LANDLORDISM'S MARK

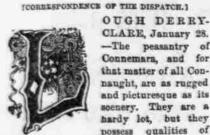
Indelibly Stamped on the Picturesque People of Connemara.

A STURDY FOLK CRUSHED,

And Honest Toilers Forced to Hunger While Musters Grow Fat.

THE KERNEL OF THE IEISH QUESTION





tain a wholesome dignity. In custom and costume no place in Europe gives more distinct and striking examples than this picturesque region. In the latter no inroads of civilization have been able to compel a change. From time immemorial these peasauts' dress has been precisely as it is to-day. They would wholly starve before they would relinquish their hand-made woolens, and black, white, red and blue are the only colors in which the fabrics are woven. The occupants of nearly every cabin are spin-ners, weavers and knitters. The first thing put in a Connemara girl-baby's hands is a set of needles. Every process of cleaning, carding, spinning, reeling, dyeing, weaving and "napping" is done "by hand" in these mountain heights.

The dress of the men among the peasantry gives them a grovesque and sometimes al-most ghastly appearance. They are usually barefooted, summer and winter, with a skin on the soles of their feet a quarter of an inch thickness, and as hard as beaten soleleather, from exposure and rough travel over the rocky mountain paths and roads. A few wear shoes made of one piece of rawhide, tied over the feet with thongs, as with their neighbors of the Aran Islands. Fewer still wear manufactured shoes. Those not in actual poverty, though nearly all are so, will be found wearing the long hose so noted as a Connemara product. But all wear the white fianuel, or, more properly, "frieze," bifur-cated garment, which hangs from the shoulders and terminates at the knees in wide, loose bags, something after the fashion of our American women's mysterious dress-reform "divided skirts. This, with a jacket, or baneen, of the same material, a rag of a cap, or hat, perched on the back and side of the head, or bareheaded altogether; the black, tufty hair coarse and wiry as that on a boar's back, and bristling skyward from the forehead; with the ever-present shilleleh, or a sycamore limb used in this region as a pike or staff; all furnish a curious picture at mountain hut or in meetings upon the road. In the latter there is a grim severity about the Connemara mountaineer which is pathetic, but provides a continual bubbling of the fountains of mirth within.

FAIR CONNEMARA LASSES. But the women of Connemara are pictur esque in attire and shapely in form to a re-markable degree. Their limbs are long and graceful. They are erect and spirited in carriage, and the immense black braideens, or cloaks, with which all shortcomings in clothing are shrouded, fall in truly classic folds about them. Bare-limbed as the men, at all seasons, you will not infrequently catch glimpses of legs as exquisitely molded as those of the Venus of Cos; while the most voluptuous types of Southern Europe, or languorous, tropical Cuba, furnish no more lect examples of tapering, dimpled arm, peantifully formed shoulders, and full but lengthened neck with dove-like double curve. The broad, large faces are still superbly oval. The chin has strength; the full shapely mouth is red and tenderly, expressively curved; the regular teeth are charming in pearl-white glint and dazzle; the nose is large, well out, with thin, sensitive nostrils; the eyes, under long heavy lashes, look straight and honestly at you out of clear, large depths of gray or blue; the eyebrows are marvels of nature's pen-ciling; the forehead is wide and fair; and such heads of hair crown all, that were they unloosed the Connemara woman could stand clad in lustrous black immeasurably sur-

passing her sloe-black braideen.

Not a thread is on them beside the Connemara flannel. It is spun from the wool of the mountain sheep. These, with goats, donkeys and ponies not unlike those of Cushendal in county Antrim, many of which rove wild in the mountains, are essential to the very existence of these hardy people. The great weight of flannel, especially after it has gone through a rude process called "tucking," not only provides the bodily warmth required in the chill and misty mountain heights, but gives drapery in pet-ticoat and braideen its massive character. The ordinary female costume consists of a white fiannel blouse, or bodice, over which is hung at the waist a petticoat of flaming red. It is said that 80 yards of Scotch plaid are sometimes pleated into a Highlander's kilt. If one could get near enough to a Connemara woman to learn the exact truth, I have no doubt this feat would be found surpassed in her stupendous petticont.

CURSED BY MERCILESS LANDLORDS. Either spinning, weaving, "tucking," "napping" or knitting, is a chief occupa-tion in every home. Very little agricultion in every home. Very little agricultural labor is carried on in Connemara Evictions of mountain tenant farmers has been so long going on that the laudlords, or rich graziers, who are equally as merciless enemies of the Irish peasantry, have con-verted nearly all the cultivable land into pasture for sheep and cattle. This gives a triffing amount of labor in "minding" the herds. A few of the men are tourists" guides among the mountains. A few more have retained holdings of a bit of land, for which the rental is outrageous. But most of the Connemara men have perforce become a part of the great army of 10,000 to 15,000 tramp harvesters" who are annually forced fields of England and Scotland; and who, after their battles there with the local peasautry, are barely able to tramp back after a six or eight months' absence to the mountain homes and keep, with the pittance they have thus earned and soved, the thatch above

Those remaining behind "work in the wool;" do their best at raising a few "praties," peach fish and game from the streams, loughs and forests; distil a little poteen in the mountain fastnesses; rear a few sheep, goats and occasionally an insignificant amount of poultry, for the markets; and practically do not know the satisfaction of one wholesome, hearty meal of victuals in their whole lives. It is also an indisputable fact that 3,000,000 people of Ireland are forced through merciless landlordism, sustnined by military power, to even live on less than the food a decent man would dole to a heast. Of all the eggs, butter, sheep, goats, beeves furnished the markets, these 3,000,005 never know the taste.

