IN THE SUGAR LANDS.

A Romantic Ride on the Bosom of Beautiful Lake Tohopkeliga.

THE ST. CLOUD SUGAR REFINERY.

Ten Thousand Square Miles of Reclaimed Morass.

THE EGYPT OF THE UNITED STATES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

SOUTH FLORIDA, March 5.—The last convulsive sigh of a Dakota blizzard had just been wafted to Florida. Northern telegrams told of snow blockades, frozen rivers and raging winds. In striking contrast the Flower State appears, in summer sunshine, soft and balmy breezes and genial atmosphere.

A party of pleasure seekers have just arrived at Kissimmee, one of the brightest and best located towns in the Peninsula. Enjoying delicious comfort in bamboo rockers on the broad hotel verandah, our tourists lazily wonder how to spend the day. From the hotel the lateen sails of the boats on the lake look like sea gulls' wings, and soon a ride upon the blue waters of Tohopkeliga is decided upon. Kissimmee City describes a semi-circle on the shores of this lake, a distance of 200 miles south of Jacksonville. Since the vote that "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer," and agreeing that Kissimmee is most emphatically the Mt. Helicon, where dwell the muses of song and dance. The Italian organ grinder turns the crank, and the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" are wafted from across the waters of Tohopkeliga; two dusky Arabs, who during the day sold Jerusalem ware (made in New York), beat their bagpipes in happy cadence to the jingling coin in their pockets; the melodies of the cowboy resound from a distance, while the weird songs of the negro come from their "temple of worship." With true Yankee curiosity we follow the strains of "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and for the first time stand before the doorway of a typical negro church. The night is warm, the moon hangs like a great electric light overhead, the little shanty is crowded with somber-tinted worshipers—religious fervor is running high, and we find it pleasanter outside.

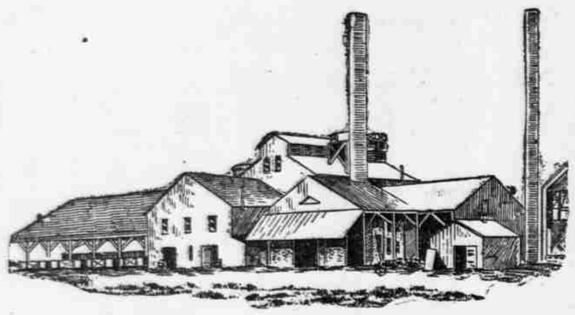
CATCHING THE YANKEE.

Standing at the window we listened to the gray-haired patriarch exhort, to the wailing hymns and sobs and groans of the penitent; then the collection is taken, which seems to be the most important part of the programme, for it is repeated often in order to catch the changing Yankee audience that stands outside. All is life and pleasure in this land of bowers. Orange picking, moonlight sailing and fishing parties are in happy fashion. The witchery of the air and the enchanting beauty of nature are each year weaving such a tangled web of loveliness that pleasure seekers, health seekers and prospective settlers are easy prey.

Like half the settlements in Florida, the origin of Kissimmee is Indian, wrongly pronounced by Northerners, with the accent on the second syllable, but by natives Kiss(i)mee, which recalls an incident frequently related among Kissimmeans. A crowd of travelers waited at a little station for the northbound train. A Southern maiden, in conversation with a staid old Yankee deacon, suddenly, in a pretty, bewitching accent, asked: "Are you going to Kiss(i)mee?" The poor old gentleman was very much embarrassed. A second time the question was repeated, only to see a frightened, bewildered look shadow his face. Believing our Puritan slightly deaf, stepping toward him and in still louder tones the pretty girl asked the innocent question once more: "Are you going to Kiss-i-mee?"

In wildest desperation our good old Yankee clutched his "carpet-bag," and in reckless, but despairing tones, cried out, "My dear young miss, indeed I would like to, but you see I am a married man, with a wife and 13 dear children at home."

Since that day, deacons from Yankeedom look askance as a pretty girl approaches, and Kissimmee maidens, "so the folks say," are very coy about pronouncing the word correctly. M. M.



A FLORIDA SUGAR MILL.

work of the Okeechobee Drainage Company has been completed it stands at the head of water communication with the Gulf. By means of these canals the surrounding country has been drained perfectly, until now no finer lands can be found in the land.

ON LAKE TOHOPKELIGA.

Taking the brightly painted yacht moored at the hotel dock, we are soon launched for a ride down the lake and through the canals. Only five years ago the primeval forest stood on the site of Kissimmee! To-day it is the headquarters, supply depot and shipyard of the Okeechobee Company. Taking a backward glance as we steam away from the little city, handsome homes, pretty churches and fine hotels peep from among the magnolias and oaks. Kissimmee is the entrepot to the sugar region of Florida, and to these lands we direct our course.

