

THE PARIS OF AMERICA.

FOUR FAMOUS HILLTOP RESORTS OF CINCINNATI, O.

Fashionable Pleasure Haunts of the Inclined Plane—Lookout, Bellevue, Price's Hill and Highland House—The Beautiful Ohio Scenery.

One of the unique features of Cincinnati, which attracts the stranger more particularly, are its hilltop resorts, the city being situated in an amphitheatre formed by hills, which rise 400 or 500 feet on the north, east and south. It was long thought that these hills would form an insuperable barrier to its growth, but by the happy expedient of the inclined railways these obstacles have become the crowning glory of the city. For in the cool and invigorating atmosphere of these hills have a great portion of its citizens built delightful country houses, and for the great mass of people, who can only spare time for an occasional visit to the hills, there have been constructed at the head of the several inclined railways pavilions and pleasure grounds which are open, free to all. As these resorts have been the scenes of historical political conventions, and are often alluded to in the press, a brief description of them will not be found amiss.



HIGHLAND HOUSE.

The battle of Gettysburg, and the very extensive fireworks displays that are frequent on summer evenings. Running the entire length, and reaching far out over the edge of the cliff is the Belvedere, the floor of which is partly stone, with a seating capacity of 7,000. Here and there, at convenient distances are elegant statues in stone, bronze, iron and marble; also beds of beautiful flowers, which fill the cool mountain air with their dense fragrance. At the north end of the Belvedere is a large grotto orchestra platform in which one of the various bands play. The other end of the Belvedere terminates with a lovers' retreat in the shape of a cave built of black rock, the inside of which has many fantastic shapes, with stalactite formations everywhere and a stellary canopy.

The views from all parts of the ground, and especially from the esplanade, Belvedere and balconies, are as grand as any in the Ohio valley. The Ohio river, which from here can be seen for five miles, spanned by three magnificent bridges, is filled with every kind of craft from the birch bark canoe to the magnificent double-deck steamer; the romantic beauty of the Kentucky hills and blue grass valleys; the picturesque scenery of the Licking valley; the charming landscape of Eden park, together with a full view of Cincinnati, Covington, Newport and Ludlow, form a panorama of the grandest and most varied character.

Electric and gas lamps are used throughout the grounds and buildings, which, from their number, make the whole quite as light as day. The scene at night from the Belvedere, overlooking the city, is quite as fine as that of the day. Owing to the dense smoke from innumerable factories and mills, which hangs over the city and beneath your gaze, makes the myriads of lamps give a flickering and uncertain light through the murky blackness. The horizon is not perceptible, and above the blue-black dome of heaven is filled with the lights of blinking spheres. Thus it is that we may gaze overhead and down the scroll of distance, on until the eye rests at our very feet, we see nothing but black night and blinking stars.

STRAY BRAND.

The French Minister of War—Will He Become Dictator?

It is the unexpected that happens in France, and just now all Europe is expecting something to happen there. Successful as the present government in our sister republic seems to be, there is an inborn desire among Frenchmen for a hero—a strong, dashing, fearless leader, one who will carry himself far above the law. It is the old story of the frogs desiring a king. They treated with contempt the log king that Jupiter sent them, on account of the familiarity such a king permitted; but they were compelled to respect and fear the stork, their later king, who devoured them as he willed.

Looking back at the list of leaders of the French people, from "Little Nap." to Gambetta, it would appear that the stork king was what they most admired, and judging from his past career, this is about what they are going to have in the person of Gen. Boulanger, the present minister of war in the de Freycinet cabinet.



GEN. GEORGE ERNEST BOULANGER.

Gen. Boulanger's career thus far has been like the upward flight of a rocket, and his future will bear watching. He is the youngest of the French generals, being yet not quite 50. He is the son of a Breton lawyer, while his mother was English. Thus he combines the fire and dash of one race with the coolness and sturdiness of the other. He possesses a magnificent military physique, and since his recent duel and the publication of an article in *The Paris Figaro*, in which Boulanger is mentioned as "a menace to the republic, owing to over-arching ambition that will not rest until he has either plunged France into a war of revenge with Germany or has had himself proclaimed dictator."

