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THOS. A. BUCKLEY,  
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One of the most striking things in the truly remarkable Eastern war is the success of the medical and surgical treatment of the Japanese troops. The Surgeon-General reports a death rate of only four per cent. among the wounded who were brought under the care of the surgeons.

There is a pretty sharp point in an illustrated squib in the Harlem Life. A well-dressed lady and gentleman, the lady with a bird on her hat, are walking along a country road. On a branch of a tree sits an oriole, with several young orioles by her side. And as she sees the lady she is represented as saying: "Look, my children! There goes the monster that wears your poor father!"

The Massachusetts Board of Conciliation and Arbitration reports that the strikes in that State last year were numerous, but generally unsuccessful, and that those called successful entailed more loss than gain to the workmen. The results of arbitration were favorable to all concerned, but it seems that both parties to a labor controversy will seldom agree to so calm and reasonable a method of settling a dispute.

It seems by the following extract from the Union Signal that Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of the President, is a "loyal friend of the temperance cause," but not a member of the W. C. T. U.: "The announcement telegraphed by some unauthorized person to the effect that Mrs. Cleveland has joined the W. C. T. U. is, so far as our President knows, utterly without foundation. Mrs. Cleveland is a loyal friend of the temperance cause, but we have never heard of her joining any organization."

In the Baltimore News it is estimated that the South spends annually \$100,000,000 for products, horse and mules, which could be raised with greater profit in that section than elsewhere. The bulk of this vast sum goes to the West to pay for grain and meats. Before the war the South raised its own corn and provisions, and an agitation has been started to return to that custom. If less cotton were produced and more acreage devoted to other crops, the finances of Southern farmers would be in better shape at the end of a season.

W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, says in Harper's Magazine that in all the schools of the United States, public and private, elementary, secondary, and higher, there were enrolled in the year 1894 about fifteen and one-half millions of pupils. This number includes all who attended at any time in the year for any period, however short. But the actual average attendance for each pupil did not exceed ninety days, although the average length of the school session was 137. Sixty-nine pupils were enrolled out of each 100 of the population between the ages of five and eighteen years. At this rate of attendance the entire population is receiving on an average a little less than four and one-half years' schooling of 200 days each. In some States this average falls as low as two years, and in others it rises to nearly seven years (as in Massachusetts). Out of this entire number deduct the private and parochial schools of all kinds, elementary, secondary, higher, and schools for art, industry, and business, for defective classes and Indians, and there remain over thirteen and one-half millions for the public school enrolment, or nearly eighty-eight per cent. of the whole. In the twenty-four years since 1870 the attendance on the public schools has increased from less than seven millions to thirteen and one-half millions. The expenditures have increased somewhat more, namely, from sixty-three millions to one hundred and sixty-three millions of dollars per annum, an increase from \$1.64 per capita to \$2.47.

Chicago has averaged one suicide a day this year.

Scientists predict that in a century's time there will be no disease that is not curable.

The emigration from Ireland last year is the lowest recorded since the collection of returns commenced in 1851.

Probably the most complete series of court records in America are said to be those of Northampton County, Virginia. The series commences from 1692 and is complete up to the present time.

Dr. Richardson, a famous English physician, thinks that seven out of ten would reach the age of 110 if they would keep cheerful, take proper exercise, be temperate in their habits and sleep enough. He does not regard the stomach as a factor of longevity.

What will be known as serum therapeutics—i. e., the treatment of diseases by the injection of serum that has been "immunized"—is likely to be extended to other diseases than lockjaw, hydrophobia and diphtheria, remarks the New York Independent. A series of highly interesting experiments has lately been conducted by no less than six of the progressive doctors of the day, in the treatment of pneumonia by serum with satisfactory results, and it is quite certain that these experiments will be carried still further.

A writer in the Overland Monthly has seriously proposed the introduction of the kangaroo in this country to take the place of the now practically extinct buffalo as a food supply on the Western plains. It is urged that the kangaroo is hardy, easily acclimated, domesticated without difficulty, breeds easily in captivity, is cheaply maintained, has a large amount of excellent and very edible flesh, is valuable as a fur and leather producer and can be cheaply and easily procured.

It is ruled by the postal authorities that any reduction of the size of a postal card by clipping, rounding off the corners or otherwise, will subject the receiver of the card to a charge of one cent on delivery. This makes the cost of a postal card equivalent to letter postage. Many persons enclose postal cards to correspondents in envelopes too small, and imagine that a little clipping won't make any difference. Others round off the corners for ornamental purposes or convenience in handling. But the practice is wrong.