Approaching a picturesque island the captain drops anchor. There we met for the first time with a florida nait!!—a monstrous alligator. Horror of horrors! how the ladies shrieked, and how the disciples of "Mr. Barnes, of New York," thought to emblazon their names in glory, but the screams of the gentler members of the party seemed to be more effective than the rifle shots, and the hideous monster, awakened from his lazy sleep on the bank, crawled from his comfortable quarters and disappeared under the water.

After noting the tropical beauties of the island, seeing the orange, banana and pineapple growing in luxuriance, we lift anchor and soon the steamer is hauling down stream. The canal is reached and we are in the region of the "unreclaimed lands." Large herds of cattle are feeding on the banks, but scamper away at sight of the little yacht. Vast plains of inexhaustible fertility meet the eye on every side. These are the sugar lands of Florida—the magnet that is drawing such forces of Northern capital to the State. Hundreds of acres are in cultivation, and in the midst of this area stands the famous St. Cloud sugar refinery, the pioneer mill of the State, capable of handling the cane from 1,500 acres.

SUGAR IS KING.

The experimental run has proved its success, and that Sugar is destined to be King in this region is a question not disputed. The owners of this enterprise are Northern capitalists, amply able to make a success out of this new Florida industry. The drainage of this immense territory has been a herculean task and is the most colossal known in the history of the world, but the result of the scheme has made the Kissimmee valley the "Egypt of the United States."

This, the largest single tract of Southern lands, is owned by the Disston syndicate, of Philadelphia, and is said to comprise 5,000 square miles of reclaimed, overflowed areas. This company undertook to reclaim about 12,000 square miles of lands under water, for which the State ceded it one-half for all reclamations. These regions are now used for farming and grazing. As sugar lands, these rich bottoms possess an advantage over the Louisiana plantations, inasmuch as they are more fertile, the milder climate allowing the cane to more fully mature before frosts.

The experimental run of the mill has shown this season a net profit of $125 per acre, against $50 in Louisiana. From the roof of the mill we get a bird's-eye view of the hundreds of acres of waving cane. From these plantations it is hauled to the mill by ox teams. Here it is crushed by immense rolls until it comes out as dry as powder, the bagasse, or refuse, being used as fuel—the juice flowing into tanks and vats. From one vat to another it goes through its various processes, being constantly tested by an expert, until it comes out the purest glistening granulated.

Charmed with the art of sugar-making, we take our boat again, still riding down the canal. Passing a beautiful Southern home, surrounded by orange trees, luxuriant bananas, flowers and trailing vines, we are reminded that only three years before boats were moored in this tropical yard, and paradoxical as it seems, only proves the gigantic power of American capital and American enterprise. Having passed through the canal, we enter East Tohopkeliga. On the shores of this lake are immense cypress forests.

A HUNTER'S PARADISE.

White caps play upon the waters, and dashing waves lap the glittering, sandy beach. Wild duck, crane and quail are numerous; the alligator basks in the melting rays of the noonday sun unmolested. Little sign of habitation is seen around the lake, but the Southern sky, the bird notes and dreamy atmosphere await the coming settler. From this point south 360 miles a navigable channel has been formed by the dredging system, which has already been traversed by large steamers. Along the whole course the scenery is wild and weird. The daring sportsman can find all the pleasures of a hunt, and embellish his name in glory over captured alligators, bear and deer.

Evening with entrancing moonlight, finds us once again lounging on the hotel piazzas, and as the zephyr breezes fan our cheeks,

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

A Swell Circus at a Fashionable Country Residence.

REAL HORSES AND REAL RIDERS.

Something About the Costumes of the Presidental Ladies.

MRS. CLEVELAND AND HER POETRY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, March 10, 1889.

ACTIVITY sometimes breaks in upon the fashionable quietude of Lent. It is true that we have stopped dancing, and ceased some other forms of frivolity, but we have not sat down in sackcloth and ashes. What do you think, for instance, of a circus as a Lenten diversion? And a circus where the swells not only go to see a performance, but where they perform. Such an institution actually exists.

The Waterburys are a wealthy and pretentious family. One of their residences is a fine place at Pleasance, just out of town. They have roofed over their stable yard, made a regulation sawdust ring, and put in some of the paraphernalia of a professional circus. I was a favored witness of this week's show at the Waterbury place. There were only 60 spectators. We did not sit on hard boards, with no supports for our backs, and with our feet dangling, after the old-fashioned manner of the tent show, but each had a comfortable camp chair, placed on a platform, overlooking the arena.

SWELL CIRCUS RIDERS.

Nine athletes were amateurs from the ranks of swelldom. They performed feats on the trapeze, the horizontal bar and on the spring board. Intermixed with them in the entertainment were ten professionals hired from Barnum's company, which was being formed for the forthcoming season. After an hour of various feats, the charm of femininity was imparted to the entertainment, and by the distinguished means of six equestrian belles, who rode their horses into the ring, and went through with some delicate evolutions. The ladies were in sidesaddles, and wore ordinary equestrian habits. And there was no clown to ask: "What will the lady have next?" But it was a real and true circus, all the same, and it showed how thoroughly our rich pleasure-seekers do an amusing thing when they undertake it.

