenty of leisure and opportunity for indulging in his favorite pursuits. Hunting, fishing, attending meetings of fox-hunters, market

gatherings on Saturdays, and cattle fairs furnished his receptive mind with a store of knowledge well used by him in after life.

But this life, so congenial to his tastes, was not permanent. He was transferred to a bank in Manchester, where another view of human conditions and more arduous duties awaited him. The change was a violent one for a country-loving man; but he did not falter, and when he left Manchester for London, in 1872, the record of his office work was that he "did it well."

In Manchester, Caldecott found a new sphere, and his thirsty mind drank deeply at the fountain of knowledge which the strange environment offered to him. He frequented queer out-of-the-way quarters, collected curios and odd bits of antiquity, and joined the artists' club. Above all cities in England, Manchester encourages the study of art, and there Randolph Caldecott found exceptional opportunities of seeing first-class productions and gaining information. Innumerable were the pen-and-ink sketches which he made during this period; and, though his father had discouraged his artistic leanings in his early years, the imperative yearning of his talent asserted itself. Thoroughly appreciating the training which he received in Manchester — which he never forgot or undervalued—he left that school which had developed his talent, and threw off the shackles of commercial life.

Before he left Manchester he had already given promises of his future success. His first drawings were published in a serio-comic paper called *Will o' the Wisp.* That was in 1868, and in the following year many of his drawings were presented in *The Sphinx.* All through the year 1871 Caldecott sent drawings to London, "some of which have hardly been exceeded for humour and expression in a few lines."

Caldecott's change of life from the monotony and exacting punctuality required of an employee in a large commercial bank released him from the irksomeness against which artistic talent rebelled. He gave full rein to his hitherto restrained abilities, and success was speedily achieved. His illustrations in *Punch* and those in the *Daily Graphic* will long be recognized as the work of a master hand.

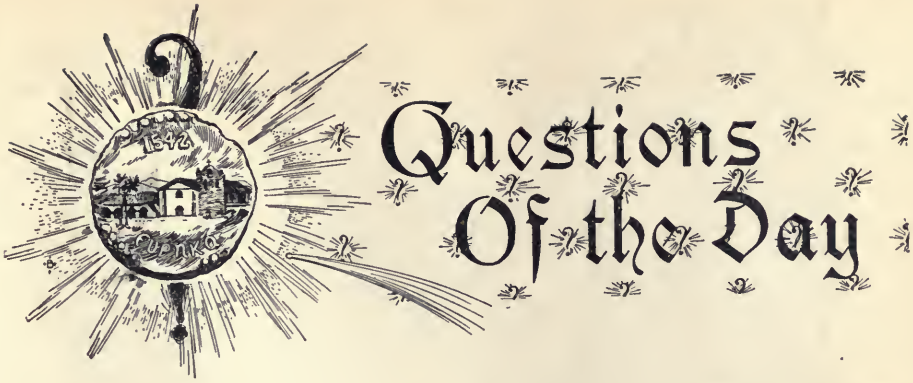
Caldecott had an originality and fecundity of talent that might have won him distinction in other pursuits. One of his friends thus writes very truly of him: "Caldecott's ability was general not special. It found its natural and most agreeable outlet in art and humour."

The illustration presented as a frontispiece in this number of the CALIFORNIAN is an excellent example of the work of the gifted artist, exhibiting the qualities just mentioned—art and humor finely blended.

SILENCE.

BY CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

Imperfect man could use no language now
More pure and vast than this that frets the soul;
But ah! *beyond* silence will teach us how
Perfection speaks to souls made pure and whole.



IMMIGRATION.

WE call attention to the interesting and instructive article of Gen. N. P. Chipman in this number on the subject of immigration.

It is a subject of gravest importance to this country. The United States is situated differently from any other nation in this: that between others there is comparatively little inter-immigration while this country has, for a century, been the one to which there has been a continual stream of immigration from many or nearly all European countries, and during the last third of a century from some of the Asiatic. Our population has now become large, larger than the civilized population of any nation. Our public domain adapted to agriculture is nearly exhausted. We are already confronted with difficulty in affording employment to our people. At all times there is involuntary idleness, and not unfrequently it becomes alarming in proportions.

During the process of filling up the unoccupied agricultural districts, there came to us a more desirable class of immigrants than have been coming within the last twenty years. As we have grown our manufacturing industries have been developed, which has caused the congregation of large numbers of laboring people at industrial centers. The more liberal wages paid in this country brought to us artisans and assistant laborers from the old world, who have crowded out our own people. In many instances foreign people have been sought for because they would work for reduced wages, and the importers of such laborers have been indifferent as to their status or character. The result has been that immense numbers of unlettered, impoverished and turbulent people have been introduced, which has tended to undignify and degrade American labor. Most of our riots and mobs are brought about by the foreign elements which have congregated in our cities. Our liberal laws have permitted the immigration of criminals and paupers, who keep our courts busy and become burdens upon our charities. Socialists and anarchists feel at liberty to come and propagate their sentiments and disturb our peace and order. Later immigration is more largely of the class that have little knowledge of or regard for free institutions which compel obedience to law, and, if interfered with in their schemes to subvert all authority, become incendiary. Immigration inevitably increases the percentage of involuntarily idle people and consequently want, and adds to the danger of internal disorders.

The reasons for inducing immigration which existed earlier in our career have now disappeared. Our spare room is not so great that we need accessions to our population from that source. It is more important that we should digest and unify the population we already possess. It will not be maintained that we have not the right to select who shall be introduced into the national household, or to say that no more immigration is desirable. To restrict it so as to keep out undesirable elements is not a manifestation of hostility to our citizens who are of foreign nativity or descent, for if the consequences of indiscriminate immigration are evil to the natives, they are equally so to them. Certain classes we do not want, and they at least should be prohibited from coming, and they are the criminals, disturbers of peace, the diseased and the pau-

pers. To these should be added the class who do not come to be citizens and to unite heartily with us in building up the country. This view seems to be quite generally indorsed by the people, but Congress hesitates and delays in passing laws that conform to it. The cowardice of politicians is proverbial in this country, and no effective action can be expected from them until the people in imperative tones demand it. It is a problem for the people themselves to solve and the sooner they take decided action, the sooner will the solution be brought about.

WHAT CAUSED THE HARD TIMES.

On this question there is a variety of opinions. Some account it to deficiency in the volume of the circulating medium, and others to the pledge of the Democratic party to radically change the tariff. Both have undoubtedly had their influence and whether one has contributed more than the other is a matter of decided differences.

The McKinley law was formed under an unlucky star. There was a deficiency of money when it was enacted, and it has been growing greater ever since. There was little money to invest in new or enlarged enterprises, even if there had been a decided disposition to do so. Beyond this, immediately after its enactment, and before some of its provisions became operative, the country expressed a decided disapproval in the election of a House of Representatives, which frightened any who may have had a disposition and the money to engage in producing manufactures or new materials, and two years later the country declared for a tariff for revenue only and that to impose duties for any other purpose would be unconstitutional. Hence experience has not been as logically demonstrative of true effect of the law under other and favorable conditions. Its virtues have not been tested, because the country accepted the bare assertion of its bad character as truthful without experiment, and even with very little philosophizing upon the principle upon which it was framed.

The theory of that law seems to be correct. It is that all necessaries of life impracticable for us to produce shall be admitted free of duty; that on luxuries a high duty shall be imposed because as they are mainly consumed by the wealthy classes they can afford to bear the burden; and that on all other commodities the duties shall simply make up the difference in the cost of production in this and other countries. Under this principle there can hardly be foreign or domestic monopoly because through such duties conditions mainly are equalized. This principle assures our working classes against competition with the cheap labor of other nations, and our own markets to our own people. If the allegation that capital receives the lion's share of the profits be true, it is not the fault of the law, but results from the failure of the working people to exact such wages as they are fairly entitled to. The law cannot prescribe the rate of wages or share of profits that capital and labor shall respectively receive.

Low prices may result from over-production, but it must be borne in mind that when money is plentiful consumption is greater, and when scarce, there is enforced economy and frugality. Products cannot bear high prices when there is no money or a paucity of money with which to purchase. The main causes of the present hard times are both a scarcity of money and a tariff policy that restrains industrial enterprise, compels us to purchase abroad, and limits the field of employment. What is wanted to relieve from present hard conditions are a considerably enlarged volume of the circulating medium, and economic and commercial policies that will enable the country to do its own work, give employment to the largest number of people, and keep our gold and all other classes of money at home.

HOSPITAL FOR MENTAL DISEASES.

THE ROBERTSON HOSPITAL.

BY E. J. L.

ON the outskirts of the quiet little town of Livermore an institution has sprung into existence which, I feel assured, is destined to achieve national celebrity—the John W. Robertson Hospital for Nervous and Mental Diseases. It has long been customary for the periodicals and daily newspapers either to ignore such establishments or to notice them merely in the advertising columns; but I have fully concluded that, in a matter which so essentially concerns the happiness and welfare of man, monetary consideration should not influence the press to withhold information the giving of which might serve to alleviate suffering and to rescue the afflicted from the hands of the charlatans. That is my excuse for mentioning in the CALIFORNIAN the founding at Livermore of the Robertson Hospital. Such an institution has long been needed on this coast, and it seems but right to announce that the need has been well supplied.

Finding it absolutely necessary to provide for his patients a home wherein they could be isolated, Dr. Robertson determined, recently, to abandon his general practice in San Francisco and to open in some quiet, healthful interior town a model hospital where he could carry into execution directly and with the assistance of nurses of his own choice, those methods and ideas which his studies and experience had proven to be most efficient for the treatment of disordered minds and shattered nerves. Livermore was selected especially because of its climatic advantages. It is 600 feet above the sea level, well protected from fogs, and so cooled by the ocean breezes as to render it climatically delightful. Moreover, it is so situated that a ride of an hour and a half from the Oakland mole and without change of cars brings one to the station.

The Hospital for Mental Diseases, consisting of a large central building and adjoining cottages, is so arranged that patients may be segregated and privacy assured them. It is surrounded by ten acres of land, laid out in well-kept lawns, vineyard, and orchard.

A separate building, also amidst handsome grounds, has been secured

for the use of those suffering from nervous diseases; and while both establishments are under the same management, they are disassociated. In the latter department especial attention is being given to electricity, hydro-therapeutics, and massage, and skilled nurses have been employed for carrying out the rest cure of whose value Dr. Robertson has had ample evidence.

HOSPITAL FOR NERVOUS DISEASES.

Alcoholism and morpho-mania are being treated with remarkable success, the methods adopted bringing all the desirable results of the Keeley cure without any of the attendant dangers. Especial attention is given to the care and treatment of persons afflicted with epilepsy. For the cure of this disease nursing and diet are as important as medicine, and proper nursing and dieting cannot be fully given save in such an institution. The rest cure is carried out on a plan similar to that of Drs. Hammond and Weir Mitchell in the East, a special home being provided for the patients. The hospital at Livermore, indeed, is the only institution on the coast in which the rest cure and the latest methods of massage and hydro-therapeutics are used in the treatment of epilepsy and nervous prostration.

It would, certainly, be very hard to imagine an establishment conducted on gentler, abler lines than the one at Livermore. The high character of Dr. Robertson as a gentleman and his great skill as a physician naturally impress themselves upon his hospital, whilst the official position he holds in our leading university is a guaranty of scientific treatment. It is peculiarly pleasant to be able to recommend to the general public an institution of this kind, which commands attention through its meritorious work rather than because of the expenditure of coin.

JOHN SPAULDING,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE GREAT SOUTH YUBA WATER SYSTEM.

FORDYCE DAM.

A SACRED TRUST.

BY CHARLES VAN NORDEN, D. D., LL. D.

SURPRISE is the sauce of event. Mohammed, coming hot and weary out of the Arabian desert upon the gardens of Damascus irrigated by streams that brought down the snow water and the verdure of the Lebanons, startled at the contrast deemed himself before beauties that might imperil for him the future Paradise.

So one feels when, leaving the snowsheds of the Central Pacific at Emigrant Gap, he trudges up the summit of the ridge through deep lava dust, in a fiery June sun—desolation on every side,—and finds himself looking down upon as picturesque and verdant a scene as ever rested the eye and quickened the imagination.

Beneath him lies Bear Valley. There are several Bear Valleys in California but only one like this. Nine hundred feet below (though four thousand above the sea level) spreads out a green meadow, a mile in width and miles in length, with splendid cliffs to north and south—here forest-clad and yonder bare. Over against the traveler and across the deep, broad valley may be seen, through a pass, the mountains that wall in the South Yuba; while to the right Grouse Ridge shuts out the further view. Still to the east rise Red Mountain and mountains beyond mountains.

The writer knows few sweeter joys than to sit on a certain massive fence-post down in those grassy fields and gaze upon Red Mountain when the sun goes down and the snowy slopes grow roseate as the shadows steal into the valley and the air loses its summer fervor. The trout in the river that murmurs by begin to leap for their evening meal, the larks sing their last songs for the day, the rattlesnakes chilled creep into their crevices and the coyotes leave their dens to prowl and bark; but the happy dreamer on the post fills his soul with the matchless beauty and does not stir until night has veiled the hills and marshalled the stars in glory—until his uplifted eyes reflect the universe.

Bear Valley is noted also for its artificial wonders. An immense wooden flume (the property of the South Yuba Water Company), with a section of 36 square feet, skirts the northern wall and carries more than 100,000,000 gallons of water daily from the Yuba Gorge to the foohills of Nevada and Placer counties. And the most thrilling adventure in this land of wild walks drives and climbs is to balance one's self along the narrow footboard laid over the ties that cross this rushing stream: for two miles one may thus practice the art of the equilibrist, up to where, in the grand chasm of the South Yuba, the flume takes its precious supply, through a tunnel in the rock, from behind a log dam. This aërial aqueduct, clinging to the face of the precipice, rests for support upon a narrow shelf of rock hewn out for the purpose; and in places it lies far above the tops of ancient trees, which grow out of the rocky crevices of the river bed below. One walks at times on dizzy heights. But more dangerous is the imprisoned torrent than even the yawning gulf. To fall into the flume would be more fatal than to plunge headlong down upon those tree-tops and through to the rocks beneath.

From the log dam in the gorge a difficult trail up the perpendicular cliffs leads to Lake Spaulding, a broad basin surrounded by savage mountains of precipitous slope, about one mile to the east.

One June day the writer was lying before Spaulding dam, on the withered needles under an old pine tree, his right hand drooping to rocks that were tumbled together at his side. He was gazing lazily upon the calm lake that reflected the blue sky, and as a boat-load of friends intent on angling glided from the shore over the smooth surface he mused in Emerson's vein:

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Nor dip thy paddle in the lake
But it carves the bow of beauty there
And the ripples in rhymes the oars forsake."

Then, studying the cataract that foamed over the weirs, he sang to himself in familiar strains. While he carolled thus without fear of criticism and much to his own edification, a tall broad man of face and features resembling Abraham Lincoln and like him also in wit, sagacity and kingship over men, approached and flung himself down toward a seat on the rocks. But before the new-comer had touched the ground he sprang up with agility and shouted, "Golly! A rattler!" A hiss and a rattle very near the drooping hand of the singer justified the fright. Shade of St. Hilda come and pray for us and turn all snakes to stone! We could not pray the reptile into stone; but, notwithstanding, his snakeship paid for his love of music with his life. Yet it seemed a cruel return for such gentle breeding, and a serpent has lain upon the slayer's conscience ever since.

No one in Nevada county need be told that the tall broad man resembling the martyred President was John Spaulding (after whom this beautiful lake was named), the General Manager of the South Yuba Water Company, originally a stage driver of the class, now disappearing, whose courage skill and humor made them—in the old mining days—not only the heroes of camps and settlements but no less the favorite characters of romancers and sketch-writers. He was once himself a miner, by the way, and still is an expert in ores and mining methods—a counselor of millionaires. His dam at Lake Spaulding is a remarkable structure, simple, cheap and effective. It is built of dry rock, rough-hewn and without cement, faced on the inside with sloping three-inch plank, and with the gate in a tunnel through solid rock. The supreme peril of dams in California is the possible occurrence of an earthquake and hence a cemented structure is always of doubtful safety. Spaulding dam and other similar erections of the South Yuba Company are built with this contingency in view. It was said of General Lee's army that its flanks were "made to be turned." Spaulding dam is made to be shaken by earthquakes as well as to restrain two billions of gallons of water.

It is a lively scramble fourteen miles eastward and upward, along the South Yuba and beneath ever higher mountains and at last through a gorge between Red and Old Man Mountains, to Fordyce, a broad deep sheet of water lying in sublime solitude, at a height of 6,500 feet above sea level. Here is probably the largest dam in California, and one of the largest in the world. It is 815 feet long, seventy-two feet high on the inside and ninety feet high on the outside, and in breadth measures 125 feet at the base. It is constructed of dry rock, rough-hewn, and is lined on the inside with three-inch plank. It has a waste-weir 100 feet long and five feet deep. It cost $300,000 and holds six billions of gallons. The waters swarm with trout of great size, and Fordyce is the Paradise of anglers. A comfortable cottage, the home of two keepers who fend off each other's loneliness, is the sole reminder of settlements. Fordyce is thus the abode of solitude, grandeur and silence. It was Cato said, "Were it not for women, men might enjoy the society of the Gods." However this was meant, there is a sense in which it is true. There are no women within seven miles of the blue expanse, and one is at leisure to commune with nature, to sing with the

ROAD TO BEAR VALLEY.

stars and to invoke the Heavenly Powers.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been,—
To climb the trackless mountains all unseen
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,—
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,—
This is not solitude: 'Tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charm and view her stores unrolled."

But, wild as are these solitudes, we are not yet on the breezy mountain top. We must climb and climb up this steep slope to the north until the broad expense of Fordyce lies far below and the leapings of its trout are invisible, before we shall reach Meadow Lake, covering an area of three hundred acres and restrained from pouring its 1,200 millions of gallons down the cliffs in what would be, for a while at least, a Niagara cataract, by a dam 1,100 feet long, 40 feet high and 100 feet deep. The Meadow Lake dam cost $75,000. On these desolate shores there once sprang up a city over mines of supposed value; and four thousand people assembled here who, when the snow buried deep out of sight their shanties, tunnelled from cabin to cabin and still delved undisturbed for gold. Now only a few wretched huts remain to defy the storms; and a cinnamon bear or a mountain lion is as likely to be encountered as a man. Lonely miners do, however, from time to time haunt the spot and break the rock and tip the pan, unwilling to believe that human hopes could have been so mocked. They seem like wraiths come back to utter again ancient despair.

The South Yuba Water Company has eighteen such reservoirs as Spaulding, Fordyce and Meadow, distributed over a large area, draining 150 square miles of watershed but all emptying into Spaulding and reaching the lowlands through the Yuba Gorge Flume. One of these lakes is extremely picturesque—mighty mountains green to the summit and adorned with groves of stately trees, all round about,—and were it not for inaccessibility (for it is reached only by many miles of arduous riding over a difficult trail) it would become a summer resort of Nature-lovers, artists and wealthy cottagers.

But in describing the reservoirs of the South Yuba Water Company there is embarrassment of riches, and we must leave the wild and beautiful regions of the Divide. Coming down to the terminals of the system, for which all the flumes, canals and pipe lines were called into existence, we find flourishing villages, noisy factories, gold mines and blossoming orchards.

The gold mines first arrest attention—immense pits in the earth on the channels of old Pliocene rivers, drift mines and quartz-crushing mills. There are numberless prospectings in progress, hole-drilling experiments that question Nature and too often receive only mocking response. All need cheap power and cheap power in these parts comes only from falling water; and falling water during the dry season is found nowhere but in the canals.

Other industries are run by the same energy. These powder works, those electric-light plants and yonder box factory are all sustained at a profit because the tumble of a canal over a precipice near at hand turns the wheels.

If the villages of Nevada and Placer counties are bowery aad flowery it is only because they are watered under pressure from the reservoirs of the company. No less than six villages, three the largest in the two counties, so receive their household and municipal supply of water. Others will soon enjoy the same great advantage. The supply of Sacramento with pure mountain water would be perfectly feasible and not expensive, nor would

LAKE SPAULDING DAM.

it embarrass the company to provide for the utmost needs of Oakland and San Francisco.

The properties of the company derive their value from what are termed "Water Rights." These are certain inalienable and priceless privileges, conferred by the United States upon the original settlers who colonized her waste lands, in encouragement of enterprise. They are threefold, the right of appropriation, the right of ownership and the right of eminent domain. Any person or company appropriating water from any natural source has right to use and improvement of such water, to the extent of the capacity of the waterway supplied, and forever afterward, so long as such use and improvement are continued; and first come, first served—second rights being subject to first and third to second. A water corporation, like a railway company, has right of way over every man's land to the full extent of the principle of eminent domain. These prerogatives, so necessary to such a business, and when secured so valuable, have been carefully respected and buttressed by State enactments. After five years of continuous use the right cannot be called in question and becomes irrevocable. Moreover, whoever turns water into any river-bed may, at a lower point, take therefrom the amount contributed. All rights localized between entrance and exit are subordinate thereto. All use of streams is subject to rights of this character previously acquired.

The Company has first right to the South Yuba River, first and third to the Bear River, first and second to Deer, and also to Rock Creeks, second to Little Deer and Steep Hollow Creeks, rights also to Fall and Bowman Creeks and exclusive control of many smaller streams. These water rights were acquired forty years ago. The Company's ownership is therefore fixed and absolute.

Quite as beneficent is its ministry of irrigation; for, as Xenophon declared long ago, "Agriculture is the nursing mother of all the arts of life." Said Sully, the great French statesman: "Plow and cow are the breasts of France, whereat she sucks: they are the true mines and treasures of Peru." Undeniably the ranchmen carry us all on their broad shoulders. But even in favored California, little can the ranchman do but raise wheat and pasture cattle, without artificial supply of water. The Greeks believed that the world rested for support upon the back of an elephant, while the elephant was supposed to stand on a colossal tortoise. This is true at least of the Golden State: society in California sits on Agriculture and Agriculture stands on Irrigation. And if Newcastle, Penryn, Loomis and Rocklin have become the rivals of Southern California in peach growing and the citrus culture, it is because the waters of South Yuba have converted a wilderness worth ten dollars an acre into a garden cheap at five hundred.

To reach all these mines, villages, and orchards, scattered over two whole counties, an immense network of waterways is necessary; and in fact four hundred miles of canals, flumes, and pipe lines have been constructed at great expense.

The standard of measurement is the "miner's inch," which is the amount that will flow through an aperture one inch square, the center of the aperture being six inches below the surface of the lake or canal—roughly estimated at 17,000 gallons per diem. The rate for purposes of irrigation is $45 a year per miner's inch. As one inch will suffice for seven acres of land the expense to the farmer is less than seven dollars for each acre. This compares very favorably with the rates of other water companies in California and the cost of irrigation in foreign countries. In the purchase of land on the Pacific Coast, custom adds $1,000 to the price for each inch of water available for the dry season and attached to the property by loca-

FORDYCE LAKE.

tion or right; or, in other words, a flow of one inch is worth to the owner the interest on $1,000.

Water for power is sold in miner's inches, except in case of special contract to deliver it in horsepower, and is returned after use to the Company's canals; the rate is eighteen cents a day. An inch used on the latest designs of wheels will develop one horsepower under 412 feet pressure. Where the fall is considerable, therefore, canal water-power is far more economical than steam, which in Placer and Nevada Counties costs upwards of sixty cents a day.

The South Yuba Water Co. is a giant in babyhood. Its present storage is over 13,000,000,000 of gallons—the average rainfall of its watershed, 100,000,000,000. It irrigates 10,000 acres, but before its terminals lie 200,000 unwatered. Its waste of power is immense — probably 50,000 horsepower between Lake Spaulding and the lower foothills.

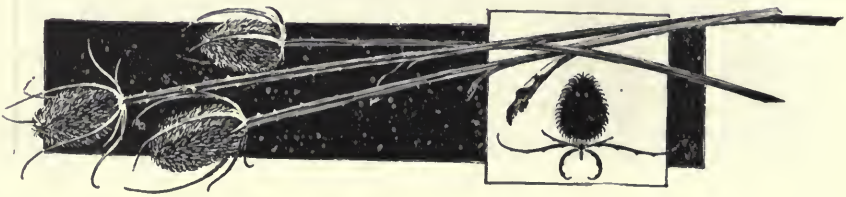
The value of the entire property, including its almost priceless water rights, has been variously estimated, but never at less than from two and a half to four millions of dollars. But a money estimate of a system so essential not only to the prosperity but as well to the very existence of any elaborate social organism in this locality, fails utterly to gauge the value of this great property.

On such corporations the future welfare of California must largely depend unless the colossal enterprises they undertake shall be assumed by the State itself. While the Wright system makes admirable provision for the needs of some districts favorably located, it offers no facilities for the extensive mountain storage of water or for its transportation over long distances. Nothing but vast capital skillfully handled can accomplish these ends, which are so essential in the development of the resources of the commonwealth.

The South Yuba system and all similar properties should be viewed by both the owners and the people as a sacred trust, and so long as honorably and honestly administered should receive popular sympathy and encouragement. Upon the just and prudent management of such trusts will largely depend the ultimate prosperity of California.

The following summary of facts concerning the company's water may interest irrigationists who take a professional pride in such enterprises:

Watershed	150 square miles
Storage reservoirs	18 in number
Total storage capacity	13 billions of gallons
Distributing reservoirs	12 in number
Canal, flume, and pipe lines...42, aggregating	400 miles
Horse-power available	50,000
Irrigable district	200,000 acres
Present consumption, 8,000 inches (136,000,000 gallons)	
Available average supply, 35,000 inches (600,000,000 gallons)	
Land owned	6,000 acres
Mining claims	21



LAKE SPAULDING.

"GRACIAS-A-DIOS," ALAMEDA, RESIDENCE OF A. H. WARD.

ALAMEDA, THE ENCINAL CITY.

BY THOMAS NUNAN.

SITUATED like the residence districts that are separated from New York by the North and East Rivers are the cities on the Eastern shore of San Francisco Bay.

The Manhattan Island is protected from the cold Atlantic by the long strip of land on which, at the leeward side, is Brooklyn. Little protection is needed at the warm Pacific, but here the locations are reversed. The peninsula, on which the metropolis stands, and the broad expanse of the bay modify the trade winds and dissipate the occasional fogs. There is only warmth and sunshine for the cities whose hundreds of spires by day or whose thousands of twinkling lamps at night are a greeting vision to the mariner who sails past the forts of hidden San Francisco and through the rapid currents of the Golden Gate.

Oakland is the largest of the three sister cities at the eastern side of the bay. With that way of growing that is characteristic of California cities it has developed great commercial interests, and in business it is becoming a portion of San Francisco instead of a suburb of it. Berkeley has the State University and as an educational center is known throughout the country. Alameda is a city of homes.

"La Bolsa de Encinal" was the name that the Spaniards gave to the Alameda region—a name suggested by the purse-like shape of the land and the forests of live-oak. The site

is a peninsula, four miles long and averaging a mile and a quarter in width. The completion of the ship canal will make it an island, as at the eastward it is divided from the mainland by Oakland Harbor and partially by the canal, on the south is the San Leandro estuary and on the north and west are the white-sand beaches and the bay. That all of this tract was sold by Peralta in 1851 for $14,000, fertile and richly wooded as it was, is a striking reminder of the sudden creation of cities on this coast and of the marvelous western progress that is still undiminishing.

At the southeastern edge of the forest peninsula, for years after 1851, were merely a store and post-office, the stage station and a few dwelling-houses. The name that grew out of the grove with the dreamy little hamlet is that which the city has inherited and in its Spanish origin is the record that the first buildings of the settlement were sheltered by a clump of

HOME OF JAMES A. WAYMIRE, WITH VIEW OF CARRIAGE-WAY.

poplar trees which grew at that extremity of the forest.

The little settlement developed toward the westward, but, while the California settlers were too busy in the building of a State to think of quiet homes or home-life, the growth on the peninsula was slow. It was only in 1873 that the Town of Alameda, comprising the entire "bolsa," was incorporated. The population at that time was sparse and scattered.

Twelve years later, in 1885, the population had increased to about 5,000, and Alameda was incorporated as a city of the fifth class. Its assessed valuation then was $5,114,000. The incorporation of the city marked the beginning of Alameda's rapid growth and in the past nine years the population had been brought up to about 15,000 with corresponding increase in the value of property.

Alameda is made up of homes. It was built as a residence city, and business enterprise is not permitted to intrude beyond the line that the people have drawn about them. No city on the coast has been divided into streets and avenues with more precision or more liberality, and no city so young can claim better results from the landscape work. The avenues are broad and straight and bordered with actual groves of trees, including the maple, the restless acacia, the pepper and the palm.

The roadways are macadamized, in all parts of the city, and flanked with stone sidewalks. There is a uniform frontage of fifty feet to the building lots, the depth varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and seven feet, according to location. Ample dwelling room is thus afforded; the houses are well set back, with lawns opening upon the street and gardens of flowers at the rear.

RESIDENCE OF HARRY K. FIELD.

Even the most tender semi-tropical plants flourish through all the year, and the work in gardening is to prevent too widespread growth. Sunshine and the mild winter showers, the latter seldom more severe than a May rainfall in New England, are Alameda's only weather conditions, and the soil of the yet-remembered forest is so rich that a rose twig planted

by a child at play quickly becomes a bush and the bush takes on the wondrous bloom of the California flower world.

Encircled by the warm water of the bay and sheltered from storms by its location to the southward of the Golden Gate line, the city of the oak-covered peninsula never has wintry weather, and frost is seldom known.

Climates in various parts of California vary with every few miles, something which strangers naturally have doubts about, but which the Pacific Coast residents all understand. Senator Stanford, at his Menlo Park home used to proudly declare that he had the finest climate in San Mateo County. Three weeks before his death he said to the writer: "It is strange that there should be such differences, but here the air is nearly always quiet while five or six miles on either side the trees show which way the wind blows."

Alameda's temperature is peculiarly mild and equable, ranging from fifty-one degrees in December to eighty-two in July, and in a California sense its climate differs greatly from that at almost any other point on the bay or neighboring coast.

One of the statistical bits of information that the resident points out with pride and evident satisfaction is that the annual death rate in Alameda, proportionately to the population, has been lower than in any other city of the State, excepting one year when San Diego was rated first. Credit for this is given not only to the peculiar climatic advantages, but also to the sanitary precautions that are taken. The two main sewers of the city's thorough system are flushed with salt water twice a day, and all the lateral branches are hourly flushed with automatically tipping tanks invented by an Alameda resident. Diseases which might be traced or attributed to unsanitary conditions are practically unknown.

As a residence suburb of the western metropolis, Alameda could not be more advantageously located. The distance of ten miles brings the resident entirely away from the scene of his business occupation, and the thirty-minute trip across the water gives vigor in the morning and refreshing rest at the close of day. The rural quiet, the happy home life, in an entire change of surroundings and of atmosphere, attract a most desirable class of citizens, and the extension of the city brings none of the evils that usually mark a community's growth. Men of wealth build their splendid homes —men of moderate means erect their pretty cottages; and all find a common object and work together in keeping away the undesirable features of city life.

Alameda is one of the comparatively few cities that own their illuminating systems. Electricity is used and the double-arc lamp service is the finest. The city's water supply is from artesian wells, the plant costing more than $400,000. The public schools are kept at the highest degree of efficiency. The free public library, with its thousands of volumes of the best literature, has a larger daily circulation than that recorded in any other American city of double the population.

Society is naturally at a high standard in such a city. Fraternal organizations flourish. Outing and athletic clubs take the place of business and protective associations. Tennis courts and cricket grounds are everywhere. The picturesque streets, with smooth and hard pavements and rising to no higher elevation than thirty-one feet above the high-water mark of the bay, have made bicycling a favorite recreation for young men and women. The Gentlemen's Driving Association has a speed-track near the city outskirts. At each side of the city are boating headquarters, and the Encinal Club on the southern shore has the finest boathouse in the State. The facilities that the bay front gives for salt-water bathing are unsurpassed.

The city government is economical and efficient. Party lines have never

ENCINAL SCHOOL, ALAMEDA.

been drawn in municipal elections. When the time for choosing public officers approaches, the electors assemble in the largest hall, discuss the issues and nominate an entirely non-partisan ticket. The result is honest management of the municipal affairs. There is no ring control of departments or officials; the police force is made an actual protection to the homes and the citizens. Other than minor offenses are almost unknown, and in thirty years there have been only three attempts at robbery.

The facilities for local travel are not surpassed in any city of the same class. Two steam railway lines traverse the narrow peninsula, connecting with some of the fastest and finest ferry-boats in the world. The railway stations are so distributed that none of the homes on the peninsula is more than five minutes from the point where the resident must take his train. Cross lines are numerous, and the electric car service extends atmost the entire length of the city and to Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards.

Among the beautiful homes are stately churches of many denominations. The school buildings are new and commodious; there are two opera houses and several excellent hotels. All the public buildings are in architecture appropriate to the city's general beauty.

Business in a city of this kind usually extends along all the prominent lines of travel. Here it is almost limited to the routes of the two main railways, for on only three of the cross streets are stores to be found. Merchants who at various times attempted to establish themselves in other portions of the city were by common consent frozen out. Saloons are not tolerated on the residence streets.

Just beyond the city limits, however, several manufacturing concerns have availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by the meeting of ship and train, and rapid extension is certain, with industrial and commercial energy to build the city beyond its residence borders and in such a direction that Alameda's present glory of being a community of homes cannot be lessened. The rapidity of the ordinary growth is shown by the

fact that for years past the new dwelling houses have been completed at an average rate of one for every working day.

As a matter of course a first-class hotel is indispensable to a city whose attractions draw many visitors. In this regard Alameda is not wanting—the popular Park Hotel fills the requirement. It is centrally located, and fully one hundred trains stop at its hospitable doors daily on their way to and from San Francisco. The Park Hotel is a modern structure, spacious and elegantly furnished. The genial host, Capt. H. H. Todd, who, by the way, won his title in a gallant New Jersey regiment during the Civil War, is one of the most enterprising men in the city. He spares no effort in catering to the tastes of his guests, and the high esteem in which he is held not only in the West but in the East makes the Park Hotel a favorite rendezvous for hundreds of Eastern visitors during their stay on this coast. The establishment is conducted on both the European and American plan, and its accommodations in every particular are as good as the most exacting sojourner could require.

As already suggested, Alameda is famed for the beauty of its homes. Some of the most charming among them are found on South Paru street—a broad thoroughfare, beautiful with verdant lawns and bright-hued flowers. One of the most unique and artistic of the residences on South Paru street is "Gracias-á-Dios," the elegant home of Colonel A. H. Ward. It is of Moorish design and Fuller Claflin, the talented young architect, has reason to feel proudof it. The interior is finished with rare taste and the furnishings unite art and comfort. A garden filled with palms and flowers makes the place all that could be desired in a rural home.

Adjoining "Gracias-á-Dios" is the stately residence of Mr. Henry K. Field, one of the most pleasing of Pacific villas. From the magnolia-shaded lawn, Mr. Field has but a short distance to go to board his yacht, anchored in the bay.

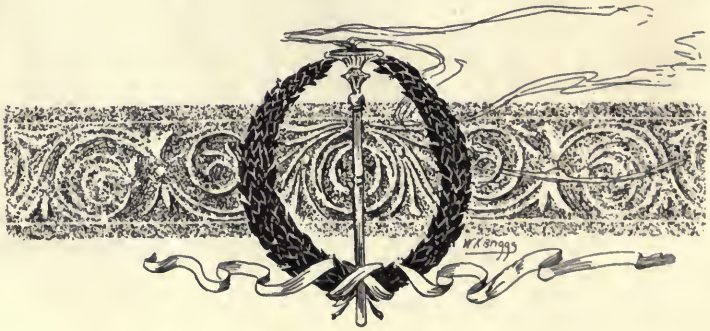
Another ideal home is that of Judge J. A. Waymire, on Buena Vista Avenue. The grounds are extensive and tastefully adorned with trees and flowers, and the approaches to the beautiful residence afford really charming views. Everything about the place marks it as the home of a thoroughly refined family.

HOME OF J. F. FORDERER.

PARK HOTEL, ALAMEDA.

The residence of Mr. J. F. Forderer (President of the Board of City Trustees) should also be mentioned among the home-places especially attractive. It is one of the coziest and most inviting dwellings in the city.

But the limitations of a magazine article forbid further notice of the dwellings whose beauties and comforts have made Alameda notable as the City of Homes. Enough to say that the designation is amply merited. Nowhere on the American continent can a community be found that has better claim to the name so suggestive of peacefulness and beauty.



Recipes for February.

Pompton Puffs.—*By Marion Harland.* 3 cups of flour, 1 tablespoonful of butter, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 2 cups of milk, 4 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, 1 heaping teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice, chop in the butter. Stir the beaten yolks into the milk and add the flour, then the frothed whites. Whip high and light and bake in cups in a quick oven.

Doughnuts.—*By Mrs. Emma P. Ewing.* Sift together 3 cups of flour, ⅔ of a cup of granulated sugar and 3 teaspoonfuls Cleveland's baking powder. Pour ½ a cupful of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter over a well-beaten egg. Mix these ingredients into a very smooth dough. Roll out, cut into any form desired, and fry in boiling cottolene or lard.

Pot Pie Dumplings.—*By Mrs. Carrie M. Dearborn.*

Mix and sift together 1 pint pastry flour, 1 heaping tea sp. Cleveland's Baking Powder and ½ tea sp. salt. Beat 1 egg until thick and light, add ½ cup cold water, stir this into the dry mixture, and enough more water to make a dough stiff enough to hold its shape when dropped from the spoon.

Drop the dumplings on a plate a little distance apart and cook in a closely covered steamer for fifteen minutes; or, drop them on top of the boiling stew and cook for the same length of time. The secret of having them light and tender lies in their not being disturbed while cooking, and in not having much liquid around them, if cooked on top of the stew. *(Copyright, 1891.)*

Waffles.—*By Mrs. Lincoln.*

Stir 1 tea sp. Cleveland's baking powder and ½ tea sp. salt into 1 pint sifted flour. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs light, add 1¼ cups milk; stir this into the flour mixture. Then add 1 rounding table sp. butter, melted, and lastly the whites of 3 eggs beaten stiff. Give the batter a vigorous beating before filling the waffle iron. Have the iron hot, and grease both griddles with a small piece of butter twisted in a bit of clean cloth. Pour the mixture into the centre of the griddle over the fire, letting it come nearly to the edge. Drop the cover over the waffle, cook one or two minutes, then invert the iron and cook a little longer on the other side. Beat the batter and grease the iron for every waffle. Serve with butter and maple syrup or sugar. *(Copyright.)*

ADRIAN VANDERVEER.

BY JOHN C. ONDERDONK.

THERE was no place in Paris, with its many places of amusement, where one could more pleasantly pass an "off-night" than at the Hippodrome, which has recently been demolished to make way, like the Jardin de Mabille, for those spacious and luxurious apartment houses with which the city is now being compactly built up. On the tiers of seats which rose on all sides from the vast oval arena were crowded together thousands of spectators, and the mere sight of such an aggregation of people, recalling the great circuses of ancient Rome and Constantinople, was fascinating. The light and graceful architecture, the decorations and gilding and the animation of the people, the whole splendidly illuminated by countless electric lights, constituted a scene peculiarly French in its gaiety; while the performance was of a kind which, differing from that of a theatre, did not demand close attention and might be seen repeatedly without becoming tiresome.

I was there with some friends one evening in the month of June. It was a Friday night, and the boxes along the arena on the side of the principal entrance were occupied by fashionably dressed women. Standing in the promenade from which they are all entered, I amused myself watching a young and beautiful brunette with flashing black eyes seated in one of them by the side of an elderly man with a dark complexion, evidently her husband. The two spoke little to each other. She had a discontented, absent-minded look and glanced restlessly, alternately at her programme, the performance and the spectators.

She soon noticed the attention she was attracting from a young man near us who had been gazing at her intently but discreetly for a long time. He was tall and well built and his clear-cut and regular features indicated intelligence and strength of character; but his face was clean-shaven and there was about the mouth, especially when it relaxed into a smile, an indication of sensuality and even of weakness. With dark chestnut hair, he had blue-gray eyes—deep-set, thoughtful eyes, shaded by long lashes—which, when the face was in repose, had in them a trace of melancholy, and by their tenderness corrected the otherwise somewhat stern and cold expression of the face. His figure was well displayed by a perfect-fitting frock coat, and he was dressed throughout handsomely and in compliance with the fashions of the day; but there was about him a dignity and repose of manner suggestive of reserve force, by which one was prevented at once from mistaking him for a mere man of fashion and idleness.

"There's a handsome fellow," I said, turning to my friends, "is he an American, an Englishman or a Continental? What do you say?"

"Not an Englishman," said one, "for he is not dressed in the tweed traveling suit and cap which the proud Briton wears in foreign lands, in the evening as well as in the daytime, in order to show his contempt for the rest of the world."

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"Not an American," said the other, "for he is not in evening dress; and an American never allows an opportunity to pass of putting on his swallow-tail."

"Well," said I, "I take him to be simply a gentleman, and gentlemen are much the same the world over."

Perhaps he felt that someone was talking about him, for he suddenly turned around and caught my eye. Just as soon as we had exchanged glances a flood of recollection poured in upon me. He seemed to remember me also, and I stepped forward with hand extended.

"If you are not my old school-boy friend, Adrian Vanderveer, I am very much mistaken?"

"Certainly," he answered, with a hearty grasp of the hand, "and I am delighted to see you. Where in the world have you been keeping yourself all these years that I have not even heard of you. I have graduated from college and the law school and now I have come over here to travel for a year or two before I settle down to business. I mean to stop in Paris for a while and rub up my French a little, for I have not been in Europe since I was quite a boy; but I don't know a soul here and it will be a great pleasure to me to have you keep me company and help me to learn the ropes."

"Paris is a beautiful city, is it not?"

"Charming, and I think I am going to like the people very much, too. It seems to me that they get more pleasure out of life than we do at home, especially the masses. I was thinking of it last Sunday when I took a walk toward Charenton and saw the laboring men and mechanics with their wives and children enjoying the beautiful spring day on the river's banks, as gay and happy as could be. They manage to retain something of the simple joy-in-mere-existence of little children. I notice they take their families with them when they go out, and I expect my preconceived notions as to the laxity of domestic ties amongst the French will be very much modified by living with them. I was already on my guard against the ideas we have in America on this subject, for I know that a Frenchman is fond of appearing naughty, even when in reality most sedate, and they thus make themselves appear more so than they really are."

"Quite so," said one of the party who was a Frenchman, "and apropos of that I can tell you a story of an Academician which will perhaps be incomprehensible to you, but which is nevertheless a matter of fact for which I can vouch. The old fellow became engaged in a dispute in the newspapers on some literary question which finally became rather bitter and even personal, and his opponent tried to make him ridiculous by speaking of him always as 'the virtuous Monsieur X.' It was this which made him at last lose patience, and he wrote a scathing denunciation of his adversary in which he exclaimed, 'Sir, I would have you understand that I am no more virtuous than you are.'

As the performance drew to a close, we all went with him to "Paillard's" where, under the influence of supper, wine and good fellowship, his reserve gave way to the greatest cordiality and I ventured to speak of the flirtation I had noticed him engaged in at the Hippodrome.

"I always thought you were going to make a woman-hater, Adrian, but you seemed to be very much interested to-night in that woman in the box. A fine-looking woman she was, too, imperious and passionate. I thought, as the chariots were racing furiously before her, what an ideal Theodora she would make. They say she is one of the most admired of the women of Paris, and that her victims are innumerable, while she is herself coldly indifferent to them all."

"Who is she, do you know?" he asked with a smile.

"Only that she is Madame L., who was a reigning beauty from the time of her *debut*, although of a family which was obscure and in moderate circumstances, and married Monsieur L., an elderly man and a successful speculator on the Bourse. I suppose it is the old story of a *marriage de convenance*. My friend here knows her, and I expect he will introduce you if you wish.

* * * * * * * * *

(Continued on page 22.)

During the next fortnight I saw Venderveer frequently, and often in the company of Madame L. In the morning when I went for my walk on the Bois I would see them in one of the shady bridle paths, on horseback, and in the evening if I saw her in a box at the theatre, as I often did, especially at the Opera Comique which seemed to be her favorite resort, he was sure to be there beside her. Others would also be there, but he was evidently the favored one: he was the one who remained while others came and went. When I met him alone he was as cordial as possible, but he had a preoccupied air and soon left me; nor did he even so much as mention the name of Madame L.

One day we met at the Cafe de la Paix before dinner, and he seemed to be more preoccupied than ever. I began to think matters were getting serious.

"I wish you would come and dine with me to-night, old fellow", he said, "I feel completely out of sorts—lost, in fact, like a rudderless ship tossed about on the ocean without even a star in sight."

At my suggestion, we went to the "Amdassadeurs" where, at one of the little tables on the *terrasse*, we seated ourselves and ordered dinner. It was a beautiful scene which was spread before us: the gently undulating greensward of the Champs Elysees sprayed with jets of water, and scattered through it brilliant masses of flowers; opposite to us, rising from among the trees and shrubbery, was the "Alcazar," from whose balcony a Hungarian gypsy band discoursed its weird, passionate music, and in the intervals of the music was heard the splashing of the water in the adjacent fountain as it fell from the dripping limbs of its naked bronze goddess into the basin. Now and then faintly audible in the distance was the roar of the great city.

Vanderveer drank a great deal of wine which, instead of cheering him, made him worse. As the sunset faded away, lamps were placed on the tables, cigars lighted and, abandoning the attempt to converse on other subjects, he burst out:

"The truth is I am in love. I thought I had my heart under control and would never be guilty of what in others I always called foolishness; and now I find myself in worse state than the rest. By study and reflection I had gained, as I flattered myself, a strength of mind which would make me indifferent to the allurements and vicissitudes of life and enable me to firmly stand my ground whatever it might bring. And now all my lofty philosophy is shattered and fallen to the ground."

"It is a serious matter, then."

"More than serious; for she is the wife of another man, and as soon as I realized the state of my own feelings I determined on flight. With the intention of leaving Paris to-day and seeking to recover my peace of mind in other scenes, I saw her yesterday. We were alone, at the 'Cascade' in the Bois. I told her I loved her—loved her madly, as I had never thought I would love any woman; that I could not believe that I would be able to pass a single day without seeing her, nor close my eyes in sleep at its end without the sweet memory of having been near her: but that as she was the wife of another it seemed my only course to banish myself from her forever and I was about to bid her an eternal farewell."

"Well, what did the lady say to all this?"

"She said I must not go: that she would not allow it, and if I did she would go with me. And then she made me give my word that I would not leave Paris without seeing her again.

"I tried to argue with her that by leaving her husband she would be disgracing herself in the eyes of the world forever and that for my share in the matter I would never be able to forgive myself. She answered that she was married to a man with whom, on account of difference in age and character, she could have no sympathy, and that, as for love, she had never known what it was until she met me; her parents had forced her into the marriage when a mere girl without experience, and her husband had bought her just as much as an Oriental purchases a slave. She therefore felt no obligations to him and, having no children, she was free to act as she wished. As for the censures of society, she had courage enough to brave them, and proposed to fly with me to America and commence life again in new surroundings, far from all that could remind her of old Europe.

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"As I listened, the thought of living without her was intolerable, and the thought of leaving her to the caresses of another was maddening. If I had had a pistol I think I might have shot her dead and then myself.

"The more I have thought of the matter to-day, the more gloomy I have become, and I finally made up my mind to return to New York and give myself up entirely to business. Just before meeting you this afternoon I had engaged passage for America, and I leave from the Gare St. Lazare at midnight to-morrow."

The next night I was at the Gare to see him off.

"Come to Havre with me, old fellow," he said, "it will be a comfort to me to have you with me; besides, it will be a pleasant change for you to run down to the sea shore and spend Sunday."

During the midnight journey he was absorbed in his thoughts, looking out of the window into the darkness, and I forebore to disturb him, knowing that it was by my silence I could best show my sympathy. At last we reached the slumbering city and passed slowly through the deserted streets.

The day was breaking as we drew up on the wharf. Most of the Bretagne's passengers had evidently come down on yesterday's trains and slept on board, for there were only thirty or forty who, shivering with the chill of the early morning, alighted with us. All had the listless, somnambulistic look of those who have passed a sleepless night. A feeling of melancholy stole over me, and I saw as in a dream the procession of passengers walking silently up the narrow gang-plank and disappearing over the side of the ship, the empty wharves and streets of the city with their yellow gas jets flickering against the slow approach of day, the masts of the shipping with their furled sails standing like sentinels in strong relief against the sky. There before me was Vanderveer, pale and haggard, his features firmly set, superintending mechanically the transfer of his baggage. How short a time ago was it that he had set out from home with youth, beauty, fortune, a cultivated mind and a generous heart—all that could add to his own pleasure and render him attractive to others, to spend a few years in travel before he should commence his work in life. It was the dream of his young life which was about to be realized, and thus it was ended. How vain did life seem, how uncertain our plans, how futile our struggle against fate!

I followed him down to his stateroom. The first bell had rung and the sailors were shouting, "All ashore." Bidding him "good-bye" and heartily shaking his hand, I mounted to the deck. The last bell was ringing and I had to hurry to escape being carried off on the steamer. As I reached the gang-plank a woman heavily veiled stepped from it on to the deck. I passed quickly down the plank to the wharf, but in the single glance I had exchanged with her I recognized with consternation Madame L. In another minute the vessel was moving slowly out of the dock on her way across the ocean.

On my return to Paris, as the train passed through Rouen I bought a *Figaro* and found in its columns an item to this effect:

"High financial circles are intensely excited over the disappearance of Madame L., wife of the well-known operator on the Bourse. Under the plea of a slight indisposition, she had excused herself from attending the ball of the Countess X, Saturday night, to which Monsieur went alone. On his return at midnight Madame was not to be found. It appears that for some time she had been very intimate with a certain American whose name was on the passenger list of the 'Bretagne,' which sailed from Havre for New York yesterday morning, but the suspicions of the husband had not been aroused. It is feared that she left with him as the police have ascertained that she took a cab from her residence and drove to the Gare St. Lazare in time for the steamer train. Monsieur L. is said to be in a great rage and determined to follow the guilty pair by the next boat."

* * * * * * * * * *

About a month later I was called to New York on business, and having a few days to spare, determined to run up to Saratoga.

It was in the midst of the racing season. The hotels and boarding-houses were

(Continued on page 26.)

crowded, and the gaiety of the American Monte Carlo was at its height; while by way of contrast, a ministerial convention which had selected this as its place of meeting, was in session and condemning it all.

The morning after my arrival I strolled through the park about which is built the vast Grand Union Hotel. Against the green turf, on which graceful elms threw their trembling shadows, were seen women in charming morning costumes and men in white flannel suits. An orchestra was playing and in the intervals of the music was heard the murmur of fountains.

I moved out restlessly to the piazza in front of the main office, seated myself and lighted a cigar. The strains of a Waldteufel valse floated through from the interior courtyard. A handsome T cart and team of horses were parading up and down with a tag on which read, "This Rig for Sale." Near me two men were talking about how they should bet on the day's races. The orchestra had commenced a spirited *Quadrille Francaise.*

Suddenly I hear in the distance the music of a brass band. Nearer and nearer it comes until I can distinguish a procession at the end of the broad avenue. In the cool shade and softened light of the majestic elms, arching overhead like the vaulting of some lofty cathedral nave, surrounded by the members of a secret fraternity who walk with measured tread, their faces grave and downcast, comes a hearse. The band's music is distinct now; it is the funeral march from "Saul" whose soul-piercing strains break solemnly on the frivolous gaiety of that scene, like a spectre at a feast. In vain those pleasure-seekers try not to hear it, in vain the *Quadrille* struggles against it; louder and louder, until the train passes slowly before me and fades away again in the distance, the sublime harmonies fill the air and burn into the terrified soul their

Dies irae. Dies illa.
Solvet sæculum in favilla.

* * * * * * * * * *

I suppose that must be the funeral of the fellow who was killed at Moon's the other night," said one of the men beside me to his companion. "You heard about it in New York, didn't you?"

"No. How was that?"

"Why, a young New Yorker ran off from Paris with a Frenchman's wife, and brought her over here. Frenchy followed, caught them here, at Moon's, one evening, pulled out a pistol and shot the young fellow dead. That Frenchman meant business. He had more 'sand' than I gave his countrymen credit for."

"For God's sake," I interrupted eagerly as he paused, "what was the name of the American?"

"Adrian Vanderveer."

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2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
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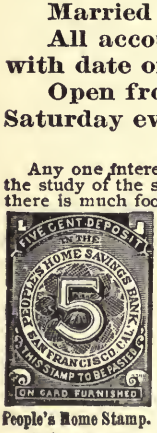

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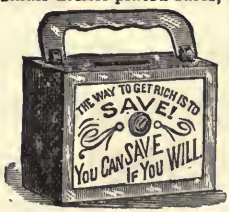

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Kate Fields' Washington	$5 00	$3 75
Massachusetts Ploughman	5 00	4 00
Lippincotts' Magazine	6 00	4 50
McClures' Magazine	4 50	3 50
Mechanical News	4 50	3 75
Mid. Continent (sample on application)	5 00	3 50
Mode de Paris	6 50	5 00
National Magazine History	8 00	6 50
New England Magazine	6 00	4 80
Petersons' Magazine	4 00	3 25
Picayune	4 00	3 25
Open Court	5 00	4 00
Our Dumb Animals	3 50	3 00
Quiver	4 50	3 60
Rudder, Sail and Paddle	5 00	4 00
Rural Californian	4 50	2 25
Saturday Blade	5 00	3 50
Scientific American	6 00	5 00
Short Stories	6 00	4 50
Leisure Hours	4 00	3 00
Current Literature	6 00	4 80
Chicago Musical Times	5 00	3 50
New York Homestead	5 50	4 00
Magazine of Poetry	5 00	4 60
Munsys' Magazine	4 00	3 25
Musical Times	5 00	3 40
Magazine of Art	6 50	5 25
New England Homestead	5 00	4 00
New York Homestead	5 50	4 00
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Photographer	6 00	4 75
Puck	8 00	6 50
Orange Judd Farmer	4 00	3 25
Our Little Men and Women	4 00	3 25
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Statement for the Year Ending December 31st, 1892.

Assets, $175,084,156 61

Reserve for Policies (American Table 4 per cent)		$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities		734,855 67
Surplus		15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as Follows:

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first Lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement, and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus, a Dividend will be apportioned as usual

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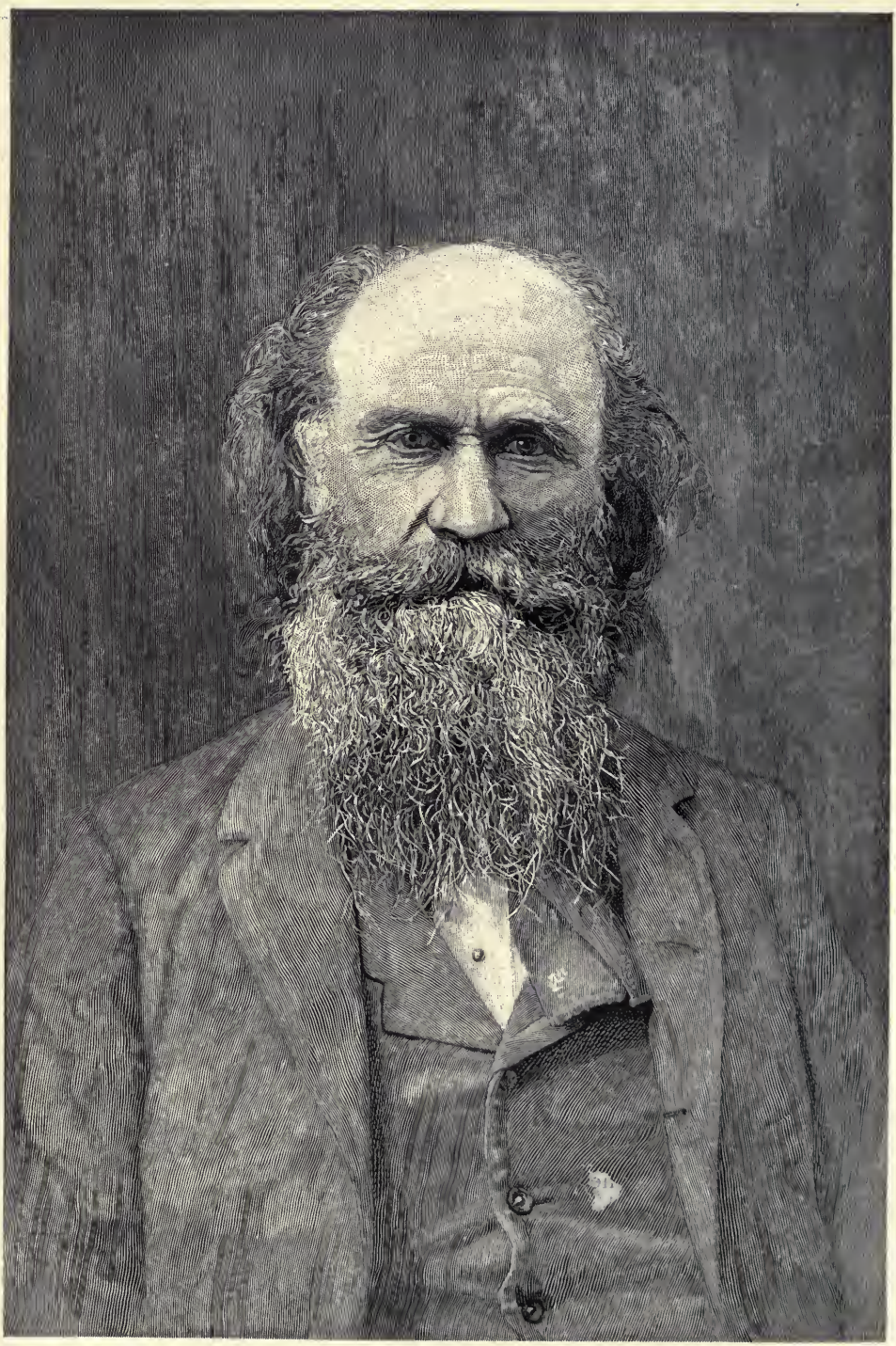

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JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. V. MARCH, 1894. NO. 4.

BENEFITS OF THE MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

BY M. H. DE YOUNG.

NOW that the California Midwinter International Exposition has been successfully launched, it is far more interesting to speculate upon its probable effects than to discuss what led to the conception of the idea. No doubt the observation of the fact that a large collection of fine exhibits from all countries of the globe was ready to be drawn upon gave the primary impulse to the thought that California might have an exposition; but I am inclined to think that the consideration that an imperative necessity existed that something should be done to rescue the city of San Francisco from a commercial collapse was the controlling motive.

It is not difficult to recall the condition of affairs that existed in this city in June last. Distrust and apprehension filled the public mind. In common with the rest of the country, we were on the verge of a financial panic. Now that we have safely weathered the storm we may refer to facts which were not openly spoken of at the time although they were recognized by those who felt the business pulse of the city. Well-informed men clearly saw that unless something was done to divert the public mind from the contemplation of an impending trouble a panic must ensue which might sweep away the soundest financial and business concerns.

I think it was a clear apprehension of the existing state of affairs that caused the suggestion to hold a Midwinter Exposition in San Francisco to be taken up and pushed with energy. Had the idea been thrown out at another time, for instance while the city was enjoying the fullest degree of prosperity, the argument that it would be idle to attempt to get up a great Fair immediately upon the closing of Chicago's wonderful Exposition might have proved too much for the suggestion. But, when men are keenly in earnest to arrest a real or fancied danger, ridicule or fear of failure has few terrors. To all dissuading arguments the answer was promptly made that it could not injure California to make the attempt to hold an exposition, and that the fruits of success would be all the more appreciated because of the obstacles overcome.

This was the proper spirit to display and it explains why so great an undertaking has been successfully carried out in so brief a period. It must not be lost sight of that in exactly five months from the day of breaking ground in Golden Gate Park the Executive Committee of the California Midwinter Exposition was enabled to formally open a fair which many competent critics pronounce second only to those of Chicago and Paris, and fully abreast of the Centennial Exposition of 1876 back of which was the national credit and all the patriotic feeling of the United States.

It is not only the brief period in which this great work was accomplished that is striking; the manner of its accomplishment is equally im-

pressive. The beautiful buildings and gardens that now adorn the Midwinter Exposition grounds were called into existence without the gift of a single dollar from the nation, State, or municipality. All the money expended has been derived from voluntary subscriptions or from the letting of concessions the presence of which contributes to the success of the enterprise.

M. H. DE YOUNG, DIRECTOR-GENERAL MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

Californians may not appreciate the magnitude of this feat. Those who daily observe the growth of a thing are very apt to underestimate its importance. There is nothing truer than the adage that "familiarity breeds contempt," and a too intimate acquaintance with an object often makes us overlook its beauty and underrate its value. But while we may take the creation of a city of one hundred beautiful buildings in five months as a simple thing, the outside world does not do so. In the East and in other parts of the world the performance is commented upon as something wonderful; and while Congress, with a timidity that was somewhat amusing, feared to do anything for the California Midwinter Exposition, lest its action might be construed into giving the enterprise a national character, distinguished Americans and prominent journals are now felicitating themselves that they live in a country so great and with such vast resources, that the holding of two World's Fairs within a twelvemonth of each other is possible.

I think I may say, with safety, that no achievement of recent days will give so much satisfaction to the patriotic American as the successful promotion of the Midwinter Exposition.

It will enable the orator to point to the striking fact that the United States is the only country in the world that could venture upon running two expositions in a year and to emphasize the vastness of his country by calling attention to the fact that in less than three months after the greatest fair of modern times closed its gates in Chicago another great fair was opened in San Francisco, twenty-three hundred miles distant.

That eulogies of this kind will reflect glory upon California and redound to the benefit of her people goes without saying. It will be impossible for the friendly critic to praise the achievement without, at the same time, acknowledging the fact that only an enterprising and progressive people could have accomplished such results. And with this will come the further reflection that even the most energetic and enterprising of peoples would be powerless to accomplish great things unless they had the material means with which to bring them about. And this reflection has already produced gratifying fruit, as any one may discern who has any acquaintance with the Eastern press. The journals of that section are now teeming with articles describing our enormous and varied resources, and the prediction is being made that, having all the elements within our boundaries to make an empire, we may expect in the near future to contest supremacy with the State that now bears the proud title of the Empire State of the Union.

That the outcome of favorable comments such as these I have referred to must be a largely increased immigration to California of home-seekers is inevitable. The ancient Hebrews, whose poets sang of the lands flowing with milk and honey, filled their hearers with the yearning to occupy them, —and in like manner will the readers of the effusions of the Eastern editors inspire the people of that section to escape to a land where the conditions of life are less harsh and the promises of reward greater than in the older and more crowded parts of the Union.

A GREETING.

BY FLORA MACDONALD SHEARER.

Now in midwinter, see! the buds unfold;
  The yellow poppies open, one by one;
The mountain streams, bound by no despot cold,
  Flash through the woods, rejoicing as they run.
A most fair land: it is the land of gold;
  It is the land of pleasure and the sun,
Pacific as the waters round it rolled.
  Come hither all ye wretched, wronged, foredone.

Here Freedom dwells and all men worship her.
  Throned in the west she sendeth from afar
Words of goodwill, a radiant messenger
  Of love to all, the holiest avatar.
Peasant, and prince, and you, philosopher,
  Sail bravely in across the Golden Bar.
Leave mooning o'er the past and days that were,
  Behold the triumph of the days that are.

THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION PASSING THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS ON OPENING DAY AT THE MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

FIRST DAYS OF THE GREAT FAIR.

BY MORRIS SHELTON.

THE twenty-seventh of January was a great day for the Pacific States — the day on which the California International Midwinter Exposition was formally declared to be open.

Nature was kind—the heavens were free of clouds, and the sunshine was delightfully warm. More agreeable weather could not have been desired. Early morning found the streets of San Francisco unusually thronged, and by the time the procession formed in the heart of the city preliminary to the march to the Fair-grounds the leading down-town thoroughfares bore evidence of deep popular interest in the opening of Sunset City. The crowd commenced to gather within the gates hours before the ceremonies began, and thousands lingered until the closing of the grounds. The attendance for the day exceeded 70,000 persons.

Those who were of the 70,000 found the Exposition very incomplete, though far advanced for the time devoted to the work. Five months had elapsed since the ground-breaking ceremonies, and five months are few for so vast an undertaking as getting an international exposition under way when the commencement lies in a 160-acre wilderness of sand and underbrush. The progress made, everything considered, had been wonderful. Not only had the grounds been well graded and placed in readiness for the gardeners whose art will make the place most charming before

spring has faded into summer, but two complete water systems had been put in operation, a system of sewerage completed, four miles of walks and railways built, and dozens of buildings erected—some of them the most extensive ever constructed in the West. Moreover, the three great exhibition buildings which face the Grand Court had been crowded with objects of interest gathered from the four quarters of the globe.

MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG, WHO, ON JANUARY 27TH, PRESSED THE ELECTRIC BUTTON WHICH SET IN MOTION THE MACHINERY AT SUNSET CITY.

The incompleteness observed was in this: that order had not yet been brought out of the mass of exhibits nor the best effects out of the land-

scape work. I am writing nearly a month later, and much the same thing should be said now; but it commences to be clear that by the middle of March or the first of April grounds and buildings will have lost those disagreeable appearances which just forerun the exit of the carpenters, the decorators, and the lawn-rollers.

The incompleteness notwithstanding, the Fair must be deemed already a signal success; and they who have spent the most time within its precincts are most positive in saying this. Even these first days, dashed with rain though they be, are days of profit and pleasure.

It seems no exaggeration to say that one can spend a week in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building alone. I have lingered for two days in the Austro-Hungarian section, let me confess, and I have n't yet concluded my study of the fine collection of keramics and glassware shown there. Perhaps I 'm dreadfully ignorant or hopelessly a crank, however, so I forbear making an estimate based on my own experience or inclinations and conservatively place the limit at one week.

The floor-area of this building is about 175,000 square feet, and not an inch has been wasted. Exhibits are too much crowded, in fact, to be seen to advantage. Of all the foreign nations Russia takes the lead for extent and elaborateness of exhibits. She has a pavilion with a frontage of nearly 200 feet and a depth of 76 feet, and her exhibit comprises a great variety of objects, including furs valued at $1,000,000 and three exquisite mosaic cabinets belonging to the Empress of Russia. The Russian section is yet chaos, however, and one can see little there save suggestions of what will be. Italy has been less backward—her exhibit is complete, the opening ceremonies having been held on the 17th of February. It is an exhibit quite characteristic of the Italians, abounding in sculptures, mosaics, wood-carvings, jewelry, and *bric-à-brac*. Some of the specimens of carved and inlaid furniture are really superb. France is another of the laggards. With an abundance of room for a good showing she has thus far made little use of it; but we are promised much for the future. The display of china and cut-glass in this section is very interesting and some of the laces already on exhibition are worthy more than passing attention. I can 't refrain from wondering why our French friends, fond as they are of light and grace and gayety, have given their section the sombre aspect of an undertaker's parlors. The general effect is genuinely depressing. Near the French section is that of Germany. Here, again, incompleteness stares at one from every side, not more than half the exhibits being yet in place. England has made better progress, but Ireland is still in the boxes. By-the-way, the display of old silverware in the English section is the best ever seen in the West, and is deserving of careful inspection. So, too, the East Indian exhibit of *bric-à-brac* and tapestries.

The Hall of Mechanical Arts and Industries is another building in which one may linger profitably. The entire eastern side of the great structure is occupied by electrical machines—the most extensive collection ever gathered under one roof west of Chicago. All the large electric companies, excepting the Westinghouse concern, are represented, so that the opportunities for comparisons are excellent. The machines are all in operation, and the spectacle is decidedly impressive. One of the most interesting of the plants thus exhibited is that of the General Electric Company, showing a water-wheel operating a generator whose current runs a motor which drives another generator, the second generator moving a percussion drill. Other of the machines driven by electricity operate the pumps supplying the fountains in the fair-grounds, while some are devoted to the work of supplying the electric

SCENE IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN, SUNSET CITY.

lights used throughout the grounds and buildings. The pumps for operating the electrical fountain in the Grand Court have a capacity of more than 12,000,000 gallons a day. Persons interested in minerals have thus far had no reason to complain, for in this building is a display of minerals and mining machinery which could easily hold the attention of the student for days. Montana, Utah, Nevada, and Canada are to be well represented, but thus far their exhibits are not ready for inspection. California, however, leaves little to be wished for. The Consolidated Miners' Committee has a display occupying about one-half of the ground floor of the vast building, every mining district being represented and well represented at that. A stamp mill illustrates the most approved way of crushing and working ores, amalgamating pans, settlers, retorts, etc., being in operation. Cinnabar mining and milling are also to be practically illustrated a little later. The latest methods of treating rebellious ores are shown, and quartz mills are running.

The Californians are so used to seeing the fruits, flowers, and vegetables which flourish in their State that to them the Hall of Horticulture and Agriculture, crowded though it is with superior exhibits, is, comparatively, wanting in interest. Our Eastern guests, however, have been spending most of their time there among the oranges, and prunes, and pumpkins, and they declare the exhibition to be marvelous. Emory Smith, Chief of the Department of Horticulture and Agriculture, has truthfully said: "The horticultural and agricultural displays made in the Philadelphia, Paris, and Chicago expositions, while covering a larger space and having the entire world to draw from, scarcely represented more industries, and assuredly had no finer exhibit than can be found in this building. It will be a wonderful surprise to many persons from the pet rural districts of other States and countries to find that California has not boasted in vain in claiming that she produces almost every useful thing that is grown under the sun." I speak of the Horticultural and Agricultural Building as of one Californian in its exhibits because the displays from other States and lands are comparatively insignificant. Spain, France, Germany, Canada, England, and Portugal are represented, but California seems everywhere, after all.

The collection of pictures in the Palace of Fine Arts is superior to anything ever before gathered in this portion of the globe, and the galleries are nearly all quite ready for inspection. California is represented by the work of sixty artists, about one hundred paintings being in the section reserved for this State. The Polish section contains the entire Polish collection exhibited at Chicago, and in the Russian gallery are shown several of the best of the Russian paintings hung in the White City. England, France, and the United States are also represented. Spain is to have a gallery a little later, I believe.

In the Grand Court the electrical fountain and the lofty tower challenge admiration. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful spectacle than the great fountain by night, with waters thrown high in air and glowing with all the colors of the rainbow; and, when the fountain is playing and the tower is a mass of flame and the vast buildings are gleaming with thousands of tiny lights, the court is truly charming—all the crudity of the scene is gone; even that fearfully grotesque statue of Columbus does not much offend. During the evenings of May and June a stroll there will be delightful.

And then the scores of minor attractions—the county buildings, the Vienna Prater, the Indians, the Burning Mountain of Kilauea, the Esquimau village, the '49 Mining Camp, the Egyptians and the Turks, the Scenic Railroad, the—but no! the list is too long for me. One must see for one's self.

SOME CITIZENS OF SUNSET CITY.

BY BARBARA RIDENTE.

AT Sunset City the nations of the earth are found thrown one on top of the other with a splendid disregard for the proprieties of sequence and accuracy. Race, color, temperament, religion, history—anything which makes a dividing line between different members of the human family—are thrown as rubbish to the void. Yaquis and Egyptian, Sioux and Japanese, Hawaiian and Tyrolese, Flemish and Arabian, Mexican and Esquimau, Turk and Hungarian, there they are together, in their habits as they live, as in a geographical kaleidoscope. And we take it all

ARAB BOY

TYROLESE GIRL, VIENNA PRATER.

with the same unconcern that we take the queer freaks of a dream.

In the Vienna Prater are the Tyrolese peasants, who sing and dance in front of a strange and fearful production of paint and canvas which is said to be "Vienna as it was." It is well for Vienna that it is that way no longer. But never mind—the Tyrolese peasants have golden hair and rosy cheeks, and sing with a wonderful cheerfulness. The women's bodices are covered with chinking tablets of silver, and the men wear the real Tyrolese steeple hat with its one green feather. And for all the world they look as if cut out of one of the big canvases of De Fregger.

Just beyond the hall of "Papa Seidle" is the Hungarian Czarda or Gypsy Tavern. It is a pretty little gabled house, with a stork's nest in the chimney. The best thing in the Prater is the greeting over the door of the Czarda; in Hungarian it is "*Isten Hozott,*" which, being translated, is "God brought you." Under this legend plays an unconventional orchestra of Hungarian gypsies with four violins, a cello, and a horn; they make wonderful music, with all the weird and eerie tricks of expression which Liszt found among the folk-songs of his own people. The maids in attendance wear Hungarian costumes of white cotton, and their black hair hangs down bedizened with bits of red and green ribbons.

Around the corner, under the Firth wheel and in the shadow of the burning volcano, is the grassy village of the Hawaiians. Sugar-cane, reeds, rushes, and the strange fibrous grasses that are made into little huts and houses are the only pretty things Hawaii has to show. The men look mean and sordid in civilized garb. The women are unspeakable in their scanty skirts, brown waists, and tawdry gaudy wreaths of cotton flowers. They are sulky and uncivil, seeming

ONE OF THE CITIZENS.

YAQUIS INDIANS AT SUNSET CITY.

to have lost all the gentle ways for which their race is famed. One does not marvel at this after witnessing one dance.

How different is the merry set up at the '49 Camp! In the bare-raftered hall, with gunny-sacks for curtains and lamps for chandeliers, there 's a touch of joy that flashes through the place and possesses every soul. Who enters here leaves woe behind. In spite of the bald, plain surroundings there 's not a sordid thing in all that village. It breathes of life and daring and the splendid energies that come of fighting Nature on her own grounds. The miners are fine virile noisy fellows ; and many an on-looker sees before him the type of a not far-distant ancestor. The Mexican girls are imps of life and fire. And when the fandango is danced there is a hey-dey of twinkling feet and flying *rebosas*. There are so few accessories to the place—it is all so thoroughly uncivilized, that the people are joyous like they were before "the Children of To-morrow" came with fads and hopes and ideals and things which change the earth's face. Yet nothing is there to suggest the Corybantes or Bacchantes in the dance. It is merely the natural gayety that comes of good spirits and the "*sans souci*" of southern Europe. That is why everyone is cheerful in the Camp. The spirit of the place is the one stroke that makes the whole world kin.

AS SEEN IN WHITE CLOUD'S VILLAGE.

There 's a joy forever just outside the Camp and down the hill a bit, among Dr. White Cloud's wild Indians. The Indians are said to be wild ; and it is truly a wild figure they cut as they trot in single file through the streets of Sunset City, led by Apache George, a long-haired brave with a Van Dyke hat and a face like a cameo. They don't worry over beauty, being attired, as a rule, in red and yellow canton flannel trousers and blouses, with waving yards of fringe flopping gaily about them. The pale-face visitors from afar stand back mute-mouthed and meek, as the fierce flannel-clad wards of the Government rush by uttering uncanny whoops and imitating the cries of animals in the woods. They gather in a circle, and the great Medicine Man jumps into the middle. He madly chases himself around until he is all tangled up—feathers and fringe and flying locks. The music of the tom-tom and the drum gets worse and worse and louder and more loud until, with one accord, they wildly whoop and chase Apache George inside. Then you have to pay to see the rest.

An Indian dance, however exhilarating and interesting, would lend itself sadly to reproduction on a vase or a frieze. And after watching all their dances—of the Moon and the Sun, of the Snake and the Scalp and the

Ghost—it really seems that their solemn immobile faces tell stories on them. for they are like frolicsome

BEDOUIN WOMAN, JUST FROM THE DESERT.

cubs and overgrown boys at play. A person in search of a fad might have a nice time determining how it is that small Caucasian children have for sport the solemn religious ceremonies of the stately red man. The "Snake dance" is only a grown up game of "Crack the Whip," wherein the end boy rolls far upon the grass, snapped from his companions by the momentum of their headlong whirl-

CARMEN MARTINEZ, THE MOST GRACEFUL DANCER AT THE '49 MINING CAMP.

ing, only the end Indian does not roll on the grass. He just keeps up a spin in the middle of the stage. The "Sun dance," wherein the Indians salute the source of light and heat, is only an awkward imitation of "a ring around a rosy." The braves form a circle around the squaws (who squat on the ground) and mumble a wierd refrain, meanwhile keeping up a continuous shuffling of feet. The men have handsome faces, and their toggery and feathers are fine; but, being a little flat-footed and having a tendency to knock their knees, the effect is not one to be admired by the Vere de Veres. This is particularly true of the "Moon Dance," a sprightly edition of the "hop, skip and jump," of our infancy, with a promiscuous "tag" thrown in, though no one ever seems to be "it." But it is rare sport, all the same, watching these untutored children of the woods.