A TERRIBLE PACT. The labor required in such production is sustained absolutely and wholly on potatoes which cannot be sold, salt, cabbage leaves, sups of milk at rare intervals stolen from the pigs, black bread and "stirabout" from the meal of unmarketable oats, and on bits and scraps on which a goat would starve. From what my own eyes have seen I have no doubt that a tenth of these 3,000,000 people never had their hunger fully appeased with even the vile pottage on which they are compelled to live, that they may pay rent on

pression and starvation, has given the very value on which they are rack-rented to the limit of interminable human effort and endurance. And I sometimes wonder if Americans, whose patience with the "Irish question" rarely extends beyond their pos-sible use of it in American politics, or in the contemplation, from a literary, or tourist's standpoint of that which may be unique, picturesque or humorous in Irish customs or character; or if Englishmen, who only see Ireland from behind an evictwho only see Ireland from behind an evicting battering ram, or over their juicy chops, in the columns of the London Times, will ever reach a Christian manhood capable of comprehending the appalling deprivation and infinite patience of this people, sufficiently to demand and command atonement. For, stripped of all floriture and sophistry, diplomacy and duplicity, this is the whole "Trish question." American slavery in America was as a heaven of percential delight in comparison with this inennial delight in comparison with this in-conceivable and awful nineteenth century

A large number of the Connemara mountaineers are cotters. These comprise a large class throughout Ireland who have no reguhaught, are as rugged and picturesque as its seenery. They are a hardy lot, but they possess qualities of bravery under suffering, and a certain lofty independence at all times, which truly deepens one's interest in their study. In all kind, grateful and hospitable characteristics, they are more Irish than all the rest of the Irish in Ireland combined. Though rude, ignorant and neglected, they still retain a wholesome dignity. In custom and the rest tain a wholesome dignity. In custom and them.

QUAINT MOUNTAIN HOMES.

Rounding the turn of some bridle-path, you will come upon one of these cabins, perched on the edge of a jutting crag white and clear as the breast of a chamois shown against the black rock behind. The flutter of clothing, or the warm glow of the red petticoat gives an added touch of pic-turesqueness to the eerie scene. You will squarely into the door of others where they are dug out beneath shelving rocks, as if Cyclopean origin. Again on a dainty island in a miniature lake, white walls will gleam through masses of clambering ivy, Often they are discovered built against the walls of crumbling ruins. The thatching of some reaches so closely to the ground that the little structure blends with the brown of lichened rocks and trees. And one I found

in a glen of surpassing loveliness on Lough Inagh's shores, where a most roomy habitation had been made within the hollow of a gigantic tree which the wild mountain blasts had uprooted. The cleanli-ness of these mountain folk is unequaled clsewhere in Ireland, and, I almost feel sure, among the lowly of any country. Seeking a reason for this unexpected char-acteristic from a befrilled old dame whom I had watched a whole hour, scrubbing the rock-tiled floor of her little cabin, on the heights above Glendslough, and which could have been thoroughly cleansed in one-fourth the time expended, I received the

scornful retort: "Heugh! Wastin' time it is? Arrah. ver born, not burried. Its aitin' an' drinkyer born, not burried. Its attin an drinkin' filth enough we are, widout payin' av
rint for the dirt yer neighbors leave ye!"

But I fancy there may be traced an
ethnological better reason, in the unconscious natural dignity, love of purity and
natural cleanliness, which grow into life
and habit among those whose music is ever
of pure and murmurous waters; who breathe of pure and murmurous waters; who breather he rare air of these noble heights; and who among the swirls and flappings of the clouds themselves, come to instinctively resent the defilements which accompany life's activities in less noble, if more fruitful, regions.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

AN IMPERIAL GENEALOGY.

How the Statement of the Emperor of Chi-

na's Family is Compiled. A curious account is given in the North China Herald of the manner in which the genealogical statement of the family of the Emperor of China is periodically compiled. On September 15 last the book containing it was dispatched from Pekin to Moukden, in Manchuria, for perservation, being honored by the way as if the Emperor himself they prepared for its conveyance as if for an imperial progress. Yellow earth was sprinkled on the surface, all booths were removed, silence reigned along the route, and no one was allowed to be in the streets. All windows and doors were closed, and the unforfortunate booth-keepers along the line of march lose a week's receipts, for it takes this time to prepare the streets for the passage of the book. The latter is compiled every 10 years and consists of two volumes, one bound in yellow, and one in red. The first contains the names of the Emperor's immediate relatives, the second those of the more distant, and these wearyellow and red

girdles respectively.

The rules for making and keeping the genealogical register are contained in the first of the 920 sections of the book of the statutes of the great Pare dynasty. It shows how the Emperor is descended from the sovereigns who ruled over Manchuria before the establishment of the dynasty in Pekin in 1644. Of it three copies are made—the one which goes to Moukden, the cradle of the imperial race; the other is preserved in a temple near the palace in Pekin, and a third by the bureau concerned in all matters relating to the Emperor's clan. All families in this imperial clan are required an-nually in the first month to send to this bureau and to the Board of Ceremonies a record of the year, month, day, and hour of each birth. From these nine officials, under ontrol of two Grand Secretaries, compile the list. The genealogies are made up of the important entries in these annual re-gisters contained in the yellow and red books.

When the decennial period has passed through the hands of the transcribers, and binders, it is presented to the Emperor, for inspection, and a day is fixed for its conrevenue to Moukden. At first there was a yellow book only, but later on the imperial favor was extended to more distant members of the clan who had been omitted, and the red book was provided as a supplement to the other. Naturally they increase rapidly in size, but it is supposed that the names of undistinguished persons are names of undistinguished persons are written so small as to occupy little space. The whole system, however, is not a Man-chu, but a Chinese one, and existed before the Christian area. A historian of the second century B. C., produces the registers of all the imperial families prior to that time and of all the nobles of note in ancient China.

Lincoln Journal.

Tramp-Could you give an unfortunate man something to do, to earn a dollar or

I'm an artist by profession. I was em ployed by several newspapers in that capa Do you think that you could paint my



Mrs. Hamoneg-Where's the dinner? Brigita-Shure, ma'am, whin I was goin' brough the hall wid it, that new boarder pelled to live, that they may pay rent on pulled a revolver on me, grabbed th' lands of which their forefathers were robbed, chicken, an' he's locked himself in his and which their own labor, through op- room!-Puck.

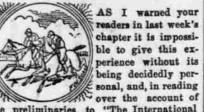
FAMOUS CONTEST

Captain King Concludes the Story of the International Race.

WINNING THE RACE AT THE START.

How West Point Training Stood the Winner in Good Stead.

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



the preliminaries to "The International Race," it occurs to me that had egotistical been used for personal it would have more accurately described the probable effect. It cannot be helped. Having been called on to furnish illustration of a theory advanced in an early paper of this series, I could think of none better than a West Pointer's experience with accomplished riders of other schools in the Metairie race meeting of 1872-and I happened to be the man.

We come now to the race itself. I had determined to win it if a possible thing, but had bet that I could not because there were two better horses than mine. When the sunounced that I was to ride for the United States, no one, to my knowledge, said I would win, and a great many, as was told in the last chapter, said I could not. EVERYTHING BEADY.

