## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE --- SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

From the Times-Herald.

# Notes of an Interview With John Ruskin.

Rev. James Hughes, of This City, Describes a Visit to the Charming Home of England's Greatest Writer of Prose.

#### Written for The Tribune.

It was my good fortune several years ago while residing in the North of England to be invited by John Ruskin, the great art critic of Great Britain, to spend a few hours with him at his private residence which is called "Brantwood," and is situated on the margin of Coniston lake in the English Lake district.

That was an interview which I shall never forget for his personal appearance, his urbanity of manners, his peculiarly interesting conversational powers, made an indelible impression on my mind.

As it is well known that the Americans are great admirers of Professor Ruskin and that his works are widely read in this country .I am inclined to believe that the constituency of The Tribune will gladly receive a few items of information in reation to this great scholar and thinker, which have not been made known to the general public.

#### MR. RUSKIN'S HOME.

On the day and at the hour, he was good enough to name, 1 proceeded to his residence. Mr. Ruskin met me in the hall, and after a very cordial shake of the hand, gave ma a most hearty welcome to "Brantwood." The building itself is not very large nor very attractive except to an antiquarian, but its situation is lovely. It nestles among the green woods for which Coniston is famous. At the rear and on either side of the house, are tall trees with far spreading boughs, and were at that time of the year adorned with the richest foliage of variagated hues. which under the influence of a gentle breeze presented a gorgeous picture of exquisite beauty. In front is a lawn of rich green grass sloping down from the house, at the end of which is a pleasant walk, and just below that the blue rippling waters of the placid lake.

When received by Mr. Ruskin I was at once conducted into his library. It was not a very large room, but it was most richly furnished with books and all the appliances you might expect to find in the library of such a celebrated scholar. Not only were there many books of the very highest order, but they were all bound in the choicest style and quality. After taking a generai survey of this room my host kindly printed out some of the special features of some of his paintings, and gave me a synopsis of his most favorite books.

## RUSKIN IN CONVERSATION.

1 was then asked to take a seat at a small round table on which were soon placed some light refreshments. While here Mr. Ruskin spoke very freely, and with evident intimate acquaintance of the leading men of the principal denominations of Christians in England, both of past ages and the present generation. He referred to the late Mr. Spurgeon in very commendatory terms, and of the Rev. H. Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, he said: "Mr. Brown is ing a good work among the working classes." During the conversation on this subject the name of John Bunyan variety of plants and flowers. Here was introduced, when suddenly and the professor stood and picked a flowwith considerable earnestness he in. or or two and delivered a most inter-

sir, the membership will be very lim ited." At which he very pleasantly made answer: "Yes, I believe it will be somewhat select myself."

Mr. Ruskin then proceeded to speak of the main objects of the society, which, he said, were twofold, viz., to substitute manual labor for machinery, as far as possible, and to establish in very village and hamlet good, free public libraries, where all men might have access to the best books. Then, rising from his sent, he brought me a book from one of his shelves, beautifully bound, and said, with consider. able emphasis: "Why should I have books like these while so many of my

fellow-men are deprived of them? Such books not only inform the mind, but they train the eye for color and for shades of beauty." The book was covered in crimson velvet. Speaking on the question of health. Mr. Ruskin said "much depends on out

habits and mode of living" and then made the following remark in a very numorous voin: "When I lived in Scot-

land I used to take porridge every day and then I was ruddy and robust, but now you see what a poor dyspeptle man your English beef and mutton have made me."

