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THE LAMENT OF EL MOULOK. BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

WITHIN the sacred precincts of the mosque. Even on the very steps of St. Sophia, He lifted up his voice and spoke these words, El Moulok, who sang naught but love-songs once, And now was crazed because his son was dead:

O ye who leave Your slippers at the portal, as is meet, Give heed an instant ere ye bow in prayer.

Ages ago, Allah, grown weary of His myriad worlds, Would one star more to hang against the blue.

Then of men's bones, Millions on millions, did He build the earth.

Of women's tears, Down falling through the night, He made the sea.

Of sighs and sobs He made the winds that surge about the globe.

Where'er ye tread, Ye tread on dust that once was living man.

The mist and rain Are tears that first from human eyelids fell.

The unseen winds Breathe endless lamentation for the dead.

Not so the ancient tablets told the tale, Not so the Koran! This was blasphemy, And they that heard El Moulok dragged him hence, Even from the very steps of St. Sophia, And loaded him with triple chains of steel, And cast him in a dungeon.

None the less Do women's tears fall ceaseless day and night, And none the less do mortals faint and die And turn to dust; and every wind that blows About the globe seems heavy with the grief Of those who sorrow, or have sorrowed, here. Yet none the less is Allah the Most High, The Clement, the Compassionate. He sees Where we are blind, and hallowed be His Name!

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MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

first part.

T seems to me that if one is to write profitably do so without a frankness concerning one's self as well as others which might be misunderstood. But I wish to make of my own personality merely a background which certain important figures are projected against, and I am willing even to sacrifice myself a little in giving them relief. I will try to show them as they seemed to me, and I shall not blame any one who says that they are not truly represented; I shall only claim that I have truly represented their appearance, and I shall not claim that I could fully conceive of them in their reality.

Ĩ.

If there was any one in the world who had his being more wholly in literature than I had in 1860, I am sure I should not have known where to find him, and I doubt if he could have been found nearer the centres of literary activity, or among those more purely devoted to literature than myself. I had been for three years a writer of news paragraphs, book notices, and political leaders on a daily paper in an inland city, and I do not know that my life differed outwardly from that of any other young journalist, who had begun as I had in a country printing-office, and might be supposed to be looking forward to advancement in his profession, or in public affairs. But inwardly it was altogether different with me. Inwardly I was a poet, with no wish to be anything else, unless in a moment of careless affluence I might so far forget myself as to be a novelist. I was, with my friend J. J. Piatt, the half-author of a little volume of very unknown verse, and Mr. Lowell had lately accepted and had begun to print in the Atlantic Monthly five or six poems of mine. Besides this I had written poems, and sketches, and criticisms for the Saturday Press of New York, a long-forgotten but once very lively expression of literary intention in an extinct bohemia of that city; and I was always writing poems, and sketches, and criticisms in our own paper. These, as well as my feats in the renowned period-

not honor, in my own city which ought such a paper as this at all, one cannot to have given me grave doubts whether I was any real prophet. But it only intensified my literary ambition, already so strong that my veins might well have run ink, and gave me a higher opinion of my fellow-citizens, if such a thing could be. They were indeed very charming people, and such of them as I mostly saw were readers and lovers of books. Society in Columbus at that day had a pleasant refinement which I think I do not exaggerate in the fond retrospect. It had the finality which it seems to have had nowhere since the war; it had certain fixed ideals, which were none the less graceful and becoming because they were the simple old American ideals, now vanished, or fast vanishing, before the knowledge of good and evil as they have it in Europe, and as it has imparted itself to American travel and sojourn. There was a mixture of many strains in the capital of Ohio, as there was throughout the Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylva-State. nia, New York, and New England all joined to characterize the manners and customs. I suppose it was the South which gave the social tone; the intellectual taste among the elders was the Southern taste for the classic and the standard in literature; but we who were younger preferred the modern authors: we read Thackeray, and George Eliot, and Hawthorne, and Charles Reade, and De Quincey, and Tennyson, and Browning, and Emerson, and Longfellow; and I, I read Heine, and evermore Heine, when there was not some new thing from the others. Now and then an immediate French book penetrated to us: we read Michelet and About, I remember. We looked to England and the East largely for our literary opinions; we accepted the Saturday Review as law if we could not quite receive it as gospel. One of us took the Cornhill Magazine, because' Thackeray was the editor; the Atlantic Monthly counted many readers among us; and a visiting young lady from New England, who screamed at sight of the periodical in one of our houses, "Why, have you got the Atlantic Monthly out here?" could be icals of the East, met with kindness, if answered, with cold superiority, "There are several contributors to the Atlantic in Columbus." There were in fact two: my roommate, who wrote Browning for it, while I wrote Heine and Longfellow. But I suppose two are as rightfully several as twenty are.

II.

That was the heyday of lecturing, and now and then a literary light from the East swam into our skies. I heard and saw Emerson, and I once met Bayard Taylor socially, at the hospitable house where he was a guest after his lecture. Heaven knows how I got through the evening. I do not think I opened my mouth to address him a word; it was as much as I could do to sit and look at him, while he tranquilly smoked, and chatted with our host, and quaffed the beer which we had very good in the West. All the while I did him homage as the first author by calling whom I had ever met. I longed to tell him how much I liked his poems, which we used to get by heart in those days, and I longed (how much more I longed!) to have him know that-

"Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren,"

that I had printed poems in the Atlantic Monthly and the Saturday Press, and was the potential

author of things destined to eclipse all literature hitherto attempted. But I could not tell him; and there was no one else who thought to tell him. Perhaps it was as well so; I might have perished of his recognition; for my modesty was equal to my merit.

In fact I think we were all rather modest young fellows, we who formed the shone in ours. group wont to spend some part of every evening at that house, where there was always music, or whist, or gay talk, or all three. We had our opinions of lit- in the thoughts of the young people erary matters, but (perhaps because we had mostly accepted them from England or New England, as I have said) we were not vain of them; and we would by no means have urged them before a living ures afoot in foreign lands when they literary man like that. I believe none were yet really foreign. He had not of us ventured to speak, except the poet, written his novels of American life, once my roommate, who said, He believed so so welcomed, and now so forgotten; it



BAYARD TAYLOR IN ARAB COSTUME.

and so was the original of so and so; and was promptly told, He had no right to say such a thing. Naturally, we came away rather critical of our host's guest, whom I afterwards knew as the kindliest heart in the world. But we had not shone in his presence, and that galled us; and we chose to think that he had not

III.

At that time he was filling a large space who had any thoughts about literature. He had come to his full repute as an agreeable and intelligent traveller, and he still wore the halo of his early advent-

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was very long before he had achieved that incomparable translation of Faust, which must always remain the finest and best, and which would keep his name alive with Goethe's, if he had done nothing else worthy remembrance. But what then most commended him to the regard of us star-eyed youth (now blinking sadly toward our sixties) was the poetry which he printed in the magazines from time to time: in the first Putnam's (where there was a dashing picture of him in an Arab burnoose and a turban), and in Harper's, and in the Atlantic. It was often very lovely poetry, I thought, and I still think so; and it was rightfully his, though it paid the inevitable allegiance to the manner of the great masters of the day. It was graced for us by the pathetic romance of his early love, which some of its sweetest and saddest numbers confessed, for the young girl he married almost in her death hour; and we who were hoping to have our hearts broken, or already had them so, would have been glad of something more of the obvious poet in the popular lecturer we had seen refreshing himself after his hour on the platform.

He remained for nearly a year the only author I had seen, and I met him once again before I saw any other. Our second meeting was far from Columbus, as far as remote Quebec, when I was on my way to New England by way of Niagara and the Canadian rivers and cities. I stopped in Toronto, and realized myself abroad without any signal adventures; but at Montreal something very pretty happened to me. I came into the hotel office, the evening of a first day's lonely sight-seeing, and vainly explored the register for the name of some acquaintance; as I turned from it two smartly dressed young fellows embraced it, and I heard one of them say, to my great amaze and happiness, "Hello, here's Howells!"

"Oh," I broke out upon him, "I was just looking for some one *I* knew. I hope you are some one who knows *me*?"

"Only through your contributions to the Saturday Press," said the young fellow, and with these golden words, the precious first personal recognition of my authorship I had ever received from a stranger, and the rich reward of all my literary endeavor, he introduced himself and his friend. I do not know what became of this friend, or where or how he

eliminated himself; but we two others were inseparable from that moment. He was a young lawyer from New York, and when I came back from Italy, four or five years later, I used to see his sign in Wall Street, with a never-fulfilled intention of going in to see him. In whatever world he happens now to be, I should like to send him my greetings, and confess to him that my art has never since brought me so sweet a recompense, and nothing a thousandth part so much like Fame, as that outcry of his over the hotel register in Montreal. We were comrades for four or five priceless days, and shared our pleasures and expenses in viewing the monuments of those ancient Canadian capitals, which I think we valued at all their picturesque worth. We made jokes to mask our emotions; we giggled and made giggle, in the right way; we fell in and out of love with all the pretty faces and dresses we saw; and we talked evermore about literature and literary people. He had more acquaintance with the one. and more passion for the other, but he could tell me of Pfaff's lager-beer cellar on Broadway, where the Saturday Press fellows and the other bohemians met; and this, for the time, was enough: I resolved to visit it as soon as I reached New York, in spite of the tobacco and beer (which I was given to understand were de rigueur), though they both, so far as I had known them, were apt to make me sick.

I was very desolate after I parted from this good fellow, who returned to Montreal on his way to New York, while I remained in Quebec to continue later on mine to New England. When I came in from seeing him off in a calash for the boat, I discovered Bayard Taylor in the reading - room, where he sat sunken in what seemed a somewhat weary muse. He did not know me, or even notice me, though I made several errands in and out of the reading-room in the vain hope that he might do so: doubly vain, for I am aware now that I was still flown with the pride of that pretty experience in Montreal, and trusted in a repetition of something like it. At last, as no chance volunteered to help me, I mustered courage to go up to him and name myself, and say I had once had the pleasure of meeting him at Doctor --- 's in Columbus. The poet gave no sign of consciousness at the sound of a name which I had fondly

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MR. HOWELLS AND BAYARD TAYLOR, 1860.

begun to think might not be so all unknown. He looked up with an unkindling eye, and asked, Ah, how was the Doctor? and when I had reported favorably of the Doctor, our conversation ended.

He was probably as tired as he looked, and he must have classed me with that multitude all over the country who had shared the pleasure I professed in meeting him before; it was surely my fault that I did not speak my name loud enough to be recognized, if I spoke it at all; but the courage I had mustered did not quite suffice for that. Many times in after-years he as- did were none of them mean, or want-

sured me, first by letter and then by word, of his grief for an incident which I can only recall now as the untoward beginning of a cordial friendship. It was often my privilege, in those years, as reviewer and editor, to testify my sense of the beautiful things he did in so many kinds of literature, but I never liked any of them better than I liked him. He had a fervent devotion to his art, and he was always going to do the greatest things in it, with an expectation of effect that never failed him. The things he actually



HOUSE IN WHICH LONGFELLOW WAS BORN.

ing in quality, and some of them are of a lasting charm that any one may feel who will turn to his poems; but no doubt many of them fell short of his hopes of them with the reader. It was fine to meet him when he was full of a new scheme; he talked of it with a singlehearted joy, and tried to make you see it of the same colors and proportions it wore to his eyes. He spared no toil to make it the perfect thing he dreamed it, and he was not discouraged by any disappointment he suffered with the critic or the public.

He was a tireless worker, and at last his health failed under his labors at the newspaper desk, beneath the midnight gas, when he should long have rested from such labors. I believe he was obliged to do them through one of those business fortuities which deform and embitter all our lives; but he was not the man to spare himself in any case. He was always attempting new things, and he never ceased endeavoring to make his scholarship reparation for the want of earlier opportunity and training. I remember that I met him once in a Cambridge street with a book in his hand which he let me take in mine. It was a Greek author, and he said he was just beginning to read the language at fifty: a patriarchal age to me of the early thirties! I suppose I intimated the surprise I felt at his taking it up so late in the day, for he said, with charming seriousness, "Oh, but you know, I expect to use it in the other world." Yes, that made it worth while, I consented; but was he sure of the other world? "As sure as I am of this," he said; and I have always kept the impression of the young faith which spoke in his voice, and was more than his words.

I saw him last in the hour of those tremendous adieux which were paid him in New York before he sailed to be Minister in Germany. It was one of the most graceful things done by President Hayes, who, most of all our Presidents after Lincoln, honored himself in honoring literature by his appointments, to give that place to Bayard Taylor. There was no one more fit for it, and it was peculiarly fit that he should be so distinguished to a people who knew and valued his scholarship, and the service he had done German letters, better than any other. He

was as happy in it, apparently, as a man could be in anything here below, and he enjoyed to the last drop the many cups of kindness pressed to his lips in parting; though I believe these farewells, at a time when he was already fagged with work and excitement, were notably harmful to him, and helped to hasten his end. Some of us who were near of friendship went down to see him off when he sailed, as the dismal and futile wont of friends is: and I recall the kind, great fellow standing in the cabin, amid those funereal flowers that heaped the tables, saying good-by to one after another, and smiling fondly, smiling wearily, upon all. There was champagne, of course, and an odious hilarity, without meaning, and without remission, till the warning bell chased us ashore, and our brave poet escaped with what was left of his life.

IV.

I have followed him far from the moment of our first meeting; but even on my way to venerate those New England luminaries, which chiefly drew my eyes, I could not pay a less devoir to an author who, if Curtis was not, was chief of the New York group of authors in that day. I distinguished between the New-Englanders and the New-Yorkers, and I suppose there is no question but our literary centre was then in Boston, wherever it is, lor then, and I think him now, one of the and was shining a lambent star of poesy first in our whole American province of and prophecy at the zenith. Hawthorne, the republic of letters, in a day when it the exquisite artist, the unrivalled dreamwas in a recognizably flourishing state, er, whom we still always liken this one whether we regard quantity or quality in and that one to, whenever this one or that the names that gave it lustre. Lowell one promises greatly to please us, and

or is not, at present. But I thought Tay- had so long held him a hopeless mystic,



LONGFELLOW'S MANSION AT PORTLAND.

was then in perfect command of those varied forces which will long, if not lastingly, keep him in memory as first among our literary men, and master in more kinds than any other American. Longfellow was in the fulness of his worldwide fame, and in the ripeness of the beautiful genius which was not to know decay while life endured. Emerson had invention of a new attitude if not a new emerged from the popular darkness which sort in literature. The turn that civic

still leave without a rival, without a companion, had lately returned from his long sojourn abroad, and had given us the last of the incomparable romances which the world was to have perfect from his hand. Doctor Holmes had surpassed all expectation in those who most admired his brilliant humor and charming poetry by the widest recognition of Whittier's splendid lyrical gift; and that heart of fire, doubly snow-bound by Quaker tradition and Puritan environment, was penetrating every generous breast with its flamy impulses, and fusing all wills in its noble purpose. Mrs. Stowe, who far outfamed the rest as the author of the most renowned novel ever written, was proving it no accident or miracle by the fiction she was still writing.

This great New England group might be enlarged perhaps without loss of quality by the inclusion of Thoreau, who came somewhat before his time, and whose drastic criticism of our expediential and mainly futile civilization would find more intelligent acceptance now than it did then, when all resentment of its defects was specialized in enmity to Southern slavery. Dr. Hale belonged in this group too, by virtue of that humor the most inventive and the most fantastic, the sanest, the sweetest, the truest, which had begun to find expression in the Atlantic Monthly; and there a wonderful young girl had written a series of vivid sketches and taken the heart of youth everywhere with amaze and joy, so that I thought it would be no less an event to meet Harriet Prescott than to meet any of those I have named.

I expected somehow to meet them all, and I imagined them all easily accessible in the office of the Atlantic Monthly, which had lately adventured in the fine air of high literature where so many other periodicals had gasped and died before The best of these, hitherto, and betit. ter even than the Atlantic for some reasons, the lamented Putnam's Magazine, had perished of inanition at New York, and the claim of the commercial capital to the literary primacy had passed with New York had that brilliant venture. nothing distinctive to show for American literature but the decrepit and doting Knickerbocker Magazine. Harper's New Monthly, though Curtis had already come to it from the wreck of Putnam's, and it had long ceased to be eclectic in material, and had begun to stand for native work in the allied arts which it has since so magnificently advanced, was not distinctively literary, and the Weekly had just begun to make itself known. The Century, Scribner's, the Cosmopolitan, McClure's, and I know not what others.

affairs had taken was favorable to the were still unimagined by five, and ten, and twenty years, and the Galaxy was to flash and fade before any of them should allume its more effectual fires. The Nation, which was destined to chasten rather than nurture our young literature, had still six years of dreamless potentiality before it; and the Nation was always more Bostonian than New-Yorkish by nature, whatever it was by nativity.

Philadelphia had long counted for nothing in the literary field. Graham's Magazine at one time showed a certain critical force, but it seemed to perish of this expression of vitality; and there remained Godey's Lady's Book and Peterson's Magazine, publications really incredible in their insipidity. In the South there was nothing but a mistaken social ideal, with the moral principles all standing on their heads in defence of slavery; and in the West there was a feeble and foolish notion that Western talent was repressed by Eastern jealousy. At Boston chiefly, if not at Boston alone, was there a vigorous intellectual life among such authors as I have named. Every young writer was ambitious to join his name with theirs in the Atlantic Monthly, and in the lists of Ticknor and Fields, who were literary publishers in a sense such as the business world has known nowhere else before or since. Their imprint was a warrant of quality to the reader and of immortality to the author. If I could have had a book issued by them at that day I should now be in the full enjoyment of an undying fame, with some others, whose names would surprise the public.

Such was the literary situation as the passionate pilgrim from the West approached his holy land at Boston, by way of the Grand Trunk Railway from Quebec to Portland. I have no recollection of a sleeping-car, and I suppose I waked and watched during the whole of that long, rough journey; but I should hardly have slept if there had been a car for the purpose. I was too eager to see what New England was like, and too anxious not to lose the least glimpse of it, to close my eyes after I crossed the border at Island Pond. I found that in the elmdotted levels of Maine it was very like the Western Reserve in northern Ohio, which is, indeed, a portion of New England transferred with all its characteris-



PORTLAND HARBOR, FROM MUNJOY HILL.

tic features, and flattened out along the lake shore. It was not till I began to run southward into the older regions of the country that it lost this look, and became gratefully strange to me. It never had the effect of hoary antiquity which I had expected of a country settled more than two centuries; with its wood-built farms and villages it looked newer than the coal-smoked brick of southern Ohio. I had prefigured the New England landscape bare of forests, relieved here and there with the trees of orchards or plantations; but I found apparently as much woods as at home.

At Portland I first saw the ocean, and this was a sort of disappointment. Tides and salt water I had already had at Quebec, so that I was no longer on the alert for them; but the color and the vastness of the sea I was still to try upon my vision. When I stood on the Promenade at Portland with the kind young Unitarian minister whom I had brought a letter to, and who led me there for a most impres-

sive first view of the ocean, I could not make more of it than there was of Lake Erie; and I have never thought the color of the sea comparable to the tender blue of the lake. I did not hint my disappointment to my friend; I had too much regard for his feelings as an Eastern man to decry his ocean to his face, and I felt besides that it would be vulgar and provincial to make comparisons. I am glad now that I held my tongue, for that kind soul is no longer in this world, and I should not like to think he knew how far short of my expectations the sea he was so proud of had fallen. I went up with him into a tower or belvedere there was at hand; and when he pointed to the eastern horizon and said. Now there was nothing but sea between us and Africa, I pretended to expand with the thought, and began to sound myself for the emotions which I ought to have felt at such a sight. But in my heart I was empty, and heaven knows whether I saw the steamer which the ancient mariner in charge of that tower invited me to look at through his telescope. I never could see anything but a vitreous glare through a telescope, which has a vicious habit of dodging about through space, and failing to bring down anything of less than planetary magnitude.

But there was something at Portland vastly more to me than seas or continents, and that was the house where Longfellow was born. I believe, now, I did not get the right house, but only the house he went to live in later; but it served, and I rejoiced in it with a rapture that could not have been more genuine if it had been the real birthplace of the poet. I got my friend to show me

> "the breezy dome of groves, The shadows of Deering's woods,"

because they were in one of Longfellow's loveliest and tenderest poems; and I made an errand to the docks, for the sake of the

"black wharves and the slips, And the sea-tides tossing free, And Spanish sailors with bearded lips, And the beauty and mystery of the ships, And the magic of the sea,"

mainly for the reason that these were colors and shapes of the fond vision of the poet's past. I am in doubt whether it was at this time or a later time that I went to revere "the dead captains as they lay

In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay, Where they in battle died,"

but I am quite sure it was now that I wandered under

"the trees which shadow each well-known street,

As they balance up and down,"

for when I was next in Portland the great fire had swept the city avenues bare of most of those beautiful elms, whose Gothic arches and traceries I well remember.

The fact is that in those days I was bursting with the most romantic expectations of life in every way, and I looked at the whole world as material that might be turned into literature, or that might be associated with it somehow. I do not know how I managed to keep these preposterous hopes within me, but perhaps the trick of satirizing them, which I had early learnt, helped me to do it. I was at that particular moment resolved above all things to see things as Heinrich Heine saw them, or at least to report them as he did, no matter how I saw them; and I went about framing phrases to this end, and trying to match the objects of interest to them whenever there was the least chance of getting them together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOLACE.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

TOW shall we span with comfortable thought The worlds of life and death, and make them one? By calling both one household, large and fond, Just as it is when comes the evening hour. The most are weary; some have gone to rest-The babes, the aged, and the feeble ones; The strong and active sit awhile and talk Of all that has been done, and is to do; Of the day's happenings to the ones asleep; Of what will make them glad when morning comes; And in the intervals of play or work The eye of each is lifted now and then To note the hour upon the old clock's face, Whose heart outbeats so long the human one. Then comes the thought that it is growing late, That very soon we too must go to sleep. Oh! what sweet comfort, that from first to last, Sleeping or waking, all are in God's home, And one paternal roof doth cover all!

TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Dart fifth.

AN INTERLUDE.

THEN Taffy and the Laird went back to the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and resumed their ordinary life there, it was with a sense of desolation and dull bereavement beyond anything they could have imagined; and this it didn't last long!" So Trilby had written

had been the charm of those two central figures - Trilby and Little Billee -and how hard it was to live without them, after such intimacy as had been theirs.

"Oh, it has been a jolly time, though

in her farewell letter to Taffy; and these words were true for Taffy and the Laird as well as for her.

And that is the worst of those dear people who have charm: they are so terrible to do without, when once you have got accustomed to them and all their ways.

And when, besides being charming, they are simple, clever, affectionate, constant, and sincere, like Trilby and Little Billee! Then the lamentable hole their disappearance makes is not to be filled up! And when they are full of genius, like Little Billee -and like Trilby, funny

without being vulgar! For so she always seemed to the Laird and Taffy, even in French (in spite of her Gallic audacities of thought, speech, and gesture).

All seemed to have suffered change. The very boxing and fencing were gone through perfunctorily, for mere health's sake; and a thin layer of adipose deposit began to soften the outlines of the hills and dales on Taffy's mighty forearm.

Dodor and l'Zouzou no longer came so often, now that the charming Little Billee and his charming mother and still more charming sister had gone away-nor Carnegie, nor Sibley, nor Lorrimer, nor Vincent, nor the Greek. Gecko never came at all. Even Svengali was missed, little as he had been liked. It is a dismal and sulky looking piece of furniture, a grandpiano that nobody ever plays-with all its * Begun in January number, 1894.



PLATONIC LOVE.

did not seem to lessen as the time wore on.

They realized for the first time how keen and penetrating and unintermittent sound and its souvenirs locked up inside -a kind of mausoleum! a lopsided coffin -trestles and all!

So it went back to London by the "little quickness," just as it had come!

Thus Taffy and the Laird grew quite sad and mopy, and lunched at the Café de l'Odéon every day-till the goodness of the omelets palled, and the redness of the wine there got on their nerves and into their heads and faces, and made them sleepy till dinner-time. And then, waking up, they dressed respectably, and dined expensively, "like gentlemen," in the Palais Royal, or the Passage Choiseul, or the Passage des Panoramas-for three francs, three francs fifty, even five francs a head, and half a franc to the waiter !-and went to the theatre almost every night, on that side of the water-and more often than not they took a cab



FRED WALKER.

home, each smoking a Panatellas, which costs twenty-five centimes — five sous — $2\frac{1}{2}d$.

Then they feebly drifted into quite decent society—like Lorrimer and Carnegie —with dress-coats and white ties on, and their hair parted in the middle and down the back of the head, and brought over the ears in a bunch at each side, as was the English fashion in those days; and subscribed to *Galignani's Messenger*; and had themselves proposed and seconded for the Cercle Anglais in the Rue Sainte-n'y touche, a circle of British philistines of the very deepest dye; and went to hear divine service on Sunday mornings in the Rue Marbœuf!

Indeed, by the end of the summer they

had sunk into such depths of demoralization that they felt they must really have a change; and decided on giving up the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and leaving Paris for good; and going to settle for the winter in Düsseldorf, which is a very pleasant place for English painters who do not wish to overwork themselves—as the Laird well knew, having spent a year there.

It ended in Taffy's going to Antwerp for the Kermesse, to paint the Flemish drunkard of our time just as he really is; and the Laird's going to Spain, so that he might study toreadors from the life.

I may as well state here that the Laird's toreador pictures, which had had quite a vogue in Scotland as long as he had been content to paint them in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, quite ceased to please (or sell) after he had been to Seville and Madrid; so he took to painting Roman cardinals and Neapolitan pifferari from the depths of his consciousness—and was so successful that he made up his mind he would never spoil his market by going to Italy!

So he went and painted his cardinals and his pifferari in Algiers, and Taffy joined him there, and painted Algerian Jews—just as they really are (and didn't sell them); and then they spent a year in Munich, and then a year in Düsseldorf, and a winter in Cairo, and so on.

And all this time, Taffy, who took everything au grand sérieux—especially the claims and obligations of friendship—corresponded regularly with Little Billee; who wrote him long and amusing letters back again, and had plenty to say about his life in London—which was a series of triumphs, artistic and social—and you would have thought from his letters, modest though they were, that no happier young man, or more elate, was to be found anywhere in the world.

It was a good time in England, just then, for young artists of promise; a time of evolution, revolution, change, and development—of the founding of new schools and the crumbling away of old ones—a keen struggle for existence—a surviving of the fit—a preparation, let us hope, for the ultimate survival of the fittest.

And among the many glories of this particular period two names stand out very conspicuously—for the immediate and (so far) lasting fame their bearers achieved, and the wide influence they exerted, and continue to exert still.

The world will not easily forget Frederic Walker and William Bagot, those two singularly gifted boys, whom it soon became the fashion to bracket together, to compare and to contrast, as one compares

and contrasts Thackeray and Dickens, Carlyle and Macaulay, Tennyson and Browning—a futile though pleasant practice, of which the temptations seem irresistible!

Yet why compare the lily and the rose?

These two young masters had the genius and the luck to be the progenitors of much of the best art-work that has been done in England during the last thirty years, in oils, in water-color, in black and white.

They were both

essentially Eng-

lish and of their own time; both absolutely original, receiving their impressions straight from nature itself; uninfluenced by any school, ancient or modern, they founded schools instead of following any, and each was a law unto himself, and a law giver unto many others.

Both were equally great in whatever they attempted—landscape, figures, birds, beasts, or fishes. Who does not remember the fishmonger's shop by F. Walker, or W. Bagot's little piebald piglings, and their venerable black mother, and their immense fat wallowing pink papa? An ineffable charm of poetry and refinement, of pathos and sympathy and delicate humor combined, an incomparable ease and grace and felicity of workmanship, belong to each—and yet in their work are they not as wide apart as the poles? each complete in himself and yet a complement to the other?

And, oddly enough, they were singularly alike in aspect—both small and slight, though beautifully made, with tiny hands and feet; always arrayed as the lilies of the field, for all they toiled and spun so arduously; both had regularly featured faces of a noble cast and most

winning character; both had the best and simplest manners in the world, and a way of getting themselves much and quickly and permanently liked....

Que la terre leur soit légère !

And who can say that the fame of one is greater than the other's !

Their pinnacles are twin, I venture to believe — of just an equal height and width and thickness, like their bodies in this life; but unlike their frail bodies in one respect: no taller pinnacles are to be seen, methinks, in all the garden of the deathless dead painters of our time, and none more built to last!

But it is not with the art of Little Billee, nor with his fame as a painter, that we are chiefly concerned in this unpretending little tale, except in so far as they have some bearing on his character and his fate.

"I should like to know the detailed history of the Englishman's first love, and how he lost his innocence!"

"Ask him !"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



"THE MOON-DIAL."

"Ask him yourself!"

Thus Papelard and Bouchardy, on the morning of Little Billee's first appearance at Carrel's studio, in the Rue des Potirons St.-Michel.

And that is the question the present scribe is doing his little best to answer.

A good-looking, famous, well-bred, and well-dressed youth finds that London Society opens its doors very readily; he hasn't long to knock; and it would be difficult to find a youth more fortunately situated, handsomer, more famous, better dressed or better bred, more seemingly happy and successful, with more attractive qualities and more condonable faults, than Little Billee, as Taffy and the Laird found him when they came to London after their four or five years in foreign parts—their Wanderjahr.

He had a fine studio and a handsome suite of rooms in Fitzroy Square. Beautiful specimens of his unfinished work, endless studies, hung on his studio walls. Everything else was as nice as it could be —the furniture, the bibelots and bric-àbrac, the artistic foreign and Eastern knickknacks and draperies and hangings and curtains and rugs—the semi-grand piano by Collard and Collard.

That immortal canvas, the "Moon-dial" (just begun, and already commissioned by Moses Lyon, the famous picture-dealer), lay on his easel. No man worked harder and with teeth more clenched than Little Billee when he was at work —none rested or played more discreetly when it was time to rest or play.

The glass on his mantel-piece was full of cards of invitation, reminders, pretty mauve and pink and lilac scented notes; nor were coronets wanting on many of these hospitable little missives. He had quite overcome his fancied aversion for bloated dukes and lords and the rest (we all do sooner or later, if things go well with us); especially for their wives and sisters and daughters and female cousins; even their mo-

thers and aunts. In point of fact, and in spite of his tender years, he was in some danger (for his art) of developing into that type so adored by sympathetic women who haven't got much to do: the friend, the tame cat, the platonic lover (with many loves)—the squire of dames, the trusty one, of whom husbands and brothers have no fear!—the delicate harmless dilettante of Eros—the dainty shepherd who dwells "dans le pays du tendre!"—and stops there!

The woman flatters and the man confides—and there is no danger whatever, I'm told—and I am glad!

One man loves his fiddle (or, alas! his neighbor's sometimes) for all the melodies he can wake from it—it is but a selfish love!

Another, who is no fiddler, may love a fiddle too; for its symmetry, its neatness, its color-its delicate grainings, the lovely lines and curves of its back and front. -for its own sake, so to speak. He may have a whole galleryful of fiddles to love in this innocent way-a harem !- and yet not know a single note of music, or ever care to hear one. He will dust them and stroke them, and take them down and try to put them in tune--pizzicato !-- and put them back again, and call them ever such sweet little pet names: viol, viola, viola d' amore, viol di gamba, violino mio! and breathe his little troubles into them, and they will give back

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response, like a damp Æolian harp; but less a boon, so consummate an achievehe will never draw a bow across the ment, so crowning a glory, as all that! strings, nor wake a single chord-or discord !

And who shall say he is not wise in his generation? It is but an old-fashioned philistine notion that fiddles were only made to be played on-the fiddles Little Billee was no tuft-hunter-he was themselves are beginning to resent it; and rightly, I wot!

In this harmless fashion Little Billee was friends with more than one fine lady de par le monde.

Indeed, he had been reproached by his more bohemian brothers of the brush for being something of a tuft-hunter-most unjustly. But nothing gives such keen offence to our unsuccessful brother, bohemian or bourgeois, as our sudden intimacy with the so-called great, the little

inaudible little murmurs in sympathetic our betters!) should be thought so price-

"A dirty bit of orange peel, The end of a cigar Once trod on by a princely heel, How beautiful they are !

the tuft-hunted, or had been. No one of his kind was ever more persistently, resolutely, hospitably harried than this young "hare with many friends" by people of rank and fashion.

And at first he thought them most charming; as they so often are, these graceful, gracious, gay, good-natured stoics and barbarians, whose manners are as easy and simple as their morals-but how much better! - and who, at least, have this charm, that they can wallow in un-



"DARLINGS OLD OR YOUNG."

lords and ladies of this little world! Not told gold (when they happen to possess even our fame and success, and all the joy and pride they bring us, are so hard same: yes, they bear wealth gracefulto condone-so embittering, so humilia- ly-and the want of it more gracefully ting, to the jealous fraternal heart.

countenance of our betters (if they are new aristocracy of the shop and count-

it) without ever seeming to stink of the still! and these are pretty accomplish-Alas! poor humanity-that the mere ments that have yet to be learnt by our ing-house, Jew or gentile, which is everywhere elbowing its irresistible way to the top and front of everything, both here and abroad.

Then he discovered that, much as you might be with them, you could never be of them, unless perchance you managed to hook on by marrying one of their ugly ducklings — their failures — their remnants! and even then life isn't all beer and skittles for a rank outsider, I'm told! Then he discovered that he didn't want to be of them in the least; especially at such a cost as that! and that to be very much with them was apt to pall, like everything else.

Also, he found that they were very mixed; good, bad, and indifferent—and not always very dainty or select in their predilections, since they took unto their bosoms such queer outsiders (just for the sake of being amused a little while) that their capricious favor ceased to be an honor and a glory—if it ever was! And then, their fickleness!

