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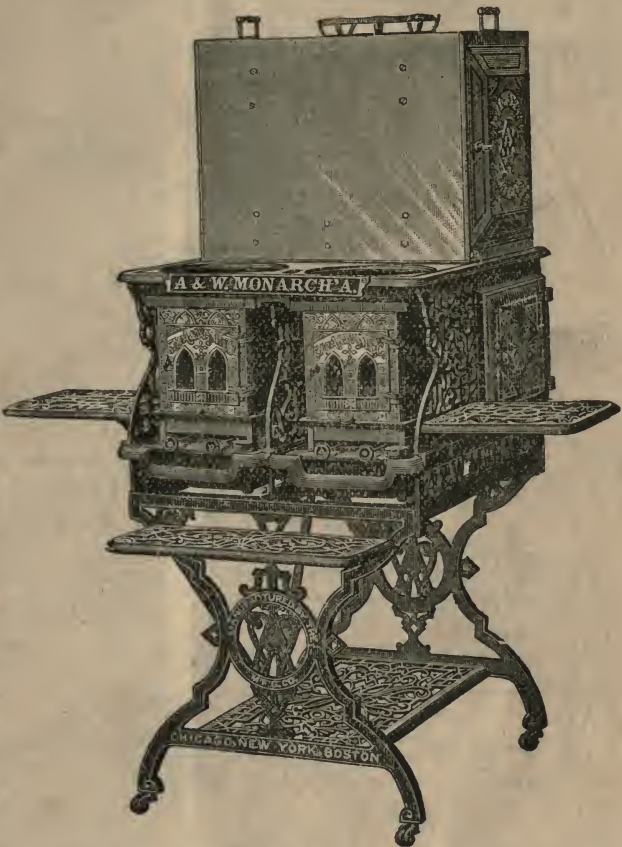
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TIME SCHEDULE, THURSDAY, APR. 24, '84

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LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
8.00 A.M.	Benicia	6.40 P.M.
3.00 P.M.	"	7.40 A.M.
4.00 P.M.	"	10.10 A.M.
8.00 A.M.	Byron and Martinez	6.40 P.M.
9.30 A.M.	"	12.10 P.M.
3.00 P.M.	"	9.10 A.M.
8.00 A.M.	Callistoga and Napa	10.10 A.M.
4.00 P.M.	"	6.40 P.M.
8.00 A.M.	Colfax	5.40 P.M.
3.00 P.M.	"	7.40 A.M.
3.30 P.M.	{ Deming, El Paso } Express	9.10 A.M.
4.30 P.M.	{ and East. } Emigrant.	7.10 A.M.
7.30 A.M.	{ Galt and } via Livermore	5.40 A.M.
7.30 P.M.	{ Stockton } via Martinez	12.10 P.M.
7.30 A.M.	Ione	5.40 P.M.
4.00 P.M.	Knight's Landing	10.10 A.M.
3.30 P.M.	Los Angeles and South	9.10 A.M.
7.30 A.M.	Livermore and Pleasanton	5.40 P.M.
5.00 P.M.	"	8.40 A.M.
9.30 A.M.	{ Merced, Madera, } Express	12.10 P.M.
3.30 P.M.	{ Fresno and Tulare. }	9.10 A.M.
3.00 A.M.	Marysville and Chico	5.40 P.M.
3.30 P.M.	{ Mojave, Needles } Express	9.10 A.M.
4.30 P.M.	{ and East. } Emig't.	7.10 A.M.
7.30 A.M.	Niles and Haywards	5.40 P.M.
10.00 A.M.	"	3.40 P.M.
3.00 P.M.	"	9.40 A.M.
5.00 P.M.	"	8.40 A.M.
3.00 P.M.	{ Ogden and } Express	7.40 A.M.
8.00 P.M.	{ East. } Emigrant	11.40 A.M.
8.00 A.M.	{ Red Bluff } via Marysville	5.40 P.M.
8.00 A.M.	{ and Tehama } via Woodland	6.40 P.M.
8.00 A.M.	Redding	5.40 P.M.
7.30 A.M.	Sacramento, via Livermore	5.40 P.M.
8.00 A.M.	" via Benicia	6.40 P.M.
3.00 P.M.	" via Benicia	7.40 A.M.
4.00 P.M.	" via Benicia	10.10 A.M.
7.00 P.M.	Sacramento River Steamers	6.00 A.M.
4.30 P.M.	San Jose	3.40 P.M.
10.00 A.M.	"	3.40 P.M.
3.00 P.M.	"	9.40 A.M.
8.00 A.M.	Vallejo	6.40 P.M.
9.30 A.M.	"	12.10 P.M.
3.00 P.M.	"	9.10 A.M.
4.00 P.M.	"	10.10 A.M.
3.00 P.M.	Virginia City	7.40 A.M.
8.00 A.M.	Woodland	6.40 P.M.
4.00 P.M.	"	10.10 A.M.

Train leaving San Francisco at 7.00 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from Ogden at Oakland Pier; and that leaving at 8.30 A.M. can meet Pacific Express from the Needles and El Paso at Oakland Pier.
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LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

From "SAN FRANCISCO," Daily.

EAST OAKLAND	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.
TO FRUIT VALE	*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *9.00, *9.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *6.30, 9.00.
TO FRUIT VALE (VIA ALAMEDA)	*9.30, 6.30, 11.00, *12.00.
TO ALAMEDA	*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.
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To "SAN FRANCISCO," Daily.

FROM FRUIT VALE	*6.23, *6.53, *7.23, *7.53, *8.23, *8.53, *9.23, *10.21, *4.23, *4.53, *5.23, *5.53, *6.23, *6.53, 7.25, 9.50.
FROM FRUIT VALE (VIA ALAMEDA)	*5.15, *5.45, 16.45, 9.15, *9.15.
FROM EAST OAKLAND	*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.
FROM BROADWAY, OAKLAND	*5.37, *6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 7.37, 8.07, 8.37, 9.07, 9.37, 10.07, 10.37, 11.07, 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07, 5.37, 6.07, 6.37, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.
FROM ALAMEDA	*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, *10.22, 10.52, *11.22, 11.52, *12.22, 12.52, *11.22, 1.52, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.22, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.
FROM BERKELEY	*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, 19.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.
FROM WEST BERKELEY	*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, 19.15, 9.45, 10.45, 11.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO	*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.
FROM OAKLAND	*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

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VOL. XXXII.

JUNE, 1884.

No. 2.

ALMOST A NOVEL.

"Carl," said I, "let us write a novel."

"Very well, let us," he returned, absently, sketching the ink-stand on a half-finished letter of mine which I had just thrown aside.

"Yes, but I am in earnest. You said Winston Thorncroft's was trash, yet it succeeded. Why shouldn't ours?"

"Ours would not be trash, and would therefore fall perfectly flat. The age of novel-reading is passing——"

"Why, Carl, I thought it was in full vigor!" I pouted.

"Don't interrupt me, I beg——is passing. People who aspire to be thought cultured always state that they never read novels——"

"But I don't believe them——do you?"

"Don't interrupt me, I beg——read novels, and people who admit a fondness for fiction require the most absolute rubbish to interest them——something very like arrow-root flavored with cayenne pepper."

"Have you really paused? '*Fermez les guillemets*,' as Mademoiselle Le Brun says to her dictation class. Hear me develop my plan. Let us write a novel so brutally commonplace that all the would-be cultured shall say: 'Here is perfect art! George Eliot's rival is in the field of letters! Can't you fairly see the notices?'"

"Can't say I do. I see some mature student quoting '*Non Di, non homines non concessere columnas*' at us. Let us, on the contrary, write such a sensational affair as shall melt the very type it's set up in with fervent heat. Let all the reviews raise a howl: 'Crime made attractive! Passion deified! A dangerous book!' and the *Critic on the Hearth* say that too much Ouida, Lawrence, and *New York Ledger* have evidently half-crazed this author, who is clearly very young, and not to put too fine an edge upon it, green, but whose work it is folly seriously to analyze, as the assured

failure of the book will effectually cure him of his *caecities scribendi*."

"Did you ever write book-notices, Carl?" I inquired:

"Oh, yes," he replies, in that delicious, indescribable tone men use when you ask them about their own adventures.

"Then write the wildly sensational part of a novel, and I will write the brutally commonplace, and we will combine them and astonish the world."

"Like the man in *Pickwick*, who looked for 'Chinese'-under C, and 'Metaphysics' under M, in his encyclopedia, and combined his information in a newspaper article, which he called 'Chinese Metaphysics,'"

"Like the principal men of a village, who laid their heads together to make a wooden sidewalk."

"Like the boy whose mother said of him that he had made a violin out of his own head, and had wood enough left to make another."

"Carl, will you write a novel?"

"My dear child, I couldn't do such a thing, possibly."

Blushes are in order at the appellation. Carl being only a cousin. I bend my face lower over the table, which I am industriously scoring with a hard, sharp lead-pencil.

"Write about all your love affairs, past, present, and to be," I suggest.

"I never had but one love affair, and I shall never have another," he remarks gravely, looking at me, as I feel, but will not see.

This remark restores my balance, for I know well enough that he is thinking of my lovely sister Etta, who died seven long years ago. He killed her, to be sure, with his injustice and neglect. They parted in anger, he rushed abroad, she faded and died. Some one wrote for him, and he

hastened home, but he came too late. He showed then that he had loved her well, for a dark change came over him. He had been a wild, passionate, adventurous man. Possessing one of those fortunes which, not to speak it profanely, are too much for one and not enough for two, he had worked the mine of his youth to the last vein of the ore. Whether he was content I know not. Many ladies refused to invite him to their houses, many more wished him to marry their daughters. I, when a child, while he was my sister's lover, adored him from a distance, but in a sufficiently original way. I endeavored to resemble him. It was the sorrow of my heart that I was not a boy, and, with some little attention to costume, and my dark hair parted on the side, I contrived to present a sufficiently masculine appearance, but small similarity to Carl's keen Greek face, with its thin, fine upper lip, heavy, feverish lower one, and long, dark-blue eyes, piercing as an eagle's, resolute as a general's. The round and gipsy contour of my face could not even be starved into the long, sharp outline of his. The sudden, darkly-shadowed hollows in his cheeks remained my admiration and my despair.

The change in my cousin of which I have spoken was not to cynicism, or rudeness, or rapt gazing—he became simply impenetrable. He ate and drank, read, walked and talked, as formerly, but the subtle something, the zest of all of life was gone, or struck dead, and the corpse of it kept his heart cold where it lay. He had buried himself in Europe after Etta's death, and in those years of his exile our misfortunes had fallen upon us. My father failed, and died, leaving us much worse than penniless—deeply in debt. By the advice of friends, my mother took boarders; and, one day, to our amazement, Carl came in, and announced his intention of making America his home thenceforth, and of taking rooms in my mother's house. I rather fancy that he paid our out-standing debts, for my mother, who had never greatly admired him, always spoke of him after his second return with a kind of expiatory self-reproach and enthusiasm.

I was my mother's only child, and did my poor best toward improving the state of our fallen fortunes. I gave her what help I could in the morning and evening, and during the day taught in a young ladies' seminary—extended sphere! The routine nauseated me; but I loved my mother devotedly, and forced myself to be hilarious when I was with her, so as not to add to her too

heavy burden of care the knowledge of my discontent.

I believe I could have found an Indian or a gypsy among my ancestors, such was my inborn, unconquerable passion for wandering, for change of scene. I read histories of travel as eagerly as a school-boy; I looked at the globes in my recitation-room with a mysterious reverence; the mere mention of the south of France, the Tyrol, Egypt, made my pulse leap. Then I looked at my contracted horizon with a sigh and a sinking heart. I fretted and pined for a limitless liberty from which, even if I had possessed untold gold, my sex would have debarred me. I appreciated that; it was only one link more in the chain that weighed down hands and feet, heart and brain; but I could still "dream of all things free," and in that found a certain consolation, however poor and insubstantial.

My cousin Carl pretended to teach me German, and we had taken possession of the library on Sunday afternoons for nearly a year now, ostensibly to pursue our studies, really to talk over everything in heaven and earth, dreamt or undreamt of in philosophy. Now we sat scribbling busily on either side of the long, narrow table. I finished writing first, and, throwing down my pencil, sat watching Carl's sharp-cut, intellectual face, and wondered at its perfect impassivity. He had a stern and somewhat melancholy expression, yet there were no predominating lines and surfaces by which the observer might tell: "This is a studious man, a generous man, a musical man, a passionate man." All that one could safely say of Carl, seen unknown, was: "This is a gentleman, and one who has lived much." One could not even say, with any degree of assurance, that he was an honest man; for, though he met one's eye frankly, and often smiled slightly in answering questions, there was in his very frankness an element of challenge, as if he said: "I defy you to read more of my thoughts than my lips utter." Yet there was that latent power about him, and strange savor in his speech, no matter how slight his remark, that presented an odd, contrasting charm with his creole indolence of manner, and fascinated most people whom he cared to conciliate. He lived the life of a society-man, and had endless invitations and engagements, so I saw but little of him, except on these Sunday afternoons, to which I looked forward through all the tedious week.

His manner to me was always more as if I had been fourteen than nineteen; it

was the result of his having known me when I was a child, I suppose; a fact which I deplored. There was another little flavor in his general behavior toward myself which liked me not: namely, an air of keeping me at arm's length—of saying, "This is very amusing, but let us, *let us* keep it for diversion only. No *arrièrespensees* of flirtation, I beg. I am perfectly invulnerable, of course; but you, my good girl, remember that I am practically the only man you see, and do be careful of consequences that could only weary us both." This was not obtrusively apparent in Carl's bearing—nothing ever was; but I had detected it, and it was the more exasperating as I had experienced once or twice for this interesting child of the century, a touch of that mild morbidity which is the modern equivalent for the heart-ache. Also, into his level, eminently analytic and well-bred voice there would come, on occasion, a cadence, a something of which he was sublimely unconscious, that roused all the sentimentality in me, and nothing short of falling at his feet—with some appropriate remark, as "But to be with you still, to see your face, to serve and follow you through all the world"—would be any relief. My last grievance against him was the respectful compassion with which he looked upon the fact that I earned money. For certain expressions that I had surprised upon his face, *a propos* of my teaching, I could have torn him all to pieces. If he had felt a little contempt for me on that account, I should have been delighted, for it would have given me the right to despise him; if he had admired me for it, I should have worshiped him; but that he should kindly and gently pity me, moved me to anger as intense as it was impotent and unjust. These slight drawbacks aside, Carl and I were on terms of the most charming *camaraderie*. He gravely held toward me what he had been writing; I, of course, could not do less than give him the result of my composing. This was his:

"She has the lingering grace
Of childhood in her face,
(round her hovers all a woman's charm;
She dreams not of these things,
But her soul's folded wings
Tremble with wish to try earth's unknown harm.

"She thinks—ah well, like all
Men living since the fall—
That where she is not happiness must be;
Knows not that to the wise
The old story underlies
Each aspect of the world, by land or sea.

"Could she but know how near
A real bliss lies to her,

Would she but in her own life live her part—
Nor toward the future yearn,
But in the present learn
To heed the beating of her true young heart!"

I was pondering over this, with cheeks aflame, when Carl, with his most perplexed frown, and such prosaic pause as people make on the stage when they deliver the contents of the intercepted letter—which they really know by heart—read aloud the sonnet I had given him:

"A contradiction in him I can see—
A victory won, and yet a victory lost;
Or, the foe felled at such a fearful cost
As robbed the triumph of supremacy.
Greatest of all, self-rule is said to be,
And, surely, he himself he masters most,
Denies himself all pleasure without boast,
Yet never to consoling calm wins he.
His scorn of others, vast compassion gilds;
His self-scorn to self-pity never yields.
Proudly alone, he will not stoop to care
What further blossoms greet him in life's
fields;
The bitter courage his to pick and wear
Experience's barren flower, despair."

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, comically, when he had finished it, "Is that your own? Don't you know that a sonnet is the most difficult thing to handle in the world? How like a woman, to fly at the very highest pinnacle of art! Although the last syllable of 'supremacy' is spelled with a 'c,' it is the same sound as your rhyme-word, 'see': that's bad. You divert the sound of 'o' in your second quatrain from what it was in the first. Then I like 'flower, a blossom, in two syllables: you use it as one. And who is the hero of all that? One of the cadaverous pedagogues down at your school? The 'further blossoms in life's fields' sounds eminently like a geometry class. Queerside of a girl's life, those fellows see, that first innocence, all mixed in with giggling and bread and butter, till after a while they are interchangeable terms for him, and he 'can't tell 't'other from which,' as the countryman expressed himself.

"What happy fair is the adorned of your Muse?" I inquired, somewhat decidedly, for Carl's tone had ebbed from the critical to the meditative.

"Those verses?" he replied, nonchalantly; "they were intended for a light sketch of you."

"Carl!" I cried, quivering with miserable self-consciousness, under his calmly observant eyes, "How did you know that I am not satisfied with the life I lead? I never said so!"

"How did I discover that you want to travel, and that you fire at the thought of 'breadths of tropic shade,' and walking

tours in Switzerland? When I think how impenetrable you are, I revere my intuitions as almost godlike."

This was coming too near the vital dream of my youth to admit of a flippant rejoinder. I leaned my head on my hand in silence, and betook myself to my old distraction of marking the table.

"Strange fancies and passions and attractions are born in people," Carl rambled on. "That is an odd glamour in your mind that you would enjoy wandering about. You have the taste to appreciate everything, of course; but unless you had money, and liesure, and friends who had traveled, devoted to your interests, you would have to go over the old beaten track, and not see half there is to see at that."

"Does it take ever so much money to have a good time?" I inquired, tremulously.

"That depends," he replied, with his slow smile, "upon what you consider 'a good time.'"

"But she—a friend of mine went all through the Louvre, and all about in a *fiacre*, and saw Murger's grave and everything, and it didn't cost her much," I hurriedly announced, to his great apparent amusement, but he kept the laugh far back in his eyes.

"Oh, Paris!" he commented, with a slightly disparaging emphasis; "that's your traveling, is it? 'Murger's grave and everything, in a *fiacre*'—ah, well!"

There was something in his tone that ruffled my nerves. I raised my elbows helplessly two or three times, as a young chicken extends its plumeless wings, and said, fretfully: "I want to get away—to get away. I want to see something else; I want to 'push on and keep moving.'"

"It really has taken the form of a fixed idea, hasn't it?" said Carl, as if he would diagnose the case presently. "I suppose if you had been a boy, you would have run away to sea."

"If I had been a boy!" I echoed tragically; "it all lies in that. I should have been free."

Laying my face on my folded arm, I wept unmanly tears for the space of nearly five minutes. When, finally, I leaned back in my chair, wearing a savage scowl, I found Carl concentrating his eyes and energies upon pointing a lead-pencil. He tranquilly looked out at me once from under his eyebrows, and perceiving that he had the semblance of my attention, remarked, as if the latter part of our conversation had not been:

"Had you any plan in your mind when

you suggested our writing a novel together?"

Knowing that my voice would sound hoarse and salty, I silently handed him some loose slips of paper and scribbled back of envelopes, whereon I had written some notes for the opening to what I intended should develop into a highly idealized account of the struggles of a hampered woman's mind toward the higher life, whatever that is. I meant that Carl should supply the masculine element, and stiffen and dignify my style where it was limp and juvenile. I was not daunted by his dilapidation of my sonnet; for it was agreed between us that his superior years and experience should entitle him to dissect any intellectual effort of mine. There, however, his didactic privileges ceased. My manners, ethics, and choice of reading were my own; on these he might comment, but neither lecture or forbid.

The next Sunday I asked Carl if he had devoted any thought to his share of the novel, which he had announced was to resemble arrow-root flavored with cayenne pepper.

"I have not devoted any thought to it," he returned, carelessly, "because I should simply commit to paper the story of—a friend of mine, whose romance, if it was a usual one, was at least one of the saddest I ever knew."

"Tell it to me," I entreated. Carl's vocabulary was not rich in superlatives—he cultivated the epigram. I was interested.

"The heroine," quoth Carl, in his most matter-of-fact tone, "was the wife of a Southern gentleman, who, since the Rebellion, owned a place just out of Paris. His name was—Raeburn. I had letters to him, so I was eye-witness to part of the drama, and—a—the man told me the rest."

"What man?" I inquired.

"The hero, if such a pitiful wretch could be called so. He was possessed of a devil."

"Was he an American?" I asked.

"He was. I shall call him Frank."

"As he was the worst kind of a traitor, that will be an excellent name for him," I interpolated.

Carl bit his lip, and proceeded: "He had been traveling, as I had, and met Mrs. Raeburn for the first time the same season that I did, in Paris. We all admired her extravagantly. I had never seen another such face. The first and abiding impression she gave you was of race. As a general thing, art can do better by humanity than nature, but no cameo could compare with the fineness of her delicate, pale face,

and sculpture seems heavy and coarse by contrast with the dainty proportion of her figure. She had a small, proud mouth, with that slight, bluish tone upon the upper lip that you have seen in delicate children. Her eyes were dark and sympathetic, and, above all things, human and free. In the quadron and Italian eyes that people praise there is a melancholy, servile roll that is to me intolerable. She had been a fragile child, so that all her education consisted of desultory readings with her father, a great belles-lettres scholar. If she had not spent as much time as she should in 'bobbing for triangles off the *Pons Asinorum*,' at least she was the most charming companion in the world. She had heart-disease, they said, but it would have been easier to control a bird's flight than to keep her from the activity in which she rejoiced. She rode, drove, and danced with the best. Her waywardness was one more charm in her to her husband. He laughed as he dismounted her when she had overtaxed her strength. Though even the scarlet line of her lips grew pale, he never seemed to be alarmed. She leaned on him so confidently, and he was so good-naturedly ready with attention and assistance, that they seemed more like brother and sister than husband and wife. The most perfect and unsentimental understanding existed between them, and the life they led was ideal. It was intellectual, it was epicurean, and without a cloud from the outside world. Up to the very last Frank did not dream he could win her away from Raeburn. It was while our set was visiting the Raeburns, in the summer, that Frank first appreciated how deeply interested in his host's wife he was becoming.

"He was obliged to be unusually cautious, for she ridiculed attempts at flirtation, if delicately, unsparingly. Her life was so happy, and so sincere, that it seemed as if those dark thoughts of his should have shrunk back, abashed, to Tartarus, in her presence. But they did not—the thought of her possessed him day and night. Her name was *Ida*—did I tell you that? Frank would have died to have called her so, those foolish mornings and wasted nights, as he stood talking to her, in his heart execrating her friends and her husband, and almost herself, that she could smile and sing, and move so tranquilly among her guests, while he trembled under her blue eyes like a criminal, and ground his teeth together, that he might not tell her he adored her. She certainly made an admirable defense. One morning, as Frank sat in her parlor, moody and silent—he had called chiefly

because Rothsay Raeburn had gone to Lyons—*Ida*, after vainly attempting to interest him in a variety of topics, presented to his notice a pretty lapis-lazuli casket, with silver and gold work about it. 'Yesterday was my birthday,' she said, 'and Mr. Crespigny remembered it. Isn't that beautiful?' As Frank was stupidly admiring it, Crespigny came in. He was a South Carolinian, and a gloriously handsome man. *Ida* said to him: 'That was such a beautiful letter you sent me in the jewel-case, that I took the liberty of sending it to Mr. Raeburn, when I wrote this morning.'

"Crespigny's face was a study. He made a formal visit, allowed Frank to outstay him, and never forgave Mrs. Raeburn thereafter. Frank thought she had so spoken as much to warn him as Crespigny; and not being made of so slight elements, worshiped her the more absolutely. 'I must not commit myself,' he thought, 'and, until I do, I can see her, at least.' He was not audacious, you see. He suffered for it though; he grew white and miserable, and had the pleasure of appearing everywhere as Rothsay Raeburn's closest friend—he felt all the grace of his position. At last he summoned courage to break away from the immediate presence of *Ida*, and go to Damascus, and there pull himself together and set himself seriously to crush the haunting passion whose constancy he thought unworthy of him. He rode out to the Raeburn's to bid his friends good-bye one morning, and found the open pony carriage, which *Ida* drove, drawn up in front of the door; and just as he reined in, Rothsay and his wife appeared. The three stood talking together, when a servant came up panting to tell Raeburn that one of his favorite pointers had broken his leg. Rothsay told Frank to accompany *Ida*, and, excusing himself, went off on a keen run after his man. Watching *Ida* as they drove, Frank found it harder every moment to tell his plans; at last he stammered lamely something about being glad to be able to see her that morning, as it would be the last time probably before he left Paris. And she, usually so ready with hospitable and graceful regrets, said nothing. That curious bluish pallor had come into her face. Her eyes had an unseeing look, and her lips trembled. 'What is it?' cried Frank—he was terribly alarmed—'do the ponies tire you?' 'Stop them,' she said, faintly. He did so, and sprang out and lifted her to the ground. They were before the villa of one of her friends. She laid her hand within Frank's arm, and they went slowly up the avenue. The friend was a silly, twaddling woman,

who always saw everything at a glance—that is, stated that she did, and had a platitude for every event in life. ‘It was the sun,’ she averred; ‘it must have been the sun. Don’t go on, Mrs. Raeburn; now take my advice, turn back;’ taking a hundred words for what she could express in five. ‘I will not go on!’ Ida cried, in an eager, distressed voice; ‘I will turn back—turn back.’ She almost moaned at the repetition, and clung convulsively to her friend. Frank understood. He felt as if his happiness would stun him; his head swam and his eyes dazzled; he neither saw nor heard. At last, when they were on their way home, he spoke; and pleaded his cause with frenzy, knowing how short the time was. He said: ‘Shall I go or stay? I leave it with you; I will do as you say.’ All the free look had died out of her eyes. He hated himself that he had banished it. She said: ‘Stay.’

The shadows about Carl’s face grew a little grayer, but the recollection of his friend’s success appeared, on the whole, to afford him satisfaction. He was silent a few moments. When he resumed, it was with something like vehemence.

‘A lawless love affair is generally imagined to have some element of dashing pleasure. Frank and Ida, while they remained in Paris, were most prosaically miserable. You see, she was an angel, and had fits of remorse so overwhelming as to make Frank doubt if she had ever loved him. It was the old case of ringing down the curtain and recommencing the overture, when he thought the first act was in progress. If the fellow had not been so fond of her he would have managed her better, I fancy; however, he was always urging her to leave the country with him, and at last she consented. She threw herself on his mercy, she said, and more, about the dishonor of remaining under Rothsay’s roof, when every thought of hers wronged him. *Bref*, the necessary preparations for their flight were made, and they left France together. Frank established their first home on the island of Scio—a villa on the Campo, and here, for the briefest while, they were happy. He was deliriously happy. They had burned their ships, staked everything on one throw, and fate had not cheated them with a mirage. No wonder a sense of unreality oppressed him. What nights those were, when the near white stars stooped over the two, standing on that wonderful shore! Who is it who has made an inquiry after *la clef des paradis perdus*? It was only there that Frank ventured, for the first

time, to speak of all she had left for him. ‘There is no Paris,’ he said slowly, ‘and that wearisome life at Raeburn never was!’ Ida started from his side like a spirit, and stood a pace distant, holding out her hands to him; ‘Never mention Paris, or that other name to me, while I live! It never was, do you say? I tell you there is not an hour that I am not haunted with the sight of the home I have blasted, and the brave man whose name I have disgraced.’ This was like a stab to Frank. Though she was weeping, he did not approach her, but merely said: ‘Have I only made you miserable? Do you regret it all?’ Of her own will she came close to him: ‘I cannot,’ was all she said, but what a look! What *am* I saying?’ Carl demanded of me, suddenly, bringing his eyes down from the ceiling, and plunging them into mine.

‘I don’t know,’ said I demurely; ‘but doesn’t it strike you rather forcibly, Carl, that Frank was more than usually communicative of detail?’

‘To be more concise, Raeburn’s lawyer tracked Ida to her home, gave her all the necessary information concerning the divorce her husband had obtained, and told her of the property Raeburn had settled upon her. It was the sort of revenge that would cut the deepest, and he knew it, I suppose. Frank and Ida went to spend the winter in Rome, and were married there. Shortly after, Frank received a letter which troubled him. It was an urgent appeal, calling him to a distant city; an appeal which, for many reasons, he did not wish to disregard. He explained his position to Ida, who insisted upon his obeying the call. He could not endure the thought of being separated from his wife, but he was imperatively claimed. At least, it was the last demand the old life could make upon him; that complied with, he could belong wholly to the new. He reached the place of his destination—too late. All was over; the affair had taken such a turn that his presence availed nothing. It only remained to return to Ida. He traveled night and day, for her last letters hinted of illness. When he reached home they warned him to prepare for a great change. A change indeed—she was wasted to a shadow. She was dying. Frank’s first look in her face told him all. Her very joy at seeing him again exhausted her life. She was going from him, and he was powerless to hold her. When they were alone, a strange excitement seemed to take possession of her; he divined the cause, even as she spoke. ‘I have seen Rothsay!’ she said; ‘it is that that is

killing me. He must have come to me; he could not help it. He has grown so old and sad! Don't look so, as if it hurt you. I must pity Rothsay. Rothsay! I pity us all. I was not made for this, to make men wretched, to be wicked and disgraced. My life should have been smooth and sheltered. This hard, fierce love hurts me, and uses all my strength.' Oh, heaven! I go on stringing those words of hers together; how one remembers! She died in his arms, the next day. She is buried in Rome. That's all; don't cry. You see, that might work up into quite a novel. Good afternoon. I'm going to church'.

It was not at the pathos of this tale that I shed tears, though of course he thought so, but he had told it so ill, or so well, that it was apparent to the most modest capacity that the story was his own. It hurt me cruelly to know that he had never regarded his relations with my sister Etta except as a wearisome drag; it hurt me too, though in an infinitely less degree, that such a past lost him so irrevocably to me. I had no attractions to oppose to those of a married, blue-faced, heart-diseased aristocrat, as I called poor Ida in wrath. But most, and beyond all other feelings, my pride was roused, never to rest again, by the thought that Carl had done his feelings so much violence as to expose his youth's sufferings to my view, to warn me against me bestowing my affections upon him. He was thereby writing the legend "Ineligible" across his manly breast. *Hæc fabu'la docet*—Love me not; so I was to understand the moral of his romance. It stimulated me to laugh very heartily over certain self-surrendered airs and graces, which I had considered myself very happy in assuming, upon occasion, toward the cynical Carl. "If I could have the opprotunity," I thought, "I'd

show my lord how much at his feet I am." The chance was somewhat different from any I had anticipated. Carl asked me one day to be his wife. I laughed, and asked him if his devotion to me was the "real bliss" mentioned in his verse to me; but he was so very grave that I perforce became so too; but, thanking him for his more than cousinly generosity, would not take an unfair advantage of it. "I will show you Europe," he said coolly, pointing out the benefits of the alliance which I might have overlooked in my haste. His curious tone embarrassed me, but did not shake my resolution. I told him that I made money in my school, and liked the independence earning my own living gave me. I was young, I said, throwing my shoulders back; there was time for me to see Europe.

"But you still cling to the *fiacre*, so to speak?" said Carl, gravely.

I glanced up quickly, meeting his eyes for the first time, and liked the look in them better than I thought to do, and ventured to add in the spirit of our old interviews: "I should always be horribly jealous of 'Ida,' Carl."

He smiled and frowned together, and shook his head impatiently; then put out his hand, and holding mine, frankly given, told me that I was a brave little girl, and that perhaps all was for the best.

After that he took rooms elsewhere in the city, and soon drifted abroad again, and all things considered, I think—yes, I do think it is for the best that the listless Carl has faded from my horizon.

The dust lies thickly upon poor Jean Paul. I must make time to attend to those books.

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

A PROVENCE ROSE.

CHAPTER II.

I did not care much for the stone-crop or the sparrows; but in the third summer of my captivity there with Lili, the garret casement opposite stood always open, as ours did, and I could watch its tenant night and day, as I chose.

He had an interest for me.

He was handsome, and about thirty years old; with a sad and noble face, and dark eyes

full of dreams, and cheeks terribly hollow, and clothes terribly threadbare.

He thought no eyes were on him when my lattice looked dark, for his garret, like ours, was so high that no glance from the street ever went to it. Indeed, when does a crowd ever pause to look at a garret, unless by chance a man has hanged himself out of its window? That in thousands of garrets men may be dying by inches for lack of bread, lack of hope, lack of justice, is not enough

to draw any eyes upward to them from the pavement.

He thought himself unseen, and I watched him many a long hour of the summer night when I sighed at my square open pane in the hot, sulphurous mists of the street, and tried to see the stars and could not. For, between me and the one small breadth of sky which alone the innumerable roofs left visible, a vintner had hung out a huge gilded imperial crown as a sign on his roof-tree; and the crown, with its sham gold turning black in the shadow, hung between me and the planets.

