A VISIT TO MEXICO.

Some Glimpses of the People and Scenery Along the Road.

THE TALKATIVE MAN FROM IOWA.

Railroads Have Quickly Superseded the · Lively Cow Trails.

IMMENSITY OF THE LONE STAR STATE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The trip by rail between Denver and Fort Worth is always attractive. This morning, with the Deacon by my side, something is promised to relieve any possible monotony. He possesses a reverence for the grand mountains at our right. The main range is resplendent in its immaculate mantle of white, with a rolling foreground of dead grass color, the brown of the foothills and the deep blue of the gorges to vary the spotless covering above and beyond. And we may have 300 or more miles of these mountains, ever changing in appearance and always beautiful. Should they become wearisome, a very unlikely event, look off east over the vast stretch of the plains, a little lacking in variety of color now, in the cold embrace of the dying winter. But you will anticipate when the soft breath of the early summer has wooed the brown into green and with exquisite taste and dainty touch the emerald carpet is tricked out with the hues of myriads of wild flowers, then you will love these broad lands for the loveliness they promise.
On the Divide "the man from Iowa"

boards the train and announces himself harshly, with his hat on the back of his "Yas, yas! This sile's no good! now in

This man-I suppose he was a man-we had with us two days and a night. His "yas, yas," was jerked out convulsively; it prefaced every remark he made and was his method of approval, disapproval or doubt of anything addressed to him. That "yas, yas," became monotonous, tedious, in-sufferable torture. Think of yourself bound and water d apping on your head drop by drop; and yet this man from Iowa was happy, well satisfied that he was doing me od in the world than any other man in it. ONE GOOD POINT.

Perhaps he was, for such as he make the burdens of life bearable. We think of our encounter with him in our afflictions and enjoy the rheumatism and the toothache when he is remembered. He took a fancy to the Deacon and demanded his name, but ignored the name, and in a moment after called my friend the Deacon, as kindly and familiarly as if they had been cherished at the same breast.

"Now, this land ain't no good-all sand, Now, in Iowa we have sile—and them mountains—you can't use them for noth-

"That sand, as you call it, will produce wheat as fine as can be raised in the world, and as bountifully," remonstrated the Dea-

"Yas-yas-when you make me believe it let me know. Now, in Iowa-And so, during the forenoon, the passen-gers smiled at first and the man from Iowa laughed, a stridulous cackle. The passengers became sedate as mutes at a funeral, but the laugh of the man from Iowa went on, while he at last looked in vain for approval. The Deacon managed to rid us of the enchantment for an hour by introducing him to a cowboy of his acquaintance in the forward car. But he returned with a erenced as the shadow of the pioneer palace. blanched face.

"Yas-yas-some bad citizens in this country, Deacon-that friend 'o yourn-is he a jedge, sure and sartin? He threatened to fill me tull 'o lead—yas-yas!" Dinner time arrived and the man from

Iowa lunched on the cars rather than take his chances with the bad citizen at the sta-

On the wing again the afternoon was unrelieved; the gray clouds hovering over Fisher's Peak put on tints of amber and crimson; away to the east the clear sky was of deep purple along the line of the horizon. fading into gray, and then blue toward the zenith; the Spanish Peaks, snow covered, were set in pale gold and away in the distance the grandest pile in the range loomed up through a delicate veil of blue.

ALWAYS WITH US.

But intermingled ever with one's thoughts came that interminable "Yas-yas." Would the man never cease talking? We couldn't kill him nor put him off the train. I sought the Deacon's friend, the cowboy, and induced him into the sleeper. The man from Iowa became dumb in the cowboy's presence. In the morning the Deacon was taking an early cup of coffee and enjoying the sunrise.

A bint of green in the broad, brown carpet that seemed to reach out unbroken for miles touched a rift of clear sky below a lowering cloud on the horizon, and our faithful daily friend in deep crimson looked in shape like a huge baker's loat that had failed to succumb to the virtue of yeast.
"Yas, yas, havin' breakfast, ain't yelaigs

an' coffee, an' toast! The Deacon's havin' breakiss! Yas, yas," and the man from Iowa walked down the aisle announcing the fact with a satisfaction that it seemed a pity to interrupt. But near the end of the car he reached a berth, the curtains of which remained drawn, and suddenly he encountered the tace of the cowboy looking out at him. The man from Iowa caught sight of his in-cubus, and, without fluishing the word on his lips, turned and retreated. Having discovered the charm, every passenger made it agreeable for the cowboy. The ladies enfurnished him with cigars, that he might retreat to the smoking room at intervals and lose no enjoyment. The stridulous yas, yas, was resolved into a murmur in the smoking room; when it arose in the car the cowboy put aside his eigar and the man from Iowa returned to the saloon. Finally, the only place in which he found rest was at the door, where he stood staring at the uninteresting end of the forward car, or entertained him self with unsatisfactory glimpses of the

RAILROADS SUPERSEDE COW TRAILS. Fort Worth looks brilliant under the glare of the electric lights. Twelve years ago it was a terminal point of cow trails, now of a dozen railroads, and doing a whole sale business alone close to \$10,000,000 per annum. It is a live Southern town with a little Northern blood infused, and is already filled with beautiful houses. Its well paved streets present a panorama in motley—broadcloth, the leather chapperajoes of the cowboy and the rags of the negro. Surrounded by a farming country unsurpassed it promises to be a city for which I have a weakness, for the simple reason that it is the outgrowth of American enterprise.

Along the lines of the Missouri, Kansas and Pacific and the Internation Northern railways, from Fort Worth to San Antonio, the country becomes more populous, and the Deacon and myself avail ou peives of the daylight ride. In the rail fences and weather stained bouses, with broad stone chimneys built up on the outnide, but every house seemingly with a wide porch; in the troops of darkies with attendant curs; in a man planting corn and a razor-back pig following and diligently undoing the work; in stray cattle with free run of the winter wheat fields, we find a linger-

ing of the old regime.

