Fretcher entreated. "I have a right to

"I will not hear you, sir! Nothing you can say will atone. Winifred, I order you to tell him to go."

"No," said Winifred, in a low but steady voice. "If you send him away you will be sorry—forever."

"What? You threaten me!" said the relevant angents.

colonel, angrily.

"No, no. I love my dear father now too well to threaten him," Winifred answered, and the tears rose to her eyes.

"Wheedling is worse!" the colone' burst forth, with unabated anger. He still held his arms around her, but this was rather to assert his right against John Fletcher's.

But if you send him away"- Winifred repeated.
"You would dare to follow him?" the

colonel interrupted fiercely, as he loos-ened his clasp of her slight form. This was near being a word too much for a spirit as keen and unyielding as his Winifred's face was deadly white, own. Winifred's face was deadly white, but not from fear, when she replied, in a voice that did not falter, and with a look that did not waver-

"Whether I would follow him or not there would be a difference, and you would feel it. You would be sorry." 'Dor't reiterate this sentimental trash

to me, Winifred!" cried the colonel, and in his angry impatience he threw her from him. He did not mean to be rough, but he forgot, for the moment, that she was lame; but John Fletcher did not forget it, and so it came to pass that Coi. Thorne threw his daughter straight into her lover's arms!

There was an instant's pause, and in that instant Winifred's angry father saw that his cause was lost.

For Winifred's beautiful head rested against John Fletcher's heart; its tumultyous throbs half frightened her, but his strong arms held her. She was very pale and her eyes were closed, but she smiled with supreme content. "Is she hurt?" the colonel asked, in a tone of horror.

Winifred opened her eyes and laughed. "No, not hurt," she said, and the color came again to her face. She stretched out her arms as her father bent over her, and clasped him around the neck. "Nothing can make me love you less, dear father," she wispered. "The more

I love him, the more must I love you." The colonel sighed and turned away, He could not bring himself, all at once, to yield consent.

Well! well! tubbe sho!" moralized old Gilbert. "When we gits ole hit ain't no use wrastlin' beginst de headiness o' young folkses. Mawster, he tried hit, en' he wrastled pow'ful. He had less o' de grace o' givin' in den aire man ever I see; yit he is gwan 'bout now wid one chile married ter dem ez he ain't choosened en' Missy done promused ter a Yankee what fit beginst the souf. En' de curiousest part is, hit rarely doan seem ter mek no speshul diffunce; de is all settled down ter be satisfied wid one 'n'oder. De mo' I studies de mo' hit do 'pear ter me de worl' is mos'ly made fur dem what comes after we is dade en' gawn. What you rekin, Glory-Ann?' he asked, affa-

'I doan rekin nothin'," returned Glory Ann, ungraciously; "I keeps my thoughts ter myse'f. Dat's my notion o' man

"Well! well!" the old man said, with a subdued chuckle, "I gwan ax Missy. Her manners ain't so—puppendiklar." THE END.

PHILADELPHIA'S CATHEDRAL.

It Was Recently Consecrated With Im-Amid a scene of solemn splendor and imposing ceremonies, and graced by the presence of many high church dignita-ries, the Roman Catholic cathedral of



CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND

Saints Peter and Paul, on Logan square, Philadelphia, was consecrated a few days

The consecration ceremony proper be gan at a quarter past 5 in the morning, when Archbishop Ryan headed a procession which slowly wended its way three times around the imposing Corinthian edifice, sprinkling it at intervals each time with holy water. Then the archbishop ascended the steps, and with the golden crozier he carried deliberately knocked three times for admis-

Father McQuade responded to the summons and opened the massive doors. The procession then entered and passed around the inside of the church three times, the archbishop sprinkling it at intervals with holy water, as on the out-

A multitude of priests in waiting were now admitted, and the celebration of the first mass of the day commenced. During the services the relics were brought to the main altar, and the archbishop deposited them in the altar. The various other parts of the church were then sprinkled and blessed, and the consecration services ended.

Then followed a solemn pontifical high mass, the scene being impressive in the extreme. The mass sung was the grand creation of Beethoven in "C," and the sermon, in which the significance of the pomp and ceremonies of the church were fully explained, was by the venerable Cardinal Gibbons.

