

tempests, and so temper wind and wave that December is like May, and May like a Northern June all the year around.

Over one hundred years ago the Franciscan Fathers planted their mission here, one of twenty-one, a day's journey apart between San Francisco and San Diego. It is still well preserved, and an object of great interest to tourists, with its double towers, its gray moss covered walls, and its corridors and cells, holy with the incense of the prayers of the recluse for more than a century.

This has been the fourth anniversary of the Flower Festival in Santa Barbara, and each one brings more forcibly to the mind of the traveller the pageants of Southern Europe, with their abandon and enthusiasm. "San Francisco has her Mardi Gras," "Los Angeles her fiesta," "San Diego her rough riding pasainos," but the Festival of Santa Barbara is unique in its character, and growing world-wide in its reputation. Thousands of tourists and health-seekers flock here every year to be present, and the city's accommodations are crowded to their utmost to meet the demand, ample as the Arlington is with its tropical grounds, the San Marcos and many other hotels.

A broad boulevard runs along the bay and state street which is the only business street of any importance, beautifully paved; it runs back from this a distance of about two miles, extending almost to the Old Mission.

The decorations were triumphal arches of palms and waving pampas plumes, surmounted by the national colors, the Spanish colors of red, green and yellow, and the State colors of white and gold. One arch was exceptionally chaste in plaited fans of white and gold, and feathery pampas pillars with bases of palms.

There were miles of Cypress ropes, over two hundred palm trees about fifty feet apart, a fish net drapery across the street covered with over ten thousand Duchess roses. The wide Corso at tribunes was ablaze with draped buntings on the seats and overhead thousands of tiny banners waved and twinkled in the breeze.

The festival proper began with a flower show on Wednesday in the pavilion, which was decorated with palms, cypress, and pampas, with booths made entirely of flowers. In one of these we counted seventy-six varieties of roses, in another forty-eight from private collections. The great day was Thursday, when the "Bataille des Fleurs" took place in the grand Corso. Every one went laden with flowers, baskets and bundles that would have made an eastern florist rich, armed for the conflict, and at a given signal by the Marshal the procession moved forward under the triumphal arches past the applauding multitude.

The horsemen came first. Spanish Dons and Hidalgos on coal black steeds, caparisoned with sashes, mantles and saddle blankets of flowers. Some were black velvet margined with the lovely yellow California poppy, and marigold. Others were in suits of white on white steeds with lavender bridles and netting covered with wisteria. Others in scarlet and crimson geraniums, pink and white carnations, shield helmet and armor of flowers.

After these came the floats. Among the most beautiful were those representing May day, with a great number of beautifully dressed children supporting a May pole. On the corners four children in Spanish costume, held calla lily trumpets. Another

was a coach covered with roses and lined with moss and swarming with Palmer Coxe's Brownies, who at last were parading in their various characters in open daylight.

Another was a prairie schooner of '49, drawn by white mules, another a hunter's camp of fern, Spanish moss, and roses.

The most beautiful by far and the winner of the first prize was "La Reina, de las Rosas." It was pure white, ten by fifteen feet, and drawn by four white horses. Over fifteen thousand La Mark roses were used in its decoration. A beautiful girl springing from the heart of a rose, underneath a gossamer canopy, shielded her head from the wind's caress, with one hand, with the other she guided a huge butterfly, on which a cupid in white and gold was seated, also reining in other butterflies.

The bicycles were represented by a floral boat, with a flower covered sail, supported by four safeties.

In a nautilus shell, covered with yellow fressia, and drawn by four spirited black horses, sat four ladies with primrose gowns and parasols. The prize waggonette was covered with pink roses packed closely. The ladies were in white, driving four white horses with pink harness. In advance of these and connected with them, were three white horses with lavender reins, flowers and ribbons, ridden by horsemen in lavender costumes.

The carts were in many designs, the prize one was of white marguerites, one solid mass of flowers, the wheels one large marguerite, the ladies in white and yellow.

The wild mustard phaeton was among the most attractive. The ladies wore gauzy dresses of the same tint, and hats to match the exquisite costumes.

