FROM HERE TO CALIFORNIA.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW YORKER TO WHOM THE TRIP IS NEW.

The Saints and the Gentiles in Utah—Faith Cure for Children—Salt Lake City Police—Notes Made in a Blue Plush Car—Feelings Inspired by a Piute—All Out of the Car.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 17.—It should not be forgotten that many of the Mormon people, perhaps a large majority of them, are better off than they ever were before. Suppose a Mormon agent in Wales goes to a man who is working hard for a bare subsistence, and says: "See here, what do you suppose would become of your family if you should lose that right arm? I can take you to a place where you can have land, like your neighbor on the hill, and where you can provide comfortably for your family." The man takes the chances, and finds the fulfilment more than the promise. Any change for the better is a big change for him. He does get some land—maybe not much, but enough to live on—a piece of the earth, and it is his own. He has to pay back his passage money, and he pays for the land on a note with big interest, and tithes perhaps, but he could stand a bigger squeeze and yet be better off than he was before. He might have got elsewhere more land for less money and with greater personal freedom, but he didn't know where nor how to do it, and you couldn't expect him to know.

Why anybody should have wanted to graft polygamy on this is not worth inquiring about here. The Gentiles say that polygamy is by no means the worst feature of the system. They say of the Mormon as a voter that he is not an independent voter; that he willingly casts his vote at the behest of the Church, solid. In the Territory, notwithstanding the disfranchisement of all women and of known polygamous Mormons, the Gentiles are in an almost hopeless minority. In the city of Ogden the Mormons are the more numerous of the whole population; the voters are not far from equally divided on a full vote. In Salt Lake City, with 30,000 inhabitants, the Mormons are by far the more numerous, though the Gentiles have once come within 500 votes or so of the Mormon vote. In the country the Mormons are increasing faster proportionately than the Gentiles; in the cities the Gentiles are increasing faster proportionately than the Mormons. The hope of the Gentiles is in the railroads, the mines, and the general growth that should attend an attractive country, and these are all helping, though it is hard to buck against the natural growth on the other side plus an occasional solid influx via Castle Garden. The Gentiles' hope is gradually getting a broader foundation, but I should say that a still more hopeful outlook is toward the time when the individual Morman shall discover that though he is better off now than he was before, yet he is entitled to a still greater share of what he produces; when an enlightened self-interest shall discover to him that he is entitled to keep all he gets, less whatever taxes he pays by mutual consent for the preservation of the Commonwealth. I think the ground has been broken in this direction, but the road has not been staked out. Mormonism is still in the main a homogeneous mass. The present slowing of the movement, it seems to me, is due to the fact that the leaders realize that Uncle Sam is getting just a little tired. He minds his own business and hates to mix in anybody's affairs, and is inclined to let the family that has moved into the woods do about as they please. But when you come to clear away the woods, or the family overflows into the surrounding country, the sense of the country is agin it, and Uncle Sam says you mustn't offend your neighbors. With their religious beliefs, as such, he has no concern whatever, but he says you can't keep a nuisance on your premises.

The Mormons call it persecution. The Gentiles say that if your neighbor in the States had two or three wives under one roof, or in two or three houses on the road that your children had to follow on their way to school, you would be glad when they had put the man in the State prison, as they would certainly do; that you would think that that was beyond question the thing demanded by the common good. The law here is enforced as far as it goes, but there must be remote parts of the Territory that have not been very closely covered.

The Zion Cooperative Mercantile Institution is a big store, with an immense and most varied stock, from jerseys to shoe findings. They will sell you anything a woman can ask for. Some of the Gentile stores employ Mormon clerks and bid for customers with big stocks and low prices, and catch some Mormon trade. Many Gentiles who preserve their views on the question of Mormonism regard business as business, and go in to make money. There are other Gentiles who, while they would pick a ripe dollar from trees of their own planting, as they have a perfect right to do, are yet a little different from any men I ever met. Upright, resolute, intelligent, some of them graceful and accomplished men, they are down on Mormonism and all that pertains to it. I don't mean that they go about on the street corners and howl about it, but they do not hesitate on occasion to express themselves with unqualified distinctness. They are of a wholesome race. They get a little tired sometimes, but they don't let go. What these men fear is that Utah may be admitted to Statehood. They don't believe it will be, but they believe that absolute local authority in the hands of a decided Mormon majority directed by a central power would be a staggering blow to progress.