John Lloyd Thomas.

John Lloyd Thomas, secretary of the national committee of the Prohibitionists, who has been having a wordy war with Funk & Wagnalls, publishers of The Voice, the Prohibition organ, is from Maryland and is the son of a minister. In the campaign of 1884 he made such a record as district organizer in Virginia and Maryland that he was marked for early promotion by his party managers. He went to New York more than two years ago and now keeps open house at Prohibition hall.

The secretary of a national party which has almost everything to win is naturally a very busy man, and the Prohibitionists find in Thomas a genuine steam engine, whom his admirers may be excused for backing as a coming man

in third party JOHN LLOYD THOMAS. ranks. Thomas is about 30, under medium size, active, nervous and ready as a speaker or a manager. His parentage is Welsh. or a manager. His parentage is Welsh. He is a good tenor and sings in the Ora-

## SQUIDS AND ABALONES,

CHINESE FISHERIES ON THE ROCKS OF THE PACIFIC.

Little Chunks of Asia Which Dot the California Coast for Miles-A Molinks se Grip Is Dangerous to the Un

The tourist visiting the Pacific coast finds few stranger things than the camps of Chinese fishermen along the shore in sheltered coves from San Diego north to the Klamath. These camps look as if they were older than the discovery of America, so weather beaten are the redrics, so weather besten are the redwood shanties. It is impossible to ascer-tain the results or profits of these fisher-



VILLAGE OF ABALONE FISHERS ies, for a large part of the product is dried and sent to the flowery kingdom for sale, and the Chinese are proverbially close mouthed about their business.

The two most interesting features of the Chinese "long shore" industries are undoubtedly the squid and the abalone fisheries, both of which can be observed in the Bay of Monterey, which is in fact the center of the squid business, but not of the abalone, the latter being more or less known to the entire coast of California, especially off San Luis Obispo and

On the shores of Monterey Bay, south of the old town, are the remains of the once flourishing works of a whaling company. "The ground," writes a recent visitor to the place, "is all so saturated with oil that it gives under foot like a poor asphaltum pavement on a hot Au-

An occasional whale and a good many basking sharks are still tried out for their oil either here or on the shores of Carmel bay, six miles walk, and between the two whaling camps are the Chinese villages for squid fishing and abalone

catching.
On the rounded bowlders below the cliff, in the midst of "unspeakable dirt," are the Chinese shantles and hundred of drying frames of pine laths. These frames are covered for many weeks in the autumn with the oily squid, a fish about as long as one's hand. They enter the bay in vast schools and are netted by tons. They are split and boned, dried for two days on the frames and then thrown on the sand to complete the process of drying. The packing is done by trampling them close together in great but the great schools of squid, which sacks. Cod and halibut come and no American will eat, are the main reliance of the Chinese fishing companies of the region.

The Chinese villages, as seen in the afternoon from the bay, with their junks and lateen sailed fishing craft drawn up on the beach or coming in with their freight, the widespread nets, the children in red and yellow, the curious balconies projecting over the water, the flags and high scaffolds, and acres of drying fish, all seem to be thoroughly Asiatic, and the Asia also of the great Mongolian lowlands of sleepy rivers and squalid little fishing villages, such as travelers in China describe. Sometimes the Chinese build on the cliffs, but by far the greater part of their "camps" are set "between sea and cliff," and often miles from any town or rail-

There are Italian fishing villages, too, but these are not unlike such villages the world over, and they are far less pictur esque than those of the Chinese. They are perhaps seen at their best on San Francisco and Tomales bays. The Italians never go very far from their markets, for they aim to supply all the food fishes and leave the squid and abalones to the Chinamen. Crabs and shrimps are gathered in by Italians, Portuguese and Chinamen alike. The oyster trade is in the hands of Italians and Americans, the latter controlling some of the larger

California companies. But the most curious food product of the Pacific coast is probably that beautiful and useful mollusk the abalone, which has made many a Chinaman rich enough to return to his native land, buy a rice farm and settle down as the nabob of his village. The abalone is a univalve



A YOUNG CHINESE ABALONE CATCHER. and clings like a limpet to the rocks. Its single shell is ear shaped, and many specimens have been found that were nearly ten inches in length and eight in width. The "abalone jewelry" is made from a small button of pearly accretion in the middle of the shell.

