MISS METHUEN'S MASTERPIECE.

PART I.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, an hour at which M. Fusain's studio, in the Rue Capouillet at Brussels, was wont to be given up to solitude and silence, when nothing remained of his large class of lady students save the unfinished work on a couple of dozen easels and drawing boards. The work thus displayed was very seldom ambitious, for M. Fusain's class was fashionable rather than hard working. As to the notice which hung over the stove—that the studio was free to any student who cared to avail herself of the light and the casts between the hours of 2 and 4 any afternoon—the privilege it offered was very little appreciated by the young ladies who assembled there in the morning and dispersed punctually as the stroke of noon sounded from the Porte de Hal.

On this particular afternoon, however, the studio was neither solitary nor silent. Some one was working there, and that some one was not alone. So much was evident from the sounds which floated now and then across the courtyard to the veranda, where M. Fusain sat smoking with a friend.

"Do you know who that is in the atelier?" said the artist, presently; then, without waiting for an answer, he continued: "It is my new pupil, Miss Methuen, your cousin."

The grave face of M. Fusain's companion did not evince much interest in this announcement. He puffed once or twice at his cigar; then, as he removed it from his lips to knock off the ash, he said, slowly:

"Indeed."

"And this," proceeded M. Fusain, in no wise rebuffed, "is the third afternoon she has been here within ten days. She has begun to model a head of Mme. Van der Heyden, the noted beauty, you know. She is doing it in relief; it was her own idea."

"Indeed," said the other again; then he added, after a pause: "A harmless amusement for both of them."

"My dear de Lastrin," began the master, "I assure you your cousin is not merely amusing herself."

"It sounds like it," rejoined de Lastrin, as a peal of silvery laughter reached their ears.

"Ah, well, she's seriously at work for all that. She has talent, too—the family talent, you know. De Lastrin, I could make an artist out of the stuff in that girl."

De Lastrin smiled somewhat contemptuously.

"I doubt if you could," he answered, "even granting that she has the talent you give her credit for, which, mind you, I don't deny, for I know absolutely nothing of her powers. Whatever they may be, however, she has not come here with the idea of being schooled into an artist. It is quite as much the fashion in London as in Brussels to go in for a little artist culture. The Methuens are very fashionable people. Of course, as they are wintering in Brussels, my cousin attends your classes; but, when she goes back to London next spring to be presented at court and to make her appearance in society, she will have no room in her home and no time in her day for easels and modeling boards. She will carry nothing away from here but a little art jargon, a smattering of anatomy, and a delusion that she knows something of studio life, which will make a good show in conversation whenever such topics are on the carpet. And that will probably be the sum total of my Cousin Dora's artistic career."

M. Fusain looked at his friend for a few seconds in silence; there was a humorous twinkle in his deep-set gray eyes.

"Well," he said presently, "I shall survive the disappointment. I only said I could make an artist of her; I didn't say I meant to try. Why should I when I have such a warning before me as yourself? By the way, mon ami, are you painting now or are you not?"

De Lastrin shook his head.

"I thought not," went on the msster. "I thought so from the expression of your face. Yet a year ago, when you built that new studio, you were so full of good resolutions. Remember all you said then, and all you let me say to you."

"I remember it," replied de Lastrin; "but talking didn't change my nature. I'm like the King of Israel in the Bible, only, unfortunately, I have not yet found the shepherd harpist who can beguile my melancholy."

"My dear fellow," cried his friend, "you have the remedy in yourself—"

"Fusain," broke in the other, "don't waste your breath on admonishing me; I know all you can say. You have said it many times; and do you think I have not said it to myself as many more? But it is no use; I am as I am. I have the unfortunate disposition to desire continually a new stimulus to detect conventionality in every relation of life; to feel the stereotyped monotony of modern society and modern culture so irksome that I long to break loose from it all—"

"And because you can't break loose from it all," interrupted Fusain, "because certain conditions—chiefly your position as head of one of the oldest families in Flanders—keep you in a fixed orbit and give you definite duties, you weakly allow your energies to be paralyzed by what you young fellows cal! 'the spleen.' My dear de Lastrin, I lose patience with you. You have everything that a man might desire—rank, fortune, talents, good looks—and yet, I should say, not the poorest gamin in the streets of Brussels gets less real pleasure out of his life than you do."

"I told you to spare your admonitions," said de Lastrin. "I should have thought you understood my case by this time. Do you think I encourage my fits of spleen? Do you think I am proud of the peculiarity which makes the whole world dismal to me and me dismal to the whole world? Everything is old and decrepit, and I am the oldest—I don't count by years—and most decrepit thing in existence. If I couldn't come and growl to you I should have no solace left. As to painting—how can I paint in such a mood?"