This article has set all Europe agog, and on investigation of Boulanger's career it is found he has been governed by the principle that might, under whatever form it manifests itself, overrules right in spite of all the fine essays to prove the contrary, and with *La Fontaine* he believes "the logic of the strongest is always the best."

HOP PICKING.

A VAGRANT ART STUDENT'S SKETCHES IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

Interesting Notes Among the Hop Growers—Picking, Bleaching and Drying. The Hardships of the Day, and the Dance on the Old Barn Floor at Night.



Of phase of country life appeals more strongly to the artist than hop picking. Even the yard is attractive. Here are long rows of poles, each bearing sturdily its burden of twisting, climbing vines, and each row repeated again and again, until the eye loses itself in the distance and sees only a mass of quiet green. And what a wanton growth it is! The pushing, eager plants climb those poles to the very top, and then, dropping from their own weight, swing their slender tips helplessly in the air, or seizing upon some neighbor that has incautiously leaned that way crawl over it in a wild tangle of hop and leaf and curling tendrils.

The pickers work at bins centered in irregular rows through the yard, and pleasing poses, bright bits of color and pretty groupings are varied and artistic as one could wish. These bins are built of rough pine boards, and have huge "pockets" of sacking. They are strong, yet light enough to be easily carried by two persons. A "ridge pole" laid along the bin from end to end supports the poles while their feathery load is tumbled noiselessly into the pockets. Three persons, as a rule, work at one bin, and there is many a quaint study among these oddly assorted trios. The help is not all "local." There is too much work on hand to make this a neighborhood affair, and pickers come from all the surrounding country and even from distant towns. So it happens that among them are misses from boarding school, clerks off for a holiday, and people who enjoy the life in a hop yard and come mainly for exercise and recreation. Noise and gaiety abound. Children laugh and cry alternately; mothers scold, work and gossip with equal facility; there are shrill cries for hops, the continuous hum of conversation and the rattle of poles. Often a fragment of song, lightly caroled by some happy girl, will be caught up by her companions and grow in volume till the whole yard is echoing the refrain. In the evening there is singing at the farm house, but the singers there feel restraint, and their song loses the freedom that comes with the sunshine and the birds.



A BIT OF THE HOP YARD.

Picking hops is not a pastime by any means. It is downright hard work. For those unaccustomed to exposure this outdoor life has much discomfort. In the morning the vines and poles are wet with rain and dew. Soon the heat becomes oppressive, and wraps that were so comfortable an hour ago are hung on the bins, to be used again later in the day. There are myriads of hop lice, too; dirt and stain, aching heads and tired arms; faces tan under the scorching sun, and tender fingers bleed from contact with the rough vines. Still, the occupation is a help toward that which we are all seeking—a livelihood.

This article was not written to describe in detail the raising of hops, nor to call special attention to that industry. It is merely a collection of notes made by a vagrant art student during a visit to the hop yards in the picking season. The valley described, half hidden among the hills of western New York, is probably a fair sample of other hop-growing portions of the state, and its exact location is a matter of little importance.

At 12 o'clock the pickers stop work for dinner and a little rest. Those from a distance board at the farm house and go to their meals when the bell rings. In the yards, where local help is employed, there is usually a rough shanty, where tea and coffee are served and the contents of the dinner pails enjoyed in a picnic fashion, quite in keeping with the surroundings.



TAKING IT EASY.

In every yard men are employed to measure the hops and put them in sacks for transportation to the dry house. When the measurer appears with his basket the pickers begin a hasty examination of their bins and hurriedly remove all leaves and rubbish. Then the pickers receive tickets denoting the number of bushels picked, the hops are taken from the yard to the dry house and there dried, then pressed into bales for shipment. The dry house is usually a roomy structure, containing kilns for drying, a storage loft, and a space underneath for the press. The fires are kept going night and day while the picking lasts, for hops require about fourteen hours of drying, and they must be put on the kiln as soon as possible after they come from the field. They are first spread evenly over the floor of the kiln and bleached by burning sulphur in the furnace room beneath. After the bleaching the heat is increased, and the remainder of the night is passed in watching the fires, with occasional visits to the loft to note the condition of the kilns.

