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"Look at that little fellow. Now, did you ever see anything more natural? Why, you can actually see the dust on his feet," is exclaimed a hundred times a day.

...with a party of three... ladies stopped before Remington's great canvas and for ten minutes... observations and drew diagrams... to determine whether the skeleton of a... on the desert sand, would really... have fallen with its feet toward the... of the horse. The ladies listened... in respectful awe. This was art... criticism. Not a word was said about... the artist, attending the skeleton of a... of the plains. The thin, hot atmosphere of the picture evoked no comment. Not even the expression on the... of the mounted men called forth the usual "I wonder if the Indians kill... him, or if it was the soldiers, or if... he lost his way and starved to death."

The picture by Horatio Walker is unfortunately the subject of much controversy. In the foreground are two... of oxen drawing a plow through... that seems to be a "stubbled... born globe." The real artist in the gallery finds a wealth of power in the composition and a marvelous harmony in color; but the layman bursts in upon him with a question: "Why is that man holding his arm up? Is he going to strike the ox? The poor fellow seems to be pulling as hard as he can already." Or "Are they going home now? Is it sunset or sunrise? Why didn't the plow stop at that patch?"

The artist probably knows that the lines of the composition required that the driver's arm be raised, and that it was a question of line and mass. It is Mr. Walker to show his painted field in two sections instead of one; but it would do no good to tell the inquirer this.

Whistler's remarkable portrait of Rose O'Neil is in for its share of comment. "I don't see why they give that plain woman such a prominent place," is the most frequent remark. Another, a trifle more intelligent, that goes to show what a danger is in being a little too good. "Why the other day," "Well, that is Whistler that they make such a fuss about. For my part, I don't fancy a portrait cut out of calico and pasted on a background of London fog."

The most interesting remarks of the artistic "goats" are made in the section devoted to the splendid loan collection. "Which one is the Rembrandt?" is the first question. "I wouldn't," he says, "admit that I hadn't seen the Rembrandt for anything."

One lady carried her question a step farther: "Now I wish you would tell me who painted the Rembrandt. I always like to know the name of the artist, just like I think it sounds so much better to always be able to give the name of the author when you speak of a new book."

"This is an original Rembrandt," was the guard's answer. "I wouldn't," he says, "admit that I hadn't seen the Rembrandt for anything."

Two other pictures in this same room serve to divide the sheep from the goats. One of them is "A Child's Study" by Kneller. In this composition there are a score of figures, with every conceivable expression, from joy to rage, on the faces and in the attitudes of the children. It contains material for a score of pictures, but in itself it is a confusion. There is no central theme, nothing on which the eye can rest. Around it the laymen gather to exclaim and admire.

The other is a group of three peasant women, washing clothes at the edge of a stream. It is from the brush of the great Millet, and it elicits scarcely a comment from the masses of visitors. Yet the artist sees in it a matchless harmony, a unity of thought and purpose, which must be the result of every real work of art. The central theme is a stolid, tired, hopeless peasant whose horizon is bounded by her dreary life, and the artist has carried this feeling of stolidity, of dull monotony and hopelessness, into the treatment of the background, the soil, the very garments that hang on the rack. This is art, the highest consummation of art, and when the World's Fair is ended the American people will have approached many steps nearer to a real appreciation of it.

EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS.

TESTIMONY TO DECLARATION.

Archives of Bethania Moravian Church, Written in German by the Pastor From 1775-9. A Faithful and Indispensable Record—A Translation of the Extract.

To the Editor of the Observer: In enclose a translation from extemporaneous records, written in German, in the archives of the Moravian church at this place during the year 1775, which refer to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, written by the pastor in charge of said congregation during the years 1774 to 1779. It is to be regretted that the writer did not give the document's exact words. However, this record cannot be disputed, and it is to be regretted that it is not in your hands. I can assure you to learn that we have this record, written at or about the time of its occurrence. I find these writings beautifully written in German, as far back as 1775.

O. J. LEHMANN.

(Translation from extemporaneous records written in German, in the archives of the Moravian church at this place during the year 1775, which refer to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, written by the pastor in charge of said congregation during the years 1774 to 1779. It is to be regretted that the writer did not give the document's exact words. However, this record cannot be disputed, and it is to be regretted that it is not in your hands. I can assure you to learn that we have this record, written at or about the time of its occurrence. I find these writings beautifully written in German, as far back as 1775.)

