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TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A STORM AT PACIFIC GROVE.

Rambling Remarks About the Beautiful Resort on the Bay of Monterey—Some Facts and More Fancy.

[From an occasional correspondent of the SUNDAY UNION.]

There is nothing left to say—it has all been said. It takes an ingenious brain to suggest anything that does not demand quotation marks as big and glaring as harrow teeth. The advertiser and the amateur writer have drawn on their imagination until the beauties of the place have become tiresome to the reading public. Perhaps there may have been something left unsaid about it in its winter mood, and it is with this hope that my sharpened Faber glideth.

That particular slice of California is the suburbs of the Celestial City. There is a breath of peace in the wooing breezes, and the fragrance from the flower-cups is like a holy incense. Snuggled down cozily in a wrap of warmest sunshine, she invites Winter to do his worst. While the East shivers in the shrinking blasts and heavy snows, here we bask in the glorious warmth from Heaven, and birds hold high carnival. The air holds myriads of butterflies, and the sweet, drowsy atmosphere is a balm to tired souls. The extravagancies in the floral kingdom are quite appalling. Hedges of calla lilies that tower up to one's head, pillars of golden bronze nasturtiums, dense banks of purple heliotrope, wastes of pansies and violets, masses of marguerites like a heaven peopled with stars, banks of generous-leaved geraniums bright with blossoms, that respond to the touch of every passer-by with a cloud of fragrance that clings and caresses with a silent tenderness.

They can have a storm if they care to, and just for the sake of variety the gates of heaven open and down pours some weather, for variety is the noblest work of God, and a rolling man gathers no moss. The skies frowned and then they wept. The winds blew like mad, and howling and whistling they uprooted some of the finest trees. The big drops pattered unpityingly on every little flower-crowned corner, and disbanded many a flock of yellow and brown butterflies; while the streets ran in little gullies of quicksand they were beaten to the earth and gasped and fluttered their poor, useless little lives away. The little blue bay that had behaved so prettily for weeks, laying blue and calm, with broad paths across its bosom, or else fluttering a few white caps towards shore, seemed possessed of a demon, and the fiercest storm of the season was watched by half the populace. The surface took on the reflections of the lowering, angry sky, and the tints were magnificent. Bands of delicate violets and strips of greens, and blues and purples blended into the cold sky. A piercing wind came hurrying down among the pines, and as its fury increased the waters grew tumultuous. A ragged break in the clouds shed a halo on the heaving waters, but a black shadow was dragged sullenly over the rift and the night closed in with rain falling in small stinging drops. A great, green, glassy mountain comes wallowing in, the winds catch at its crest and fret it into white flaky plumes. It curls and falls with a crash, and rolling onward, spends itself with fury on the jagged rocks. High, high, a column of spray dashes into the air, stands a second and drops into a seething, snowy bed. The other portion moves on and throws its watery weight on a long, sloping beach. All along the coast line the spray is lashed into tall walls as white as alabaster. The wind spins along over the huge waves and throws clouds of vapor far onto the shore. The strength is spent, for a while the waters are calm; a clear green, with a lacy, creamy covering of broken foam, lashed and scourged on the uneven rocks. Peace is not restored, for out in the middle of the bay there is an upheaval, and gathering strength the curlers come crashing in again. Such a provoking climate! In a few days the sun is beaming as serenely as if it had never had a tear in its eye. The trees drip, drip softly, the ground is littered with pine needles, leaves and twigs. Orderly level beaches are washed in uneven channels, and bare, brown rocks are exposed. The tantrum the sea took on has uprooted all manner of treasures from their fastenings in the deep. Moss-backed old crabs that have grown gray in the service of the sea king, that have scorned the upper earth and air, now lie legless and humiliated, unable to scuttle sideways out of the clutches of the taunting waves; a bunch of kelp is twisted and re-twisted like the snaky Medusa locks; a handful of long, green sea grass, the tresses of some mermaid, lies within reach of the lazy waves, and licking up, they lift the long locks, and receding leave them strewn on the sands. The life of a poor little sea bird has been beaten out on the rocks, and it is tossed almost out of reach and then dragged down into the depths. Nondescript drift is stacked in all the the angles, and at the line of soapy bubbles the last wave left are rare tinted shells and brownish-red mosses. The little boat that broke away from her moorings and went dancing along, coquetting with winds and waves, oarless and rudderless, had her gaudy little self battered into splinters on the pitiless crags, and a few red and yellow slivers and a much banged about piece of board bearing the legend, "Gladys," is all that is left of the discontented little truant. The waters encroached on the banks of rich black loam, and the fleshy stems of the luxuriant night-shade, with the deadly berries and beautiful blossoms, are threshed and bruised, and thrown into a mangled mass.