I knew that there must be many human souls in a like plight with myself, with the light of heaven blocked from them by a gilded granny, and yet I sighed, and sighed, and sighed, thinking of the white pure stars of Providence throbbing in the violet skies.

A rose is hardly wiser than a poet, you see; neither rose nor poet will be comforted, and be content to dwell in darkness because a crown of tinsel swings on high.

Well, not seeing the stars as I strove to do, I took refuge in sorrow for my neighbor. It is well for your poet when he turns to a like resource. Too often I hear he takes, instead, to the wine-cellar which yawns under the crown that he curses.

My neighbor, I soon saw, was poorer even than we were. He was a painter, and he painted beautiful things. But his canvas and the necessities of his art were nearly all that his empty attic had in it; and when, after working many hours with a wretched glimmer of oil, he would come to his lattice and lean out, and tried as I had tried to see the stars, and fail, as I had failed, I saw that he was haggard, pallid, and weary unto death with two dire diseases—hunger and ambition.

He could not see the stars because of the crown, but in time, in those long midsummer nights, he came to see a little glow-worm amongst my blossoms, which in a manner, perhaps, did nearly as well.

He came to notice Lili at her work.

Often she had to sit up half the night to get enough coloring done to make up the due amount of labor; and she sat at her little deal table, with her little feeble lamp, with her beautiful hair coiled up in a great knot and her pretty head drooping so wearily—as we do in the long days of drought—but never once looking off, nor giving way to rebellion or fatigue, though from the whole city without there came one ceaseless sound, like the sound of an endless sea; which truly it was—the sea of pleasure.

Not for want of coaxings, not for want of tempers, various and subtle, and dangers often and perilously sweet, did Lili sit there in her solitude, earning two sous an hour, with straining sight and aching nerves, that

the old paralytic creature within might have bed and board without alms.

Lili had been sore beset in a thousand ways, for she was very fair to see; but she was proud, and she was innocent, and she kept her courage and her honor; yea, though you smile—though she dwelt under an attic roof, and that roof a roof of Paris.

My neighbor in the old gabled window over the way, leaning above his stone-wort, saw her one night thus at work by her lamp, with the silver ear-rings, that were her sole heirloom and her sole wealth, drooped against the soft hues and curves of her graceful throat.

And when he had looked once, he looked every night, and found her there; and I, who could see straight into his chamber, saw that he went and made a picture of it—all of me, and the bird in the cage, and the little old dusky lamp, and Lili, with her silver ear-rings and her pretty drooping head.

Every day he worked at the picture, and every night he put his light out and came and sat in the dark square of his lattice, and gazed across the street through my leaves and my blossoms at my mistress. Lili knew nothing of this watch which he kept on her; she had put up a little blind of white network, and she fancied that it kept out every eye when it was up; and she often took even that away, because she had not the heart to deprive me of the few faint breezes which the sultry weather gave us.

She never saw him in his dark hole in the old gable there, and I never betrayed him—not I. Roses have been the flowers of silence ever since the world began. Are we not the flowers of love?

"Who is he?" I asked of my gossip the vine. The vine had lived fifty years in the street, and knew the stories and sorrows of all the human bees in the hive.

"He is called Rene Claude," said the vine. "He is a man of genius. He is very poor."

"You use synonyms," murmured the old balsam, who heard.

"He is an artist," the vine continued. "He is young. He comes from the south. His people are guides in the Pyrenees. He is a dreamer of dreams. He has taught himself many things. He has eloquence, too. There is a little club at the back of the house which I climb over. I throw a tendril or two in at the crevices and listen. The shutters are closed. It is forbidden by law for men to meet so. There Rene speaks by the hour, superbly. Such a rush of words, such a glance, such a voice, like the roll of musketry in anger, like the sigh of music in sadness! Though I am old, it makes the little sap there is left in me thrill and grow warm. He paints beautiful things, too; so the two swallows say, who build under his eyes; but I suppose it is not of much use: no one believes in him, and he almost starves. He is

young yet, and feels the strength in him, and still strives to do great things for the world that does not care a jot whether he lives or dies. He will go on so a little longer. Then he will end like me. I used to try and bring forth the best grapes I could, though they had shut me away from any sun to ripen them and any dews to cleanse the dust from them. But no one gave me a drop of water to still my thirst, nor pushed away a brick to give me a ray more of light. So I ceased to try and produce for their good; and I only took just so much trouble as would keep life in me myself. It will be the same with this man."

I, being young and a rose—the flower loved of the poets—thought the vine was a cynic, as many of you human creatures grow to be in the years of your age, when the leaves of your life fall sere.

I watched Rene long and often. He was handsome; he suffered much; and when the night was far spent he would come to his hole in the gable and gaze with tender, dreaming eyes past my pale foliage to the face of Lili. I grew to care for him, and I disbelieved the prophecy of the vine; and I promised myself that one summer or another, near or far, the swallows, when they came from the tawny African world to build in the eaves of the city, would find their old friend flown, and living no more in a garret, but in some art-palace, where men knew his fame.

So I dreamed—I, a little white rose, exiled in the passage of a city, seeing the pale moonlight reflected on the gray walls and the dark windows, and trying to cheat myself by a thousand fancies into the faith that I once more blossomed in the old sweet leafy garden-ways of Provence.

One night—the hottest night of the year—Lili came to my side by the open lattice. It was very late; her work was done for the night. She stood a moment, with her lips rested softly on me, looking down on the pavement, that glistened like silver in the sleeping rays of the moon.

For the first time she saw the painter Rene watching her from his niche in the gable, with eyes that glowed and yet were dim.

I think women foresee with certain prescience when they will be loved. She drew the lattice quickly to, and blew the lamp out; she kissed me in the darkness. Because her heart was glad, or sorry? Both, perhaps.

Love makes one selfish. For the first time she left my lattice closed all through the oppressive hours until daybreak.

"Whenever a woman sees anything out of her window that makes her eager to look again, she always shuts the shutter. Why, I wonder?" said the balsam to me.

"That she may peep unsuspected through

a chink," said the vine round the corner, who could overhear.

It was profane of the vine, and in regard to Lili untrue. She did not know very well, I dare say, why she withdrew herself on that sudden impulse, as the pimpernel shuts itself up at the touch of the raindrop.

But she did not stay to look through a crevice; she went straight to her little narrow bed, and told her beads and prayed, and slept till the cock crew in a stable near, and the summer daybreak came.

She might have been in a chamber all mirror and velvet and azure and gold, in any one of the ten thousand places of pleasure, and been leaning over gilded balconies under the lime leaves, tossing up little paper balloons in the air for gay wagers of love and wine and jewels. Pleasure had asked her more than once to come down from her attic and go with its crowds; for she was fair of feature and lithe of limb, though only a working-girl of Paris. And she would not, but slept here under the eaves, as the swallows did.

"We have not sun enough, little rose, you and I," she would say to me, with a smile and a sigh. "But it is better to be a little pale, and live a little in the dark, and be a little cramped in a garret window, than to live grand in the sun for a moment, and the next to be tossed away in a gutter. And one can be so happy anyhow—almost anyhow—when one is young. If I could only see a very little piece more of the sky, and get every Sunday out to the dear woods, and live one floor lower, so that the winters were not quite so cold and the summers not quite so hot, and find a little more time to go to mass in the cathedral, and be able to buy a pretty blue-and-white home of porcelain for you, I should ask nothing more of the blessed Mary—nothing more upon earth."

She had had the same simple bead-roll of innocent wishes ever since the first hour that she had raised me from the dust of the street; and it would, I doubt not, have remained her only one all the years of her life, till she should have glided down into a serene and cheerful old age of poverty and labor under that same roof, without the blessed Mary ever deigning to hearken or answer—would have done so, if the painter, Rene, could have seen the stars, and so had not been driven to look instead at the glow-worm of her lamp, as it was shining through my leaves.

But after that night on which she shut to the lattice so suddenly, I think the bead-roll of her pure desires lengthened—lengthened, though for some time the addition to it was written on her heart in a mystical language which she did not try to translate, even to herself—I suppose fearing its meaning.

Rene made approaches to his neighbor's friendship soon after that night. He was

but an art student, the son of a poor mountaineer, and with scarce a thing he could call his own, except an easel of deal, a few plaster casts and a bed of straw. She was but a working-girl, born of Breton peasants, and owning as her sole treasure two silver earrings and a white rose.

But for all that, no courtship could have been more reverential on the one side, or fuller of modest grace on the other, if the scene of it had been a palace of princes or a chateau of nobles.

He spoke very little.

The vine had said that at the club, round the corner, he was very eloquent—with all the impassioned and fierce eloquence, common to men of the south. But with Lili he was almost mute. The vine, who knew human nature well—as vines always do, since their juices unlock the secret thoughts of men, and bring to daylight their darkest passions—the vine said that such silence, in one by nature eloquent, showed the force of his love and its delicacy.

This may be so; I hardly know. My lover the wind, when he is amorous, is loud, but then it is true his loves are not often very constant.

Rene chiefly wooed her by gentle service. He brought her little lovely wild flowers, for which he ransacked the woods of St. Germain's and Meudon. He carried the billets of her fire-wood up the seven long, twisting, dirty flights of stairs. He fought for her with the wicked old portress at the door down-stairs. He played to her in the gray of the evening on a quaint simple flute, a relic of his boyhood, the sad, wild, touching airs of his own southern mountains—played at his open window while the lamps burned through the dusk, till the people listened at their doors and casements, and gathered in groups in the passage below, and said to one another, "How clever he is!—and yet he starves."

He did starve very often, or at least he had to teach himself to keep down hunger with a morsel of black chaff-bread and a stray roll of tobacco. And yet I could see that he had become happy.

Lili never asked him within her door. All the words they exchanged were from their open lattices, with the space of the roadway between them.

I heard every syllable they spoke, and they were on the one side most innocent, and on the other most reverential. Ay, though you may not believe it—you know the people of Paris from the travesties of theatres and the slanders of salons.

And all this time secretly he worked on at her portrait. He worked out of my sight and hers, in the inner part of his garret, but the wallows saw and told me.

There are never any secrets between birds and flowers.

We used to live in Paradise together, and we love one another as exiles do; and we hold in our cups the raindrops to slake the thirst of the birds, and the birds in return bring to us from many lands and over many waters tidings of those lost ones who have been torn from us to strike the roots of our race in far-off soils and under distant suns.

Late in the summer of the year, one wonderful fete-day, Lili did for once get out to the woods of Vincennes.

A neighbor on a lower floor, a woman who made poor scentless, senseless, miserable imitations of my race in paper, sat with the old bed-ridden grandmother while Lili took her holiday—so rare in her life, though she was one of the motes in the bright champagne of the dancing air of Paris. I missed her sorely on each of those few spare days of her absence, but for her I rejoiced.

"*Je reste: tu te'n vas,*" says the rose to the butterfly in the poem; and I said so in my thoughts to her.

She went to the broad level grass, to the golden fields of the sunshine, to the sound of the bees murmuring over the wild purple thyme, to the sight of the great snowy cloud slowly sailing over the sweet blue freedom of heaven—to all the things of my birthright and my deathless remembrance—all that no woman can love as a rose can love them.

But I was not jealous; nay, not though she had cramped me in a little earth-bound cell of clay. I envied wistfully indeed, as I envied the swallows their wings which cleft the air, asking no man's leave for their liberty. But I would not have maimed a swallow's pinion had I had the power, and I would not have abridged an hour of Lili's freedom. Flowers are like your poets: they give ungrudgingly, and, like all lavish givers, are seldom recompensed in kind.

We cast all our world of blossom, all our treasury of fragrance, at the feet of the one we love, and then, having spent ourselves in that too abundant sacrifice, you cry, "A yellow, faded thing! to the dust-hole with it!" and root us up violently and fling us to rot with the refuse and offal; not remembering the days when our burden of beauty made sunlight in your darkest places, and brought the odors of a lost paradise to breathe over your bed of fever.

Well, there is one consolation. Just so likewise do you deal with your human wonder-flower of genius.

Lili went for her day in the green mid-summer world—she and a little blithe, happy hearted group of young work-people—and I stayed in the garret window, hot and thirsty, and drooping and pale, choked by the dust that drifted up from the pave-

ment, and hearing little all day long save the quarrels of the sparrows and the whirr of the engine-wheels in a baking-house close at hand.

For it was some great day or other, when all Paris was out *en fête*, and every one was away from his or her home, except such people as the old bedridden woman and the cripple who watched her. So, at least, the white roof-pigeons told me, who flew where they listed, and saw the whole splendid city beneath them—saw all its glistening of arms and its sheen of palace roofs, all its gilded domes and its white wide squares, all its crowds, many-hued as a field of tulips, and all its flashing eagles, golden as the sun.

When I had been alone two hours, and whilst the old building was silent and empty, there came across the street from his own dwelling-place, the artist Rene, with a parcel beneath his arm.

He came up the stairs with a light and noiseless step, and pushed open the door of our attic. He paused on the threshold a moment with the sort of reverent hushed look on his face that I had seen on the faces of one or two swarthy, bearded, scarred soldiers as they paused before the shrine at the door of the little chapel which stood in my sight on the other side of our street.

Then he entered, placed the thing which he carried on a wooden chair fronting the light, uncovered it, and went quietly out again without the women in the inner closet hearing him.

What he had brought was the canvas I had seen grow under his hand, the painting of me and the lamp and Lili. I do not doubt how he had done it: it was surely the little attic window, homely and true in likeness, and yet he had glorified us all, and so framed in my leaves and my white flowers, the low oil flame and the fair head of my mistress, that there was that in the little picture which made me tremble and yet be glad.

On a slender slip of paper attached to it there was written, "*I n'y a pas de nuit sans étoile.*"

Of him I saw no more. The picture kept me silent company all that day.

At evening Lili came. It was late. She brought with her a cool perfume of dewy mosses and fresh leaves, and strawberry plants sweet as honey. She came in with a dark dreamy brilliance in her eyes, and long coils of foliage in her hands.

She brought to the canary chickweed and a leaf of lettuce. She kissed me and

laid wet mosses on my parching roots, and fanned me with the breath of her fresh lips. She took to the old women within a huge cabbage leaf full of cherries, having, I doubt not, gone herself without in order to bring the ruddy fruit to them.

She had been happy, but she was very quiet. To those who love the country as she did, and, thus loving it, have to dwell in cities, there is as much pain, perhaps, as of pleasure in a fleeting glimpse of the lost heaven.

She was tired, and sat down for a while, and did not see the painting, for it was dusk. She only saw it when she rose to light the lamp; then, with a little shrill cry, she fell on her knees before it in her wonder and her awe, and laughed and sobbed a little, and then was still again, looking at this likeness of herself.

The written words took her long to spell out, for she could scarcely read, but when she had mastered them, her head sank on her breast with a flush and a smile, like the glow of dawn over my own native Provence, I thought.

She knew whence it came, no doubt, though there were many artists and students of art in that street.

But there was only one who had watched her night after night, as men watched the stars of old to read their fate in the heavens.

Lili was only a young *ouvriere*, she was only a girl of the people: she had quick emotions and innocent impulses; she had led her life straightly because it was her nature, as it is of the lilies—her namesakes, my cousins—to grow straight to the light, pure and spotless. But she was of the populace: she was frank, fearless, and strong, despite all her dreams. She was glad, and she sought not to hide it.

With a gracious impulse of gratitude she turned to the lattice, and leaned past me, and looked past me, and looked for my neighbor.

He was there in the gloom; he strove not to be seen, but a stray ray from a lamp at the vinter's gleamed on his handsome dark face, lean, and palid, and yearning, and sad, but full of force and of soul, like a head of Rembrandt's. Lili stretched her hands to him with a noble, candid gesture and a sweet, tremulous laugh:

"What you have given me!—it is you—*is* you?"

"Mademoiselle forgives?" he murmured, leaning as far out as the gable would permit.

The street was still deserted, and very

quiet. The theatres were all open to the people that night free, and bursts of music from many quarters rolled in through the sultry darkness.

Lili colored over all her fair pale face, even as I have seen my sisters' white breasts glow to a wonderous wavering warmth as the sun of the west kissed them. She drew her breath with a quick sigh. She did not answer him in words, but with a sudden movement of exquisite eloquence, she broke from me my fairest and my last-born blossom and threw it from her lattice into his.

Then, as he caught it, she closed the lattice with a swift trembling hand, and fled

to the little sleeping-closet, where her crucifix and her mother's rosary hung above her bed.

As for me, I was left bereaved and bleeding. The dew which waters the growth of your human love is usually the tears of blood of some martyred life.

I was sacrificed for Lili.

I prayed, as my torn stem quivered, and my fairest begotten sank to her death in the night and in the silence, that I might be the last to suffer from the human love born that night.

I, a rose—Love's flower.

To be Continued.

THE HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES OF KENTON, THE SPY.

A secret expedition had been planned by Colonel Bowman of Kentucky against an Indian town on the little Miami. Simon Kenton and two young men, named Clark and Montgomery, were employed to proceed in advance, and reconnoitre. Kenton was a native of Fauquier county, Virginia, where he was born the fifteenth of May, 1755. His companions were roving backwoodsmen, denizens of the wood, and hunters like himself.

These adventurers set out in obedience to their orders, and reached the neighborhood of the Indian village without being discovered. They examined it attentively, and walked around the cabins during the night with perfect impunity. Had they returned after reconnoitring the place they would have accomplished the object of their mission, and avoided a heavy calamity. They fell martyrs, however, to their passion for horse-flesh.

Unfortunately, during their nightly promenade, they stumbled upon a pound, in which were a number of Indian horses. The temptation was not to be resisted. They severally seized a horse and mounted. But there still remained a number of fine animals; and the adventurers cast longing, lingering looks behind. It was melancholy—the idea of forsaking such a goodly prize. Flesh and blood could not resist the temptation. Getting scalped was nothing to the loss of such beautiful specimens of horse-flesh. They turned back, and took several more. The horses, however, seemed indisposed to change masters, and

so much noise was made in the attempt to secure them, that at last the thieves were discovered.

The cry rang through the village at once, that the Long-Knives were stealing their horses right before the doors of their wigwams. A great hubbub ensued; and Indians, old and young, squaws, children, and warriors, all sallied out with loud screams to save their property from the greedy spoilers. Kenton and his friends saw that they had overshot their mark, and that they must ride for their lives. Even in this extremity, however, they could not reconcile their minds to the surrender of a single horse which they had haltered; and while two of them rode in front and led a great number of horses, the other brought up the rear, and plying his whip from right to left, did not permit a single animal to lag behind.

In this manner they dashed through the woods at a furious rate with the hue and cry after them, until their course was suddenly stopped by an impenetrable swamp. Here, from necessity, they paused a few minutes, and listened attentively. Hearing no sounds of pursuit, they resumed their course, and skirting the swamp for some distance in the vain hope of crossing it, they bent their course in a straight direction to Ohio. They rode during the whole night without resting a moment. Halting a brief space at daylight, they continued their journey throughout the day, and the whole of the following night; and, by this uncommon celerity of movement, they suc-

ceeded in reaching the northern bank of the Ohio on the morning of the second day.

Crossing the river would now ensure their safety, but this was likely to prove a difficult undertaking, and the close pursuit, which they had reason to expect, rendered it expedient to lose as little time as possible. The wind was high, and the river rough and boisterous. It was determined that Kenton should cross with the horses, while Clark and Montgomery should construct a raft, in order to transport their guns, baggage, and ammunition, to the opposite shore. The necessary preparations were soon made, and Kenton, after forcing his horses into the river, plunged in himself and swam by their side.

In a few minutes the high waves completely overwhelmed him and forced him considerably below the horses, who stemmed the current much more successfully than he.

The horses being left to themselves, turned about and made for the Ohio shore, where Kenton was compelled to follow them. Again he forced them into the water, and again they returned to the same spot, until Kenton became so exhausted by repeated efforts, as to be unable to swim. What was was to be done?

That the Indians would pursue them was certain. That the horses would not and could not be made to cross the river in its present state was equally certain. Should they abandon their horses and cross on the raft, or remain with their horses, and brave the consequence? The latter alternative was adopted unanimously. Death or captivity might be tolerated, but the loss of such a beautiful lot of horses, after working so hard for them, was not to be thought of for a moment.

Should they now move up or down the river, or remain where they were? The latter plan was adopted and a more indiscreet one could hardly have been imagined. They supposed that the wind would fall at sunset, and the river become sufficiently calm to admit of their passage; and, as it was thought probable that the Indians might be upon them before night, it was determined to conceal their horses in a neighboring ravine, while they should take their stations in the adjoining wood.

The day passed away in tranquility; but at night the wind blew harder than ever, and the water became so rough, that they would hardly have been able to cross in their raft. As if totally infatuated, they remained where they were until morning; thus wasting twenty-four hours of most

precious time in idleness. In the morning, the wind abated, and the river became calm; but, it was now too late. Their horses had become obstinate and intractable, and positively and repeatedly refused to take to the water.

Their masters at length determined to do what ought to have been done at first. They severally resolved to mount a horse, and make the best of their way down the river to Louisville. But their unconquerable reluctance to lose their horses overcame even this resolution. Instead of leaving the ground instantly, they went back upon their own trail, in the vain effort to regain possession of the rest of the horses, which had broken from them in their last effort to drive them into the water. They literally fell victims to their love for horseflesh.

They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards when Kenton, who had dismounted, heard a loud halloo. He quickly beheld three Indians and one white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle, took steady aim at the breast of the foremost Indian, and drew the trigger. His gun had become wet on the raft, and flashed.

The enemy were instantly alarmed, and dashed at him. Kenton took to his heels, and was pursued by four horsemen at full speed. He instantly directed his steps to the thickest part of the wood, and had succeeded, as he thought, in baffling his pursuers, when, just as he was entering the wood, an Indian on horseback galloped up to him with such rapidity as to render flight useless. The horseman rode up, holding out his hand, and calling out "Brother! brother!" in a tone of great affection. Kenton observes that if his gun would have made fire, he would have "brothered" him to his heart's content, but, being totally unarmed, he called out that he would surrender if they would give him quarter and good treatment.

Promises were cheap with the Indian, who, advancing with extended hands and a withering grin upon his countenance, which was intended for a smile of courtesy, seized Kenton's hand and grasped it with violence. Kenton, not liking the manner of his captor, raised his gun to knock him down, when an Indian, who had followed him closely through the brushwood, sprung upon his back and pinioned his arms to his side. The one who had been grinning so amiably, then raised him by the hair and shook him until his teeth rattled, while the rest of the party coming up, fell upon Kenton with their tongues and ramrods, until he thought they would scold or

beat him to death. They were the owners of the horses which he had carried off, and now took ample revenge for the loss of their property. At every stroke of their ramrods over his head, they would exclaim in a tone of strong indignation, "Steal Indian hoss! hey!"

Their attention, however, was soon directed to Montgomery, who, having heard the noise attending Kenton's capture, very gallantly hastened up to his assistance; while Clark prudently took to his heels. Montgomery halted within gunshot, and appeared busy with the pan of his gun, as if preparing to fire. Two Indians instantly sprung off in pursuit of him, while the rest attended to Kenton. In a few minutes Kenton heard the crack of two rifles in quick succession, followed by a halloo, which announced the fate of his friend. The Indians returned, waving the bloody scalp of Montgomery, and with countenances and gestures which menaced him with a similar fate.

They then proceeded to secure their prisoner, by pinioning him with stout sticks, and fastening him with ropes to a tree. During the operation, they cuffed him from time to time with great heartiness, and abused him for a "tief!—a hoss steal!—a rascal!"

Kenton remained in this painful position throughout the night, looking forward to certain death, and most probable torture, as soon as he should reach their towns. Their rage against him displayed itself the next morning in rather a singular manner.

Among the horses which Kenton had taken, was a wild young colt, wholly unbroken, and with all his honors of mane and tail undocked. Upon him Kenton was mounted, without saddle or bridle, with his hands tied behind him, and his feet fastened under the horse's belly. The country was rough and bushy; and Kenton had no means of protecting his face from the brambles, through which it was expected that the colt would dash. As soon as the rider was firmly fastened to his back, the colt was turned loose with a sudden lash, but after curvetting and capricoling for a while, to the great distress of Kenton, but to the infinite amusement of the Indians, he appeared to take compassion on his rider, and falling into a line with the other horses, avoided the brambles entirely, and went on very well. In this manner he rode through the day. At night he was taken from the horse, and confined as before.

On the third day, they came within a few miles of Chillicothe. Here the party

halted, and sent forward a messenger to prepare for their reception. In a short time, Blackfish, one of their chiefs, arrived, and regarding Kenton with a stern countenance, thundered out in very good English: "You have been stealing horses?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?"

"No, sir; I did it of my own accord."

Blackfish made no reply to this frank confession; but, brandishing a hickory switch, he applied it so briskly to Kenton's naked back and shoulders, as to bring the blood freely, and occasion acute pain.

Thus, alternately scolded and beaten, Kenton was conducted to the village. All the inhabitants, men, women, and children, ran out to feast their eyes with a sight of the prisoner; and all, down to the smallest child, appeared in a paroxysm of rage. They whooped, they yelled, they hooted, they clapped their hands, and poured upon him a flood of abuse, to which all that he had yet experienced was courteous and civil. With loud cries they demanded that their prisoner should be tied to the stake. The hint was instantly complied with; but after being well thrashed and tormented, he was released for the purpose of furnishing further amusement to his captors.

Early in the morning, he beheld the scalp of Montgomery stretched upon a hoop, and drying in the air, before the door of one of their principal houses. He was led out and ordered to run the gauntlet. A row of boys, women, and men, extended to the distance of a quarter of a mile. At the starting-place stood two grim warriors with butcher-knives in their hands. At the extremity of the line, was an Indian beating a drum; and a few paces beyond the drum was the door of the council-house. Clubs, switches, hoe-handles, and tomahawks, were brandished along the whole line, and as Kenton saw these formidable preparations, the cold sweat streamed from his pores.

The moment for starting arrived. The great drum at the door of the council-house was struck, and Kenton sprang forward in the race. He, however, avoided the row of his enemies, and turning to the east drew the whole party in pursuit of him. He doubled several times with great activity, and at length observing an opening, he darted through it, and pressed forward to the council-house with a rapidity which left his pursuers far behind. One or two of the Indians succeeded in throwing themselves between him and the goal, and from these

alone he received a few blows, but was much less injured than he could at first have supposed possible.

After the race was over, a council to decide his fate was held, while he was handed over naked and bound to the care of a guard in the open air. The deliberation commenced. Every warrior sat in silence, while a large warclub was passed round the circle. Those who were opposed to burning the prisoner on the spot, were to pass the club in silence to the next warrior. Those in favor of burning were to strike the earth violently with the club before passing it.

A teller was appointed to count the votes. This dignitary reported that the opposition had prevailed; and that it was determined to take the prisoner to an Indian town on Mad river, called Waughcotomoco. His fate was announced to him by a renegade white man, who acted as interpreter. Kenton asked "what the Indians intended to do with him upon reaching Waughcotomoco."

"Burn you!" replied the renegade, with a ferocious oath.

After this pleasant assurance, the laconic and scowling interpreter walked away.

The prisoner's clothes were restored to him, and he was permitted to remain unbound. Thanks to the intimation of the interpreter, he was aware of the fate in reserve for him, and resolved that he would never be carried alive to Waughcotomoco. Their route lay through an unpruned forest, abounding in thickets and undergrowth. During the whole of the march, Kenton remained abstracted and silent; often meditating an effort for the recovery of his liberty, and as often shrinking from the peril of the attempt.

At length he was aroused from his reverie by the Indians firing off their guns, and raising the shrill scalp-haloo. The signal was soon answered, and the deep roll of a drum was heard far in front, announcing to the unhappy prisoner that they were approaching an Indian town, where the gauntlet certainly, and perhaps the stake awaited him.

The idea of a repetition of the dreadful scenes he had just encountered, overcame his indecision, and, with a sudden and startling cry, he sprang into the bushes and fled with the speed of a wild deer. The pursuit was instant and keen. Some of his pursuers were on horseback, some on foot. But he was flying for his life. The stake and the hot iron, and the burning splinters were before his eyes, and he

soon distanced the swiftest hunter in pursuit.

But fate was against him at every turn. Thinking only of the enemy behind, he forgot that there might be an enemy before; and he suddenly found that he had plunged into the center of a fresh party of horsemen, who had sallied from the town at the firing of the guns, and happened, unfortunately, to stumble upon the poor prisoner, now making a last effort for freedom. His heart sunk at once from the ardor of hope to the lowest pit of despair, and he was again haltered and driven into captivity like an ox to the slaughter-house.

On the second day he arrived at Waughcotomoco. Here he was again compelled to run the gauntlet, in which he was severely hurt. Immediately after this ceremony, he was taken to the council-house, and all the warriors once more assembled to determine his fate.

He sat silent and dejected upon the floor of the cabin, when the door of the council-house opened, and Simon Girty, James Girty, John Ward, and an Indian, came in with a woman as a prisoner, together with seven children and seven scalps. Kenton was immediately removed from the council-house, and the deliberations of the assembly were protracted to a very late hour, in consequence of the arrival of the last-named party with a fresh drove of prisoners.

At length he was again summoned to attend the council-house, being informed that his fate was decided. Upon entering, he was greeted with a savage scowl, which, if he had still cherished a spark of hope, would have completely extinguished it. Simon Girty threw a blanket upon the floor, and harshly ordered him to take a seat upon it. The order was not immediately complied with, and Girty, impatiently seizing his arm, jerked him roughly upon the blanket and pulled him down.

In a menacing tone, Girty then interrogated him as to the condition of Kentucky.

"How many men are there in Kentucky?"

"It is impossible for me to answer that question," replied Kenton; "but I can tell you the number of officers, and their respective ranks, and you can then judge for yourself."

"Do you know William Stewart?"

"Perfectly well; he is an old and intimate acquaintance."

"What is your own name?"

"Simon Butler!" replied Kenton, who had formerly been known by that name.

Never did the announcement of a name

produce a more powerful effect. Girty and Kenton had served as spies together in Dunmore's expedition. The former had not then abandoned the society of the whites for that of the savages, and had become warmly attached to Kenton during the short period of their services together. As soon as he heard the name, he threw his arms around Kenton's neck, and embraced him with much emotion.

Then, turning to the assembled warriors, who had witnessed this scene with much surprise, Girty informed them that the prisoner, whom they had just condemned to the stake, was his ancient companion and bosom-friend; that they had traveled the same war-path, slept upon the same blanket, and dwelt in the same wigwam. He entreated them to spare him the anguish of witnessing the torture by his adopted brothers of an old comrade; and not to refuse so trifling a favor as the life of a white man to the earnest intercession of one who had proved, by three years' faithful service, that he was zealously devoted to the cause of the Indians.

The speech was listened to in silence, and some of the chiefs were disposed to grant Girty's request. But the others urged the flagrant misdemeanors of Kenton; that he had not only stolen horses, but had flashed his gun at one of their young men; that it was in vain to suppose that so bad a man could ever be an Indian at heart, like their brother Girty; that the Kentuckians were all alike, very bad people, and ought to be killed as fast as they were taken; and, finally, they observed that many of their people had come from a distance, solely to assist at the torture of the prisoner; and pathetically painted the disappointment and chagrin with which they would hear that all their trouble had been for nothing.

Girty continued to urge his request, however, with great earnestness, and the debate was carried on for an hour and a half, with much energy and heat. The feelings of Kenton during this suspense may be imagined.

At length the war-club was produced, and the final vote taken. It was in favor of the prisoner's reprieve. Having thus succeeded in his benevolent purpose, Girty lost no time in attending to the comfort of his friend. He led him into his own wigwam, and, from his own store, gave him a pair of moccasins and leggins, a breech-cloth, a hat, a coat, a handkerchief for his neck, and another for his head.

For the space of three weeks, Kenton lived in tranquility, treated with much kindness

by Girty and the chiefs. But at the end of that time, as he was one day with Girty and an Indian named Redpole, another Indian came from the village toward them, uttering repeatedly a whoop of peculiar intonation. Girty instantly told Kenton that it was the distress-halloo, and that they must all go instantly to the council-house. Kenton's heart fluttered at the intelligence, for he dreaded all whoops, and heartily hated all council-houses, firmly believing that neither boded him any good. Nothing, however, could be done to avoid whatever fate awaited him, and he sadly accompanied Girty and Redpole back to the village.

On entering the council-house, Kenton perceived from the ominous scowls of the chiefs that they meant no tenderness toward him. Girty and Redpole were cordially received, but when poor Kenton offered his hand, it was rejected by six Indians successively, after which, sinking into despondence, he turned away and stood apart.