There happened to be but little pleasant weather in the two or three days I stayed in Salt Lake City, but the town didn't seem to be very lively. I spent a few minutes one night at an amateur performance in the Salt Lake Theatre, which is of fair proportions, and has three tiers of galleries, and seemed the biggest theatre I ever saw except the Metropolitan Opera House and the Boston Theatre. I didn't observe anything unusual about the children, but Gentiles tell me that, although Salt Lake City is a healthy place, the death rate is high on account of the mortality among children. Until recently it has been the general custom, as it is still to a very considerable extent, to call in an Elder or some officer of the Church to attend a sick child. There are some Mormon doctors now, but I am told that relief is still mainly expected through faith. I didn't see a policeman in uniform in Salt Lake City. The Gentiles said they were around, all the same, in plain clothes. Of course there are schools in Utah, but they are mainly attended by Mormon children and with Mormon teachers. In the cities, the churches of other denominations run day schools of their own. You begin at Salt Lake to see Indians, and the papooses that are carried on their mothers' backs hold their heads erect and look ahead over their mothers' shoulders.

Doubtless many Mormon women regard polygamy with horror. I heard of one woman whose Mormon husband took another wife. The first wife gathered what little truck she had around the cabin door, took two of the children, and lit out. She struck a town that had a little boom, no bigger than a man's hand, away down on the horizon. But now the boom there is immense, and the lady has made a barrel of money. Doubtless many other Mormon women don't worry overmuch about it. They are taught to believe it is all right and can't be helped, or have grown up in it, and there's a good deal in getting used to a thing; and I fancy that the young people, for all that the subject is one freely thought of, scarcely size it up for all it means. The Gentile women get out of patience when they speak of it.

At Ogden my electric-car ticket called for a berth in a blue plush car. I don't mean that the ticket contained that specification, but that is where it fell. There were two San Francisco sleepers on this train; the other one was upholstered with old gold plush, which is very pretty, but I think I like blue better, especially that shade of peacock blue that takes a lighter and still daintier tint when the sun shines upon it. After you have ridden in the narrow-gauge cars a few days they seem comfortable enough, but you find it a great comfort to get back into a high, broad-gauge car, with wide low seats with high backs. Somebody said there was lots of snow in the Sierras and that we would be delayed. I don't think anybody in the blue car cared much whether we were or not. The old gold car was pretty well filled but there was plenty of room in ours. There was a gentleman from Burlington, Vt., a man of quiet dress and sedate manners, and yet I should say with a reasonably thick substratum of human nature. Then there was a young man from the East, a fine, graceful young gentleman, and his newly married wife, a very young and very pretty lady, on their wedding trip, to Southern California, and we all hoped that their journey through life might all be as pleasant as their trip in the blue-plush car with polished panels and silver lamps. Then there were two or three men, quiet, self-reliant men, whom I will not attempt to locate, in the Western country you can't always tell by a man's appearance whether he has spent his last dollar for a berth in a Pullman, or whether he could buy the train if he wanted to.

Off across Utah, Nevada, and California, for two nights and a day. More Indians now, for in some parts of Nevada there is room yet for a few Indians, without crowding the white man. At one place we saw a few wigwams, not so big as Tecumseh's and not quite as attractive as the picture-book wigwams. At several of the railroad stations Indians were lounging about. The train men said that the Indians we saw at one place were Shoshones, which I am inclined to doubt. The Shoshones, as I recall them, were a restless, vibratory people, very active, and at times violent. I reckon that the most of the Indians we saw were Piutes. The men all have long, straight, black hair, and nearly all wear broad-brimmed light-colored felt hats, sometimes with a bright feather stuck in them. They tilt their hats over their foreheads. In place of overcoats they wear double blankets, the fold up high around the neck, and the blankets held together in front and close around the body. Many of the blankets are bright red; more are of a mossie pattern of bright colors. You can see most anything in New York, but I never saw such blankets as these before. Looked at steadily they produce a sort of optical delirium. Occasionally you see a face touched with red paint, but I fancy that this is due to an æsthetic rather than to a warlike spirit. To see a big Indian with a broad-brimmed hat tilted over his face and a bright red blanket wrapped around him, leaning against the front of a railroad station with his right leg jauntily crossed over his left, is to see something not common in Madison square. They say these Indians are not warlike, but if I were going up a long, dark gulch or cañon in a remote part of the mountains, and I should see coming down from the other end of the gulch a Piute about six feet tall, broad shouldered, with legs as big as cottonwood trees and with powerful arms, I think I should recall some urgent business at that end of the cañon by which I had entered and go back and attend to it. I don't record this opinion as the result of a careful consideration of the question or of mature deliberation; it may be that I should go on and converse with the Indian, though I am told that the Piute dialect is very corrugated and difficult to a stranger. What I mean to say is that without giving the subject more than a passing thought, it seems to me that I had rather be eating mussels as they are cooked in the French restaurants of the somewhat giddy city of San Francisco than be interviewing the Piute in the cañon.