The city of Monterey is having her streets graded. They need it, you are thinking. Some of the principal streets were mere garbage dumps, and they stand on edge, too. The precipitous crags that stood in lieu of sidewalks, the pools of limpid water embroidered with rusty cans and castaway clothing, the roaring cataracts in winter are to be things of the past. Work is in progress on the erection of the Junipero Serra monument. A switch from the main road is being laid to convey the material up the hill. It is on the hill overlooking the bay, where the ruins of the adobe fort are. It is to be unveiled the coming February, and the new street car line will then be completed from the Del Monte grounds to the statue.

Del Monte looks lonely and forlorn—all wrapped in a winter mantle. The frost has laid its blighting fingers on some of the flowers and they look sorry. Many are blooming as happily as if they reveled in a June day. The lake has been robbed of its children—the boats—and the waters look icy and sullen. The little new chapel is one of the freakiest freaks of the freaky freak—the prettiest and cutest thing imaginable. How any one's thinking apparatus, however well tinctured with piety, could preserve a decorous attitude amid the quips and quirks of these surroundings I cannot apprehend. The mellow click of a croquet ball falls on the air once in a while, and looking down the vista a few Chinese are moving with snail-like speed, engaged in raking leaves. Simply this and nothing more.

A few days ago in Monterey a lady entered a telegraph office and sent a telegram to her husband in San Francisco, instructing him as to a banner for a Sunday-school, as she had been appointed to see to it. The message ran thus:

"Unto us a child is born four feet wide and eight feet long. MARY."

Three little bays, and a long, steep hill of sand as fine and feathery as drifted snow. A heap of shoes, stockings and jackets at its foot, and on the slope a contortion of arms and legs terrible to witness. One would seat himself at the top and take hold of a rope. His companions would steer the living toboggan down hill, but when about half-way down he relaxed his grip, and two little fellows went complexion over appetite to the bottom. Then tugging up again, blowing like porpoises, the ground and lofty tumbling was repeated. A fourth party entered the lists, with a unanimous shout of approval, and proved a valuable addition to the trio. This was 'Bull,' the tramp dog of the grove, for such he is in reality. He has a master and a home, but peripatetic life suits his taste more aptly that the regular course of bones and beating, and so he trampeth where he listeth, and no man knows whence he cometh nor whither he goeth. He is a huge cream and white animal of no particular breed—just only dog—with drooping ears, a deep forehead, and soft, intelligent eyes. On this day he was taking a little run over the sandhills for any coons or jack-rabbits that might be tempted to wander from the cover of home. His eyes lit up with joy unspeakable when he chanced upon the coasting party. Here was rare sport that was far in advance of the most exciting coon chase. The slide soon lost its charm, and the long, low stretch of beach and tumbling breakers a few hundred yards to the west invited their attention. Over the soft yielding sand the bare feet went pattering, and "Bull" was the happiest boy in the bunch. One little fellow, whose pockets were bulging over with carrots, and the tops waving with every jump, secured him by a long, stout piece of kelp. But captivity is a word unknown to 'Bull," and he was soon swimming and barking and swallowing salt water at every howl. The little pantaloons were reefed higher and secured, and six little white legs glimmered in the blue green water. Every bunch of seaweed was overturned, and every time their pet hope was blasted—that of finding a dead sailor or a chest of doubloons in the trash the sea had rejected. Every abalone, every crab, every living thing received its amount of attention, and many an old veteran sea gull was made to wish it had never seen the light of day. The eye of heaven sank down, down, throwing a rosy glow over all. The breakers flung themselves higher, as if wafting it a good-night kiss. The tender rays slanted on the glistening sands, in the wake of the last receding wave, and mirrored plainly the tired youngsters with rosy cheeks, and "Bull," with his pink tongue lolling out and his tail drooping, holding a grand pow-wow as to the advisability of turning their little red heels on grand old ocean and wending their wap homeward.

The seventeen-mile drive is patronized but little. Now and then a winter bridal party is driven over it, having come down from Pajaro or Milpetas to spend an extravagant three days' honey-moon at Del Monte. The drive has its attractions, even in the dull winter. Every little ravine is overhung with vines in gorgeous yellow and red beauty, and the spruces and cypresses take on a greener complexion and a breath as spicy as the man who goes out between acts. One of the prettiest features is Cypress Point, where the green sward extends to the water's edge, and the briny winds have battled with the old cypress trees until they have succumbed to its strength and have lain themselves down on the grassy knolls in sheer fatigue. The forest is as dense and uncanny-looking as those in fairy lore, and from under the green shelves and gnarled branches brownies and gnomes seem ready to pop out and dance wildly. Gentle mosses creep up around the fallen monarchs and cover their deformities. The heavy fogs creep in from the sea and hang like a great, wet gray curtain. How the winds sport with it and tear it into parts that gradually close together.

