CONGRESSMEN GIFTED OF TONGUE.

The House a Fine Field for the Development of Forensic Gifts.

THE NEW ORATORICAL STARS.

Men of Bright Ideas Brought to the Front by the Fifty-first Congress—Greenhalge's Rapier-Like Thrusts—The Meteor of the Iowa Delegation—Neidringhaus' Mirth-Provoking World's Fair Speech.

THE Fiftieth Congress developed some fine orators and otherwise. Among them were Henry Cabot Lodge, William Bourke Cockran, General Spinola, Isador Rayner, Benjamin F. Shively, Asher G. Caruth, Stephen V. White, M. M. Boothman, Ashbel P. Fitch, Melbourn H. Ford, Robert P. Kennedy and Marion Biggs. Messrs. Cockran and White refused a renomination. Ford and Rayner were defeated. The others were re-elected.

The Fifty-first Congress is doing full as well in the development of orators as its predecessor. In the Fiftieth Congress Cockran and Rayner won the palm on the Democratic side. Lodge was the most prominent orator brought to light among the Republicans. In this Congress the situation is reversed. The Republicans have produced more new orators and otherwise than the Democrats. There are many modest men, however, among the latter, and no one can tell when a new oratorical star will appear in the legislative firmament.

The first to blaze in the Republican galaxy was Frederick T. Greenhalge of Massachusetts. He is of English birth, and will be 48 years old next July. He has a clear voice and an engaging air. His gestures are few and well chosen. He speaks calmly and dispassionately. His arguments are strung upon threads of sarcasm. Deadly thrusts are given with a grace that would do credit to a French fencing-master. Few have the temerity to interrupt him in debate. He is picturesque and thrilling in his illustrations. When driven into a corner he can change front in a twinkling. In parry and thrust

he has no rival. Greenhalge is a member of the Committee on Elections. There were seventeen election cases in the House. Thus a splendid field was presented for the display of his talents. When he rises to speak everybody listens. There will be a great time if he ever encounters General Spinola. Such a combat would probably provoke more interest than any that has been witnessed in the House of Representatives for years. Greenhalge uses the rapier and Spinola the butcher-knife. Mr. Greenhalge is a man of middle stature, with light complexion, small blue eyes and a forehead that ends at his bump of philoprogenitiveness. He is frequently mistaken by his comrades for that shrewd lawyer and bright speaker, Hon. Jacob Geissenhainer, of New Jersey.

An oratorical meteor has recently appeared in the Iowa delegation. He is Hon. Jonathan P. Dolliver of Fort Dodge. Dolliver was born in Virginia thirty-two years ago. He is a graduate of West Virginia University. He took front rank among the orators in the Fifty-first Congress in the debate upon the Pension Appropriation Bill. More eloquent words have not been heard in the House for years. He has a ringing voice and utters rhythmic sentences with marvelous fluency. He speaks with the utmost ease and at times uses graceful gestures. Dolliver is well knit. His eyes are large and his cheeks ruddy. He has his double in appearance on the Democratic side in the person of Hon. John D. Alderson of West Virginia. He advertises himself in the Congressional Directory as unmarried. He is a lawyer, and his associates aver that his parents are wealthy.

The Granite State has also sent a new orator to the national councils. He is Hon. Orren C. Moore of Nashua. Moore is tall and thin, but carries his fifty years as though he were but forty. He wears spectacles and a beard and has curly, iron-gray hair. He is a printer and an editor. He flashed upon the House about 10 o'clock at night in the debate over the new rules. The galleries were filled with delighted listeners. The discussion had been dull and uninteresting. Yawns gave place to exclamations of delight, and it was with difficulty that the spectators refrained from applauding the orator. His ideas were conveyed in sentences short and pithy. The metaphers were distinct and original and well-seasoned. Ever since that time Mr. Moore has commanded the attention of the House when he rises to speak. New Hampshire lost an old-time orator at the last Congressional election. He was Rev. Luther F. McKinney, a tariff-reform Democrat. It would be well worth a day's wages to hear McKinney and Moore in controversy.

Another orator among the Republicans is Hon. John Raines of Canandaigua, N. Y. He is a brother of George Raines, a well-known Democratic orator in New York State. George presided at the State Democratic Convention two years ago. John has not yet appeared at his best in Congress. He took a dash at the World's Fair business, and had a little skirmish with General Spinola in a pension debate. When thoroughly aroused he is a dangerous antagonist. He seems to be feeling his way in the House, and in time to come will undoubtedly take front rank as an orator. He is tall and thin, is quite as handsome as his brother, and resembles him physically and intellectually. Raines is 50 years old. There is neither a wrinkle in his face nor a gray hair in his head.

St. Louis has turned out a fair orator in Hon. Nathan Frank. He has thin features and a modest bearing. His voice is good and his words well chosen. He gracefully upheld the banner of his city in the debate over the World's Fair Bill. His speeches are short and to the point. Like a true orator he never opens his head unless he has something to say.

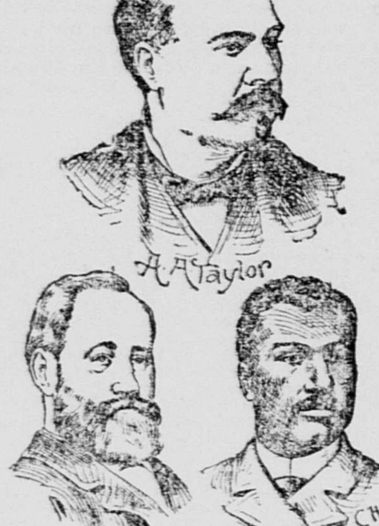
Other new Congressmen who have distinguished themselves in debate on the Republican side of the House are Hon. Fred Lansing of Watertown, N. Y.; Hon. John F. Lacey of Oskaloosa, Iowa, another Virginian, and Hon. Charles Augustus Hill of Joliet, Ill. Hill is a man of independent thought and action. He voted against the unseating of Cate, an Arkansas Democrat who was sent to the House by over 1300 majority. Fearing his eloquence, the Republicans called the previous question and shut him out from debate. Lacey is a member of the Committee on Elections, and has made the opening speeches in two election cases. Lansing has aired his eloquence in the State Senate in New York. He was a gallant soldier in the army, and is as handsome as he was brave. A good talker among the Republicans is Hon. William E. Simonds of Connecticut, the successor of Hon. Robert J. Vance. Simonds very appropriately landed on the Committee on Patents. He is a patent-lawyer. When he made his first speech everybody in the House was startled. He has a deep barytone voice so heavy that it jarred the heart of every listener. Vance tells a good story on Simonds. He says that Simonds once had a case before Judge Park at Hartford. On the day set for its consideration Simonds was in Meriden. He telegraphed to Park asking for a postponement upon the ground that he was unable to reach the court-room in Hartford in time. Park returned this answer: "Go on with your argument. I can hear you where you are just as well as if you were here."

The quaintest of the Republican orators is the Hon. Frederick G. Niedringhaus of St. Louis. He scatters like an old musket and his gun kicks unmercifully. The shot fly all over the House, but tickle the members more than they hurt them. His World's Fair speech produced unbounded merriment. Members laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks. The only really stolid man on the floor was Niedringhaus himself.