Indeed, he found, or thought he found, that they could be just as clever, as liberal, as polite or refined—as narrow, insolent, swaggering, coarse, and vulgar—as handsome, as ugly—as graceful, as ungainly—as modest or conceited, as any other upper class of the community—and indeed some lower ones!

Beautiful young women, who had been taught how to paint pretty little landscapes (with an ivy-mantled ruin in the middle distance), talked technically of painting to him, *de pair à pair*, as though they were quite on the same artistic level, and didn't mind admitting it, in spite of the social gulf between.

Hideous old frumps (osseous or obese, yet with unduly bared necks and shoulders that made him sick) patronized him and gave him good advice, and told him to emulate Mr. Buckner both in his genius and his manners—since Mr. Buckner was the only "gentleman" who ever painted for hire; and they promised him, in time, an equal success!

Here and there some sweet old darling specially enslaved him by her kindness, grace, knowledge of life, and tender womanly sympathy, like the dowager Lady Chiselhurst—or some sweet young one, like the lovely Duchess of Towers, by her beauty, wit, good-humor, and sisterly interest in all he did, and who in some vague distant manner constantly remind-

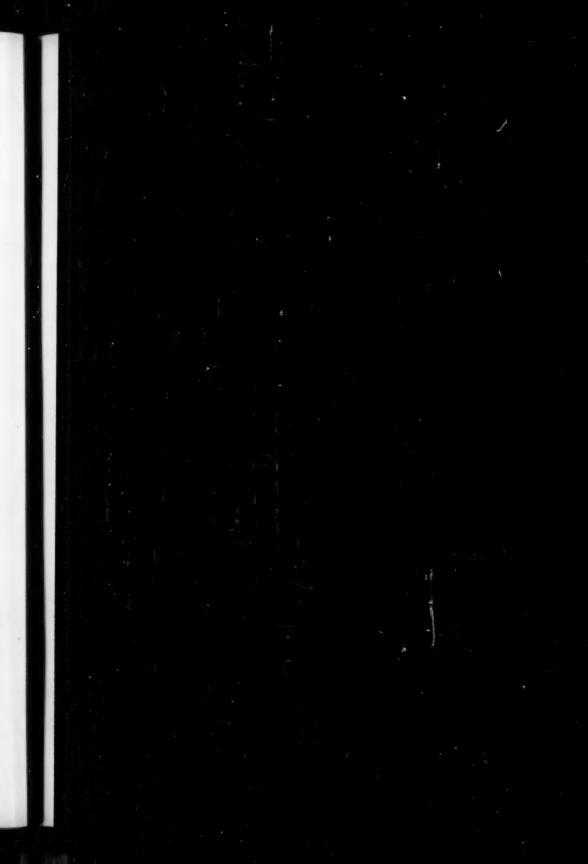
ed him of Trilby, although she was such a great and fashionable lady!

But just such darlings, old or young, were to be found, with still higher ideals, in less exalted spheres; and were easier of access, with no impassable gulf between—spheres where there was no patronizing, nothing but deference and warm appreciation and delicate flattery, from men and women alike—and where the aged Venuses, whose prime was of the days of Waterloo, went with their historical remains duly shrouded, like ivy-mantled ruins (and in the middle distance)!

So he actually grew tired of the great before they had time to tire of him-incredible as it may seem, and against nature; and this saved him many a heartburning; and he ceased to be seen at fashionable drums or gatherings of any kind, except in one or two houses where he was especially liked and made welcome for his own sake; such as Lord Chiselhurst's in Piccadilly, where the "Moon-Dial" found a home for a few years, before going to its last home and final resting-place in the National Gallery (R. I. P.); or Baron Stoppenheim's in Cavendish Square, where many lovely little water-colors signed W. B. occupied places of honor on gorgeously gilded walls; or the gorgeously gilded bachelor rooms of Mr. Moses Lyon, the picturedealer in Upper Conduit Street-for Little Billee (I much grieve to say it of a hero of romance) was an excellent man of business. That infinitesimal dose of the good old Oriental blood kept him straight, and not only made him stick to his last through thick and thin, but also to those whose foot his last was found to match (for he couldn't or wouldn't alter his last).

He loved to make as much money as he could, that he might spend it royally in pretty gifts to his mother and sister, whom it was his pleasure to load in this way, and whose circumstances had been very much altered by his quick success. There was never a more generous son or brother than Little Billee of the clouded heart, that couldn't love any longer!

As a set-off to all these splendors, it was also his pleasure now and again to study London life at its lower end-the eastest end of all. Whitechapel, the Minories, the Docks, Rateliffe Highway, Rotherhithe, soon got to know him well,







THE CHAIRMAN.

and he found much to interest him and much to like among their denizens, and made as many friends there among shipcarpenters, excisemen, longshoremen, jack-tars, and what not, as in Bayswater and Belgravia (or Bloomsbury).

He was especially fond of frequenting singsongs. or "free-and-easys," where good hard-working fellows met of an evening to relax and smoke and drink and sing—round a table well loaded with steaming tumblers and pewter pots, at one end of which sits Mr. Chairman in all his glory, and at the other "Mr. Vice." They are open to any one who can afford a pipe, a screw of tobacco, and a pint of beer, and who is willing to do his best and sing a song.

No introduction is needed; as soon as any one has seated himself and made himself comfortable, Mr. Chairman taps the table with his long clay pipe, begs for silence, and says to his vis-à-vis: "Mr. Vice, it strikes me as the gen'l'man as is just come in 'as got a singing face. Per-'aps, Mr. Vice, you'll be so very kind as juster harsk the aforesaid gen'l'man to oblige us with a 'armony."

Mr. Vice then puts it to the new-comer, who, thus appealed to, simulates a modest surprise, and finally professes his willingness, like Mr. Barkis; then, clearing his throat a good many times, looks up to the ceiling, and after one or two unsuccessful starts in different keys, bravely sings "Kathleen Mavourneen." let us

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say-perhaps in a touchingly sweet tenor voice-

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gry dawn is brykin', The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill."...

And Little Billee didn't mind the dropping of all these aitches if the voice was sympathetic and well in tune, and the sentiment simple, tender, and sincere.

Or else, with a good rolling jingo bass, it was,

- "'Earts o' hoak are our ships; 'earts o' hoak are our men;
 - And we'll fight and we'll conkwer agen and agen !"

And no imperfection of accent, in Little Billee's estimation, subtracted one jot from the manly British pluck that found expression in these noble sentiments—nor added one tittle to their swaggering, blatant, and idio:ically aggressive vulgarity!

Well, the song finishes with general applause all round. Then the chairman says, "Your 'ealth and song, sir!" And drinks, and all do the same.

Then Mr. Vice asks, "What shall we 'ave the pleasure of saying, sir, after that very nice 'armony?"

And the blushing vocalist, if he knows the ropes, replies, "A roast leg o' mutton in Newgate, and nobody to eat it!" Or else, "May 'im as is going up the 'ill o' prosperity never meet a friend- coming down!" Or else, "'Ere's to 'er as shares our sorrers and doubles our joys!" Or else, "'Ere's to 'er as shares our joys and doubles our expenses!" and so forth. More drink, more applause, and many 'ear, 'ears. And Mr. Vice says to the singer: "Your call, sir. Will you be so good as to call on some other gen'l'man for a 'armony?" And so the evening goes on.

And nobody was more quickly popular at such gatherings, or sang better songs, or proposed more touching sentiments, or filled either chair or vice-chair with more grace and dignity than Little Billee. Not even Dodor or l'Zouzou could have beaten him at that.

And he was as happy, as genial, and polite, as much at his ease, in these humble gatherings as in the gilded saloons of the great, where grand -pianos are, and hired accompanists, and highly paid singers, and a good deal of talk while they sing.

So his powers of quick, wide, universal sympathy grew and grew, and made up to him a little for his lost power of being specially fond of special individuals. For he made no close friends among men, and ruthlessly snubbed all attempts at intimacy—all advances towards an affection which he felt he could not return; and more than one enthusiastic admirer of his talent and his charm was forced to acknowledge that, with all his gifts, he seemed heartless and capricious; as ready to drop you as he had been to take you up.

He loved to be wherever he could meet his kind, high or low; and felt as happy on a penny steamer as on the yacht of a millionaire—on the crowded knife-board of an omnibus as on the box-seat of a nobleman's drag—happier; he liked to feel the warm contact of his fellow-man at either shoulder and at his back, and didn't object to a little honest grime! And I think all this genial caressing love of his kind, this depth and breadth of human sympathy, are patent in all his work.

On the whole, however, he came to prefer for society that of the best and cleverest of his own class—those who live and prevail by the professional exercise of their own specially trained and highly educated wits, the skilled workmen of the brain—from the Lord Chief Justice of England downwards—the salt of the earth, in his opinion: and stuck to them.

There is no class so genial and sympathetic as *our own*, in the long-run -even if it be but the criminal class! none where the welcome is likely to be so gen-

uine and sincere, so easy to win, so difficult to outstay, if we be but decently pleasant and successful; none where the memory of us will be kept so green (if we leave any memory at all!).

So Little Billee found it expedient. when he wanted rest and play, to seek them at the houses of those whose rest and play were like his own-little halts in a seeming happy life-journey, full of toil and strain and endeavor; oases of sweet water and cooling shade, where the food was good and plentiful, though the tents might not be of cloth of gold; where the talk was of something more to his taste than court or sport or narrow party politics; the new beauty; the coming match of the season; the coming ducal conversion to Rome; the last elopement in high life-the next! and where the music was that of the greatest musicmakers that can be, who found rest and play in making better music for love than they ever made for hire-and were listened to as they should be, with understanding and religious silence, and all the fervent gratitude they deserved.

There were several such houses in London then-and are still-thank Heaven! And Little Billee had his little billet there -and there he was wont to drown himself in waves of lovely sound, or streams of clever talk, or rivers of sweet feminine adulation, seas! oceans!-a somewhat relaxing bath !-- and forget for a while his everlasting chronic plague of heart-insensibility, which no doctor could explain or cure, and to which he was becoming gradually resigned-as one does to deafness or blindness or locomotor ataxiafor it had lasted nearly five years! But now and again, during sleep, and in a blissful dream, the lost power of loving -of loving mother, sister, friend-would be restored to him; just as with a blind man who sometimes dreams he has recovered his sight; and the joy of it would wake him to the sad reality: till he got to know, even in his dream, that he was only dreaming, after all, whenever that priceless boon seemed to be his own once more-and did his utmost not to wake. And these were nights to be marked with a white stone, and remembered!

And nowhere was he happier than at the houses of the great surgeons and physicians who interested themselves in his strange disease. When the Little Billees of this world fall ill, the great surgeons



A HAPPY DINNER.

and physicians (like the great singers and musicians) do better for them, out of mere love and kindness, than for the princes of the earth, who pay them thousand-guinea fees and load them with honors.

And of all these notable London houses none was pleasanter than that of Cornelys the great sculptor, and Little Billee was such a favorite in that house that he was able to take his friends Taffy and the Laird there the very day they came to London.

First of all they dined together at a delightful little Franco-Italian pothouse near Leicester Square, where they had bouillabaisse (imagine the Laird's delight), and spaghetti, and a poulet rôti, which is *such* a different affair from a roast fowl! and salad, which Taffy was allowed to make and mix himself; and they all smoked just where they sat, the moment they had swallowed their food as had been their way in the good old Paris days.

That dinner was a happy one for Taffy and the Laird, with their Little Billee apparently unchanged—as demonstrative, as genial, and caressing as ever, and with no swagger to speak of; and with so many things to talk about that were new

to them, and of such delightful interest! They also had much to say—but they didn't say very much about Paris, for fear of waking up Heaven knows what sleeping dogs!

And every now and again, in the midst of all this pleasant foregathering and communion of long-parted friends, the pangs of Little Billee's miserable mind malady would shoot through him like poisoned arrows.

He would catch himself thinking how fat and fussy and serious about trifles Taffy had become; and what a shiftless, feckless, futile duffer was the Laird; and how greedy they both were, and how red and coarse their ears and gills and cheeks grew as they fed, and how shiny their faces; and how little he would care, try as he might, if they both fell down dead under the table! And this would make him behave more caressingly to them, more genially and demonstratively than ever-for he knew it was all a grewsome physical ailment of his own, which he could no more help than a cataract in his eye!

Then, catching sight of his own face and form in a mirror, he would curse himself for a puny, misbegotten shrimp, an imp—an abortion—no bigger, by the side of the herculean Taffy or the burly Laird of Cockpen, than six-pennorth o' halfpence: a wretched little overrated follower of a poor trivial craft—a mere light amuser! For what did pictures matter, or whether they were good or bad, except to the triflers who painted them, the dealers who sold them, the idle, uneducated, purse-proud fools who bought them and stuck them up on their walls because they were told!

And he felt that if a dynamite shell were beneath the table where they sat, and its fuse were smoking under their very noses, he would neither wish to warn his friends nor move himself. He didn't care a ____!

And all this made him so lively and brilliant in his talk, so fascinating and droll and witty, that Taffy and the Laird wondered at the improvement success and the experience of life had wrought in him, and marvelled at the happiness of his lot, and almost found it in their warm affectionate hearts to feel a touch of envy!

Oddly enough, in a brief flash of silence, "entre la poire et le fromage," they heard a foreigner at an adjoining table (one of a very noisy group) exclaim: "Mais quand je vous dis que j'l'ai entendue, moi, la Svengali! et même qu'elle a chanté l'Impromptu de Chopin absolument comme si c'était un piano qu'on jouait! voyons!..."

"Farceur! la bonne blague!" said another—and then the conversation became so noisily general it was no good listening any more.

"Svengali! how funny that name should turn up! I wonder what's become of our Svengali, by-the-way?" observed Taffy.

"I remember *his* playing Chopin's Impromptu," said Little Billee; "what a singular coincidence!"

There were to be more coincidences that night; it never rains them but it pours!

So our three friends finished their coffee and liqueured up, and went to Cornelys's, three in a hansom —

" Like Mars,

A-smokin' their poipes and cigyars."

Sir Louis Cornelys, as everybody knows, lives in a palace on Campden Hill, a house of many windows; and whichever window he looks out of, he sees his own garden and very little else. In spite of his eighty years, he works as hard as ever, and his hand has lost but little of its cunning. But he no longer gives those splendid parties that made him almost as famous a host as he was an artist.

When his beautiful wife died he shut himself up from the world; and now he never stirs out of his house and grounds except to fulfil his duties at the Royal Academy and dine once a year with the Queen.

It was very different in the early sixties. There was no pleasanter or more festive house than his in London, winter or summer—no lordlier host than he—no more irresistible hostesses than Lady Cornelys and her lovely daughters; and if ever music had a right to call itself divine, it was there you heard it—on late Saturday nights during the London season when the foreign birds of song come over to reap their harvest in London Town.

It was on one of the most brilliant of these Saturday nights that Taffy and the Laird, chaperoned by Little Billee, made their début at Mechelen Lodge, and were received at the door of the immense musicroom by a tall powerful man with splendid eves and a gray beard, and a small velvet cap on his head-and by a Greek matron so beautiful and stately and magnificently attired that they felt inclined to sink them on their bended knees as in the presence of some overwhelming Eastern royalty-and were only prevented from doing so, perhaps, by the simple, sweet, and cordial graciousness of her welcome.

And whom should they be shaking hands with next but Sibley, Lorrimer, and the Greek--with each a beard and mustache of nearly five years' growth!

But they had no time for much exuberant greeting, for there was a sudden piano crash—and then an immediate silence, as though for pins to drop—and Signor Giuglini and the wondrous maiden Adelina Patti sang the Miserere out of Signor Verdi's most famous opera—to the delight of all but a few very superior ones who had just read Mendelssohn's letters (or misread them) and despised Italian music; and thought cheaply of "mere virtuosity," either vocal or instrumental.

When this was over, Little Billee pointed out all the lions to his friends—from the Prime Minister down to the present scribe—who was right glad to meet them again and talk of auld lang syne, and

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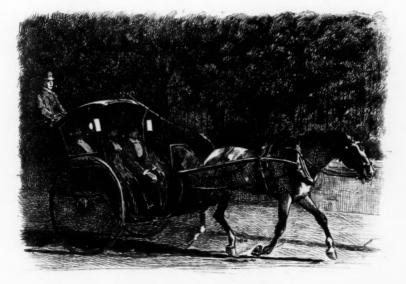
present them to the daughters of the house and other charming ladies.

Then Roucouly, the great French barytone, sang Durien's favorite song,

"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment; Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie

with quite a little drawing-room voice, -but quite as divinely as he had sung absolute forgetfulness of themselves-so that if you weren't up to Bach, you didn't have a very good time!

But if you were (or wished it to be understood or thought you were), you seized your opportunity and you scored; and by the earnestness of your rapt and tranced immobility, and the stony gorgonlike intensity of your gaze, you rebuked the



"A-SMOKIN' THEIR POIPES AND CIGYARS."

"Noël, noël," at the Madeleine in full blast one certain Christmas eve our three friends remembered well.

Then there was a violin solo by young Joachim, then as now the greatest violinist of his time; and a solo on the pianoforte by Madame Schumann, his only peeress! and these came as a wholesome check to the levity of those for whom all music is but an agreeable pastime, a mere emotional delight, in which the intellect has no part; and also as a well-deserved humiliation to all virtuosi who play so charmingly that they make their listeners forget the master who invented the music in the lesser master who interprets it

For these two-man and woman-the highest of their kind, never let you forget it was Sebastian Bach they were playing-playing in absolute perfection, in munion, through darkened walks and

frivolous-as you had rebuked them before by the listlessness and carelessness of your bored resignation to the Signorina Patti's trills and fioritures, or M. Roucouly's pretty little French mannerisms.

And what added so much to the charm of this delightful concert was that the guests were not packed together sardinewise, as they are at most concerts; they were comparatively few and well chosen, and could get up and walk about and talk to their friends between the pieces, and wander off into other rooms and look at endless beautiful things, and stroll in the lovely grounds, by moon or star or Chinese-lantern light.

And there the frivolous could sit and chat and laugh and flirt when Bach was being played inside; and the earnest wander up and down together in soul-comgroves and alleys where the sound of French or Italian warblings could not reach them, and talk in earnest tones of the great Zola, or Guy de Maupassant and Pierre Loti, and exult in beautiful English over the inferiority of English literature, English art, English music, English everything else.

For these high-minded ones who can only bear the sight of classical pictures and the sound of classical music do not necessarily read classical books in any language—no Shakespeares or Dantes or Molières or Goethes for *them*. They know a trick worth two of that!

And the mere fact that these three immortal French writers of light books I have just named had never been heard of at this particular period doesn't very much matter; they had cognate predecessors whose names I happen to forget. Any stick will do to beat a dog with, and history is always repeating itself.

Feydeau, or Flaubert, let us say—or for those who don't know French and cultivate an innocent mind, Miss Austen (for to be dead and buried is almost as good as to be French and immoral!) and Sebastian Bach, and Sandro Botticelli—that all the arts should be represented. These names are rather discrepant, but they made very good sticks for dog-beating; and with a thorough knowledge and appreciation of these (or the semblance thereof), you were well equipped in those days to hold your own among the elect of intellectual London circles, and snub the philistine to rights.

Then, very late, a tall, good-looking, swarthy foreigner came in, with a roll of music in his hands, and his entrance made quite a stir; you heard all round, "Here's Glorioli," or "Ecco Glorioli," or "Voici Glorioli," till Glorioli got on your nerves. And beautiful ladies, ambassadresses, female celebrities of all kinds, fluttered up to him and cajoled and fawned;—as Svengali would have said, "Prinzessen, Comtessen, Serene English Altessen!"—and they soon forgot their Highness and their Serenity!

For with very little pressing Glorioli stood up on the platform, with his accompanist by his side at the piano, and in his hands a sheet of music, at which he never looked. He looked at the beautiful ladies, and ogled and smiled; and from his scarcely parted, moist, thick, bearded lips, which he always licked before singing,

there issued the most ravishing sounds that had ever been heard from throat of man or woman or boy! He could sing both high and low and soft and loud, and the frivolous were bewitched, as was only to be expected; but even the earnestest of all, caught, surprised, rapt, astounded, shaken, tickled, teased, harrowed, tortured, tantalized, aggravated, seduced, demoralized, corrupted into naturalness, forgot to dissemble their delight.

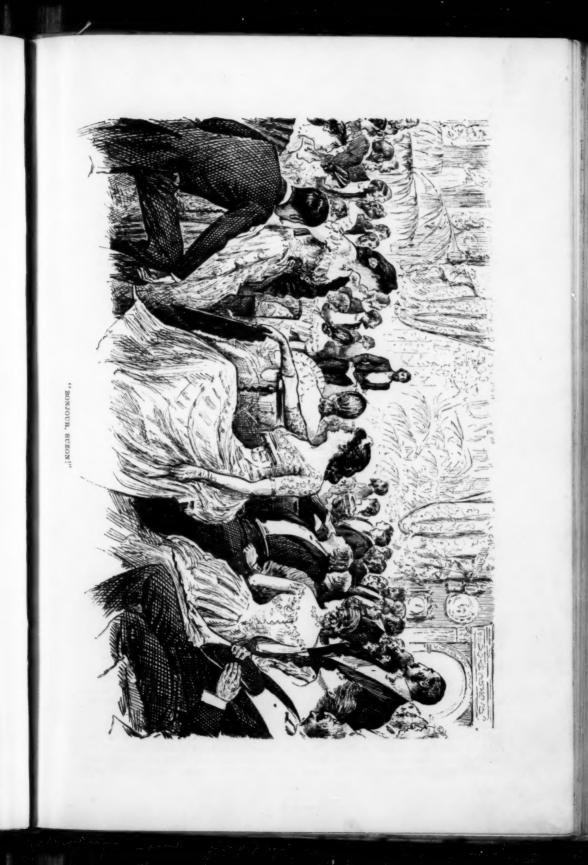
And Sebastian Bach (the especially adored of all really great musicians, and also, alas! of many priggish outsiders who don't know a single note and can't remember a single tune) was well forgotten for the night; and who were more enthusiastic than the two great players who had been playing Bach that evening? For these, at all events, were broad and catholic and sincere, and knew what was beautiful, whatever its kind.

It was but a simple little song that Glorioli sang, as light and pretty as it could well be, almost worthy of the words it was written to, and the words are De Musset's; and I love them so much I cannot resist the temptation of setting them down here, for the mere sensuous delight of writing them, as though I had just composed them myself:

> "Bonjour, Suzon, ma fleur des bois! Es-tu toujours la plus jolie? Je reviens, tel que tu me vois, D'un grand voyage en Italie! Du paradis j'ai fait le tour-J'ai fait des vers-j'ai fait l'amour.... Mais que t'importe! Je passe devant ta maison: Ouvre ta porte! Bonjour, Suzon!

> "Je t'ai vue au temps des lilas. Ton cœur joyeux venait d'éclore, Et tu disais: 'je ne veux pas, Je ne veux pas qu'on m'aime encore.' Qu'as-tu fait depuis mon départ? Qui part trop tôt revient trop tard. Mais que m'importe? Je passe devant ta maison: Ouvre ta porte! Ouvre ta porte! Bonjour, Suzon!"

And when it began, and while it lasted, and after it was over, one felt really sorry for all the other singers. And nobody sang any more that night; for Glorioli was tired and wouldn't sing again, and none were bold enough or disinterested enough to sing after him.



meteoric bird of song, who, though a mere amateur, would condescend to sing for a hundred guineas in the saloons of the great (as Monsieur Jourdain sold cloth); who would sing still better for love and glory in the studios of his friends.

For Glorioli-the biggest, handsomest, and most distinguished-looking Jew that ever was-one of the Sephardim (one of the Seraphim !)-hailed from Spain, where he was junior partner in the great firm of Moralés, Peralés, Gonzalés, and Glorioli, wine - merchants, Malaga. He travelled for his own firm; his wine was good, and he sold much of it in England. But his voice would bring him far more gold in the month he spent here; for his wines have been equalled-even surpassed-but there was no voice like his anywhere in the world, and no more finished singer.

Anyhow, his voice got into Little Billee's head more than any wine, and the boy could talk of nothing else for days and weeks; and was so exuberant in his expressions of delight and gratitude that the great singer took a real fancy to him (especially when he was told that this fervent boyish admirer was one of the greatest of English painters); and as a mark of his esteem, privately confided to him after supper that every century two human nightingales were born-only two! a male and a female; and that he, Glorioli, was the representative "male rossignol of this soi-disant dix-neuvième siècle."

"I can well believe that! And the female, your mate that should be-la rossignolle, if there is such a word?" inquired Little Billee.

"Ah! mon ami....it was Alboni, till la petite Adelina Patti came out a vear or two ago; and now it is la Svengali."

"La Svengali?"

"Oui, mon fy! You will hear her some day-et vous m'en direz des nouvelles!"

"Why, you don't mean to say that she's got a better voice than Madame Alboni?"

"Mon ami, an apple is an excellent thing-until you have tried a peach! Her voice to that of Alboni is as a peach to an apple-I give you my word of honor! but bah! the voice is a detail. It's what she does with it-it's incredible! it gives one cold all down the back! it drives you mad! it makes you weep hot tears by the spoonful! Ah! the tear, mon fy! tenez!

Some of my readers may remember that I can draw everything but that! Can'est pas dans mes cordes! I can only madden And with love! But la Svengali !.... then, in the middle of it all, prrrout!.... she makes you laugh! Ah! le beau rire! faire rire avec des larmes plein les yeux voilà qui me passe !.... Mon ami, when I heard her it made me swear that even I would never try to sing any more-it seemed too absurd! and I kept my word for a month at least - and you know, je sais ce que je vaux, moi!"

> "You are talking of la Svengali, I bet," said Signore Spartia.

"Oui, parbleu! You have heard her?" "Yes-at Vienna last winter," rejoined the greatest singing-master in the world. "J'en suis fou! hélas! I thought I could teach a woman how to sing, till I heard that blackguard Svengali's pupil. He has married her, they say!"

"That blackguard Svengali !" exclaimed Little Billee "why, that must be a Svengali I knew in Paris-a famous pianist! a friend of mine!"

"That's the man! also une fameuse crapule (sauf vot' respect); his real name is Adler; his mother was a Polish singer; and he was a pupil at the Leipzic Conservatorio. But he's an immense artist, and a great singing - master, to teach a woman like that! and such a woman! belle comme un ange--mais bête comme un pot. I tried to talk to her-all she can say is 'ja wohl,' or 'doch,' or 'nein,' or 'soh'! not a word of English or French or Italian, though she sings them, oh! but divinely! It is 'il bel canto' come back to the world after a hundred years...."

"But what voice is it?" asked Little Billee.

"Every voice a mortal woman can have-three octaves-four! and of such a quality that people who can't tell one tune from another cry with pleasure at the mere sound of it directly they hear her; just like anybody else. Everything that Paganini could do with his violin, she does with her voice-only better-and what a voice! un vrai baume!"

"Now I don't mind petting zat you are schbeaking of la Sfencali," said Herr Kreutzer, the famous composer, joining "Quelle merfeille, hein? I heard in. her in St. Betersburg, at ze Vinter Balace. Ze vomen all vent mat, and pulled off zeir bearls and tiamonts and kave zem to her-vent town on zeir knees and gried and gissed her hants. She tit not say vun vort! She tit not efen schmile! Ze men schnifelled in ze gorners, and looked at ze bictures, and tissempled--efen I, Johann Kreutzer! efen ze Emperor!"

"You're joking," said Little Billee.

"My vrent, I neffer choke ven I talk apout zinging. You vill hear her zum tay yourzellof, and you vill acree viz me zat zere are two classes of beoble who zing. In ze vun class, la Sfencali; in ze ozzer, all ze ozzer zingers!"

"And does she sing good music ?"

"I ton't know. All music is koot ven she zings it. I forket ze zong; I can only sink of ze zinger. Any koot zinger can zing a peautiful zong and kif bleasure,

I zubboce! But I voot zooner hear la Sfencali zing a scale zan anypotty else zing ze most peautiful zong in ze vorldt-efen vun of my own! Zat is berhaps how zung ze crate Italian zingers of ze last century. It was a lost art, and she has found it; and she must haf pecun to zing pefore she pecan to schpeak - or else she voot not haf hat ze time to learn all zat she knows, for she is not yet zirty! She zings in Paris in Ogdoper, Gott sei dank! and gums here after Christmas to zing at Trury Lane. Chullien kifs her ten sousand bounts!"

"I wonder, now! Why, that must be the woman I heard at Warsaw two years ago-or three," said young Lord Witlow. "It was at Count Siloszech's. He'd heard her sing in the streets, with a tall blackbearded ruffian, who accompanied her on a

guitar, and a little fiddling gypsy fellow. She was a handsome woman, with hair down to her knees, but stupid as an owl. She sang at Siloszech's, and all the fellows went mad and gave her their watches and diamond studs and gold scarf-pins. By gad! I never heard or saw anything like it. I don't know much tions by celebrated actors. Noble dukes

about music myself-couldn't tell 'God save the Queen' from 'Pop goes the weasel,' if the people didn't get up and stand and take their hats off; but I was as mad as the rest-why, I gave her a little German silver vinaigrette I'd just bought for my wife; hanged if I didn't--and I was only just married, you know! It's the peculiar twang of her voice, I suppose!"

And hearing all this, Little Billee made up his mind that life had still something in store for him, since he would some day hear la Svengali. Anyhow, he wouldn't shoot himself till then!

Thus the night wore itself away. The



A HUMAN NIGHTINGALE.

Prinzessen, Comtessen, and Serene English Altessen (and other ladies of less exalted rank) departed home in cabs and carriages; and hostess and daughters went to bed. Late sitters of the ruder sex supped again, and smoked and chatted and listened to comic songs and recita-

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CUP AND BALL.

hobnobbed with low comedians; worldfamous painters and sculptors sat at the feet of Hebrew capitalists and aitchless millionaires. Judges, cabinet ministers, eminent physicians, and warriors and philosophers saw Sunday morning steal over Campden Hill and through the many windows of Mechelen Lodge, and listened Sparks wasn't joking.... to the pipe of half-awakened birds, and smelt the freshness of the dark summer And as Taffy and the Laird dawn. walked home to the Old Hummums by daylight, they felt that last night was ages ago, and that since then they had forgathered with "much there was of the best in London." And then they reflected that "much there was of the best in London" were still strangers to themexcept by reputation-for there had not been time for many introductions: and this had made them feel a little out of it; and they found they hadn't had such a very good time after all. And there were away.

no cabs. And they were tired, and their boots were tight.

And the last they had seen of Little Billee before leaving was a glimpse of their old friend in a corner of Lady Cornelys's boudoir, gravely playing cup and ball with Fred Walker for sixpencesboth so rapt in the game that they were unconscious of anything else, and both playing so well (with either hand) that they might have been professional champions!

And the Rabelaisian Macey Sparks (now most respectable of Royal Academicians), who sometimes, in his lucid intervals after supper and champagne, was given to thoughtful, acute, and sympathetic observation of his fellow-men, had remarked, in a hoarse, smoky, hiccuppy whisper to the Laird: "Rather an enviable pair! Their united ages amount to forty-eight or so, their united weights to about fifteen stone, and they

couldn't carry you or me between them. But if you were to roll all the other brains that have been under this roof to-night into one, you wouldn't reach the sum of their united genius.... I wonder which of the two is the most unhappy !"

And for once the Rabelaisian Macey

The season over, the song-birds flown, summer on the wane, his picture, the "Moon-dial," sent to Moses Lyon's (the picture-dealer in Conduit Street), Little Billee felt the time had come to go and see his mother and sister in Devonshire, and make the sun shine twice as brightly for them during a month or so, and the dew fall softer!

So one fine August morning found him at the Great Western Station-the nicest station in all London, I think-except the stations that book you to France and

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It always seems so pleasant to be going west! Little Billee loved that station, and often went there for a mere stroll, to watch the people starting on their westward way, following the sun towards Heaven knows what joys or sorrows, and envy them their sorrows or their joysany sorrows or joys that were not merely physical, like a chocolate drop or a pretty tune, a bad smell or a toothache.

And as he took a seat in a second-class carriage (it would be third in these democratic days), south corner, back to the engine, with Silas Marner, and Darwin's Origin of Species (which he was reading for the third time), and Punch, and other literature of a lighter kind, to beguile him on his journey, he felt rather bitterly how happy he could be if the little spot, or knot, or blot, or clot which paralyzed that convolution of his brain where he kept his affections could but be conjured away!

The dearest mother, the dearest sister in the world, in the dearest little sea-side village (or town) that ever was! and other dear people-especially Alice, sweet Alice with hair so brown, his sister's friend, the simple, pure, and pious maiden of his boyish dreams: and himself, but for that wretched little kill-joy cerebral occlusion, as sound, as healthy, as full of life and energy, as he had ever been!

And when he wasn't reading Silas Marner, or looking out of window at the flying landscape, and watching it revolve round its middle distance (as it always seems to do), he was sympathetically taking stock of his fellow-passengers, and mildly envying them, one after another, indiscriminately!

A fat old wheezy philistine, with a bulbous nose and only one eye, who had a plain sickly daughter to whom he seemed devoted, body and soul; an old lady, who still wept furtively at recollections of the parting with her grandchildren, which had taken place at the station (they had borne up wonderfully, as grandchildren do); a consumptive curate, on the opposite corner seat by the window, whose tender, anxious wife (sitting by his side) seemed to have no thoughts in the whole world but for him; and her patient eyes were his stars of consolation, since he turned to look into them almost every minute, and always seemed a little the better for doing so. There is no happier star-gazing than that!

