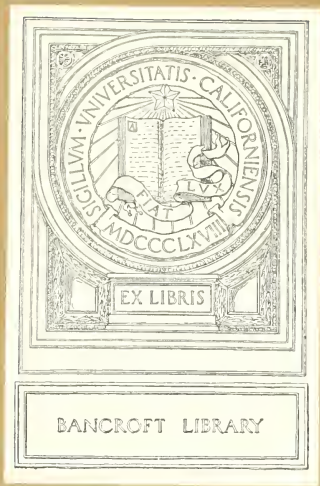


F
850
.G72
v.43:4



BANCROFT LIBRARY

The Golden Era

A LITERARY AND EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 43. No. 4.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., APRIL, 1894.

ESTABLISHED 1852



Entered at the San Diego Post Office as Second Class Matter

Office, Rooms 29, 30 and 32 St. James Block.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 a Year.

Single Copies, 10 Cents

MADGE MORRIS WAGNER, Editor and Proprietor.

For President of the United States in 1896, William O. McDowell, the liberty worshipping Patriot of New Jersey.

Faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Gallilee.

VALE.

O for a faith to believe,
Or, O for a heart to deny
The eyes that smil'd to deceive,
The lips that have kissed with a lie!
Death loses its power to bereave,
When honor and loyalty die.

Madge Morris.

THE COMMONWEALTH The Commonwee Army has precipitated the first installment of itself on the national capitol, and the "show" has begun. That is not the name of it, say you? Aye; but that is the ultimatum concentrated within it.

America, representing herself as a hostess has been a great big soft-hearted super-numerously hospitable fool. She has stood with her hands out-reached to the world, and her gates, hingeless and wide open; and through her wide-open, hingeless and unguarded gates—without so much as shaking hands with her—the world has poured its indigency and pauperism until America is largely in the condition of the Arab who permitted the camel to put

his nose into the tent to warm, and then his head and then his shoulders, and then his body, and then his tail,—and then the Arab had to get out and let the camel have the tent. And now America is bringing a law suit against the result of her hospitality because it trampled on the grass in her front yard.

NO The friendly croakers who admit BACK COUNTRY that San Diego has "bay and climate" NEEDED, and many other natural advantages to make her a great cosmopolitan city, admit it with a sad smile of sympathy, and add with a shake of the head: "But you have no back country!" and sincerely think the question settled,—all of which is either because they "cannot see an inch beyond their noses," or have not investigated the primal conditions of the great marts of the earth. When, and where, did ever any manufacturing city of world-wide consequence, produce in its own "back country," all the elements of its manufactured exportation?

Special industries in nearly all cases owe their origin to the organic conception, skill, or characteristic qualities of some individual—and from this primary planting or root proceeds the dissemination of that knowledge or skill by manipulation which gives success, and builds reputation, and establishes a world-wide fame for that particular specialty.

Here are a few facts from localities where the raw material used does not exist:

In this country the textile fabrics woven from the cotton grown at the South are fittingly illustrated by the example of one city—that of Lowell, Mass., where there are 153 mills, 20,521 looms, and 22,529 persons employed—where the cotton consumed amounts to 34,087 tons annually, and the capital employed is over seventeen millions.

In Pittsburg, there are 75 establishments engaged in glass manufacture, employing 6,442 hands, having a capital of \$5,985,000, and an annual product of nearly seven million dollars.

So the village of Gloversville, in Fulton Co., N. Y., where nearly all the population are engaged in glove manufacture, there being 140 separate factories, and in

F850
1972

which is made two-thirds of all gloves manufactured in the United States.

And we might instance the village of Meriden, in Conn., where fully one million dollars in plated ware is manufactured annually by one firm.

And in Scotland the tweeds and tartans of Galashiels, the damasks and table linens of Dunfermline, introduced in 1718 by James Blake, employs to-day over 6,000 persons in eleven factories, all the material being imported from the U. S. And in Dundee the flax and jute of India, employs 70 steam spinning mills and upward of 50,000 persons. And in the same town is Keiller's factory of marmalade, whose product is world famed, and unexcelled, though the orange does not grow nearer than Seville. So in Leith is prepared the famous Lime juice or extract of limes supplied to the British navy, and all limes imported from abroad.

And in England: Nottingham, where Awkright erected his first spinning frame in 1769, and where Heathcot began his bobbinet and lace manufacture, now a vast industry. So Coventry with its ribbon manufacture, Honiton its lace, and Luton its straw-plaiting, brought by Mary from Lorraine and transplanted by James I. from Scotland.

So in Ireland its poplins and tambour laces, and in Belfast, where nearly ten per cent. of the population are engaged in linen manufacture.

In Switzerland we need only instance the embroidery manufacture of one town, St. Gall, where the product alone exceeds annually the sum of thirty million francs.

In France we may point to Lyons, which owes its industry largely to Jacquand, now employing 70,000 looms, 140,000 weavers, and having an annual product of over fifteen million pounds sterling, 375,000,000 francs.

And now when the customary flow and storage of our mountain streams can be harnessed to furnish electric power at a nominal cost—and which with the gasoline engine, can be utilized in innumerable small industries, there is no reason why this city by the sea should sullenly sit and bewail its condition.

It is the "fad" nowadays to analyze the poetry of dead poets and proclaim whether or not religion be found an element in it.

Browning, under the critique chemical test was pronounced to have religion in its depths;—being so deep that nobody could fathom it, it must be that pearls of religion lay at the bottom and sparkled upward.

The Rev. M. J. Savage in a close and beautiful study of Lowell's poetry accords to it "the religion of humanity." There is more than religion in Lowell's poetry; and not need of searching analysis to find the quality of it. The gold of him is in the surface of his lines. One hears the meaning of Christ's voice in these lines from "The Vision of Sir Launfal":

"The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;

Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Nor is there any uncertainty in the ring of the following verse from "The Present Crisis."

"When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,

And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb

To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time."

The poorest [in "the present crisis"] of Coxe's army—
—were the lines interpreted to him in his own language—
could know their meaning.

But Lowell says:

"Evil springs up and flowers and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay."

◇ * * * ◇ * * * ◇ * * * ◇

And the Rev. M. J. Savage (who ought to know) says of it:

"This, to my mind is not only truer but grander and far more hopeful than the despairing words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Antony as he laments the dead Caesar,—

"The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones."