Two new members, said to be Republican orators, have thus far maintained a dignified silence. They are the Hon. Alfred A. Taylor of Tennessee and H. P. Cheatham of North Carolina. The latter is the only colored Congressman upon the floor. The former was a participant in the great campaign in Tennessee some years ago when his brother Bob fiddled his way into the Governor's chair.

Thus far no really brilliant orator has made his appearance among the new members on the Democratic side of the House. The most serviceable appears to be the Hon. John C. Tarsney of Kansas City. Tarsney is deep-chested and broad-shouldered. He has a Celtic face and the Celtic glibness of tongue.

He is a brother of Hon. Timothy E. Tarsney, late a Democratic member of Congress from Michigan. Timothy was one of the quaintest speakers who ever graced the halls of Congress. Many a bout did he have with the Republicans in the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, always coming out ahead. John Tarsney has many of Tim's characteristics, and far more energy. He talks fluently and to the point, and has shaped the Democratic policy in the present House on pension



legislation. He opposed the bill pensioning prisoners of war at the rate of $2 per day, and after voting for the service pension bill, voted against the Morrill bill. John was a prisoner in Andersonville, and is the successor of William Warner, the late Commander of the G. A. R.

Next to Tarsney in point of ability seems to be Hon. James R. Williams of Illinois. Mr. Williams was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Richard W. Townsend. He has made three or four able speeches. They were delivered without any attempt at effect, and they came hot from his heart, but tempered with judgment. He is a thin, narrow-chested gentleman with sunken eyes and high cheekbones. His long, black hair droops over his forehead as he talks. His voice is clear and his oratory fervid and attractive. Despite his modesty he is sure to become a prominent member of the House.

One of the brightest of the new Democratic orators keeps his light hid under a bushel. He is the Hon. Charles J. Boatner of Louisiana. Boatner made a speech in caucus one night that stirred the heart of every man who heard it. A similar speech made in open House would have attracted universal attention, and have awakened much newspaper comment.

The Democrats lost a promising orator when the Republicans thrust William Henderson Cate of Arkansas from the hall. He pleaded his own cause so successfully that several Republicans voted against unseating him. If his party associates had all been present he would have retained his seat. Several of them were absent without pairs, and others had dead pairs.

Hon. Charles H. Turner of New York City is another rising orator in the Democratic ranks. He is the ice-man elected to fill the vacancy from New York City last fall. He has a good voice and a ready flow of language. He talks easily and gracefully and upon almost any subject.

The germs of oratory are seen in the speeches of General Thomas J. Clunie of San Francisco, Augustus M. Martin of Indiana, Joseph H. O'Neil of Boston, Rice A. Pierce of Tennessee, John Quinn and John Henry McCarthy of New York City. Edward J. Dunphy of New York City has spoken only once and created a very favorable impression.

There are young men in the Democratic ranks who have maintained a strict silence, but who have a reputation for eloquence. One of these is Hon. Thomas F. Magner of Brooklyn, the next to the youngest member of the House. Another is Hon. H. St. George Tucker of Virginia, son of John Randolph Tucker. A third is Hon. John F. Andrew of Boston, son of the great war Governor of Massachusetts. Each of these orators is liable to come to the front at any moment. It should not be forgotten, however, that the conditions attending discussions in the House are not favorable to oratorical development. Roscoe Conkling remained in Congress two years before he took the floor. He afterward became a leader of his party in both Houses, a leader in his State and a leader in the nation.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

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A DESERVED REBUKE.

The Stinging Retort a Boy Gives a Careless Mother.

"HAVE you seen a small black dog go past here?" queried a woman of a boy who stood at a street corner.

"No, ma'am. Lost your dog?"

"Yes, and I am worried to death."

"Where do you live?"

"In that brown house a little ways down there."

"Why, that's where some children are sick, isn't it?"

"Yes, my four children are down and not expected to live, and I've had to leave them all alone and hunt for the dog."

"That's right, ma'am; children bain't of no earthly account, while small. Black dogs is of the greatest importance. You keep on hunting for the dog, and I'll go down to the house and kinder hang around to see if any of the children die while you are gone. If they do I'll call in the neighbors."

She looked at him for a moment in a puzzled way, and then started for home without another mention of dog.—Detroit Free Press.

BITS OF WIT

That Were Prepared in the Latest Issue of Harper's Bazar.

TED—This is the second time you have been engaged to that girl. Look out you don't lose her again.

Ned—Not much fear of that; she is ten years older now.

Mrs. Fangle—I didn't know your house was too large for you, Mrs. Gazzam.

Mrs. Gazzam—Why, it isn't.

Mrs. Fangle—Well, now, I thought it wasn't; but Mrs. Larkin said you had lots of room to rent in your upper story.

"These interminable newspaper discussions on 'The Coming Man' make me weary," remarked Miss Ann Teek.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Gazzam.

"Because my experience teaches me that no such thing exists."

"Humph!" said the showman, "that's a pretty rocky dromedary."

"I think so too. I really thought it was a lapidary, it is so rocky."

"Whom do you suppose I fell in with in Venice?"

"I didn't know you fell in. Was it cold?"

"Mussy me, what barbarous things the brokers is!" quoth Mrs. Spriggins.

"What the matter now?"

"It says here that they was plucking' the lambs for all they was worth yesterday. Lord knows its bad enough to shear the pore things!"

Goslin—Hello, old man! how are you? I haven't seen much of you lately.

Maddox—You have seen more of me than I have of you.

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, I'm much bigger than you."

"My benefit is coming off next week—Friday. Can't you assist me, Miss Valdini?"

"I can't possibly be there, but you may announce me, and I will send a doctor's certificate to satisfy the audience."

"Oh, Mr. Wong Choo, please tell me what the doves are saying to each other."

"Me don't understand."

"Don't you? I thought all Chinamen understood pigeon-English."

"Well," said he, as she finished her first plate of ice-cream and called for another, "all's fair in love and war, and as you've won the battle, I suppose I must re-treat."

ANOTHER PICTURE FROM ITALY.*

A Graphic Pen and Ink Sketch of the Life of the Peasantry.

How the Tillers of the Soil Manage to Exist. Not Permitted to Own a Farm—They Could Not Buy One If They Wanted To.

Special to THE MORNING CALL.

BRINDISI (Italy), May 21, 1890.—Partly on foot, partly by the antique cabriolet of provincial Italy, partly by lettiga, the ancient lectia or litter of the Romans, and partly on the backs of tiny donkeys of wondrous shagginess and marvelous power, have I come, during the nearly two weeks since leaving Naples, in a zigzag course of about 400 miles, across the infrequently traveled, little known ever weird and lonely, yet always transcendently beautiful peninsula of Southern Italy.