The artist smiled pityingly.

"And when the day comes," he asked, "that you weary of me, as you weary of all things?"

"It won't come; selfishness will stave it off. The only quality of my own I have faith in is my selfishness."

Then there was a silence, broken only by the sounds from the studio opposite, where artist and model had evidently much that was entertaining to say to one another.

"By the way, Fusain," said de Lastrin at length, "I should rather like to have a look at my cousin's work if I may; you have roused my curiosity. I had no idea you would think so well of her. I must confess I have snubbed the child once or twice when she has tried to give the conversation an artistic turn."

Meanwhile, in the studio, among the easels and the casts and the groups of still life, the subject of these remarks stood in front of her model, the rich afternoon light falling on her tall figure and auburn hair; her dark eyes were glowing with excitement, and there was a smile of disdain on her mobile lips as she turned to include in a sweeping gesture all the two dozen easels and all the unfinished work they displayed.

"A pitiful sight, isn't it?" she said. "Why, my dear Simonne, there is barely an ounce of talent among the whole lot of them. I feel quite impatient with M. Fusain for allowing them to come here day after day to waste their time and his. What can the perpetrator of a thing like that, for instance, learn from a man like Fusain? Nothing, my dear, absolutely nothing; their souls are too far apart I hope no one thinks I am on the level of such bunglers. Why, I have more talent in my little finger than any of the rest have in their whole bodies. That sounds conceited, doesn't it? But, really, it's not a high valuation of myself. Ask Fusain; he will tell you the same. I know he hinks well of my powers; indeed, there ts only one person of my acquaintance who does not allow that I am capable of something. Not that I believe him to be a real judge, but he gives himself the air of being one."

"I suppose," said Miss Methuen's companion, a delicate-featured blonde, "I suppose you mean your cousin, M. Le Marquis de Lastrin?"

"And why do you guess him?" asked Miss Methuen, a shade of petulance in her voice.

"My dearest Dora, do I not know the man? Have I not heard him talk?"

"You have not heard him talk of me, I hope?" broke in the girl.

"Oh, dear me. If your cousin condescends to have an opinion of you he would not vouchsafe to disclose it to me. But one knows the pretensions he gives himself about art, goodness knows why; one never sees anything he has drawn or painted, and, moreover, is he not the most incorrigible blase person in the world?"

"He is a bear," cried Miss Methuen. "You should have heard how he answered me when I told him something about my painting and modeling. Does he think it clever to set up for superiority in that empty way?"

Mme. Van de Heyden smiled; the girl had spoken so warmly.

"He does not appear to have much hold on your cousinly affection," she said.

"I should think not," exclaimed Miss Methuen.

"And yet," continued the other, "for all his—shall we call them idiosyncrasies?—he does manage to get a hold on some people's affection. In fact, my dear, I should think few men in Brussels have inspired a greater number of hopeless passions than your cousin Gilbert."

"Simonne," cried Miss Methuen, incredulously. "Don't romance. What woman could be so foolish as to even like him? I saw him once when he was a boy—we have met but rarely, you know, though our mothers are sisters—he was detestable then, but now he is far worse. That curt style of his is hateful. Do you know, dear," here she lowered her voice impressively, "do you know I have made up my mind—and I have a strong will of my own—to bring that man to his senses."

Mme. Van der Heyden smiled again.

"Bring de Lastrin to his senses?" she repeated. "My dearest child, do you know the danger of playing with edged tools?"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of him," responded Miss Methuen. "I suspect he has found that much out already, after one or two attempts and failures to crush me by his high and mighty sarcasm. And, you'll see, if I make up mind to bring him to his senses, sooner or later I shall succeed."

This time Mme. Van der Heyden laughed outright.

"I wish you joy of your undertaking, and if by mishap it should have the climax I fear, instead of the one you intend, come to me for consolation, dear. I've had a world of experience in troubles of that sort."

"I don't understand you," said Miss Methuen, loftily. "And now, will you kindly get into your pose again? No, that is not quite right. Your mouth was grave when I began it, and now it's contorted into a grin."

"I'm very sorry," replied her model, penitently, "but really you have to thank yourself for having upset the equilibrium of my facial muscles."

Then there was a silence, during which Miss Methuen worked diligently.

"There," she said at length, "I will release you now. You are a perfect angel of long-suffering patience, but it is in a good cause. And don't you think I am getting on splendidly? I really feel thoroughly satisfied with everything in the world—including myself. Now you must come home and have tea with us, and tell my mother how profitable we have spent the afternoon. She can't forgive me, you know, for preferring this musty studio to a drive in the Bois or a series of calls."