#### ON RUSKIN'S LAWN.

After giving utterance to this sentence he invited me to take a short walk with him, and while on the lawn which slopes considerably towards the lake he spoke freely and fully about the natural beauty of the English Lake district generally and of Coniston in particular. While on this theme he somewhat abruptly said: "Which of the lakes with its surroundings do you consider the most beautiful, Mr. Hughes?" I replied that I thought the Windermero lake the most beautiful of all, when he said: " consider Coniston the lovellest spot in the whole of the lake district, for these beautiful objects are so clustered together that the eye can with one focus take in an immense variety of form and color." During the time he was thus speaking we were standing at the end of the awn where was an old wooden sent, which was somewhat roughly con-structed and which bore the marks of time and mountain storm. Mr. Ruskin said. "That is called the poet's corner. It is said that Wordsworth used to sit

look in that direction, and I believe

you will agree with me that the vari-ety of form and color is so great and

grand that they surpass everything in

the lake district." I did so, and cer-tainly I must confess, that though I

had visited Coniston many times, I nev-

er saw so many objects of interest and

natural beauty as I did that day under

the direction of this great lover of

nature, the great art critic of England

be seen, even if you do sneer at her be-hind her back and make remarks about her that you never would do if you had any love for your wife and I'll be bound one of them is that letter I wrote that New York agency that offers sio a day for work in your one home smooles from for work in your own home samples free though I'm sure you'd never give me any credit for trying to earn money and heip you along and the other is the letetr I wrote to my old schoolmate Jennie Arm-strong who hinted she was going to come and see us and I told her that we were andecided about moving yet the sly de-celtful minx she thinks I don't know you were engaged to her once pushing herself right in on us the brazen creature and the chances are she'll be here any day and ou carrying those letters around in your cket for weeks after I gave them to you o mail and you sitting up here and tell-ng me about it as if it were of no im-ortance in the world though goodness nows I'm of none myself in this house slaving and scraping and saving to try and help-""

Bixby jumped out of his chair, threw his aper at the lamp, jammed his hat on, and "Mrs. Bixby, I'm going out to look at the airship, When you recover your senses, madam, I will return."

# THE VALUE OF A DOLLAR.

Science of Economy Identity Worked Out. From Youth's Componion.

"If you can demonstrate to me that you in actually relieve distress with a dollar will give you what you want." A rich cynic thus answered a weman who had come to him for aid to help the boor of their city. He hoped to silence her ind send her away. "Will you come with me?" said the wo-

man challenged in this novel manner. The man consented, and in a few min tes the two entered an unsightly tenenent. The lady, who knew her ground, ed the man up two flights of stair into a heerless room. The floor and walls were absolutely barren. The only plece of fur-niture, besides the bed, a chair and a dilapidated table, was a small stove, in which a scant fire was burning.

There was a middle-aged man in the com with two children, each poorly and hinly clad. The few dishes were empty. Destitution could hardly be more com-olete. The woman, accustomed to such oathetic sights, soon learned what was ost needed, and from long experience

ie knew just what to purchase. "Please wait," she said to the rich man, while I run around to the store." Full of compassion for this mute sufferng, the gentleman waited. In a quarter an hour a large grocer's basket filled the brim, was brought into the room. soon the little stove threw out comfortng heat, and the odor of food gave grateul cheer.

"Do you think this charity well be towed?" asked the woman, as they left. "Indeed, I do," came the answer, with a spicious tremor in the voice, "Well, here is the list." He took it and there frequently and view for hours at cad. We quote it word for word: the time the surrounding scenery. Take a scat there just a moment, and

25 pounds coal ..... 2 bundles kindling ..... Half pound tea ..... 15 2 loaves bread ..... 2 pounds catmeal ..... 2 ponds beef for stew ..... 10 Measure potatoes ...... quart mlik ..... Small bag salt ..... 1 box matches ..... 

Moving gently along the green sward ve came to the other angle of the lawn Without hesitation the man of money where on the top of an old wall, and ok a dollar bill and handed it to the from between the stones there grew cool woman, and the next day she re-elved his check for a thousand like it. The knowledge of what \$1 can actually Here omplish to relieve distress and bring priness to the poor may restrain our ing of the Counts Egmont and Horn in

# ma I gave you to mail last Friday asking her to see Aunt Susan and get that skirt pattern I loaned her last week and a copy of that recipe for cough syrup that did Johnny so much good, and to come and stay a week or so with us, as I need her arsistance in selecting shades for the sit-ting room, as they are faded and not fit to be seen even if you do succe at her her **Bloodiest** Man In All History.