This territory is that of olden Apulia. Once it was part of Græcia Magna. Its great cities were Arpinum, Euceria, Arpi and Canusium. In the little time I was wandering through Apulia I counted upward of 300 castles, modern, medieval and in ruins, strikingly recalling the splendor and decay of Ireland; stood among the remaining relics of Cannæ, where the Romans met their crushing defeat of B. C. 216, and where the historic city was finally destroyed in 1083, by Robert Guiscard, one of Tasso's heroes; saw Bari, upon the Adriatic, still famous, as in the time of Horace, for its fish, and loitered in the ancient abbey and church of St. Niccolo, where are found the paintings of one of the earliest Italian masters, Vivarini, and where, in 1098, Pope Urban II held the famous council which sought to reconcile the Church of Greece with that of Rome; tramped with a genuine Italian tramp—the first and only one of the species of which I have ever had knowledge—across the Campi Veteris, where, a trifle of 2150 years since, Proconsul Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus fell a victim to his previous and premature confidence in the wily Lucanian Flavus, into Potenza, where an earthquake, in 1857, in an instant manufactured over 4000 freaks and beggars from amputations consequent upon wounds; passed through Melfi, with its glorious castle of the old Norman sovereigns, to the extinct volcano, Monte Vulture, the "Apulian Vulture" of Horace, whose crater, overgrown with gigantic oaks and beeches, now contains two lakes, perched above one of which is the most eerie monastery of Europe, possibly excepting

MONSERRAT, IN SPAIN,

And from whose walls I could discern the blue waters of the Mediterranean on the west and those of the Adriatic on the east; thence came with several hundred returning lowly pilgrims, camping with them by the roadside at night, into Taranto, the ancient Tarentum of the Greeks, whose wondrous wealth gave it fatal luxury and in time horror, disgrace and ruin, when, in 209, the Romans plundered it and sold 30,000 of its people into slavery; and finally crossing the eastern mountain range of Otranto on foot, had the pleasure of setting my substantial American sole-leather for an exhilarating tramp of ten Italian miles upon the same Appian Way, leading from Rome to Capua, and from Capua to Brindisi, which stentorian valedictorians have so many times vociferously trod, feeling far more satisfied with my own day and time than could have even so distinguished a predecessor as Horace when, in the train of Mæcenas, he tagged along the same stony road to secure a literary "scoop" at the conclusion of a certain famous alliance between Augustus and Antony at Tarentum.

But one has opportunity in this sort of loitering to see 2000 years this side of the myths, heroes and savagery of a time our classics have mysticised, deified and glorified. You feel like sitting with the carrettajo as his cart and ox or mule are waiting by the fountain; climbing to the shrines with the dusty pilgrims; waiting by the montatojo or mounting-block with the beggars at wayside inns; making all sorts of excuses to get into the interior of cabins for draughts of acqua di latte and nanfa, the buttermilk and orange water, which you can always get in the country for five soldi, or one American cent; winding along the craggy ways with the pecore and his flocks; becoming the companion of the vignajo or vine-dresser at his scorching toil in the stifling vineyards; trudging at the side of the plowman after the odd procession in the fields; and, close to every manner of laboring lowly, to get near to the heart-throbs of each and all of these that you may know they are human like your own. This is the only way to know Italy or any country. Those who only see America on the New York avenues, London along Rotten Row, Milan at the Scala, Florence at the Cascine, Rome in the Corso and Naples along the Chiaja, never see or know of the bronzed and toiling hosts who produce the magnificence of which they are a part. But even if it be vulgar and common, my heart turns to these in every land; and I confess that contemplation of the dumbness, patience and sunniness of the white slaves of Southern Italy, from which the entire Italian kingdom draws its greatest food as well as military supply, fills me with a feeling of the

DEEPEST AND MOST PATHETIC TENDERNESS.

So far as I have been able to ascertain by the most painstaking inquiry, there are no peasant-farmers in all Italy. I doubt if there are 1000 small land-holders in the entire kingdom. I refer, of course, to land tilled as farms, olive and orange groves and vineyards. Whatever may be the fortune of the ambitious lowly in the larger Italian cities, the feudal aristocracy, feudal noblemen, the feudal ecclesiastic benefices, and the still almost feudal Government, own and are determined never to relinquish every square inch of Italian soil the sun of heaven shines on. No land would be sold to the peasantry on any terms. This is an unwritten but inexorable law. Were it possible for any single peasant or any combination of peasants to ever secure sufficient means to purchase a tract of land a score of combinations on the part of titled aristocratic or ecclesiastic landholders would be ready to purchase at any price to keep it out of the lowly man's hands. Why, there is even no equivalent in the Italian language for the word farm. The dictionaries define farm as "affitto," "allogamento," "villa," etc. The very essence of the first two of these words is something fixed, fastened, retained, but hired out. A score of times I have endeavored to make Italian peasants understand that there were portions of God's green earth, including America, where even such as they could absolutely own, solely possess, irrevocably hold, the home above them and the soil on which it stood. Their lips parted; a drawn, sad smile came into their parchment-like faces; and their eyes rolled upward expressive of the hopelessness of their effort at comprehension. The black men of the South, twenty-five years before the war, were clearer on sociology than these. The serfs of Hannibal, the helots of the olden Celtic septs, had quicker, keener spirit of men, and more of the virile blood which demands and commands possession.

Again, were these not absolutely remorseless combinations of landed capital an insurmountable bar to the acquirements of any portion of the soil by the lowly Italian rustico, his condition would still be equally as hopeless. No human being who labors in the fields of Italy could, by any manner of deprivation approaching starvation, save sufficient money in the course of his entire natural life to purchase enough land in which to decently lay the bones of his own family. The Government provides in the Campo Santo of every village, town and city a hole for the bones and quicklime to consume them; because, I presume, the Government and all manner of land-holding task-masters have kept him in such an equable and

CONSTANTLY CONSUMING

Condition of poverty that this sort of an equivalent is regarded as a kindly, as well as a hygienic, measure of final justice. One Italian soldo is equal to one-fifth of an American cent. Throughout all Southern Italy the wages of shepherds, cartmen, vine-dressers, grape-gatherers, plowmen, and every manner of laboring countryman, average 80 soldi, or 16 cents per day! Out of this 16 cents per day, which is not securable for more than half the days of the year, the Italian rustico pays the rent of his capanna or hovel, feeds and clothes his family, pays all manner of outrageous petty impositions or taxation, and, aggregatively, the difference between the peasantry of Ireland and of Italy is this: The Irish are a superior race despoiled of glorious originally possessed heriditaments, writhing under sodden, implacable, unredressed wrong. Italian peasantry were never else than serfs, and whatever exceptional individual heart-burnings may be, as a class are incapable of resenting the loss of conditions and heritage of which they have never been deprived. A Masaniello or a Garibaldi, fired by gleamings of the outer world's reflexive intelligence, may every two or three centuries rise from among fishermen, sailors or city lazzaroni, and cavort about for a time as "liberator"; but these poor cattle upon two legs I have come to know have ever stood and will ever stand still in their Italian fields and novel-mangers, and with radiant, grateful eyes lick the hands which dole them husks—the only fruit of their labors they were ever allowed to know.