However good as a cavalry rider a man might be, he had no chance on a race course against "these experts," was the verdict of a number of Northern acquaintances and army officers—none of whom, however, were young West Pointers. After the week or ten days during which the practice riding of the five contestants had been closely watched there seemed to be a change. And when "Doe" Underwood, the noted poolseller, opened the ball the night of April 8, it was noted that Templar—my horse—sold first favorite, a thing he had never done before in a flat race—good a hurdler as he

contessedly was. Even to the minutest details of costume everything was in readiness three or four days ahead. The representatives of En-gland, France and Austria had brought gland, France and Austria had brought with them, of course, the beautiful silken jackets and caps, the immaculate breeches and natty boots in which they had ridden their races abroad. Ireland's gallant champion accepted the green silk of Hugh Gafiney, one of the most accomplished jockeys of the day. New Orleans boasted both tailor and bootmaker who were from "the old country" and knew just how such things should be cut and made. I could not hope to rival the gorgeousness of the foreign colors, and chose for mine the light blue and white of my old college—Columbia. At last came "Ladies' Day," on which the International was to run, and it was the loveliest of the meeting.

Here let me borrow somebody else's pen to tell of the scene and the race. Manton Marble, of the New York World, was an interested spectator, and on the following days would be the scene and the world was an interested spectator, and on the following days would be seen in the World was a single property of the world

interested spectator, and on the following day, April 10, the World gave this account:

MANTON MARBLE'S ACCOUNT. (FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

. NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 9. Under the influences of improved weather and the additional interest manifested in the inter-national race between amateur riders, the at-tendance at the Metairle track was fully as large national race between amateur riders, the attendance at the Metarile track was fully as large to-day as on any previous day of the meetings. The increased attendance was more noticeable in the ladies' stand, many of whom were no doubt the personal friends of the contestants, who, to show their preference, sported the colors of those they were more interested in, some even going so far as to lay innumerable wagers of kid gloves and other trifles on those whom they most admired. Ever since the race was first agitated it has created considerable interest in the clubs as to the abilities of those who had entered as the champions of their respective nationalities. France was represented by a young Parisian named George Rosenlecher, a member of the French Jockey Club, who was the first to suggest the race. As soon as it was agitated a young Austrian Count expressed his willingness to appear and represent his country. For England a young and popular member of society, well known on Carondelet street, named Edward Stuart, was the next entry. For the United States Lieutenant Charley King, of General Emory's staff, entered, and for a few days it was thought the list was complete, when Ireland found a champion in Mr. James Ross. Emory's staff, entered, and for a few days it was thought the list was complete, when Ireland found a champion in Mr. James Ross. The matter was laid before the Metairie Jockey Club, who, with their accustomed liberality, at once appointed a committee to take charge of the whole matter. An elegant prize in the shape of a gold-mounted whip was purchased of Griswold. The stake owners were also consulted and several excellent horses were placed at the service of the five gentlemen contestants.

THE ENTRIES. The horses selected and the colors worn by their riders were as follows:

Count V. de Crenneville (Austria) on the sleeves, red cap. M. George Rosenlecher (France) on the bay filly Oleander; jacket blue with gold stripe blue cap.

Lieutenant Charles King (United States) on the chestnut gelding Templar; jacket blue,

white cap.

Mr. Edward Stuart (England) on the brown filly Rapidita; facket cerise, blue sleeves, blue

Mr. Edward Stuart (England) on the brown filly Rapidita; jacket cerise, blue sleeves, blue cap.

Mr. James Ross (Ireland) on the brown colt Nathan Oakes; jacket green, white cap.

The race was second on the cards and Lieutenant King on Templar was the favorite against the field at large odds. As the distance was 1 mile and 80 yards, the start was effected a trifle above the upper end of the stand, which gave its occupants a good chance to see the respective styles of riding exhibited by each of the contestants. As they swept past the stand they were received with loud applanse, which was again renewed when Lieutenant King was seen to have a clearlead on the old chestnut gelding Templar. Going up the backstretch all took a pull on their respective horses, and as they swing into the homestretch the race really became an exciting one, especially when Ross sent Ireland's green jacket up almost alongside of King, who was riding in splendid style. As they passed the end of the stand Count de Crenneville touched Tom Aiken lightly with the spur and the chestnut responded gamely: the distance was too short, however, Lieutenant King winning the race in fine style by a length and a half. Mr. James Ross being second—a short neck in front of the Count; Mr. Edward Stuart, England's representative, was fourth; and the originator of the race, the representative of France, last. Time, 156.

On Lieutenant King returning to weigh he was loudly applauded by nearly all present. There was, however, a shade of disappointment visible among some of the ladies, who had evidently gone it heavy on Count and Mr. Ross, both of whom are deservedly popular with the lenesse dore of New Orleans society."

both of whom are deservedly popular with the jeunesse doree of New Orleans society."

Barring insecuracies as to preliminaries that is a good account of the affair, but before explaining how it was won despite my belief it could not be won, some points may

interest your readers.

The ladies' stand was crowded that day as I had never seen it before, and the colors of Rosenlecher and de Crenneville especially, and Stuart and Ross largly were to be seen everywhere. Just two young ladies had the courage to wear the white and light blue of

THE FAVORITE. Lieutenant K. may have been the favorite against the field where the World's representative stood among a knot of club men and turf patrons—but he was not every-where. A brother aide-de-camp, who had only once before seen him in saddle, came out on the track just as we "amateurs" issued from the weighing room with our racing saddles, and went with us into the paddock, where the impatient horses were being led about. I believe I was the first to mount and meve out on the track, when he looked up as he was hurrying back to his place on the grand stand. "Bet you \$50 you can't win it," and he nodded his head toward Nathan Oakes, Ross' beautiful mount, whom he had seen winning the twomile dashes on the previous day, and as that was the horse I most feared the bet would

taken it.

and the horses for a week previous, I believed there was a point in which West Point practice and training would give me the advantage. There the cadet had to learn on any kind of a horse to control and guide him—to make him obey the will of the rider.

