Rise of the French Revolution One Hundred Years Ago.

SKETCH OF THE EVENTS OF 1789.

. Direct and Indirect, That Led to the Great Callie Uprising-The Eneyelopedists and Their Influence—The Patal Indecision of Louis XVI.

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE. [Copyright, 1880, by American Press Association.]

The foundation of the government of the United States and the outbreak of the first Freuch Revolution occurred in the same year, 1759, whick gives to Americans an additional interest in one of the most memorable epochs of modern times. American emancipation from Great Britain began, it may be said, with the Declaration of Independence, which was signed in 1776. The French Revolution really antedated it by two years, for its earliest mutterings were heard when Louis XVI, grandson of the infamous Louis XV ascended the throne. A great intellectual upheaval the throne. A great intellectual upheaval marked the reign of the latter monarch, when the excesses of the court and the clergy de-graded the kingdom and the church, and generated the spirit of wholesome skepticism, represented by Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Condillae, Helvétius and other able and brilliant authors. They paved the way for the political upheaval that followed, as the crimes of the two Louis against hu-manity brought on the era of bloodshed and terror at a later day and made another Louis nocent victim of their monstrous wrongs to the people. Those writers often spoken of as the Encyclopedists, have been accused by the church of directly causing the horrors of the revolution; but they were really effect tive in relieving the popular mind of super-stition, and have been of incalculable benefit to subsequent generations. While they were by no means free from blamishes, they were, a rule, carnest, generous, philanthropic

and especially auxious to advance the race THE ENCYCLOPEDISTS.

Few historical characters have been more grossly misrepresented than Voltaire, much of the misrepresentation having been deliberate, systematic and malignant. During his entire life, and during much of the next century,

he was portrayed as an atheist and a virulent assailant of Christianity; it is highly probable, indeed, that many persons now living have the same opinion. Nothing could be further from the truth. He was the foe of dogmatic logy and the many and enor-

Roman Catholic church, so rife in his day. But he had no patience with many of his as-sociates, who denied the existence of God, while they regarded him with a mingled feel ing of pity and contempt for what they con-sidered his ortholox projudices. He spent ed his orthodox prejudices. He much of his large fortune, gained by the great sale of his works and his various speculations, in helping indigent authors, in build-ing better habitations for the poor, and in tributing to worthy charities.

Any and every act of cruelty and oppresor in a foreign country, aroused his profound ptty and indignation, and he did what he could to relieve it. For years he labored heroically in the cause of Jean Calas, who had been broken on the wheel for a crime be had not committed, and whose family had been expelled from France. He finally succeeded in reversing the odious sentence and partially indemnifying his widow and children. In the case of Admiral Byng he tried very hard to prevent the English from carryout the judgment of the court; but the unfortunate man was sacrificed to the popular clamor. Voltaire was right in pronouncing it a legal murder. The story of the recantation of his religious views in his last hours has no basis. He died as he had lived, a sincere and consistent theist; his last words being, "I die worshiping God, loving my friends, forgiving my enemies and detecting superstition." Of his marvelous and versatile gifts there has never been any question. Goethe declared him to be the most brilliant man of letters the universe had produced. Roussean was singularly unbalanced. He

was a sentimentalist—he had the gravest imperfections-but he certainly cherished a warm and constant love of his fellows. even while his conduct seemed to contradict it. His tem perament and prin ciples were so en tirely democratic

that he is reputed to have been the father of modern democracy. His incerity is shown in the fact that be neglected all opportonities for his own advancement, continuing, to the end of his morbidly sentive, unhappy life, exceedingly poor. In his "Contrat Social" he promulgated the principles of universal suffrage, thus anticipat-

ing by more than a hundred years our Dec-laration of Independence. He has been credited with setting the fashion of humanity, a fashion that will last as long as the world lasts. He would see in our republic, were be conscious, the practical adoption of many of his theories, held, in his day, to be little else than dreams. It is difficult to overestimate the immense influence he has exer-Diderot, who performed the bulk of the

work on the famous Encyclopedia, was a man of rare mind and vast erudition. Notwithstanding that he was called an ath he had a large heart and a liberal hand, be ing ever ready to help the poor or succor the distressed. He was a complete philosopher in most things, and the wonderful work he edited, though superseded by the increase of knowledge and the growth of science, would not have been finished but for his inflexible nergy and determination.

D'Alembert, apart from being a great

ematician and an able writer, was noted for his independence of mind and beevolence of character. His "Preliminary Discourse to the Encyclopedia" is one of the st and most remarkable compositions of the Eighteenth century. His treatise on nies, done when he was fire-and-twenty, created a new branch of science. When his mother, a celebrated wit and beauty, who abandoned him at his birth, was prompted to acknowledge him on account of his rising own, he indignantly repudiated her. He said that the poor glazier's wife who had taken care of him when picked up as a foundling by the police, was the sale parent he had wn. He lived with her, ever honoring and helping her, for forty years.

