ened sky there is a resurrection morn with its rising sun. And as we look forward unto the things which are before, all the glory and splendor of this life teaches inevitably and absolutely that some day, somewhere, the sun shall no more go down, and that God shall wipe all the tears from our eyes. It is in the strength of this thought, then, that we should gird our loins for the work that is before us—that it is good to live in this day, good and blessed with the light of God on our faces, because it is in our souls. Beginning with this, the things which are before should be met by us with courage and with hope.

When a man stands in fear and despair on the threshold of any task, he is half unmanned for his work. And if he is decently equipped for his task, fear for results is an unmanly and unnatural thing. We say that a man must count the cost of an undertaking before he enters upon it, and the wise man does so. As with specified tasks, so with any period of life. There are certain costs and charges to be estimated. We must allow for a failure here and there, a shattering of resolutions, a sinking under temptations. Most of us do, I suppose, but what we do not have often enough is the courage to believe in ourselves as linked with God, and if our whole plan goes awry to be prepared for the downfall and earthly ruin, so far as the human eye can perceive it, of the things which we think now the future ought to have for us as the reward of our toil. It happens often that only by rending the veil of our earthly temple does God in His beauty and strength appear. To look forward with dread over the course of this year, or all years, to feel that we cannot do what we would to project ourselves forward, so to speak, and stand by the ruins of hopes and ideals, this is melancholy and cowardly business, and it is something more—it is blank atheism. It rules God out of account. It is a declaration that we know best in all things ourselves. It is a denial that work and duty are good in themselves, apart from wage and recompense.

I think this is what saps courage and undermines hope. The apostle, while gloriously mastering day by day the problems that came to him, we need not doubt often and again failed in his solution. But was yesterday's effort toward the ideal lost because in the evening light the ideal was dimmer than at dawn? Yesterday we toiled and sacrificed and did our duty as the day before. But the day before the results were plain and the rewards many. Yesterday there seemed no results, and the wage of the laborer was unpaid. Ah, good people, in this good world there are epochs of waiting in the history of a man, as in nations and nature, when there seem to be no returns. But in these seeming barren hours God worketh, but never alone. Sometimes we need no help of His we think when we write a poem or build a house or paint a picture. He has handed down to us such a share of His creative energy as enables us to clothe it with our earthly forms, and we, seeing only this form, boast of our work. God denies us not the happy pride and gladness of that. He puts in no claim for His energy which we use, and which beneath our earthly drapery is unseen and unsuspected.

But turn this thought around. Shall not the day come when He will take our earthly toil and duty and sacrifices, and transmute them into some image of His own, when it will seem all His own, and no part ours at all? And is not this the true history of all work well done, all duty nobly lived, all sacrifices willingly paid, whereof there seems no human result whatsoever? How, then can one omit one jot of tittle of doing the whole will of God, because in the reciprocity of intercourse between God and man He sometimes uses in other forms what we have toiled at to put into some earthly mold of our own, even as we clothe His spirit in our own devices, and say, behold, not what what God, but what man hath wrought! Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, do let us rejoice and be glad, not only in results and successes which we see, but in being called from day to day to do our honorable work. Do let us look forward, knowing that if we are faithful we will in the end have accomplished just what it was our duty and destiny to accomplish, although others may enter upon our labors and not ourselves.

Your old-world pioneers, how have they lived and died? Your old singers and prophets, how often their songs fell on deaf ears, and they seemed to prophesy in vain. But the pioneers did their work, the singers and seers uttered their voices, though they were not to see the glory of these latter days. Shall Columbus in his frail ship put back because no land appears, and there is mutiny? Oh, no! Columbus is not his own man; he is God's man, and doing God's work. He did not accomplish what he left the old world to do; God shaped his purpose and guided his bark.

In these glad days, then, rejoice as you look forward unto those things which are before. Let the prospect be dull if you will, and the task wearisome and the way hard. Keep hearts of courage, souls of hope. Remember you hold a king's commission to do his work somewhere in this beautiful kingdom. Live as becomes the king's messenger, true to his royal command, worthy of his royal trust; a knight of his, without fear and without reproach, looking forward with unclouded eyes, "doing the next thing" with simple confidence, knowing thy quest is God's, and not thine own, and that He holds thee in the hollow of His hand.