The private carrying of pistols in England appears to have reached the proportions of a menace and a nuisance, and Lord Carmarthen recently introduced a bill in Parliament to regulate the conditions under which that dangerous instrument may be sold, and define those under which it may be carried. The object of the bill was to keep it out of the hands of roughs and minors, and in a general way to discourage the practice, except where it was manifestly necessary. It provides that the vendor must take out a license, and that the pistols must be consecutively numbered, so that they can be at any time identified. The buyer's name must be registered, and he must not be a convict or a ticket-of-leave man, or under eighteen years of age. It contains other rather stringent interdictions, showing that the abuse which it sought to rectify had grown into considerable proportions.

A company has just been incorporated at Springfield, Ohio, for the discovery of the heirs of the vast Holmes estate in England, said to be worth \$400,000,000. It was left by James Holmes, a South Sea trader, and William Himrod, of New York, is said to be one of the heirs. The odds are 100 to one that there is no such estate, declares the Atlanta Constitution. Similar announcements are made from time to time, and thousands of people in this country have been led by unscrupulous swindlers. There are no estates in England worth millions of dollars awaiting American claimants. Our ministers and consuls have frequently made this statement, but it has no effect. Just so long as people love money and lack common sense and information they will be the victims of the lawyers and agents who work the unclaimed estate racket. In the past few years it has been announced that various persons in Georgia were attempting to recover million-dollar inheritances in Europe. Not one ever succeeded. They spent what money they could spare on the agents who were swindling them, and that was the last of it. People hunting big estates, as a rule, will have to accumulate them by their own efforts.

## HE TOOK TIME TO DIE.

There was an old fellow who never had time for a fresh morning look at the Volume sublime,  
Who never had time for the soft hand of prayer  
To smooth out the wrinkles of labor and care,  
Who could not find time for that service most sweet

At the altar of home where the dear ones all meet,  
And never found time with the people of God  
To learn the good way that the fathers have trod;

But he found time to die,  
Oh, yes!  
He found time to die.

This busy old fellow, too busy was he  
To linger at breakfast, at dinner or tea  
For the merry small chatter of children and wife.

But led in his marriage a bachelor life;  
Too busy for kisses, too busy for play,  
No time to be loving, no time to be gay,  
No time to replenish his vanishing health,  
No time to enjoy his swift-fathering wealth;

But he found time to die;  
Oh, yes!  
He found time to die.

This beautiful world had no beauty for him;  
Its colors were black and its sunshine was dim.

No leisure for woodland, for river, or hill,  
No time in his life just to think and be still,  
No time for his neighbors, no time for his friends,

No time for those highest immutable ends  
Of the life of a man who is not for a day,  
But, for worse or for better, for ever and aye.

But, for worse or for better, for ever and aye,  
He found time to die?  
Oh, yes!  
He found time to die.

—Amos R. Wells, in Harper's Weekly.

## FIVE BLACK MARKS.

HE most miserable time I ever had in my life," said Dr. Macpherson one day as we sat chatting in his cosy drawing room, "was spent in a gunboat off the coast of Guinea. I began my professional life as a surgeon in the navy, you know."

I did not know. But as the Doctor seemed intent on telling the story I did not interrupt him by saying so.

"We had been cruising about in the Mediterranean," he went on, "when we were unexpectedly ordered to the Bay of Lagos to overawe some miserable little tribe near the coast which had not been behaving itself as a properly regulated little tribe under the protection of the British Empire ought to do. Kakoga's tribe, it was called, and Kakoga came in for a good share of honest abuse from the officers and men of the Dragon-fly, when our orders came. The worst of it was, as far as the officers and men were concerned, that we were not at unity among ourselves. The engineer, called Lashton, had been disappointed in love, and was naturally morose in consequence. What made him more so was the fact that his successful rival was the Sub-Lieutenant, an awfully nice fellow, and the only man on board that I cared for. Lieutenant Gilby had met Miss Callan at Malta, and had become engaged to her without the least idea that the engineer had intentions that way, not that it would have made any difference to him if he had, I suppose. Lashton's unreciprocated emity against him made life on board pretty unpleasant, and divided us into two cliques. The Lieutenant's clique, consisting of himself and me, certainly had the liveliest time of it, for the successful suitor of Miss Callan was the merriest fellow on earth, and while we were in the Mediterranean we suffered very little from the engineer's hostility. But directly we steamed off for Lagos a most remarkable change came over my friend, and he turned as taciturn as Lashton himself.