AT THE PATRIARCHS' BALL.

While the inauguration ball was going on in Washington, our nobs were doing their last waltzing at the Patriarchs' ball. All the Astors, Vanderbilts and their sort of folks were present, except the several members of the two named families now in Europe, and it seemed as though these exclusive and pretentious people were glad to emphasize the fact that they disdained to make the trip to Washington for participation in a mixed public assemblage, however consequential it might be.

By the way, the daughter-in-law of James G. Blaine was at the same time exhibiting herself in the proscenium box of a theater. Mindful of her forthcoming debut as an actress, she loses no opportunity to advertise herself to the theatrical public. She is a tall, willowy and rather good looking young lady, but more stylish than beautiful when you come to examine her critically. I suppose I have seen her at the theater 20 times within half that number of weeks. She invariably gets into a lower box next the stage, and sits in a front corner facing the audience, so that she is about as much within the dramatic view as any of the performers behind the footlights. So literally was she included in the stage limits on this occasion that the footlights shone glaringly on her face. The boldness of the display is modified by her aspect of demure propriety. Evidently she has the requisite self-possession for a good actress, whether or not she possesses the other needed qualities.

YOUNG MRS. BLAINE.

What a vast difference the physique of a woman makes in regard to the impression of character that the sight of her conveys to an observer. There was young Mrs. Blaine doing a really audacious thing, and yet she looked ingenuous, modest and unassuming. But on the stage, at the same time, was an actress undertaking to portray exactly that sort of a maiden, but failing utterly because she happened to be of large stature, plump figure, and altogether a physically bold type. In the play she impersonated a particularly unsophisticated and guileless girl, who positively didn't know enough to look out for herself, and who had to be protected against the perils of beauty by the hero of the drama. An actress of slight figure, pensive face and a suggestion of weakness should have been chosen for this role, but the performer was a robust beauty, and her really clever imitation of demureness was regarded by the audience as something comical. She hung her head modestly, gave shy glances, and made all the other denotements of bashfulness correctly, but it wasn't of any use, and that was why she failed within a few feet from where Mrs. Blaine was succeeding.

PRESIDENTAL DRESSES.

Some sewing girl let the cat out of the bag, and the real ground for Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison's aversion to the decollete bodice was not moral, but flannel. While in no way a delicate lady, she is too fond of her health to take any risk of losing it, and positively refused to adopt the low-necked and short-sleeved gown prescribed by the modiste. "The flannel must remain," she is reported to have said, "so cut the corsage any way you please." And the flannel did remain. By special request an order was sent to a manufacturing house and the lady's vests were woven to measure with V, square and heart-shaped necks and sleeves reaching to the shoulders.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton, on the contrary, ordered her ball dress cut court fashion, that is with a low, round corsage and short sleeves. She is one of the few women of her age in New York society who could wear the style, which shows the neck and shoulders, tapers from the hips, is laced up the back and fitted without a bustle. It is the very dress for the wife of the Vice President, as her shoulders are beautiful, dimpled and milk white, her throat and arms are exquisitely modeled, and her skin is as perfect as a piece of bridal satin. Together with being a beautiful woman, Mrs. Morton is a most accomplished one, and her children are not more systematic in study hours than she is.

MRS. CLEVELAND AS A POETESS.

Now they are saying and denying that Mrs. Grover Cleveland has had erotic fever, and under its inflammatory flareup composed a lot of what she modestly terms "rhymes." It is a positive fact that she read them to a few friends, who praised them to the brow of Miss Liberty, and under this encouragement they were tried on Grover. Nobody knows what the criticism was, but it made the authoress cry.

Mrs. Folsom told the impatient ladies that Mrs. Cleveland would not do any more writing till she went to New York, and that is how the announcement came to be made that the pretty wife of the big ex-President was going to write. No contract has been made with any publisher, and is not likely to be either, for Miss Cleveland is decidedly more able in wielding a pen than her brother's wife, and he never enthused over her work of the past four years. Her opinions of one administration might be brought out in as dignified an organ as the *North American Review*, and in Mary Anderson fashion. CLARA BELLE.

HE LOST THE WAGER.

Because His Name Was Not Worth as Much as a Good Story.

[Book Buyer.]

There is an old story which relates that in the early days of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's editing of the *Atlantic*, his publisher, Mr. Houghton, who had or pretended to have some vague literary aspirations, remarked to his new editor, with an air half serious and half jesting:

"I am going to send you a story I have written, but I shall send it under a fictitious name."

"Then," was Mr. Aldrich's remark, "I advise you to send it to a fictitious editor."

I have never inquired whether the story is true, but it came back to my mind the other day when I heard the story of a wager which had just been decided. A literary man, whose name is pretty well known was arguing with a brother author the obviously foolish proposition that acceptance goes by favor, and being of a disposition which, he will pardon my saying, since I do not name him, is at least unusually firm, his support of his view of the case became the more determined as he proceeded.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said at length. I've two short stories done, and one is to end better than the other. They are written on the typewriter, and I'll send the worst one over my own name to a magazine and the other over an assumed name; and I'll bet you $5 that my name carries the poor one while the better one will come back.