There were vehicles in white and red roses, pink and white carnations, white brodea and many other flowers mingled, and two children in tiny carts covered with flowers who drove goats that were occasionally as refractory as the prancing steeds of the Spanish cavaleros.

An Oriental lady closely veiled, dressed in pure white, was guarded by a Moorish attendant and the Spanish band played soft Castilian airs as the procession swept along, a poem in flowers, a symphony in color.

Suddenly a bugle sounded the signal for the battle, and missiles began to fly in every direction from the crowded amphitheatre of the tribunes, from the floats, carts, phaetons, and waggonettes, and the battle waged fierce and long between fair lady and handsome knight, till the dead and dying roses stained the white pavement, and the horses' hoofs crushed and mingled the perfume of countless flowers, while the sun tipped the peaks of Santa Ynez with crimson.

In the evening the illuminated parade again crowded the Corso, as the polo match did the race track on Friday.

Friday evening the pavilion was a blaze of youth and beauty, and of floral and tropical decorations for the grand ball and the end of the festivities.

Twenty misses of Santa Barbara, some of them small children, represented different flowers in their exquisite costumes. Pink carnations, yellow and white poppies, bluebells, fuchsias, roses in all colors, passion flowers, marguerites, carnations and with hoops of flowers, burst upon the vast assembly, a garland of girls, a mass of color, to the strains of Sousa's Washington Post March.

They wove in and out in the most

graceful figures, passing and re-passing, saluting, turning in countless convolutions, clustering in pretty bouquets, while the solo dancers danced the Spanish dances "Ramilleta" and the "Naranga," swaying and poising here and there, under the ever varying calcium lights.

The floral dances over, the orchestra struck up the Lancers, and the waiting, breathless crowd joined in the festivity. Till the "wee sma hours," the fairies "tripped the light fantastic" to melting strains of music, and the uniforms of the officers of the Monterey anchored in the bay, mingled with the ladies' beautiful costumes, while here and there behind a fan a dark-eyed Spanish maiden lisped love in the soft accents of her native tongue.

So ends Carnival week in Santa Barbara; city of the beautiful saint, her namesake. And still the arches toss their plumes, still every window and balcony is garlanded with flowers and flower pieces in quaint designs, and every breeze that passes is laden with the breath of a wilderness of unplucked blossoms of orange buds and roses.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

PARIS LETTER.

The new coercion law, to stamp out the Anarchists, does not meet with unanimous approval, but it is not so bad as the adversaries of the measure depict it. True, it is vigorous, a law of exception, but dealing with exceptional circumstances. The anarchic evil has been growing apace for ten years, the Government hesitating to grapple with the malady till a series of revolting crimes roused society to defend itself. It is only against bad people that the law is framed, but cautious folks fear that, once on the statute-book, its clauses can be directed against political opponents that might have ideas not in harmony with the powers that may be. As for the extreme Republicans, who claim to possess the Holy Grail of liberalism, they are fit to be tied. The conduct of the Government is the abomination of desolation, etc.; the Second Empire never dared to take such a step, etc. The law against the Anarchists, voted in 1893, only dealt with collective anarchy; the law now intended will grip individuals who by "any means" propagate anarchy, to the injury of persons or property, by speeches, conversation, letters, comic skits, newspaper articles etc. Penalty, three to thirty-six months imprisonment and 100 to 2,000 fr. fine. Is it before the Court of the Police Correctionnelle that the trials will take place. This is a court with very sumptuary powers, and which handles cases that the Assize Court and jury might blunder over. Here the trial will take place and at which the public is free to assist, only the proceedings must not be published, just as in the case of divorce trials. This will cut short Anarchists posing, and suppress incendiary speeches to unhinge society. Orators and editors will be at liberty, as now, to attack the President of the Republic or calumniate his Ministers, subject to being indicted before a jury. When the barbarians of civilization attack the very existence of society, the latter, though at the twelfth hour, may be excused hitting back with compound interest.

It is very seldom that a general has to run the gauntlet of a court martial for inadvertently killing one of his subordinates. On the 14th June last, General-of-Division