

NO SECRECY ABOUT IT.

LOVE MAKING SCENES AMONG ENGLISH RUSTICS.

Quaint Old Cathedral Towns. Where Modern Ideas are Disregarded—Morning, Noon and Night in Gloucester—Vast and Gloomy Cathedrals.

From among the Cotswold Hills I had for days caught enticing glimpses of the spires and roofs of ancient Gloucester grouped about the huge tower of its splendid cathedral, all snuggled amid rich verdure beside the gleaming waters of the Severn. The old cathedral town, far from the worn ways of travel, rich in history, legends and quaint old architecture of long ago, and still peaceful and simple in its provincial coloring and ways, at last won me from the mountains through winding beech-lined roads and blossoming hawthorn lanes.

In every other English cathedral town I have visited, I have always found a "High street" the principal thoroughfare into which all others lead and from which some picturesque wynd or court brings you direct to the cathedral close. It is different in Gloucester. There was once a famous cross in the very centre of the city. The two main streets of the town intersect each other here. One running north and south, is Northgate and Southgate to and from the place still called "the Cross." The other is Eastgate and Westgate to and from the same spot.

All that which is picturesque and charming from its antiquity, and that is much in Gloucester, will be found within a distance of 500 yards from the Cross, upon these intersecting thoroughfares, or in the sleepy old courts leading into them always increasing in number and interest as you approach the Cross. In "the rows" of Chester will undoubtedly be found the greatest number of oddly constructed, half-timbered old Elizabethan houses of any provincial city of England.

But here in Gloucester are certainly more and more winsome individual instances. At the corner of Northgate street and Shakespeare road, where B. Jenkins, "soles and heels gents' shoes for two and sixpence, and ladies' at one and nine," and is also "barber and naturalist," who, with his "human wariouss" reminds you strikingly of "Mr. Venus" in Mutual Friend, is a quaint structure than ever Dickens painted.

A little further up the same street, at number 102, is a huge old building, now transformed into a foundry, where Sir William Gladstone, father of the present liberal leader, formerly carried on a banking business; and a five-pound note of his issue may still be seen in the Gloucester museum. Just opposite is the most characteristic old inn, entered through a huge arcade, I have yet found in England. It is called New Inn, though very, very old. It was built to accommodate the pilgrims to the tomb of Edward II., under the abbey of Thomas Seabroke in 1541. It is 451 years old and absolutely intact.

Most of the shops are entered by steps below the street. One, two, three and four century old buildings bulge and protrude above them. Nearly all the structures in the district previously referred to have second stories which project from one to three feet beyond the first, with curious old carved brackets, where they stand at street corners; and more than half have third and fourth stories projecting in same manner.

All have strange indescribably odd windows, tiny-paned, little, big, broad, narrow, long, short, round and square, with lead-cased lintels, and they furnish the quaintest collection of gables eyes ever beheld. Perhaps the primmest and tidiest of them all is the half-timbered home and printing house of Robert Raikes, at number 18 Southgate street. The body of the grand old philanthropist lies in the Church of St. Mary de Crypt, not fifty yards away.

Any one visiting the old cathedral towns of England will be deeply impressed by the extreme simplicity and almost rural character of their inhabitants. Barring the presence of a few modern innovations, one seems to have come into the atmosphere of an old English novel. This is especially true in Gloucester. All day long the thoroughfares have a quiet country-market coloring. The actual inhabitants slip about and attend to their meagre affairs with a smiling, humble, tolerant air, as though they had unconsciously taken on the manners of the cathedral vergers, and rather stood aside for the more strapping and brawny country element.

The latter furnish many pleasant studies. Long-coated, heavy-jewelled buyers are here. Frocked, listless, open-mouthed yomen are here. Your genuine English farmer is here, him with the stubby, sandy tabs of whiskers upon his ruddy face, with bushy brows, and a firm-set mouth that ever opens and shuts with a sound as though a huge cork had been violently pulled. Snappy-eyed farmers' wives are here, with ample skirts and bonnets, and plumes that would pique with envy a London costermonger belle. And better than all, here are bevy of the most radiant-faced English country-side lassies ever beheld.