Condillac, Condorcet, Helvétius, Mably,

Buffon, Marmontel, La Harpe, Raynal, Morellet, Turgot, Saint Lambert, and nearly all the writers designated as the Encyclope dists were friends of human progress and enemies of wrong of whatever They so enlightened the

public mind that it was embled to see the foul injustice and injury heaped upon the country in the same of ecclesiastic and royal authority. hame of ecclesiastic and royal authority. They instructed the people in their rights, and stimulated them to resist oppression. They were not answerable for the Reign of Terror, for they taught humanity; the tyrants with whom France had so long been cursed

re are werable, and they alone, t was, indeed, this very humanity which had taken the place of indifference, cruelty despotism among the upper and ruling see which made the bloody Resolution this. As often happens, when the evil nearly ceased, the pountry for the svil

tess. Thus fortune, like nature, often delays, though she never cancels, the result of heincus and continued injustice. It is the law that violation of law must, soon or late, bring bitter consequences, as the great French Revolution hideously proved. The wrongs of the people had been crying through ages for redress, and redress was finally gained in the most savage fashion.

If Louis XIV and Louis XV had been as moral, as considerate, as unselfish as Louis

finally gained in the most savage fashion.

If Louis XIV and Louis XV had been as moral, as considerate, as unselfish as Louis XVI, it is highly probable that the revolution would not have occurred. But the great king, as he was styled, was a born despot, and in some ways a colossal humbug. His reign was in many respects brilliant; but it owed its brilliancy to the able men he had about him rather than to his own achievements. Long before he died the country was wasted by unsuccessful wars, the prosecution of the Protestants and by exorbitant taxes. He was more odious to his subjects after he had become pious—piety was bigotry with him—than while he was profligate. They suffered less when he was ruled by his mistresses than when he was ruled by the priests. He had the art of appearing personally and historically other than he was, and succeeded to the end in palming himself off on the nation and on Europe as a superhuman sovereign. He had dignity, tact, courage and kingeraft in an eminent degree. But he was supremely vain, egotistic, selfish, and built himself on the humiliation of his realm and the impover-ishment and distress of his compatriots. When ishment and distress of his compatriots. When he was dead, at 77, France experienced a great sense of relief.

RIPE FOR REVOLUTION. Louis XV, with nothing like the ability of his great-grandfather, was far more supersti-

tious, corrupt and intelligence enough to perceive that the kingdom was surely doomed, and his sole solicitude was that it should last as long as he. No prince ever made religion more hate ful; for while he transgressed every principle of de-cency, and carried on the more

cency, and carried Louis xiv.
on the most shameful amours, he never failed to observe the empty ceremonials of the church. His example contributed much to the spread of skepticism, for almost any departure therefrom was naturally and generally accounted a kind of virtue. The civil and ecclesiastic courts had in his time various and bitter contests, and he and his parlia-ments were in frequent opposition. In the most revolting of his debaucheries he adhered to his habit of prayer, with him a mockery of devotion, praying with young girls whom he had captured for his "Deer Park," with the deliberate intent to ruin them. Steeped in iniquity, he would leap from his royal carriage to kneel in the miry street before the passing bost of a sacerdotal procession.

Is it strange that his outraged subjects lost respect for and faith in the Roman Catholic church, to which he was so zealously at-tached, and to whose formal rights he so rigorously adhered? That church has for three centuries been associated, whether truly or falsely, in the mind of the liberal French with oppression and tyranny, and the revolt against it has been inevitable. There, politics and theology have been conjoined; whence it happens that the Imperialists and Royalists today are commonly Catholics, and the Republicans, particularly those of the radical branch, are likely to be rationalists or free thinkers. The French may not be more irreligious, in a strict sense, than other nations but they have borne so much and so long from weak and vicious princes, who have cleaved to the Roman church, that many array themselves against it for that cause, if for no other. The people as such are not logical; it is too much perhaps to expect that they should be. Logic is vouchsafed to few. When Louis XVI ascended the throne

everything was ripe for revolution. Only the strongest man and the wisest head could have prevent-ed it, and his hand and head were neither strong nor wise. He was amiable, well intention ed, a loyal busband and a good father —a rare thing for a French monarch of the Seventeenth To K or Eighteenth tury-but he had

LOUIS XV. little governing ca-pacity and lacked decision, a fatal defect at ich a time. He was the antipodes of Louis XIV, in the fact that his diffidence interfered proper self representation, his predecessor having been egotistic and arrogant to excess. The country was exceedingly poor; the people had been taxed to death; while the nobility and clergy had been exempt. Nothing creates more discontent, a more seditious feeling, than exorbitant taxation, and, when unequally distributed, tends to open insur-History demonstrates that men will be

deprived of freedom, of most of their natural rights, even of their lives, without arousing the wrath and bostility caused by the de privation of money. The Netherlands, after submitting to every form of tyrauny and cruelty from Philip II, seeing hundreds of their countrymen imprisoned and executed, revolted finally when he made another finan cial levy. Louis XVI introduced divers reforms, abolishing some of the most offensive feudal imposts in the face of the vehement protests of the nobles. He labored, in his way, to mitigate the condition of his subjects; but he was enduring burdens inherited from others, and was obliged to make vicariis atonement. He even reduced his household expenses, and diminished his guards, to encourage economy and retrenchment, taking the lead in this needful and honorable enterprise. Do what he might, he could not allay the bitter discontent of the nation. Serious riots broke out, and much blood was shed; Louis showing prudence, energy and courage in such emergencies. He had, indeed, fallen on evil times.