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### A Useful Article.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Young women of to-day would not know what was meant by the bundle handkerchief, yet a hundred years ago the woman who did not have a pile of them neatly folded and ironed and laid away in smooth piles in a drawer of one of the capacious closets which were then built into houses was considered a poor housekeeper. The bundle handkerchief was first introduced by the Salem sea captains. It was brought from abroad with choice things, such as sandalwood fans, guava jelly, and amber beads.

Those imported were the white India silk, and were used to tie around the "best cap" box when ladies went out to spend the afternoon. Those of home make were of squares of calico or muslin, and used for everyday bundles. When ladies went visiting to other towns their piles of dainty, hand-made underwear were wrapped in fine lawn or linen handkerchiefs, sweet with lavender and orris. A new gown always came home from the dressmaker's carefully pinned in a thin, worn, and much-used Madras handkerchief.

No Salem infant was considered to have been properly introduced to society till it had dangled in the bundle handkerchief from a pair of steelyard scales.

When the servants went to the bakery, they carried a couple of coarse, blue-checked bundle handkerchiefs, and in one was wrapped the pot of beans and in the other was wrapped the brown bread.

People carried books back to the library tied in silken bundle handkerchiefs. Rustling paper and twine have usurped the place of the bundle handkerchiefs in New England, but in trunks and chests stored in old attics piles of these convenient wrappers may be found to this day.

### Western Art Association.

Springfield Republican.

There is much more utility in the newly-organized union of Western painters and sculptors than there was in the similar society of Western authors which was proposed some time ago. The purpose of the organization is eminently practical, and a "grand circuit" of Western cities has been formed for the exhibition of paintings and sculptures. Among the delegates who met at the preliminary convention were Robert B. Bringhurst, of St. Louis; Percy Ives, of Detroit; Frank Duveneck and Henry F. Farny, of Cincinnati, and Frank C. Peyraud, of Chicago, all painters of reputation. These cities will be represented in the circuit, and also Indianapolis and Cleveland.

Haag's Liver Pills cure liver troubles.

## "FAITH CURE" NOT NEW

**A SYSTEM OF TREATING PHYSICAL ILLS PRACTICED IN OLD TIMES.**

**But the Result Is Not Caused by Prayer—Belief or Acquiescence the Main Thing Necessary.**

Philadelphia Times.

Newspapers have recently contained descriptions of a fresh batch of so-called "Faith Cures," and there is a deluge of all manner of communications and inquiries concerning them. There is no scoffing at religion in the statement that prayer itself has no more to do with the correction of physical disturbances in man than has the fetich of the Voodoo woman or the mummery of the Indian medicine man. In these nonmiraculous days prayer of itself cures only mental ills. And yet—although this seems paradoxical—without the prayer the "faith cure" would not be effected. In plain, nontechnical terms the entire mystery is explained by the fact that mental impressions have such a powerful and marvelous effect upon the body that if a physically afflicted woman believes that she will be cured through the efficacy of prayer, in numerous instances the desired result is accomplished.

But bear in mind that the same end can be attained with the same subject by simply telling her that at a certain moment prayers are being offered in her behalf in a distant church, even though no such event is taking place. So you see that it is the mental impression and not the prayer that produces the effect. These experiments succeed only with persons of peculiarly impressionable dispositions, and that is the reason why women figure most frequently as the authentic cases in support of this. Nor is it even necessary that these workings of the imagination should play alone on the nervous system, which is the must susceptible. Even the involuntary muscles are acutely subject to the impressions of the mind. There are numerous authorities upon this point, and here are some applicable examples taken from Dr. Tuke's work on the "Influence of the Mind upon the Body."

"You may see a person with gout," says Abernethy in his lectures, "who is almost unable to move with pain; but produce a shock upon his nervous system by telling him that the house is on fire and he will scamper about like a lamplighter." Smollett tells us in one of his novels of a Captain Lismahago who went into a house and cried out to the old man with the gout, "Mad dog! mad dog!" when he jumped up and ran out of the house, "even into a pond opposite." In such examples it is immaterial whether the terror arises from a real or imaginary cause; the remarkable though familiar fact is that a strong mental image or impression infuses new power into the nervous and muscular systems. The very fear which in a healthy person may produce excessive muscular contraction—a convulsion—will serve to nerve the limb of the cripple podagric just sufficiently to enable him to escape from danger. But were this all we could not adduce this occurrence as an illustration as a cure of the gout; an obstacle to locomotion being temporarily overcome, but the disease remaining. In the second case, however, adduced in the following illustrations, an actual cure would appear to have been effected.