The methods of warfare employed by

General Weyler, commander of the Span-

ish forces, have been of such extreme and

unusual barbarity that the world has looked on in horror-stricken amagement.

and finally death without trial.

omputation. After a single defeat of his

throops he seized and beheaded eighteen

nobles in revenge; yet did he continually

omplain of the people's ingratitude for its elemency, and this after his behead-

Those are sample acts of the blood-thirsty soldier of Spain in the sixteenth

century. It would be well to let it lie un-remembered were not a revival of those

Acts XXVI, 19-32.

BY J. E. GILBERT, D. D., LL. D.,

ances. (Verse 25). This incident illus-trates the attitude of many persons of lim-ited spiritual insight to whom the narra-

tives of the Gospel appear to he but the vagaries of disordered minds. (I Cor.

VERITIES .- Having briefly replied to

the governor. Feul turned to the king for confirmation of his statements. (Verse 25)

For the moment apparently indifferent

to the charge of insanity he was unwilling that any doubt should remain concerning the history of Christ. He knew that

Agrippa was well informed on the subject, He had read Moses and the prophets and he had heard from many witnesses some of the facts related by Paul, Besides, the wonderful life of the Nazarene was not

passed in an obscure corner. He was well known to that generation. The story of His deeds had been published far and

wide; and the lustre of His character and the wisdom of His words had attracted the attention of the good and and the

wise. The appeal was therefore timely. Agrippa sat in silence, thereby acknowledging to all present that the apostle's

PERSUASION,-The question of ve-racity and reliability being settled the thread of the argument was resumed at

the point where it had been broken, but

in a more direct and personal manner, "Dost thou believe the prophets?" Paul inquired of the king. Receiving no reply he added, "I know that thou believest." (Verse 27). Apprehending the purpose of the subscripts and and a state of the

the question and amused at the en-thusiastic earnestness which could even for a moment hops to make him a con-

vert, Agrippa spoke for the first time dur-ing the interview. The common version represents him as saying that he was al-

locetice.

utterances were true

1, 23).

# General Weyler Compared to the Duke of Alva, a Predecessor in the Spanish Army.

orn from their mother's breasts to have their brains dashed out with the butt of a musket or split in twain with a machete, were the mothers not coidly murdered or cust into slimy Spanish dungeons. The Duke of Alva was the prince of fiends of Doubts have been expressed if his equal ils time and generation. Has he not a worthy successor now in Cuba? WEYLER'S CRIMES.

## Valeriano Weyler is a worthy exponent

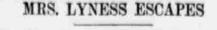
in cold-blooded ferceity ever lived. A search into history, though, finds such a man in the past of the nation that sent Weyler to Cuba. of the teachings of his once predecessor. A brief outline of his career will tell his Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duse of Alva, was born in 1568, and died in 1582. In barbarous cruelty he was Weyler's equal. His family prided itself on its destory of fieldish butchery. He was born in 1839 of Prussian father and Spanish mother. From 1859 to 1872 he was a capscent from the Byzantine emperors. One of the duke's ancestors conquered Tolesio tain in the Scanish army in Cuba The his name first became hated and despised and then he made enemies who even to and took its name to his family. He was and took its name to his taimity. He was reared in arms and at the age of 16 fought at the battle of Fontarabia. He was taught to despise a non-bellever in the church of Rome, and his hatred was the cause of a thirst for blood that distin-His orders in Cuba have gone beyond huguished his life. He exemplified the spirit of middle age chivalry, and at one time man endurance; no one may leave his own home under pain of torture and death, and an expression of sympathy for rode his horse at top speed from Hungary to Spain for no other cause than a hurried visit to his young bride. To patience and prisoners or the Cuban cause, or an ad-verse expression regarding him or his cunning he united a ferocity and thirst for blood scarcely human. No such words as pity or mercy had any place in his voarmy, means death without trial, No statistics can be secured in order to com pare the actual number of innocent procabulary. In manner he was cold and haughty, and more unapproachable than his imperial master, Philip. ple who have died at his hand or by his order with the 18,000 murdered by the Duke of Alva, but during the two years The Dutch iconoclasts having aroused the ire of Philip II., this bloody duke was sent to the Netherlands in 1567 with 16,000 of the war in Cuba, it is not unlikely that he has given the carlier butcher a close race for bloody precedent. trained troops. His name became a ter-ror in the land, and cruelties and barbar-