THE THREE LOUIS.

When Franklin, Lee and Deane arrived in Paris, soliciting aid for our struggling colmics, the king, though sympathizing with the Americans, was naturally disinclined to involve his country in war on their behalf. But his disinclination soon yielded to the impetuosity of his ministers, the queen and the enthusiasm of the court and commons. He concluded an alliance with the young re-public in February, 1778, and the early conpience was the declaration of hostilities between France and Great Britain. The war cost France \$300,000,000 - an enormous sum, considering her financially cruppled condition and materially enfeebled the monarchy by spreading republican and revolutionary feelgs and opinions. The need of money was felt more and more. Still the nobles and the lergy refused to submit to their share of taxation until the Third Estate (the commons) de clared itself the national assembly, and was joined by parts of the other estates. The as unbly undertook various fitumetal reforms. which created intense enthusiasm throughout

The plan of a fimited monarchy was proosed by Necker; but the nobles induced Louis, unhappily violent measures assembly by the power of the army, The members met in an adjacent building and unan-imously reserved until the constitu-tion of the king-dom was whichly es-LOUIS XVI. tablished Louis

made many concessions to the people, secur ing their liberties and privileges; but con-cession came too late. He attempted to dissolve the assembly; but it resisted his at-tempt openly. To a court official who demanded obedience to the king, Mirabeau made the famous reply, "Tell your master that we sit here by the power of the people, and that we can be driven hence only by the power of the bayonet." The king accepted the inevitable; but he was vacillating and easily influenced by had counselors. He banished Necker, and surrounded the capital with soldiers. His reactionary measures de prived him of authority and precipitated his

## THE MASTER SPIRIT.

Character and Career of Mirabean Briefly Recapitulated.

sympathy Between France and America. The City of Paris Truly Representative of the Nation-Interesting Qualities of the Ganls of Modern Times.

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

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The French Revolution is coupled with American independence, not only in point of time, and in fact of generous aid rendered us by France, but in the identity of some of the principal actors. Lafayette, who, belonging to the oldest and highest nobility, and left an orphan and heir to a large estate, came to our shores at 19 to tender his services to our cause in the face of every discouragement and obstacle. Nothing but chivalry and intense love of freedom could have prompted the youthful Frenchman to embark in so unpromsing a cause. He was a captain of dragoons, stationed with his regiment at Metz, when he first heard at dinner that the Americans had declared their independence. Before he had left the table he had made up his mind to calist in our behalf, and he set out for Paris at once to execute his plan. This was the darkest hour of our struggle. The news had just reached France of the occupation of New York by the British, the loss of Fort Washington, and the calamitons retreat of the colo-nial army through New Jersey. The few friends and the American commissioners to whom Lafayette had communicated his de-sign urged him against its fulfillment. The more desperate our affairs looked, the greater need, he said, of his assistance, and he would not be dissuaded from his noble purpose. After the acknowledgment of our inde

pendence, and after Lafayette had covered imself with laurels, he returned home and did his utmost to improve the political condition of the French Protestants, and to further the abolition of slavery in the colonies. He was a member of the assembly of notables, which met in Paris, Feb. 22, 1787, and which

MIRABEAU. may be considered the first token of a revo-lution. He immediately condemned the abuses of the government, also private and unwar ranted arrests, and demanded the convocation of the states general, being in everything the champion of the people. The Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X, asked: "Do you demand the states general?" "Yes," answered Lafayette, "and something better

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The states general soon became the constituent assembly, and in it he proposed a declaration of popular rights akin to our own Declaration of Independence. He always counseled moderation, humanity and consti-tutional liberty; he defended the freedom of the king as carnestly and resolutely as the freedom of the people. He labored in vain ngainst extreme measures. The Jacobius feared and hated him, and be became powerless to stem the tide of sanguinary excite-ment. He saved his life only by flight, and spent nearly six years as a political prisoner in the citadel of Olmutz. Efforts to secure his release were futile until Napoleon demanded it from Austria at the head of his victorious

There has never been a time when Paris has so much absorbed France as during the Revolution. She was then, as she has virtually been for two centuries, the nation. It is hard for strangers, notably for Americans, immgine Paris, during a period of peace and prosperity, capable of turbulence and insur-rection. The city seems so contented, so gay, so full of itself, that no foreigner would lieve it could be suddenly roused to deeds of desperation. But appearances are nowhere more deceitful. A salient trait of the Parisinn is to keep the best outside, to look what he is not. Another trait is a disposition to go from one extreme to another. He changes like a cloud, from tenderness to ferocity, from benevolence to savagery. He is literally everything by turns, and nothing long. Voltaire says that a Frenchman is half

monkey and half tiger. The monkeyishness is often visible; the tigerishness is displayed when he is angry; it was rampant during the Revolution, it could not be sated with blood; the more it shed, the more it demanded Strolling along the boulevards, all shows fair and joyous. One thinks that there can be no danger, no violence in that quarter, which is veiled and gilded. But danger and violence slumber there and everywhere in a great capital, notably in the capital of France. You can see them undisguised today in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and at Belleville. There are the coarse, brutal, barbarous men. the hideons looking, rapacious, murderous women who tried to destroy Paris during the Commune, the descendants of the demons that grinned and shouted and reared themselves purple in the face as fresh victims were eght to the guillotine, and reveled in the ge of blood. Material in abundance can always be found