"It puzzled me to discover the reason, for though we were all sorry to leave the Mediterranean, still it was not like Gilby to sulk over it. He could not see less of his fiancée than he had been doing for two or three months, and we had the prospect before us of a small fight, for which he had been wishing. Lashton suggested to me in his sinister way that it was the prospect of fighting which caused the change in my friend, and though I answered the suggestion in the tone it deserved, still it seemed the only explanation.

"Gilby said, when I asked him, that it was the weather, and the irritation with which he answered prevented me continuing my inquiries, and made me more than ever convinced that it was 'funk,' and a very severe form of the disease, too. In fact, he took very little pains to conceal it.

"I hope to goodness that I shall not have to go on shore," he said, when we had nearly reached our destination. "I wish the Commander would lead the party, and leave me here to look after the ship."

"It is not likely," I answered, gruffly, and I was glad that Lashton was not about to overhear him. I answered his next suggestion more gruffly still.

"I suppose you would not like to certify that I ought to be on the sick list, would you, Macpherson?" he asked me, hesitatingly.

"I refused flatly.

"If he had told me the true reason of his fear I might have acted differently, for he looked ill enough, poor fellow! His face had grown quite white and was since we started.

"It looked whiter still next day when he had to go in command of a landing party, which I accompanied, of course.

"When we were fairly embarked on

the enterprise, his one idea seemed to be to get it over with all possible speed, and the haste with which he advanced to Kakoga's country would have been impossible if the men under him had not themselves been so anxious to get into action, and introduce a little change into the monotony of life on a gunboat.

"However, the change was less than the majority of the blue-jackets hoped for, the miserable little tribe did not show fight, and our business was accomplished. In five days from the time we left the Dragon-fly we were back again, none the worse for our trip, except that we were all wore out by Gilby's forced marches.

"The Lieutenant seemed more exhausted than any of us, and as soon as he had received the congratulations of the Commander, he retired at once to his berth. What surprised me was that his spirits did not show any improvement after the chance of fighting was at an end. It seemed to me as if he were still expecting some calamity to happen to him, and I began to wonder whether there might not be something seriously wrong with his health to account for all that had surprised me in his manner. This explanation, which had not occurred to me while there was any real danger, struck me forcibly, now that we were safe on the gunboat, and, as soon as I had enjoyed the luxury of a bath after my five days of discomfort, I strolled down to the Lieutenant's cabin to have a look at him in the new light of a patient.

"The door of my friend's cabin was ajar as I approached it, and when I glanced into the room before knocking, I was surprised to catch sight of Engineer Lashton standing by the side of the Lieutenant's bunk.

"The fact of Lashton's emity for my friend was so undisputed that the sight of his figure in his enemy's cabin I felt quite justified in watching what was going on before making my presence known. Gilby was lying across his bunk, half undressed and apparently fast asleep. The engineer was standing over him with a bottle of some black fluid in his hand. While I watched, he made five small marks with it on the sleeping man's arm. The operation seemed such a mysterious and inexplicable one that I watched him till he put the cork back into the bottle, without moving a step to interfere with the man, but I pounced upon him as he turned to leave the cabin.

"What on earth have you been doing?" I asked, unceremoniously, and the fellow seemed rather taken aback.

"It is only a practical joke," he said, with a feeble attempt to smile unconcernedly.

"Joke or no joke, I demand to see what is in that bottle," I said authoritatively, my mind full of mysterious poisons, and the engineer handed it over tamely.

"The bottle contained nothing but ink."

"Ink!" I exclaimed, when the great brain specialist reached this point in his narrative, and Macpherson smiled in the peculiarly quiet way he has when he has perfectly mystified a hearer.