As she talked the girl damped a cloth and hung it over the medallion, and then proceeded to take off the long holland smock which swathed her tall figure from neck to feet.

"I should dearly love," began Mme. Van der Heyden, who was arranging her dainty little bonnet before a small looking-glass, "I should dearly love to see you set about your great task of bringing M de—"

Then and there she stopped abruptly, for the studio door opened, and M. Fusain's voice from the threshold said:

"Mesdames, I bring you a visitor, Mademoiselle, M. de Lastrin begs to be allowed to see the medallion at which you are working."

De Lastrin included both ladies in a stately bow, to which his cousin replied with a stately smile.

"I am not fit to be shaken hands with," she said. "I was just on the way to wash the clay off, and I fear I cannot uncover my medallion again to-day. You may see it, however, when it is finished," she added, with a little air of condescension.

M. Fusain looked disappointed. M. de Lastrin did not.

"She wants me to insist," was his mental comment, "and I shall do no such thing."

"But, mademoiselle," began the master, in a tone of remonstrance, "monsieur, your cousin, is an excellent judge of art, as perhaps you know. You are losing an opportunity of a valuable criticism."

"I fear, M. Fusain," replied Miss Methuen, sweetly, "that I have not a proper appreciation of the value of criticism. Besides, it is not a critic's business to judge unfinished work."

"I cannot agree with you entirely as to that," said de Lastrin. "Still," he added, turning to the artist, "I would not be indiscreet enough to offer criticism where it is not asked, and I quite understand mademoiselle's reluctance to show incomplete work."

"Ah, well," said M. Fusain, reluctantly, "I am sorry. I wanted you to see what she can do."

"And so he shall, monsieur," rejoined the girl amiably. "I am hoping to give my friends a private view on Saturday at the latest. You must come, Gilbert," she went on, turning to her cousin; "remember it is an invitation, and I will hear all you have to say then."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, Miss Methuen," responded de Lastrin, gravely. Then with another bow he followed M. Fusain from the studio.

"And so you ought to be infinitely obliged," said Miss Methuen, when the door had closed, "seeing that you have lear..ed that there is some one who refuses to be patted on the back at the pleasure of your lordship."

"Prologue to the great work," said M. Van der Heyden; "first scene of first act to be given on Saturday at the latest, if the leading gentleman is there to take his part. My dear Dora, I congratulate you so far."

"Now promise me you'll come on Saturday," M. Fusain was saying at the same moment, as de Lastrin took leave of him.

"I won't run the chance of breaking my word," said the other. "I won't vouch for my curiosity surviving so long. And you know," he added with a half sneer, "she would have gratified it now if I had pressed the point."

"Then why didn't you press the point?"

De Lastrin shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't you imagine me," he asked, "pandering to the vanity of a silly school girl?"

The following day Miss Methuen and her model were again in the studio; but M. Fusain heard little talk and no laughter proceeding thence as he sat smoking in the veranda. If silence meant serious work there was no doubt that his promising pupil was making the most of her time. Appearances were, however, as usual, not to be trusted, for Miss Methuen was not making satisfactory progress.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she cried at last, "I can do nothing this afternoon—absolutely nothing. It all looked so nice yesterday, and now I have spoiled your upper lip, and I have tried at the curve of your nostril until I am almost in despair."

"My dear Dora," returned her model, "don't get vexed with yourself. It will all come right in time."

"It won't," retorted the girl, irritably. "I might, if I could, see where the fault lies, but I can't, and I've got no one to show me. It is no use to come and work here without understanding what one is about. Why can't old Fusain give me a look sometimes? I feel just now as if I must crush the whole thing back to a mass of shapeless clay."

"My dear," cried Mme. Van der Heyden, "what a change in the atmosphere! Hadn't you better leave off before you do something irremediable?"

"I can't leave off," still more irritably. "How shall I finish by Saturday if I leave off now?"

"I see," said the other significantly, "I see what it all means. This great private show is on your mind. Now, really, dear, is the game worth the candle?"

"Some games are worth a good many candles," rejoined Dora, as she turned resolutely back to her work.

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"You are immensely kind to say such pretty things of my little attempt," said Miss Methuen, to one after another of the friends whom she had invited to her private view. "I only hope you won't make me unbearably conceited by so much flattery. It is, perhaps, a good thing that my cousin, Gilbert de Lastrin, is not here to supply a wholesome corrective."

For M. de Lastrin's curiosity had apparently not survived until the end of the week, and in Miss Methuen's heart of hearts there was a hardly confessed sensation of disappointment that none of her acquaintances had been surprised by his appearing on the scene, not to mention the humiliation of feeling that he had ignored her invitation. When every one had gone she still lingered, scarcely admitting to herself that she was allowing him a few minutes' grace, yet her heart certainly beat quicker when the door opened once more and the servant announced "M. le Marquis de Lastrin."