along the Seine for new revolutions. The beautiful city stands on a vast crater, which may at any moment blaze forth in widespread destruction. It has supped full of horror again and again; but its dreadful appetite is unsated and insatiable. The Commone of 1871, many of its originators sincere, determined, patriotic, but joined by thou sands of vagabonds, adventurers, professional villains, the froth and scum of a mighty capital, would have repeated the terrible history of 1789 had not the Versailles troops reso lutely put them down and extinguished them completely. The immense mob of a century ago had no organized opposition, no army to contend against, and for six interminable years tettered will and action, and destroyed life in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity. The lawless and worst elements of a vast, crowded center learned then what it can achieve in limitless horror, and the less son is not likely to be forgotten for hundreds of years in France. Wild beasts that have tasted blood are ever afterward athirst there for, their thirst is unslakable. It was horribly so in the first and greatest French

HUMANITY AND INHUMANITY How was it that the people so overcame overawed, intimidated the proud nobles and equally proud ecclesiastics, who had scorned, insulted, outraged them for unnumbered years? The commons had, as we have seen, been ground into the dust from unremembered time; they had been systema tically fleeced; they were starving; they had endured until ferocity had followed despera-Louis XVI was vacillating; some his measures were reactionary. could not pursue a steady course, he could not control the First and Second Estates. The need was to concede wisely or refuse strongly. He did neither. But the chief defect of the ruling classes, so far as they were concerned, was the new sense of humanity with which the Eighteenth century had endowed them. The Wird Estate guined after a while, though not without codiess exasperation, what it demanded. The common people (cannille) became too sud dealy and irresponsibly all powerful, and they

lacked sapient leaders.

The aristocrats had been affected by the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot and the rest. The whole educated community had studied manners overmuch. Deport-ment was everything, as Tame has pointed out, and its influence was unfortunate for its possessors. Children had been taught to dress,



CONDORCET.

the contrary, were aggressively, barbarously natural. They had had neither time nor inclination to ac quire repression or expression. The final result was as contact between granite and clay the clay is pulver-ized and displaced.

tificiality was in

the ascendant. The

common people, on

The people are more and more emboldened; the aristocrats more and more

disheartened, but uniformly genteel and polite. Gentility and politeness are fine things,
though dreadfully out of place when human
tigers are springing at your throat.

The lords and gentlemen of France, whatever their sins, were impeccable in external
behavior. They made no clamor; they conformed to the law of good breeding ou all occasions. When their carriages were stopped
in the streets by beggars or rufflans, entirely
without warrant, and themselves ordered
under arrest, they gave up their swords and
went where they were called. Perhaps their
long familigrity with lettres de cachet had
rendered them instinctively obedient. They
thought more of doing an act gracefully than
of considering its injustice. Veritably were
they like lambs led to the slaughter. All over
the kingdom, notably in Paris, they protested they like lembs led to the slaughter. All over the kingdom, notably in Paris, they protested not against outrage. Learning what was ex-pected of them they simply compiled. Al-though they might, in most cases, have drives off their captors by display of the proper spirit, they deemed it best to submit without a murmur. Submission seems to have been in the air; it was well nigh universal.

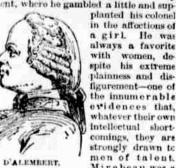
Imagine the effect of it on the miserable, hungry, half mad wretches who thought that every well dressed person in the realm had infured them beyond edemption! Be sides, the regular measures with
French subjects or
French citizens. In
this way the sufferers from man stitutionally averse kings were urged LAPAYETTE.

by continually re-curring circumstances to violate law, private rights, common humanity. They went from discontent to resistance, to attack, to an archy, to wholesale slaughter. Thus, backed by generations of the foulest wrong, the French Revolution became a dread reality.

MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau has been called the master spirit of the Revolution, and he deserved the name What would have been its outcome, had be lived to its close, no one can determine. But it is safe to say the close would have been very different. Deprived of him at the most trying period, there was no leader to fill his place, or with power enough to shape events His career was strange and picturesque. He was full of passion and genius, a man of burn ing eloquence and supreme energy, a man to do and to command. Of Italian extraction and a count, be is never thought of except as a great human force. Titles are lost in sc potent an individuality. His father, the Marquis de Mirabeau, was an odd character. Styling himself a philanthropist, and the friend of the people, he was a tyrant in his own family, and sought to conquer his sor by harsh and cruel measures, which were of small avail. The boy's parents were ashamed of him, he was so ugly. He had a twisted foot, unsymmetrical features, and a face marked by confluent smallpox. But as a set off to these, he possessed physical strength. indomitable will, rare mental gifts. After a course by private tutors his sterr

father placed him as a volunteer in a cavalry regiment, where he gambled a little and supplanted his colone



a girl. He was always a favorite with women, despite his extreme plainness and disfigurement—one of the innumerable evidences that, whatever their own intellectual shortcomings, they are strongly drawn to men of talent. Mirabeau was a

marvelous conversationalist. His flery tongue could melt the hardest feminine heart in time and he usually found time for its amatery exercise. At 23 he was persuaded to marry the only daughter of the Marquis de Marig nane (there is something absurd in a man of his temper having a wife); but the young couple quickly disagreed and went apart, and his father, who continually persecuted him, caused his confinement in a fortress on the