The abalone exists in its fullest perfection south of San Francisco bay, but it is found for many miles north of the Golden Gate. It thrives along the coast of Baja, or lower California, as far as Cape St. Lucas There are two variesties, one with dark shells, the other with reddish shells, both being alike pearly inside. When ground from the outside, so as to show the red and black alternat ing with the tinted mother-of-pearl, the

effect is very attractive. The abalone used to be one of the most common of Pacific coast shells, but the Chinese discovered its edible qualities, and began to ship tons of dried abalones to China. The business soon became so profitable that colonies of Chinese dotted the coast from Santa Cruz southward, and thousands of shells still lie on the cliffs to mark their camps. Only a few years ago any one who wished could easily find abalones so large that when well pounded, sliced and fried three were an abundant meal for a hungry man, but most of them now are quite small, hundreds of shells not being larger

than a watch case. The flesh is white, nutritious and very palatable. I have many times taken a sack and a crooked bit of iron to pry the abalones off the rocks, and followed the retreating tides a mile westward down the dripping shale searching the crevices for choice specimens for the boys in our summer cabin on the Estero

cliffs to fry for dinner

## In Bouthern California a score of years ago it was a very common thing for Spaniards who had a saddle horse of which they were particularly proud to cover the bridle, reins and trappings with bits of polished abalone shells, and they certainly were much prettier and easier to carry than the heavy silver dollars which were spiled in patterns over

lars which were spiked in patterns over the saddle leathers a few years later, Thus far in this narrative it would seem that there is nothing dangerous about the gentle abalone. He is simply a large shellfish, clinging to the rocks near low tide water mark, and he has seemingly no defense whatever against his numer-ous foes. But in several well authenti-cated cases the abalone has deserved the title "dangerous." In 1878, on the coast of Monterey county, a Chinamen disap-peared from a large camp of abalone fishers. They were working on ahares and great emulation existed, so it was thought that he had ventured too far thought that he had ventured too far and that the incoming sea had swept him away. But in a few days his body was discovered bent over a crevice his hand held fast by an abalone, and firmly secured in this position, unable to escape and too far from camp to make his cries

rise inch by inch till it drowned him. He had lost the small fist bar of iron used for loosening large abalones from the rocks, and seeing a very large speci-men far down in the crevice had inadvertently placed himself at such a dis-advantage that he could not exert sufficient strength to withdraw his hand, nor to break the shell, nor even to force his hand further in so as to destroy the firm clasp of the mollusk. This sad event caused abalone hunters to desert the camp at once, and the place is still known as "Chinaman Point."

neard, the poor fellow had seen the tide



DRYING SQUID AT A CHINESE FISHERY

There is also a story told among some of the old families in San Luis Obispo to the effect that a young Mexican who went out on the rocks at low tide to procure a very large abalone shell to take over the Coast range to present to a young lady was caught in like manner, and waving his red scarf and shouting for help was dragged loose by half a dozen men, who reached the place while the tide was rapidly rising above his

Even the ordinary sized abalones re quire a strong jerk to get them from the rock. It is probable that the largest abalone that ever grew could be taken off by any person if it was done quickly, but the slightest delay would bring one to grief unless he had a lever handy The shell is so broad and flat that it cannot be seized. The only way is to insert the fingers or some instrument be neath the edge, which is usually raised half an inch from the rock.

The old American settlers near the sea coast have learned to value the abalone highly as furnishing an epicurean feast when properly broiled and served piping hot. But few modern cooks know how to prepare abalone, and the toothsome morsel is fast becoming a tradition. So indefatigable in its pursuit are the Chinese that in a decade or two more this curious and delicious mollusk will probably be almost extinct.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

A BEAUTIFUL DECEPTION.