The wager was accepted, the MS. sent off, and the event waited. By all considerations of poetic justice the young author should have won his wager; but as a matter of fact, he did not. The story with his name on its back, "declined with thanks"—to how many a luckless wretch, writhing under disappointment, has that printed phrase seemed the very essence of cruel irony!—while the other was accepted and the editor wrote the author a kind note addressed to his nom de guerre, evidently believing that it was his good fortune to have discovered a new writer. Whether the editor was amiable or not when the matter was explained to him I do not know, but the moral is obvious.

BIGGER SHOES IN SPRING.

Corns and Wet Weather Bring Custom to the Merchants.

[New York Tribune.]

"I like this warm spring weather," said the proprietor of a fashionable shoestore yesterday. "It's good for trade. Have you noticed how many of those shoppers are limping slightly this afternoon? Their shoes are pinching them, as their feet swell a little with exercise in this warm sun. Women that can squeeze their cold feet into 2½ shoes and endure the torture in winter are forced to wear 3s in spring, if they walk much. I sell more 3s than any other size in women's fine shoes; 3½s and 4s come next in general demand in this city, and almost the same proportions rule all over the country among well-to-do people. A good deal of wit has been poked at the Chicago women on the alleged large size of their feet, but the wholesale houses will tell you that the average size there is no larger than anywhere else.

Women wear out more shoes than men, in proportion to the walking they do, because they take many more steps to the mile than a man. I had a Canadian lady come in here yesterday and ask for buttoned boots. I did not know what she meant at first, but discovered that she wanted high buttoned shoes. When I suggested shoes she thought I meant low-cut Oxford ties. It appears that in Canada what we term high shoes they call low boots, and what we call boots they call high boots. Our low shoes are the only things they call shoes. Queer people up in the backwoods there—very much behind the rest of the world, I should say, sir. Goodby, sir."

WHY HE CAVED.

A Conductor's Kindness Thwarts a Granger's Well-Laid Plans.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A train over the Bay City Road, bound into Detroit, picked up an old man at a flag station, and when the conductor took up his fare he asked:

"How far could a person without money travel on this train?"

"About half a mile."

"And then you'd put 'em off?"

"Yes."

"Would you put a woman off?"

"I'd have to."

"Thanks. That settles it. My old woman didn't want me to go to town, and she said she'd foller me to the end of the earth. She'll try it, but she ain't got a cent to travel on, and when the conductor drops her along about here I can imagine the look——"

"Oh, in that case, I should let her ride," interrupted the official.

"You would?"

"Yes."

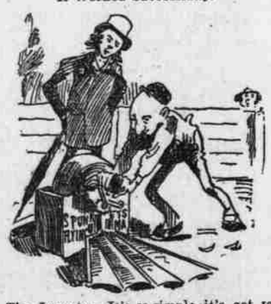
"Then, if you'll kinder slack up when you cross at Skinner's, I'll kinder drop off and hoof it back. I reckon she's got the bulge on me and I might as well cave."

Familiar Names Shortened.

[New York Tribune.]

It is stated that as "Pa." is used as an abbreviation of Pennsylvania, "Ma." might be used as an abbreviation for Montana. A good abbreviation for the State of Washington—if it retains that name—will be hard to find, for the obvious "Wash." is too suggestive of a laundry to be considered for a moment. This fact alone ought to rule out that name for the new State.

It Worked Successfully.



The Inventor—It's so simple it's got to succeed. There's nothing but the wings and this strong spiral spring, which I wind in this way, and then—

(As the spring breaks)—Up we go!—*Judge.*

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

-ON-

MORALS AND MANNERS.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

CHRISTIANITY'S progress in Japan is a romance of Providence. It was but yesterday that the Empire was locked and barred against the Nazarene. His faith was tabooed, as "foreign." His followers were discredited as "Foreigners." Even in America, which is a Mosaic of races and peculiarly cosmopolitan, we know the force of race prejudice. To-day this prejudice is overcome. The exclusive doors of the Mikado's domain are flung wide open. The ears and hearts of the people are hospitable to Christian truth. Tens of thousands of church members—hundreds of native pastors and helpers, schools by the score, theological seminaries, colleges for the higher education, positions of influence under the Government filled by Christians, the whole Empire inquiring and expectant. Such are the results of the victorious campaign of the Prince of Peace. The Japanese are the Americans of the Orient. They are quick-witted, nimble-footed and have brains in their fingers. They know a good thing when they see it. But the crowning glory of the situation in Japan is the obliteration of sectarianism. The Presbyterian, Reformed, and Congregational bodies are combined in one church. This union was forced by the Japanese themselves, who perceived at a glance this serious defect in European and American Christianity. They could not understand why a religion of love should be split up into warring fragments, each swearing prayers at all the rest. Against the prejudices of the missionaries, and against the immemorial custom of the foreign boards which sent them out, the keen natives took the good and rejected the bad of Christianity. They would not allow the propagation of sects in Japan. Hence the three great denominations above named came together, and by mutual concessions, which did not touch central Christianity, they formed the "United Church" of Japan.