Now the most races on American soil when the horses come to the post it is no uncommon sight to see trainers and hostlers hanging on to their heads, the jockey meantime sitting like a circus monkey with no volition in the matter. And I know that in their desire to have a fair start, and an effective one, the stewards and trainers would all be there superintending, and I had heard that each of my four rivals was to be led to the starting point and let loose at tap of the drum. I had seen it tried time and again on the old Metairie and never without several false starts, in which one or more of the racers would tear away several THE STRUGGLE ON THE HOME STRETCH more of the racers would tear away several hundred yards before he could be brough back, involving vast fretting, sweating and nervousness for the horse, and fatigue and exasperation to the rider. There was a great deal of excitement at the starting point—crowds on both sides of the track— and I could see that the grand stand had risen en masse to watch the scene. Presently we were marshalled in line some 20 yards beyond the starter's flag-the 80-yard point.

THE START. There stood Billy Connor-drum in hand with the flagman back of him. He was shouting injunctions and orders to the different trainers, and they in reply were striving to hold in check these eager and mettlesome racers. Crenneville on Tom Aiken had the right, and that enterprising colt was tugging and pulling and dragging the trainers all over the track. Ross on Nathan Oakes was enjoying a similar experience over at the left. Rapidita and Oleander were revolving about their trainers and pointing their tails to every quarter of the globe with astonishing rapidity. ter of the globe with astonishing rapidity. Templar and I had the center, and though he was pawing and plunging and standing on his hind legs, he was held facing the front, and held firm, but of all the five he

had no stablemen at his head.

Twice had his owner come forward and essayed to seize him, and twice had he been ordered away. "I'm riding this horse to-day, Mr. Harrison, and no man must touch

"But, my Gawd, suh! can you hold him?" he answered with infinite concern on his wet face—then scurried back out of the

way.

Twice, thrice, came to the word "Let'em go!" and the jockey instincts of each stableman would prompt him to send his horse away ahead of the others. There would be a wild scramble of hoots. Some one colt or filly would fine a dozen the line a dozen. filly would flash across the line a dozen yards ahead. Clang! Clang! Clang! would go Connor's bell calling them back. There would be a vision of three or four brilliant jackets shooting far away down the track. Ten minutes impatient waiting—two, three-sometimes more horses coming cautering back—puffing and disgusted. Five—six similar false starts were made. Five, six times they were slowly and with difficulty gathered back. Four horses and four riders were getting "blown," but Templar and I had never once crossed the

line.

Of course he had plunged, reared, tugged at the bit, launched out with his heels and tried everything he could think of to get away, but it was all useless. When at last the drum tapped and we five shot away in a bunch under the roar that arose from the crowded stands I was never cooler in my life—nor more hopeful.

INTO THE STRETCH.

Thus far all had worked as I believed it would. Now I had a plan for the rest of it. Templar hadn't great speed, but he was fresh, eager and all his powers were in reserve. As we began to round the first turn Stuart was a trifle to my left front, urging his sweating filly; his eyes blazing and his face wet from every pore. I could hear Oleander a little behind my right shoulder, and knew I had them both beaten. As we swept around to the backstretch they had fallen behind, and I had a clean lead of a leant the state. ength. Then, directly across the field rom the grand stand, where it would make a most effective coup, I could hear the Austrian urging Tom Aikin. Presently up he came alongside and I could feel Templar thrilling and beginning to tug, but I kept the same pressure on the rein, never allowaway in a useless race. Then, urging and spurring, De Crenneville passed us, and at the third turn was two good lengths ahead but Ross—the man I dresded—was still to my right quarter, and we wait, Templar and I. Now were shooting around the toward the three-quarter mile could post. Aiken was beginning to flag and we were overhauling him. Desperately the Austrian began to spur and—in his eagerness to save space steered too close to the rail. Another instant and it caught his boot—hurled his left leg back before he could recover, and away went his penalty pad. Even could he keep his lead now he had lost the prize, but he had overridden his horse; and now, as we came into the stretch and full in sight of home, now for the first time I gave Templar one touch of the spur and an inch of rein. In 20 seconds the Austrian was be-hind us and the goal before, and aiming straight for the white post far down the track we slid under that string easy winners, despite whipping and spurring of all the others, and Templar was fresh as a daisy and wild to go round again. Then the task was to stop him. He ran almost to the quarter post before we turned, and, overtaking Ross, trotted back with

him to weigh.
"I did not know they taught jockey riding at West Point," said an Austrian consulate officer to me that night.
"They do not," was the answer, "but
with what they do teach a man ought to be
a fair all-round rider." And that, practically, is what Mr. Theo dore Boosevelt said 15 years after. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

A VALUABLE PLANT.

New Textile Discovered on the Shores o

the Casplan. The Journal of the Society of Arts reports the discovery of a new textile on the shores of the Caspian. This plant, called "kansff" by the natives, grows in the summer, and attains a height of ten feet, with a diameter varying from two to three centimeters. By careful cultivation and technical manipulation, M. O. Blakenbourg, a chemist and en-gineer, who has made a special study of ka-naff, has obtained an admirable textile mat-ter. It is soft, elastic and silky, gives a thread which is very tough, and can be chemically bleached without losing its value. The stuffs manufactured out of kanaff, and then blesched, can be successfully dyed in every shade of color, and would compete with any of the ordinary furnish ing materials now in use.

Gold in Africa.

St. James' Gazette.1 A prominent citizen in Kimberly, South Africa, writes: "The Transvaal gold mines are a tremendous success. In the last three months the market has been perfectly wild. Shares bought at £1 each a year ago are now changing hands rapidly at £50. A friend of mine made £12,000 last week. A saleswoman in one of the drapery stores here invested \$200 in gold shares—her savings during ten years—and she is to-day worth £10,300, they being sold out."

The Old Armchalr New York Sun]

He (making a call)-That is a very beautiful chair you are sitting in, Miss Haulton.

She—Yes, it's the old armchair my poor dear grandfather always used. It has been done over in white and gold, but it's the same chair we value so highly because of old associations.

Pleasant Information.

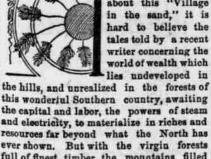
Detroit Free Press.) The hangman at Fort Smith, who has sprung the trap on about 70 men, says that if the condemned will only behave himself and follow directions, he can make his death as painless as turning over in bed.

Bessie Bramble Describes a Methodist Conference in the South.