The people in this quiet valley are unaffected, straightforward and thoroughly in earnest. Industry is with them a "saving grace," and they care little for what the world calls progress. What are considered improvements in other hop growing sections find little favor here; they raise hops to-day as their

fathers raised them thirty years ago. Of course, there was much innocent flirtation among the young people, and sometimes a genuine courtship. Many young farmers of the neighborhood first met their wives in the hop yard. A pretty woman is not seen at a disadvantage when working at a hop bin. Laughing eyes are just as irresistible when shaded by a gingham bonnet, and a shapely form and graceful movements are as quickly discerned among the tangled vines as elsewhere. A noticeable feature of the social life at this season is the "Hop." These dances are usually in the barn or dry house, and after the picking is well under way they are of almost nightly occurrence. A platform for the use of the musicians and a few plank benches

along the sides prepare the old barn floor for the reception of Topsy-turvy; and the reign of the goddess, despite her rude surroundings, is quite as debonair as though her throne were in the blazing light of a fashionable ball room.



A PICKER'S HUT.

Some owners of hop yards have erected huts for the accommodation of their pickers. Here the families who come from distant towns and villages live during the hop picking, and it is an odd sight to come upon these quarters in the evening, when the smoke wreaths are curling up from the chimney and children play about the open door. Strange stories are told of depopulated hen roosts and empty pork barrels in the vicinity of these humble dwellings, and no doubt many of the pickers do try to make their brief sojourn in the hop country as profitable as possible.

The hop plant was introduced into the North American colonies early in their history. It was cultivated in Nien Netherlands in the year 1629, and in Virginia in 1648. Two hundred years later the raising of hops had become an established industry, and the census report for the year 1840 gives 6,000 bales as the crop of the United States. The cultivation of hops is confined to a comparatively small area. Over four-fifths of the crop raised in the United States is grown in New York.

C. HILLS WARREN.

SECESSION.

OUR NEIGHBORS OF NOVA SCOTIA DEMAND HOME RULE.

Falling in That, Their Leaders Say They Will Not Rest Until the Stars and Stripes are Floating Over the Peninsula.

We are having a struggle for home rule at our own doors that is of interest to the United States as well as Canada, but the Irish contest in the same cause overshadowed the one nearer by, while the fight promises to be just as bitter and the principles they struggle for are just the same.



GRINDING MEAL BY HAND.

The home rule demanded on this side of the Atlantic is by Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Newfoundland. Nova Scotia claims, however, to have the greatest grievance, which can only be satisfied by a repeal of the union with Canada and annexation to the United States.

By a glance at the map it will be seen that no portion of the peninsula of Nova Scotia reaches as high a latitude as the state of Maine; that is, this state shuts off the intercourse of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia from direct eastern communication with the markets in the rest of Canada, unless they carry their products by an all water route northward, and then down the St. Lawrence river. They are shut out from their natural market in the United States by the tariff, and here is where the shoe pinches and where relief would come by annexation.

Nova Scotia was settled originally by Frenchmen, under which it bore the name of Acadia. These simple, slow-going people, whom Longfellow has immortalized in verse, were supplanted by staid Scotchmen. The present generation of Nova Scotians are largely descendants of these settlers. They stick to their primitive methods of doing most everything, even to the grinding of the grain and the tilling of the soil, as shown in our illustrations. They care little how the world wags around them and are conservative and a block to liberal or repeal legislation.



A NOVA SCOTIA FISHING VILLAGE.

But after twenty years' trial of the confederation, during which the taxes have been piling higher and higher and the commerce and industries of the country have been sinking lower and lower, the Nova Scotian has at last awoke to the necessity of a repeal of the union with Canada, and he is as persistent in his demands for justice as he was heretofore dogged in clinging to the existing law. They have recently elected a local assembly overwhelmingly in favor of home rule, and many of their prominent men declare that if their request is not granted they will apply for annexation to the United States.