"Yes, ordinary ink," he went on. "The discovery naturally made me feel rather foolish, but not so much as it would have done if I had not been convinced still that his action was in some way a malicious one. What his idea could be, however, it was impossible for me to divine, and I felt so serious about it that I should have roused my friend at once to enquire how five black marks on his arm could possibly affect his happiness, if he had not looked so thoroughly worn out and in need of sleep. As soon as Lashton was gone, I left the cabin at once for fear of disturbing the sleeper, without stopping even to try and remove the ink-stains, a piece of stupidity at which I have not ceased to wonder. You see, it was impossible for me to guess how desperately serious the plot was that the engineer had formed against the man whom he considered his rival. I retired to my own cabin opposite Gilby's, keeping the door open to make sure that Lashton did not return to do more mischief, but I made a poor sentry. I was tired out, like the young Lieutenant, through not having my proper amount of rest for four nights, and I fell asleep still wondering about the five black marks.

"When I woke, I do not know how long after, it was to find Gilby standing in my room, half undressed as I had seen him in his bunk, but with his shirt sleeve buttoned up over the ink-stains on his arm. I was too full of sleep, however, to notice the fact at the time, or even to remember for the moment anything about what I had seen. Sleepy as I was, I could not help noticing the look of complete misery and despair on my friend's face. He was standing at the side of my bunk, holding an envelope, and when I started up, rubbing my eyes, he put it into my hand.

"I am glad you are awake, Macpherson," he said, in a strangely constrained tone. "I wanted to ask you to do me a favor. Will you give this letter to Miss Callan personally when you see her? I do not want to take the risk of sending it by the mail."

"But you will see her yourself as soon as I shall," I said, in surprise at the request, and Gilby did not reply. Instead, he turned and walked out of the cabin, leaving me staring at the letter in my hand and wondering what it meant. I was so stupid with sleep still that it took me two minutes to think of any explanation at all. When I did was out of my bunk and running across to the opposite cabin in a second. Just in time, too, for Gilby was in the act of locking his door when I burst it open and rushed in without ceremony. The fact that the young Lieutenant's revolver and in a couple of letters, one of them addressed to me, were lying on the table, served to assure me that my

fears were not ungrounded. The first thing I did was to secure the revolver. Then I turned to my friend.

"What are you going to shoot yourself for?" I demanded, bluntly.

"Gilby made no attempt to deny his intention.

"I am sorry you have disturbed me, Macpherson," he said, with perfect coolness, "because it cannot make any difference."

"And the reason!" I asked, with interest, for the Doctor had paused to light another cigarette. Macpherson blew a whiff of smoke from his mouth, and continued his story.

"I suppose you have never heard of a disease called 'Guinea Madness,' he asked, and when I shook my head, he went on:

"Neither had I, until Gilby told me about it, although I am a doctor. It is one of those strange diseases that limit themselves luckily to a particular district, and is only found among a few tribes along the coast of Guinea. It is generally thought that Europeans cannot take it, but the idea is an erroneous one, or, at any rate, there are exceptions, or Lieutenant Gilby's father died of it, when my friend was a boy of ten. His father was Captain of a trading vessel, and the Lieutenant was accompanying him on a voyage when they called at the Guinea Coast. He therefore saw his father in all the indescribable agony of the disease, which seems more like hydrophobia than anything else, although it is infectious.

"The sight made a great impression on him, and since his constitution was quite similar to his father's, he had always suffered from an almost supernatural terror of the Guinea Coast. He was quite persuaded that if he ever went ashore there he would catch the disease and die like his father. Lashton, it seems, was aware of this monomania of his; for it almost amounted to monomania."

"And he had really caught the disease?" I asked.

Macpherson smiled. "He thought he had. The first symptom is the appearance of small black marks on the arm or leg."—Pall Mall Budget.

## The Rice-Paper Tree.

The rice-paper tree, one of the most interesting of the flora of China, has recently been successfully experimented with in Florida, where it now flourishes, with other sub-tropical and Oriental species of trees and shrubs, says the St. Louis Republic. When first transplanted in American soil the experimenters expressed doubts of its hardiness, fearing that it would be unable to stand the winters. All these fears have vanished, however, and it is now the universal opinion that it is as well adapted to the climate of this country as to that of the famed Flowery Kingdom.

It is a small tree, growing to a height of less than fifteen feet, with a trunk or stem from three to five inches in diameter. Its canes, which vary in color according to season, are large, soft and downy, the form somewhat resembling that noticed in those of the castor bean plant. The celebrated rice paper, the product of this queer tree, is formed of thin slices of the pith, which is taken from the body of the tree in beautiful cylinders several inches in length.