Well, it may be grander, (though it is difficult to be grander than Shakespeare) and it certainly is "more hopeful," but is it "true?" Is it true at all that "evil springs up and flowers and bears no seed?" This, to my mind, is the goody-goody-ism of religion, not the science of it. If it were true, wherefore is it then that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him?

Take it not to your heart that you can sow evil and it will bear no fruit.

Alas: The evil men do *does* live after them.

ED. GOLDEN ERA:

Do you think Lowell the coming American poet?

A. P.

No; he is already here. What is here can not be "coming,"—unless it be coming greater—and as greatness is in itself, it is therefore recognition of it only that becomes great.

It was a Scotchman, the patriotic poet Andrew Fletcher of Saltour, who said: "Give me the making of a nation's songs, and I will let who will make its laws."

The saying, quoted by Barry Cornwall, is often wrongly accredited to him.

DREAMS.

This is the scene which flits past memories eyes:—
 A waste of rocks, hard pressed by crowding banks
 Whereon a mass of blooming buckthorn lies.

Thin dotted o'er with trees in straggling ranks,
 Which seem to strive in vain to reach the crest:

A winding stream, outlined in shades of green
 Of alder leaves, and trimmed in creamy bloom

Of pussy-willow bnds; far in the west,
 A snow capped mountain looks upon the scene

In moods to suit mine own, in joy or gloom.
 And as again I tread the rocky shore,

The shifting view appear before my gaze,
 And all the well known joys I taste once more,
 And live again the hours of other days.

Here, shadow flecked, I see the darkling pool,
 Where lurks at mid-day heat, the gleaming trout:

And there, a fringe of grasses, green and cool,
 Puts summer's burning pains to utter rout:

Now brawls the stream in fretful frothy wrath,

Where countless boulders strive to check its force,
 And yonder fallen tree top in its path,

Resists, but all in vain its onward course.
 Like one athirst, comes now a rocky point,

And thrusts its nose deep in the laughing stream;
 And here, a nook, where splashing drops anoint

A mossy bank, where sylvan fairies dream.

Now through the air is borne a sullen roar,

Which tells the plunge where earth has stepped aside,
 And screaming waters fall forever more,

Bathed in their tears, torn, terrified,

As we sink into death. But far below,

A silver thread goes onward toward the sea,

And as that thread, so does my life I know,

Pass death, and reach throughout eternity.

ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

LIONS.

A lion lay asleep upon the desert sands, the strength
 Of full-fed happiness slow surging to and fro
 Through all his veins and arteries, and all his tawny
 length

Coiled glistening in the heat of Nubia's mid-day sun.

At last he stirred uneasily, and raised his head to know
 What cooled his purring breath, if yet the day was done.

Since last he smoothed his royal limbs in early morn and
 slept

The long, dark, pointing shadow of the palm had crept
 Along the sand and touched his drooping, glossy mane.

He bent his neck and licked from off his breast a crimson
 stain,

Then sniffed the air and listened, crouched low down,
 and trailed

His supple form, with still, quick flashes of his gleaming
 claws

And lips drawn backward from the teeth that armed his
 massive jaws.

An instant, and his victim writhed in agony, impaled
 And tossed upon those curving points. Shuddering the
 while,

We marvel at his conquering power but never smile.

Yet, dwarf and shift the scene to this, from that.

And lo! the royal lion hath become a cat!

ISABEL DARLING.

THE DEARER DEAD.

You mourn for your dead; you go,
 Clad in your robes of woe,
 To the spot where they sleep;
 And you weep
 Such bitter tears, and there
 You strew flowers fresh and fair,
 You place a white stone at the head,
 Where carven with sculptor's art,
 We read your sorrow of heart,
 And the dear name of your dead.

But there are dearer dead; you know
 Not the bitterest woe
 Till you close the eager eyes
 Of sweet young Hope, till mournful, wise
 You cross the hands of Love,
 And sorrowing bend above
 The ashes and dust
 Of Honour and Truth and Trust,
 For these are the dearest dead.

Oh, these other dead! who dare
 Robes of mourning for dead hopes wear?
 Who bids a stone arise
 To tell where dead Love lies?
 When did ever a mourner say,
 Help me bury these dead away?

These funeral trains men do not see:
 They move silently
 Down to the heart where the grave is made—
 Where the dead is laid.
 No flowers are strewn there;
 Hear we no moan there,
 No ritual is said
 Over their bed.
 Hidden from human sight,
 The grave lies low;
 But the solemn silent night
 That doth know
 And it alone seeth the white
 Face of our woe.

You are happy who mourn for your dead,
 By the side of graves kept green
 By the tears you shed;
 Who can lean lovingly
 Where they sleep,
 Pray for those who in secret weep
 The dearer dead.

DO TEACHERS' INSTITUTES PAY?

Here is part of what a dissatisfied growler who has attended a Fresno County Institute has to say on the subject. Has anybody anything to say "back"?

"The Fresno County Teachers' Institute has come and gone, and those who attended and who are competent to judge pronounce it the best institute held here for a long time, perhaps the best ever held here. One of the points of excellence and superiority was the fact that the time was not principally taken up with essays, speeches, music, suppers and other things which may be pleasant enough to those who enjoy them, but which form little part of the real purposes for which institutes are called together.

"But, for all this, a serious question arises, a question which should be answered independently of all sentiment on the subject, and that is this: Are the teachers' institutes as we now have them a paying institution? Are they profitable? Does the good they do counterbalance the cost? Do they accomplish what they are meant to accomplish?

"What is a teachers' institute? It is an assemblage of all the teachers in a county for one week, and one or two outside educators, who are supposed to instruct the teachers in the art and practice of teaching school. The institute is held at some time during the term of school. Each and every teacher must dismiss his school for that week, and attend the institute. He is paid by the county just the same wages for attending the institute as he would receive had he taught his school during that week. But the law requires him to attend, and if he does not he receives no pay for that week, and there are other penalties. In fact the law commands him to close his school and attend the institute, and teachers all do it.

"There are 178 teachers in Fresno county, and their salaries average not less than \$70 per month. The amount of pay they receive for the week they attend the institute is \$3.15. The county usually pays the instructors from a distance a little, perhaps from \$50 to \$100, for their services.

