

PECKSNIFF'S OLD HOME.

WHERE THE FAMOUS HYPOCRITE
PRACTICED HIS HYPOCRISY.

And Tom Pinch met Martin Chuzzlewit—
Salisbury as it is today—much the same
as ever—Edgar Wakeman visits a town
made famous by Dickens.

One cannot help really admiring Eng-
lishmen all the more because they love
their "right little island" with an ardent,
defiant and uncompromising unreasonableness.

The admiration is not for their often
mild and sullen defense of some features
of English government, nor for all English
institutions, nor for some very unpleasant
English things and people. It is because
every square acre of England is so endear-
ing in its age, association and beauty, and
those who possess it will justly brook no
belittlement of it at all; any more than you
would let some stranger come into
your home and sneer at your sweetest and
most cherished, if simple, belongings—
beautified by effort, hallowed by time and
use, even more tenderly loved for your own
errors and shortcomings—without pitching
both him and his airs incontinently into the
highway.

It is such a beautiful country; such a
well-kept and delicious old garden; such a
smiling land in sunshine and snug and com-
fortable one in the storm; and withal gives
to the stranger within it such a sense of
constant interest, coupled with close human
companionship and sympathies, that cynic
and prig and incapable of interest in any
land but his own, though he be, cannot
now and then repress a kindling enthusi-
asm, be here and there pricked into secret
admiration, in this place and that find ten-
der and associative interest; and, however
disloyal it may be to his determined
"Americanism," in spite of himself melt
under its innumerable appeals to his heart
and intellect, until its good and sunny face
cozens his frigidity into a bright, responsive
look, and unwittingly his tongue pays
tribute.

In that less than two hours' journey, on
an English day in May-time, what innum-
erable scenes of interest, of stirring
quality and of restfulness and repose
flash upon you from your carriage window!
Passing from Waterloo station, or from
any other railway station in the heart of
London, through the lessening densities
of the wonderful city to the first reaches
of grassy fields, is in itself a tremen-
dous social object lesson and historic
panorama.

Almost enraptured one descends into the
valleys of the downs of South Wiltshire.
Here, where the tiny Bourne, the southern
Avon, the Nadder and the Willey songfully
meet in a rich and beautiful valley, are seen
the gray masses of the old cathedral town.

Old as it is it was originally built place
by piece out of the Sarum, "the dry place,"
of the Romans. Old and New Sarum, the
site of the old city and the new city itself
are called. As you approach Salisbury
down the winding course of the Bourne,
you will see the old Roman station to your
right, about two miles north of the city. It
stands upon a chalky eminence, the head-
land of a ridge of downs dominating all the
beautiful valley below.

No one knows how long before its occu-
pation by the Romans it had been a fortified
British camp. Six great roads, still
traceable, led up to it, and when Rome
conquered Britain, Vespasian's legions gave
it still more imposing fortifications. A town
was built about it. It was in turn a bishop-
ric of the West Saxons, a great Norman
garrison, an English cathedral city from the
time of King Alfred, and now, though
centuries in ruins, it is still to the anti-
quary and archaeologist one of the many
marvels of England's early days.

But it seems to me that of all else the
kindest glamor and charm investing old
Salisbury and neighborhood have been
laid upon them by the gentle pen of
Dickens. In my lingerings in lane and
highway, by riverside and in field-paths,
how those folk of "Martin Chuzzlewit"
troop back into their old accustomed
places. In this village or in that you place
the Pecksniff home, and are sure that
from that dour window the uncouth
old hypocrite's "pupils" in architecture,
in company with tender-hearted Tom
Pinch, traced the elevations of the far
cathedral roof and spire.

This little wayside inn, with its snowy
curtains and vine-massed sides must be
the venerable Blue Dragon presided over
by buxom Mrs. Lupin, where old Martin
Chuzzlewit came, cursed with gold and
hunted by his culture relatives, and
where the dirty and jaunty Montague
Tigg and his companion, the "strange in-
stance of the little frailties that beset a
mighty mind," Chevy Slyne Esq., en-
tered upon their memorable but bootless
negotiations for a loan from Mr. Pecksniff.
The little alehouse across the way must
also be the Half Moon and Seven Stars
where all "the private lodgings in the
place, amounting to full four beds and a
sola, rose cent. per cent. in the market,"
as the culture relatives gathered.

Here where the quiet country road, no
more than a snowy hawthorn lane, stops
short at the great highway and of old the
stages dashed onward to mighty London
town, is certainly the very spot where poor
Tom Pinch, with a heavy heart, saw the
stage, like some "great monster" bear
away his friend, honest John Westlock,
"more exultant and rampant than usual,"
that dreary night of parting.