The debate commenced. Kenton looked eagerly toward Girty as his last and only hope. His friend seemed anxious and distressed. The chiefs from a distance arose one after another, and spoke in a firm and indignant tone, often looking at Kenton with an eye of death. Girty did not desert him, but his eloquence was wasted. After a warm discussion, he turned to Kenton, and said, "Well my friend, *you must die!*"

One of the stranger chiefs instantly seized him by the collar, and the others surrounding him, he was strongly opinioned, committed to a guard, and marched off. His guard were on horseback, while he was driven before them on foot, with a long rope round his neck. In this manner they had marched about two and a half miles, when Girty passed them on horseback, informing Kenton that he had friends at the next village, with whose aid he hoped to be able to do something for him. Girty passed on to town, but finding that nothing could be done, he would not see his friend again, but returned to Waughcotomoco by a different route.

The Indians with their prisoner soon reached a large village upon the head waters of the Scioto, where Kenton, for the first time, beheld the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, so honorably mentioned in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. Logan walked gravely up to the place where Kenton stood, and the following short conversation ensued:—

"Well, young man, these people seem very mad at you?"

"Yes, sir, they certainly are."

"Well; don't be disheartened. I am a great chief. You are to go to Sandusky. They speak of burning you there. But I will send two runners to-morrow to help you."

Logan's form was manly, his countenance calm and noble, and he spoke the English language with fluency and correctness. Kenton's spirits revived at the address of the benevolent chief, and he once more looked upon himself as providentially rescued from the stake.

On the following morning, two runners were dispatched to Sandusky, as the chief had promised. In the evening they returned, and were closeted with Logan. Kenton felt the most burning anxiety to know the result of their mission, but Logan did not visit him until the next morning. He then walked up to him, accompanied by Kenton's guards, and giving him a piece of bread, told him that he was instantly to be carried to Sandusky; and left him without uttering another word.

Again Kenton's spirits sunk. From Logan's manner, he supposed that his intercession had been unavailing, and that Sandusky was to be the scene of his final suffering. This appears to have been the truth. But fortune had not finished her caprices. On being driven into the town, for the purpose of being burnt on the following morning, an Indian agent from Canada, named Drewyer, interposed, and once more was he rescued from the stake. Drewyer wished to obtain information for the British commandant at Detroit; and so earnestly did he insist upon Kenton's being delivered to him, that the Indians at length consented, upon the express condition that, after the required information had been obtained, he should be again re-

stored to their possession. To this Drewyer consented, and, without further difficulty, Kenton was transferred to his hands. Drewyer lost no time in removing him to Detroit. On the road, he informed Kenton of the condition upon which he had obtained possession of his person, assuring him, however, that no consideration should induce him to abandon a prisoner to the mercy of such wretches.

At Detroit, Kenton's condition was not unpleasant. He was obliged to report himself every morning to an English officer; and was restricted to certain boundaries through the day. In other respects he scarcely felt that he was a prisoner. His wounds were healed, and his emaciated limbs were again clothed with a fair proportion of flesh. He remained in this state of easy restraint from October, 1777, until June, 1778, when he meditated an escape.

He cautiously broached his project to two young Kentuckians, then at Detroit, who had been taken with Boone at the Blue Licks, and had been purchased by the British. He found them as impatient as himself of captivity, and resolute to accompany him. He commenced instant preparations. Having formed a close friendship with two Indian hunters, he deluged them with rum, and bought their guns for a mere trifle. These he hid in the woods, and, returning to Detroit, managed to procure powder and balls, with another rifle.

The three prisoners then appointed a night for their attempt, and agreed upon a place of rendezvous. They met at the time and place appointed, without discovery, and, taking a circuitous route, avoiding pursuit by traveling only during the night, they at length arrived safely at Louisville, after a march of thirty days.

MADRIGAL.

A maid is seated by a brook,
The sweetest of sweet creatures;
I pass that way with my good book,
But cannot read, nor cease to look
Upon her winsome features.

Amongst the blushes on her cheek,
Her small white hand reposes;
I am a shepherd, for I seek
That wilful lamb with fleece so sleek,
Feeding among the roses.

CHARLES W. STODDARD.

THE INWARD GLANCE.

*You think me good—
 Well, be it so;
 Yet there are caverns in my soul
 Where fungi grow—
 I walk alone
 'Tween mildewed walls,
 And bitter, hate the echoes of
 My own footfalls.*

*You think my smile
 Means lightsome heart;—
 Thou art so simple, thou know'st not
 The psychic art,
 The skillful grasp
 On nerves and veins,
 That shows a heaven, and yet a hell
 Within maintains.*

*You think me wise
 With sober thought;
 Yet there are dreams fantastic, wild,
 By demons wrought
 Within my brain;
 I keep the froth,
 And, grieving, send the sweeter vis-
 ions wand'ring forth.*

ATWELL WHITNEY (William A. Cheney).

GOSSIP ABOUT LITERARY PEOPLE.

ROBERT BROWNING, living at Warwick Crescent, London, has all the kindness of manner of Whittier or Longfellow. He is seventy years old, with white hair and mustache, but with all the vigor of a man of fifty. His beautiful home is full of remembrances of Mrs. Browning, whose memory he tenderly cherishes. Her writing table, next his own, her chair, her books, her portraits, are all of touching interest. Being asked if he would not come to America, he said: "I dislike to cross the sea, and I have many friends here, so I fear I shall never come." He is a Liberal in politics, I judge, from his admiration of Mr. Gladstone, and a practical, earnest thinker.

JOHN RUSKIN, the noble apostle of art in England, lives at the head of Coniston Water—a beautiful Lancashire lake. His home, Brantwood, is a large rambling brick house, covered with vines, set on a hill-side in the midst of a forest of spruce, holly, chestnut, and oak. Close to the walls are beds of yellow poppies, which seem to welcome one to the place. A walk back of the house leads to a mountain where Professor Ruskin revels in geological research. The house itself is a treasury of art and science. In the drawing-room, whose prevailing tint is blue, are pictures by Burne-Jones, Turner, and Mr. Ruskin. The library is, indeed, the workshop of a master. Books are on every side; some old, with Michael Angelo's autograph, and some very valuable from their choice illustrations. Here are some of Walter Scott's novels in manuscript. One desk has a beautiful collection of diamonds, agates, and other precious stones, each laid on crimson or purple velvet. Here is a circular table, covered with green cloth, where he writes. His seal, with his motto "To-day," is graven on the end of a fine piece of chalcedony five or six inches high. Above is his bedroom, furnished in light chintz, simple, but the books and pictures are worth a fortune. The absence of pipes is noticeable. Mr. Ruskin, I believe, is much opposed to smoking. The Turners, hung all about the room, are covered with blue cases, lest the light fade the exquisite colors. The views of the lake, Coniston Old Man—a rugged mountain 2,633 feet high—and the ivy-covered house where Sir Philip Sidney once lived, are inspiring.

Mr. Ruskin is a constant worker, studying one subject carefully for a month, and

then another. He has great love for working people, and is always trying to help them by such publications as *Fors Clavigera*, or the Society of St. George, which proposes a model village and a museum. To this Mr. Ruskin has given paintings and books, one of the latter costing five hundred dollars. He believes, and rightly, that the poor can appreciate beautiful things. Mr. Ruskin is a slightly-built man, with modest manner, kind blue eyes, and admirable powers of conversation.

MRS. CRAIK (Dinah Maria Mulock) lives in Kent, in a house in the Queen Anne style, one of the most charming in England. She seems to me to illustrate in her own home life, with her husband and only daughter, Dorothy, the ideals she has drawn in her books. Her first novel was "The Ogilvies," published in 1849, since which time she has given to the world over thirty volumes. She has written comparatively little since her marriage, about sixteen years ago. She is a queenly woman in manner, loved by all for her many kind acts. Mr. Holman Hunt's little golden-haired daughter, Gladys Mulock, whose picture was admired by everybody in the Royal Academy last year, held Mrs. Craik, her godmother, by the hand, as we walked about the grounds.

JEAN INGELOW and her two brothers live in a lovely London home, full of flowers, as one might expect from one who so loves nature. Great bunches of yellow primroses (no one can be in England in the spring and not love these tiny things that make the fields yellow with their bloom) and blue forget-me-nots were about the house. The grounds, too, are a perfect flower garden. Miss Ingelow is most intelligent on all great questions. She knows American literature well, and speaks highly of many of our writers. She is not strong, going to the south of France usually in the winter, while in the summer, in the London season, from May to July, her presence is of course eagerly sought. Her "Songs of Seven," not a great favorite with her, will be a favorite with the world as long as there are women to be wives and mothers. Miss Ingelow makes her writing secondary to her devotion to her home and the comfort of those who are dear to her. Though she has written several books, she is best known among us by her poems and her two novels, "Don John" and "Off the Skel-

ligs." She is in the prime of life, though her hair is turning gray, and will probably do much more work. Her name is a household word on both sides of the ocean.

CHRISTINA ROSETTI, whose poems are pure, strong, and finished, lives quietly in the heart of London with her mother, to whom she is devoted. Her own health has not been good for some years. Her hair and eyes are dark, the latter very beautiful. Their home has many of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's pictures, one showing the face of his young wife, whose death, two years after their marriage, cast a shadow over his life. He must have been a patient worker as well as creator, so full of exquisite details are his paintings. Miss Rosetti has written at least six volumes of poems, prominent among which are "Goblin Market" and "The Prince's Progress." She is a woman of great culture, and a noble, genial Christian.

GEORGE MACDONALD has a poetic face, whose every lineament shows refinement and delicacy. His light hair is parted in the middle, as is the English fashion, and he has a full beard. I saw him play, at his own home, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," his wife and his twelve children taking their parts admirably. His manner is most gentle, the mark of a true gentleman. He occasionally preaches in London, having entered the ministry after leaving Aberdeen University. His health is not good, nevertheless he is a constant writer, his books numbering nearly thirty already. In 1877 he began to receive a \$500 pension in consideration of his contributions to literature—a sum richly merited by the gifted poet and novelist.

The name of FRANCES POWER COBBE is well known in America. Her admirable book, "Duties of Women," is in thousands of our homes, and I wish it might be in all. She is the author of about twenty books, her last, "The Peak of Darien," having, in a few weeks, passed through seven editions. She has written on "Darwinism in Morals;" "Broken Lights, an Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith;" "Moral Aspects of Vivisection;" "University Education of Women," etc. Seventeen years ago Miss Cobbe read a paper in Guildhall, at the Social Science Congress, pleading for the admission of women to university degrees. She says every newspaper in London laughed at her for asking for that which would *never* be granted. Two years ago she headed a deputation to Lord Granville, thanking him for the admission of

women to London University degrees, placing in his hands her much-ridiculed address of fifteen years before! Thus rapidly does the world move. Miss Cobbe is a lady over fifty, stout in physique, with short gray hair, a noble head, and is most sunny in face and manner. She feels the deepest interest in America. She is an untiring worker, writing from early morning till late at night, till her book or work is finished, when she goes into the country and walks all day. She is an enthusiastic lover of nature. Her father spent much money on her education, and she says of herself at sixteen, "With a smattering of languages, I thought I was finished. Soon I found that I knew nothing at all, and from sixteen to thirty-two I read enormously." She does not think she has a great memory, but she reads with a purpose. She seems at home upon every topic mentioned. I heard her speak on woman suffrage in one of the elegant West End parlors of London. So natural, witty, and full of good nature was she that the audience felt inclined to give Miss Cobbe the right to vote, even if no other woman should have it. The beautiful young wife of a member of Parliament followed Miss Cobbe, urging that wealthy girls go to college, so as to be self-dependent, all having a trade or profession. "This is an American idea," she said, "and I hope we may soon become Americanized in this respect." The feeling is deepening, both in England and this country, that every girl should be made ready for self-support, and be as ashamed of an aimless life as though she were a young man.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, one of the youngest of England's poets, is loved on both sides of the ocean. He is slight in physique, with dark hair and beard, and large brown eyes, sightless. He could see in childhood, but partially lost his sight between twelve and twenty-one, and wholly, afterward, through grief. The death of his poet brother-in-law, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and his two sisters, one of these Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and her two children, and of one nearest of all, filled his cup of sorrow to the brim; yet he never seems despondent, and wins everybody by his gentleness and charity for all. The exquisite words of Miss Mulock to him in his infancy, "Philip, my King," seem to have come true:

"One day,
Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel, and cold and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But march on glorious,
Martyr yet monarch, till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God, victorious,
Philip, my King."

Mr. Marston's home is in the heart of busy London, on Euston Road. About him are the books of many of our poets—Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich, H. H., Louise Chandler Moulton, and others—mostly given by their authors. Two autograph copies of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" hang framed beside the mantel. Mr. Swinburne, I am told, comes seldom to London, preferring the beauties of nature at his home at Henley-on-Thames. He rises early, and often walks five miles before breakfast. Mr. Marston has the depth of feeling, play of imagination, vigor of thought, and flow of language which belong to the poet. One of his sonnets is the finest description of a woman's voice in the language. One of his strongest and most intense poems is a Christmas vigil.

Another poet, who does not seem out of her teens, A. MARY F. ROBINSON, has already made for herself an honored place in poetry. Her father is well known in literary and art circles, and his daughter has had exceptional advantages in her own cultivated home and in society. Of her first book, "A Handful of Honeysuckle," the rigid *Spectator* said its simplicity and grace, success in difficult metre, and genuine pathos of some of the poems are worthy of high praise. Her second book, "The Crowned Hippolytus," showed a fine knowledge of the Greek language, and beautifully resets many legends. She is now writing "Rural England," and a "Life of Emily Bronte," has appeared among the "Famous Women's Series." Miss Robinson is slight in figure, has dark hair and eyes, talks enthusiastically and well, and it is hoped, will let nothing divert her from the work in the future for which she is so ably fitted.

PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY, best known in America by his book, "Ecce Homo! a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ," which was published anonymously in 1865, and passed rapidly through several editions, eliciting much discussion, is a man about fifty years of age, with high forehead, gray hair, smoothly shaven face, and unassuming manners. He is of the best type of Englishman, without self-assertion, dignified, yet gentle in bearing, and with the simplicity and naturalness which mark good-breeding. The Queen, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, ap-

pointed him Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in 1869. We heard him give a lecture on America in a class-room full of young men and women. (Scarcely a university professor but admits women to his lectures, and the plan grows in popularity each year.) He told of our progress, prospects, wealth, and free spirit, and urged England to a confederation of her colonies into a great United States. They can be held together, he said, by a little constitution. If doubted, look at America. The cheering was almost deafening at the close of the lecture, so popular is Professor Seeley.

OSCAR BROWNING, formerly Head Master at Eton, Lecturer and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is well known as an author. He has been thirteen times to Rome, and his beautiful rooms bespeak his taste and culture. He was a warm friend of George Eliot, and told us much of her low, charming conversation, her deep sympathy, and her magnetic influence. Several of her letters, in a delicate hand, show the same genius in the thought and expression as her books.

HENRY FAWCETT, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, and Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, and Millicent Garrett Fawcett, his wife, are worthy of the high position they occupy. Two years after Mr. Fawcett's graduation from college an accident while shooting left him in total blindness. To most persons this would have put an end to a career which gave brilliant promise at its opening. Not so with Mr. Fawcett. He began to write articles on economic and political science for various magazines, published a manual of political economy, and five years after he became blind he was made Professor at Cambridge. Two years after this he was elected to Parliament, and two years later, was married to Miss Garrett.

She is from a remarkable trio of sisters. The eldest, Dr. Garrett-Anderson, received her diploma at the University of Paris in 1870, no college in England at that day permitting a woman to take a degree in medicine. She was soon elected by a large majority to the London school Board. She is universally esteemed as an able physician. The youngest sister, Miss Agnes Garrett, is engaged in the business of decorative art. Her partner, Miss Rhoda Garrett, who was her cousin, has just died. Both had been carefully trained in the business of designing wall-paper, furniture, etc., and sometimes made ten-

thousand dollar contracts in furnishing a house.

Mrs. Fawcett is a young woman of most attractive face, of refined manners, and as wife of a cabinet minister has the highest social position. Her "Political Economy for Beginners" is valued highly. In 1872 both Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett published a volume of lectures and essays on political and economic subjects. He has also written books on "Pauperism and its Causes," "Free Trade and Protection," etc. Both are earnest advocates of suffrage for women. Mrs. Fawcett disarms criticism by

her fairness in debate, her ability and her womanliness on the platform. Professor Fawcett has so increased the number of young women in the post-office that there are now 1276 employed, and he has made their wages more nearly equal to those of the men. He is as familiar with America as is John Bright, and talks interestingly about the Chinese question, labor, wages, and the best interests of the working people. He is earnest in conversation, generous in his feelings, fond of boating and all out-door sports, and is justly honored by all.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

DIVORCE FROM A LEGAL STANPOINT.

There is a sentiment prevalent among our people that divorces are scandalous, unclean, and absolutely wrong. That homes are broken up, and sacred ties severed, and family kindred embittered, and agonies, groans and deep sunken sorrows created, to blast and blacken innocent lives. That mercenary lawyers, careless courts and money-loving officers of the law, are in league with his satanic majesty, to invade the sacred precincts of the family circle, and by a complaint in divorce break into the harmony of domestic peace and scatter seeds of discord.

This to me sounds like sentiment; and from my observation as a lawyer (not of divorce bureau species, however,) is nothing but sentiment. It is the rosy, poetical, semi-religious side of the question. The real facts tell an entirely different story. The equity side of our Superior Courts speak an entirely different language. True, there are some demons, like the fearful beings wrought in the vivid imagination of Dante, in his mental visit to hell, that watch the circle of domestic love for a word to build the dream of the hope for a divorce upon; but this is an exception, not the rule. True, there are married people who are divorced, who by a little patience and forgiveness, and kindly forbearance, and the cultivation of a sweet and affectionate disposition, could get along easily in the domestic harness; but this is also an exception.

The rule of divorce is founded upon a principle of humanity that in my mind is grand and noble. It looks into the happi-

ness, the purity, the welfare, and the future of women and children; and the rapid increase of divorce is not so much the result of lax statutory law, as it is the result of a rapidly increasing personality of women, and a corresponding public sentiment that women are entitled to considerations of respect and assistance from the courts and legislatures. Heretofore women have had no rights. When they married they lost their personality. They could not as a *femme couverte*, make contracts, and there was a time, and not so very long ago, a husband had the right to whip his wife. She was his chattel, his slave. But an ever increasing and enlighthened public sentiment has said to woman, "You are man's partner and equal! He shall not commit adultery and then compel you to live with him, and wound your love by an every-day exhibition of his presence. He shall not commit crime and drag you down to his own level of infamy and shame. He shall not desert and abandon you and make his home elsewhere, and leave you to struggle along amid cares and suffering, watching, mayhap, by the bed-side of your sick child, and laboring strongly and earnestly for your daily bread. He shall not fail by idleness and profligacy to furnish you the common necessaries of life, and then call you wife, when every noble and generous impulse of his heart for you has been smothered and long since dead. O! no. He shall make you his equal, his helpmeet, his friend! He shall elevate and strengthen you, and by your united efforts you shall build up characters in the world

that shall make society better, and your children must grow into a manhood and womanhood so noble, earnest and worthy, that society and the State shall be bettered by your lives!"

This is the sentiment that underlies the law of divorce. It is not, as many good people try to make themselves believe, an unholy and unclean thing to be divorced from one whose very presence degrades you, and drags you lower and lower. The difficulty under which the learned gentleman labors whose interesting article I read in your May number is, that he reasons solely from the effect of a cause, and not from the cause itself. Divorce laws, however lax they may be, are not the causes of divorce. True, loose legislation upon the subject may enable more persons to escape from a disagreeable matrimonial alliance, than would do so if the means of escape were not so easily found. But is society injured thereby? Is it better for the State that man and woman should live as husband and wife, and rear families, amid domestic scenes of discord, hatred, and discontent? Is it better that the mother should rear children and impress upon their lives the pre-natal mental conception of her own against her husband? Is it better that woman shall be dragged down into the filth and mire with her drunken husband, and be made to rear her children amid the fumes of his poisonous breath, and under the clamor of his drunken curses, and all because, forsooth, some good pious people think it wrong to get a divorce? Is it better, that the poor woman shall stand daily and hourly in fear of her life, and tremble at the approaching footsteps of her husband, whose ill-temper and vicious habits have many times made her quivering flesh ache with pain, when he struck her, or whose gross conduct and unkind words and dangerous threats have so unstrung her sensitive nervous organization that she is on the verge of insanity? Is it better that it shall be thus, or shall she be permitted to have a decree of divorce? Is it better that the strong and able-bodied man shall leave his wife without the common necessities of life, he having the ability to provide for her (for be it remembered that this is the condition of the law), and let her earn alone the support requisite for her family and herself and her husband, while he idles away his time, and sets an example of laziness and worthlessness before his children, and puts the whole burden of the family upon her? And what, with child-bearing, and sickness, and the thousand and one household duties she must perform, and yet bur-

den her with the support of a lazy, good-for-nothing husband? Has she no redress for her wrongs? Must she be compelled to struggle on and on, until her weary load wears away her life, and her children are left paupers for the State to care for? And shall she be barred the right to correct the one error of her life, marriage, by applying for a divorce? Is it better that either party to the contract shall violate it by adultery, and the other be compelled to live on in the relation of husband and wife, when the purity and sacredness of the marriage vow is broken? Is it better for one of the married partners to have the finger of scorn pointed at him or her, as the case may be, because the other has so far forgot the standing and respectability of the marriage relation as to commit crime of the grade of felony? Think you, that your life would be the ease of reposing upon a bed of roses, while scented odors were coolingly wafted around your head by gentle zephyrs, when your wife was in the penitentiary for horse-stealing? Think you, that you would enjoy it as a mental luxury when your cherished boy should have it playfully said of him "O yes! you are a nice one, you are! Your mother is up at the State hotel for confiscating a horse!" If such expressions of and concerning your offspring would be unpleasant and harrassing to you as a man, how much more so they must be to the woman whose husband has so far neglected and forgot that the social position of his family depends upon him, and then deliberately commits crime. In the defense of criminals who have domestic relations that ought to be holy and sacred to them, the good criminal lawyer always makes the point before the jury that the conviction of the defendant brings shame, disgrace and sorrow upon the defendant's family. And how often have I seen a sympathetic jury acquit a man, guilty beyond doubt, simply because of his family. And shall woman be deprived of the right of freeing herself from a man who by crime seeks to drag her down to his own level in public estimation?

It may be said, "Well, suppose the husband does commit felony, and is convicted, society will sympathize with the woman and children!" Granted. But what cares she for such sympathy. It will not clothe her, or her children; it will not furnish her food and comfort and peace of mind—nothing can relieve her but freedom from the bonds that tie her to the debased wretch claiming in law to be her husband. This is a practical, working world. Everybody must work. The rich and poor, the old and

young, must, except in comparatively few instances, learn that success in life depends upon honest, persistent and well directed labor, and when society from top to bottom is at work, it has no time for sympathy. Sympathy is short-lived. It is only momentary, except where organized plans of relief are developed into charitable institutions, and charitable institutions are not founded for those who can help themselves. Give the woman a divorce, and she marries again, and finds some one to help her along life's pathway, or she energetically finds an avenue of labor, wherein she earns a living for herself and children.

But it frequently happens that she applies for a divorce for the sole purpose of marrying again. Granted: But the fact is, in nearly every instance of an application with such motives, the husband and wife have been separated for more than a year, if not for years. But suppose the party applying for divorce does so for the purpose of re-marrying; is there any harm in it, providing she or he has a good and legal ground for divorce? But it is said a husband and wife may be living harmoniously and contentedly together, when one of the parties finds a *new* love, and then he or she finds in loose divorce laws an escape from the *old* love, and a union with the new. True, this may be so. But this is an exception to the rule, and not the rule itself, and it is *no* argument to cry down a law and denounce it because of an exception. There is much more virtue in this world than vice, and it would be silly to argue against morals because some people are immoral. But the law of divorce is not responsible for human passions. It cannot change an individual's likes or dislikes, and if two are living in peace and love as husband and wife, and one of them is base enough to rush into a divorce court and have the matrimonial tie dissolved, she or he, as the case may be, is base enough, in case of no divorce law, to gratify the unholy passion for the *new* love in the act of adultery.

The fact is, divorce laws are not founded upon any religious idea of marriage. They are based upon a political or social principle that it is the duty of the State to look into the welfare of the people, regardless of any religious sanction that may be given to the union of one man and one woman, as husband and wife. Marriage is simply "a contract, having its origin in the law of nature antecedent to all civil institutions, but adopted by political society and charged thereby with various civil obligations. It is founded on mutual consent,

which is the essence of all contracts; and is entered into by two persons of different sexes, with a view to their mutual comfort and support, and for procreation of children."

Marriage being, therefore, a civil contract, is binding only as long as the conditions of the contract are faithfully kept. Surround it with the halo of religious conviction if you will, and the law will not prevent you, yet the law will not permit you to create a religious code of marriage that shall bind people together against their wishes, and to the detriment of the State. Human lives and human happiness are subjects well worthy the attention of the State. The fate of helpless women and children—the fact that they may become public burdens—are questions of great importance, and the legislature in framing divorce laws does not ask whether a law can be framed so that some person cannot fraudulently take advantage of it, but the legislature seeks only to name the causes, and fix the nature and character of the testimony required, and the mode of procedure to be adopted to enable those who come within the purview of the statute to enforce their rights, or redress their wrongs. Laws are not religious codes. They are not founded upon religious ideas; but they are rules that circumstances and experience have taught us to adopt for the well-being of society. New conditions are continually arising, unforeseen circumstances are coming up, new ideas and new forms of civilized life are daily entering into our statutory law, and old ideas are being replaced, and old forms of government are fast fading away, and change! change! is written everywhere. The divorce law of to-day is but the outgrowth of modern society and modern thought. The Church has been divorced from the State, and no re-marriage will ever take place in this Union. The Church can and may bring around its communicants all the holy and sacred sentiments of religion, that marriages are Divine, if it will, and no one has the power to deny the Church that right, but in the view of the law, no such doctrine prevails, and never will. In law, marriage is but a civil contract, and in law the misery of and cruelty, the poverty and shame, the neglect and failure to care for the wife by the husband, are questions of such great importance to the comfort and happiness of the wife, that the State looks upon her suffering as a matter of public concern, and gives her relief by divorce.

That fraud creeps into the courts, and that "shysters" put through cases of di

orce improperly, I do not deny; but as men can be found in every profession who are frauds, I cannot help it and the law cannot stop it. The law cannot cease to do right because it is sometimes made to do wrong. I know that the courts are blamed for granting, at times, divorces improperly; but no person who knows the truth will bring such a charge against the courts, for courts grant divorces upon testimony, and if perjury is committed courts are not to blame. Courts cannot say whether such or such a witness has sworn falsely, except where the witness is tried for perjury before the court, sitting without a jury. Neither are divorce laws to blame for the perjury of a witness. The law does not make the witness or create the testimony. Courts would not grant divorces where no cause existed if the court had personal knowledge of the facts involved, and they do not. But these failures of justice are not the fault of the law. They are only incidents that attend the administration of the law, and are constantly occurring in every department of legal adjudication. We as a people have been attempting to remodel the law in many particulars for years, but we have not reached that point where the law and its enforcement has been a perfect system of truth and justice, and of course we cannot reach perfection.

Neither do we need a national divorce law. It could do no good, nor remedy any evil. The same procedure, it is true, does not exist in all the States, but the judgment of a court of competent jurisdiction of any one of the States is legal and binding in all the States. Besides, a national divorce

law would give the jurisdiction of suits for divorce to the Federal Courts, and take such suits out of the State Courts, and thereby work a hardship upon poor women, who would be compelled to travel, in many instances, long distances to attend the court, at great expense, and pay large fees for attorneys and court expenses.

The fact is, the law is not to blame for divorce. The cause lies behind the law, and makes the law only an effect of a cause, which has its origin in the state of society which exists all around us, and the reformer on the question of divorce should not direct his attention to the law regulating divorce, but to the causes which produce divorce. Eradicate the evils of drunkenness, profligacy, adultery and cruelty; create a pure and wholesome sentiment concerning the marriage relation; instill principles of economy and labor amongst the people; teach the young women that motherhood and domestic love and peace are qualities of woman's character far above dress and gossip and show; teach young men industry and prudence, and that character is far superior to reputation; teach them that whisky-drinking and card-playing and idleness are not conditions of good citizenship, and that as population increases and wealth centralizes in corporate power, and inventive genius creates labor-saving machinery, that educated and skilled labor becomes a marketable commodity, commanding large wages, and that the unskilled and uneducated laborer is thrown out of employment—and if these things cannot reach the evil of divorce, nothing can.

H. V. MOREHOUSE.

DIVORCE PICTURES.

NO. IV.

Mrs. O'Brien had contradicted her husband. She declared that he had only given her sixty-five cents that morning for the meat and other marketing, and he as stoutly insisted he had given her seventy-five. "Didn't oi lave it 'ere on the very table, mesilf?" he exclaimed, "ond don't oi know?"

"Shure, an' yes did lave it ther'; but it was sixty-foive cints—a fifty and a tin an' a foive-cent piece, and wouldn't I be afther seein' it wid me own ois, I'd like to know?"

It wasn't the matter of the ten cents that so irritated Mike. He was a car driver, and brought his money home regularly to his wife, who, being handy with her needle, made a certain kind of polonaise for her neighbors, which were in great demand, and added a little sum to it herself to help matters along. Mrs. O'Brien was one of the angular kind of Irish, who affect a Paisley shawl, and a black velvet bonnet, weighed down with a mangled millinery shop of roses and moss and leaves crushed into a shapeless heap. Nearly every one

has seen her. She goes to market with her basket on her arm, and her faded finery on her head, or on Sunday morning, at church, reverently bends over her rosary and mumbles an "Ave Maria," and crosses herself, and makes all the intended-to-be reverent curtsies at all the proper places.

Strange to say, Mrs. O'Brien has no child, but she and Mike get along tolerably and give any extras they may have to spare to the nephews and nieces on both sides, who constitute a swarm.

Before this they have had their quarrels, and Mike's big hand has been brought down upon her heavily more than once; but he was always penitent afterwards, and she always enjoyed forgiving him, and posing as a martyr.

No—it was not the ten cents—it was the principle of the matter—to think of his giving her a certain sum of money and her denying it—as if his word was not good. Mike was ugly over it, and he betook himself to the corner grocery to brood over his wrongs. By eleven o'clock he was worked up to a high state of dogmatic determination, and came home, reeling, yet pompous.

Maggie had been thinking it over, too, and she was prepared to debate the question with her fists if necessary. Mike came in rather shakily, but with a tragic gesture he ordered her to bed. Maggie responded with tragedy to match. Macbeth and his wife were cooing lambs, compared with this wrathful pair.

Maggie spent her sober breath in concocting the most insidious sneers, and enraging taunts, while Mike, already in a sensitive condition about his reliability, swelled into dogmatic frenzy. He attempted to get close to her and strike her; she eluded him, and ran round the table. In a moment he pushed the table over, and catching her, beat her cruelly. She scratched him, and tore out handfuls of hair in return, until too weak, and then fell in a heap, while Mike rolled over on the floor, and dropped into a drunken stupor.

Toward morning, Mrs. O'Brien gathered herself up, with a bundle of her dearest belongings, and started toward the door. As she did so, she saw something shining under a bit of carpet, and kicking it with her foot, saw it was a ten-cent piece. She knew then that she had been in the wrong, and that Mike had put the seventy-five cents on the table as he insisted, but smarting with her bruises and tremendous Irish anger, she pushed on out the door to her sisters'.

"An' this is the last day I'll ever see the

loikes of you, ye dirty, drunken spalpeen, ye!" said she as a parting salute, shaking her fist at the sleeping brute.

She remembered a certain lawyer who had been very kind to her when once before in trouble of a like nature, and sought his office. He was now a judge, and told her he could not undertake any cases or give any advice, but that if she desired she could take her case to two young men in the next office, who would help her out.

"Callow and Veal" were the names on the sign. Within sat two young men in a state of anxious expectation. They had been sitting thus for six months, and not a case had yet come in to them. They had been propped up by father, mother, and family, during the years at Law College; had graduated with *eclat*, surrounded by the odors of heliotrope and tea roses, and then had taken the office together, expected now by their families to make their living out of the world.

They were young; they knew absolutely nothing of human nature; their religion was of the Herbert Spencer order, touched with Ingersolism. What did they know of forces and counter forces—of attraction and counter attraction, of the sudden wrath and speedy repentance all contained in a woman's breast, even though she be Irish—even though she belong to the lower stratum of society.

A brilliant smile lighted up Callow's face as he said to his partner, "Veal, is that a knock at our door?"

"I really believe it is," assented Veal, with an electrical spasm of joy contracting his limbs as he arose to go to the door; and, much excited, he admitted Mrs. O'Brien.