All Southern Italy is extraordinarily pastoral in landscape and character of husbandry; and outside a few of the coast cities the entire population are practically peasant laborers, shepherds, vineyard laborers and workers in the fields. The olive, orange, grape and date-palm are cultivated everywhere at the edges of villages and on sunny mountain slopes; but the larger portion of the land is employed in the growing of small grains and corn. I have yet to discover, save in the north, where the landscape partakes of Alpine diversity and ruggedness, those splendid and poetical combinations with which so many word-painting enthusiasts seem impressed. In detail it is nowhere so enjoyable as that of old England, New England, or any of a thousand localities we know in our own loved land. Here and there, as in Spain, are little spots of surpassing loveliness; but still, as in Spain, the general face of the country hints of sadness and dreariness; impels a feeling that it is worn out, burned out, lived out; forces a consciousness that

THE SUN HAS EATEN ITS HEART

Away; and one is pursued by a brooding, ominous, indefinable conviction that, with the eternal fires beneath and the ever-blazing sun above, the arid crust must shortly give out, and with the vacuous life of the insensate humans who scratch and prod at it as primitively as was done 2000 years ago. The rivers are far apart, and are all turbid, ocherish wash of scoriæ and mountain mud. There are no meadows; no shaded lanes; no cooling covert and copse. The endless avenues of short-cropped vineyards are never beautiful, but are cropped and gashed and clipped like a pugilist's head. The formal rows of cypresses are damp, dank, funereal, sad. There are no forests; few trees are larger than the squatty olive, and all trees look shriveled, knotty, dusty, worn. Italy's mountains are too bare. All her outlines are insufficient, acute, unsatisfying. All told, as one writer has aptly put it, all Italian landscape has "a certain bald taste in the mouth."

The utter absence of homes, and especially of farm-homes, in all Apulia, intensifies the sadness of the landscape. There is not a farmhouse, as we know it, in Italy. There are, miles apart, huge, low, prison-like stone structures called "massarie," where the land-owner's superintendent, an ignorant, illy-paid, bestial fellow himself, cares for a number of the animals needed in the fields and where the "massara" (literally, field house-woman) cooks the little needed for the laborers. These "massarie" are the ugliest one-story buildings imaginable. They are invariably set on an elevation to escape as much as possible the universal malaria. Quadrilateral stone-walls, perhaps 30 feet square, rise 7 or 8 feet high. A portion of the front will be covered with an almost flat metal or slate roof. Then from the rear wall vaulted arches extend toward the front. These usually contain three compartments. One, the best of all, is provided with stone mangers extending all around it for oxen, horses or donkeys; in another the "massara" warms the food given the laborers; and in the last are stone benches on which the laborers take their mid-day siesta and sleep at night. These are more desolate than any prison known to man; and stand unrelieved by vine, shrub or tree, repulsive and forbidding silhouettes of stone against a blue Italian sky.

Five other characteristic features of southern Italian pastoral scenery suggest, as with the "massarie," human activities and contiguity to human habitations, only to emphasize the saddening loneliness of Italian country scenes. These are the "aja," or raised earthen or stone threshing-floor, shaped like a hollowed truncated cone, where the grain is

TROD OUT BY BLINDFOLDED OXEN;

The cisterna, or cistern, for collecting rainwater for the flocks, for use in time of summer drought—huge structures sunken fully ten feet beneath the surface, with exposed walls as high as one's head, averaging 50 feet in width and 200 in length, with an ancient windlass in the peak of one end of the low roof; the rough, white stone walls, which divide fields like endless barricades; the "casselle," mortarless circular huts of stone, surmounted by rude crosses, in which the field guards and watchers find shelter, recalling the ghostly sentry-houses among the bleach-greens, in the north of Ireland, and the "tratturo," a broad, grass-grown highway, which for 2000 years has served in different localities, like the vast stock trails leading "from grass to grass" when Western herds are driven northward, for the yearly exodus of Apulian herds to mountain summer pastures.

But where do these one to two million peasants of Southern Italy live, if the country possesses no cabins on the hillsides, no nestling farmhouses in the valleys? Every one of them, in towns and cities. I can show you fifty cities in Italy, below Naples, with populations varying from 10,000 to 25,000, and, I think, fully 150 towns and small cities containing each from 500 to 5000 souls. There will not as many single persons live between these places as there will average thousands in each. In ancient times all this country was subject to scourging depredations by the Saracens, to an extent requiring that people should herd together in walled towns for protection of life and property. The serfdom of those days is practically unchanged. The nobility and landed aristocracy still own every rood of land; still possess every herd and flock; still command, under a slightly different vassalage, the apathetic peasants who till and tend. The latter exist within these walled cities in houses insufferable to animals in America. This is why, startled from your sleep before the break of day by what you fancy must be an army marching beneath your window, on hastening to the balcony you will see in the streets of one town 1000, in another 5000, and in another, as at Taranto and Andria, even 10,000 men, women and children, with herds and flocks containing five times their number, wending their way to the mountain pastures and fields. And again, in the gray of the soft Italian twilight, as the sad army of rewardless toil drags its weary way back into the walled and recking city, your heart bleeds at the sodden hopelessness of it all, while you thank the God above for the American birthright you own, know and love.

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LITERARY NOTES.

IN his only magazine article which is to appear in the June number of "Scribner's Magazine," Henry M. Stanley will describe the race of pigmies discovered by him. In this he will also say: "Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess his aid before men. Silence, as of death, was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column."

What are the needs of our navy is a question of great interest to the whole United States at present. Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N., has undertaken to answer the question for the current number of "The Illustrated American." He holds that a more pertinent question would be "What Does Not the Navy Need?" It requires everything necessary to protect the interests of this great country of 60,000,000 inhabitants. At present we cannot protect our coasts, and should we become involved in war, with little time for preparation, we would either be compelled to call on some foreign power for assistance or else buy off the enemy, as France did Germany, and like the former have our noses at the grindstone for an indefinite period.

"Married by Proxy" is the title of a new novel published by the Minerva Publishing Company of New York. It is written by Frank Dupree, a New York journalist, who for many years was connected with the press of San Francisco. It is a society novel written in a very pleasing manner, in which the author introduces exceedingly well-drawn pictures of upper society life in the city of New York, and brings in the theme of marriage by proxy, which is based upon the actual but not generally known condition of the marriage laws of this country. This is the author's first venture in the line of novel-writing, and he has produced a work that ranks well with many of the writings of latter-day novelists.

Frederick Arthur Bridgman, the Orientalist painter, is characterized by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, in "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly" for June, as a typical American artist, because in art, "just now, it is the cosmopolite who is typical, the thorough-paced American who is exceptional." Some admirable engravings and fac-similes of Mr. Bridgman's pictures are given. Another notable attraction of this number is a profusely illustrated article on that "mile of history," the Bowery, of New York City, by Felix Oldboy, the well-known local historian.

"How to Preserve Health," by Louis Barkan, M.D., has been published by the American News Company of New York. It is a simple handbook of health, replete with common-sense notions, clearly expressed. It conveys to the ordinary mind much that is of the greatest interest in regard to health and the treatment of almost every known disease, and is valuable in this, that it understandingly informs people what to do in the event of sickness, and it appears to be as good, if not better, than many books previously written on this subject.

Robert Louis Stevenson writes to Robert Bonner's Sons from Sydney, New South Wales, that his health has greatly improved, that he is in good writing condition, and that he is at work on his story for the New York "Ledger," which he hopes to complete within a reasonable time. Mr. Stevenson likes the story very much himself, and has become deeply interested in the fascinating plot which he is weaving. He says: "It has something of a Monte Christo flavor, being the tale of an abominable crime and a singular vengeance."