There is a snake in the Eden; there is forbidden fruit. There is the element whose heels are itching to dance to the jingle of the timbrel and harp, and there is the element who say the sound of revelry shall not disturb their quietude. There is a skating rink, and skating is allowed, but that is the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. It seems that at the founding of the place the Pacific Improvement Company agreed that there were to be no saloons nor high jinks of any kind. The little place is renowned for its quiet and temperate habits, and the powers propose to have peace if they have to fight for it. The other faction claim that that jurisdiction does not extend on to the territory on which they dance, and so the wordy war wages. A. R. L.

THE OLDEST CHURCH.

The First in This Country Erected by English-Speaking People.

About 200 miles south of the city of Washington, in the county of Isle of Wight, Va., stands the oldest building erected on this continent by English-speaking people, says the Washington *Star*. It is built entirely of brick and called "St. Luke's" and 'Old Smithfield Church," while its historic name is "The Brick Church."

This venerable church was built in 1632, 100 years before Washington was born and only twelve years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. The antiquity is proven by two deeply marked date bricks that came down with the east wall in the year 1887, when the original top fell in.

The church having been abandoned as a house of worship in 1836, in the year 1885 Rev. David Barr, then rector of the church at Smithfield, Va., and now the assistant minister of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C., undertook the work of having the old church put in perfect and complete order.

In the restoration twelve of the small windows composing the east window, the nave windows and the vestry room windows are to be memorials. In the east window will be one each to Washington (the only memorial window to him in the United States); Lee Bridges, the builder of the church; Rev. Mr. Hubbard, the last colonial parson of the church (up to 1802, when he died); Bishops Maulson, Moore, Meade and Johns, Virginia's four deceased chief pastors: Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith, John Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas, and Rev. Dr. Blair, founder of William and Mary College.

The southwest corner window in the nave will be a memorial of Pocahontas, provided principally by her descendants, and the two opposite ones are memorials of Parsons Hunt and Whittaker, first and second chaplains with Captain John Smith in the Virginia colony. Whittaker baptized Pocahontas and married her to Rolfe.

The first roof was put on the church in 1633, the second in 1737, and the third about 1821, and the present new one in 1887.

AN ANCIENT PROBLEM SOLVED.

Baron Von Muller and the Cure of Snake Poisoning.

The Governor-General of India has received a communication from Baron von Muller, an eminent scientific authority of Melbourne, announcing that he has discovered the real cause and effective cure of snake poisoning.

Hitherto the mode in which the venom of serpents produced fatal effects has been a mystery. The elaborate series of experiments carried out by the Victorian savant have, he states, not only rendered it clear how the poison operated in producing death, but have pointed out a remedy which, when applied in time, will save the life of the patient.

According to Herr von Muller the venom of serpents does not destroy the tissue of the body, but has merely a dynamic effect, suspending the action of the motor and vaso-motor nerve centers. This discovery at once indicated that the proper kind of antidote would be something that would "stimulate and increase the functional activity of these nerve centers."

The remedy is supplied by strychnine, which is directly antagonistic in its action to snake poison. Herr von Muller has applied strychnine upon a large number of persons bitten by tiger snakes and other venomous serpents, and with invariable success.

The way in which he employs it is to insert ten to twenty minims of the drug under the skin of the patient, and repeat the operation every fifteen minutes until slight muscular spasms are produced, these being an unfailing sign that the patient is out of danger. Large doses of strychnine may be injected into the blood of a person without producing any injury until it has completely neutralized the effect of the snake poison.

The importance of this discovery, if confirmed, can hardly be overrated. In India, where 30,000 persons are killed by poisonous serpents every year, Baron von Muller's communication has naturally been received with the deepest interest.

In ancient Greece a law of Pittacus enacted that "he who commits a crime when drunk shall receive a double punishment"—one for the crime itself and the other for the inebriety which prompted him to commit it.

CONCERNING MAN'S ATTIRE.

VALUE OF PICTURESQUE FEATURES AND GRACEFUL LINES.

A Lady of the Old School Talks of Old-time Fashions for Gentlemen—Hats and Neckclothans.

It is not very long since I chanced to remark upon the tiresomeness of the derby as an article of masculine headgear, and the gentleman to whom my humble opinion was expressed retorted in energetic, masculine phrase that "he would not be found dead in a derby." This prompt agreement from a quarter where I might have expected, at best, but an innocent look of surprise that any article of male attire so long tacitly approved by custom should not be all one's fancy might crave, encouraged me to further observe that the cause of its long-continued popularity with gentlemen seemed wrapped in mystery. It could not be because the feminine portion of the world is lost in admiration of this special head covering, inasmuch as, to my certain knowledge, sundry of us have made a point of avoiding the sight of one for months, nay, years past, endeavoring always to center our attentions upon what was beneath its rim, when compelled through accidental circumstances to hold colloquy with its wearer, or, in cases where no acquaintance was made this necessary, turning aside to gaze into some convenient shop window. We may not always go out of our way to avoid meeting a derby, for, unhappily, it is still too frequently encountered. I say still, for, somehow of late I have fancied that the derby seems slightly on the wane.