The youth won the good will of the jailer, who spoke so kindly of him as to induce the paternal marquis to procure a commission for him, and he was sent to Corsica. He wo distinction in the army as well as the friendship of his fellow officers, and his uncle reconciled him to his father. Soon after his marriage, the old marquis, angry at the financial troubles in which he became involved again made him a prisoner in the renowned Château d'If at Marseilles, and would not release him at the entrenty of his wife. But he soon procured his removal to a fort in the Jura moun tains, where, being allowed to visit the adincent town of Pontarlier, he met and be ame enamored of Sophie, the Marchioness de Monnier, the young and clever wife of a magistrate three times her age. After a few months be ran away with her to Switzerland and then went to the Netherlands, trying in Amsterdam to support himself by writing. Among other things, he produced a vigorous pamphlet against the Hessian sale of soldiers Great Britain for use in the United States. The next year he was condemned by the trib-unal of Pontarlier to the gallows for seduction and forcible abduction, and his mistress to imprisonment for life. They were speedily arrested, and conveyed to Paris; he was shut up at Vincennes, and she sent to a convent

The elder Mirabeau resolved to keep his seu in the fortress for the remainder of his days, but the son was so miserable without his sweetheart that he was only prevented from suicide by permission to write to her. His love letters were as impassioned as fre-quent. He did considerable literary work, too, notwithstanding that he had several serious disorders; and was threatened with blindness. But the friend of the people, and the acrimonious foe of his son, never relented until the death of his little grandson rendered it advisable to perpetuate the family. So Sophie's lover was set free—he had been imprisoned forty-two months; they had a equent interview, separated in anger, and she finally destroyed herself. He be came an idol of the French-his gifts, and even his faults, particularly appealed to them-but, disappointed in recovering his wife by a suit at law (what could be have wanted with herb, he went to England, where he printed several of his works

For several years he wandered over Europe studying, writing, publishing, making love and taking the deepest interest in politics

ment of the meeting of the states 图 多 的 general, early in 1789, he sought election to the nobility from Provence, but he soon aed their enmity by the audacity Having been drivover to the Third Estat where by CONDILLAC. his o pienco and

courage he won control, and influenced them to stand firmly against the other orders. He was often summoned to address the people when they were riotous and dangerous, and he invariably calmed them. Whatever cause he favored was sure to triumph. The king understood his power and labored to win and deserve his favor. Mirabeau strove to be just, to establish an understanding between the crown and the commons. He advocated the royal right to declare peace and war is opposition to some of the ablest orators. He was accused of treason and corruption, and three days later spoke in his own behalf, establishing his innocence and regaining the public admiration.

Besides meving as a deputy be published a journal, and did work enough to kill twenty men. His irregular life and his years of toll had worn him out. He had never spared himself, and nature exacted penalty. But for his untimely death, at forty-two, Louis might have saved his head and the savagery of the Terror been hindered. On the last day that he sat in the assembly he spoke five times, though very ill, and went home utterly exhausted. When he saw the end approabe said to his friend and physician, Cabanis, "I shall die today. At such a juncture but one thing remains to be done—to be perfumed, crowned with flowers, and surrounded with music, in order to enter pleasantly into

that sleep from which there is no awaking." He ordered his bed to be placed near the window that he might better see the glory of the sun. As he gazed at it he exclaimed with rapture. "If the sun be not the Almighty it must at least be his cousin german."

So passed the great tribune in the prime of life, in the acme of his might and renown. His death was lamented by the entire country. No Frenchman's loss, unless that of Henry IV, has ever been so deeply and poignantly felt by the nation. His remains were borne, a solemn pageant, by the assembly and the people to the Church of St. Geneviève. Three years later they were removed, by order of the convention, to the burial place of criminals. How completely and distinctly French!

A BENEFICENT INSTITUTION.

The Orphan Asytum at Corsicans, Tex-Lately Formally Thrown Open. Several years ago the Texas state legislature set aside a portion of the public domain, the proceeds of the sale of which were to be devoted to the erection of a state orphan asylum as soon as a proper site should be chosen. The site



CORSICANA ORPHAN ASYLUM BUILDING. finally fixed upon was Corsicana, the "Gem City of Central Texas," which secured the location by the donation of a tract of more than 200 acres, some three miles west of the place. As soon as this had been done the residents of the vicinity proceeded to contribute to the improvement of the ground by fencing the tract in, laying out handsome walks and drives and planting a fine fruit orchard. This was followed by the work of building, which was begun last September. Two large brick buildings, of which but one is shown in the cut, were the result. They are 200 feet apart, each has a front of 75 feet, and each is built in the form

They are two stories high, with deep, well cemented cellars arranged for hot water heating, cooking and laundry purposes. The style of architecture is Gothic, with sills, window caps, porticos and columns of cast iron. The bricks used were all made of Texas soil in the towns of Waco, Belton and Rusk, and the pig iron which the castings were made from was also made at Rusk from Texas ore. The main timber is Texas heart pine, with stair rails, newels and ballasturs of black walnut. The ceilings are of corrugated iron, the roofs of tin and cresting of malleable iron, and both buildings are furnished with pipes for hot water heating. The ventilation and other sanitary precautions are perfect, and the capacity of the home at present is for 200 inmates. .

