MAGAZINES OF MIDSUMMER

An Entertaining Collection of Reminiscences, Adventure and Comment.

MARK TWAIN AS A FAKE REPORTER

The Author's Views on the Geary Law—A Curb on the Growth of Cities—The Influx of French-Canadians—Reflections on the Day We Celebrate.

Dan de Quille, one of a number of famous newspaper men who made Nevada famous in the flush days, gives the Californian recollections of Mark Twain. According to Dan, Mark Twain was fond of manufacturing items of the horrible style, but on one occasion he overdid this business, and the disease worked its own cure. He wrote an account of a terrible murder, supposed to be have occurred at "Dutch Nick's," a station on the Carson river, where Empire City now stands. He made a man cut his wife's throat and those of his nine children; after which diabolical deed the murderer mounted his horse, cut his own throat from ear to ear, rode to Carson City (a distance of three and a half miles) and fell dead in front of Pete Hopkins' saloon.

All the California papers copied the item, and several made editorial comment upon it as being the most shocking occurrence of the kind ever known on the Pacific coast. Of course, rival Virginia City papers at once denounced the item as a "cruel and idiotic hoax." They showed how the publication of such "shocking and reckless falsehoods" disgraced and injured the state, and they made it as "sultry" as possible for the Enterprise and its "fool reporter." When the California papers saw all this and found they had been sold, there was a howl from Siskiyou to San Diego. When Mark wrote the item he read it over to me, and I asked him how he was going to wind it up so as to make it plain that it was a mere invention.

"Oh, it is wound up now," was the reply. "It is all plain enough. I have said that the family lived in a little cabin at the edge of the great pine forest near Dutch Nick's, when everybody knows there's not a pine tree within ten miles of Nick's. Then I make the man ride nearly four miles after he has cut his throat from ear to ear, when any fool must see that he would fall dead in a moment."

But the people were all so shocked at first with the wholesale throat cutting that they did not stop to think of these points. Mark's whole object in writing the story was to make the murderer go to Pete Hopkins' saloon and fall dead in front of it—Pete having in some was offended him. I could never quite see how this was to hurt Pete Hopkins. Mark probably meant to insinuate that the murderer had been rendered insane by the kind of liquor sold over the Hopkins' bar, or that he was one of Pete's bosom friends.

Today not a man in a hundred in Nevada can remember anything written by Mark Twain while he was connected with the Enterprise, except this one item in regard to the shocking murder at Dutch Nick's; all else is forgotten, even by his oldest and most intimate friends.

A Thrilling Experience at Sea.

The great four-masted American sailing ship, Shenandoah, while coming home from Liverpool last March, had a lively experience with waterspouts. When within 500 miles of Sandy Hook, says St. Nicholas, the wind suddenly changed, a great bank of clouds just ahead parted, and there, coming down, driven before the gale, appeared six great waterspouts at one time.

One rushed by, just clearing the bowsprit and head-sails by a few yards. Another came at her amidships, threatening to carry the main mast away, and the captain just avoided by quickly turning the ship toward and around it. There were two more near ones, and as they were too close to run away from, the big ship was "luffed" up and steared right between them. The ship was saved, but what her fate would have been had she been struck by one can only be imagined from the captain's description of the waterspout that passed astern. He says it seemed to be fully twenty feet in diameter, and of solid water reaching to the clouds.

During the same month the steamer Piqua had a still more uncomfortable experience with these wandering giants of the ocean, near the Bermuda islands. There she met a cyclone upon whose outer edge there hung a great number of spouts—all dancing and pirouetting here and there, twisting and turning and balancing to partners as if engaged in an elephantine quadrille.

The captain became bewildered, for whichever way he turned his steamer, he was headed off by the surrounding waterspouts. At last, just as he imagined he had steamed safely away, two of them made a rush, headed him off, and struck the starboard side of the steamer's iron bow a tremendous blow. Then there was a commotion indeed. The broken columns of water dropped in tons on the forward deck, smashing the pilot house and bridge ladder, tearing down thirteen ventilators and dashing to the deck two sailors badly wounded. The ship staggered and rolled as the weight of water poured over her sides in a Niagara of foam and spray, and for some time she could make no headway.

While the two spouts were having their frolic with the sorely beset steamer, the others were whirling about as if dancing in glee at the commotion they had caused. From the black clouds above there shot down blinding streaks of lightning, which, although they missed the ship, so filled the air about her with electricity that it settled upon the metal tips of all the spars, glowing and sparkling there steadily with the beautiful light known as "St. Elmo's fire."

A Curb Upon the Growth of Cities.

The great trouble with American municipal government, writes Barr Ferree in the Engineering Magazine, is the lack of homogeneity in the growth of great cities. Each city starts out independently and on a better plan than any other, and yet with very little thought of profiting by the experiences of older ones. American politicians are apt to plume themselves on the advances they have made in their own departments, and some even go so far as to point with pride to the growth of their particular city. Yet with all our boasted progress the fact remains that the best governed cities, the most ably developed and thoroughly broadened municipalities are the old cities of the new world, in which the necessity for new growth and complete change from the old have been so wholly recognized as to compel the introduction of a new order of affairs. Nothing of the sort is to be seen in even the most active communities in America. New York cannot annex other districts because local politicians interpose objections which have no foundation save their own selfishness. Boston is hemmed in with so-called rival municipalities that hug their civil privileges and imagined independence with absurd pretentions of might and power. Philadelphia has, in truth, added vastly to her territory and stands quite distinct among seaboard cities in this respect, but she is wanting in the metropolitan spirit and capability of development which alone would make this increase of territory valuable. In the west a different feeling may be noted, and this, as well as their more rapid rate of increase, tends to make our western cities more prosperous, as well as more modern, than our eastern.