But why has this hat been for so long the fashionable everyday masculine headpiece? And what did man wear for a business hat before it came into vogue? To the first query I know of but one answer, and that is a la Mother Bunch:

"Says Aaron to Moses
Let's cut off our noses.
Says Moses to Aaron
'Tis the fashion to wear 'em.

To my second inquiry I received a reply upon the evening referred to, from a highly cultivated elderly lady present at the time, who promptly informed me that "Before men wore derbys they wore hats!" Alas, long-suffered derby, where is your chance after that? After such quenchers no man who heard it will patronize you again, to be sure. Much amused, we demanded to know something of the "hats" madam mentioned so emphatically.

"Why," replied the interesting lady of the old school, "for many years before the derby became fashionable for everyday wear there were two or three styles of plain hats worn, which were less harsh in character. Of course, the tall silk hat held first place as a dress hat, and although a stiff construction, requiring to be taken up gently and handled with care, yet its pedigree is superior to that of the derby, for it has always been associated with gentlemen from its first advent, and did not find birth among horse jockeys. Then its polished surface certainly suggests that fastidious neatness which is supposed to characterize the dress toilet of a gentleman. Along about 1825 and 1830 the silk hat was worn in various shapes. Some were high and straight, resembling those of the present time, others retained some resemblance to the bell-crowns of earlier days, and others still more low-crowned, with brims that curved deeply back and front in such manner as to beetle over the eyes. There was so much traveling in stage coaches about this period that the soft slouched hat was commonly worn, a large brimmed hat, which has been associated by Dickens and other romancers very frequently with the mysterious or sinister individual who was usually introduced seated in the darkest corner of the tavern barroom, and who, between this hat and his black muffler, endeavored to baffle observation as to his identity.

"About 1857 the soft crown of the low hat became flat and round, the brim slightly stiffened and flat, the whole about the size and shape of our present straw sailor hat. Young men wore a soft crown of a half-globe shape, with narrow, curling brim, which was quite becoming. During the war time many men, both young and old, affected the cavalry hat, a big, soft felt. Nearly all of the common hats within the range of my memory, had a soft, easy, comfortable touch about them, and they did not show shininess and wear, as quickly as the derby. However, the soft felt, with turned-up brim and peaked crown, which many middle-aged gentlemen have lately adopted, also a certain light-colored, little, light-weight, youthful sort of a hat, worn by the fraternity of literary Bohemians in New York, show that individuality of taste is beginning to assert itself among our busy gentlemen as well as among our leisurely ladies."

"My dear madam, how delightful it is to have you tell us all this. And while we are on the subject of masculine fashions, I wish you would tell us what you think of the gentleman's present style of neckscarfs as compared with the neck-cloth of earlier days."

"Why, the silk and satin scarf of to-day is, like the silk hat, pretty and neat by reason of its material and sheen. But it must always be fresh and new to appear well. For this reason it is a great expense to gentlemen, for it is made over a stiff foundation, and a flat, hard surface of any fabric very soon shows soil or threadbare glossiness. When the tie was worn, the single strip of silk might be shaken out, smoothed and folded when removed, and in this way lasted longer than the made scarf."

"I was reading about Beau Brummell the other day," I remarked, "and it seems that he used to say, 'give me fine linen and country washing.' I suppose that was because the neck cloth about which the Beau was so particular had to be so carefully laundried.

"There is no doubt that the neck-cloth in Beau Brummell's days, when all the fashion of London were votaries of Almacks, gave those cavaliers much concern. A pamphlet containing instructions and illustrations as to the manner of folding the starched cambric, etc., was found upon many a gentleman's dressing table. It was called 'Neckclothiana.' The collars at that time were standing, with high pointed corners. The fashion in its extreme, was, of course, a somewhat absurd one, for if the collar chanced to thrust its corner above the chin by reason of the freshly starched 'choker,' it gave the masculine visage a somewhat fierce aspect, unsuited to the dandy. But there was this good feature about these ties and collars: They were capable of wrinkling and shaping themselves to the throat, no matter how rigidly they were first applied. As the fashion relaxed the collars became lower, and Byron's open collar cast over 'Neckclothiana' its peculiar poetic relation. A friend of my husband knew Brummell very well, and he declared that he was 'anything but a dandy,' for the reason that he eschewed all ornament. 'Of all my acquaintances,' he declared, 'he was the quietest, plainest and most unpretending dresser.' Brummell was very fond of turning into ridicule any excess of fashion, and on one occasion, at a club in London, illustrated the absurdity of the high neck-cloth by drinking to the health of his friend, Lord Worcester, after this fashion: This friend sat within two seats of him, but, calling the waiter, he said, without turning his head, 'Is Lord Worcester here?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Tell his Lordship I shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with him.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Ahem.'—after interval—'is his Lordship ready? Ah! Then tell him I drink health.'