We did strike snow, lots of it, and were delayed four or five hours, and saw parts of the Sierra Nevada Mountains that we had not expected to see, varied and pine clad as they are in story, and with flumes stretching on spidery legs across valleys; and everywhere the snow lay deep on the mountains. We slid down hill again, and within two hours the train had stopped, with the blue plush car right alongside a little enclosure of green grass, with two orange trees full of ripe fruit in the middle of it. If I did not know that the Central Pacific people would not do anything eccentric, I should think these two trees might have fallen off a car from the banana belt of the Northern Pacific railroad, and had been stuck in the ground, and left to grow; but there they are, and you see plenty of green grass now, and roll on down through Sacramento and the fertile Sacramento valley until once more you strike tide water, and then San Francisco.

THE FEMALE HERCULES.

Interview with Mme. Victoria, the Strongest Woman in Europe.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

A quiet, modest girl, of medium height and slender, graceful figure, dressed in a simple brown dress, brightened up only by a narrow red ribbon and tiny bow at the throat, chatting pleasantly away to her visitor in her quiet room, and now and then interrupted by the piercing voice of a tame canary—that is Mme. Victorina, the female Hercules, who every evening astonishes the audience at the Empire Theatre with feats of her marvellous strength. For six years past she has now been before the public as "the strongest woman in the world;" she has astonished Berlin and Paris audiences; has been victorious in her competition with many of the world's greatest athletes; is honorary member and medalist of the Central Athletic Club of Stettin; honorary member of the Buda-Pesth Hercules Club; of the Hercules Club, Vienna; of the Compagnie Hercule of Paris, and a string of other athletic societies.

"How came it," our representative asked, "that you adopted your present profession? Had you exceptional strength when young?"

"No, not at once; and when I was quite young I was not stronger than the average sound and healthy child. I was born at Strasburg, and after my father died I went to my uncle's, who was a circus proprietor, and he at once began to train me as a circus rider and a performer on the trapeze. But my career as an acrobat came soon to an end, for I fell from a height of thirty feet while performing, and ever since I have had the greatest dislike to trapeze performances. Luckily I only broke the bridge of my nose in the accident, and therefore I was in no way impeded from beginning to train for something else. At that time I became acquainted with my present husband, who was an athlete, and who began my athletic training. This was done by making me practise every day with an expander, just as you see girls use them in calisthenic classes, with the one difference that the firmness of my expander was periodically increased till at last the muscles and sinews of the arms, the shoulders, and the neck got so strong that I could without difficulty work with an expander consisting of an india rubber rope as thick as my wrist, and I also practised lifting and handling weights, beginning with smaller ones and gradually increasing up to a thousand pounds. This, of course, took several years, and in my daily performances I do not always lift quite the full weight demanded by my bill of delivery, but there is never a day on which I do not handle from seven to eight hundred pounds at the performances. Nor do I feel any particular fatigue after the performance. Of course I am rather exhausted at first, just as you are after a long walk or a good day's work, but that only lasts for a very short time, and my performances is to me nothing but part of an ordinary day's work, which has to be done in the same way as your meals and other occupations."

"And do you perform with your hands and arms only?"

"No. I carry weights hung about my body, but I never performs with my legs, as some athletes do, who let heavy weights lie on the turned-up soles of their feet, and throw them with or carry them on their legs, hanging over a trapeze or bar."

"Have I not seen you carrying enormous burdens with your teeth?"

"I also burn with my teeth, too."

"How is that possible, seeing that your teeth have the appearance of being far too small for any special exertion, and have not even the ivory hue which is said to be the color of the strongest teeth? The bluish whiteness of your teeth is generally considered the color of teeth of strong, and which don't wear well."

"Look to-night; there is no particular strength in my teeth at all; it depends chiefly on the strength of the sinews and muscles at the back of your neck whether you can use your teeth for athletic feats. Now, by the use of the India rubber expander every muscle in the upper part of the body is splendidly developed, and as long as the neck muscles hold out and erect the teeth have the easiest part of it."

"And does not your health suffer by the constant exertion of such physical powers?"

"Not in the least. I have never been ill in my whole life, and whenever I have had to leave off working it was only on account of accidents. The first was the fall from the trapeze of which I told you, and the second was a bite from a dog, now about two years ago. This happened at Leeds, and the animal bit my arm so badly that for twenty-two weeks I had to leave off work altogether, and could then only begin very slowly to practise again, at first trying to lift one stone, and gradually adding to the weight. This accident was the more serious, in order to keep up to the point, I have to practise every day without intermission; and if I only stop for a single week I feel a pain in my limbs after the first few performances. Yes, I work all the year round, except in summer for a short time, during which, however, I have always to practise."

"I suppose you have to diet yourself very carefully in order to be able to go on uninterruptedly with your work?"

"Yes, I have to be careful and regular with my meals. For breakfast I take cocoa, with from four to six new-laid eggs beaten up in it; then in the middle of the day I take dinner, which consists chiefly of meat and vegetables, but I do not, as is usually the attribute, take 'underdone' beef. If I take beef at all, it is a small quantity of well-cooked beef or steak, but I prefer fowls and game, and I find that the nourishment contained in the various parts of a bird is quite as strengthening as beef, and far lighter and pleasanter to take. Of late I have taken hardly anything but partridges and pheasants, and I am as well and strong as ever. About 4 in the afternoon I have a cup of tea, and after that nothing more till after the performance, when I make a hearty supper."