The Chinese workmen apply the blade of a sharp, straight knife to these cylinders, and, turning them round either by rude machinery or by hand, dexterously pare the pith from the circumference to center. This operation makes a roll of extra quality paper, the scroll being of equal thickness throughout. After a cylinder has thus been pared it is unrolled and weights are placed upon it until the surface is rendered uniformly smooth throughout its entire length.

It is altogether probable that if rice paper making becomes an industry in the United States these primitive modes will all be done away with.

## The Chiropodist on Pointed Shoes.

"I am sorry to see a tendency on the part of men to forsake the sharp-pointed shoe that has held the fashion for so long and to return to the broader style of extremity," said a leading chiropodist. "The change, if it come about as I expect it will, will have a pretty substantial effect for the worse upon my business. Two-thirds of the patients who come to me suffering from painful callous growths on their feet are the victims of sharp-toed shoes. There is only one foot in a thousand that can wear such an article with anything like comfort, but the 999 who can't, stand the misery in order to make a pretty pedagogue appearance. The contracted space allowed for the toes in such shoes crowds them together as in a vise, and circulation in their steps and corns and bunions are the result. No one should wear a shoe which does not allow the joints of the toes to work naturally, but it should always fit the foot closely and snugly. A loose shoe is as provocative of corns and other foot ailments as a tight and narrow one."—Washington Post.

## Illustrating What He Meant.

Later day speakers of English are getting to be very wordy and pompous in the use of our language, according to the distinguished linguist, Professor Whitney, and he thinks we ought to get back to the modesty and simplicity of our ancestors. This advice of Professor Whitney is no doubt timely. But in advising us not to use big words and to be clear, pure and simple in diction he employs the following words: "Avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity and ventriloquial verbiage. Shun double entendres and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent. In other words, speak truthfully, naturally, clearly, purely, but do not use large words."—Boston Globe.

## LIFE IN A MONASTERY

ITS HUMOROUS PHASES DEPICTED BY PAINTERS.

New School of Artists That Is Making an Impression on the Public—Gretzner and His Imitators—Monks at Work and at Play.

All Fat and Funny. No little interest has lately been aroused in the study of the system of monasticism, which prevailed to a very considerable extent over most parts of Europe for several hundred years. This interest has been shown by a number of historical works on the subject, which have appeared during the last few months, giving sketches of the rise and decline of the system, together with exceedingly interesting descriptions of what may be called the home



THE MONASTERY KITCHEN.—GUTZNER.

life of the monks. By means of these data we are able to learn much of the manner in which great monasteries grew from humble beginnings; how large companies of ascetics were gathered together by talented and influential ecclesiastics, and how many societies increased, sent out branches and finally grew to such proportions that they numbered their colony houses by hundreds and the members of their order by thousands. The interest alluded to is even more distinctly shown by the attention given to monks and monastic life by some of the most talented artists of the present day, who, from the pen pictures left by writers of a bygone day, have reconstructed the monasteries, and on canvas have reproduced for our edification the daily life of their tenants.

The reason for this interest, as at present manifested, is probably to be found in a better appreciation of the work done by the monastic establishments of the Middle Ages. For a long time the prejudices of writers pro and con, in favor of and against the system, confused the popular mind and left it uncertain whether or not the monasteries had been a good. Some classes were powerfully prejudiced against them, believing them to have been hotbeds of vice, sinks of moral depravity, while others were just as strongly biased in their favor and traced all the good of modern times by one course or another back to the monastic establishments of medieval days. The truth, as in all cases of this kind, is probably to be found on a middle ground. It is probable that many monastic establishments degenerated from the simplicity of their founders, that increasing wealth induced luxurious living, and, possibly, also in some cases deprivation of manners, but, on the other hand, it should not be forgotten that to the monastic establishments is due most of the good which existed during a time when the civilized world was continually at war. For a thousand years monasteries were the only schools, and youth who sought to obtain even the rudiments of education were forced to learn them in a monastery. During those days only two professions were open to the aspiring youth, the Church and the army. A young man of noble birth who desired to make something of himself in the world was obliged either to take the training of a soldier or to enter the Church. The Church and the army were therefore both distinguished by the presence of many able men, who, in one way or another, made their mark upon the age in which they lived. But not a few of those who sought both professions were actuated by no higher motive than the love of plunder or the hope of ease. The adventurous sought

so that prayer and praise in the chapel of the convent should never cease. At frequent intervals the whole body was gathered together for common worship, and even at the most unseasonable hours, as at midnight or 2 o'clock in the morning, the ringing of the convent bell was a signal for all the members of the community to assemble for prayer. In many the austerity of life went still further, and prescribed the simplest and often insufficient raiment. The monk was to live on the plainest fare, and very little of that; fast days were numerous and were rigorously observed, industrial labor of some kind was religiously prescribed and faithfully executed, and the monks of these organizations, while doing the work of day laborers, had only the compensation of knowing that the interests of their society were advanced by their toil.