### GOUT SCARED AWAY.

"A captain of a British war ship," says Dr. Rush, "who had been confined for several weeks to his cabin by a severe fit of the gout in his feet, was suddenly cured by hearing the cry of 'fire' on board his ship. This fact was communicated to me by a gentleman who was a witness to it. Many similar cases are upon record in books of medicine. I shall in another place insert an account of one in which the cure effected by a fright eradicated the disease from the system so completely as ever afterwards to prevent its return."

Here is the case, communicated by Judge Rush, the Doctor's brother: "Peter Fetcher, the person cured, is now alive, a householder in Reading, seventy-three years of age, a native of Germany, and a very hearty man. The first fit of gout he ever had was about the year 1773, and from that time till 1785 he had a regular attack in the spring of every year. His feet, hands and elbows were much swollen and inflamed; the fits lasted long and were excruciating. In particular, the last fit in 1785 was so severe as to induce an apprehension that it would inevitably carry him off when he was suddenly relieved by the following accident: As he lay in a small back room adjoining the yard, it happened that one of his sons in turning a wagon and horses, drove the tongue of the wagon with such force against the window, near which the old man lay stretched on the bed, as to beat in the sash of the window and to scatter the pieces of broken glass all about him. To such a degree was he alarmed by the noise and violence that he instantly leaped out of bed, forgot that he had ever used crutches, and eagerly inquired what was the matter. His wife, hearing the uproar, ran into the room, where, to her astonishment, she found her husband on his feet, bawling against the author of the mischief with the most passionate vehemence.

"From that moment," continues Dr. Rush, "he has been entirely exempt from the gout; has never had the slightest touch of it and now enjoys perfect health; has a good appetite and says he was never healthier in his life. To those who have been long accustomed to explore diseases I leave the task of developing the principles on which this mysterious restoration from the lowest decrepitude and bodily wretchedness to a state of perfect health has been accomplished. I well know that toothaches, headaches, hiccoughs, etc., are often removed by the sudden impression of fear and that they return again. But to see a debilitated, gouty frame instantly restored to vigor; to see the whole system in a moment, as it were, undergo a perfect and entire change, and the most inveterate and incurable disease radically expelled, is surely a different thing, and must be acknowledged a very singular and marvelous event. If an old man, languishing under disease and infirmity, had died of fright, nobody would have been surprised at it, but that he should be absolutely cured and his constitution renovated by it, is a most extraordinary fact, which, while I am compelled to believe by unexceptionable evidence, I am totally at a loss to account for."

### MENTAL INFLUENCE.

That is not a "Faith Cure," I hear some of you say. No; but it is still a stronger example of the power of mental depression. Of the same class and more akin to the "Faith Cure" deception are those numerous, well authenticated cases of the cure of scrofula by a king's touch, and hence the diseases being so frequently termed "King's Evil." Brown, of Norwich, surgeon to King Charles II, published a book called "Adenochoiradelogia; or, a Treatise of Glandules and the Royal Gift of Healing Them." It is the account of the case of a child, told quaintly, as follows: "A nonconfirmed child, in Norfolk, being troubled with scrofulous swellings, the late deceased Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, being consulted about the same, his Majesty being then at Breda or Bruges, he advised the parents of the child to have it carried over to the king (his own method being used ineffectually); the father seemed very strange at his advice, and utterly denied it, saying the touch of the king was of no greater efficacy than any other man's. The mother of the child, adhering to the doctor's advice, studied all imaginable means to have it over, and at last prevailed with her husband to let it change the air for three weeks or a month; this being granted, the friends of the child, that went with it unknown to the father, carried to to Breda, where the king touched it, and she returned home perfectly healed.