The Author of "Gulliver."

Between 1714 and 1726, for a dozen years, writes Mrs. Oliphant in the Century, Swift remained in Ireland without intermission, altogether apart from public life. At the latter date he went to London, probably needing a change of scene after the shock of Miss Vanhomrigh's death, and the grevious sense he must have had that it was he who had killed her, and it was then that "Gulliver" was published. The latter portions of it, which the children have rejected, we are glad to have no space to dwell upon. The bitterness, passion and misery of them are beyond parallel. One would like to have any ground for believing that the Houyhnhms and the rest came into being after Stella's death; but this was not the case. She was only a woman, and was not, after all, of such vital importance in the man's existence. Withdrawal from the life he loved, confinement in a narrow sphere, the disappointment of a soul which felt itself born for greatness, and had tasted the high excitements of power, but now had nothing to do but fight over the choir with his archbishop and give occasion for a hundred anecdotes in the Dublin coteries, had matured the angry passion in him and soured the sweetness of nature. Few people now, when they take up their "Gulliver," go beyond Brobdingnag. The rest is like a succession of bad dreams, the confused miseries of a fever. To think that in a deanery, that calm seat of ecclesiastical luxury, within sound of the cathedral bells and the choristers' chants, a brain so dark and distracted, and dreams so terrible, should have found shelter! They are all the more bitter and appalling from their contrast with the surroundings among which they had their disastrous birth.

Fourth of July Celebrations.

The fact that our heroes fought for freedom against almost hopeless odds should be brought to mind, and their names should be hallowed in perpetual remembrance, writes Julia Ward Howe in the Forum. But, if we would crown their conquest, we must give more attention to the good for which they died than to the mere circumstance of their death. The ordinary procedure of mankind is quite the opposite of this. They are proud of the military success, careless of the civic and ethical gain. Even the Christian church accentuates too much the death of its founder, is too little concerned with the truth for which he really gave his life. A Lent of prayer and fasting, with dramatic repetition of the betrayal and crucifixion of the Blessed One, may merely bring with it suggestions of devotion and gratitude. But far more important would be a Lent of study of the deep meaning of His words and works. It makes one sick at heart to think of the formal rehearsal of great events by those who have no understanding of their true significance, and can therefore claim but a small part in their real benefit.

Evils of Chinese Competition.

It is the duty of this government, Thomas J. Geary, author of the Chinese law, asserts in the Californian, to protect American labor against unjust and degrading competition, no matter whence it comes or what its form; and the labor that will by its presence lower the standard of labor that has heretofore prevailed in this country, and whose maintenance is demanded by the best interests of the land, should not be permitted entrance, no matter from what country it comes. On the Pacific coast we have experienced the evils of Chinese competition, and demand that the bars be put up on the Pacific so that no more of these people shall enter, and we are ready to unite with the people on the Atlantic to protect them from similar evils affecting them. We do not confine our objections to the Mongolian race alone, but believe that all other classes or races threatening similar consequences should be treated likewise.

The Chinese law of May 5 was justified by the circumstances prevailing in this country; was in accordance with the treaties made between this government and China; imposed no undue or unjust hardship upon the Chinese people here, and was a proper and just exercise of power on the part of this country.

American interests in the far west, the maintenance of American civilization and the just protection of American labor from Chinese competition, is of more consequence than the profits of the Chinese trade, or the maintenance of missionary stations in China. The law should be enforced. We cannot afford to have the declaration made that this government cannot enforce its laws against an alien race in our United States.

French Canadian Competitors.

It is clear that the mass of the Canadians who are settled in New England, says a writer in Harper's, are not rapidly becoming proprietors of the soil, their holdings, according to their own reports, being very much below the average per capita assessed valuations in the six states, as appears from the census of 1890. They remain operatives in the mills and factories. A few of them are storekeepers; fewer still are physicians and lawyers. Recently the French-Canadian press in the United States, and especially in New England, has rapidly developed. This is a pretty sure sign that the active politicians are taking a decided interest in the French-Canadian vote, and are prepared to avail themselves of the customary electioneering methods for the purpose of securing it.

In 1887 there were in New England 16,806 French-Canadian voters; in 1889 the number had increased to 28,465; in 1891 it had grown to be 33,663. In every one of the six states, except Vermont, votes equal in number to the solid French-Canadian vote would suffice to reverse the political supremacy if they should be transferred from the prevailing party to the minority. In the presidential election just held this vote played an important part, especially in Massachusetts. It is said that most of the French-Canadians voted for the democratic candidate because of the injuries inflicted on the farmers of Quebec by the McKinley tariff. However that may be, it is the fact that the French-Canadian vote was a matter of much solicitude to the politicians of both parties, and it is its growing importance in American politics that makes the immigration of interest in this country.

Modern Morality.

It is a fundamental maxim, in this country atleast, writes James W. Clarke in Donahoe's Magazine, that all men are and of right ought to be equal before the law. If, therefore, we are to applaud the suppression of faro banks, policy shops, book making, pool rooms, lotteries, newspaper missing word contests, and all other opportunities for petty speculation on the part of persons with lean purses, by what perversion of logic shall the great national gambling den known as "Wall Street" be justified? Is there in this matter of gambling one law for the poor and another for the rich? Is it true that the risking of a dollar by a mechanic or a day laborer in the Louisiana wheel of fortune is immoral, while the risking of millions in a wheat corner or a railroad stock, involving thousands of innocent stockholders in ruin, is a legitimate and perfectly moral transaction? If this indeed be so, modern morality is Janus-faced, and the rich man's virtue is the poor man's vice.