So Little Billee gave her up his corner seat, that the poor sufferer might have those stars where he could look into them comfortably without turning his head.

Indeed (as was his wont with everybody), Little Billee made himself useful and pleasant to his fellow-travellers in



many ways—so many that long before they had reached their respective journeys' ends they had almost grown to love him as an old friend, and longed to know who this singularly attractive and brilliant youth, this genial, dainty, benevolent little princekin, could possibly be, who was dressed so fashionably, and yet went second class, and took such kind thought of others; and they wondered at the happiness that must be his at merely being alive, and told him more of their troubles in six hours than they told many an old friend in a year.

But he told them nothing about himself-that self he was so sick of-and left them to wonder.

And at his own journey's end, the farthest end of all, he found his mother and sister waiting for him, in a beautiful little pony-carriage-his last gift-and with them sweet Alice, and in her eyes, for one brief moment, that unconscious look of love surprised which is not to be forgotten for years and years and yearswhich can only be seen by the eyes that meet it, and which, for the time it lasts (just a flash), makes all women's eyes look exactly the same (I'm told): and it seemed to Little Billee that, for the twentieth part of a second, Alice had looked at him with Trilby's eyes; or his mother's, when that he was a little tiny boy.

It all but gave him the thrill he thirsted for! Another twentieth part of a second, perhaps, and his brain-trouble would have melted away; and Little Billee would have come into his own again the kingdom of love!

A beautiful human eye! Any beautiful eye—a dog's, a deer's, a donkey's, an owl's even! To think of all that it can look, and all that it can see! all that it can seem, sometimes! What a prince among gems! what a star!

But a beautiful eye that lets the broad white light of infinite space (so bewildering and garish and diffused) into one pure virgin heart, to be filtered there! and lets it out again, duly warmed, softened, concentrated, sublimated, focussed to a point as in a precious stone, that it may shed itself (a love-laden effulgence) into some stray fellow-heart close by through pupil and iris, entre quate-zyeux—the very elixir of life!

Alas! that such a crown-jewel should ever lose its lustre and go blind!

Not so blind or dim, however, but it can still see well enough to look before and after, and inwards and upwards, and drown-itself in tears, and yet not die! And that's the dreadful pity of it. And this is a quite uncalled for digression; and I can't think why I should have gone out of my way (at considerable pains) to invent it! In fact:

"Of this here song, should I be axed the reason for to show,

I don't exactly know, I don't exactly know ! But all my fancy dwells upon Nancy."

"How pretty Alice has grown, mother! quite lovely, I think! and so nice; but she was always as nice as she could be!"

So observed Little Billee to his mother that evening as they sat in the garden and watched the crescent moon sink to the Atlantic.

"Ah! my darling Willie! If you could only guess how happy you would make your poor old mammy by growing fond of Alice.... And Blanche too! what a joy for her!"

"Good heavens! mother....Alice is not for the likes of *me*! She's for some splendid young Devon squire, six foot high, and acred and whiskered within an inch of his life!...."

"Ah, my darling Willie! you are not of those who ask for love in vain.... If you only *knew* how she believes in you! She almost beats your poor old mammy at *that*?"

And that night he dreamt of Alice that he loved her as a sweet good woman should be loved; and knew, even in his dream, that it was but a dream; but, oh! it was good! and he managed not to wake; and it was a night to be marked with a white stone! And (still in his dream) she had kissed him, and healed him of his brain-trouble forever. But when he woke next morning, alas! his brain-trouble was with him still, and he felt that no dream kiss would ever cure it —nothing but a real kiss from Alice's own pure lips!

And he rose thinking of Alice. and dressed and breakfasted thinking of her and how fair she was, and how innocent, and how well and carefully trained up the way she should go—the beau ideal of a wife.... Could she possibly care for a shrimp like himself?

For in his love of outward form he could not understand that any woman who had eyes to see should ever quite condone the signs of physical weakness in man, in favor of any mental gifts or graces whatsoever.

Little Greek that he was, he worshipped the athlete, and opined that all women without exception — all English women especially—must see with the same eyes as himself.

He had once been vain and weak enough to believe in Trilby's love (with a Taffy standing by—a careless, unsusceptible Taffy, who was like unto the gods of Olympus!)—and Trilby had given him up at a word, a hint—for all his frantic clinging.

She would not have given up Taffy, pour si peu, had Taffy but lifted a little finger! It is always "just whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!" with the likes of Taffy....but Taffy hadn't even whistled! Yet still he kept thinking of Alice—and he felt he wouldn't think of her well enough till he went out for a stroll by himself on a sheep-trimmed down. So he took his pipe and his Darwin, and out he strolled into the early sunshine—up the green Red Lane, past the pretty church, Alice's father's church—and there, at the gate, patiently waiting for his mistress, sat Alice's dog—an old warm one.

Little Billee thought of Thackeray's lovely poem in Pendennis:

> "She comes-she's here-she's past! May heaven go with her !....

Then he and the dog went on together to a little bench on the edge of the cliffwithin sight of Alice's bedroom window. It was called "the Honey-mooners' Bench '

"That look-that look-that look! Ah -but Trilby had looked like that too! And there are many Taffys in Devon !"

He sat himself down and smoked and gazed at the sea below, which the sun (still in the east) had not yet filled with glare and robbed of the lovely sapphireblue, shot with purple and dark green, that comes over it now and again of a morning on that most beautiful coast.

There was a fresh breeze from the west, and the long slow billows broke into creamier foam than ever, which reflected itself as a tender white gleam in the blue concavities of their shining shoreward curves as they came rolling in. The sky was all of turquoise but for the smoke of a distant steamer-a long thin horizontal streak of dun-and there were little brown or white sails here and there, dotting; and the stately ships went on

Little Billee tried hard to feel all this beauty with his heart as well as his brain -as he had so often done when a boyand cursed his insensibility out loud for at least the thousand and first time.

Why couldn't these waves of air and water be turned into equivalent waves of sound, that he might feel them through the only channel that reached his emotions! That one joy was still left himbut, alas! alas! he was only a painter of pictures-and not a maker of music!

He recited "Break, break, break," to Alice's dog, who loved him, and looked up into his face with sapient affectionate eyes-and whose name, like that of so many dogs in fiction and so few in fact, was simply Tray. For Little Billee was much given to monologues out loud, and profuse quotations from his favorite bards.

Everybody quoted that particular poem either mentally or aloud when they sat on that particular bench-except a few old-fashioned people, who still said,

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll !"

friend of his, whose welcome was a very or people of the very highest culture, who only quoted the nascent (and crescent) Robert Browning; or people of no culture at all, who simply held their tongues-and only felt the more!

Tray listened silently.

"Ah, Tray, the best thing but one to do with the sea is to paint it. The next best thing to that is to bathe in it. The best of all is to lie asleep at the bottom. How would you like that?

"'And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,

And in thy heart the scrawl shall play '"

Tray's tail became as a wagging point of interrogation, and he turned his head first on one side and then on the otherhis eyes fixed on Little Billee's, his face irresistible in its genial doggy wistfulness.

"Tray, what a singularly good listener you are-and therefore what singularly good manners you've got! I suppose all dogs have!" said Little Billee; and then, in a very tender voice, he exclaimed,

" Alice, Alice, Alice!"

And Tray uttered a soft cooing nasal croon in his head register, though he was a barytone dog by nature, with portentous warlike chest-notes of the jingo order.

"Tray, your mistress is a parson's daughter, and therefore twice as much of a mystery as any other woman in this puzzling world!

"Tray, if my heart weren't stopped with wax, like the ears of the companions of Ulysses when they rowed past the sirens-you've heard of Ulysses, Tray? he loved a dog-if my heart weren't stopped with wax, I should be deeply in love with your mistress; perhaps she would marry me if I asked her-there's no accounting for tastes !--- and I know enough of myself to know that I should make her a good husband-that I should make her happy -and I should make two other women happy besides.

As for myself personally, Tray, it doesn't very much matter. One good woman would do as well as another, if she's equally good-looking. You doubt it? Wait till you get a pimple inside your bump of-your bump of-wherever you keep your fondnesses, Tray.

"For that's what's the matter with me-a pimple-just a little clot of blood at the root of a nerve, and no bigger than a pin's point!

'That's a small thing to cause such a

lot of wretchedness, and wreck a fellow's life, isn't it? Oh, curse it, curse it, curse it—every day and all day long!

"And just as small a thing will take it away, I'm told!

"Ah! grains of sand are small thingsand so are diamonds! But diamond or grain of sand, only Alice has got that small thing! Alice alone, in all the world, has got the healing touch for me now; the hands, the lips, the eyes! I know it-I feel it! I dreamt it last night! She looked me well in the face, and took my hand-both hands-and kissed me, eyes and mouth, and told me how she loved me. Ah! what a dream it was! And my little clot melted away like a snowflake on the lips, and I was my old self again, after many years-and all through that kiss of a pure woman.

"I've never been kissed by a pure woman in my life—never! except by my dear mother and sister; and mothers and sisters don't count.

"Ah! sweet physician that she is, and better than all! It will all come back again with a rush, just as I dreamt, and we will have a good time together, we three!....

"But your mistress is a parson's daughter, and believes everything she's been taught from a child, just as you do. At least I hope so. And I like her for it and you too.

"She has believed her father—will she ever believe me, who think so differently? And if she does, will it be good for her? and then, where will her father come in?

"Oh! it's a bad thing to live, and no longer believe and trust in your father. Trav. to doubt either his honesty or his intelli-For he gence. (with your mother to help) has taught you all the best he knows, if has he been a good

"MAY HEAVEN GO WITH HER !"

father-till some one else comes and teaches you better-or worse!

"And then, what are you to believe of what good still remains of all that early teaching—and how are you to sift the wheat from the chaff?....

"Kneel undisturbed, fair saint! I, for one, will never seek to undermine thy faith in any father, on earth or above it!

"Yes, there she kneels in her father's church, her pretty head bowed over her clasped hands, her cloak and skirts falling in happy folds about her: I see it all!

"And underneath, that poor, sweet, soft, pathetic thing of flesh and blood, the eternal woman—great heart and slender brain—forever enslaved or enslaving, never self-sufficing, never free . . . that dear, weak, delicate shape, so cherishable, so perishable, that I've had to paint so often, and know so well by heart! and loveah, how I love it! Only painterfellows and sculptor-fellows can ever quite know the fulness of that pure love.

"There she kneels and pours forth her praise or plaint, meekly and duly. Perhaps it's for me she's praying!

"'Leave thou thy sister when she prays.'

"She believes her poor little prayer will be heard and answered somewhere up aloft. The impossible will be done. She wants what she wants so badly, and prays for it so hard.

"She believes — she believes — what doesn't she believe, Tray?

"After all, if she believes in me, she'll believe in anything; let her!

"Yes, Tray, I will be dishonest for her dear sake. I will kneel by her side, if ever I have the happy chance, and ever after, night and morning, and all day long on Sundays if she wants me to! What will I not do for that one pretty woman who believes in met I will respect even that belief, and do my little best to keep it alive forever. It is much too precious an earthly boon for me to play ducks and drakes with...

"So much for Alice, Tray-your sweet mistress and mine.

"But then, there's Alice's papa—and that's another pair of sleeves, as we say in France.

"Ought one ever to play at make-believe with a full-grown man for any consideration whatever? even though he be a parson—and a possible father-in-law! *There's* a case of conscience for you!

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"When I ask him for his daughter, as I must, and he asks me for my profession of faith, as he will, what can I tell him? The truth?

"I'll simply lie through thick and thin-I must-I will-nobody need ever be a bit the wiser! I can do more good by lying than by telling the truth, and make more deserving people happy, including myself and the sweetest girl alive-the end shall justify the means: that's my excuse, my only excuse! and this lie of mine is on so stupendous a scale that it will have to last me for life. It's my only one, but it's name is Lion ! and I'll never tell another as long as I live."

Here Tray jumped up suddenly and bolted—he saw some one else he was fond of, and ran to meet him. It was the vicar, coming out of his vicarage.

A very nice-looking vicar

--fresh, clean, alert, well tanned by sun and wind and weather-a youngish vicar still; tall, stout, gentlemanlike, shrewd, kindly, worldly, a trifle pompous, and authoritative more than a trifle; not much given to abstract speculation, and thinking fifty times more of any sporting and orthodox young country squire, wellinched and well-acred (and well whiskered), than of all the painters in Christendom.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, "thought Little Billee; and he felt a little uncomfortable. Alice's father had never loomed so big and impressive before, or so distressingly nice to look at.

"Welcome, my Apelles, to your ain countree, which is growing quite proud of you, I declare! Young Lord Archie Waring was saying only last night that he wished he had half your talent! He's *crazed* about painting, you know, and actually wants to be a painter himself! The poor dear old marquis is quite sore about it!"

With this happy exordium the parson stopped and shook hands; and they both stood for a while, looking seawards. The



"SO MUCH FOR ALICE, TRAY."

parson said the usual things about the sea—its blueness; its grayness; its greenness; its beauty; its sadness; its treachery.

> " 'Who would put forth on thee, Unfathomable sea !""

"Who indeed!" answered Little Billee, quite agreeing. "I vote we don't, at all events." So they turned inland.

The parson said the usual things about the land (from the country gentleman's point of view), and the talk began to flow quite pleasantly, with quoting of the usual poets, and capping of quotations in the usual way—for they had known each other many years, both here and in London. Indeed, the vicar had once been Little Billee's tutor.

And thus, amicably, they entered a small wooded hollow. Then the vicar, turning of a sudden his full blue gaze on the painter, asked, sternly,

"What book's that you've got in your hand, Willie?"

"A-a-it's the Origin of Species, by Charles Darwin. I'm very f-f-fond of it. I'm reading it for the third time.... It's very g-g-good. It accounts for things, you know."

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



"YOU'RE A THIEF, SIR!"

Then, after a pause, and still more sternly,

"What place of worship do you most attend in London—especially of an evening, William?"

Then stammered Little Billee, all selfcontrol forsaking him:

"I d-d don't attend any place of worship at all, morning, afternoon, or evening. I've long given up going to church altogether. I can only be frank with you; I'll tell you why...."

And as they walked along the talk drifted on to very momentous subjects indeed, and led, unfortunately, to a serious falling out—for which probably both were to blame—and closed in a distressful way at the other end of the little wooded hollow—a way most sudden and unexpected, and quite grievous to relate. When they emerged into the open, the parson was quite white, and the painter crimson.

"Sir," said the parson, squaring himself up to more than his full height and breadth and dignity, his face big with righteous wrath, his voice full of strong menace— "sir, you're—you're a—you're a thief, sir, a thief! You're trying to rob me of my Saviour! Never you dare to darken my door-step again!"

"Sir," said Little Billee, with a bow, "if it comes to calling names, you're—you're a—no; you're Alice's father; and whatever else you are besides, I'm another for trying to be honest with a parson; so good-morning to you."

And each walked off in an opposite direction, stiff as pokers; and Tray stood between, looking first at one receding figure, then at another, disconsolate.

And thus Little Billee found out that he could no more lie than he could fly. And so he did not marry sweet Alice after all, and no doubt it was ordered for her good and his. But there was tribulation for many days in the house of Bagot, and for many months in one tender, pure, and pious bosom.

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And the best and the worst of it all is that, not very many years after, the good vicar-more fortunate than most clergymen who dabble in stocks and sharesgrew suddenly very rich through a lucky speculation in Irish beer, and suddenly, also, took to thinking seriously about things (as a man of business should)more seriously than he had ever thought before. So at least the story goes in North Devon, and it is not so new as to be incredible. Little doubts grew into big ones-big doubts resolved themselves into downright negations. He quarrelled with his bishop; he quarrelled with his dean; he even quarrelled with his "poor dear old marguis," who died before there was time to make it up again. And finally he felt it his duty, in conscience, to secede from a Church which had become too narrow to hold him, and took himself and his belongings to London, where at least he could breathe. But there he fell into a great disquiet, for the long habit of feeling himself always en évidence-of being looked up to and listened to without contradiction; of exercising influence and authority in spiritual matters (and even temporal); of impressing women, especially, with his commanding presence, his fine sonorous voice, his lofty brow, so serious and smooth, his soft big waving handswhich soon lost their country tan-all this had grown as a second nature to him, the breath of his nostrils, a necessity of his life. So he rose to be the most popular Unitarian preacher of his day, and pretty broad at that.

But his dear daughter Alice, she stuck to the old faith, and married a venerable High-Church archdeacon, who very cleverly clutched at and caught her and saved her for himself just as she stood shivering on the very brink of Rome; and they were neither happy nor unhappy together—un ménage bourgeois, ni beau ni laid, ni bon ni mauvais. And thus, alas! the bond of religious sympathy, that counts for so much in united families, no longer existed between father and daughter, and the heart's division divided them. *Ce que c'est que de nous* !... The pity of it!

And so no more of sweet Alice with hair so brown.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MIRACLE OF TISHA HOFNAGLE.

BY R. C. V. MEYERS.

THE doctor, who had known them for years, said a little change would do Tisha no harm. "Change!" echoed Miss Nettie. "Why, she hasn't had a change for twenty-five years; I don't see why she should need it now."

"I don't," said Tisha, doggedly. She dragged her sewing across her knee, and went on with it in that listless fashion which had set Miss Nettie's teeth on edge for a month past And then, Tisha prayed so much lately; often in the dead of night Miss Nettie would wake and hear that sibilant murmur in Tisha's room, and once she crept in her bare feet to the door and saw the outline of her sister's form kneeling beside her little iron bed, like something unearthly in the dark. They made Miss Nettie's flesh creep, those midnight prayers in that dark room, in that constrained, awful voice.

Once when Tisha had taken some button-holes for Ella Arbright to do, and it ^{*} folded white garments, with two little bags was not likely anybody would want anything in the store, Miss Nettie went to her sister's room to find out if anything there might tell her what was the matter.

They were twins, both small faded blond women; always dressed precisely alike; had tastes in common. But their rooms were sacred to each, and were as inviolate as though they were shrines. Miss Nettie felt guilty as she crossed the sili into a room the counterpart of her own, the same narrow iron bedstead

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painted brown, the same brown and red ingrain carpet, the same brown shade at the window, the same red worsted pincushion on the bureau, flanked on each side by a pressed-glass, large-stoppered toilet-bottle, which never had anything in it, the same gilt picture-frame on the wall exactly in the centre of the bureauexcept that the pictures were different, Miss Nettie having that of her father, taken with prominent hands, and an iron expression suited to the occasion; Tisha's being of her mother, in a black silk gown, a long gold chain round the neck, a large marital brooch on the bosom, the fair hair arranged "Jenny Lind fashion." No. there was nothing in the room to account for Tisha's behavior.

But Miss Nettie did something else, and now she felt like a burglar indeed. She went to Tisha's bureau and opened the middle drawer. There were the neatly folded white garments, with two little bags of dried lavender on top, just as in her own middle drawer, only that Tisha *would* tie her bags with "baby-blue" ribbon, while Miss Nettie used chestnut-brown. And, as in her own middle drawer, there was the mahogany box made from pieces of the cradle in which they had both been rocked. But in Miss Nettie's box were the receipts of payment for the "stock" in the store, while in Tisha's were several dried rose-buds and a carnelian cross, which more than thirty years ago Henry Burton had given to Tisha before he ran away with Mary Ash, and Nettie, in wrathful ebullition, had commanded that his name should never be mentioned in the house again. Miss Nettie raised the lid of this box; there were the rose-buds; there was the carnelian cross. There was nothing else.

She did not know why she had looked into that box, except that "that man" always came into her mind whenever there was anything the matter with Tisha, be it a cold, a headache, or when Tisha sat for fifteen minutes without saying anything; and she had associated him with the prayers and the listless manuer.

She endured it a week longer, and there was no alteration, except that once she waked in the night and found that Tisha had closed the door that led from her room to her sister's. Such a thing had never happened before. "That change is got to be had," said Miss Nettie, with compressed lips.

When Tisha went down stairs in the morning she knew that an ordeal was in store for her—Nettie piled the coal on the kitchen fire so violently, and "scatted" to Alexander the cat. Her only fear was that Nettie had found her out. But no, she thought, that could not be.

She was very meek, even smiling feebly, when Nettie spread the butter on her bread with a dash; she was always meek when Nettie spread her butter like that.

" Letitia !" said Nettie.

The water-cress in Tisha's mouth seemed to rattle.

"Letitia," said Miss Nettie, "we must get winter coats."

Tisha rolled the cress around in her mouth, but could not swallow it.

"In March?" she asked, with a ghastly attempt at pleasantry.

Miss Nettie laid down her knife.

"I hope," she said, "you don't consider me idiot enough to think it is December? In March, in some places, the winter coats can be had for a mere song. Ella Arbright read it in the papers. Ours are very shabby ; they haven't worn that kind of sleeves for five years. You can get twenty-dollar coats for nine dollars and eighty-seven cents. Your coat wore better than mine. That's because you never go out, I guess, except to carry the button-holes to Ella Arbright."

"Let me see," mused Tisha, anxious for time; "twice nine eighty-seven is..."

"Nineteen seventy-four," snapped Miss Nettie, with the avidity of a lightning calculator.

Tisha looked at her.

"I thought," she ventured, "you said in the winter we could wait."

"Well," demanded Miss Nettie, "have we waited, or haven't we? And will you tell me if there is any use paying twenty dollars for a coat next winter when you can get it now for nine dollars and eightyseven cents?"

"But we never get twenty-dollar coats," argued Tisha.

"We'll get 'em now," pursued Miss Nettie. "For nine dollars and eightyseven cents. In New York."

Tisha's cress went down in a lump.

"Where?" she faintly asked.

"I said New York," answered Miss Nettie, stirring her coffee till it bubbled. "It's in the papers. Ella Arbright told me. That beau of hers brings her the New York paper. It's in Sixth Avenue. Twenty-dollar coats for nine dollars and eighty-seven cents."

Tisha's sorrow asserted itself; she could not leave the city just now; she must wait until—oh, until she knew. She struck out wildly.

"There's the fare," she said.

"Mr. Abercrombie said if I ever wanted a pass he'd give me one," retorted Miss Nettie. "I'm going for the pass this morning. You can wash up."

Like a ramrod she sprang up from the table, and went into her room for her bonnet. She came out putting it on, some pins in her mouth.

"Thread's gone up," she said. "Don't sell those white spools for three cents; they're four." Pinning the bow of her bonnet strings on each side of her chin, she left the room, and when the shop-bell tinkled Tisha knew she had left the house.

She sat there looking at her teacup and the running vine that went up and down it, the nick in it. The world seemed to go round; she seemed to be spinning; she could not have risen just then. Yet, strange to say, her head was clear, she could think, and all her thought was of the one thing, the threatened disgrace of Henry Burton.

Odd that so improbable a person as Ella Arbright should have been the medium through which she should hear of Henry Burton after all these years. That gossip of Ella's stood out with awful in-



"THEY WERE TWINS."

cisiveness. Ella's married sister had just hundred dollars, and his wife told sister been to see her, and told her about the people next door to her-that sick quarrelling woman and her sick depressed husband, who had got into trouble over taking some money from his employers, poor man!

"Poor man!" said Tisha, indignantly. "Ella, I am astonished. He is a thief!"

"Oh," said Ella, "he has such a hard life of it, with that wife of his always complaining, always nagging. Sister says she believes he's the sicker of self. Poor Mr. Burton!" the two. Well, he's pilfered about five

in confidence, and sister told me. He's got six weeks to pay it back; his employers took into consideration his sickness and his wife's. The doctor ordered things they couldn't afford, you know, and the wife would have them, so he took the money in driblets, and altered the books. Sister says he's half wild one minute and nearly dead the next; and his wife angry with him, and says if he goes to prison it'll kill her-thinks of nobody but her-

Tisha was looking at her with lips apart.

"What name did you say?" she asked, breathlessly; "that-person's name?" "Burton-Henry Burton," crisply re-

turned Ella, threading a needle.

The next day she took more buttonholes to Ella Arbright. She found out that the man had no possible means of repaying the money, and that he regarded his incarceration for the crime as inevitable. Then a terror seized her; the matter seemed so stupendous, almost of international interest, and Ella might tell Nettie, and Nettie must not know of this disgrace.

"Ah," she said, trembling very much, "suppose, Ella, you say nothing about this person to Nettie. We once knew a person named Burton, and the name is hateful to Nettie. Say nothing.

Tisha heard nothing more till day before yesterday, when in a casual fashion she asked Ella if that money had been repaid to Henry Burton's employers.

"No," coldly answered Ella; "and I oughtn't to have told you a word; it was a secret. No, it is not repaid, and of course he'll be arrested when the six weeks are up."

It might be thought that Tisha would have welcomed the idea of Burton's disgrace. Had he not wronged her deeply as a woman can be wronged? Had he not won her young heart only to cast her aside and flaunt her in the eyes of her little world as a jilted woman? But then she had cared for him once. Once! Ah! she still had those old rose-buds and that carnelian cross, many as had been the times when she had vowed to destroy them. She prayed that the giver of those buds and that cross might be saved the ignominy of a prison. Prayed! For five weeks now her prayers had gone up for him, and after these years of silence, when at times she would have said that she had put him entirely out of her heart. All these five weeks, and here it was Monday, and on Saturday the six weeks allowed by his employers would be at an end. And her prayers had not been answered. And here Nettie was going to drag her over to New York after coats.

She looked wildly round the room. Nettie would be back in a little while, and must detect nothing. Must Henry Burton go to prison? Her hand pushed aside her teacup, and she rose and began hurriedly to clear away the things. Her face seemed to harden, her lips to grow rigid. Must Henry Burton go to prison?

Were prayers of no avail? Did God heed no agony of human want?

"Oh," she began, her hands clasped, her face upturned, "if Thou-" But no, she could not pray in this room, only in her own room. And there were but five nights more of prayer, and Nettie was going to take her away, out into strangenesses she knew not of. "She goes for that change the doctor said I needed," said Tisha, standing up beside the halfcleared breakfast table. "I can't pray so well out of my own room, where all the things are he ever gave me, but-" Suddenly she raised her thin arm in the air, a fierce light in her eyes, that had once been blue. "I will never again believe in God if my prayers come to nothing, and there is no way to pay back that money," she said, and her arm fell heavily at her side. "Never! never!" and went about her work.

In a little while Miss Nettie came back. She had the pass. "We're going tomorrow," she said. "I've sent a postal to Ella Arbright to tend store while we're away. It 'll be a treat to her. And I'll fetch her something from New York. She can bring her sewing here, and go home at night in time to see that beau of hers. We'll be gone two days. Mr. Abercrombie recommended a good cheap boarding - house. It's near a Catholic church that has a bell that's always ringing. That's why it's cheap, I guess. I asked him for a map of New York, to study the streets. Now I'm going to mark all the things in the store, so that Ella'll know what to sell 'em for. She'll be sure to make mistakes anyway: that beau of hers is always in her head."

She bustled back into the store, spreading the map of New York upon the counter, to be looked at now and then as she marked the goods. She had not noticed Tisha, nor how calm she had become. For now it was a greater battle for Tisha than between Nettie's will and her own; it was between God and herself.

Till dinner-time Miss Nettie was busy in the store, the tinkling bell above the door announcing a customer once in a while, to whom she told, in a careless, off-hand manner, that they were going to New York, and waited for the always forth-coming expressions of astonishment.

Then Ella Arbright came to see what was wanted of her. In consideration of the failing eyesight of the Misses Hofna-

gle, she did the button-holes of the work they took in, so she did not see how she could well refuse to mind the shop for the two days of their absence, especially as she might go home at night.

"It must be splendid to go to New York "Willie and and buy things," she said. I'll go there on our tour."

marked the tape. And don't let the cat out all night; just before you go home sharpen two knives together at the kitchen door, and he'll come in."

She scarcely noticed Tisha all day, except to tell her not to forget to pack up the bottle of bandoline and the courtplaster. She was all bustle; a feeling of



"WHAT NAME DID YOU SAY ?"

we get there," pursued Miss Nettie, with the air of a globe-trotter, patient, but conscious of what was to be undergone. "It takes two hours and forty minutes. And cars do cramp you so. I remember once going on the cars with my father. I was father's favorite; I have his portrait up in my room; I'll show it to you some time. Mother always stood by Tisha; Tisha was always so timid. As I was saying, father took me on the cars once up to Easton.

"I suppose we'll be pretty tired when adventure had come to her; there were to be two whole days of dissipated wandering in the great city, and for Tisha's good. Of course she did not sleep that night; how could she? And she did not hear Tisha praying. But Tisha did pray, in a way, a hard, uncompromising way; it was between the Lord and herself now, and there was no drivelling, no weakness, no breaking down.

In the morning Miss Nettie hesitated, feeling that this elation of hers made the My! I was that cramped! Ella, I've even excursion a selfish pleasure. Then looking at Tisha, and seeing something antagonistic in her face, as she thought, she rounded on her.

"We'll take the eight o'clock train," she said. "I had thought of the eightthirty "—she had never said "thirty" before in all her life, but always "half past" —"but now I've made up my mind to take the eight instead of the eight-thirty."

Tisha nodded; she was so willing to go, Miss Nettie grew angry.

"You don't seem to realize what you're about to do," she said. "Anybody might suppose you were only going to church."

"I know what I am going to do," answered Tisha, so quietly that Miss Nettie grew more furious still. But she went into the store, with some parting injunction for Ella Arbeight, who had just arrived. When she came back into the sitting-room, Tisha stood there, bag in hand, so calm and placid that Miss Nettie felt like throwing the whole thing up, and attributing to her own nervousness all the change she had thought she observed in her sister.

But no, she would not do it; she had told too many people she was going, to back down now. It would be all Tisha's fault if she had been fooled about those midnight prayers. And there were the coats.

"Well," she said, "have you got evervthing?"

"Yes," answered Tisha.

"Of course you've forgot your toothbrush?"

"I've got it."

Miss Nettie looked round her. "Then pull your bonnet a little more to the right," she said, "and we'll start. Have you looked at mother's picture?"

"What?"

"You may never see it again. You don't know what may happen," went on Miss Nettie, with cruel pleasure. "Accidents are always happening to trains, and I wouldn't be surprised if one would happen to ours. It would be just our luck."

"Don't you want to go, then?" asked Tisha.

"Oh, I'll go. If anything happens I can jump. I always could jump; you never could," replied Miss Nettie. "Here! put this in your pocket."

Tisha took the card her sister held out to her, and read on it, "This is the corpse of Letitia R. Hofnagle." She looked at Nettie for explanation.

"In case of the accident," nodded Miss Nettie. "You don't want to be called 'the body of an unknown female,' do you? Come!"

Tisha moved into the store, then to the door-step, where Miss Nettie joined her after an elaborate parting with Ella Arbright.

They had gone but a few steps toward the station when Miss Nettie, with an exclamation, stopped short.

"I've forgot something," she said, in a stifled voice, and hurried back to the house.

With a sort of terror she had remembered her money-the five hundred dollars which it had taken many years to save, and which she determined should go toward placing her and Tisha in a Home when they were too old to work; money of which Tisha knew nothing, and should know nothing, secrecy concerning it being a sort of revenge on Tisha for having cared for "that man," and being willing to leave her sister for How could she have forgotten it? him. It must have been because she had never left the house overnight since she had begun saving up; or else it was Tisha's prayers.

"Lord forgive me!" she said. "And I accused *her* of forgetting her tooth-brush! It's her fault, though."

She darted into the store, up into her room. Closing the door, she took from its nail on the wall above the centre of her bureau her father's picture, removed the back board of the gilded frame, and took out the money—five crisp notes, which she had at five separate times obtained from the bank in exchange for smaller money. Putting back one or two bills of trifling denominations, she thrust the larger sum in her bosom, and nervously buttoned her dress over it.

Once again in the store, she endeavored to regain her composure before facing Tisha.

"Ella," she said, "no matter how much the cat cries, don't let him out if he's in when you lock up. And if he's out, don't forget about sharpening the knives."

Then she was in the street again.

"I told her not to forget about Alexander," she said to Tisha. "That beau of hers is in her head so much you have to impress things on her."

But it was not until they were in the station that she was like herself. Once in

the car she resolved to cut herself aloof from all that worried her. She felt good. "This is a pretty car," she said. "I

"This is a pretty car," she said. "I always did like velvet seats. I believe it's silk velvet. And did you notice how that ticket-man looked at us when I showed him the pass? I guess he thinks we're relations of the president of the road, or somebody. That makes the fifth stick of candy that child over there's eat. He's stickying all the velvet seat with his hands, too. It's scandalous."

Tisha was looking out the window, perfectly calm, no longer the nervous creature she usually was.

Miss Nettie glanced at her once, then turned to the other passengers. She did not again notice Tisha till they had been rolling on some half an hour. Then she said, suddenly:

"Do you know what I forgot? I forgot to tell Ella to put the ashes in the little box, not in the big one."

"Maybe she'll do it anyway," perfunctorily returned Tisha.

"Will she!" crisped Miss Nettie. "People always put ashes into the big box when there's a big one and a little one. That beau of hers would make her do it if nothing else would. She says his name is Willie."

Her hand furtively sought the money in her bosom, pressing and pressing it. But Tisha did not notice her: Tisha was far enough away from her, out in a void as lonely as death, and as bitter.

When they reached New York and had left their bags at the boarding-house, Miss Nettie said:

"And now, I guess, we'll get those coats. Maybe they're all gone. Just our luck."

Even that failed to rouse Tisha.

When they got into the street a clang of bells smote their ears.

"Earth !" ejaculated Miss Nettie. "That's that Catholic church. If it rings like that to-night I won't get a wink of sleep. Come on; this is the way. I studied it on the map yesterday."