"The child being come to its father's house, and he, finding so great an alteration, inquires how his daughter arrived at this health. The friends thereof assured him that if he would not be angry with them they would relate the whole truth; they, having his promise for the same, assured him they had the child to be touched at Breda, whereby they let him see the great benefit his child received thereby. Hereupon the father became so amazed that he threw off his nonconformity and expressed his thanks in this manner: 'Farewell to all dissenters and to all nonconformists; if God can put so much virtue into the king's hand as to heal my child I'll serve that God and king so long as I live with all thankfulness.'

Thus you see not only the child's health was restored, but the father's religion was altered simply by the king's touch.

That's faith cure.

And an old story.

## MAYO AND THE BORDER DRAMA

**The Plays in Which He and Others Made Fame—His Illness.**

Boston Herald.

The death of Frank Mayo reminds one forcibly of the types of American drama that have passed away. The Revolutionary drama, in which the half-civilized Indian, very much idealized, occasionally appeared, has had a very small part in American theatrical history; the effective drama of the South in slavery days, the drama of the Mississippi, from "Magnolia" to "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," and finally the border drama, including "The Danites" as well as "Davy Crockett" and all the Cooper dramas, having passed away—passed away because, as the wide country was opened up the real characters of the West wiped out the ideal, and the land of Davy Crockett, being no longer an unexplored region, lost its charm.

Yet of all the American dramas of the past none was so popular at one time as "Davy Crockett," produced nearly a quarter of a century ago, when Frank Mayo was on the sunny side of thirty-five, and one of the handsomest men on the stage—a typical American.

The younger generation, who only remember Frank Mayo in his charming performance of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," remember him as a very handsome man. Tall, erect, broad-shouldered, with his fine face framed in snow-white hair, he was a most distinguished-looking man, and every one of his old friends rejoice that he had sensibly ceased the practice of dyeing his hair, which he persisted in doing for years, just as Lester Wallack had done. It is easy for those who saw Mayo in December to imagine what he must have been in his early days—the very picture of virile manhood, sturdy, attractive, magnetic.

At the time he produced "Davy Crockett" he had had his success in New York, as well as in Boston and San Francisco, and was recognized as an all-round actor of force and skill. The "frontier drama" was still popular. It had had its successes as far back as 1831, when J. H. Hackett, the most famous of American Falstaffs, appeared as Nimrod Wildfire in "The Lion of the West." The piece was written for Hackett by one James K. Paulding, a New York man. This same character, Colonel Wildfire, was afterward put into a drama called "The Kentuckian," by Boyle Barnard.

Wildfire set the gait for a long line of border heroes, and set the fashion, too, for his attire. For well-nigh a generation no character was more popular in the theater than the idealized brave white man of the plain, half scout, half hunter, clad in his fringed buckskin, with a cap of coonskin on his head, and his gun eternally in his hand. Brave as the hero of the young desperado's dreams, chivalric as the hero of the middle ages, handsome, fearless, carrying a charmed life amid scenes of danger, and always victorious in the most impossible events, he stalked through exciting plays to the final curtain, the monarch of situations and the idol of the gallery. It was not until the real characters of the plains were brought East by Colonel Cody that the veneering cracked on the border drama.

"The Scouts of the Prairies," "Nick of the Woods," and finally Cody himself in "The Prairie Waif" alone survive in the memory beside the two best dramas of the kind—"Davy Crockett" and Augustin Daly's "Horizon," and the latter play is hardly known here.

"Horizon" antedated "Davy Crockett." It had its first production at the Olympic, New York, March 22, 1871, and ran two months with a great cast. It belonged to that epoch in Daly's career that produced "Under the Gaslight," and when he spent more time developing theatrical incidents and stage effects than in bothering about the literary quality of his productions—a time when he displayed, however, the same keen appreciation of the needs of his public and the same ability in meeting them that he has shown ever since. In the play there were Indians and soldiers, and a panorama of scenery on a Western river, and its incidents were excitingly melodramatic and picturesque. It was acted by a great company. John K. Mortimer played Panthse Loder, one of those cool desperadoes, so calm, gentlemanly, and utterly bad under the fair outside that Bret Harte has so often cleverly drawn. Agnes Ethel was also in the cast, playing a pretty part, the White Flower of the Plains, evidently written for her, and Charles Wheatleigh played a half-civilized Indian, Wannamuck. The comedy element was provided by George L. Fox, as Sundown Bowse, a Western Yankee, a Territorial Congressman. Ada Harland, now the wife of Brander Matthews, played Miss Bowse, the daughter of the Congressman. Mrs. Yeamans was the Widow Mullin, and Jennie Yeamans, then a mere child, figured as a captured pappoose. Lulu Prior—Anna Louise Prior, afterwards Mrs. Edward F. de Nyce—played a royal Indian maiden.