VERY LUCKY AND ABLE BISHOP Remarks Upon the Connection of Religion With Politics.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF THE SOUTH

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 AIKEN, S. C., February 7. N contemplation of the country round about this "Village



resources far beyond what the North has ever shown. But with the virgin forests full of finest timber, the mountains filled with the most valuable minerals, the earth full of the rarest and most costly clays, and with a climate claimed to be second to none in the world, who will say that the new South will not, in course of time, prove to be the earthly prelude to the glories of the "promised land?" But, save as to climate, we see little token of the wealth and great ness so largely set forth in printer's ink. NORTHERN THRIFT. The country looks desolate, used up and God-forsaken; the farms appear as if they

furnished but a scanty living—the general appearance of things is forlorn and suggests nothing more strongly than shiftlessness. If perchance there is a neat, thrifty look about nomestead and barns-if the fences are in good shape, the fields in fine condition and ready for the seed, the garden well culti-vated and fresh with the vegetables which grow here in the winter—it is pretty surely the home and farm of a Northern man. If the home and farm of a Northern man. If by virtue of energy and enterprise the Southern people could gather in wealth by merely availing themselves of their boundless resources it seems strange they do not put forth the effort. It as amazing that they are so contented to scratch along with everything at loose ends, and live a sort of happy-go-lucky life, contented with enough to eat and to wear.

The war desolated the country—it killed off the young men—and took all heart and

off the young men—and took all heart and energy out of those who were left. The Emancipation Proclamation swept away Emancipation Proclamation swept away their wealth, and reduced them to the hard

their wealth, and reduced them to the hard necessity of work, with all in the same boat—all reduced to dire poverty together.

They seem to take a melancholy pleasure in being poor, really appear to have a sort of pride in their privations. In Charleston the wealth of the city is in the hands of the Germans, as are also the reins of government. The patrician planters no longer dictate the laws, or constitute themselves the higher powers. An aristocratic member of one of the oldest families, who now keeps boarders for a living, says of her friends and neighbors: "We are all poor white and neighbors: "We are all poor white

But, by the way, the Germans have dis-covered that this fine old State is a pretty good place, and in this village of Aiken, they constitute the majority of the mercan-tile class, and are building up fortunes.

A HEALTHY CLIMATE. We have received several letters from readers of THE DISPATCH as to the climatic virtues of Aiken and its claims to being one of the few spots in the world most favorable to the restoration of health for those suffering from lung troubles and throat diseases. To these it may be said that we have been here too short a time, and had too little exof our own. But to the advantages claimed for it there is the high testimony of Sir Morrell Mackenzie, Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, who spent a winter here, and many others of lesser note. General Hazen, Chief Signal Officer, who resided here during one winter is quoted as saving Hazen, Unter Signal Omcer, who resided here during one winter, is quoted as saying that in point of climate and temperature it is the most desirable of any place in the United States. But the most enthusiastic man on the subject is Dr. Geddings, Chairman of the Committee on Hygiene of the Immigration Convention, who says that "Aiken presents a physical combination of influences more favorable to restoration and influences more favorable to restoration and even prevention of throat and lung dis

nounced on the subject, as will be seen from an article by Dr. Ganse in the Hahnemann Monthly, who has shown his faith by leav-ing the villainous climate of Philadelphis ing the villainous climate of Philadelphia to reside in Aiken. Anybody in Pittsburg who wants further information on this point should apply to Mr. H. P. Smith, of the East End, who is spending the winter here, and gaining in weight and good looks in a manner to recommend any town, or climate on the continent. As for us we do not propose to sing its praises in melodious measures, or tune a lyre to sound its glories in highest strains, as we have no land to sell or ax to grind, until we have spent at least a winter amid its ethereal mildness, and dryness, and bracing balm, and all of and dryness, and bracing balm, and all of the other well-advertised conditions.

The Conference of the Northern Methodist Church has been holding a convention in Aiken during the past week. The delegates, both clerical and lay, were colored men—only the Presiding Bishop being white. This distinguished man happened to be no less a personage than Rev. Dr. Newman, of Washington, who was General Grant's favorite clergyman, and upon whom, when Grant was President, he bestowed the soft sit of Inspector of Consulates, which gave the reverend Doctor a most charming trip around the world at the expense of the Government and a fat salary and perquisites to boot for doing it. The good Bishop is what Thomson, in his "Castle of Indolence," called a round, fat, oily man of God. He looks as if the world and the fates had used him well, as the A LUCKY BISHOP and the fates had used him well, as the facts of his life seem to have proved. It is true that Dr. Ranney and other fighting and factional deacons in New York showed him some active enmity, but with Grant and the church on his side, he has had no end of good luck. At the last General Conference he was made a Bishop, and now has control of a large part of the Methodist

has control of a large part of the methodist Church South.

The clergymen and laity at this Aiken conference were all of the colored race, save, perhaps, one or two visiting clergymen, and no better opportunity could be presented to see the best representatives of the negroes of the South and the extent of their advancement in education and higher civilization. On the occasion of our visit, the church was almost filled with colored men, and it was an interesting study to look at the Websterian heads and Calhoonish brows, and trace in many of them the most pronounced characteristics of the dominant white race in everything save the color of the skin and the kink of the hair. In looking over the assembly no one could doubt that some of the best and most patrician blood of the South runs in the blood of the race once held in slavery.

HANDSOME COLORED MEN.

Not many of the negroes of South Caro-lina are light in color-most of them are intensely black-but many have handsome features and fine physiques. Not very many women were in the audience, and those who were presented a much less handsome appearance than the men, owing to the abundance of tawdy finery and snide jewelry. The men, dressed mainly in Prince Albert coats, immaculate collars and cuffs, and necktice like those of William Walter Phelps, looked better than the

and floating ribbons and tremendous bus-

tles.

The service opened with a "love feast," in which many told their experience, and testified as to what "the Lord had done for their souls." Others contented themselves with repeating texts that suited their individual emotions, and others confessed themselves as firmly convinced that they were "wholly sanctified." Some expressed themselves as determined to live godly and sober lives, and to become steadfast pilgrims in the narrow way. The remarks were characteristic, and of deep interest to a student of human nature.

acteristic, and of deep interest to a student of human nature.

Among the speakers was Mrs. Newman, the wife of the Bishop, who gave a chapter of her family history, and how it had been influenced by the ninety-first psalm. We have not had time to look that up so as to appreciate the full import of it as Mrs. Newman expressed it, but she made her remarks so earnestly and sincerely, that they were very impressive and elicited a heavy chorus of amens and other expressions of applause. Other sisters gained courage to speak from her example, and it is not exaggerating to say that several spoke with such native eloquence and profound pathos as to touch nearly every heart with genuine feeling. All through this part of the service at frequent intervals some brother would be moved to break out into a favorite hymn, and then all would join in with the unction of real feeling and strong enjoyment.