Well Dressed Troops.

In his "Side Lights on the German Soldier" in Harper's, Poultney Bigelow writes: "The Germans are very thrifty in their habits, and no one visiting a German barrack room would suspect their military authorities of extravagance, yet in regard to uniforms they seem to us extremely liberal; each soldier has five uniforms for varying degrees or work. The most inexpensive is the coarse linen one used in summer about the barracks, and the most valuable one is that which he wears on extraordinary festive occasions, as, for instance, the grand review of the guards in the spring of the year; but beyond all those which he wears at more or less frequent intervals is the uniform which he puts on when the emperor issues his order to mobilize for war. Then is taken out the absolutely new uniform, and with this he marches to the front. The troops that marched to the frontier in 1870 looked as though ready for a review rather than for the dirty work of campaigning."

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

"The Inheritance Tax," by Max West, Ph. D. (Columbia College Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Vol. IV. No. 2), is a scientific discussion of a present day subject. The first two chapters are devoted to an exhaustive review of the history of taxes upon transfers of property after the death of the owner. He shows that such impositions have existed in one form or another since the time of the Roman empire, if not previously in Egypt. They now exist in most countries of continental Europe, in many widely separated parts of the British empire, and are fast being introduced into the commonwealth of the United States.

In treating of the law of the inheritance tax Dr. West makes some not very complimentary criticisms on the decisions of certain of our judges who have declared the tax to be unconstitutional. His discussion of the economic theory of the inheritance tax is novel and instructive. If any criticism is to be made, it is that, in classifying the various arguments for its support, he has been unfortunate in choosing a short designation. For example, "the back taxes argument," "the lump sum argument," convey to the ordinary reader no meaning at all until explained at length. Yet to any one who will read Dr. West's monograph this will soon become intelligible. The appendix showing the comparative fiscal importance of the returns in various countries is a valuable compilation.

In the "Financial History of Virginia" (Columbia College Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Vol. IV., No. 1.) Dr. William Z. Ripley has carefully traced the fiscal development of that, the oldest of the American colonies, from the earliest settlement down to the period of the revolution. The greater part of the work is taken up with a sketch of the sources of income of the colonial government. The statement on page 78 that the federal constitution forbade the importation of slaves after 1809 is, however, an error, for that instrument simply prevented congress from abolishing the slave traffic before that time. The chapters on hard money and on paper money are most interesting reading and would furnish

food for reflection for some of our populist advocates of unstable currency.

The little book by Henry Irving composed of four addresses delivered before the colleges at Oxford and Harvard is one of interest in its particular line. The book is called "The Drama" and has the great merit of being written by one who knows what he is writing about from his own actual experience, and observation of really great actors with whom he was personally acquainted. Tait Sons & Co., Union Square, New York

The bright colors in which books used to be bound are coming in style again. "The Endeavorers of Maple Grove" is bound in bright old-fashioned blue, the tint of the sky, and is a very readable story of the Society of Christian Endeavor, showing wherein its members sometimes fail as well as the great good they do in the world. The book is written by Hattie Sleeper Gardner of Omaha and is for sale by Megeath Stationery company, Omaha.

Jenness Miller writes very sensibly in her Monthly for July of "The Husband of the Self-Supporting Woman," showing that the fact of a woman's being independent need not make a home unhappy, but that it is extremely likely to bring about that state of affairs. Mrs. Miller seems to think it is more the husband's fault than the wife's if unhappiness is the result, as it is only the exceptional man who could get 'round the difficulties likely to ensue.

We are just in receipt of volume thirty, law binding, of the series "American State Reports," issued by the Bancroft-Whitney company. These reports are valuable and convenient for reference, containing as they do decisions from courts of last resort of different states, classified and divided as to states and as to subjects. The publishers will continue the series indefinitely at the rate of six volumes per annum. San Francisco, Cal.

"Cruel Fate" and "Plighted Troth" are the two latest issues of the Abbott 5-cent novels. Springfield, Mass.

Carlyle W. Harris' mother has issued in a neat volume a collection of the writings of her son together with his assertions of innocence of the crime of wife murder for which he was electrocuted. The volume also presents valid reasons for the belief held by the mother of the innocence of her son. J. S. Ogilvie, Rose street, New York.

George MacDonald has just written a novel which he calls "Heather and Snow," bound in cadet blue embellished with snowflakes and heather or very pretty pictures of these beauties of Scotland. As for the story, it is fresh and strong and free, with a minor strain of sadness and a glorious woman as a heroine. Harper Bros., New York.

A very pretty little volume bound in white cloth is "Bits of Blue," by Wesley Bissonette. The poetry is just right for a summer day, light, dainty and dreamy. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Henry James in his "Picture and Text" thinks that the drama of the future will consist largely of scenery and stage effects and that the art of acting is one lost to the world. Harper Bros., New York.

Gilbert Parker appears at his best in his "Translation of a Savage," published in a recent Lippincott. The plot is unique and the interest unabated to the end of a most impossible love story in which Mr. Parker's wild game flavor appears more or less prominently.

M. C. Ayers, editor Daily Advertiser, publishes in book form a collection of editorials entitled "Phillip Brooks in Boston." The volume is a very neat one, with an introduction by Rev. W. J. Tucker. The editorials regarding the work and character of the eminent divine have appeared in the Advertiser during the last five years.