"Davy Crockett" was written by Frank Murdock, who, in 1869, became a member of the Boston Museum stock company, making his first appearance here Aug. 9, of that year, as Charles Courtley in "London Assurance," his wife playing Pert, and Louisa Meyers being the Grace Harkaway. His brother, Harry Murdock, one of the victims of the terrible Brooklyn Theater disaster, was that season at the Boston Theater, the Murdocks were sons of Samuel K. Murdock, a brother of the late James E. Murdock.

Frank Murdock remained but one season at the Museum, and he wrote "Davy Crockett" soon afterward. His friends claim that the lack of encouragement which the playmet with from the newspapers literally broke the actor-author's heart. It is certain, at all events, that he died before his play had touched the success it finally won owing to the confidence and courage of the actor. Still, as Murdock was a frail fellow before that time, the apparent failure of his play may have hastened the death it probably did not directly cause. "Davy Crockett" was an actor's triumph, not an author's.

A year ago Mr. Mayo, in a letter to the writer from Crockett Lodge, his home at Canton, Pa., to which he had then just returned from his season of acting, said:

"The house in which I was born stood where Lincoln's wigwam stood, I believe, stands now—on Essex street, almost opposite where the Essex-street door of the Globe Theater used to be. What it was like I have not the faintest notion. It was of little importance, I feel confident, and I am quite certain that my parents only occupied a part of it. The surroundings were not of an aristocratic type, I can assure you. The most vivid recollection I have of the place is of a carpenter's shop that stood in the rear of the alley, with a flight of stairs leading to a platform on the second story. This platform was encompassed by a railing on which it was my delight to climb. I was then about four years old. One day I fell to the ground. Young as I was, I can yet feel the sensation. I was picked up for dead, and the usual preparations for a funeral were progressing, when I fooled them. Of two facts I am convinced. One is that the carpenter's shop made a stronger impression on me in both ways than did the house in which I was born. The other is that maternal affection need not always be couched in the softest of words."

At his home in Canton, Pa., Mr. Mayo had a very fine library. Both he and his wife were fond of reading, and during his successful years he accumulated a valuable collection of books, while his collection of photographs of actors whom he had known during his long career was a large and rare one. His home life was charming, and at one time he had there as neighbors the entire Davenport family, whose summer home was also at Canton.

While to the general public the death of Mayo was most unexpected, there were many of his friends, who, while shocked, were not surprised. When he was in Boston last December he was suffering from what he called "a severe form of dyspepsia," which caused him the keenest agony. The writer remembers walking with him on Washington street one morning, when his tall, erect figure and handsome face caused many a passer to turn and look after him. Suddenly the actor said: "Would you mind stopping a moment with me to look in a shop window?" An instant later, as he stood with his back to the crowd, and his face to an uninteresting showcase, he thumped himself with his fist, violently, in the vicinity which, in sentimental roles, he had been accustomed to indicate as his heart, and with clenched teeth stood breathing with difficulty. After a few moments he smiled gently, begged my pardon, and explained as he passed on that he was the victim of acute dyspepsia, which robbed him of sleep and frequently overtook him with the intense agony from which he had just suffered.

### Not Worried.

Puck.

Mrs. Saysit—My husband says that the silver question is becoming a serious matter.

Mrs. Cashman—I have given little attention to it, because my husband pays our bills by check.

## AS TO ENGLISH SOCIETY

**LADY JEUNE TELLS OF THE MANY CHANGES IT HAS UNDERGONE.**

**Ability to Provide Amusement Has Taken the Place of High Birth and Landed Possessions.**

In the opinion of Lady Jeune, who contributes to the London Saturday Review an article on "English Society as It Is," the causes are not obscure which have brought about the changes that have come over that society in the last forty years.