INSPIRING MELODIES. Nothing more inspiring could be imagined, especially when some of the songs were the refrains and weird melodies peculiar to the negroes. One song was especially notable—all we can remember was the chorus, "That the angels are a-looking at me." These were all sung without the organ or other accompaniment, save the marking of time on the plain pine boards

marking of time on the plain pine boards by nearly every foot in the room.

One bright little baby had the honor of being baptized by the Bishop as Edith Ma-tilda. Edith was arrayed in very long, highly decorated skirts that fairly rattled with starch. She was quite a little thing— hardly more than 3 months old—but when the stately Bishop took her in his arms and decorated the water on her black haby brow the stately Bishop took her in his arms and dropped the water on her black baby brow, she gave a yell that furnished testimony to her possession of a fair share of original sin. The sudden squall seemed to ruffle the dignity of the Bishop somewhat, and he requested singing until the little one subsided.

The Bishop's sermon was very fine and made a great impression. It related to the conversion of St. Paul and was a series of word paintings that were vastly eloquent. It may have been done with intention of creating a profound impression, but certainly part of the learned Bishop's discourse was expressed in words of tremendous length and thundering sound, but when he uttered some home truth in plain words it brought down the house in shouts of approval, and a deafening roar of amens. Even the dullest speaker would have warmed up with such an appreciative audience, and truly the Bishop waxed eloquent in his description of the greatest apostle on his famous journey to Damascus. Some facts presented as to Paul were new to us. He depicted him as of possessed of much less than average good looks—with homely features and weak blinking eyes. The thought instantly occurred that here was something to account for Paul's being a bachelor, and having such shocking ideas as to marriage and so given to eulogizing celibacy. But all this is apart—suffice it to say that the sermon was much beyond the common, and served to show that the Doctor had good foundation for his popularity. The Bishop's sermon was very fine and

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY. At the close of the discourse five fine-looking young men presented themselves for ordination as deacons and received the laying on of hands and certificates of their

Altogether, though three hours long, it Altogether, though three hours long, it was a most interesting service. 'It showed the capacity for and enjoyment of the colored race in "emotional religion," and the Bishop remarked that he would preach no other. It was a service in which heart and soul were plainly enlisted. The singing and praying, though perhaps uncount to cultivated ears, were evidently fresh from the soul. It was a service that—as far as the laity were concerned—would have gladdened the soul of John Wesley and inspired his brother Charles into fresh hymns of rejoicing and new songs of praise.

of rejoicing and new songs of praise.

It is said here that these church conferences are political machines—that they trol the negro vote. It would not be troi the negro vote. It would not be sur-prising if the churches constituted the machinery of Republican politics in the South, since in the churches are found the most enterprising of the black citizens, who, through the medium of their own religious associations, are learning the value of or-ganization and developing their own powers of government. That church conferences are political Republican machines can are political Republican machines can hardly be credited. It is true that the hardly be credited. It is true that the churches are oftentimes controlled by wily politicians in the interests of party. But, as a general thing, partisan politics in a church can only be pushed sub rosa. But whether the allegation be true or not that the negro church conferences are political machines, it is certainly true that no worse use of their power could be made than to encourage a spirit of division, a rancorous animosity that would bring enmity between two races that occupy the same country and two races that occupy the same country and are bound to live together, whether peace-ably or otherwise. BESSIE BRAMBLE.

THE EARTH'S LITERARY CENTER.

New York Rapidly Seconing the Capital of the Intellectual Dominion. From the New York Tribune.]

New York, by reason of its position as the chief city of America, will in time become the literary center of the English speaking race-with or without international copy right. This shifting of intellectual dominon will come more swiftly, and more honor ably, with international copyright than without, but its coming is inevitable. It is not an exaggeration to say that all other languages melt away before the English. The first ambition of foreigners who come here to live is that they and their children shall learn our tongue. The exceptions to this rule are too trifling in proportion to be considered.

We have now in the United States an English-speaking population nearly double that of Great Britain. What will it be 50 years, a century, hence? The imagination falters in the effort to conceive it. Here is the future home of the English race.

Mrs. Cleveland's Bodices

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. 1 One reads such gushing and extraordinary things going the rounds of the newspapers about the extreme modesty of Mrs. Cleve-land's dress, and the highness of her lowneck bodices, and the covering of her arms, that it is just as well to have it known that Mrs. Cleveland does not differ in that line from the majority of women of good taste extreme, but keeps to the medium o ordinary good taste evinced by the larges proportion of women in good society.

Force of Habit.



Mrs. Upton Flatte is so afraid of burglars that she never lets down the folding bed at SUNDAY THOUGHTS

ROBABLY the most

unique and picturesque

figure of our times is Count Tolstoi. He was

born an aristocrat, and

was long and promi-

nently connected with

ment. He has now dis-

carded the coronet, and

is the sworn foe of Gov-

ernment. He lives remote from cities,

dividing his time between digging on his little farm and cobbling shoes at his work-

ism in St. Petersburg and the writing of

an awl. His absolute honesty of belief is avouched by his practice. So far we respect him.

But his book has greater force from the Russian than from the American standpoint. A more cosmopolitan knowledge and spirit would have saved him many errors, might have kept him in touch with affairs, and perhaps not lost him to diplomacy—where such an honest and humane soul is sadly needed!

At any rate, as a keen critic remarks, "there are comparatively few aristocratic idlers in America, probably fewer idlers in broadcioth than in fustian. If all the good-for-nothings were to stop sucking their cases, take off their kid gloves, and go to digging, poverty would not be greatly relieved. And although it is true that authors would write better, ministers preach better, and perhaps lawyers and doctors practice better, if they united some physical toil with their brain activity, we are unable to see how this would do anything toward relieving society of the burden of pauperism. The problem in America is certainly not to get rid of its aristocratic idlers, who are very few in number, nor mainly to reduce the number of its professional laborers and its middlemen, though there are relatively too many of them, but to bring about an equalization in compensation and a better distribution of earnings, so that manual laborers shall have more time for home staying and intellectual development, and brain workers shall have less of the temptations which accompany excessive luxury."