This bright highway athwart the ridge,
bordered with chestnut, elm or beach, with
here and there a sunny opening showing
the clustered thatches and roses of a farm-
house, undoubtedly was the very one over
which Pinch came in his hooded gig;
where the redoubtable Mark Tapley first
disclosed his contempt for those voca-
tions not sad and harrising enough to
render a jolly spirit creditable; where the
faces of fair lassies beamed upon Tom,
and even roguish fingers tossed him kisses,
for, dear soul, there could be no harm
in him, and over which he at last reached
Salisbury and its snug old tavern in which
"at half past six" he so happily meets
young Martin and the event is celebrated
in a glass of punch each, as hot as it could
be made.

This delightful associative nearness to
those whom Dickens has created for your

ceaseless friendship clings to you in the
fine old city as well. If you are here of a
market day, as this one is, and as it was
on the occasion of Tom Pinch's visit, the
picture Dickens drew for Tom is the one
you will still find, and with as mellow a
setting as there is in all England. You
will see "the young farmers and old
farmers, with smock frocks, brown great-
coats, drab greatcoats, red worsted com-
forters, leather leggings, wonderful shaped
bats, hunting whips and rough stick," just
the same as Tom Pinch did.

Somehow the quaint shops, jeweler's
shops, bookshops, toyshops, children's
bookshops, chemists' shops and all, quaint
but less wonderful to you, and still seen
through Tom's kindly eyes. And when you
tire of all this and come to that sweet
cathedral close, you love all the ancient
and sacred place better because Tom
Pinch's friend was once associate organist
here, and let Tom help with the stops, and
when the afternoon service was over left
Pinch alone in the organ loft. While he
played and the tones resounded through
the cathedral "great thoughts and hopes
came crowding on his mind," which
"seemed to find an echo in the depth of
every ancient tomb, no less than in the
deep mystery of his own heart."

And so it will be with you, for it is not
so much that the spire of this grand
cathedral is the tallest in all England, that
many of its tombs and monuments are the
grandest and most ancient, or that its
close is incomparable in its loveliness,
tranquility and beauty, as that all these
charms of association stir your mind and
heart. Not so wonderful is what you will
see at Salisbury, though that is wonder-
ful indeed, as what you will feel.

So much of this tender enthusiasm pos-
sesses you that you can never tell another
critically about Salisbury cathedral. No
need for that. All the host of those who
bring their pocket rules and dissert in
technique about plinths and mullions and
ogees and superincumbents and strings
and flying buttresses and arcades and
cuspings and filigrees and spandrels and
diaper enrichments, have been here be-
fore you, measured and sketched and
nosed about and gone, a half a thousand
years ago. But you see a glorious aspira-
tion wrought out in stone. Whatever your
religion, you realize that sublime human
effort sustained by sublime faith and zeal
have fashioned from earthly elements some-
thing indescribably grand and beautiful, to
stand as place for prayer and type of en-
dless preachings of human hearts to the
mystery of the infinite.

In that and with that you dream and
worship. Long and lovingly, too, you
loiter and dream in the old cathedral close.
As no picture ever graven or painted re-
veals just impressions of any great cathedral
exterior or interior, so no words can convey
the subtle charm of the close of Salisbury
cathedral. There are tones and tints in
"The Deserted Village" and the "Elegy"
that hint, but they only hint, of what is
here.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

HOW TEXAS HERDS ARE HANDLED.

The Life of a Cowboy in the Old Days—A
Stampede.

The task of the drover and his assistant
cowboys in getting the herds from the
southern ranches to the northern shipping
points was one involving both skill and
daring. The daily programme was as regular
as that of a regiment on the march. From
morning until noon the cattle were allowed
to graze in the direction of their destina-
tion, watched by the cowboys in relays.
The cattle by this time were uneasy and
were turned into the trail, and walked
steadily forward eight or ten miles, when,
at early twilight, they were halted for
another graze. As darkness came on
they were gathered closer and
closer into a compact mass by the
cowboys riding steadily in constantly
lessening circles around them, until at
last the brutes lay down, chewing their
cud and resting from the day's trip.
Near midnight they would usually get up,
stand awhile, and then lie down again,
having changed sides. At this time extra
care was necessary to keep them from aim-
lessly wandering off in the darkness. Sit-
ting on their ponies, or riding slowly round
and round their reclining charges, the cow-
boys passed the night on sentinal duty,
relieving one another at stated hours.

When skies were clear and the air
bracing the task of cattle driving was a
pleasant and healthful one. But there
came rainy days, when the cattle were rest-
less, and when it was anything but enjoy-
able riding through the steady downpour.
Then especially were the nights wearisome,
and the cattle were ready at any time to
stampede.