"Byron said: 'I like the dandies—they were always civil to me'; and for my part," I added, "I think the expansive white neckcloth, with the way in which the hair was brought forward on each side of the face, the small side whiskers, and the 'Byron curl' on the forehead gave a gentleman's face a picturesqueness, and, to the good-looking, a certain artistic finish which the best appearing and best dressed gentleman in stereotyped evening garb lacks today. Wearing his hair a little longer gives a gentleman the chance to groom his locks, and when wavy they serve to beautify, just as a lady's may. I was quite disillusioned the other day to read that Lord Byron was once caught in bed in the morning with his hair in curl papers! But all the same, as he had time to attend to such frivolity, I am sure he acted well in giving pleasure to those who saw him. For, whether natural or not, Byron's hair went far to add to his comeliness.

"Another feature which added to man's attractiveness in evening dress in the days of 1812 and thereabouts were the knee-breeches," said my friend. "Many a man has a fine form without having a handsome face, and a fine physique is certainly well shown off in such dress, besides following in outline the natural curves of the lower limbs. Our recent revival of old-time features in dress will probably serve to establish more shapely trousers, especially for evening wear, than we have been used to. A garment following the line of the figure is quite as suitable and graceful for men as for women, and as the former have instituted themselves most grave critics and arbiters where women's dress is concerned, we feel no overwhelming timidity about reminding them of such ugly features in their attire as obtrude themselves upon us.

"About 1830 the trousers were worn long. Some were strapped down under the instep. They were either closely fitted to the limbs or had lose fronts, which were plaited beneath the waistcoat. They are much more shapely than the loose pantaloons, or those even which flare at the bottom, unless the latter be shaped in at the ankle.

"It was Washington Irving who once wrote to an artist, in 1820, requesting that he should paint him in a certain overcoat with a fur cape, 'a dress that has nothing remarkable in it, but which merely avoids any present fashion which might in a few years appear stupid.' We have all seen that picture of Irving, concerning which he added: 'Let the costume be simple and picturesque.' And we all feel that it is so. I am sure all the old portraits of gentlemen (who were at all distinguished) show that they all considered what was artistic and tasteful in surroundings, attire and attitude. I have seen a good many cloaks with capes worn by gentlemen this fall, and they certainly are too picturesque to be relegated to the clerical fraternity, or the old type of bohemian. A touch of fur on a man's coat is a feast to the eyes, and ought not to be confined to such men as would be conspicuous. Fur is intrinsically artistic, rich, and well suited for masculine adornment and comfort."

ART NOTES.

The sixth annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York opened on the 23d of December, and continues to January 10, 1891. A press reception was given in the morning on the 22d, and a general reception in the evening. Works were received at the galleries on the 12th and 13th, and will be collected and returned at the expense of exhibitors. As usual, the range of exhibits is wide, including designs for decoration, furniture, etc., photographs of executed work, cartoons for stained glass, models of proposed work, carvings in stone or wood, wrought-iron objects, mosaics, stuffs, drawings and paintings.

In New York recently there was an exhibition of bronzes and clay models, terra-cotta busts and medals by the Irish sculptor Albert Bruce Joy. It included reductions from his bronze and marble busts of Gladstone, Salisbury and John Bright, portraits of General Roberts, Earl Cairns, Prince de Solms Braunfels, and medallions of the late William Siemans, Dr. Longstaff, and Dr. William Bruce Joy, the sculptor's father. There is also a bronze female figure called "The First Flight" and a portrait in bronze of the late Duke of Albany, together with a medal from the medallion of Sir Humphrey Davy executed for the Royal Society of Great Britain.

One afternoon the Duke Lorenzo de Medici in walking through the garden came upon young Michael Angelo, who was busily chiseling his first piece of sculpture. The Duke saw in the stone the face of a faun which the boy was copying from an antique mask, but which, with his usual impatience of imitation, he was changing so as to show the open lips and teeth. "How is it," said the Duke, drawing closer, "that you have given your faun a complete set of teeth? Don't you know that such an old fellow was sure to have lost some of them?" Michael Angelo at once saw the justice of the criticism. Artists are not always ready to receive adverse comment. Michael Angelo himself was quick-tempered and hard to move. A hot word to one of his boy companions on a certain occasion brought so severe a blow in the face that all truthful portraits of Michael Angelo have since had to show him with a broken nose. But the Duke's criticism was kindly given, and was plainly warranted, and the young sculptor could hardly wait until the Duke walked on before beginning the correction. When the Duke saw the faun's face again he found some of the teeth gone, and the empty sockets skillfully chiseled out. Delighted with this evidence of the lad's willingness to seize and act upon a suggestion, and impressed anew by his artistic skill, the Duke made inquiries, learned that Michael Angelo had borrowed stone and tools on his own account in his eagerness to begin sculpture (he was first set at drawing from the statuary), and ended by sending for the boy's father. The result of the consultation was that the Duke took Michael Angelo under his own special patronage and protection, and was so well pleased after he had done it that no favor seemed too great to bestow upon the energetic young artist. Michael Angelo, then only 15, not only received a key to the Garden of Sculpture, and an apartment in the Medici Palace itself, but had a place at the Duke's table. In fact, a real attachment grew up between Michael Angelo and the Duke, who frequently called the boy to his own rooms, when he would open a cabinet of gems and intaglios, seek his young visitor's opinions, and enter into long and confidential talks.—*Alexander Black, in January St Nicholas.*