The entire cost of buildings and furniture complete is about \$30,000. The original appropriation was \$25,000 for construction, and the last legislature voted \$18,000 for furnishing and running the place for the first year and \$15,000 for the second year.

The space between the buildings is left for the erection of a large and handsome central building when the demands require it. The barns and other outbuildings are commodious and convenient. There are also two fish lakes well stocked with fish, located on the eastern slope of the grounds, into which all the surplus water is drained from the premises. These lakes are connected by a substantial rustic bridge, from which a romantic scene can be viewed and some fine fish caught next spring.

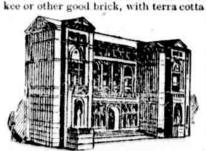
Mr. Conkling's Monument.

The monument at Roscoe Conkling's grave in Forest Hill cemetery in Utica, N. , has recently been finished. It is built of Quincy granite in the form of a sarcophagus, with two heavy bases of cut. unpolished granite, a cubical die: each corner has polished columns, and a massive cap surmounts the whole. Its position is in the family plot on the north of the monument to Horatio Seymour.



ROSCOE CONKLING'S MONUMENT On the east side of the die this simple inscription is found, "Roscoe Conkling, and on the west side, in addition to the name, the inscription, "Born Oct. 30, 1829. Died April 16, 1888." Mrs. Conkling selected the design about a year ago, and work was begun on the monument at once. Its height is not over nine feet and it weighs about twenty-five Its simplicity causes it to appear imposing, and it is in thorough keeping with Roscoe Conkling's character.

New Court House for New York. In New York city a plan has just been adopted for a new criminal court building on the block next that Egyptian building known as the Tombs Wilson's plan, of the firm of Thorn, Wiison & Schaarschmidt, was adopted. His estimate of the cost is \$1,400,000. The plan gives a six story building in the modern Renaissance style. The basement will consist of granite, backed with brick, the other stories to be of Milwau-



NEW YORK'S NEW CRIMINAL COURT. ornaments and trimmings of Belleville or Long Meadow stone. The cornices are also to be of brown stone and terra cotta. An iron roof will be covered with tiles laid in cement.

The basement and first floor will be taken up by the coroners, district attorneys and excise commissioners, if there is room for them. The second and third floors are intended for court rooms, each occupying the full height of two stories. The three highest stories are to be for The extreme height of the building will be 115 feet.

A new stage gun has been invented by M. Phillippe, secretary of the Bouffee Parisi-ennes. It contains a long spiral spring, which carries a needle at the end. The piece is loaded by compressing the spring, which is retained by a simple mechanism, and inserting in the muzzle a cork which contains a charge of fulminating moreary. On pulling the trigger, the spring is released and the offe strikes the fulminate, which explodes blowing the cork into dust. It is said that these guns can be leveled directly at any person and discharged without risk.

The Beautiful Actress Is Not

is a Mad House.

Some Ancodotes That Are Bendered Timely by Reason of the Recent Stories Regarding Her Now Declared to Be Without

It is not at all clear in the mind of the dear public as to who started the story that Mary Anderson has been sent to a private med-house. There are those who say they think that the rumor gained ground because Miss Anderson thought its circulation would ad-vertise her. It isn't at all likely that their guess is

good one. Perhaps some of the Kentucky girl's satellites are responsible for it, but not Mary. No woman who is as sensitive to crit-icism as is Mary Anderson would be a party to the promulgation of a story that she was suffering from the dreadful malady called surering from the dreadful manady called paresis. Her confessor, Father Purcell, says she is recovering from a long period of nervous prestration brought on by overwork and long American railway journeys. And he adds that somebody ought to suffer, either by having to pay heavy libel damages or otherwise. But it isn't likely any suit for libel will be brought. likel will be brought.

CAUSE FOR ANNOYANCE. Miss Anderson's illness began just after her appearance in St. Louis last year. One critic then said of her:

She is a long limbed, expressionless featured woman, with a reach that would make a prize fighter's fortune and a voice that is large and somewhat rich, but that has never been attuned to agreeable music and that can no more interpret the low, sweet melodies of the soul than a mule can sing a lullaby or a buzz saw can warble "The Last Rose of Summer."

Another wrote: Another wrote:

As for Perdita, the delineation of the sweet, girlish rusticity and roseate warmth of love which crows the character of this delicious creation of Shakespeare is as far beyond Magy Anderson as the constellation of Hercules is beyond the dead moon. You might as well talk of the versatility of a marinspike or the Protean qualifies of a chunk of red granite. It is as sensible to assert that Mary Anderson is tains or triplets as to assert that what is versatile. She is gleaves Mary An sert that she is versatile. She is always Mary An derson, undisguised and unchangeable, pretty to look upon in repose, agreeable to listen to in de-clamatory bursts, beautifully robed and pictorial ly attractive, but a mediocre actress at every