Next door in the cactus garden are representatives of another race. They are Mexican aborigines, and refuse to recognize or run with their cousins in canton flannel. These are the Mayo and Yaquis Indians, who have to themselves a whole village of tiny straw-covered huts. They speak Spanish, and their one grievance is that Sunset City has been wet sometimes, which

has necessitated the wearing of "*La patos*."

If life had not taught us differently, Sunset City would surely make us believe that we are on this globe just to dance. They all dance out there, and there is nothing else there *but* dancing; and life's tune is all the merrier for this continual stamping of feet and clapping of hands and "keeping time," generally.

In the center of the Arizona village is a mound of hardened ground, whereon an Indian yclept Juan Battista beguiles the shining hours by jumping up and down and making marvelous gyrations, in time with quaint jig music made by two ancient and venerable Indians. They play upon a tiny, sweet-voiced violin and a queer-looking harp, both of which are home-made. Juan Battista, from his ankle to his knee, is decorated with bracelets of white seed-pods, which click and rattle pleasantly to the ear as he steps his measures on

THEY HAIL FROM CAIRO.

his heap of hardened sand. The chief of this band is a tall, straight man, with a handsome face and the quiet of the Sphinx in every line and feature. He has some trouble to keep his wards in good spirits. They become sullen sometimes, and retreat into the smoky depths of the straw huts. Then there is distress abroad, because people come in to see the Indians, and the Indians are in hiding. But Providence intervenes: a squabble among the papooses, a fresh influx of visitors, a wheedling word from the stalwart chief or a meek remonstrance from Mr. Dobs, the manager of the village, and out they come, all smiling and pleasant.

So the kaleidoscope keeps turning, and every step you take carries you among a fresh nation and a fresh tribe. The "Children of To-morrow" should go to Sunset City, for there they will find the thing for which they pray most—shreds and patches of the human family knitted together, till it seems out there like the Brotherhood-of-Man dream realized.

ENTRANCE TO HAWAIIAN VILLAGE, MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

IN THE FINE-ARTS BUILDING.

BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS.

"YES, he has gone to Paris to learn technique. When he returns he will have forgotten art."

I was somewhat startled by the above sentiment voiced at a lunch recently given in San Francisco to an artist about to depart for other places. What did the speaker mean if he meant anything? Did he speak with authority or merely quote without understanding?

Lifting my eyes from the table my gaze met that of a fair gifted one opposite. "What do you think of that?" she asked.

"Well," I replied, "if the guest were an artist, I would say he was talking shop; but not being one I may perhaps forgive him later, provided he admits the painter's technique to be an art in itself."

At the time I believed the prophet had confounded artless expression with art. Now I am prepared to say that by "technique" he meant a certain offensive method of brush work frequently used, I believe, to cover a woeful lack of knowledge of material construction.

Though quite sure our friend would get technique in Paris, the guest could venture nothing but a possibility if the artist were to remain at home.

Even though the danger may be greater abroad, what then?

Well, perhaps it would be better for some to cling to Eureka's apron-strings; but, after all, is one in whom the artistic spark is so weak as to be endangered by a little vigorous fanning worthy the flutter?

Whistler, "that unscrupulous dauber," as Ruskin names him, tells us that technique is the art which conceals art. I am not sure at the moment whether Whistler meant us to believe that technique is an art apt to confuse the average critic or to have us understand that method of expression should be subservient to the thing expressed; but I am confident he wished us to put the two together, call the result art, and leave it so.

I have in my possession a drawing of a child, from the hand of a Parisian model—an artist entirely unschooled in the ordinary sense. I prize it very much—not because there is great art in it, but for a certain simplicity of means and the childlike qualities of the little figure it represents. True, the drawing was accidental and the draughtsman could not have repeated the performance; but the qualities are there—the sentiment of nature. It is this that has always appeared to me to be the true end of an artist's endeavors—to give us wittingly with the simplest means that which has sometimes been given us unconsciously. Herein lies the great danger to the unschooled artist (by schooled I would not have in mind the routine of the academy). His successes are likely to give him a larger head than nature ever intended, if he be mentally weak, or fill him with discouragement as to further endeavors if he be earnest.

Therefore, by all means, give the artist-to-be every opportunity to reach out for knowledge (as a curative or an incentive, as the case may be) where he can best get it, regardless of danger, for danger lies everywhere. If he be wise in his day he will find the place where there is at least some recompense other than promise.

That place at the time being is Paris. Tokio or maybe San Francisco will do as well sometime, but not now, please. San Francisco, however, is able to prepare him for the long and arduous race for art.

The painter's business is to paint,

and when he has obtained that control over his art which enables him to reveal the sentiment of nature, I can conceive of no truer or better motive than the attainment of that object. He perceives and conceives, and conceives as he perceives—as Kenyon Cox puts it; therefore, the exercise of his art must be a mental effort and not a purely mechanical process, as writers like Hamerton would lead us to believe. Hamerton and critics who take side with him are inclined to base their judgment of the intellectuality of a painter on his choice of subjects or, more strictly speaking, the title of his work, rather than on the success or failure of an æsthetic endeavor. They will not or can not comprehend that the art of painting is based upon observed facts in nature, laws not rules; is restricted by the means employed; and fails entirely only when the painter is absent. Further, a dissertation on the subject-matter of a picture is not a critical essay upon it as a work of art.

In speaking of Manet, Hamerton, in a *naïf* way, reveals to us his inability to grasp the intellectuality of the man through the work of the artist. "Personally," he says, "he did not appear to be wanting in mental acumen, but had a sharp, keen look." Hamerton ought to have known that on sight of Manet's works — *voilà tout.*

My editor could hardly have expected me to write all the foregoing—quite the contrary. He wished me to select some picture in the "Fine-Arts Palace" at the Midwinter Exposition and tell why I like it—a difficult thing to do, I find. It is much easier to express one's dislikes than one's likes—almost a confession, I fear; but the reader will remember that a preceding generation—one of growlers—invented the vocabulary of art criticism and will charitably favor me accordingly.

What I have already written may possibly have some interest as indicating my point of view.

The California room I like as a whole. It is without doubt far and away the best exhibit of our artists' work ever brought together, and seems at the moment to cover well the best ground from "The Antiquarian," a fine example of Jules Tavernier, to the present. As a defense of the jury which made the selections it is sufficient, and as an answer to the carping critic who will garrulously insist that the desire of young Californians to go abroad is a fad and not an earnest desire to have their art broader than our provincialisms, I deem it final.

First, in my search for that picture, I ran across two canvases from the brush of Manet; but we will leave them to others, except in this much: you may not see so much blue in nature as the so-called impressionistic school gives us; but, on the other hand, did you ever see the brown which some others have given us from time to time? You have become habituated to the latter, possibly, but what are you going to do about the former—the blue? For myself I feel that this particular phase of art sacrifices too much for a problem—the vibration of light and color; but I am not prepared to discuss the issue. Do the two Manets give us more or less than the landscapes by Corot and D'Aubigné hanging in the place of honor in the same room? Answer the question in your own way. My quest carries me in a different direction.

I had thought to be much impressed by the Russian and Polish exhibits—had expected to see works characterized by native ruggedness and strength rather than refinement.

Ambitious but uncertain, were the words which sprang to my lips.

Sensationalism takes such a prominent place in these two sections that it destroys the truth of much of the work and hurried me away. Brutality under a calcium light, and not realism in art is the phrase which fits the picture called "The Crucifixion." I did not stop long enough to catch the

artist's name. A picture hanging in the Russian section—painted in the most knowing way and the realization of artificiality in both sentiment and art—is called "The Bride's Toilet," I believe, and I wish my readers to take a good look at it as a foil to my choice—"Le Jour de Féte," painted by Gaston La Touche.

Is there a fresher bit of nature and art from the brush of a modern artist, so-called, hanging in the galleries than this work by La Touche? If there is I have failed to find it. It is the sentiment of nature. What more can one ask? And it is not heralded by that offensively cheap bit of officialism in art—the everlasting *medaille*. We have a picture all aglow with warm sunlight—no bitumen, no blue that distresses — sunlight only. In a room of some old French country house is a table all set and ready for a feast and no doubt of it—that is why

LA TOUCHE'S "LE JOUR DE FETE."
Sketched by Arthur F. Mathews.

the painter put the table in front. My choice has nothing in it which disturbs its even way or flies from the surface of things; and one may join a group like the one it pictures and not be worried by some fidgety thing or person — though I did feel when there the general air of awkwardness and constraint which so often envelops a company just assembling, or before the ice is broken. The painter has been exceedingly happy in catching the atmosphere of the place and time and the general as well as the individual poise of shyness. His people are honest simple folk little used to social affairs; but you may depend upon it that when the young peasant girl shall have finished primping the old gentleman, gets out of the way, and gives the children a chance to tip over that bowl of water standing so dangerously near the edge of the frame, all will go well and merry as the much-mentioned marriage bell.

They do say that French painting is *chic*, not art. *Chic* may mean clever, stylish or false, just as you use it. Certainly "La Jour de Féte" is not clever, though full of cleverness in the use of the means of art to tell a truth; it is not stylish, yet is full of style; it is not false, surely, for what could be more honest and true than this simple rendering of a bit of humanity and nature? We need no learned essay on the title from the pen of a worthy *litterateur* to explain a meaning hidden even from the painter—in fact we do n't much care what the artist calls it, except for the sake of giving it place in the catalogue.

If I have any fault to find with the canvas it is with the lower portion, which is not well sustained and lacks interest to the painter as well as to others. The cloth as it falls over the edge of the table is papery and the floor lacks solidity. A little more art in its treatment would have made the lower half hold better with the upper half, without making it a whit more obtrusive. Finding fault! We had better stop and leave the work as the artist gave it to us. It is hard, I know, to bend to an artist's will, but is it not better than obeying the leading-strings of the professional critic?

Perhaps, after all that is done and said, there is in art for each of us just that which one is capable of perceiving and receiving and that one is no more or less responsive to a work in the stilted attitude so much delighted in by the average critic than he would be in a more natural pose. I say perhaps; but from my own experience I have found that essays on art from the pens of the irresponsible are to the painter a check rather than a spur to endeavor, so I can well understand that they may also be a disturbing influence in the relations of the layman with works of painters and tend to confuse the art with something—something yet to be defined.

Santa Ysabel.

The feathery fronds of ferns are faintly stirred.
And sway and bend beneath the balmy breeze.
The silvery note of some sweet singing bird
Is heard among the branches of the trees.
On yonder briery bank a poppy waves,
And bends its graceful head to look below;
The stream beneath its scarlet image laves
As fairy zephyrs fan it to and fro.

The downward trailing vines the waters lash
And then are tossed by softest, lightest breeze;
Their dripping leaflets spray the stones and dash
Bright diamond drops on mossy trunks of trees.
The sun through drooping alder branches peeps,
And sets bright flecks of gold across the brown
Of shadowy pools and rock-embowered deeps,
And seems of this most perfect day the crown.

A trout from yonder rippling wave leaps up,
A squirrel hears the plash and scampers by;
The bees their honey sip from cup to cup,
A bluebird flies up toward the bluer sky.
Here close beside this tiny babbling stream,
Among the flowers and birds and bees I'll stay,
And lying on its mossy banks I'll dream,
While swiftly glide the drowsy hours away.

Belle M. Sawyer.

FARM-HOUSE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

A CORNER AT VERSAILLES.

BY EDGAR ELDON.

VERRSAILES I shall always see as though a mist of tears. Were it not for Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette it would no be so ; but one cannot think of Versailles without sad thoughts of those unfortunates.

More than three years have passed since I boarded a slow train at the *Gare St. Lazare* and after a ride of about an hour eached the old town near the celebrated palace. The town has very little to offer the traveler, aside from the atmosphere of historic interest which clings about it. As to the palace proper, too, I must confess it is architecturally disappointing. The name Versailles suggests so much of importance that the student comes, I daresay, to think of the palace as a building notable for itself as well as for its associations. Well, perhaps it is; but I must confess that when I looked upon the long, low facade, from the *Place d'Armes*, I felt I had expected something more than I saw before me. Immense, yes ; beautiful, I think not.

It is not my purpose to attempt a description of the palace, but, rather, to speak in brief of the career of Marie Antoinette at her *Petit Trianon*, which lies at one side of the great park in which Versailles glories and about a mile from the main palace.

The smaller Trianon was built by Louis XV. for Madame du Barry, and during his lifetime was her favorite resort. After the death of Louis XV., Marie Antoinette having expressed a desire to have the Trianon for her own her husband had it transferred to her. It is a very simple little

MARLBOROUGH TOWER.

building, less impressive and luxurious than many of the country homes of well-to-do American merchants; and one cannot but feel, as he inspects the rooms and dwells upon the facts as to the furnishings—so far as he can gather them by seeing and by reasoning on lines of consistency, how very unjust were the accusations of extravagance brought against Marie Antoinette, at the outbreak of the Revolution, in regard to her outlay for the Trianon.

THE DAIRY.

Her mother, Maria Theresa of Austria, having expressed solicitude lest in rearranging the Trianon and its gardens the young queen might be led into extravagance, Marie Antoinette replied:

"You may depend upon it that I will not draw the king into any great expenses. On the contrary, I, of my own accord, have refused to make demands on him for money which some have recommended me to make."

And surely the simple Trianon stands proof of her sincerity in saying this.

The queen was not yet nineteen years of age when the Trianon was given her. She entered with girlish enthusiasm upon the work of making it a place of rustic loveliness. Le Notre's gardening was not to her liking. She preferred the winding walks and the irregular flower-beds and lawns, which in England had been given the preference, to the stiff, geometric gardening of the celebrated Frenchman; and with the assistance of Buffon and of Bernard de Jussieu she had the grounds about her little home transformed.

It was a happy change. Not that there is not much to admire in the stateliness of Le Notre's great avenues, his walls of verdure, his fancifully cut flower-beds, and all that—there is; but there is nothing home-like in it, and it is a pleasure to think of the Little Trianon as a home, free of the stateliness which seems well enough

THE OLD MILL, VERSAILLES.

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

about the palace proper. At Versailles, she said, she was a queen; at the Trianon she was a plain matron with the joys and duties of a home. The garden helped emphasize the distinction.

The garden of the *Petit Trianon* is delightful, and it is hallowed by so many beautiful memories of the lovely Austrian that nothing there is commonplace. One can muse himself into a state, amongst the graceful trees, wherein he sees her wandering hither and thither clad in simple muslin gown and plain straw hat, plucking a flower here, scattering its petals there, happy in the innocence of her pure heart.

She was not selfish. Her delightful gardens completed, she threw them open to the common people, and their pleasure became hers. She even gave garden-parties to which the peasants were welcome; and, so far did she throw French notions of artificial dignity aside, that she often led the dance with some bashful boy for her partner. Those scenes are all there yet. If you visit the Trianon and do not see them, it is because you are unfortunate in lacking sensitiveness. Yet France murmured because she had this noble simplicity!

Here, too, she romped and sported with her little ones. Nothing concerning them was trivial to her, and she was always glad to escape from the stiff court-life and be alone with them. An extract from a letter written in August, 1779, to her mother, indicates her simplicity as to her children. Breaking away from an anxious paragraph about the war then being waged with England, she wrote:

"I venture to send my dear mamma the picture of my daughter; it is very like her. The dear little thing begins to walk very well in her leading-strings. She has been able to say 'Papa' for some days. Her teeth have not yet come through, but we can feel them all. I am very glad that her first word has been her father's name. It is one more tie for him. He behaves to me most admirably, and nothing could be wanting to make me love him more. My dear mamma will forgive my twaddling

about the little one; but she is so kind that sometimes I abuse her kindness."

Amidst the gardens is *Le Temple d' Amour*. It is set in a little lake and contains a statue of Venus by Bouchardon. Near the temple is the *Hameau*, a group of picturesque cottages where those who love the ill-fated Queen must delight to tarry. Here she kept the cows aad poultry in which she took such earnest pleasure. The dairy is of the group. It gives a body a heart-chill to look in through the dusty window-panes upon the appliances with which the place is stored and to think of the bloody fate of the poor little giri-queen who, about a century ago, tripped in and out gaily superintending the care of milk and cream.

It was among her chief gratifications to entertain her husband and a few members of the royal household at tea served under a bower of honeysuckle in the garden of the *Petit Trianon*, the dishes being made up to a great exent from the products of the farm she had established there. Alas for the savage blindness of those who saw not the beauty of the nature to which such life was dear!

A TERRACE IN THE PARK.

In the group of buildings near *Le Temple d'Amour* are *La Maison du Meunier* (once tenanted by the Comte de Provence); *La Maison du Seigneur* (Louis XVI.); *La Bergerie; La Maison du Garde* (Comte d'Artois); *La Maison du Bailli* (Comte de Polignac); and *Le Presbytère* (Cardinal de Rohan). These names were all given by the queen. The *Laiterie* and the *Tour de Marlborough* are hard by. The *Salle de Spectacle* and the *Salon de*

Musique are near another lakelet. In the *Salle de Spectacle* the queen gave private theatricals, herself taking subordinate parts, the plays being given in the presence of the king and members of the royal household. There is nothing elegant about the little theatre. It is interesting only because of its history.

Whenever the queen could escape to the simple, unconventional life of the Trianon she did so, were it only for a day. When, in October, 1789, the Parisian mob reached Versailles, Marie Antoinette, unthinking of danger, was at her retreat, the *Petit Trianon*, engaged in tranquil work at her farm. Louis was hunting in the *Bois de Meudon*. They were quickly summoned to the palace, and neither ever saw their dear little home-nest again. One must gaze with sad interest at the balcony of the first floor of the *Cour de Marbre* of the palace. It was on this balcony the brave queen faced the mob, first with her two little ones and then, yielding to the clamor of the multitude, alone; it was on this balcony she and her husband stood when Louis announced his intention of returning to Paris as desired. Few contemplate the balcony without tears. From the peaceful, quiet Trianon to this target-point for the rabble of the great capital; from there to Paris, amidst indignities which must forever be the shame of France; from Paris to the block!

CHAPLAIN'S HOME, NEAR THE LITTLE TRIANON.

MISS SKEEN'S OUTING AT SANTA CRUZ.

BY MILDRED TENNYSON.

THE sun had not had time to drink away the morning mists, and the humming birds were sipping dews of nectar from a thousand bright-lipped blossoms. There were roses clambering up, up the walls and all over the housetops, nasturtium vines peeping into second-story windows, fuchsias as hardy as young trees, heliotrope in great masses of lavender and purple, and calla lilies in tall, stately rows bordering the spacious grounds. A hedge of Martha Washington geraniums, gorgeous in bright tints, ran the entire length of the hotel, and a tangle of honeysuckle and clematis wove a screen from railing to roof along the broad veranda.

"Oh, what a delicious morning," exclaimed Roxy Skeen, "and how beautifully blue Monterey Bay stretches out before us! And see all those little boats that lie at the wharf down there, with nothing to do but bob up and down on the sparkling swell. You may sit here and drowse over your newspaper, Uncle Chess, but I am going for a sail."

For reply "Uncle Chess" lazily removed his cigar and puffed a little cloud of blue rings toward her.

A very attractive picture she made, leaning against the railing—a trim, stylish figure clad in a sailor suit of broad blue-and-white stripes, with a jaunty hat of soft wool tilted a little to one side on the well-poised head exposing a fluffy bang of light brown which the sunshine turned to gold. She was never known under any circumstances to wear a veil, so her color was a good, healthy tan, with a rosy tint in the cheeks. Her gloves were oftener in her pocket than on her hands, but her slender fingers clasping a parasol were well shaped.

Suddenly she sprang up and ran down the steps, exclaiming, "No; if you're keeping but one eye open, Uncle Chess, we will not go out of sight, you know."

"Who are *we?*" asked the indulgent uncle. "Not that stray dude, I hope? He is following us up and down this coast like a private detective. If we arrive in the town one day, he is sure to be on hand the next. I was in hopes we had given him the slip at the last place, but here he is again; and to all appearances he has come to stay precisely as long as we do, for he does nothing but follow your shadow, Roxy."

She stood pinching her toe with the tip of her parasol, until he ceased speaking, then said:

"Now, don't be a croaker, Uncle Chess, just because I seek a little

diversion. If I waited for *you* to show me the sights I should die of weariness. It's only an innocent little sail this morning—good-bye!" And with a wave of the hand she darted away down the terrace.

"By Jove, that girl's a terror!" he exclaimed, sinking helplessly back into the depths of his rocker. He watched her tripping down the esplanade toward the objectionable young man. There was no hesitancy. She lost no time in reaching her shadow's follower. Evidently he had been awaiting her; for he advanced rapidly with a friendly tip of the hat, and they shook hands most cordially. She smiled brightly and allowed him to take her parasol as they hurried along the beach toward the pier. When he had secured a boat and helped her in, she fluttered her handkerchief in the air toward the much-abused uncle, who groaned inwardly at the sight and soliloquized:

"May the Fates deliver me from ever again chaperoning a pretty niece just out of boarding-school! This one is like a young colt; she'll be the death of me yet. How in the world she ever keeps up that brisk flow of spirits in this insufferably dull spot is more than I can comprehend. What a tormenting young wretch she is! Still, without her I should succumb to the blue devils in less than twenty-four hours. Jove—she *does* know how to use her eyes! How she ever learned it, shut up in boarding-school since her pinafore period is a mystery."

He made a screen of his hands, and looked off upon the dazzling waters, where the coquettish little sail boat was gliding over the gently undulating billows.

"I don't doubt she is rolling her eyes at that chap now, with as much confidence as any belle of the Four Hundred. It's astounding, and my sister would shriek in dismay if she were here; but it is utterly useless for me to remonstrate." And, with a series of groans, he dropped the matter from his attention and fell asleep over his paper.

Arthur Chester had been working ceaselessly in one of Chicago's big mercantile houses for the past ten years. Early and late he had been at his desk until, at last, tired nature demanded rest. Friends, relatives, doctors, all urged him to seek change. He looked worn and pale in the bright sunshine, the blue veins stood out like cords on his temples, and his hands seemed transparent in their whiteness; at intervals he started with a slight cough.

The hotel clerk, passing him as he slept, remarked to the landlady inside: "Reckon that lank-looking chap's like all the rest of 'em—waited too long before he came out here."

Meanwhile Roxy Skeen, to use her boarding-school parlance, was enjoying a "lark," rocking gently over the waves in the dainty sail-boat. Her escort, a well-knit, athletic young man of some twenty-three or four years, proved himself a good sailor. He was a native of New Foundland, and handled their little craft with professional skill; and Roxy exclaimed every few minutes that it was the "loveliest" experience of her whole life. He sat very straight holding the tiller, and now and then he thoughtfully smoothed the down of his upper lip.

"Alas," he was thinking, "if I only had a good-faith mustache, how I might impress Miss Skeen!"

As he gazed into her bright eyes the throbbing of the ocean was but a tempest in a tea-pot compared to the pulsations of his soul. He watched the pretty lights reflected on her face from the pink lining of her parasol, and, with the blue of the rolling waves for a back-ground, the effect was exquisite.

Suddenly she exclaimed: "What an interesting subject you must have in mind, Mr. Robinson. You are as silent as a clam."

"Yes, I have a very bright vision before me," he replied; and added,

with a sigh, "too bright to last for me, I fear."

"Well, I would not think of it," she advised.

"Can't help it."

"But," she went on, "visions aren't good for the nerves the doctors say; besides, I want to hear more about your country. I 'm awfully fond of foreign shores, Mr. Robinson."

So he entertained her with a description of his far-away home. He was the youngest of half a dozen brothers and the first of them to venture from native soil.

"Do you like the United States?" she asked.

the ropes and bent toward her. "Please do, Miss Skeen," he said, appealingly.

She met his eyes for a moment and flushed a full shade pinker than the lining of the parasol.

"Oh, there 's nothing to forgive. Pray do not think I am going to be cross, for the morning is too gorgeous and the bay too enchanting for a bad temper."

She smiled brightly upon him, and the broad knot of ribbon at her throat pulsated with her deep, full breathing as she trailed her fingers into the flying spray and drank in the beauty of the scene about them.

"WHEN THEY WERE ALL ROLLING IN THE SURF."

"Oh yes, immensely. When I have looked it well over I intend to locate in some western place and grow up with the country. What do you think of Chicago? As it is your home you ought to give me some idea of the town?"

"*Town*! Why, sir, do you realize that you are speaking of the third city in size of these whole United States and," with an expansive sweep of her arm, "by far the most important? I hope you 'll not make many more such blunders while you are Americanizing yourself, Mr. Robinson."

"Will you not forgive me this once?" He slackened his hold of

He had been cradled from infancy upon the bosom of an ocean, and an exhilerating sail always inspired him. On this glorious morning, with that fascinating picture before him, at every tack his face beamed with keener enjoyment. The boat cutting the waves finely, with the wind on her beam, glided along as swiftly and gracefully as a sea-gull; and the two were silent for a time, watching the beauty of the receding landscape.

Skirting the eastern horizon as far as the eye could reach were the Santa Cruz mountains, of sufficient height to catch an occasional snow-cap while their sunny slopes were decked with

flowers. Among the foot-hills of this range nestled the smiling little city of Santa Cruz, a full half-mile inland save for a few hotels and here and there a handsome residence standing boldly out on the bluffs overlooking the bay. The long, crescent-curved

"I CALL IT A STUNNER."

beach was dotted all over by the gay groups of pleasure-seekers—reading, sketching, promenading, or simply lounging lazily in the soft sunshine. A few of the more active were gathering mosses from the heaps of seaweed drifted in by the tide. Amphibious small boys were wading into the surf after the gayly colored star-fish which cling so tenaciously to the rocks. The long line of bath-houses, the gay little shell-stores along the beach, and the picturesque pier, all added something to make up a fresh and beautiful picture.

Their little boat ran along with a soft breeze. Suddenly the young man repeated slowly the poet's lines:

"The day, so mild
Is Heaven's own child
With earth and ocean reconciled:
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel."

She smiled a little smile of appreciation and added, dipping her fingers into the flying spray:

"Over the rail
My hands I trail
Within the shadows of the sail:
A joy intense
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence."

"I say, Miss Skeen," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "aren't we having a jolly good sail?"

"Indeed we are," she joyously assented. "It's a deal jollier than sitting in the sand. I have no doubt every girl on the beach there would like to skim over the bay this morning if she only had some one that could manage a sail."

The compliment brought a bright smile to his face. "Wouldn't you like a lesson in sailing?" he asked.

Her face grew radiant at this; and two alluring little dimples deepened in her cheeks as she dashed aside her parasol and tipping her jaunty hat toward him, cried:

"All ready for orders, Captain."

He was enraptured. Indeed, this piquant girl fresh from boarding-school was a revelation to him; and, even though he possessed but a sprouting moustache, he flattered himself that his list of young lady friends was a long one. But this fair girl — well, she was not like the rest. Her sparkling eyes laughing so happily into his, her lithe, graceful figure swaying against his arm as they exchanged places, her saucy little bangs dancing in the air, all captivated and charmed; she was irresistible.

He explained the managing of the sail, and she was delighted. They sped so lightly along that time went unnoticed, and the noonday sun flung a hot glare upon them before they completed their happy little cruise.

"You are an apt pupil indeed," remarked the young man, "but as practice makes perfect you must promise me to take a sail every morning when the bay is smooth."

"Yes, if Uncle Chess does not put his foot down," she replied.

"Leave the dreadful Uncle to *me*,"

he said, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and throwing his shoulders back.

"Shall I repeat your speech to him?" she inquired.

"Well, no, I can't say that you need bother yourself. I'll look after the whole matter personally."

A little while they lingered to watch a band of cavalry horses going in for a surf-bath under the direction of soldiers from a regiment camped near by. It was novel and interesting to see them tossing their manes as they plunged through the foaming waters out into the rolling waves.

Finally Roxy turned and said, "I'm awfully hungry for lunch, Captain, so good-bye."

"Of course, I don't doubt but you are faint and famished," he said, looking at his watch. "How time *does* drift away, does it not? and you *will* sail with me again?" he begged.

"Yes, I think so, Captain Robinson."

He was delighted with the title, and wanted to tell her so, but she ran away from him back to the hotel, where she found her uncle still sitting on the piazza, refreshed by his nap and quite spellbound beneath the eloquence of one of the hotel's distinguished bores, Colonel Hedge of San Francisco.

The Colonel, who prided himself on his conversational powers, nodded pleasantly to Roxy as she took a seat on the steps, and then resumed his dissertation on the early history of Santa Cruz.

A little later the three entered the long, cheerful dining-room and followed the beckoning waiter to a table at the further end, where sat already a spinster of doubtful age, sipping tea and mincing small bits of bread. She frowned in disapproval when Miss Skeen said to the waiter, without so much as a glance at the menu:

"Everything!"

Then Miss Roxy devoured all the crackers and pickles before her, and, when the waiter returned, exclaimed:

"Oh, beloved clam chowder! You may bring me another bowl at once."

"My dear, are you ill?" mildly remonstrated her uncle.

"Bless you, no! Why, do you think my appetite is *very* delicate?"

"No, oh no; I did not think *that*."

"Pray do not scowl at me so, Uncle Chess. If you had been shut up in boarding-school for five long years, as I have, on a diet of stewed prunes and porridge, *you* would eat, too."

"Was that all your bill of fare, Miss Skeen?" inquired the Colonel.

"Well, of course, there were a few slim et ceteras, and once in a while we had larks."

"Had *what?*"

"Why, larks. Don't you know? After the teachers had gone to sleep, a long line of girls arrayed like ghosts would sneak through the halls and congregate in one room. Then we'd darken the transom, stuff the keyhole, and make oyster stew or candy over the gas. If one of the ghosts had just received a box from home, we'd have cheese, and olives, and fruit-cake, and cold turkey, and—everything

DISPLAYING AN AMAZING ARRAY OF LACE AND POLKA-DOTS.

—all in a jumble. That would be a lark or a good time, you know."

The spinster opposite ceased to eat, and stared with open mouth and elevated brows at the girl.

"I presume, after a lark you felt all right the next day?" said the Colonel.

"Oh my, yes. That was where the fun came in. We would sit in front of the stewed prunes and porridge, and stick up our noses; and the teachers would look at us in silent surprise, wondering where our appetites had gone. How I should like to ship some poor, starving girl this plate of clam chowder!"

Mr. Chester having finished a light repast waited impatiently for his niece. After a time he grew restless and stretched out his long legs under the table. Immediately a sharp, little scream escaped the lips of the spinster.

"By Jove, that was too bad! Very stupid in me. I beg a thousand pardons, Miss —— Oh—ah, certainly! Waiter, bring some beans!" he ordered in great embarrassment. Whereupon Roxy, the irrepressible, quite overcome by her uncle's error, giggled so violently behind her napkin that she was obliged to beat a hasty retreat from the room.

"Now, what *have* I done?" he asked in some distress, as he followed her into the corridor.

"Nothing, only it was her name."

"*What* was her name?"

"Why, *Beans;* didn't you hear her say it?"

"We will prove it by the hotel register," said the Colonel; and sure enough, there it was, in a stiff, angular hand: "Letitia Beans, Boston, Mass."

"There," said Roxy, triumphantly, "*Letitia* Beans—not *Baked* Beans."

"My stars!" moaned her uncle. "May the shades of night descend and screen my blushes! How can I ever face the Hub again!" and he rushed out on the porch.

"Oh, she will forgive you, Uncle Chess. She only gave that spinsterian scream to attract your attention. Mark my words, she is going to set her cap for you."

"Roxy Skeen! I will not countenance such remarks."

"Of course, you won't, dear. You are awfully proper, you are! Colonel Hedge, will you kindly keep an eye upon him this afternoon, and see that the ancient Beans does not kidnap him? It is my day for posting my diary, and I have stacks of description to write about lovely Santa Cruz."

Roxy made a pretty bow and vanished, leaving the two to enjoy their cigars in peace.

She wrote enthusiastically of her charming surroundings, but there was one entry she made that night which was not descriptive of scenery.

"I must seek a private interview with the head waiter at once," she soliloquized, after closing the book, "and fee him with all my spare change; for the antiquated O. M. must be secured for our table at any price. I hardly think she wants to sit with us after that ludicrous blunder, but she will be a jolly prescription for Uncle Chess's nerves, and mamma told me to make it cheerful for him. Cheerful? ha! ha!" And she laughed merrily all the while she was twirling up her curl-papers preparatory to the morrow's pranks. Just before retiring she reopened her diary and scribbled hurriedly:

"A word about the Captain. He is a duck—just a delightful duck. Pleasant dreams, Captain!"

Then, turning out the gas, she raised the window and whispered upon the moonlight stillness: "Pleasant dreams, Captain!"

There was a sweet, soft breeze blowing in from the sea, which gently burst the blossoms and fanned their fragrance up to her as she sank into her pillow, happy that more of life was yet before her.

II.

The young uncle had been napping on the broad, vine-clad veranda every morning for a fortnight, "bored to death," so he put it, while his gay, fun-loving niece complained that the days were not half long enough for her pleasure.

What glorious morning sails with

the Captain! And once they had stolen out with the tide when the silver-horned moon hung in the sky and flung her pretty image upon the dancing waves about them.

She had made all sorts of discoveries up and down the beach and had filled the little tin pail on her arm with curiosities. Nothing had escaped her prying young eyes. She gathered every queer thing she saw, and talked with every one she met. Her uncle scolded in a mild sort of way, but she only talked the more, insisting that it was all a part of the pleasure trip.

"Oh, Uncle Chess," she exclaimed, "if you only knew how grand it is to be free!"

HE WAS THINKING OF ROXY AND HER COOL INDIFFERENCE.

And her tones had the ring of a joyous wild bird freed from a snare.

"For long years I have had a preceptress at my heels, or rather I have tagged at hers, and it is so grand to be let alone! And just as soon as we get home from this delicious trip mamma and Aunt Mary say they are going to polish me so that I may make an *entrée* into society, that is, get into the swim. Ugh! to think of it 's like a shower bath! *Do* let me go wild a little while, before my wings are clipped, Uncle Chess."

What could he say to the winsome girl? He decided to let her "run wild."

His health seemed to improve hourly now. He strolled every afternoon on the beach with her, and felt both flattered and amused by the sensation her presence produced. It was really quite a distinction to be a bachelor uncle to a pretty niece, for all the young men frowned enviously, while the mammas and aunties and even the young ladies looked upon him with a certain degree of interest.

It was upon one of these strolls, as they were quietly discussing the various knots of people about them, that Roxy suddenly called his attention to a dapper little man coming toward them, carrying a box-like apparatus under his arm.

"Oh, Uncle Chess," she whispered, "It is Mr. Flax, the amateur photographer I was telling you about. I'm going to introduce you."

Before he had time to reply, he was shaking hands with a pleasant-faced young man in whose general make-up there was nothing so striking as the big checkered trousers that flip-flapped about his wiry legs.

"What is the latest, Mr. Flax?" asked Roxy.

"Oh, nothing in particular, Miss Skeen. I have been shooting only at the ladies to-day. I am making a collection of fat ones, you know."

"What a dark and dreadful plot! Do you really mean you are photographing all the big women on the beach?"

"Yes, certainly. And then I'm going to offer the collection for a side-show. Capital scheme, do n't you think? Now here is one," drawing a card from his pocket, "which I secured during the season when they were all rolling in the surf. You see I was fortunate in getting a shot at Mrs. Fat and Mrs. Lean together. I call it a stunner."

They laughed heartily at the caricature, and Miss Skeen said:

"Could you not bring a lot of your views over to our hotel sometime, Mr. Flax? Uncle Chess goes about so little, and, as you have photographed

everything in the vicinity of Santa Cruz, it would be such a treat to him, and indeed to both of us."

"Well, I should be delighted, Miss Skeen, but a fellow has to be discreet in exhibiting his pictures. I have n't yet recovered from a bitter experience I had about a month since. I ran across an old San Francisco friend down here on the beach, so I invited him up to my studio to look at my views. After showing a collection of sea-nymphs I brought forth a tremendously fat one, remarking 'now *there's* a poser!' Whereupon he sprang from his chair and clutched me by the coat collar, as though he meant to terminate my career right there. I was quite overcome by his tragic action, and sank down all in a heap begging him to explain. 'It is my wife!' he shrieked. And you can imagine my sensation. Of course, I made a profuse apology, promising to destroy the plate and all extra copies of the picture and I presented him with the one he held in his hand. Ever since that little episode I am not so brisk about entertaining people with my pictures."

"None of is likely to escape a shot then?" said the Colonel, who had come up in time to catch the story.

"Very few get away. Indeed I might as well say I have you all stowed away in my dark room only waiting to be developed; and I have some beautiful subjects," he added, gazing significantly into Roxy's brown eyes, "which I handle with care."

"'Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair,'" finished the Colonel, also looking at her.

"She's turning all your heads," thought the young uncle whistling softly to himself.

"Miss Skeen, would n't you like to investigate the ghosts of my dark room?" asked the artist. "I will strike my ruby light and materialize a few if you would."

"Perhaps, Mr. Flax; but——"

She stopped with a preoccupied expression. She was looking off on a portion of the beach where some tourists had followed out the tide and were searching for treasures in a long line of drifted sea-weed. At sight of them an idea seized her, and her lips puckered with mischief as she turned to Mr. Flax and said:

"I presume your camera is ready at all times to make a pop-shot as you call it?"

"Oh, certainly—it is prepared for any emergency. I have but to pull the trigger and the game is bagged as it were."

"I see, I see," she said, absently, looking off again toward the kelp-gatherers. Suddenly she gave a sharp little cry.

"Oh! Uncle Chess, see! Do catch that poor creature yonder before the waves get her. Do run," she cried in distress.

And before Arthur Chester was aware of what he was doing, he was half way down the sands flinging his arms wildly in the air and yelling frantically to a woman who was stooping to gather some moss, quite oblivious of the approaching water.

"It's coming!" he screamed to her as the great white-breasted surf swelled high in the air. But the warning was too late—a long line of spray washed the shore and drenched the crouching figure. She screamed and, springing up, snatched at her scanty draperies, displaying an amazing array of stripes and polka dots.

"Now, quick! Mr. Flax," cried the mischief-maker, as her uncle, all out of breath, excitedly seized Miss Beans and dragged her—polka dots and all,—a total wreck, from the spot.

"Did you take good aim?" cried Roxy, fairly convulsed with laughter.

"Yes, it was a dead shot," laughed Mr. Flax in reply.

"Then I will go with you immediately to the dark room and see that plate developed. Oh, what a lark it is!"

She walked hurriedly away with him. The amateur was elated. He

had longed for an opportunity like this ever since he first met her, nearly a fortnight past, but Mr. Robinson had been so constant in his attendance there had been no room for him. At last fate had happily interposed, and Miss Skeen's fair face was beaming with interest upon him, and her daintily rounded arm was linked within his; he was for the time being supremely satisfied. Roxy did not appreciate his exalted frame of mind. She was anxious only to escape her uncle's wrath, and, begging the Colonel not to divulge the secret of the picture, hastened away.

The spinster, limp and lank in her draggled clothing, hung heavily on the arm of her rescuer, exclaiming in a bewildered sort of way:

"Why, who would 'a' thought it? It actually took my breath away. Oh, Mr. Chester, what would I ever have done if you had not come? I should have been tossed like a feather upon that cruel wave and carried out to the treacherous deep. I owe my life to you. You are my dear preserver!" rolling her eyes round and round at him and clutching nervously at one of his sleeves.

"Not at all, madam," he said icily.

"You forget—I am mademoiselle," she corrected.

He bit his lip at this, to keep a straight face, and looked despairingly

"THERE IS MR. FLAX OFF THERE, ABOUT TO TAKE A POP-SHOT AT US."

at the stiff little corkscrews hanging out under her hat brim.

"Mademoiselle," he observed, "I fear you will take cold."

She perked her head to one side, blinked one eye up at him, and lisped in a tone of superannuated coquetry:

"I never take cold, sir!"

"The deuce you don't," he exclaimed irately; and then, "Ah, beg pardon! I thought I was speaking to my mother—I should say my grandmother—confound it all, I mean how fortunate it is that you don't take cold, Mademoiselle Beans!"

"Yes, it *is* fortunate," she simpered. "Then, you know, I did not get half so wet as I should have if you had not caught me in your strong, noble arms and saved me. Oh, my precious preserver!" Again she looked cross-eyed and clung closely to him.

"Hang it all! this is a pretty situation," he muttered, and added aloud, "I say it was nothing, simply nothing, Miss Beans. Any idiot would have done the same."

"Ah, no indeed, it was the happy hand of fate that impelled you to the spot. I can never cease to——"

"Fate be hanged, I say!"

"Never cease to be grateful. I owe my life to you."

"Pray don't mention it again, mademoiselle."

They passed quite near the Colonel, just then. He was leaning against the railing of the esplanade and was laughing immoderately.

"Confound old Hedge!" Mr. Chester was thinking, "Why does n't he call me off?"

"That Miss Skeen is a trump when it comes to looking after an invalid uncle," said the Colonel, leaving his place on the esplanade and following in their footprints. "She does n't give him time to think of his aches and pains. 'Gad! I wonder where that old girl's leading him now? She seems utterly thoughtless of her beshowered appearance."

Suddenly Mr. Chester feigned a violent fit of sneezing and declared emphatically to Miss Beans that a terrible cold was settling on his chest and he must hasten to the hotel.

"Oh, do n't go, Mr. Chester!" she cried. "Here are some peppermints," and she dived into her deep pocket and swung a paper bag toward him; but he rushed headlong, never pausing to look back until he was safe on the hotel steps where he threw himself to get breath. In a few moments he heard voices back of him.

"Oh, Captain, I just saw it developed! It's the greatest joke on record. Sh—! there's Uncle Chess. Why you dear, old duck, how cross and tired you look! Sha' n't I get a book and read to you, uncle mine?"

"No, you sha' n't," he growled.

"Well, may I at least run in and order something nice for dinner?"

He appeared a trifle mollified at the suggestion.

She called back to him, "It shall be a lovely dish of Boston baked beans!"

At this he collapsed, and vowed that the saucy girl should pack her trunk and go home. It was disgraceful, and he would *not* stand it! But the next morning she came to him so contrite, so sweet, and so caressing in her soft little wiles that once more he forgave her—(he knew nothing of the picture yet), and life again moved on serenely as they sat down to breakfast, while the Colonel, who was there before them, condescended between his sips of coffee to favor them with another installment of the history of Santa Cruz.

While the Colonel rattled on with the history Roxy occasionally glanced mischievously toward the opposite table where her Captain was sitting.

The Captain had at last summoned courage to move, bag and baggage, to the same hotel, and by fair means or foul had found his way in the dining-room to a seat where he could gaze as often as he liked upon Miss Skeen, taking care, of course, to evade the vigilant eye of her uncle. Evading the uncle would have been a more difficult task were it not that ever

since the breaker episode Mademoiselle, having lost her appetite, continually bestowed the most solicitous glances upon her "precious preserver," so that he was obliged to devote himself exclusively to the Colonel, in sheer self-defense. A rumor of the catastrophe on the beach went abroad, and all eyes were directed to their table. Previous to the posing-act Mademoiselle appeared before the public in ancient, rusty black, but since that auspicious event she felt herself a heroine and sailed into the dining-room adorned in the most startling style. That morning, for instance, she was arrayed in a trailing gown of vivid purple, and to set off her yellow-tinted complexion she wore at her neck a bright cherry-colored bow. A narrow green-velvet ribbon held her little cork-screws in place, and on her scrawny wrists were bands of the same velvet worn instead of bracelets. She beamed condescendingly upon the other boarders from her pinnacle of beauty.

THEN SHE POSED FOR HIM BENEATH A BROKEN CLIFF.

Miss Skeen amused herself with such remarks as—

"What a lucky thing for you Miss Beans, that Uncle Chester saw that awful breaker coming! And weren't you glad to escape a watery grave?"

"Uncle Chess, pass Miss Beans the biscuits. She has no appetite at all this morning. You will have to be interviewed by a reporter and written up, Miss Beans."

"Yes," with a languishing simper, "I suppose I shall be in great demand now; but" (here a heavy sigh and a side-long glance toward the uncle) "I owe my life to him."

"I 'll be hanged if you do!" muttered that wretched man, leaving the table.

After listening a few mornings to this sort of gushing dialogue between them he was fairly crazed, and, taking his niece aside, told her the time had come when patience ceased to be a virtue.

She bowed her head with an expression of deep contrition, as if she expected him to administer some sort of mild torture then and there. The attitude was so becoming that he only said:

"Give me a nice little kiss, Roxy, and promise to annoy me no more."

She complied very meekly and then walked away to the beach where she loved to walk along the hard-beaten sands. Messrs. Robinson and Flax were continually on the watch for her sunny smiles and rippling hair, and each in turn begged for a walk or a sail. She accepted their homage as nothing more than her due, and crushed all their sweet speeches as carelessly as the frail shells at her feet. This morning she stepped lightly along, humming ecstatic little snatches of song, stopping here to examine a big boulder honey-combed with mussels, and there to gaze into tiny pools among the rocks tinted pink and green by dainty sea-anemones. She picked up a curious thing now and then and slipped it into the pail swung on her arm. Life at Santa Cruz was fascinating to her. She drank in the sea breezes in long joyous draughts; the curling mists around the cliffs, the sleepy haze afloat on the vast, azure waters, the sweet, soft air about her—brought gladness inexpressible. She was absorbed in it all—so absorbed, indeed, that she forgot her shadow-followers utterly.

Captain Robinson passed by unheeded. He felt desolate as he stalked along down the coast and out upon a barren reef where the breakers dashed lazily about him. The melancholy plash of the waves seemed to make his situation intolerable. He was thinking of Roxy and her cool indifference. He could have borne the indifference were it not for the fiendish amateur who pursued him like an evil spirit, photographing his desperate attitudes from every point of view. He recognized in Flax a rival and one bent on getting him in ridiculous positions. No matter how far away he might go, he no sooner stopped for a breathing spell than that ubiquitous camera was focussed upon him, and he feared the camera might in some way have to do with Roxy's indifference. If so, of course, that indifference was not of a bearable type.

Miss Skeen was altogether undisturbed by the frowns of the young men. She had read tons of novels while her teachers were napping, and the sight of real live rivals was immensely interesting. She considered it a "lark," and added fuel to the flame by always praising to each the absent one.

She smiled serenely, now, as she dropped the shells one by one into her little pail.

Her uncle one day asked what she did with all such rubbish.

"Why, I send it all to mamma! I shipped a big box last week with some monstrous devil-crabs that Captain Robinson cured for me and some exquisite abalonies that Mr. Flax presented. I send everything back to mamma with express charges collect."

"Yes, I will wager they go 'collect.' Oh, Roxy, you fraud! What a sweet tyrant you will make some day! By the way, dear, when I see these philandering fellows so constantly about you, I begin to feel it is time for me to put a few leading questions."

"Put 'em, Uncle Chess!"

"Well, first and foremost, supposing that one of them should be accepted, what do you know about housekeeping, *mon enfant?*"

"Oh, what a question, Uncle Chess! You ought to see the 'cute, little cotton-batting cats I made for the fair last fall, and some lovely butterflies I embroidered on bolting cloth, and the gorgeous stork I painted on velvet. Then if you should only taste the luscious chocolate and vanilla taffy I make

—and oh ! you ought to hear me play on the banjo. I should say I *could* keep house! What's the next question, Uncle Chess?"

"I guess I do not need to ask any more, my dear. Your domestic education seems to meet every requirement."

"Yes, I have had special teachers in every branch; and I stood the highest in political economy, too."

"Indeed!" he responded drily.

"Yes; I'm not one bit afraid to tackle housekeeping, when the time comes; but, 'sufficient unto the day'—you know the rest." And she disappeared with a merry laugh, leaving her uncle to the Colonel who had stepped within the doorway with a lighted cigar between his fingers.

Miss Skeen, that young lady of rare accomplishments, appeared the next Sabbath morning holding in her hand a huge boquet of great regal roses nodding on their stems in grace and indolence. She buried her face in their soft, dewy petals and breathed in their fragrance with long-drawn sighs.

"Where did you get them, Roxy?" asked her uncle.

"I found them tied to my door-knob. I presume the porter did it."

"Yes, very likely. Certainly there could be no one else. Did he write the note, too?"

"Now, Uncle Chess, you are a spy."

"Not at all; I happened to pass your door before you came out, and saw an envelope growing in among the roses—a fragrant blossom, no doubt. How are you going to pass the day, Roxy?"

"Oh, I am going for a little walk."

"Shall I go along as company?" he asked, teasingly.

"I should be delighted, only the Colonel would be so lonely smoking without you, would he not?"

He laughed, and taking her face between his palms, said:

"Beware of young men, Roxy. You are a mere infant as yet, you know."

"Yes, I know, Uncle Chess," she answered demurely, "and I try always to give you as little worry as possible, for I realize that Miss Beans now needs all your care and anxiety."

She ran away; and an hour later, if the uncle had followed in her footsteps, he might have seen the "mere infant" hanging complacently on the arm of the Captain, whom she had found in answer to his sly little note. Together they sauntered through the stillness of the Sabbath morning.

He took her dainty parasol and held it in a way which seemed to shut out the world and make just room for two beneath its pink glow. They walked joyously on down one of the streets where the pepper tree and the willow stretched their drooping arms listlessly over the tiled roof of a dilapidated adobe. It required but little imagination to fancy they saw the pretty Spanish girl who doubtless a century ago talked in musical tones to her sweetheart where now the gorgeous nasturtium vines ran in riotous profusion over the rickety fence. Passing the little ruin they came into a broad avenue, flanked on either side by tall palm bushes and stately evergreens that had been trimmed to simulate arched gateways and pyramid peaks, not at all pleasing to the eye. Picturesque cottage homes were seen on every street. Lemon and dwarf-orange trees grew in many door-yards, and calla lilies stood taller than the fences, in bewildering beauty. There were rugged edges of hillsides jutting out on the public streets, all entangled in masses of vines and wild flowers. The eschscholtzia, or yellow poppy, nodded its brilliant head in their midst.

"Ah!" said the young man, "it will be hard to leave the lazy luxuriousness of this semi-tropical clime, where the sun ever softly shines and the only snow-fall is of rose petals. Is it not paradise?"

"Yes," she replied, "I could go on breathing this fragrant, indolent air forever; but we are to go home in a day or two now. Uncle Chess has re-

gained his strength so rapidly he insists upon going; and it just gives me the cold chills when I think of a lake breeze at Chicago. Ugh! think of it! Listening to song-birds and walking through rose-petal snow to-day, and a week hence in mittens and overshoes, to the accompaniment of the whistling north wind. It is too horrible! Do n't you pity me, Captain ?"

"You would not care, would you, my ——"

"Hush!" she cried, snatching her hand away. There is Mr. Flax off there, about to take a pop-shot at us."

He scowled vindictively as the amateur pressed the button, and then, with Roxy clinging to his arm, hurried away down a by-street in order to escape a second shot. When they reached a fence-corner, blue with violets, he stopped and gathered a bunch of blossoms for her; and, as he placed it in her hand, ventured to whisper a word or two of love. Roxy anticipated his pretty speeches, however, and adroitly led him out of the danger. But he felt, after all, that he was gaining favor, and gave his imagination more rein than usual.

SHE DONNED A PRETTY LITTLE JAPANESE GOWN AND UNDER A SMALL PALM TREE SHE POSED FOR HIM ONCE MORE.

"Yes, a little; but then you must pity *me* as well, for I am going, too."

"Where—when?"

"Why, on the very same train that you take."

"Oh, Captain, you do n't mean it!" she exclaimed with a sweet, startled look in her bright eyes.

"Yes, I *do* mean it," he said warmly. Suddenly stopping in his walk he took her hand.

He longed to press her hands tightly within his own, and even thought of daring to steal a kiss; but fear of the camera restrained him. When they reached the hotel he bade her rest with the tenderest solicitude, seeing in her eyes only the joy that was reflected from his own.

Oh, the base perfidy of that dear girl from school, after the tender good-bye of which the Captain made verses in his room! Less than forty-eight hours later she was down on the beach with "the other one," keeping pace to the musical swish-swish of the beating surf as they wandered away beyond the town. Then she posed for him beneath a broken cliff, sitting with a long string of kelp in her hands.

"Did n't I look rather solemn, Mr. Flax?" she asked.

He came and stood over her, looking down into her pretty face. "You looked perfectly bewitching, my dear Miss Skeen, and your image is engraven on my heart more indelibly than on this plate."

She sprang from the rocks and cried: "Oh, Mr. Flax! Do n't you think we 'd better go home before the tide comes in?"

"Bother the tide! Let 's not care what the tide does. We can return by the path over the bluff—see?" He clambered up and then reached over and helped her upward. She looked up to him so sweetly, and her shapely hands clung to his so confidently, that he thought unutterable things and began again:

"Now, Miss Skeen, that you are secure from the waves up here, *please* let me go on. I was saying that your image——"

"Oh, Mr. Flax, look! you have forgotten your camera."

"Never did such a thing before," he said, scrambling down again.

"And you must never do the like again," she added naively.

Her meaning was a little uncertain, and he decided it was best to postpone tender speeches for a time; so they turned homeward.

The tide was sweeping grandly around the point, and the vast, vague, silvery sea, so full of mystery, hugged the shores, obliterating all that day's foot-prints and swallowing back the shells, and jelly-fish, and all things else the children had spared. Gulls were circling in graceful curves through the air and riding over the waves. Here and there a black diver darted after the shoals of fish. A soft-lined silhouette of the Monterey mountains was defined against the sky, while little boats, painted crimson by the setting sun, looked like strange birds afloat. Out on the pier some red-shirted fishermen were looking over their nets preparatory for the morrow's catch. A little child, who had been digging in the sands, hurried home from the wierd shadows lengthening along the shores.

"It 's the coloring that makes the marine view," said Mr. Flax, "and if my camera could catch those wonderful tints blending so exquisitely in sky and water, I should make the biggest fortune that ever fell to the lot of man. No artist, however skilled his brush, could do it the least justice. But there are *some* subjects that I *can* handle." He stopped, took sight, and captured another scowling likeness of the Captain, who was coming toward them.

But the Captain pretended to be ignorant of his rival's presence as he advanced to Miss Skeen's side saying: "Your uncle became alarmed at your prolonged absence, and sent me in quest of you."

"Very thoughtful in him to be sure," exclaimed Mr. Flax. "Will you be kind enough to return and say that you found Miss Skeen qui e safe under my protection?"

"No; I will not!" he returned scornfully.

Mr. Flax said nothing at this, but quietly stepped back a few paces; and, as he pressed the button, Mr. Robinson quickly turned and gave him a back view.

Roxy was highly interested and

walked between them like a demure little peace-maker until they reached the veranda. Her uncle caught the significant expression of the two young men and appreciated the situation. The Colonel was greatly amused, and attempted to introduce a diverting topic.

"I presume, Mr. Flax, you have made your usual collection of pictures this week?"

"Yes, I flatter myself that I have secured several unique subjects." And he drew forth some cards.

"Will you sit again to-morrow?" he asked; and at this brazen request the Captain quit them. He overheard her reply, however:

"I must consider, but I think I will."

What if the two had seen her entry in her diary that night! It was very brief but to the point:

"*Last Sunday at Santa Cruz*—Two larks in forty-eight hours."

Her good spirits were fairly bubbling over the remaining few days.

"PRETTY GOOD FOR A FEBRUARY STUDY, IS IT NOT?"

"Here is one—a group of persons in front of their cottage, eating water-melon. Pretty good for a February study, is it not? This morning (I never take any but religious views on Sunday) I took aim at a very homely young man and a very pretty young girl;" Mr. Robinson ground his teeth, but the artist continued, "and this afternoon I secured the gem of all—a beautiful siren down by the sea. She is the——"

"Now, Mr. Flax, I beg of you desist!" exclaimed Roxy. "We all know the virtues of your camera, you know."

She alternated in the bestowal of her favor upon the rivals. She sailed with the Captain, singing a beguiling little love song while they went skimming over the bay. Then she found her way with Mr. Flax through a labyrinth of vines and flowers out on a hillside and posed like a May-queen there; she donned a pretty little Japanese gown, and under a small palm tree she posed for him once more; she stood jauntily upon the wreck of a fishing boat and he secured her again.

It gave her pain to think of leaving it all—the life was so entrancing, so full of sparkle.

Yes, it was very hard to go, she told the landlady, but she would surely come again; and she even made an affectionate little speech to Miss Beans, who at the last accompanied them to the train and took their departure very hard, becoming lachrymose as she shook hands fervently with her "precious preserver."

"Do take her along, Uncle Chess," urged Roxy. "I'm sure you'll pine without her. Do!"

"See here, Roxy, be still, or the dreadful woman will hear you."

Mr. Flax came forward with a mysterious little package.

"An even dozen," he whispered.

"Yes, yes, a thousand thanks!" She drew a photograph from the package and thrust it into Miss Beans' long, skinny fingers. "To comfort you when he's gone," the naughty girl hurriedly explained; "and here is Uncle Chess's card. You can write to him, you know."

"Indeed, I *will* write him," Miss Beans replied, gazing fondly at the address. Then Roxy moved away to her seat, saying:

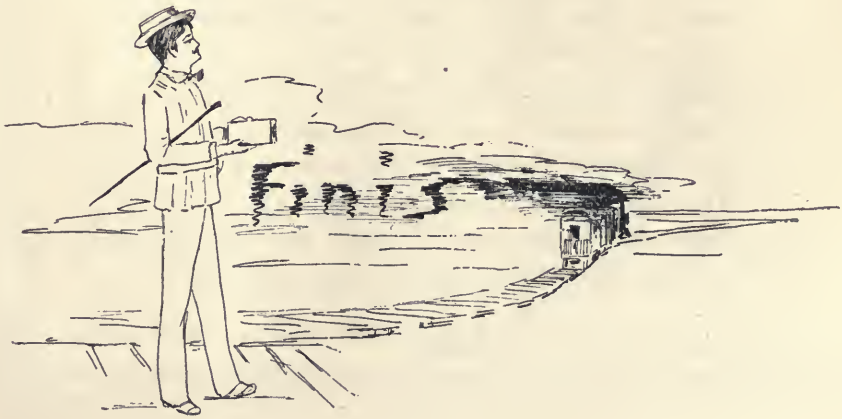
"Will it not be a huge joke, Mr. Flax? I am going to give one to a certain lady in whom Uncle Chess is vastly interested back home, and all the girls shall have copies, too. What fun!"

"You will let me in, camera and all, when I visit Chicago?" he asked, bending very closely over her as he placed her satchel at her side. He was surprised at the Captain's absence at this critical moment of leave-taking, but congratulated himself and continued: "Shall be so very glad to find you again, you know. Oh, my dear Miss Skeen, you have made life so inexpressibly divine—so——"

"Oh, of course; certainly you must come, Mr. Flax, to see us in Chicago." The bell rang and he quickly whispered good-bye. At the last moment she leaned out the window, calling to him, "Good-bye, good-bye! I shall never forget sweet, sunny, smiling Santa Cruz." She waved her handkerchief, and he gazed rapturously after her, all manner of delicious dreams assailing his excited fancy until he suddenly descried his rival standing on the back platform of the last car.

"Left! and after all those winning smiles!" he exclaimed, and a ghastly look stole over his face. Then, from sheer force of habit, he raised his camera and took a last shot at the vanishing train, while Miss Skeen drew in her head and laughed softly to herself.

"I'm sure he likes photography better," she thought, "and—oh! I see the Captain's valise in the section opposite ours. What a lark!"



LAMENT FOR TANETUA.*

Ta'u vaa faatere i te pae o te ra'i,
I te ruwruw raa aha Tane-Marua-Maue!
E maoa 'e rii tuvaruvara
Tei te vaa i Taunoa,
E aroro aera i te vaa taihaa i Ruahine e
Ua tiatia i te pure;
Ua harahara i te vana'a rii e;
Marotea te mau toa.
No vai te vaa i tau mai?
E ui atu ai au nei e!
Tanetua ua mate; oi ore a vau oi ite.
Faataoto; haamoe atu e!

* TANETUA, Tahitian regent, died in heathen times during the reign of King Maevarua. The text of the poem was taken down from the lips of an old chief named Raiti, at Huahine, in 1881, by Miss Teuira Henry. Raiti was a descendant of Tanetua.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF THE LAMENT.

Sail, oh my canoe, to the rim of the sky,
To the gaily decked image of Tane-Marua-Mua! †
A northeast breeze, gently blowing
On the canoe at Taunoa, ‡
Sends ripples away to the mourners at Ruahine.
They are standing for the prayer;
Broken is the voice of the dear orator;
Girdled in yellow are the warriors.
For whom is the canoe that has here landed?
Ah, why should I ask!
Tanetua is dead; and I might have missed seeing him.
Let him sleep; let him be lost from view!

† Tane-Marua-Mua, the god invoked at the obsequies of slain warriors. His image was freshly done up in sennet and red feathers for each mourning celebration.

‡ A canoe comes from Taunoa, in Tahiti, to carry the mourners to Ruahine in Maupiti, the most western of the Society Islands.

AN HOUR WITH JOAQUIN MILLER.

BY ELODIE HOGAN.

MORE than twenty years ago Joaquin Miller fashioned in his song his notion of an ideal life. To-day he lives the life of which he sang while he was surrounded by the splendors of a companionship with men whose names have gone to make a glory for the English tongue. While Rosetti, Swinburne, William Morris, Browning, Trench, Lord Houghton, and Tennyson were showering the joys of their approval upon the untamed young Westerner, his surer sense of his real desire tormented him with prophetic pictures of his future life:

"I stand mute-mouthed upon a far gray shore;
The soul lifts up, a lone and white winged cloud;
And like some sea-bird back and then before
The storm of seas, it seeks my land once more.

* * * * *

I know a grassy slope above the sea,
The utmost limit of the westmost land.

* * * * *

The foamy brooklets seaward leap; the bland
Still air is fresh with touch of wood and tide.
And peace, eternal peace possesses wild and wide.
Here I return, here I abide and rest.
Some flocks and herds shall feed along the stream,
Some corn and climbing vines shall make us blest
With bread and luscious fruit.

* * * * *

Here I shall sit in sunlit life's decline
Beneath my vine and sombre verdant tree.
Some tawny maids in other tongues than mine
Shall minister. Some memories shall be
Before me. I shall sit and I shall see
That last vast day that dawn shall re-inspire,
The sun fall down upon the farther sea,
Fall wearied down to rest, and so retire,
A splendid sinking isle of far-off fading fire."

A big yellow car which looks like a bug and runs by electricity will carry you from the railway station at East Oakland to the foot of the hills which from San Francisco seem to lie so close to the southeastern lines of San Francisco Bay. These hills make a high horizon just above the spot where Mr. Miller has perched his settlement on the face of a sun-soaked hill. From the Hermitage a pleasant road with sudden curves leads to "The Heights." Through every open gap of the hills you catch bits of mellow landscape where trees and towns and sky and clouds and water are all mingled just as the wonderful

Dutchmen mixed them on their canvasses centuries ago. The whole road is pleasant with the odor of eucalyptus leaves blended with acacia and the fine smell of damp earth. The gulches are overrun with shaggy tangles of blackberry bushes, hazel shrubs, and an occasional scrubby manzanita. Just outside the gateless entrance to the poet's grounds glory beyond glory is outspread. All is wide and high and clear—an immeasurable expanse of sky and sea and blue mountains crossed with flying shadows flung from brooding clouds. Below the hills lie the orchards of Fruitvale, which finally merge into the marshes that melt into the creeks and lagoons around Alameda. To the west and south the Santa Cruz Mountains swing purple and glorious with their wealth of dark woods. By day the window-panes of San Francisco, by night her million lights, gleam along her hills and wharves, until from Mr. Miller's gate she looks a veritable serpent, necklaced with barbaric brightness, come up out of the deep seas to exult in her brilliancy and splendor. To the northwest the waters of the bay sweep to sea through the narrow channel of the Golden Gate, and the far horizon is pricked by the crags and peaks of the Farallones. The silence of the lonely hills is broken only by a wild bird's song and the brawling noises of the hundred streams of water which the poet has brought down from a spring on the top of his hill. A modest white fence cuts off the road.

Pass between two high posts without a gate, cross a tiny foot-bridge thrown over a trench wherein the waters sing prettily, and straight in front of you are three small cottages set amid a splendid tangle of Cherokee-roses and passion-flowers, of acacia and climbing ivy. Farther up the height stands another and larger house. In this fourth house the mother of the poet lives. She is a tall fair woman with a singular sweetness of expression in her large blue eyes. Her head carries a glorious mass of hair whose tawny gold has been left almost undimmed by time. For companion she has a dusky little maid from Mexico—a silent-footed, wide-eyed creature of dreamy beauty, whose mother and grandmother each in turn have served in the household of the poet. There are points of strong resemblance between the mother and the son. But as the gentle woman moves about and speaks with her sweet benignity one must wonder at the wild and wizard habits of the son who lives below her in his den, the first of the line of cottages.

This cottage has a gabled front with Gothic angles at door and windows. The windows are filled with multi-colored glass. A small red cross surmounts the gable's angle, and underneath the cross is a silver crescent set in the middle of a rising sun. When Mr. Miller began to build his settlement he desired to have a chapel for the use of some stray Portugese families

who lived about the place. His friends of the Bohemian Club learned of his desire, so they donated the Gothic front with its angles and colored glass and queer conglomeration of religious symbols. One among his friends claimed to be a Turk and declined to contribute for the Cross. So Mr. Miller said: "Put up your Crescent, then." Another recalcitrant declared himself a fire-worshipper. To him the indifferent poet said: "Let the light of your Sun shine down from my door." So the three symbols are there—the Cross, and the Sun, and the Moon. But somehow the Cross is on top. Next to the poet's Gothic den is another tiny nest with sitting-room and sleeping apartments for the use of guests and honored strangers. A little further up the slope comes the third cottage, which is the much-talked-of tramps' rest. For many days the wandering gentry of the roadsides found here a welcome—also a pleasant living-room, a small sleeping-apartment, and a kitchen with a

HOME OF MRS. MILLER.

stove, fuel-box, and a generous supply of groceries. The tramps were so ungrateful and so unruly that Mr. Miller ended his generous plan; and now he gives them only a quarter and an admonition to "get along the road, quick." Truly, he has been so abused by tramps that the idea of tramp contains to his mind a concentration of all that is foul and devilish in the world. Once we were talking of the orthodox conceptions of heaven and hell. He is not very orthodox. But he holds that if there is a place of perfect peace and rest, it will not be for

"The world's poor routed leavings."

At best it it will be attained only by him

"Who flags not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

Then he flew variously in the face of orthodoxy, and vowed that *tramps* were unfit for even an eternity of woe, when there had not been a word of tramps, only vague relative words of "evil" and "wrong" and "badness."

Myriads of streams of singing water keep the place always

green, running through thickets of roses and honeysuckle. There are fishponds filled with trout and golden carp. It seems an awful thing to learn that the little maid catches these pet fish to feed a tribe of dainty Maltese kittens adored by the poet. There are tiny marshes set in reeds and rushes, borders of violets and yellow poppies, and hedges of calla lilies everywhere. A pleasant promenade along a high terrace is bordered with fragrant acacia trees. Olive trees retain their melancholy silver foliage, among the naked peach and apple trees. By rock-propped tortuous paths there is a way up to the Doric gates which open upon the bare, chalky, alkali-sprinkled hills behind and above the settlement. The poet's land stretches over the hills, beyond one's sight. A fair-sized tract of it is used for regular farming purposes, though no one knows which side of the ledger at "The Heights" carries the balance. Mr. Miller keeps a farmer for the work. and the farmer keeps the books.

One gray morning in January I climbed the hills to "The Heights." The Gothic door swung open and from the lion's den there issued the pleasant sounds made by a cheerful whistler. The whistling stopped as I ascended the steps and peered fearfully within. Somewhere from the furry deeps of a pile of bear and buffalo skins a voice came out giving me a welcome entrance. And the voice was the voice of the poet.

A tawny mane of golden hair, a shaggy beard—long and grizzled, a great fine head with a fore-and-aft cap absurdly set atilt upon it, a pair of fearless blue eyes—was what I saw of Joaquin Miller, prone among his bear-skins doing some work and attending to his morning mail.

While he writes his letters, I shall make a journey round his little room. The walls and pointed ceiling are finished

JOAQUIN MILLER'S HOUSE AND THE GUEST-HOUSE.

with dove-tailed boards of unstained redwood. The right-hand slope of the ceiling is decorated with a monstrous thatch of tack-upheld portraits of men and women whose faces are known to the world. Browning, Emerson, Garibaldi, Gertrude Atherton, Judith Berolde, Napoleon, Gladstone, Whitman, Byron, and Besant are all piled there one on top of the other. Some of them are photographs and some of them are cuts torn from papers and magazines. Two vases filled with pink roses and wall-flowers from the garden outside stand upon a table, and a heavy-footed bookstand is piled with old manuscript, papers, magazines, and heaps of the flotsam-jetsam truck which always accumulates in the wake of reading. There is not a book on the whole settlement, except an immense mildewed copy of the Bible which some one loaned to Mr. Miller five years ago. No carpet covers the floor, but the bare boards are littered with fine skin rugs from the backs of nearly all the four-footed things that run the woods. The door stands open all the time to every wind and all the weather. The poet's trust in human kind has never been abused except at the tramps' rest. Even those enemies of his have never trespassed on the sanctity of the Gothic room. One night a wearied vagrant stumbled in the open door and was sound asleep on the floor in a minute. Mr. Miller covered him with a skin, and he and his unknown guest passed the night together. In the morning for his pains he heard a penitent story of many losses—a lost dog, a lost gun, and a lost hunter who finally did what Cassio so deplored and found himself in Mr. Miller's room.

I think by this time he had almost finished his letters. Then we began to talk. He told me many wonderful things, but necessity drives me to make a choice in recounting what he told me. He was born in the Wabash district of Indiana in 1842. In 1848 the family, consisting of father, mother, and four children, set out to cross the plains. His father seems to have been a born nomad. The little band did not arrive in Oregon until 1852, the whole intervening four years having been spent in camping about in tents with any Indian tribe that would affiliate. Miller declares that his father loved the Indians and never fired a gun in his life. The years spent in Oregon were filled with various occupations, from chore-boy to a sort of Justice of the Peace—teaching school and fighting Indians both being indulged in for a while.

When he first started to Europe he "stopped over" in San Francisco. Bret Harte's attention had been held by an unknown singer amid the pine forests of Northern Oregon. When Miller came to town and was identified as the man, Harte took him to the *Bulletin* where a contract was made for weekly letters concerning the Franco-Prussian war which was then furiously raging. This contract was filled, Miller writ-

ing his letters amid the flash of steel and the thunder of guns. The songs of the Sierras might never have been sung if their author had been a linguist. A pretty figure of a spy he cut among the Prussians without a word of French! And the French could hardly countenance the shooting of a German spy whose whole vocabulary was made up of "*Nein.*" But the letters were never printed, because no one on all the staff could read the awful writing. Miller smiles grimly as he says: "They all manage to read it now."

After the fall of Paris Miller passed his time between France and England, writing his poems on the West. While in London he fell in with a crowd of gifted young Irishmen who worshipped the disorderly young genius with his wonderful songs so full of fire and tenderness and the tide of passionate life. Among those men there were two who particularly worshipped the Westerner; and the title of his first book—"Songs of the Sierras"—was the one chosen out of nine submitted by him for choice to Mr. Armstrong, now Professor of English Literature in Queen's College, Cork, and the gifted young poet, Alfred Percivale Graves, son of the Bishop of Limerick. Anthony Froude started the book by a long review in *Fraser's Magazine*, of which Froude was then editor. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, took up the cry, and Miller, as his guest, was introduced to all the lights. So it seems just a trifle forgetful when Mr. Miller snaps: "I'm tired of the Irish question. It has held the world's attention for a whole hundred years. Some other nation ought to have a show now."

After the publication of the two volumes of songs—of the Sierras and of the Sun-Lands—the poet went to the South. The Mediterranean shores, Greece, and the Isles of the Archipelago, Morocco, Tripoli, Egypt, and Algiers were all visited in turn. During the years spent in wandering over southern lands his headquarters were in Rome. He made his home down in the Ghetto among the black heaps of mediæval buildings which then lined the Tiber—before the Sardinian usurpers set their marring hands to the ruin of Rome. While staying in Rome, he was four times called by Victor Emanuel to address Parliament and to confer with the Minister of Agriculture upon the best method of reclaiming the miasmatic miles of the Campagna, which yearly poisoned hundreds with their malarial effluvia. As a result of these conferences the Government sent to Australia for a shipload of seeds and saplings of the eucalyptus tree. These were planted under the personal direction of Joaquin Miller. It was at this time that he met Garibaldi, who accompanied him on his daily trips outside the walls. Together they planted many a seed from which a thickly-leaved tree wags a high top when fretted with the wind which sweeps toward Rome from the sea out by

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PÆSTUM.

Civita Vecchia. It is not strange that these two should have affiliated. In an abstract way Miller is a born anarchist—I mean in this, that he wants no rule over *him*, however good it may be that the law looks after others. Whatever may have been the hidden springs which moved Garibaldi on, no one can deny that with his furious hordes he was a real anarchist in that he would rather have had no rule than the rule which that part of Italy had then. It will not be very long before the world will see the harvest of another planting beside which the sowing of the eucalyptus seeds was a very small matter. I remember, it impressed me strangly that we should walk through dim defiles of eucalyptus trees out in the lovely gardens about the Benedictine monastery at St. Paul's, outside the walls of Rome—"*San Paolo fuori le mura*" they call it in Rome; and when I spoke it so to Joaquin Miller and said that I had wondered that those trees were there, he said: "Well, then! You are baptized anew for me since you have been in Italy." In this world which seems to know no rule save that of topsy-turveydom, what could be more fitting than that a wild youth from the "savour and shade of new-world pine forests" should teach the Romans how to kill a deadly plague and make a swamp a wholesome place to live in?

While Victor Emanuel was supreme in Italy the Confiscated Property Act was in operation. Upon the payment of a small sum the title to the land was put in the name of the purchaser, the Government vouching for the silence of the church people. Through this Act, there fell to Joaquin Miller the right of title to one of the strangest spots in Italy. In the middle of a bleak tract of level land the three wonderful Grecian temples of Pæstum still stand overlooking the sea. The Greeks built them about the year 600, B. C., and dedicated them to Ceres and to Neptune. A splendid tangle of wild roses surrounds the place, and violets and cyclamen grow thick in the long lush grass. Herds of mongrel buffaloes stamp about and wallow in the marshes. The malaria allows no man to live there, save a ghostly crew of shaggy cow-herds who make a scanty living by selling to tourists odds and ends of "tanned antiquity" which they pick up among the ruins and excavations. Occasionally a white gull sails in from the sea, flaps lonesomely among the ruined columns, and takes itself off again to the shore. The temples with the surrounding land were bought by Joaquin Miller and an Englishman. Some sort of a grandiose title went with them, but that was not to fall to the owner until all the cash was paid. While in Pæstum the English friend fell ill with the fever of the marshes and died raving before his father could get to him from Rome. So Joaquin Miller deserted his temples and went north to Venice. How he loved the white swan of cities is

best shown by all the songs he sang of her marbles of flower and foam, and of the lion of St. Mark—

"Old king of the desert made king of the sea."