"The Overland Monthly" for June will be devoted to Nationalism and kindred speculations. Discussions of the subject by Bernard Moses, professor of political economy in the State University, Harry W. Cadman, John S. Hittell and Dr. H. P. Peebles; stories located in the twentieth century by John Henry Barnabas, H. Elton Smith, Emil Pohli, Edward Berwick and others, and Utopian poetry by Francis E. Sheldon, M. W. Shinn and Charles S. Greene are among the features announced.

In the June number the "New England Magazine" will come to the front with an article on Athens, Ga., as the birthplace of Henry Grady, in which will be given much that is of exceeding interest pertaining to the early life of this eloquent and much-lamented son of the South. In addition to a valuable collection of pictures that serve to illustrate this article, there will appear in fac-simile two manuscripts of Grady's that give a delightful picture of the inner life of the boy and the man.

Laird & Lee of Chicago have added to the "Library of Realistic Fiction" a novel by Louis Paul Kirby, entitled "Agnes; a Story of the Street." It is a story in plain language of life in the lower grades of society written as were some of Dickens' works, to show that strata of society in its true light with a view of bringing about a better condition of things. The author says that his aim is not to drag down but to elevate.

"The Outlines of Jewish History," by Lady Magnus, has just been issued from the press of the "Jewish Publication" of Philadelphia. It is a volume of nearly 400 pages, in which the author has presented in a very comprehensive manner the history of the Jews from Bible to the present time. It is one of the most interesting books of the history of these people ever written.

"Dinna Forget," by John Strange Winter, the author of "Bootle's Baby," and "A Girl of the Period," by L. T. Meade, have been added to the "International Series," published by Frank F. Lovell of New York. "Dinna Forget" is one of the most charming novels ever written by the author, and the "Girl of the Period" is an equally interesting book. For sale at all the bookstores.

The June issue of the "Ladies' Home Journal," published in Philadelphia, is made up of a choice selection of illustrated sketches, stories written specially for the fair readers, articles on dress, the household, the kitchen and a variety of subjects on which the feminine heart doles and has a desire to be informed about. It also has a department devoted to the little ones.

William Libbey Jr. has written a contribution for "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" that will be interesting to those who are watching the progress of our Alaska expedition, in which he describes the scenery of the northern land to which that expedition is bound; and added to these attractions are many illustrations of various topics.

Charles P. Sawyer has written for the June "Scribner's" an article on "Amateur Track and Field Athletics," which, coming just at the opening of the season, gives a clear and concise view of the condition and prospects of these sports, with much interesting information in regard to the prominent athletes who lead in each.

The June number of "Wide Awake" opens with a beautiful frontispiece which illustrates a story as beautiful, by Annie Bronson King, entitled "Little Sir Lionel." This number contains a collection of short stories, which are exceedingly interesting to the young people, for whom this magazine is specially designed.

"The Woman's Version," a complete novel by Jenny Watkins, appears in the June number of "Belford's Magazine." In the same number Judge Fenner tells why the negro should solve the race problem. A number of interesting sketches are presented in this issue.

"What's the News?" is the title of an article by Eugene M. Camp which will appear in the June "Century," and which will, by the consent of those interested, give figures as to cost of special dispatches in certain of the daily papers, paper bills, etc.

"Beatrice," a novel by H. Rider Haggard, which has appeared in serial form, has been issued in book form by Rand, McNally & Co. of New York and Chicago, and it forms part of the "Globe Library." It is offered by the Bancroft Company.

An article on "Furst Bismarck," by George Moritz Wall, in "Harper's Magazine" for June, will be accompanied with a plate portrait of the ex-Chancellor, engraved from the celebrated painting by Franz V. Lenbach.

The work of Albert Pinkham Ryder, the American colorist, is the subject of an article in the forthcoming June "Century," and this will be accompanied by four of Ryder's pictures engraved by Kingsley.

In "Drake's Magazine" for May are a number of interesting sketches which are pleasant reading. Several of the articles are illustrated.

THE EARLY SUMMER FASHIONS.

Vagaries of the Pretty Summer Girl and Her Veil.

There Are Three Sexes on the Streets This Season—Parasols at the Races—The Smart Street Costume—Bare Throats.

Fashion Letter to THE SUNDAY CALL.

THE world grows gay and lovely, and the parks are full of summer. Fourteenth street and Twenty-third street are almost given over to the flower-vendors, who keep the air scented with roses and do a thriving business among the shoppers, who seldom spend so much on fuss and feathers that they haven't a quarter left for more fragrant wares. The spring poet bursts into rondeaux and triolets, or would if he hadn't been so mercilessly snubbed and sat upon, as he watches the bright panorama of the streets, where quaint long-waisted figures set off by slim, straight skirts and huge puffed gigot sleeves, pass and repass in picturesque, foreign-looking and altogether delightful parade.

Now and then, amid the multiplicity of trig military jackets and jaunty little capes of cloth and velvet and large hats bent and caught up in every conceivable way one meets a girl with the veil. Why in the name of Mrs. Grundy she wears it is past comprehension, but the display is made more piquant by this square of white tulle with its two huge staring black spots, one just at the east corner of her mouth, and the other a trifle below the outer corner of her west eye. Onward she moves and onward, her tailor-gown and Delsarte gait contrasting curiously in their pronounced modernity with her imitation of the patches worn by the beauties of the last century. Imagine one of those languishing, long-ago coquettes leading a fierce bull terrier and yearning for a cane.

We have three sexes on the street this season, for a distinct place in nature must be assigned to the gentlemanly girl. "Mannish maiden" is inaccurate; it implies self-assertiveness, bounce, freedom, while the class referred to is Correct, with a big C, carefully conformed to rigid rule. With their plain skirts of black-and-white check, with bodice terminating at the back in swallowtails; with their starched shirt bosoms, with collar and four-in-hand tie complete; with their close English walking hats, broad-soled laced shoes high in the leg, tan-colored dogskin gloves and small watches of oxidized silver ornamented with monograms in raised gold letters and fastened each by a brooch on the left front of the bodice or Eton jacket, they display a flawless fit, a conventional perfection of apparel which scouts the mannish; it is

The veiled maiden.

gentlemanly. When the girl feminine, with her esthetic loose draperies and hanging sleeves, has one of these chic, severe individuals for escort it has all the imposing effect of masculine companionship and protection, and yet she does not need a chaperone.