THE saddest and most tiresome business

in the world is croaking. Let ravens croak

-men are not ravens. Some people are for-

—men are not ravens. Some people are for-ever wailing over the nineteenth century— can see no good in it. To such, the age which has seen more conversions to Christ than any preceding, is the most wicked, and the 50 years which have built more school houses and col-leges than half as many centuries before, are the years in which wisdom and virtue have been rapidly declining. But, as some one has said, God's providence never halts. Railroads and the telegraph have not backed us into the dark ages. Free Bibles, free schools, and free Governments are not so many clean victories for the Devil.

THE now omnipresent Societies of Chris-

tian Endeavors began in a small and obscure

way in 1881. The Rev. F. E. Clark, of Bos-

ton, was their originator. Feeling the want

of a warm, aggressive organization of young

people for good words and works, he con-ceived this movement, and coined the name. He built on the Bible and in alliance with the

He built on the Bible and in alliance with the church. He pledged the members to attend the meetings, which he made at once social and devotional. He marshaled the membership in two orders—active members (who must be church members), and associate members of whom it is hoped to make church 'members. He framed a constitution and by-laws (nothing American can get on without these adjuncts), and mapped out a practical and active propagands. The Endeavor caught from heart to heart, and kindled from church to church, and flamed from State to State—blazed like a prairie fire.

Ir should never be forgotten in any

cheme of education that the mind is not the

only thing that needs attention. The will is

even more vital. And the heart is most im-

portant of all-for "out of the heart are the

issues of life." Education is a comprehensive term. It properly includes the drawing out of the whole being. Intellectualism alone is one-sized and dangerous. It needs to be balanced

by moral culture.

The study of art does not promote morality.

The study of art does not promote morality. Netner does literary proficiency. We all know, or know of, artists and literati who are more heathenish than the heathen—more Philistine than Gollath of Gath. In Athens the artistic and literary period was precisely the spoch of grossest moral degeneracy. Demosthenes thundered, but the people qualled and submitted to Philip. They knew which way a Greek accent should slant, but neither knew nor cared to know how to rectify morals and manners. They worshipped pictures, statues, poems, orations, and despised men and women. So of the middle ages. The drearlest midnight of immorality occurred when art and letters were most flourishing, under Leo X and the Florentine Medicil. Take Parls to-day. It is a beautiful body, without a soul—like Hawthorne's hero in "The Marble Faun." Art and literature tower like Mt. Blanc, while morality is as low down in comparison as the vale of Chamouni. Art labors to decorate vice. Literature exists to pen bon mots against virtue. Our Roman Catholic friends are right in their claim that religion must enter into any just and symmetrical scheme of education. For religion schools the heart and trains the will. Christianity humanizes intelligence. It says to men: Take hold upon real life. Be patient with imperfection in others, but impatient with it in yourself. Struggle after the ideal by way of the actual.

There is a good deal of heaven on earth; if

it in yourself. Struggle after the ideal by way of the actual.

There is a good deal of heaven on earth; if the eyes are open to see it, the heart to feel it, the will to choose it.

Austria ought to look at the almanac

and see that this is the year of grace 1889. The official usages there are absurdly medizeval and provincial. An American lady,

Mark the growth:

in the country, reads like a romance.

An inscription for the Register of MORALS AND MANNERS "May all who breathe this mortal breath, And strive this mortal strife, Ere written in this book of death, Stand in the Book of Life," BY A CLERGYMAN.

Ir is common to go from bad to wo "It may not," remarks a sage, "be good for man to be alone—but that is infinitely better than being with one with whom we ought not

does not deserve to be called narrow guage

SETTLE down, and stay settled down. "When good men move about too much and pass to and fro amid incitements to pl ure, it is as when a bottle of good wine is shaken. Thus the dregs and lees of the soul make the life cloudy."

HERE is a thought suggested by the recent Sugar Trust swindle: "People who float an enterprise by which they hope to gain advantage through the utilizing of other peo-ple commonly keep a private boat swinging astern."

THE Chinese are left-handed in their cus-

bench. The moral history of his life—the change of views which led him from despottoms. A French author, quoted in a late American periodical, describes their habit of purchasing their coffins before death: "No-where else than in China could men be heard popular novels in Moscow to manual labor of purchasing their coffins before death: "Nowhere else than in China could men be heard to exchange compliments about a coffin. In every other country in the world people forbear to speak of this mournful object, destined to contain the remains of a relative or friend. It is prepared in secret, and when death enters the house, it is smuggled in by stealth to avoid aggravating the grief of the heart-broken family. The Chinese view the matter in an entirely different light, in their eyes a coffin is an article of the first necessity to the dead, and of taste and luxury to the living. In the great towns they are displayed with elegant decorations in magnificent shops, in order to allure the passengers and induce them to buy. People in easy orcumstances always provide themselves beforehand with one to their fancy, and untile the time arrives for lying down it it, keep it in the house as a handsome piece of furniture of which the utility is not immediate, but which cannot fall to be a consoling and agreeable feature in a properly decorated apartment. The coffin, above all is esteemed an excellent method for children in a decent rank to show the intensity of their filial piety to the authors of their being. It is a great consolation to a son to be able to purchase a coffin for an old father or mother, and make a solemn offering of it when they least expect it. When we love we are always ingenious in contriving agreeable surprises. If a person is not sufficiently favored by fortune to be able to keep a coffin ready in the house, care is still taken not to wait until the last moment, that the dying man, before saluting the world, as they say in China, may have the satisfaction of casting a glance at his last abode. Thus, when a patient is given over, if he has the luck to be surrounded by loving friends, they uver fail to buy a coffin for him and to put it by the side of his bed." Not long ago, Count Tolstoi published a book ("My Religion"), in which he gave the world his theological opinions. He now issues a companion volume on sociology ("What to Do: Thoughts Evoked by the Cansus of Moscow"). His style is fascinating, because absolutely frank, and his statements are startling, because made without caution. He "gives himself away" on every page—thinks alond. There self away" on every page—thinks aloud. There is no attempt to avoid shocking world-old and is no attempt to avoid shocking world-old and world-wide prejudices, and conventional usage is shattered as with Thor's hammer.

The Count's essential idea is that human society is poor and unpresperous, because the few are born booted and spurred to ride, while the many are born saddled and bridled to be ridden. In Gladstone's phrase, the classes control the masses. The classes are all idlers—they are not engaged in manual labor. No matter how busy they may pretend to be—it is all pretense. The preacher in the pulpit, the matter how busy they may pretend to be—it is all pretense. The preacher in the pulpit, the artist in the studio, the merchant in the counting room, the scientist in the laboratory—all are useless. They think they labor; but they do not, because they only work with the brain. The people are not profited by their busy idleness. The only real laborers are the plain folks who are battling with nature—producing corn for idle men to eat, and wool for them to wear, and houses for them to live in.