A scene stirring and quite as characteristic comes with the evening. The four-tuned chimes of the sweet cathedral bells have scarcely ceased when thousands of Gloucester lads and lasses are upon the streets. The little shops are ablaze. All the household marketing of the day is now being done for the morrow. One can scarcely make progress on the narrow walks, and the mass overflows upon and fills the carriage ways. Then it is you will see innocent, unabashed, sturdy love-making at its best. There is no secrecy about it. The snacking is resonant, the caressing unchecked, the embracing muscular and ardent. It increases in activity and universality until ten o'clock. Then out go the lights and away to their homes whisk the young folk, their heavy hobs beating thunderously upon the resounding pavements. Almost in an instant you are alone with the helmeted roundsmen upon their beats and utter silence has fallen upon the old cathedral town.

And there are cathedrals and cathedrals besides. There is the vast and gloomy sort like York Minster; those of Doric ponderosity, like St. Paul's in London; and those that blind if not the spiritual the physical sight with their vastness and ghostliness like Canterbury.

But it seems to me that whether you

contemplate this Gloucester cathedral from without, until your mind's receptivities of form and proportion have brought its fine outlines and majestic central tower into the most fitting shape you can conceive stone to be set, in sacred structure; or have stood at the side of, and just beneath, its west window, within the nave, and followed its splendid lines of depth and height, up and on, up and on—past choir-screen and choir, the delicate flying buttresses across the great transept-opening above, the wondrous carvings of the chancel and the chantry faces, the high altar and the filmy Gothic reredos, to that marvellous east window, greatest in Britain, behind—you have here feasted upon as perfect a christian temple as the inspired builders have ever wrought.

And for these reasons: Massiveness and spaciousness have been brought into loving proportion. Perspective and embellishment are here a poem in harmony. Loftiness has been, in the delicate groining, fretwork and tracery of the roof, so luminously entwined, that all the upward aspect to the beholder is one of instant and lasting exaltation. Never elsewhere have I seen such perfect blending of miracles of human handwork with the magic of distance and the enchantment of light. It can only be likened to the arched vaulting of majestic forest trees, where innumerable interlacing branches and leaves so filter, but do not turn back the sunlight, that from highest arch to sward beneath, there is a pulsing, palpable transcendent glow.

To simply the art lover there is profound pleasure to be derived from a visit to Gloucester cathedral. The student of ecclesiastical arts will discover ample examples from the time of the old Anglo-Saxon builders down past the early Norman workers along the development in first and middle point, perpendicular, and the modern Gothic. Whoever loves to dwell upon ecclesiastical history will find a world of material in tradition and fact from the time of Lucius, in the second century, to that of Victoria in this. The antiquarian can come upon a no richer field. And he who delves in civil history will find much to feast upon here where parliaments have assembled, kings have been crowned and monarchs lie entombed. More unique, splendid and interesting than those of any other British cathedral are the cloisters. North and south they are 144 feet in length, 147 feet long in the east and west alleys, twelve feet wide and eighteen feet in height; with the famous chapter-house reached from the east walk. The fan-vaulting of its roof is the earliest specimen in England, and the most magnificent extant. Here in open, arched and embattled recesses, overlooking the sunny cloister-garth, the old monks studied and wrote. One will linger long and lovingly in these. And, could I have my wish, with the chapter-house for a dormitory, in these noble cloisters I would idle and dream, and in restfulness and peace work out some grand design.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

How to Hang Pictures.

If your picture is bad or disagreeable, says an art dealer, writing in *The Householder*, then it can not go too far out of sight; but why should not a good picture hang opposite the eyes of a person who stands before it, and not away above his head?

Nearly all pictures are hung sloping outward from the bottom to top—and this is necessary in the case of oil paintings—but an etching often looks best when hung perpendicularly and flat against the wall.

When two pictures containing figures are hung in juxtaposition, care should be taken that the figures should not be made to commit the rudeness of turning their backs on each other.

A minor consideration, but one which cannot always be regarded, is that the shadows in a picture should turn from the windows of the room where it hangs. Thus, if the shadow in the pictures fall toward the right, it would be well, if possible, to hang it where the light in the room comes from the left.

Another obvious rule is that, while a large and bold subject may look well hung at a height or at a distance from the spectator, a very small picture, or one containing minute figures, will be quite lost unless placed where it can be seen without difficulty.