But now and again a wire fence will be discovered, and maybe an agricultural ma-chine, or a painted house with no sign of dog or chicken possessed of the front door, and these indicate a change creeping in. The chances are, however, that the or mower has been subjected to the inclemency of the winter weather; sudden meta morphosis is impossible. But that the delvers are looking for the millennium may not be disputed. They expect the angel to lay hold on the dragon and bind him, not only for 1,000 years, but for eternity. cago in one of th' third-story rooms, and she chucked out them valises before we could stop her. One of 'm pasted him in d' head. —Judge.

AN AWFUL EVIL. The present satan in some localities i Johnson grass. This evil is deen rooted and as uneradicable as burdock; it is reand as uneradicable as burdock; it is reonsible for the scragginess of the horses and the northers that were wont to bear the His Personal Characteristics in involuntary burdens of fatherhood, to the drawbacks of Texas, can have a respite.

The farmer who cursed to us "the idiot"

that introduced the pest, glowed in his con

serious; the acquisition of such knowledge is valuable. The pigs only could thrive on

Johnson grass; he had endeavored to de-stroy the noxious growth in one of his fields

by turning in his entire drove of swine. In the morning his porkers had disappeared, and he would have lost his herd save for the

indolence or plethora of one razor back, whose tail was discovered above ground.

It took him and his hands two days to pull

place of safety. This Texan swore it was

no lie and it is not always safe to contra-

dict a citizen of that State, even when he

fails to swear to his statements.

The lightning rod man has visited Texas.

a house 12x16 feet I counted five of these mythical protectors, resplendent in nickel and gilt. The owner of that domicile did not lack company, and they thus manifested a

Texan characteristic in one direction: Whatever they "go for" they "make it, dead sure," if within the limits of human

achievement. I am no lover of lightning running around loose and, except that it is

claimed that fair Athena requires it as a

renovator, I would rather dispense with it.

But in this environment I was compelled to

an expression of sympathy for the erratic

element. It will be ashamed to visit the

BELLES IN CALICO GOWNS.

Stopping at a water tank, with not a house in sight save that of the humble em-

ploye of the railroad company, the Deacon directed my attention to two pretty girls.

Their cheeks were rosy, their eyes elo-quently large and dark, their hair black, of

course, and still, of course, they were belies even in calico gowns. Seated in a dilapi-dated dog cart, with the dogs underneath,

holding the rope lines of a thin, rope-har-

nessed pony, their beautiful eyes flashed

back and forth interestingly, along the train,

scious as babes that they were the center of

more than 100 pairs of admiring eyes, they

laughed and chatted. Plainly the passen-

gers had no interest for them, or they would have halted, abashed in their enjoy-

the male optics fastened upon them.
"See how their jaws wag—and how white
their teeth are!" murmured the Deacon in

"Well, what of it? that's cleaner than the

dogwood stick and the snuffbox of their

"But without either vice, Deacon, how

A WORLD IN ITSELF.

think that any man can homestead 160 acres of it with the cost of only the surveyor's

fees, and then tell Mr. George: he and his followers can all be supplied out of this State alone and enough be left to furnish

those who are not paupers. But they'll

have to work, and that's what they don't

rose bush banking the corner of the worm fence with exquisite bloom. There! you

berless beauties in pink and purple and, as

TIME TO STOP.

in a swamp.

"True enough, Deacon, we may bring up

"Talking about dogs, that reminds me."

This from a nestly dressed, black-eyed stranger with a nestly trimmed black beard and drooping mustache. "I'll trouble you for a light," and he reached for my cigar

with the air of one assured of my willing-

ness. I offered him the box of matches fur-nished by the Pullman company, he took it unhesitatingly, lit his cigar and began to entertain us with a coon hunt. His cigar

would invariably reach for mine with the

same expression of certain accommodation as at first. I presented the box of matches

each time and he received and used it with

We were joined by another Southern gen

tleman and he went through precisely the same form while I enjoyed the office of match bearer in ordinary. I gave the sec-

ond gentleman my cigar on one occasion, curious to learn how he would use it. He

jammed it into the charred end of his own

weed with a reckless disregard of conse-quences and returned it ragged and offen-sive. His polite "thank you," could in no-wise restore the fragrance of my property,

nor palliate a disagreeable custom. The Descon, quietly amused, charges me with

being fussy about trifles; but I have said already that trifles are serious and the Deacon does not smoke. L. B. FRANCE,

At the Hotel Fire.

Hoseman-I'm 'fraid poor Reddy's done

Hoseman-Dey was a woman from Chi

Foreman-What struck him?

for this time.

the same satisfaction.

would go out every five minutes, and

grandmothers," retorted their apologist.

ment, at the encounter of any one pair

"Yes, they are chewing gum."

to them evidently a marvel yet. Uncon-

vicinity.

my ear.

Youth, Manhood and Old Age. demnation. He discussed Johnson grass with the dignity which a statesman, over his lager or champagne, would bestow upon the heavy affairs of the Republic. He made me quite believe that all trifles are FAILURE OF DRAMATIC POETRY.

A Rich American Widow and the Circle Which Surrounds Her.

DOROTHY DENE, AN ARTIST'S MODEL

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

It is said that great poets are always lovers from the cradle-that is one of the his pigs out of the earth and get them to a signs. An old marquise, who had lived in the passionate days (and nights) of France under Alfred de Musset, told me once as a bit of advice, as she showed me the collection of antique laces which be-The Descon is in doubt of this being an in-dication of an improved civilization, but on never think lightly of a boy lover—the great men of the world are made out of them, and they learn more from their sweethearts than their schoolmasters, so in one sense we are responsible for them. A boy of 10 once drowned himself because I laughed at his passion, and I often think of what I may have robbed the world, for the letters which are among my dearest treasures, and over which I have shed many tears, tell me that he would one day have been great."

Browning's childhood was full of stormy loves. I wonder if he remembers them himself now and looks back to them from the snow-capped summits of his age.

Poor little fellow! He was often very unhappy, it is recorded, when slighted by some grand lady he thought was like a queen and to whom he would like to be knight errant. Av 8 he wrote humorous translations from Horace, at 12 his poems had a most passionate Byronic flavor and he had tried his hand on some prose essays on "Typical Souls" (the "white" soul of Mary Anderson was not then in existence and, of course, not then a subject of literary discussion—while now, unfortunately, what should have been a flag of truce, has been the cause of a deadly battle between two most distinguished dramatic critics).