Miller worships Italy and wandered up and down the peninsula for years. Yet it is strange that the one weak note in

THE POET'S BARN.

all his singing should be in the "Songs of Italy." The fine swing of the verses of the Sierras could ill adapt itself to the carrying of some threadbare reminiscences and flimsy pictures of Italian life and manners. Melancholy Jacques wails through the book, and there is a feeble desire for a dance of Byronic blue devils. But one day in Venice, in 1874, the poet's mind crossed all the dreary wastes of sea and land, and from the past there came a song; he called it "Recollection":

"We dwelt in the woods of the Tippecanoe,
In a lone lost cabin with never the view
Of the full day's sun for the whole year thro'.
With strange half-tints through the russet corn
We children were hurried one night. Next morn
There was frost on the trees, and a sprinkle of snow,
And tracks on the ground. Three boys below
The low eaves listened. We opened the door,
And a girl baby cried,—and then we were four.

We were not sturdy, and we were not wise
In the things of the world or the ways of men.
A pale-browed mother with a prophet's eyes,
A father that dreamed and looked anywhere,
Three brothers—wild blossoms, tall-fashioned and fair;
And we mingled with none, but we lived as when
The pair first lived ere they knew the fall;
And, loving all things, we believed in all.

Ah! girding yourself and throwing your strength
On the front of a forest that stands in mail
Sounds gallant, indeed, in a pioneer's tale.
But, God in heaven! the weariness
Of a sweet soul banished to a life like this!
This reaching of weary-worn arms full length;

This stooping all day to the stubborn cold soil—
This holding the heart! it is more than toil!
What loneness of heart! What wishing to die
In that soul in the earth, that was born for the sky!

We parted wood-curtains, pushed westward, and we
Why, we wandered and wandered a half year through;
We tented with herds as the Arabs do,
And at last sat down by the sundown sea.
Then there in that sun did my soul take fire!
It burned in its fervor, thou Venice, for thee!
My glad heart glowed with the one desire
To stride to the front, to live, to be!
To strew great thoughts through the world as I went
As God sows stars through the firmament.

Very often while he speaks of those old Italian days a sudden sadness rests upon his rugged face and the blue eyes take on a wearied, foiled expression. Once I saw a lion lying sick with pain. The long slim body was pitiably prone upon the cage's floor—too weak it looked to support the massive magnificence of the head of gold which lay sidewise on a pillow. He seemed the type of strength overthrown, a toppled column in the desert, Sampson shorn—until you saw his eyes. Glorious, golden eyes! in them the old-time fires still burned. Piteously perplexed and dimmed by supreme distress, his fearless gaze held all the forces that once ran rife through his whole frame. While Mr. Miller talked of Rome and Naples and Venice and his love of all the islands

"Near the pale of Prosperpine"

I was restlessly tormented by something in my memory. Afterward I remembered the sick lion in Antwerp.

Early in the "sixties" Mr. Miller was engaged as an express messenger carrying gold-dust from the mines in that part of the Northwest which we call Idaho. And herein lies a grievance of the poet. It is not Idaho at all.

While the men galloped through the double dark of night and forest, at a certain spot along the road the first faint touch of dawn would invariably rest above a distant mountain-top. The Indian guard would always check his horse, and pointing to the light, would cry "I-dah-ho! I-dah-ho!" which is the Indian for "the sun—the dawn—the light." From the repetition of this cry the expressmen called the mountain *Idàhho.* At the foot of this same mountain someone found an immense gold mine; from the mine and the mountain the name was transferred to the whole territory.

When Mr. Miller was preparing to occupy "The Heights," he found that the plain truth is an expensive thing sometimes. The road is steep and difficult of ascent and an expressman was lumbering along with a load of furniture. Having turned the last long curve, he stopped to give his panting horses an

easy breath. While he rested he muttered: "What a man to live on such a road! If he had n't written 'Jeannette's Hair,' I would never have hauled this stuff up for him." Some one carried the message to Mr. Miller. He went down and courteously thanked the man and honestly gave to Halpine the credit of having loved the "silken and golden snare" of Jeannette. Thereupon the man became profane, declared that he had been shamefully imposed upon, and packed the load only half-way up the remainder of the hill.

And so he told me of his life

> "Even from his boyish days—
> Of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,"

and how he learned Latin for his college examination while he was cooking for Mountain Joe and his crew of Mexican muleteers. He resolutely refused to "talk big." He had no views on æsthetics, he would not tell me what he thought of science, socialism, the philosophy of history, philanthropy, nor anything else which savored of the "shop" of an interviewer. My sin be on his head if I offend him, for he also refused to allow me to take notes and scornfully said "No!" when I offered to bring him my copy for revision. When I finally compelled him to talk of death he only said:

> "Death is delightful. Death is dawn,
> The waking from a weary night
> Of fevers into truth and life."

And of life? He told me all his life, and then he used his old lines—

> "Fame is not much, love is not much;
> Yet what else is there worth the touch
> Of lifted hands with dagger drawn!"

He is about fifty-two years of age, and in spite of all the wonderful fire and force of the early poems he insists that the best work of which he is capable is yet undone. From his high station he overlooks his own sundown seas, and of these he intends to sing. He says that in a book he will yet name and claim the Pacific Ocean as he has named and claimed the Sierras. Meanwhile, he lives upon his rocky hilltop with every detail in tune with the desires of his early songs. There is not a poem among those of the Sierras and the Sun-Lands in which he did not die of his desire for the hills of his Western home. With plenty of money, plenty of fame, and the whole earth to choose from, he found his way back to his Sierras. After he came from Europe he lived for a while in Oregon, then he went to Mexico; but the magnetism of the Californian Sierras was too strong. He has his home above

the sea he loves the best. I cannot choose but copy the lines by which he prefaced "Even So":

"Sierras, and eternal tents
Of snow that flash o'er battlements
Of mountains! My land of the sun,
Am I not true? Have I not done
All things for thine, for thee alone,
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
From other loves and other lands,
As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
Have I not turned to thee and thine,
O sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marvelled at thy matchless grace,
With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee."

This love was genuine, and this love it was that brought him back to us.

It is a sorry sight across seas where the pygmies scramble for the top of Olympus! With Dobson, Henley, Watson, Le Gallienne, Gale, and Symons and all their roulades and ditties, their ballades and silhouettes the lyre of Apollo has been turned into a lute whose sound cannot get beyond the boudoir. With a rare joy one turns from these to the strains of Joaquin Miller. With a straight vision he has looked outward on the world. He has kept untouched the cosmic sense so his inspiration has come up from the bare brown breast of the earth. He has made his songs of brawling rivers, sentry stars, the things of the dusk and the dawn. And he has made them with so sure a touch that he is not far from being one of the giants. He stands half-way between Wordsworth and Swinburne, having much of the poetic method of each, yet lacking the finest quali-

"THE HEIGHTS," AS SEEN FROM THE COUNTY ROAD.

ties which characterize the work of each. With Swinburne he has "the light and fire of a splendid spontaniety." But he has not the perfect classic scholarship which shapes the work of Swinburne and which has made him the master of literary technique. With Wordsworth he has gone to Nature as to a storehouse for his materials for song. But he has never struck anote in accord with the exquisite instrospection of the Lake poet. His heart has never felt

"The heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world."

When Wordsworth cried:

"* * * Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn"

he was only paying the price of his temperament—he was only calling for the things that have kept in Joaquin Miller's soul the fine Hellenic joy that has almost left the earth.

CALIFORNIA'S SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN GONE ASTRAY.

THE STATE SCHOOL AT WHITTIER.

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

CALIFORNIA is the best mother in America.

She takes good care of her little children.

When one of them does anything wrong, California does not sentence him to a term in prison; she does not send him to a training-school for the penitentiary. She takes that poor, forlorn, dazed little creature in her big motherly arms, and she says, "My dear, you 've made a mistake. You 're all wrong. Come, we 'll begin over again." And then she sends him to the State School at Whittier, and he "begins again."

Every child in that school has a history. There are little mites of beings there, not yet twelve years old, who are older in experience with the world, older in a dreadful knowledge of human nature, than many men who call themselves of the world. There are children who have lived in the streets and slept in doorways ever since they could toddle. They have been educated in the fearful school of hunger, and they have learned lessons that it is terrible to know. They are sent there from every police court in the State. They are raked in from the streets and city prisons. When there's a bad boy at an orphan asylum, the people send him to Whittier. When a mother finds her growing son running into bad company, she has him arrested and sent to Whittier. Every sort of child, from a friendless little vagabond to a thief and an "arson fiend," goes to Whittier.

Those children are not sent there to be punished. They are sent there to be helped. They are taught the first great lesson of life—how to be useful.

An idle, indolent vagabond of a boy was sent there a few months ago. The charge againt him was vagrancy. He knew no trade, and he could find

no work to do. He was a terrible burden on his widowed mother, and he was fast drifting into a professional vagrant and sneak thief. Now he is a carpenter, and a good reliable industrious carpenter at that. He sends his mother a little money every month, and he's as happy and as useful a member of the community in which he lives as any man in it.

The boys at Whittier learn to be butchers and bakers and printers. They learn to cook, to wait on table, to be engineers, electricians, shoemakers, blacksmiths, farmers, dairy men, gardeners, painters, and laundrymen. They go to school three hours a day and they are members of the military department. They drill like veterans, these wards of the State, and they are as gallant a band of militia as can be seen in California.

The children are not taught in Whittier to walk in the convict lock-step. Neither are they put into uniform of shameful stripes. The omission of these familiar regulations strikes terror to the soul of the visiting politician who has been "doing institutions," and he usually remonstrates vigorously with Dr. Lindley, the superintendent, on his lack of discipline.

Dr. Lindley, truth to tell, is what the visiting politician is apt to call "a crank." He is n't at all like the typical superintendent of a reformatory institution. He does n't point out some particular boy as an "awful example." He does n't enlarge upon the vicious worthlessness of some shrinking wretch, in the presence of the whole company of edified visitors. He is absurdly fond of his boys and girls, and he is possessed of great confidence in them.

There is no high wall around the grounds at Whittier. There are no dark cells, and there are no more bolts and bars than there would be in a big boarding-school. The boys who run the electric plant are alone at night in an isolated building. There has never been an attempt at escape from there. The gardeners work in their gardens, the farm boys plow and sow. There are no armed guards to watch them, yet they come home as quietly and good-humoredly as any boys could come.

When a boy first goes to Whittier he is apt to talk "escape." When he 's been there a month or so he 's ready to pummel anyone who would suggest such a thing. He does not wish to get away. He is well treated there; he is happy; and he soon begins to look about to see what trade he can learn. "When a boy begins to talk about learning a trade," says Dr. Lindley, "he is past the period where he regards himself as an injured being against whom all the world is in conspiracy. When he 's past the injured period, there 's hope for him."

There 's a boy there now who is a hard-working, industrious lad with a good trade and the prospect of spending an honorable, useful life. Not long ago that boy stood in the police court in San Francisco. He had stabbed a lad of his own age, and he was on trial for the offense. His mother sat by him, crying as if every sob would tear the heart out of her worn, little body. The boy was ashamed of her grief. He was not ashamed of his guilt. He was sentenced to a term at the Industrial School. He shambled out of the dark, ill-smelling room, with a sneer on his sullen face. In the Industrial School he learned to walk with the convict lock-step. He was fed like a beast, at a table where the other prisoners snarled over their coarse fare like so many hungry animals.

He wore a dirty suit of stripes. It became him very well; and he soon learned new wickedness from the thieves and vagabonds who were his companions. In less than six weeks he tried to blow up the building, with all the prisoners in it. He was locked in a dark cell and chained there. The boys who had been his companions watched to see him fed, and they were afraid when they saw his ferocious face glaring at them from the darkness.

All this was about two years ago. To-day that boy is a manly, intelligent young fellow, whose highest ambition is to become a good tradesman, so that he can take care of his mother—not a very lofty ambition, perhaps, but an honest one. He does n't waste any time in repentance; neither does he drop scalding tears of remorse over his past. If he were like the reformed criminal in "a moral tale" he would find leisure for all these things. As it is he simply works as hard as he can, and once in awhile he sends a letter home to his mother with news in it that makes her heart glad.

There's another boy at Whittier I really ought to mention. His name is Tom. Tom is a curly-headed little fellow with mischievous eyes and a smile that is childlike but not in the least bland. Before he came to Whittier, he had one aim in life. That aim was to "guy a cop." He called policemen "cops," and he regarded them as his malignant and hereditary enemies. He threw stones at the boys who went to school and who had clean faces. He spent most of his time down on the water-front learning to steal and to lie. He regarded everybody and everything, except his heroes, with a lofty scorn, and he called a man who had never been arrested a "jay." His heroes were sullen, low-browed young men who walked with an attempt at jaunty defiance—young fellows with villainous faces and hang-dog manners. They kicked the boy for fun, and they laughed at him when he was hungry; but they had "done time," and he honored them as the recruit honors the veteran. He grew to be such an utterly useless, unmanageable nuisance that even the long-suffering "cops" rebelled. They arrested him and he had the miserable delight of being "sent up." When he had been at Whittier six weeks he wanted to go to work. In six months he said that a fellow who would steal was a sneak; and in a year he wanted to keep his face clean. At the beginning of the

A TYPICAL SCENE AT WHITTIER.

second year he was persuaded that a boy might even go to school and still be entitled to some slight degree of respect. The world will hear of Tom some day, and California will have no cause to blush for him.

There are over 350 children at the Whittier school. Among that number are several who seem to be comparatively hopeless. They were sent to Whittier too late or they have inherited tendencies which no amount of training or of care can eradicate. The majority, however, are as promising as any schoolful of children in the West.

When a boy arrives at Whittier he is given a good bath and is dressed in clean clothes throughout. He is put into a company of boys who are trustworthy and who will have a good influence upon him. There he 's "let alone" for a few days. When he has become acclimatized to the spirit of the place, the superintendent has a good, plain, sensible, practical talk with him. He finds out what trade the boy would like to learn, and incidentally something about his disposition.

The boys are divided into eleven companies. They are not graded according to age, but to the degree of innocence or guilt. A boy who is "sent up" for simple vagrancy or boyish mischief is not put into a company where his neighbor is a thief. Each company has its own school hours, its own work hours, and its own hours for recreation. The boys take great pride in their companies, and the members of each company often get up little entertainments and "company shows" for the edification of the rest of the school.

They go up to Los Angeles and drill on public occasions; they send their band to various festivities: and Los Angeles people say they are as well behaved as any other boys. The boys are very jealous of the reputation of their own particular companies as regards deportment. Any boy who misbehaves and brings disgrace on his "company" runs a great risk of summary chastisement from his mates. The great universities of the land might take a few little lessons in self-respect from these boys at Whittier.

The girls' building is a considerable distance from the boys, but it is under the same management. The girls are taught housework, laundry work, tailoring, needlework, and dressmaking. They make their own clothes and do much tailoring for the boys' department. They are not dressed in uniform, nor are they treated in the usual institutional way. The matron gets acquainted with each girl, and tries to straighten things out for the poor little perverted mind.

A terrible blow fell upon the institution some months ago. Mrs. Lilla Lindley died, and a strange quiet came to the noisy school. Mrs. Lindley loved those children, and the children loved her. When she had been buried a few days, one of the boys wrote a pathetic little scrawl to her husband, the superintendent, and begged to be allowed to care for the new-made grave.

"She taught me about flowers," wrote the boy. "I know what ones she loved—please, please let me care for her grave while I 'm here." The poor, blotted letter is a greater sermon than any preacher can preach to the persons who sent that boy to Whittier as "incorrigible."

Mrs. Lindley was the one to whom the children came with their sorrows. She was the one that could talk to a big, rough, careless boy and make him wish his mother had not died so long ago. She was the one who bore the cares and the sorrows of many anxious mothers upon her heart; and when she died a great light went out at Whittier. But the principles which she helped to foster there are too strong now to be overthrown.

California has made a record among the States, a record of which she is proud. Half the world is yelling itself hoarse in a mad attempt to make the other half see the labor question

and the crimes-and-criminal question in the right light. Every street-corner has its wild-eyed prophet who shrieks out auguries of impending disaster. In the midst of all this turmoil a few quite people away out here on the west coast of America have stopped arguing, and have gone to work. They are answering more hard questions in one week at the State school than a dozen agitators can propound in a year of frenzied harangues.

The great State of California is taking care of her children—her poor, friendless, warped, crippled children, who made a mistake and wish to "begin again."

She will defend those children and their rights with the "mother rage" against any who dare to disturb them.

ALL THAT LOVE ASKS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

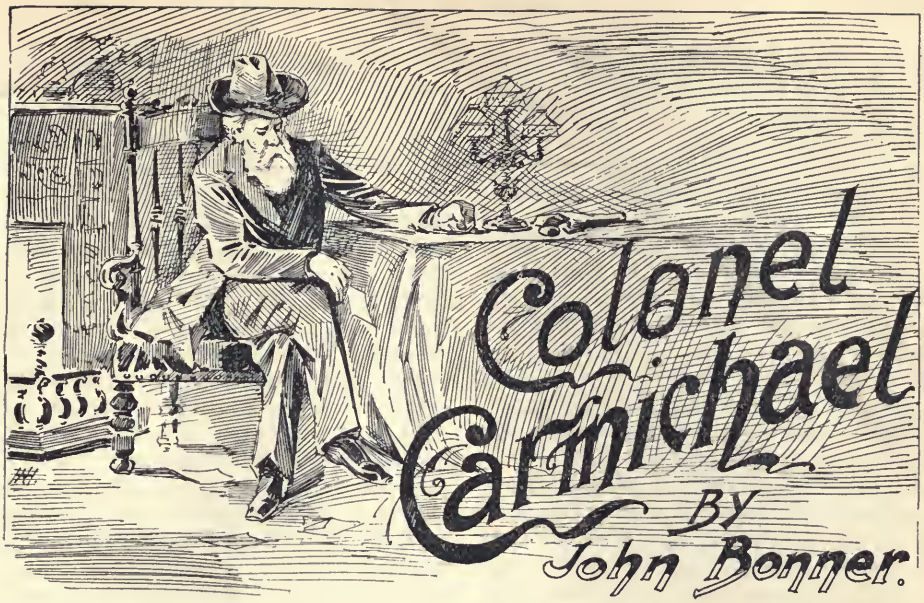
"All that I ask," says Love, "is just to stand
And gaze, unchided, deep in thy dear eyes—
For in their depths lies largest Paradise.
Yet if, perchance, one pressure of thy hand
Be granted me, then joy I thought complete
Were still more sweet.

"All that I ask," says Love, "all that I ask,
Is just thy hand-clasp. Could I brush thy cheek
As zephyrs brush a rose-leaf, words are weak
To tell the bliss in which my soul would bask.
There is no language but would desecrate
A joy so great.

"All that I ask, is just one tender touch
Of that soft cheek, thy pulsing palm in mine,
Thy dark eyes lifted in a trust divine
And those curled lips that tempt me overmuch
Turned where I may not seize the supreme bliss
Of one mad kiss.

"All that I ask," says Love, "of Life of Death
Or of high Heaven itself, is just to stand
Glance melting into glance, hand twined in hand,
The while I drink the nectar of thy breath
In one sweet kiss—but one of all thy store;
I ask no more.

"All that I ask"—Nay, self-deceiving Love
Reverse thy phrase, so thus thy words may fall:
In place of "All I ask," say, "*I ask all*—
All that pertains to earth, or soars above,
All that thou wert, art, wilt be, body, soul;
Love asks the whole."



COLONEL CARMICHAEL emerged from the main entrance of the Palace Hotel, and gazed up and down the street with an air of proprietorship. His lofty stature enabled him to look over people's heads. His dignified mien, as he slowly swung his gold-headed malacca, stamped him as somebody. A carefully brushed hat covered a snow-white head, and over his tightly-buttoned coat a flowing silver beard concealed the absence of the customary linen. His clothes, though threadbare, were free from speck of dust. From his left hand dangled a pair of yellow gloves, the insignia of the man of leisure. No passer-by bowed or spoke to him; sharp glances from the steel-blue eyes under his shaggy eyebrows met no response; but now and then a meaning look from a pretty girl testified that the Colonel still retained some trace of the attraction which in his youth had won for him the sobriquet of "handsome Jack Carmichael."

Picking his way carefully, he crossed the car-tracks, effected a lodgment on Montgomery street, and stepped forth, with head erect and measured tread. It was afternoon, and the business thoroughfare was crowded; but he passed unnoticed. At rare intervals some old man recognized him and vouchsafed a curt nod. The Colonel gravely acknowledged the salute and walked on with stiffer backbone and loftier chin than before. He entered no office, opened no door, peered into no window; when he reached the end of the street he wheeled in good form and stalked back again.

Twelve or fourteen years before, he could not have walked that street without being incumbered by people hanging to either arm and whispering in either ear. Privacy was a boon for which he sighed in vain. "By Gad, sir," he would say in referring to that period of his life, "I had to look under the bed every night to make sure that no one was hiding there to surprise my inarticulate utterance in dreams, so as to get a point."

For, in those days, he was king of the street. How much he had made out of his various deals in mining shares no one knew; millions, certainly. Was it ten, twenty or forty millions? None could say—not even the Colonel himself. Was he richer than Mackay, Flood, Fair, or O'Brien? There were gentlemen with ruby noses and habituallly thick speech,

who, over a small bottle at a bar, stood ready to put money up that he could buy any one of them and have enough left to build an opera-house or a palace on Nob hill.

The Colonel himself was discreet. "I will not deny," he would say, drawing a golden toothpick and stabbing imaginary bonanzas with the point, "that I have done pooty well, I may say very well. Why should n't I have done well? God Almighty does not create men of my kind to vegetate in poverty. Everybody knows that it was I who discovered the bonanza in Crown Point and that if it had n't been for me neither Ophir nor Savage would ever have earned a dividend. Every dollar I have I owe to my own brains."

In those days he occupied a princely suite on the parlor floor of the Palace Hotel—bedroom, dressing and bath-room, reception-room, drawin-groom, dining-room, and billiard-room. In the latter stood a wine-cooler, in which heels of champagne bottles protruded from the ice; an obsequious darkey begged the visitor, as a personal favor to himself, to allow him to open a bottle. The dining-table was set for four—three guests and the Colonel; but it was an extension-table, and eight or ten epicures of established reputation frequently gathered round it to pass sentence on the masterpieces of art which a *chef* especially affected to the Colonel's service prepared in the kitchen of the Palace.

In the reception-room, at the Colonel's hour, there was a levee of beggars—some in rags, and some in jags, and some in velvet gowns. None ever went away empty. To some the host gave gold from his pocket, others were bidden to call at Scrip, Proxy, & Co.'s office, and "tell them, sir, to buy you one hundred California, and charge the loss, if any, to my account."

Confidential friends, mindful of the fickleness of fortune, and of the wings worn by the God Plutus, frequently advised him to realize on his holdings, run over to Europe, and enjoy his wealth amid Parisian pleasures and palaces. But he always shook his head.

"What would Pine street do without me? My good sir, there is no one upon whom I can put my finger except your humble servant who could hold this market against a panic. Your tagrag-and-bobtail operators could no more hold her than they could hold a drifting ship in a gale of wind." This was his usual reply.

He fairly lost his temper when his doctors told him that the strain of excitement, aggravated by high living, had developed symptoms which seriously alarmed them, and that he absolutely must take a rest, give up business for a while, and try a voyage to the "Islands." He struggled, but at last he yielded. He was three weeks absent, during which he never saw a quotation nor had a chance to hear news from the mines. On his return, as the steamer was being warped into her slip he noticed that the faces of the people on the wharf wore a curious expression, and that one or two of the lookers-on pointed at him with their canes.

"Howdy, boys!" he shouted from the deck. "How 's the market?"

One or two friends whom he recognized turned away their heads in silence. One man burst into a roar of sardonic laughter. Another cried, "D—n the market!" And another put his hand to his mouth and shouted: "Caved down the bank."

The Colonel leaped from the deck to the plank, sprang ashore, and, seizing an acquaintance by the shoulders, eagerly demanded the news. Alas! it did not take long to tell. The last remaining bonanza in the Con. Virginia had petered, the stock had gone to smash, other stocks had faded from sight—two hundred millions of property which three weeks before would have bought houses and lands and ships and goods and bank-shares had been absolutely wiped out of existence, had evaporated into air. The Colonel had become not only a

pauper but a bankrupt, owing sums which he could hardly reckon and most certainly could not pay. His mind, working with the lightning-like rapidity which thought acquires at such moments, grasped the awful catastrophe in a flash. Some one put him in a carriage, and he drove in a dazed state to his splendid apartments at the Palace. His rooms were soon crowded with brokers who bore accounts to which they vainly tried to attract his attention and by creditors who quite pressingly thrust their bills into his face.

The Colonel sat in a chair with his hat on, took all the papers which were offered him, seemed to listen to all that was said, but spoke never a word. When his visitors, wearied of addressing one who appeared to have lost the power of speech, had gone away, he was left with his body servant. The faithful negro who had been years in his service, laid his hand tenderly on the master's shoulder, and said, with tears streaming down his black face:

"Pore Cunnel!"

In the broken man's face, the muscles quivered and twitched so that for a moment the servant's emotion bade fair to be contagious; but, by a powerful effort, the Colonel controlled his nerves. Then, clinching his teeth, he ground out the words:

"The infernal scoundrels!"

A bell-boy entered presenting a note. It was from the manager of the hotel, who suggested in courteous language that, inasmuch as it was possible Col. Carmichael would not wish to longer retain a costly suite of rooms, it would be deemed a favor if he would say when the apartments would be vacated.

"Tell your master," shouted the Colonel, "that I will go when I am ready, and not before. Pete, bring me my pistols!"

All night the Colonel sat in his chair, with his hat on, in the dark. He had forbidden the servant to light the gas. He spent the night in mapping out, over and over and over gain, his position and his prospects. Neither his review of the situation nor his plan for the future was very lucid: his thoughts always started from the same point, and traveled painfully over the same road to the same conclusion. But by morning he saw a few things pretty clearly. His wife had died some years before, leaving him a son who was now at Harvard; the son must come home and stand or fall beside him. He had supported a widowed sister, who, with her daughter, occupied a fine house in a fashionable neighborhood; she must move into a cottage in the Mission, and he must try to rescue something for her benefit out of the mighty wreck. As for himself, clearly he must camp for the present in an upper room of the Palace and be content to take his meals in the general dining-room. All these arrangements were to be temporary. As soon as he had time to turn round, he would resume his lookout on the watch-tower and make money. Of his ability to regain the fortune he had lost he never had a shadow of doubt.

But stock exchanges are like the surf; a foot-hold once lost is difficult to regain, and beware the undertow! In the operations which the kindness of friends enabled Colonel Carmichael to undertake, a fatality pursued him. "By Gad, sir," he would exclaim in the bitterness of his disappointments, "every thing that I touch turns to mud!" He did, indeed, seem to be hoodooed. Before long, no broker would execute an order for him—men who used to bask in his smile shut themselves up in their inner offices when they saw him coming. It became evident to his friends that, if he was to be placed beyond the reach of want, a salaried position must be found for him. But, when he was offered the post of cashier in a house whose fortune he had made, he flew into a rage. "Ella, my dear," he exclaimed to his niece, "they want to degrade your uncle, and I will not submit to it!"

Ella was the daughter of that widowed sister of his whom he had sup-

ported after her husband died. She was a small, quiet, black-eyed, black-haired girl, who was noted for thinking much —especially for others—and for saying little. Her mother, Mrs. Sylvester, was a weak woman, given to novel-reading and to weeping over the sorrows of the heroines of fiction. With her uncle Ella had had little intercourse in the days of his glory; at Christmas and on birthdays he gave her a handful of gold, a diamond gew-gaw, and a fatherly kiss on her bang. She was not a society girl. Almost the only regular visitor at the Sylvester house was Mr. Ernest Burgrave—an old bachelor of forty, with grizzled hair, who, though a man of culture and one who had read and traveled much, did not try to shine as a conversationalist, and seemed perfectly happy to sit in silence while Ella played on the piano or recited to him her small joys and sorrows.

Of all the Colonel's friends and dependents, Ella was the only one who accepted the news of his misfortune with composure. The only change it wrought in her was a new tenderness in her manner to him and increased thoughtfulness in her behavior to her mother. When her cousin Joe arrived from the East she received him with more affection than usual. She refused to be cast down. When her mother moaned and Joe lamented she comforted them. When Joe whined "What will become of me, now?" she responded quite cheerfully: "You will have to work, Joe, and make your own way in life." When Mrs. Sylvester, diluting her tea with tears, sobbed that she supposed they would all have to go to the poor-house, Ella laughed and observed that some poor-houses are not half-bad places to live in. It struck the Colonel that here was an intelligent and resolute soul, on whom a perplexed man might lean. And he began to see a great deal of Ella, to confide in her, and to seek her advice.

So, when he informed her of the degradation which his friends had tried to put upon him by offering him employment, and she replied that she could see no degradation in the scheme, he asked:

"So you would advise me to go as a hireling, eh?"

"I think you would be happier, dear uncle, if you were at work, and that it would be a good thing for the brokers to have you to advise them once more."

"Perhaps you 're right, my dear," replied the Colonel, settling himself in a judicial attitude in his chair, as one prepared to solve knotty problems in finance; "I 'll try it."

But the experiment could not succeed. The Colonel not only could not serve under anyone; he could not serve with anyone whom he did not command. Before a fortnight had elapsed, he stood before Ella a free man, having shaken the office dust from his feet. "Will you believe it, Ella," he observed, "those doggoned fools insisted on selling out their Potosi, just as the stock is on the eve of a boom? Was I wrong in telling them they are prize idiots?"

A little shiver went through the girlish frame; but Ella said nothing.

Other positions were found for the Colonel, but he could not hold them.

"When I see my friends making asses of themselves," he would say, "my sense of honor requires me to admonish them."

And, as his admonitions generally took the shape of intimations that his employers were half-witted fools, their relations became strained and finally severed. At last the Colonel was not only out of a job, but had managed to wear out the patience of many who were minded to help him.

His son filled a subordinate post in an office where he earned enough to clothe him, and lived with the Sylvesters. He was a dull boy who faithfully performed the tasks set him, never had any opinions or aspirations of his own, never indulged in any of the freaks of youth. His father looked down upon him as a milksop. The

Colonel's idea was that Joe's age was the proper season for the sowing of wild oats, and he rather thought that the seed should be scattered with liberal hand. Poor Joe never sowed any oats, tame or wild ; and the Colonel, remembering his own experience in the oat-field, felt that he was disappointed in his son and heir. It never occurred to him that without money all forms of seeding are difficult, and that Joe had no spare coin.

He had himself of late encountered more than once the unpleasant experience of empty pockets. He had been suddenly arrested in a plan for a drive to the country, winding up with a restaurant dinner, by the recollection that he could not pay for the drive or the meal. He had been compelled to decline invitations which he knew he could not return. He had even imposed on himself the rule that he would not accept a challenge to drink. This he easily explained. His doctor, he said, had prescribed the most abstemious diet—put him on short commons in fact. "As to whisky and wine, sir, he positively forbids either. Says a small bottle might be the death of me."

His impecunious condition being notorious, men who were wise in their day and generation foresaw that the disease would pass through the usual stages and that the borrowing-stage was impending. Hence, with common consent, when they saw him coming, they suddenly remembered engagements in near-by offices, turned corners with the air of men whe were late for an appointment, or engaged in animated and confidential conversation with some one who stood near. But they did not know their man. The Colonel never borrowed a dollar from any one. An old acquaintance put into unusually good humor by a happy turn in wheat, stopped him, and, hemming and hawing, stammered: "Oh! by the way, Colonel, you know if you ever see a chance where a small stake would help you, I'll take it unkindly if you don't let me be your banker. You will, won't you?" The Colonel thanked him with severe politeness, and observed that he had no present use for currency, nor did he just then see an opening in which he could put a friend's money. But he would bear it in mind. Then, the thought occurring to him that the offer had been kindly and that his response had not been attuned in harmony, he added : "I always knew you were a devilish good fellow." At the moment the Colonel's pockets did not contain a silver-piece.

He had one comfort in his straits. "That admirable niece of mine, Ella Sylvester," he would say, "is the most wonderful housekeeper in the world. She does n't come up to my shoulder and her voice is so low that I sometimes have to strain my ear to catch what she says ; but, by Gad, sir, she keeps house for her mother and my son on the remnants of what I gave her in my boom days! Whenever I go to see her she gives me a capital cup of tea and dish of toast, and by the Lord, sir, I don't know where she gets the money. I don't give it to her, for I have n't got it. Some women are wonderful," and he speared a theater-placard with the point of his Malacca.

It had not been thought necessary to inform the Colonel that Ella, who was an accomplished musician, was giving music lessons, and already had a large number of pupils. Indeed, she had been puzzled to account for applications for her service from persons of whom she had never heard ; but Mr. Burgrave explained that her abilities as a musician were perhaps more generally known than she realized.

Nor had Ella deemed it worth while to tell the Colonel that the bits of bric-a-brac and the new and choice books which made her little drawing-room so pretty had been sent her by some one who persisted in the most annoying manner in remaining anonymous. The parcels were not addressed in any hand she knew; they appeared

to be in different hands. She frequently spoke to Mr. Burgrave on the subject; but he, though his acquaintance was large and his study of the addresses exhaustive, proved unable to throw any light on the mystery.

Once or twice, during the later stages of the decline of the millionaire, Ella had timidly recurred to the subject of employment — always on the double ground that he would be happier and that a man of his ability had no right to deprive the world of his light. Feeling her way with extreme caution, she suggested that perhaps the firms which had once given him employment had by this time repented of the severance of their business connections, and that it might be worth while to see them again. He listened to her at first with forbearance, holding her pretty white hand in his own; but, when she suggested his calling to ask for re-employment, he pushed back his chair and took fire.

"No, no. You don't know what you are saying. You don't understand these things. It is for them to come to me if they want my services, not for me to go to them. I am to be seen every day in Montgomery street—between ourselves, I have an object in going there; and, when they find, as they will do sooner or later, that they cannot get on without me, they will come, and I will hear what they have to say. But don't ask me to apply to them for work. Pray don't say such a thing again. You offend me. You hurt me."

He had lost his grip, but he had not lost faith in himself. Indeed, the lower he sank in public reckoning, the higher he rose in his own esteem. He had dropped out of the machine of which he had been a driving-wheel; but he always expected the machine to break down for the want of that particular wheel. Current events interested him but slightly. He lived in the past. That past he saw, as it were, in a mirage, with forms and shapes distorted by refraction—himself always the central figure of the mirage, grand, triumphant, far-seeing, colossal. Other figures were indistinct, and their outlines dim; he always loomed out in sharp relief—a leader of men, one against whom others could lean as on a granite pillar. As the Assyrian monarchs commemorated their reigns in sculptures which always represent the king urging his furious horses over prostrate foes, so the Colonel remembered nothing of his past life except the days when he scattered his antagonists on the exchange and drove them howling out of the market.

"Bonanza Kings!" he cried to Ella, throwing down a newspaper containing an article on those personages. "I would like you to tell me where they would have been if I had not shown them how to find bonanzas on the Comstock! There 's John Mackay; he was a poor man after mining for twenty years; I gave him a few hints, and he raked in the millions. And the same thing could be said of the others."

"It was lucky for them, uncle, that they met you," said Ella, humoring him.

"Lucky, child? It was providential for them. If they had not met me, and consulted me, and been guided by me, they would probably still be miners at four dollars a day. But I never kept my inspirations a secret. I imparted them generously, made millionaires, and kept nothing for myself. I may say that I created them all, and if they were willing to tell the truth, they would admit that they owe every dollar they have to me; but they are not men enough for that." Turning to Mr. Burgrave, who had just entered the room, he added with a chuckle: "Do you know, sir, that I have an instinct which tells me where pay-ore is to be found?"

"It would be a good idea," replied Burgrave, drily, "to use that instinct on the Comstock to-day."

"I can, sir; but you need not go as far as Nevada. In Calaveras County,

in this State, if you sink seventy-five or perhaps a hundred feet from the bottom of the Lost Hope Shaft, you will strike the bed of a prehistoric river. On that bed there is a layer of gravel which carries gold enough to yield twenty dollars a day per man. Some day, sir, I shall dig a fortune out of that mine—a fortune that shall make the wealth of these so-called Comstock Kings seem trifling—yes, sir, trifling ?''

''But, uncle,'' observed Ella, who feared to have the Colonel building high hopes that never could be realized, ''you forget that the mine you speak of is no longer yours.''

''My dear child,'' retorted the Colonel arising and buttoning his coat, ''you are in error. Colonel Carmichael is the owner of the Lost Hope and all its buried millions. Through a freak of fortune and the unwillingness of the other stockholders to pin their faith to the mine the stock stands in my name. The Lost Hope, moreover, being patented I'm in no danger from jumpers. Just as soon, my dear, as I can get on my feet I shall demonstrate the soundness of my judgment by putting men at work in that Calaveras shaft. I hope soon to push aside the little financial difficulties which now beset me, and then——''

Overcome by exultation the Colonel sank into a chair and fell into a deep reverie.

The Lost Hope Shaft was a standing joke in Pine street. Scores of owners had put thousands into it in quest of the old river-bed, and no one had ever taken a dollar out. When the Colonel brought up his favorite topic of the Lost Hope Shaft, people tapped their foreheads, smiled quizzically, and walked away. ''Cracked as an old teapot!'' some irreverent youth would whisper.

Among those who were beginning to question whether the Colonel's brain did not need carpentering were the proprietors of the Palace Hotel. It had become an idle formality to send him weekly bills, and when the subject of his indebtedness was referred to he put it away with a grand flourish of his arm, saying that he was maturing a combination which would enable him to arrange that and other trifles when he opened his new bank account. The manager of the hotel let drop a hint that some day when the Colonel returned home he would find his door unscrewed from its hinges. But, on the following day, a few leading citizens called at the Palace, and in the politest way informed the manager that if he turned out Col. Carmichael, he might just as well close his doors, for no Californian would ever darken them again. A mild-mannered gentleman of six feet eight, the owner of countless herds and flocks in Arizona, who had an incurable habit of twitching his right hand back in the direction of his pistol pocket, added:

''Ef yer can't afford to spare an attic and a beefsteak for the old man who has spent thousands upon thousands in yer dashed shebang, send the bills to me. I'll pay 'em, and, by the Eternal, I'll frame 'em.''

It was, however, delicate business to help the Colonel. As the French say, he had the mustard near the nose. When a purse-proud upstart offered him an unsought loan, the Colonel's malacca executed so formidable a moulinet round the offender's head that he fled from the angry, old man, cured for all time. When his coat began to whiten along the seams and the most dexterous application of ink failed to conceal the cracks in his boots, benevolent persons concocted plots to circumvent him without arousing his suspicions. A conspirator would tell him that he and a friend had a dispute over an incident of the rebel victory at Gettysburg. When the Colonel stopped him to say that Gettysburg was a Union victory, the conspirator contradicted him with much heat and finally bet him fifty dollars that he was wrong. Or a party of card-sharpers would beguile him

into a game of poker; and, whenever the Colonel got a couple of pairs or three of a kind, one of the knaves who happened to be wandering aimlessly round the room would signal his confederate knaves, the stake would be raised to something substantial, and everybody would pass.

The happiest hours of the Colonel's life at this period were spent with his niece. He found rest in her soothing tenderness. She listened to his long, boastful stories so patiently that his conceit derived strength from the thought that Ella believed in him. She wormed herself into the old, desolate heart. The Colonel had never loved. His marriage had been an affair of business; the other woman he had known were not worth loving. The idea began to break on the mind of the broken old man that life is not worth living without a woman's love.

She was gazing at him with almost motherly affection, as he sipped his cup of tea with his eyes fixed on the distant mirage he loved, when the bell rang and Mr. Burgrave appeared, with a flush of excitement on his usually impassive face.

"Sir," said the Colonel with a gracious wave of his hand toward a chair, "I am pleased to see you. Pray be seated."

"I thought I would find you here," said the visitor. "There is—there is—some news—or rather, I should say, a rumor—yes, a rumor—in Pine street."

"Ah!" replied the Colonel, crossing his legs. "Some one failed? who is it this time?"

"I have heard of no failure."

"Virginia City burned down again?"

"Not to my knowledge. But it is said that some miners who have been working at the Lost Hope Shaft," and he paused as the Colonel uncrossed his legs and looked up with something like a gasp, "have struck the clay bed of the old river, and have found on it——"

"Gold?" shouted the Colonel, leaping to his feet, a flush mantling his cheeks.

"A very considerable quantity of coarse gold in the gravel. I have seen some of the gold."

"There!" exclaimed the old man exultantly. "Did I not tell you, my dear, that whenever they reached the clay, they would find gold—plenty of gold? I reckon that strike will be worth a cool five millions. That will teach you, my dear, not to distrust me again. Your uncle's head is as level as it ever was; my judgment is as sound as it was when I taught John Mackay how to find bonanzas."

And he began to pace the room feverishly. Ella took his hand, kissed it, and whispered: "I never distrusted you, uncle."

"I have seen doubts in that pretty face," and he patted her cheek. "But that's all done now. My judgment is going to be vindicated, and I am going to resume the place which belongs to me." He drew himself up to his full height, and marched on the unseen enemy who had so long kept the king out of his own. Then suddenly remembering the presence of his friend, he grasped Mr. Burgrave by the hands.

"Sir," said he, impressively, "I can see the hand of Providence in this. I was predestined to resurrection from my present temporary embarrassments; you were predestined to be the instrument chosen by Providence to acquaint me with the news of my restoration to the station in life which is mine of right. Sir, I thank God and you."

Ella had become deadly pale. She did not utter a word nor glance up. Mr. Burgrave avoided looking at her. With his eyes averted, he continued:

"Miss Sylvester, your uncle had better visit the mine to verify the stories which are current. If he will permit me, I will accompany him. Can you be ready in an hour, Colonel, so as to catch the train? Yes? Then I will call for you in an hour at your hotel."

* * * *

It was a tiresome walk up the hill to the mouth of the shaft. The Colonel was in wild spirits, and started off like a boy ; but he was soon glad to stop and breathe or, as he expressed it, to feast his eyes on the glorious landscape. The old road was blocked with fallen limbs of sycamore, cottonwood, and spruce; boulders and gravel and lumps of rock had been washed down from the old dump and had effaced the wheel-ruts. Charged with the pungent fragrance of the resinous cones of the yellow pine, a gentle breeze caressed the tops of the madrona and the wild coffee tree, while under the ferns beetles ticked and a lizard chirped in a whisper. A squirrel, after a rapid survey of the intruders who invaded his ancient solitary realm, scurried away on the branch of a gnarled wild oak. At last the Colonel and his companion reached the mouth of the shaft.

There, sitting on a log and smoking a briarwood pipe, sat a miner in yellow overalls, who stared at them as they approached.

Burgrave accosted him with a cheery good-morning.

"Mornin'," growled the miner.

"Are you one of the miners working in the shaft?"

"There aint no miners workin' in that 'ere shaft."

"How is that?" asked the Colonel.

"'Cos there aint nothin' there to work."

"How so?"

"I s'pose it's 'cos God A'mighty did n't put nothin' there."

"What do you mean?" asked Burgrave, angrily. "I have myself seen the coarse gold from here."

"Mebbe you have. Anyhow, there aint no more of it. Mebbe the mine was salted. Mebbe a handful of gold got down to the bottom of the shaft outen some ancient miner's pouch in the days afore the flood. Mebbe the mine was worked before and worked out. Anyhow, me and my mate has worked that gravel all round and run drifts every way that a drift can run, and we haint found gold enough to plug a hollow tooth—nary a color to the pan. Yez can see for yerselves."

The Colonel boiled over :

"This is an infernal swindle by the villains who have been robbing me for years. But they sha' n't rob me here. I 'll fool them. Let me go down the shaft."

"Surely, surely, mister; only keep your shirt on."

And the miner, slowly stepping to the donkey-engine, kindled a small fire and called a boy to feed it.

"Just give her chips enough, Jim, to keep her a-goin' an hour or so. The gentleman 's goin' to prospect for hisself."

The smoke of the chips and twigs rose thickly through the branches, disturbing a pair of blue jays which hopped out to see what was the meaning of this unjustifiable invasion of their domain. From the boiler of the little engine a suppressed sizzle became audible. Half sitting and half lying on a small mound of rock-dust, the boy Jim fed the fire slowly, throwing in chip after chip with such accurate aim that each perched on a tongue of flame. The miner, stretched on his back, watched races between cumulus clouds and a long straggling cirrus whose feathery fibers were flying before the sun; while, high up in the sky, moving with majestic slowness, a bald eagle circled over the mountain and searched the ravine with a hungry eye.

None of these things was perceptible to Col. Carmichael's vision. He never took his eyes even for a moment from the black hole with its cross-piece or the round bar at the side with its windlass handle. His breath began to come and go quickly as he gazed eagerly at the hole. What was the bottom of that shaft destined to reveal—riches and happiness or continued poverty and renewed disappointment? Giving his fancy the rein, he saw the bottom of the shaft illuminated with the flashing splendor

of masses of shining gold—gold in the roof, gold on the sides, gold under foot. It was not flour gold, nor thread gold, but great masses which had to be sawed and chiseled apart. It occurred to him as he ran his eye over the windlass that the bucket was not stout enough to bear the weight of its contents if they were pure gold, and that a chain would have to be substituted for the rope. It would be necessary to have guards to prevent theft, and mechanically he ran his eye around to see if he was watched.

At last steam was up. It lifted the bucket, then lowered it to the edge of the hole, while the clank of the brake began. The miner rose wearily to his feet and held the rope while Col. Carmichael stepped into the bucket. Then with a gruff—"Look out now, you Jim," he threw himself down again and renewed his contemplation of the clouds.

Down sank the bucket, slowly, inch by inch, into the black hole in the earth.

The Colonel's hat disappeared from view; and Mr. Burgrave, watching the descent from above, followed the flare of the candle, till it grew as faint as the glow of a small red star in the gloom. Fascinated by a costly locket and chain which the city-man wore, the boy let his attention wander from the engine, till the miner, lazily rolling over on the grass, cast a workman's eye upon the machinery and leaped to his feet with an oath. He roared to the boy:

"Haul up! haul up! Don't ye see the rope 's slack? Ye young devil, I'll break every bone in yer body this night. Haul up, I say!"

"What's happened?" cried Burgrave, with trembling voice.

"Bucket's tipped over," muttered the miner; "caught on a nail or a timber sticking out—man 's hanging head down," and he sprang forward to aid the boy.

But the rusty little donkey-engine could not be quickly reversed.

While they were tugging at it the miner raised his hand.

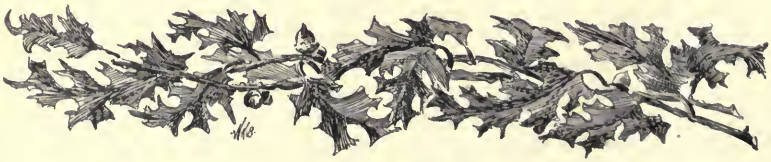
"My God!" he muttered, "he 's lost his grip."

Out of the black hole, Burgrave heard thud! thud! thud! then the smash of timbers; next the splash of water.

"He 'll have mashed hisself ag'in the sides of the shaft," said the miner, taking a professional view of the catastrophe, "'t aint often they fall perpendic'lar."

* * * *

They laid him in Odd Fellows' Cemetery, near the scenes of his triumphs and defeats; and almost every Sunday afternoon one may see sitting on the coping that surrounds the flower-covered grave a tall and grizzled man and a slender woman—the only beings sincerely attached to the tired heart that slumbers there.



COFFEE AND CACAO INDUSTRIES OF NICARAGUA.

BY WILLIAM NEWELL.

AT present there are few opportunities to make money in Nicaragua, outside of growing coffee and raising cacao.

In the first industry I am confident that it is unwise to attempt to do anything with a less capital than $3,000. It takes from three to four years for a coffee plant to produce, and during that period a person should have sufficient income outside of his plantation. It is altogether useless to rely on earning a livelihood at other employment in the country while waiting for trees to produce. Many suppose that all that is required is to put the tree into the ground and wait for it to fructify; but, as a matter of fact, the coffee plant requires so much care and attention that the planter will have his hands full on his own *hacienda* without seeking work elsewhere.

Government land available for coffee planting is now almost entirely found in the Departments of Matagalpa and Segovia. These Departments are about sixty-five miles from Managua, the capital of Nicaragua. They may be reached only by means of horse or horse and cart—there is no railway. In the rainy season the roads are in such fearful condition that it takes from five to seven days to get to either Department, but during the dry season the journey may be made in from two to three days. Lands there may be purchased at $1.50 a *manzana*, a *manzana* being nearly two English acres. The charge for surveying is about $1.50 per acre. Most of the lands in the Departments mentioned are covered with timber and undergrowth, and the expense of clearing them ranges from $6 to $25 a *manzana*. Laborers can be had for from 40 to 60 cents a day.

It is estimated that 400 coffee plants can be planted to an acre, the plants costing about $5 a thousand.

One hundred pounds of coffee can be raised for $5, Peruvian coin. A quintal of coffee has sold for the past five years for from $16 to $25, United States gold coin. A number of coffee planters have assured me that there is money in coffee, even if the price should fall to $10 a hundred pounds.

Cacao raising is another industry in which there is money to be made, but the plants do not bear earlier than the fifth, and sometimes not until the eighth year. A cacao plant requires considerable water, and is much more tender than the coffee tree. Cacao has been selling this year in Nicaragua from $1.20 to $1.50 a pound, Peruvian coin, while the price per pound in the United States has been only 30 cents. Nicaragua consumes all the cacao that she raises, the demand being even greater than the supply.

Reverting to coffee: The ideal plantation is in the hills, 1000 feet or more above the level of the sea, and with a deep loamy soil. The first work is to prepare a nursery and seed the coffee-beans. Then the planter must set to work and clear off all the undergrowth. He must also thin out the larger trees, leaving enough of them for shade, as shade is necessary to the coffee plant. Where there is not suffcient shade naturally, plantain trees are set out. The plantain is a quick, rank grower, arriving at maturity in eight months, and is a food plant as well. Next he must free the land of weeds, and in doing this he makes use of the *machete* that implement being the only

one employed in cultivating the coffee in Nicaragua.

Coffee trees, upon the best cultivated and most productive *fincas* are planted in rows running up and down the declivities, three yards apart and four yards between the rows. For the first two years the plantation must be kept perfectly clear of weeds, and this will require four to six workings a year. After that two weedings a year will suffice for the thrift of the plants.

Coffee trees begin to yield the third year, but do not give a full yield at first. The average crop from four to six-year-old plants is 400 to 600 pounds to the acre.

At the commencement of the dry season, the pickers begin to gather the berries; these are taken from the plants by hand and are placed in a wallet slung over the shoulder of the packer. When the wallet is full it is taken to the nearest roadway and emptied into two-bushel sacks. These sacks when filled are carried, on muleback, to the *patios* for drying. After this the coffee is removed to the hulling-machine to be hulled and cleaned, the work being done at one operation. It is then hand-picked to rid it of defective grains. By some it is subsequently graded, by being passed through a sheet-iron cylinder punched with different sized holes for three gradings. It is then ready for shipment.

A few planters provide water tanks, and wash their coffee as soon as it comes from the pickers. For this process only the ripe berries are picked, and three pickings are required. After washing, the product is dried while yet in the strong white skin or husk covering the berry, and then it is peeled, hand-picked, and bagged. By this process coffee is worth from $5 to $10 a quintal more than when handled otherwise. Coffee pickers are paid by the task —about 40 pounds of green berries for 10 cents.

The capital of the Department of Matagalpa is a place of some 3,000 inhabitants of a mixed race, Spanish and Indian. It has an altitude of 2,200 feet, and lies in a valley surrounded by mountains which slope 3,000 feet above the town. The thermometer never reaches a greater temperature than 70 degrees Fahrenheit, at midday, the mornings and evenings being 10 degrees cooler. A small river runs through the valley and supplies the town with an abundance of pure, wholesome water.

For fertility, the soil thereabout is unexcelled. It will grow almost everything. Coffee, cacao, sugar-cane, tobacco, corn, rice, and wheat do well without having much labor expended upon them. All vegetables flourish. The tropical fruits are seen in luxuriant abundance. An effort, on a limited scale, was made to cultivate grapes, but the proper means not being adopted, they did not thrive. Cattle-raising is another industry being carried on extensively. However, as I have already indicated, the main industry of this Department is coffee raising. It is estimated that there are now under cultivation 4,000,000 trees.

In order to induce immigration the Republic of Nicaragua has issued a law which gives to each married immigrant 120 *manzanas* of land and to each unmarried immigrant 60 *manzanas*. The immigrant, to gain advantage of this law, must become a naturalized citizen of Nicaragua. Those persons who become citizens of the Republic use the public lands with the same freedom as the natives and are exempt for ten years from municipal duties and military service, save when the liberty and sovereignty of the country are endangered.

The grantee cannot acquire ownership in the lands ceded under this law unless he cultivate at least one-half of the tract ceded him. To those desiring to remain citizens of their own country the Government makes a similar concession, but the immigrant does not acquire the property in fee

simple. He gets only a leasehold interest.

For the purpose of inducing extensive cultivation of coffee the Government has promulgated a law which gives to each person planting coffee trees a premium of five cents for every tree planted, when the number does not fall below 5,000 plants. One-half of the premium is paid when the trees are two years old, and the remainder when they begin to yield.

Nicaragua divides her lands into three classes: First, grazing land, the price of which is 30 cents a *manzana*; second, agricultural land, the price of which is $1.50 a *manzana*, and third, those lands that are watered by running streams or are naturally irrigated, the price of which is $2.00 a *manzana*. Should any of the lands mentioned contain dyewoods or timber suitable for building purposes, there is added to the price already named, the sum of 40 cents for each *manzana* so timbered.

It can be said that Nicaragua possesses at least three climates. The climate of the Pacific side of the country although hot is salubrious. On the Atlantic slope the rains, more abundant and frequent, occasion much sickness, so that the population is small and the towns of minor importance. Between these regions with warm climate rise the Andes of Nicaragua, on whose brow and tablelands is encountered a temperate clime, and on whose summit is found *la tierra fria*. In both, at night, one feels the necessity of a blanket. At midnight the thermometer in Jinotega, a Department that lies on the brow of the Andes, has been as low as 53 degrees Fahrenheit, while the average temperature of the Pacific and Atlantic slopes is 85.

Nicaragua is thus divided into three longitudinal zones. The most easterly is covered by a great unbroken forest, and its principal products are india-rubber and mahogany. The central zone is composed of grassed savannahs, on which are bred cattle, mules, and horses. It is essentially a pasturage country, though much maize and a little sugar and indigo are grown in some parts. The western zone skirts the Pacific, and is a country of fertile soil, where all the cultivated plants and fruits of the tropics thrive abundantly. Its rich land might, indeed, with a little labor, be turned into a Garden of Eden.

SELF-ACCUSED.

BY HARRIET HOWE.

BESIDE a fence, beneath an orange tree I sit, holding a bunch of grapes. Near me a great bush of crimson roses is in full bloom. Near me, too, lies my black cat, at full length, in the sun. She is entirely of a deep black, except for a small star of white at her throat like a diamond brooch.

I lean back and gaze up blinkingly into the exquisitely pure blue distance. There is not one fleck of cloud in sight. The luxuriousness of the day is beyond words. Two bees come seeking my grapes. The perfume of the grapes is delicious. I greedily pull one from the bunch and put it into my mouth. What a delight to crunch its cool, sweet flesh and feel its richly flavored juice spread its freshness around my tongue!

A nightshade plant reaches over the fence from the other side, droops down, and touches my head. Because it comes of a wicked race I gaze at it in disgust. Yet it has blossoms—delicate, white blossoms. Why should I regard it with abhorrence?

A gorgeous brown-and-gold butterfly floats indolently by. My cat rouses herself and gazes at it, her lips twitching. It alights upon a rose. She creeps toward it ; and, as it rises to float away, she springs and, seizing it in both paws, brings it to the ground.

A slight shock runs through me—that so beautiful a thing should be destroyed. Yet I stir not to set it free. . . . Turning to face me, keeping her paws still upon the butterfly, the cat waves her tail triumphantly. Then she settles herself to her work. I hear the shelly thorax crush between her shining teeth. Her tail now moves only at the very tip and slowly—a sign of enjoyment.

I feel faintly horrified. For relief I crunch more of the beautiful bloomy grapes.

Unwillingly I recognize the similarity of the sounds.

Presently the cat comes to me with the short, black fur of her jaws powdered with brown and golden dust.

"Go away," I say to her, but gently ; and she, sitting then at a little distance, begins to wash herself.

The grapes were as beautiful as the butterfly, and I ate them!

I look out over the fence, feeling disturbed. I see coming across a field a wretched woman, barefooted, bareheaded, yellow-haired—toiling under a bundle of sticks.

I turn away.

From another direction comes faintly the wail of a sick child.

I glance downward.

A small, round, blue flower with outspread petals looks up at me like a wide-open eye. The nightshade taps me on the head again.

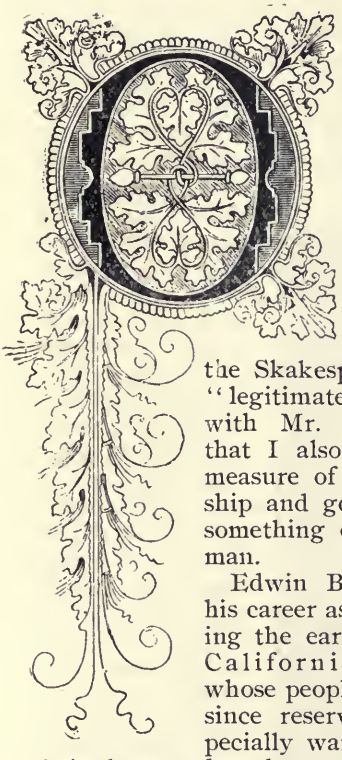
Having eaten all the grapes, I pluck a rose that offers itself, and chew its velvety leaves.

What ! the grapes—then a rose !

Now, indeed, the heat of the day is becoming unendurable.

MEMORIES OF EDWIN BOOTH.

BY MRS. D. P. BOWERS.



ONE of the pleasantest retrospects of my long service in the theatre is in this: that I have not only acted in many of the Skakespearian and "legitimate" dramas with Mr. Booth, but that I also enjoyed a measure of his friendship and got to know something of him as a man.

Edwin Booth began his career as a star during the early fifties, in California, a State whose people have ever since reserved an especially warm place in their hearts for the tragic drama. Here he acted not only in many of his father's plays, but also in a great variety of pieces from tragedy to the broadest farce. San Francisco, then a crude town, received him with favor and gave him his first expectations of success. For a long time, however, his road was difficult. Accompanied by a small band of players, he went from town to town, from mining-camp to mining-camp, giving his performances as best he could—seldom having the aid of scenery, and often being obliged to erect his own stage in some rough barn or hall. The living was very precarious, and often the star and his followers found themselves in desperate straits. After many adventures and hardships he started East, as poor in pocket as when he arrived, but far richer in dramatic experience.

During the early part of his career I saw but little of him, being a very busy worker myself, serving my apprenticeship in Baltimore and Philadelphia associated with many of the great players of the day—Murdock, Davenport, Cushman, James Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, Julia Dean, Eliza Logan, and Edwin Forrest, all of whom, with the exception of Mrs. Drew, have passed away.

It was not until some years after Mr. Booth's remarkably successful run of Hamlet at the Winter Garden, New York, and when he had come to be acknowledged as the foremost interpreter of Shakespeare in America, that I had an opportunity of witnessing one of his performances. The play that evening was Hamlet, and well do I remember the occasion. I was enjoying a brief rest at the time from a tour of unusual arduousness, and I went to the theater with a deep sense of pleasure in the recreation and with expectations keenly aroused. I had seen all the great Hamlets of the period, including that of Charles Fechter—having been present at his London *début* in that character, when he cast stage traditions aside by appearing in brilliant costume and a light-colored flowing wig and assuming, so far as possible, a colloquial delivery. His was a highly novel, interesting Prince of Denmark, but hardly Shakespearian. Edward L. Davenport's Hamlet, a remarkably fine impersonation, distinctive for its constant suggestion of the scholarly and philosophical side of the young Prince's character, and that of James E. Murdock—a masterpiece of elocutionary beauty, were also fresh in my mind.

Mr. Booth's portrayal of the trying role that evening not only fully satisfied, but fascinated and deeply impressed me. Judged simply as a piece of artistic work it did not seem to surpass in any marked degree that of the gentlemen just named; but as an embodiment of a noble yet complex soul environed by a body of singular charm and comeliness—a prince of princes, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"—it was vastly superior. The reason for this was to be found in the fact that Mr. Booth brought to the role not only the technical knowledge of an accomplished actor, an exquisite voice, and a remarkable power of expression, but also a personality unique for its distinction, grace, and magnetism. There shall always linger with me a vivid remembrance of the manly beauty of that face which I then saw for the first time behind the foot-lights—the delicately cut classic features, the proud, sensitive mouth, and the dark, glowing eyes of seemingly unfathomable depths. It was a face sometimes cold in repose, but capable of a great variety of expression. Brotherly love for Horatio; dread, awe, filial reverence; love for Ophelia—and its resulting misery and despair; hatred for the King; horror at his mother's conduct; the satanical delight of the successful trick of the play-scene; the madman-like joy at the final catastrophe; and then the touching resignation at the end, "The rest is silence"—all these shone in the Prince's features, as if in a mirror of his soul.

EDWIN BOOTH WHEN THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.

I saw this impersonation many times afterwards, on several occasions myself playing the Queen, but it was only to increase my admiration for it. There are two scenes in the play which to my mind Mr. Booth played with surpassing excellence: the scene with the Queen, which was done with rare, impassioned intensity and pathos, and the scene with the Ghost on the platform. It was in this latter scene that he struck the keynote of the play. The Prince's awe and half-whispered reverence for his father's "spirit in arms" impressed one at once with the presence and power of the supernatural; and, when the Ghost vanished from the scene, one might see upon the features of the now thoroughly aroused son, eager to avenge his father's death, the shadow of an overhanging fate. Hamlet's sensitiveness to the conditions of the hour and his apparent helplessness to withstand them were here emphasized in his complete absorption in the Ghost's mission.

Those men whose natures respond the most readily and fully to outward influences are generally men of vivid imagination and weak will. Such a man was Hamlet; and throughout the play he successively dreams, drifts, groans and sweats, rejoices and hopes—the slave of circumstances, vainly battling against their toils, and typifying Man in the constant struggle taking

place within him here on earth—the struggle between his spiritual nature and his passions. Such I believe was Shakespeare's Hamlet; such, to me, was Mr. Booth's.

But it is unnecessary for me to analyze, so many having seen this Hamlet and knowing it for themselves. It is enough to say that while Mr. Booth dominated our stage, he made the role almost exclusively his own. The sweetness, the gentleness, the pathos, the poetic beauty, and the tragic grandeur of the melancholy Dane lived again in him; and the memory of that portrayal will dwell a long time with the American public, which has for a generation showered the greatest honors and plaudits upon it.

While Mr. Booth's name will go down to posterity as the great Hamlet of the age, I think the crowning artistic triumph of the distinguished player's career was his Richelieu. Edwin Forrest's performance of this difficult role was a superb one, yet I regard Mr. Booth's as truer to the historic picture and the author's ideal. Forrest's Cardinal was a man of great physical as well as mental force, and one was as much impressed by the majesty of his figure and bearing as by the power of his volition and intellect. Booth's Cardinal constantly suggested the triumph of mind over matter. We saw before us a man of frail physique, who lived only in the soul—his features almost spiritual in refined and dignified beauty, his manners sometimes as soft and gentle as a woman's; yet all the while his character dominated by a will than which no adamant could be more firm, less yielding, and by a mind powerful as any that ever swayed the destinies of men.

I have played Julie with them both, and have felt the spell of each in the scene containing the famous speech:

"Mark, where she stands! around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!"

Forrest's method in that scene was to work up gradually to the climax, giving the words just quoted with all the strength of his marvelous voice, until it seemed as if a tidal wave were about to overwhelm everything. Booth reached his climax here with startling suddenness, and the words were shrieked out with an intensity that was awful. It came like an electric flash out of a clear sky, seeming to inspire a terror that was supernatural and a warning prophetic of annihilation.

Iago, Shylock, Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge," and Brutus were roles congenial to him and which won for him the unstinted praise of critics and public. Iago was a masterpiece of insinuating and consummate villainy, buoyant in spirit, irresistible in its fascination of manner, and perfect in its delicacy of execution. Shylock and Bertuccio were also highly finished and strongly drawn character-studies, and Brutus the very embodiment of the gentle, big-hearted, noble, Roman soldier. Who that has heard can ever forget the pathos of some of the speeches of Brutus as they fell from the lips of Booth?

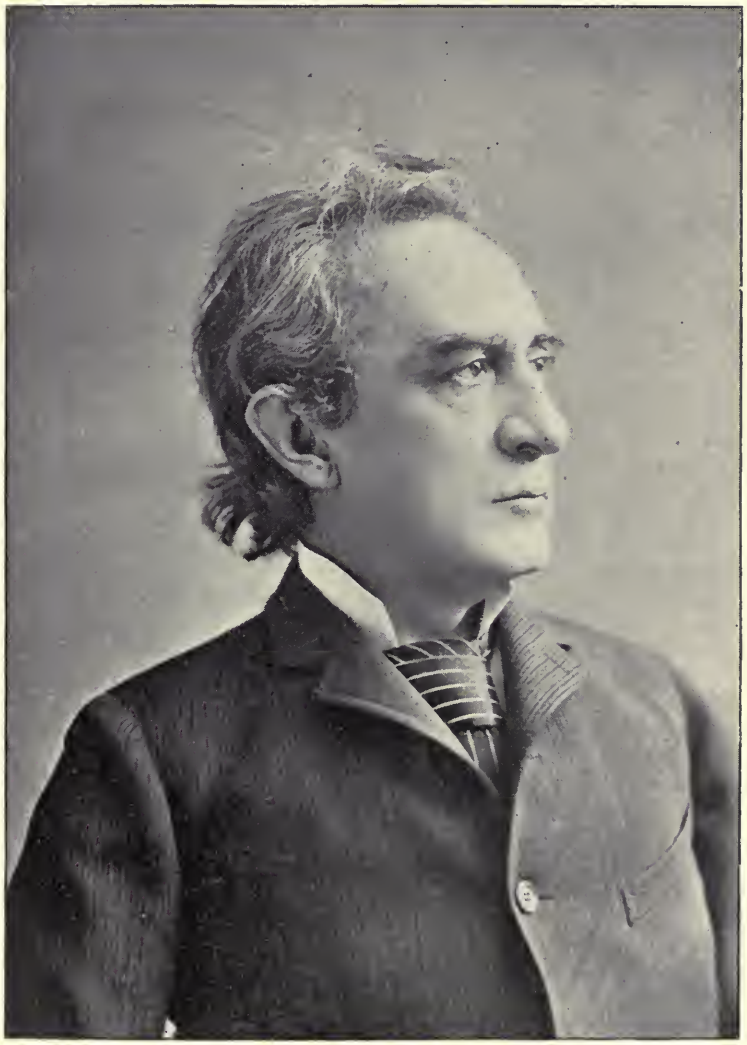
"You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart"

must be immortal melody.

While Mr. Booth's physique and style somewhat unsuited him for the accepted idea of Othello, he achieved success in the role; and, in the light of his conception, the performance was masterly in every detail. No other Othello that I have ever seen resembled it. The Moor in his hands was vastly more gentle and refined than he is usually represented. Booth's Othello was a man of the most delicate nervous organization, intensely human, supersensitive, and with a nature responsive to the slightest touch. Whether his conception was the true one or not, his Moor was the most intellectual of all within my recollection.

I first acted with Mr. Booth during,

I believe, the second year of his management of the structure known as Booth's theatre, which stood at the corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, New York. He made a proposition for me to play Lady Macbeth to his Macbeth in a special production of the tragedy. I accepted the proposal; and I have long cherished the memories of the exceptionally pleasant engagement which followed. He did everything to make me feel at home in my new surroundings, and seemed over-anxious that I should have every advantage due the character which I was about to play.



EDWIN BOOTH AS HE APPEARED TWO YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

In this connection I wish to say that I never met one in my profession so generous to his brother and sister artists in the matter of dramatic points as he. Mr. Booth was ever eager to see those with whom he was thrown

have every opportunity to succeed, and a round of applause or a call before the curtain for another always seemed to be a source of genuine pleasure to him. He was entirely unselfish. Envy or jealousy never for one moment found a place in the heart of Edwin Booth, and within the theatre his gentle, considerate nature impelled him to an extreme of courtesy and good-will very beautiful to contemplate.

The company engaged for this occasion was a strong one, and the scenic splendor, together with the completeness of all accessories, made the production notable. It was a delight to act with such an artist, and I never remember to have experienced more personal satisfaction in my work than I did during that first performance. We played the murder scene (as we call it in the theatre) almost in a whisper; and the effect was, that in that immense place one could have heard a pin drop. During the whole play I was hardly conscious of the effort which the acting of Lady Macbeth usually demands. So entirely responsive with eye, lip, and gesture had Mr. Booth been to each thought as it came, that it seemed as though the veriest tyro in dramatic art could not have failed to act with him.

Some two or three seasons after this I played a brief engagement with him in Boston, appearing in Richelieu, the Merchant of Venice, and Much Ado. The performance of the first-named play was made memorable by the presence in one of the boxes of Longfellow, Ole Bull, and James T. Fields. When the curtain fell our distinguished visitors came on the stage, and Mr. Booth presented me to them. It was a most venerable sight to see the aged poet standing there, with his long white hair and beard, his fine brow overhanging deep-set thoughtful eyes, and his broad shoulders as yet but little bent beneath the weight of years. Mr. Longfellow's manner was remarkably like Mr. Booth's: reserved—yet, when he was interested, winning and gentle in the extreme — and distinguished for its dignified simplicity. It was touching to note with what affection and admiration he regarded the actor.

My last engagement with Mr. Booth was in 1880, in a supplementary season of seven weeks when he and Salvini joined forces. The plays were Othello and Hamlet, with Mr. Booth as Iago and Hamlet, Salvini as Othello and the Ghost, Miss Wainwright as Desdemona and Ophelia, and myself as Emilia and the Queen. After the curtain fell, on the last night of the engagement in Philadelphia (these last nights are sad occasions for the player), Mr. Booth approached Salvini and asked him, with the simplicity of a child, to give him the jeweled sword he wore as the Moor. Salvini immediately drew the weapon from his belt, and presented it with a gracious smile and gesture. The act seemed to please Mr. Booth greatly, and he murmured his "thank you," with great feeling. As he moved away to his dressing-room I saw that he was much affected. I never saw him after, with the exception of one night at Daly's some two years ago, when he seemed to have sadly failed.

His death, though not unexpected, was a heavy blow to all who had the fine delight of being numbered among his personal friends. They who had felt the exquisite charm of his splendid genius as a player mourned sincerely; but they who knew and loved him also for his qualities of heart, his graces in private life, were stricken with a sorrow that time is powerless to kill. The passing hence of those around whom the tendrils of our affection are entwined stuns, however well we were forewarned.

On a bright June morning, the funeral services—brief and simple, as had been his wish—were held in "The Little Church Around the Corner;" and the throng which gathered there testified to the esteem in which he was held.

Edwin Booth's career not only dig-

nified and ennobled the English-speaking stage, but it shed luster and renown upon the American people. As an artist, he was a genius. His intellect was broad and receptive. While, perhaps, not a profound scholar in a general sense, he was well read in all that pertained to his art, and was especially well informed in the historical environments of the many characters he portrayed. No actor ever had a truer comprehension of the many involved and difficult passages of Shakespeare than he. In his work he

BOOTH AS HAMLET.

was always direct and sincere, and everything he did was marked by perfect good taste. He never over-elaborated a part, and he never resorted to tricks to win approbation. For the sake of being thought original he would never introduce a piece of "business" that would for one moment call the thought from the picture. His conceptions of his characters were both lofty and consistent, and it seemed to be his purpose so far as lay in his power to present the spiritual sides of their natures.

Not long ago I read an article by one who assumed to speak with authority, wherein Mr. Booth was somewhat slightingly spoken of as an "elocutionist." It was also said that the school of which he was the leading representative had died with him. Mr. Booth was an elocutionist, that is, one versed in the art of the delivery of language; but it was an accomplishment that only unconsciously heightened the power and beauty of his acting. His "elocution" was an eloquence not only of speech but of action, and without that eloquence no actor of to-day or of any time can truly picture the heroes of the master dramatist. When I have listened to him I have often wondered if at his birth bees did not lay their honey upon his lips, as they are fabled to have done with Pindar, the great lyric poet of ancient Greece. True eloquence like his, be it of speech, of action, or of thought, cannot die, but will live and find a responsive chord in the breasts of men as long as their hearts can be moved by the beautiful and noble. I believe there are young men in our profession in America here to-day who will in time take up his mantle; and I sincerely hope they will never depreciate his successes, but rather study carefully their secrets and strive to emulate the examples of his artistic life.

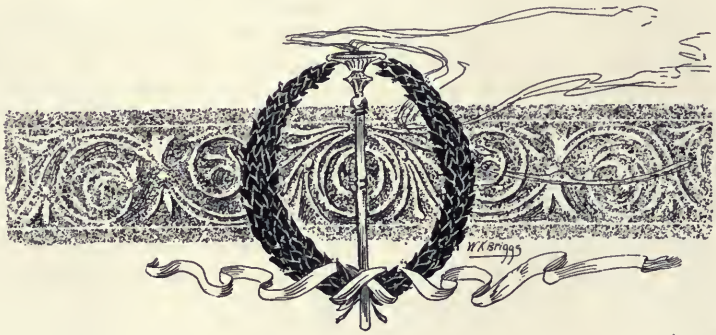
Great as Mr. Booth was as an artist, it is chiefly for his qualities as a man that his friends love and honor his memory. He was above all a *gentle* man—always kind and considerate of others, and to the humblest stage hand he was as courteous as to the most prominent among his acquaintances. His generosity was unbounded and unostentatious; his right hand never knew what his left hand did. He relieved the widow, the fatherless, the old, and the unfortunate, and helped to smooth their way with kind encouragement.

Those who had the slighest claim upon his hand or purse or heart were cared for with a solicitude truly affecting. In this regard it was touching to observe how fond his servants

were of him; they were ever eager to testify their attachment, and would have gone through almost any ordeal to serve him. *Apropos* of this, one instance: At the memorial services recently given in New York by the Players' Club an aged and feeble colored woman applied for admission, but as that was granted only by presentation of card and she could not show one, she was refused. When her story was heard a little later, however, she was at once admitted, and was given a place of honor in the very front seat. She had been Mr. Booth's nurse when he was a little boy, and had come all the way from Baltimore, through a driving storm, to pay her humble yet loving tribute to his memory.

Throughout Mr. Booth's life many terrible burdens and sorrows oppressed him; but he bore them all in succession uncomplainingly, with calmness and fortitude. He died before his time, worn out by them and by the exacting and exhausting labors of his profession; but he left the world happier and better for his having lived. A sweeter, truer, nobler nature never illumined the mimic stage.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"



ALICE—A TRUE STORY.

BY EDMOND T. DOOLEY.

THE rescue of Alice would have begun sooner had she been of the waif class; but she was the mere chattel or bond-child of so-called foster parents—very reputable people as the world goes—when in 1883, in San Francisco, at the end of a bitter legal contest, her custody and guardianship were awarded the superintendent of a charitable society. Alice was then in her fourteenth year. Her simple story is given, not so much as a mere instance of injustice to a defenseless child, such instances being too common to excite special interest, but as affording us in Alice herself a subject somewhat resembling the case of Caspar Hauser, that is strikingly illustrative of the hollow, artificial, heartless nature of much that stands with us as civilization.

Alice was a native of Copper Island, a strip of land of the Czar's domain, in Bering Sea. A glance at her suf-

ficiently satisfied one as to her Esquimaux origin. She was an orphan—one of the few cases in which orphanage such as succeeds from the death of improvident or unworthy parents is found to be a disadvantage to the object of charity or of humane interposition. Though her grandfather was said to have once been Governor or head of the island, she was for some time a waif among the abjectly poor of her little country. She spoke a corruption of the Russian language.

"Everybody fished in my country," said Alice; "the women and all the boys and girls fished for the seal. We would run about them in the water, to scare them and make them go upon the land, and the men would rush in and kill them; and that's how we all fished."