MARY ANDERSON. It's little wonder that this sort of thing annoyed Mary. There are two stories told about the cause of this terrific criticism. The one most creditable to the critics is to the effeet that St. Louis was angry because the engagement was but for five nights and the speculators bought up the good seats. The other goes that the supply of deadhead tick-ets was too small to suit the newspapers. Neither of these alleged reasons are such as should influence the critic. In fact, writers who would gratify spite in dramatic criti cisms are a disgrace to the profession of jour

BUT NOT CAUSE FOR DISCOURAGEMENT. But it was a matter of wonder that a woman of such strength of character as Miss Anderson should be completely upset by the vaporings of such alleged critics as those of St. Louis. And it is to be hoped that she may be seen many times upon the stage in future. Miss Anderson had received little, if any, thorough instruction when she made her debut, according to one who has written of her earliest dramatic life, and it required great courage and determination to make the attempt. She had talked with poor Bar ney Macauley, who advised her to accept a position with some good company and gradually work her way upward. derson, a mere slip of a girl, did not coincide with his views. She had higher aspirations. She had always pictured herself as a star of no mean magnitude, and she could not easily

relinquish the idea. Barney Macauley was a large bearted man, and though he predicted a failure for the young aspirant for histrionic honor, he gave her all the aid in his power. Macauley's theatre in Louisville was placed at her disposal, and Mrs. Macauley, herself an actress and a woman sympathetic and kind, generously loaned the young girl some of her own costumes. The white satin dress in which the fair Juliet appeared, and which caused considerable comment because of its being too short for Miss Anderson's tall figure, was Rachel Macauley's. So unaccustomed was Miss Anderson to such costumes that during the balcony scene she actually stumbled over her train.

Popular opinion was divided, some sympa thizing with the young girl, while others thought that she had lost caste and decided that she should be incontinently snubbed However, Mr. Watterson was in sympathy with the actress, and The Courier-Journal the following morning contained a lengthy account of her debut, claiming it to have been a signal success. SNUBBED

There was a story told of Miss Anderson about that time which, if ever she recalls it, must cause a smile of self pride and satisfac tion. Not long after her debut she was one day going along Fifth avenue, New York, near the cathedral, when she saw coming to ward her an old friend.

Miss Anderson's face brightened instantly, then a faint flush overspread it, for she saw no answering smile on the face of her friend. Nearer and nearer they came, but the other woman, looking Miss Anderson full in the face, passed her by as a stranger. It was the cut direct, and Miss Anderson's face was crimson. Foor girl! it was rather hard to have old friends cast her off.

But that was a long time ago. In the years that have passed since Miss Anderson has won fame and more-the respect of the world; perhaps she doesn't know the other young At any rate she numbers among her friends

many whom the other woman would be glad to know. Among them is Lord Tenuyson. She visited him last summer during her holiday, at his beautiful home in the Isle of Wight, and when she returned to America she brought with her certain treasures, which

are the gift of the poet, in the shape of several

lyrics which have never been published. Two

at least were inspired by the lovely Hermion and Perdita berself, and others are verses suited for recitation. During her visit there it is said she used to fill his pipe for him, while he used to bestow

upon her all sorts of pootical pet names. There is no doubt but Miss Anderson used to work very hard at rehearsals. Here is a

passage from a description of one published "It is his highness' pleasure that the queen appear before the king."

The queen in a little cheeked woolen dress, a close fitting jersey jacket, a very English turban faced with black velvet and ornamented by a bow of bright ribbon, her long golden hair done up in close braids at the back of her shapely head, with long tan gloves on her slender hands—this queen comes in and droops prettily into a small cano seated chair, her face the picture of woo.

Who is she! Why, our Mary, at a rehearsal of "A

Winter's Tale. The curtain is up, the scenes are all up, too, and the bare boards of the stage are there. The great gas jet is wheeled out in the front center of the stage and beside it is a great big iron affair that looks like a cannon. There

are at least sixty people on the stage. All the men keep on their bats and overcoats and even their goloshes and gloves. They are beginning with the first act. Miss Anderson plays a dual role—that of Her-mions and Perdita, her daughter.

raione and Perdita, her daughter.

"I say, ladies, you do not laugh spontaneously. Now laugh as if you really enjoyed
it. Laugh?"

It is the silvery voice of Miss Anderson.
She is not the queen any longer; she is the
manager of her own theatrical company, and
she is giving her orders in the awestest, clearest, but most ownmanding tones.

Mr. Abud, her manager, a tall, nandsome
Englishman, calls her to one side and they
chat for a few moments. WILL SHE BRING SUIT FOR LIBEL!

Englishman, calls her to one side and they chat for a few momenta.

"Get through with the business, Mr. Lothian," he says to the stage manager.

A handsome, stout, middle aged lady in a light fawn colored ulster and a small bonnet comes down the center of the stage. She is followed by three other ladies, all in street dresses and bonnets. Miss Anderson stands over by the big iron affair, her hands on her hips, one foot forward and a very judicial look on her face.

icok on her face.
Paulina, wife of Antigonus, otherwise Mrs.
John Billington, is the stout lady. She says,

in splendid stage tones;
"This news is mortal to the queen! Look and see what death is doing!"

Mercy! has Miss Anderson fallen down dead! All of the ladies are looking with uplifted hands and horror stricken faces at the floor; the crowd utters a murmur.