She turned toward him with a gracious smile.

"A moment more," she said, "and I should have left the studio, carrying my medallion with me. Think what a disappointment that would have been for us both."

"I should have regretted it," he replied, looking not at her, but at her work, which was hung in the most favorable light the studio afforded.

"Take care," cried Dora, gayly; "you must not say anything I can construe into a compliment. I have had too many already, and I don't expect such things from you."

He appeared not to hear her remark—he certainly vouchsafed no answer to it. For some minutes he examined the medallion in silence.

"Your model is considered one of the beauties of Brussels," he said, somewhat irrelevantly, when he spoke at last.

There was another pause.

"You are pleased with it?" he began again abruptly.

"Well, supposing that I am, what then?"

"Then I congratulate you."

"That is rather ambiguous. On what do you congratulate me?"

"On having achieved what pleases you," was his reply.

"And supposing I am not pleased," resumed Dora, "how then?"

She hardly knew why she said it—why she allowed his impassability to make her communicative.

De Lastrin gave a sharp glance into her face. "If that be the case," he said, "I congratulate you still more warmly. I congratulate you on being able to see, instead of for being blind."

Dora's eyes flashed for a moment. "I hope I am clear-sighted enough," she rejoined, trying to steady a tell-tale tremor in her voice, "to see without any help that the thing is an utter failure. I hope I am sincere enough to judge even my own work fairly."

"You form a remarkable exception to the rest of your species if you are," he said, dryly; then there was another long pause; "but," he continued, and there was a decided softening in his tone, "you are wrong in calling it an utter failure—just as wrong as if you had fancied it a complete success. You would have done better if," he spoke slowly and hesitatingly, "if—to be quite honest—you had known how to."

He looked into her face, and she noticed that his large, gray eyes were brighter than she had ever before seen them. "How he enjoys the part he is playing," was her mental comment. Aloud she said:

"Of course, I wish you to be honest, but I may as well tell you that both my London master and M. Fusain consider me quite capable of working from life."

"Which," rejoined her cousin, coolly, "is in a certain sense true. Life is the one and only school for the art student; but—to continue speaking honestly—the work should be very humble and very patient. Your masters, Fusain included, have flattered you. You have talent, it is true; but if you want to run you must first learn to walk. You have apparently not the least inkling of the long drudgery which is necessary before your hand and eye have the technical skill necessary to success in such an undertaking as this. Your talent is absolutely helpless without that technical skill." De Lastrin spoke with unwonted animation.

"Pedantic creature," thought Dora. "I suppose he picks up all these phrases for the sake of sounding superior. I have always done all that my masters have suggested," she informed him in reply. "I suppose I shall grow more skillful in time."

"My dear cousin," he rejoined in the same tone, "that is just what you will not do. You will—if you continue to work on the lines you are now following—always be conscious of a lack in your powers of executions and in what you achieve. This attempt and its result will repeat itself ad infinitum. Perhaps you will not care if it is so—perhaps you aim no higher."

"I aim as high as I can get," she said, petulantly; "and I do not understand the vague things you say about the lines I work on."

Her tone seemed lost on de Lastrin. He was once more looking intently at the medallion. Presently he spoke again slowly and constrainedly.

"I would be less vague some other time if you would allow me," he said. "I might look in some afternoon when you are at work here and explain myself. I do not think Fusain would object even if I made a few suggestions."

"You are very kind," rejoined Dora, with chilly politeness. "Of course, I should be grateful for any suggestions of value."

Then de Lastrin looked at his watch and took a hurried leave as if the time he could never kill to his own satisfaction were infinitely precious.

"If I had had a grain of spirit," soliloquized Miss Methuen as she drove homeward, "I should have told him not to come. How could I allow myself to be patronized so detestably? And oh! what vanity to set himself up as an authority higher than such masters as I have had! What would Simonne say if I told her all about it? She would laugh at me indeed."

So it came about that Mme. Van der Heyden heard but an outline of the scene which had taken place. Even in that she found food for merriment.

"Going to help you with your drawing," she laughed. "My dear Dora, I shouldn't have thought you wanted another master. And do remember that the relation between master and pupil is rather a dangerous one."

"My dear Simonne," replied Miss Methuen, "if I never run any greater danger than the present one my peace of mind will be tolerably secure."

"Wait till the lessons are over, my dear. There is an old proverb which warns us not to shout before we are out of the wood."

And Mme. Van der Heyden, looking extremely wise, seated herself at the piano and began to accompany herself softly while she sang Carmen's weird, sweet song, "Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime, et si je t'aime prends garde a toi."