The Mirage Lake in One of San Fran-San Francisco has discovered a new wonder within her borders-a mirage that transforms the broad roads and green lawns of Golden Gate park into a beautiful lake. The phenomenon may seen throughout the day, but shows best advantage early in the morning



AN EARLY MORNING VIEW. from a point where the main road from the McAllister street entrance and the North Ridge road converge. All the usual details of a mirage are carried out, and to the observer the distant pedestrian or wagon on entering the charmed confines appears to be going deeper and deeper into the depths of a placid lake until the center is reached, and then to begin the outward progress. The mirage can be seen as long as there is daylight, no matter whether the skies are clear or cloudy.

The First Woman Lawyer in France. France is doing her best to keep up with the times, and recently turned another lap in the race of progress when she admitted a woman to the practice of the law for the first time. Her name is Sarmisa Bilsesco and she is 23 years old.



MLLE. SARMISA BILSESCO. native city, where, when she was only 16 years old, she had been made a bachelor of arts, and a year later had received the degree of bachelor of science. For five years she has studied in Paris, and her recent success shows that she is a woman of force as well as intellect, for her admission to the bar was bitterly opposed by many influential men.

The Wealth of Honduras.

The recent discoveries of coal in northern Honduras seem likely to prove to be very important. Borings have revealed besides the coal valuable deposits of salt, veins of natural gas and artesian wells of considerable magnitude. The country is in an unusually prosperous condition. During the year 2,000,000 bunches of bananas were exported, besides large quantities of oranges and cocoanuts. Mahogany is also sent out of the country by the ship load.

## FRUITS OF ALL KINDS.

GREAT QUANTITIES OF THEM ARE SOLD IN NEW YORK.

Auction Sales in the Early Morning at Which Good Prices Are Realized-Some Interesting Comparisons—Piles Highe

Than the Washington Monument The season's auction sales of Califor fruits opened in New York one Saturday not long ago with a sale at 5 o'clock. The fruit offered comprised royal apri-cots, which sold at \$2.20 per half crate of four baskets of five pounds, net, each; Alexandria peaches, at \$2.20 per 15 pound



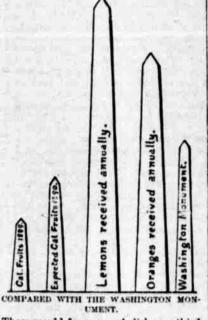
box; delicious cherries, at \$1.75 per 10 pound box, and plums at \$2 per 15 pound box. These are good prices for this fruit, and this is the earliest hour at which a fruit auction sale was ever held in New York city, and shows that dealers are not only ready to pay good prices for good fruit, but are anxious enough to get it to come out early in the morning. These fruits come in refrigerator cars, and their arrival is so accurately timed that the hour of sale is advertised one or several days ahead.

Upon arrival, from one to three pack ages of each lot or variety are exhibited in the auction room, catalogues are pro-vided, and the bidding is spirited. From thirty minutes to one hour is sufficient time to dispose of a car load of 20,000 pounds. These sales will continue nearly every day until October.

In addition to the fruits now arriving there will be later varieties of the same. prunes, Bartlett pears, nectarines, emperor, Tokay and Muscat grapes, and at the last of the season a large variety of winter pears. With the partial or com-plete failure of many of the eastern sources of fruit supply the California product assumes greater interest to eastern consumers. The luscious quality, uniform grading and packing, and fin condition of the fruit are all that could be desired. Transportation facilities have been improved and freight charges reduced, so that the fruit is delivered in New York in much less time than formerly. The condition of the fruit is often better than when it started, and the expense for freight is \$400 per car. facilities will probably be still further

improved. During the past year auction sales have been held at nearly every hour of day from early morning until 5 o'clock p. m., and at all there has been spirited bidding and good prices have been obtained. That the auction is a successful and established method of handling perishable fruits is evidenced by the increased offerings, by the uniformly good prices obtained and by the general satisfaction expressed by all parties. Several car loads of New York State grapes were sold at auction last autumn, and as this beginning was very satisfactory more will probably be offered this season. It is intended by the promoters of these sales to extend system so as to include the sale of

all perishable products. But one-third of the orchards and vineyards now planted in California have reached a bearing age, to say nothing of the millions of trees and vines which are being planted every year, so that the future supply is likely to be largely and continuously increased. Three hundred carloads came to New York last year.