No one could tell what caused a stamp-
ede any more than one can tell the reason
of the strange panics that attack human
gatherings at times. A flash of lightning,
a crackling stick, a wolf's howl—little
things in themselves, but in a moment
every horned head was lifted, and the mass
of hair and horns, with fierce, frightened
eyes gleaming like thousands of emeralds,
was off. Recklessly, blindly, in whatever
direction fancy led them, they went, over a
bluff or into a morass, it mattered not, and
fleet were the horses that could keep abreast
of the leaders. But some could do it, and
lashing their ponies to their best gait
the cowboys followed at breakneck speed.
Getting on one side of the leaders the
efforts was to turn them a little at first,
then more and more, until the circumfer-
ence of a great circle was being described.
The cattle behind blindly followed, and
soon the front and rear joined and "mill-
ing" commenced. Like a mighty millstone,
round and round the bewildered creatures
raced until they wearied out or recovered
from their fright.

But the cowboy with his white, wide
rimmed hat, his long leathern cattle whip,
his lariat and his clanking spur is now a
thing of the past.—Scribner.

The Indian Attendants on the Queen.

The Indian attendants who now in-
variably accompany the queen are a source
of great trouble to the court officials who
have charge of the various arrangements.
The Indians require to travel by them-
selves in a separate saloon, and their meals
and all refreshments must be served to
them in the train, at the stopping stations,
instead of their going to the buffets with
the suite and the European servants.
Special arrangements have also to be made
for the Indians at the hotels, which cause
much bother and considerable extra ex-
pense. Yet they have practically no duties,
and are perfectly useless except for show.

TARSUS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

Something About an Old City, the Scene
of Many Bible Incidents.

Should the Turkish government allow
excavations at Tarsus, to be made, no
doubt some very valuable finds would re-
sult. Tarsus was one of the principal
cities of Asia Minor. The inhabitants
easily received the Greek and Roman
civilization, and it was not long before it
was counted among the most enlightened
as well as among the most luxurious, volup-
tuous and sybaritic cities of the East. It
was the seat of the Cilician government
under the Romans and Cicero reigned in
it as proconsul. It sheltered at another
period a famous school of philosophy which
sent its disciples even to Rome itself to be-
come teachers of Roman emperors.

The Roman influence became predomi-
nant in 66 B. C. and the city rapidly grew
in importance. It received freedom from
Mark Antony. It was frequently honored
by the visits of emperors and kings.
In Tarsus the Emperor Tacitus died,
and here, too, the Emperor Julian
was buried. It ran the scale of
vicissitudes of eastern cities, was de-
stroyed, and, after the Moslem conquest,
was rebuilt 787 A. D. by the gentle Haroun
al Raschid. Some traces of this former
grandeur must remain but they are buried
under heaps of rubbish that have never
been disturbed. The ancient remains now
visible are few. Most interesting of all are
the old Roman baths in the Cydnus men-
tioned above and commonly called Alex-
ander's baths.

At the point where they occur the river
is divided by a heap of rubbish about
twenty feet. The fall, indeed, is caused
by the ruins of the baths, which in the
spring the water covers entirely. At low
water, however, one can go among these
ruins and examine the structure of the
baths. There are built of a sort of natural
composite-stone which is very hard and
very durable. It has withstood for cen-
turies the action of the water. The differ-
ent rooms and dimensions of the baths are
still in a good state of preservation. The
divans or lounges on which the bathers
reclined after their ablutions are still in
place. The baths proper are still intact.

You may pass by doors through the en-
tire system of baths, and you may even take
a bath yourself if you don't mind cold and
dirty water. Exactly how the flow of water
into the baths was regulated is not quite
clear, but it seems likely that the main
channel of the river was formerly in another
place, and that the water was conducted
from it by aqueducts and pipes. Below the
falls the water is collected in a circular
basin with one narrow outlet. Around all
the walls of this basin are ruins of baths,
which might indicate that the original
building was circular in form. In that case
they must have covered about half an acre
of space, and were consequently extensive.

At the other side of the city is another
structure, or series of structures, also built
of concrete, which is interesting mainly be-
cause no one knows exactly what it is. Tra-
dition says without the slightest proof that
it is the tomb of Sardanapalus. A much bet-
ter guess and one which has more followers
is that, if it is a tomb at all, it is the tomb
of the Emperor Julian, who is known posi-
tively to have been buried in Tarsus. Be it
what it may be, the tomb is quite an elab-
orate affair. Shut in by a wall thirty feet
high and twenty-two feet broad is an in-
closure which at a guess is 300 feet long
and 150 feet broad. At each end of the in-
closure stands a solid mass of concrete
thirty feet high and eighty feet square.
Either one of these, as you please, is the
tomb. On both of them excavations have
been made and nothing has been found.
They are absolutely barren. The inclosure
is used as the Armenian cemetery. This
ends the list of antiquities at Tarsus, ex-
cept the picturesque gate, known as St. Paul's
gate. This opens to the south, and is
overgrown as it is with vines and creepers
is a pretty sight.