The current number of the Railway Record contains on the first page a very readable poem of some length by Cy Warman, the Colorado poet. It is in the line of newspaper experience and is called "A Reporter's Report." Omaha, Neb.

The Literary Digest for the week contains a protest from Katherine Parsons against woman suffrage, in which she says that if women bring up their boys as they should that no man will ever beat his wife. Astor Place, New York.

James Dwight, M. D., has just issued a new book on the proper way to play lawn tennis. This author is well known authority on this game and as it is seven years since he first wrote on the subject the book will be welcomed warmly. The numerous illustrations will be a help to those who wish to study tennis scientifically. Harper Bros., New York.

Brander Matthews is more silly than usual in his "The Decision of the Court," which he calls a comedy but which is not in the least witty and is utterly without interest or object visible to the naked eye. Harper & Bro., New York.

In "The Idler Magazine" for July we find a "good story" by Rudyard Kipling, "The Legs of Sister Ursula". The Idler's club discusses the question, "Shall we have a dramatic academy?" The club's opinions are generally the most interesting feature of the magazine and this month is no exception to the rule. S. S. McClure, Broadway, New York.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for July is filled to the brim with things of interest to its large class of readers. Among the more prominent articles we notice "Donna Eulalia's Marriage," "Greenland and Its Mysteries," and "Metropolitan Life in Summer." Mrs. Frank Leslie, Fifth avenue, New York.

Godey's Magazine for July has a water color portrait of Miss Florence Pullman and also one of Mrs. Chatfield Taylor. "A Fact in Fiction," by Albert P. Southwick, is a story which is original in plot and full of interest to the close.

The Anti-Oleo News has a strong plea for the Nebraska "bossy" in this week's issue, quoted from the Columbus Creamery Messenger, Philadelphia, Pa.

Amelia E. Barr writes a story, "A Singer from Over the Sea," in which a man's selfishness is the cause of the wreck of a woman's career and finally of the death of his child. Of course, the man repents before he dies and his widow marries another old flame and all live happily ever after. There are one or two good characters in the book, but taken as a whole it is of no particular force. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"Bethia Wray's New Name" is the latest work of Amanda M. Douglas and is a story of love, suffering and real life without sensationalism or objectionable features. The story is of more than ordinary length and the plot is not intricate, still the book is very readable and will suit a certain class of sentimental young ladies who are fond of a nice love story. Lee & Shepard, Milk street, Boston.

Lady M. Colin and M. French Sheldon have just published a neat little book on etiquette, "Everybody's Book of Correct Conduct." Harper & Bro., New York.

"Silhouettes from Life" is a story of Nebraska in the early days by one Anson Uriel Hancock, who undoubtedly must have lived in this state as a pioneer, as no one but an actual settler could so vividly describe the appearance of the maple sugar trees and the "camps" where the luscious sap was boiled down and sugared off. These immense forests of maple trees, which the oldest inhabitant remembers vividly, have been gone for some years, and now we borrow our maple sugar from New York and Vermont. Verily the old days were the happiest, when we grew our own maple sugar. Nebraska is a great state, Mr. Hancock is a genius and fiction is often stranger than truth. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

All the Kindergartners will be delighted with the issuance in book form of "Froebel's Letters," with explanatory notes by the editor, Arnold H. Heinemann. The publication of these letters has been in contemplation for years, and their appearance at last in such neat and attractive form will be greeted with enthusiasm by the myriads of followers of this great patron saint of kindergartnerism. The book contains a beautiful sketch of Frau Froebel, who still lives at the home in Hamburg. Lee & Shepard, Milk street, Boston.

A pamphlet by Lucien S. Merriam is devoted to "The Theory of Final Utility in Its Relation to Money and the Standard of Deferred Payments." Pursuing the theme with great minuteness as to detail and with accurate logic the writer nevertheless fails essentially in practical results, his study being founded on crude notions of what the full and correct purport of what money is and ought to be. All similar studies belong under the head of economic dialectics rather than practical economics—in fact this science is faulty at the base and no amount of fine-haired trimming of the branches will supply the water needed at the root. American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia.

Mental exhaustion and brain fatigue
Promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

SOME OLD ENGLISH INNS

Hostelries for Merry Travelers in the Mellow Coaching Days.

SCENE OF NICHLOAS NICKELBY'S MISERY

Three of the Most Ancient Inns of England, from 200 to 500 Years Old, Which Are Still the Resort of Travelers.

[*Copyrighted, 1893.*]

LONDON, June 19.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—There is no place in England where such a fine example of the very ancient stone-built village may be found as at Broadway, the "Bradweia" of 500 years ago, which nestles against the lower slope of the northwestern face of the Cotswold hills, overlooking the lovely vale of Evesham. The many-gabled Lygon Arms, a delicious resort for American and English artists and other genuine epicures of food, scenery and charming antiquities, is the most ancient of all the structures of the slumberous old mountain town.

The precise structure standing here today is known to have been occupied as an inn for upwards of 500 years. It is charmingly picturesque without and its interior is most quaintly arranged, with odd nooks and corners, while the first floor of the east wing has a fine old room with a curiously carved chimney-piece in stone, other interesting ornamentation, and a wondrous lot of charming traditions about the great folk, some on desperate business, like Charles I. in 1645 and Cromwell in 1651, who have lodged within it. Broadway itself is the sweetest old English pastoral village idyl to be found in England, and to me this ancient hostelry, with its Tudor chimneys, its many gables and dormers, its stone and iron finials, mullioned windows and bays, its fine old ingles and fireplaces, with its stone walls, thick as a fort's, massed with creepers and vines, is its warmest and mellowest page.