[Concluded next Week.]

THE use of Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

DEAF FROM CATARRH.

I was the victim of the worst case of Catarrh that I ever heard of. I was entirely deaf in one ear, and all the inside of my nose, including part of the bone sloughed off. No sort of treatment benefitted me, and physicians said, "I would never be any better." As a last resort I took Swift's Specific, and it entirely cured me and restored my hearing. I have been well for years, and no sign of return of the disease.—Mrs. JOSEPHINE POLHILL, DUE WEST, S. C.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

"There is every reason to hope that the Standard Prayer Book of 1892 will be a work in all respects worthy of the American church and of the eminent gentlemen who have it in charge," remarks the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago. "The committee, competent as it is, has not disdained to take counsel with the best liturgical scholarship of the church. In this kind of work, at least, the aid of experts is seen to be valuable. The shape in which such a book appears constitutes no small part of its usefulness to the church. The arrangement of the various offices upon the page, the indication by spacing or otherwise of the traditional relations of the various elements of a particular service, the mode of printing the rubrics, and even correctness of punctuation and the style of type employed, all have an important place. It may be hoped that care will be taken to avoid some of the disfiguring and sometimes positively inconvenient features so often met with in some of the older standards; that a new office, for instance, will be made to begin on a new page, and that it may not be necessary to turn the leaf in the middle of a collect, and even in the midst of the most solemn sacramental actions. The Standard, setting a good example in such respects, will naturally be followed in the publication of ordinary editions, and, especially, where it is of considerable practical importance, in copies meant for use upon the altar. If the Standard Book exhibits the accuracy and perfectness which we have a right to expect, it will contribute in no small degree to a restoration of the ancient enthusiasm for 'our incomparable Liturgy.'"

"The lesson to the churches of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor seems to us (the New York *Christian Union*) very plain. This movement is a revival of primitive Christianity. The only conditions of membership in these societies are personal faith in Christ (I believe that I am a Christian) and personal consecration to Christ (I pledge myself to do something systematically in His service). These men and women are of various beliefs, tastes, temperaments. They are Methodists and Calvanists, Episcopalians and Congregationalists, Radicals and Conservatives, but they join hand and heart, bound together by their common loyalty to Christ and by their common desire to impart to others something of their Christian life. If the evangelical churches of America were all to adopt the creed of the Societies of Christian Endeavor, if they were to welcome to their membership all who believed themselves Christians and were willing to pledge themselves to do something for Christ, and then were to unite in common conferences to avoid repetitions, collisions and overlappings of work, the enthusiasm which made this convention the greatest in numbers and the most inspiring in influence which has ever been held on the continent, would spread like a prairie fire through all the churches, and nothing could retard their march or resist their influence. The lesson of the convention is Christian union; that is, union with Christ, in Christ and for Christ."

The New York *Independent* says of the convention: "As a demonstration in favor of interdenominational fellowship its success was tremendous. Here they come together, the thousands from Missouri, or Wisconsin, or Illinois, or Pennsylvania, seated together, brothers and sisters, forgetting whether they were Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Methodists, or Congregationalists, remembering only that they were one in the service of Christ Jesus, determined that no barriers of sect should separate them, repeating with the fervency of tears their consecration to that service which knows no divisions in the army of the Lord, setting an example of union which their elders might well consider and follow. If they can stand together, why not their parents? It was like the lessons of union which are coming to us from the foreign mission field, from those who wish to forget their separtion and to pray the Lord's Prayer, 'that they all may be one.'"

"With the ostensible purpose of the Society of Christian Endeavor we are not in entire sympathy," observes the New York *Churchman* (P. E.). "So far as it is an effort to uphold sectarianism, by proclaiming that it seeks rather to preserve than to remove denominational differences, it is not a good thing. But as an evidence of a real weariness of sectarian division and of a longing after some other base of unity than a mere compromise, which can end only by settling on the lowest and vaguest terms of agreement, this movement has its hopeful side. It is one step in the direction of true unity in the historic Church of Christ. Just as it approaches a true unity it will be forced to grasp at something objective and lasting, and to let go the hindrances which belong to the era of separation. It is the practical denial of the sect idea—that the body to which one belongs is the one and only Church of Christ, and that all others are in heresy and schism. This point raises directly the question as to the right of denominational differences to remain. The Society of Christian Endeavor has not as yet solved this. It claims to be a league for practical Christian living—leaving its members free to join whatever body (evangelical) they will, and to continue in the same. When this practical code of living comes to positive definition, its weakness as well as its strength must appear. It must have its test questions as to what it, as a collective body, will do and how it will do it. It can hardly hope to rest content in denouncing evil and affirming good. It is not enough to say that all its members are pledged to lead a true Christian life. It must determine, whether it like or no, what is a true Christian life."