A PECULIAR STYLE. The turning point of Robert Browning's life and the forming of his artistic style seems to have occurred during his first Italian journey, when he made a tour of the monastic libraries and lingered long over their precious volumes. It was then he learned to love that quaint vocabulary, those mystical allusions, strange names and obsolete twistings of meaning that now form the decorative element of his poetry. He has retained his passion, but now keeps i

"They make it a virtue, and gracefully!" in an embroidered case, so quaintly enriched The Deacon is young. What will become of him among the dazzling orbs of the and delicately illuminated that it is sometimes somewhat difficult to recognize. Some sensuous clime toward which we are speedthink he belongs to the "spasmodic school," that he endeavors to be obscure, some that Further on I discover a shanty set in the he cannot help it.

Robert Browning is one of the most celebrown prairie, isolated but cheerful in the color of fresh pine. A sign painted on can-

brated men of the age, but he is also one vas larger than the house proclaims a "Real Estate Office." The boomer is here, of the most accessible; he has none of Tennyson's or Carlyle's rudeness when ap-proached from without. He goes out a but the legend is superfluous; nothing is apparent but real estate. With the plow a few hundred acres have been lined off into great deal in society and has an especial weakness for dinners. He is short and blocks, and lot stakes stick up like a vast stout, with white hair and a glow of ruddy colony of prairie dogs. When we return a health. He wears his hair quite long and few weeks hence, possibly the shanty will have company, and the next largest sign will bear the fiction: "Saloon." A few years and there will be a stone court house has a mustache and goatee. He enjoys the best of health and has an almost boyish flow of animal spirits and euthusiasm. Society is his life and he is always en and a county reat, while the real estate office

evidence. He dines out nearly every night and loves balls and receptions. Most agreeable in conversation, of course he is well posted on every subject and his friends "Did you ever attempt to realize the area "Did you ever attempt to realize the area number the great men of the entire world. of Texas?" inquired the Deacon, "No! He is a great flirt and very proud of his 000 square miles, capable of affording to each man, woman and child of our glorious of affording to Browning name, one of the grandest in literature, much sought after by all classes of society. His presence is thought to put a Republic a patch of three acres of ground. Here is land in abundance. We are seeing any reunion. Mrs. Browning compared his most learned and distinguished stamp only a strip of it by the roadside, covered with grass and wild flowers and a grove of timber here and there; think of the miles of heart to a ripe pomegranate-the emblem of immortality-it certainly contains all the it stretching beyond our vision, beautiful seeds of life as the descendants of Adam could wish; seeds of life and is red and full of sweetness

FOND OF THE TABLE.

Tennyson, although unlike Browning, re-sembles him in being a great diner-out. But the table-talk of poets is so uninterest-ing—poetical lions do not how when they are fed. I know a young girl who worked want. If Texas would only cultivate and for months to get an invitation to a dinner stock it for them and keep it under cultiva-tion at the expense of the State, pay the "Deacon, you are growing heavy and worse, cynical; drop it and look at that wild cut in chunks."

It was thought for a long time that ience with exquisite bloom. There! you Robert Browning would marry Mrs. Bloom-have lost it; but here is another and num-field Moore, the rich American widow, who is the special patron and sustainer of the "Keely motor," and well known in London sure as the sun is lighting our way, wild marigolds and buttercups. See that hound society, where she lives in great magnifi-cence. Her circle is a most interesting one, including many of the nobility and the leading artistic and literary lights of Lonpeering through the fence, his ears look as if they were a foot long; did you ever hear the voice of one? No! well, when you do it will make you forget for the time all the ills don. Some two years ago she announced that her circle was complete and she wished to one her down to one her do Browning is always there and most de-"You'd better drep that; there is no tell-ing where you will land following that vein." voted in his attentions. Mrs. Moore is an elegant woman, about 60 years old (Browning is nearly 80), with white hair combed over a roll, and portly but com-manding figure: she has many dismonds and dresses in good taste. She was left with a comfortable property, but has so managed it that it has increased to enormous proportions. She has written a little poetry herself and even a novel or two; she poses as a patron of art and literature, but especially of Keely. One day in Philadelphia she was told a man lay dying of starvation. She climbed many attic stairs, and at last found him in a bed, haggard and gaunt. The room was devoid of furniture, but strewn with strange machines and models. He could scarcely speak. She sent for food and wine, and when he was recovered, listened to his story. She helped him with large sums to carry out his plans, and in gratitude he-told her all his secrets of power. "Now we told her all his secrets of power.

are the god and goddess of the material world!" he cried.

If the "motor" ever runs the world and performs the wonders which she asserts to have been performed in her presence, the world will owe to Mrs. Bloomfield Moore

its preservation. PRIVATE THEATRICALS. In London there is a "Browning Society," composed of many members who meet for the study of the poet's works and the production of his plays. Its leading member is Alma Murray, an actress of carnest purpose but little talent, who performed the role of Beatrice in the secret per-formance of "The Cerci," by the Shelley Society, which caused a sensation some four years ago. On account of its revolting subject and the hot passion of the speeches, it had always been prohibited from the English stage, so was performed ("un-abridged") before the society with closed doors and no one but members allowed ad-

mittance. When any poetic tragedy or Greek play is privately performed in London Alma Murray is always given the leading role. She is neither beautiful nor talented and has not a high position on the regular stage to which she belongs, but for many years has been a member of all these select societies and has gradually worked herself to the lead, being a hard worker and consci-

entious student. Browning's plays are performed about once a year. Occasionally Henry Irving attempts something of Tennyson, mounted, of course, with great splendor. "The Cup," which Mary Anderson contemplates bringwhich Mary Anderson contemplates bringing to America next season, is a tragedy by Tennyson which failed at the Lyceum and will fail here. I am arraid America will find it "too English, you know!"—as it has found her. Indeed, there is great doubt amongst her friends whether she will ever return here; she lives with a baroness, is petted by dukes and duchesses, while here actresses, even of her turning of the tables.