Up there Alice had seen, during the twelve or thirteen years of her life, probably three hundred and fifty persons — had known nearly every mortal her eyes had seen. Horse or cow, it was reserved for her first to behold in San Francisco. One ship only and the same from year to year, touched at Copper Island. Captain Sandman, now dead, was master of the ship—the property of the Alaska Commercial Company.

"Few people got letters there," related Alice, "because not many could read; and those that got them would sometimes read them to everybody and make fine time. When I was about three years of old, my father he die, and then my poor mather she sick long time, though she work for us every day, and she die. It seem long, long ago—I was little girl. My mather was not fine lady—we have no fine lady in my country, but she was so good to every person; tell me to be always honest girl; and she have big heart for me and my little sister and brother. Once, one young man he come visit that country. He bring little box and he get lot people sit down and my mather sit too, and he make a picture that people. If I could have me such picture my dear mather, I die I be so happy!"

Some time after the death of her mother, Alice fell into the hands of a trader and his wife, Russians who had gone up from San Francisco. She was their slave, and as such fared poorly with them even while they remained at Copper Island. "But there among my people she was not so terrible to me as here, where I know no person, nor could speak the language," she said. "The people there did not like them, and so they come here. Here she pull me by my hair around the room. She call me every bad name. She give me no clothes like other work-girls. I have eating and bed like dog, but I work and scrub and do everything for her all the time." It was too true.

Alice was placed by her new guardian with a young married couple. Reporting upon Alice one day the lady said: "She is an *angel* to baby." Alice, being present in the parlor of the society's headquarters was allowed to go up-stairs to visit among the inmates she had known, whereupon her mistress resumed: "Oh, sir, she *is* good to the baby, and does as I tell her, though she evidently does not like me; but do you know that Alice is an enormous thief? She does not yet even know that I have missed anything, but she has taken my precious diamond wedding set, given me by my husband and very valuable. What shall I do if I do not recover it? And surely in any event she must be sent to jail!" She was certain that the ward had not only taken the diamonds but "a cupful of jewelry" besides.

Alone with his charge, the guardian began:

"Alice, how do you like your home?"

Alice by this time had acquired a fair use of our language. It was a quaint, soft English, and scant; but her slim stock of words, always used with much effect, displayed more of force to-day than she had been thought

"SHE NOT SEND ME ONE DAY TO SCHOOL."

to possess. "I like the baby and would like the place well enough, if *that woman* [the mistress herself] did not live there! She say 'Stupid' and speak hard names and she look at me mean!"

"Alice, Mrs. B—— cannot find her diamonds! Could you tell me where they are?" Hesitating a moment, not shamefacedly, she answered: "Maybe I could—if you will take me away from her!"

"But, Alice, if it were found that *you* had taken them to keep—which would be *stealing* and a *crime*, you might be sent to jail for a long time. And then, Alice, what would your *mother* think about this if *she* were alive?"

Reference to the adored dead of this meditative, lonesome child of Nature elicited a sudden gush of tears and "My poor, sweet mather!" spoken so sadly and with a look of such unutterable reproach towards her inquisitor as if to have added: "*She* would understand me!" But it produced no sign of guilt or of weakening. Did Alice fail to understand, or, understanding, could she not feel the enormity of her situation? Was Alice a moral "defective?"

It seemed to him that he had excited in Alice only surprise and disappointment — perhaps also pity for himself that he should seem to distrust her. But without a trace of guilt she continued, almost fiercely:

"I steal nothing! I afraid no person, so long you my guardian! If she want her fix-up stuff, only fit for little girl, I gave it the girls upstairs last time I come."

Sure enough! Justified, to her notions, by the shortcomings and *maturity* of her mistress—conceiving that having ceased to be a child she put away childish things (and surely there is puerility in much of our feminine subordination to personal adornment), Alice had gathered up these baubles as she ran across them from time to time and had distributed them among the *little* girls of her acquaintance. She showed an unfeigned contempt for the woman who would call the taking of such trifles by so hard a name as stealing. Had Mrs. B—— been present she might have felt that possibly she herself was the delinquent and that there was justice in the irony of Alice's language and of the situation developed.

The jewelry was returned, but it was not on this account that Alice was not imprisoned. However, lest our philosophy fail—the experiment involved more than we had any right to risk,—we took the girl to the Russian Consul and also for a conference with a clergyman of the Russian Church, in order that in her own language she might have explanation of her position and warning as to the legal consequences. It was, however, a mistaken step—a needless rasping of the already overwrought sensibilities of this poor misunderstood stranger in a strange world.

Her next home was no better than the last. The mistress was barren of the judgment and stability that should mark every woman that sets out upon the mission of wife and mother.

Her guardian concluded to try her next in his own home. She was to have ten dollars a month (her first wages) with her "living" and such special instructions as there might be opportunity to give. Of course she was untidy in personal habits and appearance, poor with the needle, and nothing at housekeeping; the regular bath was for some time irksome. But her occasional quiet manifestation of a spirit of patronage of some of our ways served to stimulate interest in the girl's perceptions and mental trend. Reproved by her guardian, she never returned impudence, however much her scowl might inspire a Rembrandt.

Alice was at once childish and very womanly. She could not be induced to defer to any person of a petulant turn, or lacking in more than ordinary decision; nor could she be made to budge a hand's breadth by one applying to her an opprobrious term. Simple and

even dejected as was her appearance, inwardly Alice lived in an inviolable independence—distinctness of autonomy. Regal was our modest, quiet Alice, in that inner, upper realm of her own.

Until she was given calico to make up for herself, under instruction of course, she had no mind for the needle ; but a greater stimulus still was found in giving her a doll to keep supplied with clothes. The tenderness she displayed towards her doll was amazing. A living baby could hardly have been given more serious care.

While in her reading lessons and in the simple work in arithmetic given she seemed at first slow, her plodding persistency and strong grasp of what she did acquire were remarkable. From where she began to fairly comprehend the thought of her reading, her daily progress and the growth of intelligence in the expression of her face were surprising, indeed. We that knew her, however, never thought her dull. We recognized openness, and in that smile both strength of character and uncommon intelligence.

Her loyalty and never-failing kindness to the different members of the family—especially towards the children, who could never escape her vigilance not tire her patience—partook of the nature of the divine. Towards anyone disposed to be harsh with them, whoever the offender might be and whatever the consequences to herself, she certainly displayed the nature of the savage—or is it of the more civilized? Her interest, faithfulness, and gentleness reached even to her guardian's horse and dog. One day he saw his two-year-old boy standing quite alone as it seemed from a distance, in dangerous proximity to the horse's heels. Calling "look out!" he ran to the rescue. From behind a bush, between which and the horse the baby was playing, like an apparition arose Alice. She seized the child before the father could get to him, and with a look combining fierceness and alarm, darted past as if a mad dog were about to devour the child. She ran through the stable and out into a back lot, where, with her charge, she sought refuge among the tall weeds. "Alice," she was asked, "why run?" Still holding him firmly in her arms and receding as she spoke, she huskily answered: "He all right! You please not touch him! You not see I hold him from the horse by his dress?"

The girl was pained to the depths of her nature by what she deemed a suggestion that she was neglectful of the baby's safety.

When she came to the Society's Home her teeth were white and sound. It soon appeared however that the habits, food, etc., of what we term civilization had begun their insidious work. Her nature had not been sufficiently *toughened* by antecedent "civilization" to endure the processes of our "advancement." So came dental work, fifty dollars' worth, before she had been long from the North ; so came a cough, that clung in spite of medicines and flannel underwear, and regardless of exemptions and a care she had never known before.

Her guardian's family lived in San Francisco. She needed the more equable climate of the interior. They thought they knew of a better home for her in which there was less of imperative work to be done and more leisure for her instructions and improvement. Alice cried, begged, protested, declared she would run away from her new home, and finally became sullen and almost defiant. During the ensuing three months came many letters from Alice, each telling of her unhappiness. Finally, one came saying: "She not send me one day to school, nor teach me any lesson at home." The guardian addressed a letter to her mistress asking that he be sent the girl's three monthly school reports. He had great faith in Alice's word, but no right to decide without evidence or *ex parte*. Besides, he had learned that people rarely see straight,

or seeing will speak the simple truth, when their interests or desires are touched. But in answer to the inquiry came the cool acknowledgment: "I have had too much company to spare Alice for school, and have been too busy to teach her." In other words, she had had too much company and had been too busy to deal justly by this girl—to pay her in any form for her services. Surely, Alice had never seen morality like that among the honest simple folk of her uncivilized race! At *that* stage of her attainments in civilization Alice could hardly have so wronged any person. One of her native icebergs would have been as considerate of her rights and as warm of heart.

Alice's joy in returning seemed complete though her cough was worse than when she left and the naturally prominent cheekbones now reflected that fatal flush. Her friends felt alarmed and determined to send her at once to Los Angeles, whose salubrity might lull to sleep the disease in its initial character. It was a bitter separation this time to them as well as to Alice, for she had become very dear and they had little doubt she was never to return—that death had set seal upon that simple beautiful life. But she was given no intimation of their fears.

"Because you say so, I go," she said. "I go to come back well and take care of you all, and to come again to the children and make us all happy. If you, my guardian, soon come to see me I go. If not, I stay here." Assured of his coming soon, Alice again left, this time to be a patient or boarder in a Los Angeles sanitarium. How pathetic her parting words and how rapurously she spoke of the time when she would again return! Had her friends known better of course they would not have added Alice to the number of the banished sick.

Christmas was at hand; and remembering the little picture she so often mentioned—that of the group of natives, including her mother—her guardian determined to get it for her if possible. He found that the photograph was in the possession of the people from whom he first took Alice. They were willing to loan the picture, and from it he had painted a very fair portrait of that "lofely mather." Never was daughter made happier by any mere gift. "My mather! My mather! My lofely mather! She very sick then! She no sick now! God he take all away that thin face! Yet I no can remember when my poor mother's face was not a tired, sick face. Maybe He make everybody up there look best with such face as all person know that loved them here." Alice spoke softly always, but with an indescribable intensity peculiar to her nature. She wore a very heavenliness of countenance as she spoke, heightened, perhaps, by that flush 'neath which lurks death, while she showered kisses upon the picture of that homely Aleutian face.

She was greatly excited upon seeing her guardian again. Rushing forward, she seized his left hand, kissed it fervently and, dropping upon her knees, placed it upon her bowed head, holding it there reverently as if it might bless and heal.

A few months later she became well—forever; went to her precious mother. Were there no future life, death were a happy disenthrallment to this sensitive, honest nature. At the foot of the sick-bed, always facing Alice, hung the presentment of that mother. With hands clasped as if in devotion, her eyes fixed upon the mother's face, her own illumined as from "the better world," and breathing as an angel might, "my lofely mather!" returned to God a gentle soul that had been true to every ray of light it had known.

SONNET.

In Mendocino, o'er the foam-fringed deep
Gray frowning crags in mist-gloom tower.
Yet not all savage they: a flower,
Braving chill winds that round it fiercely sweep,
Peeps from this seam, from that another peers –
And here and there creeps forth a verdant vine.
Nor scant of purple bloom the sweet Lupine,
Of gold the daffodil, of blush the rose –
Because thus cast 'midst elemental strife.
And we: when tossed upon wild crags of life,
How oft our souls, yielding to their world-woes,
Languish unblossoming, with powers chilled;
Their place in nature not so nobly filled
As that of the cliff-flowers, weak but brave.

Charlotte Bromley Shuey.

The above lines were arranged by Lillian H. Shuey, from notes found among the papers of the Poetess after her death, which occurred in Aug. 1893.

ANCIENT CANAL (RESTORED) THROUGH THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS.

PRE-COLUMBIAN ENGINEERING IN ARIZONA.

BY R. E. L. ROBINSON.

WHILE there are on every hand throughout the length and breadth of Arizona and New Mexico decaying evidences of a vast population that lived at sometime anterior to history, we are yet compelled to base our estimate of the civilization of those ancients upon the results of investigation in a few distinct lines.

Fruitful investigation has been carried on in the mounds and beneath the tumble-down walls in the hope of finding relics, manuscripts, and articles of household use upon which to predicate conclusions. With this no fault can be found; but in view of the narrowness of the opportunities of research it is strange that so little of the attention of inquirers has been bestowed on the old systems of engineering—strange, that is, because of all the remains indicative of the advancement and status of the mound-builders nothing yet discovered is so well preserved or so easy of inspection. Among the engineering works left by Pre-Columbians nothing yet found in Mexico, Central America, or South America so well proves them well-informed and industrious as the canals by which the desert valleys of the Salt and Gila rivers were irrigated. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting for me to speak at some length of my observations as to this network of canals.

From the junction of the Gila with the Great Colorado to near the Gila's source in the Mogollon Mountains, a distance of several hundred miles, and along such of the Gila's tributaries as the Salt and the Verde besides others of less note, every few miles one comes upon these ancient water ways. To the casual observer they appear like *arroyos* in the desert; but if he thinks for a moment he will remember that winter rains and cloudbursts do not cut ditches straight as a taut line, often through gravel-beds and solid

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SUPERSTITION GORGE.

granite. To the mere passer-by this is the distinguishing feature; but to him who cares to investigate there are a hundred other characteristics that brand the work as artificial.

Where stone has been removed during the progress of excavation the walls are smooth as if they had been broken so by repeated strokes of some blunt instrument—probably axes of quartzite or obsidian, as such instruments are found in all the ruins. Where the excavations were made in gravel or soil only, the bottoms are trough-shaped and show a lime sediment of from one-eighth to one-half an inch in thickness, which settled there during the generations the canals were in use. This sediment acted very much as a lining, preventing percolation; and the theory has been advanced that it, also, is artificial and was put there to prevent leakage. This is hardly reasonable;

A PRE-COLUMBIAN CUT THROUGH SOLID ROCK.

[From a recent photograph taken along the line of an ancient water-way in Arizona.]

for the lining is found where the course lay through stone, as well as where it lay through sand and clay.

In locating the canals every possible advantage was taken of *arroyos* and "draws;" and nowhere have I yet found the grade of the water-bed more than thirty inches to the mile, so that the rush and wash of the immense volume of water they must have carried was minimized and the banks and bottoms protected. At intervals there were "falls" several feet in height, where the water dropped abruptly over the artificial walls constructed to equalize the grade. In one or two instances the natural fall of the ground through which the canals ran was more than ten feet per mile, down which the water would have rushed like a mountain torrent, tearing away the embankment in a very short period, had no precaution been taken to prevent it. Consequently, if the engineers wished the depth capacity of the ditch to be eight feet, they began the work at the headgate by sinking twelve feet, then, by allowing the excavation the grade of two feet, at the end of the mile there were yet four feet to overcome. This they accomplished by dropping that distance. Then they started a new section, following the same grade as before. In many of the places where these falls were, there are yet depressions that remain filled with water for some weeks after the rainy season has passed and other parts of the desert have become dry and parched. These were rounded out, basin-like, by the continual fall of the water in transit through the canal. The identity of a fall is easily determined by the wall of boulders designed to prevent the wearing away of the bank.

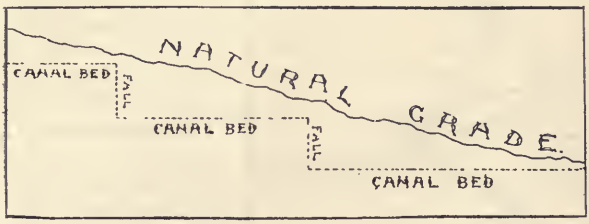
OLD INDIAN-CARVINGS ON ROCKS SOUTH OF THE SALT RIVER, ARIZONA.

[From a recent photograph.]

Many of the modern canals in the valley run upon the same grade and wherever possible through the same excavations that were utilized by the

Pre-Columbians; so that actual experience has proven that with all our modern knowledge of engineering we are unable to improve upon the work accomplished by this ancient people. In one or two cases the old lines have been deviated from and new ways opened; but the grade is from five to six feet to the mile, and the great body of water passing through has, in the short time they have been in use, inflicted much injury on the bottoms and embankments.

In their preparation for work the old-time engineers figured accurately on the grade or fall of the river-bed in connection with that of the valley sloping from the foothills on either side, and by that means saved much labor in the way of excavation. The river meanders more or less across the valley, but its average distance from the mountains is about eight miles; the mean fall is seven and one-half feet, while the fall of the river (I am now speaking of the Salt) from the mouth of the Verde to its junction with the Gila is something less. In every case, except that which I will hereafter mention, the engineers went far enough above the land upon which they wished to place the water, to get the advantage of the rainfall; then, taking their conduits out at some bend, they ran them diagonally across the territory thus cut off, skirting as nearly as possible the foothills, at the same time keeping a natural grade of about two feet. When they found that, owing to a rise of the ground, the grade was lessening, thus placing the water too low for distribution through the canals, they bore in more toward the river. In many instances while running these diagonal lines they came in contact with broad "draws" called "sand-washes" which come in from the hills and bear away the floods of the rainy season though for the greater part of the year they are dry. These washes to some extent modify the slope toward the river; and, taking advantage of it, the builders when on the overlooking eminence very often changed their line and ran directly at right angles with the original direction, thus carrying the water far away and sometimes among the hills themselves, utilizing for cultivation every acre of tillable land. Sometimes, by the modifying grade of these washes they were enabled to parallel the river for miles, running the water in either direction as far as the slope would allow.



PLALE NO. I, ILLUSTRATING THE METHOD OF THE EARLY CANAL-BUILDERS FOR OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTIES OF STEEP DESCENTS.

The instance I shall mention in which this advantage was not taken, was where the canal was intended to irrigate only the land lying adjacent to the river and no remarkably uneven surface was to be contended with. These ditches were only slight modifications of the natural grade, and always ran parallel with the source of supply, raising the water above the actual level of the land and obtaining ease in distribution. They were usually only a few miles in length and must have been opened only on stated occasions when the water was needed; for at the terminations the bottoms of several are fully ten feet above the surrounding level, doubtless having been graded above the river fall to prevent the washing of the banks by the rapidly running water. Besides, a constant flow would have caused flood. In one case that I know of, the canal ran several miles parallel to the river and only half a mile from it, finally discharging its excess back into tho source from which it origin-

ally came, amounting, after all, to nothing more than a change of channel in part of the flow with the advantage of raising it to a height where it might be of use.

It does not appear to have been their custom to store water for future use, and it is probable that at that time the flow of the river was continual and of such volume as to make it unnecessary. The only exception to the rule that I have yet discovered is the case of the reservoir south of the Salt, near the Pima reservation, and illustrated by Plate No. 2. It is now dry and the surface of the surrounding country has changed to some extent; but the height to which the water came upon the rocks and gravel-beds that formed the margin is easily traced by the aid of the silt and alkaline deposits. On the north side there is a ledge of porphyry, a detached portion of the Maricopa Mountains, that crops out the entire length and upon which the watermark is unmistakable. The reservoir was about six miles in length by four in width, a Lake Meoris in minature; and, like Meoris, it was a natural depression filled by what I may term the "flood-tide" of the river. There is no evidence of excavation except in the channel by which it was filled, and in all probability it was caused by the earthquake that detached the portion of the neighboring mountain. It lay about three miles from the river as it anciently ran, measuring by the canal that filled it—though a less distance across the porphyry ledge, at a point where much more labor would have been necessary to make the channel. High-water on the river was about eighteen feet above the bottom of the lake. Apparently the canal was opened, the depression allowed to fill, and the impounded water taken out as needed through three canals opening on the south. These can only be traced a little way, because of repeated overflows in modern times; but the entire valley and a part of the mountain-side are dotted with the mound-like ruins of buildings, proving the past existence of a city which must have been supplied with water stored in the great reservoir.

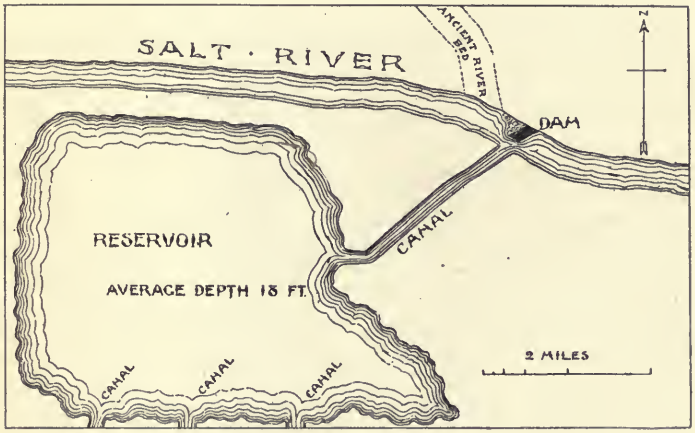


PLATE NO. 2, SHOWING THE ANCIENT RESERVOIR NEAR THE PIMA RESERVATION.

At that time the river ran about two miles north of its present channel and well into the limits of what is now the city of Phœnix; but, owing to some volcanic action or mighty flood, it shifted south and found a lower level even than the bottom of the lake. Notwithstanding the change, however, there is still a noticeable depression, quick to overflow in time of high water, and supporting numerous clumps of reeds and willows.

While in most cases the engineers took advantage of natural grades and avoided deep "cuts" through ledges and mesas, there is one notable exception in a canal that was built from the Salt River near the mouth of the Rio Verde. At that point an upward grade from the Gila, forty miles south,

terminates in an abrupt cliff, 300 feet in height. In one place there is a gorge or cañon which reduces the altitude to about 100 feet, and through this gorge they cut the canal that was the acme of their engineering skill.

The cliff is the southern extremity of a range of low mountains which at the point alluded to is only about three and one-half miles in width. By cutting down in the bottom of the cañon to the necessary depth the builders were able to take the water upon the mesa that overlooked the Gila and fell with a gradual slope toward it; thus the canal from the Salt irrigated what is properly the Gila Valley. It extended to within a mile of the Gila River, fertilizing 1,600 square miles of land now given over to desert. In all its branches this canal was more than 120 miles in length, and the grade was so regular that, in depressions made by the running of the water, the winter rains still stand for some time, furnishing a supply for the cattle that consume the scant herbage in that region. There is no evidence of what they did with the stone thrown out in making this enormous "cut"; if there were we might form some accurate idea of the tools used in the work. In all probability it was thrown upon the embankment and the storms of centuries have scattered it over the surrounding country.

In the construction of dams these people displayed considerable ingenuity, and evidently in their day there was no such thing as the "bursting of reservoirs." Such works were not made to impound water, and in no case did one of them reach entirely across the river; yet they filled the purpose for which they were intended, and possessed to a remarkable degree the quality of durability. In the language of engineers they were "goose-wings" made of boulders between which the sand and sediment naturally drifted, in the course of time becoming so hardened that the whole practically constituted a wall upon which the rushing of the current had no effect. They were always begun on the oppo-

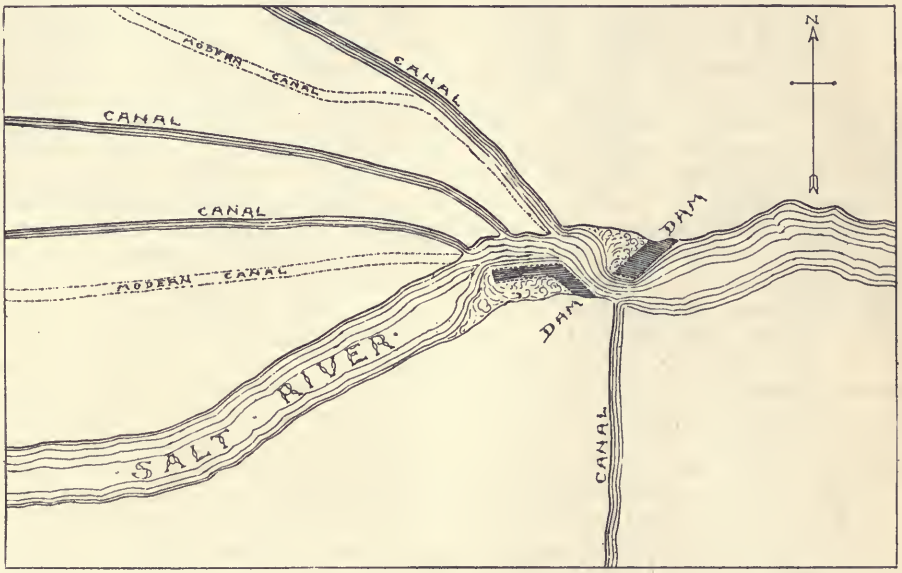


PLATE NO. 3, SUGGESTING THE LOCATION OF THE DAMS NEAR PHŒNIX BY WHICH THE ANCIENT ENGINEERS DEFLECTED THE WATERS OF THE SALT RIVER, TO SUIT THE REQUIREMENTS OF THEIR CANALS.

site side and above the mouth of the canal they were intended to supply; and, instead of pointing directly across, they ran at an angle of forty-five degrees with the current, striking a short distance below the heads, and deflecting the river into the artificial channels.

Near Phœnix, where four canals were opened as illustrated by Plate 3, there were two dams within a few feet of each other, the lower one being of extra length and deflecting the current into the three heads on the north side. This lower dam was built in the usual way about three-fourths of the distance across the river and then turned directly down stream; while the upper one, on the opposite side of the river, assisted by giving a rebounding action to the current as it was forced against the bank.

As feats of engineering, there was nothing extraordinary in the construction of these dams; and in fact everything done by the Pre-Columbians has been done, or can be done by us. When we look at the work it appears simple, and we understand every principle employed. But it cannot be doubted that the knowledge by which they were enabled to utilize every natural advantage, turning it into a practical benefit, was certainly far above that likely to have been possessed by a barbarous or nomadic race to which class some students have assigned them. At any rate, they were far superior to the tribes that betrayed only the instinct of self-preservation in erecting their dwellings on mountain-summits and in the almost inaccessible recesses of the cliffs.

In this paper it is unnecessary for me to state my opinion of the remoteness of the time in which these canal-builders flourished. I may be pardoned for suggesting, however, that if they used any other than stone implements similar to those manufactured in the Neolithic period those other implements have never been discovered. Learned geologists, basing their computation upon European discoveries, have agreed in placing that age fully 100,000 years ago; still, it seems impossible to reconcile such antiquity with the conditions characteristic of the Arizona mound-builders and with the hieroglyphics on the cliffs.

Through the kindness of its author I am in receipt of a paper recently read by the noted scientist, Samuel Laing before the Brighton-Sussex Philosophical Society of England. Predicating his conclusion on some stone axes taken from various parts of the United States and Mexico he places the date as far back as 210,000 years and says: "It is an incontestable fact that savages, manufacturing the same type of rude stone implements, were then living in the Old World from Spain and Britain to China and Japan * *; in like manner in the New World from Ohio and California down to the pampas in Buenos Ayres and the plains of Patagonia." The eminent author was doubtless not aware of the fact, that in the comparatively unexplored (I am speaking scientifically) regions of Arizona and Northern Mexico the cliffs are covered with hieroglyphs and picture-writing as perfect as those found in Egypt and dating little before the dawn of history; also, that the stone implements are found on top of the ground and in the silt deposits where they were left by their owners.

At the same time the utmost respect must be given to the conclusions drawn by Mr. Laing from his own research and observation. In this regard it would be interesting to have more light upon a problem as to which I have often thought: Was the Stone Age of Europe contemporaneous with the Stone Age of America?

"BUT MY NO HAVE SEE, HAVE TOACHEE TLAT PIECEE BUTTON, MASSA."

BERESFORD'S "BOY."

BY SEWALL READ.

IT was that most delightful of dinners—a *partie carrée*. And although it missed the charm of the gentler sex it made up, perhaps, in serenity what it lacked in piquancy. The men had just drunk the time-honored Friday-night toast in China—"Sweethearts and Wives,"—a trifle the less warmly, possibly, than might have been the case had it not been true that all those present were unmarried and none of them engaged. Beresford's old Bordeaux, however, which was renowned even in this clime of discriminating taste, left little to be desired and aroused some enthusiasm in what was otherwise a tranquil if not an apathetic response.

A box of most excellent Havanas—that rare cigar in the tropic zone of manilas — completed the charm that dinners at the "Haunted Bungalow" always evoked, and the guests grew eloquent, witty, or reminiscent according to temperament.

They talked animatedly on politics, seriously as to the prospects of the war—this was in the days of the Franco-Chinese skirmish, slightingly of women, warmly of the races, and lightly, jestingly, cynically on half a dozen other topics.

At length they got down to the native, and from the native to that ever-interesting subject to the bachelor in China—the Chinese "boy."

Beresford said he had a treasure.

As Beresford made that remark the three other men smiled.

"We 've all been there, dear boy," said Lawrence of the "Linnet." "Wait till you 've been out here as long as I have, old man. You 're only a 'griffin'."

"I had a boy once," said Cameron of the Customs, "whom I swore by on all the seven Josses of the Temple of Terror. I had just joined the Service. He was not bad-looking for an Oriental. Something like your man, Beresford. Devoted? Never anyone like him — saved my life twice on a tiger-hunt up the Yellow River. Quick, capable, neat. When I went home on first leave he fairly watered the bungalow veranda with his tears. After he 'd been with me three years he walked off one warm day with my watch, studs, and strong-box. Could n't wait to open the latter—took box and all. I loved that gentle boy. I 've never loved again."

"'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,'"

sighed Gibbs, the youngest member of the party.

A freezing silence was Gibbs's just rebuke, and Lawrence went on.

"Put not your faith in princes, neither in the Chinese servant. There may be exceptions—I have never met one! By Jove! this is a fine cigar, old man. Seems like old times to touch a real Cuban."

"I 've another brand at the Club," said their host. "You shall choose between them. Boy," dismissing the other servants with a sign, "Go Club side, catchee my that box cigar."

"Let 's time him," said Gibbs.

"Oh, he 's the quickest boy I ever saw in my life," observed Cameron. "I 'll say that for Beresford."

"Thanks, old man. Allow me to reward your flattery," said Beresford, filling Cameron's glass.

"It is now just a quarter to eleven," said Lawrence, glancing at the elegant ormolu clock on the chimney-shelf. "Five to one, he 's not here at ten minutes to."

"Oh, give him a chance," remarked Beresford.

"Five minutes to will be fair," replied the naval officer.

"All right—call it done," rejoined their host. "Try one of these till the Havanas get here," handing Lawrence a box of cheroots.

"I had a boy once," began Lawrence, "who was a character——"

"Oh, I say, Captain, spare us!" interrupted Cameron, striking a light. "We 've had one long yarn about the inevitable boy, and survived. 'T would be rash to try our patience too far. We 've all had these 'treasures' and these 'characters,' and we 've all parted with them after varied experiences—the parting usually possessing, on our side at least, the charm of the unexpected."

The men smoked and talked.

"Time 's up in just one minute," said Gibbs.

"He 'll never do it," predicted Lawrence. "No Chinaman could. A calm deliberateness is one of their special traits—and charms."

At this instant, unphased, impurturbable, not even breathless, Beresford's boy entered the dining-room and, silently placing the box of cigars at his master's elbow, noiselessly withdrew.

The men were quiet till he left. Then there was a general exclamation. "By Jove! Clever boy, that! He 's no Oriental," said Lawrence.

"Really astonishing time, considering you did n't put him on guard," added Cameron. "Could n't have done it better myself."

At this there was a general howl, as Cameron's avoirdupois was a constant and irresistible target for his friends' satire.

"Want to part with him?" asked Gibbs. "I 'll change him with something to boot for my boy, who is a good sort but has a bit of a temper. As you do n't throw bootjacks you could probably get along with him."

"Thank you," returned Beresford, "I think I'll jog on with my jewel. You have n't pronounced judgment on these Havanas yet," he continued, shoving the box about to his guests. "Throw away that cheroot and try one of these, Lawrence."

More talk followed, more smoking, interspersed with an occasional navy song in good old colonial fashion, and the evening drifted on into the smallest of hours. The tropical day was newly born and the guests had disappeared, including Gibbs, who, according to the friendly custom of the East was partaking of Beresford's hospitality until his own bungalow should be finished, when Beresford stalked out, still in evening dress, to the bund.

All the evening, amidst the lights and the flowers, the laughter, the jests, and the discussion, a face had haunted him—the face of the girl he was learning to love.

An odd face it was. A type he had never admired, as he told himself between innumerable cigarettes—but it was a face which insisted upon thrusting itself upon his consciousness in every act, serious or trivial, of his daily life.

"If this is love," said Beresford, grimly, awaking one day to consciousness, "I love."

A quaint, eerie, unusual face it was —of Madeleine Ingles. He had concluded—often—that hair of greenish, yellowy lights, and eyes of yellowish-greeny shades, and a face whose contour was as cold as that of the Farnese Juno did not attract but, rather, repelled him, even though crowning a form beside which the forms of numerous Junos seemed to him to lack beauty. True, she had an exceptionally sweet, low voice; but he had deemed this the natural possession of a siren with greenish eyes. That the curve of her arm, the cut of her chin were beautiful — as these charms were visible on the tennis-court, he acknowledged as he acknowledged other incontrovertible facts. That she waltzed perfectly, as a woman should, he had told himself repeatedly, while the rose on her shoulder had made love to the boutonnière on his lapel. But he had thought all these things, or very nearly all these things about several other women; and he had not been prepared to believe that he loved Miss Inglis until very recently, when a glance—a look—a tone—an impalpable something had brought him suddenly to his senses, and he read within himself the unmistakable.

It rather worried him; and he took this moonlight stroll under the tropical trees where the silver waves of a Chinese river washed the embankment, to think it over. He had thought it over at much length but to little purpose when he turned into the bungalow banyan-walk in the full-fledged morning, after a night of absolutely no repose, to change his evening clothes for traveling attire. He was to leave that day for Japan on a six-weeks vacation.

Beresford and Gibbs were dawdling over iced mangoes, which delicious fruit bore the usual flavor of delicacies devoured on top of a late dinner, when the butler came in to report that Beresford's boy had sent word that he was very ill with fever and consequently could not accompany his master to Japan that day. Gibbs, who never forgot his personal appearance, and who, despite his late going to bed, was dressed in the daintiest of pink-and-white pajamas with delicately folded sash of most innocent pink and floating tie of seraphic tint to match, whistled incredulously under the punkah.

"Seemed all right last night, did n't he, when he won your wager for you on the cigars? Suspiciously sudden illness, eh, old man?"

"It does look rather badly," said Beresford ruminatively, "he certainly appeared to be all right last night."

"Does n't like Japan, probably," returned Gibbs, coolly, icing some apollinaris. "Those Japs and the

Chinese never agree. What 'll you do for a boy, Beresford?"

"Go without, I suppose," said Beresford. "It will be awkward, though, especially on leave."

"Oh, you can never go without, in this climate," returned Gibbs. "You'd be tied up hand and foot. I'll tell you what to do. Take my boy. He's a useful chap and with your angelic disposition, he'd be in clover. He's well broken in—especially expert in dodging tennis-bats and other missiles."

"Thanks, awfully, Gibbs, old man," said Beresford, doubtfully, "but what will you do? To be sure, there's the butler. He was gentleman's boy once, ages ago, but he's a trifle superannuated and——"

"The very thing," said Gibbs. "I should like of all things to appropriate the butler. He's a dignified old duffer, and would, no doubt, keep me straight, at which delicate undertaking my poor, meek boy is a distinct failure. *Voilà mon affaire.*"

As Beresford was tumbling things, anyhow, into his gladstone, he came upon a little odd case, with an ancient and uncertain clasp, which contained the one little object for which he had any sentiment. It was one of those souvenirs which almost every one possesses. He never wore it, yet never went anywhere without it. It was a small, old-fashioned gold stud, embracing a quaintly cut but very pure brilliant. It had belonged to Beresford's mother, who, in his early years, had become to him only a memory. Beresford opened the box from force of habit, and behold, the button was gone!

"By Jove! I would n't lose that little, worn-out button for all the gold in the Chinese Empire!" growled Beresford, tearing things about in an eager but futile search. He rang for the butler, and everybody joined the hunt, masculine fashion—in a clumsy, wholesale, but determined way. But though the bungalow was gone through from the top to the bottom, thoroughly if not systematically, and looked in an incredibly short time as though it had been carelessly caressed by a cyclone, no button could be found.

Beresford was obliged to leave for the steamer without it.

"I do n't want to arouse your unsuspecting and guileless nature," said Gibbs, lighting a cigarette as they swung out side by side to Beresford's houseboat, "but it does seem a strange coincidence your boy's sudden illness and the loss of your valuable button—for, of course, the thing seems very valuable, intrinsically, to these natives. Just a trifle odd, is n't it?"

"I suppose so," answered Beresford, gloomily. "Yet I can hardly believe my boy——"

"Oh, of course not," returned Gibbs, the least bit satirically. "Naturally your boy being such a phenomenon — so exceptional — would rise superior to the temptation of appropriating a prize worth a year's salary, just on the eve of taking a trip he abominates. One expects miracles of these pagans, does n't one?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Beresford. "It does seem unaccountable." Beresford disliked to admit even to himself, and especially to a scoffing soul like Gibbs, what he could not but confess was the extreme probability of his boy's dishonesty. This boy had absolute and entire charge of Beresford's belongings, and the strange disappearance of the button, simultaneously with the servant's sudden illness, certainly had a black look.

"Well, it's very good of you, old man, to loan me your boy," he said, glad to get away from the subject. "I 'll treat him well."

"That you will, my dear fellow—too well," said Gibbs, drily. "I 'm afraid a few weeks in your seraphic society will spoil him for his all-too-fallible master. However, promise me to kick him now and then, or, at least, to occasionally shy a bootjack at him, just to remind him of the com-

forts of home, and you 're as welcome to him as possible."

The houseboat was putting off to the steamer and the graceful Gibbs stood, hands in his white tennis coat pockets, taking a last farewell look of Beresford, combined with some inward criticism as to his vanishing host's appearance.

"By the way, you can change my boy for a Jap if you like," said Gibbs, calmly. "He 's not a treasure nor a phenomenon, you know—only a common, stupid, average, every-day boy."

"Thanks," said his friend, "I 'll think it over. Good-bye!" and Beresford turned into the little cabin wondering if it ever occurred to Gibbs what a consummate idiot he made of himself at times.

II.

The land of the chrysanthemum had never appeared, in Beresford's eyes, to better advantage. He experienced anew his old love for Japan, and basked in tea-gardens and temples in a renaissance of that enthusiasm which had been born in him years before.

To add to the peculiar charm of the hour Madeleine Ingles and her party suddenly appeared in Tokio and the rose-colored atmosphere deepened day by day.

To go with her to odd temples and odder tea-gardens, to wander with her among the tombs of the Shoguns, to follow her dainty footsteps through the ancient haunts of fabled dragons or defunct Daimios, to find himself beside her in some odd dimly-lighted curio-shop, where her tall, tawny beauty seemed to shed a sort of chastened effulgence over the scented oriental atmosphere—seemed to Beresford the height of human felicity.

Miss Ingles appeared not unwilling to allow Beresford the privilege of lingering near her. She even permitted him to send her an occasional basket of appealing, if perfumeless, Japanese blooms, to walk beside her ricksha, to remain a little later on the hotel veranda beside her than he would ever have ventured to do at home. Here in the poetic, dreamy atmosphere of Japan their friendship seemed to ripen with an astonishing rapidity, which it could never have done hemmed in by the laws of their usual existence, in spite of frequent dinners and dances.

Beresford, too, felt drawn out of himself. He developed a certain brightness, alertness, which sat well upon his usual quiet and almost unresponsive nature, and he perpetrated many clever sayings which he told himself later on, in the solitude of his bed-chamber, he could never have accomplished under the shadow of the bungalow.

At the end of six weeks Beresford went home, walking on air—his whole being tender, glowing, translated, with the first delicate kiss of his fair fiancée.

The imperturbable Gibbs was breaking his fast on the bungalow veranda, serenely conscious of a certain harmonious fitness in his morning suit of palest blue and white, the baby-tinted folds of his long silk scarf lightly coquetted with by the punkah breeze.

"Awfully glad to see you back, old man," said Gibbs, returning to his iced mangostines after giving Beresford's hands a cordial clasp. "Very slow since you 've been gone. We 're told you 're engaged. Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you," said Beresford, quietly, feeling for one instant that he would gladly pitch Gibbs over the veranda—pajamas, baby-blue tie, and all.

He had come back with feelings so hushed, reverent, and holy in his heart—so completely under the spell of the sweet influences of the past weeks! And to be spoken to thus—by Gibbs in pajamas and eating mangostines! It seemed to his long-suffering soul that there were moments when forbearance ceased to be a virtue.

However, he controlled himself (arguing that a man could hardly knock a friend down for congratulating him on his engagement), and turned the conversation as soon as he decently could to other topics.

"By the way, Gibbs, how did you manage with the butler?" he asked presently.

"Oh, capitally," returned Gibbs. "We had a few little tiffs at first, principally owing to my obstinacy in refusing to wear tennis shoes with evening dress and a perverse determination not to be boiled in my morning tub. But we assimilate perfectly now, and the old boy 's smoking my manilas right along. By the way, he brought me word last night that your boy is still dangerously ill of fever, down the river. I sent a coolie, who reports the boy is honestly ill. I thought I 'd let you know first off, you were so fond of him."

"Thank you," said Beresford, "I shall go to see after him, myself."

"How did you get along with my boy?" continued Gibbs. "I suppose he 'll scorn me now."

"I think not," returned Beresford. "He was rather melancholy, and moved about feebly. He yearned for the flesh-pots of Egypt, I fancy; also, he missed your sprightly ways. An excellent boy, though, and faithful."

"Oh yes, he 's tolerably faithful," observed Gibbs, lightly. "He 's good enough as they go. But there 's nothing extraordinary about him. He 's only a common, ordinary, garden-goat sort of a boy."

"Exactly," continued Beresford, who, although the soul of hospitality, felt that there were times when he longed with an unholy yearning to assist at the house-warming of Gibbs's new bungalow.

As soon as he conveniently could, Beresford ordered a chair and went down the river, past the leper settlement, to a little outlying native suburb, where in a foul and stuffy atmosphere he found his servant boy, hot, delirious, and evidently dying of fever.

Beresford, himself, carried him with slight opposition from his relatives—the Chinese having a constitutional apathy toward saving the dying—to a sampan, whose owners he bribed with unconscionable "cumshaw" to get him quickly to the Shameen. Thence in Beresford's own chair the dying boy was carried to the bungalow, half a dozen coolies were turned out to give him airy quarters, and he was tended by Beresford's own doctor and a nurse from the Medical Missionary Hospital. When, at the end of a few weeks, the boy was entirely recovered—for to every one's astonishment he did recover—his devotion to Beresford was unbounded. His former affection had become almost slavishness, a change which Beresford did not appreciate.

To temper this tone toward himself a little, Beresford approached the boy one evening on the subject of the diamond button, with some severity.

Numerous and thorough searches had left Beresford's button as hopelessly lost as ever.

The boy flushed, turned pale, and looked frightened.

"My know Massa ting my have take he button," he said, in low, trembling tones. "But my no have see, have toachee tlat peicee button, Massa. Tlat b'long true talkee."

Nevertheless his faltering gaze struck Beresford as being rather equivocal.

"Did you see him change color?" asked Gibbs, who had come in as Beresford put the question. "No honest man would change color like that—would he? A white man could stand up and lie without flinching; but these natives can't. Confound it—they 're too artless. Their expression betrays them."

"Yes, I 'm afraid he took it," said Beresford, slowly. "The temptation was too great. After all, it 's no great crime. I forgive him. If only it had

been any other thing than that one button!"

Beresford's days, however, were too full of new and absorbing rapture to allow him to think much of anyone or anything except his charming fiancée. The engagement was not to be a long one. Each of them possessed an income of extremely comfortable proportions; and, as the tropical summer waned and Gibbs's bungalow neared completion, the engagement was to be officially announced at a high tea at General Ingles's place, upon which the wedding day was to follow after not too protracted an interval.

Beresford had obtained a year's leave, and intended to travel with his young wife through India and Europe.

The evening of this reception Beresford had dressed early and was smoking a cigar on the veranda, waiting for the hour to become decently advanced that he might present himself in his fiancée's drawing room. The short tropical twilight was closing in, and Gibbs, in becoming negligee of a delicate nile green, was having his solitary cup of tea on the veranda.

Gibbs was laid up with "tennis elbow," and consequently could n't go to give Beresford his blessing on this momentous occasion, a fact over which Gibbs was distinctly disturbed but to which Beresford was thoroughly, if silently, resigned.

Gibbs had just given Beresford a little friendly information as to the lamentable—though as Gibbs soothingly put it, evidently unintentional—failure of Beresford's tailor in the matter of the cut of his chaste attire, and had bestowed a final twist upon Beresford's boutonnière for which the latter tried to feel grateful. He was desultorily lighting and extinguishing the little flame of the glittering samovar when Beresford's boy appeared and announced his chair.

The boy, in the long toga-like grass-cloth "coat" of the house-servant's dress costume, stood aside, pale and respectful, while his master descended the steps.

"Good-bye, Gibbs," said Beresford, swinging gaily down the walk, "I'll be back sometime before midnight."

He was almost at the gate, over whose arch hung an opaque globular lamp which had just been lighted, when a sudden exclamation and a swift rush from his usually deliberate boy startled him. In an instant—a start, a subdued cry from the boy, and both men saw what had happened! Beresford's boy had been the first to perceive, and darting forward had received in his arm the fatal fang of a deadly India cobra, which had coiled itself to strike at his master.

Gibbs rang and rushed for help, and in an instant Beresford was down on the grass—immaculate attire and carefully adjusted boutonnière alike forgotton—trying to draw the poison from his devoted servant's arm.

The doctors came and did quickly all that was possible; but it was at a somewhat belated hour that Beresford presented himself at the side of Miss Ingles.

When Beresford got home that night, Gibbs met him at the bungalow veranda, the "tennis elbow" relegated to temporary oblivion, and told him that the boy was dying and wanted to see his master.

"He's really dying this time," said Gibbs. "No sham about it. The doctors say there 's absolutely no antidote for these cobra bites. Gad, what he's saved you from, Beresford! The coolies found the snake, and the butler 's got the reptile in a bottle."

Beresford's eyes were dry, but his throat felt parched and his heart was heavy as he tore upstairs into the library where his young servant lay.

The poor fellow's agony was over now, and the end was perilously near. There would soon be nothing where once had been Beresford's boy.

A look of gladness came into the dying youth's eyes as he recognized Jack, and he feebly tried to take his

hand. It was his last motion. Jack bent over him and took the small, nervous, and now cold hand in both his own.

"Massa," said the servant, and even as he spoke, a sudden glazing came over his eyes, "Massa, my hope you forgi' boy—but my talkee true—my no have takee tlat button — tlat b'long true—Massa—true!"

"What button? Oh—my God! to think of that now!" said Beresford in wild impatience. "My believe you, my boy—my dear, good boy; my believe you!" he returned, agonizingly raising his voice, which even then he felt fell on unhearing ears. And then he turned away.

"Strange thing," said Gibbs, who, to do him justice, had nursed the boy faithfully during Beresford's absence that evening, "these pagans have no religion—no real belief in a hereafter. Your boy, for example, would rather die with a lie on his tongue than live in your memory as having stolen that gimcrack."

"I suppose so," said Beresford, hardly trusting himself to speak; and then, turning on his heel, Jack stalked sadly to his room.

III.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford had been globe-trotting a half year or so; and now, as they were resting for some time in London, it occurred to Mrs. Beresford that London was a good practical place in which to have damages in their luggage repaired, after their six-months hegira.

"Everything is so demoralized, Jack, dear," said Mrs. Beresford, looking anything but demoralized herself as she sat on the broad window-seat of her sitting-room at the Metropole, gazing at the dislocated lock of her husband's venerable gladstone. "There 's hardly a box or a bag that does n't need laying up for repairs. Why, Jack, what can this be?" Mrs. Beresford had been minutely scrutinizing both sides of the lining to see that nothing should be sent away to the trunkmaker's by mistake.

"See, Jack, what an odd, little old button! Yours, of course. Did you ever miss it?"

A curious, reproachful look came into Beresford's eyes as he reached for it.

Yes, he knew that button. He *had* missed it. It had turned up just six months too late. And he asked himself, as he had asked himself a thousand times before—*could* he hope that the boy who had died for him had heard his last words?

"It needs but the presence of the pervasive Gibbs," said Beresford to himself, drily. And, taking advantage of the entrance of a bevy of feminine visitors, he escaped to his own room and smoked a cigar in grim, contemplative silence.

WHY I PREACH?

BY RAY FRANK.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Tell it if thou hast an understanding.—Job, chap. xxxviii, v. 4.

IT is axiomatic that the one way to see the whole of anything is to view it from all points; the one way to know the whole is to reflect upon the different views, appreciate their particular and relative values, then so combine the various estimates as to make the final judgment cover them all. But this power of seeing all round a subject—of knowing it from all points of view, lies not in the possession of the individual; for, had man complete knowledge of what is apparently the most insignificant thing or idea, he would be one with God.

However, limitations do not prevent our seeing truthfully, since we see all that is necessary; and he who stands and gazes from the utmost confine, viewing the grand panorama below him, the limitless space around him, and the sun-pierced clouds above him, though he cannot *as man* go farther, yet hears the voice of Elohim proclaiming Eternal Law and knows that the place whereon he stands is holy ground: the Lord of Hosts has preceded him.

Why I preach has been asked me not once but many times. I have asked it of myself; I now ask it again. I whisper it to my soul; I speak the words aloud: Why I preach? As the human voice utters these three terms, as it modulates or accents them, the mind ascribes to them different values. I will run through this gamut of sound and sense again—*Why* I preach; Why *I* preach; Why I *preach*. All particular forms. These are not what I want. Ah! I have it. *Why I preach*. Accent even, even, even; pitch, common; all terms of equal value.

Why I preach? Because—Odd! as I consider the query, the three words have taken form—have grown magically large and larger. They cover my desk; the walls. They are stretching out from my window. I am enveloped in them. All is obscured. I reach for the door; I cannot see it. I am out, but the words confront me. Down the stairs I feel my way. The place is surely bewitched. What is the matter? I must know. Out into the streets I go. The words are there; and, as I run to pass through them, objects before indistinct have vanished. Like vapor the words ascend as they travel until the cities, the by-ways, the meadows all are filled, are encompassed by *Why I preach*.

Faster and faster I go away from valleys, up hills, through gorges, over mountains. I am tired; I pant for breath: but on I go, higher, higher, higher. I am drooping with weariness; but I know there is some way out of it and so the dynamic soul-force sends me on. Now the air has begun to murmur, to sing, to shout the mystic words, *Why I preach*. I am almost exhausted. I will—no, I cannot give up, if I would. My feet are bruised and cut. I fain would look at them, but I cannot see them. I know my hands are torn and bleeding, but I cannot see them. I suffer every pain, but my vision is blind to my physical self. All I know is that *I am*, that I suffer, that in some strange way the universe has assumed the form of *Why I preach*, and that I am compelled to travel on. I am in torments. How my heart, my temples throb. I am choking. I stumble. God! my head, my heart! I am falling, am flying—where——

II.

I acknowledge that thou art able to do everything and that no deep plan of thine can be restrained.—Job, chap. xlii, v. 2.

Like one awaking from deep and troubled sleep, I rub my eyes—I look about me. I am languid; my pulse beats slowly. I have no inclination to rise, so I lie still and look and listen. I am lying upon what appears to be the broad top of a high, gray wall. All is quiet. I hear the throbs of nature's heart as I lie upon the wall which I suppose is a work of art. I now notice that a peculiar tracery of lines covers its entire surface.

Like one who is ill and from his couch studies the patterns upon the wall, the stains upon the ceiling, making from them curious forms and faces, so I study the zigzag network of lines; but I can make nothing of it. I am interested. I am puzzled. I partly rise; I lean upon my elbow—it is stiff and sore either from a bruise or long disuse, but somehow this passes away.

I am working with the writing on the wall. I have not the prophet's power. Now I rise; I walk this way and that. Forwards, backwards, meeting the sky at either end, stretches the wall, everywhere covered with its tracery of lines.

No, art did not fashion this; this is a natural wall. I wlll go to its edge, which I see off in the distance, and look over. Odd it should be so far! I have been deceived. I have walked miles and miles and am still far from the edge.

The day goes by; I walk through the night, ever studying the lines. Sometimes I think I have found a familiar character, a letter; but so numberless are they, so finely interwoven, that the wink of an eye loses the form. Persistently I continue to study and advance. I am at the edge. Ah! I have it: Man's Limitation.

I shout, I clap my hands. I shout, then pause affrighted as the sounds roll off and up and down, reverberating like peals of crashing thunder.

Fearful I stand on the edge of the wall, the maze of lines all gone; but crossing and recrossing run the words —Man's Limitation.

By an indefinable something I see in the gray abyss stretching below I am tempted to spring off the edge; but that within me holds me back, whispering, "So far shalt thou go and no farther."

Before and behind I see the mighty wall meeting the horizon. I and the Infinite. I will go to the other side. I travel as many days and nights as I have taken to come. I know I pass the spot whereon I awakened.

Onward I go, ever reading: Man's Limitation. I am nearing the other side. I am there. I stand on the edge. I gaze down. Oh glorious, oh wonderful sight! Below me lies the world of man, a slowly revolving ball encircled by rainbow-zones of progress. Now I distinguish forms—oceans, continents, mountain-ranges, rivers, cities, buildings, people, people everywhere, beasts of burden, reptiles; fishes, fowls, trees, insects. All the phenomena of nature play below me; the slimy deep reveals its creatures, its vegetation. All, all is seen by me. This is the inhabited globe of man.

I see myriads of objects. I look intently at one, then at another. I see that each object emits from itself a peculiar glow. Now the glow becomes a flame, as though the innermost part of all things is fire. Now the fire forms itself into the words For Thee. Clearly and distinctly I see the words written upon every object in the world of man. I cannot understand it.

Do I look at a mountain, straightway there emerges the glow, the flame, the living words For Thee. Look I at a child, the same I see. The people all bear the flaming words upon their backs. All move on, pointing to those in front of them as though those in front are slaves and those behind are masters. All move in circles,

now concentric, now eccentric, their eyes gazing ahead or bent to the ground.

I see Power pointing his finger at Law; Law moving behind Justice. I see Wealth pointing at Poverty, Poverty pointing to Ignorance, Ignorance to Crime. This is not in the order that I see it but it is *as* I see it. I see streets filled with riot, I see edifices filled with people. All do talk, none does listen. I see Commerce trading in souls; Falsehood standing in pulpits; Persecution naming itself Religion. I see men and women changed into beasts of burden. I see children fed on the flesh of parents. I see mothers hanging sons. I see sons murdering fathers. I see Prophecy called Madness. I see Nobility wounded, dying. I see Mercy pleading in vain. I see Charity rebuked. I see Hypocrisy decked in theology. I see woman losing her womanhood. I see luxury called necessity. I see labor despised and reviled. I see it all not as I give it to you, but it is as I see it; for the circles are ever changing and intersecting one another, and sometimes the last is first. I see it all, and over all the eternal sunshine. From all comes the luminous flame *For Thee, For Thee*. I see that each takes the message as meant for himself, the master, and uses all in front of him as his; but I who see it all from my height know they all are wrong. Now I ponder on the meaning of the words. If not for them, for whom? On everything is written *For Thee*. I am on the highest elevation. If not for them, then 't is for me. The philosopher will have his own. I will go down and take posession of mine own, the ever-changing world. I am He.

I will go down. How go down? Surely there must be a way near by. I will look. I walk; I walk on and on. I walk ever near the edge of the wall, watching the world below. I am impatient at the delay. The day is gone. I am weary. I travel through the night. Many days and many nights I travel. I know the months are going by. On the high, gray wall I go. I am tired—so tired I can travel no longer. I lie down. Now I doubt that I have found the message of the flaming words. I was mistaken. I acknowledge it. I am

not He. The world is not for me alone. Humbly I acknowledge it. Odd, but this confession brings me strength. I arise, I travel on—ever repeating "It is not for me alone." Would I might go down and tell the ones below they err! Oh, that I might be of the world of men! Oh, that I might tell them what I know!

I am now old and humble. I can see all. I would serve others; but oh, that some one might look into my eyes and know *me* as I travel on!

It is night. I rest; for, now that I am old, I cannot travel far. An angel comes to me. He places his hand upon my heart. A peculiar sensation passes through me. In an instant I feel written upon my soul the words *For Thee*. I awaken. I muse. I, too, am for Thee, thou Great One. Ah, if I could but find Thee! Scalding tears drop from my eyes as onward I go.

Again I sleep. Again the angel comes; again he touches my heart and I know I still bear on my soul *For Thee*. As he turns to go I see in the halo about him the same living words. I see them on his back. I had not noticed them before, I was so wrapt in my grief. I see them, and I cry: "Oh angel, since thou comest to me, tell me what meaneth the living words?"

The angel pointeth to the world below, to the halo about him, and then toucheth my heart.

"Oh my angel, if thou art indeed for me, tell me how may I go from here to the world below? I would be of my brethren!" With a beautiful smile the seraph points to his message and beckons me to come to him. I go towards him, but as I advance he moves onwards. And so we walk, always my angel in front and facing me. And so we travel for many days and many nights; but I am not weary, for great peace has come to me. And as I walk I question how I came on the wall; and, when once I question, it is as though a thousand questions come to me. But I am not troubled, for my smiling angel confronts me; and on I walk answering to myself all I ask.

Suddenly the angel stops and points to the great circle which holds the world, then upwards to the clouds, touches my heart, and vanishes.

Whereon he stood I see growing a strange and wonderful tree guarded by a flaming sword. I know that it is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. From the light of the sword cometh the words *For Thee*. From the tree I break off a bough. I know I hold in my hand the staff of Moses.

I lean upon the staff. As it touches the ground there is emitted the light which shone from the angel as well as from the things of earth. I know it is the fire kindled by God for men, as an everlasting light by which they may see Truth.

I kneel upon the wall, I raise my hands in adoration of the Eternal. Now I pray that all knowledge may be mine.

Again I see the world, a maze from which I try to escape; again I read everywhere *Why I Preach*; again I mentally go through all that has been and know the message of it all. Long and deep I pray. Now in my strength I arise, taking my staff in hand to continue my journey; but lo! a stairway is under the tree. Now I hear a mighty voice proclaim, "*I have preached righteousness in the great congregation.*" A great wind passes over me. Again I turn to the stairway. On the right I see written, "*How shall they preach except they be sent?*" On the left is written, "*The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the weak.*" I know that the stairway will take me down to my brethren. I know I may come up at will. I go down. I will tell all that I know to the world. I will tell that the Eternal preached an everlasting sermon to Nature; that Nature understands and holds it sacred; that each in the world is for the other; that *For Thee* is not for one but for all; that men heard the sermon on Sinai and on the Mount, but that they have failed to interpret the message; that men must learn from Nature; that she is the greatest of God's preachers; that sky, ocean, nations, wrecks, babes, worms, preached ages ago and continue to preach; that all men must preach whether they will or not, but until they learn to interpret the Law aright they will preach the false instead of the true; that they will live indifferent to what concerns them most vitally, or will rush blindly into materialism and atheism. In conceit, in ignorance they will walk with arrogance on their wall of limitation. I, knowing this, feel I must, wherever and whenever I can, preach my message.

This is why—with the accent evenly distributed, with the voice modulated, to common pitch—this is why I preach.

MARS JEEMS.

BY HELEN RACHEL ROBB.

I MIN' I war comin' in de big gate wif de grubbin' hoe on my shouldah. De 'tatah bugs war mighty bad dat yeah, for all de worl' like de locuses in Egyp'. I'd jes' bin hoein' de 'tatahs in de li'l pa'cel o' groun' what Mars Jeems call a bustrification o' Missus' good managin', kase ole Miss she done traded off de l'il red heifer to Mars Sammy Taylor fer dis heah groun' an' de beas' done choked on a co'n cob less 'n a month arter dat, an' up an' died, an' Mars Jeems he 'lowed dat war a good joke on Mars Sam. But, bress yo' soul an' body, honey, de whole place stan'in' on de groun' war owin' to Miss Jerushy's managin'; it 'd all bin blowed off inter de air, I reckon, ef she had n't a kep' a tight holt onter hit. Mars Jeems hed a mighty fine 'pinion ob his wife, dat he hed, an' he 'd ort to, too, fer de bressed sun neber shined on a better white lady 'n Miss Jerushy.

As I war a-sayin' a while back, I war comin' in de gate, when a gen'l'-man comed ridin' 'long on a fiery li'l beas' dat dance an' caper an' cut up shines an' wou' n't stan' no way. He war de beastinest li'l critter I eber seed. De gen'l'man axed me dis hyah de place whar Co'n'l Jeems Crenshaw libed. I tuck off my hat an' made a bow an' said perlite an' fine, "Hit are, sah." Den he axed me war de young ladies to home. I tole him dey war, an' I knowed hit war de truf, kase Aunt Cassy say dat mawnin' how Miss Sallie an' Miss Bettie'd bin fixin' up de gowns de' was gwine to weah to de picnic de nex' day. Dey war nice wif de needle, dem two young ladies, makin' ole done-out coats look like dey 'd jes' come from a stoah. 'T war good fer 'em dat dey war so smart an' likely, fer I do n' min' sayin' dat de new clo's war pow'ful skeerce on dat place fer de white folks an' de niggers, too.

De young gen'l'man got off'n his horse, an' I took holt ob de bridle to lead de koderped to de stable. He jumped an' kicked ambitious like, an' de young gen'l'man he laff an' ax me war I skeered ob him; but gracious, I wa' n't neber skeered o' no hoss! Felix, a lazy, no-count nigger, what war allus a-foolin' aroun', war stan'in' leanin' agin de uppin'-block, so I jes' gib him de bridle an' struckioned him like.

I seen de gen'l'man go up de walk to de hall doah, an' Daphne, a li'l black gal what waited on ole Miss, come an' showed him inter de palah, an' I did n't see nothin' mo' ob him dat mawnin'.

Arter dat ole Miss sent all de colah'd people to de fiel' to bring in de hay fer hit looked like hit might rain dat ebenin'. We had n't no great sight o' hay dat yeah, an' we got hit put up along in de middle ob de arternoon.

When we comed in from de fiel' I war stan'in' at de back doah ob de hall, an' ole Miss war a-tellin' me how she laid off ter hab me tote some aigs to town de nex' day. Jes' den Miss Sallie an' de young gen'l'man what I 'd seed in de mawnin' come out'n de palah. When I seed he 'd stayed dat long, I 'sarved to myself how he must be a-settin' to Miss Sallie. Reckon she mus' 'a' come ter know him when she war a-visitin' at Loui'ville. 'Peared like dey war a-lookin' fer sumpum, an' I hear Miss Sallie say, "I t'ing ye lef' ye hat on de table, Mis'r Payne." Dey bof look all 'roun', but dar wa' n't no hat dar. All 't onct Miss Sallie turned as red 's de ribbon she hed 'roun' her neck. Den her Ma she goed for'a'd, an' she seed what war de mattah, an' she

begun a-lookin fer de hat; but none on 'um could n't fin' hit no whars, an' Miss Sallie kep' on a-blushin' drefful. Ole Miss sort o' knowed what 'd come on hit right off, but she let on like she war afeered de dog might hev come inter de house an' took hit. But she spoke up, genteel like, an' say to de young gen'l'man 's how she war sorry hit 'curred dis hyah way, an' would he please wait in de palah an' she 'd hab me go 'bout de place an' make imputation fer de hat; an' Mars Payne he bowed an' looked like he war willin' 'nuff ter stay. Arter dey goed inter de palah, Miss Jerushy she run to Mars Jeems' room ter see war he dah. She knowed dat war whar he 'd be ef he war on de place, fer he war mighty fon' ob dat room, an' he call hit his sanction sen'-fer-'em, or sumpum what soun' like dat. He hed heaps o' books an papahs in dah, an' nobody did n't dast tech 'em nuther. He 'd tuck de *C'ur'er Jo'nal* eber since him an' Miss Jerushy war married, an' he hed all dem papahs laid up on de shelbes fer safe keepin'. An' he hed all sorts o' books dat he read in putty much all de time when he wa' n't readin' de *C'ur'er Jo'nal* er huntin'. He war a pow'ful l'arn'd gen'l'man, war Mars Jeems; reckon he knowed eberyt'ing what eber war in de worl'. 'Peared like Miss Jerushy did n't know s' much, but she war allus a dum' un', an' 'cordin' to de ignerant min' o' dis hyah nigger, de worl' 's a heap bettah off fer de dum' folks dan de knowin' folks. Least ways dat plantation did n't seem no ways helped 'long fer Mars Jeems' l'arnin'. He loved huntin', too, 's well's readin', an' he hed all his huntin' fixin's in dat 'ar room. He tuck a sight o' joyafyin' in his life.

'Bout dat time he sot in his room, a-readin 'mo' 'n gener'l; fer 'while back 'fore dis hyah time I 's tellin' 'bout he done los' his hat, an' him ner nobody else neber foun' out whar ole Miss kep' his Sun'ay hat, so he staid in his room mos'ly. 'T wa' n't de fus' time dat t'ing 'falled him. He war 'customed to losin' hats. Dey war times when dey jes' would n't stay on his head no way.

One night, a considerable while back, he come back from town 'long in de middle ob de night, an' made a pow'ful sight o' noise, so 's ebery body on de place waked up, hyarin' him. Arter dat he did n't hab no hat.

As I war a-sayin', ole Miss runned to his room, an' when she comed back she war a-lookin' drefful worried an' put out. She come up to me an' says, "Unc' 'Zek'el!" She say hit low an' whisperin' so 's nobody but me could n't hyah her, fer ye see she did n't want ter 'spose de Mars'er, neber. *She* allus stood up fer him, no diff'ence what he 'd do; an' he 'd stan' up fer her, too, I reckon, but gracious! *she* neber need nobody ter don' dat fer her. She done de plum', squar' t'ing all de time, an' nobody had ter make 'scuses fer *her*.

She says ter me, "Unc' 'Zek'el, I wants ye ter go ter town right quick." Den, sudden, she look all roun' an' cut off to de stable, an' I seed her go in. I walked 'long arter her an' call, "Bettah min' out, Miss Jerushy; dat 'ar pony what 's in dar, 'pears like he 's sort o' ambitious an' mean. Bettah let me call Unc' Eben to go in fer ye. But she neber said nothin', an I hyar her a-walkin' 'roun' while I war stan'in' outside de doah. Arter a bit she comed out, an' says she, "Unc' 'Zek'el, dat 'ar pony am not in dar."

I says, "Foh gra-*cious*, ole Miss! Reckon whar he be?" She look down at de groun', an' den she says, slow an' 'pressin' like, "'Zek'el, I wants ye ter go to town an fin' dat hoss an' dat hat. Ye hyah?"

I says, "Yes, Miss Jerushy. Ye may 'pend on me suah." I subterhend her meanin', ef she *did n't* say hit out; fer ye see I was in de conference ob de fambly, 's ye might say, an' dey replied on me mos' ebery way, fer I allus sarve 'em bes' I knowed. De colah 'd people dem days war heap like dey is at de presen' time; dey war a big diff'ence amongst 'em. De mos' 'spectable ones, an' dem dat de white

folks displaced de mos' conference in, was den an' is yet de skeersest.

I kotched ole Jerry, an' me an' de beas' start to town. 'T war gettin' late in de ebenin'; but 't wa' n't but three mile to town, an' Jerry goed 'long tol'able lively an' we 'lowed we 'd git dar a hour 'foh sundown. I thunk hard while we war on de road, an' I kep' a-singin', "Whar, oh whar am Moses an' Elijer?" and dat sorter help me out; an' time I got to "Whar, oh whar am de Hebrew chil'un?" we war in sight ob de tave'n. I rid right up, fer I 'spicioned dat what I 'd come fer would n't be far frum dar.

Hit 'd bin fine an' cl'ar in de mawnin' 'foh de clouds come up, an' de poo' white trash what libed up in de hills 'd come to town an' brung der li'l pa'cle o' gyarden truck ter sell hit. Dey war a-settin' 'roun' de tave'n doah an' war a ugly-lookin' crowd, wif der long yellah hah an yellah faces what did n't look like white folks ner niggers nuther.

Mos' times Mars Jeems would n't 'a' bin seed speakin' to sech lookin' fellers, fer he war 's proud 's a ole fightin' rooster; but dar he war a-standin' in de middle o' dat crowd wif dat gran' stobepipe hat on his head. I knowed hit de minute I sot eyes on hit, fer I 'd tuck 'tic'lar notice on hit on de mawnin' when I seed hit on Mars Payne, an' him a-lookin' so fine an' tarin' 'long like de ole Scratch, on de back o' dat li'l critter what war stan'in' in dat crowd lookin' like he 'mos' knowed dat wa' n't de place whar he 'd orter be. Some o' dem low-down chaps war gettin' 's nigh him 's dey dast, an' tryin' to 'zamin' him, like dey knowed what a hoss orter be! But I tuck notice none ob dem did n't git ter lay hands onter him 'ceptin' Mars Jeems.

He knowed de diff'ence mighty quick 'twix' a gen'l'man's han' an' de han' o' one o' dem no-count trash.

Mars'er he war discoursin' on de good amplifications o' de hoss an' tellin' how he 'd brung him up from a colt an' knowed all 'bout him. Den he jumped onter his back an' rid up an' down de road, an' showed him off mightily, fer Mars Jeems war a dreffull good rider. He come ridin' back ter de tave'n an' say to a mean-lookin' white man, "What ye t'ing o' dis hoss, now, sah?" De man say, "Wall, tol'able fair."

"BUT DER WA' N'T MUCH HAT LEF' TER HOL' ON TER."

He war stan'in' 'longside a mis'able, raw-boned, long-legged, worked-out lookin' ole beas', sway-backed, an' sweeneyed in his lef' shouldah, an' lookin' like he 'd seed his bes' days, long 'foh dat ten yeah come in, ef eber de poo' critter hed bes' days.

I stood a-trem'lin', fer I knowed what war comin' nex'. I coughed an' tried ter koch de Co'n'l's eye, but he did n't min' me no mo h'n a fly. I did n't like ter act imperlite to a gen'l'man, 'spec'ly ter Mars'er, but I

felt skeered fer dat hoss, an' dat hat, an' ole Miss, an' de young gen'l'man.

Mars Jeems spoke up, an' says he, "De hoss am a noble an'mal. From de mos' far-back times he hab bin de tried an' de trusted fr'en' o' man." An' den he talk fine an' edifyin' 'bout 'Lexandah de Great an' a hoss wif a big name what he hed, an' 'bout heaps ob udder folks an' hosses, but I disrecollec' der names, dey war so cur's—neber hyarn tell on 'em 'foh; reckon dey did n't lib nowhars 'bout hyah, fer man an' boy I 's knowed eb'ry one what 's libed 'roun' 'bout hyah fer nigh onter sixty yeah. But while he war a-talkin' de pony sort o' skeered an' shied, an' Mars Jeems bounded for'a'd like, an' off flew de hat right in front ob de pony, an' inter hit goed his foot—bang! like hit war a shotgun. I runned an' picked hit up an' punched hit out wif my fist; but der wa' n't much hat lef' ter hol' on ter. I war a-gwine ter hol' on ter de remnink, how'v'r, fer I done promise Miss Jerushy I 'd bring her dat hat, an' I felt like I wa' n't going back on my word.

But Mars Jeems look 'roun' an' say, "Dat you 'Zek'el? Whar you come frum? Why do n' ye bring me my hat?"

I war 'bleeged to gib hit to him den. I tried ter whispah sumfum to 'im, but he neber listened an' kep' on a-talkin' 'bout hosses. He wiped de hat wif his hankchuf an' put hit on his head ag'in. D'rec'ly he says ter dat low-down white man, "Tell ye what I'll do, sah; you gib me dat hoss o' yourn an' fohty bushels ob co'n to boot an' ye kin take dis hyah fine an'mal."

De man say, "All right—it 's a bargum."

Arter dat dey goed inter de tave'n; an' I seed Mars Jeems writin', an dat white feller lookin' on like he knowed what hit said on de papah! I felt den de worst 'd come an' dar wa' n't no time ter be los'; so I tuck my hat in my han' an' goed up de steps, an' when I got nigh him I says, "Mars Jeems!" He look 'roun', an' says, "'Zek'el, what 's you a-doin' hyah?" I says, low like, "Miss Jerushy, she done sent me to say how she 'd like fer ye to come home, sah, d'rec'ly, sah, an' she say, too, how she 'd like fer ye ter bring de pony 'long. She says she wants ter see ye on very pressin' business, sah."

He says, says he, "Cl'ar yeself—go 'long home! I 's 'gaged wif dis hyah gen'l'man now, an' I can't be pestered wif you."

I says to him again, "Mars Jeems, Miss Jerushy say she wants ter see ye 'tic'lar, right off." But I reckon he did n't hyah me, fer he goed on a-talkin' to de man.

Arter a bit de man tuck de saddle-bags off'n his ole beas' an' flung 'em ober de back o' de pony. An' Jerusa-*lem!* wa' n't dar a kickin' time den! Tuck a consid'able while ter git de saddle swapped. Mars Jeems he got on de ole nag, an' dat fool white man act like he war t'ingin' he could ride de pony, but he did n't t'ing dat way long. A rabbit might a' runned acrost de road while he sot in de saddle, but I do n't reckon nothin' furder 'n dis could 'a' happened; an dar he war a-sprawlin' 'roun' de road like he 'd done forgot de way to git onter his feet. One ob de fellers kotch de pony. De saddle-bags dey war a flyin' 'roun', an' de t'ings in 'em come rollin' out; an' dar war coffee an' snuff an' whisky what war in a bottle dat got broke, all a-mixin' in de road dirt. It war a drefful pity ter see dat 'ar whisky a-wastin' an' ter smell hit.

Mars Jeems he went joggin' 'long on de ole rattle-bones, an' I rid 'long 'hind him so I could see him all de time. An' I feeled pow'ful glad when I seed him turn in at de big gate at home. I tied ole Jerry to de fence an' come 'roun' lookin' like I 'd bin home fer a hour, fer I did n't want him ter know I 'd bin a-follerin' him. He says ter me, "'Zek'el, do n' ye say nothin' to Miss Jerushy 'bout dat hoss business, d' ye hyah?"

Den he goed ter de house, an' I seed

him put de hat in de hall an' go ter his room. I slipped in an' got de hat an' taked hit out to Miss Jerushy. I slicked hit up bes' I could 'foh gibin' it to her, but I knowed hit did n't look decent.

She look mighty cur'us when she seed hit, an' jes' sighed a big sigh an' tuck hit frum me.

Dat night Mars Jeems hed one ob his bad spells, an' he like to died; he screeched an' hollered an' groaned so 's nobody on de place could n't sleep, hardly. 'Bout midnight I hed to go foh de doctah, an' he staid 'side him all night.

Aunt Cassy said dey had a hard time pullin' him tru, an' hit war mo' 'n a week 'foh he war 'bout de place ag'in.

Dat night soon 's Miss Jerushy foun' dat Mars'er 'd got home she come out to de stable herself ter see war de hoss brung back safe; an' when she seed de ole plug dat war in his place, 'peared like she 'd faint.

Dat young gen'l'man staid an' goed to de picnic wif de young ladies de nex' day. I reckon dis war Miss Jerushy's doin's, ter git time fer 'tendin' to what she hed on her min'. I seed 'em start off in de rockaway, Unc' Eben a-dribin'. De young gen'l'man hed on Mars Jeems' Sun'ay hat, I tuck notice ter dat.

Arter dey goed off, Missus an' me started off, too. I 'spicioned what her business war, but I did n't say nothin'. She driv Jerry in de buggy, an' I rid de ole rattle-bones. Us trabeled nigh onter seben mile, I calculate, an' den come ter a ole cabin whar dat trashy white man war a-settin' on de fence. Him an' ole Miss goed inter de cabin, an' arter a good bit dey come out ag'in. I feeled like I 'd bust out a-cryin' when I seed poo' ole Miss. I knowed hit all, how she 'd bin a-tryin' ter do de tradin' ober agin an' how he wa' n't willin'. Fool an' all 's he war, he wa' n't sech a fool 's dat. Her face war 's white 's 't 'll eber be, an' her eyes so sad an' tired-lookin' dat I feeled like I wanted ter tote her 'n sumpum to sort o' gib her a restin' spell. My poo', tired ole Miss!