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LONG TRIP BY TROLLEY CAR. A FINE JOURNEY OF 254 MILES. The Course From New York to Boston in Through a New York High in Delightful Scenery and Historic Associations and the Trip is Being Taken by Many People During the Early Autumn Days.

Consequence of the Observer. New York, Sept. 24.—Perhaps the most surprising fact regarding the trolley trip between New York and Boston is that so many people are taking it, these inspiring autumn days. The journey via the line of people's automobiles is becoming popular and much frequented. One starts over the route of 254 miles feeling very much like the traveler who was the first that ever burst into an unknown sea only to discover on the first day out that apparently all the world's a trolley. True the line between the cities is not broken, an unbroken line of trolleys it should be between the two largest centres of population on the Western continent. There is still a little gap of six and one-half miles in Connecticut to the north of New Haven where one must take the train, hire a carriage or foot. Yet despite this little interruption in the glorious trip, the trolley-tripper is everywhere. Each car going in either direction seems to have at least a through passenger or two; young men from inland cities who are on their way to the city for their vacation; New Yorkers working their way to Boston and the New England coast by a route that gives them an unexcelled opportunity to see a bit of the country going along; specialized women from Boston traveling in cross and three guide-books in hand, studying local geography with loving conscientiousness as they fare forward.

For the most part the pace is leisurely enough. The trolley-trippers go from one town to another and stop off to see the sights. Occasionally, however, one encounters the rapid rider, who he starts at daybreak and pushes forward steadily until the last car has been pulled into the car-barn. Such a one, for example, was a lad from a New Hampshire city, who had left home on Sunday noon, and along the Massachusetts shore towards Boston and at 7 o'clock on Monday evening was encountered in Stamford, Conn., full of enthusiasm and determination to get into Gotham the same night.

Beyond question the best way to take this journey is from New York eastward, and one can hardly see how the Western or Southern visitor in the metropolis can more profitably extend his Eastern trip than by making the progress by trolley along Long Island Sound to New Haven, thence up to Hartford past the rich tobacco lands of the Connecticut to Springfield and so on through the hilly region of central Massachusetts to Worcester and Boston. It is the ideal way to see southern New England. Little accidents along the route inevitably leave the impression of remembrance; the news boys of New Haven, more persistent than the railway station fliers in other cities; the wild-eyed trippers looking out for Chesapeake Bay in the Chesapeake village of Cheshire where the break in the line occurs; the picturesque barefooted Italian woman in the square at New Britain, wheeling her bambino in a thoroughly up-to-date baby carriage.

One of the amusing names of places seen on the way is the installation of the Avon Park on Stratford, and the Waverly House, kept by Walter Scott; the hot buttered popcorn bought of a cripplé at Enfield, and munched all the way through the beautiful stretch of green in Longmeadow; the drawing conversation of "Uncle Hiram," an old man encountered in Palmer, who admitted he for the life of him could not see why folks want to travel such distances by trolley when there were the steam cars to take them in five hours. Even the slightest accident assumes interest when from the vantage of the front seat of the rapidly moving car one feels constantly the swish of the autumn air and wonders regarding every hotel in the town ahead whether it holds out the promise of a square meal.

Then there is everywhere the local history, a bore to read up in as dry-as-dust compilations but a joy when apprehended on the spot. From the Bronx onward to Boston the tourist has hard work to gather in the wealth of history that lies on every side. Along the ancient post road which connected New York and Boston in colonial and Revolutionary days are the almost numberless relics of George Washington's celebrated New England tour made in 1776—a trip that has made more houses famous than any other little journey ever taken by an American. In fact, you may make up your mind while traveling through Connecticut, that every other old house you encounter is a relic of the Revolution. The truth to tell, must have preserved the English habit of eating five meals a day and must have been afflicted with something like the sleeping sickness of Uganda. And the best of it is that from the point of view of patriotic Americans all these Washington cases are authentic, as, for example, the ancient Haviland Inn at Rye, opened in 1731 under the landlordship of Peter Brown and given a good advertisement by the Father of his country who wrote in his diary under the date of October 15, 1789, that "Mrs. Haviland keeps a very neat and decent inn." The property has lately been acquired by a number of residents of Rye who will no doubt make of it a local historical museum for the preservation of relics.