"I want to git a divorce from Moike," said poor Maggie, a little confused by the polite greeting she received; "he bate me till I'm black and blue, and I want to lave 'im."

"Certainly, Mrs. O'Brien, certainly, with the greatest of pleasure," said Callow, bending like a jack-knife. "Won't you take *this* chair, Mrs. O'Brien?" said Veal, dancing around joyously, and scarcely able to conceal his delight. How all his friends at home would rejoice to hear that they had a case at last!

Meanwhile, Callow was investigating the matter, and told her she could easily get a divorce on the ground of "cruelty," and the price would be sixty dollars. How his eyes glistened as he saw those sixty-dollars in imagination.

"I'll have to wait a bit, then," said Mrs.

O'Brien," fur I ain't got it now. But I'll be around in a day or so."

And so poor Maggie betook herself to her sister's, where her bruises were bound up and oil poured in, and Mike was called all the bad names in the Irish vocabulary. At the end of the second day, Maggie's heart began to soften, and although she had refused to see Mike when he came to make it up, she could not forget that she had found the ten cents which caused all the trouble, and that she was in the wrong herself. The children were very noisy, and crawled all over her, and she had to look after the baby, and she began to weary of this unpleasant life.

She was lonesome; she wanted to be back in her little rooms again; she wanted to be getting Mike's supper for him; yes, she would even like to see Mike himself, and talk it all over. She would put on her bonnet to go and see him, and tell him that she was going to get the divorce.

It is a singular thing in this world that habit becomes our life after a while, our happiness and pleasure, and a change in our daily round often makes us feel as if we were losing our identity. So it was with Maggie. For ten years, she and Mike had got along together, enjoying their harmonies and discords in turn—a well-matched pair—equally turbulent, equally unyielding, and yet bound together by some ties of attraction unknown to the analytical powers of man. He had beaten her, it is true, but the heart of woman is singularly constituted; it is a well-known fact that in high or low degree, the man who turns wife-beater is simply idolized by his wife, and Maggie felt that away from him, in another place which was already overcrowded, that her identity was nearly lost. Besides, the divorce was news, and she wanted to discuss it with him.

As she put on her bonnet with its tawdry flowers, and wrapped her precious shawl about her, there came a ring at the door, and her dirtiest, most imp-like nephew came in grinning to tell her "The liarman wants to see yer."

Bustling with her importance, thinking that a lawyer had come to see her on business, she went in, driving out a swarm of impish youngsters who had gathered around the alarmed Callow, and were investigating his pockets.

"I have made out the papers, Mrs. O'Brien—and you can pay installments of ten dollars, if you like. Do you think your husband will file a cross-bill?"

"Deed, sur, an' I was jist about goin' to

see 'im about it—to see wot he'll say—fur, av coorse, he is me husban' still."

Callow's complexion changed, the sparkle went out of his eye. "But—you—mustn't go to see him, Mrs. O'Brien; you know it would never do. You must keep away from him."

"Well, now, ye see, since I remember findin' the tin cints, I can't feel so hard like, agin him. Far ov coorse he did gimme the siventee-five cints as he said he 'ad. An' I want to tell 'im about it." And poor Maggie's struggling emotions trembled in her voice.

"O, but you know, that would never do. Why, just think, Mrs. O'Brien, that man beat you most villianously. Why, you were a perfect mass of bruises the morning you came to see me—a frightful sight—and now you want to go back to him. Why, I'm surprised that a woman of your sense and pride would think of such a thing! Haven't you any friends to caution you against such a step as this? Why, he may be so angry when he sees you that he may beat you again!" Callow was not going to see his first case elude him like this—it was too dreadful—so he argued the matter with all his budding eloquence, and talked to her sister as well—and the result was, that *Maggie took off her bonnet.*

By turns, Callow and Veal called upon the fast weakening woman, and tried to brace her up and to keep her away from her husband. Mike was served with the papers, and rushed to another lawyer, J. Snake, as low and unprincipled as were Callow and Veal, and filed a cross-bill of complaint. But not knowing exactly what to do, he left the cause of complaint to the lawyer, who, knowing nothing about the "tin-cint" dispute, accused the poor woman of immorality and secured a witness to prove his assertions.

A singular thing about divorce proceedings in our present highly-civilized code of laws, is that the parties concerned, half the time, are in ignorance of what is going on. A sort of lightning speed seems to be necessary in conducting these affairs, and "Snake," on his side, kept it to himself, while "Callow and Veal" took pains that Maggie should not know until coming into court. It would be time enough.

It was the day before the cross-suits were to be called, and Callow and Veal sat in their office. Said Callow, "Well, my boy, our case comes off to-morrow."

"Yes," said Veal, "but I have a premonition that something will happen."

"Happen? Why, what?"

"Well, I'm afraid that she will go to see her husband."

"That would be galling! Say, Veal, if we could only keep them apart till to-morrow at twelve o'clock, our fortune will be made. Can't you undertake to do that?"

"Well," said Veal, lugubriously, "I don't know, but I'll try. It would be a shame to be balked at the last moment this way. The idea of a woman being such a fool as to want to go back to a husband who beats her. It's beyond me."

But it so happened that this singular force, or attraction, or whatever it may be, scorned the interposition of the craft of lawyers. Mike went into Mr. Snake's to hear what he was doing in the case, being pretty glum and morose by this time—he, too, felt his identity shaken by the absence of his usual custom and habit—he was unaware, though, that it was Maggie he missed so much.

Very glibly, Snake read over the unmeaning phrases to poor Mike's ear, until one word struck him strangely. He had him read it over, then asked in a dazed way, "F'wat do ye mean by that?" Snake soon explained that he had a witness who would prove it all right, he had seen her and had been hanging around the neighborhood for some time. He could prove he saw her come out of a house in a bad neighborhood. "That's all fixed!" he added, confidently.

Mike had been listening with bated breath. He might be a hard customer with his fists, but when we come to strike a balance on Mike, we shall find that he had some other traits, equally strong. He was a good provider as it went, and defender. He never allowed any man to speak disrespectfully of Maggie, and as it dawned on him what all this meant, he arose and said, hoarsely, "So that's what yer doin,' is it? Ye want to ruin my wife's character, do ye? Take that, then, and that, yer lyin' son of a gun."

And the next moment Snake was stretched on the floor, with the infuriated Irishman jumping up and down on him. Of course, it was a comparatively short time till poor Mike found himself lodged in the city prison, and a charge of assault and battery set against his name.

He knew one of the policemen who brought him in, and so got him to take a phenomenal note to Maggie. She was sitting in a rocking-chair, with a shawl over her head, crooning and moaning to herself more than ever; her sister had begun to put the care of the children on her, and had given vent to many slurring remarks about

"a woman who couldn't keep a good home when she got one," etc., and poor Maggie's spirits were at a very low ebb.

At this moment arrived the policeman with the note.

"Deere magy i am in jale i noked down the liar chap who rooned yer carackter i am verry lonsum heer Mike obrien."

In an instant Maggie's intuitional powers saw what Mike had omitted to express in his note—she filled up the hiatuses in a flash, and with that peculiar mental twist of the female powers of reason, she immediately laid the blame of all their misfortunes upon the unfortunate "Callow and Veal." They had been ruining her character, had they? And her Mike had resented it, had he? And was now in jail for it, was he? Well, she would go right down and see him, and her heart rejoiced; she even broke out into a jubilant strain as she tied on her beloved bonnet, with its mangled flowers with the balls of cotton sticking out in plain view. Her Mike! Her Mike! Ah, those dirty spalpeens of lawyers, to come between them as they had.

As she reached the door she was accosted smilingly by Veal, who was on hand according to compact, to watch and head off Mrs. O'Brien in her attempts, at the last moment, to go and see her husband. With a wild yell, she gave his face an awful scratch and ran past him, leaving him paralyzed with astonishment. Getting into the street-car, she could scarcely contain herself during the long blocks it took to reach the jail.

Here she had to go through some little delay, but finally was ushered to the cage where poor Mike was penned up like a wild beast. They fell into each other's arms, and cried and laughed, and then wept again, and Maggie told the tale of the "tin-cint piece," and asked forgiveness, and Mike, not to be outdone, asked her forgiveness, and the reconciliation was complete. It was simply absurd to see so much happiness inside the gloomy walls of the jail.

Then Maggie bethought herself of the kind judge, and seeking for him explained the plight they found themselves in, and presently Mike was free, and together home they went. It was a gloomy, squalid little place, those three rooms, but in a few moments, after Maggie had thrown open the windows, and lighted the fire, and got the biscuits in, and straightened things up, with Mike sitting there and smiling in that generous way of his, revealing all his teeth, with her "a talkin' as fast as she could, and him a listening with all his heart," no one could

deny that there was a strange, insensible atmosphere there that beautified and transfigured the very walls—that the human beings themselves took on a mysterious and bewildering stained-glass halo, that lifted

them for the time being above the ordinary mortal.

Happy Mike! Happy Maggie! "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

CONSPICUOUS EXAMPLES OF MEN TOO BRAVE TO FIGHT.

[We are indebted to Major Ben C. Truman for the following chapter from his forthcoming book, "The Field of Honor," which he has permitted us to use exclusively in advance. We had besought this favorite writer for an article for the GOLDEN ERA in its present perfected shape, and the result is the delightful sketch which we herewith present to our readers.—EDS.]

We can readily understand the position of the challenged person during the days of what was termed the established "Code of Honor," and can comprehend, in all its truthfulness and force, the declaration of Senator Henry Clay—that incomparable ornament to American statesmanship—when he admitted (while favoring a Senate bill against dueling in the District of Columbia) that "the man with a high sense of honor and nice sensibility, when the question is whether he shall fight, or have the finger of scorn pointed at him, is unable to resist; and few, very few, are found willing to adopt such an alternative." But there have lived many brave, chivalrous and honorable men—among the Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Frenchmen particularly, who have presented exhibitions of that greatest of all kinds of courage—the courage to decline a challenge.

A NUMBER OF CONSPICUOUS EXAMPLES.

Some 550 years before Christ, the King of Assyria declined to settle a difficulty in single combat with the King of Persia. Cæsar once declined a challenge from Marc Antony. In 1195 Philip, King of France, took no notice of a cartel of defiance from John, King of England. In 1342 Edward the Third, of England, sent a challenge to Philip de Nalois, King of France, which the latter declined. Sir Thomas Pendergast, an officer in the army of Queen Anne, was once challenged by a brother officer named Pennaut, and declined the invitation.

In 1589 the chivalric Earl of Essex challenged the Governor of Lisbon to meet him in a personal encounter, on horse or on foot. But that official treated Essex's cartel of defiance with silent contempt. In 1591 Essex challenged the Governor of Rouen to meet him, and decide by single combat which was the better man, or which served the fairest mistress; but that functionary declined. In 1850 Sir Thomas Hastings, a British admiral, challenged Hon. Richard Cobden, M. P. Mr. Cobden declined, however, and published the letter of challenge. In 1778 General Lafayette challenged the Earl of Carlisle, an English Commissioner to the United States; the Earl declined to give personal satisfaction for acts performed in the discharge of public duties. In 1853 the Earl of Mornington challenged the Earl of Shaftesbury for remarks made in the House of Lords. The latter, however, declared that, notwithstanding the impertinence of the challenger, he spurned his letter of defiance, and would make no retraction; whereupon the bellicose Mornington subsided. In 1410 Henry the Fourth, of England, declined to meet the Scotch Duke of Rothsay in a personal encounter. In 1402 Henry declined a challenge from Louis, the Duke of Orleans, on the ground, so his majesty declared, that he knew "of no precedent which offered the example of a crowned king entering the lists to fight a duel with a subject, however high the rank of that subject might be." In 1196 Richard the First, of England, refused a like cartel of defiance from Philip the Second, of France. General Lemery, of New York, was challenged by Monsieur Augero, in 1852, and declined; partly on the ground that his official acts were not amenable on individual appeals for satisfaction, and partly because it would be a violation of his military rank, and also a violation of the law of the State of New York. On May 3, 1852, Ex-Congressman John Barney, of Maryland, challenged Mons. Sar-

tiges, Minister of France to the United States, which the latter declined.

A COURAGEOUS FRENCHMAN.

During 1867, in the debate in the French Legislature upon books for a public library, M. St. Beuve took occasion to vindicate the character of the creations of George Sand, Ernest Renan and Pelletan, when he was violently interrupted by M. Lacaze, but pursued the even tenor of his course, just as though no rudeness had been displayed. For this "offense" the celebrated French scholar and critic was challenged to mortal combat—not that he had actually insulted Monsieur Lacaze, but because he had, according to the latter's mecurial interpretation, "betrayed an intention to insult; and such design should be unmistakably considered as equivalent to the act"—which reminds one of the anecdote of the Teuton who had thrashed his child Hans, not because the youngster had been profane, but that he had *thought* "Gott tam." M. Beuve, however, declined to accept the challenge, but addressed to Mr. Lacaze an unimpassioned letter, setting forth his reasons for such action, in which he said that he preferred "not to accept that summary jurisprudence which consists in strangling a question and suppressing an individual at one and the same time. Our differences, sir, it seems to me, should be settled by free discussion; for my own part, I propose to at least reflect before proceeding further; for, if I mistake not, I shall break some laws which I have sworn to uphold and protect, if I accede to your proposition. Beside, there is no gentleman among all my friends who understands properly the etiquette of dueling, which does not mean, sir, that they are the less men of honor, but that they have taken no degree of Doctor in Arms." Instead of acting the gentleman, upon receiving St. Beuve's excellent note, Lacaze raved and played the bully, and sent a second challenge, couched in furious terms, to which St. Beuve responded in less gentile but in no less dignified language. To use an Americanism, he "sat down" so ponderously upon "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" Lacaze, in expressing his absolute refusal to meet him in mortal combat, that the bellicose Gaul went off and "granulated."

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

On the 25th of March, 1854, after an unusually warm debate in Congress between Hon. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Hon. Francis B. Cutting, of New York, a "correspondence" passed between the two gentlemen, but a hostile meeting

was prevented by the interposition of four courageous men—Colonel Hawkins and Hon. William Preston, of Kentucky, on the part of Breckinridge, and Sarata Shields, of Illinois, and Colonel Monroe, of New York, for Mr. Cutting. On October 25th, 1803, after an exciting debate in the United States Senate (the day before), Senator Dayton, of New Jersey, challenged Senator De Witt Clinton, of New York, who made a satisfactory explanation. In 1853 Hon. Richard N. Weightman, Delegate to Congress from New Mexico, received a challenge from Francis J. Thomas, and treated it with contempt. In 1681 Mr. Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons, declined to receive a challenge from Sir Robert Peyton.

ALEXANDER SKINNER AND SAM HOUSTON.

Alexander Skinner, a surgeon in the Revolutionary army, from Maryland, who killed one man in a duel, declined all challenges thereafter, on the ground, he said, that "Killing a fellow-man does not become me, set apart as I am to take care of the sick and the wounded, and to do all in my power to prolong and not to destroy human life."

General Houston, after his meeting with General White, declined at least two, if not three or four duels. He treated with indifference a challenge from Commodore E. W. Moore, of the Texan navy, in 1845; and in his remarks explaining why he declined a meeting with Judge Burnett, he said: "I objected to it, first, on the ground that we were to have but one second, and that was the man who brought the challenge. Another objection was, that we were to meet on Sunday morning, and that I did not think that anything was to be made by fighting on that day. The third objection was, that he was a good Christian, and had had his child baptised the Sunday before. The fourth was, that I never fought down hill, and I never would. I must, at least, make character, if I did not lose my life; and therefore I notified him in that way. He seemed to be satisfied with this good-humored answer, and it is the only challenge I have ever received in Texas. And I will avail myself of this occasion now to declare that I never made a quarrel with a mortal man on earth; nor will I ever do anything to originate a quarrel with any man, woman, or child living. If they quarrel with me, it is their privilege; but I shall try to take care that they do me no harm.

AN ANECDOTE OF RALEIGH.

The great Raleigh, after having killed a

number of men in duels, at last made a solemn vow never again to send or accept a challenge; and he kept his word. One day, however, while disputing with a young man, the latter challenged Raleigh, and then spit in his face—at which Sir Walter took out his handkerchief, and, wiping his face, said: "Young man, if I could as easily wipe from my conscience the stain of killing you as I can this spittle from my face, you should not live another minute."

SUMNER AND HARNEY.

General Sumner, who fell in battle during the war of the Rebellion, once sent a challenge to General Harney, who not only declined to accept it, but saw to it that his distinguished antagonist was court-martialed, the proceedings of which took place at Carlisle Barracks (Pa.). Harney was also once challenged by Lieutenant Ihrie, U. S. A.

A NOBLE INTERPRETATION OF THE LAWS OF HONOR.

Two French noblemen (the Marquess de Valaze and the Count de Merci), who had been educated and brought up together, and who had never stained their attachment by word or act, one evening quarreled in a gaming house, during which the Count, in a fit of rage superinduced by ill success at play and frequent indulgence in Burgundy, threw a dice-box in the face of his friend, who had exulted a good deal over his own good luck. In an instant the entire company were in amazement, and awaited breathlessly the moment in which the Marquess would plunge his sword into the bosom of the offender, or invite the Count to meet him in mortal combat. But the Marquess did neither. How, then, did he interpret the prevailing laws of honor? Nobly? Yes: "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, coolly and grandly, "I am a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I have received a blow from a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I know and acknowledge the laws of honor, and will obey them. Every man who sees me, wonders why I am tardy in putting to death the author of my disgrace. But, gentlemen, the heart of that man is entwined with my own. Our days, our education, our temperaments and our friendships, are coeval. But, Frenchmen, I will obey the laws of honor and of France, and *stab* my assailant to the heart." So saying, the Marquess threw his arms around his unhappy friend, and said: "My dear de Mercia, I forgive you, if you deign to forgive me for the irritations I have given to a sensitive mind, by the levity of my own." This noble conduct was ap-

plauded by all present, the pardon of the Count was sealed by the embraces of the Marquess, and the King so far approved of the conduct of the two friends that he gave them the *cord on bleu*.

DECLINED TO BREAK HIS OATH.

In the year 1778 Sir John Dalrymple—one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland—wrote three letters to Lord Barrington, then Secretary of War, arraigning his lordship's official conduct with respect to a younger brother of the former, who had unquestionably been badly used by the Secretary. In reply, Barrington sent Sir John a message demanding the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another under such circumstances. This was declined by Sir John, who, among other things, said: "In the first place, your lordship knows perfectly well that, by my oath of office, I cannot accept a challenge or fight a duel. If, therefore, you send me a challenge in Scotland, and I am apprised of its contents, I will return it to you unopened," etc.

LEE'S CHALLENGE TO DRAYTON.

Shortly after his duel with Colonel Laureno, General Charles Lee became embroiled in a quarrel with William Henry Drayton, Chief Justice of South Carolina, and challenged him to mortal combat. The honorable Judge declined the meeting, however, and replied by saying that he was not bound "to sacrifice his public reputation, and outrage public character merely to gratify General Lee in the line of his profession."

GUNN AND GREENE.

In 1785 Captain Gunn, of Georgia, challenged General Nathaniel Greene, who declined. Upon the receipt of Greene's letter of refusal, Gunn sent a second hostile invitation, which was treated as before. Gunn then threatened a personal assault, to which Greene replied that he always carried a pistol. Under some apprehension, however, that his conduct might be misinterpreted, General Greene acquainted Washington with a detailed description of the affair, and besought his written opinion, to which Washington replied: "I give it as my opinion that your honor and reputation will stand not only perfectly acquitted with the non-acceptance of Gunn's challenge, but that your prudence and judgment would have been condemned by accepting it—because, if an officer is amenable to the private difficulties which the discharge of his duty may occasion, he can never move to right or left, as there are

few military decisions which are not offensive to one party or another."

STANLEY AND JOHNSTON.

In 1850 a misunderstanding arose between Fabius Stanley and Zechariah F. Johnston, officers of the United States Navy, after which the former sent the latter a challenge, which was declined. Subsequently Stanley "posted" Johnston at the National Hotel, Washington (D. C.), as a coward, and was afterward tried by court-martial and dismissed from the navy.

OTHER EMINENT AMERICANS WHO HAVE DECLINED CHALLENGES.

Among other eminent Americans who have declined to fight duels, may be mentioned George Washington, General Adair, John Randolph, who received many challenges, and who fought with Clay; Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who once acted as second (for General Howe); Senator Robert Barnwell Rhett, although the provocations and insinuations by Senator Clemens were very exasperating; and a number of others.

THE MARQUESS DE LA FORCE.

Michael Le Fancheur, a French Protestant minister of the seventeenth century, once preached against dueling so eloquently and energetically, that the Marquess de la Force, who was present (as was also many other military men), declared, in the presence of all assembled, that he would never thereafter challenge a man to mortal combat or accept a challenge. And the brave soldier kept his word—thanks to the charms of Fancheur's animated delivery, reasoning and pathos.

A MODERN VIRGINIAN OF GOOD BLOOD WHO WOULD NOT FIGHT A DUEL—AND WHY.

Early in 1884 John S. Wise (a member of Congress from the Richmond district of Virginia,) published in the Richmond (Va.) *Whig* a card repeating his resolution never again to recognize the practice of dueling. He makes this declaration public, he says, because some persons expect him to resent several assaults of late appearing in newspapers, especially in the paper called the *Campaign*. If the commonwealth's attorney of the town where that paper is published had done his duty, Mr. Wise says, Mr. W. Page McCarty, its editor, would have been in jail long ago as the utterer of criminal libel. Since McCarty killed Mr. John B. Mordecai, says Mr. Wise, he has been going about smelling the blood on his hands and panting for more, apparently. In reference to McCarty, Mr. Wise says:

"Unmarried, penniless, without any fixed employments, dissipated, with nothing to lose, he seems possessed of a devil, and would no doubt esteem it a mercy for some gentlemen to kill him and ease a tortured brain and conscience. He may play Sir Lucius O'Trigger to his heart's content, boasting of his ancestry (every one of whom has killed his man), his family portraits and honor, but he must find somebody else than me to kill him. With a sweet home, filled with merry children, with enough to live comfortably, with a paying profession, I am happy and want to live. In God's name, what would a man like Page McCarty put in stake against this when he stood at ten paces with pistols? His abuse of me has no more effect than a dog barking at the moon. His invitation comes too late. Time has been when I might have been fool enough to indulge in such folly, but with age, and a broader view of life and its responsibilities and duties, I have bidden farewell forever to the McCarty type of manhood."

AN IRISH VETERAN WHO NEVER FOUGHT A DUEL.

A general officer of the British army, who had been forty odd years in the service—and an Irishman at that—and who used to boast that he had never sent or accepted of a single challenge, used to relate the manner in which he was wont to meet and satisfy demands of this sort: "I once provoked the resentment of a brother officer, who was much respected and beloved by all the *corps*. His behavior upon some occasions I esteemed in a slight degree reprehensible, in the expression of which I used a term of more opprobrious import than I apprehended. Fired at the supposed affront, he retorted first the injurious words, then quitted the company, and sent me a challenge. I returned him word that I hoped upon explanation he would not compel me to fight, yet would meet him immediately, according to appointment. I went, attended by all the witnesses of my unguarded expression; and before these I readily took the shame to myself, and apologized for utterances that ought not to have been made. But, as I began to assume an air of expostulation, in my turn, he reddened, hesitated a moment, then drew his sword, advanced, and obliged me to defend myself, which I did, against a desperate thrust, with mine in the scabbard. He no sooner perceived that circumstance than he surprised us all by throwing his sword away, bursting into a flood of tears, and throwing himself on his knees, in speechless agitation of mind. I at once raised him

and embraced him, which affectionate act he returned cordially, and forever afterward we were perfect friends."

AND INSTRUCTIVE AND INTERESTING
STORY.

The Danziger *Zeitung* (says the *Hebrew Leader*) reports an instructive story of a challenge to a duel, the scene of which was laid in the little town of Rosenberg, in the province of West Prussia. A civil official, who is said to be a modern Draco in his small sphere, gave great offence to a lieutenant who had appeared as a witness in some local quarrel. They had some correspondence over the matter, in which the civilian had evidently the best of it, for he received a letter from the young lieutenant which contained the following words: "With the pen you are more than a match for me; but I have various swords at home with which I can justify my views of you better than with a pen. I offer you the choice of one of them, that we may continue our argument on more equal terms." The official replied that he had not used a sword for many years, and that he supposed the invitation to a duel was a boyish joke. Hereupon the lieutenant declared that he was never more in earnest,

that his honor must be vindicated, and that he was quite willing to try conclusions with pistols. The civilian answered that if fighting were absolutely necessary, he could not refuse the challenge, but that he was bound to make one preliminary condition. "I have, as you well know," he wrote, "a wife and five children, for whom I am bound to care in the event of my death at your hands. My present yearly income is 4,500 marks. I require you to pay over to a bank a capital sum the interest of which will correspond to my present income, so that it may yield a livelihood to my widow and fatherless children. For this purpose 90,000 marks will exactly suffice." The young fire-eater replied that he had no property beyond his pay, and that he could not possibly raise so immense a sum. "In that case," wrote his antagonist, "I fear that our duel can never take place. A man who has nothing to lose except his own life will scarcely expect me to allow him to shoot me and to beggar my widow and children without any sort of equivalent." The correspondence closed with some fatherly and common-sense advice to the thoughtless young sabre-rattler, who was eventually brought to acknowledge the absurdity of the situation.

A PICTURED MEETING.

If, some sweet night, out of the mist and rain,
The sea's hoarse cry, and the tumultuous pain
Of storm winds, wailing at their own unrest,
And echoing cries from my own heart unblest—
A sudden bell should ring and I should hear
Your unforgotten voice close to my ear,
In calm, conventional accents speak my name,
And looking up should see, as in a frame,
You standing in the doorway, with the light
Full on your face, and close behind black night,
The day since last we said good-bye would seem
Like a strange tale, or half remembered dream!

But how to meet? With gladness I would rise
To seek some answering gladness in your eyes;
And finding it—too moved to meet your smile,
Would lean my face against your arm a while,
Mingling a tear drop with the rain drops there,
To feel your touch, so tender on my hair!
And though my heart would be too deeply stirred
To give for welcome even one glad word,
I think your heart would hear its happy beat,
And understand that words would be less sweet;
But what your voice would answer, quiet and low,
I cannot tell—I only long to know!

BESSIE DILL.

THE LEGEND OF TANNHAUSER.

[In legends may be found the romance and superstitions of the past ages, of which history itself takes no account. The Teutonic middle ages are full of legendary romance. No nation has been more superstitious, and more romantic than the German. The legends of the Rhine, the forests and the mountain castles, are the true inheritance of the German people. The wonderful histories of Teutonic epical origin which have met with the romantic treatment of the court minstrel-singers, are the greatest cycles in mythical literature. In the market places in Germany to-day, for a farthing apiece, you can purchase from street peddlers printed versions of the famous legendary tales. The following tale was translated from the works of Dr. W. Wagner, by W. S. W. Anson.—Eds.]

One evening when the noble knight Tannhauser was sitting in a miserable way-side inn, grumbling over the fate that made him a poor man instead of a prince, he was startled by a loud knocking at the door. He felt a moment's terror lest it should be the bailiffs come to arrest him for debt; but instead of that, it was his good lord, Duke Friedrich of Babenberg, who ruled the rich Danubian land of Austria.

The duke chid the young man for his debts and follies, and then, giving him a purse full of gold, desired him to return to court, where his music and society were much missed.

So Tannhauser once more returned to court, and took part in the gay doings there. He also aided his liege lord in many a great battle waged against the enemies of the realm. He was a great favorite of his master, both because of his gift of song, and because of his bravery. So Friedrich gave him the fair estate of Leopoldsdorf, near Vienna, as well as a large sum of money.

The Hohenstaufens, too, looked upon him favorably, both the Emperor Frederick II., and his son Konrad, who ruled in Germany after him. The minstrel received many gifts at their hands, and was devoted to their service.

But although large sums were thus continually passing into his coffers, he was always in debt. In course of time his patron the Duke was killed in the battle of the Leitha. He mourned him deeply, and wrote a number of beautiful songs in memory of the man who had been so kind to him. But at length his poetic soul began to turn with more pleasure to cheerful themes, so he collected what little remained

of his wealth, and, setting out in the bright summer days, he wandered from castle to castle, and from town to town, sometimes hungry, sometimes happy, as he was ill or well received. He traveled through Bavaria, and remained some time at Nurnberg, where song was loved and studied; and after that he crossed the Alps into Italy. At Pavia, he made the acquaintance of a German knight, who was much drawn to the fascinating minstrel-singer, and he, in his turn, to the knight's fair daughter, Kunigunde. The old knight, on being asked for his daughter's hand, replied that he liked Tannhauser very much, and would give him his daughter willingly if he had the wherewithal to support her. Minstrelsy was all very well, he added, but it would not keep a family in bread and butter. "You have both your sword and your harp to trust to," he concluded with a smile; "go, and make money enough to set up house, and then I will give you Kunigunde."

Tannhauser took leave of his lady-love, promising to return in a year with the needful ducats; and he fully intended to keep his promise.

He rode away sad at heart; but the weather was so beautiful, and the birds were singing so gaily, that he could not remain sad long. He sang wherever he could get an audience, but sweet and joyous as was the music he made, it brought him no gold. He therefore tried what his sword could do for him, and fought under the banner of King Konrad, against his rival Heinrich Raspe, the "pope's king," thereby helping to win the battle of Ulm. He was handsomely rewarded for his assistance. Then he went back to Italy, and fought there also for the Hohenstaufens, for which service he was richly paid. Once, soon after this, he sought and found shelter for the night in a castle where many knights were assembled. After supper he delighted every one with his minstrelsy. But immediately after he had ceased to sing, a stranger came in, dressed in black garments embroidered with gold, and wearing black feathers in his cap. He had a harp in his hand, and, seating himself, began to play and sing in a deep, powerful, and yet melodious, voice. His song was strange and eerie in its effect. The guests all glanced at each other in silence when it was done. They felt ill at ease, they knew not why.

Tannhauser, throwing off the unaccountable feeling that possessed him, caught up his harp, and sang a merry ditty about woods and birds and flowers, and soon both he and the other guests were restored to their usual cheerfulness. After that, they all began to play at dice. Tannhauser won large sums, and lost them again immediately to the black stranger, and not only these but some of the money he had put aside for his marriage.

The next day, when he left the castle, the stranger went with him, remained with him all day, and before night fell, had won all his money from him. Seeing how sad Tannhauser looked, the stranger laughed, and said:

"Do not pull such a long face over so small a matter as the loss of a few gold pieces, but come with me to Wartburg; Landgrave Hermann has summoned a minstrel tournament to meet, in which the prizes are lands and wealth, but he who fails will lose his head. My name is Klingshor, and I come from Hungary. I am willing to enter into an alliance with you. Your songs are like the bliss of heaven; mine, like the horrors of hell. If we are successful, you may have the wealth—I shall take the heads; if, on the other hand, we lose, we shall go together to heaven or hell; what does it matter which? You shudder like a weakling to hear me talk thus, for you believe the tales the priests tell you about fire and brimstone; but instead of that, it is the realm of Dame Venus, who gives her friends the most exquisite pleasures earth can afford, and both silver and gold in abundance. If you do not care for the minstrel tournament, you can visit the fair queen on the road to Wartburg, for she lives in the Horselberg, which we shall have to pass at any rate."

Tannhauser listened to his companion with a shudder; but when he went on to describe the unspeakable glories of the Horselberg, and to tell of the marvelous charms of the queen, he felt a growing desire to see Dame Venus with his own eyes. So he set out with his strange companion, forgetting, or nearly forgetting, Kunigunde and his love for her.

When the travelers approached the mountains of Thuringia, they were joined by a tall and stately man in full armor, with his sword at his side, and a white staff in his hand. As they walked on together, they exchanged confidences as to who they were, and from whence they came. The new-comer said:

"People call me the faithful Eckhard, the Harlungs' comfort, for I took care of

the noble youths for many years; but, alas! wicked Ermenrich, and his evil counsellor Sibich, slew them in my absence, and all I could do was to avenge their death."

"The Harlungs, Ermenrich, Sibich," repeated Tannhauser thoughtfully, "it must have been long ago."

"Three or four hundred years or even more may have passed since then," answered Eckhard. "I find it difficult to reckon time after the manner of men; but ever since those old days I have been busily employed in warning people away from the Venus Mount."

Klingshor burst out laughing, and cried, "Spare your words, old fool; so you are one of the idiots who blaspheme Dame Venus."

"Get thee behind me, tempter," said Eckhard; "I am going to take the good knight to the Wartburg, where he may win glory and wealth."