"The subject is one of great interest," she writes, "and is much discussed in all social circles; for the constitution of society, its growth, its conduct, and, indeed, its every aspect, excite more discussion than many of the more serious problems of the day. This keen interest can only be accounted for by the fact that every one is in society now, and is more or less personally concerned in the subject and affected by the blame or praise bestowed on society by its critics.

"There are now no cliques, no exclusiveness; a few people may hold themselves aloof from the cosmopolitan crowd which composes English society, but they are not people whose lives or pursuits are of any interest outside their own milieu, which is considered narrow and dull. They are absolutely out of touch with the actual world around them, and when brought into unexpected contact with it, they shrink like a snail into its shell, for they understand neither the language, the composition, the amusements, nor the ambitions of the motley crowd which has usurped the position they once occupied.

"What originally constituted a right to be in good society in England has been discarded. Birth and rank count for nothing, unless they bring with them into the great market of society other claims to success, and the best claim to be a leader of fashionable society in England is to be able to provide the greatest amount of amusement. Every man and woman is expected to contribute his or her mite to the common fund of amusement, and those who contribute the largest amount are the acknowledged heads of society.

"It is impossible that it should be otherwise; for agricultural distress—depreciation in the value and rental of land—has broken down the territorial aristocracy of England, and the moneyed aristocracy has taken its place.

### BASED UPON WEALTH.

"The growing size of society and the luxury and the variety of amusement it offers are some of the indications that it is based upon wealth, for such a society could never have come into existence in a purely aristocratic, and therefore a poorer, community. Whether it is an ideal state or not is hardly a matter over which we need agitate ourselves. That it is much more amusing, much more interesting, than the society which it has superseded there can be no doubt. There is less restraint, more sense of enjoyment, and we get much better value for our pains and money than in the days when a cold exclusiveness constituted the distinctive mark of a good but very dull society.

"It may seem a somewhat sweeping assertion to say that there is not such a thing as good society in this fin de siecle time, but there is certainly none in the sense in which our predecessors understood it, and could they but look for a moment upon modern English life they would be amazed. What was simply an aristocratic caste has been swept away, and the heterogeneous mass which now calls itself good society is, at any rate, clever and sharp enough not to be beguiled by any will-o'-the-wisp, or to receive anyone who does not possess some special qualifications to be enrolled in its ranks.

"The standard of enjoyment, like that of everything else in England, has risen, and what satisfied our fathers and mothers would be but poor fare to the young people of to-day. Everything costs more, because so much more is needed, and no one with any pretension or wish to be considered in society can afford to do badly the entertaining she undertakes; and the length of a visiting list is a formidable thing to the hostess of to-day. The size of society in London is one result of the increased facilities of communication.

"If we consider for a moment the extraordinary social changes brought about by this one fact, we need look very little further for any reason to account for the altered conditions of English life. London has now become the great center of life and amusement, and every person who can possibly manage it goes there. In the olden times there were many little social centers in England. York, Chester, Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington and Exeter, among many others, were each the nucleus of a county society, where there was a gay and brilliant season during the winter. The county families of rank and wealth, as well as the smaller fry, went into the towns for the winter, each little center representing the hospitality of a large area.

"In Chester and York the names of the houses of the territorial aristocracy still remain. Edinburgh formed a similar social duty for Scotland, and was the center not only of a fashionable but of one of the most brilliant literary societies of this century. Dublin, too, was represented by all that was great, noble and brilliant in Ireland at its viceregal court, and Dublin society, to a certain extent, still survives. The development of railways, however, has revolutionized everything, and large crowds of people now go to London, which has become the happy hunting ground of our American cousins, whose influence has also helped to modify the conditions which governed social life in the metropolis.

### AS TO THE FUTURE.

"If London continues to increase in size and wealth, it is difficult to foretell what changes society will undergo. The probability is that it will break up into sets and cliques, each constituting a large society in itself, just as in the days when the two aristocratic factions of Whig and Tory formed the two sole branches of society. The days when all members of a society were related on to another, and when they nearly all addressed each other by their Christian names, are gone, together with the bitter hatred and jealousy felt by the two great parties toward each other.