The policy of state-aided art, says Birge Harrison, in his article on "The New Departure in Parisian Art" (in the "Atlantic" for December), inaugurated by Napoleon, was continued under the various paternal governments which succeeded him. Monuments were erected continually; palaces and public buildings were decorated with mural paintings; the Ecole des Beaux Arts were founded, and made free to the students of all nations; the use of the galleries of the Louvre, and afterwards of the splendid Palais de l'Industrie, was conceded to the artists for the purpose of their yearly exhibitions, and medals of considerable intrinsic value were awarded to the most meritorious works exhibited therein. All these things were paid for out of the public funds; and it was considered so natural and proper a thing that the state should thus support and encourage the art protection of the nation that no one ever thought of questioning the legality or the advisability of the proceeding. With Frenchmen the financial part of the business never seemed worth discussing. With them the vital side of the whole question was the æsthetic side; and even to-day those who are the loudest in their condemnation of the policy leave the question of political economy entirely on one side, and base their objections to the system upon the ground that it has become directly deleterious to the best and highest interests of art itself. They do not deny that contemporary art owes much to the careful nursing and fostering which it received in its infancy at the hands of the Government, but they claim that the child of 1800 has grown to the estate of manhood, and is now only hampered by the leading-strings which were useful enough in its earlier years. They also state that the system is responsible for a very great evil—an evil which was not contemplated by its founders, but is none the less a direct result and consequence of all its tendencies; and they further aver that this parasitic growth has attained such formidable proportions as at last to smother and destroy all the good which may at one time have belonged to the system. The evil thus referred to is the formation and gradual development of a distinctly official school of art—an art which is admirably adapted to the decoration of ceremonious apartments of state, smooth, polished and impeccable in technique, but utterly lacking in the qualities of soul and sentiment.

Stanley declined to give his autograph to the pages in Washington, who make a business of collecting signs-manual of great men.

TAKERS OF TIPS.

ITCHING PALMS WHERE ONE MIGHT NOT EXPECT THEM.

True Stories That Illustrate the Prevalence of Tipping and Bribery Here and Abroad.

It is not easy to say where tipping ends and downright bribery begins, any more than it is easy to decide at what point in the social scale one may cease to tip. Each of these points is illustrated by a true story of English life. An American traveling in Great Britain fell into conversation with an Englishman, and presently, of course, was listening to a tirade against corruption in American politics. The American bore it all patiently and acknowledged the truth of many charges brought by his companion, but finally asked whether there was no corruption in English politics. "Some; but not so much as in yours," was the answer. "Any bribery?" pursued the American. The Englishman's face changed, and then, with a smile, he admitted that there was. In fact, he had met with it in his own experience. Supplies furnished by him to the Government had been rejected on the ground that they were not up to the specified quality. He knew that they were, and applied to a friend for a solution of the matter. "Whom have you seen?" said his mentor. "I mean whom have you bribed?" The contractor was forced to admit that he had bribed no one. "Then go and do it at once," said the other. "Begin with the lackey at the door, and don't stop short of the Secretary."

Armed with this advice, the contractor proceeded to the proper office, and began by tipping a half crown to the man at the door. This brought him, not to the Secretary, but to some subordinate's stenographer. Once in the presence of the stenographer, the contractor unostentatiously laid a five-pound note on the desk, and propounded his query. The stenographer, with alacrity, referred him to some one else, and that person was also tipped, or bribed, as you prefer to regard the operation. Before the Secretary was reached, eleven persons were seen, and the price was higher with each successive official. Finally, when the contractor came to the Secretary, who is a cabinet officer, the latter touched a bell and presently in came a man that had upon his person £20 of the contractor's money. This man brought the papers in the case. The Secretary conferred with him; there was some nodding and frowning, and presently the Secretary turned to the contractor and said: "Make your mind easy; injustice has been done you; another man's material was inspected by mistake for yours."

The contractor probably did not bribe the Secretary, but the operation cost him a good round sum. It was cheap at the price, however, for half his fortune was staked on the venture.