No, indeed, she hasn't. She doesn't fall down at rehearsals; then the floor is not very clean, you know. They are looking at noth

ing, and just drawing on their imagination r their facial expressions. "Murmur a little louder, please," says the her Oxford boot on the stage. "And look, look! All of you look as though you really saw something! Don't be stupid!"

And so on to the end of the rehearsal.

There is no woman on either side of the ocean today who could take the place of Mary Anderson.

A Machine to Help Scullers.

Every once in awhile some one comes forward with an invention which promises to revolutionize things. Sometimes it does and sometimes it doesn't, but a recent device to help a boat through the water certainly looks as if it would be a success. The device, of which a cut is here given, is very old in principle, but has never before been applied to small boats. It is a small machine, the weight of which will not exceed three pounds. It is placed underneath the seat of the shell and is worked in connection with the sliding seat. The machine forces a jet of water from the discharge pipes into the solid water below the boat at a high pressure, which pressur-is obtained by the weight of the sculler on

the sent. The reader will notice, by reference to the drawing, which is taken from The Boston Globe, that the track on which the seat rur is curved instead of being straight, and is se arranged as to rock on the center, which gives a vibratory motion to the yoke beneath which in turn transmits the power to the pistons through the rod and so forces the



A word as to the high pressure. With as

oarsman of 180 pounds weight sliding 21 inches, and the vibrator 51/4 inches between

centers, there would be an average of 2 to 1, or when figured down to the piston pressure

it would give 90 pounds to the square inch. The inventor has used this propeller in an or dinary lapstreaked boat and obtained a speco of two or three miles an hour without any other means of propulsion. It is expected to make a difference of half

a minute to the mile in a three mile race and

of three-fourths of a minute in a longer race

Restaurants in Sweden A traveler gives the following interesting description of a railroad restaurant service in Sweden: "We entered a little dining room, around which were arranged little tables covered with snowy linen; in the center stood a large table, one end spread with the usual diversified collection of the 'smargasbord,' at the other were piles of plates, knives, forks and napkins. The soup is brought in and placed on the central table; each one helps himself, and, taking it to one of the small tables, eats at his leisure. The soup finished, you serve yourself with fish, roast meats, chicken and vegetables in quantity and variety as you choose, and return to your table The servants replenish the supplies on the large table, remove soiled plates, and bring tea, coffee, beer or wine, as ordered, to the occupants of the small tables, but each one st serve himself from the various courses, ending with pudding and nuts and raisins There was none of the hurry, bustle and crowding usually encountered in a railway restaurant, but plenty of time was given for a quiet, comfortable meal, with no necessity bolting your food. For this abundan and well cooked dinner the charge was forty cents-ten, coffee, beer and wine being extra Your word was taken without any question-ing regarding the extras as you paid for and your dinner at the table from which the coffee was dispensed."-Exchange.

Would Do No Good. A recent French tale has the following

grewsome plot: "A lover who has lost a mistress by death passes a night in the cemetery in which she is buried, and witnesses a general resurrection, in which all the dead rectify their own epitaphs, candidly telling the truth about themselves, however uncomplimentary it may be. The spectator of this scene has the happiness of seeing his dead love inscribe upon her own tombstone the confession that the cold of which she died was taken while deceiving her lover." like this, which ends miserably in a grave yard, can only come from a diseased imagination. No one wants to see such sights no hear such sounds. If the dead could preach their own funeral sermons, and in the face of heaven were compelled to tell the truth, they would startle the mourners; but it is ques-tionable if they would do good. Words at a funeral are said of the dead by the living and for the living. Sometimes they are strained It is a rule to speak no ill of the dead—though that is not adhered to by amateur detective vultures searching for the cause of a dis-tressed woman's suicide—and the preacher does the best he can with a bad case taphy is wanted by the family be piles it on. New Orleans Picayune.

Spreading Shad.

Previously to 1870 no shad were found in the Pacific ocean or in any of its tributaries. Between 1870 and 1875 the United States Fish commission introduced a few young shad into the Sacramento river. The number was very small, but the little fishes made their down to the Pacific to feed and grow large and fat, and to return at last to the fresh water to reproduce their kind. Some of them came back to the same river, but others, following the warm Pacific current, wandered further north into other rivers, until now the shad is in some places sufficiently abundant to furnish profitable fisheries, and it is dis tributed along more than three thousand miles of the Pacific coast of North America, and is still spreading northward in such a way as to indicate that it will, in a few years, be found in the rivers of Asia, so that the descendants of the shad of the Chesapeake bay rill increase the food supply of China .- Once

a Week. No Time for Frivolity.

Mr. Malapropos (at the baseball game) -Miss Jones—Alice, will you be mine?
Miss Jones (severely)—Mr. Malapropos, with the score I to 0 against the home nine in the ninth inning, the bases full, two of our men out and Bangit at the bat with two strikes and three balls against him, I am in doubts as to whether I am married or single.-Law rence American.

Don't Like Note Takers.

The editor or reporter who takes the most notes is generally the poorest writer to be found. A man who can't remember an ordinary occurrence without pulling his note book ham't brains enough to follow up his calling. About nineteen years of observation, on our part, is very convincing. - Montezuma (Ga.) Record.