The parasols come out in full flutter at the Gravesend races, brilliant as flowers and light and unsubstantial as the baseless fabric of a dream. Leaning back on the cushions of an open carriage an auburn-tinted girl shades her face with a white crepe de Chine dome that is wreathed with immense roses. A big, brown-haired girl with a brilliant complexion and a dimple in her chin carries a parasol of black and white interlaced ribbons woven like basket osiers. Ribbon loops dangle like fringe from the edges and every loop is finished with a little metal spike that gives out a musical tingle as it swings against its neighbors. A brunette who seems wonderfully interested in the colt Diabolo carries a black parasol aflame with a circle of scarlet rosettes, and here and there in the crowd one catches sight of half a dozen parasols with plaid scarfs tied round their tops like sashes above toddlers' spreading draperies. A showy looking woman thrusts into your face one of those odious parasols which divert from its proper uses nearly half a ton of marsh grass to make a fringe. There are parasols edged with ostrich feather trimming—these are hot-looking; there are parasols edged with swan's down—these look as if they had picked up as a perquisite something they would have done better to leave alone; there are parasols with bunches of cherries or other small fruits dangling from the handles—these suggest lunch to a well-regulated mind; but there's no accounting for the whimsies of a fashionable parasol, especially when it takes a notion to carry a little box for change, or a bonbonniere, or a silver pencil, or a vinaigrette, or a powder-box in its handle. One of the parasol's whims is very sensible; it no longer equips itself for anything very desperate in

Costumes at the races.

the line of combat. Instead of the sharp, weapon-like point at the top it now carries an ivory button, "blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit but hurt not," or a big fluffy rosette of lace or a fluttering knot of ribbon. Most of the parasols are enormous, indeed they have to be considering the hat-brims they are expected to exceed.

Earlier in the season street costumes were simple, and as a rule dark colored, but as summer advances shaking out her banners the pretty audacity that always characterizes seaside and country dressing shows itself for a brief, bright week or two in town. The end and aim of the summer gown's ambition is the glorification, the apotheosis of the easy—the neglige. The white silk skirt, striped in blue and gold, worn under an open French guard coat of blue cloth and with a pale gold skirt of India silk, splashed with scattered, big-stemmed blossoms, is, if the toilet is crowned with a blue gauze hat, wreathed with yellow and white roses, quite the smart, out-of-door costume. Yesterday I saw in the park a pretty girl. One always says "pretty," to awaken the interest of the reader, but this girl was in sober truth good-looking. Her gown was a Spanish red silk figured with black and with a ruche of black lace at the bottom. The high round waist was slashed at the top to form a V from throat to chest, soft black crepe lisse filling in the vacancy. The long leg-o'-mutton sleeves had black lace frills at the wrists and the smart semi-fitting short coat, carried negligently on the left arm, was lined with yellow. The young brunette's hat was a black, satiny lace straw, trimmed with currant twigs in full fruitage. Ten minutes later I passed a twittering bevy in scarlet and yellow and white blouses under open jackets and relieving dark-colored gowns. They were like red-winged blackbirds chattering.

In spite of the raised collars on our capes and jackets, more and more of the smart summer dresses are cut to leave the throat or even the neck bare. Sometimes the bodice is simply rounded or cut down in a short point without a collar, sometimes there is a very decided V when the bodice is turned back with wide embroidery and again the waist is cut low and a chemisette fitted in. This last is a girlish style, which is capable of being much prettier and much more ridiculous than most other modes. A round, rosy, bright-eyed creature made a charming picture at a country party one day this week in a blue and white striped silk, the skirt gathered full and undraped and having a broad band of blue velvet about the bottom, edged with a silver cord; the low bodice was edged about with a narrow line of blue and silver and was open in front to show the high chemisette of old-fashioned, sheer thin lawn to the waist-line. The leg-o'-mutton sleeves were of the same soft white material, the favorite stuff of Southern women in the ante-bellum days.

Summer fashions are now pretty well settled and the race for attractiveness is concluded almost wholly on the go-as-you-please plan. Everything is fashionable, and with real taste the architects of the simplest and daintiest trifles try to give to each an individuality, a marked quality of its own, indicating rather than strongly stating the period of architecture (i. e. fashion) to which it belongs. Thus a fabric which is a little different from anything else in color, texture or design is eagerly sought alike by the modiste and the belle. The advantages of such a costume—a costume which is beautiful in itself apart from any consideration of present fashion—are very evident. It need not be thrown aside at the end of the season, but can, with deft freshening, figure on the gay scene for two or even more years.

On the promenade.

A good-looking authoress was driving in the park the other day in an attractive frock of fawn-tinted plaids, with linen shirt marked with brown lines, white silk tie, white cloth waistcoat and white coat fastened with big white pearl buttons. Her hat was a little brown straw turban, trimmed with white clover blossoms. She wore brown gloves, and there stood at her side a slim, tightly rolled brown silk parasol.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

LEGEND OF COUNT PUNONROSTRO.*

CHARLES the Fifth one day went hunting
In the leafy woods of Spain,
With his favorite 'keeper Pedro
And a gay and noble train.
All went well, for game was plenty,
Till a swift-winged partridge flew
Straight between the King and Pedro,
And each man his weapon drew.

'Off their two shots went together.
"Which one killed it?" said the King.
"I did, sire," cried Pedro quickly;
"I to earth the game did bring."
"Nay," quoth Charles, "'t was I who shot it,
And you lie." Up Pedro rose
And, without the slightest warning,
Struck the King upon the nose.

Charles would then and there have slain him,
But his gun was minus shot;
So he was content to doom him
To a traitor's woful lot.
"Have the partridge brought," said Pedro;
"If a bullet, I it slew;
If a shot, you killed it, sire;
Let them judge between us two."

And they brought the bird and proved it
That by Pedro it was slain;
But that point weighed not with Carlos—
Cruel Charles the Fifth of Spain—
"Your offense is most atrocious;
Your excuse is most absurd,
And you struck your lord and master
Knowing not who slew the bird."

Then he sent the hapless Pedro
On to Madrid—there to lie
In a dark and loathsome dungeon—
Till the day he was to die.
When it dawned, the King called for him:
"Pedro, dost thou now repent?
Only say 'I killed the partridge,'
And my sternness will relent."

"Sire," replied the prisoner calmly,
"I ten thousand times would die
If as many times you wronged me
Saying falsely, 'Man, you lie.'
And, what's more, I'd rise and promptly
Punch, O sire, your royal nose;
And, without a prayer for mercy,
Take what doom you would propose."
Then the King said: "Fearless Pedro,
To my reign a loss thou'dst be.
Would that I were now surrounded
With such men. Go forth, go free;
And as first Count Punonrostro
Found a new nobility."

*"Fist-in-the-face."

Alameda, Cal., May 19, 1890. ANELEH.

AN IDOLATOR.

You seemed to me like a god,
Powerful, earnest and true,
My woman's love and life and worship
I gave to you.

I never heeded the words
That were written on tables of stone,
"Thou shalt have no gods beside me."
Alas! I had made you one.

You proved but an idol of clay,
In your life I now have no part;
Though called a Christian, I am
An idolator still in my heart.

Denver, Colo. GRACE HIBBARD.

DESPAIR.