The "New Inn" a Tavern 443 Years.

The old cathedral city of Gloucester possesses several very ancient inns which are still in use, two of which are regarded as among the most interesting sights of the place by all foreign travelers. One of these, the New Inn, is an extraordinary relic of very ancient times and deeply interesting from its great age, its historical associations and its extremely picturesque character, its architecture having many features in common with the larger and distinctly Moresque inns of Spain and Portugal.

Readers of history will recall that the splendid south aisle of Gloucester's magnificent cathedral was built in 1318 by Abbott Thokey, during the period of whose abbacy the body of murdered King Edward II., which had been refused interment in the abbeys of Malmesbury, Kingswood and Bristol, was given burial within it. Great pilgrimages to Edward's tomb, and wonderfully increased revenues to the then abbey church resulted. The throngs were sometimes so enormous that the city could not shelter them, and they were obliged to encamp at night outside the gates. A shrewd old monk, named John Turnius, taking proper advantage of the situation, in 1450, under the abbacy and with the sanction and assistance of the famous abbot, Thomas Seabroke, built the New Inn, which at the time doubtless had no superior as a public hostelry in Europe. Think of taking your ease in your inn, as you can do in the New Inn of Gloucester today, in a tavern which has survived the changes of 443 years and never been closed a day.

Seclusion of This Picturesque Tavern.

The quaint old place is so cunningly hidden behind the grim walls of Northgate street that the casual straggler, not having it in actual quest, would be fortunate indeed if his glance penetrated the deep, dark archway separating it from the street and fell upon the old world scene within. I can never forget my own experience, when, wholly ignorant of the spot, and of all of dear, old Gloucester, for that matter, I had come after a wearisome tramp down from the Malvern hills, and without object or purpose was leaning against the corner of this same dark archway for a bit of rest. Turning in a vagrant way to depart, a coaching party dashed gaily past me through the archway. My eyes followed the cavalcade, and then my legs followed my gladdening eyes. What an exquisite pleasure was in that sense of original discovery of a place so picturesque and old! How hesitatingly I tiptoed about that fine and ancient courtyard, feasting on this and that like a covetous intruder; and, when I found that these were anybody's pictures for the reckoning of even three pennyworth of entertainment, with what delight did I luxuriate at the bow window of the fine old coffee room, ordering this and that which I did not want, and tipping the waiter so immoderately that he sent another, and that one another, but taxing them all with questions so that they gasped between answers, and finally wound up by settling an advance score, which removed all doubts of responsibility, if not of insanity, while ordering my luggage to its quaintest old room with the loquacity of a bridegroom and the bravery of a lord!

Around the entire three stories of the inner court, which is very spacious, run galleries upon which all the dormitories open, precisely as with the Spanish patio or court; while the half-story of the peaked roof is broken into dormers, hooded with pretty tiling, and their faces set, like the border of an old woman's cap, with simple but wondrous ornamentation. The most picturesque of old stairs and landings lead from one story to the other. Huge iron ornamentations, many cast with sacred emblems in view of its original pilgrim character are found promiscuously attached to the doors, windows and ceilings, angles and bows. Diamond shaped panes in leaden frames are common. Casement and little swinging windows are everywhere throughout the structure. Niches for effigies and carved crosses have not yet been hidden by time and change.

Everything Queer, Quaint and Old.

Opposite the street archway is another lesser but picturesque archway, with the entire facade of the rear side of the quadrangle above showing as quaint and dreamful a scene of restfulness and antiquity as can be found in Europe. Through this is reached the stable yard, now restricted to accommodation for sixty horses. In olden times it could care for hundreds of animals, as folk of quality in the time of the King Edward pilgrimages invariably came on horseback. Everything about the New Inn is queer and quaint and old. Never elsewhere was seen such a radiant jumble of old corners, little arches, protruding upper stories, peepholes of windows, gables, offices, "ostries," tap rooms and wealth of vines and foliage and grave unctuous waiters and chubby cheeked kitchen maids, housemaids and barmaids to heighten the mysteries, cheer and charm of this typical old English inn.

The "Unicorn" Made Famous by Dickens.

Dead old Bowes, in northern Yorkshire, alongside what in former times was called the Great North road, possesses one of the finest specimens of the ample roadside inns of the olden coaching days to be found in all England. The village and this inn have always had for me the weirdest fascination of any provincial spot in Britain, though both hamlet and inn are now dreary and desolate beyond description. The old inn here, now called the Unicorn, was first known as the George. Eight coaches, bound either to London or Glasgow, daily changed horses in its great yard in the good old coaching days. It is to this inn that Charles Dickens, with a great and merciful motive in fiction, repaired with his friend and companion, Hablot Browne, a few weeks before Christmas of 1837, where the two remained while Dickens secured material for "Nicholas Nickleby."

He had letters to a yeoman of the place, soon to shine as one of the immortals of fiction as honest "John Browdie." He represented himself as agent of a poor widow desirous of placing her only boy in a quiet country school. In this way he secured admission to a number in the vicinity, though shut out of some by the wary masters. The "school" seeming most suitable as a prototype of them all, from the personnel of its savage owner and his family, with wild and desolate physical surroundings in keeping

with the hopelessness of the school life of the place itself, was the Dotheboys hall, still standing in Bowes—hardly a stone's throw from the ancient Unicorn inn, the house being now occupied by "old man Bonsfield," husband of the veritable Squeer's daughter, Fanny Squeers, known in life as Mary Ann Shaw—where "Nicholas Nickleby," his protege inmisery, the wretched "Smike," and scores of other helpless young lives, are depicted as having undergone an almost inconceivable life of servitude, starvation and cruelty.