"How long does each performance last?"

"Fifteen minutes at the Empire, but I have performed twenty minutes on other stages. After that I am exhausted—that is to say, one could not do any more work without its being visibly an exertion, and no athlete should ever allow that to be the case, for athletic feats are only so long interesting to an audience as they are performed without apparent exertion. Unless this is the case, it is painful and disgusting to see feats of muscular strength. My husband and I have often had a great deal of amusement in private in connection with my strength. Once we were at Berlin, and, as our luggage is naturally tremendously heavy, and expensive in porterage at each, we take as much of it as possible into the railway carriage when we are travelling. The porter, who had put our boxes into the van, saw that I was carrying what looked like two small handbags. He offered to put them into the carriage for me, and I never saw so astonished and overawed a face than when I handed him the two parcels, each containing one of my heavy weights. Another time we were going up the stairs of our hotel when we found six men engaged in taking an iron safe up stairs. The owner, who knew us, said laughingly: 'Oh, here comes Madame; she will show you how to do this kind of work.' I had never tried anything like it, but I took a firm hold of the safe and put it on the next step, although I wore my ordinary clothes. The safe was presented to me by the owner, and I have since then often carried it across the stage."

"You say your ordinary clothes are an impediment to your work; that, I suppose accounts for your wearing the very airy apparel you wear on the stage."

"It does" (with a blush), "and unless I can move about quite freely I am unable to do my work. There is no help for it; it is the only costume I can wear, and any athlete will understand how impossible it is to perform unless the clothing is as light as possible."

"Where have you found your audience most appreciative—in England or on the Continent?"

"In England, without doubt, although I have been very successful on the Continent too. But English people are the best judges of athletic performances, and they have everywhere received me most enthusiastically."

GO STUDY LIFE ABROAD.

PLUCKING AMERICANS IN LONDON.

A Costly Experiment at British Housekeeping by Three New Yorkers.

LONDON, March 7.—There is a vast difference between housekeeping in London and in New York. An Englishman is fairly treated in the United States, as are the representatives of all other nations, but the unhappy American who ventures upon London housekeeping is done for. In the vernacular of a Yankee householder whom I know here, he is "pie for every one in town." The extortions and swindles of London landlords are proverbial, but no man has any notion of the shamelessness and meanness of English people of the lower order until he has had actual experience.

I will give here the exact facts and figures of a week's experience in London. We have just brought the effort to a beaten, baffled, and surly termination. The story may not quicken the pulse of the men about town and society actresses who read the papers, but it will make the vast body of householders realize what blessings they enjoy in America, and show them why the English are so cordially detested by all other people who visit London.

Some days since I met two very old friends from New York—a fellow newspaper writer, who is floundering around in the sequestered interstices of the British Museum with bookish intent—and his mother. The latter is a brisk, bustling, and industrious housekeeper. We were all tired of the hotel, and we decided to keep house on the commonwealth plan, each one contributing a third.

"It will be a perfectly satisfactory plan," said Mrs. Dash, enthusiastically. "We'll divide everything, and I'll do the marketing and attend to things while you—you——"

"We'll do the eating," said her son with equal enthusiasm. In a moment of touching and unusual confidence I was made treasurer. It devolved upon me to find rooms.

"I shall be so glad to have something to do again," said Mrs. D. next morning. "It's such a bore idling around a big hotel all day. And then I knew where all the London markets are very well."

I went to see an American business man who has lived here twenty years, and asked him to direct me to cheerful and cleanly apartments.

"You'll be done up brown and hard," he said, softly and reflectively.

"Why?"

"Because you are not English."

"One of us is a practical housekeeper."

"It doesn't make any difference if you are all practical housekeepers, and skilful financiers at that; you can't cope with the British landlord. Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire. Every stranger who has lived in London has offered up fervid testimony as to the abilities of the men and women who have taken them in, and the fame is deserved."

He then gave me a number of addresses, and after a day's experience of stuffy rooms and slatternly servants I fixed on a house in Cavendish square, where the windows were large and the landlord a spectacle of sterling British honesty.

"These 'ere rooms," he said, gazing through them fondly, "has held many persons of rank, including' his Excellency the Peruvian Minister. Price £4 for the four rooms."

"Any extras? They're not particularly cheap as apartments go in London."

"Nothink, nothink to speak of. Fire a few shillin's a week. You can do your own marketing, or I'll do it for you, just as you choose."

We moved there the next day. The place was supposed to have unusual advantages, among other reasons because it was a private hotel. Why this rumor still lives is an unfathomable mystery, for the private hotel offers no advantages over a common lodging house.