The *Christian Register* (Unit.) of Boston thinks that "church sickness must be considered as one of the religious diseases of our time. It means that a large number of people have ecclesiaphobia. The bitterness which marks the alienation from our churches may be seen in the expressions of scornful criticism and reproach indulged in by socialistic and labor-reform leaders. Such sentiments are pretty sure to secure a full measure of applause. And this simply means that the church is not fulfilling its duties towards that class of society in which it first originated. Equally manifest is the indifference about church going in a different stratum of society. Locomotive-ataxia takes possession on Sunday of men whose legs are perfectly usable every other day in the week. Indeed, on Sundays they are available for a picnic, but will not walk toward church. We see no cure for it all except a new revival in the church itself—an attempt, with burning conviction, to proclaim to the world that Christianity relates to the life that now is, that it is vital and essential to the redemption of human society. The church need stand none the less for the great eternal things it has stood for; but there are eternal things this side of the grave as well as on the other, and justice, righteousness and love are some of them."

"It is reported that a corporation has been formed with a large capital, whose business it will be to produce the Passion Play in Chicago during the progress of the World's Fair," says the New York *Observer* (Pres.) "We trust the attempt may never be made. Whatever may be said in favor of the tolerance of the Passion Play in its native Bavarian home, not a word can be said in favor of its production in Chicago. Well says the *Interior* of that city: 'The performance in Chicago, managed by theatrical agents as a World's Fair side-show, would be a direct challenge to the Christian sentiment of America. Any small instruction which the ignorant and irreligious may derive from the spectacle will be more than offset and overcome by the weight of contempt cast upon a sacred event thus travestied by a garish representation.' The respectable people of the land do not want this play; they do not want to see anything so sacred as the scenes of Calvary turned into a circus, while the lowest elements of the population, who might make a cheap circus or Bowery museum profitable to the proprietors, want no such solemn tragedy enacted for their delectation. Too sacred a theme for the one class and too solemn a performance for the other, the promoters may rest assured that the undertaking would prove a financial failure. That is probably the only kind of a consideration to move them."

"The Passion Play of Oberammergau sprang up among a simple country people prompted by a purely religious motive," says the *Congregationalist* of Boston. "It is repeated only in seasons at intervals of ten years. Those who have had it in charge have not sought to make money by it, but to glorify Christ. For these reasons the 'Passion Play' has aroused a world-wide interest, and travelers from many nations have visited it. It is appropriate only amid the surroundings where it arose. The proposed reproduction of this play at Chicago, in connection with the World's Fair, cannot be contemplated by Christians without the deepest repugnance. An attempt to do this same thing a few years ago was almost unanimously condemned by the press and by public sentiment. There are already signs that feeling has not changed on this subject, except to grow more intense and widespead against the scheme. The indignant protests of the American people will be lifted effectually against this prostitution of the very holy of holies of their religion should it be attempted."

PEACEFUL METHODS BEST.

An Old Industrial Journal Believes in Moderation.

[From the Engineering and Mining Journal.]

The success of the striking millmen at Homestead, Pa., who undertook to control absolutely the works of the Carnegie Company and opposed, forcibly, the entrance of watchmen sent by the company to guard them, found a prompt echo in the mountains of Idaho, where the striking Miners' Union men attacked and murdered a number of non-union workmen, blew up with dynamite the concentrating mill that was being run by non-union workmen, and threatened to drive every non-union workman from the entire Cœur d'Alene District.

The State troops in Pennsylvania were promptly called out in such force that the Amalgamated Association strikers found it prudent to offer no resistance, and the works are now again in possession of their owners, and no doubt will son be in operation by non-union men.

In Idaho the national troops had to be sent to quell the riot, and under their protection the mines and mills will soon be at work with non-union men.

The labor unions that attempt to prevent men who do not belong to them from earning their living, and that act as tyrants, with power of life or death over those who do not agree with their decrees, are the worst enemies of the workmen, and are out of place in a free country. They had better emigrate in a body to some country where they can force everyone into their union, decree $10 a day for five hours as the minimum of wages, and enforce it—until they starve. They will, of course have no hated employers of labor there, and no industries.

In this country every man has an "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and any body of men seeking to take away these rights is as much a tyrant and a traitor to free institutions as would be a dictator who should seek to establish slavery both of whites and blacks in this country. Such attempts at tyranny by labor unions invariably destroy the union and leave the workmen worse off than they were before.