"The teachers are financial losers by their attendance. It is doubtful if ten per cent. of the 178 teachers in attendance on the institute just closed came out even in money. They spent more than they received, and when they returned to their several schools to begin teaching again they were financially losers. But that would be a comparatively small matter if they had learned a new plan or two which they could apply in their teaching.

"The superintendent does as much work during that one week of institute as during three of ordinary times, and he is tired and weary from the mental worry and confusion; and when the week is ended, and the teachers all are gone back to their schools, no doubt he sits down in his office, weary of soul and body, and asks himself, 'Does it pay?'

"Does not pay the superintendent in money. It does not pay the teachers in money. It does not pay the county in money. It is a financial loss all round. The only way to be looked for in some other commodity than in

cash. The superintendent expects his remuneration in a better corps of teachers. The teachers look for theirs in better ability to work. The county expects its return in better schools. Is the institute the best means to accomplish these ends? Does the profit balance the loss? If so, the institute is a good thing. If not, it is a failure.

"A good school teacher must have an education to start with. Then he must be a constant student to keep pace with the times; for the science of school teaching is not unlike the science of medicine, there is constantly something new to be learned. There is some new discovery made. The teacher who does not keep himself posted on all progress made in his profession will soon drop out of his job, and some one else will get it. The principal utility of the institute is to keep old fogies from dropping out of their jobs. It is a sort of machine to pump them full of theories and methods once a year. Then, like a pair of bellows, they blow out for the rest of the year what they received at the institute.

"The teacher with genuine business in him may gather up some ideas at the institute; but he could and would gather them up just as well outside. Where does the lawyer, the doctor, the dentist, the civil engineer, the architect get their new ideas? Who pays them to attend an institute every year and hires instructors for them? Yet they manage to keep up with the times, and if anything new is discovered in any of their several callings, they soon find it out. Are teachers inferior in energy and ability to these professional men, that teachers must be so especially provided for, and so carefully looked after to keep them from getting behind the times?

"There are some doctors, some lawyers, some men of every profession, who get what they are pleased to call a start in their business, and imagining that they know it all, they quit trying to find out more. They leave off studying, and expect to push right ahead, but they do not do it. They soon drop below their fellow workers, and exist as sorts of remnants of other days.

"The means of progression and improvement are never wanting to the teacher. There are books, magazines and papers devoted to his work, and from these he can keep fully abreast of the times. There is many a school journal, from one number of which the teacher can obtain more ideas on his line than from a week's institute. The discoveries and thoughts of great educators reach the world through papers and magazines. In fact, in almost every case, the really valuable things obtained at institutes are only what some magazine published a short time before.

"But some one may say: If institutes do no good, why do men of all professions hold meetings and institutes at their own expense? It is true that doctors, dentists, civil engineers and all professional men have theirs, and they obtain benefit from them. But the State or the county does not pay them to go, nor compel them to attend; and right there is where they have the advantage over the teachers' institute. Only those attend who feel interested. They go to learn. Drones stay at home,

They do not stay at home in the teachers' institute; but it is nearly always the case at one of these gatherings that some young upstart or long-winded old ignoramus wants to talk all the time. He is incapable of teaching anything, and he consumes much time which costs the county \$100 an hour. It is an unfortunate thing that there nearly always are enough of this class of people in a teachers' institute to hinder it from doing much good.

"The teachers' institute should be modeled and conducted in the same manner as the meetings of other professional men. Let them be the sole judges of when, where and how their institute shall be held. Let them pay the expenses themselves. Let them hold the meetings during vacation, and their schools will not be broken in upon.

"They will all attend. Not all the people who have been accustomed to teach, but all those who are fit to teach, will attend the institute. The drones and dunces would not be there. They think they know enough anyhow, and do not need to go.

"But can the facts and factors in the case be so condensed that the question can be decided, whether the institute pays? Pays how? Pays in what? Pays whom?

"The law aims well, and the result is not the fault of those who create and conduct the institutes. They do the best they can. The institute is built upon the wrong principle, and does not throw enough responsibility on those who make teaching a business. They are not given enough chance to outstrip the worthless teachers. But abolish it, and leave the teachers to go upon their individual merits, and to depend upon their own exertions alone for what they learn in the way of advancement, and those who are meritorious will carefully read the educational journals, note every new idea advanced, hold an institute (if they choose) during vacation; get all the good schools, big pay and long terms, and the incompetent will be crowded out, will pass from the school rooms, and the profession of school teaching will be placed on the same footing as other professions, and the time will come when the term "professor" can be applied as appropriately to the teacher of a country school as to the principal of the city high schools, or the teachers in colleges.

"When that time shall come the display of ignorance and tomfoolery will no longer be seen which is now sometimes seen in our institutes where they use the feminine pronoun "her" and "she" for all teachers, instead of the masculine. They say they do this because the majority of teachers are feminine; although the universal rule of all English grammars and all good writers and speakers has never been anything but that the pronoun should be masculine when it refers to a common gender. The fact that the shallow scholarship of some institutes tries to change one of the best authenticated rules of the language, for their own special use, to make their own profession an excepted case, is not the smallest grounds for believing that the good teachers should be freed from such associates. OPIFEX."

["Opifex" may have a very bright and shining grain of

gold at the bottom of his institute reasoning—and he may not,—but his fighting objection to the pronouns "her" and "she" will meet with less sympathy. Usage makes rule, even in English, and the necessities of changes create usage. To address as "he" and "him" an assemblage of women teachers would be the silliness of "tomfoolery."—*Ed.*]

SINGLE-SONG WRITERS.

The following persons are known to fame from the fact that some one single production from their pen has endeared and immortalized their names:

Thomas Gray (1716-1771), "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard."

Lord George Byron says, "Had Thomas Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory."

William Falconer (1730-1769), "The Shipwreck."

James Beattie (1735-1803), "The Minstrel."

August Montagne Toplady (1740-1778), "Rock of Ages."

Robert Bloomfield (1766-1823), "The Farmer's Boy."

Charles Wolf (1791-1823), "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

This was pronounced by Lord Byron "the most perfect ode in the language."

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820), "The Culprit Fay."

Fitz-Green Halleck (1790-1867), "Marco Bozzaris."