And so along the whole route. There are gray structures at Norwalk, spared by the British who burned the town in the Revolution; the celebrated house with the red closets at Fairfield; Trumbull's grandiose paintings of Revolutionary battles in the Yale College Art Museum; the numerous historic relics in the city of Hartford; the famous Olive Ellsworth mansion in Windsor. This last, which is on a newly opened trolley route connecting Hartford and Springfield on the west side of the river, has been filled by the Daughters of the Revolution with a large collection of colonial antiques. Of course, Washington stopped at this mansion—that is familiar history—but a little further on is the Deane house, a historic house that is memorable, although it is one of the few at which the President did not stop, perhaps because it is well established that he crossed the river at Windsor and went up through Longmeadow.

Thence from Springfield, where the United States arsenal calls up, especially to the Boston women, from preparations for the international peace convention soon to meet in the New England metropolis, memories of Longfellow's inspired poem, the route East onward what with a little imagination may be regarded as the old Bay Path by which the early settlers came from the granite and fertile hills of Shawmut down to the rich valley of the Connecticut. History continues to be, at least from the guide-book point of view, the leading industry of most of the towns passed through on the way to Worcester. Even where Revolutionary history is

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wanting and there 's no house up for a meal, some more modest here or philanthropist has been industriously found and emphasized—as, for example, one learns in passing through the manufacturing town of Spencer that there was born one of the greatest benefactors of the race, Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine.

Approaching Boston one naturally expects to find history galore, and indeed ancient history a leading asset of the Hub—one that attracts thousands upon thousands of visitors every year? The air line between Worcester and Boston is however distinguished rather by its progressiveness than its antiquity. With its straight double track, laid for the most part over private right of way, and its well equipped interurban cars making the distance of forty miles in a few minutes over two hours, it forms a fitting climax to the long trolley trip and prepares the tourist to discover in the system of the Boston Elevated Company the best existing scheme of rapid transit that has as yet been devised for an American city. As for the ancient history of Boston, there is little less of it through the parts of Westboro, Southboro and Frammingham that the line traverses, than might have been expected. In the latter neighborhood, at least there is the Ward Place in Shrewsbury where Washington stopped on his way to the siege of Boston, and in the Baptist church of Westboro, a well preserved bell from the foundry of Paul Revere. Meantime the easy-riding trolley all too soon brings up on the edge of Brookline and thence proceeds at a more leisurely pace to the richest town in the United States into the heart of Boston. There, of course, history lies spread out in every possible direction, all it reaches for is a work of trolleys that have been extended thickly all over eastern Massachusetts.

Apart from the historical associations the trolley route from New York to Boston deserves to become better known for the beauty of the landscape. The steam railroads often run through the least attractive parts of the country and particularly inappropriately to large towns. Over and over again one hears along the trolley route, "I have often seen this place from the railroad and thought it ugly; it was never before realized that it has so attractive a residence section."

And between towns the trolley gives the best possible view of the New England scenery, now gliding close to the September gray waters of Long Island Sound; now following the course of the glistening Connecticut; now crossing the blue hills of the Ware valley past the sandy-shored lake of Wickabog, and finally coming into the valley of the Charles, picturesque and beautiful as the other pleasures of the year, will flow Bostonward by trolley.

FADS IN TEXT BOOKS. A Kiek From a Teacher—English Grammar Reduced to a "Mystified Muddle" and the Multiplication Table Not Safe.

To the Editor of the Observer: About everything now in the way of science and literature, has been modernized, from the Bible to Shakespeare, Dickens, and down to Blum's Almanac.

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MARIANA. Written for the Observer. My friend Mariana came to see me this morning. Mariana is both a belle and a beauty. Her beauty is of the blond type and her fluffy golden hair was parted Madonna-wise, on either side her head.

"Mariana," I said, "where is your pompadour?" "The greater part of it," said Mariana, "is in my top bureau drawer. It is no longer the thing to wear a pompadour. And you know I always follow the fashions, even if I never catch up with them."

It was a rainy day—a stormy day. Mariana sat watching the wind-shaken trees and looking so quiet and demure, with her chin in her hands, and a dreamy light in her eyes—when Mariana has that light in her eyes I feel sure she has been in mischief. Suddenly her face dimpled. Then her whole countenance broke into laughter. She laughed till the prose portrait pictures rattled on the walls.