His remedy for this is simple. Go to work! Unite brawn to brain. Dig. cobble, push a saw,—anything rather than nothing; and whatever is not manual labor is nothing. Hence Tolstoi takes off his coronet, and takes up a spade and an awl. His absolute honesty of belief is avouched by his practice. So far we respect him.

But his book has greater force from the Rus.

"If o'er thee little sins have taken hold,

-Pickings from a Pocket of Pebbles. "Lord Christ what—where should I have been, Had it not been for Thee? And, if Thou bide not by me still, What—where may I not be?"

TAKE care of the proverb, "Where there is smoke there is fire;"-that smoke may

"IT is curious," remarks William Philpot," to observe how much more enormous and outrageous we are apt to recount a piece of dishonesty if we ourselves are pinched by the thought is a nemous thing in the land, when, the other day, a man in my neighborhood was dishonest about an insurance business. But when I discovered, afterward, that this same man had taken a premium out of my own pocket and not paid it over, my indignation knew no bounds. Then I felt what a crime dishonesty was."

APULPIT that preaches politics instead of the Gospel, is both a nuisance and a scandal. But in a free country like this, where public opinion rules, and therefore needs moral

scandal. But in a free country like this, where public opinion rules, and therefore needs moral education, the pulpis, while not neglecting the nurture of the interior and holy life, should speak out often and emphatically upon the moral aspect of current affairs. In the performance of this high duty there need be no fear of provoking criticism. Such utterances on the part of the clergy are expected and demanded by the community.

There are two questions which are quite certain to challenge legislative attention this year, concerning which the Christian public is under solemn obligation to utter itself. One of these is the matter of bribery at elections. Cnurches from Maine to California should thunder and lighten against this iniquity. It puts manhood in the shambles to be bought and sold. It destroys a free ballot—the vary groundwork of republican institutions, and elects by the largest purse, not by the choice of the majority. It makes it impossible for any but rich men to run for office, and practically disfranchises poverty. The religious classes, in the interest of that manhood which Christianity creates, in defense of an unpolluted ballot box, on behalf of menaced poverty, are bound to demand repressive and corrective legislation. All the more because they can do so without suspicion of partisan purpose.

The other question which clamors for legislative consideration relates to the employment of criminals in our prisons. In the past prison labor has been awarded to cutside contractors, interested only in cheap, quick sales. Hence it has entered the market in competition with homest oil, which it has undersold. Mechanics have justly protested, and have measurably stopped this abuse. Meantime, in some States, the prisoners have been relegated to absalute idleness. This is bad every way. Prison discipline should be remedial as well as penal. How may these criminals be changed into self-supporting and honest men? This is the question. Teach them to work. Make them skilled workmen. But organize this effort no

DAVID G. WYLIE, Ph. D., has just made an exhaustive study of the free public schools of the United States. As the result of an immense range of painstaking inquiry. he reaches the following conclusions, viz.: First-The common schools cannot properly be called Godless. There is a good deal of

be called Godless. There is a good deal of moral and religious instruction directly and indirectly imparted. In by far the largest number of instances the teachers are left free to conduct devotional exercises and instill into the minds of pupils committed to their care moral and Christian principles; while in many of the States and Territories "morals and manners" are required to be taught by statute. The law, however, excludes sectarianism.

Second—Without doubt, the laws relating to moral and religious instruction in many of the States are vague, imperfect, and entirely too negative. While both of these great subjects are taught in many, perhaps in most of the public schools, still it is too often with a kind of apology. Our laws should give more prominence to these subjects. In that case, teachers would not hesitate to instruct in such lines.

Third—The American free schools are realising in a wonderful degree the purpose of their founders. They are educating youth in the common branches of learning (with a growing tendency to introduce the higher branches), and are giving general satisfaction throughout the Union. No other institution in the land is doing more to assimilate heterogeneous population and to mold an American people. the Union. No other institution in the land is doing more to assimilate heterogeneous population and to mold an American people.

Fourth—White there are parochial schools in many States and territories, generally these are confined to eitles and to neighborhoods predominantly foreign. As competitors with the common schools they are not to be feared. If the common schools continue to give moral and religious instruction, as they have been doing the past half century, there will be little danger from the parochial system.

Fifth—The free schools have enemies who seek their destruction. If American citizens wish to preserve their educational system as it has been and is to-day, and at the same time to perfect it, they must be vigilant and active.

WHAT a pity 'tis that there should be so many sweet sinuers and sour saints.

If you wish to be well spoken of, speak well of others.

SEIZE to-day-trust not to-morrow. The present is yours-the future is God's.

J. N. Harris, 3 Fulton Market, N. Y. Clty.

J. N. Harris, 3 Fulton Market, N. Y. City, says:

"I have been using Brandreth's Pills for the last ten years. They are a wonderful medicine. There is nothing squai to them as blood purifiers and liver regulators. But I wish to state how remarkably they cure rheumatism, and how easily. I was affected by rheumatism, and how easily. I was affected by rheumatism of the legs. My business (wholesale fish dealer), naturally leads me to damp places. I was so bad I could not walk and at night suffered fearfully; I tried balsams, sarsaparillae and all kinds of tinetures, but they did me no good, and I was afraid of being a crippie. I mally commenced using Brandreth's Pills. I took two every night for ten nights, then I began to improve. I continued taking them for 40 days, and I got entirely well. Now, whenever sick. I take Brandreth's Pills. They never fail."

mediseval and provincial. An American lady, traveling abroad, gave birth to a child in Vienna, a few days ago. She thought she had done a good thing. So did the happy husband and father. Accompanied by winesses he hurried away to register the birth. Alas and alack! Owing to the absence of the marriage certificate, the clerk said he must record it as illegitimate. The only concession he would make, after continued protest, was the substitution of the word "doubtful" for "illegitimate." Upon being told that the parents belonged to the Anglican Church, this modern Dogberry wrote down "No religion."

So, then, in Austria, traveling husbands and wives without a perambulating marriage certificate are judged to be living in adultery, and, when connected with the Episcopal communion, to have "no religion." Such a country \$5, \$6 and \$8 pants to order at Pitcairn's,