high moral character, are not received in custom. Browning is a great admirer of Mary Anderson and in the Tennyson family she is adored. Whilst women think her cold, I must say that I myself, when with her, never feel that she too is a woman

—she is now over 30; but I always find my-selt talking to her as to a school girl, and thinking of her as an iceberg. The poetic dramas of Browning attract a literary audience for a single performance under distinguished patronage, and are usu-ally repeated once or twice for general so-ciety to go and think itself literary and fashionable. They are pretty "slow," and I must confess that my attention wandered often from the play to study the new hats and bon-nets or the jewels which Lady Colin Campbell sported, and that the notes on my pro-gramme were not of the play, but for my next fashion article. The "Browning bounets" of the society itself were dull enough— but the outside world came to the rescue with a good deal of style. The great poets of the present day seem to have very little practical stage knowledge. What reads well often acts abominably. Phrasing must be larger and time left for action, which in

poetry would be taken up by description. Few modern poetic plays succeed for more than a single per.ormance, and then only when propped up by the efforts of some special society.

But the coveted invitation of the day is to the reception held behind the scenes when the play is over and the general public departed. There Browning can be seen sur-rounded by all his satellites. The girls of the society all love him, and the old maids markable for their amorousness in their childhood, they are no less distinguished for be actually driven from the back door of they called them when the "Chab" of Per-

sia was in Paris, At all these artistic performances may be seen a beautiful girl with a classic head who is either on the stage or in the audience, but always there—Dorothy Dene, the celebrated model of Sir Frederick Leighton. He discovered her, a poor girl, and as year after year he painted nothing but her face, she became the rage, and his pictures were known to everyone, not as Hermione or Helen or Andromache, but as Dorothy

She then became ambitious to be some thing more than a model, and took to the stage, but with little success. In Liverpool the authorities refused to allow her to play because she had been a model. Is it not incredible that in these artistic days such nonsense should exist?

Robert Browning has one son who is both poet and painter—a meager, inferior looking man with none of his tather's brilliancy and health. The Browning name has been a great help to him of course, and some time ago he endeavored to make a stir with a realistic statue of Salambo. For a sensa-tion to be talked of he obliged his model to submit to the dreadful embraces of a hideous submit to the dreadful embraces of a hideous of singing. Yes, I was sure of it. I act-python, which he procured from the Jardin ually heard notes that might have been des Plantes. It is said the poor girl often fainted, but the statue was a wonderful piece of realism.

One day while driving through High street, Kensington, I saw a funny sight. A party of Yankee schoolmarms—a whole Cook's excursion—had caught sight of Robert Browning walking briskly down the street past Albert Hall and recognized him by his photograph. With a wild whoop they all gave chase. He crossed the street to avoid them, then dodged into the park; they followed, and pursued him round and

souvenirs they might not leave him a single hair, but he bobbed up just as bright as ever, so perhaps it is a common experience. OLIVE WESTON.

THE HEALTH OF THE WORLD.

A Vast Improvement Noticeable Since Our Genndfathers' Days. Boston Herald.)

The other day I took up a New York newspaper and read: "The dictates of fashion is death to health and happiness. The world is cursed with sick people. It is almost impossible to find a well woman, and not a little difficult to find a perfectly well man," and so on. It was all anent the poor, much abused corset that hapless woman insists on wearing to the grave, but let that pass.

We don't care a button about corsets in Boston, where the women go about looking like bags run through a cylinder press; but what I would like to remark is this: Corset, or no corset, a consideration which ought not to affect the sterner sex, the world is much more healthy than it was 60 or 100 years ago. It is a deal bigger than then, and the sufferers may be in proportion, but physicians who have reached the good old age of 70 odd affirm that the average of life is greater than in their youth. One of the most thoughtful practitioners here, a man of learning and wide pathological research, says the improvement in the American race, physically, is due to its regard to hygienic laws, better food, less medicine, and the protection science has afforded against the attacks of climate.

Our great-great-grandmothers killed themselves cearing low shoes in mid-winter, and died of consumption because they would not cover up their necks and arms; and it was rare in those days to find a New England family that had not lost one or more members by that disease, while now their descendants have almost eradicated its seeds from their constitutions and look the picture of health in-corsets. Well, you pays your money and so forth, but as to getting frightened by the resounding phrases of dress re orm, don't. Per-haps the dear girls, though, are not as healthy as they appear to the appreciative eye of a believer in anti-sloppiness.

THE TABLES WERE TURNED.

A Case of Heavy Artillery vs Grape Shot and Wads.

Lewiston Journal.? droscoggin at the rear of Miller street. He was not having remarkably good luck fishing, but was minding his own business and patiently waiting a bite. Several men at patiently waiting a title better to have work in a shop near by thought to have some fun with him. They got a long piece with and opening a window of brass tubing and opening a window enough to furnish a port hole, began shooting wads of paper at him. They kept themselves out of his sight, and still they were in a position to watch the impression made. The paper wads were sent with unerring aim. They struck the old man on all parts of his body. He stood the bombardment for awhile without saying a word, but later his temper was aroused and he decided to resent the attack.

Though he could not see his assailants, he

knew they were in the building from the di-rection in which the shots came. He paddled his boat ashore with all haste, and, jumping upon the bank, he picked up three or four bricks or clubs and let them drive one after the other at the window. Some of the mis-siles went crashing through the glass, caussiles went crashing through the glass, causing the wildest sort of commotion inside. The besieged party called for quarter loudly, but the old fisherman kept the bricks and anything else he could lay his hands to flying. It was only a matter of time before every pane of glass in that side of the haliding seah and all must be a sea and a sea a of the building, sash and all, must have fallen victim to the fisherman's volleys. The man who tells the story of the affray says the fellows inside managed to come out at a back door and run uptown after the police, one of whom went down and after a say anything harsh. The reason of this was, while persuaded the wick thrower to every hard trunctionary came up to he, and in an excited manner proceeded to express himself. He gestured wildly. He talked faster and sate where I was. I soon found I should have to interrupt him. I did not want to say anything harsh. The reason of this was, says the fellows inside managed to come out at a back door and run uptown after the police, one of whom went down and after a while persuaded the brick thrower to cease hostilities, as the enemy whom he desired to harm was not there and the battle must be decided in his favor. It was a case of a tarring of the tables.