"And I am going on to prepare his lodging in our queen's palace," answered the other, as he set off at a brisk pace towards the mountains.

The minstrel and Eckhard continued their way quietly, talking the while. At last they came to the beautiful Horselthal, with its meadows, trees and rushing stream, and, a little farther on, to a bleak mountain, out of which came a confused sound as of waves beating a rock-bound coast, the roar and clatter of a water-mill, human cries of rage, and the howling of wild beasts.

"That is the Horselberg," said Eckhard, "the place where Dame Venus holds her court, with the wicked who are under her dominion. Keep thine eyes and ears both shut, lest the temptress entangle thee in her net."

The nearer the travelers came to the mountain, the more the confused and discordant sounds they had at first heard resolved themselves into harmony. Through a door in the rock they could see knights, beautiful women, and dwarfs. All seemed to be enjoying themselves to the utmost. At the entrance sat a fair woman in royal robes. The moment she saw Tannhauser, she smiled, and signed to him to approach. Eckhard in the same moment entreated him by all he held sacred to beware of the temptress, who was outwardly like an angel of light, but inwardly like a fiend incarnate. He would have said more, but Venus interrupted him by beginning to sing a wondrous song about all the joys that awaited those who entered her kingdom; and Tannhauser, as thoroughly enchanted as though a magic spell had been cast over him, thrust Eckhard aside,

and hastened to the queen of beauty, who stretched out her arms towards him. She drew him over the threshold, and he half staggered across. Then the door shut, and the faithful Eckhard saw him no more.

It would be impossible to describe all wonders and delights that greeted the eyes and ears of the lost knight. Every day brought new pleasures, which he enjoyed to the utmost. But at length he began to tire of it, and confessed it to himself that satiety was not happiness. He had a horror of himself, and of the self-indulgent life he was leading; and his conscience, once awake, left him no peace. After an inward struggle, he made up his mind to go and seek out a pious priest, tell him all, and entreat him to show him how he might gain absolution.

Tannhauser felt much happier when he had formed this resolution. He went to Queen Venus, and asked her to let him go. At first she refused, and then consented, saying that he might come back to her if he did not find what he was going away to seek. So he went out into the sweet fresh air, which was so pure that it almost took his breath away for the first few minutes. Then he went on his way with much foreboding; should he, or should he not, find a priest who could help him?

He told his tale to priests, abbots, and bishops, but they one and all declared that they could not help him, that the Holy Father at Rome was the only person on earth who had power to absolve a sinner who had had dealings with the powers of the under-world.

He went to Rome, and confessed all his sin and sorrow to the Pope, whom he found walking in the garden, and awaited the answer of his Holiness with a broken and contrite heart. But the Pope replied with harsh voice and unbending brow:

"You are an adherent of the cursed race of Hohenstaufen; you have dwelt among the lost spirits in hell, and have been one with them: I tell you plainly that God can no more pardon you than this dry stick can put forth leaves and flowers;" so saying, he thrust his gold-headed walking-stick into the ground, and walked away leaving it there.

Tannhauser then exclaimed in his misery, "What shall I do? The high-priest of the Lord has cast me off, heaven is closed against me and men will have naught to do with me."

At this moment an unknown voice broke in, "There is a higher than this priest, even He whose dwelling is in heaven, and He that came to redeem men from their sins, and who said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

Tannhauser started when he heard himself thus addressed, and turning round, beheld the faithful Eckhard.

"Alas," he answered, "it is too late; I cannot, dare not, pray any more. I will now return to Dame Venus, and the pleasures she offers me."

So he went back to the Horselberg in spite of Eckhard's entreaties; for he was utterly hopeless.

Now it came to pass three days after, that the Pope again walked in his garden, and behold, the walking-stick which he thrust into the ground had taken root, and put forth leaves and blossoms. The sight filled him with amazement, and he remembered the words of the Saviour: "Be ye also merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful." And he sent out messengers in search of Tannhauser; but he could not be found, for he had returned to Dame Venus.

INDIFFERENCE.

Nor profits much a virtuous name,
So short a time the crown we wear,
In fifty years 'twill be the same
As if it were a crown of shame,
For none will know our lives, or,
If they knew, would care.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

WAS HE GUILTY?

What it was that took my footsteps that particular morning of all mornings to the old Franklin Library, I cannot tell. For several years I had been living in the good old city of Broterly Love, and when I desired to look at the California news, I generally went to old Ben, whose stand was well supplied with papers from all over the world, and looking over the different publications, selected what I wished, and read them in the retirement of my own home.

But this morning of all mornings, I dropped into the library, and, naturally—so deeply is an old Californian tinctured by his early reminiscences—I turned to the press and journals of the good old land of gold.

I noticed sitting quite opposite to me rather a singular looking man, with a very bald crown fringed with thin red hair. On his nose was a pair of green glasses, and over his countenance was a jovial sort of expression, very incongruous with his shiney pate. He was rather shabbily clad, but his appearance was that of a man who lived comfortably.

Very different to him was a tall, cadaverous individual in seedy black, who was poring over a tremendous tome as if his life depended on it. I should not have noticed him if he had not presented such a complete antithesis to my vis-a-vis.

Drawing up my chair and making myself comfortable, I began to look over the files of the San Francisco and Sacramento papers. After a little I took up the Sacramento *Record-Union*, and to my surprise read the following article:

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

The following letter, postmarked "Philadelphia (Penn.), October 18th," will be read with curious interest by old residents of the places named therein. Captain William Siddons, one of the parties whose name is used, identifies the other parties named, and also has an imperfect remembrance of the Capt. Lane, supposed to have been murdered.

TO THE SACRAMENTO UNION: As your paper was as familiar as household words to all early Californians, and for many years I have cut loose from all communication with your State, fraught with its terrible recollections, I am impelled by a fatality I cannot more definitely explain, to bring to light, in this manner, an episode which has been the blight of my life, and which has been locked up securely in my breast alone, for a period

of sixteen years. The imbruing of one's hand in the blood of a fellow-miner was not so common an occurrence as picture life of early days in California is generally depicted, and was looked upon with the same horror, and guilty terrors followed its perpetrator with more pertinacity than elsewhere, where the population is not so migratory, and the chances fewer of meeting with acquaintances made in former camps.

In 1852 I arrived in Hangtown, after crossing the plains, and my first mining was done at Redbank, on the South Fork of the American river. Afterwards I took up a claim on Swindling Hill, near by, and with a partner, a very tall young man, named Mose, in the first month washed out a hidden can containing \$5,000. From thence I went to Rattlesnake Bar, on the North Fork of the American river, boarded with a Dr. Frey for several months at a miners' hotel, and prospected up the river, making many acquaintances, among whom was a Theodore Beecher, claiming to be a cousin to the famous Henry Ward Beecher, with whom I became intimate; also Tom Merrill, a billiard sharp; William Siddons, a bar keeper, and a family at an isolated spot some few miles off called Rock Springs, whose waters, of coolest temperature was the resort of swarms of humming-birds, which fluttered among the surrounding foliage innocent—as I then was—regardless of the approach of mankind. I mention these and similar names and description of places, as they may be recognized by early residents, and will verify my concluding statements. Tamarou, Manhattan, Murderers' and other bars consecutively engaged my time until, in '61, I found myself at Michigan Bluffs, still further up the river, and where it was my fate to become acquainted with Capt. Lane, a tall, elderly man, with very long, dark whiskers, which covered his whole face; he was a misanthropic person—living always alone in his cabin, only issuing from it on rainy days for his frugal allowance of salt pork and Bayou beans. I had been prospecting near his cabin in an unfrequented ravine, when he strolled along with his big gum boots and dollar suit of overalls and jumper, and I stopped him with a customary salutation. We had chatted but a minute when a gust of wind blew his whiskers to one side, uncovering a part of his face comparatively bare, when I thought I saw a letter branded there. Involuntarily, and without intent to insult him, I mentioned the discovery, when his rage became so unbounded that he threw himself upon me with no weapon but his talon-like fingers, and we both fell from the bluff bank and landed a

the bottom—he underneath. I disengaged myself quickly and was about to strike, when I found he did not get up or attempt to move, and after waiting a reasonable time for the renewal of hostilities I drew nearer, and on examination, I discovered that he was indeed dead! Had I then had the wisdom to have gone to the Justice (Cunningham), and boldly told the story and been honorably exonerated, all might have been well; but to my excited mind appearances seemed so much against me that I determined on a much more hazardous proceeding, and with a superhuman strength I carried him the short distance to his cabin, laid him on his bunk as composedly as though asleep, and hastened to bid adieu to the camp, without knowing if his sudden death was caused by a broken neck or by the violence of his sudden passion. Neither have I had temerity to inquire since, through any channel, of the supposed cause of his death, and, though eagerly scanning for years the *Union*, the *Forest Hill* and other papers which chance placed in my way, never have I seen anything relating to the occurrence. At times there is a ray of hope inspires me, that in my excitement I had mistaken a state of coma for death, and that the old gentleman may yet be alive. And in such a spirit I indite this article, hoping against hope for a confirmation.

I will but hurriedly detail my course since that fatal day. I secluded myself for a week in the solitude of the deep woods of a big oak flat on the opposite side of the river, having supplied myself with provisions from a Greek's store, and then by trails and cutoffs seldom used, wandered through dense forests and crossed high mountains, to me unknown, but which can be understood by those acquainted with that country when stating the first person to whom I ventured to ask my whereabouts informed me it was Mosquito canyon. I kept on without method or care, having my belt better stocked than the usual careless miner, but which would have been freely exchanged for the light heart I bore when lying in the shades of Rock Springs, admiring the plumage of the humming birds. Silver creek was crossed at a perilous place, where banks were 600 feet high, and where in descending its steep declivity I narrowly escaped with life, through treading on its mossy rocks, made treacherous by moisture, at one time sliding over 100 feet, wildly clawing at the slimy, glassy surface, until my fingers fortunately caught in a crevice. With a tortured mind and aimless existence, I made my way to Nevada, and subsequently to Salt Lake City, and in turn to the mines of Idaho, avoiding Californians as much as possible, and at length worked my way East, where years of application to business have not weaned me from

recollections of my fatal rencontre. I have carried my load so far alone, but hope this revelation may have the effect of bringing a quiet hitherto unknown. Coso.

Surprise was no name for my emotion; I was agitated beyond measure, and could not restrain my exclamation, "Great Jupiter, can it be possible?" for I, myself, had been all over that identical ground in my early wanderings in California, and had known personally many of the people whose names appeared in the article.

On the editorial page appeared the following:

A STRANGE STORY.

We publish this morning a very remarkable letter from an anonymous correspondent, who therein relates the particulars of a homicide of which he holds himself to have been guilty twenty-five years ago, in this State. The letter is evidently genuine, and comes to us from Philadelphia. The brief inquiry we have already made assures us that the writer has correctly named all the persons, mining camps and localities referred to by him, and we have also found men who remember that there was a person who went by the name of Cap. Lane, though we have so far discovered no particulars regarding his fate. We however desire to call the attention of all old Californians to the statement of "Coso," and to request that whoever can supply further information concerning the fate of Cap. Lane will communicate with us.

"Captain Lane!" I murmured, louder than I was aware, "is it possible that this is the explanation of your singular death?" for I was one of those who discovered him lying dead in his bunk.

The red-fringed man in front of me gazed on me curiously. "Do I understand you to say that you knew Captain Lane?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "I have been over every step of the route here mentioned by Coso, the self-proclaimed murderer of Captain Lane, whom I, myself, discovered lying dead in his cabin sixteen years ago. I tell you, sir, this is a crime which ought not to go unpunished. Murder is one of the things which never is outlawed." And seeing a strange expression on his face, I asked, "May I ask, sir, are *you* interested in California matters?"

"I ought to be, indeed, seeing that I am one of the old forty-niner stock," said he, nonchalantly.

"Have you ever been through this part of the country, Hangtown, Swindling Hill, and these places?"

"I lived for years at Murderer's Bar," he replied. Suddenly a suspicion flashed through my mind. The self-confessed mur-

derer lived in Philadelphia. Might he not have come to this library to read the papers and see the result of the inquiries made in regard to the matter? Might he not like to discuss the subject with a stranger who had been on the ground and knew all the details? In fact, was it not the most likely thing in the world? Perhaps this was the identical Coso, himself?"

"You say you were acquainted with Captain Lane," said my vis-a-vis, with a curious narrow look coming in his eyes. "Did you ever notice the scar on his face under his beard, as mentioned in this article?"

"Yes, several times, though he was not a man to be trifled with or asked questions; yet we often indulged in surmises in regard to the singular mark among ourselves. Why, sir, did *you* know Captain Lane?" I asked, suddenly.

"Oh, no," he replied, "I never knew him, but I heard of the circumstances at the time." My suspicions increased every moment. How could I wind him up in a long explanation, in which he should convict himself? How to go to work so cunningly that he should not suspect my intention?

His face had lost its jovial look, he became rather solemn in expression, "Sir," said he, "when did you leave California?"

"In '61," I replied, thinking perhaps I could induce greater freedom of speech by letting him be the interlocutor.

"And where did you go when you left there?"

"Oh, first to Nevada, then to Salt Lake and Idaho," I replied, carelessly.

His eye sparkled strangely behind his green glasses.

"When did *you* leave California, may I ask?" I began.

"In '61," he replied, absently, as if thinking of something else.

"And where did your steps lead you after you left there?"

"Oh! Nevada, Montana and so forth." I thought he paid very little attention.

My great idea was not to let him escape. I wanted, of course, to make sure before I charged him with the crime, and I wanted to get his name. Knowing that confidence begets confidence, I pulled my card out and offered it to him.

"Seeing that we are old Californians, we may as well improve the opportunity by having a long talk on the good old days."

He as readily assented, which made me think him rather a simple fool to walk into my trap so easily, and we questioned, and cross-questioned each other apparently in the friendliest manner.

After a little, I was somewhat startled by

the expression in my companion's face. "What did the coroner's jury decide that Captain Lane died with?" he asked, intently.

"I don't remember now, it is so long since; heart disease, or something of the kind." Yes, I thought to myself, the man is fascinated in regard to the death of his victim, and he cannot keep away from the subject. If I let him alone, he will unravel the whole thing unconsciously.

"Do you think 'Coso' told the truth about the matter? Don't you believe he falsified the real reason of the murder?"

I was startled, and gave a slight shudder as he spoke. "You don't think it was for money, do you?" I suggested.

"Yes, I believe it was a cold-blooded murder. Captain Lane probably had a bag of gold-dust in his cabin, and this fellow who doubtless was penniless, made up his mind to take it. He probably meant no harm at first, but the idea grew and grew until finally he stole in softly, quietly, meaning simply to take the gold; but when the old man waked and attempted to defend his property, he caught him around the throat, and choked the life out of him. Taking the ill-gotten money, he made his way over that trail, through the mountains, pausing long enough to get a supply of provisions from the Greek's store, and then over through that unbroken wilderness to Mosquito canyon. It is no wonder, sir, that his accusing conscience leads him to seek, even at this late day, for information in regard to this frightful crime." And he looked at me with a countenance strangely fixed and intense.

I was simply appalled at the confession into which he had been led. I simply gazed at him with horror, thinking how, each moment, he was tightening the rope about his neck. I had read often, and heard often, of similar confessions to this; but till now, I had had my doubts of them. But here was a man whose conscience for sixteen years had so bitterly accused him that he had uncovered his crime in the most childish way. I had often heard that there was always in the deepest laid scheme some weak spot, where no weakness would be at all save for man's fatality of going over again in imagination the fascinating details, and dwelling upon them until his confession was made.

Here was an instance of it, and I had him in my power. How could I get him to the police station without his suspecting anything?

Thinking the mildest way the best, I invited him to dine with me, and he accepted

spontaneously. He certainly was the most unsuspecting criminal I ever saw.

As we started to go, I noticed the peculiar face of the cadaverous man, who had evidently forgotten his tome, and had been listening to us attentively. Thinking perhaps I should need some help, I assumed the air of a *grande Californian*, and said, "My friend, will you not come to lunch with us, and help us discuss this curious matter?" At the same time, I tried to convey my suspicions by a series of disconnected winks.

He looked at me solemnly, and then arising, followed us without a word in reply.

Upon my word, we were a queer trio, and as we sat down I felt the dismal horrors stealing over me. I had lived in a civilized community so long that I had become a little sensitive on the subjects that formerly I was so toughened to. I felt rather gruesome and uncomfortable in sitting down to dinner with a murderer and a living skeleton.

Beckoning to a waiter, I asked him for a bottle of wine, at the same time whispering in his ear to fetch a police officer. At the same moment, my bald-headed guest said something in a low tone which I did not quite catch.

However, we were drinking our wine, the cadaverous fellow looking strangely at us each. There was something about him which reminded me of somebody. I couldn't for the life of me fix the resemblance, whether it was like some one I had known in my early childhood, or in a past existence, but the conviction grew upon me that I had seen a similar face to his in some part of my life. As I said, we were solemnly drinking our wine, when the policeman entered.

To my astonishment, my bald-headed murderer arose and denounced me in the most cold-blooded manner, accusing me of burglary, arson, murder, bigamy, and everything else he could think of, in his excitement catching me by the collar and shaking me violently. Of course, I saw through his subterfuge; he took this means of throwing the obloquy on me in order to escape himself.

I immediately informed the police officer that *he* was the murderer, and I could prove it; that this was merely a cunning trick to throw sand in the eyes of the law that he might escape, and I insisted upon his arresting him.

To my still greater surprise, the self-confessed murderer took this identical view of myself, and insisted that *I* had confessed committing a murder to *him*, and that I

was only accusing him in order to gain time. A great confusion arose by this time, three or four more police gathered around and hand-cuffed us—and it would have been almost impossible for an outsider to have guessed the real criminal by our protestations, and to our apparently mutual disgust we were marched off, jailwards.

John Robbins, the cadaverous witness of the scene, was also taken in custody; we each appealing to him for his testimony in regard to the proof of our assertions, that the other had confessed the murder.

We were a sorry pack going down the street through the crowds that gathered in front and around us, jeering at us, and exclaiming, "Oh, what a hard lot! Old jail-birds, ain't they?" To think that I, a respectable, reputable citizen of the United States for forty years, passing through the most lawless communities of the wild frontier without a smirch on my name, without a single blemish, should suddenly find myself dragged through the sober streets of Philadelphia, accused of murder, and considered to be an old jail-bird. It was terrible.

Meanwhile, I tried to console myself that I had at least brought the real offender to justice. It was about all the satisfaction I could take out of it, for the circumstances were dreadful.

After we had been put into our respective cells—that I should live to see myself in a cell!—a regular inquisitor of a turnkey or Chief of Police, I don't know what his official position was, came round and, asked me, "Where is the body?" All at once the thing struck me ludicrously, and I saw it was a matter that could neither be proved or disproved. Any alibi I might want to prove would be most difficult under the circumstances; neither could I sustain my charges against what was his name? I had thrust the card into my pocket, without looking at it. I drew it out.

"William Scott," was the name of my accuser. Under the circumstances, my wrath cooled down very quickly. I was not so thirsty to bring him to justice as before. If he would withdraw his charges against me, I would withdraw mine against him. Neither of us could prove anything, and it would be only waste of time for nothing, and cause an immense amount of trouble.

In view of having to remain all night in the loathsome place, I was very anxious to communicate with him.

To my delight, I was informed that John

Robbins was to be permitted a few moments' conversation with me. He stepped in with that peculiar movement of his, like a body moving in sections, and eyed me with, could it be possible?—a faint twinkle in his gloomy eye. Again, the conviction crept over me, that I had seen him before.

"Well—Johnny—you—don't—seem—to know—me," he drawled, in his old peculiar, nasal tone.

"Why, Long-John, is it you?" I knew him in an instant—the same old outrageous fraud that he was twenty years ago. He was the very reverse of gloomy, but seemed to take delight in masquerading under the sign of the skull and cross-bones, whereas he was the most indefatigable joker, spending days in getting up a sell to take in the boys.

He was one of the great class of humorists, who seem to spring naturally on California soil—he was ranked with the "unknown to fame" humorists, but he existed just as determinedly, all the same, as many of his fellows knew and testified in the old stories they told of the days of '50.

He was very much older, though his hair was still raven black, and his skin looked like tanned leather. Long-John was not a cheerful picture, but at that moment he was positively beautiful in my eyes. He was able to prove a perfect alibi for me.

The very night that Captain Lane was supposed to have died, he I and were miles away in our tent, drenched by a sudden rain storm, which had ruined nearly everything we possessed.

On our way the next morning to get some provisions, we heard of the suspicion that something was wrong, and with a number of other fellows went to investigate it. Long-John could easily prove an alibi.

I did not recognize him by his name, for the very good reason that I had never heard it before. Long-John was the only name we had ever known him by, and he had changed some in appearance by getting leaner, if it were possible, and more cadaverous than in his youth. Still, I rejoiced to see him.

"But, look here!" said I, "that other fellow. Long-John, what'll we do about him?"

"O, I—guess—you'd—better—not—be—too—hard—on—him," said he, sepulchral. "Remember—we—are—old—Californians,—and—I—guess—we'd—better—let—him—off—easy." Such a voice as it was! Saw-filing and nose-whining, with a doleful long drawl of each word, gives only the faintest idea of its peculiarity.

"All right," said I, cheerfully, "fix it up the best way you can, and get me out of this confounded Black Hole of Calcutta as soon as possible. It is too awful to be borne much longer."

"Don't—you—remember—Scotty?" said he, with that same twinkle in his gloomy eye.

"Scotty? what Scotty? I've known a good many of them. Which one do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know that you *did* see him, but you *must* remember the fellow that lay in the old cabin by the flume, with the mountain fever for about four weeks. Don't you remember how I used to go and see him, just to make myself more contented with the bad luck we had?"

"Yes, I remember, and how cheerful you always were when you came back!"

"*That's* Scotty,"—and he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, indicating the third one of our interesting trio.

I sat dumbfounded with astonishment. Long-John could prove both of our alibis.

"What a pair of asses!" said I, contemptuously, thinking of our late attempt to bring red-handed murderers to justice.

"I—guess—ye'd—better—both—plead—guilty—to—a—big—drunk—and—let—it go—at—that," said Long-John, in his high key, with a twinkle in his cavernous eye.

It really was the best advice that could be given, and the easiest way out of the difficulty.

The next morning, three disconsolate individuals stood in the dock, one immensely tall and disjointed, one fat and bald-headed, with a fringe of red hair, the third, a slight and slender figure, with heavy crop of silvery white hair. Three as dissimilar men as could be found, and yet, typical of Californians' early days.

After paying our fines, we walked forth, very sober and meditative in our mood. William Scott and I tried to forget our late zealotness in behalf of justice, and discussed more trivial matters.

"I've got to go off on the afternoon train," drawled Long-John, in that exasperating tone of his.

"Let us go and see him off," said Scotty, cheerfully.

"All right," said I, "but first we must have a decent meal together, and crack a bottle of wine—I've sworn off on whisky—and smooth out our late unpleasantness."

After which we walked leisurely down to the train, in the most cheerful of spirits, each of us expressing a peculiar desire to see "Coso," the author of all our miseries,

and how we each, singly and collectively, would like to take satisfaction out of his hide.

Long-John took his seat, and as the time was drawing near for starting, we stood at the window talking to him. Just as the

whistle shrieked, he leaned out the window and said, "Boys,—I'm—Coso,—and—I—did—it—for—a—hoax. So long."

And Scotty and I looked after the swiftly departing train.

JOHN W. WINCHELL.

THE LAND OF THE WHITE CAMPHOR.

In the magic realm of the enchanting "Arabian Nights"—those gem-encrusted silvery pages of Eastern lore—are to be found many touches of real feeling concealed in a sort of allegory. At least, those of an Anglo Saxon turn of mind—that mind that resolves all beautiful tales into commonplace theories, come to see a real tale beneath what childhood accepts as a purely gorgeous, spectacular story.

The most beautiful of these is the story of Hassan of Balsora, and the climax is reached when we read of his journey on a white elephant to a place where his Genius bids him farewell, and summoning an Afreet, a dark, four-winged creature, bids him mount upon his back and trust himself to his guidance.

Among other wonderful sights that he beholds is a mystic land, which attracts him more than all else, and which in its glistening light and sweetness of odor, the Afreet tells him, is the strange and wonderful Land of the White Camphor.

Now, it would seem in these days of practicality, and the worship of the practical, into which we are slowly drifting—these days when the glittering, dewy webs of morning are rudely torn from the grasses which they so radiantly adorn, that we may see them simply as green blades of grass—it would seem as if we and Hassan of Balsora were not the creatures of the same sphere.

Nevertheless, he had not one enchantment more than we in this practical age—not one more bewildering scene of beauty and magic upon which to feast his eyes. If we put on our magic-glasses, and look beneath the glamour, we shall see what is an every-day tale.

What more wonderful or careful Genius accompanies man in his travels than Reason herself, who leads him as far as her realm reaches, there summoning the Afreet? What more gigantesque and swarthy Afreet than the dark-browed and four-winged Im-

agination, which, when trusted with his weight, soars into the highest circles of the dizzy blue above, almost limitless, or dives into the frothy depths of old Ocean? And in these soarings, scorning the mechanical powers of earth, gravity, or pressure of the atmosphere, what wondrous realms man beholds! strange, and with sweet odors!

In the life of man there is ever an anxious looking forward to a beautiful time that is to come—a beautiful time when existence is to be radiant with happiness. Inherently he feels it to be his due—for Hope ever whispers a flattering tale—and he waits and waits, ever looking forward, on tiptoe, waiting for this beautiful time. It may be that gold and diamonds have colored the hue of this wondrous realm; perhaps it is Fame that calls in clarion notes, and holds its wreath of laurel, beckoning forward; or perhaps it is simply a peaceful rest, surrounded by loving friends and congenial pursuits.

It is the Land of the White Camphor that mankind and womankind strain their eyes to see—still waiting, waiting. Weary years pass, and the dream is still illusive, perhaps death claiming them before they have reached this ultimatum of happiness, and they go out resentful that they have not received their just due. Some look backwards inadvertently, and, seeing, they rub their eyes in astonishment, and cry, "Alas! the land was once mine, and I knew it not!"

Ah, the days of the Afreet are vividest in youth: his wings are strong, his flight is lofty, and the Land of the White Camphor can only be truly seen from a distance. Near to its magic borders, its excess of silveriness and sweetness becomes an old tale, accepted and forgotten. Sad is the soul not gifted with the power of summoning the Afreet; half the joys of life are denied him who knows not the delight of

mounting those strong wings and soaring upward.

There are those who raise the cry for Practicality, as if life itself did not force it upon us; whereas, the voice of man should be raised for Imagination, which gilds everything it touches—dull business cares, heavy hours, and even the powers of man. In literature and oratory it touches the prosy bits of history, the dull and wearisome platitudes, the heavy circumlocution of argument, and carries the reader or listener lightly and brightly along, with a gold touch here, a silvery tint there, a bit of scarlet or blue, making indeed the tone-color which attracts both the eye and the ear.

Man has his three tenses in which to live—his past, his present, his future. Some there are who dig and delve in their present, forever looking forward to the mystic land which some day is to come to them; their youth chained down to this bitter present, until old age comes, and the marks of the chains are upon them still, and their joys are scarcely joys at all. After worshiping grim Practicality all their lives, how can they expect to summon the magic from its realm?

Happiness has often been conceived to lie in contentment; but you can conceive of a sluggish contentment which would not be happiness at all! I would fain suggest that happiness lies in the Imagination, for it is the creative power which supplies all the longings of our hearts, and man can easily be content when he has the summoning power of this wonderful being.

There have been instances known of people who forgot real troubles and miseries by the aid of its power. It is the touchstone, the alchemy of life.

It was said of a young girl who was particularly bright and cheerful under trials, "I really believe, if such a thing was possible, that if Mary were condemned to be placed in a cauldron of boiling oil, that she would amuse herself by watching the bubbles rise to the top and break."

She was one highly endowed with Imagination, and the homeliest cares of life only presented some curious little figure of speech, or suggested a poetical idea.

A grease spot upon the floor was the stain of a bad deed—the dust which would gather upon the furniture and carpet, the symbol of the constant murkiness ready to settle upon the soul, and requiring continual sweeping and dusting to keep fresh and sweet. Her work was none the less well done for seeing things so poetically;

on the contrary, she worked day and night at those sin-stains on the kitchen floor, as if she would wipe out the stains of the world in so doing.

Life is a happiness to a human being of this quality of mind. Her present tense is happy along the years till she looks back and sees that her present has become her past, and with happiness cultivated as a fine art through two tenses, it is safe to believe that the future will respond to the same thrill, and that her whole life will be spent in sight of the Land of the White Camphor. For, alas! only the Afreet can carry man there.

Many are those who glance back from a palace-home to the "humble thatched cottage." It is an old story. With millions of money at their command, and insidious power trembling upon each finger of their hands, they glance back, wearily, and sigh, "How much happier we were then! I would give all I am worth to be as happy as when I was young and poor." Ah! the secret is told—the Afreet is flown, and his touch was more golden than gold.

An attempt was made several years ago to supply the arms of the Venus of Milo. It was held that this master-piece of the art-world was not a Venus, at all, but the identical statue of Victory, made without wings purposely, as cunningly stated, "so that she never could fly from Athens," and hidden on an occasion of an irruption of barbarians, that she might escape becoming a spoil to their vandalism.

In proof of this theory, a number of critics and artists endeavored to supply the arms holding the tablet of Victory, on which she was inscribing the names of Greek heroes, showing how much more appropriate to the pose was this conception, than the mirror or apples of Venus.

It was very skillfully worked out, and the position natural; but, strange to say, in either restoration, half the beauty of the famous statue has disappeared—it is no longer a wonder and a marvel.

This is simply because nothing is left to the imagination to supply. We can conceive in our minds how much more beautiful it might be—but when man's ingenuity and skill supply the defects, it becomes disappointing!

No man can give a perfect representation of the creation of his imagination. It is the one thing that eludes him. What painter is ever satisfied with the face that looks out of the canvass upon him—its creator? He closes his eyes and sees it more beautiful a thousand-fold, than the pictured

image he has spent months and even years upon.

What painting do we ourselves gaze upon, and remain satisfied with? What human face do we accept as beautiful, without feeling that something is lacking still? some delicacy of outline, or tint of color, that, in our heart of hearts, we know belongs to the perfect face, though we have never seen it, never studied it, nor even thought of it.

In the same way, man conceives of a state of bliss which he never realizes on earth, which he is always waiting for, but seldom touches the borders of.

There are pure joys which bring him very near the Land of the White Camphor—as near as it is possible for him to approach and remain still a mortal. These are the joys of literature, with all its keen insight into human life and thought—the joys coming from the esteem of his fellow

human beings, and this is a royal bit of happiness—the joys arising from a pursuit of the divine goddess, music, into her very fastnesses and wildwood depths—the joys blossoming from the home, the wife, the children—all these are pure joys, and as such, when under the magic power of the four-winged Afreet, contribute to yield a foretaste of that silvery sweetness known as happiness.

But whence comes this longing? this feeling of inherent right to such a land? to such a realm? Whence comes this which reveals to man something surpassing earth and its glories? Where learns he of things he has never seen?

Whence come these completed forms of all completion?

Whence come these high perfections of all sweetness?

Speak stubborn Earth, and tell me where?

MRS. D. H. HASKELL.

AN AMERICAN CASTLE.

Marguerita in her anger was beautiful. She looked upon the man who had wronged her mother, with scorn. A day before she had asked him to pity her; now she would not pity him. The German flush of anger was upon her cheeks, and her eyes, intensely brilliant, lapped the tears that tried to flow. For once the woman rose above the man. Just anger lent Marguerita the same power that soft tears extend to a woman on a bed of roses. Why should she care for the father that cast her paternity on the State? Does the blood of such a father warm the heart of his child? There was enough of philosophy in Marguerita's nature to ask, as she looked upon the father who had wronged her, and deadened the happiness of her mother, "Is kin simply the shelter of a parental roof, and a mere animal resemblance, or is there a union of souls from ancestral stock to a living posterity?"

Ulrich Gessner approached her, but she, trembling like a leaf in a storm, drew away.

"You have been too cruel; call me not your daughter. Remember, there is no record that you were honorably married to my mother. You have confessed all, confessed to the daughter of the woman you wronged. Your life has been a tragedy; you have been the conquering villain; my

mother and I have been your victims. The day of retribution is here, and your child turns from you, loathing the sight of the man who deserted his wife in the hour of trial. You ask me to forgive you? You ask that which woman has never refused; but to-night I suffer because I cannot give back to the woman you wronged her youth and happiness. As I look upon you now, I could forgive you anything, for myself, but I cannot forgive you the wrong you did my mother."