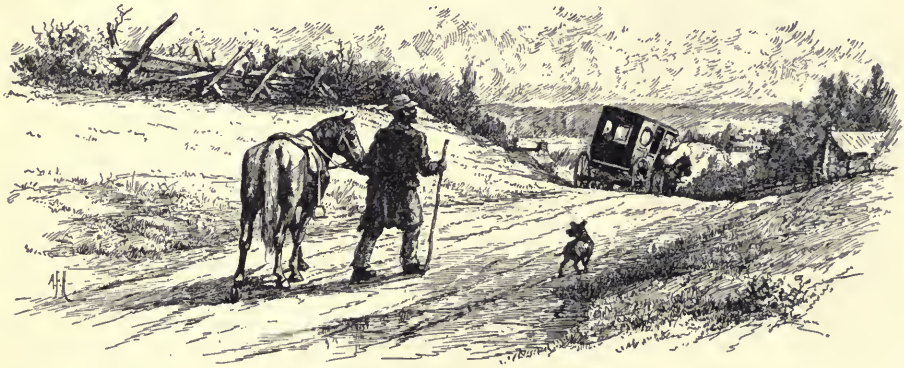
She got inter de buggy an' us turned 'roun' ter go back. She did n't say nothin' fer a good spell. I reckon she war a-t'inkin' an' a-plannin'. At las' she says, "Unc' 'Zek'el I's gwine ter town, an' you g' 'long home an' git li'l Bossie an' fotch her ter town. Ye kin meet me at de tave'n." So when we come ter McGinness's cross-roads, she goed on ter town an' I goed home fer de calf. We 'd laid off ter bring up dat 'ar calf. She war pure Jersey stock an' de putties' li'l critter ye eber laid eyes on. I hed a-jumpin' an' a-dancin' time ter kotch her, her mammy was so skeered an' kep' up sech a bellerin' in de milk-lot, an' de li'l t'ing, hyarn her, got sorter wild, wif hits big eyes shinin' like two moons an' her years an' tail stan'in' straight, an' her a-flyin' 'roun' de fiel' like de blowin' win'. But arter a bit I kotched her in a conah an' led de li'l t'ing off, wif hits mammy a-cryin' jes' like folks an' hit answerin' back.

When I got ter de tave'n ole Miss war a-waitin' fer me, an' she tole me Doctah Grimes 'd done bought de calf an' fer me ter take her to his pastur' fiel'. I seed de tears come inter her eyes when she looked at de putty li'l critter, fer she 'd petted hit a sight.

Waal, nex' us driv' back ter de trashy white man's cabin. He looked sorter s'prised ter see us ag'in. Him an' Miss Jerushy got inter de house an' talk fer a spell; an' when I seed de man comin' 'roun' de house leadin' Mars Payne's li'l pony, I nearly hollered glory jewhinikens! We swopped de saddle back ag'in, an' Miss Jerushy she say I could ride him back. But I 'd seed dat pony yistady, an' I knowed what his feelin's war 'bout white trash a-ridin' him; an' I 'lowed he 'd like 's not hab de same 'jection ter niggers. So I said, "'Pears ter me, Miss Jerushy, hit be moh 'spectable ter de pony's feelin's ef I war ter walk 'longside an' lead him by de bridle." So us goed home dat a-way.

Reckon Mars Payne neber onct 'spicioned how his hos'd bin off'n de place, owin' ter my ole Miss knowin' jes' how ter ketch a holt o' t'ings by de right en' an' pull 'em straight when de' got twisted; an' t'ings war eberlastingly a-twistin' dem times.

Recken dar neber war sech anudder white lady 's Miss Jerushy, nowhars. By de bressed canopy! She could do mos' anyt'ing she 'd a-min' ter; an' hit took all her doin' an' fixin' ter git Mars Jeems out'n de scrapes he war so pow'ful spry 'bout gittin' inter.



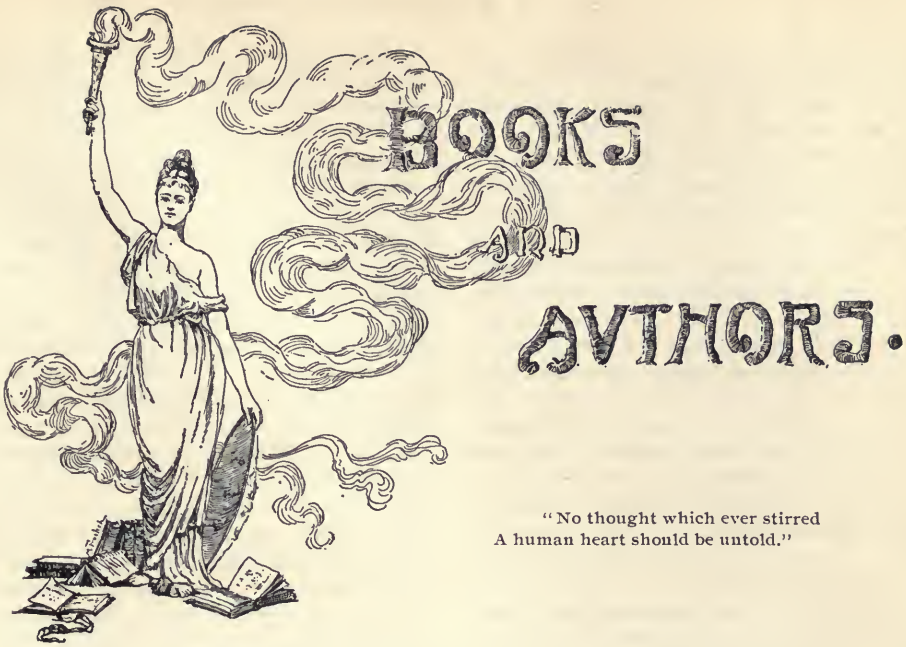
"SO US GOED HOME DAT A-WAY."

LOVE AT THE DOOR.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Barred is the golden door,
  And the boy-god taps in vain;
He rattles the ring—a jeweled thing—
  And moans with a cry of pain.
The steps are with roses strewn,
  Roses pinky and pale,
He plucked them with vows from the climbing boughs,
  But naught does it all avail.

The door, love, is thy heart,
  And the hapless pleader, I;
Though I stir the chain to the old refrain
  Thou wilt not make reply.
The vows that Helen heard,
  Marry, I 've pledged thee more!
Yet stand I still in the gathering chill,
  Before a barrèd door.



"No thought which ever stirred
A human heart should be untold."

THE LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY WILLIAM H. HUDSON.

FOR immediate interest and permanent value alike, no work produced in England or America during the past twelve months can compare with Prof. Norton's magnificent edition of the Letters of James Russell Lowell. This collection has been long looked for, and now that we have it at last before us, it can only be said that every anticipation has been more than fulfilled. The editor has performed his task with admirable taste and skill, keeping himself as much as possible in the background and aiming with much success "to secure" for his volume "an autobiographic character." It has clearly been a labor of love with him, and the result is from first to last wholly satisfactory.

The real purpose of such a work as this is not to display for public inspection particulars of a man's personal life with which no one outside the immediate circle of relatives and friends has any proper concern. It is to furnish a character-commentary, unobtainable in any other way, upon a great writer's message to his time—to gratify a just curiosity, and not to minister to our present ignoble craving for domestic detail. To say just where in any given case the line of distinction is to be drawn is, of course, no easy matter; but no reader can fail to notice that in the present volume, at least, the editor's tact and discrimination are beyond dispute. It should, however, be remarked that in this particular instance, the problem of selection was, as Prof. Norton himself points out, an unusually simple one. Though Lowell "had the reserves of a high and delicate nature," yet "there was nothing" in his long life "to be concealed or excused." This fact, and the further fact, also emphasized by Prof. Norton, that "few writers have given in their letters a more faithful representation of themselves, and of few men is the epistolary record more complete from youth to age," have combined to render the editor's purpose relatively easy of achievement.

A couple of specimen letters, dating from the years 1827 and 1828, are interesting as giving us a brief glimpse into Lowell's boyish mind; but the collection really begins with the productions of 1836—his third year

at Harvard—and extends to the June of 1891—only a few months before his death. A careful reading of personal confidences which thus cover the periods of early manhood, maturity, and old age, brings out as perhaps its first appreciable result what may be called the extraordinary stability of Lowell's intellect and character. Writing to Leslie Stephen in 1876, he indeed speaks of an early and violent reaction in his religious thought, but this crisis appears to have come without breaking the true thread of his life, and there is scarcely a trace elsewhere in these letters of the experience to which he refers. The man's whole development seems to have preserved this same element of continuity. The Lowell of seventy was of course in many ways a very different man from the Lowell of twenty-five. The early letters are extremely provincial in their utterances—their outlook is often narrow, their judgments strong but immature; and Lowell himself afterward recognized that in his youth he was younger than most men of his age. The letters of later life, on the other hand, are marked by the wisdom of the true scholar and the urbanity of the cultivated man of the world—by a metropolitanism of the truest kind. Yet, notwithstanding the obvious points of dissimilarity between them, the self-same personality is clearly at the back of them all. His early life was one of hard struggle with fortune; with public success came the shadow of domestic sorrow; his declining years were darkened once more by personal loss and by the ill-health that long preceded his death. Yet through all his varied experiences, with a larger measure of affliction than falls to the lot of most men, and a poetic temperament naturally supersensitive to the harder facts of life, he kept the same brave face, the same manly determination to see things upon their sunny side, the same whole-natured buoyancy, the same resolute optimism. Humor is a saving element in any character; it is the grand safeguard against morbidity and unhealthy sentimentalism — the one thing, perhaps, more than any other, that will keep a life sane and sweet. Lowell's strong strain of humor stood him in friendly stead; relieving the pressure of his financial embarrassments in early manhood, and in later life setting even such a grim fact as that "unearned increment of my good grandfather's Madeira" —the gout, in a half-amusing light. It is this wholesome faculty of making the best of things—this simple courage that is never conscious of itself and never finds vent in heroics—that reveals itself everywhere in these letters, and connects the intense but somewhat raw boy with the ripe and world-experienced man. And this faculty remained with him to the very end. Of his seventieth birthday he writes: "It is very droll to be seventy. Do n't scold me for it—I 'll never do it again, but I do n't feel any older, I think, and I am sure I do n't feel any wiser than I did before." And in the very last letter given in the collection, and dated June 21, 1891, he says: "I have been very wretched with one thing and another. And now a painful sensation is taking its turn. I could crawl about a little before this came, but *now my chief exercise is on the nightmare.* I can't sleep without opium."

Such quaint touches may serve to remind us that readers who seek in these letters for traces of that genial and expansive humor with which Lowell's published work has made us familiar, will not be disappointed. There are occasions when the writer just lets himself go, pouring out a series of amazing puns, or following up some ludicrous suggestion to the very verge of absurdity. This, for example, is the way in which, in a letter written from Dresden in 1855, he describes his struggles with the German tongue: "I get up *um sieben uhr* and *das madchen* brings me my coffee and *butterbrod* at eight. Then I begin to study. I am reading for my own amusement *(du lieber Gott)* the *aesthetische Forschungen von* Adolf Zeising, pp. 568 large octavo! Then I overset something *aus* German into English. Then comes dinner at one o'clock with *ungeheuer* German dishes. *Nachmittag* I study Spanish. *Um sechs uhr ich spazieren gehe*, and at seven come home and Dr. R. dictates and I write. *Aber potztausend Donnerwetter!* What a language it is to be sure! with nominatives sending out as many roots as that witch-grass which is the pest of all child-gardens, and sentences in which one sets sail like an admiral with sealed orders, not knowing where the devil he is going to till he is in mid-ocean! Then

after tea we sit and talk German, or what some of us take to be such, and which I speak already like a native—of some other country. The confounded genders! If I die I will have engraved on my tombstone that I died of *der*, *die*, *das*, not because I caught 'em, but because I could n't."

Lowell as we know him in his works, was a strange mixture of the humorist and the transcendentalist, the Yankee and the poet. All these various aspects of his complex character come out to some extent in his letters, and with a spontaneity and a naturalness that of course make the self-revelation all the more interesting and valuable. Yet it is perhaps remarkable that, on the whole, the deeper side of his thought appears so little. Considering how much Lowell concerned himself with the profounder problems of existence, references to questions of philosophy and religion are surprisingly few and slight. Subjective as he was as a poet, he perhaps chose to reserve this part of his thinking for his poetic self-expression. At any rate, while he writes freely enough of his other studies, he here, consciously or unconsciously, seems habitually to draw the veil. Still there are occasional allusions, and these, brief though they are, evidently bring us very near the real man. Twice at least—and each time in his letter to his friend Leslie Stephen—he touches upon his persistent refusal to allow doubt to enter the inner sanctities of his life. "I shut my eyes resolutely (I confess) when I turn them in certain directions, and trust my instincts and my longings, or whatever you choose to call them." And again, two years later, in almost the same words: "I continue to shut my eyes in certain speculative directions, and am willing to find solace in certain intimations that seem to come from a region higher than my reason." Here speaks the transcendentalist. Lowell was indeed in many ways—as he himself says, half-sportively, half in earnest—a natural conservative; and he clearly looked with little sympathy at many of the tendencies of modern thought. But though little is to be found in these volumes directly illustrating the writer's attitude towards the deeper inquiries of his time, his letters are rich in passages of high ethical import—passages in which we have often in a phrase or two of memorable significance the crystalization of a noble nature's many-sided experience of life.

In a letter dating from as far back as 1845, Lowell criticises Poe, as "lacking in the element of manhood, which for want of a better name we call *character*." Character, in the best and truest sense of the word, is beyond all things manifested throughout these letters; and, interesting as they are in many ways, they are perhaps most deeply interesting in just this respect. The volumes—luxurious in print and binding—are themselves a splendid example of American bookmaking. Three admirable photogravure portraits of Lowell enrich the text, and as an appendix to the first volume is given a delightful letter of personal reminiscence from the pen of Leslie Stephen, one of Lowell's closest and most valued friends.

OUIDA AS SHE IS.

BY CHARLES ROBINSON.

FOREIGNERS passing through Florence always try to get an introduction to Ouida. If they are lucky enough to succeed they will be amply repaid, for she is and always has been a very striking person, in appearance, manner, and dress.

The famous novelist has changed much of late years. Her pallid, masculine face habitually bears a weary, depressed look, and there is a lack-lustre expression about her large, gray eyes. The mass of blonde hair which flows loosely over her shoulders has an ashen tinge. It is whispered that her maid spends many hours daily in dressing it, and that the perfume which she uses in her toilet costs thirty dollars an ounce. She

has always lavished money on her wardrobe. She especially prizes a magnificent set of sables, the gift of a wealthy Muscovite admirer. Next in her affections is an unique collection of old laces, purchased at odd times whenever she had an opportunity. She has also an immense collection of shoes in every variety of style, all made with nice, artistic eye toward the proper display of her slimly arched instep. Her gloves, too, are all made to order.

Ouida loves to shock the conventional world with her manners as she does to offend it with her books. At home she drinks brandy and smokes cigarettes, and is often rude to visitors. Once a well-known critic when visiting her ventured, in the course of a very friendly conversation, to ask the novelist how she came to know so much about clubs, camps, barracks, gambling-houses, and other places which are visited by men exclusively. She placed her hands upon her knees, and looking straight at her questioner, saucily said: "It is none of your business."

Louisa de la Ramée—to give her full name for once—is about fifty-three years old, having been born at Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk, in 1840. Her father was a French refugee who settled in England. At an early age she went with her mother to London, and soon began under the *nom de guerre* Ouida—a child's mispronunciation of Louisa—to dabble in literature. While still in her teens she wrote her first novel "Granville de Vigne," which was published two years later (1863) under the title "Held in Bondage." It was originally issued as a serial in the *New Monthly Magazine* and attracted the attention of J. B. Lippincott, the Philadelphia publisher, who recognized its brilliant audacity and made inquiries as to the author. Ascertaining that it was the first book of a very young woman, he found a London publisher for the novel when completed and published it himself in America. "Held in Bondage" made an immediate hit, and the author was lifted from obscurity to prominence, from poverty to financial comfort. Ouida has followed up her first success with some twenty-seven other novels, all of which are constructed on the same line and which still bring in large royalties to their author. A well-know critic once said of her that she might have proven a genius had she not conceived herself one from the start.

For the past twenty years Ouida has resided on the outskirts of Florence, in a villa which formerly belonged to one of the Medici. The room in which she works is truly picturesque. Its walls are painted with exquisite old Italian frescoes, and inlaid tables laden with pots of flowers (lilies and hyacinths abounding) line the walls. There is a priceless Persian rug before the hearthstone, where she likes to lie and dream—and sometimes to scream a little as a safety-valve to her emotions. She has a dainty oratory, containing a statue of the Madonna, before which there burns a perpetual light, a circumstance which, coupled with the fact that she was at one time much given to making visits to the neighboring Fiesole to argue points of theology with the "Black Pope" as Father Anderledy the late head of the Jesuits was called, gave rise to the persistent rumor that she contemplated "going over to Rome."

Between her books she leaves an interval of two years, and the plots in her novels are thought out in the course of long, country rambles. She does not, however, get through as much work now as she used to do. She begins her labor at five o'clock in the morning: but this does not mean that she really sits down and writes, but simply that she is ready to ponder over one of her strange stories; for she takes up her pen only when the inspiration seizes her. She never writes at a table; but sits in a low chair, with an inkstand before her, a blotter on her knee, and sheets of manuscript strewn about the floor—each page containing very few words, so extraordinarily large is her handwriting. She uses a goose quill.

Ouida is a great walker, and in all her tramps is invariably accompanied by a retinue of dogs of every size and breed, from her huge St. Bernard down to that wondrous little Maltese terrier of which she tells so many impossible stories. She feigns to love them better than her own race—especially the females of her own race,—declaring them to be more faithful; and she is fond of introducing one of her four-footed favorites into the novel she happens to be writing.

When one of her dogs dies it is buried with solemn honors.

Hers is a familiar figure driving along the Lung Arno in her curious open carriage lined with gold-brocaded satin, the horses harnessed with peculiar black-and-silver trappings. But, although she is often seen thus in public, she eschews general society, living alone with her faithful old maid, who, by the way, was the original of Cigarette in "Under Two Flags." On rare occasions she pays a flying visit to Paris or to London. For many years she patronized the Langham Hotel in London; and her Saturday-night receptions, which began at eleven and ended at two, were the first smoking-parties in England. At one of these receptions a well-known woman was brought up to be presented, and, anticipating the words of introduction, said graciously: "One scarcely needs an introduction to Madam Ouida, whom everybody knows." "Humph!" was the retort, "I pity Madam Ouida if she has to know everybody"; and then Madam Ouida settled back behind the big, black fan she always carries.

Ouida never shakes hands; she declares it to be the most vulgar form of salutation. As soon as she enters a room she makes for a seat. Once seated she will not budge until she takes her leave. Anyone who wishes to meet her must play Mahomet to her mountain. No matter who he may be she never rises or changes her position. Oscar Wilde, the erstwhile apostle of æstheticism, is one of her most intimate friends. Another great pet of hers is Edmund Yates, who, she declares, would have been one of the most famous novelists of the day if he had written less.

The only living woman Ouida envies is Rosa Bonheur, while Mary Anderson seems to be an object of her hatred. But Ouida never liked Americans. When the late Mrs. John Bigelow rather forced herself upon the author of "Under Two Flags," Ouida said she really hated Americans. "Well, I don't know why you should," replied Mrs. Bigelow, "they are the only people who read your shameful books." Ouida drew the American towards her saying, "Why, you must be an interesting woman after all; you may come in." For, like Carlyle, she may be won over by persons who treat her with her own weapons. And those who know her well declare that her somewhat harsh exterior hides a warm and sensitive heart; and the poor in Florence tell many stories of her tender and thoughtful charity; for, in an eccentric and uncertain way, she is very generous. On this subject, however, her own lips are sealed. "Never speak of your good deeds," she once remarked; "some one may find out your motive."

THE LAND OF POCO TIEMPO.

THE above is the title of a new book by Charles F. Lummis, with whose writings readers of the CALIFORNIAN are familiar, Mr. Lummis being a contributor to this periodical. He is always an alluring entitler, and was never more so than in this, his latest book. It goes deeper than the cover, running like a thread of sunny suggestion through such chapter-headings as "The City in the Sky," "The Chase of the Chongo," and "The Cities That Were Forgotten." In these warm liquid phrases alone is something of the far, mysterious charm with which New Mexico holds the hearts of her sojourners —holds them so that other suns than hers are chill, all other skies are pale.

Though with some claims to archæological lore and a patient student of the pueblan tongues, it is as the painter that Mr. Lummis writes of the Southwest. The reader sees and feels as before a compelling canvas. In his method one thinks of Chardin—the same strength, the same color, the same *brulalite*. The flaws are few, but they are striking, and they come where the decorative instinct has given way to the didactic, an attempt of the painter to speak outside his creation. To those who know the *poco-tiempo* land the book will have the dearness of a friend. To those who neither know nor care, it speaks with the authority that comes from knowledge, understanding,

and sympathy. Added to this is the charm of a vivid personality.

Until artists in pigment come to tell the adequate story of this picture-rich land, one must put up impatiently with the realism of the photograph. The photographic originals of the cuts which illustrate this book were taken by its author, and therefore supply a better visual commentary than is usually possible.

The following excerpt from the volume will fairly indicate its style and character:

"Sun, silence, and adobe—that is New Mexico in three words. If a fourth were to be added, it need be only to clinch the three. It is the great American mystery—the national Rip Van Winkle—the United States which is *not* United States. Here is the land of '*Poco Tiempo*'—the home of 'Pretty Soon.' Why hurry with the hurrying world? The 'Pretty Soon' of New Spain is better than the 'Now! Now!' of the haggard States. The opiate sun soothes to rest, the adobe is made to lean against, the hush of day-long noon would not be broken. Let us not hasten—*mañana* will do. Better still, *pasado mañana*. New Mexico is the anomaly of the republic. It is a century older in European civilization than the rest, and several centuries older still in a happier semi-civilization of its own. It had its little walled cities of stone before Columbus had grandparents-to-be; and it has them yet. The most incredible pioneering the world has ever seen overran it with the zeal of a prairie-fire three hundred and fifty years ago; and the embers of that unparalleled blaze of exploration are not quite dead today. The most superhuman marches, the most awful privations, the most unsleeping vigilance, wrested this bare, brown land to the world; and having wrested it, went to sleep. The winning was the wakefulest in history—the after-nap eternal. It never has wakened—one does not know that it ever can. Nature herself does little but sleep here. A few semi-bustling American towns wart the territorial map. It is pock-marked with cattle ranches and mines, where Experience has wielded his costly birch over millionaire pupils from the east and from abroad. But the virus never reached the blood—the pits are only skin deep. The Saxon excrescences are already asleep, too. The cowboy is a broken idol. He no longer 'shoots up the town,' nor riddles heels reluctant for the dance. His day is done; and so is that of the argonaut. They both are with us, but their lids are heavy. And around them is New Spain again, dreamy as ever after their rude but short-lived nudging. The sheep—which feed New Mexico—doze again on the mesas, no longer routed by their long-horned foes; and where sheep are, is rest. The brown or gray adobe hamlets of the descendants of those fiery souls who wreaked here a commonwealth before the Saxon fairly knew there was a new world; the strange, terraced towns of the aboriginal pioneers who out-Spaniarded the Spaniards by unknown centuries; the scant leaven of incongruous American brick—all are under the spell. And the abrupt mountains, the echoing, rock-walled cañons, the sunburnt mesas, the streams bankrupt by their own shylock sands, the gaunt, brown, treeless plains, the ardent sky—all harmonize with unearthly unanimity.

"'Picturesque' is a tame word for it. It is a picture, a romance, a dream, all in one. It is our one corner that is the sun's very own. Here he has had his way, and no discrepancy mars his work. It is a land of quaint, swart faces, of Oriental dress and unspelled speech; a land where distance is lost and the eye is a liar; a land of ineffable lights and sudden shadows; of polytheism and superstition, where the rattlesnake is a demigod and the cigarette a means of grace, and where Christians mangle and crucify themselves—the heart of Africa beating against the ribs of the Rockies. There are three typical races in New Mexico now—for it would be wrong to include the ten per cent. 'American' interpolation as a type. With them I have here nothing to do. They are potential, but not picturesque. Besides them and around them are the real auctothones, a quaint ethnologic trio. First, the 9,000 Pueblo Indians—peaceful, fixed, house-dwelling, and home-loving tillers of the soil: good Catholics in the churches they have builded with a patience infinite as that of the pyramids; good pagans everywhere else. Then the 10,000 Navajo Indians—those other 10,000 are in Arizona—sullen, nomad, horse-loving, horse-stealing, horse-living vagrants of the saddle; pagans first, last, and all the time; and inventors of the mother-in-law joke gray centuries before the civilized world awoke to it. Last of all, the Mexicans, inbred and isolation-shrunken descendants of the Castilian world-finders; living almost as much against the house as in it; ignorant as slaves, and more courteous than kings; poor as Lazarus, and more hospitable than Crœsus; Catholics from A to Izzard, except when they take occasion to be Penitentes—and even then fighting to bring their matted scourges and bloody crosses into the church which bars its door to them. The Navajos have neither houses nor towns; the Pueblos have nineteen compact little 'cities;' and the Mexicans several hundred villages, a part of which are shared by the invader. The few towns of undiluted gringo hardly count in summing up the Territory of 300 by 400 miles.

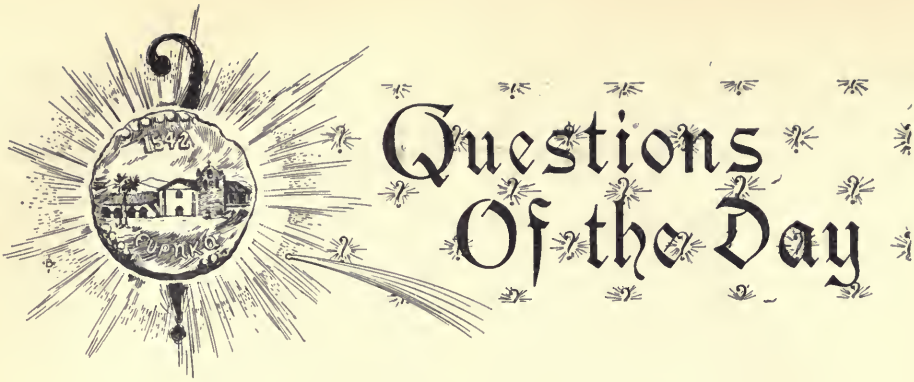
"If new Mexico lacks the concentration

of natural picturesqueness to be found elsewhere, it makes up in universality. There are almost no waterfalls, and not a river worthy of the name. Cañons are rare, and inferior to those of Colorado and the farther Southwest. The mountains are largely skyward miles of savage rock, and forests are far between. But every landscape is characteristic and even beautiful—with a wierd, unearthly beauty, treacherous as the flowers of the cacti. Most of New Mexico, most of the year, is an indescribable harmony in browns and grays, over which the enchanted light of its blue skies casts an eternal spell. Its very rocks are unique—only Arizona shares those astounding freaks of form and color carved by the scant rains and more liberal winds of immemorial centuries and towering across the bare land like the milestones of forgotten giants. The line of huge buttes of blood-red sandstone, which stretches from Mt. San Mateo to the Little Colorado, including the 'Navajo Church' and a thousand minor wonders, is typically New Mexican. The Navajo Reservation—which lies part in this Territory and part in Arizona—is remarkably picturesque throughout, with its broad plains hemmed by giant mesas split with wild cañons. So are the regions about Jamez, Conchiti, Taos, Santa Fé, Acoma, and a few others. The most unique pictures in New Mexico are to be found among its unique pueblos. Their quaint, terraced architecture is the most remarkable on the continent; and there is none more picturesque in the world. It remains intact only in the remoter Pueblos—those along the Rio Grande have been largely Mexicanized into one-storied tameness. Laguna, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, has some three-story terraced houses still; Acoma, on its dizzy island-cliff, twenty miles southwest, is all three-storied; and Taos, in its lovely, lonely valley far to the north, is two great pyramid-tenements of six stories.

SHELLEY.

BY MARY McNEIL SCOTT.

What need for him of monument or urn
While yet the lark springs to a dawn-lit sky
And while the lowliest follower may discern
In drowsy wood or on the wind-swept burn
That small mimosa which, though frail and shy,
Is strong to hold the master's memory?



IS FREEDOM A SUCCESS?

A QUARTER of a century, however small an arc in the cycle of the ages it may seem when it becomes the history of the remote past, is yet sufficent to furnish some data in a great national experiment by which the success or failure of the experiment may, with some degree of assurance, be predicted. That the course pursued in this country with the negro—brought as he was from barbarism in the African jungle, held a slave for more than two and a half centuries, emancipated, and immediately clothed with the full power of citizenship—has been an experiment, none can deny; and that this condition is still problematical is equally true. An experiment in which seven and a half million human souls are the elements is not to be lightly considered. Even though the welfare of these only were at stake instincts of humanity might justly prompt each person outside the dark race line to reflect upon the matter earnestly and to use all the power at his command for securing a right result; but seven and a half million human beings cannot rise or fall alone. The welfare of every citizen of the Union is bound up in the problem of the fate of the negro race in America. How has the problem worked out during the past twenty-five years? Has the value of the unknown quantity with which it began, the negro himself, yet been found?

The old-time negro, with his distinctive race peculiarities, is rapidly becoming a figure of the past. He is picturesque; but, if you want to keep him, you had better use your Kodak, for while you are preparing your palette he will be gone, and his like can never be found on the earth again—the mold was broken when the Emancipation Proclamation rang out through the southern land. But negroes of another type are here in his place; and that they are here to stay is a certainty. They do not wish to be colonized in Liberia or elsewhere; and, much as we might desire to avoid the responsibility their existence here imposes upon us, no one has the right to compel them to leave. Besides, this country owes them protection, and the protection cannot be disregarded. They came here without desire on their own part to do so, and not through the sin of the South alone—for the whole land entered into the covenant with evil which could only be broken with the pouring out of rivers of blood. North and South together sinned, but the South reaped the financial benefit; and North and South together suffered, but on the South fell the financial loss. If we heed the warning uttered by our dead Lowell—"They enslave their children's children, who make compromise with sin," it may be well; but if, as a nation, we shirk the responsibilities that our forefathers entailed upon us, we may again bring on ourselves the ordeal of fire and blood.

We need not expect to yet find in the new type of negro very broad culture or lofty patriotism. If we do we shall be woefully disappointed. His was a hard beginning, and twenty-five years is not a long time for the growth of a race. At the close of the war, he was clothed with the right of suffrage and very little else, and housed under the broad wings of government protection

which afforded but little shelter in bad weather; so he had much to do for himself. But if in the new type we find the germ of good citizenship we may well agree to give it time and opportunity to grow, and not despair of the future.

Many hold that the negro is necessarily mentally inferior to the white man. Grant that this be true: the inferiority may be the result of unpropitious conditions, to be diminished as these are improved. But, even if inherent in the race, it cannot be a great degree of inferiority, as is proved by several facts. One of these is that many men of unmixed African blood have taken high honors at our colleges, both those for their own race and others in which they have competed with white students. These cases, being exceptional, should be taken as evidence only as they raise the average grade of intelligence of their people. Another fact is the desire of the negroes to secure educational advantages for their children. In this they are, as a rule, very solicitous—more so even than the "poor whites," who show but little desire to better their miserable condition. We may laugh at this when it crops out in ludicrous forms, and scold at it when a servant fails to come in the morning to cook the breakfast or to groom the horse, and we afterwards learn that "he 's gwine ter school"; but the desire for knowledge is certainly an indication that there are, within the hearts of the race, stirrings after nobler things.

Morally, the negro is very low yet. There is abundance of religion among them—more, in fact, floating around than can be appropriated by the population, and it is sometimes quite a hindrance to their usefulness; for in times of revival meetings, and these generally last from January 1st to the last hour of December 31st, many absorb religion most of the night, and sleep off its effects the most of the day. It is a religion made up of nervous excitement, superstition, and fear of punishment, and is, in many cases, as widely separated from principles of morality as it is from principles of geometry. The idea prevails among them, and it is proclaimed by their untrained preachers, that in order to escape punishment for sin it is necessary to go through a certain definite routine known as "'speriencin' 'ligion," which has no necessary connection with a change of life. Their religion is an effort to escape punishment rather than a purpose to build up worthy character. This, of course, has reference to the mass of the people. There are educated negroes and those who truly apprehend the Christian life as presented in the Gospel, but they are few. They steal adroitly and count it no sin, and in lying they are marvelously expert, even the little children being able to construct a plausible story at a moment's notice. Many of their preachers, even, lead lives of sinfulness and crime; yet the exhortations of these men are none the less effective because of this fact.

Considered on the plane of economics, the negro character is also very deficient. They are pre-eminently a thriftless people, and waste more than would support them comfortably—that is, if they have anything to waste; if not, they accept the situation with serene cheerfulness 'till good luck brings them a chance to steal something. They receive the command "take no thought for the morrow" in a much broader sense than it was given, and spend wastefully to-day, even though they must starve to-morrow. Whisky, tobacco, and snuff are three supplies on which their earnings are thrown away most rapidly. A negro woman can no more get through her day's work without her box of snuff and her snuff-stick than she could without her fingers. There is a childishness in this matter of management and provision for the future that is really pathetic. Verily here, as elsewhere, "the curse of the poor is their poverty."

The caste feeling engendered by the previous condition of the negroes is another element of danger to the community. Wherever the caste principle operates society is kept from making the progress it might otherwise make. The feeling that manual labor is a degradation is strong in the negro; hence, engaging in this class of work exclusively himself, he, in his heart, despises himself and looks up with a kind of reverence to the white man who can exist by other means. This deference to idleness inevitably has its influence upon the community at large, and tends to pervert public feeling on the subject of honest toil. In

direct proportion as this feeling is passing away is the South developing industrial enterprise and waking up to the sense of her marvelous capabilities. The question as to how the races are to live together in the South—where their lives are to touch and where to be kept separate—is one of the great questions of that section to-day; but until each class learns to despise in the other only what is low and base and to respect all that is noble, self-reliant, and brave, the question will remain unanswered. It may take many decades to work out this result, but slowly it is even now being brought to pass.

Another cause of discord between the two races is the insolent and insulting manners of some of the rising generation of the colored people. The old-time negro shows his respect to all white persons in an obsequious politeness, and his broad compliments are well-nigh overpowering; but his son and grandson, and more conspicuously his daughter and granddaughter, feeling that such conduct does not comport with the character which freedom demands, in their desire to evince their independence of all necessity of favor or patronage go far in the other direction, and show flippancy and impudence that are hard to bear with perfect self-possession and that would have been rather startling a generation back.

This accumulation of facts might make the outlook for the ultimate uplifting of the negroes a dreary one were it not that there is much to be said on the other side of the subject. Let us remember that the negroes are removed by only a few generations from the densest barbarism and heathenism to be found on the earth; and let us also remember that while, during the period of their bondage, vast improvement was effected in their condition, so that they were Christianized, civilized, and developed to a certain extent as to their industrial capacities, yet this was by no means the condition which favored their best growth in any of these directions. As slaves they were far better off than as savages—but this consideration does not justify the nation that bartered for them or rid slavery of the evils that blighted the career of both races.

Much is being done in educating the negroes, and much more must be done and quickly done, if the nation that has placed power in their hands is to be free from danger when it is exercised. All the leading religious denominations have established schools for their training, and some control colleges whose course embraces as liberal a range of studies as any in the land. These give encouraging reports of the good work being done. It is perhaps by the schools of lower grade, however, that most good is being wrought among the mass of the negroes. Most of the colored folk are poor, and comparatively few can take a college course; but many are reached by the common schools. The census report of 1890, as compared with that of 1880, presents a very encouraging view of the progress of education among the negroes. The percentage of the population enrolled at public schools is given in the census report of 1890 as 18.55, while the report for 1880 shows but 11.48 per cent. In that decade, therefore, there was 61.58 per cent. of increase. This great advance in the number of those reached by educational influences cannot fail to bring about good results, which we shall most certainly see within the next ten years when those now children at the schools will be shaping the life of their race. This nation has not been grudging in the education of the dark children, for both public and private purses have aided very liberally the important work. The late Mr. Grady, the brilliant Georgia editor, remarked the fact that in his own State "the whites are assessed for $368,000,000 and the blacks for $10,000,000 and yet 49 per cent. of the beneficiaries are black children," and that "the negroes of the South, paying one-thirtieth of the taxes, get nearly one-half of the funds spent in education." This is significant. Many of the schools do, and certainly all should, aim to give a symmetrical development to the characters they take in hand, training them mentally, morally, and industrially.

General Armstrong, of Hampton, Va., speaking from experience in his work for the negro, said of him when he began his career as a free man, "The great trouble with the negro was not ignorance, it was deficiency of character, and character must be *worked* out." You cannot dump a cartload of facts into a human mind and then

turn out a first-class statesman, financier, or artisan. A long lifetime is all too short for the perfecting of a character, and as the race is greater than the individual, so much greater and so much slower must be the work. That the work is going on few who live among the negroes can honestly doubt.

One of the greatest needs of the colored people is a properly educated ministry. The negroes are very accessible on the religious side of their nature, but this is sometimes a source of evil rather than good. It is hardly possible to lay too great stress on the necessity for their religious training —it seems to be their first great need. With their natures as they are, they must be religious; and if their vicious tendencies are not overcome by the true, renovating gospel of Christ, they must slip back again into their old heathenism and superstition, which are still in the blood. This want is fast being supplied by the colleges for the negroes giving to their theological students the same training as is received by white students; and a number of cultured colored men are now teaching their own people the true principles of Christianity. The good produced by this change must be more and more evident each year, but as yet the need remains very great. The last census report shows that the colored members of various religious denominations in 1890 numbered 2,379,000, and that they owned church property to the value of about $13,403,800.

Although most of the negroes are still lacking in energy and thrift there has been, within the last few years, considerable advance in the amount of property held by them and in all the material conditions of their life. Many in every community own small homes and some own more than a little other property. Their home life, also, is improving very perceptibly. Though many live in squalor and want, caused by their own improvidence, numbers of them are acquiring comforts and adopting more skillful methods of conducting their households. This improvement is very encouraging; for, with better homes, right religious training, and proper educational advantages a broadening of life is sure to come.

But a few years ago the vast majority of the negroes knew no pursuit but agriculture, and but little of this except as they acted under supervision. Now, many of them are engaged in the mechanical trades and are skilled workmen. In some divisions of labor, negroes are restricted to inferior positions, white workmen refusing to admit them to an equal standing with themselves; but this feeling is not universal, and in many departments equal skill commands equal place and equal pay. Some time ago the *Tradesman*, of Chattanooga, Tenn., sent out a circular-letter to the managers of industries in the South, with the object of ascertaining the efficiency of negro labor in manufactures. Certain questions were asked; and, from the summing-up of the answers obtained from twenty-eight sources in different parts of the South, the following quotations are made:

> The average wages paid for skilled labor runs at about $1.75 a day, though several correspondents pay colored heaters, puddlers, and other high-class workmen as high as $4.00 and $5.00 a day; and many furnaces pay from $1.50 to $2.50. Average wages to common laborers, $1.15 per day. Several correspondents regard the negro in several kinds of furnace and mill work, where high temperature is encountered, as superior to white labor; and the majority prefer him to the white, as a common laborer.

Thus it is seen that the colored man is gradually taking his place beside his white brother in the fields of labor, and is proving his ability to compete with that white brother in the use of hands and brain. Many colored men now occupy creditable positions, also, in all the learned professions. In view of these facts, let every chance be given him to climb, and let him grasp whatever tool he is capable of wielding for the work of the world.

Since it must be admitted that freedom has been, and must ever be, the only condition under which civilization can flourish, whatever of failure we detect in our national life as it relates to the negroes cannot be referred to the fact that they, once slaves, are now free men and women; but let us honestly acknowledge that the faults are in ourselves and in themselves, and set about righting them.

That there are large possibilities for the negroes of this land many of them have proved; and the field of their achievement may be larger than we yet imagine. It is a great thing to stand by and see a new race developed, but it is a wonderful thing that our hands may turn their faces in the right direction. Given churches and school-

houses, and the right teaching in them, and we need not fear for the future of the negro, and may leave perplexing questions about his future position to settle themselves. The Anglo-Saxon race in our land is, and probably will remain, the governing race; the decision, therefore, rests with it as to whether the negroes of the twentieth century shall be drifting back to degradation and barbarism, with all the evils such a condition would bring about, or shall be standing upon the firm ground of good citizenship. HELEN STEWART.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.[1]

THE nominations of Mr. Hornblower and of Mr. Peckham for a vacant seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States have served once more to attract the attention of the country to the relations between the President and the Senate as regards appointments to office. As is well known, the action of the Senate upon nominations submitted to it for confirmation by the President is frequently governed by an unwritten rule which by way of euphemism is called "the courtesy of the Senate." According to this rule the Senate is not to confirm the appointment of any nominee who is "personally objectionable" to the Senators from whose State the nominee is taken. In point of fact, however, the pretension is that the President is bound to consult Senators belonging to his own party before he nominates any citizen of their respective States, and to obtain their approval of the nomination prior to its submission to the Senate. This pretension amounts substantially to a claim on the part of Senators that they have a right to dictate nominations. This claim directly conflicts with the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint," etc. This evidently means that the President shall freely exercise the power to nominate according to his judgment, and that, the nomination having been made by him, the Senate shall freely exercise its power to consent to the nomination or not, as it may choose. But, according to their self-made rule, Senators claim not only the power to advise and consent after the nomination is made, but to control the nomination too. This is a clear usurpation by Senators of the constitutional powers of the Executive.

It is true this pretension to control the nominations is not in every case insisted upon. There have always been high-minded men in the Senate, at least in times past, who respected the constitutional limitations of power. These were usually the men whose advice, previous to the making of nominations, would have been of real value to the President, because it would have been unselfish. But the Senators whose advice in such things is the least free from selfish motives, and has therefore morally the least title to regard, are usually those who most strenuously insist upon what they call their "Senatorial prerogative." The cases of Hornblower and Peckham strikingly illustrate what this sort of "courtesy of the Senate" will lead to.

Senator Hill opposed the appointment of Mr. Hornblower in part, professedly, on the ground that the nominee lacked the qualifications required for the Supreme Bench. But this was a mere subterfuge, which, against the emphatic endorsement given Mr. Hornblower by the Bar Association of New York, could not be maintained. The main reason for Senator Hill's opposition, and the one upon which he laid the greatest stress, was that Mr. Hornblower was personally offensive to him, and that the President had not consulted him concerning the nomination, to obtain his approval of it. When Hornblower had, owing to Senator Hill's invocation of Senatorial courtesy, been rejected, and Mr. Peckham been nominated, Senator Hill objected to Mr. Peckham, whose fitness as a jurist he could not question, on the ground that Mr. Peckham was still more offensive to him; and this under the rule of Senatorial courtesy should be sufficient reason for rejection.

Why, then, were Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Peckham personally offensive to Senator Hill? Not because they were not men of high character, for everybody admitted that they were. Not because they were not members of the Democratic party, for they were known as old Democrats. But because

[1]From Harpers Weekly.

they belonged to the reformatory wing of the Democratic party, and, more particularly, because they had been active in exposing Mr. Maynard, one of Senator Hill's political confederates, who had committed an act which under the laws of New York is a felony, and for which the people of his State buried him at the late election under an adverse majority of more tnan one hundred thousand votes. It is quite certain that had Mr. Hornblower or Mr. Peckham, instead of denouncing and exposing Mr. Maynard, defended and supported him, either of them would have had commendation instead of opposition from Senator Hill. It is equally certain that had Mr. Hornblower or Mr. Peckham in such manner won Senator Hill's favor, neither of them would have been morally worthy of a seat in the Supreme Court of the United States, or in any court in the country. But just because they had done what as conscientious men they were bound to do, what every honorable lawyer in the State had countenanced them in doing, what commended them to the public confidence, and what the people of their State sanctioned and ratified by an enormous majority, they were personally offensive to Senator Hill, and on this ground to be rejected by a courteous Senate. In effect, Senator Hill, by the attitude he took, declared before all the people that no man who had opposed Mr. Maynard on account of an act branded as a felony by the laws of New York, and had thereby made himself personally offensive to the Senators from that State, however estimable a gentleman, and however good a lawyer he might be, should have a chance to become a judge on the Supreme Bench, the President and the people to the contrary notwithstanding; and, further, that the Senate of the United States was bound by the rule of Senatorial courtesy to make good this proclamation. No fair-minded man will deny that this was an outrage of the first order.

There are some well-meaning persons who say that, after all, the President would do better to avoid a quarrel with Senator Hill, and to nominate a man not objectionable to him. Those who think so fail to grasp the importance of the point in dispute. When Senator Hill had substantially proclaimed that opposition to a criminal who was a candidate for a judgeship in New York should disqualify any man guilty of that opposition for a Federal appointment, would not the President have admitted and countenanced this disqualification if he had on such a ground abstained from nominating a man offensive to Senator Hill, and selected one in this respect acceptable to the Senator? To put the question is to answer it. The President was bound by every consideration of honor and of public morality to deny this disqualification in the most emphatic manner possible, and to continue denying it, were it even against the whole Senate, until every chance of making that denial effective was exhausted. The idea that a politician of so low a character as David B. Hill should presume to decree the exclusion from the Federal Supreme Bench of every honorable lawyer in the State of New York who opposed the elevation of a criminal to a judgeship, and that the Senate, by way of courtesy, should sustain and enforce this decree, is too monstrous and revolting to be endured with patience. The President deserves the gratitude of every good citizen for manfully resisting it, and it is to be hoped that this striking object-lesson will serve to point out to the whole country the so-called courtesy of the Senate as a public danger and an unmitigated insult to the people.

SHOULD WE HAVE AN INCOME-TAX? YES.[1]

THE annual expenditures of the Government, including the amount required for the sinking-fund, demand of the Treasury $500,000,000. In preparing any measure to raise that sum by taxation, two objects ought to be kept steadily before the eye of the legislator. One object should be so to lay the burden as that each citizen shall be required to contribute his just share to the support of the Government. And the other is that as far as it can possibly be done the revenue should be raised without obstructing or hindering the movement of the products of labor on their way to market, so that they may find ready sale and our labor find constant and remunerative employment.

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[1]Senator Roger Q. Mills in North American Review for February.

The Democratic party promised the country that when it came into power it would institute a just system of taxation; and when it begins the work it is confronted within its own lines by a determined opposition to the execution of its promises. It is charged vehemently that a tax on wealth is odious and inquisitorial. If that be true, all State and local systems of taxation are of the same hateful nature, and have been so from the beginning of the Government. All taxes are odious to the taxpayer, and they become more so in proportion to the size of the contribution. But, after all, they must be imposed and paid, and every citizen should willingly share in their contribution. How are the $500,000,000 to be raised? Is the whole burden to be laid upon articles produced by the annual labor of the people, and the consumption of which is required, year by year, to sustain human life? Is all accumulated wealth to be exempt? Land cannot be reached, because the Constitution has placed it beyond the power of Congress; but there are abundant means within our reach from which we may gather the required sum without destroying our commerce and shutting out our labor from employment. We have between sixty-five and seventy billions of accumulated wealth, whose annual gain and income may justly be required to aid in supporting the Government. We produce over eight billions of manufactured product protected against competition; it would not be unjust to call on it for a contribution. We have many millions deposited in banks which the Government is guarding for its owners. There can be no good reason why these millions should not be taxed. We have ten thousand millions of railroad property which the Government is protecting, but for that protection that property is contributing nothing. It should be called upon by the tax-gatherer. Adam Smith lays down the canon that

"the subjects of *every State* ought to contribute toward the support of the Government, as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities; that is, in proportion to the revenues which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State."

This canon is correct both morally and legally, and it should be rigorously observed by the legislator in laying upon the shoulders of the citizen the exactions of government. But we have reversed the principle, and instead of laying the duties in proportion to what the taxpayer has, we lay them in proportion to what he has not. We do not "take out and keep out" as little as possible, as Smith admonishes us, but as much as possible. And we tax him, not only for the support of the state but for the support of indigent millionaires. This policy must be reversed and the change must be made by the existing Congress. The bill reported by the Commitee of Ways and Means has inaugurated the work, and it must be prosecuted to success. It has been criticised and denounced by those who are receiving the benefits of the existing system. The objections made by them are utterly destitute of merit. The tax proposed on incomes is but a light touch on the monumental piles of wealth, for the protection of which the government is standing guard. A just contribution would go much beyond the limit prescribed by the committee. Great Britain collects seventy millions of dollars on the incomes of her thirty millions of people, and we are not proposing to exact one-half that sum from over sixty-eight millions.

It may be impossible now to pass the bill with that feature and it may be eliminated from its provisions. But the time will come when that measure will be placed upon the statute-books, and when it is it will be much more exacting than the one now proposed. If the wealthy classes would consult the book of wisdom they would have their representatives tender it and cheerfully support it. To antagonize it, and persist in demanding the retention of a system so grossly unjust that it is prostrating the labor of the nation, is to defy all the fates at once. The schoolmaster is abroad in the land and the masses are awakening to a consciousness of their rights and to a realization of their wrongs. They are beginning to feel their power, and they will organize and attack these abuses, and when they shall have finished their work there will be nothing left to be desired.

SHOULD WE HAVE AN INCOME-TAX? NO.

IT is safe to say that the Wilson Bill has been loaded with the income-tax provisions not because thoughtful Democratic

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Chafing Dish Recipes.

By Miss Cornelia C. Bedford, Supt. New York School of Cookery.

"Sweetbreads à la Careme."—Drop a pair of sweetbreads in cold water and let stand two hours, changing the water as it becomes discolored. Drain, put in a sauce pan with one half of a bay leaf, one small blade of mace, one sprig of parsley and one half teaspoon salt. Cover with boiling water and simmer twenty minutes. Drain, lay in a bowl of ice water till cold. Wipe the sweetbreads on a dry towel and with a silver knife trim off the pipes and membrane, then cut in pieces one inch square and one half inch thick. Cut three large truffles and twelve fresh mushrooms in similar shaped pieces. On bird skewers put alternate slices of sweetbread, truffle and mushroom. Chop all the trimmings very fine and put them with one tablespoonful of butter in the chafing dish. Cook three minutes, dredge in one heaping tablespoon of flour, when brown add three quarters of a cup of brown stock; when smooth add one quarter of a cup of port wine, ten drops of onion juice, a dash of cayenne and salt to taste. Add the filled skewers, cover and simmer ten minutes.

"Oysters Maitre d'Hotel."—Rinse and thoroughly drain two dozen oysters. Put with one tablespoon of butter in the chafing dish. Stir carefully and when the edges begin to ruffle add the juice of one half lemon, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Season with salt and paprika and serve on squares of toast.

"Chickens' Livers with Madeira."—Wash and dry six chickens' livers. Cut each in four pieces and put in the chafing dish with one tablespoonful of butter. Cook three minutes, add three quarters of a cup of Spanish sauce, salt and pepper to taste, simmer ten minutes longer, add four tablespoonfuls Madeira and serve at once.

"Spanish Sauce." (Should be prepared in advance.)—Put three tablespoonfuls chopped raw ham in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and cook slowly till the butter is very brown. Add one tablespoonful of flour and brown again. Add one half pint very strong consomme, and stir till it thickens and boils, then add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire, one teaspoonful of mushroom catsup and seasoning to taste. Strain and add one tablespoonful of sherry.

"Eggs à la Caracas."—Free two ounces of smoked beef from fat and rind and chop very fine. Add one cupful of canned tomatoes (use as little liquid as possible), ten drops of onion juice, one quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika (or a dash of cayenne), a dash of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and one tablespoonful of butter. Put in the chafing dish and when smoking hot add three eggs well beaten. Put the hot water pan underneath and stir till the consistence of scrambled eggs. Serve on heated plates, adding to each portion two slices of hard boiled egg dipped in thin mayonnaise.

leaders believe an income-tax to be wise and equitable, but because they fear some of the Democratic States would not be likely to patiently stand enough increase of the internal-revenue taxes on tobacco and distilled and fermented spirits to fill the gap in the revenues of the Government, which the other provisions of the Bill were designed to make.

Theoretically, as Senator Mills points out, there are good arguments in favor of an income-tax; but the income-tax in practice is very different from the income-tax in theory. We gave it a trial as a war measure (not a thoroughly fair trial, probably, yet enough to indicate its general qualities), and the experience did not convince us that we could afford to deal with it. It was odious to those classes upon whom it was imposed, and there were no lamentations when it was abandoned. Although it keeps its hold in Great Britain, it is a cause of constant murmuring, and it seems not extravagant to expect that the murmuring will ultimately cause its downfall. It would have caused this long ago had the ratio of the very poor to those having comfortable incomes been in Great Britain as it is in the United States, or had not the conditions of life in the British Isles led to a free-trade policy and so to necessity for laying taxes to a considerable extent with regard rather to yield than to equity. Mr. Gladstone has gone on record as saying that there are "circumstances attending the operation of the income-tax which make it difficult, perhaps impossible, or at any rate not desirable to maintain it as a portion of the permanent and ordinary finance." That a great English leader deems it wise or expedient to so strongly oppose the tax as Mr. Gladstone has opposed it should at least lead us to fear that we are not getting on surer ground in stepping from high protection to the income-tax.

Manifestly deceptiveness, classism, fluctuations of values, differences of conditions surrounding individuals with apparently similar incomes, and the like are all against an even distribution of governmental burden where the income-tax is to be collected. Moreover, the inquisitorial measures essential to an even half-way-fair administration of a law taxing incomes are objectionable to men of all faiths and must be set down as in direct conflict with some of the fundamental principles espoused by the Democratic party.

The problem with which Democratic Congressmen are dealing is characterized by many difficulties, not the least of which is the indisposition of nearly all of them to rise superior to the spoils system—to withdraw far enough from selfish ambition to remain in office to sacrifice local interests to the general welfare. By the time party principles have been twisted to suit local partisan requirements no one save an office-hunting stump-speaker can at all identify them. But, difficult though the problem is in itself and in the conditions which surround those legislators who attempt to settle it, Democrats in general will hardly make enough allowance to forgive the politicians of their party if those politicians persist in taking up a revenue measure of shady reputation and doubtful character to fill the place of that portion of the high-tariff system those politicians deem it expedient to abandon.

It may be our interests as individuals are so conflicting and "politics" so superior to statesmanship save in the retrospect that we are doomed to flounder on through economic error. If so, possibly an income-tax would be no worse than excessive duties on imports. Sometime, perhaps in the year Billion, we will get amidst conditions which will enable us to lay our taxes equitably—maybe on land as Henry George proposes, maybe on incomes provided men have meanwhile lost both the propensity and opportunity to lie.

T. G.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE debate in the House of Representatives pending the passage of the McCreary Bill to extend for six months the time for registration of Chinese as provided by the Geary Act, was instructive in several particulars: First, as showing the entire subordination of grave and important economic questions to the temporary necessities of a political party or an administration; second, as testifying to the average sentiment of the people of the Eastern States—their superficial and sentimental ideas, their lack of knowledge as to the practical results, the grave consequences arising and insepa-

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rable from the presence of Chinese in the United States; and, third, for the charming because ingenuous condescension accorded to the Pacific Coast representatives by their Eastern colleagues in the consideration of this question.

Many of the Eastern representatives who championed the Chinese cause frankly admitted the truth that they had no practical knowledge of the matter and so spoke only from a sentimental and treaty-with-China point of view; and all wholly ignored the vital interests our own people have in the case.

They appeared not as judges, but as attorneys for the Chinese.

The settled opinion of the Eastern people as voiced by their representatives in Congress, is that the citizens of California and the Pacific Coast generally are insincere in their constant demand for Chinese exclusion—that this demand is for local political purposes and is only an appeal made by politicians to the prejudices of the ignorant that they may ride into office. And when these representatives sat and listened to the eloquent speeches made by three of the California delegation—Messrs. Geary, Maguire, and Hilborn—against the Bill, and immediately after saw them pass through the tellers voting for the bill, as did also Mr. Caminetti and Mr. Cannon, and saw also that the two California members who refused to vote for it were denounced in California journals which have been the most persistent anti-Chinese shriekers, and when they added to these facts the further fact that the only petition received by Congress asking for the passage of the McCreary Bill came from California—from ministers of the Methodist Church South, assembled in conference in Los Angeles, we must admit that our Eastern brethren seem to have a rather solid foundation for their opinion. At the same time it is probable that no one in California doubts the anti-Chinese sentiments of the California Congressmen who voted for the McCreary Bill. They evidently regarded it as their highest duty to endorse and sustain the Democratic Executive in his refusal to enforce the law—the McCreary Bill was simply an endorsement of the Executive, and cripples the Geary Act for six to twelve months longer, by which time it is expected, and not without reason, a reversal of the Supreme Court decision may be had and the Act practically repealed.

An Eastern representative said that he was "opposed to undesirable immigration, but was also opposed to excluding a race."

In thus speaking he undoubtedly expressed the sentiments of a large number of people who have given no thought to the matter. Every American who desires the prosperity of this nation, the welfare of its citizens, must upon a fair investigation of the question be convinced beyond all doubt that the Chinese race should be excluded from this country.

Among the associates of the member who made the remark quoted, may be selected one who was born in England, another in Germany, others in France, Spain, Italy, Norway or Scotland; and the said member could not determine the nationality of one of them by his dress, complexion, personal appearance, speech, habits, education, or religious affiliations, while at the same time the individuality of each is pronounced. No two of them are alike, yet all are Americans. The people of these nations have substantially the same civilization, the same religions, the same habits, and many attributes and characteristics in common, and although there is an infinite variety among them, yet they readily assimilate and blend together and from this blending comes the American civilization, the American character.

With these the Chinese cannot assimilate — there is no common meeting-ground. They are of a totally different type, and the difference is primal, physiological, irreconcilable in essentials. With a civilization that has not changed for thirty centuries, a religion that is repugnant to all enlightened people, they must remain aliens for all time to the people of those nations from which the American came.

We should shut out the vicious and the criminal from England or Germany or France—as we shut in prisons our own people who are vicious and criminal, and welcome the honest and industrious immigrants from those countries, for they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. To this complexion the Chinaman can never come, no

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more than he can change his skin. The Chinese do not wish to become like us. All are here for temporary purposes only, to take advantage of the opportunities this country affords to acquire money to carry back to China. All go back—the bones of those who die here are sent back. Every Chinaman here occupies the place that of right belongs to some American man or woman; for all the opportunities, all the advantages existing in this country belong to its citizens who created them, and to no others.

The Chinese are not and never can be on the same plane with the white nations. Between the coolie and the Emperor of China there exists no variety in the individuals. The Almighty has fixed the boundaries beyond which they cannot pass.

No man can show that the presence of Chinese is of benefit to the people of the United States—is for the general welfare. If not, the race should be excluded. It is not only the inherent right of this nation, but its highest duty, to exclude all people and all things that do not contribute to the general good, and no treaty secretly negotiated by a Secretary of State, and approved only by the aristocratic branch of the Government—secretly assembled, and with which the people of the nation have had no lot or part, should be allowed to take precedence of the general welfare.

The best interests of the whole people are more sacred than any such treaty can be, and these demand the exclusion of the Chinese race.

For in the nature of things, the selection of the best of the Chinese can be no more than a choice of evils. L. A. S.

WILLIAM AND BISMARCK.

MOST of the American journals have been attaching undue importance to the reconciliation of Emperor William and Prince Bismarck. That reconciliation could be of great importance only if the outgrowth of improvement in the character of the Emperor, and there seems little reason for believing that improvement has taken place. It is altogether unlikely that the vain, arrogant, and small-brained man who occupies the great throne of Germany will abate one jot of his silly despotism because of the courtesies shown the distinguished ex-Chancellor.

Granted that Bismarck is himself an egotist; granted that he is not so big a man as he is usually represented, and that William had no reason for hero-worship: still, the ruler to whom the dismissal with all the attendant circumstances was possible lacks qualities without which the reconciliation could not be very profitable. The Prince was dismissed for his greatness. William could not endure proximity to a statesman beside whom he appeared a pygmy.

Having found that Bismarck at Friedrichsruh cast a longer shadow over the throne than Bismarck at Berlin and that the quarrel was making himself, the Emperor, smaller and smaller in the eyes of the world, the youug blunderer — out of self-love and not out of penitence or increase of light—was moved to invite the Prince to visit him in the German Capital. Had the reconciliation come as the result of removal of some misunderstanding as to fact or as the result of elevation of the character of the Emperor it would presage far-reaching improvement in German politics. As conditions are, it is valuable only in that it relieves the world of a scandalous spectacle.

L.

WAGES OF SERVANTS IN ENGLAND.[1]

PRACTICALLY all the necessities and all the comforts of life cost less in England than with us. In the mere matter of servants alone, wages are less than one-half, and the domestics are so much better trained, and the service rendered is so superior, that there is hardly any comparison. This statement regarding competency applies not so much to the servants in a great London establishment as compared with those in a similarly expensive establishment in New York, as to domestics all over England as compared with those all over the United States. Outside of the great cities — where servants' wages are noticeably higher—one might have, say, four female servants and one male servant for less than $500 a year, while in the United States the wages of the same num-

[1] Price Collier in Forum for February, 1894.

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ber would be over $1,200 a year. In England, too, the servants are a satisfied and self-respecting class, while with us they are an ambitious contingent representing in their own eyes a temporary social misfortune. It would be difficult to find a male American whose ambition is limited to the attainment of the position of butler in a private family, but many an Englishman looks forward to this as sufficient reward this side of that bourne, where, as there is no marrying and no giving in marriage, there are probably no families requiring men in plush and knee-breeches ranged around a dinner-table. A man with an income of $5,000 a year in England can have—and does have as a matter of fact—more servants in his household, with all the time and friction-saving which that implies, than a man with twice that income in the United States. All domestic labor, from the scullery and the stable to the schoolroom and the private secretary's desk, which is looked after by either men or women, is more skilfully and more cheaply done, and costs from one-third to one-half less.

SEEING BY ELECTRICITY.[1]

WE can write by electricity, can send pictures and designs by the same agency and talk to our friends at a distance by means of the electric wire. When the British Association visited Newcastle, England, Prof. Perry told his auditors that seeing by electricity was a possibility of the future, and he had shortly before drawn a picture of scientific achievements which would enable friends divided by large continents and oceans, not only to talk with one another, but to look upon their features. Even before that, Prof. Bell was known to have been at work in his laboratory, endeavoring to solve the problem, and though ten years have elapsed since the possibility of applying the well-known principles of light in the same way as the principles of sound have been applied, as in the telephone, was first suggested, the professor is still as hopeful of success as ever. There is no theoretical reason why light may not be conducted in the same way as sound, but Prof. Bell tells us that it will be very much more difficult to construct an apparatus for the purpose, owing to the immensely greater rapidity with which the vibrations of light take place when compared with the vibrations of sound. The difficulty, however, is merely one of finding a diaphragm sufficiently sensitive to receive these vibrations and produce the corresponding electrical vibrations, and it is encouraging to have it on the authority of such a man as Prof. Bell that at least a dozen men, eminent in science in various parts of the world, are at present engaged in endeavoring to find the solution of this problem. Prof. Bell candidly admits that up to the present his labors have been in vain, but he is full of hope as to the successful issue.

[1] Newcastle Chronicle.

Los Angeles Terminal Railway Co.

LOS ANGELES, PASADENA AND ALTADENA.

Depots, East End of First Street and Downey Ave. Bridges.

Leave Los Angeles for Pasadena.	Leave Pasadena for Los Angeles.
6 35 a. m. Ex. Sun.	7 15 a. m. Ex. Sun.
7 10 a. m.	8 05 a. m.
8 00 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
9 00 a. m.	10 35 a. m.
10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
1 25 p. m.	2 05 p. m.
2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 25 p. m.
5 20 p. m.	7 05 p. m.
6 20 p. m.	9 30 p. m.
11 00 p. m.	11 45 p. m.

Leave Los Angeles for Altadena.	Leave Altadena for Los Angeles.
10 30 a. m.	11 35 a. m.
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Los Angeles and Monrovia Depot, East End of First St. Bridge.

Leave Los Angeles for Monrovia.	Leave Monrovia for Los Angeles.
7 55 a. m. Sun. Ex.	6 55 a. m. Sun. Ex.
11 10 a. m.	8 55 a. m.
2 55 p. m.	12 45 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	4 00 p. m.

LOS ANGELES AND GLENDALE.

Depots, East End of First Street and Downey Avenue Bridges.

Leave Los Angeles for Glendale.	Leave Glendale for Los Angeles.
6 45 a. m. Sun. ex.	7 25 a. m. Sun. ex.
8 15 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
12 20 p. m.	1 15 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	6 15 p. m.

Los Angeles, Long Beach and E. San Pedro Depot, East End of First Street Bridge.

Leave Los Angeles for Long Beach and E. San Pedro.	Leave E. San Pedro for Los Angeles.
9 45 a. m.	7 40 a. m.
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Little cat!
Dey 's done frowed out and left you alone,
Little cat!
I 's a strokin' you' fur,
But you do n't never purr,
Nor hump up anywhere
Little cat—
W'y is dat?
Is you 's purrin' and humpin' up done?

An' w'y fer is you 's little foot tied,
Little cat?
Did dey pisen you 's tummick inside,
Little cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks,
Or wif big nasty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks,
Little cat?
Tell me dat,
Did dey holler w'enever you cwied?

Did it hurt werry bad w'en you died,
Little cat?
Oh! W'y did n't you wun off and hide,
Little cat?
I is wet in my eyes—
'Cause I 'mos' always cwies
When a pussy cat dies,
Little cat,
Tink of dat—
An' I 's awfully solly besides!

Dest lay still dere down in de sof gwown,
Little cat.
W'ile I tucks de gween gwass all awoun,
Little cat.
Dey can 't hurt you no more
W'en you 's tired an' so sore—
Dest sleep twiet, you pore
Little cat,
Wif a pat,
And fordget all de kicks of de town.

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

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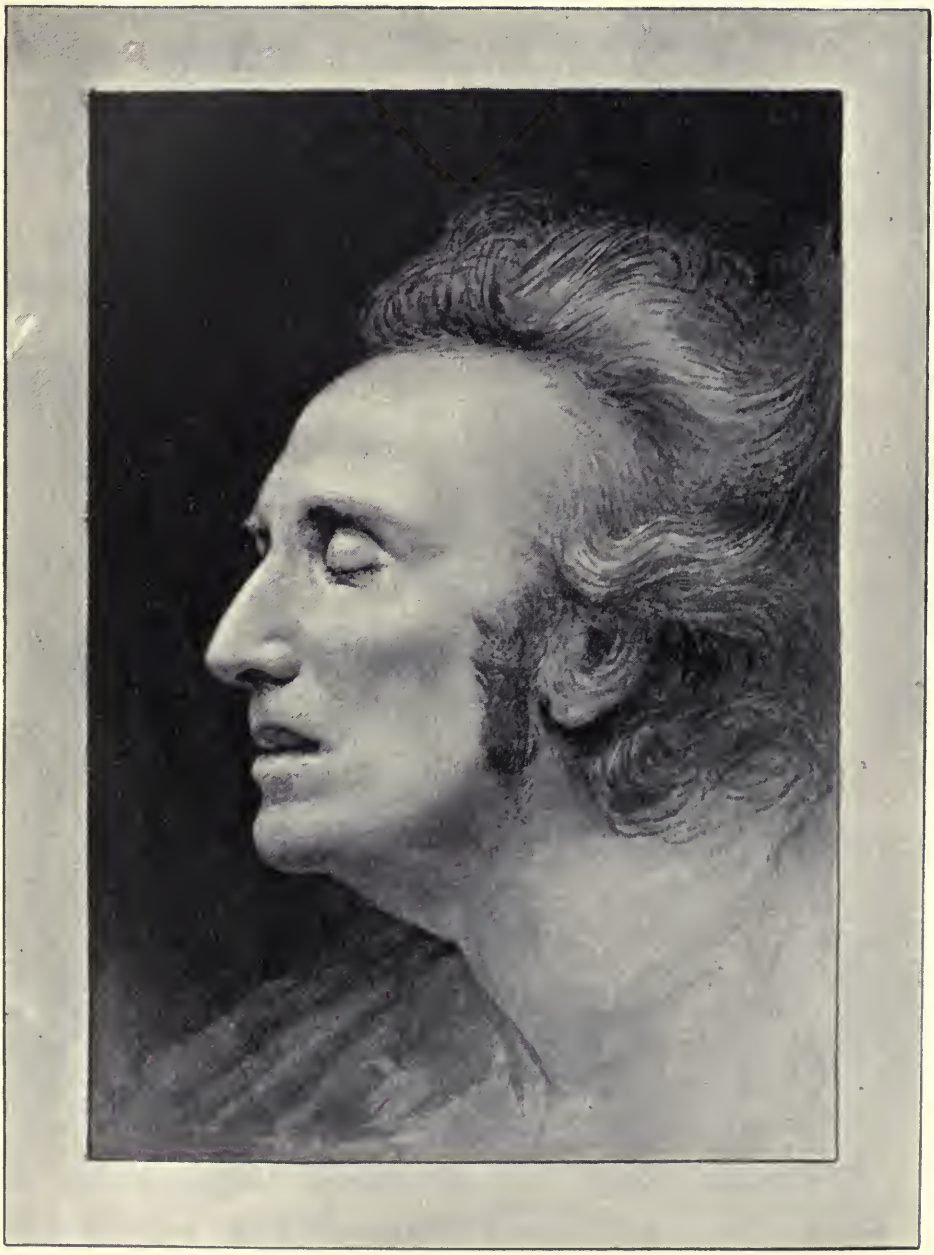


JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

From the death-portrait by Burton, in the National Gallery, Dublin.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. V. APRIL, 1894. No. 5.

AN IRISH POET.

BY ELODIE HOGAN.

AT the Meath Hospital in Dublin a man died just three months before Edgar Allan Poe died in a hospital at Baltimore. There was a difference of only six years in their ages, and to one studying the life and poetry of each it would seem that they had been born of the same parents and under a common star. The memory of Poe has emerged from the gloom and the blackness with which small malice and sectional envy had covered it. After forty years he is as a torch whose burning helps to make up the world's great light. Not so with his unhappy Irish counterpart, James Clarence Mangan.

The only book published by Mangan is his German Anthology wherein with peculiar perversity he mixed his own original lines with his translations. Gill of Dublin has published an insignificant six-penny edition of his poems. This and a volume compiled by his friend John Mitchell and published in America are the only collections of the poet's work. Much of the light and fire struck from that dark life where

> " * * * unmerciful Disaster
> Followed fast and followed faster,"

are hidden in the old files of the *Dublin Nation* and a couple of penny papers.

In the introduction to his edition of Mangan's verses Mitchell says: "The comparative unacquaintance of Americans with these poems may be readily accounted for when we remember how completely British criticism gives the law throughout the literary domain of the English tongue. This Mangan was not only an Irish rebel, who throughout his whole literary life of twenty years never published a line in any English periodical nor through any English bookseller, but he never seemed to be aware that there was a British public to be pleased. He was a rebel politically and a rebel intellectually and spiritually—a rebel with his whole heart and soul against the whole British spirit of the age. The consequence was sure and not unexpected. Hardly any one in England knew the name of such a person."

James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin, on the 1st of May, 1803. He was a gentle, nervous, golden-haired boy who lived in great terror of his burly father who boasted that the little ones "would run into a mouse-hole to shun him." In the old part of Dublin, between the Castle and the River Liffey a narrow alley leads into a dismal square of brick houses. In one of these the boy received all the scholastic training he ever had. Here a tutor loved him and gave him the bare rudiments of French and Latin. At twelve or fifteen years of age (there is no way to know exactly) upon the delicate child devolved the necessity of supporting his mother, two brothers, and a sister. For seven dreary years he drudged from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night as a copyist in a scrivener's office. Afterward, for three years he toiled in an attorney's office as clerk, surrounded by vulgar, detest-

able associates. So hateful to him were these bleak years of sordid toil and grinding agony of soul that from him we learn it was only a special Providence which saved him from suicide.

It was during these bleak years that he took his first lonely steps into the wilderness of learning. A wilderness it was to him, with no guide but the fitful fires that burned in his beautiful and erratic soul. During hours stolen from his sleep he worked with devoted and passionate study until he had a perfect control of the French, German, English, Latin, and Greek languages, and gradually succeeded in acquiring that profound and exquisite culture which shows through his entire work. Excepting these hungry hours given to study, his only relaxation was in long night-walks through the Dublin streets, along the wharves, or in the outside meadow-lands, absorbed in the phantom visions that crowded his overwrought and sensitive brain.

When he was about two and twenty years of age a supreme disaster fell upon the already blighted and lonely young man. It is the old story—a woman's vanity playing with the lightnings of passion; a youth's deep love and hope and desire; then the broken dream, with chaos and darkness over all. Those who knew him best, those who loved and cared for him, those who have written of him know merely the scanty outlines of the story. "As a beautiful dream she entered his existence; as a tone of celestial music she pitched the keynote of his song; and sweeping over all the chords of his melodious desolation you may see that white hand." Only once his own voice broke the silence—in "The Nameless One." For the rest his comfort lay in his choice of poems for translation; where, "in the wonderful pathos of the thought which he scrupled not sometimes to interpolate, can you discern the master misery." Thus in the ballad from Reukert:

I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more:
'T was Paradise on earth awhile, and then
no more:
Ah! what avail my vigils pale, my magic
lore?
She shone before my eyes awhile, and then
no more.
The shallop of my peace is wreck'd on
Beauty's shore;
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and
then no more!'

"I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more:
Earth looked like Heaven a little while,
and then no more.
Her presence thrill'd and lighted to its inner core
My desert breast a little while, and then no
more.

About this time he disappeared completely for several years. At the period of his *tragedie du cœur* he was a bright-haired youth with brilliant blue eyes. When he emerges from his silent hell of agony, he is a blenched and withered man. "He stoops and is abstracted. A threadbare, dark coat, buttoned up to the throat, sheathes his attenuated body. His eye is lustrously mild and beautifully blue, and his silver white locks surround like a tender halo the once beautiful and now pale and intellectual face. He glides along through the people as if he did not belong to the same earth with them. Nor does he. His steps seem as if they were not directed by any thought but mechanically wended their way to his lonely abode."

Wherever he had been, however he had spent those hidden years, when he came back to earth the old strife at the mill of existence, the old life to be borne for others was still awaiting him. He picked up his load, shouldered it bravely, and at seven and twenty years of age we find him contributing short poems, usually translations from the German and the Irish, to a small weekly paper in Dublin. For these he received a weekly pittance which he duly rendered to the people who eked their existence out of his life blood. Finally,

through Doctors Anster, Petrie, and Todd (the latter Fellow and Librarian of Trinity College), he obtained employment in making a new catalogue of the treasures of Trinity library.

Shy, gentle, sensitive, insupportably lonely, hopeless, homeless, loveless—his friends who still remained faithful could do nothing for him; and like a ghost he went his shadowy way silently, with

"Drear suffocation in a drear abyss,
Lean hands outstretched toward the dark profound,
Strained ears vain listening for a tender sound,
The set lips choking back the dead-like cry
Wrung from the soul's forlornest agony."

A double madness from opium and alcohol possessed him; the delicately organized creature went under beneath the recurring influence of the stimulant and the narcotic; the radiant soul which used to "sing hymns at heaven's gate" fell lower than the sullen earth and went

"To herd with demons from hell beneath."

After famine comes pestilence, so after the fearful famine of 1848 the cholera swept over Ireland, smiting those who had not fallen under the hunger. In June, 1849, Mangan suffered from an attack of the plague. He was found in his sad lodgings in Bride street and taken by the friends who loved him to the Meath Hospital. He had no strength nor energy with which to wage a fight with death, and died June 20, 1849.

He had left that

"* * * strange road
Miring his outward steps, who inly trod
The bright Castalian brink and Latmos' steep."

The burthened breath at last was freed; but from his insensate clay a voice will ever ring in that fearful and pathetic autobiographical poem,

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like a rushing river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night hour,
How shone for *him*, through his grief and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's page,
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam;
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream!

Tell how this Nameless, condemn'd for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betray'd in friendship, befool'd in love,
With spirit shipwreck'd, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*,
(If children live not for sires and mothers,)
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far thro' the pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawn'd his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns:

But yet redeem'd it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

An interesting example of the poet's work is his

SOUL AND COUNTRY.