#### WEYLER'S BARBARITY.

whether or not the sum total outous tortures marked his occupation of the country. Women and children were not exempt from the reign of blood and terival Alva, it is certain that for fiendish It is cortain this Prusso-Spaniard stands without a peer. Fancy, if you can, a mother and father fiel to trees and com-pelled to witness the hacking to pleces of their two sons, while afterward their ror, and the indignities to which they were subjected are too horrible to relate He established the "Council of Blood," which had for its object the investigation into all cases of suspected heresy, and thousands of people were put to torture two daughters were stripped, forced to dance before their captors, and finally, by Weyler's orders, be ravished until they died, while the inhuman wretch who gave the orders sat by and looked on. Weyler SLAUGHTERED 18,000 PERSONS. To defend the country against this loody despotism, William of Orange ors charged with a list of barbaric crimer that defy comparison. He takes few prisoners, and it is his delight to come ganized an army and sought Alva in open conflict, but the latter, knowing that by a battle he had nothing to gain and much upon a camp of wounded or sick Cubans and put them to the machete. They dig to lose, avoided a meeting by a series of strategic movements. William, losing the support of the people and being unable to no graves, and in a few days the buzzard picked bones are bleaching in the sun. He wages his war upon women and children, pay his troops, was forced to retire from the country. While Alva defeated the and rarely chooses a conflict where one can be avoided. Alva lived in an age when darkness covered the world, when Dutch patriots in war, he failed to subdue or pacify them, and disgusted with this failure and with the intrigues among barbarism in war was expected, but Wey ler is of the nineteenth century, an age of enlightenment. He is small in stature his followers he secured his recall to Spain in 1573. During the six years of his occupancy of the Netherlands he boasted and equally small in intellect. His primal characteristic is ambition, and no factor that he had put to death more than 18,009 of humanity, justice or mercy plays any persons, askie from those killed in battle and dying from crueltles inflicted upon part when the satisfaction of this purpose is at stake.

them. At the sack of Haarlem 300 men were field by twos and back to back and thrown into the lake. At Zutphen 500 SHOOTS PRISONERS IN THE BACK. Weyler does not tie men together and drown them. No, not Weyler! He chooses tore perished in like manner. In appearance this inhuman duke was for them a worse fate; he chains them to-gether by the neck, faces them against a tall, very slender, with cavernous cheeks, blank wall and has them shot in the back dark, sparkling eyes, and a thin, flowing beard of silver. As a wretch who would It is known that upon one occasion he went into a cell and with an immense win victory at any price, whose heart had no feeling of humanity, and to whom the club beat into insensibility some twenty prisoners who, half starved, were unable sufferings of his victims appealed not in to defend themselves. All of them died the least, he stands unparalleled, un-mourned; hated and despised more than from the treatment. Loathsome dung-cons, in which the tide enters, and where three centuries after the grave closed the atmosphere soon sickens and kills. are one of his favorite modes of torture, but he is not averse to adding a diet of Before leaving Holland Alva assured the people that every city would be burned, save a few which were to be permanently garrisoned. His list of murders is beyond salt fish and no water, until the poor vid

tim dies a raving maniac. A comparison of these two-Alva and Weyler-leaves one with the impression



## The Hospital and a Fearful Operation.

Hospitals in great cities are sad places to visit. Threefourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds, are women and girls.