When Mariana laughs that way I know I have only to wait and I shall hear the whole story. "Well," I said, at last. "Well," said Mariana, sitting up, and looking at herself in the glass—Mariana is a rum creature? "Well, I'm in a peck of trouble—a whole ton of trouble." I waited, and then Mariana began, and when Mariana begins one has only to sit and listen.

"You see, it was this way," she said, "you know Blank Black?" "I have heard you speak him before," I said, dryly. "He said good-night to me. Well, you know, never did think him the only man. But he certainly is convenient to have around, and usually I can stand him, if I'm in a good humor—and you know my amiability is my strong point. But lately he has been troublesome and I have gotten tired. I think he had been more boring than usual and the night was perfect and the garden glorious in the moonlight, and I kept wishing him in China and somebody else in his place. It was 11 o'clock when he got up to go, and then until after two broad hints."

Mariana paused, and her face began to crimson. "I'm not very proud of this episode," she said, "I don't believe I care to tell."

"Oh," I said sternly. "Well, you know he is not very tall, and the piazza-step, you know how light they are and if he hadn't stood so near the edge it never could have happened."

"Lucid!" quoth I. "He said good-night two times, already, and you know what a sharp stone this is in this ring and to have a sharp stone pressed into one's finger isn't pleasant."

"Mariana," I said sitting up, and looking shocked, "what do you mean?" "Yes," she said, "I mean that it is, under certain circumstances, unpleasant to have one's fingers crushed. Of course, there are times—but this is digestive."

"The short of it is that I slapped his face. He was standing at the top-edge of the piazza, and he was so astonished he lost his balance and rolled down those 13 steps and hit the pavement like a rubber ball."

"Mariana paused and looked at me, appealingly. "Wasn't it dreadful? Was it dreadful?" she said in a breath. I ignored the question for it was speechless. The dignified Blank Black rolled down 13 steps. "Like Iser rolling rapidly" was before my mental retina.

"Mariana," I said, at last, "what did you do?" "Do?" I fled. I heard something that began and ended with the third letter of the alphabet, but by that time I had shut the hall door and was shivering and shaking. I thought—suppose tomorrow finds him a corpse and the coroner has to come and sit on him. I wondered what they would do with him, and what they would do with me. And about that time I heard another word, or the same one, and I peeped out and he was slowly limping down the walk, looking so desolate in the soft moonlight.

Mariana was silent for a little while, and then she sighed. "I don't care so much if he just won't tell. But my fear is that his sense of humor is greater than his sense of pride—does love a good joke. He was sitting in this morning for I met him and his treatment was so cold it gave me the tooth-ache."

"When did this happen?" I asked. "A week ago. And I'm beginning to miss his Huylers and my American Beauties are fading. Oh, dear! Why have I such a temper?" And Mariana sighed again.

WHEN THE HEART IS AFFECTED BY rheumatism or any of the muscles near that organ it is like tampering with an electric wire for death may come at any moment. If life is worth it, do not hesitate, but get Dr. Drummond's Lightning Remedy. Send \$5 to the Drummond Medicine Co., New York, and they will send you two large bottles, enough for a month's treatment, by first express. It is not as fast as electricity, but will save your life if you take it in time.

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PARENTS OF VETERANS. A Suggestion That a List of Those Now Living in the State be Compiled. To the Editor of the Observer: We have organizations of Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the war between the States and the Spanish-American war. Also between organizations of those living who served in either war, but who can tell how many parents of veterans of the civil war are living? For one, would like to know how many living persons in Mecklenburg county had sons in the Confederate army. In fact, I think it would be the correct thing to do to find out if possible the names and addresses in each county of parents of Confederate veterans now living and I will ask the Observer to publish this, asking the papers in each county to get up the list to be furnished to the local camps where they have one and to the State organization. I am confident the good people of North Carolina would like to know how many parents are still alive, and I feel sure the Children of the Confederacy would esteem it a high privilege and honor to keep a register in each county and a list of the first to start this movement? F. O. HAWLEY, Charlotte, Sept. 19th.

A Fine Cotton Crop in Catawba. Newton Enterprise. Cotton is opening very rapidly and picking is going on in every direction. Leaves are beginning to shed, and people are finding that there are more bolls than they thought they had. Taking the crop as a whole, in this county, we believe it is the best that has been raised in a good many years. If frost keeps back till the middle of next month, the county will not fall much short of 10,000 bales.

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