"I merit your indignation," exclaimed Ulrich. But let the inevitable past be buried; call me father just once, and my whole life will be spent, if necessary, in proving my marriage to your mother. The folly of youth should not crush out the happiness of our after years. You have changed my life. I am no longer the man of three years ago. You have softened my nature; you are my child, the offspring of my purest love. You cannot turn from me. My heart was calloused by fighting against righting as far as in my power the wrong I did. Forgive me, forgive me. I have watched you, and loved you only as a father can love a daughter. Do not leave me. I will write a confession, and will have your mother's name righted before the world, and yourself taken from the reg-

ister of the State. God forgive me for the delay. I have been a cruel man."

The child's heart was opened. The lips that had never lisped the reverent name of father, now touched in sacred forgiveness the wrinkled cheek. Then she led him to the desk, and said: "Paul returns to-morrow; write all you have to say to-night, so that I may read, and read again and again, the words that will make my mother happy."

Ulrich took up the pen, and it was not long before the confession was finished. He handed her a copy, with the remark, "I will make the necessary affidavit to-morrow and mail it to Cassel at once."

"No, no, I will carry it to my mother," replied Marguerita.

"You—you would not leave me!" exclaimed Ulrich.

"My mother needs me; I will never leave her."

"You are right; you are Eula's child. Leave me now, so that I may be alone with the joy and sorrow this night has brought me."

The stern old man wept. Three years ago he thanked God that no heart beat under his vest, and sentiment, bah! it was froth to him; and love, why, his sarcastic ha! ha! and his slighting ahem! seem great in contrast with this day of retribution.

The quiet Elizabeth plays her own submissive part. Ulrich Gessner had, in life, the stem without the flower, and Elizabeth had the flower without the perfume. Marguerite wiped away the tears of the soft-hearted old man, to find a place to leave a good-night kiss, and then she retired to dream of Paul, who was speeding towards her, and the sweet memory of her mother made her dreams beautiful. She held before her the precious document that was to prove her innocence, and in her sleep the letters grew so large that they seemed written in the colors of the rainbow across the sky. And while she was yet dreaming, Paul arrived. With feverish impatience he awaited her appearance.

Ulrich received him warmly, and Elizabeth, who knew nothing of the under current in the lives of those about her, was delighted with his presence. She hurried up stairs, and in a few moments returned with Marguerita, as bright as the brightest morning on the Wissahickon. The clouds had all cleared away, and Paul knew by her bright face that all was well, and it seemed as though she possessed a world, when she greeted him with the tender words "My Paul."

"Read this, Paul, and learn that our mission has not been in vain."

Paul took the paper and read:

To the Register of Wldomir, Cassel, Germany.

I desire to have placed on the records the lawful marriage of Ulrich Gessner and Eula Kelpius. The ceremony was recorded in the mountain village of Weirscroft, under the assumed names of Adolph Werner and Urda Stech. The child Marguerita, born to Eula Kelpius, was the legitimate offspring of this marriage, and is, therefore, the legal heir of the Gessner estate, and is not subject to the law governing the rights of illegitimate children. I send with this letter a sworn statement, and request its publication in the Cassel papers. Your obedient servant,

ULRICH GESSNER,

On the Wissahickon, Schuylkill Co.,
Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

"Thank you," exclaimed Paul, "You have by this atoned for the wrong you did in your youth. I have plead with Marguerita to marry me here in America, where the law of the State would not interfere with our plans; but, true to her fatherland, and true to her mother's cause, she has refused to marry me until she won from you the vindication of her birth."

"I have been the victim of the hardness and selfishness of my own heart. I am too old to change my nature. It is as fixed as the spots of a leopard's skin. It was only the divine spirit of Marguerita that could have power to make me return to wrongs of my youth. You have my confession. I cannot hope for the happiness of having a daughter's love. I only ask forgiveness."

"I forgive you, as freely as my mother prays that God in heaven will forgive you, as she has done," replied Marguerita.

"Yes, Gessner," exclaimed Paul, "Eula forgave you, without your asking, the wrong you did her. It is a woman's nature to forgive. Purchase with your fickle love her soul and body, trail them in the dust, yet with tired steps she will gather the flower of forgiveness, and pin it on your bosom."

"Do not speak to me of Eula, or this life of mine will end, as it has been, a tragedy," replied Ulrich.

"The end is almost here," said Paul. "I have to confess a slight deception practiced on you. My real name is Wldomir. My purpose to this country has been, first, to aid Marguerita; second, to expose the colony frauds, that have led so many of the peasantry of Cassel to seek a barren home beyond the Mississippi. I have accomplished my mission, and Marguerita and I will return immediately to those who are waiting so eagerly for us over the sea."

"You a Wldomir! You do honor to the ancestral name. Now I will send for Donal Kelpius, and here, in this house—the Wldomir, the Kelpius, and the Gessner families, shall be united. See, Katrina writes that she will be home in a few days, and Elizabeth says that Donal still loves her. I will no longer oppose the marriage, but will delight in its consummation."

"You forget that I am still the child of the State," replied Marguerita. "I cannot marry until I place in my mother's hands the certificate of her marriage."

"It is true. I wish that I could in a moment make all things right. I will send for Donal. He is a distant cousin of yours."

Donal was resting under a shade tree, on the banks of the Wissahickon, and had just finished a poetic tribute to its beauty, when Crocus informed him that Ulrich Gessner wanted to see him. His love for Katrina turned him from the earnest work of the ministry to the romantic in authorship. He gathered about him the temperament of his German ancestry, and cultivated the sentiment of the rich fields, the rippling rivers, and the gorgeously tinted hills and mountains. His life was even, and as smooth as the tribute to his native valley:

Underneath the pointed arches
Of the forest's darkest aisles,
Where the broken sunlight marches
Eastward through the deep defiles,
Lies a calm and twilight valley,
Two rough hills concealed between,
Where the loose winds dance and dally
With the blossoms on the green,—
In the dim and silent forest
In the forest dark and green.

Faintly in the faint light gleaming,
Streams traverse those shadows deep;
Murmuring, as an infant, dreaming,
Smiles and murmurs in its sleep.
Fitfully each infant river,
Gleams beneath its shaggy screen;
And above, the light leaves quiver
In the forest dark and green.
In the dim and silent forest,
In the forest dark and green.

Donal cast the verses aside when he received the invitation to join the Gessner family, and at once prepared to accompany Crocus. He hastened, for he expected Katrina to welcome his coming.

He had not trespassed upon the Gessner estate since his boyhood, when Ulrich sent Katrina away. His hopes were blasted when Elizabeth handed him a note from Katrina, saying that Unzer Stein needed her care, and it would be weeks before she returned. He dined with

the family, and then told Ulrich and Elizabeth that he would go to the Castle at once, and endeavor to bring Katrina home.

"God speed you," exclaimed Paul.

"Katrina will make you a noble wife," added Marguerita.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I want to go with you to Germany," wrote Katrina to Marguerita, in answer to a letter telling her of their immediate return to Cassel. "My mother is the only person, I think, I care for in this world, and I want to go to some place where I can clear my head."

The morning at Odenwalde when Katrina approached Unzer with the paper from Black Rider's secret box, seemed the beginning of the end. Unzer took the paper from her hand. It contained the pitiful story of a woman's suffering, unhappy marriage, and dreadful subjection to passion.

"Yes, Katrina, all that you read here is true. The certificate of my marriage is correct. I have deceived you. The woman in white was my wife. She was the Black Rider's daughter; the offspring of a disreputable race. For that reason I kept my marriage a secret, and when she became a maniac twenty years ago, my life was then doubly cursed. She was subject to every base passion, and fed upon opium and whisky; yet while I kept her concealed in the dark room, I was attentive and kind to her, and in her quiet moments I was always by her side. After you came she escaped, and eluded with all the cunning of a maniac, my efforts to recapture her. I could not prevent the horrible fate she met, and until the Black Rider's death I lived in constant fear of dying by his hand. My life has been a living hell. My study and you have been my only true friends. Is it strange that I should wildly teach against love and marriage, when I was the victim of such a terrible experience? My God! what is life to me. Twenty years the husband of a mad wife, and now her widower, and the despised and rejected lover of one who possesses all that is dear to me. This is the end, then. How much nobler it would have been to have had my blood sprinkled upon the walls of Odenwalde by the warriors of earlier days, than to end an ignoble career by a wound from my own hand."

The emotions of the old man's face were painful to witness, and he went on muttering, as to himself:

"All that is left to me are my books. The trees are naked, and the hills are bare. The Juniata, usually so clear, is dark and

turbulent. The sun shines, but this is an early spring day, with none of its rare beauties. Even nature has deserted me, and left me nothing but the unattainable theories of an ideal life."

Katrina looked up at her old master with a face full of pity. After all, Unzer's career was full of a self-sacrificing devotion. There was something so pitiful about his life, and his love for her was so full of worship, that she felt like standing before him as a shrine.

The sunlight, peeping through the trees sparkling with dew, fell upon his face, and mingling with the shadows, formed a rainbow about his head.

Katrina gazed upon the face so radiant-ly illuminated, then exclaimed: "That face is divine; where have I seen it before? It is the ideal face of my dreams. In it is the entire soul of all that I have read and studied. Donal's face comes back to me only as a poem; but here is all that is real in the longings after a higher life. Oh! Herr Stein, my beloved master, your soul is right." With a rare consciousness of her power, she turned and approached the Castle, leaving Unzer bewildered and in despair.

Katrina entered her room as much under the control of the instruction she had received, and the idealistic books of German philosophy that she had read, as a condemned prisoner is to the law, but she accepted as willingly her ideas thus obtained as the Fiji to his native food.

It was a rare Pennsylvania spring day when Donal arrived at Odenwalde for the last time. He recognized the rose colored flower of the trailing arbutus, as he walked up the tortuous path to the Castle. "This used to inspire Katrina with love and happiness as we wandered through the meadows along the Wissahickon."

"I will take the flowers to her," he said, as he hurried on with a light heart and quick step.

Katrina did not keep him waiting long in the library. A slight knock told him of her presence. She entered the room with an independent toss of her head, then turned her eyes towards the floor, and extended him both hands. He clasped her in his arms, and let fall a warm kiss on her pale lips; but that was all. No reciprocal warmth met his, and the kiss was as cold and distasteful as if imprinted on the painted lips of a mask.

"I return, Kathleen, with your mother's blessing, and by the expressed wish of Ulrich. Welcome me as in the old days," pleaded Donal, passionately.

"My dear boy, you must not get excited. I intended returning home with Unzer; will I call him in?" replied Katrina.

"No, no. For God's sake Katrina; drop your trifling. I do not come here a beggar for your hand; I only ask in return your love for mine."

"What if I will not give it?"

"Why will you trifle with me?" replied Donal, in a chilled tone.

"Because, Donal, you do not meet Mrs. Browning's poetic ideal of a lover; and I have made her standard mine."

"Rather say that I am not Unzer Stein."

"Well, perhaps so," was all that Katrina replied.

A deep spasm of pain appeared on Donal's face. Look wherever he would, the face of Katrina was there. He grasped the chair for support, then half kneeling, trembling, and almost wild, in language of the deepest passion, with his well modulated voice bearing to Katrina the intense words in a tone pitched almost as low as a whisper, he again appealed: "I have waited for you with my faith in womanhood unshaken. I believed that notwithstanding your coldness and bitter hatred of love, children, and wedded life, that you would be awakend by the vigor of my own love, and let yourself be engulfed in its current. You have been falsely educated. You are an enemy to yourself, and to all about you. The platonic worship of a God in your philosophy, suits you. I pity you, as you have pitied me; for I have tried to make God's wonderful system of creation complete, while you have fought against Him and nature. I have pursued you with my love, because of your loveliness, and believing that once you gave yourself up to the unrestrained enjoyment of love, you would have rest in perfect happiness. This is my farewell. Will you be my wife? are my parting words. Remember, I gave you my love as a boy. Through all the intervening years that love has been the sacred companion of my thoughts. I bring that love to you, matured and ennobled by the experience and wisdom of manhood. I leave that love with you; it is my perfect life. The broken, imperfect and hapless part I keep. My love has been the best part of my nature. You despise and reject it, for what? An idea that you would lose your individuality; that you would, like our mothers, be the kitchen girl for men of higher attainments and more independence. The men who have taught you this foolishness are the ones to prove by their experience that it is false."

In Donal's love for Katrina there was a

strange blending of complaint and devotion, and when he ceased speaking Katrina hardly knew whether no or yes would please him. She hid her eyes from him as she said: "I thank you, Donal, for all your kindness and love, but I will not marry you. I like you as well as I do any one, but I do not want to marry anybody. Do you want me to say more?"

"Yes, go on," replied Donal.

"I would say something to make you happy, if I could. I am not worthy of you. I do not make people better, so I must make them worse, and I will try to do as little in the world as possible. I know all about Gessner's wicked actions; I do not want to live with him. I will not stay here, so I sail with Paul and Marguerita for Germany in a few days. You will forget me. Indeed, I think you are almost glad that——"

She raised her eyes to those she thought were looking fondly upon her; but Donal had gone. Gone through the open door, gone out into the world, gone forever from her presence, gone without a word of farewell, gone in a moment from the ambition of years. His resolve was made, and his heart's history stopped without the semblance of peace, stopped before the decisive battle had been fought.

Unzer found her in the library, late in the evening, with her face resting upon her folded hands.

"Good news for you, Katrina," he said, with a livelier tone than he had used for many days. "Odenwalde is to be the loveliest spot on earth. The furniture, libraries and decorations will rival the palace of Baron Stech on the Rhine. This shall be the summer home of the people you and I have been so interested in. Karl Voght, August Peterman, and Godfried Kelpius will be here in June. Consent to remain, and we will live a purely ideal life."

"You have unfitted me for any other; but though you were to line every case-ment with gold, and bring here all the splendor of the East, I would not remain as your pupil," replied Katrina. "Now do not let us talk any more, for you know, my dear master, it would not be proper for me to remain. I return to Wissahickon to-morrow, and sail the next day with Paul and Marguerita for Cassel."

The ride to the old home, down through the valleys, ridges, and across the hundred beautiful streams that flow from every valley to the broad Susquehana, was very beautiful. Unzer and Katrina enjoyed each other's society better than they ever had before. Katrina wanted her old mas-

ter always near. When the crowd would see the pale, beautiful face lit up with intellectual vigor and animation, and the small body of Unzer, with an almost abnormal head, and the great longing eyes, remarks were made, but Katrina proudly drew his arm closer to her. In her mother's house, Unzer followed her about with his great worshipful eyes, and when he had her read a paragraph from a famous author whose work they had studied on the education of the heart, which said:

"A man's life is incomplete without the companionship of a wife, but the twain must be in sympathy in the pursuit of higher intellectual attainments, or the union is merely a sensual one,"—he exclaimed:

"Will you be my wife?"

A beautiful smile—it seemed like a wave of happiness—rolled across her face; but she answered, "No, I am imbued with your philosophy; the mind and not the heart is monarch of the social sphere, and you must not be conquered; and yet, oh! Unzer, my dear master, do not try me further, for I love you. You taught me an ideal life. The life was yourself, but I will not marry you. I will not, no! no! no! I will go with Marguerita to-day," and before Unzer could stop her, she had rushed out of the room.

He did not see her again. The farewells were said, and Ulrich with a broken heart stood by the side of Elizabeth on the deck of the steamer as he mournfully kissed the happy Marguerita goodbye. Poor Katrina in feverish anxiety watched the shore for a figure that did not come. Then, when all the friends had left the boat, and Elizabeth had waved a last farewell to Katrina, Unzer, who had refused to accompany the party to the steamer, appeared. He was pale and agitated, and as the plank was raised, with great love in his eyes, he held out his arms towards Katrina. With a happy little cry, she ran down the plank, and found rest in Unzer's arms. The deadened longings of her young womanhood were livened in a moment.

So deep was her joy.

The men went on taking up the plank, and Paul shouted "The steamer is about to sail!" For answer Katrina looked up at Unzer and said, "If you let me rest forever like this I will not go away, but will return as your bride to Odenwalde." In answer to Paul, she dropped her ticket in the water, and fondly threw a kiss at Marguerita.

The happiness on Marguerita's face as she looked towards the sea, with Paul by

her side, and the thought that her mother would soon rejoice in her return, was complete.

Unzer and Katrina returned to Odenwalde, and the blue Juniata was bluer than ever. The hills had an inexpressible charm, and the exquisite fragrance of the meadow-grasses, the new blossoms, and the rich sunset on the hills, all seemed to be tinted with a charm never before seen. Perhaps it was the glory of two perfect lives, whose after years were made beautiful by the quiet and ideal life in the old castle. The one a husband, full of wisdom, with principles fixed, and the other a beautiful, pale bride, who in the days of innocent youth was taken and trained to the current that was to engulf her in the irresistible stream. Donal from afar saw and was silent. In after years his friendship had grown strong for Ulrich Gessner. They had stood by the side of the grave of Elizabeth together. He wrote for the heart-broken old man a letter to Paul and Marguerita, asking whether he would receive a welcome from the woman he had wronged, and the answer came back: "Eula is waiting for him—waiting beyond the sea, and will meet him in the other world. She died happy in the knowledge we brought. Marguerita sends her love, and has named the lake on our grounds the Wissahickon." Donal left the heart-broken man, and turned towards his home, where there was always a welcome.

A sentiment so deep and powerful that it was not recognized took possession of him as he looked through the window, across the moonlit Wissahickon to Odenwalde. He said to himself, "My life is peaceful and permanent; I have enjoyed all that nature has made in this country. I am ready for foreign travel, and there is nothing to hinder me from seeking pleasure in any clime. I have friends, and ambition, and a bright future. I will live as I have lived, and rejoice that Katrina's life is not my own. I can look upon Katrina from afar, and not envy the radiation of nuptial bliss. My own blood does not beat in others' hearts. But is my life sufficient? Am I, as a unit, complete? No; either sex is incomplete alone, and my life shall be full. You unconsciously happy lovers. You simple-hearted people, I shall be even with you. Every vine finds a tree to which it can safely cling. This life is a failure; man incomplete; the wonderful system of God imperfect, if I shall not find a woman of pure faith, noble character, lofty ambition, and tender heart, to allure me with her love, lead me to bliss by her encouragement, ennoble me by her faith, and strengthen me by her companionship. I will wait, but not in vain!"

THE END.

HARR WAGNER.

SHE SEEMS AMUSED.

RONDEAU.

She seems amused! as, standing there,
In satins rich and jewels rare,
Surrounded by gold arabesque,
Treasures soft and things grotesque,
She reads the letter's fond despair.

She stands so tall and stately fair,
With waving wealth of shining hair!
I fear it is a love-burlesque,
She seems amused!

What can it be? No youth would dare
Thi haughty creature to ensnare,
Without a palace in moresque,
And treasure-trove, all picturesque—
I fear he comes with hands quite bare,
She seems amused!

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

INDUSTRIAL AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION AS A MEANS TO SECURE MORAL AND PHYSICAL NATIONAL HEALTH.

Herbert Spencer, in his work on Education, intellectual, moral, and physical, says, among other things:

“To conform the regimen of the nursery and the school to the established truths of modern science—this is the desideratum. It is time that the benefits which our sheep and oxen have for years past derived from the investigations of the laboratory should be participated in by our children. Without calling in question the great importance for the farm of horse training and pig feeding, we would suggest that, as the raising of well-grown men and women is also of some moment, the conclusions indicated by theory and indorsed by practice ought to be acted on in the last case as in the first. Probably, not a few will be startled, perhaps offended, by this collocation of ideas.” But there can be no doubt that Mr. Spencer is right; and if so, it makes no difference how many may be offended. Truth is right and will prevail. There can be no doubt that more should be done, and new ways of education be found, to secure health, happiness, and future prosperity to our children. Nearly all great men give credit for their capacities in mind and body to the healthful condition of their parents, and attribute their success in life to these capacities as developed by parents and teachers.

There are societies for culture of various kinds; for the culture of flowers, vegetables, fruits, and trees; for the culture of horses, cows, and sheep, and so on; and the result shows how much can be accomplished by training. To take but a single example: we see how our magnificent garden roses have from five petals in their original wild condition been developed by cultivation into centifolias.

The Austrian public school law of March 14, 1869, by which that country has set up for itself a glorious monument, provides in section 63 thus:

“In every school, a gymnastic ground, a garden, and a place for the purposes of agricultural experiment are to be created.”

Every school ought to have a school garden connected with it as a source of health, as well as to teach the practical and important lessons of life. The object should be, and should be continually borne in mind, “to make the young love indus-

trial work, and train them to productive labor.”*

While America is doing but little directly for the education of labor, how munificent the expenditures made for this purpose by European governments! How broad their views, and how thoughtful the adaptation of means to *secure the great end desired!* They do not rely upon one thing alone. They commence early in elementary schools; they carry it on through Sunday schools, through schools for special industries, even in towns of only one or two thousand inhabitants, through schools of art and trades of all kinds. They advance it by local museums, art galleries, and mechanical collections, which are kept open to free admission on Sunday afternoon for the benefit of those working classes who have no time on week days to profit by them. They complete it in technical departments in their universities. Thus they provide for all ranks in life, from the highest to the lowest, and afford the most ample opportunities for instruction in all branches of industry, ranging from technical practice up to scientific knowledge.

It is for this reason that there are in Europe thousands, if not millions, of men and women who have been trained within the last twenty years, more or less efficiently in all the various industrial arts and sciences, and have more or less perfect familiarity with them.

WHAT THE STATE OWES TO ITS CHILDREN.

We are told that we ought not to distrust the State. We are told, that where her interest, duty, and honor prompt her to exercise vigilance and care over her offspring, she will not be found wanting; that in her pride and power, in her magnanimity and justice, she cannot afford to omit her duty, and leave her work undone; and that as it is cheaper for her to build schools of industry and workshops, than to erect scaffolds, we can rely upon her doing so. But is this true? Does the State do anything until it is forced, so to speak, by public opinion to act? It is well known to every thinking person, that it would be infinitely better to educate the waif and stray children, if we be allowed

*The School Garden. Translated from the German by Mrs. Horace Mann.

to use those expressions to designate a large fraction of the population, to productive labor, than to leave them to grow up in idleness and vice : but what has the State yet done towards such education ? What is it likely to do, unless the subject is agitated, and an enlightened public opinion demand public action ?

One of our daily journals, the *Examiner*, recently contained an article calculated to induce reflection, as follows :

HOMELESS CHILDREN.

Some valuable and interesting statistics are being furnished by the municipal governments, regarding the lamentable and rapid increase of homeless children. Various causes are assigned for this infantile destitution. Hard times ; the close and poisonous atmosphere of crowded cities, which of late years has become exceptionally fatal to the working classes ; drink and dissipation, to which men and women, urged by despair are drifting—all these are conspicuously prominent in the catalogue of sanitary abuses. In Chicago, last year, \$14,000 children were found homeless upon the streets, and cared for by charitable societies. In St. Louis, the infant waifs were more numerous, reaching the startling figure of 17,811. The exhibit in New York is still more alarming. The population is greater, of course, and we are accustomed to regard that city as the natural receptacle in this country of the organized vice and crime which can contribute so disastrously to the *misery* and destitution which beset populous centres. But even our ideas of the horrors of a *great city* were not prepared for the fact, that in one American city alone, 139,890 friendless, homeless, destitute, outcast little ones were dependent upon the organized charity of the public. This population of vagabond orphanage is nearly half as large as the total population of San Francisco. It represents such a saturation of misery, crime, and despair, that the hardest hearted people must stand appalled at the wretchedness it conveys to the mind and heart. The record of the Police Courts of Philadelphia and Boston tell a tale quite as sad ; not that the misery is so extensive, but in the limited sphere of those cities, quite as intense. Perhaps, if we could uncover the dark places, the unhappiness and misery which lurk in the by-ways of our own city, we should be appalled at the horror they reveal. In any event, the statistics of the cities named are valuable as showing the ulcers which lurk underneath the surface

of society, and disclose to the mind of the philanthropic the good fields for missionary work, unsuspected by those who look upon the smiling life that whirls around them.

Such are the facts that stare us in the face. Ought not something to be done ? Ought not our statesmen, and our people at large, endeavor to investigate the causes inducing this sad state of affairs, and conscientiously seek a remedy ? We are satisfied, for ourselves, that the only remedy is in education. It is necessary to prevent the evil, instead of endeavoring to wait and cure it. The natural effect of the evil described, if nothing be done, will be to multiply, and to *infect and destroy the health of the nation*. It is not enough for medical man to warn, the philanthropist to raise his voice, or the press to fill column after column with instances of vice and misery. We must recognize the fact that our system, which has produced *such fruits, is faulty*, and endeavor to remedy its defects. We may, by charitable institutions, to some extent, ameliorate the condition of things ; but the only effective cure is to commence at the beginning, and civilize, and educate. All of good that has ever been effected for the human race has been by education, using this term in its broadest and most liberal sense ; all that ever will be effected must be by the same means.

Under fortunate and happy circumstances, the training and education required are supplied by the parents. But there are, unfortunately, many cases in which this is not afforded. In an industrious and honest household, no matter how poor the circumstances, the children thrive. But in households of different character they are neglected, and naturally become more and more vicious. The children of those latter kind of households are in general as capable of improvement and education as the others ; but the opportunities and educating care are wanting ; and the great desideratum is to supply them. *It is here* that the good work of *reformation and rehabilitation* is to commence. The one thing of most importance to the nation, and in fact to the human race, and its prosperity, and happiness, is education, or development of the useful faculties of rising generations. And to secure this, government, law, religion, science, literature, in fact, everything should tend and converge.

In the first place, to commence at the beginning, there is not enough attention paid to furnishing honorable occupation for women. They have not the opportunities

which should be afforded them. A very large number of our young women, on account of the lack of proper attention and education, are corrupted from childhood, and rendered coarse and reckless. The modesty of girlhood is changed into boldness, and but too often indecent behavior. "When a pretty, vain girl is tempted to sin, a wife and mother is being ruined; discord and misery are being prepared for a poor man's home, and the circumstances created out of which criminals grow. Nor does the evil stop there. It returns to the upper classes. Nurses and servants of this kind bring back to the respectable homes the evil associations of their own lives. The children of the upper classes are thus corrupted, and the path of youth is surrounded at every step with coarse temptation."

Women as well as men make up society. Their share is a silent one, and it is therefore often overlooked or misunderstood; nevertheless, it is of vital importance. It preserves the *only germ* of society which is capable of permanent growth—the germ of *unselfish human love*. The worth of a nation and its durability must always be judged by the condition of its masses; and the test of this condition is the strength and purity of its home virtues. And these virtues depend, more than anything else, upon the character of its women.

How much cost and misery might be saved if more attention was paid to the problem of human culture, and paid in the right direction! to find the way and means to make the vagrant and idle love labor! This is what is needed. Children inherit the traits of their parents, which circumstances tend to develop for good or evil. Being properly guarded and educated they may evolve into master minds, capable of the achievements of a Newton, a Goethe, or a Spencer, of immeasurable value to the world; or neglected they may be perverted into paupers, burdens on the community, or criminals, endangering the safety of their fellow beings. In the midst of plenty, in cities teeming with untold resources and treasures, with the best chances of prosperity within reach, by judicious attention, there must be a great wrong somewhere, if, counting but three of our principal cities, the homeless and forsaken children amount to the frightful number of 171,701.

That an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure is a common saying. We spend every year hundreds of thousands of dollars for the support of paupers, lunatics, destitute and forsaken children, whereas a preventative might be found in

manual labor training institutions, and school gardens.

There are thousands of training schools all over Europe. If we take Sweden for example, it has its thousands of compulsory school gardens, and among others a school of industry for one thousand young men and five hundred girls, in which every trade can be learned free of charge.

As small a country as Switzerland has established all over the country manual labor training schools. The result of such training is shown, as stated by the American Consul, in its exports. Taking only two articles out of many, embroideries and silk goods, this small nation exports embroideries to America to the amount of \$2,000,000 annually, and manufactured silk goods to the value of over \$5,000,000. To pay for them it requires at least twenty million bushels of corn, the product of American farmers. Though Switzerland has no port, yet by means of their skilled, artistic manufactures, their thrift, the industrious Swiss have secured for themselves a commerce larger in proportion to population than any of their continental neighbors. This they have accomplished through their *manual labor training schools*. Skilled artistic manufacturers are more desirable than rude manufacturers, since they make a better population. They are better because they are more intelligent—intelligence, as can easily be seen, being the first condition of such manufacturers. They are better because they are more prosperous, and more abundantly furnished with the means to secure those comforts which embellish life.

Railroads and telegraphic communications are widening and fostering competition. In the transportation of products, distance does not count as it formerly did. The cost of fine wares in these days is very different from the days of caravans and pack trains; depends very little upon carriage, even though the distance be across continents and oceans.

Can American manufactures successfully meet in competition foreign products embodying a high degree of skill and taste? This is the important question. If it is to be done, it must not be done by cheapening labor. There would be poor success in that. Nor must it be done by high tariff restriction, for, strictly speaking, this is no better than cheapening labor. It *simply increases the cost of articles*. If it is to be done at all, it must be done by educating labor; organizing technical and industrial schools and school-gardens, where taste and skill may be cultivated, and as good

or even better workmen produced among us than in other countries. There is no good reason why we should not make as fine woolen cloth and silk goods as England and France, and as fine embroideries as Belgium and Switzerland, and still thrive. An intelligent advocate of technical and industrial education says: "Americans should carefully study what European governments have done and are doing for the better education of labor. The great branch of technical and artistic education has of late years undergone a surprising development in Europe, and is now exciting the greatest interest among all thoughtful men of America. The prosecution of an industry by any people when it is peculiarly adapted to their climate has great influence upon their character, socially, morally, and physically; and their destiny is inexorably wedded to their industrial pursuits. It is not men and women alone, but the great physical powers of nature are to be counted in the development of a people." Nature has blessed California above all lands on earth with royal gifts, and the time has come when its population should secure such educational institutions as are needed to utilize its manifold and unparalleled resources. No other country can compare with it. Our climate is superb, our soil capable of producing the grains and fruits of every zone, our mineral wealth unbounded and illimitable; our mountains teem with gold, quicksilver, iron, cinnabar, lead, coal, granite, marble, sulphur, asphaltum, porcelain, earth, petroleum, and, in fact, everything of use in the industrial arts. Our truly golden state is gifted that it can furnish for unborn millions, and for ages to come, all the demands of modern civilized life.

Industry is needed to secure the moral and physical health of a nation. The cotton, wool, and silk factories bring to America thousands of skilled workmen, who will, in turn, transmit to succeeding generations their talent and skill. But these industries require, as well as deserve, the continuance and encouragement of State and nation. The point of interest in a philosophical sense, is the relation of national development to these great industries. The silk industry, including in these words what is meant in its widest sense by the expression "silk culture," is the third in importance of the great industries of the textile class in America. Its value expressed in figures amounts to \$50,000,000 as compared with \$250,000,000 in cotton, and \$300,000,000 in wool manufactures. United States is the greatest consumer of silk in

the whole world—\$120,000,000 worth annually.

The silk industry can never be secured a firm and lasting basis until we can, and do, produce the raw material independent of the supply from other nations. There can be little or no question that this can be done and profitably done. No country can produce a better article or more of it, its production will induce new and improved manufactures, and attract and educate more and more skillful workers. And what is of most importance, thousands of now destitute women and children will be furnished with work.

As to those who disbelieve in silk-culture and think it cannot be made to pay, (for as to those who deny it for selfish and unpatriotic motives we have nothing to say), we desire to call their attention briefly to the history of agriculture.

BRIEF SKETCH OF AGRICULTURE.

The Egyptian plow was an iron nose or point, triangular in shape, about the size of a man's hand, drawn by oxen and making a furrow about four inches wide. The Romans had plows which made furrows about four inches deep and eight or ten inches wide. One hundred years ago iron was substituted for wood, in the mould-board, and a furrow was made six inches deep and twelve inches wide and the ground could be gone over in a day. In olden times a sickle was used in reaping, and only half an acre could be cut in a day. The cradle cut two acres in a day, while the headers and six horses cut thirty acres. With this inventive product of his skill, the inventive American reaps as much as a hundred Chinamen are reaping in their grain fields in China. In 1784 the farmer could plow or reap or thrash only a small fraction of what he can to-day.

The land did not yield as much to the acre as at present, and only about one-tenth as much could be hauled to market. The husbandman then lived miserably—hardly better than a Chinaman. His hut was mean; his furniture scanty; his food poor, and his garments of coarse, undyed wool and linen. He did not know how to read; his wife had no property rights, and he could legally beat her, thus brutalizing her no less than himself.

The improved facilities of labor among people of the American race have changed all this, and are continually more and more ameliorating the condition of the laboring classes.