What a beautiful return for the Gospel it would be if Japan should teach Europe and America how to solve the problem of the unity of all believers, and thus remove religion's most serious reproach.

An Absurdity.

There is no greater absurdity in church methods than candidating. A pulpit is vacant. A clergyman is invited to occupy it for a Sunday. He comes. He preaches a show sermon. The congregation sits in criticism upon his gestures, inflections, literary style. What should be a divine service is transformed into a performance. The inevitable self-consciousness on both sides is fatal to worship.

Nor can a minister be judged in this way. The very self-consciousness would be an embarassment to any sensitive and refined nature. He would be his worst, not his best self. On the other hand, a man of brass might make a great impression and get a call.

Why not send out a judicious committee (as wise churches do), to hear such preachers as may be available in their own pulpits? Thus a fair view could be gotten. The average excellence of the preacher could be tested. The sermon would be drafted from the field of work. Imagine Paul, Luther or Wesley, under fire as a candidate.

Church Evolution.

It is a historic fact that Christianity got on, and thrived, for over 200 years, without synagogues or temples. It was not until the end of the third century that Christians reared edifices set apart for public worship. Our Lord prayed and preached in private houses, in the open air, by the wayside, from the deck of a chance fishing-smack—anywhere, everywhere. So did the apostles. So did their successors. There is no sanctity in brick and mortar. Nothing makes a place sacred but God's realized presence; and that makes any spot holy ground, from the aisle of the forest to the aisle of the cathedral.

As churches grew in number and wealth, it was found necessary to provide them with special houses. The private houses of disciples were not large enough. The open air was too much exposed to wind and weather. Hence the meeting house came into being. Its father was necessity, and its mother was suitableness. And since nothing is too good for God, the Christian world does well to build splendid structures for public worship. It would be a shame to house divine service meanly when the home is magnificent with fresco and sculpture and bric-a-brac and luxury, and when trade lives in a palace. Our churches should be a little finer than our homes and our palaces of business.

But they ought not to be roofed and coiled and floored with debt. Is it really quite right to dedicate a church to God which is really owned by yonder insurance company on the corner? Is there not a point in the late Dr. Holland's suggested formula of dedication: "We dedicate this church to Thee, O God—subject to a mortgage of $50,000?" Are not our Roman Catholic brethren justified in their refusal to dedicate a church until it is free from debt? Is it honest to give to God what we do not own?

Churches which are plastered with mortgages are your unrivalled pastor-killers, and the devil owns the patent. Is a mortgage a minister's tombstone this epitaph might justly be inscribed: "Murdered by the church debt."

Religious Tramps.

This city swarms with religious tramps. They are "artful dodgers" of duty. They have conscience enough to go to church somewhere, but not enough conscience to go steadily anywhere. They are sensation hunters. Every Sunday morning they ask at the breakfast table, "Where shall we go to church to-day?" And they answer it by going one Sunday to hear the Rev. Mr. Skyrocket and by visiting on the next Sunday a revival meeting to hear a famous evangelist, and by starting early on the following Lord's Day to feast their ears with the superb music at St. Cecilia's. Like the ancient Greeks, they have itching ears. They seek not spiritual profit, but worldly entertainment. They go to church as they go to the theater and the opera—for amusement.

Only they pay for their secular pleasure They sponge their religion. If these people were poor no one would grudge them crumbs from the Lord's table. But they are not poor. They dress well, live well, pay well, through the week. It is only on Sunday that they force us to pray on their behalf "The Lord have mercy on your stingy soul!"

The average church is characteristically hospitable. Strangers are welcomed with both hands outstretched. But it costs something to keep a church open. Somebody has to meet this expense. The whole body of worshipers should meet it. That which is a burden to the few would be easy for the many. But religious tramps, like their kindred on the sidewalks, abuse hospitality. Every self respecting church-goer is under obligation to have a church home—needs one as much as he does a domestic roof tree. Every such person should feel it to be less a duty than privilege to bear a fair share of the burden incidental to spiritual housekeeping. It is just as dishonest to swindle a church as it is to cheat the butcher and the baker. Do not ecclesiastical Arabs come within the statute which forbids the procuring of goods under false pretenses? If not, why not?

Look Up.

Our enemies are many. The world storms upon us. The flesh tempts us. Satan is inquisitive and ubiquitous. Sorrow sits an unbidden, unwelcome guest at the hearthstone. Death, with hour glass and scythe, strides across the threshold. Feeble, affrighted, dazed, where shall we look? Look up! Cry out! Keep looking up! Keep crying out! It is only a question of time. God will surely appear to vindicate our faith and deliver our soul. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," saith He.