In many others, however, perhaps in the greater portion of the numerous orders that sprang up in Europe from the tenth century, the mode of life was so lenient that the monks really lived much better than their secular neighbors. This was particularly the case when a monastery became well established, with lands of its own and tenants and laborers by whom most of the work was done. The members of a religious order had a great advantage over their secular neighbors in one very important respect; they were freed from concern for the future. As long as they lived they could be certain of having a roof above their heads and food and clothing for their bodies. Every one who struggles with the world for his livelihood knows how serious are the fears that sometimes arise lest he should be unable to make a living for himself and his family, and of this fear the monks knew nothing. All care removed save that of attending to the day's duties, the members of a religious order naturally felt easy in their minds; as a general thing, good humor prevailed in a convent, and the worthy brethren, having plenty to eat and drink and plenty of time for digestion, naturally grew fat.

Fat men are not always good-humored; good-humored men are not always fat; but in some mysterious way there is a connection between good humor and adipose tissue, and the common belief in this connection cannot better be expressed than by the old proverb which inculcates the duty of "laughing and growing fat." The monks of those orders which were not so rigid in their rules broadened their gowns



A TRIO IN THE MONASTERY.—GUTZNER.

to fit their widening frames, and lengthened the rope girdle that they wore, and more and more of the communities' good fare was daily deposited beneath their ample waists. On fast days they ate fish and vegetables, and under such circumstances fasting could be made very tolerable.

The stern asceticism of the Trappist, while in one sense a proper art subject, is hardly suitable for popular use, for the rigid life practiced by the most abstemious monastic orders does not contain for the popular eye that attraction which pleases. The life of the ascetic may have its picturesque phases to the eye of the artist, but pictures of Trappist devotion are very unlikely to take the popular fancy, for in art, as in literature, few are serious, and he who amuses is more likely to touch the popular fancy than he who aims to instruct. As a rule the artists of the present day who have sought their subjects in the monastic life of bygone times have preferred the gentler aspects of religion, and their pictures show us what may be called the comical phases of monastic life.

The humorous sides of conventional life have attracted the attention of many artists who have delighted in depicting the monks at play and the monks at work. The transcriber in the library, the repasts of the assembled brethren, the music in which they indulged in after lunch, their rambles through the fields, their labors in the garden, their kitchen work, with its busy preparations for the coming meal, even the ridiculous features, the monks at sea-saw enjoying the sport as much as children might, the whole community fishing on Thursday afternoon in order that they might not fast so arduously on the following day, the accidents of daily life even more comical when presented in the case of a monk than when happening to other people, all have received their need of attention, and paintings by the hundreds have been executed within the last few years, both in Germany, France and England, setting forth in a serio-comic style the fun of monastic life. Seldom satirical, rarely caustic, the painters seemed to find a special delight in depicting in kindly fashion the manner in which the old monks lived, and the life of these recluses is through this art medium as well known to us, perhaps even better, than it was to the people of their own time. One of the leaders in this style of art is the famous Gretzner, whose monks are known to every frequenter of a picture gallery, to every collector of art photographs. His monks are the best-natured and among the fattest men in the world.



WHERE THE MONKS USED TO LIVE.

the field, the unassuming and seriously inclined sought the cloister. The monasteries offered the only refuge that age could expect, the only assistance that poverty could claim. Many monasteries had the right of asylum, and a fugitive, or even a criminal, within their walls was safe from his pursuers. The monasteries were the only industrial schools; in them were practiced all the arts, all the sciences known to the time; in them were kept and copied the only works of ancient literature that have come down to our day. They were the only almshouses, the only asylums; in many countries the only inns or lodging places for travelers. They were, in short, the only humanizing factor that Europe had for several hundred years. Great austerity of life was practiced by some of the orders. Designed to mortify the flesh, the order of life prescribed for the monks of these societies was of the most rigid description. Prayer went on incessantly. In some of these establishments the brethren were divided into watches