The other story sounds like one often told; but it is a transcript from an American's experience in England. The gentleman in question was at Chester, looking about the Cathedral and wondering how he should get into the Chapter House. Presently he saw a robed gentleman of respectable aspect approaching, and determined to appeal to him. He in robes explained that the Chapter House was not ordinarily opened to the public, but if his questioner would wait for twenty minutes, until the sitting of the Chapter should end, a peep at the place might be obtained. He was subsequently as good as his word, for he not only showed the American about the Chapter House, but explained intelligently many features of interest. As the pair came out, the American eyed his cicerone and decided that a half crown was the proper tip. So, thrusting a hand into his pocket, he drew out the coin. But before he could present it the other reddened violently and said in haste: "You'd better put it into the charity box." They parted with apologies on one side and soothing assurances on the other, but the American was not placed entirely at ease when, on pointing out his recent guide to an underling of the Catheral, he learned that the venerable untipped was the Dean himself. Doubtless the very reverend gentleman has often told the story with applause.

Here is another true story apropos of tips, bribery and the supposed purity of earlier times. Many years ago, while slavery still flourished in Delaware and many negroes that were not slaves were "bound" for a term of years, a famous old politician became surety for a negro bound boy, accused of some criminal offense. When the time for trial came the master took the lad to Court, prepared to deliver him into the hands of the officers. When the time for trial came the master took the lad to Court, prepared to deliver him into the hands of the officers. While the master was absent a moment, however, the lad, thinking upon the pains of imprisonment and reflecting that he was near the lines of several other States, took to his heels. It meant to the master a forfeiture of bail amounting to several hundred dollars. But he took the simple course of going to the Attorney-General, as the prosecuting officer is called in Delaware, pressing a ten-dollar bill into his hand and begging to hear no more of the case. He had his way.

A species of tipping that cannot be called bribery is common enough in public offices in this country. A New Yorker visiting a public building in Philadelphia was introduced by "the Major" to "the Captain," who should do the honors of the place. In the course of the inspection the Captain exhibited a pamphlet, which the New Yorker saw that he was expected to buy. He paid his quarter, and continued the tour. When everything had been seen the New Yorker attempted to escape, but was detained while the Captain explained impressively that the inspection had been a much more thorough one than was accorded to the mob of visitors. Surely this could not mean another tip, thought the New Yorker, but as the Captain continued in the same strain, his guest began to think that it could mean nothing else. Then an easy and graceful way out occurred to him, and he said, half hesitatingly: "Will you not come out and have a drink?" The Captain, untouched in dignity, promptly accepted the invitation.

New Yorkers, accustomed to tipping at every turn, make the mistake of supposing that the tip has become a national institution. This is far from true. There are mean-spirited persons everywhere, for whom the "jingle of the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels," but the great mass of Americans are uncorrupted by this form of petty bribery. Wherever fashionable folks from the great cities are accustomed to summer, there the natives are open to tipping. But the greater part of the people 100 miles from the Atlantic coast not only do not take tips, but do not understand what is meant when a tip is offered. In the interior this independence of spirit flourishes, along with noonday dinners, early rising and soft felt hats. The people have not been Europeanized, and they are charmingly unconscious of the fact that any considerable number of their fellow-Americans have undergone that process.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

Emperor William is an ardent amateur photographer.

The Hon. Potiphar Peagreen is one of the celebrities of the Georgia Legislature.

Miss Belva Lockwood has decided that she does not want to be a candidate for President.

Professor Sumner, of Yale, is an Episcopal clergyman, though few people are aware of it.

Robet Dale Owen is to be honored with a $20,000 statue on the Smithsonian grounds in Washington.

The Duke of Cumberland possesses one of the largest and finest collections of gold and silver plate and jewels in the world.

Edwin B. Winans, the Democratic Governor-elect of Michigan, is seriously ill with pneumonia and nervous prostration at his residence in Hamburg.

General Booth is authority for the statement that there are 368 corps of the Salvation Army in America, with 57 outposts and 1,066 officers in active service.

Lady Florence Dixie, the London "blue," is more than popular. She is the rage. She has a head like a handsome boy, and wears her hair cropped short and banged about her forehead and ears.

Congressman-elect Sherman Hoar has gone South to recuperate from the effects of the strain of his recent campaign in the Fifth Massachusetts district. He is afflicted with nervousness and indigestion.

Professor Roberts-Austen, of the British Mint, estimates that the great smoke cloud that overhangs London is 300 tons in weight, and contains carbon and carbonic acid gas of a yearly value of £2,000,000.

Frank Bolles, the Secretary of Harvard University, denies the report that Professor Edmund J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania, has been called to a professorship of political economy in Harvard.

On the thirty-third day of his fast Succi, consuming iced vichy and ice, remarked: "I no loose me mooch. De haice (ice) stoap de kon-sum (heat); de vich-he stoap de pan in de stummock. I loose on-li two on-ci, you see."

Gozo Taleno, the new Japanese Minister to Washington, who is expected to assume the post by the end of next month, was a leading member of the committee that received and entertained General Grant during the latter's visit to Japan.

Princess Bismarck is said to be happier now that she is enabled to live quietly in retirement with her husband than she has been since he became Minister of State. She has always disliked the publicity entailed upon her by high social position.