Accuracy of Dickens' Description.

Investigations showed that the horrible picture drawn was not an exaggeration, and bore out Dickens' own statement in the original preface that "Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible." This, Dickens' second, and in some respects his greatest, novel was begun in April, 1838, and finished in October, 1839. At the appearance of the first part he ran away from London, as he always did, to remain in hiding until a distinct measure of public favor or disfavor was shown. In the case of "Nicholas Nickleby" his forgivable skulking was of short duration. The first day's sale of the first part exceeded 50,000 copies. Not six months had passed before the torture and cruelty to helpless scholars in these remote prison pens were abated, and before the last chapter of "Nicholas Nickleby" had been read, public feeling, which in many portions of the country barely escaped expression in riot, had annihilated every child-hell of the Dotheboys Hall variety in England.

If you came from London to Bowes over the same coach road as did Nicholas Nickleby, when, nearing the end of his dreary journey, "at about 6 o'clock that night, he and Mr. Squeers and the little boys and their united luggage were put down at the George and New Inn," you would have come by the old coach road from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow.

An Old Roman Highway.

On leaving the ancient city of York you would have struck into a highway 2,000 years old. Masses of Roman legions have swept, tide on tide, back and forth over the same stone road. Stern Agricola, the courtly Tacitus and Emperor Servius himself, have ridden toward the unconquerable North upon it. The latter left 50,000 of his army dead among the Scotch mists and mountains, and with his face set toward Rome and home only reached York to die of his wounds and chagrin.

It is the great Roman road of England. Watling, or Waithling, street it is called. Away in the north of Yorkshire, a few miles above Catterick bridge, one stem of this highway goes on through Durham and Northumberland, and thence to Edinburgh. The other swings around to the westward, traversing Westmoreland and Cumberland, through Carlisle to the great Roman wall, which once protected Britain from the Caledonian hordes, and thence, in a more modern coach road, winds through the olden lovers' haven, Gretna Green, to Glasgow. On this western stem, between the rivers Tees and Greta, at the eastern edge of Stanemoor, nearly surrounded by desolate moors and in the northwest corner of Yorkshire, lies what is left of Bowes.

It is difficult not to wander away from a description of the old Unicorn inn at Bowes, among the literary and antiquarian things of interest in its neighborhood. The inn itself must not be confounded, even under its old name of the George, with the George inn of Greta Bridge, six miles nearer York, now used as a corn mill. To disguise the exact location of Dotheboys hall, Dickens made Squeers (Shaw) travel with young Nickleby three miles from the George Inn at Greta bridge to the supposititious "Hall," followed by the "cart-load of infant misery." What they really did do was to dismount all together from the York and Carlisle coach within the inn yard of this very Unicorn, and then shiver along the crooked, cobbled single street of Bowes, until they arrived at the "long, cold-looking house," a little way beyond to the west, and "a tall, lean boy (poor Smike!) with a lantern in his hand issued forth."

The Unicorn, which seems to have completely escaped the attention of English antiquarians and travelers, is not only remarkable from its associations, in having been the most important inn near the border, between York and Glasgow and Edinburgh in olden times, but in also being the largest of those ancient English roadside hostelries still extant which were called into existence by the necessities of travel in the old coaching days.

Near Where William and Malcolm Battled.

At its very door the Royal Mail began the ascent over the great north road of weird, dreary and vast Stanemoor, peopled only by witch and warlock; silent ever save from howling tempests; and with no semblance of humans upon it, save at its desolate top, where William the Conqueror and Malcolm of Scotland fought dreadfully and long to decide the boundaries of their respective kingdoms; and then wisely stopped and feasted, sensibly deciding that on the very spot should be raised the great Roi (now Rere) cross, or "Cross of Kings," on one side of which was graven the image of William, and on the other that of Malcolm; but 800 years have eaten these old faces away; and none others will be seen until Kirkby Stephen, nestling in the valley, on the other side toward ancient Penrith and Carlisle, is reached; all of which gave travelers' cheer at the Unicorn a special zest not unmixed with a tinge of dread.

Its form is of a double quadrangle, each fully 100 feet square. The one next the street has its entire front open to the great inn yard thus formed. The two sides abutting the street comprised respectively the inn proper—a long, two-storied and garreted stone structure, with a perfect maze of curious old rooms approached by outlandish stairs, entries and landings, and rendered additionally bewildering by countless niches, cupboards, alcoves and blind panels; and the other a huge brew house, with dozens of granaries and store rooms behind. The side opposite the street provided offices and sleeping accommodations for guards, post boys, whips and all those inn helpers concerned in working the coaches, or dealing with the tired cattle of the many travelers on horseback, merchandise packers and wagoners passing between England and Scotland a century ago.

In this quadrangle are also many open stone sheds, with tiled roofs, stone feed boxes and neat, slanted cobblestone floors, where private vehicles and wagoners could find temporary shelter in great numbers; and in the center of this quadrangle, set about with stone drinking troughs, is the most tremendous ancient pump I have found in England, still creakingly serving the scanty uses of the present degenerate days.

The quadrangle behind the inn yard is formed by what remains of the ancient stone stables, where scores of pairs of post horses could have found comfortable quarters and as many more carters' and packers' cattle have good shelter and care.