There are a number of alleged antiq-
uities, of course. Among these is the tomb
of the prophet Daniel, carefully cherished
in a mosque and regarded with much veneration.
Another is the tomb of St. Paul, which is also a Moslem shrine
and greatly visited. As mentioned above,
the so-called St. Paul's tree stands in the
yard of the Armenian Church. It is said to
have been planted by the apostle. It is now dead and is care-
fully protected and railed off from the
touch of the profane. St. Paul's well may
also be visited. It stands in the courtyard
of one of the oldest houses in Tarsus. The
curb is of a single circular stone and the
windlass is supported on two broken
columns. The water of the well is sweet,
and (so the pretty girl who drew it said)
possessed miraculous qualities. These
places, however, are not, after all, interest-
ing. It is not edifying to connect with the
name of St. Paul localities which are so
manifestly spurious. That he was born in
Tarsus is the central fact.

It is unfortunate that Tarsus does not
possess the very best of climates. A great
part of the town is as low if not lower than
the river, and malaria is very common in-
deed. Out on the foothills, however, the
air is sweet and fresh, and a breeze blows
almost constantly from the sea.

It would not do to write about Tarsus
and not mention the fact that there is in it
a large and flourishing protestant community.

Mark Twain Says:

You cannot tell by the size of a frog how
far he will jump.

Neither can you tell by the appearance
of the Rigby cloth that it is waterproof.

But, oh! what a difference in a rain
storm, if you happen to have your spring or
fall overcoat Rigby-proofed.

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THE VIKING SHIP.

The Norwegian Craft That Will Be Rowed
Over the Atlantic.

The national subscription toward defray-
ing the cost of building and manning the
Norwegian Viking ship, which it is proposed
to send to the Columbian Exposition, has
been opened throughout Norway. As
already announced, it is intended to sail
the vessel to America. The project is,
however, regarded as hazardous, notwith-
standing that a committee of eleven
experienced ship captains, to whom the
question of the feasibility of the idea was
submitted, have declared that it is quite ca-
pable of execution. The crew will be strictly
limited to the number of men requisite
to navigate the vessel across the Atlantic,
though the full equipment will be made up
with Norwegians on the ship's arrival at
Chicago.

Not less than thirty rowers will
be required to man the ship for the voyage,
and many applications for these posts have
already been received. It is intended,
however, as far as possible to accept the
services of none but educated men, who
may be able to take part in the compilation
of an account of the voyage, which is to be
published immediately after the vessel's ar-
rival in America, and also to assist in the
necessary correspondence in regard to the
journey.

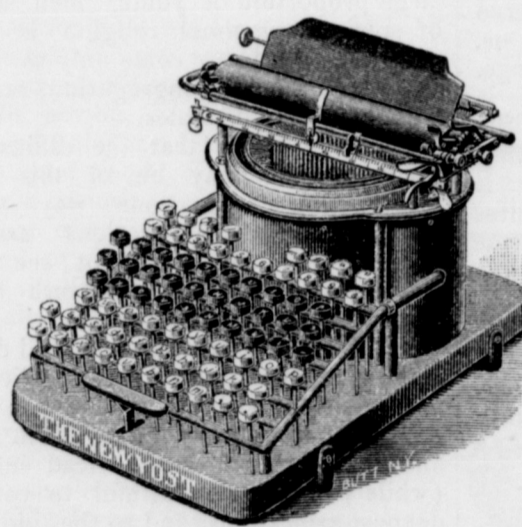
Another literary project in connection
with the interesting experiment is the issue
of a pamphlet on the Norwegian Viking
ship and the discovery, in A. D. 1000 by
the Viking Leif the Fortunate, of Vinland,
the chief settlement of the ancient Norse-
men in America, a territory comprising the
present states of Massachusetts and Rhode
Island.

It is interesting to note that this
discovery is also referred to in the ap-
peal for subscriptions, where the proposed
Viking ship is described as a memorial
of the days in which Leif Eriksson was
the first European to set his foot on
American soil. With patriotic emulation
the appeal further announces that if the
ship, as is to be hoped, is exhibited at
Chicago, near the famous caravans, in which
Columbus made his discovery, the Nor-
wegian flag will bear witness to the intrep-
idity of Norse seamen, both in the days of
old and at the present time. The pam-
phlet on the Viking ship will also contain a
brief account of the Norway of today. It will
be published both in Europe and America
immediately after the ship starts on its
adventurous voyage. It is hoped that,
besides defraying the cost of building and
manning the vessel, the proceeds of the na-
tional subscription and of the sales of the
two books mentioned above, will leave a
surplus, which will be devoted to a home
for aged Norwegian sailors similar to the
"well-known Sailors' Snug Harbor" in
New York. R.T.E.

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one American author, Poe, has since gained a name at all commensurate with Cooper's abroad."
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readers. "The wind of the lakes and the prairies
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