The purchasing of the coats, the hypercritical examination of them, was a pleasing diversion to Miss Nettie, who at last made her selection.

"Now I want another one just like that," she said; "the same size."

The salesman looked at her.

"Tisha," she said, "will you try it on?" "I always get your size," answered Tisha.

"But," suggested the salesman, "there may be a slight difference in your figures."

"She always gets my size," said Miss Nettie. "Say, are her buttons just like mine? Yes, I see now. We want 'em sent home in an hour."

"For I don't know the man," she said, outside, to Tisha, "and he might sell one of 'em to the next customer. Letitia!"

Tisha, by force of habit, became attentive at that name.

"I don't believe," said Miss Nettie, "you so much as know how much I gave for 'em."

"Didn't you say nine eighty-seven?" asked Tisha.

"Ella Arbright said that," returned Miss Nettie. "They're nine seventyeight to-day. And you didn't even find fault with the sleeve-lining. I must say I don't know what to make of you."

"What am I doing?" in some confusion asked Tisha. "Oh-ah! Let's go



"THEN SHE WAS IN THE STREET AGAIN."

somewheres; we might go to Central Park and see the swans."

"Swans!" witheringly repeated Miss Nettie. "Come on. I'm going to see the Bowery father used to talk so much about. Swans!"



THE PURCHASING OF THE COATS.

She was very much put out; she was tired, and that money in her dress front was a perpetual torture; she feared every minute it would slip between the buttons or below the waist. Her hand clutched at it nearly all day, while she dragged Tisha about, restless and ill at ease. At she dared not be restless, but lay there night, when they went to their room, she was fagged out, and soon went to sleep.

Tisha did not. There was a hardness in her heart that stupefied every emotion, every feeling she had had; she was waiting for the Lord to do His part of the contract.

As she occupied the room with Nettie without movement at her sister's side. Pray? No, her prayers were over ; she was waiting for an answer to her five weeks of agonized pleadings.

It was toward daylight that a jangling of bells broke through the air. Miss Nettie woke with a start. "The money!" she gasped; then recollected she had pinned it in the pocket of her new coat--the coat under Tisha's on the chair her side of the bed. She had not dared to put it under her pillow for fear Tisha should notice the act, or it should become dislodged, so she had pinned it in the new coat pocket as she lay in bed, reaching out and doing it noiselessly. "Oh!" she said. "What did I say ?- money ? Those bells are enough to confuse the dead! What a heathenish time to go to church! It's almost like prowling. For mercy's sake, Tisha, say something !"

"I was thinking," Tisha answered.

"Thinking!—at this time in the morning! Did the bells wake you too?"

"I guess I wasn't asleep."

"What! not all night?"

"I guess not," said Tisha.

Miss Nettie breathed hard; this was a change with a vengeance. She lay there worrying. She distinctly saw the store in flames, Ella Arbright, thinking of that beau of hers, having gone home and left the kitchen fire red-hot; then thieves had got in, Ella Arbright, thinking of that beau of hers, neglecting to lock up when she went home; then Alexander was left out all night, Ella Arbright, thinking of that beau of hers, forgetting to sharpen the knives the last thing. And yet Tisha did not seem to worry a bit! What ailed her? She was not a bit nervous, did not stir a finger there in bed, and she had always been the nervous one, even when Alexander staid out at night. Tisha's mind was trying a vast issue; so great was the issue she heeded nothing passing round her.

Tisha could not have told how that next day was spent, only that Nettie took her to see things she did not see. It was Wednesday; there was till Saturday for that money to be forth-coming, and the man she had once cared for to be saved from disgrace. She knew Nettie meant for the best in bringing her here; she knew she ought to pity Nettie. But nothing touched her; she was impervious to all sensation.

When Wednesday night came, and Nettie told her their errand had been accomplished, and they should go home in

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the morning, she had no interest in it at all.

"Do you think it's done you any good?" asked Nettie, querulously.

"I thought you came for the coats," said Tisha.

"The coats!" cried Nettie, savagely. "You know I came for the change the doctor recommended."

Tisha tried to rouse herself. "Nettie," she said, "I know you're kind. I will feel it more some other time. Now, there is a strangeness on me. I can't seem to feel anything."

"You're going to have bilious fever," said Miss Nettie, clapping her hands together. "I'd ought to have thought of it before. It's often a long time coming. Let me see your tongue. Have you got a bitter taste?"

"I am very well," answered Tisha; "there is only a sort of deadness."

Miss Nettie said not a word; she would not frighten Tisha by suggesting paralysis, but she made up her mind that was what it was, and she only hoped the stroke might not come before they reached home. It was long before she fell asleep, and when at length she did so, from sheer exhaustion, she was like a log.

But Tisha was awake, as she had been the night before, as she had been awake many a night before that. For hours she lay there motionless, hearing vague night sounds outside, in the room, listening to her sister's even breathing.

There were but two days more in which her prayers might be answered; after that she should either be a firmer believer than ever, or an unshaken doubter till the day of her death. Let the Lord look to it. She had gone to Him in prayer all her life; prayer had tided over every crisis of her life-her grief for the death of her mother, her more than sorrow when her young life had been wrecked by Henry Burton. Earnest as her prayers had ever been, they were not so earnest as they had been these five weeks, when that shadow hung over the man she had cared for, and she had taken her want to Heaven. She had done her part, let the Lord do His. Her whole life she had tried to be consistent-honest, humble, faithful-and now when the hour of her greatest need was come she had a right to demand that the Divine promises should be fulfilled. She had the right !

The clock downstairs struck twelve-

it was Thursday morning. The clock struck one-two-three. In a few more hours she would be at home again, taking up the old monotony, and welcoming it for its peace. The clock struck four. What was that man thinking about at this hour? Was he not lying awake, tossing from side to side, waiting for Saturday? Did he never think of her? Did he never look at his sickly complaining wife and think how it might have been if he had been true to the woman who loved him? He must sometimes think of her. He must. He must think of those evenings when he came round the corner and saw her at the parlor window waiting for him, and gave her the rose-buds; of that day just before Christmas when they took the long walk, and looked into shops, and picked out the things they would buy, if they could afford them, to go to housekeeping with, and he purchased the little carnelian cross, which he would only give her for a kiss when they reached her home and lingered in the dark entry. He must think-The clock struck five. Then the air was no longer stagnant, but strident, whirring with the jangling of the bells up the street. And then a strangeness happened to Tisha, as the meaning of the sound of those bells was borne into her soul. The deadness left her, and a quickened life was upon her instead. That was a Catholic church-that Church believed in special intervention in answer to prayer-it believed in modern miracles! A fire possessed her, dominated her; this was maybe the Lord telling her what to do.

She would do it; she owed it to the Lord to avail herself of every chance.

She slipped to the floor, hurriedly got into her clothes in the dark, going round in her stocking feet searching for coat and bonnet, noiselessly moved the washstand from in front of the door, where Nettie had put it for greater security from invasion, turned the key in the lock, and felt her way down the dark stairway. Before she opened the hall door she slipped on her shoes, and then she was out in the dim morning, the bells ringing in her ears, their meaning eating into her brain. She went along the street like a spirit, her eyes set straight before her. People were going into the church. She jostled them, pushing her way into the faintly lighted place, gliding swiftly up to the altar, outside the rail of which she

prostrated herself upon the floor. "A miracle!" she murmured with dry lips. "A miracle!"

She was young again. Her lover had asked her to save his life, and she would do it, or die herself. She was at the bar of more than justice, even at the bar of divine mercy, of ineffable compassion, demanding a reprieve.

"A miracle!" she said; "a miracle!" Beads of perspiration were on her forehead, her heart like lead within her, her lips close spanned, her eyes staring ahead of her.

"A miracle!"

It was more than life or death; it was eternal life, eternal death.

"A miracle!"

The candles on the altar flared in her eyes and showed them like glass; the lights from a blazing cross above the altar shone down upon her face, and showed it hard like ivory; the priest at the altar glanced at her, and she did not see him; voices in prayer and adoration were round about her, and she did not hear them.

"A miracle!"

A drop of perspiration rolled down her face. By a purely automatic action she put her hand in her coat pocket for her handkerchief, when she shot up into the air.

The miracle!

She dragged from that pocket a wedge of notes, counted them in the light of the altar candles, of the blazing cross. There was the exact sum, five hundred dollars! Her knees gave way; she sank to the floor. "My God, forgive me!" she said. "My life is Thine henceforth."

How long she staid thus she did not know. Some one touched her. It was Nettie. The candles on the altar were out; the flaming cross had become a dull black outline; the people were all gone; an attendant was clattering the pew doors down the aisles; a lemonish morning light struggled with the shadows.

Miss Nettie was like a statue of wrathful indignation. "Letitia Hofnagle," she said, "are you a communicant member of the Presbyterian Church?"

Tisha regarded her slowly, her eyes like a dying woman's. "A miracle!" she said. "A miracle!" and held toward her sister the fluttering notes.

Miss Nettie was on the point of snatching them from her, understanding the whole thing. For had she not been waked by the bells just as Tisha left the sleeping-room at the boarding-house? Then Tisha was moving blindly along the passage outside the room—going whither?

"Tisha!" she had called, in a frightened voice, scarcely above a whisper. "Tisha! Tisha, do you hear me?" But there was Tisha going down stairs-where to? Had the stroke come to Tisha? She thought of nothing but that. She never before dressed so quickly. She was at the hall door almost as soon as Tisha was. She ran after her; she saw her enter the church; saw her go up to the altar and kneel there; saw her rise after a while, then prostrate herself again. She was dumfounded. What did it mean? She could not go up there to Tisha during the service; when the people were leaving she went up to her.

"A miracle!" said Tisha. "I prayed for just this amount. I demanded it of the Lord. If He did not let Henry have it by Saturday, Henry would go to prison for taking five hundred dollars from his employer when he and Mary were poor and ailing. I know all about everything; he had till next Saturday to pay back the money. I told the Lord. I've prayed for five weeks late in the night for a way for Henry to be saved from that prison. I've told the Lord He must hear me; He must do this thing, or I'd never believe again. I came here; I prayed for a miracle, and God has granted one."

Her head fell, and Miss Nettie had to put her arms round her.

Miss Nettie had never known a woman's love for a man, but could it be like this? Did love never die? Could not even ill treatment kill it? Could love survive the passing of beauty and all the sweetness of youth? And could this be Tisha, her weak sister, whom she governed in every way?

She saw it all now. Tisha had taken the wrong coat in the dark, and had in her hand the money that had taken so long to save up—the money designed for their old age and probable occupancy of a Home. Should she tell Tisha the truth? She would. No, not now—not now. "Nettie," murmured Tisha, "I have

"Nettie," murmured Tisha, "I have saved Henry. Oh, Nettie — oh, sister Nettie!"

"There! there!" Nettie said, brokenly,

comforting her as their mother used to comfort them when they were little girls. "There! there!"

"Oh!" groaned Tisha, leaning heavily on her, "the Lord is so good-so good! And, oh, Nettie, I love Henry still. I can't help it. I love him still, just like he was a young man and I was a young girl, and poor Mary had not separated us. And I must send this money to him-to-day, before we go home. It 'll come from New York. He'll never know who sent it. I'll get you to write a word. I can't; I am almost dead. Write, 'From a friend'; that's all-'From a friend.' Will you write it, Nettie? Will you ?--'From a friend.'"

She had turned herself in Miss Nettie's arms, and looked imploringly into her eyes.

"Yes, yes," said Miss Nettie, "TIIN write it. It certainly is a miracle when I can call myself Henry Burton's friend, and send him that money willingly. And it is a miracle you put on the wrong coat. Yes, yes, Tisha, I say I'll do it, and you never knew me to go back on my word, did you? Only let's go now, right off. We'll be missed at the boarding-house, and we've got to go home to-day, you know."

"Yes," returned Tisha, dreamily. "Oh, how good God is! And how wicked I was to tempt Him! And I won't have to think of Henry as being in prison, will I? And how glad he'll be when he gets the money, won't he? I'll show you that little carnelian cross when we get home, Nettie. I've always kept it. - Yes, we'll go home. Of course we will. Oh, I feel so light. Oh, how good God is! Yes, let's go. But don't you think, Nettie, we might pray? This is not our church, but it is a church, and God knows it. Let's say 'Our Father,' like mother taught us. Let's think of mother while we say it; for maybe she helped the miracle, she loved us so, and maybe she helped you to call yourself Henry's friend, after all these Don't you think so? Dear moyears, ther! Now, 'Our Father --- '"

Miss Nettie, holding Tisha tightly to her, knelt beside her there in the aisle, her quivering lips trying to say the words Tisha's faint voice repeated, and feeling that Tisha had compassed a miracle indeed.

THE CHASTISEMENT OF THE QUALLA BATTOOANS.*

BY EDGAR STANTON MACLAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRIGATE "POTOMAC."

FARLY in August, 1831, the United A States 44-gun frigate Potomac, Captain John Downes, lay in New York Harbor, tugging away at her anchor in a halfrestless, half-indolent mood, as if anxious to get to sea, but was deterred from making the necessary exertion by the enervating heat of the sun. President Jackson had recently appointed Martin Van Buren Minister to England, and the frigate was waiting to convey the future President of the United States to the "Tight Little Island." Conscious of the honor of having a distinguished passenger (with political influence), the younger officers of the ship spent more time than usual before the mirror, endeavoring to give a martial part to their hair. They even got out their uniforms, as if they expected to wear them every day in the week, instead of only once or twice in the cruise, when some special ceremony required it.

The scale of pay established at the time of the war of 1812 allowed our captains only \$100 a month, with which to maintain the honor of the flag abroad, and incidentally support a family. The lieutenants got \$50 a month, and the midshipmen struggled along on considerably less, so that it was not to be expected that they could afford the luxury of a uniform every day in the week. In the cruise in which he captured the *Macedonian*, Captain Stephen Decatur is described as "wearing an old straw hat and a plain suit of clothes, which made him look more like a farmer than a naval hero."

If the handsome young officers of the *Potomac* could not make as noble a display as they might have desired in the matter of padding, epaulets, and gold lace, they at all events could devote more than usual attention to their embryo beards. The regulations in force compelled them to shave their faces smooth at least once in so many days, no matter how luxuriant-

* This article is based upon material discovered in the British Museum library, and the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, while the writer was making researches for a history of the United States Navy, and upon the private journal of an officer of the expedition, placed in the author's hands by the courtesy of Mr. Joseph A. McCreery, of Hoboken, New Jersey.

ly inclined some of them might have been toward whiskers. The officers who were especially prone to run to hair found the regulation a stumbling-block to their pride, and no small amount of temper was expended in consequence. But in view of the fact that their distinguished passenger "had a pull," which might land them in a choice position some day, the officers lathered and scraped away at their chins with more good grace than could have been expected. Moreover, the hearts of these officers warmed toward "Martin," because in the war over Peggy O'Neal, "the pretty, witty, saucy, active tavernkeeper's daughter," which nearly wrecked President Jackson's cabinet, he sided with Peggy-and Peggy was the widow of a naval officer.

The same bustle and air of expectancy was noticeable among the sailors of the Potomac. They were busily engaged in togging themselves out in their best rig. polishing their neat morocco pumps, and going through the most approved and latest style of nautical prinking. Some of the real old salts in the frigate, however, who affected to despise the "innovation of uniforms," and whose sigh for the good old days when man-o'-war's men had their inalienable rights to dress "their own exclusive persons in their own exclusive tastes," were not so particular in washing and pressing out their neat nankeen uniforms. They were satisfied with greasing their long hair, and then braiding it down their backs, with just enough wax in the end to make it curl up like a fish-hook.

These were the men who had made the American navy famous. They had taken a hand in flogging the Parley-vous in 1798-1801, and had downed the yataghan-armed Turks in the fierce hand-tohand encounters off Tripoli, and had exterminated hordes of pirates along the Spanish Main. But their greatest glory was in having been through the "late war," in which the pride of the mistress of the ocean was taken down a peg or two.

That the distresses of an Atlantic voyage might be made as endurable as possible for their passenger "with a pull" and his "landlubberly" retinue, a supply of hideous-looking easy-chairs, such as never before had descerated the decks of the

frigate, and heathenish-looking trunks, preposterous bundles, and outlandish packages, were piled around in just the places where an out-and-out good seaman would be most likely to crack his shins against them. The stewards, also, began to assume a pompous and condescending air that was entirely beyond their station, while the master-at-arms and quartermasters were busy hoisting squealing pigs (tied in bunches by their feet), coops filled with cackling hens, and many other delicacies that might tempt the weak stomachs of the guests. Such unprofessional doings were enough to make any frigate uneasy. The Potomac especially did not seem to be at all pleased with the situation, for she turned restlessly at her moorings all day long. After tugging fretfully six hours at her anchor in a vain endeavor to break away, she would swing around, like a spirited colt at tether, and tug as persistently another six hours in an opposite direction. But all to no purpose. The iron fluke of the anchor was thrust deep in the mud at the bottom of the bay, and showed no disposition to leave its comfortable bed.

One day, in the midst of these scenes of leisurely preparation and pleasant anticipation, a sharp-eyed quartermaster in the Potomac espied a boat pulling hurriedly toward the ship, as if it were the bearer of important despatches. In a few minutes it ran alongside, and an officer stepped aboard and announced that orders had just been received from Washington for the Potomac to abandon her errand of peace, and to proceed with all possible despatch to the East Indies, and visit summary vengeance on the Malays of the western coast of Sumatra, who a few months before had treacherously attacked the American merchant vessel Friendship, Captain Endicott, of Salem, Massachusetts, and had murdered several of her men.

The news that they were to go to war spread over the *Potomac* in an incredibly short time. The younger officers instantly ceased prinking before the mirror, and instead of whetting razors, began to think of sharpening their swords. The gossip about Peggy O'Neal was suddenly dropped, and war talk came to the front. The sailors stopped varnishing their pumps and greasing their hair, and began to picture themselves the heroes of some valorous deed, while the cook, hear-

ing so much talk about "hot fighting," got excited, and put too much pepper in the soup. Stories, anecdotes, and even yarns which by oft-repeating had lost all edge, were again in demand, while the old salts were once more in their glory as they formed the centre of groups of eager listeners, telling what they did and saw "when I was in the *Peacock-Epervier* fight," or "the day we walloped Carden," etc.

The excitement was still at a fever-heat when, on the 21st of August, Captain Downes gave the order to weigh anchor, and in a few minutes the iron fluke that had so long tried the patience of the Potomac was wrenched from its comfortable bed at the bottom of the bay, and hung muddy and ugly right under the frigate's pretty nose. Elated with her freedom, and no doubt highly pleased at the change from a commonplace errand of peacewhich any tramp of a passenger ship could have-to a more glorious mission of war, the frigate lost no time in passing down the bay, through the Narrows, and out to sea.

As she began to feel the exhilarating motion of the ocean swell off Sandy Hook, the bustle and confusion of the hurried departure were still going on. The decks were yet encumbered with cabin furniture, ropes, baskets of vegetables, chicken-coops, goats, hogs, and baggage of the late arrivals, while the cooks. stewards, and cabin-boys hastened to get things to rights, so that the salt spray could do no damage. By sunset a tolerable degree of order had been secured, and the usual quiet and good order of a man-of-war were restored. Many of the sailors who were not on watch assembled on the forecastle or leaned over the hammock-cloths to get a last look at the fastreceding land, or were eagerly discussing the chances of a pitched battle with the ferocious Malays. Some of the younger officers were on the quarter-deck, gazing dreamily at their native shore, now thinking of the old folks at home, now pondering on the possibilities of the cruise, now speculating on the chances of winning the laurels of victory, or meeting a horrible fate at the hands of the warlike cannibals.

By ten o'clock the last glimpse of Atlantic Highlands had faded from view, and as night threw her sombre mantle over the sea, the noise and excitement in

the frigate subsided into a deep hush, broken only by the splashing of the waves against the bows, or the soughing of the moisture-laden breeze through the rigging as the ship pursued her lonely course over the dark sea. A few battle-lanterns threw a flickering light along the decks, bringing out in dark relief the ponderous cannon, the brackets of heavy shot, coils of ropes, and other objects on the deck, while the lights in the rigging sparkled and twinkled like fire-flies. One watch had "turned in"; but glimpses of light amid the swaying sea of hammocks, and the subdued sound of laughter, or voices engaged in earnest conversation, that occasionally came up through the open hatchway from the berth-deck, showed that sleep had visited few. Having seen that everything was made snug for the night, the officer of the deck began a rapid pacing back and forth on the quarter-deck, as if he had entered in a mad race against time.

CHAPTER II.

MURDER OF AMERICAN SAILORS.

THE outrage on the Friendship had been perpetrated by the piratical Malays of Qualla Battoo, a well-defended town on the northwestern coast of Sumatra. On the 7th of February, 1831, this ship lay off the town, taking aboard a cargo of pepper, the chief commodity of this coast. Captain Endicott, with his second mate, John Barry, and four seamen, was on shore at the trading-station, which was a short distance up the river that ran through the town, superintending the weighing of the pepper, and seeing that it was properly stowed away in the boats. A tremendous surf girded the beach, and none but experienced native boatmen dared to venture in it, so that tradingvessels communicating with the shore were obliged to put their boats in charge of Malay crews. The first boat had received its load of pepper, and was making its way down the river, when the native boatmen, just before reaching the surf. quietly ran ashore, and exchanged places with an armed body of warriors, who took the boat through the surf. On gaining the deck of the Friendship, the Malays attacked the Americans, killed the first mate and two sailors, made prisoners of three men, and drove the remaining four overboard.

Noticing that all was not right aboard his ship. Captain Endicott with his men at the trading-station jumped into the second boat, and succeeded in getting to sea, accompanied by Po Adam, the rajah of a friendly tribe to the south. Several war-canoes endeavored to cut off the retreat, but they were eluded. Captain Endicott picked up the four men who had escaped from the ship, and made for Muckie. another pepper port, about twenty miles to the south. Three American merchantmen happened to be at this place, and hearing of the attack on the Americans. they promptly got under way, and on the following morning after a sharp encounter recaptured the Friendship. But everything of value had been taken out of her.

The Qualla Battooans in many respects were a most remarkable people. They had an alphabet and literature of their own, but they combined cannibalism and great cruelty to prisoners with their higher traits. Their religion was Mohammedanism, which tended to make them brave in battle. From European trading - vessels they had secured cannon and muskets, which they handled with considerable skill. Their town was defended by several forts built in dense jungles, and surrounded by massive stockades. The citadel of the forts was a high platform mounting several cannon. These fierce mountaineers had defied the efforts of the Dutch and neighboring tribes more than a hundred years, and they had become so bold that they even attacked a Dutch frigate, and were only repulsed after heavy losses on both sides.

These people had been led to believe that the United States did not possess " ships with big guns," so President Jackson determined to undeceive them in a forcible manner, and he looked around for a commander of his own stampa hard fighter - to lead the expedition against them. This he found in Captain John Downes, who had been the executive officer in the Essex during her celebrated cruise in the Pacific, 1812-1814. The Potomac was a sister ship of the Constitution, and some twenty-two years younger. Like her elder sister, she was one of the swiftest frigates afloat. It is recorded of her that she made 3726 geographical miles in eighteen days, or an average of 201 miles a day. The first lieutenant of the Potomac, Lieutenant Irvine Shubrick, came from a distinguished family of sea-warriors. Like Captain Downes, he knew what it was to fire guns in earnest, for he was in the President under Decatur when she made her memorable defence against a British squadron in 1815. He also served with distinction in the Algerian war, 1815. The other officers of the Potomac were Second Lieutenant Pinkham, Third Lieutenant Hoff, Fourth Lieutenant Ingersoll, and Lieutenant Edson of the marines. With such officers as these, and with five hundred hearty Yankee tars, in a frigate like the Potomac, President Jackson was justified in believing that the murder of American seamen would be promptly and thoroughly avenged.

CHAPTER III.

THE SWIFT AVENGER.

THE Potomac was not many days out from New York on her errand of vengeance when Captain Downes began his preparations for chastising the Qualla Battooans. Two hundred and sixty of the Potomacs were selected, and being formed in four divisions, were drilled every day for the land expedition. It has always been found difficult to overcome a sailor's dislike for military manœuvres, but the hardy tars of the Potomac wrestled manfully with their feet to bring them into the regular tramp of rank and file. The wits of the frigate, however, were busy twisting military phrases into ridiculous purports, but with commendable efforts to keep their faces straight, the men attacked the military manual, and were soon boasting, in tones loud enough to reach the ears of the marines, that they would yet be teaching the United States army military tactics.

In those days of long voyages many expedients were resorted to to relieve the monotony of the cruise, and the jolly Potomacs had not been long at sea before they organized a dramatic company of their own. After a vast deal of mysterious rehearsals the "Great and Only Original Potomacs" made their début on the 22d of November, before an indulgent audience. The "house" was seated on coils of ropes, gun-carriages, inverted buckets, or were perched on the murderous cannon, while some clambered up the shrouds and suspended themselves from the rigging in their eagerness to witness the

"show." Elaborate scenery and stage settings at sea are far from illusive, especially if the good ship should take it into her head to roll and pitch, regardless of the lines of the perspective or the equilibrium of the actors. This little difficulty was explained in the prologue, and a placard with such words as "This is a wood scene," etc., answered all purposes. "The Laughable Farce in two acts entitled St. Patrick's Day was performed amid tumultuous applause, and the entertainment was concluded with "An olio, consisting of songs, duets, and recitations.' "The Great and Only Original Potomacs" afterward played The Tragedy of Douglass and the farce Fortune's Frolic before the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, and with such success that promptly after the show the performers got most gloriously drunk-at their Majesties' order and expense.

Touching at Rio de Janeiro, the Potomac sailed again November 1st, and arrived at Cape Town on the 8th of Decem-Although the people of this place ber. had seldom seen an American man of-war. they had heard a great deal about the glorious achievements of the United States navy. In 1814 our 16-gun brig Siren was captured by the 74-gun ship-of-theline Medway, and her crew was confined several months near Cape Town; and it is safe to say that the glory of American victories on the ocean suffered no diminution when the tars of the Siren began to spin yarns to the credulous townsfolk of this place. When it was known that an American frigate, built on the exact lines of the wonderful Constitution, was in port, people journeyed many miles from the interior to visit her.

After doubling the Cape of Good Hope, December 17th, the *Potomac* experienced two terrific hurricanes, one of which lasted three days, and fully demonstrated the admirable sea worthiness of the ship. Christmas and New-Year's were celebrated on the Indian Ocean, under as comfortable circumstances as was possible in a raging storm of wind and rain.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTACK ON QUALLA BATTOO.

As the *Potomac* drew near the scene of the outrage on the *Friendship*, Captain Downes disguised his ship, as he was anxious to attack the pirates before they

knew of the arrival of an American warship in this part of the world. The guns of the frigate were run in, the ports closed, the topmasts housed, the sails rigged in a slovenly manner, and every precaution taken to give the frigate the appearance of a merchant craft. In this guise the Potomac, under Danish colors, appeared off Qualla Battoo, February 6, 1832, just a year after the treacherous attack on the Friendship. Scarcely had she dropped anchor when a sail-boat rounded a point of land and made for her. On coming alongside it was found to be laden with fish, and manned by four Malays from a friendly tribe, who desired to sell their cargo. Fearing that these men, if allowed to depart, might announce the arrival of the frigate to the Qualla Battooans, Captain Downes detained them on board until after the attack.

At half past two o'clock the whale-boat was sent toward the shore, under the command of Lieutenant Shubrick, to take The men in the boat were soundings. dressed as the boat crew of an Indiaman, and in case they came to a parley with the natives, Lieutenants Shubrick and Edson were to impersonate the captain and supercargo of a trading-vessel. As the natives lined the shore in great numbers, and assumed a hostile attitude, no attempt was made to land; and having satisfied himself with the location and situation of the river, Lieutenant Shubrick returned to the ship at half past four o'clock.

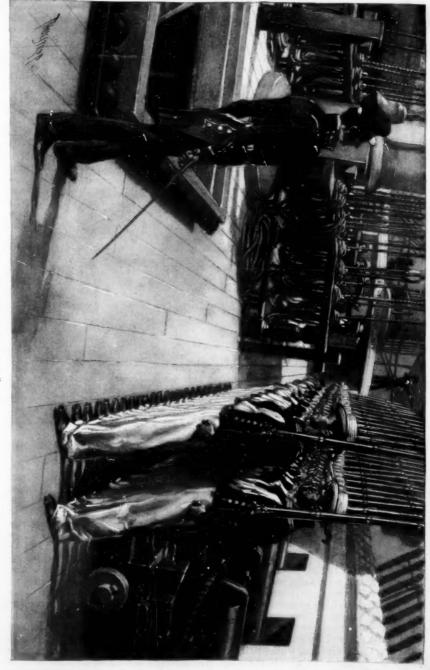
Everything now being in readiness for the attack, Captain Downes announced that the boats would leave the ship at midnight, and from five o'clock to that time the men selected for the expedition were at liberty to employ their time as they pleased. As the attack was likely to keep them late on the following day, many of the men improved this opportunity to sleep, using gun-carriages, coils of rope, and sails for pillows. Some of the more restless, however, in the face of the impending conflict, found it impossible to sleep. They were scattered about the ship, conversing in low tones with their messmates, placing in trusty hands some token of affection, such as a watch or a Bible, to be delivered to relatives or friends in case "something might happen to me." Promptly at midnight all hands were summoned to quarters, and

in an instant the gun-deck was swarming with men, some with weapons in their hands, others girding on cutlasses, and all hurrying to their stations, while the boats were lowered and brought along the gangway on the off side of the ship, so that the natives on shore could not discover what was going on, even if they had been on the watch. The men silently yet rapidly descended the frigate's side and took their places, and as each boat received its load it dropped astern, or was pulled ahead and made fast to the lee booms, so as to make room for others.

The debarkation was made with the greatest secrecy, nothing breaking the silence of the hour except the splashing of the waves against the dark hull of the frigate, the chafing of the cables in the hawse-holes, the whispered command of officers as the boats came to and from the gangway, or the muffled rattle of the oars in the rowlocks as the boats shoved off to take their prescribed positions. So much care in maintaining silence, however, seemed almost unnecessary, for the roaring surf pounding away on the beach, which even at the distance of three miles could be distinctly heard aboard the ship, would have drowned all noise.

The light of the morning star was just discernible through a dense mass of dark clouds that had been resting on the eastern horizon when the order was given to shove off and make for the land. The boats formed in line, and with measured stroke stretched out for the beach. When they had covered about a third of the distance "a meteor of most brilliant hue and splendid rays," wrote an officer of the *Potomac*, "shot across the heavens immediately above us, lighting the broad expanse with its beams from west to east. We hailed it as an earnest of victory and the bright augury of future fame."

The bright star in the east had shone fully two hours before the boats gained the landing-place. Here the crews nerved themselves for the final effort to pass the dangerous surf. The men held their breath in suspense as one by one the boats plunged into the surging waters and seemingly went to certain destruction. The waves rolled on the right, on the left, before and behind, with great violence, but with a strong, steady pull the boats were brought through the surf with their human freight, and passed into the smooth waters of the river beyond. Just



" DRILLED EVERY DAY."

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UNITED STATES FRIGATE " POTOMAC."

as day was beginning to break the last load of men passed through the surf, and as the keels of the boats grated on the beach the sailors jumped out and hastened to their positions, each division forming by itself. The boats, with enough men to man them, were directed to remain together just outside of the surf until further orders.

No delay was allowed in beginning a march. Lieutenant Edson and Lieutenant Tenett led the van with their company of marines. John Barry, the second mate of the Friendship when she was attacked by the Malays a year before, had come out in the Potomac as a master's mate, and now acted as a guide. Lieutenant Ingersoll followed the van with the first division of seamen; Lieutenant Hoff's division then came, which consisted of musketeers and pikemen. After this came Lieutenant Pinkham with the third division, while Sailing-Master Totten and a few men brought up

After marching along the beach Baker. some distance, the column turned abruptly inland, and struck into the dense jungle. The fusileers, "a company of fine, stout, and daring fellows," now distributed themselves in advance and on each flank of the little army to guard against ambuscades.

Lieutenant Hoff and three midshipmen, with the second division of musketeers and pikemen, now wheeled off to the left with his division, and was soon lost to view in the thick foliage. He had been ordered to attack the fort on the northern edge of the town. As soon as he came in sight of this stronghold the Malays opened a sharp fusillade with cannon, muskets, spears, and poisoned arrows. The Americans returned the fire, and then made a rush for the gate of the stockade. and bursting it open, engaged the enemy in a short but fierce hand-to-hand encounter, in which the pikes and cutlasses of the seamen were employed to advantage. The open space within the palisade was soon cleared, but the Malays retreated to their citadel on the high platform, and hauling up the ladder leading to it, for two hours fought with great bravery. Impatient at the delay, Lieutenant Hoff directed his men to tear up some of the poles forming the stockade, and to improvise a ladder with them. Having done this, the men made a rush for the citadel from opposite directions, and placing their ladders against the high platform, clambered up, and made short work of the desperate defenders.

Rajah Maley Mohammed, one of the most influential chiefs on the western coast of Sumatra, commanded this fort, and fought with the ferocity of a tiger. After receiving numerous bayonet-thrusts and musket-balls in his body he fell, but even in his death-throes he continued to brandish his sabre and to inflict injuries on the Americans around him, until a marine finally despatched him. But as soon as the rajah fell, a woman, who from the richness of her dress was supposed to be his wife, seized his sabre, and wielded it with such energy that the Americans fell back, as they were loath to make war against the sex. The frenzied woman, however, rushed at the Americans, and severely wounded a sailor on the head with a blow of her sabre, and with catlike dexterity she aimed another blow at the rear with the 6-pounder called Betsey him, which nearly severed the thumb

THE CHASTISEMENT OF THE QUALLA BATTOOANS.

from his left hand. Before she could repeat the blow, however, she fainted from loss of blood from a wound previously received, and falling upon the hard pavement, soon died. At this fort twelve of the Malays were killed, while many times that number were wounded.