And sas where and sas where have in the reason of this was, I did not know any harsh words in his language, so I merely informed him "thata Ia dida not speaks Spanish."

I thought anybody could understand that. He did not. What might have happened

AT A SPANISH OPERA.

remains unknown. Something se

tickets for but one act of the play; that

was therefore entitled to but one act, and that I must pass out of the theater and allow

omeward, reflecting that it was well it was

in Cuba and not in Texas, where every one of the performers would have been in dan-

ger of being assassinated before daybreak.

received some degree of satisfaction.

A FIELD FOR AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

ability lay in the uttering of lines as impor-tant as "Mr. Featherbrain waits below," or

done for tobogganing.

Some energetic American theatrical manager should avail himself of the scarcity of

attractions in Cubs, and next season send them some of our "Uncle Tom's Cabins,"

have been running so long that a season of

recuperation in tropical Cuba will be most

A MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

How the Upper Classes Wed-A Description

of the Ceremony.

The Russians generally marry quite young

in the upper classes, and among country

people even at an earlier age; and to the

honor of this society be it said, love mar-

riages are the rule, and marriages for money

are very rare exceptions. Dowry-hunting and marriages of interest have not yet made

their appearance in Russian manners. Girls

of high social position readily marry young officers of the Guard, who furnish the largest

contingent of dancers to the balls at Peters

During the carnival fetes the two armies.

out having consulted anybody, two finances

not sufficiently lofty relations to secure the

which is called in the Slavonic ritual "the

while the ceremony continues. At the de-cisive moment, when the priest is pro-nouncing the words that bind them together

the couple walk three times around the altar, followed by the crown bearers; until

the third turn is completed there is time to

turn back; after that the die is cast, the

couple are united for life. Thereupon the

singers strike up in their most strident voices the joyous hymn, "Let Isaiah re-joice." The bride and the groom then go and prostrate themselves before the Virgin

of the Iconostase, and kiss her filigree robe, after which they pass into the neighboring salon, where they gayly clink glasses of champagne, while the invited guests receive

boxes of sweetmeats marked with the mone

HOW VICTORIA PROPOSED.

An Interesting Bit of History Recalled-The

Queen's Full Name.

Philadelphia Press.) /
"I wonder how many people know that

the Queen of England shall be called, when

she fell in love had to do the proposing for

herself?" said an Americanized English-

man the other morning, whose reminiscences were called up by the fact that Queen Vic-

toria will be 70 years old to-morrow.

I was very much interested in reading

recently the account of her betrothal. It

had always been expected that she and her

later he made up his mind to a "now or never" game, and with his brother visited her at Windsor Castle. Like more hum-ble lovers he was placed in a rather

prevented from dining with her Majesty on his first evening as her guest. For five days did Victoria study him, and then after first telling her adviser, Lord Melbourne, what she had decided to do, she sent for Albert saving that she tested to

heart, and that she desired to be his wife.'

She was accepted without hesitation, as any

good-looking sovereign of 20 might have hoped to have been, and so they were mar-

Another fact about her life which inter-

ested me was the fact that she was christ-

ened Alexandrina-Victoria, with a hyphen, and not 'plain' Victoria, as she is gener-

ally called. As a child she was called "Irina," and her maternal grandmother, who had a fondness for nicknames gave her

May", and "May Flower" because of her birth. Oddly enough, two of her eight children were born in the same month, He-

ens on May 25, 1846, and Arthur on May

the endearing titles of "Sweet Blos

gram of the young couple.

Americans as well.

Harpers' Magazine.?

reficial to their exhausted vitality, as

LILLIAN SPENCER.

The Kind of Music That Satisfies the Aristocrats of Cuba

NOT PLEASING TO AMERICANS. A Theater Where Everything, From Cos-

tumes to Chorus Girls,

BELONGS TO REMOTE ANTIQUITY

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. HAVANA, May 11 .- According to the guide books, the Tacon Theater, of Havana, is not only one of the largest and best ventilated in the world, but is devoted to the production of the finest Italian and French operas. May I be permitted to remark that this is but an illustration of the delusive powers of guide book? Considering the information authentic, and worthy of being relied upon, I went, I heard, I doubted. The theater was large and well ventilated-so far, so good. When it came to the performance, however, I was led to believe that the compiler of the book must have stood in with the management.

The edifice is one of the most magnificent in Havana. It may be compared, in point fairly adore him. If these artists are re- of size, with the Scala, of Milan. Four thousand spectators may be comfortably it in their old age. Why, Gounod has to seated. The division of the house is similar to that adopted by most of the Euthe Grand Opera at Paris, he annoys the ropean theaters-stalls, boxes, galleries and ballet sirls so. I remember once falling an orchestra. The lunetas (orchestra seats) into his arms coming through a dark pasare used by the multitude. The Spanish sage from Madame K—'s dressing room, when he mistook me for one of "les rats," as the "palcos," or stalls. As in Europe, everyone is in full dress. There is nothing of monotony or uniformity in the audience seen in the Havana theaters.

. AN OLD WORLD SCENE

Here the Spanish women, the octoroons, the mulattoes, the soldiers, the aristocrats, each clothed in an unique and picturesque manner, make one think the world has gone back 100 years, or that he is in Spain, wit-nessing a carnival. The price of admission is reasonable—that is, for Cuba. Cuba is the home of extortion. Otherwise it would be chosen by our ex-bank cashiers for the seated chairs take the place of the luxurious ones in use in our theaters, and is observable throughout Cuba, neither hangings nor draperies are seen.