Labor unions are desirable for the protection of the weak, and when conducted with moderation and wisdom can, and often do, secure a recognition of their rights. Witness the Association of Locomotive Engineers, which has secured many important advantages for its members, and is held in respect by employers. The *Engineering and Mining Journal* favors such unions; but in the interests of the workmen it utterly condemns such exhibitions of tyranny and brutal instincts as have recently been shown in Idaho and in Pennsylvania.

TO PARALYZE THE COURTS.

Thoughtful Comment on Manager Leeds' Platform.

[Stockton Daily Independent, July 26th.]

Mr. Leeds, the busy manager of the San Francisco Traffic Association, has formulated a platform to which he demands that every legislative candidate of every party in every district in the State shall subscribe, or the Traffic Association will oppose his election. The platform contains a great many words, but its essence is that the Constitution be so amended as to abolish the present Railway Commission and place the regulation of transportation, including the rates of freight and fares, in the hands of the Legislature, to prevent the courts interfering with anything the Legislatures may do in exercising that power, and to have the amendment submitted at once, so that the same Legislature may pass the bill so regulating transportation. This platform Mr. Leeds would have legislators prefer to all other pledges and give the business it dictates preference to everything else.

The platform should be entitled a scheme to turn the Legislature of California into a cinch factory. Bad as the present state of affairs is, Mr. Leeds' plan, if it were adopted, would make it worse. The substance of this was before the Democratic Convention at Fresno when Stephen A. White showed how it would promote corruption, but his words did not prevail with that body, which virtually threw itself into the arms of Mr. Leeds' combine. If such an amendment is submitted by any Legislature it ought to be beaten because a corrupt Legislature would only use the power granted to it to blackmail railroad and steamboat companies without benefiting the people. It would be a bid for the most corrupt men to seek election to the Legislature and a standing temptation to men of weak morals within that body to exercise the power corruptly. It would render it necessary for railroad companies to keep lobbyists with sacks in Sacramento during the session of every Legislature, and would be a constant source of corruption. It has been freely said for years that the railroad and telegraph companies were not to blame for using money to influence Legislatures. As long as "cinch" bills are proposed, the corporations that are threatened will try to defend themselves with the means at their command.

With all the experience of California pointing to such a result, and with a legislative scandal still before the San Francisco courts, it is astounding that so intelligent a body as the San Francisco Traffic Association could approve a scheme so demoralizing and so promotive of bribery. The committee has approved Leeds' platform and has issued it in the form of a letter to the public. It is so astounding in its proposition to paralyze the courts that if the proposed amendment be adopted and the Legislature pass any law depriving the courts of power to pass upon its acts, the law would promptly be pronounced void. The Constitution would have to undergo a complete remodeling and the Legislature would have to be made supreme to effect the purpose. When that is done California will cease to be republican in its form of government and will have become an oligarchy.

A RICH BABY.

Good Fortune of a Tender-Hearted Switchman.

A curious lawsuit is engaging the attention of the court at Ecija, Spain. The object in dispute is a sum of 250,000 pesetas and a baby. Some time ago a stranger, with a half mask on his face, went to the railroad station master and handed him a sealed letter and a heavy box, saying he had been commissioned to hand over a costly present. There being a train in the depot waiting to be dispatched the station master had the box and letter put down and went to attend to his business. On returning to his office he opened the letter, which said that a good friend, who did not wish his name divulged, was sending to him and his good lady a precious gift. Opening the box he looked into the face of a little baby. "I will not have the brat," he cried out, and soon had the whole force of servants of the depot around him. A switchman approached and looked lovingly at the little stranger. "Will you have it?" asked the station master. "Take it. I would not keep it under any circumstances." "If you will give it to me I will take it to my wife," said the switchman. "Take it away," said the station master. "I do not want to see it any longer." When the switchman and his good-hearted wife undressed the baby to place it in a warm bed they found a quantity of bank notes rolled up under the clothing, which counted were found to amount to a quarter of a million of pesetas, to be applied, as the paper stated, to the education of the child. When the station master heard of the find he came and demanded the child to be given back to him. But the switchman refused, holding that it was given him without reservation. The station master has appealed to the court to decide the question.

Berlin Cough Cure.