George P. Morris (1802-1864), "Woodman Spare that Tree."

Charles Sprague (1791-1875), "Ode on Shakespeare."

Richard Henry Wilde (1847), "My Life is like a Summer Rose."

Edward C. Pickney, "I Fill a Cup to One Made Up."

Richard Henry Dana 1789-1879 "The Buccaneer."

Francis Scott Key (1790-1843), "Star-Spangled Banner."

Ronget de L'Isle, "La Marseillaise."

John Howard Payne (1792-1852), "Home Sweet Home."

David Everett (1769-1813), "You'd Scarce Expect One of My Age."

Reginald Heber (1783-1826), "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Julia Ward Howe (1819—), "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Wm. Allen Butler (1825—), "Nothing to Wear."

Francis B. Hart (1839—), "Heathen Chinee."

Emma C. Willard (1845-1870), "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

William Wetmore Story (1819), "Cleopatra."

Horace Smith (1779-1840), "Address to an Egyptian Mummy."

Thomas Dunn English (1819), "Ben Bolt."

Clement Clark Moore (1779-1863), "Visit of St. Nicholas."

Joseph Hopkinson (1770-1842), "Hail Columbia."

A PAIR OF APRIL FOOLS.

"I'll bet five cents you get fooled before the day is over!"

Ted Barton grinned provokingly across the table at his pretty sister Nan, who had just laughingly made her boast that no one would be able to take her in with any first of April jokes.

At Ted's exclamation she only replied, lightly. "Nonsense, Ted! It would take a smarter boy than you are to fool me." Then she went out to help her father on with his overcoat preparatory to going on his daily rounds among his patients.

Ted looked at her departing figure and snickered softly, and when the aforesaid trim little figure had vanished, in blissful unconsciousness of coming evil, the young scamp executed a hornpipe, and then holding his sides laughed until the tears stood in his mischievous eyes.

Two hours later Nan answered the postman's ring and returned with a letter in her hand, which she opened at once. Ted watched her slyly. Womanlike she looked at once to see who it was from, and a rush of rosy color flooded her pretty face, deepening as she read, while her dark eyes grew luminous with joy. As soon as she had finished reading her letter she ran out of the library and up to her own room.

Ted was twelve years old, but as soon as Nan had left the room he immediately proceeded to stand upon his head and flourish his naughty heels high in the air.

Nan sat in her room, her sweet face still flushed, and her heart swelling with joy. Presently she raised the letter to her lips and pressed a quick, shy kiss upon it, and then opened and read it again. What she read was as follows:

"MISS NAN BARTON:

"Dear Nan—I have long tried to tell you that I love you. Could you love me enough to become my wife?"

"Yours in hope,

"JACK AKERS."

Tears of humility and joy stood in Nan's soft brown eyes. Jack Akers—the talented young journalist and author—loved her! She had almost dared to hope, sometimes, that he was not entirely indifferent to her, and she—why! did not her foolish, tender little heart beat in a most unruly manner whenever she was in Jack Akers' presence? Nevertheless this proposal was a surprise; for although handsome Jack Akers had frequently been at her father's house, and had seemed to find her company very pleasant, he had never spoken a word to her that anyone might not have heard—and yet he had loved her all the time!

Nan read the letter over and over. It was a beautiful thing to her. What if the handwriting was a little scratchy? That was because Jack was literary; she had always heard that the penmanship of literary people was proverbially bad.

She was very happy all day; and when Ted asked her

slyly who her letter was from, she laid her hand with more than usual gentleness upon his curly head and said brightly.

"Never mind Teddy dear. Perhaps I will tell you by and by."

It was strange, but somehow the pressure of that soft little hand hurt Ted, and an odd lump rose in his throat. Yes, it was certainly queer, but all at once he found it impossible to look into Nan's happy face and his eyes sought the floor, while as Nan passed on and ran lightly up the stairs he gazed after her remorsefully.

"I say!" he muttered, "it was a nasty trick! I never thought she liked him, and I meant to tell her right away. But now——"

Ted was beginning to find out that "the way of the transgressor is hard." He felt as though it would be impossible to tell Nan the truth now. Anyway, he would put off the evil hour until night, and then when she came to kiss him good-night, as she had always done since their mother died, three years before, he would make a clean breast of it. So, satisfying his conscience, he rushed off to spend the afternoon with his chum, and forgot all about it.

When he came home at four o'clock Nan sat with her wraps on, warning her feet before the library fire.

"Hillo, Nan! Where've you been?" was Ted's first greeting.

"I just ran down street to post a letter, dear," returned Nan, absently, gazing dreamily into the fire.

The intelligence acted like an electric shock upon Ted. For an instant he gazed at her pretty profile in great consternation; then he came up to her and said, in a somewhat strained voice:

"Nan, you never answered that letter you got this morning so soon as this, did you?"

"Why, Teddie, you don't think it was too soon, do you?" asked Nan anxiously, wondering how Ted had guessed her secret.

"Well," mumbled Ted, incoherently, "seems sort of sudden,—same day, you know."

"I can't help it now," murmured Nan, in a slightly troubled voice; "and, Teddy dear, I may as well tell you that it was from Mr. Akers, and in it he asked me to be his wife."

Such a beautiful look as Nan's face wore. But Ted's face was scarlet; Nan thought he was going to cry.

"But you never told him you would, Nan!" he said, faintly.

"Why, yes, dear brother, I did, for I love him with all my heart."

Ted groaned. Life was not a bed of roses to him at that moment.

"Don't feel bad, Teddy dear," said Nan, gently. "I shall love you just the same. I have tried to be both mother and sister to you since dear mamma died, and I shall still try to."

That troublesome lump had gotten into Ted's throat again.

"Are you not the least bit glad for me, Teddy, when I am so happy?" asked Nan, softly.

Ted made a dive for the pretty gloved hand, pressed a hasty kiss upon it, and then dashed out of the door and out of the house. But a round discolored spot was left on Nan's dainty glove where a big salt tear from Ted's eyes had fallen. Nan looked at it, half-smiling, half-sad.

"Dear boy!" she said, "I did not think he would feel it so deeply."