The opera had begun. When my vision had become accustomed to the imperfectly lighted auditorium, away off in the distance I saw that something was going on. Almost in shadow figures were moving. Upon closer inspection I detected an appearance some distant connection of the musical family. The singers were original in their interpretation of the opera. I learned when I got home that I had heard a Spanish version of the "Mascotte." I never recognized it, not even the best known airs. From this you can see how perfectly the score must have been adhered to. It was a burlesque

ANCIENT STAGE BEAUTIES. The women certainly were the biggest part of the show. They represented each about 200 pounds of Cuban talent (?). The Bettina weighed about 180, and did not im-As I looked back a gaunt female had him but the land, and they were all looking at him with an eager, hungry gaze, as if they were going to preserve his every word—to can them in fact, and take them back to Boston. I was in terror till I saw him the next time for fear that it is a betting weighed about 180, and did not imbut the part with the coyness and verve it demanded. Her singing, as indeed the singing of all, resembled that of variety and concert hall feworites. Had her figure a might have given a might have given a source. might have given a more balanced rendi- who will impose his or her will in the house-Boston. I was in terror till I saw him the tion of her part. Her execution was denext time for fear that in their desire for cidedly through her nose, and when she matrons, who watch them at that moment came to a high note, to the attainment of which she felt incompetent, she simply substituted a kick or a wink, and the audience received it most graciously. The Cubans enjoy everything. They applaud and shout and cry "Vulva uisted!" (come and shout and cry "Vulva uisted!" (come back) to show their appreciation of singing so bad that it would not be tolerated anywhere in the States, even at the concert of a very bad circus.

The Betting as well as the chorus generally would bring large prices in New York at a sale of antiquities. Had Ponce de Leon made the acquaintance of these artistes, he would never have sought for the fountain of immortal youth. The search had been made, evidently, and a Cuban chorus were the lucky finders. These women are veritable companions of She, though they have not retained their pristine freshness, as that mys-tical and veil-shrouded exaggeration is said

to have done. A PECULIAR PIPPO. These specimens are indigenous to the Cuban soil. A few of them have escaped to our land, where they may be seen in beauty shows, ballets and Roman populaces in the tragedies of Shakespeare. Unfortunately their voices had grown old with them. Many quavers were detected not in the original composition. Their costumes, too, shared in the general decay. The only woolen goods I saw in Cuba I saw on the stage of the Tacon Theater. The moths, as is their custom, had chosen them for winter quarters. The gowns looked as though they might have extended a welcome to Columbus upon his arrival in this country—that is, if clothes were affected at this early date. My historic information is a little vague on this point. Pippo could not be said to be immense either in size, voice or in the conception of his part. He was less than five feet in height, with a voice correspondingly and correctly matched. His feet and waist were very small, and I wondered how he had the effrontery to take

so large a contract upon such very small hands. Had he dropped a cent in one of the conveniently placed weighing machines, it would have registered him at 90 pounds. The Havanos evidently held him in high esteem, for his entrance was hailed with shouts of "Siga usted" (go on). The clangor increased until it reminded one of the Stock Exchange upon some upexpected rise in the market. AN EXCITED FUNCTIONARY.

The height of Cuban operatic triumph was reached when Bettina and Pippo walked up to the feeble footlights to sing what I afterward learned was "The Gobbie The other day an old fisherman was seated in his boat near the west shore of the Andrews droscoggin at the resp of Millon and the responsibility of the search of th may be likened to the movement of a darkey carrying a bale of cotton along a whar.
Pippo's look of importance was indicative of his size and the popularity he enjoyed.
The tender portions would have been most excellent had the accompaniment been left out; the love making was very pretty, but the sight of that big, adipose Bettina receiving the adulation of that insignificant, attenuated Pippo, to my mind savored

something of the pathetic.

In a box to my right I observed Madam Sadie Martinot, the queen of opera bouffe in America. She was exquisitely dressed, and I could not help wishing that she might be prevailed upon to step from the box to the stage and show these Cubans what opera bouffe really was. I had but recently heard ber sing the role of Bettina at Amberg's Theater, in New York, and the comparison was all the greater on this account. After a half hour's entertainment, and at the close of the first act, during which the popular members of the company had received ovations and the unpopular ones had been dismissed with hisses, most of the audience arose, and one by one passed out of the building. I did not.

AN INTERPRETER CALLED IN. With the American love of getting my money's worth, I stayed. Finally an im-portant functionary came up to me, and in

THE LORD'S MONEY

have no doubt. He might have killed me in self-defense, for so murdering his language. An interpreter connected with my hotel here came upon the scene, however, and politely told me that in Cubs one buys Not a Part but the Whole of Our Possessions Belong to God.

TO BE USED AS HE DIRECTED. others to come in. This explanation I blandly received. Beneath treatment so severe I could see the sweetest charity. To stand more than one act of a Cuban opera would be the act of a martyr. This method of dismissal was in the nature of a life-preserver. So I went out and proceeded

How the Evils that Pollow Wealth May Be Changed to Blessings

BY OBSERVING CHRIST'S TEACHINGS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 The subject is money. We go straight to the heart of this matter when we affirm that Upon my next visit to the the theater I money belongs to God. All that we have farce was in progress. I recognized the orchestra, which was quite Chinese in its belongs to God.

Christianity and socialism differ, it has disregard for harmany, the costumes and the actors. The Bettina of my last visit was simply a "fill in." Her histrionic been said, just here: That Christianity teaches "What is mine is thine;" while socialism turns that quite about, declaring "What is thine is mine." But they are "I go, but I return." The Pippo was enacting the difficult role of a heavy villain, in which the heaviness was altogether carried out by his costume, which would have wise who tell us that the Christian religion rather speaks thus: "What seems thine is not thine, and what seems mine is not mine." This is neither mine nor thine; it is all God's; to Him only it belongs, not to either of us. "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine," saith the Lord. This is an "Lady of Lyons," "East Lynnes" and "Almighty Dollars." These attractions eternal principle.

Now, Christianity is a religion of eternal principles. It has to do with politics; it has to do with the problem of labor; it is concerned in every question which concerns well as a positive boon not only to the na-tive Cubans, but to the long-suffering men. But only in one way-not as a meddler; not as an interested partisan; not as committed upon this side or that against the other; but from above, as an authoritative pronouncer of eternal principles. This comes out with great clearness in the attitude of Christ toward the public questions of His day. There was that question of Roman taxation: Shall he pay tribute to Casar or not? You remember how He settled that problem-not by reciting history; not by quoting law; not by taking sides; not by limiting the authority of the Latin power and working a distinct boundary between the State and the Church. No. appealed to an eternal principle, leaving the questioner to work the application out.