The day of our arrival in Cavendish square a grievous misfortune befell us in the sudden illness of Mrs. D., from a violent cold. For a week she couldn't leave the house, and she was obliged to order every day through the landlord. That gentleman undertook the commission cheerfully.

"Which, t' be candid, I likes it," he said heartily, "bein' fond of marketin'."

That night we began to experience the little idiosyncrasies of the British landlord. I will explain them.

On the top of all gas burners there is screwed a little rounded cap which has the effect of throwing the flame out in familiar form. All these caps were unscrewed and removed before we moved in. The result was that if one gas burner was turned more than half way on it flared up and sizzled. It was necessary to light two capless burners to get light equal to one with the top in place. The charge was six cents a burner for gas.

When I first examined the grates they were roomy and big. When we moved in we found that large iron bricks had been bolted into the ends of the grates, so that they would hold only half the ordinary amount of coal. The charge was so much a fire.

These were two time-honored tricks. We protested, but the result was the same as ever—the case had been lost, and the iron bricks didn't go out because the screw threads on the bolts had been burned away.

Every night I had our accounts brought in and we went over them. Here they are precisely as rendered, except that I have changed the English money into United States currency. The first day was:

Feb. 24.

Attendance per day	25
Five gas burners, at 6c. a burner, per day	30
Sitting-room fire, per day	40
Bedroom fire, per day	40
Second bedroom fire, per day	35
Kitchen fire, per day	28
Candles, per day	06
Use of linen (table and bed), per day	12
Bread, 18c.; milk, 25c.; half pound butter, 28c.; soup, 35c.; pepper, 6c.	$1.12
Potatoes, 12c.; boiled onions, 14c.; pancakes, 8c.; lemons, 6c.; six sheets kidneys, 18c.; basket mushrooms, 43c.; oranges, with sugar, 16c.	2.03
Jug of ale, 10c.; bread sauce, 10c.; two sodas, 10c.; gravy and drippings for basting, 12c.	68
Total	$5.99

Fancy the assurance of a cook charging 18 cents for bread sauce and 12 cents more for gravy. It may be well to state here that we protested after the good old American fashion against overcharges, but the landlord invariably won, hands down, and with a look of grieved astonishment at our suspicions.

The second day was a slight advance. Note the 12 cents for milk—about two tablespoonfuls—for the corn, and 12 cents for basting.

Feb. 25.

Attendance, per day	25
Five gas burners, at 6c. a burner, per day	30
Sitting-room fire, per day	40
Bedroom fire, per day	40
Second bedroom fire, per day	35
Kitchen fire, per day	28
Candles, per day	06
Use of linen (table and bed), per day	12
Bread, 18c.; milk 25c.; potatoes, 16c.; milk for American corn, 12c.; rump steak, 62c.; potatoes, 8c., per day	$1 41
1 pound of Dorset butter, 41c.; fresh haddock, 16c.; egg sauce, 16c.; extra milk, 10c.; turkey, $1 02; stuffing, 14c.; celery, 8c.; jug of ale, 18c.; cooking butter, 6c., per day	2 95
Total	$6 25

Feb 26.

Attendance, per day	25
Five gas burners, at 6c. a burner, per day	30
Sitting room fire	40
Bedroom fire	40
Second bedroom fire	35
Kitchen fire	28
Candles	06
Use of linen (table and bed)	12
Bread, 18c.; milk, 20c.; chicken, $1 10; bread sauce, 14c.; soup, 35c.; roast ribs of pork, 97c.	2 99
Lard, 12c.; potatoes, 12c.; salad, 25c.; with use of cruet, 26c. extra; tinned beans, 25c.; boiled custard, 16c.; six sodas, 72c.	1 90
Total	$7 05

The "use of cruet" here at 26 cents was for the dressing on the salad. The boiled custard was burnt to charcoal.

Feb. 27.

Attendance, per day	$ 25
Five gas burners, 6 cents a burner, per day	30
Sitting room fire, per day	40
Bedroom fire per day	40
Second bedroom fire, per day	35
Kitchen fire, per day	28
Candles, per day	06
Use of linen (table and bed), per day	12
Kippered herring, 24c.; bread, 18c.; milk, 20c.; six eggs, 25c.; pea soup, 80c.; leg of mutton, $1.74	3 00
Potatoes, 8c.; stewed Devonshire cream, 36c.; apple tart, 37c.; 2 pounds sugar, 16c. 1 pound Dorset butter, 41c.	1 41
Total	$6 5

The mint sauce at 18 cents came in the day after the mutton was eaten, and was served with the pigeons, while an extra sauce for the pigeons was thrown in to the tune of 12 cents.

Feb. 28.