Why should this be the case ?

Because they have neglected themselves! Women as a rule attach too little importance to first symptoms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but ] they cannot replace their internal organs!

Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down feelings, pain at the right or the left of the womb, nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the " blues," or some other unnatural symptom, but they did not heed them.

Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations! Build up the female organs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you.

The following letter shows how Mrs. Lyness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says to Mrs. Pinkham :

"I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I flowed constantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks. then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to undergo an operation. Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and

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after one week I began to recover and steadily improved until I was cured completely.' By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."-Mna Tnos. LYNESS, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.



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quired, "And which of Bunyan's works sir, do you consider the best?" Such question from such an able critic caused me to pause for a moment and then replied, saying that I considered the "Pilgrim's Progress" the best of his works, "No doubt," said Mr, Rus-"and ninety-nine out of every hundred would say the same, but I must say that I prefer his 'Holy War.' remember reading it with great avidity when I was a lad, and it made an indelible impression on my mind,"

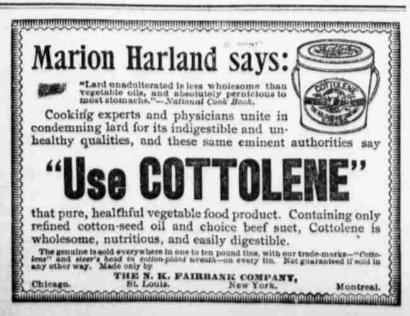
Conversation was now directed into other channels and to other subjects, At this stage I took the liberty to ask the professor a question in reference to the "Stones of Venice," one of his first published books. Immediately he lifted up his eyes and in tones of apparent astonishment he inquired: "Why, what do you want to know about the 'Stones of Venice' for? I did not expect that any gentleman in England ever thought anything about that book in these days." When I informed him that my inquiry was the result of a very able critique on the book, which I had recently read, Mr. Ruskin said, with a pleasant smile on his face: "Wherein did you see the critique? Strange to say," he continued, "I never read a newspaper, but my niece here (refering to Mrs. Sev-erns) tells me that the outside world

are saying that John Ruskin has gone mad." As soon as I informed him that the review of his book to which 1 referred had been written by the late Rev. T. W. Robertson, of Brighton, England, he at once told me the object he had in view when he wrote the "Stones of Venice" was purely political, and he proceeded to give me an epitome of the book in an uninter-rupted flow of elegant phraseology and rich diction, which lasted for about ten minutes.

#### THE ST. GEORGE SOCIETY.

Leaving the question of books, we conversed about a society which Professor Ruskin had established some years before in the city of Oxford, which had given rise to some private explosive comment and no small amount of newspaper correspondence. It was called "the St. George Society," Among ing

other things I asked him if he would be good enough to tell me what the qualifications for membership were, and what were the main object of the and what were the main object of the society. He at once replied: "The qualifications for membership are, a belief in God and honesty all round." Whereupon I ventured to say, "I fear,



esting dissertation on botany. He then ands from foolish extravagance. In the public square in Brussels after a mockery of a trial in which no defense handed me a small flower and said: hese days, when honest poverty is crowd-ng about us, it is nothing less than cruel was permitted. "The literal m-aning of the botanical name of this flower is 'stone breaker, o throw too many of our dollars away for urely selfish loxuries. Extravagant exhave decided to write a book on otany in which I shall give English ditures hold the germs of disaster. In names to all the plants and flowers heir full fruitage they give birth to effem-nancy, lower n oral standards, stimulate bloody scenes being enacted now in Cuba; that I may attempt to describe."

envy, and incite social and political revo-ution. were innocent men not the victims daily of a remorseless autocrat; were babes not After a pleasant saunter in that love-ly spot we returned to the house, and I on left for my home full of gratitude and delight. Never will I forget what I saw and heard at "Brantwood" on Sunday School Lesson for October 24.

that auspicious occasion. The kindness and affability of John Ruskin made me feel at perfect case in his presence: and his masterly treatment of the many subjects of our conversation not only excited feelings of admiration, but greatly enriched my mind. I believe I shall carry with me to the end of my life, pleasing and grateful recollections of my interview with the great John Ruskin, at his charming retreat on Coniston lake. James Hughes.