For coughs and colds and all lung and throat affections this article has superior merit. It is perfectly harmless, gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases in from two to three days. Indorsed by our best physicians. Try a bottle and you will always keep it. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

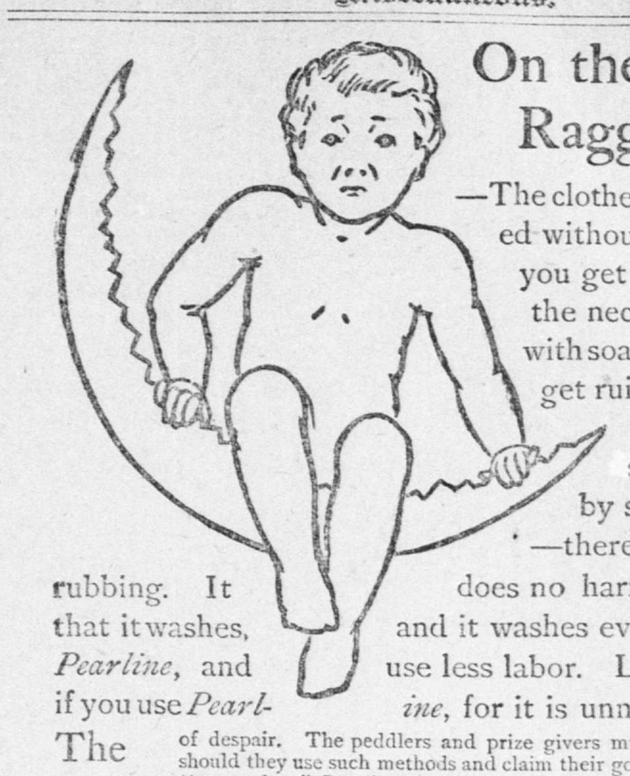
C. C. Liniment the best remedy for aches and pains.

Compound Sulphur Powder, the most perfect laxative and cathartic known. Gives instant relief in cases of constipation, indigestion, piles, biliousness, liver troubles, rheumatism, gravel, etc., etc. A great blood purifier and pleasant to the taste. The W. H. Bone Company, San Francisco, sole proprietors. Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento, sole agents.

It is stated that among every 1,000 bachelors there are thirty-eight criminals; among married men the ratio is only eighteen per 1,000.

THE use of Hall's Hair Renewer promotes the growth of the hair, and restores its natural color and beauty, frees the scalp of dandruff, tetter, and all impurities.

Miscellaneous.



On the Ragged Edge

—The clothes that are washed without *Pearline*. If you get them clean by the necessary rubbing with soap, they will soon get ruined by the wear of it. *Pearline* saves the wear, by saving the work—there is little or no rubbing. It does no harm to anything that it washes, and it washes everything. Use *Pearline*, and use less labor. Labor is useless, if you use *Pearline*, for it is unnecessary.

The Edge of despair. The peddlers and prize givers must be there, lest why should they use such methods and claim their goods "the same as," or "as good as" Pearline. IT'S FALSE—Pearline has no equal and is never peddled. 240 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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Why waste time, money and health, with "doctors," wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when for a two-cent stamp I will send FREE the prescription of a new and positive remedy for the prompt LASTING cure of Lost Power, Nightly Emissions, Lack of Energy, all drains and losses, varicocele, stunted development, from early or later excesses or use of tobacco and stimulants, lack of vigor in old or young men quickly restored. I send this prescription FREE of charge, and there is no humbug or advertising catch about it. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you can do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me as it will cure where all else has failed. Write at once, as this advertisement may not appear again. J. D. HOUSE, Box 405, Albion, Mich.

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You drink it for pleasure, and get physical benefit. A wholesome, refreshing, appetizing, thirst quenching drink.

One package makes five gallons.

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REMOVAL.

DR. W. F. WIARD, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, has removed his office to southeast corner Eighth and J streets; residence, 1608 O street, Sacramento. Telephone numbers—residence, 387; office, 287.

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HAS REMOVED HIS RESIDENCE PERmanently to 704 N street. fe16-tf

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TRUSTEES' SALE.

PURSUANT TO THE PROVISIONS OF A certain deed of trust, executed by M. J. McMANUS of the City of Sacramento, State of California, to E. C. ATKINSON and E. J. CROLY, of the same place and State, as Trustees, dated January 15, 1889, and recorded January 18, 1889, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of El Dorado, State of California, in Liber "35" of Deeds, page 620 to 623 inclusive, and on application of the owner and holder of the promissory note secured to be paid by said deed of trust, and because default has been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured to be paid by said deed of trust, the undersigned trustees will sell, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in United States gold coin, at the front of the Courthouse of the County of Sacramento, in the City of Sacramento and State of California, on SATURDAY, THE 6TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1892, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 12 M. of that day (said sale commencing at the said hour of 10 A. M. of said day), the following described real estate, with the improvements thereon, situated in the County of El Dorado, State of California, to wit: The southeast quarter of northwest quarter, the southwest quarter, the west half of southeast quarter, and the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, and northeast quarter of section 36, township 11 north, range 8 east, Mount Diablo base and meridian.

E. C. ATKINSON, E. J. CROLY, Trustees.

A. L. HART, Attorney. jy14-9tTTS

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