Ted rushed pell-mell down the street, his only thought to recover Nan's letter, if possible, before it reached Jack Akers, and thus save his sister that humiliation. But, alas! he was too late, for Nan had been out some time, and had posted her letter at once. Ted had a bad quarter of an hour then, and for the first time in his life it occurred to him that boys were really a superfluous element in creation.

In comfortable bachelor apartments uptown, a handsome, blonde young fellow sat before the fire holding an open letter in his hand, which trembled slightly with emotion of some sort. His face wore an expression of extreme astonishment mingled with joy.

"What can it mean?" he said, aloud, the puzzled look deepening in his handsome eyes. "I have received your letter," she says,—and I haven't written her a letter. I wonder,—by George! That's it! It is the first of April, and some unprincipled scoundrel has written the poor child a letter purporting to come from me. A nasty trick, but a lucky one for me! I should never have dared to ask her. And she loves me,—bless her sweet eyes!"

If Jack Akers was not at that moment the happiest man alive, he at least looked it. He had loved pretty Nan Barton for months; but he was only a young journalist, as yet scarcely more than well launched upon his career. To be sure he had gained some reputation, more reputation than money, in fact, as is frequently the case, and last year he had published a book which had been fairly successful; but the proceeds from a "fairly successful" book don't go very far toward filling the author's pocketbook. Jack Akers had been lionized a good deal, but he had the rueful consciousness, that comes sooner or later to most young authors, that "all is not gold that glitters;" and the gold being conspicuous for its absence, he would never have dared to ask Nan Barton, the daughter of a wealthy and successful physician, to marry him.

His ecstatic meditations were disturbed by a maid entering to light the gas.

"There's a boy downstairs, sir, who insists upon seeing you," she said.

Jack frowned at the interruption of his pleasant thoughts.

"Send him up," he said, with slight impatience. A moment later Ted Barton stood in the room.

"Why hillo, Ted! This is a pleasant surprise. Come

up to the fire," said Jack, cordially, surprised, nevertheless, at seeing who his visitor was.

Ted came straight over and stood beside him.

"Mr. Akers," he said, bravely, "you received a letter from my sister Nan this afternoon, didn't you?"

A sudden intelligence shot into Jack Akers' handsome eyes. He held up the dainty missive, and smiled.

Ted's face grew very red, but he did not hesitate.

"Mr. Akers,—sir," he said, earnestly, "you must not blame our Nan for that. I've come to tell you all about it." Then swallowing very fast, Ted blurted out the whole story. The fine eyes of the young man before him never left his face until he had finished, and then Jack Akers put his arm about the boy and drew him gently to him.

"Well, Ted, my boy," he said kindly, "do you think it was a very manly thing to do?"

"No, sir," answered Ted in a strangely choking voice. "I think it was beastly mean!"

"I am sure you think so Ted, and I am glad you came here and made a clean breast of it. It was the right thing to do; and since you have done this, I believe you are a boy to be trusted. Do you think you could keep a secret, Ted? If I should trust you with one, you would not betray my confidence?"

"Is thy servant a dog?" asked Ted, indignantly.

The strong mouth under the tawny mustache twitched slightly, but Jack continued gravely:

"It's just this, my boy: you must keep this a strict secret. Nan must never know but that I wrote that letter. Do you understand?"

"Why!" cried Ted, blankly, "she will *have* to know! Do you think I expect you to marry Nan whether you want to or not?"

Jack laughed softly and tightened his arm about the boy's figure.

"But what if I want to, Ted? Suppose I should tell you that my desire, above all others, has been to marry Nan, but that I feared to ask her because I have not a fine home to take her to."

Ted gazed at him with startled eyes.

"Is it the truth,—honor bright?" He gasped.

"Honor bright," Ted, replied Jack, smiling.

"Glory!" shouted Ted; he couldn't help it, the relief was so sudden. He gave Jack a hearty slap on the shoulder, and then went off into a sudden peal of merriment.

"It's as good as a circus!" he shouted.

Jack smiled indulgently.

"You have done me a good turn Ted," he said, "but you deserve no thanks for it." Then the smiling eyes grew grave as Jack continued, seriously: "Never do such a thing again, my boy; practical jokes seldom turn out well. And remember," he added, as Ted was departing, "Nan is not to know."

"Mum's the word!" replied Ted, emphatically.

Two hours later Jack Akers sat in Dr. Barton's

handsome parlor with Nan beside him, and his arm had somehow found its way around her waist. Ted passed along the hall and glanced slyly in. Jack caught sight of him and called out, heartily:

"Come in, Ted, I want to shake hands with you. I am to be your brother. Don't you congratulate me?"

"You bet!" answered Ted, "and myself too!" he added, significantly. Then he turned abruptly and marched out of the room.

"Don't go, Teddy dear," Nan called after him, "we don't want to be selfish because we are happy."

"Don't you think we look happy, old fellow?" called Jack, boisterously.

Ted had almost closed the door, but he opened it again, and putting his head inside, said, wickedly,

"I think you look like a pair of April fools!"

"I declare!" cried Nan, smiling. "I had completely forgotten that it was the first of April! Well nobody succeeded in fooling me!"

And it was not until she had been a wife for more than a year that her husband told her the story of Ted's letter; and then, if the truth must be told, she did not seem to be greatly disturbed by it.

ELIZABETH A. VORE.

ONE WAY TO SECURE VOTES.

"Zeb." Vance, who was both Governor and United States Senator from North Carolina, told this campaign story on himself: He was making a personal canvass for votes in a backwoods settlement where he was not acquainted. Finding about sixty men of voting age at a cross-roads grocery, he dismounted, hitched his horse, and fell to cracking jokes with them. He seemed to be getting on very well with most of the party, but he noticed one old man with shaggy eyebrows and brass-bowed spectacles sitting on a box and marking in the sand with a stick, as if paying no attention. After a while Vance concluded that the old man must be the hell-wether of the flock, and accordingly made preparations to capture him. As he sidled up, the old man rose and shook himself, leaned forward on his stick and said solemnly: "This is Mr. Vance, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," said Vance.

"And you have come over here to see my boys about their votes, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, that is my business."

"Well, sir, afore you proceed with that business I would like to ax you a few questions."

"Certainly, sir, certainly."

"What church mout you belong to?"