Many paragraphs of the numerous peti-

tions that have been forwarded to both the Canadian parliament and to England, recall similar complaints of the American colonies prior to the revolution. As far back as 1867 the Nova Scotia assembly passed the following:

"We, the representatives of Nova Scotia, having assembled for the purpose of constructing an administration, cannot separate without making known to our constituents our unanimous and unalterable determination to use every lawful and constitutional means to extricate this province from the operation of the 'British North American act,' the passage of which, in the imperial legislature, was obtained by falsehood, fraud and deception."



A CONSERVATIVE.

The assembly of 1884 passed the following: "That previous to the union of the provinces Nova Scotia was in a most healthy financial condition."

"That after sixteen years under the union, successive governments have found that the objections which were urged against the terms of union at first apply with still greater force now than in the first year of the union."

"That a notable inequality exists in the customs duties collected in Nova Scotia, as compared with customs duties collected in Ontario and Quebec."

"That Nova Scotia, in 1861, had a population of 330,857, and in 1866—the year before the union of the provinces—she imported \$14,381,068 worth of goods, dutiable and free, on which she collected \$1,235,338.87 of duties, being 88.51 on each \$100 worth of goods imported. In 1881 the province had a population of 440,572, imported in 1882 \$8,501,589 of goods, from which the Dominion government collected a duty of \$2,020 per \$100, while Nova Scotia was obliged to pay \$25.51 per \$100 of goods imported."

To a newspaper correspondent the attorney general of Nova Scotia said:

The United States annexation movement will begin when the tariff is removed from international traffic. If the Liberal party were strong enough to prevail upon the United States senate the advantages to be derived, by free trade I think, the difficulties would be small, particularly if a strong tariff were set against all foreign governments by the Canadians and American people. If alliance can ever be formed, Canada will be annexed to the United States without delay.

Without home rule Nova Scotia will prostrate a struggle, which will not end until the stars and stripes are floating over her

THE ANARCHIST TRIAL.

Chicago's Cause Celebrates Its Sensations. Detectives Who Were Anarchists.

One of the most remarkable trials that ever engaged the attention of any court in this country is undoubtedly that of the eight Anarchists of Chicago, who are on trial for their lives, the act with which they are charged being the murder of police officer Matthew J. Degan, who was one of those killed by the explosion of the dynamite bomb. August Spies, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Chris Spies, C. R. Parsons, George Engel, Adolph Fischer and Louis Lingg are the accused.

The attack on the police occurred, it will be remembered, on the evening of May 4 last. While the first shock of the affair lasted it was thought that it would be next to impossible to obtain evidence to convict members of such a secret oath-bound society. But as the trial progressed the prosecution has heaped surprise upon surprise in the way of evidence, showing in a startling way that the explosion of the bomb in the old Haymarket square was but the first move in a carefully planned and long organized purpose of annihilating the police and fire department of the city of Chicago, when the city would be given over to pillage and a repetition of the scenes in Paris during the reign of the commune.



SCENE IN THE COURT ROOM.

To secure a jury, 102 citizens were examined before the twelfth was selected. The first sensational event of the trial was the testimony of Gottfried Wallers, an Anarchist, who, turning state's evidence, swore that he had belonged to an armed body of Anarchists, and who described in detail the preparations that had been made by the leaders (the defendants on trial) for the capture of the city. It was, he said, the purpose to disable the fire department as well as the police. He described a meeting at which he said it was decided that they were to kill everybody who opposed them. It was also proposed at that meeting that Anarchists should mingle with the crowds in the city's streets, and kill everybody right and left. The state has also produced a witness, William Selinger, who also produced Louis Lingg was the man who made the fatal bomb, while other witnesses testify that Spies lit the bomb and Schnaubelt threw it.

Other sensations of the trial was the gradual development of the fact that the Chicago police, as well as the Canadian government, have had several detectives sworn in as members of these Anarchistic societies, and these detectives assisted in the plotting and kept their respective governments posted on every move of the Anarchists.