The Old Kitchen and Tiny Taproom.

In the hostel proper the huge old kitchen must have quite equaled the famous ancient kitchen of Old St. Mary's hall, Coventry. There are still to be seen a half dozen coffee and breakfast rooms, low, with deep window seats, quaint cupboards and odd old oak paneling, where guests were served in parties and groups instead of in a common hall. There are tons and tons of lead in the roof gutters, about the window frames and still firmly holding the ancient tiny panes of glass. Little old parlors and sitting rooms, with curious windows and most ancient stucco work, are still recognizable; but most interesting of all, and illustrating the customs of that early time, is a tiny taproom opening into the rear of the inn yard.

It has low oaken settles built stationary into wall and floor. Its huge fireplace is full of tiny cranes for steaming kettles. In one corner is an oaken bed, inclosed in a closet-like frame, where landlord and barman could not only retire at night completely from sight, but also lock himself in against uproar and disturbance; and the window to this room is a low, portly bow, in the center of which, above a tiny stout shelf, is a single hinged pane. Through this the stable men, hangers-on, the late night travelers, who might be honest or otherwise, were served with usquebaugh or joram—only after they had deposited coin of the realm and the latter had reached the hostel treasury, a great buckskin bag within the dark recesses of the barman's fortified bed.

Now the Old Tavern Seems Dead.

A wonderful old curio is the Unicorn at Bowes, all unknown to the people of England themselves. Like the village it is dead in its shell. Its oaken timbers, as those in Raleigh's old home at Youghal, seem everlasting; but its moaning belfry, its empty stables, its crumbling dove cotes, its forlorn brew house, its empty taproom, its grass grown inn yard, and even its present occupancy by a strange creature half plowma and half schoolmaster, who stares listessl up and down the great North road for occasional victim in wandering bicyclist, less frequent literary tramp, or yokel from the near fields, all serve to emphasize by contrast the cheer and stirring days that once were here.

As everywhere in England along its grand old highways where stand these crumbling monuments to the mellow coaching days, there remains but mournful silence where there was an army of helpers and horsekeepers; where the bow-legged post boys, in their high chokers, high hats, huge buttons and gorgeous waistcoats, led lives of positive renown; where the tinkle of harness brasses and clatter of hoof were endless; where "Rule Britannia" from shrill-keyed bugles enlivened the constant departure and arrival of coaches; where the smart cry of "First pair out!" set the inn yard and stables in high commotion; and where, through the livelong day and night, a great roadside inn, like the Unicorn, was the brightest, liveliest, cheeriest, most harum-scarum and delicious place to be found in all the length and breadth of "Merrie England."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A pure article of champagne is a healthy beverage. Get Cook's Extry Dry Imperial, 40 years' record.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Dicksmith—How do you account for Miss Muchcash never having married? Kajones—Easy enough. She's to blamed stingy even to entertain a proposal.

Lucius Langdon Nicholas, who has just married Mrs. Bishop, mother of the late mind reader of that name, is said to be great-great-grandson of a Russian emperor.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick Ayer of New York city to Miss Case of Paris, whose engagement was recently announced, will take place, it is said, in Paris this summer.

"How often," he said, with intense sarcasm, "do you expect to be engaged this summer?" "Oh, dear!" she answered, "don't talk that way; you know I despise arithmetic."

An engaged couple of Bluefield, W. Va., recently ran a footrace. The woman won, and then refused to marry her lover on the ground that she did not wish to wed an inferior.

He—I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite. She (encouragingly)—Well, Mr. Duffer, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls right in this neighborhood.

Maude (speaking of her finance)—I don't believe any other young man living has such a tender way of making love as Tom. Kate—Yes; that's what I always used to think when he was engaged to me.

Sweet Sixteen (daughter of a widow who is still young)—I want to marry so much! But if I should happen to like a man and mamma didn't like him, she wouldn't let me marry him; and if mamma did like him, she would probably take him herself.

The duke of York and the Princess May are going to set an example to young couples starting in life. The royal pair will keep house in a little cottage at Sandringham, which contains besides three bedrooms only two small sitting rooms and a study or office for the use of the duke. It is simply fitted up with light and inexpensive furniture, and is altogether a modest very dwelling.

"I shall never believe there has been much romance in your life, Mr. Bond." "Well, there has. I proposed to an heiress by mail. She accepted me by telegram, which an error of transmission made a refusal. I went west. When I returned her father had failed and she had married a poor man. I recovered the amount of her dowry, with interest, from the telegraph company, but lost it all when she sued me for breach of promise."

According to English gossipers Prince Francis of Teck, brother of the prospective bride of the duke of York, is to marry Miss Nellie Bass, a daughter of the wealthy brewer. The British public is likely to remark: "Ere's a state hof things" if this rumor turns out to be well founded. The idea of the future king of England being allied to hops and malt is likely to shock the shoopkeepers into a series of violent fits. The young woman, however, has lots of money, and Francis has none, and it is very likely that the match will be made.

A prominent lawyer of Buffalo, says a paper of that city, tells of a compromise he once made on behalf of a certain railway company with an Erie county farmer, whose wife had been killed at a railroad crossing. A few months after the terrible bereavement the husband, who had sued the company for $5,000 damages, came into the office and accepted a compromise of $500. As he stuffed the wad of bills in his pocket he turned to the lawyer and cheerily remarked: "Vell, dot's not so bad, after all. I've got fife hundret tollar, and goot teal better wife as I had before."