Work for the Harvest.

We are still in the seed time in America. But within the next 50 years the country will take its final form. The land (the best of it) will be pre-empted. The population will settle down into fixed ways. Foreigners will no longer be taught as their first lesson in English the words "Hurry up!" The influences which are now most active and aggressive will then dominate. Let us "push things." Organize churches, multiply schools, circulate good newspapers, be "living epistles"—the Gospel in human shape. If Christianity proposes to hold America, it must be up and doing to-day. To-morrow it will be too late.

The Ship That Never Returned.

Four gentlemen engaged in commerce in an Eastern seaport city were heated unbelievers in the common superstition regarding Friday as an unlucky day. They determined to show their contempt for and explode the silly notion. So they began to build a ship on Friday, finished her on Friday, launched her on Friday, named her Friday, hired a captain on Friday, and started her off to sea on Friday. The ship was never heard from.

An English View of America.

Prof. Bryce, of Oxford, has just published a notable book, viz: "The American Commonwealth." It is elaborate and exhaustive, not exhausting. The critic is competent. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, thus characterizes him: "He has drawn the portrait of a nation, by virtue of his being at once an accomplished jurist, an experienced politician, a learned historian, an acute man of the world, and an indefatigable traveler." What such an Admirable Crichton should say who would not read?

Of course, Prof. Bryce's deliberate portraiture suggests the earlier but wonderful work by Tocqueville, written 60 years ago and a handbook still. But while Tocqueville is a prophet, Bryce is an historian. The Frenchman gives the foresight, the Englishman the hindsight, and each with national characteristicness.

The entire absence of a State religion and a church establishment impresses Bryce, as it does all European observers. "He finds, however, the social and economic position of the clergy in the United States above that of the priesthood, taken as a whole, in the Roman Catholic countries, and of all denominations, Anglican and non-conformist in England. The dependence of the minister for support on his congregation does not impair to any great extent the spiritual and intellectual independence. Intolerance is rare, benevolence widespread; the influence of religion on all classes a notable fact. No passage, however, in his volumes, unless it be the closing pages, is more eloquent than that in which he emphasizes the special need of the American people for religious culture, and their special dependence on that moral and religious life which must be the foundation of any government which rests, not on armed force, but on the will of the people."

The accomplished critic above referred to observes, but does not understand why our best men do not go into politics. To Americans, the reasons are obvious and adequate. They are summed up by a current reviewer in the following comprehensive statement: "Politics are relatively less interesting in America than in Europe, and lead to less, while other careers are more interesting and lead to more."

Great Thoughts of Great Minds.

Growth will make a man out of a boy, but growth will never make a good man out of bad one.—*Martyn.*

I would not give you a 5-cent nickel for all the comfort of all the religions that were ever hatched out of the human skull, or came up as malaria from the pit. I want a religion that can sail not only on a smooth river at noon, when all the paddle wheels drop opals, and emeralds, and sapphires, but all the sails are white as seagulls, but a religion that can calmly ride a midnight freshet—Paul's religion of the dungeon, John's religion of tempest lashed Patmos, Daniel's religion of lock-jawed lions.—*Talmage.*

Christ is the best of paymasters. He borrowed Peter's boat to preach from, and at the close of the sermon gave him such a draft of fishes as he had never had before.—*George C. Needham.*

Heart work must be God's work. Only the great heart maker can be the great heart breaker.—*Baxter.*

If you are filled with prejudice, though Christ himself should walk at your side, you would not see him. The larger your faith and hope and desire, the more you are determined to see goodness, the more you will see; for it is there, in all things and in everybody; and it only needs the seeing eye and the open heart to behold it. —*George Dawson.*

There is something better than a revival, and that is a Christian life that does not need to be revived.—*Moody.*

Beneficence is a running stream. If cash flows out of a good man's pocket, it will almost miraculously flow in again. Just as water rushes into a channel whose waters have to run out. Many a good man's purse is like a syphon, the very emptying of which insures its refilling.—*Arthur Edwards.*

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.—*Dr. Johnson.*

The boy doing the Father's business at 12, did the Father's loftier business at 30, because He did the Father's lowlier business at 12.—*Wayland Hoyt.*

As in the sun's eclipse we behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life's eclipse do good men behold the lights of the great eternity burning solemnly forever.—*Longfellow.*

Come men, remarks Seneca, are like some pictures—fitter for a corner than for a full light.

A shrewd observer of morals and manners dips his pen in the ink of foreknowledge, and writes: "He that laughs at me to-day will have some one to laugh at him to-morrow."

"They can conquer," sings Virgil, "who believe they can." Success in war, trade, religion, is in close alliance with confidence. In any good word or work, never let "I dare not," wait upon "I would."

"Trust in God and do the right."

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

THE Cumberland Presbyterian Church has 151,929 communicants, an increase for the year of 6,783.

NEWS has been received of the death of Isaac G. Bliss, D. D., of the Bible House, Constantinople. It occurred at Asiut, Egypt, February 16.