An incalculable greater productive power is exerted by steam, water and wind-

mills than by all the human muscle of the globe. It is estimated that in England alone the force obtained from coal, and applied to mechanical purposes, does the work of one hundred million of men without any demand for food or clothing. A few illustrations of the economy of labor by machinery may be of interest, in order to show further on its effect in lightening labor.

James Watts' steam engine enables one person to produce 200 times as much work as before the invention. Arkwright' cotton frame enables work to be done in England alone which could not be accomplished by less than 40,000,000 hands by the old methods. Some years ago, only from four to five pounds of cotton were cleaned per day by one person. At present by means of machinery one man cleans 4,000 pounds daily. Hence, to have cleaned one of the recent American cotton crops in the old way would have required a year's labor, of 1,200,000 men. Twelve hundred men with the aid of machinery now accomplish it. One of the greatest benefits to mankind is the railroad. Emerson says that the indirect, and so to speak, involuntary benefit conferred by it, in opening up the great West, and giving employment to millions of men, far exceeds the greatest philanthropy on record. Each man employed in railroad transportation does on an average the work of 5,000 men without labor-saving appliances.

It has been calculated, that if the work now done by locomotives in Massachusetts alone were performed by men and horses, it would require an addition to the population of at least 1,500,000, or at a cost of \$450,000,000. The work now requires only 7,000 men and \$20,000,000 capital. If the work done in Massachusetts by labor-saving machinery were done only by manual labor a population of 9,000,000 instead of the present population of 1,656,000 *would be forced to be supported on no more than the present means.*

Invention in the present age of progress is ever ready to aid labor, if aid is needed and sought. To shell the American corn crops of recent years by hand, at the rate of 9 bushels per day per man, would have required a year's labor of 860,000 men. At that rate corn would have been too expensive a crop for exportation. By *machinery* 6,000 men shell the entire crop *in the same time.*

South American Indians (Ulloa writes) make cloth by passing the thread of the woof by hand through the warp. It takes them twenty years to make as much cloth

as we make with machinery in as many days or even hours.

Improved facilities of labor confer advantages on the laboring classes.

Progress in the industrial arts acts as a mighty leader, and the most progressive nations are those having most industries and machinery. Labor-saving machinery requires as well as develops intelligence. It supersedes muscles but not brains. It *drives men from low-priced work to employments that demand higher capacity and command higher pay.* Increasing the productiveness of labor, it increases the workman's share of its results.

"A long age of industrial conflicts has begun. The governments of Europe, realizing that henceforth national supremacy will be determined more and more by industrial supremacy, are arming their workmen of all kinds with the best weapons that art and science can furnish.

"This is justified by the fact adverted to before, that manufactures requiring skill and taste are more advantageous to a country than rude manufactures. It is well for us to study what Europe has done and is doing for the development of her industries and the education of her labor, because, in her artisans we find our great rivals."

One of the first industries which the French government fostered was silk culture. As this requires care, skill, and taste, it is not a coarse industry. It tends to intelligent labor. It creates refinement and taste. It is productive. The demand for its products never ceases, but increases yearly. For them the market is not likely ever to close. This industry in France for the year 1883 footed up in the millions as follows :

Value of imports,.....	\$ 50,350,805
Value of exports,.....	65,017,840
Total value,.....	\$115,368,645

Excess of exports over imports \$14,667,035. Besides this, France produces annually more than four thousand millions of articles of luxury.

As France has a territory smaller than Texas, it is well worth while to inquire what are the causes of its vast wealth. This is indeed a marvel, when we consider the many costly wars it has been engaged in. Its people are not excessively overworked. On the contrary, the French are the gayest people in the world. The main secret lies in the fact that its manufacturers have long been renowned for skill and taste. They deal not as we do, mainly in breadstuffs and raw materials, but in the

products of the highest refinement and skill.

Immediately after the last Franco-German war, the authorities of various industrial towns in Prussia were called upon by a circular issued by the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, to follow the example of France in the organization of drawing and industrial schools. Their attention was directed to the national importance of such schools, and the fact that *they formed the true basis of wealth in France.*

FACTS FOR COMPARISON.

Bavaria, with an area of 29,200.29 square miles, has at least a hundred of intermediate industrial schools, six of the most important of which are called district industrial schools.

As small a town as Wurtemberg has, at present, 155 industrial improvement schools in 112 cities and 45 villages. Besides them, it has a polytechnical school, and a building trade school at Stuttgart. The free city of Hamburg has done much for industrial education. It has an industrial general school, and a school for building mechanics, costing \$600,000. It embraces *nineteen drawing and modeling halls*, seven class rooms for scientific instruction, and an Industrial Museum, and various

rooms for collections. It has also an industrial school for girls. This school was called into life by the society for the *Advancement of Female Industrial Activity*, and was built at a cost of about \$25,000. I have thus named a few, and only a few, of the many industrial schools of Europe, for the purpose of showing that European nations are fully awake to the importance of labor-training institutions. In the same connection, I desire to quote a short paragraph from Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. He says: "The most opulent nations generally excel all their neighbors in agriculture, as well as in manufactures; but they are eminently more distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former."

In conclusion, I desire to add, what seems plain from what has already been said, that as civilization goes hand in hand with the industrial arts, and as the highest culture in these arts characterizes the most advanced nations, it follows that industrial education is of incalculable national importance. Its value is not to be counted in silver and gold. It is beyond all price. Upon it rests, and must rest, the future physical and spiritual health and happiness of the human race.

MRS. T. H. HITTELL.

ART IN CALIFORNIA.

THE FIRST ART EXHIBITION, 1854.

Some thirty years ago, in the little mining camp of Mormon Island, Placer County, so the legend goes, a certain tavern-keeper, with a soul for the beautiful, resolved to take a step in advance of his rivals, and adorn his hostelry with an elegant and artistic sign—something which should attract the custom of all admiring citizens, and show to the world his super-æsthetic taste.

Money was no object. What he wanted was something really fine in an artistic sense—to show, as he said, that "Californy waan't behind ther rest o' the world, when she onct jest made up her mind to go inter the paintin' bizniss. All she needed was jest to make up her mind to it, that was all."

Now, in that busy mining place, every man was busily engaged with the pan,

and the gold rocker. Where was the artist for whom the world was waiting?

After some trouble and research, was discovered a youth of seventeen, clever in his facility for adapting his powers in whatever direction necessity required—either as printer, musician, painter, or miner—and endowed with a cheerful courage in attempting whatever was asked of him. If it had been a copy of the "Transfiguration," or the "Last Supper," that was desired, he would have done the best in his power. He was not without a crude sort of genius in handling matters of this description, but utterly without training in the very first principles.

Cheerfully he accepted the meagre materials awaiting him. "I'm rather sorry, Johnny, but I kin only git hold o' brown, red and white paint, but there's plenty ur it. We ain't got no Broadway, yit, ye know." And

with this pleasantry, Johnny took his brush and bucket and went to work.

It was the fond desire of the tavern-keeper to have the name of his hotel expressed pictorially upon the sign. "The Grizzly Bear," was the happy idea. And he confidentially told the boy, that he if were successful, it would be the making of his fortune.

"Why," said he, enthusiastically, "the boys 'll come far and near to see a work of art like that."

So with his cheerful courage, Johnny went to work utterly ignorant of the very rudiments of animal painting, yet perfectly willing, determined to give a faithful representation of this beloved emblem of our country.

When he had finished it, he was not altogether pleased; there seemed something out of proportion, but he could not exactly decide what; but the delighted proprietor declared it a real gem, and proudly hung it in its place.

Then, sending word to the entire community to call see his work of art, and to be ready to give their opinions, he prepared to receive them. They came by twos, threes, and fours, and gravely gathered around.

This was probably the first art exhibition ever held in California. The artist was a little dubious over his effort, and thought, perhaps, that it was not hung in a good light. But the owner of the treasure declared, over and over, that it was a real gem.

The visitors gazed upon it with two eyes, then with one, then with two again. Then they discussed its merits gravely, finally appointing a committee to express their sentiments. The committee felt rather awkward, as there was no special reason for their selection, neither one of them ever having officiated in the position before.

However, they resolved to encourage art, and to make the report complimentary, in view of the fact that the proprietor of the Grizzly Bear was to treat them so hospitably. They could see the preparations within. By this time, the murmur of approbation which arose told of the favorable view of the question, and even Johnny began to think it was a pretty good bear.

Just as the spokesman stepped out to deliver his flowery speech, there hove in sight an eight-span mule-team, the bells jingling and jangling, and the teamster cracking his whip and making so much noise, it was decided to wait till he came

to a stand-still, and gave the speaker a chance to be heard.

With a "Whoa!" in stentorian tones, the teamster turned around, surveying the crowd; then glancing up critically at the new work of art, he said to the proud and happy owner, "Air you the boss o' this yer Pig Tavern?"

What a deadly insult! Johnny turned to flee, and the visitors made room for mine host.

"Look yer, now, stranger! This yer's the Grizzly Bar, and, if as how ye kaint pay no respect to art, mebbe as how ye kin to a little lead," and out came a ferocious-looking revolver.

The new comer took another squint. "Well, I'll be d—d ef 'taint reely a grizzly bar; but, ye see as how the snoot is pretty sharp, and it kind o' misled me like. No harm done, and I'll drink with ye ter the good luck o' the Grizzly."

His apology was accepted, while the murmur went round that "the snoot *was* pretty sharp fur a bar," and the flowery report was quietly dropped. As they filed in to take the necessary fire water, the artist looked mournfully at his picture, and resolved it should be his last.

"I'd like to know who could do any better with only a bucket of red and a bucket of brown paint? Still, the snoot *is* pretty sharp."

The world—the critics—passed in and enjoyed themselves—the artist lingered without and mourned. It was the same old story.

Thus ended the first art exhibition in California.

SPRING EXHIBITION OF 1884.

SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION.

Thirty years have passed, and we are treated to our annual Spring Exhibition—the twentieth—as regularly as in more established cities, and from the friction and dogmatic tendency of the elder school of artists with the younger, we have gained two art circles, the California Art Association, and the California Palette Club.

As in all branches of work, so with the growth of art in our midst—opposing forces are necessary, in order that from the rivalry new effort and new fire may develop the hidden possibilities, like the superior qualities in the Damascus blade, by careful tempering and patient skill.

There are those who become affected with partisanship in regard to these rival societies, forgetting that it is proof only that this division is caused by the growth

of the art interest in our midst, and that opposition is necessary to its vitality.

Finding that this theme of "Art in California" is justly a matter of pride to its citizens, this department will be established, in order to make better known the internal workings of the art circles in our midst, and to chronicle the names and histories of our finest paintings, and most successful artists.

The description of the Art Association falls naturally in this number of the GOLDEN ERA, the exhibition of the Palette Club coming too late for a careful criticism, but will follow in next month's issue.

NOTES ON EXHIBITION, PER CATALOGUE.

The most remarkable picture in the gallery is No. 63, "Yo Semite Valley," by Thomas Hill. There is a majesty of Nature conveyed by the spirit of this painting, that is felt immediately upon entering the hall. The perspective reveals distance, as seen in the high altitude of the Sierras, and the glaring light reflected from the cold, gray cliffs, is like Nature's self.

The most interesting are three scenes of church architecture. No. 60, "Morning Prayer," by Henry Alexander, is a brilliantly treated stained-glass interior, with nuns at their orisons. No. 77, "Westminster Abbey," by Deakin, is also an interior, very lofty, and finely finished in every detail. No. 66, "Notre Dame," also by Deakin, is attractive, by reason of the brilliant light, and the contrast of a dark water craft upon the Seine, directly in front.

No. 18, "Plotting Mischief," is one of J. G. Brown's well-known groups of urchins in their everyday clothes, while their little terrier companion sits on his haunches, listening with an almost human expression in his beady black eyes.

Miss Matilda Lotz, a California girl, now studying in Paris, and spoken of as belonging to the Rosa Bonheur school, has sent five of her works: No. 26, "The Old Donkey"; No. 42, "Jersey Calf"; 49, "Sheep"; 50 and 51, "Dogs' Heads." There is something distinctive in her treatment which marks them as noticeable—there is an expression in each animal's face which betrays the love of the artist for her work; she treats them as individuals, not as representatives of a class.

The striking pictures are No. 3 "Arabs," and No. 58, "The Crusader," pictures by D. and E. Tojetti, father and son. The particular school of the Tojettis is of a poetical nature inclined to the oriental in treatment. Rich stuffs and colors, des-

ert contrasts, beautiful slave girls, and savage men, with goddesses and cupids, all these abound in the art tales they have to tell on canvas.

Among the native pictures of early days, are 41, "The Old Times in California," 48, "La Chinaca," pictures by E. Narjot, artistically treated; and 44 "Chinatown in Los Angeles," by Virgil Williams, an adobe scene very novel.

Of the quiet, simple, but very satisfactory views none is more pleasing than 31, "Mount Tamalpais from above Fairfax," by C. Von Perbault, or 119, "Dry Creek," Marin County, by the same; careful studies in neutral tints, or 80, "In the Desert," by Frank Waller, or No. 7, "Evening," (Coast of New Jersey) by F. K. Rehm.

An ambitious picture is number 6, C. J. Carlson's "Hamlet and Ophelia," life-size figures. Though carefully drawn, yet there is a lack of perfection in the finish to make it artificially beautiful. The chief characteristic is the striking expression of the face of Hamlet, also the very natural pose of Ophelia's arms.

Among the flower pictures, No. 59, Wall Flowers by Alice Chittenden, No. 85, Roses and Lilies by Mrs. M. E. Fountain, and 98, Eucalyptus Blossoms, by Mrs. M. B. Higgins, are the most noticeable, the latter being specially beautiful.

A curious couple of paintings are those by Tamega Kagi, a Japanese artist. The first, No. 83, "The Turtle who wanted to Fly," is a scene portraying a reddish-tinted rock covered with turtles, watching the aerial flight of one of their number, after being dropped by the kindly bird who gives his first lesson. The sky is prettily shaded with sunset tint, the turtles' backs are well-marked, and the whole effect is odd and Japanese in every particular. The second deals with a reality in the same peculiar fashion. No. 115, "Night Scene in San Francisco, which is not so successful. No. 67, "La Petite Leone," by E. F. Andrews, is a pretty little girl of the French Peasant type, a study in neutral tints.

Of the odd pictures, Mrs. Champion's "Who Is It?" No. 94, "The View of a Young Lady's Back," and Arthur Nahl's "Scene in the Louvre," stand out most prominently. The latter is a young lady artist perched up on a step ladder, busily engaged in copying a master-piece, and unaware of her disarranged skirts revealing two very pink calves. We should not call this true art.

Of the classical and nude, the most noticeable are No. 46, "Love's Crown," by Henry A. Loot, a child crowning a female

figure—it does not seem to mean anything ; and No. 30, "Bacchantes," by P. F. Rothermel, a group of nude figures—straying through a forest—they have evidently been severely flagellated on the way, judging by the gory hue of the flesh.

The usual still life views abound. Thistles and Teasels, by Miss Jessie Kirk—Salmon, by Brookes and Strauss, and Grapes, by Deakin.

The water colors are mostly by Mrs. Virgil Williams, Miss Clara McChesney, and Christian Jorgensen.

OTHER VIEWS.

An old gentleman and his son sat before No. 84, Bierstadt's "Forest of Mt. Washington." Said the youth, "You see that is very poor, out of focus, without harmony, finish, or perspective; and then look at that dreadful red tree.

"My son, I like that picture. Now, you have not had the experience to know that that is true to nature, but I have." And he gazed on it affectionately. It reminded him of his boyhood, when he wandered through the glory of an autumnal forest.

"Nonsense, father," said the callow youth, who was instructing his parent in art, "it don't do nowadays to take nature just as she is—we have to improve on nature."

Can these things be true? or is this a heresy?

Mamie Roseleaf went to view the pictures, of course. She has a great love for art. Why, the whole house is decorated with her beautiful little flower pictures on tin, plaques, satin and what not.

But she thinks the exhibition was horrid. Why, there was the most dreadful picture there! and Henry, her escort, walked right up to it with her on his arm—and he actually smiled. She thinks Arthur Nahl must be a very wicked painter, and the Louvre an awful place.

John Blunt happened in by mistake, and looking around with a disgusted air, he began to relieve his feelings. "Fish, fish! dead fish. How tired I am of dead fish!

Posies! horrid, unnatural posies? She gives a splash of paint, and thinks it's a rose—for of course it's a *she*. Ugh! Miners? Never saw a green shirt in all my life, what's that un got on a green shirt for?

Everlasting woman sitting out on a cold rock to catch her death of cold, without so much as a sash around her. Poor baby, too; it'll die of the croup before night.

Dogs? Well, them are putty good dogs. Yo Semite? O, I kiner like that—it feels good. I tell you, that man knows how to paint!

Bacchantes! Well, I swon, if every mother's son of them don't look like he was made of raw meat.

Gal lookin' at a pictur? She ain't any too good lookin', if she *has* got on a nice new frock. That there donkey's good.

Three little scamps, a settin' there as natural as life; and look at the dog! I tell you, that's the best pictur' here.

Hamlet and Ofely, hey? Mighty big pictur', ain't it? Lot o' blue paint in her dress, ain't there?

Great thunder! It's hot enough here to roast a pig—I'm a goin' home." And he went.

"Oh, Mary; did you go to the Art Exhibition? And did you see the turtle picture, and the funny black night-scene in San Francisco? I never felt so sad in all my life. Why, do you know, we sort of felt there was something strange in seeing that Jap hovering round so much, and then, all at once, it flashed over me that that was the painter. Poor fellar! He went from one to the other, and then back again, to see of people admired them, and finally we called him the Wandering Sprite.

Nobody would say anything well of them, and I knew that was what he was hoping for; so I just started in, and praised the turtle picture, and the night scene, every minute. I don't care! I think it was real sad to see the poor Jap, all alone in a strange country, with nobody to praise his pictures. I don't care! and I'm going to praise it every time I go."

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.


 The Museum.
 

History of a Fossil (Restored).

"What a strange animal! It looks something like a man, yet it has a very strange appearance." Shall I tell you of its habits and eccentricities? It certainly was a singular creature.

When alive it went upon two legs and made use of its brain to aid it in getting the better of its enemies, of which it had many. You may notice the peculiar horniness of the hands. This is attributable to its curious propensity of burrowing in the ground.

When young, it was possessed of noble and loving attributes; but this curious desire to dig suddenly developed itself, and it wandered thousands of miles over sea and land in order to find a good burrowing place.

After finding a good locality to dig, a different nature took possession of the animal, and it lost sight of all ties and relationship, spending years and years in this singular occupation. Sometimes it tired of a place and sought for a new one, wandering thousands of miles up and down in search of a more favorable spot.

No, it was not altogether without method—there was a certain kind of mineral that it burrowed for, having a peculiar fondness for a particular one called gold, probably the brightness of the color attracted its attention.

Sometimes it was utterly forlorn and forsaken, with scarcely enough to eat, yet it still labored on, unceasingly. Sometimes it prospered, finding much of the desired stuff, which it exchanged with its fellows for many other things, and for a season sought a wild and hilarious excitement in the midst of them. In a short time, however, it returned to its cave, and commenced burrowing again, more forlorn and miserable than before.

During these years of despair, it mated with an aborigine of lower type than itself, and became surrounded with offspring of a hybrid quality, for whom it exhibited not the smallest trace of affection.

Again the desire for a new burrowing place came over it, and it wandered away to an untried field hundreds of miles away. It was old and weatherbeaten, by this time, forlorn and discontented.

Once more it spent years in a hole in the ground, and finding a little heap of the metal which so attracted its fancy, it sought once more a habitation among its kind.

Falling sick, full of years and weariness, it was put in a separate place where these creatures kept the ill and disabled, and there it lay, after all its wanderings, cared for by those who daily took from the little heap some of the pretty metal in exchange for their services.

Amid all the number, came daily one who for old friendship's sake and kindness' sake, sought to make easier the last days of the forlorn old creature.

In their curious language, crude, it is true, yet sufficient for their needs, the friendly animal suggested that the other take precautions to guard the little heap of shining metal, so that in case death came to claim it, that the old parents still alive over the sea and land, thousands of miles away, might come into possession of it. It might be of some comfort to them in their old age.

But the burrowing animal had lost sight of such a thing as parents in those long years, it was a legend to it. And it had learned to love the little shining heap of metal beyond all else. Then the friendly one suggested making some provision for its wild offspring, who were naked and hungry, living on the wild berries and nuts in the mountain fastnesses. But this it disdained.

All its soul was centered in the little shining heap for which it served so long, and day after day, becoming feebler and more broken, it took what consolation it could in thinking that it was still its own. Caring nothing for ties of relationship, for either parents or offspring, it preferred clutching eagerly to its breast the treasure while it lived, and letting it scatter whither it would after its death.

Death came suddenly, and the poor creature, whose life was such an utter failure, thrust its hands into the midst of its hoard, and fell back dead.

Then gathered around the dead body the other animals, somewhat like rats in appearance, and not content with the bits of the metal they had received from day to day for caring for the sick creature, they

clutched, they fought over it, snatching from each other such of the shining heap as lay about it.

And then, fearing the entrance of the appointed guardian, the fox-like creature appointed to administer over these affairs, for a provision of this kind seems to have been in vogue among them, they quickly hurried the body into the ground, and hid away the gold.

The friendly one came to arrange for the burial of the sad burrower, but all was finished. The little heap, which it would have sent to the poverty-stricken parents, had scattered like sand before the blast.

In these days, we look with wonder at these curious links in the human chain, showing that man actually developed from the race to which belonged this strange, crude animal, bereft of all semblance to human nobility, and we rejoice that spirituality has become an added grace, lifting us from this lower substratum to our present lofty altitude.

Poor burrower! miserable creature! even your restored fossil fills us with aversion to think that such as you once cumbered the earth, of no happiness to yourself, no comfort to parents, no provider for your offspring; not even so much as the wolf or fox, no benefiter of your peculiar race.

It is wretched history, away with it!

Wong Ning Tells a Legend.

On house China, I hear velly funny story bout plenty thing. I no know if he true story, but I think velly nice.

You ever see the mark on the crab's back? velly strange mark? I tell you how come there. Long time ago, tousand, tousand year, all animal—water-cow, crab, frog, everything, can talk China very plain.

The water-cow come to the nice field, say, "O, velly nice and green! I will go eat, have velly nice time." He look all round, see if anybody watch. Near the edge of the water he see a crab. "You no say anything, Brother Crab, you no tell anybody. Keep velly quiet. I going to have a velly nice dinner." The crab says, "Oh, yes! I keep velly still."

But the crab, not like the water-cow, and soon as the cow get in the rice field, eat plenty green thing, he cry out velly loud, "Everybody come quick! see Brother Cow eat up all the rice! eat all the rice!" Then he run, hide.

But the water-cow velly mad. He come quick—hunt for the crab—he pound

him with the foot—make funny mark on the back so that every crab you can see have on the funny mark like the shape of the cow's foot. I think velly nice story that!

The Snow Plant.

High up in the lofty altitudes of the Sierras, grows a most singular plant. Botanists have studied it, scientists grappled with it. They tear apart its curious pink petals and analyze it, with gravity, tracing it to its proper family, through a long course of Latinized dialect, which delights their hearts, but which destroys all the beauty of the flower.

This changeling of Mother Nature is called the Sierra Snow-plant. It grows amid a tangle of pine-needles, shining out brilliantly pink, petals, stem and all, standing as high as a foot from the ground. There is a single, bell-studded stock of this peculiar water-melon pink, growing singly or in small family groups.

One may begin in the season as early as the middle of May, and though searching for months, find slight reward. Others may day after day come across their sequestered nooks, and return heavy laden, with coral treasures.

Some are found on the edge of snow-banks, others in sunny hollows—there seems to be no rule. It is this that makes the finding of snow plants an exciting pastime, and places a value upon them, for few of the tourists who exhibit them have enjoyed the pleasure of discovering their hiding-places themselves, but have purchased them of others.

They can be packed in ice and carried a great distance, retaining their freshness for a month, and even expanding, the bells coming to their full beauty; but there is no one who would dream of transplanting this unique treasure of Mother Nature—it is too strongly identified with the place of its nativity to suggest such a thought.

But this is not the whole tale of the Snow-plant of the Sierras—there is something stranger still—there is a mystery about this changeling of nature, in regard to which even the botanics observe a discreet silence.

One who spends a month or more in the Sierras, at the Summit or Tahoe, trying to understand this singular flower, becomes very much piqued on the subject, and endeavors to appeal to acknowledged authority. Native botanics are searched with the aggravating result of discovering a two-line notice, placing them among some family, totally dissimilar in all but technical

points of view. This is suspicious, and immediately we begin to evolve theories of our own.

One puzzled by the immense length of the fleshy stalk, which extends below the earth into the tube-like root as far as one's patience enables him to dig, becomes confident that it extends indefinitely, perhaps to the center of the earth.

Another studies the curious, fleshy quality of the stalk and bells, reminding one of the consistency of a watermelon—and talks wisely of the lily family.

Another notices the remnants of faded pink wisps throughout the ground where one of these little families flourishes, and sees that these are the relics of last year's glory. Again, observing from day to day the sudden appearance during a single night of a full-fledged blossom, he or she begins to talk of fungus growth.

Another, connecting this idea with the immense length of root, jumps to the conclusion that they are a parasitic plant, growing from the root of a pine-tree, which would also account for its refusal to grow elsewhere, and this is the most generally accepted belief.

As for myself—I am confident that the tale whispered by the gossiping breeze to the Truckee as it ran along, responding "Hush! hush!" and sighed back again by the sympathetic pine trees, is the truest tale of all. It comes from the very heart of Nature, and she ought to know.

Among the tribe of a pre-historic race upon these shores, was a most beautiful and exquisite creature, with all the grace of a fawn, with the flush upon her cheek of the rising day, and pure and chaste as snow.

Fond of the chase and the company of her maidens, she lingered beneath the pines to rest, or bathed in the green, crystal Truckee, and evaded the notice of her father's chiefs.

Among them was a young brave, athletic and daring, who, hearing of her beauty and grace, secretly loved her, and determined to win her for his bride.

He consulted the wise women of the tribe who prophesied that the "Dawn Maiden," as she was called, would never yield until a kiss was placed upon her lips; that even then she might escape,

Accepting the prophecy, the young chief set forth to conquer. All day he sought through the pine forest for signs of her lodge, but in vain. All night he traveled in the darkness, but saw no trace. But, as the darkness lifted, and made ready for the coming of morning, he saw in the dis-

tance her beautiful form, clad in roseate drapery.

Elated at the discovery of her hiding-place, he ran at full speed, she flying breathless before him. On, on, he sped like the lightning, and gained upon her. At the moment he had her in his arms, and was about to imprint the fatal kiss upon her ice-cold lips, she cried out to the Spirit of the Mountain to prevent the sacrilege; and in an instant, at the edge of the snow-bank, there was growing this beautiful pink snow-plant, surrounded by her maidens, a symbol of purity and exquisite beauty, a mystery to man, and, as heretofore, the constant object of his search.

Sweet Dawn Maiden! No wonder you are still a mystery!

The Happy Family.

Here is a domestic scene, ladies and gentlemen. Observe the classic brow of the husband, the complacent smile of the wife.

Alpheus sits reading his evening paper, and Arethusa is busy with some frivolous needlework. You observe the proud look of ownership with which she frequently glances upon him, but he is more practical and does not trouble himself to answer, or even to intercept these fond glances.

"Dear me!" says Arethusa, "what a dreadful thing it is to read about all this conjugal unhappiness in the papers every day. Isn't it wonderful, Alpheus, dear, how well we harmonize—"

"Don't harmonize! Never harmonized with anything in my life," gruffly exclaims the loving husband.

"And it is such a satisfaction to me to think that whatever may happen, we never in the world could be divorced if even we wanted to," continues she, complacently.

Alpheus turns around from his paper and looks at her with astonishment. "Why, you must be crazy! I could get a divorce from you in three months, if I chose to."

"O no! you couldn't!" cooes Arethusa in reply.

"H'm! I have half a chance to try it just to show you!"

"Oh; but, Alpheus dear, you know you couldn't!" she replies sweetly.

"Couldn't?" he roars savagely. "Why couldn't we be divorced, I'd like to know?"

"Because, dear, you know *we are married*."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?" he exclaims, his eyes opened to their fullest extent.

"Well, don't you remember how twelve years ago we stood up in church and were married by the minister? How can we be unmarried? How can all that be rubbed out?"

"Arethusa, you're a fool."

"But don't you see, Alpheus, we are more married than other people. I know some people *can be divorced*, but we can't, because we are so very much married."

Alpheus takes a long, curious look at his wife. "How—how are we so much more married than other people, I'd like to know?"

"Well, you see, I understand you so well, I know all your weaknesses——"

"Haven't any weaknesses!" he interrupted.

"And all your good qualities, and of course you know mine"——

"Oh! of course," he assents. "Your weaknesses, especially."

"And then we have grown up together from the time we were children, and have spent so much—more than a third of our lives together. What effect could all the judges and lawyers in the country have on that? Why a million papers with funny little red stamps on them couldn't brush that out of our memories and lives! If ever you thought you had a divorce, it wouldn't convince me—I shouldn't care for the judges, the lawyers, the courts, the papers or even

you. I'd stay right here and tend to things just the same. Because you know, dear, we are married."

Alpheus' look of surprise has given way to a softer expression, yet his peculiar aggressiveness causes him to bristle like the porcupine as he replies, "The more fool you!"

"Yes, dear," responds Arethusa, "and it is such a satisfaction to me to think that we couldn't be divorced if we wanted to." And as he returns to his paper, she murmurs complacently, "*Because we are married!*"

There is a movement in the corner—a rustle. What is it? Why, it is a bright pair of eyes, and a rosy pair of cheeks lifted from a fairy book—a child? Yes, it is little Rosebud, the six-year-old daughter of the happy pair.

"And besides, papa, I'm here! And you know you couldn't throw me back up into heaven again!"

Tableau.

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

THE EDITORS' OFFICE.

A LIST OF MILLIONAIRES.—The editor's office was invaded recently by a very poor but respectable person, who was extremely declamatory in denouncing the accumulation of wealth by the few. "The poor are too poor, and the rich are too rich, in this city and State," he said. "There are not a great many millionaires in this city, considering its amazing growth, and the gold as a staple article of production," answered the editor.

"I can count sixty millionaires on your subscription list," replied the poor but respectable party.

"That will be an interesting count. Let us make the attempt," was the reply.

The subscription books were taken down, and when in the A's or F's or B's there was a millionaire thought of, his name was jotted down with the others, and here is the list, numbering over eighty:

Leland Stanford,
D. O. Mills,
N. Luning,
M. Reese,
M. Hopkins,
J. C. Flood,
C. Crocker,
C. P. Huntington,
Wm. O'Brien,
J. W. Mackay,

W. E. Barron,
A. J. Pope,
Peter Donahue,
John Sullivan,
C. D. O'Sullivan,
Joseph Donahue,
A. McCreery,
Thomas Williams,
Eugene Sullivan,
John F. Miller,

J. G. Fair,
Levi Strauss,
D. Meyer,
L. Sachs,
Wm. C. Piper,
B. Doe,
C. F. Doe,
C. C. Hastings,
M. H. Hewston,
Lloyd Tevis,
J. B. Haggin,
J. B. Thomas,
O. C. Pratt,
M. Livingstone,
M. P. Jones,
H. Miller,
A. Lux,
Edward Barron,
Thomas Bell,
Wm. McDonald,
James McShaffer,
Wm. C. Ryder,
Bishop Alemany,
Adam Grant,
Robert Morrow,
J. Glazier,
I. D. Fry,
John Van Bergen,
Geo. Howard,
S. P. Dewey,
C. L. Taylor,

Sol. Haydenfeldt,
L. Sloss,
Robert Graves,
O. F. Griffen,
O. Cohen,
A. A. Cohen,
Chas. Main,
E. H. Winchester,
Belvin Freres,
J. P. Pierce,
E. W. Burr,
P. Sather,
J. S. Cuninghame,
R. Johnsou,
Lick Estate,
J. Belden,
Horace Carpenter,
S. Merritt,
Russ Estate,
O' Connor,
M. Ellis,
A. S. Rosenbaum,
J. Phelan,
A. Hayward,
E. J. Baldwin,
C. Wilmerding,
W. B. Carr,
W. T. Coleman,
J. Irwin,
C. Spreckles,
H. Pierce,

John Center, W. Graves,
E. Judson, Wm. Sharon,
A. P. Hotaling, R. H. McDonald.

There are other men entitled to a place in the list, as well as several charming widows. What a motley crowd. There are some whose names are only known by their deeds. Certainly our millionaires are not our most enterprising and public-spirited citizens. Do you people with comfortable cottage homes envy them their millions? The colossal fortunes of these men are colossal burdens. The experience of all time has been that the man who conducts a small and prosperous business, who enjoys the freedom of a country estate—a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, who draws his salary with the regularity of the clock, is the man happy above all others.