A movement has been started by Miss Frances E. Willard and Mrs. Zerelda Wallace to secure a fine marble portrait bust of Susan B. Anthony, to be prominently placed in the historic gallery of women at the forthcoming Columbian Exposition.

Robert Garrett is allowed to hold his Rubens free of duty. It is a portrait of the Duchess of Crozl, and cost over $1,500. The Board of General Appraisers pronounced it a work of art and painted long before 1700. The picture, imported August 25, 1890, was on the free list under the tariff of 1883.

The entire educational world may be said to have been startled by the will of the late Daniel B. Fayerweather of New York, the millionaire leather dealer, who enriched twenty colleges in sums of $300,000—the bequest to Yale—to $50,000, the sum received in six separate cases, the recipients being two Eastern institutions and four Western. The sum total of his public benevolence was $2,195,000.

Dr. H. H. Curtis, who made the first experiments with Dr. Koch's lymph in New York, has received a letter from Berlin saying that the greatest consideration has been shown by Dr. Koch to Dr. Dickson, the bacteriologist of the University of Pennsylvania, and that Dr. Dickson, by invitation of Dr. Koch, had a personal interview with the latter lasting several hours. The letter also said that Dr. Dickson had been treated with marked courtesy, and entertained most hospitably, by the Berlin physicians, on account of his having antedated Professor Koch in his published experiments regarding the cure of tuberculosis in the guinea pig, by attenuations made from the tubercle bacillus.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Flashes From the Footlights of Many Theaters.

"The Millionaire" has made a great hit in Chicago.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is again confined to her bed.

John R. Rogers may take Herrmann to Australia next summer.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has made a very favorable impression in Boston.

Miss Linda Dietz has retired from the stage, and will settle in Chicago.

"Later On" has the distinction of being called the worst play in existence.

Hugh Fay is the first of the dramatic profession to try Dr. Koch's lymph.

Tommy Russell has left the stage and has been sent to school by his mother.

Rudolph Aronson has secured Marie Tempest for one year from next October.

W. A. Brady, the young napoleonic manager, will put "The Inspector" on the road.

Minnie Seligman has been engaged as leading lady for the new stock company that Gus Piton is organizing.

Jos. Brooks has made arrangements for W. H. Crane's appearance as "The Senator" in London next summer.

Russell's comedians in general, and Fay Templeton in particular, seem to have a very great success in "Miss McGinty."

Julia Merlowe is getting better. She is said to have been engaged to appear with the Booth-Barrett Company next season.

Marie Wainwright has been resting and devoting her time to preparation for the production of "Amy Robsart" next season.

"Men and Women" will reach its 100th birthday January 12th, and Manager Charles Frohman will hand around souvenirs.

Charles Cogblan has been declared a bankrupt. At one time he drew the largest salary ever paid a stock company leading man—$700 a week.

Miss Nellie McHenry and her new play, "Chain Lightning," was seen in Boston last week. Miss McHenry has, as usual, had a very profitable season.

"Noah's Ark" is the name of a new spectacular play promised at Niblo's Garden immediately after New Year. Josh Hart so far is the only visible backer.

"Falstaff" is the title of a new comic opera upon the composition of which Verdi is busily engaged. The great musician is in his eighty-seventh year.

Mrs. John Drew has been robbed of $1,000 worth of jewelry. As her reputation is established, the press agent has probably not been doing the Pauline Hall razzle-dazzle act, and the robbery is no doubt true.

Miss Minnie Seligman, by her refusal to appear as Iza in "The Clemenceau Case," has forfeited her engagement with Manager J. M. Hill. The plucky and talented lady says, however, that she would rather lose ten engagements than appear not alone as Iza, but in any other part of the play.

The following plays have been licensed in London, and are to be brought to America next season: "L'Autographe," comedy by Henry Meilhac; "La Basoche," comic opera by Augustus Harris; "L'Ami des Femmes," comedy by Alexander Dumas, and "May and December," comedy by Sydney Grundy.

Nadage Doree, the irrepressible young woman who has gained glory, both as an operatic singer and as an actress, blooms out this week as an author, with a novel called "Nedia." Miss Doree has chosen a very delicate subject, which she handles without gloves, and in a manner that would strike terror even to the author of the "Kreutzer Sonata."

The separation of Robson and Crane proved decidedly beneficial to both parties concerned, but particularly to the former. In all the years of his association with W. H. Crane, Mr. Robson has never had such a successful season. He has found a worthy successor to the Henrietta in "Is Marriage a Failure?" and will give it an elaborate production in New York before the end of this season.

"Carmen," as done by the Kimball Opera Comique and Burlesque Company, is no way similar to the production of "Carmen Up to Date," now being presented by the London Gaiety Company at their theater on the other side. It is an entirely original construction conceived by Mrs. Jennie Kimball, who, feeling that Corinne had never had a good opportunity to display her ability, and recognizing in her temperament and appearance the advantages of which she would be possessed in assuming