### **GUESSED IT TOO QUICLY.**

### Mr. Bixby Will Try No More Puzzles immediate tria<sup>1</sup> of a prisoner, but laid down no rule as to the termination of a trial. Taking advantage of this lead de-trial. Taking advantage of this lead deon His Wife.

From the San Francisco Post.

trial. Taking advantage of this legal de-fect Felix confined Paul two full years in the Herodian palace, sending for him at There was nothing special to take Bixby down town the other night, so he decided to stay at home and give Mrs. Bixby the rare treat of his company for the even

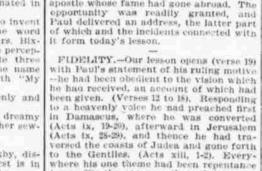
left him bound. (Acts xxiv, 26-27). Fes. While glancing over the paper, as she sat sewing. Bixby thought how happy she must be at being allowed to bask in his tus, his successor, a more honorable ruler, ordered an early hearing of the case, but when it was proposed to transfer the trial to the ecclesiastical court at Jerusalem resence, and later on, in a burst of ami-ble generosity, he decided to even bestow upon her an intelectual treat, e had, after reading the advertisemenis, cast his eye upon the puzzle column of the Paul appealed to Caesar, Shortly after King Agrippa came to Caesarea to pay his respects to the new proconsul, and expressed a desire to see and hear the apostle whose fame had gone abroad. The aper, and the thought was born in him pring upon her a puzzle originated in is own head.

After long study he concluded to invent an enigma, e decided upon the word "Poe," an casy one, suited to Mrs. Bixby's ferninine and therefore feeble percep-tions. The enimga was to recite three-words in which the letters of the name

are found and to wind up with "My whole is a well-known poet." "Clara," said Mr. Bixby, suddenly and

Mrs. Bixby started out of her dreamy state of mind and almost dropped her gew-

What is it, dear "she asked. "I have three letters," said Bixby, dis-tinctly and impressively, "My first is in "pocket," but not in "box," my\_\_\_\_"



(verse 20), the same as that of John the Baptist (Matt. 11, 2), and of Jesus. (Mark 15). At that time all men believed in the 1. 15) At that this and admitted the duty of supernatural, and admitted the duty of all to head every communication from the invisible world. (Acts xxiii, 5). And yet Paul's fidelity awakened the ill-will of the Jews (verse 1), because his vision and preaching reflected upon them, and made Jesus, whom they had cructiled, a living and Divine Saviour and King. Hence they laid their hands on him in the temple and saviour to kill him.

emple and sought to kill him.

TESTIMONY .- The anostle next calls attention to the fact that the wicked de-signs of the Jews had not interfered with signs of the Jews had not interfered with his mission. The interposition of Roman officials (Acts xxl. 33), he regarded as help sent from God. While a prisoner he had continued his testimony for Christ, speaking both to great and small. (Verse 22). In these addresses he had simply unfolded the productions of Scripture, showing that what Moses and the proph-ets foretold had actually come to mass ets forefold had actually come to (John v, 29). He had endeavored to prove that the Messiah was not to be a temporal ruler, as the Jews supposed, but that He would suffer, rise from the dead, and give light to the people. (Verse 23). Here was the very point of difference between Jews and Christians. The former expected one who would sit upon the throne of David and set up the government of Israel upon its ancient basis. (Acts II, 30). The lat-ter believed that a spiritual prince in the person of Jesus had already come. (Matt, st, 28).

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