That was a poser. Vance didn't belong to any church. He knew that religion and "meeting" were big things in the backwoods and controlled politics there, but he didn't know what the religion of this region was, for North Carolina was much split up between sects. But he squared himself and said slowly: "Well, my friend,

I will tell you about that, for it is a fair question. You see, my grandfather came from Scotland, and you know that over in Scotland everybody is Presbyterian." Here he paused to note the effect, but detected no sign of sympathy.

"But my grandmother came from England, and over there everybody belongs to the Episcopal Church." He paused again, but the old man merely marked another line in the sand and shifted his quid from the right to the left cheek.

"But my father was born in this country in a Methodist settlement, and so he grew up a Methodist." Still no sign of approval from the old man. Vance began to feel chilly, but he made one last effort:

"But my good old mother was a Baptist, and it's my opinion that a man has got to go under water to go to heaven."

The old man walked up, and taking him by the hand, said: "Well, you are all right, Mr. Vance." Then turning to the crowd, he added: "Boys, he'll do, and you may vote for him; I *thought* he looked like a Baptist!" And he drew a flask from his coat-tail pocket and handed it to Vance to seal his faith after the custom of the country.

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict.

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy?"

"Mamma," said Willie, wiping the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"—*Ugoue.*

Many may understand a woman, but it generally puzzles her horse to know what she is driving at.

HER REASON.

"'Tis strange that it always is easy

For a man, when he's flirting, you know,

To swear to a woman he loves her,

By all that's above and below.

"But when he is truly in earnest,

Tell me the reason, I pray,

'Tis awfully hard to utter

The words that he fain would say?"

She replied, as her dimples deepened,

"The reason is simple forsooth;

'Tis because it is awfully hard, sir,

For a man to utter the truth."

—*Dixie Wolcott, in Life.*

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS.

"Alas for the song he never wrote." Why should you sigh? Do not forget that he touched men's hearts as harps in his hand. Remember that he did not outlive his usefulness.

Sadder epitaphs have been written and are to be found in many biographies. Have you not read such? "Her earliest writings are by far her best." "He has written many later books, none of which reach the standard of the work that won him fame." "Of late years his popularity has declined." Is it not pitiful that the literary hero of this decade should become the hauger-on of the next?

The reason for this failure of success is suggested by Aldrich. In a pretty bit of verse, he tells of an Oriental singer whose words are in praise of the king. As each song becomes more honeyed than the rest, the king bestows some new honor upon his favorite. At last all the flatteries are said, and the singer must choose between commonplace and repetition. When he next sings, the king is angered and cries, "Away with him. Behold him."

Mr. Aldrich makes the very obvious application that a like fate threatens writers the world around. The fact is accepted; the question is, does the fault lie with the public, who demand decapitation of an old favorite, or with the favorite who sends out inferior work? The writers cry, "It is the ingratitude of the public;" and one gentle poet says sadly, though without accusation:

"O, living poets who are dead,
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill."

Is not the explanation that every writer sets his seal of individuality on his works, and the public, like eager numismatists, cry, "We want only one of a kind"? Readers confess this charge, but it is on their part given as an excuse and complaint. They have been served over and over with the same stories, only slightly altered. They are tired of accepting well-known bottles filled with the new wine of hasty writing.

Poor authors, they have succumbed to temptation, and that temptation a natural one. Their books are sure of sale: their writings are in demand with the editors, so their work appears in many periodicals, carelessly written, tediously long. This applies not to the inveterate book-maker whose printed volumes exceed the years of his life, but the authors of a better sort who no longer write for fame.

Sad spectacle, they are riding Pegasus after the cows. But what, it is asked, can these writers do? Must they starve or shall they, in their old age, learn a trade? Neither alternative. The well known author does not write to keep starvation from the door. Let him without "payment at the regular rates" write for the struggling publications in which his name first appeared. Let him favor some needed movement, and the prestige of his name will win many to a worthy cause.

There are more ways than one of growing old gracefully in a literary way. Thought turns pleasantly to

Donald G. Mitchell, serenely passing his days on his farm, but all have not the happy temperament that marks the author of "Dream Life." If our writers are not content to adopt the pastoral life, they must wait resignedly for the righting of their wrongs. When Justice has perfected the copyright, she will provide for old writers as she now provides for old soldiers. She will as a deserved honor, place on the retired list those whose best literary work has been done.

Authors are butterflies. After laying their eggs, they must die, and sometimes only literary chloroform will prevent their fading and tearing their weary wings.

Laura B. Everett.

National City.

Sanroft Lib.

VERAGUA'S REVENGE ON A CHICAGO MAN.

A dark handsome gentleman, with a foreign air stepped into the telegraph office in the Chicago exhibition grounds and asked, courteously:

"Is this the office of the telegraph, senor?"

"It ain't anything else," carelessly replied the operator, one of those choice essences of Chicago.

"I would send a telegram," said the stranger, quietly.

"Would you?" drawled the operator: "well, why don't you send it?"

The visitor's heavy eyebrows raised, and he said, quietly:

"How many of the words have I permit to send for twenty-five of the cents?"

"Ten," snapped the operator, sharply.

"Only so few as ten?" asked the stranger. "They give twelve to to twenty abroad, senor."

"Ten words for a quarter or she don't go," snarled the operator. "How much do you want for twenty-five cents?"

The visitor's dark eyes gleamed dangerously, and his firm lips closed.

"I send but ten of the words for the money then senor?"

"Yes."

"And the name, does it go free, senor?"

"Yes."

A smile chased itself round the corners of the haughty mouth, and, picking up a pen, the stranger quietly wrote:

"His Honor the Mayor of Columbus, Ohio:—I will visit your city en route to New York. Christobal Colon de Toledo y Larreatagui, de la Corda Romiryz, e Baquedana y Gante, Vice Admiral Adelantado, Major de las Indias, marquis de Jamaica, duke of Veragua y de la Vega, Mardec de la Spain, Senatoria de la Kingdom, Caballera de la Insigne Orden del Toison de Oro, Grand Cruz de Carlos III, Grand Cruz de la Conception de Villaviciosa, Gentil Hombre de Camara de King Alfonso XIII."

The operator took one wild look at the message—then he fainter dead away. The stranger was the duke of Veragua.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

THE MIDWINTER FAIR.