While this hot fight had been going on at the northern fort, Lieutenants Edson and Tenett with the marines, and the first division of musketeers and pikemen under Lieutenant Ingersoll, had discovered the fort in the middle of the town, and after a short and bloody conflict Shubrick, and the 6-pounder commanded

carried it by storm and put the enemy to the sword. In this attack one of the marines was killed, one dangerously wounded, and several slightly wounded. The Malays sustained even greater loss here than at the first fort.

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The first division, under Lieutenant Pinkham, had been ordered to attack the fort in the rear of the town, but it had been so skilfully concealed in the jungle that Mr. Barry was unable to find it, and the division retraced its steps, and joined the fusileers under Lieutenant



"THE MEN SILENTLY, YET RAPIDLY, DESCENDED THE FRIGATE'S SIDE."

attack upon the most formidable fort of and raked the schooners fore and aft. the town, which was situated on the bank This was followed up with a well-directed of the river near the beach. Here the fire of musketry from the fusileers, which principal rajah of Qualla Battoo had collected his bravest warriors, and they announced their determination to die rather than surrender-and they kept their The entire force of the division word. advancing to attack this stronghold was eighty-five men. As soon as the Americans came in sight, the Malays opened a hot fire of musketry, and followed it up with a rapid discharge of their swivels, which, as usual, were mounted in a commanding position on the high platform.

"The natives were brave, and fought with a fierceness bordering on desperation," wrote one of the Potomac's officers (who was in this division) in his jour-"They would not yield while a nal. drop of their savage blood warmed their bosoms, or while they had strength to wield a weapon, fighting with that undaunted firmness which is the characteristic of bold and determined spirits, and displaying such an utter carelessness of life as would have been honored in a better cause. Instances of the bravery of these people were numerous, so much so that were I to give you a detail of each event, my description would become tiresome.

The Americans returned the enemy's fire with a brisk discharge of their muskets, and a sharp fusillade was maintained for some time, but with little effect upon the stout barricades.

Anxious to complete the work of destruction as soon as possible, Lieutenant Shubrick left a body of men in front of the fort to engage the attention of the Malays, while he with the fusileers and the Betsey Baker made a détour through the woods so as to gain the rear of the fort unobserved. The manœuvre was successful, and in a few minutes the flanking party reached the river-bank behind the citadel. Here three large heavily armed schooners (the largest one being a boat they had captured from Po Adam the year before), employed by the Malays in their piratical excursions, were discovered, anchored in the river, and filled with warriors awaiting a favorable and the Malays. Great columns of dark opportunity to take a hand in the fray, smoke rolled through the sky, while the They further acted as a cover to the rear fire and the blazing sun rendered the heat of the fort. Before the pirates in the almost unendurable. Scores of Malays schooners realized it, Lieutenant Shubrick were fleeing through the secret passages in

by Acting Sailing-Master Totten, in an had opened on them with his 6-pounder killed or wounded a great number, and caused the surviving Malays to jump overboard and escape to the woods. The enemy, however, succeeded in getting sail on the largest of the schooners, and in a short time they ran her around a point of land up the river, where she was out of gunshot.

> Unbeknown to the Americans, Po Adam had sighted the Potomac some days before, and believing her to be an American frigate, he had collected a band of his best warriors, and stealing along the coast, concealed himself in the woods on the outskirts of Qualla Battoo. When he saw the marines and seamen land and attack the town, he drew nearer, and lay in ambush with his men on the south bank of the river, awaiting an opportunity to help them. Po Adam noticed the Malays coming around the point of land with the schooner, and when they moored her to the south bank so as to be safe from further attack by the Americans, he rushed from his place of concealment with his men, boarded the schooner, killed five of the Qualla Battooans, and put the remainder to flight. By this time it was broad daylight.

Having completed the circumvallation of the rajah's citadel, Lieutenant Shubrick gave the signal for a simultaneous attack on the front and rear. The Americans attacked the outer stockade, and by hacking with axes succeeded in wrenching the massive gate from its place. The Malays were prepared for the attack, and the first American who exposed himself was shot through the brain, and three others fell wounded. Unmindful of this galling fire, the hardy Potomacs rushed into the large open space within the palisades, and drove the Malays to the high platform, where they made their final stand. To add to the confusion, the stockade that had been captured by the division under Lieutenants Hoff and Edson had been set on fire, in pursuance of orders, and by this time the flames had spread, and now threatened to engulf both the Americans



"THE FRENZIED WOMAN RUSHED AT THE AMERICANS."

the jungle, carrying such articles as they esteemed valuable with them, while many wild beasts and reptiles, disturbed by the heat, were making their way through the forest in all directions.

Finding that they were firing at a disadvantage, the men in charge of the Betsey Baker seized the little gun and carried her to an elevation on the upper side of the fort, and reopened fire with a steady and well-directed discharge of grape and canister. Many Malays were laid low at each discharge. So rapid was the fire from this gun that her ammunition was

soon exhausted, and it was necessary to send to the boats for another supply.

In the mean time Lieutenants Hoff and Edson, having performed the task allotted to them, came up with their division and joined in the attack on the principal fort. They were ordered to take a position between the fort and water, where they poured in an effective cross-fire upon the doomed pirates. The Malays still kept up a brave and spirited defence, and were still shouting to the Americans in broken English "to come and take them." The men who had been sent to the boats for



"LIEUTENANT SHUBRICK OPENED ON THEM WITH HIS SIX POUNDER."

more ammunition for the Betsey Baker now returned with ten bags, containing forty musket-balls each. So eager were the crew of this gun that they now overloaded it, and at the third discharge it was dismounted and the carriage wrecked, so as to be rendered useless for the remainder of the action.

At this moment the flames in the centre fort, which had been captured by Lieutenant Edson, reached the magazine, and blew it up with tremendous force. Seeing that further support could not be derived from the 6-pounder, Lieutenant Shubrick ordered a general assault on the citadel, and at the word the men sprang from their cover and made a rush for the stockade, and clambering up the platform in any way they could, they overpowered the few remaining Malays and put them to the sword, and soon the American flag waved from the platform in triumph.

The victorious Americans now turned their attention to the fort on the opposite

side of the river, which had kept up an annoying fire from its 12-pounder; but it was found to be impracticable to ford the deep and rapid stream, and as the surf was growing heavier every minute. Lieutenant Shubrick caused the bugle to sound the retreat. While returning to the beach. a sharp and well-sustained fire was unexpectedly opened on the Americans from a jungle. It proved to be from the fort for which the division under Lieutenant Pinkham had searched in vain. The Americans promptly returned the fire, and then advanced to carry the fort by storm, and one of the hottest fights of the day took place. The Malays fought with the energy of despair, but in a short time they were overpowered, and were either put to the sword or escaped in the jungle, leaving many a bloody trail on the grass as evidences of their punishment.

The Americans then reassembled on the beach and began the roll-call to ascertain their casualties, and to discover if any had

THE CHASTISEMENT OF THE QUALLA BATTOOANS.

been left in the jungle. It was found that two men had been killed and eleven were wounded. The bodies of the dead and wounded were carefully lifted into the boats, and the entire expedition re-embarked, and pushing off through the surf, pulled for the frigate. The Malays had over one hundred killed and two hundred wounded. One of the *Potomac's* officers,

Learning that a number of Malays had gathered in the rear of the town, and feeling that every stronghold of the natives should be demolished before leaving, Captain Downes, at noon on the following day, February 7th, weighed anchor and stood in about a mile from the shore, and opened a heavy fire on the fort situated on the south bank of the **river**, which



"SOON THE AMERICAN FLAG WAVED."

in his journal, says, "We were warmly greeted with cheers of those who had been left to protect the ship, which, with the grateful smiles of our commander and the friendly interrogations of those who had witnessed our daring at a distance, amply repaid us for our toil in the *mélée*, and assured us that our actions were commended." had caused the Americans so much annoyance the day before. Another object of this second day's attack was to convince the Qualla Battooans that the United States did possess "ships with big guns," and knew how to use them. The rapid discharge of the *Potomac's* long 32 pounders and 8 inch guns appalled the natives, for they never had before heard

such a terrible noise. For more than an conducted to Captain Downes, and bowing hour the heavy shot from the frigate themselves to the deck in humble subploughed their way into the wooden stockades, carrying death and destruction in their paths.

flags began to appear at different points along the beach, and the Potomac ceased Battooans in attacking American seamen, firing, and about six o'clock in the even- and assured them that the full power of ing a native boat was seen making its the United States government was behind

mission, they pleaded for peace on any terms, "if only the big guns might cease their lightning and thunder." Captain At a quarter past one o'clock white Downes impressed upon the envoys the enormity of the offence of the Qualla



"BOWING THEMSELVES TO THE DECK."

way through the surf with a white flag at the humblest of its citizens in any part of the bow, pulling toward the Potomac. By the globe, and that any future misconseven o'clock it came alongside, and it was duct on the part of the Malays toward an learned that it contained messengers from American citizen would be met with even the surviving rajahs with overtures for greater punishment than had just been peace. On being taken aboard they were meted out to them.

AT CHENIÈRE CAMINADA.

BY GRACE KING.

HENIÈRE CAMINADA! Already it seems not only of the was, but of the never has been. The great storm passed over it, and- But the newspapers have told all about the great storm and its great desolating tragedies; for so sacred seem human life and its relationships that even an obscure little settlement cannot be destroyed without involving great tragedies.

This is the account only of a small tragedy, one visible, it was thought, to the eye of the All-Seer alone.

We call it a settlement and obscure, but that is only a way of speaking. Barataria Bay has never been obscure, at least to the sea-folk of the Gulf of Mexico; and la Chenière Caminada, if one had but documents to prove it, might be found to have had its historical holdings ever since the time of the great discoverers. But, without any documents to legitimate its claims to historical consideration, one has only to look at the map and remember one's reading to feel all the assurance in regard to it necessary for a reasonable conviction.

The sea-folk of the Gulf of Mexico, legitimate and bastard-discoverers, adventurers, merchant-men, filibusters, buccaneers, privateers, pirates !--- it is impossible to think reasonably about them; the imagination, which ever loves the unreasonable, takes flight at the very name of them, and never adventurer, buccaneer, or captain of the black-flag of them all ever drove wilder or wilfuler keel through the enchanting blue waters than it through the swelling brain of even the feeble scribe who is trying to write past them.

Ah! if the reading public only knew how hard it is to write these poor little pages, when the imagination is just there, with such glittering, beautiful, all-ready stories.

It is said, traditionally, for such people do not keep official certificates of themselves, that Chenière Caminada was peopled by the families of two pirate chiefs, and that the inhabitants of to-day, or rather of yesterday, were, with but few notable exceptions, their descendants. Intermarriage had bound them as closely together as grass roots the sod. There were hardy more than two surnames known in the an easier haul.

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grand occasions when the priest was called in to authenticate nature. Naturally there had been driftings in of other names and people-wreckage in the shape of shopkeepers, fishermen, and good-for-naughts, from the great Gulf in front, and the great river behind, but these were neither uncles, aunts, cousins, sons, daughters, nor parents to the interlaced community of the original settlers, and so were not considered, or rather were ill-considered, by them.

The transition from privateersmen to fishermen seems the natural one in the When brutal inmarch of progress. stincts are not the impulsive force the elements of excitement must not be so different-the close contact with ocean, weather, sky, and the trials of strength and skill with redfish, sheep's-head, pompano, bluefish, and the huge monsters of seaturtle. And though it could not compare in intensity of thrill with the seizing and looting of Central American towns, nor waylaying gold-laden caravels from Mexico, yet the oyster fishery held its nights and days which could arouse in the veins much of the dormant old leaping blood of Whether, according to the freebooter. gossip, from hidden treasures dating from ancestral halcyon days, or from honest sea-faring intrepidity, money was never lacking in the oaken-grove settlement, and wealth even might have been whispered of a family head here or there.

Prosperity seems to have but one road to travel, wealth but one set of bellows to apply to high or low born, prince or pirate or fisherman-personal advancement. Its aspirations began at the critical moment of money-hoarding felt in the household of Dominique ----: it matters not which of the alternative names follows. A gentleman or a lady could now be inflated out of the family. A gentleman! Even if the sense of humor with which fiction renders so fascinating the time-honored heroes of the high seas and high road had atrophied past service in the prosaic transmissions to modern civilization, the whilom sense of the cutlass and carbine in Dominique revolted against such a curtailment of his great, stalwart, handsome, dare-devil bull-pups. A lady! That were And tales enough of settlement, and they were only used on the ladies (if they were young and fair, however, only the obstinate and contumacious ones) made to walk the plank out there in the Gulf off Barataria may have haunted the dim background of his mind into a kind of ghostly reminder of retribution to society. A lady it was to be, this credential of good fortune, and none other candidate to be considered than the youngest chick, the nine-year-old Dominiquilla.

What can parents not accomplish when ambition is once allowed subtly to cohabit with paternal affection! Like death, Dominique and his wife entered their brood and took one out, and buried her from themselves in a convent in New Orleans. It left a gap, an ugly gap, in the closely serried file of fourteen; it was the loss of a front tooth, which renders even the sweetest smile a blotch in the countenance. But there were consolations, and the greater the pain, the more insistent became their aspirations, until, to tell the truth, like many people, they found satisfaction in the delusion that by buying and paying for their hope at so great a price they had converted it into a reality, only situated at some little distance in the future.

The little one-she was small for her age-paid the usual tribute of suffering under transplanting. There seemed to be nothing at first for her to connect her little life to-no lakes and bayous; no distant line of blue Gulf; no low flat marshes alive with wild-fowl; no sound of rising wind and pounding surf at night; no driving piling clouds by day; no fish, monsters or minnows, pompano, bluefish, gar, redfish, sheep's-head, snappers, devilfish. No; all the glitter and iridescence in her eyes seemed to fade out as she thought of the great catches she had seen come out of the Gulf, and the great catches coming out twice every week, and the great catches still to come out which she would never see.

But all this was only at first. In a few months she was sending her little tendrils out over her new surroundings; in a year she had begun to make good holdings of them; in three years they had taken good grip of her, and ... St. Denis made the first step without his head, so to speak.

She was allowed to visit Chenière Caminada only at rare intervals, for the process of diverting the course of vitality is a delicate one; and the Sisters, as they always stipulated when they undertook

ever, only the obstinate and contumacious such a contract, never guaranteed an end ones) made to walk the plank out there in the Gulf off Barataria may have haunt- oly of the means.

They obtained all, and more than they asked, and the elevation of the little Barataria maiden over her natural sphere began to be apparent even during her first visit home after a year's absence. Shyness, reserve, quietude, everything that those who knew her as a child could least have expected, began to develop in her. And thus every ensuing visit solidified the flattering certainty of her increasing strangeness from her people—strangeness being ever, with the simple, a proof of superiority.

After rubbing out external impressions, one must proceed upon the internal, and then the soul, restored to original nullity, is fit to receive the sacrament of a new vitality, a new and immaculate birth. The recipe is so simple and easy to apply! particularly the last clause. For women are so constituted, even from infancy. that they cannot resist the seductive allurements of their own purification and betterment. Even to-day, after so long cycles of the world and men, after so long cycles of nakedness, weakness, failings, and self-disappointments, they thrill at the hope of redemption from the flesh. even as they thrill at the hope which comes from subjection to it.

And when self-cleaning, purifying, correcting, becomes a religion, a cult, a daily, hourly practice. . . .

There must be the same distinctions and differences among self -wives as housewives. When a housewife takes it upon herself to instruct a domestic postulant, it is always upon the weak point of another that she bases her theories, not upon the one which is perhaps at that very moment a worm in her own conscience. And so every woman has practically to find out for herself what may or what may not be accomplished by time, circumstance, and personal effort upon the life, which is the memory, which is the heart of even a little girl of nine.

And although it hovers ever before our eyes as perhaps the one Absolute, there is nothing so relative as personal or general cleanliness. The very effort to satisfy a present standard only increases the exactions of a future one; and, in truth, none but women would seriously make it their duty to foster an increasing burden of tribute-money.

ternal work to do at herself; but a few ly-haired brothers and sisters and cousins years afterwards, and there is enough for a vocation.

In a convent, fortunately, the actual supplies no food for sin, but it equalizes the balance by furnishing abundantly of sin possibilities and probabilities; and if in a measure it fixes and charms the future into a stationary, immovable noninterferer, it allows the past a full and wanton liberty. It would seem that this must be so, for where if not out of the past can be developed the microbes, hence the inoculating and antidoting medium against infirm human nature?

The little Dominiquilla had not much of a past, but she had a drop, a sufficiency -and the above is only offered as an imperfect conjectural attempt at the reason why at twelve (her third visit home) she would play no longer with her former preferred mate and cousin, Claro, and why every succeeding visit after that his company, even the sight of him, became more and more distasteful to her, until, when she was sixteen and he nineteen, it was felt a relief that he sailed his sloop out of the bay into the Gulf, and, it was supposed, camped on a reef until she went away. He must, indeed, have represented some obnoxious obstacle to a principle or a duty to have incurred such cold, silent, inflexible condemnation from one so pious, gentle, and lovely. For, growing always taller, fairer, with eyes ever larger and more brilliant, hair ever silkier and glossier, she had become very lovelylovelier than any woman on Chenière Caminada since piratical and abducting days, even if we credit to the full all the beauty ascribed by tradition and history to the unfortunate fair.

It is hardly necessary to say that even from the time that choice, as the Sisters explained, was a matter of instinct, she determined, or felt called upon, to merge her ladyhood into the life of a religious.

She came to pay her last visit to Chenière Caminada in the dress of a novice now, and accompanied by a guardian Sister, and with only this last and final sip to what in religion is called the world between her and preparations for her VOWS.

In the great low broad - galleried cottage of her father she sat and movedmoving and sitting, spiritually, further

A little girl has, after all, very little in- ever before. Her swarthy-skinned, heavicould now only speak constrainedly with her, looking at her and her devotions with furtive awe.

> The little children, her nieces and nephews, were as afraid of her as of the Virgin.

> On her last Sunday with them the great family feast was given-the farewell feast which was to celebrate her betrothal to that celestial bridegroom who for the first time in memory had entered the oaken groves of the pirate refuge as a rival to earthly candidates.

> It was a great feast, for the family counted in the whole settlement, and all. old and young, were there. And the prodigality of yore, when good cheer cost but the taking of it, reigned once more. with wine and wassail.

It was prolonged past the good weather of that first October afternoon, and rain and wind set in. It was only an excuse for greater drinking and louder boisterousness, such as civilization has lost even the memory of. But the wind, and rain too. seemed to be holding high carnival. The women and children had noticed it. Lighting the lamps, and gathering around the old Sister and the novice, they had even begun to talk about the storms they had known or heard of, embroidering their theme, as women know how to do, with some tinsel from their own imagination. When the men began to notice it the storm had, so to speak, already become historical. They opened the heavy cypress door for a look. It broke from its hinges, and sent them staggering out upon the gallery. A voice was heard, but no words. Claro made a dash to reach them from where he clung to one of the gallery posts. He had come in, then, from his island? No more words or thought! Through the open door the wind possessed the cottage. It trembled, shook, rocked, cracked. The women caught their children and screamed. Each man rushed for his own. The cottage crashed. Wind and rain and rushing waves fought for the spoils.

Never had Barataria women before such a storm to tell about. Each man had rushed for his own-and God had caught up His.

The young novice opened her eyes far out-she knew not where-far out in the apart from her kith and kin; higher than dark gray light. Never could human

eyes have recognized such place, such scene!--the wind hurling beams, timbers, house-tops; the waves rushing, curling, foaming; the rain choking, drowning ... Her arms clasped around a tree, strained and torn, as skirts and feet dashed with the wreckage on the waters; her hair lashed and caught in the bark of the tree.

Her arms—it was not her arms alone that held her; not her own strength that fought with the elements for her body. Her eyes opened and closed, her mouth gaped and gasped... There was some force to help, with all but sight and breath—some force not her own—some force divine—or—some force—God's or Claro's!

The waves dashed higher and higher; they buried her head deeper and deeper; longer and longer were her intervals from earth. She felt her hands unclasped and forced around a floating something and so, held fast beyond her strength again, she was driven through the water. "God," she thought, " or Claro—"

The great shrick of the wind seemed filled with voice of human wailings and appeals beyond power of human ear to stand.... On they drove before the southeast wind, miles and miles... eternities and eternities... she—and.... God Himself—or Claro! There was nothing to see—no heavens, only gray, and hurling timbers; no house, no tree in sight

-they were floating above the treesand the rushing waters still carrying them up higher and higher. . Would the firmament all fill with water ? . . . The drift stopped; something underneath caught and held it; she felt it with her feet, a kind of entanglement, branches, leaves-a tree-top. And then her arms could do no more; they relaxed, loosened; but other arms still held her to her buoy. Her feet found a small firmness; and so . . . she drifted back, against. . . . She turned her head --it found a rest. "Claro! Claro! not God-Claro!"

That there could be enough life left! But it came perhaps over her—as when a little girl before she was nine, one day . ., she had forgotten all about the why of it—it had come over her to put her arms about him and kiss him. She had forgotten all about the why of it—but it, and her feeling . . . when had that ever passed out of her heart?

Was she again a little girl of nine playing on the sands of Barataria?

The south wind changed to the north, and the tempest drove, crushed, pounded its spoil, its wreckage and corpses, from the swamp to the Gulf.

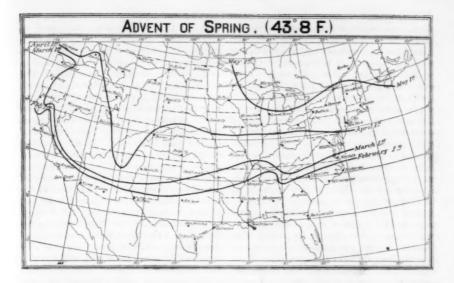
He undid her hands, he loosed his lips, he opened his arms wide, wide, and let her float with wind and tide, far, far as God willed. Was she not His bride to the world?

THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

BY MARK W. HARRINGTON.

THE retreat of winter before advancing spring has so much of poetical and practical interest that it is worth while to study its details; but in order to do this a definition of the beginning of spring must be premised. For this purpose the movement of animals, or the awakening and development of plants, is sometimes adopted; but unfortunately the return of the swallows, the passage of the wild-geese northward, the movements of other migratory birds and of hibernating animals, are not invariable accompaniments of the appearance of spring, whatever may be thought of the infallibility of instinct. A better criterion would be the awakening of plants, which does not depend on instinct, but upon physics and physiology; but here the difference in behavior of different species, and of the same species in

different localities, makes it difficult to decide what phenomenon of what species, and in what place, should be selected. The English violet takes advantage of every short respite of winter to open its buds. The crocus and other plants push up their flowers through the snow. The swamp-maple develops its leaves early and rapidly, and most so in warm places and at the top of the tree, while the oaks, the tulip-tree, and the walnut are tardy in thus acknowledging the arrival of warm weather. A more practical criterion for the advent of spring can be found in the temperature on which this advent depends. It is the heat that causes the snows to disappear and physiological life to awaken in the plant, or to become once more active in the animal, and it is the increasing warmth which persuades the



migratory birds, who set the fashion of seasonal change of residence long before it was adopted by mankind, to pass northward to build their homes. Botanists state that the temperature of 6° Centigrade, or 42.8° Fahrenheit, is that at which the protoplasmic contents of the vegetable cell find the limits of their activity. When the temperature falls below this point the protoplasm becomes inactive, though it is not dead until the fall is from several to many degrees lower, depending on the species of plant. When the temperature rises and reaches this point the protoplasm awakens, and as it passes above 42.8° F. the cell begins to grow and multiply.

The advent of spring may properly be considered as taking place at the advent of an isotherm one degree higher, or 43.8° F. But the isotherms of warm weather in any spring do not advance and remain, but, like the wavelets on an incoming tide, they advance and again retreat, though never going back quite so far as the point from which they started. Each wavelet makes a distinct gain on the beach, and though the actual water's edge seems always advancing and retreating, the tide itself is steadily advancing. The fluctuations are superficial, and can be eliminated by the proper arithmetical treatment. In the same way the isotherm of 43.8°, like any other, advances in a fluctuating way, but nevertheless gains some

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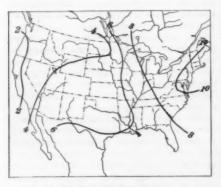
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ground at each fluctuation. These fluctuations can likewise be disposed of by taking the mean for many years. Although the result will not show the actual advance in any one season, it will bring out the average advent of the isotherm chosen, and will truthfully give the general features of this advent.

The progress of the mean isotherm of 43.8° F. will therefore truthfully represent the average advent of spring. This line may be looked upon as the edge of spring, and its gradual progress northward will be followed by the multitude of genial and attractive phenomena which follow on the annual retreat of winter. The accompanying map represents the progress of this line. It was formed from manuscript mean temperatures for fifteen years-from 1870 to 1885. An examination of it brings out several interesting features. In the first place, there is no temperature in the extreme South, in the vicinity of the Gulf, below 43.8°, on the average. There is therefore no advent of spring, in the same sense as we use it in the North; and there is no real beginning of vegetation and reclothing of the trees with leaves, and few of the welcome phenomena which we of the Northern latitudes associate with the advent of spring. On February 1st the isotherm in question is found crossing the United States from the vicinity of Cape Hatteras on the east to the north of El Paso, then going north-

westward, and reaching the Pacific coast at some distance north of San Francisco. In the interval between February 1st and March 1st the line has made very little advance. Its position is little north of that of February 1st. After March 1st, however, it begins a rapid advance, and by April 1st it passes over central New Jersey nearly westward to the vicinity of From this point it makes a dip Denver. southward on account of the mountains of the Continental Divide, passes then abruptly northward until it reaches a point as high as Spokane Falls, whence it goes nearly westward to the Pacific Ocean. By May 1st the whole of the territory of the United States is covered by spring, except a little area in the northeastern part, which includes more than half of Maine and of Michigan and a part of Wisconsin. Spring has already advanced by May 1st into Ontario and Quebec.

This is the general character of the advance of spring. It will be seen that it comes both from the southward and from the westward. The latter is a very curious fact, long known to farmers, particularly in the Western States. It is well



FIRST WARM WAVE OF MAY.

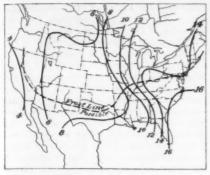
known to the farmer of southern Michigan, for instance, that the spring ploughing can be done in Montana anywhere from two to four weeks earlier than with him, and Kentucky is as much in advance, so that for him spring distinctly advances both from the south and from the west.

Some other features of interest appear in this connection. It will be seen, for instance, that there is a distinct trend

northward in the middle Mississippi Valley. It is a well-known fact that the temperature and the vegetation along the middle Mississippi are decidedly more southern than those on either side at some distance from the river itself. Cairo, in southern Illinois, for instance, is a warmer place than are the places generally to the eastward and to the westward of it. Another feature of special interest is the trend which this isotherm makes on the Pacific coast. The warm waters of the Pacific make a difference in the advance of spring which is fairly measurable in months. Spring by February 1st has taken possession of the most of the coast of California, as well as a large part of the interior basin of the San Joaquin and Sacramento. By March 1st the entire coast is included, up to the mouth of the Columbia River, including the Willamette Valley. It is noteworthy that the Willamette Valley has a spring which is approximately two months earlier than the valley of the Hudson or of the Connecticut, in the Eastern United States. By April 1st spring has wrested from winter not only the coast of the Pacific, but a large part of the interior valleys, including the largest part of the Great Basin. At the same time not very much advance has been made northward on the coast, and spring in the immediate vicinity of Puget Sound seems as slow to advance as in the vicinity of Massachusetts Bay. This may be due to the influx of cold water from the north in the extreme Northwest. The winters in this region are by no means cold, but the spring is nearly as backward as it is in the New England States.

It is also interesting to note the influence of the Great Lakes. They clearly retard the advance of spring; and notwithstanding the rapid progress from the west which immediately preceded, Marquette and Alpena are as late as Ottawa and the Aroostook country. This is, however, not without its compensations, for a tardy spring means comparative immunity from unseasonable frosts. Besides, what Michigan loses in her springs she gains in her glorious autumns.

So far the discussion has been on the advance of this isotherm when the fluctuations were eliminated. It will be interesting to consider the average character of the fluctuations themselves. This will be all the more interesting on ac-



FIRST COLD WAVE OF MAY.

count of the great reputation of the days of the ice-saints in central Europe. We will see if we have the ice-saints of mid-May practise their cult in the United States. The days devoted to the icesaints of central Europe are Sts. Pancras, Servatius, and Boniface, and their days are May 12th, 13th, and 14th. It is very well known, both popularly and scientifically, that frequently about this date there is a marked fall of temperature in central Europe, which may be so serious as to endanger the vineyards and other tender crops. The ice-saints cause, in central Europe, a sudden retreat of spring after it advances; do they perform the same ungrateful duty in the United States? The best way to answer the question is to study the advance of the warm and cold waves during the month of May. The expression "warm and cold waves" is used advisedly. There is a series of warm and cold waves which sweep in succession over this country, and these, in some seasons of the year, have a marked regularity. One of these seasons is the month of May, and we will select this month because it is the month We will see now what of the ice-saints. is the progress of the waves in this month. For this purpose we will take the temperatures for the same fifteen years as before. Taking the daily means, and marking on a map the dates at which a maximum of temperature occurs, and on another map the dates of the minimum of temperature, and then connecting the same dates by a line which runs through them, we get the crests of the successive warm and cold waves. The resulting maps are on pages 876-878, and from them we can draw the following conclusions:

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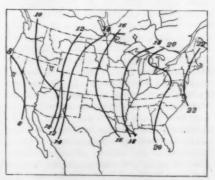
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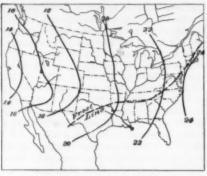
First, there is a warm wave in May which enters on the Pacific coast about the 2d of May. It travels quite rapidly eastward, and by the 4th it has crossed the northern half of the divide, the crest at this time lying nearly half on the east side and half on the west. By the 6th the lagging southern half has caught up with the more rapidly advanced northern, and the crest of the wave crosses the country along the Mississippi Valley in a direction nearly north and south. By the 8th it has advanced somewhat farther east, crossing Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. By the 10th it is over New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Marvland, and Virginia, and by the 12th it has disappeared over the Atlantic. The first average warm wave, therefore, takes eight or nine days to cross the country. It appears on the Pacific coast, travels eastward with fair uniformity, except when disturbed by the mountain ranges and the Great Lakes, and disappears in the extreme East about the 11th of May.

This is speedily followed by a cold wave, which appears on the Pacific coast two days later than the warm wave, namely, on the 4th of May. On May 6th the crest of the cold wave occupies somewhat the same position as the corresponding crest of the warm wave two days before. On the 8th it begins to lag on its predecessor. It reaches the Mississippi Valley on the 10th, and on the 12th it is but little eastward. It clears the Great Lakes with a bound by the 14th, and on the 16th it disappears off the central Atlantic coast.

One feature of interest in connection with this cold wave is the southern limit of possible frost, that is, the southern



SECOND WARM WAVE OF MAY.



SECOND COLD WAVE OF MAY.

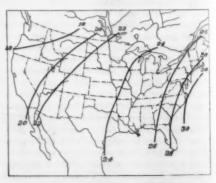
limit at which frosts have so far been observed. The broken line which crosses this map from side to side indicates this limit. It begins at Cape Cod, passes down the coast to about central New Jersey, thence westward and southwestward, leaving Cairo to the south, thence obliquely through Arkansas into Texas. In the vicinity of Palestine it turns sharply westward, and, after crossing the Rio Grande, northwestward, and disappearing on the Pacific coast probably in the vicinity of Roseburg. The most of the United States at this time is covered by an area in which frost is possible. This area is by far the broadest over the plains, as might be expected. It is relatively narrow in the extreme West and the extreme East.

The second warm wave of May starts in on the 8th very much as the first did on the 2d. At this date it has enclosed the most of the coast region of California, and also the interior valley. In its further progress over the country it travels more slowly than did the preceding cold wave, and the successive positions of its crest are more nearly parallel to each other. It finally disappears on the Atlantic coast on the 22d. This wave takes fourteen or fifteen days to cross the country, while the first warm wave in May took only eight or nine. In the progress of this wave there are very few of the irregularities which were noted in the progress of the first wave. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the first wave has in its progress, to some degree, disposed of the causes of irregularities, such as fields of snow and the coldness of the large bodies of fresh water.

The second cold wave starts in on the

western coast six days after the preceding warm wave. It therefore encloses the most of California on May 14th. It makes a more uniform progress over the country, its successive positions being nearly parallel to each other, and disappears on the middle eastern coast on the 24th. Its motion accelerates as it approaches the eastern coast. In this case the possible frost-line extends from Eastport southwestward to the southern end of the Appalachian chain, whence it extends westward to the vicinity of Little Rock, Arkansas, thence southwestward to the state of Chihuahua. The Pacific frost-line is so purely topographic that it is omitted. The area covered at this time by the possibility of frost is larger than that of the preceding cold wave. From May 19th to May 24th, therefore, is the time when, if at all, the ice-saints in the United States are to be expected. The only saints of meteorological repute for these days are Bernardin of Siena (20th) and Desiderius (23d), who chiefly concern themselves with flowers and with the planting of beans. As a matter of fact, the records show that when there are sharp late frosts in the States, particularly in the central ones, they are likely to occur at the later date. They are, however, by no means regular in their occurrence, and occasionally many years will pass without one.