Attendance, per day	$ 25
Five gas burners, at 6c. a burner, per day	30
Sitting room fire, per day	40
Bedroom fire, per day	40
Second bedroom fire, per day	35
Kitchen fire, per day	28
Candles, per day	06
Use of linen (table and bed), per day	12
Bread, 18c.; milk, 20c.; muffins, 12c.; sausages, 32c.; three glasses of milk, 18c.; almonds and raisins, 65c.; mint sauce, 10c.	1 72
Sliced salmon, 75c.; cucumbers, 10c.; four pigeons, 62c.; bread sauce, 12c.; potatoes, 8c.; salad, 15c.; use of cruet, 26c.; hard sauce, 15c.	2 75
Plum pudding, 48c.; bacon, 12c.; cooking butter, 14c.; eggs, 12c.; gravy for pigeons, 12c.; jug of ale, 18c.; six sodas, 72c.	1 83
Total	$9 47

Feb. 29.

Attendance, per day	25
Five gas burners, at 6c. a burner, per day	30
Sitting room fire, per day	40
Bedroom fire, per day	40
Second bedroom fire, per day	35
Kitchen fire, per day	28
Candles, per day	06
Use of linen (table and bed), per day	12
Bread, 18c.; milk, 20c.; pair soles, 87c.; melted butter, 12c.; curry and rice, 20c.; potatoes, 12c.	1 89
Spinach, 18c.; apple tart, 37c.; Devonshire cream, 36c.; celery, 12c.; consomme soup, 45c.; veal cutlet, 37c.; crumbs for cutlet, 12c.; lard, 12c.	2 10
Chicken, $1.12; streaked bacon, 62c.; bread sauce, 12c.; potatoes, 8c.; milk for corn, 12c.; Yorkpoly pudding, 48c.; whitings, 31c.; sliced ham, 31c.; egg and bread, 4c.	3 09
One pound Dorset butter, 41c.; jam, 12c.; tin sardines, 25c.; lemon, 4c.; grapes, $1; ox tongue, 62c.	2 44
Total	$11 46

The Devonshire sauce for the apple tart was two cents' worth of cream, half-heartedly whipped. Price 20 cents. The 37-cent tart was inferior in size, scope, texture, elevation, intensity, and power to a 5-cent Fourth ward pie in New York.

The following day being Sunday, we got off with a lighter tax, as follows:

Sunday.

Attendance, per day	25
Five gas burners, at 6c. a burner, per day	30
Sitting room fire, per day	40
Bedroom fire, per day	40
Second bedroom fire, per day	35
Kitchen fire, per day	28
Candles, per day	06
Use of linen (table and bed), per day	12
Bread, 18c.; milk, 20c.; ices, 87c.; pastry, 50c.	1 75
Total	$3 91

We spent on our own account during the week, for canned fruits, jellies, pickles, Chutney sauce, coffee, and tea, $4.87. The landlord also claimed at the final settlement that he had said the rent would be four guineas instead of four pounds. A guinea is a shilling more than a pound. I met the man who had sent us there and explained matters.

"There's no redress," he said sadly. "The landlords run London, you know."

The list of expenses summed up as follows:

Table, &c., seven days	$50 86
Rent of apartments	21 00
Extras for jellies, sauces, &c.	4 87
Total	$76 86

Before we moved out the servants began to screw the tips on the gas burners nonchalantly, and take the iron bricks from the grates for the purpose of guilelessly taking in the next comer. Another trick practised on us was nipping the candle wicks off so close to the tallow every morning that it was necessary to burn away a good portion of the tallow before the wick could be relighted. This experience in London is not dissimilar to that experienced by the run of visitors. A gentleman, widely known in banking circles here, said yesterday in Morgan & Co.'s office:

"The details—the small things—are what make life so intolerably annoying in London. Take the matter of house renting, for instance. I have a house here and one in New York, as I spend six months in each of the two cities alternately. In the course of eight years I have moved seven times in London, once in New York. Across the water there are two taxes, and there the matter ends. If anything goes wrong the landlord attends to it as a matter of course. He considers me a patron, and a man to be taken care of. Here I'm looked upon as a legitimate subject for all the arts of a Shylock. My London house is on the outskirts, and stands in a lot 150 by 80 feet. I have to keep four servants—at home two do more work. When I looked at the house and they told me the rent was only £80—or, to put it all in our money, $400, I took it, but I knew by experience I would get salted. I now pay eight pence on the pound income tax, poor rates, parish rates, Queen's tax, water tax, and general tax, to say nothing of the regular yearly taxes of coalmen, postmen, and policemen. Here are the main figures in our money. I give out my income at a certain figure and pay £18 a year.

He seized a piece of note paper, and wrote as follows:

Rent	$400
Income tax	80
Poor rates	53
Parish rates	53
Queen's tax	84
Water tax	25
Total	$694

"I cannot," continued the banker, "put in a pane of glass without getting the written permission of my landlord; and if I were to ask him to make any repairs or alterations the result would probably be a lawsuit on his part, and arrest for malicious persecution for me."