Lo, the darkness falls about me! nowhere is a gleam of light;
Not a star rift in the cloud-banks; naught but blackest, densest night.
Like a screen of heavy fabric, here and there, on either side,
Do the fog's gray trailing draperies all beyond from vision hide,
And a path lies dim before me, where it leads I do not know;
But a force unseen, resistless, draws me onward and I go.
No, I dare not pause nor linger; yet my blood with fear grows chill,
Every fiber of my being at its icy touch doth thrill;
So I hasten, terror-haunted; 'neath my tread no echoes start;
I can count each throbbing pulse-beat, ev'ry flutt'ring of the heart.
Hist! what voice breaks on the silence? Was it but the rising blast?
Wherefore, then, O timid trembler, dost thou stand so pale, aghast?
And what do thine eyes wide open in the thick'ning gloom behold?
Say, what vision, dread and awesome, do those somber shades unfold?
Hush! adown the stillness ringing, like some chords of minor strain,
Dost not hear the sad tones swelling to a mournful, low refrain?
See, from out the murky shadows, strange, gaunt specters seem to near,
And distorted, ghastly faces mouth at me and gibe and leer!
All the air is filled with whisp'rings, eerie laughter, mocking cries,
Rising now in shrill crescendo, dying then like half drawn sighs,
As though Lucifer's fell minions, who in Hades revel keep
Breaking from their dismal caverns, o'er the world exultant sweep.
Forth I gaze, spell-bound with horror, on this weird, fantastic throng;
All in vain I seek to fly them, for they are as legions strong.
And now comes a giant phantom, stepping from the motley crowd;
Grim and grisly, stern, forbidding, wrapt in flowing, grave-worn shroud.
From his mask, a grinning death's-head, glow his eyes as flaming coal,
While like darts his baleful glances pierce with fiery shafts my soul.
And he speaks: "This misty curtain shall not part nor shall it lift;
Through its clinging folds of vapor, sun or star beams may not sift;
For in Erebus 'twas woven by the Eumenides dire,
Where the brothers, Nox and Chaos, at men's ruin still conspire.
Ah, they were full cunning weavers, working in that doleful cave,
Toiling for the world's undoing and the downfall of the brave.
So within the dull web's meshes a most potent charm they wrought,
To confuse and to bewilder those who roam through lands of thought.
Therefore, if to my dominions, one by Fate be led astray,
Let him never hope to wander 'neath the splendors of the day!
Into labyrinthine mazes do the dark roads twist and wind;
He must be a clever mortal who the guiding thread shall find.
Nay, the way that doth lead outward from this shadowy domain,
As a secret in my keeping will forevermore remain.
They who enter needs must tarry; slaves to us they all shall be,
Till, perchance, some guardian spirit may in pity set them free!"
And a peal of fiendish laughter, as he ceases, seems to rise
In a harsh, discordant chorus to the sullen frowning skies.

I have kept of time no record since I fell beneath the spell;
Since I came unto this region where the ghouls and goblins dwell,
First true faith was strong within me, and I sought each passage through,
Trusting ever to discover at the last the saving clew;
But beneath the mist-pall grouping, all my efforts are in vain.
Still my search is unrewarded, still I wear the captive's chain.
And now hope itself has perished; I but breathe a voiceless prayer
That some angel guide may lead me from these drear realms of despair.

San Francisco, May, 1890. SELMA SCHMIDT.

SUMMER IN CALIFORNIA.

God has spread a carpet
Of the richest emerald green,
Gemmed and flowered o'er
With the fairest colors seen.

He has painted the summer sky
The loveliest turquoise blue,
Flecked here and there with fleecy clouds
Of purest snowy hue,

And washed the face of nature
With showers of gentle rain,
The fields as far as the eye can reach
Are a sea of waving grain.

Sleek cattle stand content
Knee deep in the feathery grass,
The bright blue tossing waves
Glisten like a sea of molten glass.

In all this wonderful land,
There is none so favored as ours.
Hail! beautiful California,
Perpetual summer, sunshine and flowers.

Halfmoon Bay, May, 1890. BETH BRAMBLE.

DROPPING CORN.

Up and down the furrowed rows,
In the fresh and dewy morn,
Singing, bonnie Bennie goes,
Dropping grains of corn.

Merrily the lark, in turn,
Answers his shrill song,
And the plowman gay replies
As he tramps along.

Only four short, happy years
Since Bennie was born,
But no braver farmer lad
Drops the golden corn.

"Are you tired?" they smiling ask,
But he laughs in scorn,
"No! But I have to step so far,
Measuring for the corn."

Happy Bennie! May the years,
As they glide along,
Leave thy heart as true as now,
And as full of song.

May the sowing of thy deeds
In life's dewy morn,
Yield a harvest sound and fair,
Like the golden corn.

In my memory, treasured there,
A vision sweet shall be,
Fields on fields of softest green
By a silvery sea.

Orchards on the hill-side slopes,
With spring's tender leaves,
And the scent of early flowers
Borne upon the breeze,

And a spot of land new plowed,
Where in dewy morn
Sturdy Bennie singing goes,
Dropping yellow corn.

NELLIE C. DAVIS.

Lakeport, Lake County, Cal., May, 1890.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The seasons come when fields and glens
Are filled with fragrant flowers once more,
When honey-bees from laden boughs
Sip nectar sweet for future store
The sight brings back my youthful days,
I roamed the fields with boyish feet
And rested 'neath the orchard's shade,
Arrayed in apple blossoms sweet.

The dear old house that's on the farm
Is shaded on one side by trees
That in the autumn's breezy breath
Drops down the pippin apples free,
And one large tree its vigil keep
Beside the well with cooling shade,
Is filled with pinky promise sweet
Of juicy fruit that blossoms gave.

Oh, how I long to see the spot,
And drink from oaken bucket free,
And climb with fearless steady feet,
The good old gnarled apple tree.
The years they come—the years they go—
But in my heart this wish remains—
To see once more the dear old farm,
And apple blossoms smell again.

San Francisco, May, 1890. DELMA DUSANNE.

MY SOUL'S QUESTIONINGS.

I will hie me to realms of greater ease,
Where the soul may gather from balmy breeze
The song that is wafted through list'ning trees,
Through tufted grass and blue heart's-ease.
I will hie me to realms where moonbeams dwell,
Where fairies roam, and wild birds tell
The joy of their being in gush and trill.
I will ask of the moonbeams the secret bliss
Of shedding their silver o'er scene like this.
I will ask of the fairies some woodland tale
To weave into garland in sylvan dale.
I will ask of the wind as it passeth by
The secrets of air that within it lie.
I will ask of the sea, the ether, the grass,
What secrets they yield as my soul doth pass.

For nature sings her lullaby—
And answer—the sea, the earth, the sky.

I long to wrest from mountain tower
The storm king's fury, the wild wind's power.
I long to wrest from nature's retreat
The voices that whisper what my songs repeat.
I would wrest from the sea her jeweled moan,
And learn of the wavelets, from billows thrown.
I would ask of the sand that gleams so fair
What it holds in secret as jewel rare.
I would ask of the birdling its story of love,
As it soars on fleet wing to realms above.
I would ask of the stars as I pass them through
What they hold of memory that once I knew.
I would ask of the snowdrift so gleaming white
What it gathered of beauty in its downward flight.

And thus through creation I wander at will—
Her master, her peeress, her questioner still.

DANFORTH-BOTHWELL.

San Francisco, May, 1890.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Bright flowers! ye bring my childhood back,
As when I followed on your fairy track,
Led by the incense of your velvet wing,
When you, the year and I were in our spring.