These would form an obelisk one-third the size of the Washington monument. It is estimated after careful observation that at least 600 carloads will arrive this year, or material enough for a monument two-thirds the size of the one at Washington; while if the same ratio of increase continue another year we may reasonably expect enough material for a monument of equal or greater size. The latter, however, would be a monument to the enterprise of a living, active, progressive people and not to a dead hero. The cars bearing the expected fruit of this season if formed into a continuous train would extend nearly five miles.

The amount of other fruits reaching New York is enormous; but rather strangely, the only kind besides California and imported fruits and Florida or anges of which any statistics are kept are apples and cranberries, and even of these the returns are only approximate. For the seven years ending 1889 the Mercantile exchange reported an average of 638,704 barrels of apples per year. These would make a monument considerably more than twice the size of the Washington monument, while in the years of largest supply three such monuments could be built and still have a surplus. New Yorkers do not consume all of these however. Besides the large quantities exported, a large surrounding territory

depends upon New York for its supply. Of cranberries the number of packages received averages nearly 100,000 per year for the past seven years, sometimes exceeding that amount, but often not reaching half the average figures. Very few of these are exported, Yankes appreciating them too highly as ac ompaniments of the famed American turkey and other favorite dishes. These wouldn't make a monument over one-fourth the size of that at Washington, but it would far exceed that planne and begun but never erected by a grateful people to the memory of the "grand-mother of our country." Mary Washing-

ton, and it would commemorate the en-terprise of the native Jerseyman and the dweller on Cape Cod in producing such an appetizing fruit from what would otherwise be well nigh waste

There are nearly three times as many foreign oranges imported into New York as are received from Florida, and the combined receipts, approximating 1,700,000 boxes, would be sufficient to build four Washington monuments and have some left besides. California is producing large quantities of superior oranges, but the im-mense numbers received here from Flormense numbers received here from For-ida and from foreign countries, and the low prices at which they are sold throughout a large part of the season, pretty effectually preclude California from sending us many of her oranges, however much she may wish to do so, and however much ane may wan to do so, and however willing we may be to receive them. The lemons used to flavor our lemonade and for other purposes are mostly of foreign growth, Florida furnishing a very small part of the supply. They exceed oranges in bulk, aggregating about 2,100,000 packages, and would easily build five Washington monuments and enough remain for. monuments, and enough remain for a large supply of picnic and circus lemon-

Besides the fruits mentioned there is a vast amount of various other kinds revast amount of various other kinds re-ceived, including all kinds of berries, cherries and other stone fruits, pears, quinces, grapes, etc. The bananas alone would make a mighty pile, and they are the cheapest fruit sold in the market. Then there are pineapples, pomelos, sap-padillos and dezens of others in more or less abundance to tempt the appetits less abundance to tempt the appetite and deplete the pocket of the poor unfortunate who is forced to depend upon bought fruit for his supply.

THE JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH. It Is Being Built in Ronor of the First

American Missionary.
On Aug. 9, 1788, was born into the world a boy who was destined before his career in ripe old manhood was over to earn for himself a name and make a record in the religious world, to be known, beloved and honored of all men. And now, nearly a hundred and two years after his birth, has just been laid the corner stone of a fitting monument to his life and holy labors, the Judson Memorial Baptist church, at the corner of Washington place and Thompson street, in New York city.

Very many years ago, when religious America conceived the idea of sending into foreign lands missionaries bearing the standard of Christianity, the Rev. Adoniram Judson was selected as the man most fitting to be the pioneer. Cheerfully he accepted the work assigned him, and thus he shines in history as the

first American missionary. The scene of his labors was among the fanatical Burmese, and there he toiled for a period of forty years. He translated the entire Scriptures into the Burmese language, and eventually had the proud satisfaction of numbering his converts by the thousands. But before that happy result had been attained he had undergone some terrible sufferings. Imprisoned at one time for teaching his