Arise! my slumbering soul, arise!
And learn what yet remains for thee
To dree or do!
The signs are flaming in the skies;
A struggling world would yet be free,
And live anew.
The earthquake hath not yet been born,
That soon shall rock the lands around,
Beneath their base.
Immortal freedom's thunder horn,
As yet, yields but a doleful sound
To Europe's race.

Look round, my soul, and see and say
If those about thee understand
Their mission here;
The will to smite—the power to slay—
Abound in every heart and hand
Afar, anear.
But, God! must yet the conqueror's sword
Pierce *mind*, as heart, in this proud year?
Oh, dream it not!
It sounds a false, blaspheming word,
Begot and born of moral fear—
And ill-begot!

To leave the world a name is nought,
To leave a name for glorious deeds
And works of love—
A name to waken lightning thought,
And fire the soul of him who reads,
This tells above.
Napoleon sinks to-day before
The ungilded shrine, the *single* soul
Of Washington;
Truth's name, alone, shall man adore,
Long as the waves of time shall roll
Henceforward on!

My countrymen! my words are weak,
My health is gone, my soul is dark,
My heart is chill—
Yet would I fain and fondly seek
To see you borne in freedom's bark
O'er ocean still.
Beseech your God, and bide your hour—
He cannot, will not, long be dumb;
Even now his tread
Is heard o'er earth with coming power;
And coming, trust me, it will come,
Else were he dead!

In his apocryphal songs from the Ottoman, the Persian, and the Arabic, there is another note struck. There is much evidence that Mangan knew nothing of the Oriental tongues; that he merely used that old trick of Chatterton, in order to have a vehicle for the wilder, fiercer moods for which he did not care to be responsible. Or, perhaps even he himself wearied of his constant play upon the minor chords of song and his inherent shyness revolted at continually acknowledging the utter unworth of everything. However it be, it is certain that the so-called Oriental translations are his own and that along with the pessimism of the acknowledged poems they exhibit other and stranger traits. Not in any signed poem is there exhibited the slightest love or desire for a free life in the outside world. Mangan's life was spent in a sad routine of dreary labor in a crowded city. In his dreams he may have known of wide skies, free winds, forests, and the hills, but in his real life he knew nothing of all these, for it is doubtful if he ever went further than the Wicklow hills; but listen to his fine wild strains in

THE KARAMANIAN EXILE.

I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman! O Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman! O Karaman!

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
Karaman!
Seem death-black marble to mine eyes,
Karaman! O Karaman!
I turn from summer's blooms and dyes;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory to my eyes,
Karaman!
In thee my life of life yet lies,
Karaman!
Thou still art holy in my eyes
Karaman! O Karaman!

Ere my fighting years were come,
Karaman!
Troops were few in Erzerome,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Their fiercest came from Erzerome.
They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
They dragg'd me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman!
Thee, my own, my mountain home,
Karaman!
In life and death, my spirit's home,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Oh, none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman!
Loved like me my fellow-men,
Karaman! O Karaman!
I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then;
Now my breast is as a den,
Karaman!
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman!
With blood and bones of slaughter'd men,
Karaman! O Karaman!

My boyhood's feelings newly born,
Karaman!
Wither'd like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman! O Karaman!
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn;
What once I loved now moves my scorn;
My burning eyes are dried to horn,
Karaman!
I hate the blessèd light of morn,
Karaman!
It maddens me, the face of morn,
Karaman! O Karaman!

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
Karaman!
But bondage worse than this remains,
Karaman! O Karaman!
His heart is black with million stains:
Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
Shall never more face dews and rains,
Karaman!
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman!
Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman! O Karaman!

But life at worst must end ere long,
Karaman!
Azreel* avengeth every wrong,
Karaman! O Karaman!
Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields; o'ershadowing fancies throng
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
Karaman!
Azreel is terrible and strong,
Karaman!
His lightning sword smites all ere long,
Karaman! O Karaman!

There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,
Karaman!
There 's hope, too, for his trodden thralls,
Karaman! O Karaman!
What lights flash red along yon walls?
Hark! hark!—the muster-trumpet calls!—
I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
Karaman!
The foe! the foe!—they scale the walls,
Karaman!
To-night Muràd or Ukhbar falls,
Karaman! O Karaman!

*The angel of death.

One word more and then two more extracts. Mangan knew nothing of the Celtic language, but certain Gaelic scholars, supplied him with literal prose drafts of the songs of the old Celtic bards. With these as outlines and with his perfect Celtic temperament to guide him, he has built up a "house beautiful" in the realm of adaptation and translation. The first place is given to his "Dark Rosaleen." While Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Tit Marlowe were climbing Olympian heights in the court of Elizabeth, an unknown minstrel of an Irish chieftain wrote an impassioned song to his mistress, Ireland, wherein he called her—in the original—*Roisin Duh*, which is The Black-haired Little Rose. These stanzas are from Mangan's paraphrase:

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roam'd for your sake;
All yesterday I sail'd with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dash'd across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lighten'd through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!

* * * * * * *

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You 'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You 'll think of me through Daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

* * * * * * *

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,

And gun-peal, and Slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

The breathless magnificence of his translation of "St. Patrick's Hymn before Tarah" is fairly exemplified by these few lines:

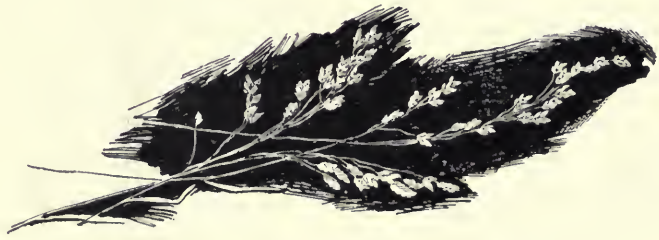
At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,
I place all Heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And the fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness.*
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.
* * * * * * *
Christ, as a light
Illumine and guide me!

*Strength, firmness.

Christ, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me
On left hand, and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me!
Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ, the All-powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

It is a strange but fitting fact that the year of Mangan's death witnessed the passing of three other souls whose lives and experiences had been thrown in much the same paths as his had been: Emily Brontë, Hartley Coleridge, and Edgar Poe all died while black shadows were over their unfulfilled hopes and unfinished labor. These are known and loved and have found their proper places in men's regard. Let us hope that their gifted brother-in-grief, James Clarence Mangan, may some day come into his rightful heritage of fame and memory.



STRANGE PLACES IN SUNSET CITY.

BY BARBARA RIDENTE.

A WALK through the streets of Sunset City is like to a topsy-turvy lesson in geography and history. Desert plains and pine-topped hills; fields of ice and a burning volcano; crowded bazaars and ruined castles; an Austrian concert-hall and a Japanese tea-garden lie upon each other's boundaries. Pharoah's daughter and a Mexican *caballero;* a dancer from the Sultan's court and a scout from Montana; an Apache chief and the descendant of a subject of the Ptolemys go cheek by jowl as if were perfect congruity.

The Arizona Village is a small desert having heaps of sand and many cactus plants. The natives live in huts of straw and prepare and cook their food in the open air. The papooses roll about the sand in one scanty garment and men wear only

HALL OF MECHANICAL ARTS, SUNSET CITY.

sandals to keep the heat from the soles of their feet. Yet just over the fence is the Esquimau settlement where the men and women are clothed in fur. Sunset City being located near a sand dune there is of course much sand in *Little Afognak;* but all the accessories savor so of the frigid zone that a great stretch of imagination is not required to turn the sand to snow. The tiny huts of whitewashed mud are set in a semi-circle. One corner of the settlement is given to a large pool of water wherein the men ply up and down in their frail, pointed canoes, shooting like arrows through the gates which subdivide the water. These slim, hide-covered crafts seem to be uncomfortable, yet without difficulty a fur-swaddled little man will sleep in one of them while a distressed spectator turns giddy from watching for him to turn over into the waters beneath. A score of handsome, long-haired dogs are in the village. Some of them are locked in coops, some are chained outside, and a half-dozen are hitched to a sled which they pull at a fine speed around a long, elliptical track. They growl and moan at the heat and dig deep holes in the sand and bury themselves to get cool. Two dismal-eyed reindeers spend their time sniffing the dry sand and disconsolately pulling at the leather thongs by which they are tied to an eucalyptus tree. A reindeer and an eucalyptus tree! That is one of the geographical absurdities of Sunset City. A very small Esquimau who looks like a squirrel has a wonderful remark by which he makes himself acquainted with all strangers. "*Thimmey pipe thenths.*" And in an instant a nickel is in view. On Niles day the Alameda building was filled with almond blossoms, those lovely forerunners of the spring. Think how fantastic a thing it was to see this same skin-clad youngster from the North Pole decked with bunches of the delicate pink blooms, which he petted and waved and caressed! If the evolutionists and the hunters for the missing link were not so fastidious a set they could find heaps of comfort in *Little Afognak.* These little, brown men and women who dress in close-fitting trousers and blouses of fur certainly look as if they might be a verification of the supposition that lays so heavy a hand on Genesis. But they all sing and shout "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," which throws them out of the controversy. It cannot matter much about the ancestry of a people who sing that.

The Japanese tea-garden is a place of drowsy rest and dreamy peace filled only with the music of falling waters and whispering winds. After the glare of the buildings and the flapping of the hundred banners, after the concessions with their noise and fun and nerve-fag, it is a pleasant place to enter. So still it is that it seems the narcotic, yellow lotus-dust must be in the air, for "mild-minded melancholy" falls on one like a soothing spell. There are running brooks, and quiet pools, and water falling briskly over mimic rocks. The tiniest of baby gold-fish flash and dart about in the limpid waters. Two solemn, white storks stand among the miniature trees. Pretty Japanese girls trip along the tidy paths and carry tea and strange sweetmeats to the visitors. The little tea-garden, on the whole, is the most restfully charming place in all of Sunset City.

Only cross the esplanade with its flags and playing waters and it is an amazing change from the quiet delicacy of Japan to the noisy flamboyancy of the oriental bazaars in Cairo street. The glaring booths and theaters, the gaudy minarets and domes, the fantastic garbs of the denizens—catch the sunlight and multiply it until one is dazzled by the glowing radiancy. But under foot the brick pavement is cool and pleasant, and the people in Cairo street are not half as busy as they seem to be. The camel-drivers lean upon their grotesque charges and tease them and pet them. The camels, in remonstrance, shake their long necks and thus pleasantly

SCENE IN '49 MINING CAMP, MIDWINTER FAIR.

jingle their silver bells. The donkey-boys parade their little gray beasts up and down. The fierce sword-fighter in his bifurcated skirts lets fall his fearful dignity and condescends to have a passage at arms with a camel-man. Also, I have seen him raise the puny wrath of a donkey-boy by giving the donkey orange rind to eat. From the latticed portico above the theater a bedizened dancer lazily will watch the street below, not disdaining a mild flirtation with a stalwart sheik who passes on his way to tell fortunes in his tent. The perfume of attar of roses pervades the place as if the ghosts of the roses were driven on the wind. There are blind walls, mysterious casements and stairways. And as you walk through the mimic street it is as if you were in Amir Nath's gully where Rudyard Kipling's man met the little native widow who finally had her hands cut off for her folly. From any of the barred casements one can almost hear poor Bisesa's love song:

Alone upon the housetops, to the North
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky,
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

Below my feet the still bazaar is laid,
Far, far below the weary camels lie—
The camels and the captives of thy raid,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
And drudge of all my father's house am I—
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

This is all very well being in Sunset City; but these blind walls and barred casements would have a wicked look to an American woman in Bagdad or Damascus. And that reminds me: excepting the painted actress in her gaudy robes above the theater, one sees no native woman in Cairo street. I suppose that is why one is so offended by the rods, and bars, and blind walls, and closed stairways.

In the bazaar the shelves and counters of the partitioned booths are covered with strange and beautiful baubles from the Orient—necklaces and bracelets of amber, mother-of-pearl, and misty moon-stones; narrow-necked tubes of cut glass filled with attar of roses; carved boxes and jewel-cases of sandal- and aloes-wood; trifles of beaten gold like caught sunlight and of silver filigree like woven moonshine; rugs and stuffs and cloth-of-gold, and small slippers with turned-up toes and no heels. And always you are haunted by the fragrance of the roses, and everywhere you hear the jingling of the camels' silver bells. After the mother-of-pearl, the amber, the aloes-wood, the sandal, with all the strange aroma of the East, it should not be surprising to find an oasis in Cairo street. And one is there. But it has no deep spring of clear water, with dates, and palms, and cooling shadows. The oasis in Cairo street has a hideous board floor, and for dates they have doughnuts, for water they have cherry phosphate and that kind of liquids!

A visit to the great, pink Chinese building is one of the queerest experiences for a Californian in Sunset City. All other strangers are foreigners pure and simple; but the Chinese have been with us so long and we have grown to be so accustomed to them that it is something of a surprise when we witness them out there in the guise of honored guests, standing side by side with the other natives, showing us the things of which they are proud. And a proud, cold lot they are, to be sure. Much that they exhibit could easily be seen in any shop in Dupont street: crockery, silks, embroideries, carved ebony, and the wonderful work of their fine-fingered goldsmiths. They have the same garish colors, the same splendor of tinsel and gold thread, the same fantastic outlandish figures that one sees in their quarter in San Francisco. The great change is in their own demeanor. All the dumb sullenness and immobile mystery of their faces disappear. They are not sphinxes, they are men at last, and on their faces they carry an expression of hos-

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND ALLEGORICAL FOUNTAIN, SUNSET CITY.

pitality and pleasant pride in the fine show of their country. In the theater where the children play they even so far forget themselves as to laugh outright.

The center of the main room of the pavilion is given up to an exhibition of certain Chinese flowers. The man in attendance is courteous and points out the beautiful flowers while he tells you their ugly names. Chief among them is the beautiful lily named after Narcissus. And he is legion there. Hundreds upon hundreds of these flowers impregnate the whole building with their delicious fragrance. After going among them one gets a clue to the reason for the appellation "Flowery Kingdom." If nothing else were in the Chinese exhibit it would be worth the admission fee to see those lovely narcissi. Set at intervals among the flowers are gruesome pots of Chinese ivy trained into the shapes of men and women, with ugly doll heads put on top. They quite put to shame the legend of the basil plant. They are such fearful things to look on that if it were not for the freshness of the leaves they would suggest the dismal forest in the seventh circle of Dante's Hell wherein are imprisoned the sad souls of the suicides. And as the attendant Chinaman pulled the leaves from these hideous figures I could hear unhappy Pietro della Vigna say:

"Why dost thou mangle me?
Why dost thou rend me?
Hast thou no spirit of pity whatsoever?"

WEEPING ROCKS.

BY LOUIS HARMAN PEET.

From fern-plumed rocks the dripping streamlet creeps
In fringe of crystal, glinting silver fire,
And murmurs, as o'er chords half stirred from sleep,
The low sweet music of the woodland lyre.

FACE OF THE MUIR GLACIER FROM THE MORAINE.

GOAT-HUNTING AT GLACIER BAY, ALASKA.

BY ELIZA R. SCIDMORE.

SITKA did not approve of the sportsman, the artist, two women, a small boy, a cook and a camp-hand going over to occupy the lone cabin at the Muir Glacier. Disapproval was hinted and then freely expressed. We might camp unquestioned at the Hot Springs, Katliansky or on the Kruzoff Shore, as that had been done before, but to the glacier none but those bent on scientific mission had ever gone. None of us could pretend to any great geologic fervor, and our questioners could not understand our ideas of an Alaska pleasure trip. A haphazard remark about mountain-goat was taken up, and before we knew it the sportsman was restored to favor and pointed out as a goat-hunter. The word ran round the ranch, the Indians looked upon our leader as a great man, and we all shared in the reflected glory.

"Aha! Now you 'll have to get a goat," said the leader's wife, significantly.

* * * * *

"Do you people think of spending the winter there?" inquired the ship's commander, viewing the monument of our possessions on the wharf—a heap of boxes, barrels and canvas bags, crowning a few cords of firewood, like offerings on a funeral pyre.

Cobalt has minimized his possessions, but was taking all the blue paint he had brought to and could find in Sitka, staking recklessly on this supreme chance to tear the color secrets from the glacier's heart and live up to Nature's most stupendous effort in blue and white. The sportsman had tents, and guns and ammunition galore, and held a fine setter in leash. The Madame had barrelled and boxed a kitchen, pantry and linen-closet entire, and sent her kitchen executive on board with a cook-book under her arm and a small notion in her Tlingit head as to whither and on what we were bent. The small boy swung a camera, and Koster—the best deer-hunter on Baranoff Island—having rung the extra chimes for the

THE GOAT-PASTURE, MUIR GLACIER.

bishop's services in the Greek church, changed from his Sunday clothes, shouldered his rifle, axe and buck-saw and clambered up the gangway envied by all his Russian relations.

It was in the height of the Alaska tourist season. Every berth and cabin sofa was taken. For the one night's trip we were given the whole painfully clean and empty steerage, with a roomy stateroom at the very bow and nose of the ship as a ladies' cabin. The Madame asked to be called when the ship reached Bartlett Bay and was well among the ice in the morning. In the middle of the night the roar and crack of doom sounded by our pillows and uncounted fathoms of the anchor-chain ran through the hawse-holes above our ears, to announce the anchoring in Bartlett Bay. There succeeded a deathly silence for a few hours. The drip, drip, drip of the awnings on deck pattered a tale of mist and fog that would surely hide any enrapturing views of the trinity of great white peaks and the thirty miles of ice floes gilded by the early sunrise lights. With the turn of the tide an insidious little current crept into Bartlett Bay and *Crash! Slam! Bang! Ke-chunk! Gr–r–r–r!* came the ice cakes thumping against the bow of the ship or the walls of our room and twanging the anchor chains. Between the frightful thumps the room-boy made his knock heard, and as he passed in his tea-tray, said: "You can *see* the ice now, ma'am." The sportsman, who lay dreaming of the big white goat for a whole quarter-hour after the ice bombardment began, rushed zealously to the door and shouted through the key-hole: "You 'd better wake up in there. We are right in the midst of the ice, now."

The donkey-engine chattered and chopped and sputtered awhile, the ship's bow shaking in an easy earthquake as it ground up the roaring links of the anchor chain, and, very deliberately, the *Queen* swept through the miles of ice floes and battered and thumped and bumped her way to the glacier's front. Acres of mush ice sang with a mysterious, electric tinkling, clicking and snapping in continuous undertone, and buffeted blocks reeled away with heavy *ke-chunks, ke-thunks*, showing where they had scraped red paint from plates below the water line. In the mist the larger bergs were magnified, and once there towered a ghostly form worthy of a Greenland bay. "This just reminds me of the snow on Boston Common," said one tourist with a long shawl around his head and shoulders, when debris-laden, honeycombed white floes surrounded him in good Arctic fashion.

In that world of gray clouds and trailing mists the glacier's long front wall showed its strongest coloring, the intensely blue and snow-white ice cliffs merging into marbled buttresses near the dark moraine whose myriad wet pebbles glistened brightly when a little sunshine filtered down.

The tourist who had so freely criticised us at Sitka as the "laziest lot of campers he had ever seen" had also allowed us to overhear his suggestion that we had better go out and cut firewood when we wanted it, in a country where the woods were so thick no one could stir for them. When he saw the miles of treeless shores, the bare slate and limestone peaks and the leagues of ice beyond, he berated us for not taking several tons of coal and a stove.

Tourists' questions could not disturb us after the fusillades of the Sitkans, though there were some match pieces for those gems put to Prof. Muir by coupon-tearing seekers of knowledge: "What is a glacier *for?*" and "*Could* a man earn a living on a glacier?"

Our companions saw the place in its dreariest aspect to be sure, examined our little cabin before it was swept and garnished, and pitied us profusely. "*Where* are those *poor* ladies who are going to *live* on the glacier?" asked one, hysterically. "I want to shake

your hand. I may never see you again," said another to the Madame, in mournful tones that emphasized this greeting and farewell on earth. Moritura duly saluted her, and we plumed ourselves as if companions of Mrs. Peary. "How do you expect to keep your bread fresh for two weeks at a time?" asked a third compassionate one. "Is she going to take her little boy *there?*" shrieked another, as the youngster lugged the ice-cream freezer down the gangway.

The men, who had never been in the bay before nor gone hunting in their lives, cornered the sportsman in the smoking-room and assured him that he would not find anything for his rifle on those barren mountains and ridiculed his choice of camping ground. One advised that he camp at Bartlett Bay or on the islands. Another did not believe that the sportsman would get a goat, because *he* had never heard of a white man killing one. To this the Juneau miner retorted that he had scared up whole flocks of goats while prospecting in the Taku country; had killed them, taken them into camp, and eaten them, although he did not just exactly hanker for goat-meat himself.

Then a wise man from the East said that an Englishman in Victoria had told *him*, that mountain goat were just as stupid as they looked; that it was all nonsense about their being such difficult game; that you could walk close up to them and hit them over the head with a club.

"He didn't say that he had clubbed any goats himself, did he?" asked the Commander, looking in on the discussion. "Shuh!" he growled, "there are goat and plenty of them on that mountain behind the cabin. You keep your gun handy and you will find plenty to kill. By the way, I don't see your boat anywhere on board. It must have been left behind."

A fortnight before, when we had broached our plans to the Commander and told of the small boat in which we would sail the bay, picnic on all the islands and take the hunters down to the forests where the cinnamon bear growl, he had flatly objected. "No, you don't. Glacier Bay is no place for women and children to be knocking about in small boats." Reluctantly we left our boat behind us, and now came the Commander, when a hundred miles away, asking if we had forgotten it.

"Why, no! You said we should n't take a boat."

"What!!!"

"*You-said-that-we-should-not-take-a-boat;* that Glacier Bay was no place for women and children to be knocking about in small boats."

"Well! if this is n't the worst! I can't let you have any of my lifeboats. We've got to carry them all by law, and we might want to finish the excursion in them. What are you going to *do* without a boat?"

"You tell," said the disgruntled sportsman, whom we had restrained from attempting to smuggle a boat on board. "*You* put us in this box. But if it worries you so much you might put your passengers on the boats and rafts now, and leave us the ship. I think it would be quite safe for the ladies to knock about the bay in the *Queen*."

All the ship's officers took an interest in our glacial picnic and all, from Commander to scullion, asked if we had remembered matches. The last sailor, pushing off the last boat, waded back to leave us his box of lucifers; the steward sent potatoes; the baker was afraid we might not have enough yeast; and the porter bestowed a brush and a box of shoe-blacking.

The ship raised anchor, dipped her flag and disappeared in the mist, and we began our glacial existence. Seven souls and a setter constituted our world. Our nearest neighbors were in the Hoonah fishing camp, by the deserted cannery at the mouth of the bay, and the people of Juneau or Sitka were equally one hundred and sixty miles away. Before the kettle

boiled we mourned that we had not come a month earlier, and with the rain pattering on the roof the snug dry cabin with its deep boulder fireplace ablaze with noisy hemlock logs was quite ideal.

For a few gray days the glacier roared and boomed continuously. Its midnight thunders jarred the house and frightened even the dog, who sprang up with bristling hairs, bayed and howled in terror. The ice-spirits held high carnival, breaking off icebergs by the score, undermining and hurling down whole ranges of the glacier's front wall and making earth and air vibrate with their thunder. The beach at our doorway commanded the whole mile-and-three-quarters stretch of the ice wall; but many times a day we faced the rain and walked the half mile to the foot of the great palisade where we could see the splendid spectacular play at nearer range. At every crash we ran from the cabin to watch the display, and even the dog learned to bound to the beach and regard the glacier wisely whenever it roared.

The scientists who had hurried away in a cannery-launch the year before had left their mattresses, chairs, tables and gasoline stove in the cabin. We greatly praised the honesty of the neighboring Hoonah Indians who, holding the law of cache so sacred, left all these tempting properties of the white man untouched—everything as safe in this lone, unlocked cabin as if under a watchman's eye. We descanted much on Tlingit honor as we sowed the seams of the canvas ceiling with which we lowered the one absurdly high room, and praised the Hoonahs as the flower of that nation as we made gay sash curtains, hung dividing portières, nailed fast innumerable wall-pockets and arranged red draperies above the monumental fireplace.

A canoe-load of our Hoonah neighbors paddled in, one of those drizzly mornings, and made their canoe fast by a turn of the bark rope round the corner of a little iceberg. They offered their battered craft with two boatmen at ten dollars a day, and seemed dejected when informed that our *tyee* or leader had come to hunt and not to fish.

"Any goat up there?" asked the sportsman tipping his pipe towards Mt. Wright.

"No," answered the head visitor, wearily, both hands run deep in his store-clothes pockets.

"Much seal in the bay this year?" persisted the goat-killer cheerfully.

"No," drawled the gloomy neighbor.

"Are there black bear or cinnamon bear in the woods by your camp?"

"No. Nothing."

"Oh, well, you must have plenty of salmon this year at least," said the sportsman, consolingly.

"No," droned the Hoonah, who seemed to have a secret sorrow—some canker in the heart that weighed him down.

They sat damply on the beach for a tide and a half, gurgling and gargling long guttural conversations and watching the cabin closely. They made ready to go, and the leader approached the smoker's tent.

"How much flour you got? You sell?"

"No. We want all the flour we have," said the sportsman, sternly, wishing no dependent camp to settle around us.

"How long you stay this house?"

"All the rest of the summer—until after the last steamer."

Men, women, children and dogs bundled into the canoe, and they pushed off and sailed away down the silvery evening sea, their white wing soon lost among the whiter bergs.

"Those siwash no good. They come do some devils," said Koster, with a sigh of relief.

There was no night during those July weeks. In August the stars were but white pin-points in the shadowy blue above, and candlelight was an arbitrary hour of our own fixing.

The water-barrel's dashings were heard by four o'clock each morning, when our East River or creek ran low and clear from the glacier's side and Koster went to and fro with the pails. Immediately, the white hemlock sounded a reveille from the fireplace that was no more to be disregarded than a drum-beat, so that the early morning hours, the most beautiful in all the glacial day, were never lost. The first care was to see what had happened to the glacier overnight, to hurry along the beach or the bluff and closely inspect that long, fantastic wall glittering in the clear, still air; or to cross the creek and hurry to some sheltered gully in the gravelly terraces and watch Mt. Fairweather's triple white crown rising high above the red Pyramid Peak with the dull-orange length of the Dying Glacier and the silvery berg-strewn waters in foreground. "Le Beau-Temps" was our weather prophet and defender. Posing serene and superb in the northwest, it held back the threatening blueness that often gathered St. Elias-ward, and to us as to the old whalers signaled the promise of a radiant day whenever we saw its peak unclouded at dawn. For fifteen days in succession the first sun-rays turned the ghostly peak to a mass of solid color—a shape of rose and then of lemon-tinted light. It glistened like mother-of-pearl where the sunbeams reflected from some icy faceting; and all this shining, tremendous mass of snow and ice soaring 15,500 feet aloft, a fit altar for earth's orisons to the sun, often seemed to float, to hang suspended in the bell of the clear, blue, morning sky.

The temperature ranged at the camp from forty-two degrees on cloudy days to sixty-five degrees and sixty-eight degrees when the sun shone and the air was still. But after sunrise a persistent wind—a wind that sounded as if it had come from afar—draughted down over the glacier, following the ice river's current. Though the sun might shine and the icebergs wither and melt, and our door stood open to the Southern sun all day, there was always that persistent wind battering the back of the cabin. We could sit in the flower-beds a thousand and three thousand feet on the mountain so nearly overhead, and, soaking in the warm air, face a gentle south breeze; while the camp-flag was snapping in the same old north wind so far below. To protect himself from the benumbing blast while he sketched, Cobalt made a tent frame of three flagstaffs and the Madame dressed the skeleton in a bell-skirt of canvas. The dressmaker's dummy, this Liliputian tepee, paraded the beach and the bluff, perched itself on every view-commanding point and was once engulfed in berg-waves and perilously rescued.

Cobalt worked from early morning to sunset's last glow in this paradise of the aquarellist, the ideal water-color corner of the continent. The coloring and the atmosphere were alike his despair—tints so pure and clear and skies so luminous and transparent that counterfeit was well-nigh impossible. He had to work quickly to record his impressions of the morning lights, the wondrous glow on the vast, white plain and on the bare, reddish-brown mountain masses—to jot the outlines of new cliffs and crags of ice, of new bergs fallen overnight, and wash in their evanescent blueness; for sun and air are two such powerful bleaching chemicals as to change the intense, transparent blue of such freshly fractured surfaces to opaque white by noonday. These icebergs were his models and were continually changing, turning and re-arranging themselves in foreground and middle distance. One stranded berg tempted a hasty impression every day for a fortnight, and was nobly posing and good for another week's study when we left. While such a berg may seem but a mass of crystallized light—a shape of pure, transparent color—the clear, cerulean hue could be suggested only after washes and undertints of rose-madder, emerald-green,

violet and black had been laid in. All day he worked on glistening water and gleaming ice, on marvelous arrangements of blue and white, on strange effects of white on white, of high lights without ever a shadow. Even deep caverns in the ice wall pulsated with prismatic light and were filled with a dazzling, transparent blue air. There were sunset skies past all comparison—such pale-lemon and golden-green heavens afloat with rose, lilac, and pure-crimson clouds as are seen only in the moist, rain-washed atmosphere of northern seas. Strange mirages sometimes showed as we looked down to the bay, the crowded bergs magnified and uplifted by refraction until a glacier wall a thousand feet high seemed to bar the south.

"Why do n't you do something instead of loafing around this beach all day—climb a mountain, stretch your legs, reduce your flesh, saw wood or get a goat?" was the sportsman's challenge to the weary painter when he came in from the cold boulder where he had stopped for a five-minute sketch and had remained for hours.

"Why do n't *you?*" retorted Cobalt. "Where 's that goat-head for my studio?"

There was incessant banter between the industrious man of brushes and the huntsman who would not go a-hunting "for fear the glacier might do something" while he was gone—the huntsman whose footsteps made the house tremble and the cake fall in the oven; whose songs and sneezes loosened the roof-pinnings.

"I 'm just going to catch an effect now," he roared to Cobalt from across the creek, and with dog and gun disappeared beyond the gravel banks. A few hours later he came up the moraine whistling "Annie Rooney" with a calliope's strength, every pocket of his canvas coat bulging with grouse. "Nice thing is still life, eh?" dangling the birds against the rough-sawn boards of the cabin wall. "They just want to be mounted on a broad mat like this," as the broiled birdlet fell upon a square of toast, "and I 'll give it a touch of high color like that," and a dab of currant jelly smuggled to the hollow where the heart had been. "You do some things right well, my boy, but you can 't get that tone to your toast. Just hang that on the line, please."

Our society was broken up many times, like that upon the Stainslaw. Each one had an assortment of glacial theories, none of which were received with respect. During the first wet days the sportsman brought pocketsful of rocks from every stroll. Bits of barren quartz and poor galena cumbered the tables, were piled like Buddhist prayers on the mantel-piece and were rising to a stately cairn by the door. Sighing mightily our hunter would say:

"While they were grinding up everything in the country, why did n't this glacier strike a pay streak somewhere? Then, I 'd turn the nozzle on these banks and hydraulic the whole blamed moraine away. Whew! what a placer claim this would make!" Then he brought in glistening, wet pebbles. "Jade, jade, as sure as you live! And there 's a lump up there that weights about three tons. We 'll just prospect back to the vein it came from and we 'll leave here billionaires."

The specimen dried as it went from hand to hand, the precious bit of jewelry jade grew dingy and turned to commonest serpentine and the prospector would never show us the three-ton block of jade.

Although Prof. Muir had distinctly told us a year before that the rains wore and broke away the ice most rapidly, each had some special theory about the sun and tides helping on the destruction as well. I kept record of the tides and ice-falls and every one's opinion was backed. The glacier broke at high tide, low tide and half tide, at midnight and noonday, most often during the sleeping hours and in general when it listed.

"One day's hot sun will settle it. It will crack it all up. It will have

to go then," was the next theory advanced. For ten radiantly clear and sunny days the glacier was silent—only roaring gently in the night. The camera was set and a finger was at the button for hours, but only crumbs and mush-ice slid quietly to the water. One still, drowsy afternoon, when the ice-cliffs and every lumplet of ice were reflected as in a mirror, half of the front wall broke away, rode out, rose up and sank in battering waves. The earth shook, the mountains re-echoed the awful thunder, and we ran for our lives from the combing waves that swept across the inlet and ran far up the beach. Again the glacier slumbered through days of hot sunshine, every blue vein and cavern fading from the white wall; and at four o'clock in the morning one tremendous roar wakened cabin and tents, and in the cold, clear light we saw a half mile of the fantastic ice-wall topple into the sea and a second range of icy mountains crash upon the ruins. Within two hours a second salvo rang upon the air and the rest of the white palisade fell; and from shore to shore there stretched such a silver and sapphire wall as we had only dreamed of before.

(*To be concluded in the* CALIFORNIAN *for May.*)

IN LIFE'S HARD PULL.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In life's hard pull up the rock-bound steep
 That leads to success or renown,
Don't waste your time in trying to climb
 By pulling other folks down;
But toil along as your strength permits
 With never a halt or stop,
Give smiles to the throng as you pass along—
 There is room for you all at the top.

As I look on life this truth grows plain,
 And plainer it grows each year:
In another's loss there is no gain
 However it may appear;
And the man who is not afraid to lend
 A hand in the race after pelf
Or power, is the man who receives at the end
 The best of earth's gifts for himself.

For the best of earth's gifts are friends and love,
 As each of us learns in time.
There is no success that can honor or bless
 If we forfeit these as we climb.
No matter how narrow the path to your goal
 No matter how fate may frown,
Don't think or believe you can ever achieve
 By pulling other folks down.

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

BY FRANK BAILEY MILLARD.

IT was all wrong. I ought to have looked upon him as most persons look upon other people's children.

It happened in my gardening year. How hard I toiled then merely to carry out an idea! What great squares of ground I spaded! How patiently I weeded those pansy-beds! Enough lettuce grew in that one patch over by the hen-house to supply six households like my own.

For I was a bachelor and lived all by myself.

I dwelt in a little red house that people called the Dove Cote. They called it that because once upon a time a man brought his bride there to live, and once upon a time, not long afterward, she ran off with another man—but they have no business in this tale.

Across the way was a yellow house with a wide expanse of alfalfa about it. It had the neglected air that the houses of most sea captains on the Pacific Slope are given to wearing. Sometimes I saw a lonely woman—not a bad-looking woman, either,—look out of the little window and down the long row of gum trees to the bay, a mile away. And I thought many a time, as I saw her wistful face, that if I were a sea captain I would make it part of my religion not to marry.

But then there was the Small Third Person—the Captain's little son. He should have been a comfort to her.

I was very busy for several weeks after I moved into the Dove Cote. The inspiration that had sent me there was still warm and I was strong in the faith that gardening was the best thing in the world for a worn-out business man who determined to get out of the hurly-burly for a whole year, to stop the late-hour nonsense and let his system undergo a course of general repair.

Well, it was refreshing to the nerves to turn on the hose early in the morning and give the lawn a good drink. I can strongly recommend the free manipulation of the spray nozzle for an overnight headache or a case of insomnia.

I saw very little of my neighbor over the way. Occasionally I caught sight of the Small Third Person in the alfalfa. He had a very round face and a rather round body; but the alfalfa view of him generally ran to legs. He liked to sprawl in the long, tangled grass and kick up his spring-heel shoes. At other times he was more neighborly. He looked on the lawn-mowing and sprinkling with such interest as only a six-year-old can show in such things.

But he fought shy of me for some time and would come no nearer than the pickets, through which he would peer by the hour, standing very still and looking in upon the garden and lawn.

The conversation, when there was any, was at first very one-sided, as the Small Third Person had nothing whatever to say for several days. Then, in reply to my fiftieth inquiry as to his name, he suddenly remarked in a very hoarse voice,

"Do."

"Jo?"

"Yeth—Do."

You see, he was one of those children that always have bad colds in the throat. That accounted for the hoarseness. It may be that in Do's case the cold was the result of lying in the alfalfa in the morning when it was damp. May be the mistress of the yellow house did not know the

grass ever got damp. I would tell her of it the first chance I had.

After that first interview he was always "Do" to me, and we got along famously. I let him throw corn to the hens, which pleased his lonely little heart mightily—for he was lonely, I saw that plainly enough. Nobody, not even the sea captain's wife, ever seemed to pay the least attention to him, and he had lived and moved in his little alfalfa world, just as if he had been a June-bug or a katydid.

When I placed one of the yellow chicks in his hand I put the clamps on our friendship. He was mine from that day. The chick fared rather badly, for Do wanted to squeeze it and he made it "peek-peek" so loudly by this operation that the anxious mother hen, hovering about, set upon him and effected a retrieval that was very astonishing to Do.

Then he sat on the edge of the wheelbarrow and watched me plant watermelons. I told him what they would be like when they should have grown, and the telling of it captured his imagination. We would eat the big melons together, he assured me.

After that life was not complete to Do without a garden of his own. So I gave him a corner near the geranium bed, and there he made, with his own chubby hands, the most wonderful garden in all California. The patch was about four feet square, and in this he planted three big red beans, a slip of marguerite, two melon seeds, some sweet elysian, two peas, two strange plants from the roadside, a few poppies and the seed of a Hubbard squash. He worked a good deal there with a broken-handled hoe and a little oyster can which he used for a watering-pot—for the corner was out of the reach of my hose.

To make the garden distinctively his own, he laid a row of flat stones around it.

I never thought anything would come of it, as I feared that the earth within the little enclosure would receive too much attention from the hoe; but when the beans popped up out of the ground there never was such rejoicing. Do ran to me and made wild, throaty exclamations that would have aroused even a Greaser at noontime.

Then, in a few days, up came the peas, also the melons and, in due course of time, the poppies. The marguerite liked its frequent watering, and responded by a vigorous growth. So did the strange plants from the roadside. Never was there such a garden.

"He'll tire of it, just as any child tires of its playthings," thought I.

But no. Ten times a day did Do come and insist upon my going over to witness the wonderful progress of that garden. I did not like to spare the time, but when his small, dirty fingers clutched my hand they always seemed to get a hold upon my heart, and enthusiasm such as his over the growth of his marvelous products was not lacking in its effects upon me.

He was with me day after day. Why did not his mother look after him more closely? Perhaps it was because she saw that he was in safe hands. But somehow I did not like this explanation of it.

I went on gardening, my foolish fondness for the child growing as steadily each day as did the thrifty geraniums over by the fence. It was all wrong. I know that now. Even if you have children of your own don't let them get too great a hold upon your heart. It is all wrong. And when they are not yours, but another's, it is still greater wrong. I know that now full well.

The days fled. Along the roadside the weeds that had been so green turned a dry, dull brown, and cracked if you set your foot upon them. The chicks had feathered out wonderfully and were scratching for themselves. Still the boy played about the Dove Cote and there was no sign. Even when the sign came I did not heed it.

I did not see it. He seemed droopy one day like the leaves of the poppies. He complained that his legs "would n't work." I carried him over to the yellow house. The door was standing open, and as no one answered my knocks I went in with the boy in my arms.

In the little sitting-room sat the sea captain's wife reading a cheap French novel. She was in an untidy wrapper and was sprawling in an easy chair. All about her were scattered novels in paper covers. She sprang up and removed from her mouth the big bonbon she was sucking.

"Did he go to sleep over there?" she asked, not at all anxiously.

I wanted to alarm her, for she deserved it, and so I told her at once that I thought the boy was very ill. Now, I did n't think so myself. I deemed it merely a child's indisposition—colic or something,—but as I say, I wanted to alarm her. I felt that it would do her good. But it did not work. She did not seem at all ill at ease, putting the boy to bed and giving him his dose of castor oil with great complacency and then resuming her Daudet. So I went away, wondering what manner of woman she was.

That very afternoon came a message which took me to the city on the next train. I intended to stay away for a day only, but the business was with lawyers, and so, of course, I was gone a week.

When I returned to the Dove Cote I saw nothing of Do. I felt lonely. Looking over to the yellow house I noted a strange bustle of people there. There must have been half a dozen moving about. There was something fluttering from the door—something white.

And then it was all borne in upon me. I stood there like a man in a dream, and saw them come out—saw the little white hearse drive up to the door and marked the way that the sea captain's wife held her handkerchief. I even noted the set of her mourning dress. Although I was a man and stood quite a distance off I saw there was something the matter with it—that it did not fit. Nothing seemed to fit.

And that brute of a driver. Why did he slam the hearse door so sharply? Why did he shuffle to his perch with such an air of well-fed content? He picked up his reins, and the little procession, with the three carriages in it, was off. My eyes followed it until it turned the corner. Then all that was left was a little cloud of dust. This faded like a spirit, and nothing remained.

I found myself repeating, but not sensing those words of Pierre Loti: "Death is so frightfully final." Only I misquoted and said, "Death is so frightfully unfair."

With a chill at my heart and a strange choking in my throat, my eye roamed the acre and a half that lay about the Dove Cote. What a change a week had wrought in the place! The hot north wind had blown for three days and had shrivelled the leaves of the heliotrope, and as I walked down the path I saw that the grass on the lawn was yellowing and the rose slips were crying for water.

Everything seemed to be dead or dying.

Here was Do's garden. Great stocky weeds were growing up everywhere in it and going to seed. A little puff of honey-laden air came to me. It was from the half-dried bunch of sweet elysian in one corner. The little white flowers were struggling amid a mass of dog-fennel. The two dead pea vines rustled on the ground as the light breeze stirred them. The great squash vine ran away out of bounds. The poppies were dead and so was the little slip of marguerite. His garden—the one thing that had been all his—that he had worked over and rejoiced in as his very own!

I looked again at the yellow house. All was still there. But the white something—it still fluttered from the door.

EN PASSANT.

BY PAYNE ERSKINE.

O'er limitary crest
Of rugged mountains rolled,
Out of the land of sun
Into a land of cold;
Far from clear fertile heights
Glowing with living gold,
Into a land where clouds
Heavy and gray enfold;
Off where all flowers lie numb
In dreamless night of snow—
There must we go.

Shall we forget how fair
This place of our sojourn?
Calm depth of sunny skies,
Fair reach of fields that burn
With smoldering flame of flowers—
While on the brow we yearn,
With lingering feet, and see
The strong light wane—in turn
On sky, and crest, and field,
Gold, rose, now purpling gray
Slipping away!

Shall—hearts perhaps grown cold,
Snow-bound in wintry ways—
This beauty pass, as when
Lost in a distant haze
Skies touch the earth no more?
And as our words of praise
Freeze and unspoken die,
So fade these glorious days
In mist of memory?
Ah! This sweet loss were pain—
What will remain?

O'er limitary crest
Of rugged mountains rolled
Out of this land of sun,
Into the land of cold
Take we the touch of hands,
Free hands we loved to hold;
Take we remembered words,
Sweet living words that thrill
Hearts like the song of birds;
Faces whose bright smiles fill
The soul like breath of flowers—
Bides this fair scene until
These fade—fairer for these.
Love shall keep memory's hand
In sunless land.

A TYPICAL CASE.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I.

IN a large, well-lighted room attached to the office of one of the leading physicians of San Francisco, half a dozen men were engaged in earnest consultation. In their midst stood a young man, bared to the waist, tall, broad-shouldered and sinewy, his finely modeled head crowned with brown hair burnished with bronze lights where the sunlight touched it. In his face intellectual power blended with youthful fire. He might almost have posed for a copy of the Apollo Belvidere had it not been for one fatal defect: a hollowing of the chest just above the breast, a fault of structure in striking contrast to his otherwise robust frame.

"Heredity set her seal there!" remarked one of the older men, touching the hollow with the tips of his fingers.

The others assented with one voice. Indeed, a cheerful tone of good humor pervaded the group, for concerning this case they had arrived at a unity of opinion gratifying to their professional judgment. There was a distinct note of triumph in the voice of the elder man, Elliott, the prominent practitioner in whose rooms the examination had been made, as he summed up his diagnosis of the case:

"A splendid physique; the muscles of an athlete; every organ in perfect condition save one. The entire difficulty lies in the upper portion of the right lung, and is making rapid progress. The cough, at first slight and dry, is now deep and racking, and accompanied by expectoration of mucous secretions, with purulent matter and a slight trace of blood. There is a frequent recurrence of a short and stitch-like pain in the chest, respiration is somewhat affected, and the breath becomes panting upon slight exercise. The pulse is accelerated, and the heat of the body several degrees above the normal temperature. The digestion is as yet unimpaired, but the patient has experienced slight chills, followed by night sweats. So

far, there is not a single complication, and the disease bids fair to progress to its termination without involving any other organ. Gentlemen, this is a typical case of *phthisis pulmonalis*, and as pretty a one as it has ever been my fortune to see.''

''And as perfect in its history as in its development,'' remarked another of the physicians, with enthusiam. ''I think you told me there was consumption on both sides, Doc ?''

The subject of these remarks, whose fraternity with the profession and his inquisitors was declared by this familiar address, answered the inquiry with the same promptness and exactitude which had marked his replies to those that had preceded it. It might almost be asserted that he himself seemed to regard the case with a professional interest no less keen than that of the consulting physicians, although an alert look, an intent expectancy that had been manifest in the earlier stages of the examination, declared a more personal interest.

''My mother died of the disease within a year after my birth. My father was killed in battle, but he came of a consumptive family, and would no doubt have shared the fate of the rest if accident had not cut short his life,'' was the quiet reply.

''And you lived on in that confounded New England climate, a very hotbed for those who carry the germs of this disease in their bodies, until you came to manhood; and you went to college, and led the sedentary life of a student, and over-studied, and kept late hours and never gave nature a chance to get the better of her handicap, until you broke down, two years ago,'' said one of the younger men, who knew something of the previous life of Norwood, the young fellow under fire.

''I don't know about the overstudy, Belknap,'' returned Norwood, pleasantly. ''I suppose it might have been better to have led more of an outdoor life or to have looked sooner for a remedy.''

''And then you came to San Francisco to begin practice. And just as you were beginning to mend and could count yourself a sound man once more, you picked up Saffron, your consumptive patient. And Saffron's wife, whose nerves go to pieces every time Saffron is short of breath or fails to devour his usual rations of beefsteak and mince pie, sent for you in rain and wind and fog, and routed you out of your bed betimes from midnight to dawn, and you raced across the city obediently at her bidding, and went into her hot, stuffy rooms when chilled and out of breath, then out again, perspiring at every pore, into the cold and rain and fog. Oh, you took fine care of yourself, Norwood. And there's Saffron, now, good for twenty years yet; while your case——''

''Is of the galloping kind,'' remarked Norwood, coolly. ''Well, gentlemen, if you have rapped the walls of my chest to your heart's content, and located all the cavities and the lesions and are through with taking my temperature and pulse and counting my respirations, I'd better get back into my clothes and be off to my office. I think it's probable there's a call from Saffron on my tablet.''

He shivered slightly, and there was a blue look about his lips, but he spoke with perfect composure and smiled as carelessly as if the clinic had been held for his idle amusement and the subject of the diagnosis had been a sore finger instead of a matter of life and death. He spoke quite as carelessly, and there was no tremor in his voice, when he put a brief inquiry to the senior physician:

''How much time do you give me, Elliott ?''

''Six months or so—a year at most.''

''And then the grave or crematory!'' jested the youth.

''Norwood, you have a superb skeleton. I never saw finer proportions or neater articulation. If I could have it to use in my anatomical demonstra-

"I'M A DEAD MAN, MARY."

tions, I 'd wire it together with gold," interposed another, who held the chair of anatomy in a medical college.

"A proud destiny for my poor bones!" laughed Norwood. "It 's worth considering, Doctor. Perhaps I 'll remember you in my will. Good day, gentlemen."

In spite of their good-humored exchange of raillery and banter, there were some who looked after him with a touch of regret, but there was no formal expression of sympathy or condolence. When men stand face to face with death daily and the decay of the body becomes a matter of nice chemical calculation, the tragedy of dissolution loses its acute shock, except in the case of near and dear friends, when the affections sometimes override science.

At the door of the outer office the young man found one of the doctors awaiting him, Leonard, a gray-haired man of modest manner and no great reputation, who had had little or nothing to say during the progress of the consultation. He extended his hand and took Norwood's in a close grasp.

"Norwood, you are a young man. Do n't give up. Try the Vernal Hills."

Norwood made no reply, but returning the pressure of the wrinkled old hand hastened down the steps and into the street.

When a man is condemned to death by due process of the law it is the custom for the press to set a watch over all his movements and to report the minutest details of his daily life for the entertainment of a deeply concerned public. No such account is made of the actions and manifestations of the honest and inoffensive citizen whose death warrant is read in the processes of nature, nor would the public at large be interested in their perusal. Norwood went out upon the street and mingled with a crowd of men differing as greatly in outward aspect and inward character as did the currents of destiny that bore them onward. Now and then he exchanged an indifferent salutation with an acquaintance. Once he was hailed by a genial young fellow, who invited him to join a yachting party on the morrow.

"Thank you. I shall be too busy," he replied.

The young man who had extended the invitation rejoined his companion.

"I expect Norwood is coining money. No time or thought for anything outside of his practice," he said, resentfully.

At his office Norwood found a call to a strange number in an adjoining street. He hastened to the place, a dreary-looking building that bore a placard of "Rooms to Let," and found a little child suffering from a severe attack of cholera infantum.

"I should have been called before," said the young doctor, gravely.

The mother hung her head. Norwood looked around the shabby apartment with its scant furniture, and understood.

"We will save him. It is not too late," he added, encouragingly.

For a couple of hours he worked over the child and at length had the satisfaction of seeing the little one's distress alleviated, as it passed into a natural sleep, chief of all nature's healing agencies. He arose to go.

The woman gratefully took out a worn little leather purse.

Norwood gently pushed away her hand.

"No. When times are better with you, do some small service for somebody else. I will look in again in the morning."

It was growing dark when he went out into the street. Over his telephone came a frantic call from Saffron's wife. He ran into a restaurant, snatched a cup of coffee and ordered a nourishing meal sent to the mother of the sick child, then jumped aboard a cable-car bound westward. A cool breeze was blowing, and a man who had stepped out upon the front platform for a smoke opened the door every few seconds to exchange confidences with some ladies in the car,

who appeared to be nominally under his escort. The sudden draughts and violent currents set Norwood to coughing. The ladies, one a young matron and the other an elderly woman, looked at him with solicitude and exchanged audible comments not exhilerating in character. Norwood stepped out on the dummy and breasted the keen trade-wind until the lights of the Saffron mansion came in sight.

Saffron was propped up in an easy chair, his body swathed in blankets and his feet in hot water. A couple of domestics danced attendance upon him, and his wife hung tearfully over him.

"It came on during dessert—just as he finished his plum pudding and was helping himself to the blanched almonds," explained poor little Mrs. Saffron. "A terrible pain about the umbil—umbil——"

"Cardiac region," corrected Saffron.

"Oh, yes, the cardiac region, Doctor, and he coughed frightfully. Do it again, just once, softly, dear, that he may hear you."

Saffron coughed—a strong, masterful, hollow cough. He looked at the doctor appealingly, and the doctor looked back at him—great, pampered, over-fed, luxurious invalid, with the appetite of an ostrich and a digestion only second to that of the same rapacious bird.

"I will leave these remedies, Mrs. Saffron," said Norwood, taking a bottle and some powders from his case. Please see that he takes them regularly for the next twenty-four hours. Meanwhile," here Saffron gave him an imploring glance, which Norwood sternly denied, "he will have to go on a strict diet."

There were some instructions to give on this latter score; when he had concluded, Norwood arose to take leave.

"I am going away for awhile," he remarked. "Meantime, if you are satisfied, I will turn you over to Dr. Belknap. He lives only a few blocks away," he added, wondering what Belknap would say when he found himself in possession of this heritage.

Saffron whimpered something about the hardship of perpetually changing physicians and just as you got used to one man's set of drugs having to be broken into another's. Mrs. Saffron was in despair.

"I don't know what I shall do without you, Doctor. I have had such confidence in you," she said, simply, and her look of anxiety as she turned to the selfish invalid, was pitiful to see.

"I 'm glad I have no wife or child to worry over me," was Norwood's consoling reflection as he bowed himself out of the room. At the door he looked back. Mrs. Saffron was kneeling by her husband's side, with her cheek pressed against his and her arm around his neck. Something seemed to clutch at Norwood's heart.

He started to walk back to town. On the summit of Pacific Heights he hesitated before a large house retired from the street behind a hedge of scarlet geraniums, its porch wreathed with vines. The lower rooms were brightly lighted and an air of home-like cheer and comfort surrounded the place, which made it unlike other houses that he had passed.

He loitered at the foot of the steps leading from the street to the grounds.

"I will write, instead," he said to himself.

There was a burst of music within, the sound of a girl's sweet voice raised in song. Norwood folded his arms and listened.

"It would be better to write," he said.

The song ceased. As if led by some invisible hand, he slowly ascended the steps and stood at the door.

Mary Wentworth met him.

"You are late," she said.

"A habit of the profession."

His voice sounded weak and strained. She darted a glance at his face.

"You are tired. Something has gone wrong. How is your cough?"

"My cough?" he repeated gaily. "My cough is flourishing—booming!"

Again she darted at him the same keen, suspicious look. This time she shivered.

"Come into the parlor. It is cold to-night. We have a fire there."

The cheerful home-scene which the opening of the door disclosed was good to see: a large, prettily furnished, well-lighted room; a fire glowing in the open grate; two younger sisters chatting with some visiting friends; the widowed mother in a rocker beside the hearth, a late magazine open in her lap, engaged in an animated discussion with a dark-eyed man of forty, who claimed a distant cousinship with the family and was a frequent caller. All greeted Norwood cordially and he met them with lively quip and repartee. To all appearances he had never been in higher spirits than he was that night.

The evening passed quickly and merrily. One by one the visitors took their leave, the company dissolved, leaving Mary Wentworth and Norwood alone. This quiet leave-taking snatched at the end of a gay evening, had been growing very dear to them both, but this night both of them were ill at ease.

Norwood put out his hand.

"Well, Mary, good-bye."

"Why not 'good-night?'" she asked, and her voice sounded low and distant.

"Because I am going away."

"To remain?"

"To remain—indefinitely."

There was not a tremor or thrill in the little hand he held, but he felt it chill within his grasp. He loosened his hold upon it, and it fell lifelessly by her side. He went on slowly, apathetically, like a man who recounts a tale in which he has no part:

"I'm a dead man, Mary—tried and condemned by a jury of my peers; just as much a dead man as the murderer who sits in his cell in the county jail and counts the minutes that intervene between this night and Friday noon when he will march to the scaffold. He has the advantage of me in some respects. The law mercifully executes its sentence upon him at a given date. Nature prolongs mine with a cruel uncertainty. It may be enforced to-morrow; it may be deferred for six months—a year; but she will execute it with as deadly precision. For him there may be some appeal, some escape. For me there is none."

He was seized with a severe paroxysm of coughing as he ceased speaking. He seemed exhausted by it and labored for breath. Mary Wentworth witnessed it in silence. No simplest words of conventional regret escaped her lips.

He went on flippantly, recklessly:

"We have a way in the profession of sending troublesome patients away where they may die decently, out of sight. I received my decree of banishment to-day. I'm off for the Vernal Hills—you know the place, in the heart of the Coast Range, a hundred miles from nowhere. Good-bye."

He did not attempt to take her hand again; he did not look in her face, her downcast face, which was all in shadow. Instead, he let himself out of the door, closed it very softly behind him and passed down the walk with a firm, determined tread. At the gate he paused and viewed the scene spread out before him. Below him lay the city, bathed in moonlight, the stately mistress of the Western Sea, the beautiful bay at her feet, great ships rocking on its silvery waters and its farther shores guarded by blue mountain heights fading into unreality in the distance—the great city, with her measureless needs, her glorious possibilities, her sublime opportunities for lives of usefulness and activity. For many minutes he viewed the scene. Then he flung his arms over one of the stone posts and laid his face upon them.

In a darkened upper room of the house he had left, a girl knelt before a window and watched him with a breaking heart.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE CAYS OF BAHAMA-LAND.

BY ED. L. SABIN.

THE Bahamas, or the Lucayas Archipelago, stretch from the eastern coast of Florida to the east end of Cuba. The islands form a series of stepping-stones, so close together that a child could proceed dryshod, with perhaps a rather long jump at the beginning and terminus of his journey. The group has passed from Spanish to English hands, and from English to Spanish, until, as might have been foretold, John Bull now holds undisputed sway. The region is a veritable land of drowsy-head, a realm of Arcadian simplicity. Perpetual summer smiles there, and the soft languor of the tropics broods over the palm-fringed cays, and the surf-kissed sands, and the waters sparkling in the breeze.

The number of these islands has been estimated all the way from 300 to a thousand. One key, or "cay," as it is called, is very much like another: a small bit of land, of coral formation, with a beach of white sand, washed by surf as a border; back of the beach are a few cocoa-palms, mangoes, sapodillas, etc., with manilla plants; there is usually a jungle of vines and matted grass, and often in the center of the key is a stagnant lagoon, salty and repulsive; there are few elevations. This is one type of a Bahama cay. The other is a low back of dingy grey coral, utterly destitute of vegetation, and cut like scoriæ into a million little jagged points, so that the stoutest shoe is gashed as with a sharp knife.

There are no venomous reptiles in the Bahamas, and the explorer may be perfectly at ease as he crashes through the brush. Indeed, animal life appeared to me to be very scarce. Great bees and hornets buzzed around the lemon and orange trees, and pretty lizards darted in the sunshine. Land birds are not at all as plentiful as I had expected. But the crabs! The land crabs of the Bahamas are famous, and well they deserve the distinction they receive. They rustle by myriads the leaves and the bushes. Colored red and white and with huge, round, bony bodies and enormous, menacing pinchers, they back out of our path at every step we take. Then there are the rock crabs. They inhabit the bare coral reefs. They are hideous, disgusting creatures, of a mottled grey, and, with their flat bodies and wide-spreading legs, they resemble big spiders. Another species is the cave crab, colored red and living in the holes that are found in some of the cays. The hermit crab, too, in assorted sizes, is met with almost everywhere. Taking the crabs into consideration, Bahama-land is no place for a nervous person.

A great charm about these islands is the setting of marvelously clear water that they have. I shall never forget the first Bahama scene that presented itself to me. We dropped anchor one evening off Egg Island, latitude 25.30, longitude 76.53. The sun arose with a bound—for old Sol is the only individual in these regions who possesses any alacrity. He showed to us a panorama of surpassing beauty. Lying a short distance on our quarter was Egg Island, a narrow strip of land measuring a mile in length by one-third that distance across. Covered thickly with trees and bushes, it was green against the blue sky. A bay, deep-curving, fronted us. Glistening white sand formed a sharply marked border—a lining to a green rim. Each end of the bay constituted a horn, and against the tips spray was flung high in

the air, while, along the curvature between, the surf rolled in surges of foam. Just back of the sand a row of manilla plants and cocoa-palms, cut clear against the sky, presented a dark abattis. In the center of the island, standing on an elevation sheer above the vegetation, were a light-tower and the white walls of the keeper's dwelling. It was easy to trace in this scene the abode of some Spanish grandee, who had chosen this Bahama speck for his world, and built his country-house here.

Our schooner rested, seemingly suspended in the atmosphere. She was an atom of dust on a huge emerald. Twenty feet of water was between her planks and the earth, but through the fluid, trembling like jelly, we could see the starfish and the sponges, the corals and the tall sea-fans casting shadows from the sun and waving gently above the snowy detritus. The surface of the water was a painter's palette, and he had exhausted all the greens available. Blotches of lemon tissue succeeded olive, and robin's egg divided emerald from dark green; all these and every intermediate hue, in the most striking contrast, lay spread abroad for miles, jumbled in a bewildering mass of color.

No one knows why the island received its present name. A rooster is the only specimen of the poultry tribe there. The sole human inhabitants are the lighthouse-keeper—Thomas A. Pindar—and his son. They are English and say "hold woman" when they refer to Queen Victoria. They lead a lonely life and rarely see a stranger's face. A few cocoanuts are shipped by them each year, and sapodillas, paw-paws, oranges, and limes abound there. Fish are plentiful and constitute the chief diet.

From this view of Bahama country life we were transported to metropolitan Bahama-land, dropping anchor in the bay at Harbour Island, near the north coast of Eleuthera, latitude 25.30, longitude 76.35. Next to Nassau, this is one of the most important settlements in the archipelago. Harbour Island is situated on a tiny island, so small that a walk around it does not fatigue a person. The place boasts of 400 people, a very large city for the Bahamas. It is a port of entry. From the long dock, projecting into the water, to the half-naked pickaninny who flees with flapping shirt, Harbour Island is a very funny and attractive little village. The inhabitants of the Island are not all of one race—blacks and whites being there in equal numbers. They were very kindly, but they considered Yankees, as we were, a sort of show and treated us accordingly. To them all Americans are "Yankees."

The houses are white and built on the side of an elevation. Cocoa-palms and other tropical plants grow luxuriantly. In the center of the mass of green, floats the red flag of England over the consul's headquarters. From the bay the emerald water, clean buildings, and bright vegetation, all vivified by a blazing sun, make a pretty picture. Trade is not rushing here. Harbour Island never had a boom. There are two stores where articles miscellaneous in quality and quantity may be purchased. These goods were sent from New York—no one knows how long ago. But fashions are drowned before they reach Harbour Island. There are also two grogshops, which are closed promptly at eight each night. Gin, or rum as it is termed, is the staple drink. Ice is, of course, not obtainable. A drunkard is never seen, and the little stone house designated as the jail was shown to us as one of the sights of the place. It had not been used for many years. Harbour Island sleeps in the middle of the day. The able-bodied men are out on the water and the aged stay in their houses, where the sun does not penetrate. Occasionally a child or a negro damsel passes along a street, but that is the only sign of activity. From darkened rooms eyes peer in curiosity

at the stranger and the owners sometimes stand in the gates and gaze after him; but everything is bathed in a Sabbath hush. Sidewalks and window-glass are not wanted in this metropolis. The streets are grassy lanes, unmarked by a desecrating vehicle. I saw one poor old horse on the island. How it came there is a mystery. Houses are tightly closed with heavy wooden shutters to keep out the sun and mosquitoes. Two pretty little English churches help the people to worship God. Most of the inhabitants are Episcopalians—the rest are Methodists. Harbour Island has a school, too. The majority of the settlements have schools, and education, as far as practicable, is compulsory.

The principal occupations are farming for pines (pineapples) and "going to sea." The pines are grown on the island of Eleuthera, less than half a mile away. Many schooners are built at this Bahaman port, and on the beach in front of the town there is always a vessel on the stocks. Nassau, forty miles distant, Key West, New York, and Baltimore are points visited by the crafts. The harbor is very fine. It is broad and joins the ocean at a narrow mouth. The water is stretched over a bottom of the whitest sand and through the transparent fluid we can see the great crimson starfish lying motionless. Small boats, urged on by leg-o'-mutton sails in all stages of dilapidation, skim the smooth surface. Fish are caught in large numbers. Early in the morning the boats put out to their favorite grounds and in the evening the sun glimmers on the returning sails.

On the dock a multitude of young Bahamans collected to greet us when we landed. Every Bahaman community has a long dock, and here the few events of the day are discussed. Here the people gather to learn the news of the world when a vessel comes back from a voyage. Although everyone stared at us, all were very courteous. The only fault we found was the eagerness with which these friends coveted our pocketbooks. I believe the whole island was for sale. Back of the village is a magnificent beach—a wide, solid reach of white sand—and the great surge of surf rolling up along it for a mile or more. Several cisterns are situated here where the sand meets the grass at the foot of the hill. Two roads connect these cisterns with the town. In the daytime dark-skinned, jolly maidens traverse the glistening pathways and bear firkins of water on their heads. At night the beach is merry with bathers. Standing where the highways bend over the crest of the hill, swept by the sea-breeze, the panorama spread below is bewitching. From North Beach, where the waves rolling in dark-green from the place where sky and ocean meet dash on to the snowy shore, the eye wanders over mango and manilla and cocoa, and the houses embedded, and the sail-dotted harbor on the other side of the island.

Sixteen miles up the coast of Eleuthera is the settlement of Spanish Wells. The route inside the reefs between the places is exceedingly hazardous. The shore is often only a stone's throw away; there is sometimes just room for a small vessel to pass over an obstructing coral point, and the least swerve means destruction. The channel is said to be the most dangerous in the Atlantic, and is never attempted at night. Half way to Spanish Wells the timbers of a brig project above the sand of the beach. The craft was overtaken here on a lee shore by the memorable hurricane of '66, hurled over the reefs on to the shoals, ground into fragments, and covered by the sand. Cargo and all were buried so deep that by the time the wreckers arrived the spoils were beyond their grasp; only these timbers show the resting-spot of the gallant brig.

Spanish Wells possesses a good harbor, but in other respects is a severe contrast to Harbour Island; it is flat and not pretty at all. The inhabitants assure you it is pretty, but it isn't. Harbour Island and Spanish

Wells hate each other. The one speaks contemptuously of the "poor, lean whites" at Spanish Wells, and the other sneers at the "niggers" at Harbour Island. Once the cholera invaded the latter place, and Spanish Wells intrenched herself. It is said the Harbour Islanders were wont to sail around the armed cordon and shake infected blankets to windward of Spanish Wells. The Spanish Wells people think this was decidedly unkind, and speak bitterly of it to this day. "We would like to lick 'Arbour Hisland," said Joe Pindar to me, "but we hain't big enough."

Spanish Wells is a very old settlement, and has about three hundred inhabitants. Harbour Island has passably straight lanes; but here the few houses are dumped down at random, and at night the stranger is continually running his head into a front door. The houses are low, one-story, and unpainted.

Through the narrow channel between Spanish Wells and Eleuthera during the Civil War blockade runners passed on their way to Nassau. These were red-letter days for the little village. Once a Union gunboat pursued a rebel vessel so closely that she was forced to throw overboard seven hundred and fifty bales of cotton. And the people of Spanish Wells put out in their crafts and gathered in the harvest. I heard the tale graphically told by an old Bahaman.

The region around this point is peculiarly interesting. At the mouth of the harbor are the most wonderful marine gardens that I have ever seen. With a water-glass one can gaze down fathoms deep on awful caverns, whose innermost secrets are hidden from mortal eyes, but whose approaches are clearly visible, bedecked with brilliant fans and coral and guarded by gorgeous fishes. Here is the island of Eleuthera, one of the largest of the group, sixty miles long. The interior of the island has never been thoroughly explored, but is said to contain immense caves with curious carvings in them. The coast-line is rough and at times fantastic.

At the entrance to Spanish Wells harbor is Ridley's Head. A number of crags so blend together as to form a gigantic profile. It can be discerned only when the observer is in a certain position on the bay. Then he sees a stern, clear-cut face thirty feet from brow to chin and crowned with bush-like hair. A fragment of rock has fallen into the water, and this is Ridley's Hat. Further down the coast are the Cow and the Bull—two odd humps of the cliff, and the Glass Window—an enormous hole through the solid rock.

The Bahamas are rich in romance. Buccaneers used to freely thread the tortuous channels, and the Spanish names linger yet. On Water Key, latitude 25.57, longitude 80.30, we landed to procure water if possible. There was reputed to be a once-good well here; I found the well, a mere hole between two rocks, but the water was nauseous. In the outcropping coral beside the well were many inscriptions carved. They were for the most part unreadable, but I deciphered Awmaju D. Paul, 1857, Decked Well; also a date, 1821, and the name Arun, 1825. This was once a favorite haunt of the pirates.

The religion of the islands is that of the Church of England with a good sprinkling of Methodists. Any other sect is looked upon with disfavor. Young curates from England have a circuit of several settlements in charge and usually hold open-air meetings. The meetings are necessarily irregular and the people enter into them with great fervor. These gatherings and singing are the only occurrences that break the monotony of island life. When anchored off of Spanish Wells our schooner was crowded every night by visitors. They wanted to show the Yankees how the Bahamans could sing—and they did. The school-children, carefully tutored, sang, and then the older persons sang. The

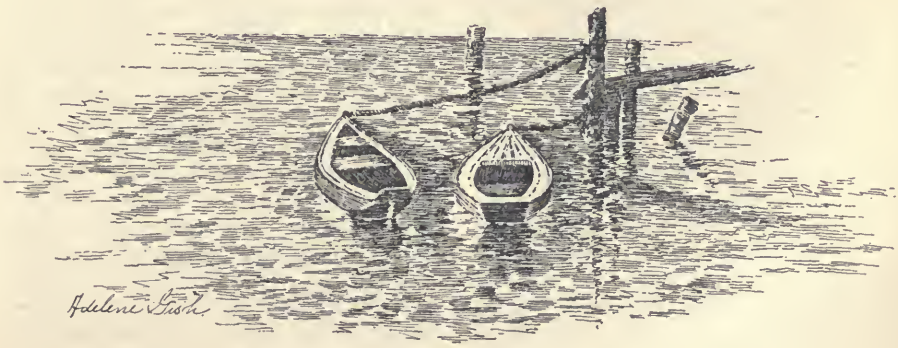
music was lusty if not classical or very melodious. They gave us good old English pieces—"Nellie Grey," "The "Old Black Cat," and "God Save the Queen," while we in turn, when pressed for our popular tunes, taught them "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," "Bingo," and "Doo-da."

A most curious utensil of a Bahaman dwelling is a big cement oven, like a cone, at the back of the house. In this the family bread is baked. Bahamans are physiologically starved, and their thin, attenuated forms show it. An unvarying diet of fish and fruit is not nourishing enough, and the fact speaks for itself in these islanders. The white Bahamans are homely and sallow unless burned so that complexion is a thing of the past. They rarely—some never—wear shoes; hence feet in these latitudes are feet and not merely the ends of legs. I used to gaze in admiration at the feet that daily and nightly visited our schooner. The owners of the appendages could walk where a shod foot could not bear to tread. The skin becomes tougher than leather. Black Bahamans are the finest specimens of the negro race to be seen outside of Africa—strapping fellows with magnificent arms and chests; but they are dreadful beggars and dreadful liars. Those who boarded us asked for everything—from a Bible to a pair of pants. Then they blessed us fervently, for they are exceedingly religious.

It is inconceivable how simple the Bahamans are. I saw old men in Spanish Wells who had never seen a horse, or a cow, or a wheeled vehicle. Nassau is their Mecca. "Why, boy," said Joe Pindar to me (everybody down here is either a Pindar or a Johnson), "Nassau his a city. Hit 'as six thousand people, hand the streets are so wide carriages kin go along, hand leave room for persons to walk hon heach side." After this remarkable statement, I told Joe that we lived over a thousand miles from the ocean.

"Hand his the country wide enough fer that?" he cried.

Life is so easy here! In the morning the Bahaman is wafted by the wind to his fishing ground, and when his meal is procured the breeze takes him home again. Lazily swaying in his dingy boat, basking in the sun on the snowy beach, or lolling beneath the palms, time is of no moment to him. He is separated from the world by miles of ocean over which only an occasional fruiter passes. He lives *sans* money and often *sans* clothes. Sea and land furnish food gratuitously. His tiny island is large enough, and he rarely leaves it. And so he indolently passes his life; and when he dies he is buried in the little sandy graveyard on his native cay.



THE GRIEVOUS ADVENTURE OF FRANCIS SHIPLEY.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

IN the year, Anno Domini, 1567, I, Christopher Hewton, gentleman, being incited thereto by that love of conquest and adventure which in these days imbued all men of England, did quit my home on this quest ; for being both young and strong, I deemed it a shame to stand idly by as though lacking in manhood, while others achieved fame and fortune in foreign seas.

And thus it was that my honored father, though sore set against my going, seeing me so well determined out of his kindness furnished me with letters and credit to Master John Hawkins, then fitting out a navy at the town of Plymouth for trade and traffic in Africa and America. With me went one other, Francis Shipley by name, who had already made a voyage to the Canaries and from whose discourse my desire for travel had been greatly strengthened, he being a bold fellow of a merry disposition and lovable withal and my very good neighbor and friend.

Together we arrived in Plymouth, and, presenting our letters to Master Hawkins, were by him kindly received. This, our general, whom I had much curiosity to behold, had a wondrous resolute face, and eyes of the keenness of a falcon with which he did look me over, measuring my bulk and height, and finally said : "You are a proper big man, Master Hewton, and your looks commend you. I know your family well and it pleases me to have your company on this adventure." My comrade, Frank Shipley, he had met before, and he gave him a courteous greeting likewise. We were then tendered place aboard his ship, the *Jesus*, of which the master was one Richard Barrett. There was, besides the *Jesus*, five other ships in this emprise—the *Minion*, the *William and John*, the *Judith* (in which was Capt. Drake, afterward Knight), the *Angel*, and the *Swallow*. Upon Monday, the 20th of October, the weather being reasonably fair, our General commanded his captains to make sail, and so we departed out of Plymouth upon this voyage.

"And now, friend Christopher," said Francis Shipley, clapping me on the back, as we stood upon the deck watching the land go past, "if we do not bring back fame and gold enough to make all the stay-at-home lads of Hertford turn green with envy, call me a shrivelled herring." And he sang a stave of some sea song :

'Yo, heave ho! Away we go,
For we be mariners bold, oh,
To the Spanish main and back again,
With our pockets lined with gold, oh!"

And I answered him blithely in like manner, although I confess my heart was not so light, seeing for the first time my home-land slip away from me. Then he, perhaps for all his jovial bearing being secretly touched by a similar thought, grew gradually silent by my side for the space of a few minutes, watching the distant shore ; or it may have been that some warning of what was in store for him was vouchsafed, for they say that all Shipleys, since the time of old Sir Hugh, have such premonitions. Be that as it may, turning to me with sudden gravity, he said : "Christopher, wilt thou swear to stand by me, come good or evil, in this enterprise?"

This question coming on me, as it

were without warrant, nettled me and I answered, "What mean you by that? Dost thou think me one to desert a friend at a pinch?"

"Tut, tut, old lad! You know full well I meant no such thing," replied he, "but in these affairs there come times when men's tempers are warped by hunger, thirst, weariness, and wound, and dearest friends will fall out on slight difference of judgment. And so I thought if we two made a compact now, to stand by each other shoulder to shoulder and let naught come between us either of ourselves or evil tongues of others, it would be a pleasant and a goodly thing for both of us. What say you," he added with a laugh, like one making light of what in secret he was most anxious for, "shall we make a compact to stand by each other to the death, and so speed our own luck and live to tell the tale over a stoup of wine in the old hall at home?"

And I answered: "For my part, Frank, it seemeth to me that we both of us know right well by this time what sort of stuff the other 's made of, having tusselled together ever since we were no higher than a pint-pot, and that hunger, and thirst, and wounds cannot change the hearts of us. But if it is any satisfaction to you I will make the compact."

"To stand loyally by each other, through good or evil fortune to the end!" he said.

"Even so," I replied, "and there 's my hand on it."

With that the shadow, whatever it may have been, seemed to pass from him, and he laughed, and tossed back his yellow hair, and clapped me on the shoulder, and swore that he asked for no better friend at need, and so went off to help about the ship, singing as before:

"So, yo, heave oh! bold mariners we be!
There 's not a man among us all
A foot will backward flee!"

Now, whether or no I kept that pledge so lightly passed that day, let what follows prove.

Of that part of our adventure which pertaineth to the coast of Africa, it concerneth not the matter in hand to relate; but when we finally arrived at the West Indies, our General traded from place to place with the Spaniards and the Indians as he might—with some peaceably, with others by force as at Rio de Hacha, but with all honestly. After leaving Rio de Hacha, we laid our course to the northward, and, after passing the island of Cuba, encountered a mighty tempest. It was on the 12th of August that this gale began, and for ten days we were buffeted by the winds and waves, in deadly peril of our lives, until finally we were driven for succor to the port of San Juan d'Ulloa or Vera Cruz which is the port that serveth for the City of Mexico.

Having cast anchor in this place, our General sent an embassy to the Viceroy of Mexico requesting that we be allowed to repair and re-victual our ships in peace and that orders be taken by his Excellency to prevent any breach of amity between our people and those of the Spanish fleet on its arrival, which fleet was daily expected there to the number of thirteen great ships. This embassy our General did entrust to Francis Shipley, he being able to speak the Spanish tongue well enough to serve and having, moreover, a handsome presence and gentle manners. It was Shipley's desire that I should accompany him, and our General did so order it, cautioning us both to beware of treachery at the hands of the Spaniards.