Socrates wrote the praises of poverty on a table overlaid with gold. Money has inspired the poetry of every age, and the ambition of every man. It is the root of all evil, and the flower which ambition stoops to pluck. Men work for it, strive for it, live for it, and die for it—and children cry for it. Gold has made the barren hills to blossom, and the valleys wave with golden grain. The mighty forest has fallen, at its approach, and out of the shapeless quarry has come the art of imposing mansions.

The factories of the land proclaim their queen, and a million hammers strike music for the click, click, of gold. The stalwart arm of the laborer gathers muscle at every stroke, as he forges from the rude materials of earth the bar of gold. Money is the imperial ruler of the land. We are serfs. When the power is concentrated there is danger, for the colossal fortunes of America are like a forboding cloud, hanging over the rights and privileges of even our serfdom.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.—The vast majority of the people we associate with in everyday life, are not concerned about the great problem of life. They study something easier. The ladies talk about the crimes in the papers, their friends, parties, and once in a great while about a book. We do not know the religious opinion of any lady we meet except those we see every day. As for the men, they are too busy with how to manage this life to be bothered with speculations about the next.

Imagine our surprise then, when we made the delightful acquaintance of a family, not long since, who revered the sacred custom of our Puritan fathers, and held family worship every day.

No picture in the household circle is so perfect as the father, mother, and children, devotedly engaged in prayer. It is the divine grace of heaven, a faint coloring of par-

adise, and is the bond stronger than any national law.

These old customs are dying out. People tell us this, and we say it ourselves. Why? Because on the street, in the business houses, in frivolous society, at the saloons and the theatres, are not the places to obtain a glimpse of the religious history of a race. The newspapers do not record the prayers of the deeper current of social life. Our books are not remarkable for reverence. Our laws are not founded on sound precepts. The problem of life is discussed in the innermost secret place of each individual head.

America has increased greatly in church membership the last few years, notwithstanding the opinion of outsiders. We submit figures which have been taken from reliable sources. These figures are certainly antagonistic to the opinions of that class of men, who are continually arguing that the church is losing its power.

	Churches.	Minis- ters.	Commu- nicants.
Roman Catholics.....	6,241	6,546	6,832,954
Methodists.....	41,271	21,485	3,943,875
Baptists.....	37,156	26,545	3,336,553
Presbyterians.....	11,783	8,834	966,487
Lutherans.....	6,130	3,429	785,937
Congregationalists....	3,936	8,723	387,619
Protestant Episcopal..	3,109	3,664	351,699
Reformed.....	1,942	1,320	243,825
Adventists.....	1,344	775	91,769
Friends.....	392	200	96,000
German Evan. Church	550	430	80,000
Mennonites.....	500	450	80,000
Universalists.....	719	713	36,238
Moravians.....	84	70	9,928
Unitarians.....	362	434	20,000
Swedenborgian.....	87	92	3,994
Schwenkfelders.....	700

Total in the U. S. 115,610 81,717 17,267,878

It must be noted that the Roman Catholics do not report the number of communicants, but the aggregate Catholic population. The same is true, though for a different reason, of the Friends and Schwenkfelders, who have no sacraments. Deducting these three denominations, we have a communicant membership of 10,398,224 in all the Protestant churches, each of these standing for three or four persons affiliated with the churches but not communicants.

The theological complexion of Europe is very dissimilar. A high Austrian authority classifies the denominations as follows:

	Population.
Roman Catholics.....	155,900,000
Old Catholics.....	140,000
Greek Church.....	80,367,000
Armenians.....	124,000
Oriental sects.....	1,019,000
Orthodox Protestants.....	79,330,000
Unitarians and Socinians.....	120,000
Jews.....	5,984,000
Moslems.....	6,445,000

Nondescript.....	447,000
Total.....	329,876,000

For the whole world we have the estimates of G. F. Kolb, an eminent German statist. He estimates:

Christians, total.....	425,500,000
Roman Catholics.....	215,000,000
Protestants.....	122,000,000
Greek Church.....	30,000,000
Lesser bodies.....	8,000,000

These figures are remarkable because they convince, against popular opinion, that the world is increasing in religious strength.

THE GIRL WHO WORKS.—She is a plain sensible, and deserving girl. She works for a living. Her weekly salary is seven, ten, perhaps fifteen dollars. Watch her as she trips down the street in the morning, a few minutes before eight o'clock. Promptly on time, with clear head and nimble fingers, she begins the work of the day. Many thousand girls find employment in this city. The Chinese have driven them out of their places in the kitchen, dining room, and sewing circle. Our girls walk the avenues of trade with as much skill as their coquettish sisters wander down the lover's lane. The girls are everywhere. You see them employed in law offices, holding clerkships with insurance companies, correspondents of banks, clerks in various stores, bookkeepers in great merchandise establishments, agents of railroad and express companies, telegraph operators, professors in our colleges, disciples of art, retouchers in photograph galleries, proprietors of studios, independent in all the refined professions. The only printers who never get drunk, adept proof-readers, keen interpreters of obscure manuscripts, successful solicitors for patronage, splendid agents, attentive waiters,—but why enumerate the girls who have vindicated themselves as thoroughly competent to earn a living. The girl who works is just as refined in her feelings as the one who devotes her time to social duties, and a thousand times more practical. The saddest faces, and the most beautiful, are often seen through the windows of a work-shop. After a while public sentiment will change, and the girls will work with greater vim. There is nothing so ennobling as honest toil. It is labor which gives character to our men; it will give virtues to our women. Nations have perished through the influence of luxury, and have been built by the toil of the impoverished pioneer. The condition that demands labor also encourages principles and virtues cast aside by the rich.

"My work is my fortune, sir," is a very pretty version of an old phrase, and every girl should be proud of the fact, if she works, and holds in possession a liberal education, refined manners, neatness in dress, a pleasing

speech, a cheerful disposition, and an honest ambition to excel the virtues of the noblest of her sex. There is no class of young ladies so besieged by young men who want to marry a fortune, as those who work. God bless the girls who work, and may they never be compelled to support a lazy husband.

IN REGARD TO LILITH.—Rosseti and others of his school, are apt to greatly admire the character of Lilith. In the "Divorce Pictures," the character is properly attuned to the *original*, of which the authority nearest at hand, and easiest of reference, Webster, says:

"Lilith was a wife of Adam, by whom he begat demons, and who still has power to kill children and those not protected by amulets."

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," tells us that Adam had a wife called Lilith, and of her he begat nothing but devils."

In the middle ages, Lilith was a famous witch. Among the Hebrews a spectre of evil.

The English word lullaby is derived from "Lilla abi," meaning "Begone Lilith."

Old Boggy was a nursery ghost or demon, whose name, like that of Lilith, was formerly used to frighten children.

More than this is unnecessary to prove that Lilith was a very undesirable individual to have about the house, or to take the place of Eve as a companion to Adam.

The peculiar Rosseti School has evolved another ideal which they profess to admire greatly. I want none of her in either school. She is sensual, heartless, and Satanic, viewed from either standpoint.

Mrs. T. H. Hittell and a number of public spirited citizens are making practical the various theories for industrial and technical education, on this coast. In connection with silk culture, Messrs. Carlson Currier & No. 585 Market street, San Francisco, the manufacturers of the celebrated brand of Belding Bros. & Co., spool, skein, embroidering and knitting silks; and the only silk manufacturers on the Pacific Coast, have agreed, for a term of years, to take all the raw silk produced in California, and to pay an advance of 25 per cent. more than the market price of the same grades. Carlson & Currier also offer \$50.00 in special premiums at the next State fair at Sacramento, \$25.00 for the best display of cocoons, and \$25.00 for the best reeled raw silk. Such public spirited home manufacturers deserve the patronage of all Californians.

The financial crash in New York is only rivaled in interest by the great Democratic failure in this State. The strong, sensible

men of the Democratic party have been outwitted by political trickery. The extra session, will be known as the Lone mountain of the Democracy, and one of the most neglected political tombs will be the one inscribed to the sacred memory of Cross, the Senator from Nevada. The slime of the serpent is over all, and California is no long-

er among the doubtful States in the Presidential election.

The Republican party will pay a worthy tribute to a bold and vigorous leader, to a man who has fought the political machine since the death of Lincoln, in the nomination of James G. Blaine of Maine, "The White Plumed Knight."

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

The *MAGAZINE OF ART* contains a beautiful frontispiece of "Home, Sweet Home," from a painting by Philip Morris. The quaint old cottager, accompanied by her cat, is just entering the "lowly-thatched cottage," while everything around breathes of peace and happiness. Robert Louis Stevenson writes of some curious old-fashioned literature, known as "Skelt's Juvenile Drama," accompanied by the crude illustrations which were considered as very fine art in their day. The usual profusely and beautifully illustrated articles appear, one especially, on "The Sword."

One of the most interesting articles in the *CENTURY* is "The Salem of Hawthorn," by his son, illustrated on every page with scenes and picturesque glimpses, "Rose Madder," by Ivory Black, is a dainty little story laid among the artists of New York, bright and pleasing in its style, and full of humorous little touches. Nothing but the name of Frank Stockton entitles the dull attempt to be funny, entitled "On the Training of Parents," to a place among the contents. Robert Grant's "Average Man" shows more and more the lack of the careful revision and re-casting necessary to the production of a finished novel. It appears more as if he were thinking on paper. Henry James begins his novelette, "Lady Barberina." "There was a great deal of beauty and a suffused look of successful development, which came from clear, quiet eyes, and from well-cut lips, on which syllables were liquid and sentences brief." This is a happy sample of Mr. James' analytical writing, so popular at present, and worth a five-minutes' study.

The *MUSICAL HERALD*, Boston, has begun a series of articles on the origin of musical instruments, giving illustrations of the different forms of "The Dulcimer," a most interesting study. Besides all the musical news of the land of any importance, and numberless essays and suggestions, it contains "The Chinese Serenade," a unique

composition, by H. Fliege, very taking and odd in its rhythm.

The frontispiece of the *CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE* is of a rustic beauty, in an immense poke bonnet, and entitled "Simply Sweet." Beside the stories, which are good, there are departments on "Remunerative Employments for Gentlewomen," "What to Wear," "Family Parliaments," and "Healthful Recreations." "Springtime: A Painter's Story," is a pathetic little tale, while "Witness My Hand: A Fenshire Story," breathes of the odor of English violets.

ELECTRA, the Louisville magazine, devoted to the good, the true, the beautiful, is steadily growing, having consolidated with another Southern magazine, *THE LADIES' PEARL*.

ST. NICHOLAS is replete, as usual, with enchanting tales and beautiful engravings, Captain Mayne Reid's story, "The Land of Fire," coming to a conclusion, Miss Alcott's "Spinning Wheel" stories continuing, and Mr. Brook's "Historic Boys." A new story, by Trowbridge, gives promise of coming very close to a boy's heart.

The *ART AMATEUR* gives, in the "Gallery and Studio Department," illustrations of late paintings by J. G. Brown, William Lippincott and others, the most notable in sentiment being that of Wilmarth's "Please may I keep him?" a little boy leading by a string a vagrant dog, who seems to show in his attitude that he is afraid of the verdict of the neat-handed mother, who gazes on him so severely. The three faces, the boy's, the mother's and the dog's, are a study. Many other illustrations and articles give valuable glimpses into the art world.

The *ART INTERCHANGE* contains a splendid "Head of a Cat," for banjo decoration, and an artistic design of "Fleur de Lis" for embroidery, beside art discussions on many practical subjects.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE breathes of nature in the garden, and gives much useful information.

"The Wife of Monte Christo," published by Peterson, is a sequel to the famous work of Dumas, but not of the same calibre.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY, published by D. Lothrop, begins with "Tip Lewis," by the author of the "Pansy books." Another by the same author is "An Hour with Miss Streator."

THE CHICAGO CURRENT received over four hundred stories in answer to their prize offer. Of these, forty-three were accepted,

three of them falling to the share of San Francisco ladies, Ella Sterling Cummins, Flora Haines Apponyi, and Marion Hill.

Major Ben C. Truman's Occidental Sketches, which have delighted many readers in this country, have been translated in French and in German.

Mr. A. D. Hosterman, the popular young journalist and author, was married recently in Springfield Ohio, to Miss Lizzie Geiger the accomplished daughter of Prof. H. R. Geiger, of the Smithsonian Institute. Mr. Hosterman is at present associated with ex-Governor Ekridge of the *Emporia Republican*.

CARTOONS.

It would be no new thing to say that this world is full of growlers. There is never a season, be it ever so prosperous, but these unrestful folk will peer into the future and pick out some calamity to sigh over, or if it didn't happen this time, it surely will next time.

There is nothing whatever that meets with their hearty approbation, even if it be an un-mixed good; their moaning is as ceaseless as the sea.

The anecdote is good of one of these "prison-cell-I-sit" mortals, who finally died—though usually they aint in much of a hurry shuffling—and bent, so the story goes, up instead of down (where there would have been some excellent cause for growling)—up to the bourne where, we believe, there is no more sighing. After a few days spent in exploring the newly discovered country, a friend met him coming around the corner of Golden street, and to his great surprise, wearing the same old woe-begone face. The friend accosted him, and expressed himself surprised at finding him so disappointed with the place, and asked him the cause. The old calamity-seeker said, "It aint just the place I expected to find, and besides, *my halo don't fit!*"

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ither's see us."

Yes, Mr. Burns, that sounds "purty" in poetry, but when it comes down to prose, you and I must part company. Why, if some power would this giftie gie us, a large portion of mankind would hate themselves with a choice and bitter hatred. No sir, not while there are so many disordered livers going around as there are now. I should object

to seeing myself through one of these bilious optics, and would want to drown myself in the bay, instantly. No, sir. I prefer to remain as I am.

And methought in my dream I journeyed by the entrance of what seemed a sepulchre of the dead. The Latin inscription over the gate-way had been so marred by the chiseling hand of time, and my knowledge of Latin being very limited, I had much difficulty in deciphering its meaning. Made several conjectures, and finally came to the conclusion it must have been suggested by some sorrowing husband, whose high-strung wife had found her last resting place hereabouts, it looked like "*O temper! O Moses!*"

I shortly afterward found my mistake, as there never had been any of the fair sex sepulchred here. Upon entering the enclosure, I was met by a respectable-looking skeleton, who informed me that he was the boss of the place, and kindly volunteered to show me around; he informed me that the grounds were used for the inurnal of aged and decayed jokes, puns, punsters, etc., etc., etc. "Then verily," said I, "they must be spacious grounds." This little pleasantry caused a slight chattering of the teeth of my skeleton-guide, as near to a smile as he allowed himself to indulge in. "In fact," said he, "I am an old joke myself. I am the old mother-in-law joke. Of course I ought to be buried, indeed have been many and many a time, but they dig me up again." "Me-thinks, Mr. Slim," said I, "you must be greatly disturbed by the body-snatchers." Whereat my guide fetched him a sigh that made his bones rattle. "Yes," he said, "there has been many a respectable grey-

headed joke that has done good and faithful service and been quietly laid away, that has been 'snatched' away to be dressed up in a new suit to wear out another dreary existence." In my inquiry as to what class did mostly follow this business, he said that they called themselves humorists, and he saw they were all alike; they *would* steal, but some had a much better way of putting the old bones together, and dressing it up in new clothes.

As we started on our walk, I noticed a small, sprightly skeleton, who busied himself with a small hammer chipping the words from the tombstones and placing them in all sorts of fantastic shapes, torturing them into various other meanings from what they were intended. I noticed that upon every possible occasion he would intrude himself upon our company, and break in upon our conversation with "that—er—reminds—me—of—ah—" But at this juncture my anti-fat friend would point his fleshless digit at him in a most awful and ominous fashion, whereat the skull would drop, and the balance of what he had to say would be lost in "unintelligible whinner." Then I was informed that this had been an inveterate punster, and it was with great difficulty that he could be kept within bounds.

Our walk was more interesting and wonderful than I have the space to tell, through the various aisles and avenues, where all manner of stones were placed; so I could only find time to examine a few. I noticed one very singular design over the remains of a once celebrated pun, informing the passer-by of its great antiquity. It was said to have been bald-headed when Homer was a boy, and was last used by an end minstrel whose bones lay in the next plot, but one, to the

left. They died together, and were buried side by side.

But it was found that they must be repeated, for, one day, the sexton said, "The officiating clergyman of the cemetery (antiquated bon mot) was performing the last sad rite, and addressed the pall-bearers with, 'Gentlemen will please be seated,' and the minstrel got right up and attempted to get the joke, so they had to separate them."

The skeleton called my attention to an epitaph of a modern date, which simply said (they were the last words of the deceased), "I think it was in the spring of"—my informant said that beneath lay the ashes of the man who remembered all the old jokes back to the landing of Drake at Bolinas, and when he got through telling them, he would go back and tell them all over again. This is why, I suppose, his monument was of the design of a grindstone; he remembered these remarkable ashes died when the murmuring waters of the bay laved the upper sides of Powell street. The skeleton wiped something like a tear from his cheek-bone and said, as his ribs heaved with emotion, "Ah, there are no such liars now-a-days."

Over a fresh mound, I read these touching words, "Died in *Rhind* land, the American hog joke, may the Lord have mercy," etc.

The skeleton pun having again intruded himself upon us, I shook my guide warmly by the hand, thanked him for his kindness, and withdrew.

There is a journal in this city so noted for non-veracity that it contains but one truthful statement in all its columns, and that no law compels it to print: Entered at the San Francisco post-office as *second-class matter*," and it aint good second-class matter either

E. McD. JOHNSTONE.

THE DRAMA.

People are of three classes, those who never go to the theatre, those who discriminate, and those who do not discriminate. The first, feeling that the drama is dangerous in its tendencies, presenting views and scenes of life utterly repulsive, and abhorrent to our system of morality, prefer to remain away altogether. The second, feeling capable of winnowing the chaff from the wheat, read carefully the critiques, and attend only those plays that have a reputation for cleanness and purity. While the third class as carefully seeks for the immoral and

the abominable, preferring the chaff to the wheat.

As the theatrical world is at present, it is almost impossible to successfully carry on the winnowing process, for some actresses actually make a point of starring in plays of the most vicious French morality, solely and alone, so that there is no opportunity to see them otherwise than as a representative of the demi-monde, or as a deceiving wife. These may seem completely innocent in their native land, where these affairs are discussed with perfect candor; but to those of

the class mentioned above, who try to discriminate between plays of a moral and immoral tendency, and who are of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon lineage, there is a mock sentimentality about making heroines of such stuff that turns the moral stomach.

A hundred years from now our descendants will wonder at the vitiated taste of their grandfathers and grandmothers in making possible the transplanting of these noxious toad-stools from Gallic soil, and the clergy is justified in pronouncing the drama dangerous. We know the old lines too well to require a repetition of them here, yet they are apt:

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mean,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We loathe, then pity, then embrace."

These plays have a hardening effect, not only on the youthful, but upon the maturer mind. Gradually there comes a moral perversion of thought, we consider that a beautiful, shameless woman is much more of a heroine than a pure-minded girl, just the same as we all know that a handsome scoundrel is more fascinating than an honest young man.

And this hardening process has come to such a pass that the critics are not satisfied with the actress who attempts to refine these plays, and make them, at least, less revolting. The taste has become vitiated, and calls for the horse-radish, mustard, and curries, which could not be tolerated in the innocence of childhood, in order to give any flavor to the food required by the toughened palate of age.

Madame Rhea is a beautiful woman, with a phenomenal accent, and supported by John Malone, a former citizen of San Jose, has given us during the first weeks of May a number of plays of this peculiar school. The more refined and delicate her manner in representing the characters of "Camille," "Adrinne," and "Frou-Frou," "the less true to nature," so the critics said, and doubtless they were right. The women of this school certainly can lay no very lasting claim to refinement. Still, Madame Rhea is a beautiful creature of a refined type herself, and could scarcely be expected to act otherwise. But her English is phenomenal! It is like a strange tongue with an occasional familiar sound in it. It seems as if we ought to know what it is, but it is very elusive. Such an expression as "dees high-yigh-pi-ness!" leaves one in doubt. Still, she is a beautiful creature in spite of her dynamic utterances, and a picture to gaze upon.

John Malone belongs to the tragic school, and is utterly out of his proper depth in these frothy plays. There is a strange fire in his eye which hints at things unutterable, but they remain unuttered, and always

will in any but the realm for which he is fitted by nature, and by study.

The Goodwins in their comical burlesques follow at the Baldwin, and are sure of a welcome, for there are none so sought after as those who make us laugh. After they have exhausted the field of humor, then follows Langtry in several of her plays, not yet announced. Mr. Haymans is the best manager the Baldwin has had for years.

The Italian Opera is revived at the California, with Zepelli, Baldanza, Antoinneti, Villani, and Bologna, led by Sig. Galvani. San Francisco dearly loves opera, and if this company could be utilized, and managed successfully by Bert, they would doubtless become great favorites. The prices are popular, and there is no reason why the "Faust" and "Trovatore" they present should not be patronized by those who are fond of these scores.

At the Grand Opera, Charley Reed has been the chief attraction of a drama called "Pomp." The "Plain Comedian," as he likes to call himself, is a great favorite, and will doubtless be greatly missed when he goes upon his prospective European tour, possibly to join the Haverly Mastodons in London.

The movements at the Grand are uncertain, and not projected very far ahead. "No Thoroughfare" is announced to follow, rendered by Bert's own company, a band of hard-working, conscientious actors, whose merit is never so clearly shown as when a star from the East arrives with a picked up company on the way. The Grismers are a host in themselves, Joseph Grismer being always an elegant, finished actor in every character he assumes.

Nothing given to San Francisco audiences has been finer in the line of music than the entertainments presented by Arch Duke Joseph's Gipsy Band. Their violins and violoncellos were handled with native skill, and the undercurrent of tone from the cimbal, as they called it, mingling with the rest, gave a wild weirdness to their music that was startling and unique.

Every air and melody, even the familiar ones from operas, passed through a change singular and strange. By falling into their instruments, a sort of coloring was given from their own peculiar ideas of harmony that seemed to breathe of a gipsy life, and a gipsy picturesqueness. The Hungarian Fantasia, by Farenz Garay, was a marvelous strain of melody, and the Hungarian Czardas was thrilling and electrical. It is to be hoped there may be another opportunity to hear them before their return. Nothing is announced farther in regard to the Standard at present.

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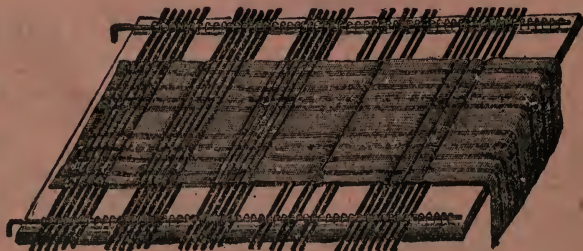
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The Bush has presented "Pop" to good houses, the souvenirs being a special attraction. The little dudes have become great favorites, and Kate Castleton has sang a couple of new songs. Bryant's and Hoey's "Meteors" are announced as a great success in the comedy, "The Book Agent." It certainly is a sympathetic subject, which will touch all hearts.

The Tivoli fluctuates between tragic, grand and comic opera, treating each with the same cheerful courage. "Martha" with Miss Leighton as Lady Harriet, claims their attention at present, while "La Fille De Mme. Angot" is to follow shortly.

There will be a grand concert given June 6th, at Irving Hall, on the occasion of the 12th anniversary of the founding of the Italian Musical Institute of San Francisco. Prof. D. Speranza, who has gained an enviable reputation in musical circles, is the director. Tickets \$1. After the concert a social will be given, Mr. William Langton, the accomplished Basso, and J. C. Cahill, the well known Tenor, will be on the programme.

Miss Elizabeth Rowellan, the accomplished pupil of Mrs. Melville Snyder, will make her debut in Camille, at the California Theatre, Wednesday, May the 21st.

A grand testimonial concert was given at

Platt's Hall, to the accomplished young musician, Miss Lulu Joran, in the early part of the month. Miss Joran was ably assisted, and the concert was an artistic success. Mr. Marcus Henry was the manager.

Mr. P. Frank Ready, the well known elocutionist, gave a most delightful entertainment at Irving Hall, last Tuesday evening. The following programme was carried out:

I. "To be, or Not to Be," P. Frank Ready.

II. Violin Obligato, L. Maison.

III. Duet (Piano), "Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming," C. Flynn and E. Moran.

IV. Dramatic Reading, "What my Love Said," J. L. T. Tisdale.

V. Recitation, "Beautiful Snow," P. Frank Ready.

VI. Melodies of Ante-Bellum Days, Isaac Korn.

VII. Imitation of Celebrated Singers, Herman Espinger, Jr.

VIII. Song, "Ship that ne'er Returned," A. J. Shepherd.

IX. Carnival of Venice (Violin), L. Maison.

X. "Seven Ages of Man," P. Frank Ready.

Quite a large and fashionable audience were present, including many visiting Odd Fellows, and the efforts of all, Mr. Ready in particular, were heartily applauded.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Third Art Exhibition.

The Art association and the Palette Club have invited the public to view the art work of the past year. There is another exhibition represented by the artist Mr. Henry Hellweg, of 108 Taylor street, which from the fact the pictures are work of one, makes it the equal of either of the other ten in interest. Mr. Hellweg is a genuine artist, and has produced many very fine pictures, and his portraits are unequalled. Call at his studio 108 Taylor street.

At Home Again.

The Pacific Business College are back to their old—no new quarters. Across the Redman's building is the sign once charred by fire in bold letters. PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE. The new building has all the modern improvements. The recitation rooms are large, well ventilated, well lighted, convenient, and furnished with rich walnut

furniture throughout. This is the best equipped, and best conducted business college in the West, and Messrs. Chamberlain and Robinson are deserving the patronage of the public. Address for circulars and information to 320 Post street, San Francisco.

Deserved Prosperity.

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The Royal St. John Sewing Machine Company has been quietly pursuing the even tenor of its way, holding old territory and constantly making advances to be permanently held in new. At this time the company is making, at the shops on Main and Center streets, some changes, additions and extensions which will materially increase their facilities. The japaing ovens and furnaces, which have been up to this me,

in the upper story, will now be, with the ornamenting department, in a new building now in process of erection in rear of the shops. The space in the main building thus cleared will be filled, eventually, with new machinery and appliances increasing the capacity of the concern from that of 75 machines per day to 125 or 150 per day, to meet the increased and increasing demand. This will render necessary, also, in due time, some increase in the operative force of the shops, making work for additional hands. The St. John S. M. Co. long since came to be regarded as one of the old-established, substantial institutions of the city, and its prosperity is a matter of public interest and congratulation.—[Springfield Republic.

Mr. C. Shawl, No. 30, Second street, is the general agent for this machine on the Pacific coast. It has a wide popularity here, and is a most excellent machine.

Progress in Science.

The developments of physiological science have received a wonderful impetus within the last ten years. Twenty odd years ago, according to the chief literature on ophthalmology, we find very conflicting opinions entertained by many eminent physiologists regarding the pathology of the eye when accommodation was not understood nor the cardinal points of physiological dioptries. Astigmatism of the eye is very often treated for amblyopia, amiosis, etc., while it is a mechanical defect and can be corrected by simple or compound lenses correcting the errors of refraction. Many to this day don't comprehend the difference of refraction or accommodation. Old sight, or presbyopia, is ranked with a faulty formation, and the belief still exists in the minds of many that as a person grows older the eyes flatten. Having tested over 2000 complicated cases of defective sight in the last three years which I have a record of, I confidently solicit all who are troubled with painful forebodings of loss of sight and defective vision, inflammation of the eyes, to avail themselves of my professional services free of charge.

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The Slater fund of \$1,000,000 for educating the colored people of the South, has been fortunately invested, and is yielding a handsome income of \$60,000, the distribution of which is in the hands of Dr. A. G. Haygood, President of the College at Oxford, Ga. Three thousand dollars have been set aside for educating pupils who were especially bright, and Mr Slater,

the donor, expresses himself as highly pleased with the progress that has been made so far in the work of the fund.

Since the hegira of carpet-bag statesmen the number of public schools in South Carolina has grown from 2,483 in 1876-77 to 3,269 in 1882-83; the school attendance from 102,396 to 173,095. The burden under which the tax-paying element labors may be inferred from the fact that the whites of school age number 101,189, while the colored number 180,475.

A new building, costing \$41,000, is nearly completed for Biddle University, an institution for the education of colored people in Charlotte, N. C.

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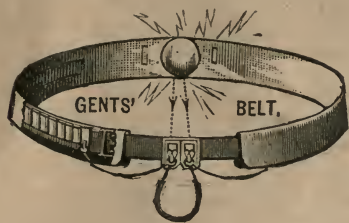
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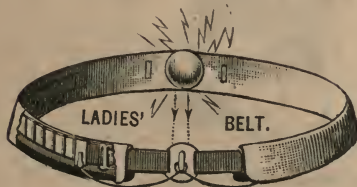
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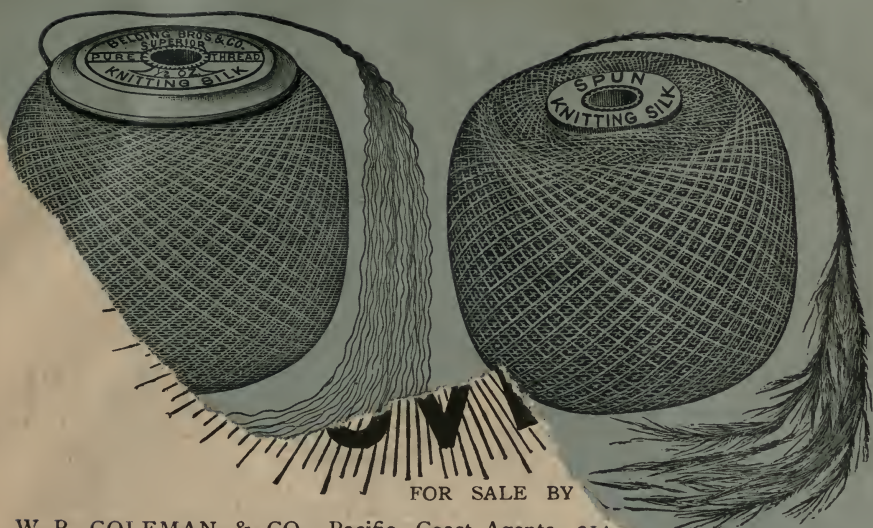
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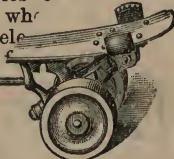
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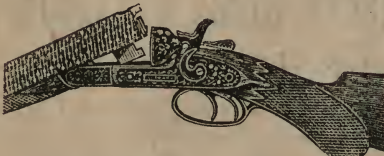
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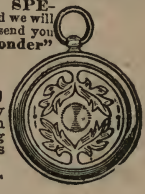
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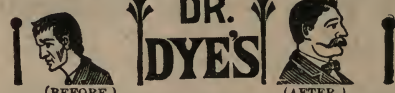
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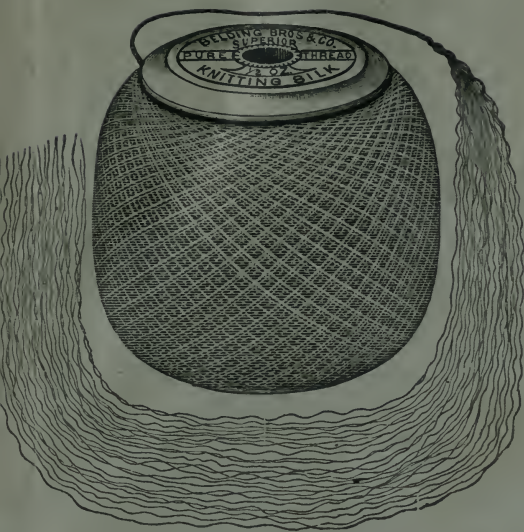


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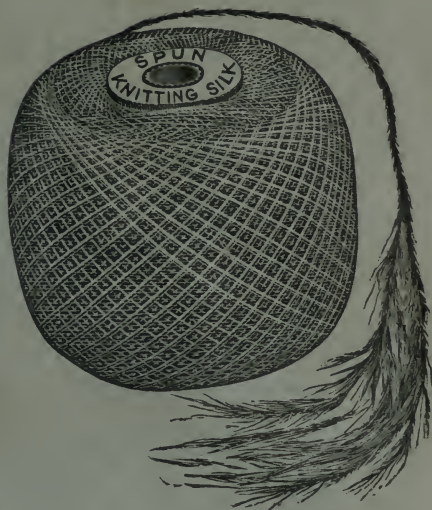
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