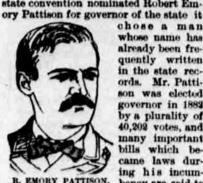
JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

belief, he lay twenty-one months in the subjected to savage cruelties and marked with scars that he bore to his dying day. While returning home from one of his missionary trips he died at sea and was buried in the Indian ocean. And it is to perpetuate the memory of this zealous Christian worker that the Judson Memorial church is to be built. The conception and execution of the plan should be credited to Rev. Edward Judson, the missionary's son. The church will be a handsome struct-

the church will be a handsome structure, 130 feet wide and 100 feet deep, and facing Fifth avenue, opposite the Washington Memorial arch. The style of architecture will be Romanesque, accentuated by a strong admixture of the early basilica, and the tower will be 165 feet high. There will be seven magnifi cent memorial windows, all of which

are already provided for. The total cost of the edifice will be \$320,500, of which \$230,970 has already been subscribed. FOR GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Robert Emory Pattison, Recently Nominated by the Democrats. When the Pennsylvania Democratic state convention nominated Robert Em-



came laws during his incum R. EMORY PATTISON. bency are said to have originated in his brain. Before his elevation to the gubernatorial chair Mr. Pattison had served two terms as controller of Philadelphia.

Mr. Pattison was born in Quanticoke, Somerset county, Md., Dec. 8, 1850. His father was a clergyman and six years after the birth of his son removed to Philadelphia, in which city the son has lived

The Emperor of China. When the emperor of China made his oilgrimage two or three months ago to the tombs of his ancestors he allowed himself to be seen by the people, and even conversed with and received petitions from them. This is the first time in thousands of years that a Chinese emperor's face has been seen by the lower of his subjects, and formerly an effort on the part of one of them to speak to the emperor would have been cause for excruciating torture and final death. To pronounce the real name of the emperor is a capital offense even now. He is known as the Son of Heaven.

The Decline of the Whaling Industry. New Bedford, Mass., was at one time the greatest whaling port in the world. With the decline of the whaling industry, however, mills were erected, and now the town has become a manufactur ing rather than a scaport town. Adozen abandoned whalers lying at the docks tell of long past days. It is a strange fact that the timbers of a whaling vessel seldom decay. They become so perme ated with oil that they are capable of resisting time's ravages for a long time. But their peculiar shape renders them useless for other traffic. What whaling s now done is mostly in the hands of the Portuguese.

## A HOT DAY IN THE HOUSE.

THE SPEECHES THAT MAKE VOTES FOR THE TALKER.

The Congressman of Today Is a Specialist and the "All Round" Statesman Is Dying Out-The Congressional Record and Ita Four Hundred Writers. just written a report in favor of the act, designed to change the whole law relat-ing to that part of interstate commerce covered by what is known as original [Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 10.-It is a hot, dull day in the capital of the United States, and I see no reason why I should go hustling about for something interesting to write of when a panorama of human nature is spread out before me. I sit in the press gallery of the house, fifteen feet above a great floor which is full of desks, chairs and men. There are seven rows of desks, each describing a half circle. In all there are 335 seats. but not more than one-third of them are occupied. A man is making a speech on the proposed federal election law. He is a partisan of the most bitter type and is making a savage party speech. He denounces the people of the sec-tion of country in which he does not chance to live, as if those people were not his countrymen. He is very much excited himself, but try as hard as he may he is unable to produce any excitement in others.

Of the hundred men in the hall not more than a couple of dozen are listen-ing, and they only in an indifferent sort of way. In the galleries more attention is paid to the orator. Up there it is not so well understood as it is on the floor that the honorable gentleman is speaking to his constituents. He cares more for the printed speech and for its effect upon the voters of his district than for the impression it may make upon his auditors. A house page puts an acute esti-mate upon the value of this effort when he says to one of his fellows:

"We'll make something out of that speech. Bet we can sell 500,000 of them.' You see, the pages of the house are merchants in speeches. They know the value of an oration better than any one else. A speech which is bitterly partisan is good wares in their market. They know it will be in demand by other congressmen of the orator's party as a campaign document. Therefore the pages go out among the members and take orders. One member wants 5,000, another 10,000, and in the aggregate the orders may run up to hundreds of thou sands. The prices to be paid are the prices set by the government printing office, but by taking the work to private printing offices they get cheaper prices and pocket the difference.