This town of Mexico where the Viceroy had residence was three-score leagues to the westward, and thither we betook ourselves, riding upon horseback and attended by a guide provided for us by the Spanish General of the port. And as the business pressed we tarried not upon the way, but passing through strange forests we came at last to a mountainous land which we did climb, skirting dark precipices and crossing deep gorges, until at length we arrived

without mishap at a great lake whereon was situated the City of Mexico. There we did deliver our messages to his Excellency, and from him did receive fair answers to all our requests.

And furthermore I would not say of this errand except for what thereafter happened, deeming the glance of a woman's eye but small matter for chronicle; but it was a woman's glance that worked us woe, as it has many other brave men in this world. And this was the manner of it: as we were passing by a church on our entry into the town, there issued forth a young Spanish lady of seeming high degree; and she being muffled in that which they call a *mantilla*, all save her eyes which were dark and lustrous, did cast a look of favor upon my companion, who did thereupon raise his hat, and, being bold and adventurous as I have before said, he did linger, despite the sour looks the damsel's attendant did bestow upon us, to discover, if he might, the place of her abode. I took it upon me to chide Shipley for this ill-timed gallantry, seeing that we were sufficiently surrounded with peril without adding a woman's favor thereto.

But he did laugh and say, "A plague upon your preaching, old lad! You would not have me play the churl to so pretty a pair of eyes e'en though they be a Spaniard's. May the devil fly away with me, but I believe you are jealous!"

"The devil will fly away with you, Frank," I answered, "if you have dealings with such as she."

"Nay, then," he said, "I'd e'en try a fall with his majesty for such a slender witch."

But it liked me not that he should talk in such a wanton way, and I told him so bluntly; but he took no heed of my plain speaking, as he rarely did, only laughed again, and said, "Tut, man! thou art sober enough for the two of us."

And so the matter seemed to end so far as I knew at that time; but I afterward learned that this woman found means to appoint a meeting for Shipley in the short time we were in that place, though what passed between them at that meeting I know not. Only as we wended our way back to the ship my companion was at times very merry and sang jovial songs in the forests, and at other times he was silent and thoughtful, shifting and veering in his moods like any weathercock.

Arriving once more at the port we proceeded aboard our vessel, and there delivered to the General the result of our mission; but scarcely had we done so when there was descried in the offing thirteen sail of great ships which we knew to be the King of Spain's fleet. Their arrival placed our General, Mr. Hawkins, in a position of great perplexity. For did he keep this fleet out as he would wish, the harbor being so small and he dreading some treachery, they might be wrecked, and did he let them come in he had naught but fair words as guerdon for his own safety. Thus, knowing not precisely what to do he did choose what seemed the lesser evil, and upon the earnest assurance of the new Viceroy, who came in that fleet and had command over all, that his terms should be agreed to, he did admit the Spanish navy to the port.

All of the conditions of the agreement were then proclaimed by the Spaniards on shipboard and on shore, with much blowing of trumpets, the ships as they entered saluting, and the Generals and people of authority making great show of kindness and courtesy and promises of amity; but in truth treachery and wickedness were in their hearts, even as our General feared. For the Thursday following they began shifting their weapons from ship to ship and planting and bending their ordnance against our men on the land. Then when our General did send to the Viceroy demanding what was meant thereby, they, seeing their villainy discovered, forthwith fell upon our men, many of

whom were ashore upon an island near to which our ships were moored, and slew them without mercy.

The *Minion*, being nearest to the island, hauled out, but shortly had to bear the brunt of three hundred men that had been secretly placed in a great hulk near by. Then these sought to fall aboard the *Jesus*, whereupon there did ensue a mighty battle. Our trumpets sounded forth the points of war, encouraging our men to fight boldly, while our General did show himself to be a most valiant man as public report had credited him, ordering all things for the best, unmindful of bullets and arrows which did whistle by him. And as for my comrade, Francis Shipley, he also did prove himself that day a mighty man with his sword, and valiant. Running here and there, with his yellow hair flying in the wind, he did hack and thrust, cheering on the men with shouts and cries of "Have at them, lads! Down with the traitorous dogs! God and St. George for merry England!" And at other times he sang to the time of his bloody strokes:

"'* * * Bold mariners we be!'

Take that, thou lantern-jawed son of Belial!

'There 's not a man among us all'—

How likest thou that?

'A foot will backward flee!'

There's for thee, Don!"—just as one hewing wood singeth to lighten the labor. And through it all did find time to note and praise the valor of others and to laugh and make merry of me because, being of large stature as aforesaid, I did find it speedier to strike with my naked fists many of those Spaniards that came up over our sides and heave them into the water whence they were remediless to return, than to play at carte and tierce with a sword, of which I had little cunning. In sooth every man aboard that ship did fight like a wild beast, being wroth at the Spaniards' treachery and driven to bay, and as fast as they did pour upon our ship they got such entertainment that the deck was like unto a shambles and the water around about us was filled with them that drowned, shrieking and clutching one at another as they sank in their heavy armor.

But it was all of no avail, for although we did sink two great Spanish ships and burn one, so that they had little power to harm us with their vessels, they did batter us right grievously with our own ordnance that we had placed upon the island. Moreover, the Spaniards fired two of their tall ships and sent them against us, and the *Jesus*, being greatly shaken and her rigging all cut away, was helpless, but the *Minion*, having trimmed her sails, made shift to avoid her, and presently our General did take refuge aboard the *Minion*, and with him all that could achieve that end, and those that could not were pitilessly slain. Of our ships none escaped except the *Minion* and the *Judith*, and that night in a storm we did lose company of the *Judith*.

Thus were we left alone in that small barque of fifty tons, sore strained and lacking in tackle, with many more on board than the small store of victuals would suffice, and with the groans and lamentations of the wounded piercing our ears with dolorous complaints. And so it came to pass that our General did esteem it necessary to make the land again, which he did do on the eighth of October, to the southward, in the bay of Mexico, our ships being so greatly in need of repairs that our weary arms could scarce keep forth the water. Being thus stared in the face by death from famine on the one side and by drowning on the other, we were in despair and were divided among ourselves as to what was best to be done. Many were of a mind to be set ashore, trusting rather to the mercy of the infidel savages than to the hazard of drowning or being forced by hunger to eat one another. To which desire

our General did willingly agree, considering within himself that it was necessary to lessen his numbers for the safety of himself and the rest. But having made this resolve it was marvelous how all men's minds did alter, for they that did wish most to be set ashore now made request to remain aboard. But in the end the General made device by choosing first those having rank and necessary to the ship, and of the others he did form a company to be put ashore, pledging himself to return, or send for them as soon as succor could be had. And of those chosen to stay aboard the ship, Francis Shipley and myself were of the number.

What, then, was my amazement when Shipley did declare his mind to be one of those to go ashore, which to my thinking was little better than thrusting his head in the lion's mouth! And when I demanded of him his reasons for this rash desire, he answered me not to my satisfaction but talked of those men ashore being of the weaker party and needing support.

"A murrain on you and your support!" said I, being sore disturbed with this fancy of his sprung thus at the last moment. "What support can you give them but another mouth to feed?"

"Nay," he said, "for that matter I have a pair of hands. And what is more to my thinking, that for which we came hither, adventure and Spanish gold, lie more to shoreward than to sea aboard this battered ship."

"Aye, truly," I said, "hungry and ragged, with neither arms nor muniments, we are like to take the Spanish fleet, which we could not do in all our strength, and the City of Mexico to boot."

"Why, then," he said, "we may go further and fare worse than in that same City of Mexico, where our treatment was courteous enough."

"Art thou mad, Frank?" I said, "Are not the wounds given us by those same treacherous devils yet green upon our bodies?"

"I have not asked you to go with me," he replied.

"That is what you have done," I made answer, hotly, "for if you have forgotten our compact, I have not."

"Well, then," he said, turning away, "I give you your freedon of your compact."

"Nay," I said, "that you cannot do, you, nor no man, with honor to myself. For was it not this very point that did prompt you to ask of me the pledge: That there was coming a time when, hungry and weary and wounded, as God knows we both are at this present moment, dearest friends would differ in judgment? And I made reply that weariness and wounds could not change the heart in a man's body, and so pledged you my word as a gentleman to stay by you. And, therefore, stay by you I must and will. So, prithee, Frank, dear lad, let not this wild fancy fly away with your wits, but be content to abide aboard this ship, by which we shall yet find adventure enough and a chance to see old England into the bargain."

But no, he would not, nor did I know till long afterward what so hardened his heart against all friendship and reason. God forgive him!

Well, the upshot of it all was that we two were placed ashore, much against the General's desire and more against my own, for to be told that I was a valiant comrade and true-hearted man mended not the affair. Once upon the land Master Francis Shipley was voted Captain of that company of five score men and more. And when he did muster them for arms there was a fine showing of two swords and a rusty caliver, and no more. Armor we had none, food we had none, and nothing of aught else in fact, but the clothes upon our backs, and of these the most of us were soon to be rid. For as we marched along the first day through high grass and tangled reeds we were suddenly set upon by savages, who, with hideous cries, did shoot their arrows and hurl their

spears into our midst. Then seeing that we made no resistance they forced us to sit down and so surveying us they took from them who wore gay-colored clothes their apparel, and those who wore sad-colored raiment they troubled not. And so they went their way, doing us no more hurt. And of those who were stripped of their clothes my comrade was one, while I, wearing black, was let go. And after the savages had departed I did divest myself of one-half my garments and give them to him to cover himself, which he at first refusing I did throw them on the ground at his feet, bidding him take them in the name of decency, which he finally did. And no other words passed between us, for nothing but bitterness for him was in my heart and he was silent because his rashness was past helping by words.

It was here that one-half of our company, taking council among themselves, left us to go northward along the coast, while we wended our way westward in the direction of the City of Mexico. For many weary days did we press on through forests and thickets, torn and pierced by brambles and suffering from lack of food and water, until, finally, upon the twelfth day we came to the river Panucos, where the Spaniards have certain *salinas*. And here we drank greedily of the water and bathed and rested ourselves. And while we were thus resting we were suddenly set upon by the Spaniards and taken captive and conveyed across the river in canoes to their habitations.

Here we were placed in a little house where we were almost smothered, being so many of us shut up therein, and for food were given sour maize such as they feed to their hogs withal. And when I, being in pain from a wound, and others likewise, did demand of them a surgeon to cure us, they made answer that we should have none other surgeon than the hangman, which would cure us beyond peradventure and that right speedily. For three days were we kept in that foul place, and then word came that we were to be taken before the Viceroy. And so we set out with our arms bound behind us, guarded by Indians and Spaniards on horseback, and thrust forward upon the road with all indignity. And so wearied were many of us that to be free from our bondage even by death seemed something to be courted.

It was at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the sixth day that we entered the City of Mexico by the street called La Calle Sante Catharina, which was the same hour and the same street wherein Francis Shipley and myself did enter it before, albeit in a different plight from that grievous one in which we did now stagger along, bound two and two, like unto negro slaves. And, lo! at the door of the church where we did before behold her, stood the same Spanish lady between whom and my comrade certain passages had taken place, as aforesaid. Only now she stood still biding the departure of our people and looking upon us the while with wonder.

Now it so happened that Francis Shipley was in front of me, and we two were about the end. And when we did come nigh her I saw her of a sudden start and shrink back, and then snatching from her face the veil that shrouded it she gazed upon us like one who sees a ghost. Then did my comrade look her full in the eyes and say in a loud tone: "*Esto es por ti!*" which is to say: "This is for thy sake!" and so passed on.

And when I heard these words, like a flash of light came upon me the true reason of my comrade's desire to be set ashore from off the ship. And when I thought of how he had sacrificed himself and me, his friend, for love of this wanton daughter of the devil, against whom I had warned him in the beginning, my heart hardened against him more than ever, and I said in my wretchedness, "God may forgive him but I never will!"

Well, after this we were taken to a

great hospital where those that were sick were cared for and the others were kept prisoners but all were well used. And hither came sometimes gentlemen and gentlewomen bringing us divers things to comfort us withal, as succades and marmalades. And among them that did stop at my comrade's bedside, he being stricken down with weakness, was this lady of the church. Sometimes there came with her a tall, lean man with gray moustache and grizzled locks, but most times the old woman, her attendant at the church, did bear the lady company alone, and at these times she did linger longest.

Finally, after we were recovered of our wounds and sickness they sent us into a garden belonging to the Viceroy, and coming thither we found many of them taken in the flight at San Juan d'Ulloa. And here we did stay and work for a short space of time, it appearing that the Spaniards scarce knew what to do with us. Till at last proclamation was made that what gentleman Spaniard soever was willing to have any Englishman to serve him and be bound to keep him forthcoming to appear before the Justice on due notice given, that they should repair to the garden and there take their choice. And among the first to avail themselves of that offer, coming early ere the gates were well open, was that tall, gray-haired gentleman, the same who accompanied the lady when she came to the hospital as aforesaid. And now, likewise, she was in company of him. And the gentleman did straightway make agreement with our Governor for my comrade's service. But the lady appeared not in the matter, neither did she speak to or take notice of my comrade as they left the place, but in all things acted as though she knew him not.

Now, in that country no Spaniard will serve another, deeming it unbecoming their dignity, and the Indians were but slaves, therefore the gentlemen that did take us as a rule did make of us chamberlains and overseers; and though I saw not Francis Shipley thereafter I could well fancy that it was to some such high office he had been chosen through the favor of that lady. For my part I was made overseer of many Indians that did work in the mines in the country, and thus for a year or more I heard naught of any of that company that came with me. And during all that time my lot was not altogether unhappy, being a master over others and well paid. But suddenly and without warning, at the end of that time the misery which had dogged our footsteps once more overtook us. For although I knew it not at that time, the Inquisition which hitherto had had no place in the Indies, began to be established there, very much against the minds of many of the Spaniards themselves. The chief Inquisitor, whose name was Dom Pedro de Moya de Contreres, with certain companions, had come and settled in the City of Mexico, being placed in a fair house near unto the White Friars. And they did cast about them to see where they should make a beginning of their detestable practices, and their choice fell upon us Englishmen, the rather that we were prisoners and had, through the favor of our masters, accumulated considerable money.

And so it came to pass that we were apprehended in all parts of the country and were conveyed as prisoners to the City of Mexico; and there we were cast into dark dungeons where we could not see saving by candlelight, and with no companions to keep us company. And at intervals we were brought forth into the presence of the Inquisitors and narrowly examined as to our faith. Being at such times commanded to say the *Pater Noster* and the Creed in Latin, whereas, God knows, the most of us could scarce say them in English; but heaven wrought for us in this matter by giving us for a friend the interpreter, a man whose father had been English and his mother Spanish. And he did reply for us that in our

own country speech we could say these things perfectly, though not so well in Latin. Then they, finding that they made but little head in this manner, did question us of our beliefs in England and whether we did not hold contrary to that we now professed. What others said I know not, but for my part, being worn out with their practices, I did make answer that for my sins and offenses I prayed God mercy, and that if I had offended them or their church in any way, I was heartily sorry for it, seeing the pass it had brought me to; that I was but a plain-spoken mariner cast upon their shore by stress of weather; that I had obeyed their laws, and I begged them of their courtesy to give me back my liberty and let me go my way.

In what manner the interpreter gave this to them I could not understand, neither did I greatly care, but that he in his kindness made it appear to my credit was rendered plain to me afterward. But finally one day when I was brought before them, they asked me no more of myself but began to question me about Francis Shipley, and this with eager persistence, they having in some way learned that at home I was his neighbor and friend, and sought by devilish artifices to entrap me into telling of his religion and practices; but to these questions I made answer that I knew nothing whatsoever about the matter and then remained mute. Whereupon, after whispering together, the chief Inquisitor spoke up saying that while he believed no great evil of me, my desire to shield my comrade of whom they feared the worst showed me to have a stubborn spirit that needed chastening, and, moreover, that my silence would avail little, for did I still refuse to utter the truth on this question they would tear it from me on the rack. And when they found that this threat served not to loosen my tongue, they bore me away to the dungeon of hell.

What took place there it answereth no present purpose to relate, even could I find fitting speech, which I cannot. Sufficeth that they forced from me no word against Francis Shipley of any sort, for which I humbly thank God, in that He, in his infinite goodness, did sustain me in that time of sore need; and whereas, I went into that place a strong and upright man, I came forth bent and broken, and with but little spirit left for that which followed.

Well, to cut the matter short, the inquisitors having by one means or another gotten all the evidence necessary for their purpose, they did cause to be erected a large platform in the midst of the market-place. Then did they go about with beating of drums, proclaiming that on a certain day the sentence of the Holy Inquisition against the English heretics would be pronounced; which being done, the night before the day of judgment the officers drew us forth from our dungeons and arrayed us in yellow coats with red crosses before and behind, which foolish things they call *Sanbenitos*, and spent the whole night devising how we should go in procession, so that we got no sleep at all. When morning was come we were given a cup of wine and bread fried in honey and were then led forth, every man in his fool's coat, with a halter around his neck and in his hand a great wax candle. Upon either side of each of us walked a Spaniard. And so in this manner we came to the scaffold, where was a great concourse of people assembled. We ascended the platform and were allotted certain seats. And after a space of time the Inquisitors came up another pair of stairs, and after them the Viceroy and all the Chief Justices and took seats under the cloth of estate. Then came up great numbers of friars, white, black, and gray, and seated themselves in the places appointed. Then was there a solemn oyes made and silence commanded, and so began their cruel judgments.

The most of these were that the

man should be stripped from the waist up and laid upon horseback and suffer three hundred lashes with whips and afterwards be condemned to the galleys for ten years, and some received less and some more. And a few there were, not more than ten, whose judgment was to serve a certain number of years in a monastery, wearing the yellow coat or *San-benitos* all that time, but receiving no stripes. And I was of that number. And at the last were called the names of four men, and these received judgment to be burned alive in the market place; and of those four Francis Shipley was one!

When I heard that doom spoken I staggered to my feet. I knew not what to do, but before I could so much as move my lips, a shriek the like of which I had never before heard rang shrilly through the square. Then, while the two Spaniards with me pulled me back to my seat, I saw the crowd beneath troubled in one spot, which turmoil, as of some one struggling there, slowly eddied toward the platform. And while it approached, the voices of the multitude arose, some calling to others in vain questioning and others again demanding silence, and many of those upon the platform stood up. And at last the crowd opened and there burst forth a woman with black hair streaming down about her, and with one hand she pressed this back from her face and with the other she strove to free herself from one who would have detained her. And when I saw her, torn and dishevelled as she was, I knew her for the lady of the church. With one great effort she did finally break loose from the hands of the old woman, her attendant, who it was that did vainly clutch her garments, and fled up the steps of the platform, beating the air with her hands and crying aloud: "Mercy! Mercy! Have mercy!" And so coming before the Viceroy, she did fling herself upon the boards at his feet, groveling there in all her woeful loveliness, still crying, "Have Mercy! Oh, for the love of God and the Virgin Mary, have mercy!"

And while all did stretch their necks gazing upon this scene in astonishment, the Grand Inquisitor arose and in a low tone did sternly address her. And I heard enough to know what I had before mistrusted, namely, that she was the wife of one of high degree in that place. And at the last the Inquisitor did raise his voice and threaten her with the wrath of the church, and so having finished his discourse he made a sign to two of his familiars who thereupon stepped forward and each taking the lady by an arm, forced her away to a point where she was compelled to view the dreadful preparations then going on in the market-place, and there they held her despite her moans and plaints. Then at a further signal from the Grand Inquisitor, the drums sounded and the Viceroy's guard opened a way through the crowd, and the friars, according to their order, arose and descended the steps, two by two, chanting a dolorous tune, and in their midst, with their arms bound, walked the four doomed men.

And as the procession paused for those ahead to advance, I heard my comrade's voice call out: "Is Christopher Hewton here?"

Whereupon I struggled to my feet, yet without seeing him for the crowd, and made answer, "Yes, but God help thee, Francis Shipley, for I cannot!"

And he replied, "You 'll forgive me now, old lad, will you not?"

At which the tears ran down my cheeks in my utter helplessness, and I answered, "Say, rather, that you 'll forgive me, Frank, that I did not my duty by you more as a comrade should."

And he said, "Nay, you have been a true friend. Promise me now that you 'll see her and tell her—" But at this point the procession began once more to move, and though I called loudly to know further what

his will might be, the noise of the multitude, of that lamentable singing, and the tread of marching men, overbore the sound of his voice, and I, distraught, fell back upon my seat, and in my great bodily weakness was for the time being bereft of my senses.

How long I remained unconscious I know not. But when I came to myself a friar was working with me to get me on my feet, and the people on the platform had departed. And as I arose and stared about me I saw that the market-place was silent and empty, while from the middle of it there ascended a thin column of smoke, and that was all.

* * * * *

For seven long years was I a prisoner in that country, laboring first in one monastery and then in another. Three times did I make my escape, but each time was I re-taken and brought back by reason of my trying to fulfill my comrade's dying request that I should seek out that unhappy woman for love of whom he had so miserably perished. For although his message was but a broken one, yet did I deem it my duty, according to my promise, to give it as I had received it. And each time that I was brought back I was sorely punished for my pains. Until finally one day there came to me one in a garb of a mendicant friar, and he said to me: "She of whom thou wouldst have speech is dead." And when I would have questioned him further, as to the manner of her life and how she came by her death, he only shook his head, and answered, "It thou art wise thou wilt seek to know no more. She is dead." And so went his way.

Then once again I essayed to make my escape, and at last succeeded in gaining the sea-coast where I found English ships, and being taken aboard I sailed thence and left that accursed land forever.

REMEMBERED.

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

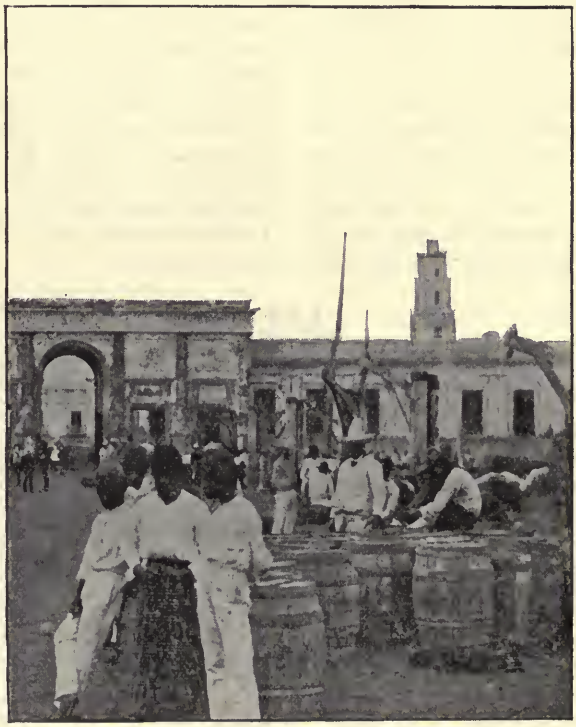
I thought you had forgotten—then life seemed
  A winter waste, a stretch of cold gray skies—
And then you wrote. How love's light in my eyes
  Through the glad tears in arching rainbows gleamed
Across the April buds of years to be!
  And happy nesting birds sang far and near
That love was always true—and skies were clear.
  Spring broke again, when you remembered me.

THE CITY OF THE TRUE CROSS.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

VERA CRUZ has always been associated with the romantic and picturesque ideas we are likely to entertain concerning Spanish and Mexican life, which are often justifiable, but in many cases are shattered as soon as realities come within the scope of our observation. *La Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz*—the Rich City of the True Cross—is no exception to this rule. It has its artistic aspects, but many unlovely conditions exist within its environs.

On approaching the city when it is bathed in the lingering glow of a Mexican sunset, a picture of dreamful beauty is presented. And after nightfall a stroll upon the principal mole, by day the centre of the city's life, is really delightful, a deep quietude having thrown its charm over the scene and the roughness of things having lost their offending qualities under the kindly touch of the half-lights of a Mexican evening. Then, too, the beams from the lighthouse and the blinking lights of the ships quietly rising and falling on the rippling waters of the harbor, add beauty to the stillness and soft shadows.



ON THE MOLE AT VERA CRUZ.

Turning to the Plaza it may be found filled with young people of both sexes, promenading. The fashion is for the ladies, unattended by men, to walk around an inner circle, while the men walk round on the outside in an opposite direction. The ladies generally wear mantillas on their heads, and black dresses, while the girls are decked out in French hats and costumes of the most brilliant hues. None of them wear gloves, which are doubtless irksome in so hot a climate.

The women of Mexico, though brilliant and dressy out of doors, are dowdy, down-at-heel and lazy in their own homes. They are affectionate and faithful, but also exceedingly jealous. The wife of an ordinary tradesman wears black, the head being bare except when the black lace shawl is drawn over it. At first it looks curious to see women walking in the streets with parasols held over them but without hats or bonnets, but doubtless the free exposure to the air is beneficial to the hair. Women of the richer class dress just like Americans or Europeans, with a decided leaning towards bright colors and French styles. The women of the humbler class wear white chemises, generally ornamented with lace or open-work and very clean, and cheap print skirts. Those of a rather better class wear over the chemises waists of white or colored print. The dress of clerks or business men is just like that of Americans, light alpaca or drill coats and felt hats with very broad brims being worn on hot days. The peons or laborers wear trousers of white cotton, a jersey and a straw or cheap felt hat, the feet being usually bare or shod with sandals.

On two evenings in the week the band of the Twenty-third Infantry, quartered in Vera Cruz, plays in the plaza until 10 o'olock, after which hour the plaza becomes almost instantly deserted, only a few people lingering on in the billiard rooms or round the cafés. Sometimes a fire balloon is sent up, and is watched until the little speck of light fades out entirely in the still night.

The center of the plaza is adorned with a fountain, statues, flowers and bushy shade trees, and round these are stone benches, iron garden-seats and a marble pavement. As the mole is the business center of the city, the plaza is the social center. On one side is the principal church, a large handsome structure of the usual type; on another the Municipal Palace, with its *Casa de Detencion*, the evil smelling *Carcel Publica*, and other public offices. The third and fourth sides are occupied by stores and cafés. The latter have massive arcades built to the edge of the sidewalk, and on the sidewalk are placed chairs and small, round tables for the accommodation of guests. Awnings of stout canvas shade them from the sun. The polyglot nature of the population of Vera Cruz is clearly shown by the names of the cafés. One of these calls itself "*El Globo*, The Balloon, *Le Ballon*, *Der Luftballon*." On an apartment house we find the legends "*Nueva Casa de Huespedes*," "*Maison Meublee*" and "Boarding House."

The sea-bathing places are partly floored with stone, and entirely surrounded with railroad iron to keep sharks out, the Gulf of Mexico being so full of these dangerous creatures that it would be positively unsafe to bathe in the open water, even close to the shore.

Though Vera Cruz is the hottest and the most pestilential city in Mexico, its natural situation makes it a place of great importance. Not far south of it is the narrowest part of the continent to the north of Panama, the isthmus of Tehauntepec. Though a ship canal is not feasible at this point, yet a railroad could be readily constructed, as the grade is very easy and the distance to be traversed is not more than a hundred miles. In 1879 the Mexican Government granted a concession for a road of two hundred kilometres to Edward Learned, with a subvention of one and a half million

dollars, but the line was not constructed and the concession reverted to the Government. Work has since been begun, and the line is now approaching completion.

The first concession for building a railroad to connect Vera Cruz with the City of Mexico was granted by the Government in 1837, but the road not being built the privilege was forfeited. In 1842 Santa Anna, the Chief Executive, gave the proceeds of a certain customs duty to promote the building of a road from Vera Cruz to the interior; but it was not until 1857, when Don Antonio Escandon secured a concession for a line from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, that any effective work was done. Revolutions interrupted the progress of construction, but in 1863 Señor Escandon obtained a renewal of the concession, which in 1864 he transferred to the "Imperial Mexican Railway Company," the transfer being confirmed by Maximilian. Work was begun, and one hundred and thirty-four miles of road had been completed, when Juarez, the Mexican liberator, came into power and declared the concession forfeited, as having been granted by a power hostile to Mexican freedom. In 1867, however, the rights of the company were restored, and work was resumed from either end. In September, 1869, the first section from Apizaco to Puebla was opened, and in 1870 the section between Vera Cruz and Atoyac. In September, 1872, the cities of Orizaba and Vera Cruz were united by the railroad, and on January 1st, 1875, the pioneer line from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico was completed and was opened by Señor Lerdo, the President of the Republic.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Vera Cruz is the chief city, though not the capital, of the important State of Vera Cruz, most of which lies in the *tierras calientes*—hot lands—or tropical fruit producing regions of Mexico. It has played an important part in most of the stirring events of Mexican history. Being the only Mexican port of any note on the Gulf, it had, before the introduction of railroads, a monopoly of foreign commerce, and through its gateways streams of silver poured into the treasury of old Spain. Naturally its wealth made it the prey of pirates, who sacked it twice—in 1568 and 1683. In 1618 it was devastated by a fire, and in 1822 and 1823, when the Spaniards, during the War of Independence, were in possession of the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, it was bombarded with frightful effect. In 1838 the French fleet attacked both city and castle, and in 1847 the American fleet shelled the city. In 1856 a hurricane destroyed nearly all the shipping in the so-called harbor, and in 1859 the patriot Juarez was besieged in the city by General Miramon. In 1861 the fleet of the "intervening" power appeared, and the city remained in possession of the Imperialists until 1867, since which time no special disasters have befallen it. Here the ill-fated Archduke Maximilian landed, and was received with a show of manufactured loyalty.

The climate is so unhealthy and so dangerous to new arrivals,

OLD HOUSE AT VERA CRUZ.

that General Grant, as President of the Mexican Southern Railway, proposed to have the terminus of his line at Anton Lizardo, a port some distance south of Vera Cruz. Yet despite its unhealthiness its streets are the cleanest in the country. Streams of fresh water course down the gutters, and all refuse is quickly snapped up by the zopilotes or vultures, of which one sees hundreds perched upon the roofs of the houses and strutting about the streets in a most comical, impudent and independent manner. They are so valuable as scavengers that no one is permitted to harm them. It is a very amusing sight to watch a cat, a dog and a zopilote fighting for the tid-bits of a heap of garbage just thrown into the street. Almost always the formidable beak and claws of the bird, combined with a supreme belief in his own superiority and divine right, cause his adversaries to retire from the field. As the zopilotes alight upon the ground from the roofs, they lazily half open their wings to break their fall, but, once on the ground, they rarely condescend to fly until they wish to rise again. Dogs, street cars and passers-by cause them merely to hop along in an indolent way, showing plainly that they are conscious of their value and immunity from injury.

The prevalence of the vomito, or yellow fever, has caused Vera Cruz to be called by the ominous name of *La ciudad de los muertos*—the city of the dead. Almost every one who lives in Vera Cruz is sooner or later attacked by the fever, and unless the disease is treated at once death follows very quickly. People coming from colder climates are more open to attack than those who come over the sea. The safest time at which to visit the city is the latter part of December or the beginning of January. There are two seasons—the hot, from March to September, and the cool, from September to March. During the cool season north winds prevail, and during the

hot season south winds. The vomito probably never entirely disappears, even in the cool weather, but it is much less deadly then. In the hot weather a stay of even a few hours in the city may suffice to communicate the disease. The Vera Cruzans deny that the vomito is endemic, but that it is very dangerous and often fatal is beyond a doubt. It may or may not be contagious, but it is probably spread by germs from the ground in which those who have died from it have been buried. After one has had the vomito once and escaped alive, immunity for the future is usually the reward. By the way, I heard one enthusiastic English resident, who had had the yellow fever in Brazil, maintain that the Vera Cruzan climate is much maligned and that Vera Cruz is really one of the healthiest cities in Mexico. This view, however, is that of a sanguine man, somewhat fond of paradox, and few will be found to agree with it. As evidence on the other side we may take the following facts: Of the three successive American consuls the first held office for many years, resigned, and died before he could leave the city. The next and his whole family were attacked by yellow fever during the first week of their stay; he recovered, and lived there twelve years. The third, a Nebraskan, died thirteen days after his arrival and before he had entered upon the discharge of his duties.

If one enters the United States of Mexico at El Paso he has not to undergo trial of the Customs officials of Vera Cruz; but travelers who have done so speak very favorably of their courtesy and reasonableness, which is said to offer a refreshing contrast to the roughness and ungraciousness of the corresponding officials of the United States of America. A present of a few *pesos* goes far towards smoothing the travelers' way, for subordinate officials in Mexico get poor salaries and have not the large opportunities which higher officials are said to seize so eagerly.

Besides the principal mole, the Mexican railway has a mole and near to it a coal wharf. Still further on a large breakwater is being constructed to join at right angles another, which is being thrown out from one end of the island of San Juan de Ulloa. When the two jetties are united it is hoped that they and the island together will make a passably good harbor. The plan of construction of the jetty from the city is pouring cement into a strong framework of timber, which is taken off when the cement has hardened into a solid block; the block is then carried by a powerful engine along a railroad track and dumped into the water, being permitted to fall as chance may determine. Until it leaves the shore the mole is smooth and level, but at the seaward end the blocks of concrete lie tumbled about in general confusion. The lighthouse is built upon the site of an old church tower, the once sacred edifice now serving as a public library. There are more than a dozen churches in Vera Cruz, but only two or three are now used for divine service, the rest being utilized as stores or warehouses for tobacco, dry goods and other merchandise.

On the little, barren, rocky island of San Juan de Ulloa Cortez set up his standard on Holy Thursday, 1519. Then he landed his scanty array of soldiers in the City of the True Cross, destroyed his ships and set out upon his career of conquest. He was accompanied by Marina, a Tabascan princess, who was an invaluable help to him, for she acted as an interpreter between the Aztecs and the *conquistadors*, and on one memorable occasion saved the Spanish army from destruction and changed the course of history. The building of the picturesque castle of San Juan de Ulloa is said to have been begun in 1662; but though additions were constantly being made and money repeatedly devoted to its construction, it was not completed till 1796. It is an irregular parallelogram with a tower at each of

the angles and was at one time considered impregnable. As long as the Spaniards retained this fortress, that is, until the year 1825, the city was completely at their mercy, for it is distant only three-quarters of a mile from the castle.

One may be rowed from the city in an awning-covered boat by four lightly-clad Vera Cruzans and landed in a waterway running between massive stone walls and crossed by a stone bridge which bears a great resemblance to the Grand Canal and Bridge of Sighs of the Old-World Venice. The fortress is now used as a prison—confinement in its damp, dark dungeons being much dreaded by prisoners, especially by those from the interior, who frequently die here in no very long time. Yet to try to escape by swimming to the city is almost certain death, for the surrounding waters swarm with sharks. At one end of the face of the castle which looks toward the city is the lookout tower and at the other is the lighthouse. Though there are many openings for guns in the walls of the fortress none are mounted now. At the entrance to the parade-ground an officer and some soldiers—the latter with muskets and fixed bayonets—are on duty, but they look little smarter and hardly less miserable and slouching than the prisoners, who are continually following visitors, wishing to beg a bit of tobacco or to sell polished and carved cocoanuts or rings as souvenirs. The nuts are very curiously carved and are well worth the dollar asked for them. A few poor cattle get scanty pasturage on the island; and near them is a little burial-ground containing a few wooden crosses with stones piled round them, and a monument to the Mexicans who fell in the North American invasion. The monument consists of a small cannon half buried in the ground, and having on each side of it a mound of round shells. The commandant of San Juan de Ulloa is a Colonel in the army, and has under his control about four hundred prisoners sentenced to imprisonment for ten years or longer periods.

The contractor engaged upon the construction of the harbor works, a Mexican who has lived in Europe, spoke in terms of high praise of the Mexican soldiers who, he said, though fed on the poorest and scantiest food, fought excellently and beat the French whenever they met them on fair terms. He complained strongly of the tedious-

VERA CRUZ TERMINUS OF THE MEXICAN RAILROAD.

ness and vexatiousness of getting work done in his own country, and said that he has endless trouble with the Commandant of the island, who, on some days, will not permit the cement and sand for the works to be landed, but keeps the laden boats idle all day. The prisoners receive six *reales*, or seventy-five cents per day, but sometimes the Commandant arbitrarily takes them off before they have done a full day's work. He said that the breakwater from the city, which is now a jumbled heap of blocks of concrete, will be built up to an uniform level; and he feels satisfied that in

two or three years the work can be completed and that then Vera Cruz will have a harbor capable of protecting ships against their bane, the "norther." As things are at present,

THE MOLE.

whenever a strong "norther" springs up, all loading or unloading of vessels becomes impracticable and shipmasters must submit to a wearisome detention. The breakwater from the San Juan end, being in shallow water, is constructed with wooden compartments at its head, filled with cement; at the wooden end of the last compartment a strong canvas screen is held down by railroad iron—into this space the cement is poured; the screen keeps out the water, and is gradually advanced further into the sea as the concrete hardens.

Originally, Vera Cruz was a walled city, but now it has extended its limits so far that the walls remain in only a very few places. The houses in the older part of the city are substantially built, with great beams, massive arches and walls of stone or brickwork eighteen inches in thickness. The stone employed in building is obtained from the coral reefs and is intermixed with bricks and mortar. One house near the shore has its front entirely covered with glazed yellow tiles. Most of the houses have heavy wooden window-gratings and balconies, painted green; over the balconies are wooden screens and in front of the windows in the daytime stout canvas awnings are stretched as a protection against the blazing sun. The awnings are rolled up at dusk that they may not obstruct the entrance of the cool night air. The houses are square and are built round interior *patios*, enlivened with trees, flowers and frequently a fountain. A house in the Calle de Vigario especially attracted the writer's attention. The lower part is a drug store and the upper floor is either occupied by the family of the druggist or rented out. Along the whole length of the upper floor run heavy stone arches, each shading a window. The windows are deeply recessed and add a very picturesque element to the construction. The humbler houses are generally of adobe, though occasionally of wood, which latter must be very hot in summer; the street-fronts are shaded by broad verandahs. The Hospital de Caridad San Sebastian, a two-storied structure, is as massive as a fortress, which, indeed, it resembles much more than a place of human kindness. It is large, and one face of it looks out towards the sea. Near this is the Hospicio de Zamora, with a great central courtyard.

The Paseo, or grand promenade, has an asphalted pavement and is bordered by cocoanut palms which give it a very tropical appearance. Though pretty enough, it is little frequented, as it starts from a somewhat unfashionable quarter. It is adorned by a bronze statue of Manuel Gutierrez Zamora, the hero being represented in a frock coat and leaning one hand on a book and the other on a cane. The pedestal is inscribed: "*Bombardeo de Vera Cruz, 1847. Reforma, 1858–1861. Patria y Libertad.*" It

was erected by the city and State governments in 1892. To the left of the Paseo is a little suburban church with a dome and a belfry very like those of the Mission churches of California. The Paseo is concluded by a circular space or *glorieta* surrounded by a stone bench and having in its center a statue of Liberty leaning on a shield and holding a torch in her right hand. The inscription runs: "The City of Vera Cruz to the brave defenders of their country who fell fighting gloriously in March, 1847."

Two regiments of the Mexican line are quartered in a series of massive but ugly buildings near the Paseo, which are partly used as a military prison. Here the prisoners carry in firewood and sweep out gutters, under the supervision of soldiers with fixed bayonets. The full-dress military uniform is of dark-blue cloth, with very narrow red stripes. A leather belt is worn round the waist and over each shoulder, the belt over the left being broader than that over the right. The officers' uniform is the same as that of the private soldiers, except for a little gold lace on the cap and on the cuffs of the tunic. Many soldiers wear a fatigue dress of brown holland, and over their shakos white covers with the regimental number in brass figures on them, so that no great amount of gayety is imparted to the streets by "the military." Not far from here are the bull-ring, the cemetery, the gasworks, a match factory and a petroleum refinery.

From the refinery a sandy path winds its way through tufts of grass and prickly-pear bushes to the city. From the higher sand-dunes, which are reminiscential of our own Golden Gate Park, one has a capital view of the domes and towers of Vera Cruz. But the wind, at times, become so strong and things outside so restless that one is very often obliged to retreat from his point of observation. A really violent norther has been known to strew the wrecks of thirty or forty vessels and boats along the coast. Once a heavy storm covered the beach with the bodies of innumerable fish, evidently killed by a submarine eruption. The stench of the dead fish was so terrible that gangs of men had to be sent out to bury them lest the pollution of the atmosphere should precipitate the vomito.

Vera Cruz, as seen from the water, is a collection of cube-shaped houses, the walls of which are tinted in very light brown, blue, green, red or pink. None are white, which would be intolerably glaring in the unwinking brightness of a Vera Cruzan sun. Here and there a portion of the old wall or of a picturesque port still remains, and adds the charm of antiquity to the scene. Many domes and turrets break the sky-line, and as the former are often of brilliant, glazed tiles, the effect is striking. The red-tiled roofs of the southern suburbs, intermingled with cocoanut palms, lend color, variety and a tropical appearance to the view. At the back of the city are dunes of yellow sand, here and there tufted with bunches of grass or stunted bushes. Down the coast the yellow sand-hills are constantly shifting in the wind, and a line of white foam marks the limits of the shore. To the eastward the Isla de los Sacrificios lies low on the dancing waters of the bright blue sea. Near at hand is the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with its lighthouse, lookout tower, frowning battlements and scattered cocoa palms. To the west the green waves are broken into white foam as they dart over an ugly, low-lying, dangerous reef. On a clear day the volcanic peak, Orizaba, sixty miles distant, is clearly visible, standing out as a shining white cone against the azure sky. It is 17,500 feet high, and is visible to the mariner thirty or forty miles out at sea. This glorious summit has impressed by its beauty the various races who have occupied Mexico: the Aztecs called it the Mountain of the Star, and the Spaniards, the Star of the Sea. We but call it the crowning charm of the city's languorous beauty.

HONEST BIG-EARS.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE drollest citizen of New Mexico is the sober, slow-going burro—the dwarf donkey familiar and dear to all parts of Spanish-America. He is smaller than the tiniest Shetland pony; and though he sells for far less—twelve dollars is a high price for a trained burro—he is really worth far more. Owlish and clumsy as he looks, he is one of the most reliable and useful beasts in the world; and our desert Southwest could hardly have got on at all without him. He will carry a crushing load up mountain trails so dizzy that the best horse would be of very little use on them (an Eastern horse, no use whatever), and is wonderfully sure-footed. Moreover, his fellow-citizens have a great respect for his moral qualities.

The Pueblo Indians are particularly fond of him. In every adobe-walled courtyard of their quaint villages he is to be seen of an evening, contentedly munching a wisp of straw or folded to sleep something after the fashion of a rusty jack-knife whose four blades will not *quite* shut into the handle. During the years that I lived in a Pueblo town, in one of the comfortable Indian houses and with the Indians for very true friends, I, also, came to regard Mr. Burro as a very good neighbor, except when he took a notion to sing at night. His voice is not exactly soft—as you may have noticed of other donkeys,—and the only song he knows is "Haw-ee-eeh." So one does not always appreciate his efforts at a serenade. Still, I have heard other folks try to sing who could n't; so I can forgive him.

When, after the Indians had come to trust me, I was at last admitted to their story-tellings, I was greatly interested in the strange fairy tales which the old men taught the boys, of a winter's night. The fox, the coyote (or prairie-wolf), the bear, badger, beaver, eagle, and other beasts and birds figured in no end of stories; but there seemed to be nothing about the burro. This was not entirely strange, because—like the horse, and cow, and dog, and cat—the burro was brought to America by the brave Spaniards, and was not native here. Most of the Pueblo fairy stories were made even before that wonderful Conquest of three hundred and fifty years ago, and therefore tell only of animals that were already here.

But at last wrinkled old Patricio told me a story of the burro; and here it is, just as he told it—except that I have turned it into English from the strange language which he spoke:

Once on a time Boo-róo-deh* was sent by his master to a town far beyond the Eagle Feather Mountain. It was the time when all must work in their fields, so the man could not go himself, but he said to the burro:

"Burro-friend, in Shum-nac is one who owes me so many cheeses of the milk of the goat; and since I cannot leave my garden, go thou and ask for what is mine. And bring them to me with care, for they are worth much."

So Boo-róo-deh started, carrying upon his saddle a very large bag for the cheeses. Three suns he traveled, going over the mountains, and came at last to Shum-nac.

"But how shall I give so many cheeses to a four-foot who comes without a man?" thought he who was owing. "For either he will eat them or drop them by the way."

"You should not think so, Man-friend," answered the burro aloud—for you must know that in those days all the animals could talk like people.

* The burro.

"Only tie the cheeses very carefully in the bag upon my back, and I will carry them."

So the man did; and Boo-róo-deh started for home slowly, for he was heavy with the load. He walked till night, and then lay down and slept under his burden, for there was no one to help him off with it.

In the morning he went on until he came into the pine woods of the mountains, where the path was very narrow. Before long a coyote came running up beside him, speaking very politely and saying:

"Ah, Burro-friend, I am sorry to see you with so great a load. Where are you carrying so many cheeses?" For he smelled them in the bag and was hungry for them.

"I take them to my master in the Town of the Red Earth," answered the burro, not stopping.

"Oh, yes," said the prairie-wolf, "I know that town very well. That is where they have so many chickens. I will go along and help you. Come, give me part of your load to carry."

Now the bag was very heavy on Boo-róo-deh's back, and his legs ached. But he thought: "No! for my master sent *me* and not this one." And he said aloud: "Thank you, Coyote-friend, but I will carry them."

"At least, give me one cheese to eat," said the coyote. "For my family is very hungry, and there is nothing in the house since two days. Your master will not miss one cheese."

"I am sorry for your family," answered Boo-róo-deh, "and if these were mine, you could have one. But as they are not, you will have to ask my master," and he kept walking on.

"Then you are very foolish, for he would never know; and if you would give me one I would go along and help you take off the saddle, so you could rest sometimes; but because you are so stupid, good-bye."

Saying this, the coyote went off; but when he was hidden by the trees he turned and ran ahead and waited in a bush. Soon Boo-róo-deh came along, groaning with weariness, and the coyote, coming behind him very quietly, cut the bag with his teeth, took out a cheese, and ran away.

Big-Ears kept going home, not knowing what had been done; but when his master had taken off the load and counted, he said:

"Where is the other? I told you to be very careful, and here is a cheese missing."

Boo-róo-deh rubbed his ear with his foot, to think. "Oho!" he said. "I think it was Too-wháy-deh* who did it; for he came to me asking for cheese, and I saw no one else; but I will catch him."

"Go, then, and bring him, or you shall pay me for this cheese."

So Big-Ears went a day into the mountains, looking this way and that way. At last he found the house of the coyote; and falling down in front of it, he shut his eyes and opened his mouth as if dead.

In a little while the old coyote-woman came to the door, and seeing this she called loudly:

"Old man! Come out! For here is a Big-Ears dead at our door, and now we will have meat enough."

At this the coyote came out, very glad, sharpening his knife to cut up the meat, but his wife stopped him, saying:

"You never think of me! You know I like the liver best. Get it for me, this very now!"

"It is well," answered the coyote, "I will get it first;" and he started to crawl into the open mouth to get the liver; but at that Big-Ears shut his mouth suddenly, catching Too-wháy-deh by the nose, and, jumping up, went running home with him.

"Ho!" said the master. "This is indeed the thief, for his breath still smells of cheese. You have done well; so go to the fields, eat, and rest."

So he killed the coyote, and gave very much hay to Honest Big-Ears. And it is because of this thing that the coyote and burro are enemies to this day and the coyote is afraid.

*The prairie-wolf.

THE THEATRE OF ARTS AND LETTERS.

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THE fact that The Theatre of Arts and Letters did not please the press, nor produce a great play, nor result in pecuniary gain to its founder, Henry B. McDowell, by no means stamps it a failure. It commanded the attention of New York for an entire winter—a feat more difficult of achievement than observance of the seventh commandment, and it gathered together the most picked audience ever seen in an American theatre. Above all it was an interesting experiment for the reason that it was in the direct line of progress. Whatever may have been the result, there was a brave attempt made to swing aside from theatric ruts and restore literature and the drama to the twinship of their birth. The two poor children have wandered afar during their stumblings down the centuries, and to reunite them seems almost as hopeless as to restore them to their original heroic proportions. Mr. McDowell's experiment went far to prove that the twin gifts have been granted to the Undiscovered Few. Only one of the plays presented, however, was wholly bad, and that is saying much for a repertoire of seven experimental dramas. There is no conservative theatre in the country with hacks, pirates, and soap-bubbles galore at command which can show such a record.

Interest was very strong even before the first performance. Mr. McDowell exercised every legitimate method to give the enterprise prestige. The public was given to understand that it was not wanted. No single tickets would be sold. Only subscribers would enter the sacred portals, and no one could subscribe except by invitation or by recommendation of someone in authority. Everybody must go in full dress, no seats would be reserved, no one could enter between the rising of the curtain and the dropping thereof. The tickets for the season of five performances in as many months were twenty-five dollars. The subscribers were made members of the Club of the Theatre of Arts and Letters according to the laws of New York, that the audience might be still farther removed from the basis of a common gathering. On the other hand the members of the Club were not to be held responsible for debts or expenses. Mr. McDowell put up a bond of thirty thousand dollars, and on him alone fell the burden of the deficit (the expenses were very heavy, for only the best artists that New York could afford were engaged). But if it so happened that at the end of the season there should be a surplus in the treasury, that surplus would go to the erection of a building for the future performances of The Theatre of Arts and Letters. Otherwise Mr. McDowell, who was destined by high heaven to die with his boots on, would build it himself.

Furthermore, mystery lent its artful aid. The actors themselves did not know who had written the plays which would be produced on the eventful first night. It is doubtful if any one knew but Mr. McDowell and the authors. Of the committee the less said the better. It is doubtful if the members know to this day whether they were members or not. Mr. McDowell is a very able man, and is willing to spend money like a prince; but he does not like to be contradicted.

The first performance was given in January. The doors were open at half-past seven, and some of the most fashionable people in New York were on

hand to secure good seats. At eight o'clock the house was full and would have been a brilliant sight had there been more gas; but Mr. McDowell evidently intended to do away with garishness in all its forms. Not a hat was to be seen. Many were the bare necks, few the jewels. Flowers and gay robes in profusion; coiffures fashionable and individual. The swells wore their tresses in a tight knot and meagre bang; sometimes no bang—always sleekly brushed. They held themselves very erect and looked good natured and expectant. The literary contingent was not as well dressed, but looked more supercilious and unexpectant as became the superior furnishing of its skull. The newspaper men—who had been permitted to purchase tickets at five dollars per head—looked as pleased as school-boys out for a holiday. The artists were sympathetic and willing to contribute their quota to the advancement of the inferior art. Professional dramatists and managers were on the alert as never had they been before.

There was no music—neither before nor between the acts, nor in lugubrious wail when something of import was going to happen. For this alone Mr. McDowell should be canonized. A staff gave three loud, solemn thumps. The curtain went up. Our programmes had informed us that we should first witness a one act play, called "Drifting," by ——, and later a three act play, called "Mary Maberly," by ——. The little play opened with a succession of crisp, sparkling lines, and gave Adeline Stanhope (Mrs. Wheatcroft) an opportunity to do a very clever bit of work. Then the stage was left to Nelson Wheatcroft as man of the world, who had been drifting from flirtation with, into love for a girl of sixteen, Miss Kühne Beveridge. The man does not want to marry, and has sought the girl for a final scene. Mr. Wheatcroft as usual would have carried any play, but Miss Beveridge acted with surprising force and versatility, showing herself well adapted for emotional rôles. It is impossible to recall any of the conversation, and it was not until a week later that I accidentally learned that the girl, in order to ascertain the nature of the man's love for her, suggested that he need not worry about such a trifle as matrimony. The subtlety of the authors on this point was really magnificent. Moreover, it was unthinkable that a girl of sixteen, at all events the sort of girl portrayed by Miss Beveridge, should have known enough to make such a proposition. I may mention, right here, that the play was written by two young women whose knowledge of life and what people do in its crises is palpably derived from the parlor romance. The end was not far off. The man burst into violent love-making. The girl spurned him. Man goes. Girl faints. Curtain falls. Audience applauds mildly. The little play, they inform each other patronizingly, was certainly literary, hardly dramatic.

Then the curtain went up on "Mary Maberly." Briefly the plot, if plot it can be called, was this: Damon and Pythias are in love with Mary, a London belle and beauty with a managing mamma. Each has a modest sum. They agree to propose on the same night. Whichever is accepted gets the other's "pile." They propose. She loves Damon, and accepts Pythias by mistake. Damon goes to Australia and makes a fortune. Pythias turns up as a tramp, tells of how Mary has befooled him, and dies. Damon goes back to London swearing revenge on Mary. He ruins her husband, a worthless lord, at cards, consents to help her elope with another man, falls in love with her meanwhile, relents, and settles the unhappy wife and boozy husband on their feet with toes turned in the same direction. To say that the audience was bored hardly expresses it; but at least the play had this value: although cast in London it was the concentrated essence of the fashionable American literary spirit—thin, light, sketchy,

clever. It was as unsubstantial as thistle-down, as light and unsatisfactory as soda water, an excellent impressionist sketch of life as seen from afar through a lorgnette. Not a vice of that school which is passing away was omitted. It might almost be regarded as an epitaph. Dorothy Dene, who had been imported from London for the occasion, won much admiration for her pretty face and clothes.

When the curtain fell for the last time it was announced that Mr. F. J. Stimson of Boston had written the piece. The audience awoke to a sense of duty, applauded, and called "Author." The admirers of the author of "Guerndale" and "Mrs. Knollys" were perhaps too surprised to applaud. Mr. Stimson, a tall, slim, good-looking young Bostonian, appeared, bowed low, and the audience went home.

The next day the papers "roasted" The Theatre of Arts and Letters to a turn. So violent was the denunciation that it seemed as if the venture must be frizzled to a crisp and would be heard of no more. But its vitality astonished its most ardent advocates. At the next performance the audience was almost double in number.

This time we had almost a sensation; moreover, the best piece of dramatic work of the season, as well as an interesting example of what can be done with the stock materials of the old, old melodrama in the hands of the *fin-de-siècle* artist.

The scene is a fashionable church. The altar is decorated with palms and greens and roses as for a wedding. Two ushers stand before the chancel railing discussing the unredeemable badness of the prospective groom as contradistinct from the angelic, philanthropic, unworldly character of the bride. A bevy of girls, real New York girls, flutter in and take possession of two front pews. They discuss all things, bride, groom, decorations, and trousseau, in glancing and girlish epigrams. Then the mother of the bride enters and confides to a friend that she does not approve of the match, but is helpless. In a moment one of the girls, twisting and craning, catches sight of a dingy woman in the rear, elevates her eyebrows, and says she supposes she is one of those who have cards to the church. Not a word is uttered that does not bear directly on the plot and carry it forward.

The action begins. The clergyman, correctly clad in surplice, prayer-book, and expression, enters and takes his place among the palms. The wedding-march peals. The bridegroom and his best man saunter forth, the former a villainous-looking cad enough. The girls vibrate. One or two mount the pew and convey the all-important information in loud whispers. Down the aisle marches the father and the bride—Miss Grace Henderson, in white satin, bridal veil, and bouquet. She pauses, lifts her head, gives the groom a thrilling glance, almost flings her hand at him, and they stand before the minister. The latter, with eyes on prayer-book, mumbles. The audience squirms. The words "sacrilegious," "dangerous," "laws of New York," are distinctly heard. The minister raises his voice and demands if any one present forbids the ceremony to go on. A determined voice from the rear announces, "I do," and up the aisle strides the dingy woman, leading a dingier boy. The girls emit faint shrieks. The bride gasps. The groom has the expression of a suppressed murderer. The clergyman looks bored and disgusted. The woman begins her tale. Same old property joke. The groom orders her to desist. She persists. The girls almost run out. The bride changes her expression several times, her father whispering in her ear and attempting to lead her away. The groom, when he can make himself heard, feebly remarks that he supposes he is no worse than other men. By this time every guest has left the church. The bride rallies and asks the groom if he has forsworn the pastimes of the liber-

tine since becoming engaged. He swears. That settles it. She orders the minister in the deep thunder of the Henderson voice to "Go on with the ceremony!" The clergyman, mindful of the fat fee in prospect, attempts to obey. The woman shrieks her protest. The bride thunders "Go on with the ceremony!" The woman rushes to the altar and flings herself on the man. He raises his fist and smites her to the floor. The bride crouches, gasps "Coward!" flings the bouquet at him, and is carried out by her relieved parent.

The audience applauded wildly, commenting excitedly. "Author! Author!" they shouted, and Mr. Clyde Fitch came forward, looking as pleased as Punch. The astute reader will perceive that, despite the ethical daring, the play ran along conventional lines. All the effects were made by violent contrasts and antitheses, and the end was calculated to conciliate the moralist. However, the woman waved a wedding ring as a further guarantee to the audience that it could keep its seat. As an amusing commentary on this play, the newspapers a day or two later had a story of a Brooklyn wedding which was interrupted in a similar manner. The groom threw the interloper down stairs, the father sent the groom after, and the bride ran away next day and married her erring lover before a Justice of the Peace. But the drama is not emancipated yet.

Following came a dramatization of Mr. Stockton's "Squirrel Inn," by Mr. E. V. Presbrey, stage manager of The Theatre of Arts and Letters. This was neither a play nor yet a reading of the book aloud, but a cross between the two, and wholly charming. It flowed along like a limpid mountain stream seasoned with Attic salt. Every sentence was an artistic pleasure, and so clear was the adaptation that, although there was not a situation, the performance never dragged. The play was in four acts, but might have been in one, for there was never a climax, and it ended where it began. But it was the one play of the season with which the audience condescended to be wholly pleased. It was admirably acted by Miss May Robson, Miss Mary Shaw, Miss Adeline Stanhope, Mr. Haworth, Mr. F. F. Makay, and Mr. Paul Arthur. Mr. Stockton and Mr. Presbrey bowed their acknowledgments. The next day the critics devoted their attentions to Mr. Fitch.

At the third performance, given in March, the audience was larger than ever, adverse criticism having grown louder and louder. It was a notable evening in the history of The Theatre of Arts and Letters. The play was called "Shadows" and was the story of a morphine fiend, the character magnificently played by Miss Mary Shaw. The curtain goes up on a happy home in Westchester county. The husband, middle-aged, is adored by a young wife, two small children, and a "niece." The audience is quickly given to understand, however, that all is not well with the husband. The wife thinks he is ill, but the audience knows better. Well trained audiences can give wives more points than would add to their domestic comfort. The stage clears. A woman, ragged, unkempt, ghastly, staggers in, apparently intoxicated She mumbles that she is hungry and houseless and has sought refuge. She falls in a heap by the fireplace. The husband enters, rambles about, and informs the audience that in his indiscreet youth he took to himself a "common-law" wife, who turned out to be a morphine fiend. He cast her out. Hearing that she was dead he married again. Of late dark hints have come to him that she lives, and hence his uneasiness. Having set the audience right he discerns the lady by the hearth, and there is a loud and unpleasant rattling of the skeleton. She faints. The family doctor, Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, comes in, recognizes her, and sensibly advises the husband to get rid of her at once.

While the husband is vacillating—he is an excellent study of a human pendulum—the young wife enters, quotes the Bible, and carries her predecessor off to bed. When the sinner wakes up she is too grateful to disturb the peace of the household which has sheltered her. In a short while the craving for morphine returns, the doctor administers the drug to save her life, and she immediately becomes a fiend bent upon destruction. So it goes through four acts—an alternate struggle between the human woman and the morphine woman. Finally the fiend conquers and she proclaims the truth. The husband and wife part, the latter quoting the Bible. (This proclivity of hers was a great saving to the play-writer in the matter of conversation.) The woman discerns that the "niece" is her own child, and collapses in a heap. The doctor reverses her spine and says, solemnly, "Take those children from the room." So much for realism. No morphine fiend ever looked more like one. No doctor ever jabbed more expertly than did Mr. Wheatcroft. The children said their prayers on the stage—an unpardonable bore, for no mother living takes the slightest interest in other people's children's prayers. The Bible was quoted, yards and yards of it, exactly as all good young wives quote the Bible, when they do.

Was the play a success? Never in the history of the drama has a play been as interesting as that audience. It giggled, it laughed, it howled. It is almost incredible that a well-bred audience could act like a pack of hoodlums, but it did. When one of the characters wearily demanded in the last act: "Why doesn't the woman die?" it was five minutes before the actors could progress. From the first it required superhuman courage on the part of the actors to go through their parts. They looked dazed for a moment, incredulous, then pulled themselves together and went steadily forward. It was claimed afterwards that there were professional guyers in the audience, "mutterers;" but that is a slim excuse to offer for the behavior of the men and women who claim to be the "finest audience ever seen in New York."

So damning was the reception that the name of the author was withheld. Nevertheless, the play had much strength and merit. It needed only the revision of an experienced hand to give it a sure place in the drama of realism and the approval of the followers of Ibsen.

Next day the newspapers changed their tactics. They ignored The Theater of Arts and Letters. It survived even this last exercise of cruelty, and at the fourth performance the house was packed to the doors.

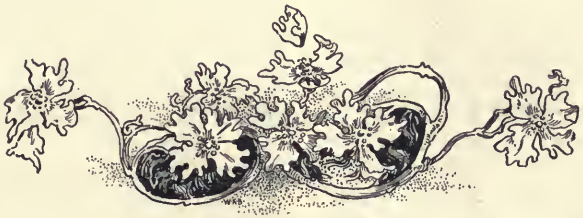
Three little plays were given. The first, "The Decision of the Court," by Brander Matthews, was wholly clever. It sparkled with epigrams and clever talk. The scene was in Newport, where an American wife, Mrs. Agnes Booth, awaited the decision of the court which would free her from her English husband, Mr. Gilmour. Of course, the husband drops in, and after a half hour of witticisms they go in, arm in arm, to be married over again. After it finished many people filed into Mr. Matthews' box to congratulate him. This interested the audience quite as much as the play.

Then came Richard Harding Davis' story "The Other Woman," done into dialogue. To say that it was dramatized would be stretching a point. Even Mr. Wheatcroft's admirable art could not save it from dragging. The story is clever and the knowledge of the eternal feminine keen, but it is unsuited to the stage. Nevertheless, all the women loyally applauded, for they dearly love Mr. Davis. The third play, "Hal o' the Hall," is absolutely unworthy of mention.

Mr. Aldrich having withdrawn his play, "Mercedes," Mary Wilkins' "Giles Corey, Yeoman," was given at the fifth and last performance.

Mr. Presbrey had pared it of much of its wordiness and whipped it into shape for the stage. The result was a strong dramatic picture of Salem witchcraft, powerful, gloomy, realistic. Miss Wilkins has not the gift of writing notable lines, but she has a fine sense of dramatic situation, of proportion, and a mastery of atmosphere. Giles Corey may drag in the reading, but it was better worth listening to as it was presented that night than ninety-nine out of any hundred plays. The trial scene was especially stirring. Agnes Booth as Martha Corey never acted better. Eben Plympton looked the part at least, and Miss Grace Kimball was charming as Olive. Take it all in all this was the most significant night of the five, and although an accidental climax, was a worthy one.

So ends the first chapter in the history of The Theatre of Arts and Letters. Its first year was a social success; its second will probably be an artistic one. Mr. McDowell has enough courage to stock an army, enterprise, money, love of art. Moreover, he has as coadjutor one of the ablest and most successful organizers in the country, Mr. Luther Lincoln, founder and president of "Uncut Leaves."



PATIENCE.

BY PHILIP B. STRONG.

Patience two forms displays:
  The one those prove, who, knowing loss and pain,
In faultless faith the patriarch's prayer can raise,
  "Yet will I trust though slain!"

The other (few do see,
  Since, hid from sight, a secret of the heart,
'Tis seen but in the sweet serenity
  Of life it doth impart)

Is that, so hard to learn,
  Those show whose souls in perfect peace abide,
When joys, long craved, for which they strongly yearn,
  Are still by Heaven denied.

TOM: JIM'S FRIEND.

BY ALFRA YORKE.

JIM always held that it was a matter of no importance, or at any rate unworthy his friend's extreme gratitude. Most of the men about the pan-mill agreed with Jim, and Tom himself would unhesitatingly have done as much for any of them. Still the fact remained that Jim had saved his life, and as Tom told the story—which he did to every new friend he made, and they were many—his open, honest face and fine, gray, Irish eyes lit up with affection for the older man.

"I was only a boy just out of school, where I might have stayed longer but for the devil in me. They put me to work in the mill, and the first day I felt too big for anything. I was a man earning a man's wages, and I strutted around pretending that there was n't anything in the whole mill I could n't do ; nothing that was wonderful or beyond me in the big, humming building. The tremendous noise of the stamps, the buzzing of the long, flat cables, the whirring of the deep pans—they did n't bother me at all. Anyway, I was n't going to let the fellows see that I was green, for I was awful afraid of chaff.

"I had noticed big Jim the first thing, over at the furnaces, with his solemn face and long legs; but he did n't pay much attention to me. When I came back from lunch I was bubbling over with excitement, and the busy motion and sound in the mill set me wild, I suppose. I had watched the men running up and down the long narrow steps which lead from the stamps to the mixing-pans, from the pans down to the sieves, and down again to the amalgamators, and down and down and down, till my head grew dizzy. It had taken years for them to get accustomed to the din and the height, but I was too young to know that their secure footing was n't show-off. The brag in me could n't stand it, and when I was sent with a wheelbarrow along a plank to the annex-mill I started on a run. 'Twould have been all right if I 'd kept it up, but I caught sight of the long, black, endless belt swaying as it twisted below me. I could n't keep my eyes off it. I tripped and fell. It is only a few feet from the lower pans to the amalgamators, but I seemed to fall forever. Well, old Jim, there, caught me before the belt did. He had called to me, but the crash and clatter drowned his voice. He carried me out on the dump, and the first thing I saw when I came out of the faint was his ugly, tender, old face."

The men had reached the mine by the time Tom's story was ended. Most of them had heard it before, but they listened good-naturedly to his eager voice because of the look on his pleasant, handsome face.

"That was six years ago," Tom went on as they all entered the red-brown hoisting-works and marched off to the changing-room, "and when Jim was made a shift-boss in the 'Bertha,' why I just came along with him and we've been room-mates and partners ever since."

"An' what 'll ye do, youngster, when Jim's girl comes out from Canady and they get married?" asked old Dennis, who worked the same shift.

Tom laughed with the rest of them. They had changed their clothes and stood in groups about the mouth of the shaft, waiting to be lowered.

"To think of old Jim getting married," said Tom, ruefully. "Well, boys, tell you what I 'll do. It's just what anyone of you 'd do in my place.

I 'll go up to dinner with Jim whenever they ask me and I 'll be godfather to the first boy."

As he was speaking, they all stepped upon the platform and the men's shout of laughter could be heard on top after the cage had slid downward, the tarred black cable vibrating with its weight.

Jim got married and settled with his pretty young wife in one of the numerous little cottages on the upper streets of Silver Hill — a perfectly plain frame building, guiltless of ornament, style, or character. In front, the four or five steep steps led straight down to the narrow, unpaved street. In the back the yard sloped up towards the next higher street. There was no garden—in the mining towns of Nevada the luxury of plants and flowers is not for miners and their wives; but the four rooms were beautiful to Jim, and the trifles of needlework made by his wife's hands gave a touch of elegance in his eyes to the little parlor with its close blinds.

Jim had never known a home. His youth had been spent in a charity school. When he was old enough he worked. For the past ten or fifteen years the big boarding-house on the Row had been his sleeping-place. With the other miners he had spent much of his time in the saloons and gambling-halls, but temptation had not come to him—or he had been strong enough to resist it. He was well liked among the men of all sorts that make up the population of a mining town; he made no pretense to sainthood, but he lived a clean, honest, steady life.

Tom had been shown through the house, had admired its air of snug comfort, had laughingly envied Jim his happiness, and the latter, leaning back luxuriously in the big armchair, had smiled at his wife and then at his friend and catching a glimpse of his own broad, good-natured face in the hanging glass opposite, smiled again.

Jim was only a miner. He lacked learning and he lacked culture; but he had a genius for being contented on very little, and although he was a well-balanced, undemonstrative, rather slow fellow, his happiness almost made him dizzy at first. The snug little home and pretty, fair-haired wife—what more could a man wish in this world, save the strength to continue to work for them?

Dinner over, the two friends took their pipes and sat smoking upon the stoop. The evening was beautiful. The light mountain breeze blew the smoke gently from them; the gracious Indian summer, softening the rugged outlines of the crude dwellings and irregular rocky streets, touched the barren little town and encircling mountains with hazy beauty.

Jim said very ltttle—he smoked in calm, placid silence; and Tom leaned back watching the big fellow and enjoying his friend's happiness.

It was still twilight when Jim's wife, her work being done, joined them. Her husband rose with awkward politeness to give her a chair, but she shook her head and curled herself up in the narrow doorway. The light from the sitting-room lamp shone through the little hall full upon her saucy round face and fair fluffy hair. Tom sat looking at her with open admiration, but when she met his eyes her pretty, long lashes drooped. The young fellow thought perhaps he had offended her and he wished to be friends with Jim's wife. There was a complication of feelings struggling within him, and he turned gratefully to Jim, who was saying in his slow, easy voice:

"I 've been telling Ella, Tom, that next winter we 'll send to Canada for her sister Margaret. She was such a nice little thing when I saw her ten years back."

"Ye-es," said Ella slowly. "Margaret is the beauty of the family," she explained to Tom, with a swift upward glance from her round blue eyes.

Jim laughed lazily. "Well, I 'm satisfied," he said, simply. "Tom,

when the beauty of the family comes out to Silver Hill you might see if you can't keep her here. Eh?"

"Thanks. Guess I 'll try."

He had risen to go and stood on the steps saying good-night.

"But why have you never married?" asked Jim's wife, curiously.

"The boy's only twenty-four, Ella."

"But aren't there any pretty women in Silver Hill?" she insisted coquettishly.

"Lots," Tom answered with a laugh, "but they're not so pretty as those from Canada, I 'm afraid." He ran down the steps and turned to smile up at them again.

Jim was wrapping a shawl around his wife's shoulders, but she rather pettishly shook it off and stood in the moonlight looking after the young fellow.

"He's awfully handsome, isn't he?" she said to her husband.

"Tom? He 's the best-hearted fellow in the world. If anything ever happens to me, Ella, down there at the 'Bertha'"—he pointed towards the mine, from whose tall chimneys the smoke poured and the throbbing of whose engines filled the night,—"if an accident should happen to me, Tom 'll be a brother to you, my dear. I can count upon his truth as I do on your love, wife." He drew her to him very tenderly and they went into the house together.

Tom at the corner turned again, but the porch was deserted. He walked rapidly down the hill singing in a low tone to himself, but an exclamation of impatience cut short his song. He was trying to fix in his mind Jim's strong, good face as it had looked while they were smoking together; but always instead there rose before him the graceful little figure of Jim's wife as she sat in the doorway, the light shining upon her rosy face and downcast eyes.

* * * * *

Jim's life had grown precious to himself. Through the first winter of his married life his home had been to him a warm, sweet haven of rest and comfort from which he looked out upon less fortunate men with a benignant pity. His equable nature and broad, charitable generosity made light of his wife's variable moods. There was a certain chivalric strain in the big miner which led him to treat her as a wayward child, whose faults might be troublesome but could not be great. The very solidity and strength of his character made him indulgent, and his wife's rather delicate physique was an appeal never disregarded by his splendid, vigorous manhood. His love for her was apart from and surrounded it all. His life had been lonely, and there was a depth of sentiment in the hard-working, practical man that he never revealed to anyone except his wife.

She pouted at his thorough domesticity. The pretty little home which Jim's savings enabled him to give her, the petting and affection of her husband, the opportunity she had of reigning over the good fellow and making up to him for the cheerless life that had been his—it all palled upon her in time. Ella had left a home far less comforable than that to which she came—a rather crowded home where life had not been free from quarrels and the little cruelties which poverty and discontent breed. She had looked forward to her marriage as a deliverance from these disagreeables, and had built up a romantic picture of life in a mining town, which she knew only through books. She had expected to be a queen among a crowd of worshipers—had imagined a life full of gayety, excitement, admiration.

When, after the short honeymoon, Jim took his lunch-can and walked down over the road to the "Bertha," she was left alone in the little house and time hung heavily upon her. She had not made many friends. The miners' wives of the neighborhood had all come to see Jim's wife, ready with honest good-wishes and homely

advice. They were busy women and earnest with the seriousness which their life begets, for they live in the shadow of misfortune; they are fearful of a chance that may leave them widowed, their children fatherless. Yet they bear this and their poverty as cheerfully as may be; and their readiness to help each other, their sympathy and generosity are the reverse sides of, and perhaps consequent upon their brave, hopeful, patient lives.

Foolish little Ella threw away her chance here as elsewhere. The women bored her with their talk of shifts, housework, babies, etc. All of them seemed older than she and had lost what beauty they might once have had. Each was careless of the opinion of any man other than her husband; while to Ella no man's admiration came amiss. Her heart did not warm to the pathos of their weary struggles for their children's welfare. They are mothers more than wives, these women of the mining towns. They sacrifice every personal comfort for their children —and for the big child, the husband, over whom they brood with a like watchful care that he may be well and able to resist the long, hard winters; that his strength may not give out down in the dark depths where, year after year, and every day for more than half his waking hours, he works for them all; that his head may be clear and his heart sunny to resist the temptations which she recognizes and prays against.

Ella thought them commonplace, uninteresting. In her eyes their unselfishness was stupidity, their content the dull apathy of lower minds. But they were wiser than she knew. They judged her, not uncharitably; she was not as they were and they left her to the young girls, with whom she sought companionship, competing with them for the prize her restless vanity valued most—men's admiration.

For a man like Jim to realize the character of his wife was impossible. To him she was a pretty young girl who had stooped to marry a rough fellow like himself. Ella rather fancied this view herself and was pert and critical, disposed to be exacting, and requiring her husband to live up to her ideas of gentility. He was infinitely patient, tender, and good-natured with her whims and notions. He bore with her absorbing love of excitement, and spent many evenings in the dance-halls, where he watched her enjoyment, the innocence of which he would have killed any man who questioned. Her faults were trivial in his eyes, for the love he bore the frivolous, selfish woman overpowered his judgment and his reason.

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Not religion nor patriotism, nor sentiment stills the mines of Silver Hill. They labor day and night. They know no creed, no country, no humanity. The miners, as a class, reconcile themselves to the monotony of their lives, and a holiday is unthought of.

On Christmas night Jim left his wife as usual, his shift being night work. They had had a merry evening. The pleasures of entertaining appealed powerfully to Ella. She delighted in being queen of the feast, and to have her little rooms filled with a good-natured, admiring crowd was almost a realization of her ambition. She stood at the head of her table dispensing good things to eat and drink, a smile of gratified vanity on her pretty, flushed face. She was discussing with those nearest her a prospective trip down the mines.

"Tom—you know Jim's friend, has promised to let us know to-night when I can be taken down. I'll enjoy it immensely, although I 'm an awful coward. And won't it be funny to wear men's clothes? They must make one look like a fright——"

At the sound of singing outside she stopped and stood listening, holding the pitcher poised in her hand.

Many of the men in the mines have fine voices, and when shifts coincide

or lay-offs permit, their sturdy glees and choruses fill the sharp clear air on winter nights. That they should come and sing before their window was a pretty compliment to Jim and his wife. Ella rushed to the door, and throwing it open stood smiling as the last strain died away, Tom's clear baritone prolonging the chord.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried. "Come in, do come in!"

They walked up the steps, shaking the soft feathery snow from their heavy coats and wide-rimmed hats. She led the way and they entered, answering jovially the hearty roar of recognition with which they were greeted. Then they drank to Jim and his wife, and to Christmas, and to the "Bertha," and to each other, and to all of them.

But at eleven Jim was due at the "Bertha." The whole company stood up and drank a parting glass and filed out through the narrow hall into the snow-banked street. When Jim had hastily taken his bucket and heavy coat he followed. The men's voices were still to be heard, mellowed by distance, enriched by the shining snow which covers the ugliness and squalor of the mining town with a gracious white mantle. It was no longer snowing. The night was beautifully calm, the moon brilliant. Jim's big heart and honest soul were very susceptible to nature's influence. He stopped on the corner half-listening to the carol. The men were two blocks down the hill in front of him; but, still singing the old-fashioned English song, they turned at the Row and passed out of sight. Jim turned, too, and ran back to the house. Something in his wife's manner had jarred upon him that night, and he wished to atone for his unspoken condemnation.