A hint may also be given on the subject not directly connected with framing, but involving a popular error which seems to take a long time in dying out. This is the supposed necessity for having pictures in pairs, or "companion pieces." It is very well to match a pair of carriage horses or the andirons in a fireplace; but artists' ideas do not run in pairs, and no really artistic picture should be dependent on some picture of the same size and shape.

It would be wrong to condemn any two pictures because they appear to correspond in subject or in size—because most rooms contain pairs of corresponding wall spaces which call for pictures of about an equal size. It is only the unreasoning insistence upon "companion pieces" which is wrong, for it degrades the pictures to the level of mere wall furniture.

A Quaint System of Bookkeeping.

In a book of accounts found on the premises of a bankrupt dealer in a city in the West of England, were the following names of credit had been given, and which would have puzzled all the official receivers in the kingdom:—Woman on the key, Jew woman, coal woman, old coal woman, fat coal woman, market woman, pale woman, a man, old woman, littel milk girl, candle man, stableman, coachman, big woman, lame woman, quiet woman, egg man, littel black girl, Jew man, Mrs. in a cart, old Irish woman, woman in Corn street, a lad, man in the country, long Sal, Mrs. Irish woman, Mrs. feather bonnett, blue bonnett, green bonnett, green coat, blue britches, big britches, the woman that was married, and the woman that told me of the man.

Why They Would Rather Not.

An Australian lady, having advertised for two housemaids, was called upon by two stylishly-dressed young ladies, who were shown into the drawing-room and were treated as callers, until they remarked that they had come in consequence of the advertisement. They explained that "Par had been droppin' it lately" and that consequently they found it necessary to take situations. When asked if they could wait at table, the reply was: "Well, yes, we can wait, but we'd rather not, as we might meet a lot of our friends."

WHERE THE HOMELESS SLEEP.

A Spot Lodging House Where Space and Pennies Count.

There are 10,000 people in New York every night without shelter.

At this season of the year some of them hide in Central park, some sit on the squares till a late hour, some continue to walk, and the heavens above only know what some do with themselves; but the sun finds every morning that this army of star gazers and early morning street walkers never grow less.

At an early morning hour a policeman was seen to hustle a half dozen of these poor fellows without shelter and couch out of one of the public squares. They drifted to the Bowery, the centre of gravity for so many wayfarers in this city, and were seen to enter a rickety old hostelry by way of a pair of steps. By this circuitous route of steps they found themselves in a small and dimly lighted room, making terms of lodging with a well fed looking fellow seated behind a small desk. But the host was doing business solely for the money and not conducting an institution of charity, for two of these half starved street arabs did not have the three cents, the price of lodging, and were ordered back to the streets, to be kept on the move by the police.

There was no sign on the street entrance to this office, but up over the office door, in large black letters on a dingy gray surface, was the following sign: "First class spot lodging—clean floors—good order." Then, under these lines, in much smaller letters: "Terms of fare per night: For seats on the floor, 3 cents; for seat in chair, 5 cents; for lying on the floor, 5 cents; for cot, 10 cents."

At this hour the man at the little pine desk in the corner of the small office was receiving a stream of guests, who were retiring as fast as they paid their lodging. It was General Booth's race of "belated savages," who constitute such a large element in New York's population, and here was a hotel run on certain business principles and with a profit with this class as patrons.

"You seem to be doing considerable business," said the reporter to the man at the desk, whose sharp business face smiled as he said: "Yes, this place is crowded every night."

"But how do you lodge them and how do you keep order among such characters?"

"I will show you the four rooms where these fellows sleep," and then he opened a door into a room about 10x10 feet, and adjoining the office. This room contained five rows of stool bottom chairs, and would seat twenty-five or thirty persons. Every chair had an occupant, who reposed with his head on the chair in front and his feet on the rounds. Every inmate appeared to sleep as soundly as a child.

In the next room the hard floor was literally covered with the forms of ill clad men, whose arms were placed under their heads for pillows. They were arranged in rows with heads to heads.

The third room was filled with cots, arranged as berths in a car, but only two feet apart. These cots were constructed by tightly stretching two parallel ropes across the room and tying them to staples driven into the wall. Coarse canvas was sewed upon these ropes, and the lodgers were shelved. A tramp who had ten cents could stretch himself on this canvas between two ropes.