Oh, those were sunny times, and I was then
Careless and free as song-birds of the glen,
And sought you out within your balmy home,
Ere the spring zephyr told that you had come.

I loved the flower of purity and grace,
And sought the bright one's modest speaking face;
I then dreamed not of guile, but fear that now
My childhood's truth has dimmed upon my brow.

I weep that years so few should be so fraught
With withered hopes and visionary thought,
And that the generous impulse of the heart
Should chill beneath the frosty touch of art.

Too soon we teach the bright deceptive smile
To play round mourning hearts that ache the while
With hidden sorrows asking not to share
Our griefs with those not knowing what we are.

The world may be unfeeling, but I would
The heart's best motives were well understood,
And that each thought should speak from lip or eye
In all the grace of truth and modesty.

Sweet flowers, ye bring each brightly varied scene
Of childhood back, and though the space between
Is as a changeful sea, and weary hours
Have chilled the warm heart's budding spring-time flowers,

Though sad the change from what I was to what
I am, I still would seek each sunny spot
With flowers brightened on life's weary track,
That calls me to the joys of childhood back.

San Francisco, May, 1890. O. F. CLEVELAND.

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FOR NEW YORK, VIA PANAMA.

Steamship "ACAPULCO," Tuesday, June 3d, at 12 o'clock M., taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas and Panama.

FOR HONG KONG VIA YOKOHAMA.

CITY OF PEKING (via Honolulu)...............
.........Saturday, June 14th, at 3 P. M.
CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO, Tuesday, July 8, 3 P. M.
CHINA.........Thursday, July 31st, at 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Agents.
de15 tf GEORGE H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

ANCHOR LINE.

Atlantic Express Service.

LIVERPOOL via QUEENSTOWN.

Steamship "CITY OF ROME" from New York SATURDAY, May 31, June 28, July 26, Aug. 23. Saloon passage, $60 to $100, Second-class, $30.

GLASGOW SERVICE.

Steamers every Saturday from New York to

GLASGOW and LONDONDERRY.

Cabin passage to Glasgow, Londonderry or Liverpool, $50 and $60. Second-class, $30.

Steerage passage, either Service, $20.

Saloon Excursion Tickets at Reduced Rates.

Travelers' Circular Letters of Credit, and Drafts for any Amount issued at lowest current rates.

For Books of Tours, Tickets or further information Apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, New York, or GEORGE W. FLETCHER, 613 Market st.; or T. D. McKAY, 32 Montgomery st.; or J. F. FUGAZZI & CO., 5 Montgomery ave., San Francisco, or GEO. B. SEAMAN, 1073 Broadway, Oakland. mr24 6mo

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and Are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	FROM APRIL 13, 1890	ARRIVE
7:30A	Haywards, Niles and San Jose....	*12:45P
7:30A	Sacramento & Redding, via Davis	7:15P
7:30A	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax......	4:45P
8:00A	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa....	6:15P
8:30A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff....	4:45P
9:00A	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave and East, and Los Angeles....	11:15A
10:30A	Haywards and Niles	3:15P
12:00M	Haywards, Niles and Livermore....	8:45P
*1:00P	Sacramento River steamers........	**6:00A
3:00P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose....	9:45A
3:30P	Second class for Ogden and East..	10:45P
4:00P	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa....	9:45A
*4:30P	Niles and Livermore....	*8:45A
*4:30P	Niles and San Jose....	†6:15P
5:00P	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East, and Knight's Landing via Davis	10:45A
6:00P	Haywards and Niles	7:45A
6:00P	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East....	8:45P
8:00P	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East....	9:45A
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION—Narrow-Gauge.	
†7:45A	Excursion to Santa Cruz....	†8:05P
8:15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz....	6:20P
*2:45P	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz....	*11:50A
4:45P	Centerville, San Jose and Los Gatos....	9:50A
	COAST DIVIS'N—Third and Townsend Sts.	
7:25A	San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations....	2:30P
8:30A	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations....	6:12P
10:30A	San Jose and Way Stations....	5:02P
12:01P	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations....	3:38P
*3:30P	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations....	*10:00A
*4:20P	Menlo Park and Way Stations....	*7:58A
5:20P	San Jose and Way Stations....	9:03A
6:30P	Menlo Park and Way Stations....	6:35A
†11:45P	Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations....	†7:28P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
‡Sundays only. §Saturdays excepted.
**Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO AND N. P. RAILWAY.

"The Donahue Broad-Gauge Route."

COMMENCING SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1890, AND until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market-street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael—Week days: 7:40 A. M., 9:20 A. M., 11:20 A. M.; 1:30 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:15 P. M. Sundays: 8:00 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco—Week days: 6:50 A. M., 7:55 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 11:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:05 P. M., 6:25 P. M. Sundays: 8:10 A. M., 9:40 A. M., 11:10 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco—Week days: 7:15 A. M., 8:20 A. M., 9:55 A. M., 12:05 P. M., 2:05 P. M., 4:05 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 6:50 P. M. Sundays: 8:35 A. M., 10:05 A. M., 11:35 A. M., 2:05 P. M., 4:05 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco: Week Days.	Leave San Francisco: Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive in San Francisco: Sundays.	Arrive in San Francisco: Week Days.
7:40 A. M 9:20 A. M 3:30 P. M 5.00 P. M	8:00 A.M 5:00 P.M	Petaluma and Sta Rosa.	10:40 A.M 7:25 P.M	8:50 A.M 10:30 A.M 4:40 P M 7:25 P.M
7:40 A. M 3:30 P. M	8:00 A.M	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsb'g, Litton Sps, Cloverdale & Way Sts	7:25 P. M	10:30 A.M 7:25 P.M
7:40 A. M	8:00 A.M	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M	7:25 P. M
7:40 A. M 3:30 P. M	8:00 A.M	Guernevle	7:25 P. M	7:25 P. M 10:30 A. M
7:40 A. M 5:00 P. M	8:00 A.M 5:00 P.M	Sonoma Glen Ell'n	10:40 A. M 6:05 P. M	8:50 A. M 6:05 P. M
7:40 A. M 3:30 P. M	8:00 A.M 5:00 P.M	Sebastop'l	10:40 A. M 7:25 P. M	10:30 A. M 7:25 P. M

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS, from Saturdays to Mondays—To Petaluma, $1 50; to Santa Rosa $2 25; to Healdsburg, $3 40; to Litton Springs, $3 60; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Hopland, $5 70; to Ukiah, $6 75; to Guerneville, $3 75; to Sonoma, $1 50; to Glen Ellen, $1 80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only—To Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1 50; to Healdsburg, $2 25; to Litton Springs, $2 40; to Cloverdale, $3; to Guerneville, $2 50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1 20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.
Ticket offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery street.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN —VIA— NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 12:35 P. M.

5:00 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M.

8:00 A. M., (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.

6:30 P. M. (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales (Sundays only) at 6:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 9:15 A. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day excursion—Round-trip Tickets to and from all stations, at 25 per cent reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1 75; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2 25; Howard's, $3 50; Cazadero, $4 00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1 50; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1 75; Tomales, $2 00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $3 00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewarts Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffeys Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

General Offices, 329 Pine Street. ap31 tf