There was that other question of dissension and injustice between brothers—precisely the problem which confronts us at this

hour. A man came asking for the Lord's arbitration. "My brother and I," he said, the army in petticoats and the army that wears epaulets, learn to know each other thoroughly. Friendships spring up, the young man pays court, and one day, with-"have a property to divide between us."
The property was an inheritance, but if it had been the profits of a year's business, there would have been no difference in the principle. "We have this property to dicome to ask of the parents a blessing, which is never refused. The Church does not vide, and my brother has taken the bigger share. Make him divide over again, and marry during Lent, so they have to wait until Easter week. Fashion demands for the celebration of the ceremony the chapel of some private house, if the couple have LABOR AND CAPITAL

It was the labor question. The older brother is capital, the younger is labor. The

chapel of the palace.

A family that respects itself ought to have at its wedding as honorary father and honcapitalist gets a larger share of the profits than the laborer thinks he ought to have. "Make him divide over again," orary mother, if not the Emperor and the "make him behave justly; make him give Empress, at least a Grand Duke and a me my share." Grand Duchess. The honoray father gives the holy image, which some little child re-lated to the families carries in front of the To this demand, to this importunate question, what answer did the man get from the Master? What did the Lord do? Did He fiances. They enter the church, followed

by all their friends in gala uniform. The ceremony begins; it is very long, and complicated with many symbolic rites; a small economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning; wealth, corruption, disaster at the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and then say: "You, elder brother, beginning the law of inheritance, consult political economy, and the law of inheritance, consult political e ceremony begins; it is very long, and com-plicated with many symbolic rites; a small table—a sort of movable altar—is placed in the middle of the oratory; the couple are separated from it by the law of inheritance, consult political conomy, and then say: "You, elder brother, you, capitalist, have taken so much more per cent than your share; you must give after the splendid reign of Solumon. So that back?" Did He do that? of rose colored satin; He had come, had He not, to get just that when the priest calls, they must advance, and the first who sets foot on the band, whether hasband or wife, will be the one

sort of thing accomplished; to aid the wronged, to help the poor, the oppressed, the defrauded, the down-trodden? It is the defrauded, the down-trodden? It is aced by money. It seems as if there were right that His picture should hang to-day no limit to the debasing things that men upon the walls of socialist meeting places, matrons, who watch them at that moment.
On the table is placed the liturgical formuof Nazareth, the Friend of the Working-

lary, the candles which they must hold, the cross which they will kiss, the rings which they will exchange, the cup of wine in which they will moisten their lips, and But what did He answer? "Man." He said, "who made me a judge or a divider between you?" And He said unto them nato one as much as unto the other, "Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consistent not in the abundance of the wicked thing you will, and write this label Pages relieve each other to carry with outstretched arms two heavy crowns, which must be held above the heads of the fiances while the ceremony continues. At the department of the matter He refused to white the ceremony continues. At the department of the matter He refused to white the ceremony continues at the conversed and the opbetween the oppressed and the op-pressor, between capital and labor-if we may translate the incident into the language of our modern life—He simply de-clined to decide. He stood between the brothers, as His church should stand to-day. the friend of both. He stood between them, desiring that they should decide their own dispute. He will not arbitrate. He wants nothing arbitrary in the matter. Above He looks, to an eternal principle, and states that. "Take this," He says, "and work it out for your own selves," Only thus can differences be determined permanently. Now, the most pressing and the most im-portant of the problems of this day center about that subject which we

set ourselves just now to study. They are in line with the differences between the brothers. They are

QUESTIONS ABOUT MONEY.

And I believe that the province of the religious teacher, touching this and all other questions like it, is to do just what Christ did—to declare eternal principles. Now here is an eternal principle about money. Victoria the Good, as it has been suggested "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord." That is God's truths about money. Let us see just what this means? Is it this: That whoever pays pew rent, and sets a fair figure opposite his name in sub-scription books, and does a good turn now and then for a destitute neighbor, is doing his whole duty about money—is that it? Or cousin Albert would eventually make a is it this: That whoever sets apart one-match of it. When they were both about 18 tenth of his income regularly, and match of it. When they were both about 18 tenth of his income regularly, and years old, he visited England, but did not devotes that to religious and charitable make much impression on the newly crowned Queen. However, three years about money, is that it? A tenth of the uses, is keeping the whole commandment silver is mine and a tenth of the gold is here is a principle which goes a great deal deeper than such rules as these. Alms basins and church treasurers' accounts and embarrassing predicament by the non-basins and church treasurers' accounts and arrival of his luggage, and was thus soliciting lists and charities and tithes, represent but a small part of the requirements of this universal law. We are still afar off from the true doctrine which ought to gov-ern the relation of a Christian man to his

sent for Albert saying that she desired to see him particularly. One account of the affair is certainly valuable for its brevity, reads as follows: "What the Queen told him was that she loved him with her whole This is what the truth about it is: Every dollar that you have belongs to God. You have no right to use one dime for any other than a religious pur-pose. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord," every penny of it. Is there anything unfair about that? What have we which we can honestly call our own? Poor and unclothed came we into this world, bringing nothing with us, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. While we stay here, God lets us use His treasures, as His servants, stewards, managers. But we do not own anything. The earth belongs to us no more than the sky. The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is. People talk about setting aside the Lord's share of their possessions. There is no such thing. The Lord's share is the whole. We have no right to spend a penny for any other than a religious purpose.

A religious purpose—what is that? Why, the building or the beautifying of a church,

or the endowment of a hospital, or the erec-tion of a monastery—the monks said. But we know better than that now. We have THAT GOOD WORD RELIGIOUS

is so wide that it touches everything in the

world that is good. It leaves nothing out which goes to make life worthy, profitable pure-minded and high-minded man or woman, is spent for a religious purpose, because it makes you more what God wants you to be, and more able to serve Him.