The last wave which we have occasion to follow over the States is the third warm wave: the cold wave which follows it falls so much into June as to properly belong to that month. The warm wave begins in the extreme Northwest, and crosses Idaho and Oregon on the 18th. It makes gradual progress eastward—most



THIRD WARM WAVE OF MAY.

rapid on the elevated plateau and over the inland States-and disappears on the eastern coast in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras on the 30th of May. Its successive positions are closely parallel to each other, and its crest is very regular. The heavy snows, the ice, and the other causes of irregularities have by this time almost disappeared from the United States, and the progress of this wave is a very regular one.

We thus have a graphic picture of the advance of spring over the United States. It comes from the southward and from

the westward. It does not come by any means with absolute uniformity, but in fluctuations, here advancing and again retreating, and when we come to examine these fluctuations in detail we find they involve a series of warm and cold waves passing over the United States from west to east. Incidentally we find that the ice-saints of the United States must be rather those for May 19th to 24th than those for May 11th to 14th, and that the American ice-saints, unknown to fame, perform their frosty task only at long and irregular intervals.

A NOTE OF A PHILOGYNIST.

BY MARRION WILCOX.

T was certainly one of the smallest feet in the world at that time. It had been bared, and was held out towards her father's friend for his admiration, while she herself was lightly carried on her young father's arm. Her dainty muslin frock with soft trimmings was admirably crisp, but she seemed to be more conscious of her shoe-the one that had not been taken off.

"Look!" said her father. "Did you see any girl with such a tiny foot as that in Spain or China, you wanderer?" showing the second leg in snowy sock that, tapering suddenly, followed the creases in pink flesh down to the pink satin slipper.

"What size is the shoe?" asked the Philogynist, with a laugh, but with fear too, taking the smooth thing in his hand to turn its sole upward for inspection. "It's a double naught! But here's a greater marvel; here's one of the loveliest things in all the world," he added, again touching the bare foot. "A square inch of pure skin is worth more than all the covering in all the dry-goods shops."

He made them look at the sole of the bare foot, where there was a shallow well, near the centre, lined with dimples.

And after that the Philogynist did not see her again until he and she became great friends at Geneva about three years later. Then it was a pair of sturdy legs in thick rough stockings, and a pair of feet in ugly common-sense shoes, without heels, that kept along by his side when they went in search of Swiss toys.

One day he was taking her with her nurse out in a boat to see the swans on - the vine, Alice began to cry. the lake-and Mont Blanc, that might be

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a distant great white swan of a mountain at rest against the horizon and the skyline of lower mountains-when Mel Dickinson, a pretty English girl of eighteen, met them, and he asked her to come aboard.

So Alice and her nurse and Miss Dickinson were sitting in the stern while he rowed. They had fed the swans, and then he asked the child to sing. She had several good little songs that the nurse taught her; but she was bashful; so little Miss Mel sang a nursery rhyme to encourage her. Afterwards the child sang, and then the Philogynist followed, with "The Cork Leg." When he had finished the funny stanzas that he thought the child would like, Miss Mel asked, "Does it stop there?"

"No: but Alice wouldn't understand the rest"-and he recited some of the last stanzas.

"But I just do understand that!" said Alice.

He noticed that she seemed to be uncomfortable: not able to decide whether to sit on nurse's lap, or to stand, or to be pleased anywhere; but the true reason did not immediately suggest itself to him. She was used to having his whole undivided attention when out in the boat with him; and then, too, he had said that big girl could understand, while she could not.

Near the landing, when they returned, was a vine full of red leaves, and Miss Mel asked him to pick some of them for her. When he handed her a branch of

"I want something," she sobbed.

"What?"

"I don't know; something I never had before.

He took her in his arms and hugged As soon as Miss Mel had gone she her. was quite satisfied.

She was jealous, at four years of age, in her common-sense shoes without heels.

And again (never mind the exact number of the years that had passed) they came together in a small German university town. Over-curious about the learning there is in difficult texts, the Philogynist went to finish some studies under Sievers, who was teaching Old English and Middle High German at Jena that winter; and Alice's parents came to see him there.

One night, in the centre of the marketplace of Jena, was a great pile of wood that had been standing there since morning. That was the last day of the year, and at night there was to be a bonfire. Throughout the day people had been coming up to this pile and casting things upon it; but not with the intention of adding to its bulk, for it was made large enough at first. No; the things they had thrown there to be burnt were such things as these: Maidens had cast in love-letters containing promises that had not been kept; bits of ribbon and such feminine keepsakes had been brought by young men who had newer affairs; bottles filled with a liquid that would greatly aid the combustion had been desperately hurled against the logs by a few persons who had decided that in the coming year they would drink only out of mugs; and offered on this rude altar were the pipes of those who had learned to prefer cigars.

Will you let me make this a little plainer? Jena is such a secluded, old-fashioned German town that customs survive there from remote antiquity. In very ancient times the ancestors of these Germans believed in a god who brought light and warmth into the world each year, overcoming the darkness and cold of winter; and to the townspeople of Jena it still seems but right to greet the birth of the new year, with its promise of light and warmth and life. The great bonfire annually typifies this ever-new gift of the genial old god, and so it has come to be a custom to let this fire consume tokens of all those habits or happenings in the past that one wants to change or needs to forget.

ket square was crowded. There were two or three men busied about the pile, and a larger number engaged in keeping the central space clear; so the throng was pressed back into a circle, behind which enclosing buildings lifted dim, irregular old stone faces against the sky. And to these gravely expectant townspeople presently came the sound of glad music-a marching band and a strong chorus of male voices, playing and singing in unison, "Let us rejoice, therefore, while we are young"; and into the central space came students of the university dressed in the showy uniforms of their societies; now quick flames shot upward from the pile and built a wavering column of fire; now the market square was bright as by day. Joining hands, the young men danced around, shouting and straining away, with averted faces, from that burning wrong of the old year and glowing hope of the new. For an instant, perhaps, it was serious; then, in an instant, it all became grotesque. They broke the circle to tear caps from the heads of bystanders - from each other's heads - to throw them also into the fire; the crowd was driven outward, and melted away through the many narrow passages that led to other parts of the town, to people's houses, to taverns-to the innumerable places where sour white beer is served in little wooden buckets; there was a sound of heavy feet beating stone pavements in every quarter, and from every quarter arose the cry, "Health to the New Year!"

Possibly you noticed the Philogynist standing with his friends in one of the front ranks in the circle of spectators around the bonfire. He was mindful of the little person whose head was squeezed against him, reaching just above his elbow; and, lifting the child up in his arms, he placed her on his shoulder so that she might have a good view. But it appeared to be a most unhappy child. She did not quite kick her old friend, but she squirmed; she had to be put down again.

Alice was no longer a child, even to the Philogynist.

And as she, little by little, year after year, came to be more evidently a woman, the Philogynist saw her only at rare intervals, until one summer that he passed at his friend's house in the country near New York. They were together then pretty constantly, and with her par-A little before midnight the dark mar- ents' approval; but somehow she would

not see that it was possible for him to come nearer to her than as her father's friend; and, for his part, he realized (it happened when he was standing at the window, looking out at the hammock in which she was swinging, though there was nothing of her to be seen but one lithe brown-kid foot) that while he was still a young man—yes, beyond question, he was a young man—he was not so young as really young people.

Well, a year or two later, with a sense of personal loss, he took his dead friend's place one morning, walking up the long church aisle, feeling Alice's light touch on his arm. Her head was meekly bowed under the white veil and flowers; but under billowy skirts, stealing toward the man who came forward with easy confidence to meet her, were feet, clad in white satin, that seemed to coquet with the very altar steps.

But the other evening, when the Philogynist returned to New York after a long absence, he was sitting in the window at his club, watching the movement in the avenue, and was especially struck with the appearance of the pavements. It had been raining, and the pavements gleamed. They were very dirty, no doubt; the rain-water struggling with that tenacious deposit upon the stones of an illkept city was not exactly a pretty thing to study; and yet—and yet—there was such a human quality in the gleam of that wet pavement—the stones were so dear to him, and they were dear to so many, from association; so many feet had brushed them, pressed them, stamped upon them, and clattered over them. The gleam from them was human indeed; it was like the gleam of an eye.

He had touched the bell, and a waiter was standing to take his order.

"Would you have a card, sir?"

He did not hear. His eyes were riveted on the figure of a woman, evidently one over-familiar with pavements as they look at night, standing under the street light only a few yards distant, and instantly the whole course of his blood was through incarnate pain and shame. "So like! So like! What a horrible resemblance! what a damnable likeness!"

Just then she bent down and caught her skirts together with one hand, lifting them, and showing a tiny shoe and silk stocking.

THE EXILES.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

I.

THE greatest number of people in the world prefer the most highly civilized places of the world, because they know what sorts of things are going to happen there, and because they also know by experience that those are the sorts of things they like. A very few people prefer barbarous and utterly uncivilized portions of the globe, for the reason that they receive while there new impressions, and because they like the unexpected better than a routine of existence, no matter how pleasant that routine may be. But the most interesting places of all to study are those in which the savage and the cultivated man lie down together and try to live together in unity. This is so because we can learn from such places just how far a man of cultivation lapses into barbarism when he associates with savages, and how far the remnants of his former civilization will have influence upon the barbarians among whom he has come to live.

There are many such colonies as these, and they are the most picturesque plaguespots on the globe. You will find them in New Zealand and Yokohama, in Algiers, Tunis, and Tangier, and scattered thickly all along the South - American coast-line wherever the law of extradition obtains not, and where public opinion, which is one of the things a colony can do longest without, is unknown. These are the unofficial Botany Bays and Melillas of the world, where the criminal goes of his own accord, and not because his government has urged him to do so and paid his passage there.

This is the story of a young man who went to such a place for the benefit he hoped it would be to his health, and not because he had robbed any one or done a young girl an injury. He was the only son of Judge Henry Howard Holcombe, of New York. That was all that it was generally considered necessary to say of him. It was not, however, quite enough, for while his father had had nothing but the right and the good of his State and country to think about, the son was further occupied by trying to live up to his father's name. Young Holcombe was impressed by this fact from his earliest childhood. It rested upon him while at Harvard and during his years at the law-school, and it went with him into society and into the courts of law. When he rose to plead a case, he did not forget, nor did those present forget, that his father while alive had crowded those same halls with silent, earnest listeners; and when he addressed a mass-meeting at Cooper Union, or spoke from the back of a cart in the east side, some one was sure to refer to the fact that this last speaker was the son of the man who was mobbed because he had dared to be an abolitionist, and who later had received the veneration of a great city for his bitter fight against Tweed and his followers.

Young Holcombe was an earnest member of every reform club and citizens' league, and his distinguished name gave weight as a director to charitable organizations and free kindergartens. He had inherited his hatred of Tammany Hall, and was unrelenting in his war upon it and its handiwork, and he spoke of it and of its immediate downfall with the bated breath of one who, though amazed at the wickedness of the thing he fights, is not discouraged nor afraid. And he would listen to no half-measures. Had not his grandfather quarrelled with Henry Clay, and so shaken the friendship of a lifetime, because of a great compromise which he could not countenance? And was his grandson to truckle and make deals with this hideous octopus that was sucking the life-blood from the city's veins? Had he not but yesterday distributed six hundred circulars calling for honest government to six hundred possible voters, all the way up Fourth Avenue, and when some flippant one had said that he might have hired a messenger-boy to have done it for him, and so saved his energies for something less mechanical, he had rebuked the speaker with a reproachful stare, and turned away in silence.

Life was terribly earnest to young Holcombe, and he regarded it from the point of view of one who looks down upon it from the judge's bench, and listens with a frown to those who plead its cause. He was not fooled by it; he was alive to its wickedness and its evasions. He would tell

you that he knew for a fact that the window man in his district was a cousin of the Tammany candidate, and that the contractor who had the cleaning of the street to do was a brother-in-law of one of the Hall's sachems, and that the policeman on his beat had not been in the country eight months. He spoke of these damning facts with the air of one who simply tells you so much that you should see how terrible the whole thing really was, and what he could tell if he wished.

In his own profession he recognized the trials of law-breakers only as experiments which went to establish and explain a general principle. And prisoners were not men to him, but merely the exceptions that proved the excellence of a rule. Holcombe would defend the lowest creature or the most outrageous of murderers. not because the man was a human being fighting for his liberty or life, but because he wished to see if certain evidence would be admitted in the trial of such a case. Of one of his clients, the judge, who had a daughter of his own, said, when he sentenced him, "Were there many more such men as you in the world, the women of this land would pray to God to be left childless." And when some one asked Holcombe, with ill-concealed disgust, how he came to defend the man, he replied : "I wished to show the unreliability of expert testimony from medical men. Yes; they tell me the man was a very bad lot."

It was measures, not men, to Holcombe, and law and order were his twin goddesses, and "no compromise" his watchword.

"You can elect your man if you'll give me two thousand dollars to refit our club-room with," one of his political acquaintances once said to him. "We've five hundred voters on the rolls now, and the members vote as one man. You'd be saving the city twenty times that much if you keep Croker's man out of the job. You know that as well as I do."

"The city can better afford to lose twenty thousand dollars," Holcombe answered, "than we can afford to give a two-cent stamp for corruption."

"All right," said the heeler; "all right, Mr. Holcombe. Go on. Fight 'em your own way. If they'd agree to fight you with pamphlets and circulars you'd stand a chance, sir; but so long as they give out money and you give out reading matter to people that can't read, they'll win, and I naturally want to be on the winning side."

When the club to which Holcombe belonged finally succeeded in getting the Police Commissioners indicted for blackmailing gambling-houses, Holcombe was, as a matter of course and of public congratulation, on the side of the law, and as Assistant District Attorney, a position given him on account of his father's name and in the hope that it would shut his mouth, distinguished himself nobly.

Of the four commissioners, three were convicted — the fourth, Patrick Meakim, with admirable foresight having fled to that country from which few criminals return, and which is vaguely set forth in the newspapers as "parts unknown."

The trial had been a severe one upon the zealous Mr. Holcombe, who found himself at the end of it in a very bad way, with nerves unstrung and brain so fagged that he assented without question when his doctor exiled him from New York by ordering a sea-voyage, with change of environment and rest at the other end of it. Some one else suggested the northern coast of Africa and Tangier, and Holcombe wrote minute directions to the secretaries of all of his reform clubs urging continued efforts on the part of his fellow-workers, and sailed away one cold winter's morning for Gibraltar. The great sea laid its hold upon him, and the winds from the south thawed the cold in his bones, and the sun cheered his tired spirit. He stretched himself at full length reading those books which one puts off reading until illness gives one the right to do so, and so far as in him lay obeyed his doctor's first command, that he should forget New York and all that pertained to it. By the time he had reached the Rock he was up and ready to drift further into the lazy irresponsible life of the Mediterranean coast, and he had forgotten his struggles against municipal misrule, and was at times for hours together utterly oblivious of his own personality.

A dumpy, fat little steamer rolled itself along like a sailor on shore from Gibraltar to Tangier, and Holcombe, leaning over the rail of its quarter-deck, smiled down at the chattering group of Arabs and Moors stretched on their rugs beneath him. A half-naked negro, pulling at the dates in the basket between his bare legs, held up a handful to him with a laugh,

and Holcombe laughed back and emptied the cigarettes in his case on top of him, and laughed again as the ship's crew and the deck passengers scrambled over one another and shook out their voluminous robes in search of them. He felt at ease with the world and with himself, and turned his eyes to the white walls of Tangier with a pleasure so complete that it shut out even the thought that it was a pleasure.

The town seemed one continuous mass of white stucco, with each flat, low-lying roof so close to the other that the narrow streets left no trace. To the left of it the yellow coast-line and the green olive-trees and palms stretched up against the sky, and beneath him scores of shrieking blacks fought in their boats for a place beside the steamer's companion-way. He jumped into one of these open wherries and fell sprawling among his baggage, and laughed lightly as a boy as the boatman set him on his feet again, and then threw them from under him with a quick stroke of the oars. The high narrow pier was crowded with excited customs officers in ragged uniforms and dirty turbans, and with a few foreign residents looking for arriving passengers. Holcombe had his feet on the upper steps of the ladder, and was ascending slowly There was a fat, heavily built man in blue serge leaning across the railing of the pier. He was looking down, and as his eyes met Holcombe's face his own straightened into lines of amazement and most evident terror. Holcombe stopped at the sight, and stared back, wondering. And then the lapping waters beneath him and the white town at his side faded away, and he was back in the hot crowded court-room with this man's face before him Meakim, the fourth of the Police Commissioners, confronted him, and saw in his presence nothing but a menace to himself.

Holcombe came up the last steps of the stairs, and stopped at their top. His instinct and life's tradition made him despise the man, and to this was added the selfish disgust that his holiday should have been so soon robbed of its character by this reminder of all that he had been told to put behind him.

Meakim swept off his hat as though it were hurting him, and showed the great drops of sweat on his forehead.

"For God's sake!" the man panted, you can't touch me here, Mr. Holcombe. I'm safe here; they told me I'd be. You can't take me. You can't touch me."

Holcombe stared at him coldly, and with a touch of pity and contempt. "That is quite right, Mr. Meakim," he said. "The law cannot reach you here."

"Then what do you want with me?" the man demanded, forgetful in his terror of anything but his own safety.

Holcombe turned upon him sharply. "I am not here on your account, Mr. Meakim," he said. "You need not feel the least uneasiness; and," he added, dropping his voice as he noticed that others were drawing near, "if you keep out of my way, I shall certainly keep out of yours."

The Police Commissioner gave a short laugh, partly of bravado and partly at his own sudden terror. "I didn't know," he said, breathing with relief. "I thought you'd come after me. You don't wonder you give me a turn, do you? I was scared." He fanned himself with his straw hat, and ran his tongue over his lips. "Going to be here some time, Mr. District Attorney?" he added, with grave politeness.

Holcombe could not help but smile at the absurdity of it. It was so like what he would have expected of Meakim and his class, to give every office-holder his full title. "No, Mr. Police Commissioner," he answered, grimly, and nodding to his boatmen, pushed his way after them and his trunks along the pier.

Meakim was waiting for him as he left the custom-house. He touched his hat, and bent the whole upper part of his fat body in an awkward bow. "Excuse me, Mr. District Attorney," he began.

"Oh, drop that, will you?" snapped Holcombe. "Now, what is it you want, Meakim?"

"I was only going to say," answered the fugitive, with some offended dignity, "that as I've been here longer than you, I could perhaps give you pointers about the hotels. I've tried 'em all, and they're no good, but the Albion's the best."

"Thank you, I'm sure," said Holcombe. "But I have been told to go to the Isabella."

"Well, that's pretty good too," Meakim answered, "if you don't mind the tables. They keep you awake most of the night, though, and—"

"The tables? I beg your pardon," said Holcombe, stiffly.

"Not the eatin' tables; the roulette tables," corrected Meakim. "Of course," he continued, grinning, "if you're fond of the game, Mr. Holcombe, it's handy having them in the same house, but I can steer you against a better one back of the French consulate. Those at the Hotel Isabella's crooked."

Holcombe stopped uncertainly. "I don't know just what to do," he said. "I think I shall wait until I can see our consul here."

"Oh, he'll send you to the Isabella," said Meakim, cheerfully. "He gets two hundred dollars a week for protecting the proprietor, so he naturally caps for the house."

Holcombe opened his mouth to express himself, but closed it again, and then asked, with some misgivings, of the hotel of which Meakim had first spoken.

"Oh, the Albion. Most all the swells go there. It's English, and they cook you a good beefsteak. And generally the boys drop in for table d'hôte. You see, that's the worst of this place, Mr. Holcombe: there's nowhere to go evenings—no clubrooms nor theatre nor nothing; only the smoking-room of the hotel or that gambling-house; and they spring a double naught on you if there's more than a dollar up."

Holcombe still stood irresolute, his porters eying him from under their burdens, and the runners from the different hotels plucking at his sleeve.

"There's some very good people at the Albion," urged the Police Commissioner, "and three or four of 'em's New-Yorkers. There's the Morrises and Ropes, the Consul-General, and Lloyd Carroll—"

"Lloyd Carroll !" exclaimed Holcombe.

"Yes," said Meakim, with a smile, "he's here." He looked at Holcombe curiously for a moment, and then exclaimed, with a laugh of intelligence: "Why, sure enough, you were Mr. Thatcher's lawyer in that case, weren't you? It was you got him his divorce?"

Holcombe nodded.

"Carroll was the man that made it possible, wasn't he?"

Holcombe chafed under this catechism. "He was one of a dozen, I believe," he said; but as he moved away he turned, and asked: "And Mrs. Thatcher. What has become of her?"

The Police Commissioner did not answer at once, but glanced up at Holcombe

from under his half-shut eyes with a look in which there was a mixture of curiosity and of amusement. "You don't mean to say, Mr. Holcombe," he began, slowly, with the patronage of the older man, and with a touch of remonstrance in his tone, "that you're still with the husband in that case?"

Holcombe looked coldly over Mr. Mea-"I have only a purely prokim's head. fessional interest in any one of them," he "They struck me as a particularly said. nasty lot. Good-morning, sir."

"Well," Meakim called after him, "you needn't see nothing of them if you don't want to. You can get rooms to yourself."

Holcombe did get rooms to himself, with a balcony overlooking the bay, and arranged with the proprietor of the Albion to have his dinner served at a separate table. As others had done this before, no one regarded it as an affront upon his society, and several people in the hotel made advances to him, which he received politely but coldly. For the first week of his visit the town interested him greatly, increasing its hold upon him unconsciously to himself. He was restless and curious to see it all, and rushed his guide from one of the few show places to the next with an energy which left that fat Oriental panting.

But after three days Holcombe climbed the streets more leisurely, stopping for half-hours at a time before a bazar, or sent away his guide altogether, and stretched himself luxuriously on the The broad wall of the fortifications. sun beat down upon him and wrapped him into drowsiness. From far afield came the unceasing murmur of the market-place and the bazars, and the occasional cries of the priests from the minarets; the dark blue sea danced and flashed beyond the white margin of the town and its protecting reef of rocks, where the seaweed rose and fell, and above his head the buzzards swept heavily and called to one another with harsh frightened cries. At his side lay the dusty road, hemmed in by walls of cactus, and along its narrow length came lines of patient little donkeys with jangling necklaces, led by wildlooking men from the farm lands and the desert, and women muffled and shapeless with only their bare feet showing, who looked at him curiously or meaningly from over the protecting cloth, and passed

on, leaving him startled and wondering. He began to find that the books he had brought wearied him. The sight of the type alone was enough to make him close the covers and start up restlessly to look for something less absorbing. He found this on every hand, in the lazy patience of the bazars and of the markets, where the chief service of all was that of only standing and waiting, and in the farm lands behind Tangier, where half-naked slaves drove great horned buffalo, and turned back the soft chocolate-colored sod with a wooden plough. But it was a solitary, selfish holiday, and Holcombe found himself wanting certain ones at home to bear him company, and was surprised to find that of these none were the men nor the women with whom his interests in the city of New York were the most closely connected. They were rather foolish people, men at whom he had laughed, and whom he had rather pitied for having made him do so, and women he had looked at distantly as of a kind he might understand when his work was over and he wished to be amused. The young girls to whom he was in the habit of pouring out his denunciations of evil, and from whom he was accustomed to receive advice and moral support, he could not place in this landscape. He felt uneasily that they would not allow him to enjoy it his own way; they would consider the Moor historically as the invader of Catholic Europe, and would be shocked at the lack of proper sanitation, and would see the mud. As for himself, he had risen above seeing the mud. He looked up now at the broken line of the roof-tops against the blue sky; and when a hooded figure drew back from his glance he found himself murmuring the words of an Eastern song he had read in a book of Indian stories:

"Alone upon the house-tops, to the north I turn and watch the lightning in the sky. The glamour of thy footsteps is in the north, Come back to me, my lover, or I die.

"Below my feet the still bazar is laid. Far, far below, the sleeping camels lie-

Holcombe laughed and shrugged his shoulders. He had stopped half-way down the hill on which stands the Bashaw's palace, and the whole of Tangier lay below him like a great cemetery of white marble. The moon was shining clearly over the town and the sea, and a soft wind from the sandy farm lands came to him and played about him like the fragrance of a garden. Something moved in him that he did not recognize, but which was strangely pleasant, and which ran to his brain like the taste of a strong liqueur. It came to him that he was alone among strangers, and that what he did now would be known but to himself and to these strangers. What it was that he wished to do he did not know, but he felt a sudden lifting up and freedom from restraint. The spirit of adventure awoke in him and tugged at his sleeve, and he was conscious of a desire to gratify it and to put it to the test.

"'Alone upon the house-tops,'" he began. Then he laughed and clambered hurriedly down the steep hill-side. "It's the moonlight," he explained to the blank walls and overhanging lattices, "and the place and the music of the song. It might be one of the Arabian nights, and I Haroun al Raschid. And if I don't get back to the hotel I shall make a fool of myself."

He reached the Albion very warm and breathless with stumbling and groping in the dark, and instead of going immediately to bed, told the waiter to bring him some cool drink out on the terrace of the smoking-room. There were two men sitting there in the moonlight, and as he came forward one of them nodded to him silently.

"Oh, good-evening, Mr. Meakim!" Holcombe said, gayly, with the spirit of the night still upon him. "I've been having adventures." He laughed, and stooped to brush the dirt from his knickerbockers and stockings. "I went up to the palace to see the town by moonlight, and tried to find my way back alone, and fell down three times."

Meakim shook his head gravely. "You'd better be careful at night, sir," he said. "The Governor has just said that the Sultan won't be responsible for the lives of foreigners at night 'unless accompanied by soldier and lantern."

"Yes, and the legations sent word that they wouldn't have it," broke in the other man. "They said they'd hold him responsible anyway."

There was a silence, and Meakim moved in some slight uneasiness. "Mr. Holcombe, do you know Mr. Carroll?" he said.

Carroll half rose from his chair, but Holcombe was dragging another towards

him, and so did not have a hand to give him.

"How are you, Carroll?" he said, pleasantly.

The night was warm, and Holcombe was tired after his rambles, and so sank back in the low wicker chair contentedly enough, and when the first cool drink was finished he clapped his hands for another, and then another, while the two men sat at the table beside him and avoided such topics as would be unfair to any of them.

"And yet," said Holcombe, after the first half-hour had passed, "there must be a few agreeable people here. I am sure I saw some very nice-looking women to-day coming in from the fox-hunt. And very well gotten up too, in Karki habits. And the men were handsome, decent-looking chaps — Englishmen, I think."

"Who does he mean? Were you at the meet to-day?" asked Carroll.

The Tammany chieftain said no, that he did not ride—not after foxes, in any event. "But I saw Mrs. Hornby and her sister coming back," he said. "They had on those linen habits."

"Well, now, there's a woman who illustrates just what I have been saying." continued Carroll. "You picked her out as a self - respecting, nice - looking girland so she is-but she wouldn't like to have to tell all she knows. No; they are all pretty much alike. They wear lowneck frocks, and the men put on evening dress for dinner, and they ride after foxes, and they drop in to five-o'clock tea, and they all play that they are a lot of gilded saints, and it's one of the rules of the game that you must believe in the next man, so that he will believe in you. I'm breaking the rules myself now, because I say 'they' when I ought to say 'we.' We're none of us here for our health, Holcombe, but it pleases us to pretend we are. It's a sort of give and take. We all sit around at dinner parties and smile and chatter, and those English talk about the latest news from 'town,' and how they mean to run back for the season or the hunting. But they know they don't dare go back, and they know that everybody at the table knows it, and that the servants behind them know it. But it's more easy that way. There's only a few of us here, and we've got to hang together, or we'd go crazy."



"STOPPING FOR HALF-HOURS AT A TIME BEFORE A BAZAR."

"That's so," said Meakim, approvingly. "It makes it more sociable."

" It's a funny place," continued Carroll. The wine had loosened his tongue, and it was something to him to be able to talk to one of his own people again, and to speak from their point of view, so that the man who had gone through St. Paul's and Harvard with him would see it as such a man should. "It's a funny place, because in spite of the fact that it's a prison, you grow to like it for its freedom. You can do things here you can't do in New York, and pretty much everything goes there, or it used to, where I hung out. But here you're just your own master, and there's no law and no religion and no relations nor newspapers to poke into what you do nor how you live. You can understand what I mean if you've ever tried living in the West. I used to feel the same way the year I was ranching in Texas. My family sent me out there to put me out of temptation; but I concluded I'd rather drink myself to death on good whiskey at Del's than on the stuff we got on the range, so I

pulled my freight and came East again. But while I was there I was a little king. I was just as good as the next man, and he was no better than me. And though the life was rough, and it was cold and lonely, there was something in being your own boss that made you stick it out there longer than anything else did. It was like this. Holcombe." Carroll half rose from his chair and marked what he said with his finger. "Every time I took a step and my gun bumped against my hip, I'd straighten up and feel good and look for trouble. There was nobody to appeal to ; it was just between me and him, and no one else had any say about it. Well, that's what it's like here. You see men come to Tangier on the run, flying from detectives or husbands or bankdirectors, men who have lived perfectly decent, commonplace lives up to the time they made their one bad break. which," Carroll added, in polite parenthesis, with a deprecatory wave of his hand toward Meakim and himself, "we are all likely to do some time, aren't we?"

"Just so," said Meakim.

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"Of course," assented the District Attorney.

"But as soon as he reaches this place, Holcombe," continued Carroll, "he begins to show just how bad he is. It all comes out-all his viciousness and rottenness and blackguardism. There is nothing to shame it, and there is no one to blame him, and no one is in a position to throw the first stone." Carroll dropped his voice, and pulled his chair forward with a glance over his shoulder. "One of those men you saw riding in from the meet to day. Now he's a German officer, and he's here for forging a note or cheating at cards or something quiet and gentlemanly, nothing that shows him to be a brute or a beast. But last week he had old Mulley Wazzam buy him a slave-girl in Fez and bring her out to his house in the suburbs. It seems that the girl was in love with a soldier in the Sultan's bodyguard at Fez, and tried to run away to join him, and this man met her quite by accident as she was making her way south across the sand hills. He was whip that day, and was hurrying out to the meet alone. He had some words with the girl first, and then took his whip-it was one of those with the long lash to it-you know what I mean-and cut her to pieces with it, riding her down on his pony when she tried to run, and heading her off and lashing her around the legs and body until she fell; then he rode on in his d--- pink coat to join the ladies at Mango's Drift, where the meet was, and some Riffs found her bleeding to death behind the sand hills. That man held a commission in the Emperor's own body-guard, and that's what Tangier did for him."

Holcombe glanced at Meakim to see if he would verify this, but Meakim's lips were tightly pressed around his cigar, and his eyes were half closed.

"And what was done about it?" Holcombe asked, hoarsely.

Carroll laughed, and shrugged his shoulders. "Why, I tell you, and you whisper it to the next man, and we pretend not to believe it, and call the Riffs liars. As I say, we're none of us here for our health, Holcombe, and a public opinion that's manufactured by *déclassée* women and men who have run off with somebody else's money and somebody else's wife isn't strong enough to try a man for beating his own slave."

"But the Moors themselves?" protested

Holcombe. "And the Sultan? She's one of his subjects, isn't she ?"

"She's a woman, and women don't count for much in the East, you know; and as for the Sultan, he's an ignorant black savage. When the English wanted to blow up those rocks off the western coast, the Sultan wouldn't let them. He said Allah had placed them there for some good reason of His own, and it was not for man to interfere with the works of God. That's the sort of a Sultan he is." Carroll rose suddenly and walked into the smoking-room, leaving the two men looking at each other in silence.

"That's right," said Meakim, after a pause. "He give it to you just as it is, but I never knew him to kick about it before. We're a fair field for missionary work, Mr. Holcombe, all of us; at least some of us are." He glanced up as Carroll came back from out of the lighted room with an alert, brisk step. His manner had changed in his absence.

"Some of the ladies have come over for a bit of supper," he said. "Mrs. Hornby and her sister and Captain Reese. The *chef's* got some birds for us, and I've put a couple of bottles on ice. It will be like Del's—hey? A small hot bird and a large cold bottle. They sent me out to ask you to join us. They're in our rooms." Meakim rose leisurely and lit a fresh cigar, but Holcombe moved uneasily in his chair. "You'll come, won't you?" Carroll asked. "I'd like you to meet my wife."

Holcombe rose irresolutely and looked at his watch. "I'm afraid it's too late for me," he said, without raising his face. "You see, I'm here for my health. I--"

"I beg your pardon," said Carroll, sharply.

"Nonsense, Carroll !" said Holcombe. "I didn't mean *that*. I meant it literally. I can't risk midnight suppers yet. My doctor's orders are to go to bed at nine, and it's past twelve now. Some other time, if you'll be so good, but it's long after my bedtime, and—"

"Oh, certainly," said Carroll, quietly, as he turned away. "Are you coming, Meakim?"

Meakim lifted his half-empty glass from the table and tasted it slowly until Carroll had left them, then he put the glass down, and glanced aside to where Holcombe sat looking out over the silent city. Holcombe raised his eyes and stared at him steadily. "Mr. Holcombe-" the fugitive began.

"Yes," replied the lawyer.

Meakim shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "Good-night, sir."