The light still streamed from the windows, and Jim crossed the little hall and entered the dining-room. Ella, in her pretty blue gown, was standing with one foot on the stove. Her back was turned to Jim, but Tom, who stood near her, was facing the door. The light dazzled Jim's eyes, and he passed his hand before his face. Ella turned and came to meet him with an odd expression in her eyes.

"Hullo, Tom! You here?" he said, taking her in his arms. "I came back to say good-night, Ella." He bent over her and she glibly explained Tom's presence. "Forgot your coat? Well, I tell you you 'll need it going up towards the divide." When he looked up Tom's face was aflame. Jim laughed.

"Young fellow," he said, "you look as if you 'd had too much Christmas. What has he been telling you, Ella?" He did not wait for her answer, but added, tenderly:

"Well, I can guess. When Tom gets that excited look in his eyes and the red in his cheeks, he 's telling the wonderful story of how a hero named Jim saved his life down in the Gordon stamp-mill some seven years ago. Eh, Tom?"

Tom had n't said a word. He stood dumb, and at Jim's last words he shivered and sank into a chair.

"I believe," he stammered, "I 'm sick or——"

Jim threw off his coat and stood, big and helpless, looking at his friend, whose brown head lay upon the table buried in his hands.

"Can 't you give him something, Ella?" he appealed to his wife.

She went to the table, but Tom shook his head and rizing, dizzily, went out into the hall and put on his coat, saying: "It 's my long lay-off. I do n't have to go to work, but I 'll walk down with you, Jim." His face was ghastly, and there was a weak, hysterical tone to his voice as he said good-night to Ella and hurried out of the door.

She sat thinking for awhile after the door slammed behind them, but presently the smile came back to her face, and she put out the lights, and, still smiling, went to bed.

The two men walked down the hill, through the snow-massed, quiet streets,

to the hoisting-works. They did not talk much. Tom impatiently turned aside Jim's solicitous inquiries as to his illness. When they parted at the wide open door, Jim was saying:

"Glad you fixed it with Ella about going down the mine. She 's been wanting the trip ever since she came out."

"Yes, but I change shifts to-morrow, you know," Tom said, slowly. "I 'll be at work on the nine o'clock. You do n't need me, though. Good night."

"Good night. Go straight to bed, Tom. Do n't lose your way down the Row. When a man 's out of sorts he 's like to do foolish things. Keep away from the saloons to-night. Take care of yourself, old man."

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Ella looked like a mischievous boy in blue flannel trousers, long blouse, heavy shoes, and old slouch hat set on the back of her fair head. Jim stood with her on the platform, his hand on her arm. As the cage descended she uttered little exclamations of fear, delight, and coquetry, attracting the admiring attention of the engineer and the signalman at the rope.

At the station the cage stopped and they stepped off. His lantern in hand, Jim walked ahead of his wife explaining to her everything they saw, his explanations growing in detail as he became interested in showing her the place and manner of his underground life. He was a thorough workman, his knowledge of mines and ores was complete, and there was a degree of self-assertion and domination in his manner now that was not present in his home. As he led her through the long, dark, dripping passages—which were familiar to him as the streets of his boyhood to a village lad—he had many a story to tell of rich ore-bodies, famous winzes, thrilling escapes, sudden perils, and awful deaths. He checked himself, fearing to frighten her, and when she said she was tired they sat in the cooling-box till she was rested. She decided that she wished to see the men at work, and at a signal from Jim the cage came down again, and they descended further.

At a turn in the drift they came upon the miners, who were working at the end of a winze, drilling in the green-gray walls by the light of candles stuck in the rock. Ella recognized Tom among them. With his graceful figure well drawn back, his firm, naked chest gleaming in the candle-light, he swung a heavy hammer. His small canvas cap was tilted back, and the short brown curls lay damp upon his forehead. She watched the miners working, and they turned to look at the slight, pretty figure in the clumsy flannels; her fair face borrowed refinement from contrast with its rough surroundings.

"Come, Ella," Jim said, with an impatient note in his voice, "we 'll see the giraffe and then take the cage to the surface."

At Jim's request Tom had left his work; covered with a heavy overcoat, he followed them in silence. Jim's wife cast an inquiring glance at him over her shoulder as they walked, but the lanterns threw a circle of light on only the ground in front of them; it was too dark to see his face. She tossed her head and walked on. Jim was in front, his tall figure bent to avoid the jutting timbers. Always a man of few words, he led the way in silence, making no further explanations, though sometimes appealing to Tom in the rear; but the latter's mood was not talkative.

Once Ella affected to stumble, but it was Jim who turned to catch her, and the silence once more closed them in.

Suddenly a sharp noise like a pistol shot was heard. The stillness, the dark and dripping corridors, the closeness, and the heat had unnerved Ella, or perhaps some mental conflict stirred her shallow nature. She screamed, and her lantern fell crashing to the ground. Jim, who had unconsciously walked on faster, separating himself

from her, ran back to explain that the report was only the sudden cracking of a rotten timber. He found his wife almost fainting in his friend's arms. He bent over to take her to himself, but half-crazed by terror and emotion she repulsed him violently, clinging to Tom and burying her face in his breast—revealing in a moment all that she had before so successfully concealed.

It stunned Jim. He looked imploringly at Tom, who was kneeling on the track and supporting Ella. Their eyes met for a moment and then Tom's fell. He drew back his head and put out a hand in miserable abandonment of self-defense.

Jim's face hardened, his eyes lost their look of unbelieving horror; he turned his back upon them, and steadied himself against the wall.

Far ahead in the gloom a light twinkled. It grew brighter and larger, and presently an ore-car came running along the track. Old Dennis, who was pushing it, stopped and shouted, "Hi, there! What's the matter?"

It was Ella who answered. She had quite recovered, and stood up brushing the soil from her clothes. With the assurance which only fools can command, she attempted to deny what she had betrayed. She turned to Dennis with her pretty smile.

"I fainted," she said, hesitatingly at first. "Jim said it was only the cracking of the timbers that frightened me; but I thought of all the terrible stories he had told me, and lost my head, I suppose. Jim always said I was a coward."

Dennis nodded. "They all are," he said, dryly. He spat upon his hands, bent his neck, and braced his powerful hairy arms against the car. The sound of the car's wheels died away and the light in front became a mere glimmer and then disappeared. There was no word from the men. Jim's wife laughed nervously, and, turning to her husband, said, warily watching him:

"It was so dark and I was so frightened! It's really your fault for shocking me with those dreadful stories. I—I didn't know who it was——"

Jim turned upon her with a terrible gesture, and the lie hushed upon her trembling lips. He took up his lantern, walking with bent shoulders and bowed head like an old man, and they followed as before, the silence deepening till they came to the opening at the bottom of the shaft, where the giraffe lay ready, almost resting upon the dark, warm, greasy water beneath. One of the miners standing near began an explanation of it to Ella:

"'T is only a kind of big, underground car, ye see, ma'am, that runs in a slantin' box, like, which opens at stations like this. 'T aint very comfortable—the seats are jest slantin' steps laid in,—but it 's soft enough an' it goes mighty quick. Course, when ladies is aboard, we jest signal *slow*. It's three bells for folks, ye know—mostly they jest go as far as the 1600 or 1500,—but only when ore is to be dumped. When I pull this rope only once the giraffe goes whizzin' along up the incline, never stoppin' at stations o' course, but straight on like a flash till it reaches the top of the incline—the 1400 level. There's no one stationed there; there aint no need. The ore is jest automatically dumped out, and down it falls with a tremendous crash into the ore-chute, sixty feet below. I tell ye, ma'am, it 's foine to see ten tons of rock dashed from the giraffe. It——"

Jim interrupted him.

"You can go, Haggerty." He spoke slowly, as if words were hard to him. "I think there 's something wrong with one of the blowers back in the north drift. I 'll 'tend to this."

"I was jest goin' to have the rock dumped. The car 's half full. If ye say so I can send it up and have it down again empty," the miner said.

"No need," Jim answered.

"Won't it be uncomfortable for the

lady?" Haggerty asked. "Course a man gets used to ridin' top o' the rock, but——"

"She'll not mind."

The miner turned to Ella. "I 'll slip a board across for ye, ma'am. I say, Jim, better let me dump this——"

Jim turned upon him with an oath, and the old miner, who had never seen the shift-boss angry, looked at him in amazement and then walked away. He climbed up a perpendicular ladder fastened to the rock-wall, disappearing where at an abrupt angle a second ladder joined the first. Jim motioned to Tom, who stepped in without a word. Then Ella was handed down.

"I want to go on top. I don't care any more for this horrible mine," she said fretfully.

Jim seemed not to hear her. He had again become quiet. His face was set like granite, and though his breast heaved convulsively, he was hemmed in by a wall of hate, disgust, and pain which left him dead to outward things. He stepped into the car and took his place at the top. Then he leaned out and pulled the signal-rope once.

Mechanically Tom waited for the other two bells, but the slow seconds passed and Jim withdrew his hand. Tom shivered. He understood, and fell back with an inarticulate cry.

The straining, preliminary movement of the car roused him. A moment remained. The signal might yet be changed. He put out a trembling hand toward the rope.

"Not all of us," he began, appealingly, "I——" Meeting Jim's eyes he stopped. Slowly he withdrew his hand; his head drooped; crouched at Jim's feet, he waited.

Through the denseness, the folly, the wickedness of the woman some glimmer of knowledge of her husband's nature must have penetrated. She had not half listened to Haggerty's words; her mind was busy with plans; but, fearing she knew not what, she cried:

"Tom! Tom! What is he doing?"

But her voice was drowned in the roar and rumble as the enclosed car started upward. Moaning and whimpering, she cowered down.

Walled in on all sides in a dark, close, sloping tunnel dimly seen by the light of the streaming lanterns, they were borne madly on. They all bent low to avoid the swiftly passing, heavy-timbered roof. As the car gained speed Ella raised her head with a quivering cry of alarm, but her husband laid his hand almost tenderly upon her and she sank down, her uncomprehending terror stilled by his strong, calm touch. Jim, himself, must have been dead to all feeling. He sat motionless, as if cut out of rock.

In Tom's mind blurred pictures rapidly succeeded each other. He knew how short their time was. In five minutes, three minutes, one minute the car would reach the top. Their bodies would be lifted and shot as from a catapult, to fall—crushed by the overturned mass of ore—into the yawning chute far below. He had a mad impulse to rise and let the jutting roof dash his brains out as they were hurried on. But that passed, and in the calm which followed, the thumping of his heart sounded to him like the roar of the stamp-mill.

Then clearly he seemed to see the mill. The great building throbbed with the thunder of the stamps. They roared in his ears, and before his bloodshot eyes they danced up and down with crushing, crashing force. The long swaying black belts increased their speed till all motion seemed left behind in the mad race, the revolving pans becoming a fixed point. The din and the frantic motion overpowered him. He felt himself falling and thought he cried to Jim to catch him—but no sound came from his lips.

Myriads of lights seemed to twinkle before him, as the electric lights used

to show from the outside of the pan-mill on the dark night. At last, as the giraffe neared the top of the incline, it all left him. He was seized with a mortal desire for his wronged friend's forgiveness.

"For God's sake, Jim, forgive me! Forgive me! Forgive me!"

Whether the words ever passed his lips no one knows. They had repeated themselves over and over again in his mind till all was blank.

THE DANCING EAGLES.

BY ASTAROTH.

I AM a physician, of middle age, married, and in good practice—a sober and I hope a sensible man, somewhat acquainted with science, and hence not a believer in dreams, omens, warnings, presentiments, or any other supernatural bosh. My speciality has been diseases of the brain and cognate affections. That I know something about such matters may be inferred from the statement that some of my own independent observations communicated to Charcot were acknowledged by him with thanks in his celebrated treatise on diseases of the medulla oblongata.

However, notwithstanding my conviction that the future is an absolutely sealed book which mortal hand is not permitted to open except page by page, I have an experience to relate perhaps as singular as any that we read of in the books. It is a vision and, in a way, a fulfillment. Yet to accept and believe it aught than a remarkable coincidence would be to give the lie direct to all the dicta of the science of psychology. I narrate it, therefore, merely as a strange coincidence, and do not, in the present stage of cerebral science, attempt any explanation.

From my childhood I have been haunted by a peculiar dream. I suppose that I have dreamed it at least a hundred times. Whenever, after a day of exhausting labor—especially of labor requiring concentration of the eyesight,—I fall into a restless sleep, I see this vision:

A drear waste of granitic rock and boulder, without a sign of vegetation; shining heatedly in a full blazing sun; amid the confused mass one crag rising in the foreground; clearly seen upon its flattened but jagged top, two eagles solemnly treading a measure—actually dancing, slowly lifting up first one foot and then another, then whirling gravely around, again balancing solemnly, and once more sedately raising their feet and bowing to the right and left. Thus, for a few seconds. And then comes over me the fever sense of an increasing distance and a striving on my part to grasp the disappearing forms fading in the vagueness. I fail in this, and the failure envelops me in a painful sense of anxiety terminated by some sudden shock that invariably awakens me.

That is all, but the dream is ever the same, without a change in the smallest detail. Of course I have settled in my own mind that all this is the result of some diseased convolution—perhaps for instance an organic lesion of some portion of the third left frontal convolution governing the center of sight, and that the persistence of the same vision is owing to a chance association of isolated impressions that happened to be present to the apprehension of the center when the lesion first became manifest. The symptomatology of our science often shows such instances of the continued repetition of primary impressions. Pretty as this explanation is,

however, it fails to explain the sequel, —an adventure that happened to me last summer in the Sierras.

I had been spending my vacation hunting in the Kaweah cañon near the new Sequoia Park, and was quartered for the time being at Kelly's near Three Rivers on the main river. Due southeast less than a mile from the hamlet of three houses rise some peculiar peaks called the "Three Guardsmen," probably because there are four of them. The highest, named after the irrepressible Gascon, has a jagged insolence in its bearing that invited me to exploration.

It was already disagreeably warm, one day in June, when I started on the trip, and as the morning advanced and I found the way more difficult than I expected I almost abandoned the idea of reaching the top. An unexpected cloud covering the sun and a fitful but delicious breeze suddenly sweeping down the cañon from where Whitney rose in icy splendor to the east, reinvigorated me, however, and I continued the struggle until I was on the sumit.

My first glance was over the sullen chasms and torn and tumbled ranges adjacent towards the high Sierras; the sun shone out and plated them with gold. My next survey was of the plateau on which I stood—a tableland not more than a score of feet square, piled up with granite boulders of every size and shape; on the eastern slope one solitary, serrated stone rose high above the rest.

Upon that rock two eagles were gravely dancing.

I laughed at my hallucination, rubbed my eyes, closed them a moment, and then again looked at the crest of the towering stone, this time critically. There was no mistake—it was my dream-scene, without the possibility of a doubt. I recognized, over and over again, every detail of rock and fissure—the hornblende, porphyry, and dark-green epidote. From them, in the blazing sun, glanced the remembered waves of heat; and on the crag the eagles were gravely dancing.

There swept over me, then, the familiar and irresistible desire to capture the great birds.

I threw myself on the ground and crawled slowly and cautiously forward. The most intense desire of my whole life was to clutch the eagles; those long legs, irregularly feathered, seemed made to fit my hand, which ached to grasp them. I was drawing near—I was close behind them; they made no attempt to fly, but kept on their measured bowing, with a solemnly ludicrous sway and bend. I was within arm's length now. I reached out my hand—slowly, slowly, slowly, my heart standing still for eagerness. A moment more and one of the birds would have been mine. Just then some fearsome influence seemed to reach in upon me. I looked upward.

A glittering eye was fixed upon me.

I paused—I had no choice, pause I must, so strange and weird was the compelling eye. My mind flew back to the dread tales that chilled my heart in childhood. Had I here the realization of some of them?

Large, full, and liquid—only an eye, with no surrounding feature! It was so full so strange and of such commanding power, it so closely fixed my alert attention, that, my eager passion notwithstanding, my outstretched hand dropped beside the eagle's feet. But I felt that the dance continued.

That eye! Soon I forgot everything else than to look at it. It was brown, now, veiled by a film of tears, and with a look of unutterable sadness in its depths; then the iris seemed to twitch, as the flesh of a sleeper does sometimes just before waking. And it changed in color and size as it moved: now it was of a rolling tumbling brightness, involuting and irridescent, with a million vivid violets and greens oranges and scarlets, like the assayer's button of gold in the muffle just as

the base metals sink into the cupel; then it was a black darker than the darkest night, yet of a clear and deep transparency behind which seemed to be a curtain about to rise.

I watched with still more wrapt attention; and the veil within the eye was rent, and through the rift shone a ray of yellow light more gleaming than burnished gold, rich with a potency and glory of color that now makes me sick with longing at the very recollection and that bathed me then in its radiance, lulling me to sleep — to a sleep of inexpressible joy.

Half dreaming thus, I was suddenly overwhelmed with a desire to dance, but to do so solemnly and languorously—I a Benedict, aged fifty, who had never even walked through a quadrille. "In a moment," I thought, "in a moment!" And my whole being was filled with a rapturous, delirious delight.

Then there came a sudden reveille as of a thousand war drums, breaking the solemn silence of the hills—sharp, quick, startling; and I was struck in the face!

* * * * * *

How I got down that hill I never knew, for it was swarming with diamond-backed rattlesnakes, hissing, coiling, and striking beneath my feet; but the distance which had taken four hours to ascend must have been covered in less than ten minutes on the return.

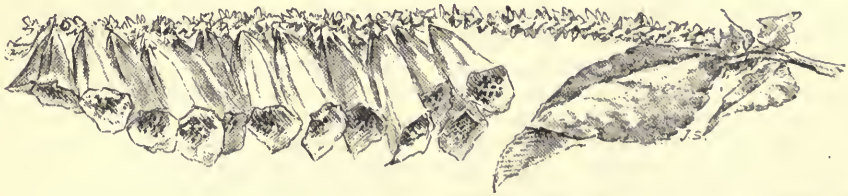
Arrived at Kelly's I pulled myself together and inspected the wound on my face. There were two tiny punctures—a veritable rattlesnake bite—exactly in the center of my forehead. I slit the wound open and put on carbonate of soda and then a poultice of snake-weed. No veins had been touched, and the fangs had barely penetrated the skin. It was a miraculous escape.

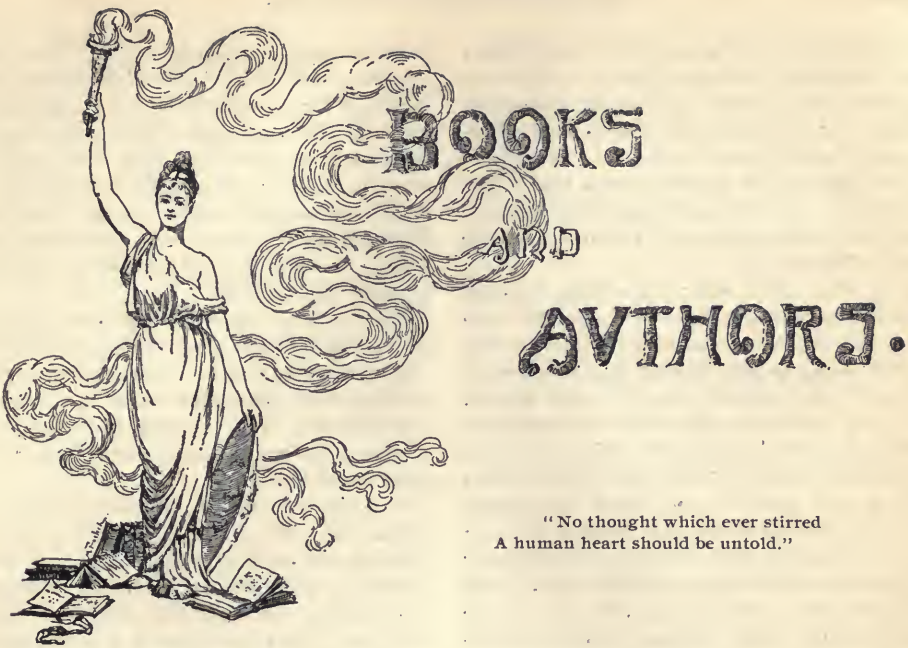
Speaking of the dancing eagles, later that afternoon, and still wondering whether it was a hallucination or not, I was assured by one of the Kaweah Indians that birds and squirrels alike, when charmed by the rattlesnake, perform movements closely resembling those I described as the movements of the eagles.

"Rattler," he explained, "he fine god. He give to die much good, much easy. We dance snake dance in big pines him make feel friends. Look rattler eyes all sure die—no hurt, all go sleep."

That my view of the dancing eagles was not a hallucination was proved the next day, when a number of us made an ascent of D'Artagnan. We found the eagles, dead and swollen, on the top of the peak. They had been bitten in a dozen places. I carried away the wing feathers of both, and have them yet. And, by the way, this time we cleaned out the nest of snakes. There were nineteen of them.

It will be of interest to know, perhaps, that despite this climax in actual life I still regularly dream of the dancing eagles, but never of the rattlesnake's eye.





"No thought which ever stirred
A human heart should be untold."

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BECQUER.

BY AMY NORDHOFF.

THE name of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer is little known outside of Spain, where all of his short life was passed, though it is difficult to understand why his works have not made him more famous.

In delicacy, tenderness and fantastic grace his verses are quite like those of Heine whom he is said to have taken as his model; and his stories and tales closely resemble many of those of Hoffmann.

He was born in Seville on the 17th of February, 1826, his father being a painter of some note at the time. He was only five years old when his father died, and he was then sent to the college of San Antonio of Abad, where he remained till his ninth year, when he was entered at the college of San Telmo. He was there only six months when he lost his mother, and he was soon after taken to live with his grandmother, who was without children or relatives and who possessed a large fortune and had determined to make her young grandson her heir.

She seems to have had very little sympathy with the delicate and imaginative child, for she overlooked all of his natural tastes and determined to educate him as a merchant.

Becquer bore the life as long as he could, but finally at the age of seventeen gave up all idea of his grandmother's money and left her house to seek his fortune in Madrid, where his verses had already attracted some attention.

He took with him only enough to pay his way to Madrid, and from that time his life was a struggle for existence.

In 1857 he had a severe illness probably brought on by overwork; and when he recovered, one of his friends, pitying his extreme poverty, got him a position in the Dirección de Bienes Nacionales. He accepted this out of necessity to gain his bread; but spent the greater part of his time making caricatures of people and objects about the office, to the great amusement of his fellow-clerks. Finally the attention of the authorities was attracted to this and he was discharged, much to his relief.

After that he devoted his time to writing, but finding that this brought in a very small

income he did whatever else he could find to do—mainly assisting painters and decorators in their work. Though it is known to very few in Madrid, the figures in the frescoes of the Ramesa Palace are the work of Becquer and are a credit to his talent as a painter. He was later engaged on the staff of the *Contemporáneo*, for which he did all of his best work.

In 1862 his brother Valeriano, who was well known in Seville as an illustrator, came to live with him; and together they struggled along, getting a good deal of pleasure out of life in spite of poverty and ill-health.

The eight years following were probably the happiest of Becquer's life, for he was doing the work he loved, and all his leisure time was spent at the opera, or theater, or in the Café of the Puerta del Sol with artist friends. He had rather a funny experience at Toledo, whither he went with his brother to show him the city in the moonlight. They arrived there one beautiful night, and finding a decidedly picturesque spot among some ruins from which they could see the whole of the quaint city silvered in the moonlight, they sat down and spent the night exchanging ideas on art and poetry and making plans for their future greatness.

Toward morning a party of the *Guardias Civiles*, passing by, heard the voices of the two brothers. Seated behind a ruined wall overgrown with vines the enthusiasts were hotly arguing together.

The guards listened, but could understand only that they had come upon two very much excited men concealed behind the wall, and at once determined they were conspirators. They pounced down upon the brothers, and in spite of explanations, to which they refused to listen, dragged the youths off to prison. Soon after, a very funny letter, profusely illustrated, appeared in the *Contemporáneo*, dated from the prison of Toledo.

Valeriano died very suddenly in the year 1870, and with his death Gustavo seems to have given up all hope. He lived only three months after his brother, and died on the 24th of December, 1870, when only thirty-four years of age. The physicians could not give a name to his disease, which seemed to be a general giving out and wasting away.

Mr. Ramon Rodriguez Correr, to whose sketch of the life of his friend Becquer I am indebted for a great many of my facts, says of him that he was a peculiarly sweet-natured man, never speaking unkindly of anyone, and that, though his life must necessarily have been under a cloud of gloom from extreme poverty and continued ill-health, he never allowed his somber feelings to enter into his work.

His writings include criticisms, plays, articles on politics, short stories and verses.

The short stories or "Caprichos," show most perfectly his nature—sensitive, refined and delicate, with a delightful trace of humor running through them which is quite untranslatable.

One of the best is "Maestre Perez el Organista," which is a fair example of the delicacy and simplicity of his style. It has almost no plot. Master Perez, the organist, is a gentle, reserved, old man, who lives with his young daughter in a poor part of Seville, but is known far and wide for his beautiful compositions and for the wonderful music he draws from the ancient organ of the Chapel of St. Inez. On the night of the *Misa del Gallo* particularly, people come from all parts of the city and from many miles away to hear his music.

The story opens with a description of the different kinds of people who enter the chapel—the wonderfully dressed dukes whose followers get into street-fights on their way there; the delicate ladies whose pages bring lovely silk cushions for them to kneel upon; the Archbishop and his gorgeous suite; and finally the crowd of poorer people who stand in the background, picturesque in their bright handkerchiefs and colored caps. At last the service begins, and as the Host is elevated the cloud of pale-blue smoke from the incense floats slowly through the church, the bells ring out on the night air and the blind organist lays his frail, old hands on the keys.

"At that moment the note which Master Perez tremulously held, broke, fell to pieces, and an explosion of harmony shook the church. The corners echoed forth tremendous melodies and the painted windows trembled in their narrow arches. Each of the notes which formed the magnificent harmony as therein unfolded—

some near, others far-off, all brilliant however distant—declared that the waters, the birds, the breezes and the leaves, men, angels, the earth and the heavens each and all send forth in their language a hymn to the birth of the Saviour."

The Mass suddenly stops, and Master Perez is found dead at his organ, which is still vibrating with his last touch.

A year passes, and this time the Mass is to be played by the organist of San Ramon, who has always been jealous of the popularity of Master Perez. The people crowd in, but with frowns and whispers of disappointment look at the man who is to take the master's place.

The Mass is played with the same beauty and inspiration as that of a year ago, so that all could have sworn that their dear master was with them again. At the end, the organist, pale and frightened, declares that no earthly power can make him touch the keys again—though he refuses to give any reason for his pale looks and trembling hands.

The next year, the daughter of Master Perez, who has become a novice, is asked to play in her father's place. She consents, but begins with fear and trembling and breaks off with shrieks of terror suddenly in the midst of the most solemn part. The priests and people rush to the organ loft, and find her gazing with frightened eyes at the organ keys, for the old organ is playing softly and continues of itself all through the wonderful music of the Mass.

With so simple a plot Becquer has made a very finished and pathetic little story, putting together a series of exquisite words and picturesque scenes and breathing into them the brilliantly colored life touched with mystery and romance which is so peculiarly Spanish.

Another of the short stories which is very taking and shows his most fantastic vein, is the one called "Los Ojos Verde," The Green Eyes. It begins with a short description of a hunt—with the noise of trumpets, the neighing of horses and baying of the hounds.

Fernando, the heir of the Duke of Almenar, finally wounds a deer, which bounds off into the forest. All the huntsmen follow to a certain spot and then stop with the exception of Fernando, a hot-headed young man who calls loudly to his attendants and demands to know why they all stop, bidding them push on at once. It is his first deer, and he must have it at any cost. Inigo, the old servant, replies that it is impossible to go any further, as the path leads to the fountain of the Alamos, in whose waters lives a spirit of evil, and that he who disturbs the solitude of the place must pay dear for his daring. The young hunter scorns his warning and swearing by all that he can think of that he will find the first deer he has ever shot, even though it be in the waters of the fountain, dashes off.

In the second chapter the young Fernando relates to the faithful old servant his experience at the fountain :

"Listen, Inigo! The fountain springs from the bosom of the rock and falling drop by drop glides down among the green plants which grow along the borders of its cradle. Each separate drop as it falls gleams like a point of gold and sounds like a note of music. The stream slips along among the grasses murmuring like the sound of many bees, rushing over the sands, doubling on itself, leaping, and flying and running sometimes with laughter and at others with sighs, and finally falls into the lake with an indescribable murmuring lament. Words, names, songs —I cannot tell what I heard in that low music, as I sat alone on that rock and listened."

As he gazes down into the clear waters of the fountain he sees two points of light which change, sparkle, burn and gleam till, as he sits spell-bound and wondering, they seem to become eyes. He loses sight of them, finds them again and at length grows utterly confused. "Perhaps it was a sunbeam darting through the foam; possibly one of those flowers which float among the tangled water-weeds and whose hearts glow like an emerald. I know not, but a glance from those eyes clung to my heart and raised in my bosom a burning fire."

The poor young Fernando is held by the fatal charm of the eyes and goes day after day to the fountain to look down into the waters. "Her hair was like gold, her eyelashes gleamed like threads of light, and through them glowed the unquiet changing eyes."

The old servant begs him never to go there again, but he looks at him with wonder and says: "Do you know what is dearer to me than all the world—for what I would give the love of my father, the kisses of her to whom I owe life, and all the tenderness of all women? For one glance only of those eyes."

In the last chapter he talks to the strange and beautiful creature of the fountain, and asks her who she is and where she comes from, telling her that he adores her and will adore her even if she be a demon. She gazes at him tenderly, and tells him that she loves him, that she is not a woman but a fay, and that she lives in the waters of the fountain.

"See! see!" she says, "the clear floor of the lake and the plants with large green leaves which wave slowly in the depths of the water! Those shall give us a bed of emerald and coral, and I will give thee happiness of which thou hast never dreamed in hours of delirium and which none else could give thee! Come! the mist of the lake floats over our foreheads like a veil; the waves call us with strange voices; the winds sing among the poplars their hymns of love! Come! Come!" Wrapping her arms around him she slowly walks to the edge of the rock and they disappear.

Becquer's poems are equally fantastic and delicate. The best known among them is "Las Golondrinas," which is called the Love Song of Spain; but to me is not so fine as some of the shorter poems and detached verses. Take for example the one beginning "*Del Salon en el ángulo Oscuro*," or another, "Que es Poesia?" There are very few of these "Rimas," as they are called, but each is perfect in itself, and like Heine's most perfect "Songs" all must lose greatly in the translation.

The works of Becquer are published in Madrid in two volumes—the first containing the most finished of his short stories or "Caprichos," and the second a series of letters, "Desde mi Celda," some stories and articles on various subjects and also his beautiful "Rimas." No translation has yet been made, so far as I know, of Becquer's works. If the verses were translated they could not fail to lose a certain delicacy, and if the prose were put into any other language it would necessarily turn into verse.

"THE PRINCE OF INDIA."

BY C. H.

FEW American writers have made so clear-cut an impression upon literature as General Lew Wallace, an impression that speaks of strong individuality and the enduring qualities now so rare among contemporary writers of prose and verse.

There had been, up to the appearance of "Ben Hur," a feeling that the glory of American letters was on the wane. Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, Emerson and Longfellow gone, it was a serious question as to the succession. Pessimists were free to declare that literary genius in America was dead and that there were no writers to take the places of the departed. The appearance of "Ben Hur" was in the nature of a reply to this—a masterpiece which aroused the whole world of letters. Now comes "The Prince of India," a work equally satisfying, which elevates its author still higher in the estimation of scholars.

The evolution and development of General Wallace is distinctly emphasized in his works. The son of a distinguished jurist and former Governor of the State of Indiana, we find him a law student at the breaking out of the Mexican War. An ambitious youth with a public school education, he was among the first to respond to the call, and entered the army as a first-lieutenant. After good service he was successively lawyer, State Senator and Adjutant-General of the State, holding the latter office when he responded to the call for troops in the Civil War. It was the author of "The Prince of India" who led the center at Donelson, and who, with fifty-eight hundred men stood between Early's twenty-eight

thousand and Washington. General Wallace retired from the war with many honors, and later was appointed Governor of Utah and Minister to Turkey, earning distinction as a statesman, diplomat, lawyer, soldier and littérateur. His story, "The Fair God," first gave him a name in the field of letters. This was followed by "Ben Hur," which proved the literary sensation of the day, having the extraordinary sale of nearly three hundred thousand copies. A "Life of Harrison" and "The Boyhood of Christ" suceeeded. Finally, after several years of preparation, "The Prince of India" was produced.

The critic, were he disposed to point out the faults and errors which follow the most exact writer, is disarmed at the outset. The beauty of the work, the evident time employed in its construction and building, its strength and vitality and its evident capacity for doing good are all so apparent that one forgets all else, and the book, which is a monument to the genius of the writer, commands our full admiration. As suggested by the second title—"Why Constantinople Fell," the work is essentially historical; and the critical reader is at once impressed with the accuracy of the descriptions and the minuteness of detail covering the period between 1445 and 1453, at which time the ancient Byzantium Capital was captured by Mahommed II. War and religion are the two essential features of the story, and they are most skillfully played against each other. General Wallace has taken the idea of the Wandering Jew and used it to inculcate a valuable lesson. The Prince is given a composite character. He has the philosophy which the experience of centuries might bring, and all the phases of his life as a ruler, renegade, intriguer and diplomat are most skillfully presented and given a realistic and dramatic interest.

The Prince was a dreamer. Weary of religious contention, he conceives a plan of religion—the unity of all sects under one God—which he proposes to Constantine and then to Mahommed II. While attempting the conversion of the Emperor he adopts a young girl who is abducted. This abduction arouses the demon of revenge in the Prince, who incites Mahommed to attack Constantinople and raze it to the ground.

Much literary skill is displayed in the development of the character of the Prince, and its various negative sides are strongly contrasted.

Aside from the general enjoyable features of the book the reader is most impressed with the vast preparation that must have been necessary to adequately present the work. The detailed description must be fully appreciated by those familiar with the country and life in Constantinople and along the Bosphorus. The accuracy of description is obvious everywhere and does not detract from the beauty and glamour of romance that are thrown over all. It is shown also in the character of the Emir Mirza, of Sergius the Russian monk, the beautiful Lael, the common Uel, and in the actual historical characters—as the Emperor Constantine, the faithless Notaras, the vizier Kalil and the fanatic Gennadius.

It is impossible in the limited space of this paper to more than hint at the beauties and literary excellence of this work. At once a story of intrigue, love, war and religion, it appeals to the masses as well as the lover of these fields distinct, and many of the characters will take their place among the great literary creations of the time. Perhaps one of the most artistic pictures is that of Mahommed, the son of Amurath —Mahommed, the mighty conqueror of Constantinople, — a strange composite: scholarly, brutal, at times a tiger floating in human blood, again tender as a woman, a dreamer of dreams, a wanderer by summer streams, a warrior, a diplomat, a schemer, a king, a statesman, a soldier, a fierce child of the desert, a chivalric gentleman—a man who reflects a thousand phases. The strong features of the work are seen in the elaborate pictures of life, covering a wide era of time, the skill displayed in the recital and in the succession of events, the sustained interest and the successful presentation of so many varied and strange individualities. The entire work is a monument to the care and exactness of the author, who has presented a picture so true to the life, so faithful to the times and so rich in its power of doing good that it will endure as long as literature exists, and take its place among the great literary productions of the time.

MY FIRST BOOK.

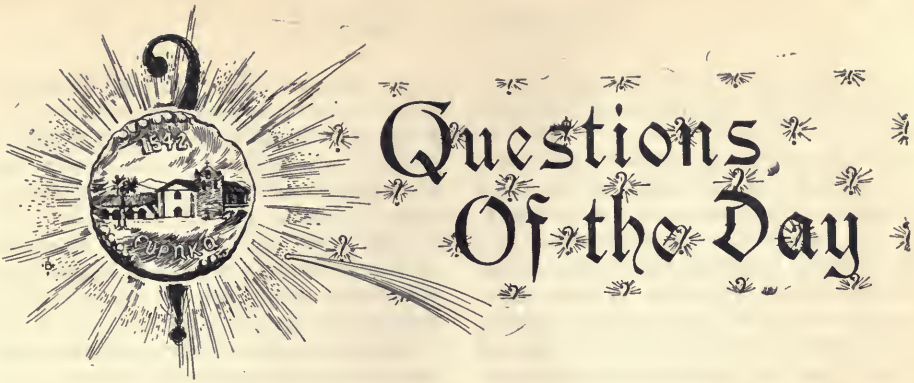
The following letter for publication was addressed to the Editor of the CALIFORNIAN in response to this question: "What were the circumstances which encouraged you to write your first book?"

Editor of the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir—There were no circumstances which encouraged me to write my first book in the year just preceding our civil war. If you were to ask me what there was to *dis*courage me I could tire you with replies. There was scarcely any "literary market" for an American author; publishers were few, and more afraid of poetry than they now are afraid of verse. Magazinists and newspaper men were ill paid. My first book was a little collection of "Lyrics and Idyls"—pieces which I had composed from time to time because it was natural for me to do so. Some of them had been written in my youth, and all of them before I made any literary acquaintances. However, three long ballads of mine were published by Mr. Dana in *The Tribune:* "The Ballad of Lager Bier," "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," and "The Diamond Wedding." These gained me the friendship of Bayard Taylor and Richard H. Stoddard, and it was on Mr. Stoddard's recommendation that the late Charles Scribner, of gentle memory, brought out my little volume.

For "The Diamond Wedding," a social satire, I was challenged by the father of a lady who now for many years has been my cordial friend. The correspondence got into the papers, and much fun and tumult ensued. This greatly abashed and discouraged me; for I had notions of high art, and did not wish to sell my book on the strength of what I rightly considered a trivial and passing *jeu d'esprit.* In this respect I was too priggish. If I had been wise in my generation, and more a man of the world, I would have pushed my book, as my friend Bret Harte did his "Heathen Chinee," and would have accepted some of the offers for "popular" work which the "Diamond Wedding" brought me.

As it was, I tried to live down my record as a satirist, and starved, and went to the war. And I still have notions of "high art!" And, after all, I am no longer starving. EDMUND C. STEDMAN.



A CHINESE PROTEST AGAINST EXCLUSION.

THE most amusing feature of the recent attempt of the foreign missionary government of Hawaii to present the United States with a piece of property which it did not happen to own was the cool complacency with which it ignored the rights of other foreigners. It not only brushed aside the aboriginal race; but, though of the foreign races domiciled on the islands the Chinese number 15,000, the Japanese 20,000 and the Portuguese 10,000, while the Americans, English, Germans and French all together number only 3,200, it assumed that the latter alone were sovereign and the three former were servile in various degrees. It was the settled conviction of the Americans and English that God had given them the Islands, probably because some of them are sons of missionaries; and they claimed the right of determining who should settle on them and on what terms.

By the Constitution of 1887, which was missionary drawn and was the fifth constitution adopted within half a century, the right of suffrage was limited by a property qualification which practically disfranchised the bulk of the Kanakas and Portuguese; it was denied under all circumstances to the Chinese and Japanese. The members of the missionary party reserved to themselves and to a few wealthy Kanakas the exclusive right of making laws for the Islands and of putting them into effect. The first Legislature that met under this constitution limited the number of Chinamen who could land to one hundred per month. This seemed too many to the gentlemen who constituted themselves a provisional government in 1893. They allowed it to be known that they purposed to follow the example of the United States and to exclude Chinamen altogether. On this, on Feb. 14, a mass meeting of Chinamen was held in the Chinese theater at Honolulu to protest against further discrimination against the Chinese. The following report is from a Honolulu paper:

Over 3,000 Chinese were present. Lau Chung of the Wing Wo Tai Company presided.

The Chairman then introduced Ing Chan of the Tong On Jan Company, who was received with cheers that shook the rafters. He spoke in Chinese as follows:

"We came to these Islands, some of us, over sixty years ago, and settled here. Up to ten years ago this Government treated us as equals—as men. They realized that, while the foreigners controlled the sugar plantations, the Chinese owned the rice fields and were entitled to a footing of equality with others. There are now over 20,000 Chinese on the Islands. Many of the white mechanics are opposed to our race, and yet we are, as far as we know, law-abiders. We do not meddle with the politics of other foreigners. We have been patient up to now, for we have been treated well before, but for a few years past our treatment has been getting worse every year. Shall we put up with it? (Cries of "No! No!") The Chinese here are of different occupations—merchants, mechanics and laborers—and they do good to the country. But the white people are not satisfied and want to impose on us and pass laws that other countries would not think of. The cry of these Islands now is the scarcity of cheap labor and the hard times, but these things are not our fault. We are treated like small children and are not expected to understand anything; but we must not give up hope. I am sure that the day will come when our mother country will remember her desolate children. We, in these Islands, are like one big family and we must unite our forces. Let us send a communication to the Councils, asking them not to pass such a law. If they will not listen to us let us instruct our representative here to communicate with the Chinese Minister at Washington and ask him to write the Home Government about our troubles. (Great applause.)"

Wong Wah Foy said: "The Government is not satisfied with what has been done, but wants to tie our hands still more. Shall we allow it? (Cries of "No! No!") These foreigners do not remember their own Scripture which says 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' They claim to be an enlightened people, but I say they are not if they act in this way. (Cheers.) Unity is what we want and must have—unity in mind and action.

If we unite we will gain our point. (Cheers.) We must unite but in a peaceful way. There must be no talk yet of a man-of-war settling our troubles for us. That may come later."

This is almost the first Chinese demonstration against the exclusion of natives of China from the labor markets of the Pacific. In 1857 a meeting of Chinamen was held at the Ballarat Diggings in Australia to protest against their expulsion from the mines. A memorial was drawn up and presented to the Legislature of Victoria; but it did not prevent the passage of the bill the white miners demanded. Since then, members of the Mongol-Tartar race have submitted to ostracism and exclusion without complaint. If they had been inclined to protest, opportunities have not been wanting.

Three hundred years ago, Chinamen overflowed into Siam, the straits settlements, the Philippine Islands and the Dutch East Indies. In the two former they were unmolested and they gradually formed prosperous and law-abiding communities. There are 1,500,000 Chinese in Siam; the Chinese merchants of Bangkok are wealthy and carry on a large share of the business of the port. Chinese villages are met with all along the Malay peninsula. Baron Von Hubner reported in 1884 that three-fourths of the inhabitants of Singapore were Chinamen and that many of them have acquired wealth, live in luxury and splendor, and are liberal and charitable. At none of these places do they interfere in politics or come into conflict with the authorities.

In Java and Sumatra their coming was violently opposed by the Dutch, who sought to establish a monopoly of trade in the Islands. For a century or more the heads of Chinese settlers at Batavia and Padang were likely to fall from their shoulders when the Dutch authorities became aware of their presence. In 1746, it having been declared by the Dutch that the Chinese must go, there was a general massacre in which 10,000 Chinamen are said to have lost their lives in two days; but the heathen Chinee failed to take the hint. He kept on coming, and at the present time there are some 200,000 Chinese in Java, of whom 25,000 are in Batavia. They have managed to secure a monopoly of the livery stable business and have intermarried with the Japanese women. They are not allowed to carry on business as general merchants.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of the history of Chinese emigration is that which relates their experience in the Philippines. They had got a foothold there when the Spaniards came. They were necessary, for the natives were hopelessly idle and stupid; fields which were not cultivated by Chinamen lay fallow. But they were utterly impervious to religious truth, and the priests, after vainly endeavoring to convert them, concluded to put them to death as the best thing for their souls. With the assistance of the natives, the Spaniards fell upon them and massacred—it is said—the enormous number of 25,000 in the island of Luzon alone. The operation was not an economic success—the natives were as lazy as ever. A Spanish hidalgo could not be expected to farm. Provisions grew scarce and dear, and to supply the markets the Spanish Captain-General had to consent to the admission of 6,000 Chinese "to be employed in the cultivation of the country," on the payment of $8 a head. This was in the first decade of the seventeenth century.

The history of that century is a chronicle of alternate emigrations of Chinamen to Manila and of massacres of Chinamen by Spaniards and natives who could not forgive the heathen Chinee for his thrift and industry. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the prejudice burst into a flame. The Chinese were accused of monopolizing trade. Government officials reported that "under the pretense of agriculture the Chinese carry on trade; they are cunning and careful, making money and sending it to China, so that they defraud the Philippines annually of an enormous amount." They were expelled; the decree of expulsion anticipated by a few years the expulsion of the Moriscoes from the Spaniards' mother country. Both decrees were followed by the same effects. Sonnerat states that the exile of the Chinamen from Manila crippled art, trade and industry; and no complaint was made when the Governor, for an adequate bribe, connived at the return of a considerable number of the ostracised people.

But the foes of Chinese cheap labor appealed to the mother country, where the

church was actively engaged in rooting out, for the very same reason, another sect of heretics—the descendants of the Moors. Peremptory orders reached the Captain-General bidding him exile every Chinaman from the Philippines; the commands were obeyed. The old results followed after a few years. A stream of Chinese again set in toward the islands, to the relief of the markets and to the great benefit of the corrupt officials. Then came a Spaniard of the name of Auda, who solved the problem in a simple manner by ordering that all the Chinese in the Philippine Islands be hanged. According to Zuniga, this humane remedy was carried out. This was in 1763. Yet at the close of the century we find Chinamen engaged in trade in Manila, and farming land in the richest valleys of Luzon. In 1804 a decree ordered every Chinese shopkeeper in Manila to leave within eight days; those who disobeyed were to be kept in irons in prison for two or three years. Yet, in 1819, there were enough of them on the islands to be accused of causing the cholera by poisoning the wells; and another grand massacre took place, much to the contentment of the hoodlum element.

After this, however, the Spaniards appeared to abandon the policy of exclusion as impracticable, and to have contented themselves with discriminating against the Chinese in the matter of taxation. Nearly all the retail trade of Manila is in Chinese hands. So are half the export trade and three-fourths of the trade in European imported goods. Chinamen pay licenses and imports from which Spaniards are exempt, but such are their acuteness and industry that even with these burthens they take every profitable branch of business out of the hands of the lazy, easy-going, thick-witted, cigar-smoking, spirit-drinking Castilians.

Some time after the middle of the nineteenth century the pressure for existence in China became so severe that there was an exodus of people from the Southern Provinces. The hungry exiles made landings wherever they could. Two hundred thousand settled in Peru and Chile, a hundred and fifty thousand in Cuba, about as many in the United States, some fifty thousand in Australia, a few thousand in Calcutta, fifty thousand on new points in the Malay Peninsula, nearly as many at Rangoon, ten or fifteen thousand in the Hawaiian Islands, and perhaps fifteen thousand in Canada. The emigration roused fierce opposition from the working-class in English-speaking countries. The Irish, especially, found it impossible to compete with the sober, industrious and thrifty Chinaman; they demanded legislative protection, just as three hundred years ago the English workmen required Parliament to grant them protection against the Flemish weavers and potters, and a hundred and fifty years ago the lazy, stupid Spanish peasants declared they could not make a living so long as the Moriscoes remained in the country. The first Chinese Exclusion Act was passed by the Colony of Victoria in 1857, to keep the Chinese out of the mines, which Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen purposed to monopolize. A few years later, Chinamen landing in New South Wales were compelled to pay £10 each as head money.

In California jealousy of the Chinese had not developed in the fifties, but it was chiefly confined to ignorant and greedy miners and did not spread to the community at large. In 1868 the Burlingame Treaty was applauded in San Francisco as a harbinger of a new era of prosperity based on Chinese immigration. But the collapse of the Nevada mines in 1878 threw thousands of men out of employment, and they allowed themselves to be deluded by demagogues into the belief that their woes were caused by Chinese competition. The result was that, in order to please the Pacific Coast, Congress followed the example as shown in the Philippines, and began to pass exclusion acts which culminated in the shameful Scott Act of 1888. In the same year, 1888, the Australian Colonies, by concert of action, raised the import duty on Chinamen to £100 a head. In both cases the remedies proved effectual. The immigration of Chinamen into the United States and into Australia practically ceased.

By a curious coincidence the stoppage of Chinese emigration to Australia preceded only by a year or so the beginning of the money depression which has given the Colonies such a set-back. In 1890 business of all kinds was paralyzed by strikes, which were caused by a general reduction

in the demand for labor. Sydney was crippled by strikes in which dock-laborers and sheep-shearers took part. In Victoria, there was a collapse in the real estate market, which threw members of the building trades out of work and led to strikes among masons, carpenters and bricklayers. Their example was followed by bakers and shoemakers. The year 1891 witnessed a prolonged and disastrous struggle between workmen and employers; every trade was involved, with the coal- and gold-miners at the head, and peace was not restored until the military were called out. Meanwhile the parks of Sydney and Melbourne were full of hungry men clamoring for work, which did not exist. As happened here in 1878–'9, a workingman's party was organized to carry agrarian measures through the legislature. In 1892 commercial depression overtook one province after another. England refused to advance more money to communities which appeared to be ruled by Jack Cade, and the consequence of this was a wholesale collapse of the building societies and failures of banks without number. There was a deficit of $6,000,000 in the revenue of the prosperous colony of Victoria. As to the merchants, few of them could tell whether they were solvent or insolvent, and of course they were unable to supply work to the laboring class. Australia is now painfully struggling to get on its feet again; it is admitted that it will be years before it is again what it once was, a paradise for workmen.

But in the eighties the example of the English-speaking communities was contagious. Among the Spanish-American countries, Colombia and Costa Rica passed Chinese exclusion acts, which, however, have been a dead letter.

British Columbia occupied different ground. A number of Chinamen had been imported to work on the Canadian Pacific. The labor unions protested against their presence, and they exercised such sway over the provincial legislature that it memorialized the Dominion Parliament to exclude the Chinese. A committee was appointed at Ottawa, consisting of Secretary Chaplean and Judge Gray, to examine the question. On their report a poll-tax of fifty dollars was levied on each Chinaman arriving in the Province and a limit was set to the number who could be imported in each steamer. It did not occur to the British Columbians that they were sacrificing the interest of their Province to appease the clamor of a few ignorant workmen—chiefly foreigners—banded together in labor unions. If no impediment had been thrown in the way of Chinese immigration, a formidable rival to San Francisco might have been built up on Fuca Strait and the Province might soon have exceeded in population, wealth and importance the maritime provinces on the Atlantic. The very workmen who howled for Chinese exclusion, and who are now complaining that they can get only four days work a week and those at starvation wages, might have found steady employment at fair pay. As it is, the fifty-dollars poll-tax does not exclude—the census of 1891 showed 9,127 Chinamen in the thinly peopled Province of British Columbia; but the tax operates as a bar to the growth of Victoria.

Thus we come to the last step in this Chinese controversy — the denial by the Hawaiian Chinese of the right of the upstart missionary government to exclude them. It is not easy to predict what will follow. China has been such a patient, long-suffering country that no one expects it to resent outrage or insult. But this is a world of change. It used to be said before the war that the North could not be kicked into fighting; but when it did fight, it fought for a funeral. The rabble of the Sandlot stone Chinamen with impunity, and shallow observers have hence formed a mean opinion of Chinese courage. That opinion is not shared by the Frenchmen who met them in battle in Tonquin. It was not acquiesced in by the late General Irwin McDowell, who wrote: "The Chinaman meets death with an indifference and courage to which a European is a stranger. Many of them are descendants of the fierce, whirlwind Tartars of Jenghiz Khan. They now, under European training, make better soldiers than any other of the Asiatics." They are fatalists, like the Arabs. They throw away their lives in fight with perfect recklessness. After a battle the prisoners submit to the customary decapitation without a whimper. It is over thirty years since the French

made their landing in Tonquin with a flourish of trumpets, predicting that they would soon be knocking at the back door of Canton. They never got a sight of Chinese soil and they are now seeking a less formidable opponent in Siam. In 1884, the French sent powerful fleets and armies under competent leaders to the coast of China. They made one landing on the island of Formosa and it required consummate skill on the part of the General commanding to reimbark the shattered remains of his army.

Like the Emperor of Germany the Emperor of China is a young man; he has been carefully educated and is probably ambitious. He comes of the race of Jenghiz Khan. For thirty years his ministry has been slowly building up for him an army and a navy which are largely officered by Englishmen, Germans and Americans. They are armed with the latest improved weapons. The Emperor has the command of such vast resources that he could lose half a million men in a campaign without impairing his fighting strength. Is it not within the range of possibility that this young man might follow his recent edict permitting the expatriation of Chinese with notice to the world that nations will hereafter discriminate against Chinamen at their risks and perils—especially as the challenge would afford China an opportunity of testing the value of the army and the navy on which the Empire is spending so much money?

Suppose the Emperor should send an envoy and a fleet to Honolulu with a polite request to the missionary government that it forthwith repeal all laws discriminating against Chinese as compared with other nationalities. The Rev. Mr. Dole would of course appeal to this country for protection on the pathetic ground taken by his confederate Stevens that the Islands are the vanguard of Christianity and, likewise, on the more practical ground that his Exclusion Act is copied from the United States statute book. What answer would we make? The filibuster element and the barroom brigade would of course clamor for war. But would conscientious and honorable Americans consent to embark the country in a war to maintain the right of white men to deprive Chinamen of all rights? Would not such a new departure tread rather too closely on the heels of the ratification of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments?

The idea of a war between China and the United States seems absurd; but absurd things sometimes happen. If a diplomatic controversy should arise over our right to interfere in a dispute between China and Hawaii, accidents might occur. Officers are sometimes reckless. One bitter word leads to another. The Chinese would be anxious to try the range of their guns, and our young West Pointers would hunger to show their mettle. Between them we might find ourselves drifting into a war in which we could not possibly gain anything, and which might cost us a town or two on the Pacific. The gentlemen of the anti-Chinese persuasion in the press and on the stump would of course spring to the front to glut their ire on the mangled corpses of heathen Chinese; but it might strain their bank accounts to foot the bills for the works of defence which our cities would have to undertake even if no actual war broke out. The contingency of war with China seems remote, but it is not as improbable as the Civil War seemed in 1856. Men are the same all the world over. What old Shylock said of the Jews might be said by the Chinese: "If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

The time has passed to discuss the right of a nation to exclude foreigners from its soil. Rightly or wrongly, the Supreme Court has settled the question; henceforth, if a foreigner tries to settle on forbidden ground he must come with bow and brand. But the policy of Chinese exclusion is still debatable, and after a dozen years of actual experience we ought to be able to discuss it with more light than the anti-Chinese of the early eighties enjoyed.

It is interesting to note how few of the prophecies of those days have been confirmed. The authors of the first Restriction Acts confidently predicted that the exclusion of Chinamen would lead to an active immigration of Eastern and European peasants to work in the orchards and vineyards of this State. They said it was the presence of the cheap-labor Mongol which kept out

the labor that was developing Iowa and Kansas and Minnesota. In fact Chinese exclusion has not been followed by any remarkable increase of Eastern or European migration. There has always been a stream of white immigration to this State, but it did not swell materially after 1880. In the decade 1880–90 Nebraska more than doubled her population, Minnesota nearly doubled hers, the Dakotas nearly quadrupled theirs, while California increased hers from 864,697 to 1,208,130.

In an article written in 1880, the late Senator John F. Miller spoke of the irrepressible conflict between Christian and Chinese civilization on this coast, and predicted that it would end "in the displacement or extinction of one or the other." This is precisely the argument which Philip the Second used to justify the Spanish Inquisition. As Philip declared there could not be two churches, so Miller was sure there could not be two civilizations. If the Spanish monarch had lived to the present day he would have been amazed to see Protestantism and Catholicism thriving side by side in the Netherlands, and the Senator from California, were he still in the flesh, would have to confess that, fourteen years after he wrote, neither civilization had made any inroads upon the other. John Chinaman is just the same old John Chinaman that used to work in the diggings, and neither the doctrine of Confucius nor the use of chopsticks has been engrafted upon our life. It is noticed that, unlike the race to which we belong, the Chinese never meddle with the religion or the politics of the countries to which they migrate. They do not ask for votes; they make no proselytes; they go about their business unobtrusively, earn and save all the money they can, and, when they do not lose it at tan, take it home to spend in their old age in the Flowery Land. In the Philippine Isles where they have had a foothold off and on for three centuries, in Java where they have lived for two centuries, in this country and in Australia where they have been half a century, they have never spoken a word or taken a step which was calculated to bring the two forms of civilization into conflict. They are content with theirs and they never object to ours.

It is distressing to remember that Senators Miller and Sargent set the example to the small-fry demagogues who succeeded them of buttressing their anti-Chinese argument with statements-of-fact which would not bear scrutiny. Mr. Miller affected to be appalled at San Francisco's Chinatown with "its hideous gods, its opium dens, its slimy dungeons and its concentrated nastiness," yet the health rate of this dreadful place is higher than that of any other part of the city. He said that the Chinese gladly work for three dollars a month—wages on which a white man would starve. So Senator Sargent assured his colleagues in the Senate that the "Chinese will work for wages which would not support a white laborer." Both these gentlemen should have known that the Chinese both in city and country have always insisted on the market rate of wages and will drive as hard a bargain with employers as the keenest German or Yankee.

Senator Miller professed to be shocked at a race in which "not a trace of nor a substitute for a moral sense or a conscience ever appears." The Senator was an educated man; he surely knew that the philosophy of Confucius and his disciples has been pronounced superior to that of the Greeks and Romans and almost on a par with that of Christ. It is indeed a curious coincidence that five hundred years before the Savior pronounced the words: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," Confucius being asked for a single rule of life, answered: "Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you." According to the late Senator Miller, this was an expression of a faith "without a trace of a moral sense."

The misfortune of these utterances was that they set an example to the rabble of the political world, who, in the press and on the stump, have carefully fomented the prejudices of the ignorant against the Chinese. If the Senators from California had been better informed, or less time serving, some members of the press would have found courage to refuse to truckle to the Sandlot, and the people would not have voted by 154,638 to 883 that Chinamen could have no part or lot in California. There has, however, been a change of late years, and for

the better. The domination of the sandlot is not as obvious as it was. Intelligence seems to be spreading even in political circles, where it has been a tradition that whatever other opinions a man professed he must not swerve from his prejudice against the Chinese. It has been remarked that no conspicuous apostle of anti-Chinese prejudice has been a favorite at recent conventions. Mr. Geary thought his bill would make his nomination for Governor sure; he is not even mentioned for the place. It is felt that the Geary Act is too heavy a load to carry. Governor Markham went before the people with a record as an employer of Chinamen in preference to Irishmen; he beat Pond, who was orthodox in the Californian sense, by 7,945 votes. Cleveland went out of his way to drive the Scott law through Congress and hardly drew breath till he signed it, while Harrison had very reluctantly consented to vote for the original bills for Chinese exclusion: yet Harrison carried California by 13,207 votes over Cleveland. It is not to be assumed that these votes meant nothing; if they meant anything, it was that, in the language of the late George Hearst, who had more hard horse sense than many of his critics, Californians were getting a little tired of this perpetual beating of the tom-tom against the Chinamen, and that they reckoned a few more of them would do the State no harm.

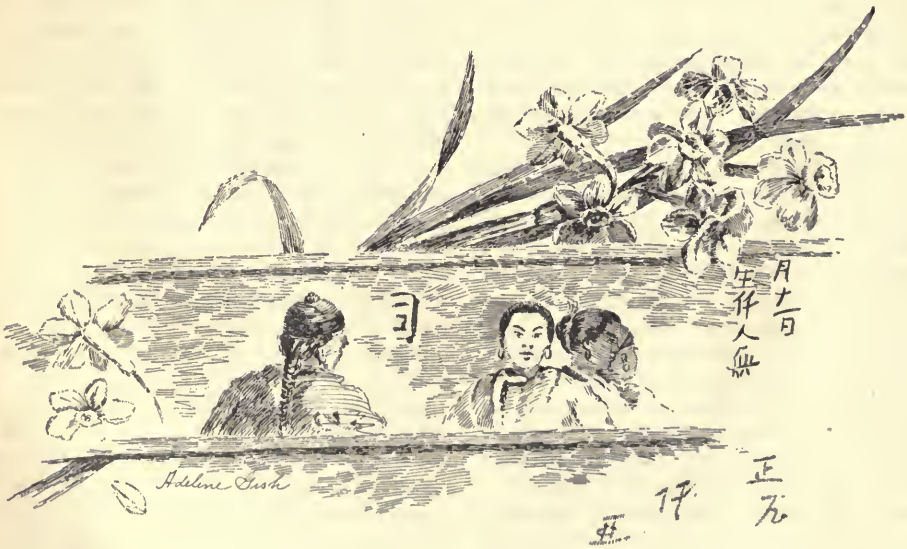
Three or four years ago the *Examiner* newspaper had the exceedingly bright idea of sounding the planters of the southern counties on the subject of Chinese labor. Circular letters were addressed to them, begging the favor of a frank opinion on the subject. Several score replies were received. Almost without exception the planters declared that they were in favor of the repeal of the Restriction Act and of the readmission of Chinamen under proper limitations. They said that the only white labor they could obtain was unreliable and unsatisfactory. Germans, Irishmen, Portuguese, Spaniards would not put in a full day's work in the fierce sun; many of them knocked off at noon; others got drunk and lost two or three days in the week; some stole; and even with these defects the supply of them was below the demand. Chinamen were just the laborers the ranchers wanted. They drove a hard bargain for wages, but the bargain once made they lived up to it and gave no trouble. They worked faithfully and were generally honest and intelligent. They lived by themselves in their Chinese huts, prepared their own food, and had no wants except a supply of water for washing, on which they insisted. The planters, generally, agreed that, if the supply of Chinamen were not reopened, the limit of fruit production had been reached in Southern California. As it was, large quantities of plums, prunes, peaches, apricots, oranges and lemons were lost every year for want of an adequate supply of labor in the picking season, and when the new orchards came into bearing the loss would be still larger. It appeared that the resource on which other countries rely, the labor of boys and girls, is not available in this State. Our growing youths will not work all day in an orchard under the broiling sun. They say they cannot. Such work can only be satisfactorily accomplished by Chinamen or negroes.

If the *Examiner* had persevered in the purpose it must have had in view when the circulars were issued, it might, perhaps, by this time have effected a revolution in public sentiment on the Chinese question. By dint of hammering solid truths into the public head, a vigorous and intelligent newspaper may change many minds. But there were two classes to which the discussion was unpalatable: the politicians, who discerned a possible loss of their battle horse, and the labor unions, which shivered at the thought of open square competition with industrious Chinamen not addicted to whiskey or beer. These two classes brought influence to bear, and the newspaper was muzzled.

The Chinese problem is, in fact, the old conflict between the labor organizations and society. The labor organizations are opposed to the admission of Chinamen, as they would be opposed to the labor of Irishmen, or Germans or Scandinavians if there was any likelihood of these coming in such numbers as to disturb the scales of wages fixed by the unions. They regard the Exclusion Act as their only safeguard against cheap labor. Therefore they insist that it shall be

maintained, and all the small-fry politicians and newspapers which look to the members of unions for votes or support abound in their sense and proclaim that the Chinaman is a heathen, an opium smoker, a gambler or deceiving knave and a vile wretch. In point of fact, the unions are as wrong-headed as usual. Run as they are by members of the community who are not conspicuous for intelligence, they arrive at wrong conclusions on most subjects, and this is not an exception. It does not dawn upon them that the society which supports them derives its means to do so from the productive capacity of the State, and as this productive capacity is measured by its supply of available—that is to say Chinese—labor, a reduction of Chinese labor will sooner or later take the bread out of the mouth of the white mechanic. San Francisco is only able to support tailors, and shoemakers, and masons, and carpenters, and painters, and plumbers, and iron-workers, and car-drivers, and hostlers and paviors, because it is the distributing market for the raisins, and oranges, and green fruit, and wine, and honey, and wool, and gold, and wheat and barley of the interior. If the supply of these various products were cut off the city would not support white mechanics at all; if the supply be reduced the number of mechanics whom it can maintain will have to be correspondingly curtailed. If the trades unions had a sound appreciation of their own interests they would agitate for the repeal of the Exclusion Act, so as to increase the volume of products which the State can output and to swell the demand for such labor as they furnish. But they will need more education before they are prepared for any such step as that.

JOHN BONNER.



A RETREAT.[1]

THE nomination, promptly followed by the confirmation, of Senator White of Louisiana for the vacancy on the Supreme Bench caused by the death of Justice Blatchford was a surprise to President Cleveland's friends as well as to his opponents. It was a surprise not only because a place on that bench, for which there was good reason to think that a jurist conversant with the laws and the practice of New York should have been selected, was given to a lawyer from a far-away Southern State, but mainly because it was believed that Mr. Cleveland, whose courageous firmness for what he considered right, had, more than any other of his qualities, won for him popular confidence and regard, would, when he had once convinced himself of the rightfulness of a certain line of conduct, resolutely stand by that conviction, no matter what opposition he might find in his path.

President Cleveland first selected Mr. Hornblower for the vacant place on the Supreme Bench, as a New York lawyer of marked ability, solid acquirements, excellent standing, and a moral sense which had proved itself capable of rising above an unscrupulous party spirit. When in the Senate the confirmation of Mr. Hornblower was contested by Senator Hill on the ground that Mr. Hornblower was personally offensive to him, and this because Mr. Hornblower had taken a prominent part in exposing the criminal conduct of one of Senator Hill's henchmen, and still more when Senator Hill thus succeeded in bringing about Mr. Hornblower's rejection, the matter assumed a new aspect. That it would be proper to fill the vacancy in the Supreme Court with a lawyer from New York was generally conceded; but Senator Hill substantially declared that no New York lawyer who had actively opposed the elevation of a criminal to the court of last resort in the State of New York should be permitted to become a member of the United States Supreme Court, and he relied upon the courtesy of the Senate to sustain this decree of disqualification. Then the question before the President was not merely how to find a proper man for the vacancy in the Supreme Court, but whether so outrageous a presumption by a Senator should directly or indirectly be submitted to by the President of the United States in making his choice.

That President Cleveland understood this to be the question confronting him he plainly manifested by the nomination of Mr. Peckham after Hornblower's rejection. So it was understood not only by him, but by the American people, and it may be said without exaggeration, that the public opinion of the country as expressed through its organs, was, regardless of party, overwhelmingly on the President's side. The action of the President in nominating Mr. Peckham was not looked upon as on his part a mere fight of one political faction against another, in which a high judicial office was used as a club, but it was esteemed as a proper, a dignified, and even a necessary assertion of his constitutional power against a most insolent and revolting attempt to exclude from such office men of high character on the very ground that by vigorous opposition to political immorality they had shown themselves worthy of public confidence.

The rejection of Mr. Peckham by a combination of the meanest Republican partisanship with the meanest Democratic partisanship in the Senate left the question in an aggravated shape. Senator Hill had succeeded for the second time in enforcing his decree of disqualification. He had made it known in the case of Peckham, as in the case of Hornblower, that he might permit anybody else to be confirmed, but a man who had helped in defeating the election of a criminal to the highest court in New York should never be a member of the Federal Supreme Court. There was, therefore, no change in the situation and in its requirements, but there was a change in the attitude of the President. He nominated a man who had not helped in defeating the election of a criminal to the highest court in New York, and thus he permitted Senator Hill to make good his proclamation. Senator Hill has lost no time in triumphantly advising the public that he understood it so. In the remarks he made seconding the motion to confirm the nomination of Mr. White, which he has taken care

[1]From Harper's Weekly.

to spread ostentatiously before the country, he laid significant stress upon Mr. White's qualifications. "He is offensive to no one," said he. "He has not been involved in any factious dissensions. He has not antagonized any regular Democratic organization." The meaning of this is clear. Had Mr. White ever opposed the election of the blackest scoundrel nominated for a judgeship by the "regular Democratic organization," especially a henchman of Mr. Hill, he would have been disqualified for the Supreme Bench. And Senator Hill proudly added that the action taken by the Senators from New York in demanding the rejection of Hornblower and Peckham "was impelled by their self-respect and their loyalty to the regular Democratic organization to which they belonged"—that is, the organization which nominated Maynard.

Senator Hill has carried his point. His decree of disqualification stands. Every New York Democrat who has been active in keeping a regularly nominated criminal out of the Court of Appeals will be considered as lacking the most essential qualification for high public trust under the Federal Government. Senator Hill was no doubt agreeably surprised when the President so easily succumbed. Mr. Cleveland's friends were also surprised, but not agreeably. They think that if he was not sure of being able to carry through such a contest to the finish he should not have begun it. They attach all the weight it deserves to the consideration that if the Supreme Court had been kept incomplete much longer, important interests might have suffered; but, on the other hand, they cannot forget that the great interest of political morals in our Government, which suffers by such a surrender, is vastly more important than any interest that could have been prejudiced by further delay. Moreover, it is certain that public opinion was fully prepared to see the President pursue his righteous course with undaunted steadfastness. There would have been no impatient call for a surrender. And it is more than probable that the intriguers in the Senate would soon have grown tired of the struggle under the weight of popular condemnation. The surrender came without the slightest necessity, and it is especially deplorable at a time when, following the crushing defeat of Maynard, the hand of justice at last falls heavily upon the violators of the purity of the ballot-box in this State, and thus solemnly confirms the popular verdict. A retreat under such circumstances is a public misfortune.

As to Mr. White, he is no doubt worthy of the trust confided to him. His public career shows him to be a man of uncommon ability, large acquirements, high character, and patriotic aspirations. He may be expected to do honor to the court of which he is to be a member; but the very excellence of his record, especially his attitude of manly independence as against clamorous demagogy in his own State, with regard to the silver question and the anti-option bill, makes us regret that he has been taken out of the Senate. That body is at present so woefully deficient in talent and character that a man of his calibre cannot well be spared. The presence of such a Southern man in that body was peculiarly important. In withdrawing from the Senate Mr. Carlisle, the natural leader on the tariff question, the President made a dangerous experiment. We do not deem it improbable that this second dismantling of the Democratic strength in the Senate, especially the Southern part of it, will become to the President as well as to the country a matter of keen regret.

FACTS ABOUT CONSUMPTION.[1]

There exists a very strong popular belief in the hereditary character of tuberculosis. The minds of most people have been impregnated with this idea from earliest childhood. It is, however, a belief entirely without scientific proof. While it cannot be denied that there is a possibility, in the rarest instances, of direct transmission at birth, yet the evidence of this having ever occurred in the human being is exceedingly doubtful. In families where the disease is supposed to be inherited, it does not appear in the offspring soon after birth, but only after several months, or, more commonly, after many years. Parents do not transmit the disease itself to their children, but they may transmit a constitution which is particularly susceptible to this kind of infec-

[1] Hermann M. Biggs in Forum for February, 1894.

tion. This inherited susceptibility simply renders the individual a more easy prey to the germs when once they have gained entrance.

The frequent occurrence of several cases of pulmonary tuberculosis in a family is, then, to be explained, not on the supposition that the disease itself has been inherited; but that it has been produced after birth by direct transmission from some affected individual. Where the parents suffer from tuberculosis, the children, from the earliest moments of life, are exposed to the disease under the most favorable conditions for its transmission, for not only is the dust of the house likely to contain the bacilli, but the relations also between parents and children, especially between mother and child, are of that close and intimate nature especially favorable for the transmission by direct contact.

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A vast amount of evidence can now be adduced to show that consumption is comparatively rare among those who live an outdoor life under normal and healthy conditions, while, on the other hand, it becomes more and more common among those whose occupations involve prolonged confinement in a more or less vitiated atmosphere. Mortality tables showing the percentage of deaths from consumption in 1,000 deaths from all causes in persons pursuing different occupations, show the influence of occupation and confinement in a vitiated atmosphere in the production of this disease. For every 1,000 deaths from all causes, 103 farmers die of pulmonary tuberculosis, 108 fishermen, 121 gardeners, 122 agricultural laborers, 167 grocers, while among tailors the mortality rises to 290, and among drapers to 301. Out of every 1,000 deaths among printers and compositors, 461 — or nearly 50 per cent of all—result from consumption. Finally, it is said that among the Cornish miners more than 600 out of every 1,000 die of this disease. The mortality is highest in those occupations which involve confinement in an atmosphere in which are suspended fine particles of dust of some kind. These particles of dust set up inflammatory affections in the bronchi and lungs, and thus a susceptibility to the disease is created. Confinement indoors, in badly ventilated apartments, with many fellow-workmen, some of whom almost certainly have tuberculosis, involves constant exposure to infection. The air of the workrooms becomes infected by the dust from dried and pulverized tubercular sputum which has been discharged upon the floor; and the tubercle bacilli which are thus inhaled find everywhere a fertile soil for their development. Epidemics of tuberculosis have been reported in factories as the result of such direct transmission from some employés who were suffering from the disease, to others. In the municipal electrical works in Paris, Arthaud found that 32 workmen out of 38 employed were tuberculous. Four of these cases were of long-standing and had apparently infected the others; at least 23 had contracted the disease after entering the factory.

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THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING.

This applies to Floral matters as well as to matters culinary.

Ballinger, Texas, Nov. 29.

The GOOD & REESE CO., Springfield, O. Gentlemen: The 20 ever blooming roses you sent me for $1. arrived yesterday in the most splendid condition, and allow me to say that I was absolutely surprised at the size of the stalks and the amount, length and thriftiness of the roots. I have wondered many times how you could afford to send out such roses for such a small price. Every home in the land should have their yard full of ever blooming roses at this price.

Yours.
(Judge) C. H. WILLINGHAM.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 20, 1893.

The GOOD & REESE CO., Springfield, O. Gentlemen: I wish to thank you for the excellent assortment of roses contained in your Rainbow Collection. On May 3, I planted them, 19 of them lived. About six of them bloomed in June, since which all have bloomed either monthly or perpetual, true to their color. On Sept. 1, I counted 106 buds and blooms on the 19 roses. They were much admired by my friends and neighbors, and allow me to thank you for furnishing this source of pleasure so cheaply.

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We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 12 Hardy Roses, all different colors, $1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, $1. 16 Geraniums, double and single, flowered and scented, $1. 12 choice Begonias, different kinds, $1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, $1. Our handsome, illustrated, 152-page Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10c. stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices. **WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.** We have large two year old **Roses for immediate effect. Liberal Premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our sales of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half.** When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. Try us. Address

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AT EVEN-SONG.

If I could call you back for one brief hour,
It is at even-song that hour should be,
When bells are chiming from an old gray tower
Across the tranquil sea.

Just when the fields are sweet and cool with dew,
Just when the last gold lingers in the west,
Would I recall you to the world you knew
Before you went to rest.

And where the starry jasmine hides the wall
We two would stand together once again.
I know your patience—I would tell you all
My tale of love and pain.

And you would listen, with your tender smile,
Tracing the lines upon my tear-worn face,
And finding, even for a little while,
Our earth a weary place.

Only one little hour. And then once more
The bitter word, farewell, beset with fears
And all my pathway darkened, as before,
With shades of lonely years.

Far better, dear, that you, unfelt, unseen,
Should hover near me in the quiet air
And draw my spirit through this mortal screen
Your higher life to share.

I would not call you back, and yet—ah, me!—
Faith is so weak and human love so strong
That sweet it seems to think of what might be
This hour at even-song.

—*New York Ledger.*

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[From the water-color by Mariano Fortuny, in the Gallery of Mr. J. Wilson, Paris.]

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Leave Los Angeles for Pasadena.	Leave Pasadena for Los Angeles.
6 35 a. m. Ex. Sun.	7 15 a. m. Ex. Sun.
7 10 a. m.	8 05 a. m.
8 00 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
9 00 a. m.	10 35 a. m.
10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
1 25 p. m.	2 05 p. m.
2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 25 p. m.
5 20 p. m.	7 05 p. m.
6 20 p. m.	9 30 p. m.
11 00 p. m.	11 45 p. m.

Leave Los Angeles for Altadena.	Leave Altadena for Los Angeles.
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5 25 p. m.	4 00 p. m.

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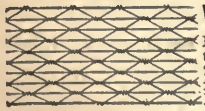

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