There are people who prefer housekeeping here to housekeeping in New York. It is difficult to explain it, though one often meets men to whom everything English is sacred and lovable. For instance, a man in the Green Room Club the other night spread his coat tails before the fire, threw up his head, and said, unctuously:

"I say demmit y' know."

There was a respectful wait, for he was a man of title, and everybody listened.

"The—aw—fog y' know's pretty thick, an' mucky, an' everybody says it's all that, but boy jove it is a comfort t' escape all th' bours, 'cause they cawnt see you through it, isn't it now?"

"It is, indeed," said the chorus earnestly, and at least seven men went nearer the smoking-room windows to inhale the ghastly vapor because it had been recommended by a lord.

BLAKELEY HALL.

HOW STRIKERS ARE TREATED IN ENGLAND.

Summoned to Court and Fined for Absenting Themselves from Work, Against the Law.

From the London Times.

The whole of the men and boys employed at the Felling, Usworth, and Wardley Collieries, on the south bank of the river Tyne, went on strike. About a fortnight ago a trivial dispute arose at Wardley respecting some extra time worked by one of the men.

One of the workmen named Wilson asked permission to leave work in order to attend a funeral, offering his brother, who is a putter employed at the same pit, as a substitute. The manager of the colliery acceded to his request, and, in consequence, the brother of the absent workman worked and received pay for three extra "shifts." Among the men, however, there is an arrangement that no man shall work more than twelve days a fortnight, which Wilson's brother had done, and a deputation was therefore appointed to wait on the manager to request that he be suspended till his time had been reduced to the regulation allowance. The manager refused, and the men came out on strike, laying the colliery entirely idle.

A combination has existed for some time among the miners at Usworth, Felling, and Wardley, the object of which is that, whenever any dispute arises between the men and the masters at one pit, the men at the others shall assist in enforcing the terms demanded by their fellow workmen. In accordance with this compact, as soon as they heard of the stoppage at Wardley, the Felling men also struck work.

At Gateshead, County Cork, Petty Sessions yesterday 180 miners from Usworth Colliery were summoned under the Employers' and Workmen act for absenting themselves from work on the previous Wednesday, when they accompanied to the Court 170 men who were summoned from Felling and Wardley Collieries for a similar offence. The representatives of the men agreed that each defendant should pay his damage and 3s. 6d. costs. In the cases of the Felling and Wardley miners, who were fined last week, distress warrants had been issued, but it was yesterday agreed that the damage and costs should be paid by instalments. All three collieries are now working.

Letters from Queen Victoria to Gen. Gordon's Sister.

From "The Letters of Gen. C. G. Gordon to his Sister."

OSBORNE, Feb. 17, 1885.

DEAR MISS GORDON: How shall I write to you, or how shall I attempt to express what I feel! To think of your dear, noble, heroic brother, who served his country and his Queen so truly, so heroically, with a self-sacrifice so edifying to the world, not having been rescued. That the promises of support were not fulfilled in England, that many of the workmen were just as badly off when wages were more than one-third higher. Then they spent more in drink, never worked on Mondays, nor sometimes on Tuesdays or Wednesdays, so that although the rate of wages was higher, the actual earnings were lower. It appears that there is no law against truck in Belgium. A scandalous practice is discussed by a workman who makes his statement anonymously. He says that a great number of the overseers own public houses, and force the workmen to frequent them. Not only so, but they give credit by means of "counters," on which interest at the rate of 100 per cent. is frequently charged. One would think the Government might easily protect the workmen against such exactions, as we have done in this country. But for the general condition of the working classes in Belgium there appears to be no remedy. The labor market is overstocked, and the wages are dictated by the employers; that is to say, the men are obliged to accept whatever they may be offered; for, as a rule, there is no attempt at organized combination, and if there were it would be of very little use. It is clear that they have to bear privations which the employed English artisan has no need to experience, and that the most fortunate among them have to be content with a standard of living which he would consider intolerable.

THE POOREST PAID WORKERS

LIFE AND EARNINGS AMONG THE BELGIAN LABORING MEN.

Seventy-five Dollars a Year is the Average Wage of a Workingman—Poverty and Drunkenness, and Also Economy and Prosperity—A Labor Market Overstocked.

From the St. James's Gazette.

While we in England have been discussing whether it is possible to marry and bring up a family on £700 a year, the Belgian Government has been endeavoring to ascertain how the artisans and laborers of Belgium manage to make both ends meet on an average income of £24 a year. The results of the inquiry are extremely curious, exhibiting as they do great diversity of circumstances in a class whose earnings, necessities, and tastes might be supposed not to vary very greatly. Of course, there are some who make no secret of their belief that the struggle in which they are engaged is hopeless. Says a workman who wrote anonymously to the Commission of Inquiry: "I scout the idea of preparing the budget of a working-class family. I deny the most skillful of economists to balance the budget of a working-class family, consisting of five persons only;" and then he goes on to state that the two ends can only be got to meet by the head of the household making his dinner on a few pieces of bread and a decoction of licorice water, and by the children going often without a breakfast. Another declares that "severe privations are necessary;" while a third says he cannot afford meat on Sundays or any other days, his nourishment consisting chiefly of bread, potatoes, dripping, and a few vegetables. But in other cases the struggle seems to be carried on with more success, though it always remains a very hard struggle indeed.