Holcombe's rooms were on the floor above Carroll's, and the laughter of the latter's guests and the tinkling of glasses and silver came to him as he stepped out upon his balcony. But for this the night was very still. The sea beat leisurely on the rocks, and the waves ran up the sandy coast with a sound as of some one sweeping. The music of women's laughter came up to him suddenly, and he wondered hotly if they were laughing at him. He assured himself that it was a matter of indifference to him if they were. And with this he had a wish that they would not think of him as holding himself aloof. One of the women began to sing to a guitar, and to the accompaniment of this a man and a young girl came out upon the balcony below, and spoke to each other in low, earnest tones, which seemed to carry with them the feeling of a caress. Holcombe could not hear what they said, but he could see the curve of the woman's white shoulders and the light of her companion's cigar as he leaned upon the rail, with his back to the moonlight, and looked into her face. Holcombe felt a sudden touch of loneliness and of being very far from home. He shivered slightly, as though from the cold, and stepping inside, closed the window gently behind him.

Although Holcombe met Carroll several times during the following day, the latter obviously avoided him, and it was not until late in the afternoon that Holcombe was given a chance to speak to him again. Carroll was coming down the only street on a run, jumping from one rough stone to another, and with his face lighted with excitement. He hailed Holcombe from a distance with a wave of the hand. "There's an American manof-war in the bay," he cried; "one of the new ones. We saw her flag from the hotel. Come on !" Holcombe followed as a matter of course, as Carroll evidently expected that he would, and they reached the end of the landing-pier together, just as the ship of war ran up and broke the square red flag of Morocco from her mainmast and fired her salute.

"They'll be sending a boat in by-andby," said Carroll, "and we'll have a talk with the men." His enthusiasm touched

his companion also, and the sight of the floating atom of the great country that was his moved him strongly, as though it were a personal message from home. It came to him like the familiar stamp and a familiar handwriting on a letter in a far-away land, and made him feel how dear his own country was to him and how much he needed it. They were leaning side by side upon the rail, watching the ship's screws turning the blue waters white, and the men running about the deck, and the blue-coated figures on the bridge. Holcombe turned to point out the vessel's name to Carroll, and found that his companion's eyes were half closed and filled with tears.

Carroll laughed consciously and cough-"We kept it up a bit too late last ed. night," he said, "and I'm feeling nervous this morning, and the sight of the flag and those boys from home knocked me out." He paused for a moment, frowning through his tears, and with his brow drawn up into many wrin-"It's a terrible thing, Holcombe," kles. he began again, fiercely, "to be shut off from all of that." He threw out his hand with a sudden gesture towards the manof-war. Holcombe looked down at the water, and laid his hand lightly on his companion's shoulder. Carroll drew away and shook his head. "I don't want any sympathy," he said, kindly. "I'm not crying the baby act. But you don't know, and I don't believe anybody else knows, what I've gone through and what I've suffered. You don't like me, Holcombe, and you don't like my class, but I want to tell you something about my coming here. I want you to set them right about it at home. And I don't care whether it interests you or not," he said, with quick offence, "I want you to listen. It's about my wife.'

Holcombe bowed his head gravely.

"You got Thatcher his divorce," Carroll continued. "And you know that he would never have got it but for me, and that everybody expected that I would marry Mrs. Thatcher when the thing was over. And I didn't, and everybody said I was a blackguard, and I was. It was bad enough before, but I made it worse by not doing the only thing that could make it any better. Why I didn't do it I don't know; I had some grand ideas of reform about that time, I think, and I thought I owed my people something, and that by not making Mrs. Thatcher my mother's daughter I would be saving her and my sisters. It was remorse, I guess, and I didn't see things straight. I know now what I should have done. Well, I left her and she went her own way, and a great many people felt sorry for her and were good to her. Not your people, nor my people, but enough were good to her to make her see as much of the world as she had used to. She never loved Thatcher, and she never loved any of the men you brought into that trial except one, and he treated her like a cur. That was myself. Well, what with trying to please my family, and loving Alice Thatcher all the time and not seeing her, and hating her, too, for bringing me into all that notoriety, for I blamed the woman, of course, as a man always will, I got to drinking, and then this scrape came, and I had to run. I don't care anything about that row now, or what you believe about it. I'm here, shut off from my home, and that's a worse punishment than any dlawyers can invent. And the man's well again. He saw I was drunk; but I wasn't so drunk that I didn't know he was trying to do me, and I pounded him just as they say I did, and I'm sorry now I didn't kill him."

Holcombe stirred uneasily, and the man at his side lowered his voice and went on more calmly.

"If I hadn't been a gentleman, Holcombe, or if it had been another cabman he'd fought with, there wouldn't have been any trouble about it. But he thought he could get big money out of me, and his friends told him to press it until he was paid to pull out, and I hadn't the money, and so I had to break bail and run. Well, you've seen the place. You've been here long enough to know what it's like, and what I've had to go through. Nobody wrote me, and nobody came to see me; not one of my own sisters even, though they've been in the Riviera all this spring-not a day's journey away. Sometimes a man turned up that I knew, but it was almost worse than not seeing any one. It only made me more homesick when he'd gone. And for weeks I used to walk up and down that beach there alone late in the night, until I got to thinking that the waves were talking to me, and I got queer in my head. I had to fight it just as I used to have to fight against whiskey, and to talk fast so

that I wouldn't think. And I tried to kill myself hunting, and only got a broken collar-bone for my pains. Well, all this time Alice was living in Paris and New York. I heard that some English captain was going to marry her, and then I read in the Paris Herald that she was settled in the American colony there, and one day it gave a list of the people who'd been to a reception she gave. She could go where she pleased, and she had money in her own right, you know, and she was being revenged on me every day. And I was here, knowing it, and loving her worse than I ever loved anything on earth, and having lost the right to tell her so, and not able to go to her. Then one day some chap turned up from here and told her about me, and about how miserable I was, and how well I was being punished. He thought it would please her, I suppose. I don't know who he was, but I guess he was in love with her himself. And then the papers had it that I was down with the fever here, and she read about it. I was ill for a time, and I hoped it was going to carry me off decently, but I got up in a week or two, and one day I crawled down here where we're standing now to watch the boat come in. I was pretty weak from my illness, and I was bluer than I had ever been, and I didn't see anything but blackness and bitterness for me anywhere. I turned around when the passengers reached the pier, and I saw a woman coming up those stairs. Her figure and her shoulders were so like Alice's that my heart went right up into my throat, and I couldn't breathe for it. I just stood still staring, and when she reached the top of the steps she looked up, breathing with the climb, and laughing, and she says, 'Lloyd, I've come to see you.' And I-I was that lonely and weak that I grabbed her hand and leaned back against the railing and cried there before the whole of them. I don't think she expected it exactly, because she didn't know what to do, and just patted me on the shoulder and said, 'I thought I'd run down to cheer you up a bit; and I've brought Mrs. Scott with me to chaperon us.' And I said, without stopping to think: 'You wouldn't have needed any chaperon, Alice, if I hadn't been a cur and a fool, if I had only asked what I can't ask of you now;' and, Holcombe, she flushed just like a little girl, and laughed, and said, 'Oh, will you, Lloyd ?' And



"TO BE SHUT OFF FROM ALL OF THAT."

you see that ugly iron chapel up there, with the corrugated zinc roof and the wooden cross on it, next to the mosque? Well, that's where we went first, right from this wharf, before I let her go to a hotel; and old Ridley, the English rector, he married us, and we had a civil marriage too. That's what she did for me. She had the whole wide globe to live in, and she gave it up to come to Tangier, because I had no other place but Tangier; and she's made my life for me; and I'm happier here now than I ever was before anywhere; and sometimes I think-I hope -that she is too." Carroll's lips moved slightly, and his hands trembled on the rail. He coughed, and his voice was gentler when he spoke again. "And so," he added, "that's why I felt it last night when you refused to meet her. You were right, I know, from your way of thinking, but we've grown careless over here, and we look at things differently."

Holcombe did not speak, but put his

arm across the other's shoulder, and this time Carroll did not shake it off. Holcombe pointed with his hand to a tall, handsome woman with heavy yellow hair who was coming towards them, with her hands in the pockets of her reefer. "There is Mrs. Carroll now," he said. "Won't you present me, and then we can row out and see the man-of-war?"

II.

The officers returned their visit during the day, and the American Consul-General asked them all to a reception the following afternoon. The entire colony came to this, and Holcombe met many people, and drank tea with several ladies in riding-habits, and iced drinks with all of the men. He found it very amusing, and the situation appealed strongly to his somewhat latent sense of humor. That evening in writing to his sister he told of his rapid recovery in health, and of the possibility of his returning to civilization.

"There was a reception this afternoon, result that Meakim, who had intercepted at the Consul-General's," he wrote, "given to the officers of our man-of-war, and I found myself in some rather remarkable company. The consul himself has become rich by selling his protection for two hundred dollars to every wealthy Moor who wishes to escape the forced loans which the Sultan is in the habit of imposing on the faithful. For five hundred dollars he will furnish any one of them with a piece of stamped paper accrediting him as Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Sultan's court. Of course the Sultan never receives them, and whatever object they may have had in taking the long journey to Fez is never accomplished. Some day some one of them will find out how he has been tricked, and will return to have the consul assassinated. This will be a serious loss to our diplomatic service. The consul's wife is a fat German woman who formerly kept a hotel here. Her brother has it now, and runs it as an annex to a gambling-house. Pat Meakim, a police commissioner that I indicted, but who jumped his bail, introduced me at the reception to the men, with apparently great self-satisfaction, as 'the pride of the New York Bar,' and Mrs. Carroll, for whose husband I obtained a divorce, showed her gratitude by presenting me to the ladies. It was a distinctly Gilbertian situation, and the people to whom they introduced me were quite as picturesquely disreputable as themselves. So you see-"

Holcombe stopped here and read over what he had written, and then tore up the letter. The one he sent in its place said that he was getting better, but that the climate was not so mild as he had expected it would be.

Holcombe engaged the entire first floor of the hotel the next day, and entertained the officers and the residents at breakfast, and the Admiral made a speech and said how grateful it was to him and to his officers to find that wherever they might touch there were some few Americans ready to welcome them as the representatives of the flag they all so unselfishly loved, and of the land they still so proudly called "home." Carroll, turning his wine-glass slowly between his fingers, raised his eyes to catch Holcombe's, and winked at him from behind the curtain of the smoke of his cigar, and Holcombe smiled grimly, and winked back, with the

the signalling, choked on his champagne, and had to be pounded violently on the back. Holcombe's breakfast established him as a man of means and one who could entertain properly, and after that his society was counted upon for every hour of every day. He offered money as prizes for the ship's crew to row and swim after, he gave a purse for a cross-country pony race, open to members of the Calpe and Tangier hunts, and organized picnics and riding parties innumerable. He was forced at last to hire a soldier to drive away the beggars when he walked abroad. He found it easy to be rich in a place where he was given over two hundred copper coins for an English shilling, and he distributed his largesses recklessly and with a lack of discrimination entirely opposed to the precepts of his organized charities at home. He found it so much more amusing to throw a handful of coppers to a crowd of fat naked children than to write a check for the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to the same beneficiaries.

"You shouldn't give those fellows money," the Consul-General once remonstrated with him; "the fact that they're blind is only a proof that they have been thieves. When they catch a man stealing here they hold his head back and pass a hot iron in front of his eyes. That's why the lids are drawn taut that You shouldn't encourage them." way.

"Perhaps they're not all thieves," said the District Attorney, cheerfully, as he hit the circle around him with a handful of coppers, "but there is no doubt about it that they're all blind."

"Which is the more to be pitied," he asked the Consul-General, "the man who has still to be found out and who can see. or the one who has been exposed and who is blind?"

"How should he know ?" said Carroll, laughing. "He's never been blind, and he still holds his job."

"I don't think that's very funny," said the Consul-General.

A week of pig-sticking came to end Holcombe's stay in Tangier, and he threw himself into it and into the freedom of its life with a zest that made even the Englishman speak of him as a good fellow. He chanced to overhear this, and stopped to consider what it meant. No one had ever called him a good fellow at home, but then his life had not offered him the chance to show what sort of a good fellow he might be, and as Judge Holcombe's son certain things had been debarred him. Here he was only the richest tourist since Farwell, the diamond smuggler from Amsterdam, had touched there in his yacht.

The week of boar-hunting was spent out-of-doors, on horseback, and in tents; the women in two wide circular ones, and the men in another, with a mess-tent, which they shared in common, pitched between them. They had only one change of clothes each, one wet and one dry, and they were in the saddle from nine in the morning until late at night, when they gathered in a wide circle around the wood fire and played banjoes and listened to stories. Holcombe grew as red as a sailor, and jumped his horse over gaping crevasses in the hard sun-baked earth as recklessly as though there were nothing in this world so well worth sacrificing one's life for as to be the first in at a dumb brute's He was on friendly terms with death. them all now-with Miss Terrill, the young girl who had been awakened by night and told to leave Monte Carlo before daybreak; and with Mrs. Darhah, who would answer to Lady Taunton if so addressed; and with Andrews, the Scotch bank clerk; and Ollid, the boy officer from Gibraltar, who had found some difficulty in making the mess account balance. They were all his very good friends, and he was especially courteous and attentive to Miss Terrill's wants and interests, and fixed her stirrup, and once let her pass him to charge the boar in his place. She was a silently distant young woman, and strangely gentle for one who had had to leave a place, and such a place, between days; and her hair, which was very fine and light, ran away from under her white helmet in disconnected curls. At night, Holcombe used to watch her from out of the shadow when the fire-light lit up the circle and the tips of the palms above them, and when the story-teller's voice was accompanied by bursts of occasional laughter from the dragomans in the grove beyond, and the stamping and neighing of the horses at their pickets, and the unceasing chorus of the insect life about them. She used to sit on one of the rugs with her hands clasped about her knees, and with her head resting on Mrs. Hornby's broad shoulder, looking down into the embers of the fire, and with the story

of her life written on her girl's face as irrevocably as though old age had set its seal there. Holcombe was kind to them all now, even to Meakim, when that gentleman rode leisurely out to the camp with the mail and the latest Paris *Herald*, which was their one bond of union with the great outside world.

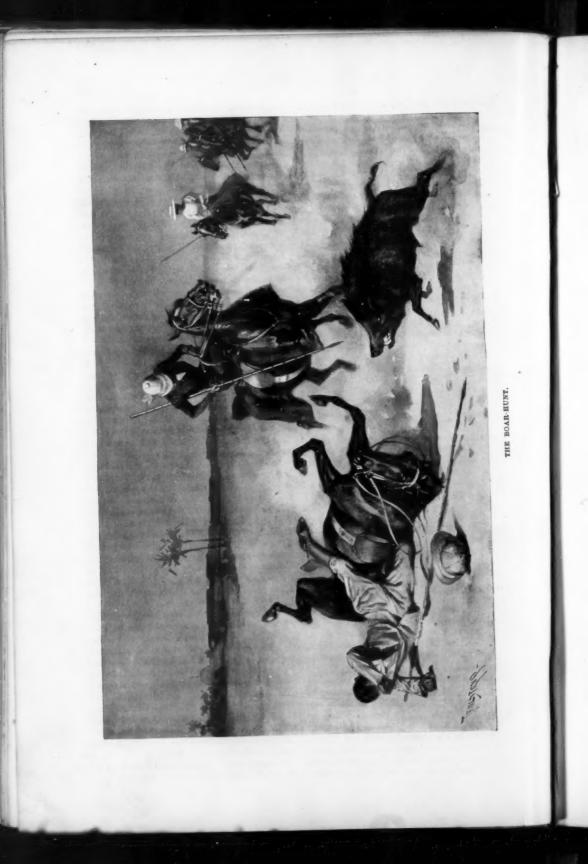
Carroll sat smoking his pipe one night, and bending forward over the fire to get its light on the pages of the latest copy of this paper. Suddenly he dropped it between his knees. "I say, Holcombe!" he cried. "Here's news! Winthrop Allen has absconded with three hundred thousand dollars, no one knows where."

Holcombe was sitting on the other side of the fire, prying at the rowel of his spur with a hunting-knife. He raised his head and laughed. "Another good man gone wrong, hey?" he said.

Carroll lowered the paper slowly to his knee and stared curiously through the smoky light to where Holcombe sat intent on the rowel of his spur. It apparently absorbed his entire attention, and his last remark had been an unconsciously natural one. Carroll smiled grimly as he folded the paper across his knee. "Now are the mighty fallen indeed," he murmured. He told Meakim of it a few minutes later, and they both marvelled. "It's just as I told him, isn't it, and he wouldn't believe me. It's the place and the people. Two weeks ago he would have raged. Why, Meakim, you know Allen-Winthrop Allen? He's one of Holcombe's own sort; older than he is, but one of his own people; belongs to the same clubs, and to the same family, I think; and yet Harry took it just as a matter of course, with no more interest than if I'd said that Allen was going to be married."

Meakim gave a low comfortable laugh of content. "It makes me smile," he chuckled, "every time I think of him the day he came up them stairs. He scared me half to death, he did, and then he says, just as stiff as you please, 'If you'll leave me alone, Mr. Meakim, I'll not trouble you.' And now it's 'Meakim this,' and 'Meakim that,' and 'have a drink, Meakim,' just as thick as thieves. I have to laugh whenever I think of it now. 'If you'll leave me alone I'll not trouble you, Mr. Meakim.'"

Carroll pursed his lips and looked up at the broad expanse of purple heavens with



the white stars shining through. "It's rather a pity, too, in a way," he said, slowly. "He was all the Public Opinion we had, and now that he's thrown up the part, why—"

The pig-sticking came to an end finally, and Holcombe distinguished himself by taking his first fall, and under romantic circumstances. He was in an open place with Mrs. Carroll at the edge of the brush to his right, and Miss Terrill guarding any approach from the left. They were too far apart to speak to one another, and sat quite still and alert to any noise as the beaters closed in around them. There was a sharp rustle in the reeds, and the boar broke out of it some hundred feet ahead of Holcombe. He went after it at a gallop, headed it off, and ran it fairly on his spear point as it came towards him, but as he drew his lance clear his horse came down, falling across him, and for the instant knocking him breathless. It was all over in a moment. He raised his head to see the boar turn and charge him, he saw where his spear point had torn the lower lip from the long tusks, and that the blood was pouring down its flank. He tried to draw out his legs, but the pony lay fairly across him, kicking and struggling, and held him in a vise. So he closed his eyes and covered his head with his arms, and crouched in a heap waiting. There was the quick beat of a pony's hoofs on the hard soil, and the rush of the boar within a foot of his head, and when he looked up he saw Miss Terrill twisting her pony's head around to charge the boar again, and heard her shout, " Let me have him, to Mrs. Carroll.

Mrs. Carroll came towards Holcombe with her spear pointed dangerously high; she stopped at his side and drew in her rein sharply. "Why don't you get up? are you hurt?" she said. "Wait, lie still," she commanded, "or he'll tramp on you. I'll get him off." She slipped from her saddle and dragged Holcombe's pony to his feet. Holcombe stood up unsteadily, pale through his tan from the pain of the fall and the moment of fear.

"That was nasty," said Mrs. Carroll, with a quick breath. She was quite as pale as he.

Holcombe wiped the dirt from his hair and the side of his face, and looked past her to where Miss Terrill was surveying the dead boar from her saddle, while her

pony reared and shied, quivering with excitement beneath her. Holcombe mounted stiffly and rode towards her. "I am very much obliged to you," he said. "If you hadn't come—"

The girl laughed shortly, and shook her head without looking at him. "Why, not at all," she interrupted, quickly. "I would have come just as fast if you hadn't been there." She turned in her saddle and looked at him frankly. "I was glad to see you go down," she said, "for it gave me the first good chance I've had. Are you hurt?"

Holcombe drew himself up stiffly, regardless of the pain in his neck and shoulder. "No; I'm all right, thank you," he answered. "At the same time," he called after her as she moved away to meet the others, "you *did* save me from being torn up, whether you like it or not."

Mrs. Carroll was looking after the girl with observant, comprehending eyes. She turned to Holcombe with a smile. "There are a few things you have still to learn, Mr. Holcombe," she said, bowing in her saddle mockingly, and dropping the point of her spear to him as an adversary does in salute. "And perhaps," she added, "it is just as well that there are."

Holcombe trotted after her in some concern. "I wonder what she means?" he said. "I wonder if I was rude?"

The pig-sticking ended with a long luncheon before the ride back to town, at which everything that could be eaten or drunk was put on the table, in order, as Meakim explained, that there should be less to carry back. He met Holcombe that same evening after the cavalcade had reached Tangier as the latter came down the stairs of the Albion. Holcombe was in fresh raiment and cleanly shaven, and with the radiant air of one who had had his first comfortable bath in a week.

Meakim confronted him with a smiling countenance. "Who do you think come to-night on the mail-boat?" he asked.

"I don't know. Who?"

"Winthrop Allen, with six trunks," said Meakim, with the triumphant air of one who brings important news.

"No, really now!" said Holcombe, laughing. "The old hypocrite! I wonder what he'll say when he sees me? I wish I could stay over another boat, just to remind him of the last time we met. What a fraud he is! It was at the club,

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and he was congratulating me on my noble efforts in the cause of justice, and all that sort of thing. He said I was a public benefactor. And at that time he must have already speculated away about half of what he had stolen of other people's money. I'd like to tease him about it."

"What trial was that?" asked Meakim. Holcombe laughed and shook his head as he moved on down the stairs. "Don't ask embarrassing questions, Meakim," he said. "It was one you won't forget in a hurry."

"Oh!" said Meakim, with a grin. "All right. There's some mail for you in the office."

"Thank you," said Holcombe.

A few hours later Carroll was watching the roulette wheel in the gamblinghall of the Isabella when he saw Meakim come in out of the darkness and stand staring in the doorway, blinking at the lights and mopping his face. He had been running, and was visibly excited. Carroll crossed over to him and pushed him out into the quiet of the terrace. "What is it?" he asked.

"Have you seen Holcombe?" Meakim demanded in reply.

"Not since this afternoon. Why?"

Meakim breathed heavily, and fanned himself with his hat. "Well, he's after Winthrop Allen, that's all," he panted. "And when he finds him there's going to be a muss. The boy's gone crazy. He's not safe."

"Why? What do you mean? What's Allen done to him?"

"Nothing to him, but to a friend of his. He got a letter to-night in the mail that came with Allen. It was from his sister. She wrote him all the latest news about Allen, and give him fits for robbing an old lady who's been kind to her. She wanted that Holcombe should come right back and see what could be done about it. She didn't know, of course, that Allen was coming here. The old lady kept a private school on Fifth Avenue, and Allen had charge of her savings."

"What is her name?" Carroll asked.

"Field, I think, Martha Field was-"

"The dirty blackguard !" cried Carroll. He turned sharply away and returned again to seize Meakim's arm. "Go on," he demanded. "What did she say ?"

"You know her too, do you ?" said Mea-

kim, shaking his head sympathetically. "Well, that's all. She used to teach his sister. She seems to be a sort of fashionable—"

"I know," said Carroll, roughly. "She taught my sister. She teaches everybody's sister. She's the sweetest, simplest old soul that ever lived. Holcombe's dead right to be angry. She almost lived at their house when his sister was ill."

"Tut! you don't say?" commented Meakim, gravely. "Well, his sister's pretty near crazy about it. He give me the letter to read. It got me all stirred up. It was just writ in blood. She must be a fine girl, his sister. She says this Miss Martha's money was the last thing Allen took. He didn't use her stuff to speculate with, but cashed it in just before he sailed and took it with him for spendingmoney. His sister says she's too proud to take help, and she's too old to work."

"How much did he take?"

"Sixty thousand. She'd been saving for over forty years."

Carroll's mind took a sudden turn. "And Holcombe?" he demanded, eagerly. "What is he going to do? Nothing silly, I hope."

"Well, that's just it. That's why I come to find you," Meakim answered, uneasily. "I don't want him to qualify for no Criminal Stakes. I got no reason to love him either— But you know—," he ended, impotently.

"Yes, I understand," said Carroll. "That's what I meant. Confound the boy, why didn't he stay in his law courts! What did he say?"

"Oh, he just raged around. He said he'd tell Allen there was an extradition treaty that Allen didn't know about, and that if Allen didn't give him the sixty thousand he'd put it in force and make him go back and stand trial."

"Compounding a felony, is he?"

"No, nothing of the sort," said Meakim, indignantly. "There isn't any extradition treaty, so he wouldn't be doing anything wrong except lying a bit."

"Well, it's blackmail, anyway."

"What, blackmail a man like Allen? Huh! He's fair game if there ever was any. But it won't work with him, that's what I'm afraid of. He's too cunning to be taken in by it, he is. He had good legal advice before he came here, or he wouldn't have come."

Carroll was pacing up and down the

shoulder. has the money with him?" he asked.

makes him so keen. He says Allen wouldn't dare bank it at Gibraltar, because if he ever went over there to draw on it he would get caught, so he must have brought it with him here. And he got here so late that Holcombe believes it's in Allen's rooms now, and he's like a dog that smells a rat after it. Allen wasn't in when he went up to his room, and he's started out hunting for him, and if he don't find him I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he broke into the room and just took it.

"For God's sake!" cried Carroll. "He wouldn't do that?

Meakim pulled and fingered at his heavy watch - chain and laughed doubt-"I don't know," he said. "He fully. wouldn't have done it three months ago, but he's picked up a great deal since then-since he has been with us. He's asking for Captain Reese, too.'

"What's he want with that blackguard?"

"I don't know: he didn't tell me."

"We "Come," said Carroll, quickly. must stop him." He ran lightly down the steps of the terrace to the beach, with Meakim waddling heavily after him. "He's got too much at stake, Meakim," he said, in half apology, as they tramped through the sand. "He mustn't spoil it. We won't let him."

Holcombe had searched the circuit of Tangier's small extent with fruitless effort, his anger increasing momentarily and feeding on each fresh disappoint-When he had failed to find the ment. man he sought in any place, he returned to the hotel and pushed open the door of the smoking-room as fiercely as though he meant to take those within by surprise.

"Has Mr. Allen returned?" he demanded. "Or Captain Reese?" The attendant thought not, but he would go and see. "No," Holcombe said; "I will look for myself." He sprang up the stairs to the third floor and turned down a passage to a door at its furthest end. Here he stopped and knocked gently. "Reese!" he called; "Reese!" There was no response to his summons, and he knocked again, with more impatience, and then cautiously turned the handle of the door, and pushing it forward, stepped into the creased in surprise as he recognized his

terrace. He stopped and spoke over his room. "Reese," he said, softly, "it's Hol-"Does Holcombe think Allen combe. Are you here?" The room was dark except for the light from the hall, which "Yes; he's sure of it. That's what shone dimly past him and fell upon a gun-rack hanging on the wall opposite. Holcombe hurried towards this and ran his hands over it, and passed on quickly from that to the mantel and the tables, stumbling over chairs and riding-boots as he groped about, and tripping on the skin of some animal that lay stretched upon the floor. He felt his way around the entire circuit of the room, and halted near the door with an exclamation of disappointment. By this time his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and he noted the white surface of the bed in a far corner and ran quickly towards it, groping with his hands about the posts at its head. He closed his fingers with a quick gasp of satisfaction on a leather belt that hung from it, heavy with cartridges and a revolver that swung from its holder. Holcombe pulled this out and jerked back the lever, spinning the cylinder around under the edge of his thumb. He felt the grease of each cartridge as it passed under his nail. The revolver was loaded in each chamber, and he slipped it into the pocket of his coat and crept out of the room, closing the door softly behind him. He met no one in the hall or on the stairs, and passed on quickly to a room on the second floor. There was a light in this room which showed through the transom and under the crack at the floor, and there was a sound of some one moving about Holcombe knocked gently and within. waited.

> The movement on the other side of the door ceased, and after a pause a voice asked who was there. Holcombe hesitated a second before answering, and then said, "It is a servant, sir, with a note for Mr. Allen.'

> At the sound of some one moving towards the door from within, Holcombe threw his shoulder against the panel and pressed forward. There was the click of the key turning in the lock and of the withdrawal of a bolt, and the door was partly opened. Holcombe pushed it back with his shoulder, and stepping quickly inside, closed it again behind him.

> The man within, into whose presence he had forced himself, confronted him with a look of some alarm, which in

visitor. "Why, Holcombe!" he exclaimed. He looked past him as though expecting some one else to follow. "I thought it was a servant," he said.

Holcombe made no answer, but surveved the other closely, and with a smile of content. The man before him was of erect carriage, with white hair and whiskers, cut after an English fashion which left the mouth and chin clean -shaven. He was of severe and dignified appearance, and though standing as he was in dishabille, still gave in his bearing the look of an elderly gentleman who had lived a self-respecting, well-cared-for, and well-ordered life. The room about him was littered with the contents of opened trunks and uncorded boxes. He had been interrupted in the task of unpacking and arranging these possessions, but he stepped unresentfully towards the bed where his coat lay, and pulled it on, feeling at the open collar of his shirt, and giving a glance of apology towards the disorder of the apartment.

"The night was so warm," he said, in explanation. "I have been trying to get things to rights. I—" He was speaking in some obvious embarrassment, and looked uncertainly towards the intruder for help. But Holcombe made no explanation, and gave him no greeting. "I heard in the hotel that you were here," the other continued, still striving to cover up the difficulty of the situation, " and I am sorry to hear that you are going so soon." He stopped, and as Holcombe still continued smiling, drew himself up stiffly. The look on his face hardened into one of offended dignity.

"Really, Mr. Holcombe," he said, sharply, and with strong annoyance in his tone, "if you have forced yourself into this room for no other purpose than to stand there and laugh, I must ask you to leave it. You may not be conscious of it, but your manner is offensive." He turned impatiently to the table, and began rearranging the papers upon it. Holcombe shifted the weight of his body as it rested against the door from one shoulder-blade to the other, and closed his hands over the door-knob behind him.

"I had a letter to night from home about you, Allen," he began, comfortably. "The person who wrote it was anxious that I should return to New York and set things working in the District Attorney's office in order to bring

you back. It isn't you so much they want as-"

"How dare you!" cried the embezzler, sternly, in the voice with which one might interrupt another in words of shocking blasphemy.

"How dare I what?" asked Holcombe.

"How dare you refer to my misfortune! You of all others-" He stopped, and looked at his visitor with flashing eves. "I thought you a gentleman," he said, reproachfully; "I thought you a man of the world, a man who in spite of your office, official position, or, rather, on account of it, could feel and understand the-a-terrible position in which I am placed, and that you would show consideration. Instead of which," he cried, his voice rising in indignation, "you have come apparently to mock at me in my trouble, and to laugh at me. If the instinct of a gentleman does not teach you to be silent, I shall have to force you to respect my feelings. You can leave the room, sir. Now, at once." He pointed with his arm at the door against which Holcombe was leaning, the fingers of his hand trembling visibly.

"Nonsense. Your misfortune! What rot!" Holcombe growled, resentfully. His eyes wandered around the room as though looking for some one who might enjoy the situation with him, and then returned to Allen's face. "You mustn't talk like that to me," he said, in serious remonstrance. "A man who has robbed people who trusted him for three years as you have done, can't afford to talk of his misfortune. You were too long about it, Allen. You had too many chances to put it back. You've no feelings to be hurt. Besides, if you have, I'm in a hurry, and I've not the time to consider them. Now, what I want of you is-"

"Mr. Holcombe," interrupted the other, earnestly.

"Sir," replied the visitor.

"Mr. Holcombe," began Allen, slowly, and with impressive gravity, "I do not want any words with you about this, or with any one else. I am here owing to a combination of circumstances which have led me through hopeless, endless trouble. What I have gone through with nobody knows. That is something no one but me can ever understand. But that is now at an end. I have taken refuge in flight and safety, where another might have remained and compromised and suffered;

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but I am a weaker brother; and as for punishment, my own conscience, which has punished me so terribly in the past, will continue to do so in the future. I am greatly to be pitied, Mr. Holcombe, greatly to be pitied. And no one knows that better than yourself. You know the value of the position I held in New York city, and how well I was suited to it, and it to me. And now I am robbed of it all. I am an exile in this wilderness. Surely, Mr. Holcombe, this is not the place nor the time when you should insult me by recalling the..."

"You contemptible hypocrite," said Holcombe, slowly. "What an ass you must think I am! Now listen to me."

"No; you listen to me," thundered the other. He stepped menacingly forward, his chest heaving under his open shirt, and his fingers opening and closing at his side. "Leave the room, I tell you," he cried, "or I shall call the servants and make you." He paused with a short, mocking laugh. "Who do you think I am?" he asked. "A child that you can insult and jibe at? I'm not a prisoner in the box for you to browbeat and bully, Mr. District Attorney. You seem to forget that I am out of your jurisdiction now."

He waited, and his manner seemed to invite Holcombe to make some angry answer to his tone, but the young man remained grimly silent.

"You are a very important young person at home, Harry," Allen went on, mockingly. "But New York State laws do not reach as far as Africa."

"Quite right; that's it exactly," said "I'm Holcombe, with cheerful alacrity. glad you have grasped the situation so soon. That makes it easier for me. Now, what I have been trying to tell you is this. I received a letter about you tonight. It seems that before leaving New York you converted bonds and mortgages belonging to Miss Martha Field, which she had intrusted to you, into ready money. And that you took this money with you. Now, as this is the first place you have stopped since leaving New York, except Gibraltar, where you could not have banked it, you must have it with you now, here in this town, in this hotel, possibly in this room. What else you have belonging to other poor devils and corporations does not concern me. It's

about it. But this sixty thousand dollars which belongs to Miss Field, who is the best, purest, and kindest woman I have ever known, and who has given away more money than you ever stole, is going back with me to-morrow to New York." Holcombe leaned forward as he spoke, and rapped with his knuckles on the table. Allen confronted him in amazement, in which there was not so much surprise at what the other threatened to do as at the fact that it was he who had proposed doing it.