IT is estimated that there are in London 314,000 persons wholly dependent on casual labor, and nearly 1,000,000 who never go inside a church.—*The Pacific.*

THERE is nothing higher in the world, there is nothing happier in life than humbly to do our duty in the name of God, and to accept whatever he sends us for Christ's sake. Such a life can never be a failure in God's sight, whatever it may be in man's. In such a life God is always seen, and there is no such thing as chance!—*Christian World Pulpit, London.*

HE who would go heavenward, or go Christward, cannot go with the crowd; for the crowd is not going in that direction. And this is one of the sorest trials of the Christian life. It separates the Christian disciple from many a companionship which would otherwise be delightful to him. But the choice must be made between conformity to the world and consecration to Christ.—*Sunday School Times.*

THERE probably never was a time when more work was being planned, in ways without number, for promoting Christian enterprises than now. All this means more sacrifice and devotion, unless there is neglect. It means more labor. It is possible that very much more is being outlined than can be performed. There are a great many irons in the fire. There are organized and individual enterprises multiplying faster than the increase in the working forces.—*The Watchman.*

THE divine love of the Savior is shown quite as much in the way he receives gifts from us as the way he bestows them upon us. He never refused the humblest offering. The thanks of the leper, the loaves and fishes of the little lad, even the sponge soaked in posca held up to him on the cross, were all accepted. Whatever men had to give he stood ready to take and use, very often to multiply and enlarge, until, like the loaves in the wilderness, they feed a great throng. Here is thought for the discouraged Christians.—*The Golden Rule.*

In one sense a church is the house of God; in another it is on the same footing as a clubhouse. People invest money in the fabric, the furnishing, and the salaries of those who serve, and those who do not so invest have really no right to partake of privileges they don't or won't pay for. People who pay pewrents can obtain pews, and those who habitually attend free churches can generally be sure of a seat. Tramps and hearers with itching ears who beat about about from one church to another, who have no "quietness," but a great deal of "confidence," must not be astonished if sometimes they meet with less attention in a church aisle than habitual worshipers and steady, consistent supporters.—*The Churchman.*

Patriotic.

First Tramp—Aristocracy! They don't know what aristocracy is in dis country. Who ever heard of a 'ristocrat workin' in England?

Second Tramp—That's so, Bill, and that's why I'm opposed ter workin'. I don't want them doods, like de Prince of Wales and de Rooshun King, a-sneerin' at dis country, and a-sayin' we ain't got no real, simon-pure gentlemen. No, sir; not while I live! —*Judge.*

PALETTE AND EASEL.

A Gradual, but Marked Return to Oil Painted Portraits.

Previous to the invention of photography it was considered essential to the proper maintenance of the family dignity to have its leading members sit for portraits in oil, with which to adorn the chief room of the dwelling. But photography came and, like Othello's, the portrait painter's occupation was gone, and the family album upon the table quickly took the place of the family portrait gallery upon the walls. This was a step in the direction of good taste, even though made with an altogether different object in view. As a means of preserving a true likeness of persons the work of the camera is superior to that of many of the artists whom it has supplanted, and its comparative cheapness admits of numerous pictures being taken at different times and under various conditions, while true art is the gainer by the absence of the portraits from the walls, even though no other decoration had been found to take their place.

Of late years, however, there has been evidence of a very marked desire to return to the old custom of having portraits painted in oil, and photography has been pressed into service to aid and simplify the work of the artist. There is, however, an essential difference between the portraits of to-day and those of former times; we may be in danger of encountering an avalanche of commonplace work, but nothing so abominably bad as at one time found sale is likely to be imposed upon us, for people accustomed to photographs will not long rest content with such execrable paintings. A really good likeness in oil possesses many valuable features which cannot be attained in any other method of portraiture, but they have also one serious drawback, and that is their expensiveness. When a high price has been paid for a picture it is not regarded as being complete until it is supplied with a correspondingly elaborate frame, and by that time it has become such a costly article of furniture that it must be given the post of honor and shown off upon every possible occasion.

There is noticeable of late years, however, a marked improvement in public taste in matters of this kind, and it is altogether probable that those who cannot easily afford paintings will, for the most part, content themselves with the less expensive style of portraits, and that those who do buy the former will have the sense to not make them too prominent a feature of home adornment, nor yet to overpower them with frames, the costliness and beauty of which renders them of far greater interest than the pictures they inclose. The increase in knowledge and appreciation of art works will also go far toward precluding the possibility of a return to the old-time daubs, and it is reasonable to assume that the number of portraits not having some positive merit, which find their way into our homes, will be exceedingly small. The class of so-called artists who painted portraits in much the same spirit as modern sign writers execute an order, has also passed away, and their place has been taken by men who have a reputation to sustain, and who think more of producing a work satisfactory to themselves than of the praise they are to receive for it. With better artists to do the work and better taste on the part of those ordering it, portraits in oil are likely to be infinitely superior to what the majority of them were at one time, and in place of being eyesores will be something to admire and value.