The kind of information got together by the Belgian Government is always difficult to use for analysis or comparison. One man will thrive on an income which would plunge another into downright destitution. A good example of this is furnished by a graphic picture of two families in the canton of Boom. Both consisted of husband, wife, and one child. They earned the same wages and paid the same amount of rent. The first of the two men, who was steady, whose wife made her own bread and was a "good manager," possessed a nice house and had a fair sum in the savings bank. The other, a great drinker, whose wife was wasteful and improvident, was steeped in misery. The family was badly fed, poorly clad, and possessed neither bed, table, chairs, dishes, nor plates. They had only a few spoons, and forks, and an iron saucepan, which served for cooking their food and washing their clothes. At dinner time the saucepan was placed on a heap of bricks, and the family sat round it on other bricks. At night they slept on rags placed on the floor. But on Saturdays, the pay day, they had a "grand burst." The husband drank to satiation, and the wife entertained herself and her child on dainties, sweets, and fancy bread! Cases of that sort will be found everywhere; and therefore it is necessary to assume that in the instances given us for comparison there is at least an average amount of industry in earning and frugality in living. Taken from that standpoint the information collected clearly shows that the lot of the Belgian artisan and laborer is far worse than is experienced that befalls the steady English workman in fair employment.

To begin with, wages are quite 25 per cent. lower than in England, and the hours of labor are longer. The whole income of a family in which the husband is the only bread winner is about 2s. a day—that is, £2 12s. a month. Twelve shillings go for rent, 4s. for fuel, 4s. for clothes, 1s. 7d. for washing, and 10d. for oil. The rest (£1 9s. 7d.) is all that is left for food, and it is expended thus: Bread, 12s.; dripping, &c., and vegetables, 5s. 7d.; potatoes, 4s. 10d.; coffee, 4s.; tobacco and beverages, 3s. 2d. Excluding the latter item, the amount is £1 6s. 5d., which is just 10¾d. per day for the family of five persons—or a fraction over 2d. each. It will be observed that no meat, butter, milk, or eggs enter into the dietary. Take another case, where the scale of wages is slightly higher. An Antwerp workman returned his income as 17s. 7d. per week. He spends on food for himself, wife, and four children, 8s. 5¾d.—again an average of a fraction over 2d. each per day; on rent 2s. 4¾d., on tobacco and beer 10d.; leaving 6s. 9d. for clothes, fuel, lighting, and washing. Of the money spent on food, only 1s. 6d. went for meat, and 1s. 7¼d. for butter and lard. The family slept on stacks of straw provided by a charitable institution. Yet here the earnings were above the average. The item of 2d. per day per person for food may be taken as generally applicable. A prodigy of thrift and good management was found at Cheratte. The man was an armorer, "skilful and industrious," and his wife was a good housekeeper. They had five children, and bought no meat. But, at a cost of £7 4s. 10d. a year they fed some pigs, and these supplied them with meat for a family of seven at about a penny per person per day. That, however, was exceptional. In large towns pigs cannot be kept, and the only means of increasing the income is by extra work. There is a household consisting of the grandmother, husband, wife, and three children. The husband's regular wages are 2s. 10d. a day; but on Sundays he earns a few pence by going from place to place selling fried potatoes, while his wife and grandmother make sacks and cultivate a garden. Altogether they get together £67 18s. 5d. in the year, of which they manage to save £4. Contrast this with the case of a single man earning practically the same wages as the husband in the preceding instance, and who reports a deficit on the year of £2 1s. 7d.

An enormous difference is made in the circumstances of the Belgian workmen when his children are able to augment the family income. In one household we find the earnings mounting from £44 per annum to £77, without anything like a corresponding increase in the expenditure; the result was that in six years the husband was able to buy the house he lived in in the year 1796, during the time that a widower and his four sons have a total income of £116, which leaves them with a surplus of £34; and among the wool carders it is stated that some families earn as much as £120. These, of course, are somewhat unusual instances. More often the sons when able to support themselves leave the parental hearth, and supplemental assistance from the children is usually confined to the period between the ages of 13 and 17.

It is interesting to trace the additions to the items of expenditure as the scale of earnings rises. Like all poor people, the Belgian begins with bread and potatoes, then proceeds to fatty substances, and so on up to the luxury of fresh meat. But even the poorest spend a considerable sum on coffee and chicory, which h