In this little matter of the speech de livered to a great array of empty benches, and this business of selling speeches for mailing to voters, we get glimpse of the spirit by which most congressional efforts are actuated. The statesman is always posing for the approval of the voter in his state or district. He keeps his "ear to the ground" that he may catch the first sound of a change of sentiment among his people. If you want to see with what facility, what ease and rapidity a great statesman can shift his position upon any public question set something at work among his constituents that will change them.

I sometimes think that the voters out in the country, in the cities, towns and rural districts-the very men who will read this letter, in fact—do not realize to what extent they are tyrants. It is common to talk of the sovereign voter, but nowhere is the sovereign voter such a real person, so material, actual and important, as here in the Capital City. Why, about all the people of importance in this city spend their time, bother their brains and wear out their lives trying to please, placate and win favor with the sovereign who live away off in the country and rarely or never make their appearance here. I think that is why Washington is such a pleasant city to live in. The chase for dollars is here less keen than in the distinctively commercial cities, and in its place we have the pursuit of popularity. This desire to please becom habit, and it is a habit which makes an amiable, companionable people.

It is not always the greatest statesman that remains longest in favor among his people. The trade of catering to the popular will, the art of making friendships and avoiding enmities, some good and able men are unable to master. Some of the most able men in public life lament their inability to give careful laborious study to the questions of the day, simply because they must spend their time winning popularity or else be crowded out of office by ambitions men who have no public business to attend to.

A senator, one of the best known of the members of his branch of congress comes to my mind. He might be a great statesman if he were not determined to be a great politician. His state is full of ambitious men, crowding him closely for front rank, and he knows that if h stops for a moment in his efforts to swim on the surface he will quickly meet a fate resembling that of the late lamented Mr. McGinty. This senator apparently thinks of nothing else than means of popularizing himself. Every word which he utters, every word he writes, every act of his life is in so far as possible well considered with a view to its effect upon his popularity. Thus it happens that this gentleman, well fitted by temperament and training for a career as an all round statesman, familiar with and active and influential in the settlement of all great questions, has become a mere specialist in legisla-

In fact the old race of statesmen is running out. Soon it will disappear forever. The modern statesman i coming more and more a specialist. One devotes himself exclusively to the tariff. another to interstate commerce, a third to international reciprocity, a fourth to land laws and so on throughout the whole list of enduring public questions. Great, comprehensive students of the machinery of government are becoming fewer and orators more and more rare. As one sits up in the gallery of the

bouse of representatives day after day it is easy to see the truth of the state-ment that the business of the body is in the hands of a few men. The handful of men who exercise influence over the progress of legislation are men who have made legislation their trade during a long series of years. They are men like Cannon, McKinley, Springer, Blount, Mills, Taylor, Oates, Culberson, Henderson, Rowell, Burrows, Holman, who have mastered the business, who know every crook and turn of the legislative path. One of the ablest members of the house, Judge Reed, of Iowa, was talking to me about this the other day. "This is my first term in congress," said he,

'and it will be the last. I don't care for any more of it. Not that it is unpleasant work, for it isn't; on the contrary it is rather agreeable. When I first came down here I had the usual notions of a new congressman as to what I was going to do. Of course I quickly discovered that I was a mere boy, an apprentice among a lot of journeymen. I have learned that if a man is going to make a success in this profession he must devote his life to it. I am too old to take up a new line of business, and hence I shall retire from congress at the expiration of my term. For a young man this part of the public service offers great opportunities, and if I were younger and had a

seat here I would strive to hold it and to nake something of my elf."
Though Judge Reed is to retire congress, he has remained long enough to do one act which must have given him much satisfaction. As chief justice of the supreme court of Iowa some years ago he delivered the first "original package" decision, which the supreme court of the United States reversed. As member of the judiciary committee Judge Reed has

This is the season of the year in which

congressmen become nervous. They are afraid their constituents will not renominate them, or, if nominated for another term, there is always before their eyes the unpleasant possibility of defeat at the polls. Every year seventy-five or a hundred aspiring statesmen are thus out off in the flower of youth, and the ress off in the flower of youth, and the reassembling of congress in the fall will
probably find the usual number of victims. At the same time we hear the
very congressmen who struggle hardest
to be re-elected saying they are diagusted
with congressional life. "Why should I
give up my profitable business or my
great law practice," they say, "to come
down here and be an errand boy for
every Tom, Dick and Harry in my district? Why should I, who love independtrict? Why should I, who love in ence as well as any man, be forced or tinually to get down on my knees and crawl before the omnipotent voter?" That is the way they talk, with many an expletive expressive of their diaguat, but they lie awake nights just the same devising schemes which will make their calling and election as sure as anything can be in politics.