Art Matters in General.

THE decorations on a very handsome vase shown at Eichbaum's are the work of Miss B. Doerflinger. One side shows a classically draped female figure, while the reverse is adorned with a floral design in colors outlined with gold.

MR. GEORGE HETZEL is busily engaged painting woodland scenes, having quite a number under way that are said to be most pleasing. There are few artists, either here or elsewhere, who paint this class of subjects with greater fidelity to nature than Mr. Hetzel.

THE Erwin Davis collection, a splendid lot of paintings, is to be sold in New York on the 19th and 20th of the present month. Works by the most famous artists in the world are included in this collection, among others Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Bastien-Lepage and Courbet.

IN the death of Alexander Cabanel France has lost one of her best painters and teachers. Like most others who have become famous in art, Cabanel was born poor, and the eminence which he eventually attained was due to native talent, energy and hard work. His style was distinctive and original, so much so that there is probably no other painter who can completely fill the place left vacant by his death.

ANOTHER pleasant little picture, bearing the signature, "E. A. Poole," has been shown in Boyd's window. The subject is a scene on Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia, and shows a sloping beach, partially covered with herbage, and a glimpse of the sea beyond. This picture is of a rather quiet, subdued tone of color, is fairly well handled, and being unpretentious, is pleasing and effective.

MR. A. S. WALL can paint a strong picture when he wants to, and occasionally he does want to and goes to work and does it. His latest production in this line is a landscape, showing an effect in late autumn, and it is a very striking and original work. Mr. Wall has not placed this picture upon exhibition, but it occupies a retired nook in the Gillespie gallery, where those interested may obtain a glimpse of it.

A PICTURE, which Mr. C. Bersch is engaged upon, bids fair to prove one of the most notable works ever turned out by a Pittsburg artist. The subject is the interior of a jury room, as it might appear when 11 of the men have already reached a conclusion and are endeavoring to induce the remaining one to agree with them. The 12 men are all different types of character and of various nationalities, and their attitudes are characteristic of their individual natures and the conditions under which they are seen. Mr. Bersch is executing this work in monochrome as he intends to have photogravures of it published, which indicates that he is an artist of a very progressive temperament, and those who will do his part in giving to the fine arts their due importance even among the more prosaic and material interests which so nearly concern the residents of this locality.

MR. C. BERSCH is at present engaged upon a rather extensive and elaborate painting, and one that will no doubt add greatly to the already favorable reputation which he enjoys. As it is his intention to have photogravures of this work published it will assuredly largely increase the extent of territory over which his name is known, tending to give him something of a national reputation. This picture shows the interior of a jury room, with the 12 jurors, each in characteristic attitude. It is evident that 11 of them have reached a conclusion and are endeavoring to bring the remaining one round to their way of thinking. The twelfth juror, a square-jawed, low-browed individual, in whom the brute instinct of bulldog pertinacity is plainly seen to prevail, is seated by a table looking upward at a tall, slender and rather nervous-looking man who is earnestly expostulating with him. Two of the men are carrying on a somewhat animated conversation between themselves, while the rest are lounging about in various attitudes more or less expressive of idleness and weariness. One of them has fallen asleep at the table, another is seen lazily watching the rings of smoke he has just puffed from his cigar; a rather powerfully built man stands by the stove with his back directed toward the stubborn juror. Each person in the composition is of a distinctive character, and fits well into his proper place in the picture. Altogether this is a work which reflects credit on its author, and is an addition to the list of notable pictures which have lately been turned out in this city.

IT requires money to form a collection of fine pictures, and when a fine collection is offered for sale it usually realizes quite a handsome sum, as is evidenced by the recent auction of those belonging to Mr. James H. Stebbins, at Chickering Hall, New York. The collection is not regarded as a particularly fine one, but the 80 pictures of which it consisted were disposed of for the sum of $162,550. Some of the most valuable works brought high figures; a few of the more important may be noted as follows: "The Game Lost," size 13½x10½, by Meissonier, $26,300; and "The Stirrup Cup," a work by the same artist, 3¼x4¾, $7,100. "Mollere Breakfasting with Louis XIV. at Versailles," a canvas, 16¼x29½, by Gerome, brought $12,500. Another Gerome entitled "L'Eminence Grise," 25x21, sold for $13,700. A work by Bibert, 27x36, entitled, "Scene at a Spanish Diligence Station," realized the sum of $9,100. "Levying Contributions," 12x15, by Zamacois, $7,200. "Normandy Cattle," a 6x12 canvas, by Troyon, sold for $3,050. Works by Fortuny, Alma-Tadema and Bouguereau brought, respectively, $6,500, $6,100 and $4,600. "The Captain of the Guard," a little 7x10 water color, by Meissonier, found a purchaser at $3,400. The balance of the pictures were sold at various prices below $5,000, with the exception of a little landscape by Daubigny, which brought $5,100. The above are not regarded as high-priced p