RAILROAD RATES GREATLY REDUCED—TO SAN FRANCISCO AND RETURN AT ABOUT ONE-HALF THE USUAL COST.

It will not be news to the many readers of THE GOLDEN ERA that there is now in progress in San Francisco an International Midwinter Exposition. But much that concerns that tremendous enterprise, what may be seen there, its daily doings, and why it is to the interest of all to see it, will be news of a character eagerly sought by everyone who reads.

In the first place, what may be seen there. Since August 24th last there has grown up in Golden Gate Park the most beautiful group of industrial palaces that the western sun ever shone upon, and it will be the wonder of the world for years how these five main exposition building and their three-score and ten architectural adjuncts sprang into being in so short a space of time.

There is a palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, a palace of Mechanic Arts, a palace of Horticulture and Agriculture, a palace of Fine Arts, and a palatial Administration Building; and these are finished and filled with exhibits from every quarter of the globe—material evidences of every industry and art.

To these main buildings have been added special State and county buildings, in which the products of different sections are emphatically particularized. Many of California's neighboring States have erected exposition structures of their own, and not a few of her own counties have added county buildings to the group. The area of the California Midwinter Exposition is nearly two hundred acres, and it includes more than seventy structures.

Some of these buildings, as works of architectural art, are superior to the buildings of the Columbian Exposition, and competent critics have said that for picturesqueness and perfection of landscape effects this midwinter display in Golden Gate Park surpasses all efforts ever made in that direction. This is largely due to the generosity of Nature and the happy selection of a site by the promoters. The Park has world-wide fame for its great natural beauty, independently of its recent acquisition. Combine with this the artistic arrangement of these splendid architectural master-pieces, and the effect must be simply incomparable.

The grandest engineering feature of the Exposition is the Bonet Steel Tower, which rises to an elevation of 272 feet from the center of the quadrangle described by the four great palaces. Elevators ascend almost to the top, and at stated intervals are three convenient balconies, the highest 250 feet above ground level, affording magnificent views of the grounds, Park and surroundings for miles in all directions. From the top are operated two powerful flash lights, and the sides are a succession of dazzling and variegated incandescent bulbs, which at night time light up with intermittent splendor the whole superb setting.

It has been the endeavor of the management to make

the bolder features of the Midwinter Fair distinctly typical of western life, though individual enterprise has not been lacking to make many foreign features exceedingly prominent and interesting. Among the latter may be mentioned, as meriting special attention, the reproduction of Heidelberg Castle, which represents an expenditure of \$50,000. For the average European this splendid feature needs no description. The mere sound of the name brings a rush of joyful memories of "das Vaterland." Then there is the public Prater of Vienna, where refreshments are accompanied by grand orchestral and vocal concerts. Bits of old Paris, a Turkish theater, street in Cairo, a Cafe Chantant, Alaskan village, Japanese tea garden, Chinese village, a cyclorama of the famous Hawaiian volcanoes, and numerous other attractions may be found among the Oriental concessions.

To delight the heart of the old argonaut is a genuine mining camp in full operation, old adobe huts with tiled roofs, typical of the days of '49; Indians, cowboys and bucking mustangs.

Special days have been set apart throughout the fair season for the individual observance and celebration by the various interests represented. For instance, England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia, the several American states, Pacific Coast States and counties, societies and industries, each have their special day of jubilee and these jubilees will be memorable events.

But the question of most serious moment in connection with the Midwinter Fair is, how can we all get there?

Answered in a twinkling. The SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY has made for this special occasion the most liberal rates ever offered for the benefit of the public, and placed within easy reach of every person on the Pacific Coast not only a visit to San Francisco and the Fair, but the chance of a lifetime to visit the many other attractions of California. It may be a long time before another such rich opportunity as this is afforded.

Any further information, either in relation to the Fair or California in general, may be obtained by calling on or addressing G. H. McMillan, Com'l Agent, 869 Fifth St., San Diego, or T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent, San Francisco.

It is better to swear honestly than to pray hypocritically.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle

Publisher's Department.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Overland* had changed editors. Its new editor is a Wildman—by name. He is a most graceful writer, but he has a sin. He betrayed it in his first *Overland* editorial. Would you know what it is? *He likes an uncal magazine.*

I always read *Scribners* because the publisher cuts the pages for me. In the latest number of it are some good verses by Melville Upton; they have not any rhyme, and a rather peculiar reason; but they are peculiarly good verses:

ALONE.

I ask no answering eyes that turn to mine,
No waiting face to brighten at my voice:
I'd fear to have another bound to me,
One step to echo mine to earth's dark verge.
Some hour of need would find me faint and weak,
My hand might fail; my dreaming heart forget—
I dread the sting of those accusing eyes
In the still morning of eternity.

Alone, then, let me stand thro' this grim watch,

Nor seek to kind another's heart in thrall;
Else let my going hence by all unknown,
My feet move trackless down the starry ways.

—Melville Upton.

The story in this GOLDEN ERA is excerpted from *Demoires's*, and the pen of Elizabeth A. Vore;—a name that is rapidly growing itself into recognition—the name of a sweet-faced little woman who lives in Pasadena, California,—who, already, can name her own price for an article, and have it. It was also a Pasadena writer, Mrs. Ella Higginson, who lately won the five hundred dollar prize offered by McClure for the best short story. And Pasadena is the present home of James G. Clark.

The *Santa Clara* has turned its artillery loose against the A. P. A. It ought to grow plump with Catholic patronage.

An engaged girl in Omaha, who was the only support of her family, pawned her engagement ring to buy food. When the young man heard of it he was so angry that he broke with the girl and brought a suit in replevin to get back the diamond ring. A girl who would pawn her engagement ring for the support of her family is too good for the scoundrel who would break with her on account of it. If he had been of the true stuff he would have admired her action and tried to do something himself in behalf of the family to prove that he was worthy of her.—*San Diego Union.*

Carrie Stevens Walter and Kate Field are going to "wipe out" the A. P. A.—[When so high an authority as the Century Dictionary legitimizes "hickety split," "wipe out" should be recognized.]

"IF PROFESSOR WHITE SHALL SUCCEED IN PLACING A COPY OF "SCHOOL MANAGEMENT" IN THE HANDS OF EVERY SCHOOL TEACHER IN THE LAND HE WILL DESERVE AT THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE A MONUMENT MORE ENDURING THAN THE GREAT PLYMOUTH OF EGYPT."