"The passing of the first reform bill and the resulting political changes destroyed all the exclusiveness of the past. Like other customs, it died hard, but it died, as was inevitable, when the new elements of political life came into existence. The Whigs, with the worldly wisdom they have always shown, welcomed the more distinguished representatives of their party into their ranks, while the Tories held out long enough to see that, unless they broke down their barriers, they would be effaced, and they then obediently followed their leaders in making every social concession demanded by the democracy as well as the sweeping political ones which transferred the center of political power from themselves to the working classes.

"The frequent intermarriage between the upper and middle classes in England has still further broken down social restrictions, but perhaps less than is generally supposed, for the English aristocracy have never objected to marry money, even from the earliest days, and it is itself largely recruited from the city. If we mourn the decay of what used to be called good society, we may console ourselves with the reflection that the cosmopolitanism of today has brought into its ranks men and women who are distinctly acquisitions, and who, but for the very conditions we lament, must have remained outside.

"The blending of literary, scientific, artistic, and political elements, which is the peculiarity of English society, gives it a distinction which no other society possesses, and the brilliant men and women who adorn it would fifty years ago not have found entrance into it. We surely cannot regret their recognition, or refuse to admit that they have added to society a special charm which no aristocratic exclusiveness alone could bestow. If in the course of our social development we have swept away the substance as well as shadow of an aristocratic class, which in its way was remarkable for having produced many of the makers and rulers of the British Empire, we may console ourselves with the knowledge that in the new regime we have discovered the same traditional qualities and gifts—a proof that they are the birthright, not of a class, but of the whole people of England."

### The Success of the Jew.

New Orleans States.

The other day three gentlemen were discussing the causes of the generally accepted fact that the Jew is more often successful in business than the Gentile. The least amiable of the three said it was because he was more unscrupulous. The second said it was not that he was more unscrupulous, but because he was more wide awake and energetic. The third said: "My reason may appear a trivial one, but many years' observation has satisfied me that it is a large factor in the success or failure of a merchant. It is not enough that he should be fair dealing; he should also be affable. Without any reference to the comparative honesty of the respective races, it is a fact that most men would rather have dealing with a polite rascal than with a rude honest man. Now, it is undeniable that in many, if not a majority of instances the Gentile merchant or his clerk will meet a customer with the indifference or gruffness of a quasi enemy—and I have heard this charge urged more frequently in New Orleans than in any city in which I have ever lived—while the Jew will invariably greet him with the cordiality and courtesy the host extends to the welcome guest." Is this a true bill?

### THE ICE-CREAM FACTORY.

**How Machinery is Employed in Producing the Delicious Stuff.**

Chicago Tribune.

A big machine is noisily crushing great blocks of ice as if they were nut shells. Twenty-five tons of ice in one day is an average of what the big machine chews up, ready to be packed around the cans. One thousand five hundred gallons of cream requiring ten wagons to deliver it is considered a good day's business by one factory.

Ice is indispensable at all stages and at all times in the making and handling of ice cream. First it is used in the freezing process, then the cans are packed in it to keep it while in "stock," and afterward it must be delivered in ice to the customers.

Men stand watchfully at the wheels of the machines where the freezers are whirling, and by peculiar skill, which comes only with experience, they can tell by the draft on the wheel exactly when the cream is "done." That is the term used to signify when the cream is frozen just enough. If it is allowed to freeze too long, lo, it turns out butter instead of ice cream. Sweetened butter it is, and a tribute at the same time to the genuineness of the article used in making.

But to go back to the beginning of the process. Lovers of ice cream may congratulate themselves that the largest proportion at least of what they eat is genuinely what it purports to be. Only about one gallon of milk is the average used to ten gallons of cream. The amount varies somewhat, according to the thickness of the cream. One gallon of sugar also is the proportion used to ten gallons of cream.

Men with long wooden paddles stir and mix this mass together thoroughly preparatory to the freezing. And what seems rather surprising, it is all heated or steeped before it is put into the freezer. It is not boiled, but is allowed to come almost to the boiling point.

The flavoring is added last, and vanilla is used in every batch, it matters not what other flavor or crushed fruit is added. Fresh fruits are seldom used, as they are said to contain too much water.

New York ice cream should be the most nourishing of all, as it goes on an average seven dozen eggs to ten gallons of cream. These are added raw and are thoroughly steeped before freezing.