Mlle. Isch, the young telegraph operator in Tiflis with whom the second son of the czar, Grand Duke George, has fallen in love, is said to be a beautiful girl. She is the last descendant of one of the oldest noble families of the province. She is poor, however, and was obliged to earn her living. She chose telegraphy and became the head of the Tiflis station. There the grand duke met her when he was sent to the Caucasus for the benefit of his health. He was first introduced to Mlle. Isch at a ball at the house of the provincial marshal of nobility. It is said that the czar and czarina favor the marriage of their son and the young woman.

EDUCATIONAL.

The women of Massachussetts have contributed $2,428,078 to the educational institutions of that state.

Princeton university has conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy on Edwin J. Houston, professor of science in the Boys Central High school of Philadelphia.

Senator Stanford acted the part of a wise man in building and endowing his great university during his lifetime. It is in operation. It will live, even though its founder be dead. Nothing was left to chance.

The president of Harvard college and the minister of the first parish in Cambridge award annually to poor and deserving pupils who are preparing for Harvard college and whose parents do not live in Cambridge, nine free tuition scholarships in the Cambridge Latin school. Applications should be addressed to Frank Bolles, secretary, Cambridge, Mass.

The great university at Palo Alto will be the most enduring monument to this remarkable specimen of the prosperous American. The senator gave to it the Palo Alto estate of 7,300 acres, the Vina ranch of 5,000 acres and the Gridley ranch of 21,000 acres. He made it a rule that the trustees offer the highest salaries for instructors and he made it a study how to make his young people happy. The students live in cottages, twenty in each, and the girls' cottages are only one mile from the cottages of the young men. There are calls and piano playing in the evening, study in the day and millions for instruction all the year 'round. Imagine an institution with such unlimited supplies of money; with over 7,000 acres of ground about the university, a vineyard of 3,600 acres included in its possessions and a a museum with real old masters and reproductions of all the world's greatest works of art.

St. Louis manufactures increased more rapidly during the eighties than those of any eastern city and it is the home of several of the largest and best equipped factories in the world. Visitors to the World's fair should make their arrangements to visit St. Louis on the way and remain in the city at least long enough to see its magnificent commercial and other buildings, and to partake of the hospitality which has made the city famous throughout the entire continent.

I AM SO HAPPY!

3 BOTTLES OF S.S.S.

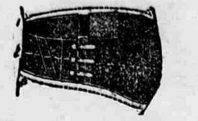
Relieved me of a severe Blood trouble. It has also caused my hair to grow out again, as it had been falling out by the handful. After trying many physicians in vain, I am so happy to find a cure in S.S.S. O. H. ELBERT, Galveston, Tex.

S.S.S. CURES By forcing out germs of disease and the poison as well.
It is entirely vegetable and harmless.

Treatise on Blood and Skin mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

I WAS BIG.
I WAS FAT.
I FELT MEAN.
I TOOK PILLS.
I TOOK SALTS.
I GOT LEAN.

Handsome Women Can Lose Weight Fast. Homely Men Look Better if Thin. Try Dr. Edison's System. No Dieting.



Band worth Twice the Money.

Office of H. M. Burton, Hardware, Cary Station, Ill., Jan. 14, 1893.
Dr. Edison—Dear Sir: I am well pleased with your treatment of obesity. The band is worth twice the money it cost, for comfort. I have reduced my weight ten pounds. I weigh 233 now, and I did weigh 245. Yours truly,
H. M. BURTON.

They Are Doing Me Good.

Earlville, Ill., May 23, 1892.
Loring & Co: Inclosed find $2.50 for which please send me the other two bottles of Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills. I have used one andthink hey are doing the work. S. M. RALEY, P. O. Box 75.

Talk So Much About Your Pills.

Peoria, Ill., June 18, 1892.
Dear Sirs: After hearing one of my friends talk so much about your Obesity Pills and the benefit he is deriving from them I think I will try them myself. Please send me 3 bottles C. O. D., and oblige.
J. MORRIS, 406 Perry Street.

Feel Better and Weigh 13 Pounds Less

Goshen, Ind., Sept. 18, 1892.
Gentlemen: Inclosed I send you $1, for which you will please send me three bottles of the obesity pills. Am taking the fourth bottle and feel very much better and weigh 13 pounds less than when I began taking them. I will continue your treatment.
MRS. J. C. McCONN,
South Sixth Street.

An individual whose height is		
5 feet 1 inch	should weigh	125 pounds
5 feet 8 inches	" "	160 "
5 feet 10 inches	" "	170 "

Dr. Edison says: "It may be well to point out that in my experience, which is necessarily very considerable, many troublesome skin diseases such, eceszema, aczone, psoriasis, uticaria, etc., are primarily caused by obesity, and as the fat and flesh is reduced by the pills and Obesity Fruit Salt and the action of the band these affections have almost magically disappeared."

The Obesity Fruit Salt is used in connection with the Pills or Bands, or both. One teaspoonful in a tumbler of water makes a delicious soda. Tastes like champaigne.

The bans cost $2.50 each for any length up to 36 inches, but for one larger than 36 inches add 10 cents extra for each additional inch.

Price of Fruit Salt, $1.00.
Pills $1.50 Per Bottle, or 3 Bottles for $4.00.
Sent by Mail or Express.

Cut this out and keep it, and send for our full (3 column) article on obesity.

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Teeth extracted in morning. New ones inserted afternoon same day. Perfect fit guaranteed.

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CHRONIC, NERVOUS AND PRIVATE DISEASES

We cure Catarrh, All Diseases of the Nose, Throat, Chest, Stomach, Bowels and Liver.

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