Viewed from the gallery on a hot day the house of representatives is not an imposing body. Greatness is here in perspiration, dignity suffers in neglige, and vanity is sacrificed to all manner of seersuckers, flannels and linens. Cabot Lodge, the aristocrat, has shown us that it is possible for an orator to be impressive without white shirt and waistcoat. To the average observer it seems a very dull and commonplace legislative body, often boyish and trivial. But I have little sympathy with that fad which is well nigh universal in Washwhich is well ingo universe as a sympo-ington of decrying congress as a sympo-ington of decrying congress as a symposium of small potatoes. Some of the speeches are dull to listen to, it is true, but the great majority of them seen in The Congressional Record are better speeches than the blase Was

newspaper man is willing to admit.

And this poor Congressional Record is in my opinion a much maligned publication. It is sized up in the average mind as the incarnation of dullness, as the ne plus ultra of verbose stupidity. But it is really a very useful, and at times a very entertaining journal. As a rule it is worth reading from one end to the other. I read it more or see news jor every morning, as I do the news jor nals, and as a reflector of the opinions nals, and as a reflector of the opinions. other. I read it more or less thoroughly studious, often earnest and so very able men I am astonished at the mass of information and evide learning which it contains. It is a journa which has four hundred writers, draw-ing salaries of \$5,000 each per year, and these men are always at work in one was or another—thinking, planning, investigating, writing, talking—for its column. It is absurd to suppose a record or joinal thus equipped can always be stug or valueless.

or valueless.

Journalists as a rule affect to the least to the least

ures, and the many unfavorable contions under which it exists, I believe is on a higher plane than that of any other nation; that our legislators collipse in brains, character and industry those of any other country.

WALTER WELLMAN.

What Is It to Be Religious

It is not to pray all the time, altho earnest, sincere prayer is one sign o piety. It is not to observe 900 ceremonies although the custom and ceremony have their place in religion. It is not to con-dense all thought of the Deity into day and hour of the week, although historic day of rest has profound sign cance for religion. It is not to att service at a fashionable hour, dresses our best, and listen to sermon and ritual, although public worship is one evidence of fealty to our creed. We may pray, fast, kiss the scroll of the law, wear phylacteries as large as cobblestones and be regular at service, and yet the soul, the spirit, may be the reverse of relig the spirit, may be the reverse of relig-ious. To be religious is to be, not to ap-pear; to act, not to feel; to translate into life prayer and symbol that our suscep-tibilities and powers awaken to fresher and richer bloom. With humility in our hearts, with kindliness in our thoughts, with consciousness of our de-pendence on a common Father near to all, whatever their race or faith, and with a resolve to make our service to huwith a resolve to make our service to humanity the truest service to God (Got-tesdienst), we shall be approaching the religious ideal.—Jewish Messenger.

Capt. Murrell's Marriage. Probably there is no captain of any one of the hundreds of ocean steam-ers which cross the stormy Atlantic between Europe and America whose name is more familiar to the ordina non-seagoing public than that of Capt. Hamilton Murrell, K. D. His gallant rescue of the 748 persons on board the unfortunate steamer Danmark April 5, 1889, was the act of a true hero, and all humanity loves and honors a true

For that reason the marriage of the gallant captain in Baltimore the other day was an occurrence of more the



THE BRIDE. of society's attractions in that city. She has a light complexion and hair, big, gray eyes, and her intelligent face shows her to be a

fitting consort for the captain. The wedding was a brilliant one, and the happy principals were fairly but dened down with gifts and good wished when they left the Monumental city for New York on their wedding tour to Eng-

land, Scotland and the continent Bread Baking in New York. Nine-tenths of the bread eaten in New York city is baked at night. Some of the big bakeries never close. The kneading is done by machine, as is also the shaping of the long, narrow loaves used in restaurants. All other bread is shaped

by hand.