The Rochester (N. Y.) Herald, February 20, 1891.

"SCHOOL MANAGEMENT," by Emerson E. White, M. A., LL.D. The latest contribution to pedagogical literature, and embodying the results of the author's many years' experience as teacher, superintendent, lecturer and writer. Sent anywhere, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00. American Book Company, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, Portland, Oregon. Address, A. F. Gunn, Agent, for Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Loring's H Street Book and Stationery Store,

Masonic-I. O. O. F. Building.

The Largest and Lowest Priced Stock of School Books, Stationery, Periodicals and Toys in the City.

Subscriptions taken for all Magazines and Papers.



\$2000.00 WORTH OF BIBLES JUST RECEIVED,

Don't fail to see our Immense Assortment and get prices before purchasing.

Toys, Games, Hammocks, Croquet Sets, Etc.

LORING & CO.,

H STREET, BET. FIFTH AND SIXTH.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



PLUMBING.

The undersigned is fully prepared to do any and all kinds of Plumbing in the most thorough and sanitary manner. Also do

CAS FITTING, TIN AND STENCIL WORK.

NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS MECHANICS EMPLOYED.

A share of the Public Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

1630 F ST., BET. SEVENTH AND EIGHTH
Half Block East of F. O.

J. H. WOOLMAN.

New United States Hotel,

Cor. Main and Requesa Sts., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A First-Class European Hotel of 150 Rooms, facing on Three Streets; being most convenient to Amusements, Shops, and all Places of interest and Business.

STREET CARS PASS THE HOUSE FOR ALL PARTS OF THE CITY AND RAILROAD DEPOTS.

AMPLE SAMPLE ROOM FOR THE COMMERCIAL TRADE.

RATES, 75c, \$1.00 AND \$1.00.
Single Rooms, 50c a Night.

TONY MESMER, CHIEF CLERK.

G. L. SCHMIDT & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

The Olmsted Company,

1342 D St, San Diego.

Commercial, Periodical, Book, Fancy and General Job
PRINTERS.

Dewey Engraving Co.,

HALF-TONE AND PHOTO-RELIEF ETCHING,

220 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

The latest improvements and secret processes in photo etching and photo facsimile (half tone) engraving have, from time to time, been secured by this firm at great cost. Enamelled copper and fine photograph plates produced with speed and perfection. Latest improved photographic apparatus, powerful electric light and superior special machinery. Nearly all kinds of engraving done.

Publishers getting up special editions, job printers, and all others requiring engravings, should send for samples, estimates and further information.

LAKESIDE HOTEL.

The country about Lakeside is beautiful at this season of the year. Many families are going to Lakeside hotel to

SPEND THE SPRING VACATION.

Special rates to families by week or month. Fare, round trip, \$10.00 to \$15.00 including dinner.

Daily Excursions are Now Run

over the N. C. and O. Railway to

TIA JUANA, OLD MEXICO, AND

SWEETWATER DAM.

leaving foot of Fifth street, San Diego, at 9:30 a. m., giving 35 minutes to inspect the dam, 50 minutes to visit Mexican custom house, curiosity stores and other places of interest in Old Mexico; returning arrive at San Diego 4:45 p. m. Round trip, \$1.

GREAT AMERICAN

Importing Tea Co.

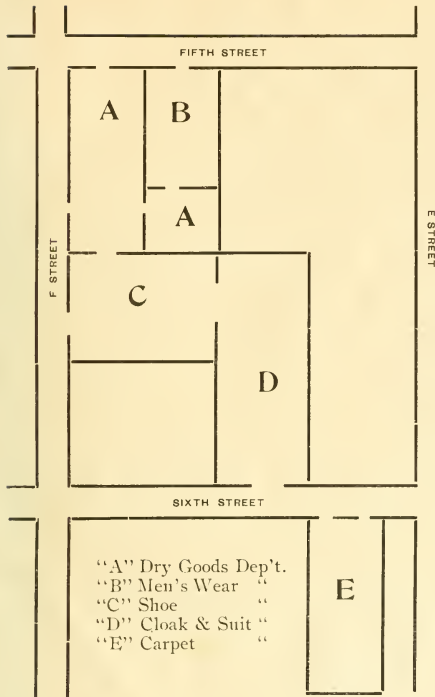
969 FIFTH ST.

Handsome China Tea Set Given
Away. Call and get particulars.

DR. C. C. LORD,

DENTIST.

Office and residence, 825 Fifth Street.
Teeth extracted without pain—latest and best method.
Artificial teeth on aluminum plates.



The MARSTON STORE

NOW INCLUDES

5 BIG DEPARTMENTS.

Covering a floor area of over twenty five thousand square feet and its mission is bounded by the horizon of San Diego County. Each department is filled with the kind of merchandise especially designed to supply the needs of the denizens of this "Unique Corner of the Earth." In this connection we wish to state to our "back country" constituents that the usefulness of the Marston Store to them has been much extended in the past year. It was a common saying a year or two ago that when anything nice or particularly good was needed to "get it at Marston's, of course," but when it was something ordinary to "go to the cheap

stores for it." We are changing all this. So now when you're through buying dress shirts or your best hat and you still have Jumpers or overalls on your list don't leave our Men's Wear Department before asking to see what we carry there also in those goods. You will find the celebrated Levi Strauss goods at 50 and 75 cents, each garment. You will be shown some Georgia "wool," heavy twilled, pants for a dollar the pair; Negligee Shirts of Reliable makes at 25 cents and 50 cents. Straw hats at 25, 50 and 75 cents. Ventilated Helmets, 50 cents. Cotton underwear for 50 cents and a lot of \$3.50 hats in all shades and shapes, which we are at present closing out at \$1.50 for choice.

In the Shoe Department you will find the best assortment of shoes suitable for Ranchwear you have ever looked at and the prices cannot fail to interest you; and whether you are looking for a \$1.50 Brogan or a \$3.00 calf shoe we want you to know that we have the goods and we want to sell them—sell them right, though, or not at all.

Moreover, we want you to feel at home with us. Bring in the children and let them romp through the Big Store.

Geo. W. Marston.