Money for good books, pictures and music; money expended in auchf travel as will broaden the mind and clear the judgment, and widen one's interest, and teach one more about God's world; money invested in a home which you may abide in, or emitting the voice of music and the night of through the voice of music and the night of the properties.

ployed in filling that home with whatever ployed in filling that home with whatever may sweeten and enrich home life; money so used that it helps the community in which you live, or helps anybody in it, or brings genuine and healthful pleasure into any human life, your own or your friend's—such money is used religiously. I can think of circumstances wherein a dollar used to buy roses with would be used more religiously than if it had been put upon the used to buy roses with would be used more religiously than if it had been put upon the altar of a church. The books of all the treasurers of churches will be examined at the day of judgment, and the sums noted which are set down opposite your name, but so will the ledgers of all the grocers be examined, and all the tailors. We need not put it off so long as that. God sees them every day. And He is just as much interested in one kind of account as in another, and takes them all into account when He looks to see what you are doing with the He looks to see what you are doing with the

gold and silver that are His.

The Bible has a good deal to say about the daugers of money. Because whoever has money is under constant temptation to use that money for other than religious pur-poses. The Bible tells about a rich man, who wore elegant clothes and gave elabo-rate and fashionable entertainments, and who, when he died, waked up in torments. It describes another rich man who had made so much money that he had to tear down his barns and build greater; who had settled himself down to a long enjoyment of

HIS SELFISH PLEASURES, and when God called him suddenly, he departed poor and miserable, all his treasure being on the earth. The Bible has a good strong name for that sort of man. It calls him a fool. We are warned in the Bible about the deceit ulness of riches. Riches tempt men into traps. Money is called the "unrighteous Mammon," which implies that it persuades men to be both heathen and wicked, to torsake God and to forsake goodness. We are told that "they who will be rich"—they who are straining every nerve in the race which has a golden goal—"fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition." We are forhidden to lay up for ourselves treasures upon earth. A woe is pronounced upon the rich. The love of money is bluntly declared to be the root of all evil.

We are able to interpret some of these hard savings when we read how wealth and vice walked arm in arm through the streets of the Roman cities of the time of Christ. Wealth to-day is very widely Christian. In parish after parish of the Christian church to-day, wealth means spiritual energy and wisdom and strength and splendid charity and consecration. Nevertheless, wealth means temptation still, and always. Wealth means spiritual danger, if it were only in the truth that the more will be required of him to whom God has given much. God cares for no man's bank account; asks the sum of no man's tr a ure, except the treas ure that he has in heaven; looks straight at the heart of man, and pays no heed whether the man wears cloth of frieze over his heart or cloth of gold. God does not love the poor more than He loves the rich. But God sees what everybody needs. He sees that the poor need consolation, and the book of God is full of that; full of kind words for the poor. And He sees that

THE BICH NEED WARNING and He gives them warning. That is the meaning of that seeming preference in Holy Scripture of the poor above the rich. The Bible gives warning plentifully, and history emphasizes the Bible. When you read history you read the lesson of the peril of prosperity. It is written there in big capital letters. Again and again has the same look into the matter, read the will, examine tragic story repeated itself, chapter after fell Rome. So will tall every nation, this republic not excepted, which walks over the

same path toward the same precipice.

The future of this nation is to-day menwill do for money. Pile the scales of our duty toward our neighbor; put in the good of our common country, put in the sculs of our fellow men, yes, and a man own soul upon the top of the pile, and in

down will go the side of dollars.

Money is degrading the sanctity and stealing the genuine help and happiness of the Christian Sunday. Money is writing unworthy and debasing books, editing sensational newspapers and getting them printed. Money is setting snares for chil-dren. Money is putting that into the mouths of men which steals their brains, makes them pitiable, good for nothing,

BRINGS POVERTY INTO THEIR HOMES and misery into the hearts of all who care for them. Money is making the municipal government of many large cities a byword. The love of money is depraying public sen-timent. It undervalues whatever cannot be added up and marked with the sign for dol-lars. It settles the question of a man's worth by asking: "How much is he worth?" By its emphasis upon the material side of lie, by its uplifting of money over morals, by its upholding of wealth as the measure of human happiness, the love of money is pour-ing oil upon the flame of a trouble in the industrial world, which will end-God alone knows when or where or how.

Now, smid these perils, personal and na-tional, amid these temptations which money brings to bear upon our generation, there is one defense. It is that every man and every woman, in their place, and for their part, keep this eternal principle in mind, that whoever handles money acts as agent of the Lord God. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord." Remember that. Write that on the pages of ledgers, and over the gates of Chambers of Commers and upon the doors of saies.

Test your life by that. Try the standards of honesty in politics and commerce by that standard. Money will never harm you, nor will your money ever harm anybody else, if you realize to whom it belongs. Remember that you are but stewards of the Lord's money. You are to have but one purpose in getting and but one purpose in spending money—and that purpose a religious one, absolutely for the glory of God, interpreted as I said. We, at least, must learn what money is, and whose it is, and upon what terms we hold it. Money hurts character, personal and national, because it persuad men into TWO GRIEVOUS SINS,

worldliness and selfishness. Worldliness makes us forget God, selfishness makes us forget our neighbor. And so we break all the commandments. I can think of few sins so hopeless, so fatal, as those which are caught from the touch of money. They are diseases wherein the patient refuses to see a doctor, denies that he needs one.

But keep the divine truth about money

in mind, and money making becomes a help rather than a hindrance to the religious life. You are thus employed every hour of your working day in doing some-thing which is not limited in its meaning to this world, and which is not for yourself alone. You are working among men for God. You are one of the Lord's stewards, auperintendents, managers. If wealth in-crease, you have so much the more to use for Him. Money means opportunity. Withor Him. Money means opportunity. Without money you may be working single handed.
But money gives you hands till you have
more arms and fingers than Brizereus. You are
preaching the gospel in Western Africa;
you are nursing the sick in the wards of
Pittsburg hospitals; you are visiting the
needy and comforting the afflicted; you are
serving as assistant minister in 50 parishen
at once. Money will do that. Money will and pleasant. Every dollar spent well is spent religiously. Whatever is expended to make you a wiser, stronger, more refined, pure-minded and high-minded man or through the voice of music and the sight of the sigh

M. J. Gould O'Quirk-Look here, Luca tia: if yer shakes dat chromo yer got dere,