The fourth and three cent room was a large one. Ropes tightly stretched across the room about three feet apart were tied into staples driven into the walls. The weary came in, sat down upon their calves, hung their arms akimbo upon the ropes for the reception of their heads and thus slept.

"But if they haven't the three cents?" inquired the reporter. "They don't get in. We kept a room in cold weather where all who could raise two cents might stand and rest their arms and head upon a rope. It is discontinued now."

This was all there was of an establishment scarcely greater than a large sized flat, and yet scores of human beings slept, moved and had their nightly being amid its squalid scenes and fetid atmosphere.

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The new method of rain-proofing coats and clothing fabrics will revolutionize the trade in waterproof goods. With the general adoption of goods treated by the Melissa process the reign of the old style mackintosh is forever ended. This is a foregone conclusion with all people who have tested the claims of the new process. When merely handling the goods which have undergone treatment no evidence of the strange quality it possesses is apparent. Unlike goods treated in the old way, the fabric retains its softness and has in appearance none of the characteristics by which waterproof goods are determined. The cloth retains its porous quality, and can be breathed through. It is this fact which makes one skeptical previous to witnessing the test by water. After that all doubt is dispelled. The strange power of repelling water is wonderful, and a matter of surprise to all. Coats and cloaks made with material treated by the Melissa process are not alone rain-proof, but porous and odorless. Being porous, a circulation of air around the body is permitted, which is absolutely necessary to health and comfort. This feature is one which cannot be found in any other garment.

Good News for the Afflicted.

Dr. A. Wilford Hall has informed me that he has reduced his "Health Pamphlet" from four dollars, the former price, to two dollars. This will make it come easier to many who are suffering and find it hard to raise four dollars to procure this drugless remedy that seldom fails to cure all internal diseases, such as constipation, dyspepsia, diarrhea, liver complaint, pulmonary troubles, kidney difficulty, rheumatism, cholera, piles, food stomach, sick headache, dizzy-head and cramps in the chest, etc., I have scores of most reliable testimony to the truthfulness of these statements, besides those given in a treatise called "The Extra Microcosm," published by Dr. Hall, which I will send free of charge to anyone sending me their address. And for two dollars I will send anyone "The Health Pamphlet." Address me at Guilford street, Carleton, St. John, N. B. If you are in the city call at Messenger and Visitor office, German street.

J. H. HUGHES,

General agent for Dr. Hall.

Cut this out and save it.

The Motherly Shepherd Dog.

The shepherd dog is the best mother in the animal kingdom. A neighbor of mine has a shepherd who has pups two or three months old, and not long ago a couple of the pups had a difference on some subject of canine interest and got to fighting. The mother heard them, and appearing to understand that the case was serious, ran out and attempted to separate them, holding one with her paws while she pushed the other away with her nose. She was unsuccessful, for the pups kept on fighting, and leaving them she ran into the house, and by barking and whining attracted the attention of her master, who rose and followed her into the yard. He lifted one of the pups by the tail and the other by the hind legs and soon shook the belligerency out of them, and though the poor little mother looked on with manifest distress at the roughness of the means employed, she was evidently satisfied with the result, for as soon as the pups were released and sneaked off, she capered about her master, fawning on him in every way showing her gratitude.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

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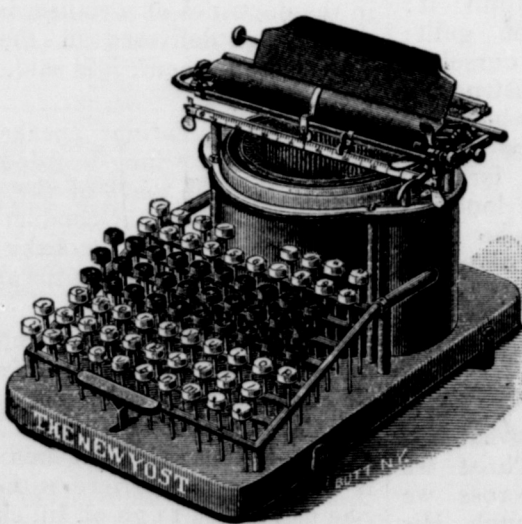
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