There is only one drawback to the thorough enjoyment of ice cream, and that is the amount of handling it undergoes before it is ready for use. A colored man with an immense hand, in removing the revolving wheel from a can of cream yesterday used his hand to separate the cream from the wheel. Others transferred it to smaller cans for customers. And others yet again were engaged in cutting up the pink and white and brown slices into "individual" cakes for the service of dining cars. Not many people would care to eat the little square bricks after seeing them thus prepared.

One of the revelations of an ice cream factory is the fact that "stock" is sometimes kept on hand as long as three months.

When the cream comes from the freezer it is in a running mass about the consistency of pancake batter. It is then poured into cans varying from one quart to five gallons, or the amount required to fill the day's orders. It happens often there is some left over. This is moulded into bricks, wrapped in paper, put in tin boxes, and stowed away in ice chests.

It has perhaps never occurred to a woman to ask a dealer: "Is your ice cream fresh?" That would seem something of a joke. But it is probable some of the ice cream eaten for dinner on some of the tables in Chicago yesterday has been frozen for weeks.

### SPRING ROUND-UPS.

**Characteristic Scenes on the Cattle Ranges of South Dakota.**

Minneapolis Journal.

All along the western border of South Dakota the round-up camp fires burn brightly now. Far to the west, bounded only by the snow-capped Rockies, hundreds of mess wagons staked camp for the first time last night. The Missouri river marks the eastern border of the great western ranges. In Dakota alone at least 1,500 riders are now engaged in rounding up cattle and branding the calf crop. Twenty-five outfits have planned and laid out their routes, and at least six weeks of continuous riding will be necessary to do the work. Fifty to sixty riders will follow each wagon or outfit.

The outfit consists of the mess wagon, drawn by four or six horses, loaded down with provisions necessary to feed its crew; the bed wagon, containing all the bedding and camp equipments; the horse wrangler, who takes charge of the bunch of horses to be used in the work, usually consisting of 200 to 300 horses. These horses are moved with the camp, and whenever a rider wants a fresh horse he throws a rope into the bunch and brings out his animal. Then follows the scene of "bucking" and plunging, for often the broncho has to be "busted" before he can be used on the work. Camp is moved every day, or at least every second day, from five to eight miles along the route. Every morning the ride rider foreman leaves camp with his crew of riders and takes a course at right angles with the route; every half mile or mile he starts a couple of riders to ride parallel with the route, to throw in all cattle they find toward the route and camp. After five or six lines are started out the foreman takes the balance of riders and swings around in front to drive all the bunches gathered toward camp, coming in for dinner.

In the afternoon the same course is adopted in the opposite direction, and both sides of the camp are worked. The cattle gathered are all thrown into one bunch, which is known as the "cavvy," and is moved along with the camp. Calves are branded each day, and every one is branded the same brand as its mother, no matter where or who the owner may be. This part of the work is done with the greatest care, and every cowboy is faithful to this trust.

Whenever 4,000 or 5,000 cattle are in the "cavvy" and while cattle are on their own ranges, the work of "cutting out" is carried on. In this the peculiar skill and ability of the cowboy is drawn out, and only men of well known expertness with brands and cattle are detailed to do this work. The cutting horse must learn his part as well as the rider; he must be able to turn about as quickly and on less ground at any other, and dodge the attacks of the wildest steer with as much ease and grace as the circus horse. The rider dashes into the "cavvy" and separates the cattle of each particular brand belonging on the range they are passing over. He drives his animal to the outside of the bunch and dashes back after another. On the outside are a number of riders who drive these cattle off to the owner. Each brand held in main bunch is pushed ahead until everyfor these range cattle become located. This is called working the cavvy, and the main bunch is pushed ahead until everybody's cattle are cut out and the calves branded.

### A Campaign Incident.

Puck.

"Fellow-citizens," said the Nebraska candidate, "last week I was offered a gold piece and I scorned to take it; I spurned it from me! I spat with disgust upon it, base money of the plutocrats."

The chairman of the meeting rose to his feet.

"What's that you said you did?" he asked, incredulously.

The story was repeated and the chairman faced the meeting.

"Boys," he said, in a voice of suppressed emotion, "I move that this feller's a dod-blasted fool!"

The motion was vigorously carried.


# That Last Cut

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