"I don't understand," he said, slowly, with the air of a bewildered child.

"It's plain enough," replied the other, impatiently. "I tell you I want sixty thousand dollars of the money you have with you. You can understand that, can't you?"

"But how?" expostulated Allen. "You don't mean to rob me, do you, Harry?" he asked, with a laugh.

"You're a very stupid person for so clever a one," Holcombe said, impatiently. "You must give me sixty thousand dollars—and if you don't, I'll take it. Come, now, where is it—in that box?" He pointed with his finger towards a square travelling-case covered with black leather that stood open on the table filled with papers and blue envelopes.

"Take it!" exclaimed Allen. "You, Henry Holcombe? Is it you who are speaking? Do I hear you?" He looked at Holcombe with eyes full of genuine wonder and a touch of fear. As he spoke his hand reached out mechanically and drew the leather-bound box towards him.

"Ah, it is in that box, then," said Holcombe, in a quiet, grave tone. "Now count it out, and be quick."

"Are you drunk?" cried the other, fiercely. "Do you propose to turn highwayman and thief? What do you mean?" Holcombe reached quickly across the table towards the box, but the other drew it back, snapping the lid down, and hugging it close against his breast. "If you move, Holcombe," he cried, in a voice of terror and warning, "I'll call the people of the house and—and expose you."

"Expose me, you idiot!" returned Holcombe, fiercely. "How dare you talk to me like that!"

possibly in this room. What else you Allen dragged the table more evenly have belonging to other poor devils and corporations does not concern me. It's defences even while he parleys with the yours as far as I mean to do anything enemy. "It's you who are the idiot." he cried. "Suppose you could overcome me, which would be harder than you think, what are you going to do with the money? Do you suppose I'd let you leave this country with it? Do you imagine for a moment that I would give it up without raising my hand? I'd have you dragged to prison from your bed this very night, or I'd have you seized as you set your foot upon the wharf. I would appeal to our Consul-General. As far as he knows, I am as worthy of protection as you are yourself, and, failing him, I'd appeal to the law of the land." He stopped for want of breath, and then began again with the air of one who finds encouragement in the sound of his own "They may not understand exvoice. tradition here, Holcombe," he said, "but a thief is a thief all the world over. What you may be in New York isn't going to help you, neither is your father's name. To these people you would be only a hotel thief who forces his way into other men's rooms at night and-"

"You poor thing!" interrupted Holcombe. "Do you know where you are?" he demanded. "You talk, Allen, as though we were within sound of the cable-cars on Broadway. This hotel is not the Brunswick, and this Consul-General you speak of is another blackguard who knows that a word from me at Washington, on my return, or a letter from here, would lose him his place and his liberty. He's as much of a rascal as any of them, and he knows that I know it, and that I may use that knowledge. He won't help you. And as for the law of the land-" Holcombe's voice rose and broke in a mocking laugh. "There is no law of the land. That's why you're here ! You are in a place populated by exiles and outlaws like yourself, who have preyed upon society until society has turned and frightened each of them off like a dog with his tail between his legs. Don't give yourself confidence, Allen. That's all you are, that's all we are, two dogs fighting for a stolen bone. The man who rules you here is an ignorant negro, debauched and vicious and a fanatic. He is shut off from every one, even to the approach of a British ambassador, and what do you suppose he cares for a dog of a Christian like you, who has been robbed in a hotel by another Christian? And these others. Do vou suppose they care? Call out-cry for help, and tell them that you have half a

million dollars in this room, and they will fall on you and strip you of every cent of it, and leave you to walk the beach for work. Now what are you going to do? Will you give me the money I want, to take back where it belongs, or will you call for help and lose it all?"

The two men confronted each other across the narrow length of the table. The blood had run to Holcombe's face, but the face of the other was drawn and pale with fear.

"You can't frighten me," he gasped, rallying his courage with an effort of the will. "You are talking nonsense. This is a respectable hotel; it isn't a den of thieves. You are trying to frighten me out of the money with your lies and your lawyer's tricks, but you will find that I am not so easily fooled. You are dealing with a man, Holcombe, who suffered to get what he has, and who doesn't mean to let it go without a fight for it. Come near me, I warn you, and I shall call for help."

Holcombe backed slowly away from the table and tossed up his hands with the gesture of one who gives up his argument. "You will have it, will you ?" he muttered, grimly. "Very well, you shall fight for it." He turned quickly and drove in the bolt of the door and placed his shoulders over the electric button in the wall. "I have warned you," he said, softly. "I have told you where you are and that you have nothing to expect from the outside. You are absolutely in my power to do with as I please." He stopped, and, without moving his eyes from Allen's face, drew the revolver from the pocket of his coat. His manner was so terrible that Allen gazed at him, breathing faintly, and with his eyes fixed in horrible fascination. "There is no law." Holcombe repeated, softly. "There is no help for you, now or later. It is a question of two men locked in a room with a table and sixty thousand dollars between them. That is the situation. Two men and sixty thousand dollars. We have returned to first principles, Allen. It is a man against a man, and there is no Court of Appeal."

Allen's breath came back to him with a gasp, as though he had been shocked with a sudden downpour of icy water.

"There is !" he cried. "There is a Court of Appeal. For God's sake, wait! I appeal to Henry Holcombe, to Judge Holcombe's son. I appeal to your good name.

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Harry, to your fame in the world. Think what you are doing; for the love of God, don't murder me. I'm a criminal, I know, but not what you would be, Holcombe; not that. You are mad or drunk. You wouldn't, you couldn't do it. Think of it! You, Henry Holcombe! You !"

The fingers of Holcombe's hand moved and tightened around the butt of the pistol, the sweat sprang from the pores of his palm. He raised the revolver and pointed it. "My sin's on my own head," "Give me the money." he said.

The older man glanced fearfully back of him at the open window, through which a sea-breeze moved the palms outside, so that they seemed to whisper together as though aghast at the scene before them. The window was three stories from the ground, and Allen's eyes returned to the stern face of the younger man. As they stood there there came to them the sound of some one moving in the hall, and of men's voices whispering together. Allen's face lit with a sudden radiance of hope, and Holcombe's arm moved uncertainly.

"I fancy," he said, in a whisper, "that those are my friends. They have some idea of my purpose, and they have come to learn more. If you call, I will let them in, and they will strangle you into silence until I get the money.

The two men eyed each other steadily, the older seeming to weigh the possible truth of Holcombe's last words in his mind. Holcombe broke the silence in a lighter tone.

"Playing the policeman is a new rôle to me," he said, "and I warn you that I have but little patience; and, besides, my hand is getting tired, and this thing is at full cock.'

Allen, for the first time, lowered the box upon the table, and drew from it a bundle of notes bound together with elastic bandages. Holcombe's eyes lighted as brightly at the sight as though the notes were for his own private pleasures in the future.

"Be quick!" he said. "I cannot be responsible for the men outside."

Allen bent over the money, his face drawing into closer and sharper lines as the amount grew, under his fingers, to the sum Holcombe had demanded.

"Sixty thousand !" he said, in a voice of desperate calm.

it over to me. I hope I have taken the most of what you have," he said, as he shoved the notes into his pocket; "but this is something. Now I warn you," he added, as he lowered the trigger of the revolver and put it out of sight, "that any attempt to regain this will be futile. I am surrounded by friends; no one knows you or cares about you. I shall sleep in my room to-night without precaution, for I know that the money is now mine. Nothing you can do will recall it. Your cue is silence and secrecy as to what you have lost and as to what you still have with you."

He stopped in some confusion, interrupted by a sharp knock at the door and two voices calling his name. Allen shrank back in terror.

"You coward !" he hissed. "You promised me you'd be content with what you have." Holcombe looked at him in amaze-"And now your accomplices are ment to have their share too, are they?" the embezzler whispered, fiercely. "You lied to me; you mean to take it all."

Holcombe, for an answer, drew back the bolt, but so softly that the sound of his voice drowned the noise it made.

"No. not to night," he said, briskly, so that the sound of his voice penetrated into the hall beyond. "I mustn't stop any longer, I'm keeping you up. It has been very pleasant to have heard all that news from home. It was such a chance. my seeing you before I sailed. Goodnight." He paused and pretended to listen. "No, Allen, I don't think it's a servant," he said. "It's some of my friends looking for me. This is my last night on shore, you see." He threw open the door and confronted Meakim and Carroll as they stood in some confusion in the dark hall. "Yes, it is some of my friends," Holcombe continued. "Tll be with you in a minute," he said to them. Then he turned, and crossing the room in their sight, shook Allen by the hand, and bade him good-night and good-by.

The embezzler's revulsion of feeling was so keen, and the relief so great, that he was able to smile as Holcombe turned and left him. "I wish you a pleasant voyage," he said, faintly.

Then Holcombe shut the door on him, closing him out from their sight. He placed his hands on a shoulder of each of the two men, and jumped step by step "Good," whispered Holcombe. "Pass down the stairs like a boy as they descended silently in front of him. At the foot of the stairs Carroll turned and confronted him sternly, staring him in the face. Meakim at one side eyed him curiously.

"Well?" said Carroll, with one hand upon Holcombe's wrist.

Holcombe shook his hand free, laughing. "Well," he answered, "I persuaded him to make restitution."

"You persuaded him !" exclaimed Carroll, impatiently. "How?"

Holcombe's eyes avoided those of the two inquisitors. He drew a long breath and then burst into a loud fit of hysterical laughter. The two men surveyed him grimly. "I argued with him, of course," said Holcombe, gayly. "That is my business, man; you forget that I am a District Attorney—"

"We didn't forget it," said Carroll, fiercely. "Did you? What did you do?"

Holcombe backed away up the stairs, shaking his head and laughing. "I shall never tell you," he said. He pointed with his hand down the second flight of stairs. "Meet me in the smoking-room," he continued. "I will be there in a minute, and we will have a banquet. Ask the others to come. I have something to do first."

The two men turned reluctantly away, and continued on down the stairs without speaking and with their faces filled with doubt. Holcombe ran first to Reese's room and replaced the pistol in its holder. He was trembling as he threw the thing from him, and had barely reached his own room and closed the door when a sudden faintness overcame him. The weight he had laid on his nerves was gone, and the laughter had departed from his face. He stood looking back at what he had escaped as a man reprieved at the steps of the gallows turns his head to glance at the rope he has cheated. Holcombe tossed the bundle of notes upon the table and took an unsteady step across the room. Then he turned suddenly and threw himself upon his knees and buried his face in the pillow.

The sun rose the next morning on a cool beautiful day, and the consul's boat, with the American flag trailing from the stern, rose and fell on the bluest of blue waters as it carried Holcombe and his friends to the steamer's side.

"We are going to miss you very much," Mrs. Carroll said. "I hope you won't forget to send us word of yourself."

Miss Terrill said nothing. She was leaning over the side trailing her hand in the water, and watching it run between her slim pink fingers. She raised her eyes to find Holcombe looking at her intently with a strange expression of wistfulness and pity, at which she smiled brightly back at him, and began to plan vivaciously with Captain Reese for a ride that same afternoon.

They separated over the steamer's deck, and Meakim, for the hundredth time, and in the lack of conversation which comes at such moments, offered Holcombe a fresh cigar.

"But I have got eight of yours now," said Holcombe.

"That's all right; put it in your pocket," said the Tammany chieftain, "and smoke it after dinner. You'll need 'em. They're better than those you'll get on the steamer, and they never went through a custom-house."

Holcombe cleared his throat in some slight embarrassment. "Is there anything I can do for you in New York, Meakim?" he asked. "Anybody I can see, or to whom I can deliver a message?"

"No," said Meakim. "I write pretty often. Don't you worry about me," he added, gratefully. "I'll be back there some day myself, when the law of limitation lets me."

Holcombe laughed. "Well," he said, "I'd like to do something for you if you'd let me know what you'd like."

Meakim put his hands behind his back and puffed meditatively on his cigar, rolling it between his lips with his tongue. Then he turned it between his fingers and tossed the ashes over the side of the boat. He gave a little sigh, and then frowned at having done so. "I tell you what you can do for me, Holcombe," he said, smiling. "Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. Will you? That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall, and the Third Avenue L cars running by on the That's a gay sight; ain't it, now? other. With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to

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have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's, and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it? Well," he laughed and shook his head, "I'll be back there some day, won't I," he said, wistfully, "and hear it for myself."

"Carroll," said Holcombe, drawing the former to one side, "suppose I see this cabman when I reach home, and get him to withdraw the charge, or agree not to turn up when it comes to trial?"

Carroll's face clouded in an instant. "Now, listen to me, Holcombe," he said. "You let my dirty work alone. There's lots of my friends who have nothing better to do than just that. You have something better to do, and you leave me and my rows to others. I like you for what you are, and not for what you can do for me. I don't mean that I don't appreciate your offer, but it shouldn't have come from an Assistant District Attorney to a fugitive criminal."

"What nonsense!" said Holcombe.

"Don't say that; don't say that!" ex-

PECUNIARY INDEPENDENCE.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE inhabitants of the Old World are sharply divided into two classes-the poor and the rich. Those are multitudinous; these strikingly few. In the New World, likewise, are the poor and the rich, but with many gradations of each rank, the poor not always being miserable, the rich seldom being contented. The lot of the poor is not fixed, is not unalterable, here, as it generally is in foreign lands. Our poor often become rich, as our rich often become poor. And then we have a large middle class, financially. who are far better satisfied than their superiors in fortune. Most members of this class are pecuniarily independent; they who have grown so by their unaided exertions have procured one of the most substantial rewards of life.

Only in this country is it comparatively easy for a man to acquire such independence; and, because of its ease, he rarely acquires it, considering his ample opportunities. Abroad, the very poor may save something by stern self-denial, which will keep them from hunger and cold in the day of stress; and they do it more frequently, perhaps, than they do it here, where work is plentier and wages

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claimed Carroll, quickly, as though it hurt him. "You wouldn't have said it a month ago."

Holcombe eyed the other with an alert. confident smile. "No, Carroll," he answered, "I would not." He put his hand on the other's shoulder with a suggestion in his manner of his former self, and with a touch of patronage. "I have learned a great deal in a month," he said. "Seven battles were won in seven days once. All my life I have been fighting causes, Carroll, and principles. I have been working with laws against law-breakers. I have never yet fought a man. It was not poor old Meakim, the individual, I prosecuted, but the corrupt politician. Now here I have been thrown with men and women on as equal terms as a crew of sailors cast away upon a desert island. We were each a law unto himself. And I have been brought face to face, and for the first time in my life, not with principles of conduct, not with causes, and not with laws, but with my fellow-men."

higher. But neither there nor here is an independence attainable by the manual laborer. For that, a man must steadily earn an excess of what will provide for his daily wants; he must employ his mind. be commonly educated, capable of some self-discipline. He must be, in short, what the mass of representative Americans are in intelligence and enterprise, and what they are not in thrift and monetary appreciation. He should begin his undertaking early, at the outset of his commercial or professional career, and pursue it zealously and unflaggingly. He should not wait till he is a husband and a father, for then it may be too late. As such, he cannot readily regulate his expenses; and lack of power to regulate them may defer his independence indefinitely, if not prevent it altogether.

The mischief, with most of us, is that we are not apt to think of getting any surplus until we need more money than we can command. As bachelors little may suffice us. As husbands we cannot tell what we may need, any more than we can tell what will be our degree of content or discontent at any time in the future. to celibacy, decides in his youth that he will never marry, and that he need not therefore be provident. He can, he thinks, afford to spend as he goes, after putting by a small sum to meet contingent de-But this is incautious, even if mands. his decision be correct. Moreover, nobody can be secure against marriage. It may happen to any one; indeed, it is likely to happen, and often does happen, when one least looks for it. The most confident man is frequently the least prepared against it. Like lightning or a pestilence, it may strike anywhere at any moment. It does not depend on the man so much as on circumstances. He may awake as from a dream, and discover himself married. Fortune, no less than Nature, delights to baffle us, as if to prove our potent fallibility.

Independence, from an entirely American stand-point, is always more or less hard to gain, though not exceeding hard, not almost impossible, as it is across the It requires continuous resolution, sea. unflinching perseverance, steady self-abstinence, clear judgment, with a dash of what is reckoned as luck, especially in youth, when such qualities are least developed. Above all, it requires resolution and perseverance. An earnest attempt at independence can never really be made too late, desirable as it is to make the attempt early. Independence should be aimed at, kept firmly in mind, whether one be twenty-five or sixty, whether one have many responsibilities or none. For it is very rarely reached without ceaseless solicitude and striving, and not, as must be granted, reached generally even with these. After good repute and good health, it is the most valuable of possessions. It is apprehensible salvation. Nevertheless, the first stages are the most arduous, the most discouraging. Beyond them the road is smoother, and success dawns in the distance. Cling to the prospect while life lasts, though expectation swoon by the way. The recompense is worth the stoutest labor, the severest sacrifice; it richly atones, in the end, for whatever may have been endured for the precious cause.

What constitutes an independence ? Does it not vary with the place and the individual? Is not the independence of one man totally inadequate to that of another? Obviously yes. Your idea of an

Many a man, having a predisposition independence may be so superior to mine as to seem like wealth, which, in any reasonable sense, may not be hoped for, and is not, in truth, by any number of men. though to the manner born. Still sensible, sober opinions on the subject are not so different as may appear at first. Each man should determine for himself, according to his surroundings and relations, what amount he and his, if all sources fail, can live on in a very simple way-in a way bearable and decent, if not quite pleasant or desirable. If he has inhabited a big city, like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, New Orleans, he must be willing, while the strain lasts, to reside in a small town or village, presuming he can do no better, and learn gradually to resign himself to a shrunken income. It may be a stern task, but it is by no means impracticable. The most exacting of us yield with a degree of grace to the unavoidable. We can get accustomed, we Americans particularly, to anything, for better or for worse. We are capable, at shortest summons, of stoic strength, of enormous grit.

> Who has not seen old New-Yorkers, wonted to luxury, accept poignant reverses without a murmur? Who has not known them to vegetate on the frontier, or in a decaying foreign town, silent about the past, outwardly serene as to the future? Poverty, real or comparative, teaches us how many dainties are superfluous. And to be relieved of uncertainty and anxiety in a fine establishment by settling down on an unmistakable independence, limited as it may be, is a sovereign solace.

It seems to be generally agreed that in New York a native citizen, a man of small family-a wife and two children. for example-cannot get on respectably with less than about \$5000 a year. If a bachelor, \$1200 to \$1500 will answer. In other cities \$3000 to \$4000 may sustain him domestically; in a village or the country, materially less. If he must descend to marked plainness, rigid economy, prosaic facts, he can find places where, without other income, \$2000 to \$2500 will keep him and his household together, not without material comfort. That amount, therefore, may be taken as an approximation to an independence, as enough certainly to keep the wolf and the creditor from the door. Confession may be frankly made, however, that no such sum is regarded by city folk as sufficient for the purpose. They might put it at fully \$10,000, and speak of minor figures as penury, or prolonged starvation. Strict independence may, notwithstanding, be computed in general at \$2000 to \$2500; and he who has secured it indubitably has no cause to fear compassion, or to seek for sympathy. He may esteem it a genuine misfortune to be so reduced, especially after having had five or ten times as much. Still, it is independence-not handsome, welcome, or in any manner satisfactory; and it is within reach of nearly any one who diligently and earnestly works for it.

Not a few can get an independence of from \$15,000 to \$30,000 a year; but they are capable of acquiring wealth if they care to, and should not in consequence be held as representative. Nor should ordinary independence be disfavored by such citation. Place it so low that it may appear not only possible but probable of attainment, and many will struggle for it. No one need to pause at \$2500, if he can honestly and conscientiously, without undue appreciation of or struggle for money, increase the sum. What begins with laudable desire for a modest competence may, and often does, result in a wild, utterly reckless, scramble for wealth.

This is a manifest danger, though nothing like so common as believed and published. He who sets out in hope of mere independence is apt to rest content with it, having gained it without longing for riches. One reason is that it is slow of accumulation; that he gets familiar with its gradual advance; that his mind is kept healthful by its reasonable, well-merited growth. Riches, on the other hand, are likely to come fast, often suddenly; to turn business into passion, and passion finally into financial monomania.

Thousands of Americans, at every commercial centre of the republic, eager for and bent on independence, are indifferent to wealth, do not in the least concern themselves about it. The two acquisitions, much and constantly as they are mistaken one for the other, are as dissimilar as liberty and license. One seeks for emancipation, individual recognition, mental salubrity, the right to one's self; the other often seeks for gratification of selfishness, vulgar importance, sordid vanity, greed of mean power.

Not all, not a great many, perhaps, gain an independence; but is it not more from want of heed, will, effort, self-denial, than from want of opportunity? It behooves every one of us to contend for it long and patiently, energetically, and ardently. If we fall short of it, it may be a consolation to remember our faithful endeavor therefor, our incessant quest, yet a quest pursued with moderation and temperance. Its advantages are manifold and inestimable; they can hardly be overrated.

Independence provides a basis for the most wholesome, helpful life, and nothing else can take its place. It is not to be supposed that the acquirer of an independence, limited or liberal, must always rely on it necessarily, or rely on it at all. It is merely a sheet-anchor, to be cast in stress of weather in order to prevent the ship from going ashore. Every vessel carries one : there would not and could not be any safety without it; nor, what is more, any feeling of safety. An independence affects one's feeling rather than establishes a fact; and feeling generally outweighs fact tenfold.

A manly man fears not poverty, disaster, or death as they will act on him, to any such extent as he fears them for the result they will have on his wife and children. His independence will benefit them if he be disabled or blotted out. This is what makes it so invaluable. Or if from any cause he can earn no more money for a short or a long time, he can have recourse to the revenue from his investments, which should be selected, of course, more with an eye to soundness than to profit. He may never suffer any serious reverses; his affairs may continue to prosper. But will that render his income, secured years before, and guarded as a sacred fund, less precious in his eyes? On the contrary, the longer he has it, the more he will cherish it, the greater satisfaction he will derive from it. It is that which has nerved him to the struggle, and aided him to conduct it to a fruitful issue.

How any business or undertaking may terminate is beyond conjecture, or what the coming year may hold in store. But a proper independence—another name for a series of cautious, conservative investments—is, or should be, as safe as human judgment can make it. A man may be obliged to change his place of residence or his mode of living to accommodate his altered circumstances; but if he still retain his independence, small though it be, it will keep him and his in good physical condition, in mental balance, and guarantee their self-respect. When the storm has blown over he can return to his former town or city, and in a measure resume his relinquished habits. If he has been driven by any sort of personal ill luck, or by a combination of unanticipated causes, from his earning position, he can be supported by his independence so long as necessary.

An independence is a surety for the future, deposited by one's self to provide for calamitous contingencies, and claimed when wanted for one's own behoof. It is a defence against misfortune of any kind—a defence of the strongest; not of the outer walls and remote approaches, but of the citadel itself, where defeat may be resisted if anywhere. And if not resisted there, it is a question with those who have fortified the citadel whether they shall yield, or blow themselves with their stronghold into the air. Even in such an extreme the defeat becomes by the immolation an awful yet splendid victory.

The greatest inducement to pecuniary independence is that no man can be otherwise independent who is not pecuniarily so. He may swear that he is, he may look big and bold, he may strike the most imposing attitudes, but deep down in his heart he knows better. To be generally independent-to be independent strictly in mind, action, character-one must be independent in purse also. There is no getting away from the fact. The independencies are too compactly interwoven to be drawn apart. This is, as a whole, a hard, selfish, grasping, above all, a monetary world, and its ways are monetary. He who has nothing, and naturally, necessarily wants something, must, unless a martyr, conform, belie himself, to get it. He feels at a disadvantage, and he is at a disadvantage, while he seeks for favors. Until pecuniarily independent, he will remain dependent, in spirit at least, on whoever can help him. It is the rule of average humanity, and may not be set aside, however humiliating it may be.

No one knows, except the actual sufferer, what anxiety, mortification, bitterness, misery, the dependent man, when proud and sensitive, may experience in battling with life. He must get employ-

ment, he must earn money, having given hostages to fortune, though his heart crack and his pores sweat blood. What a masquerade at times of undying death is his! He must smile on those he hates, he must extend his hand where he would strike, he must speak pleasantly with a curse in his throat, because he is ever seeking work, is ever dependent. He wears dependence like a yoke. He remembers the irrevocable days when he might have been independent, and remembers that he let them slip away. The remembrance haunts and tortures him; it will not be banished. His life may be poisoned, his home may be poisoned, what was once the sweetness of hope may be poisoned, by the thought of what might have been. It is not to drudge day after day, month in and month out, for little more than decent subsistence, that so stings and wounds. It is the want of freedom, of complete intercourse, of restricted manhood, of the play of humanity, that is felt when he is in money irrecoverably below his associates, and yet looks down on them. Pecuniary independence, superfluous as the adjective may sound, would work a wondrous change in him, in them, in the mental and moral atmosphere he breathes. It would enlarge at once his outlook and his self-esteem; it would alter his horizon.

There is ample reason for saving, if not directly for ourselves, for our near kindred; for our family, if we have one, there is even more reason. To-morrow always comes for somebody. Money will always do good if rightly used. Making money in moderation is desirable, helpful to one's self and others. Everything teaches us that we must take care of ourselves ultimately. It is the lesson of life.

An independence may be small; it may seem insignificant. It is large and important if it be sufficient to keep him who has earned it dignified and self-respecting. above the need of asking favors, above all the inevitable meannesses of pover-If the world knows a man to be petv. cuniarily independent, it accepts his general independence, and does not avoid him lest he may want something. Dependence it regards as failure, and failure it despises and shrinks from. When we say, therefore, that the world commends pecuniary independence, it is only another way of saying that we commend it ourselves, and in ourselves.

A KINSMAN OF RED CLOUD.

BY OWEN WISTER.

T was thirty minutes before a June sundown at the post, and the first call sounded for parade. Over in the barracks the two companies and the single troop lounged a moment longer, then laid their police literature down, and lifted their stocking feet from the beds to get ready. In the officers' quarters the captain rose regretfully from after-dinner digestion, and the three lieutenants sought their helmets with a sigh. Lieutenant Baldwin had been dining an unconventional and impressive guest at the mess, and he now interrupted the anecdote that the guest was achieving with frontier deliberation.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said. "I'll have to hear the rest about the halfbreed when I get back."

"There ain't no more—yet. He got my cash with his private poker deck that onced, and I'm fixing for to get his'n."

Second call sounded; the lines filed out and formed, the sergeant of the guard and two privates took their station by the flag, and when battalion was formed the commanding officer, towering steeple-stiff beneath his plumes, received the adjutant's salute, ordered him to his post, and began drill. At all this the unconventional guest looked on comfortably from Lieutenant Baldwin's porch.

"I doubt if I could put up with that there discipline all the week," he mused. "Carry—arms! Present—arms! Umph! I guess that's all I know of it." The winking white line of gloves stirred his approval. "Pretty good that. Gosh, see the sun on them bayonets!"

The last note of retreat merged in the sonorous gun, and the flag shining in the light slid down and rested on the earth. The blue ranks marched to a single bugle—the post was short of men and officers—and the captain, with the released lieutenants, again sought digestion and cigars. Baldwin returned to his guest, and together they watched the day forsake the plain. Presently the guest rose to take his leave. He looked old enough to be the father of the young officer, but he was a civilian, and the military man proceeded to give him excellent advice.

"Now don't get into trouble, Cutler."

The slouch-shouldered scout rolled his quid gently, and smiled at his superior with indulgent regard.

"See here, Cutler, you have a highly unoccupied look about you this evening. I've been studying the customs of this population, and I've noted a fact or two." "Let 'em loose on me, sir."

Let em loose on me, sir.

"Fact one: When any male inhabitant of Fort Laramie has a few spare moments, he hunts up a game of cards."

"Well, sir, you've called the turn on me."

"Fact two: At Fort Laramie a game of cards frequently ends in discussion."

"Fact three: Mr. Baldwin, in them discussions Jarvis Cutler has the last word. You put that in your census report alongside the other two."

"Well, Cutler, if somebody's gun should happen to beat yours in an argument, I should have to hunt another wagon-master."

" I'll not forget that. When was you expecting to pull out north?"

"Whenever the other companies get here. May be three days—may be three weeks."

"Then I will have plenty time for a game to-night."

With this slight dig of his independence into the lieutenant's ribs, the scout walked away, his long lugubrious frock - coat (worn in honor of the mess) occasionally flapping open in the breeze, and giving a view of a belt richly fluted with cartridges, and the ivory handle of a pistol looking out of its holster. He got on his horse, crossed the flat, and struck out for the cabin of his sociable friends Loomis and Kelley, on the hill. The open door and light inside showed the company, and Cutler gave a grunt, for sitting on the table was the half-breed, the winner of his unavenged dollars. He rode slower in order to think, and arriving at the corral below the cabin, tied his horse to the stump of a cottonwood. A few steps toward the door, and he wheeled on a sudden thought, and under cover of the night did something that to the pony was altogether unaccountable. He unloosed both front and rear cinch of his saddle. so they hung entirely free in wide bands beneath the pony's belly. He tested their slackness with his hand several times,

stopping instantly when the more and more surprised pony turned his head to see what new thing in his experience might be going on, and seeing, gave a delicate bounce with his hind quarters.

"Never you mind, Duster," muttered "Did you ever see a skunkthe scout. trap? Oughts is for mush-rats, and number ones is mostly used for 'coons and possums, and I guess they'd do for a skunk. But you and me'll call this here trap a number two, Duster, for the skunk I'm after is a big one. All you've to do is to act natural.

Cutler took the rope off the stump by which Duster had been tied securely, wound and strapped it to the tilted saddle, and instead of this former tether, made a weak knot in the reins, and tossed them over the stump. He entered the cabin with a countenance sweeter than honey.

"Good-evening, boys," he said. "Why, Toussaint, how do you do?"

The hand of Toussaint had made a slight, a very slight, movement towards his hip, but at sight of Cutler's mellow smile resumed its clasp upon his knee.

"Golly, but you're gay like this evenin'!" said Kelley.

"Blamed if I knowed he could look so frisky," added Loomis.

"Sporting his onced-a-year coat," Kelley pursued. "That ain't for our benefit. Joole."

"No; we're not that high in society." Both these cheerful waifs had drifted from the Atlantic coast westward.

Cutler looked from them to his costume. and then amiably surveyed the half-breed.

"Well, boys, I'm in big luck, I am. How's yourn nowadays, Toussaint?"

"Pretty good sometime. Sometime heap hell." The voice of the half-breed Sometime came as near heartiness as its singularly oblique quality would allow, and as he smiled he watched Cutler with the inside of his eyes.

The scout watched nobody and nothing with great care, looked about him pleasantly, inquired for the whiskey, threw aside hat and gloves, sat alone, leaning the chair back against the wall, and talked with artful candor. "Them sprigs of lieutenants down there," said he, "they're a surprising lot for learning virtue to a man. 'ain't been out of the Academy only two amination. He did not put his hand to years, and he's been telling me how card- his holster. The figure rose from the

playing ain't good for you. And what do you suppose he's been and offered Jarvis Cutler for a job? I'm to be wagon - master." He paused, and the halfbreed's attention to his next words increased. "Wagon-master, and good pay too. Clean up to the Black Hills; and the troops'll move soon as ever them re-enforcements come. Drinks on it, boys ! Set 'em up, Joole Loomis. My contract's sealed with some of Uncle Sam's cash, and I'm going to play it right here. Hello ! Somebody coming to join us? He's in a hurry."

There was a sound of lashing straps and hoofs beating the ground, and Cutler looked out of the door. As he had calculated, the saddle had gradually turned with Duster's movements and set the pony bucking.

"Stampeded !" said the scout, and swore properly. "Some o' you boys help me stop the durned fool."

Loomis and Kelley ran. Duster had jerked the prepared reins from the cottonwood, and was lurching down a small dry gulch, with the saddle bouncing between his belly and the stones.

Cutler cast a backward eve at the cabin where Toussaint had staid behind alone. "Head him off below, boys, and I'll head him off above," the scout sang out. He left his companions, and quickly circled round behind the cabin, stumbling once heavily, and hurrying on, anxious lest the noise had reached the lurking halfbreed. The ivory-handled pistol, jostled from its holster, lay among the stones where he had stumbled. He advanced over the rough ground, came close to the logs, and craftily peered in at the small window in the back of the cabin. It was evident he had not been heard. The sinister figure within still sat on the table. but was crouched, listening like an animal to the shouts that were coming from a safe distance down in the gulch. Cutler, outside of the window, could not see the face of Toussaint, but he saw one long brown hand sliding up and down the man's leg, and its movement put him in mind of the tail of a cat. The hand stopped to pull out a pistol, into which fresh cartridges were slipped. Cutler had already done this same thing after dismounting, and he now felt confident You take Baldwin. Why, he that his weapon needed no further ex-

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table, and crossed the room to a set of shelves which a little yellow curtain hung in front of. Behind it were cups, cans, bottles, a pistol, counters, red, white, and blue, and two fresh packs of cards, blue and pink, side by side. Seeing these, Toussaint drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and unwrapped two further packs, both blue; and at this Cutler's intent face grew into plain shape close to the window, but receded again into uncertain dimness. From down in the gulch came shouts that the runaway horse was captured. Toussaint listened, ran to the door, and quickly returning, put the blue pack from the shelf into his pocket, leaving in exchange one of his own. He hesitated about altering the position of the cards on the shelf, but Kelley and Loomis were unobservant young men, and the halfbreed placed the pink cards on top of his blue ones. The little yellow curtain again hung innocently over the shelves, and Toussaint, pouring himself a drink of whiskey, faced round, and for the first time saw the window that had been behind his back. He was at it in an instant, wrenching its rusty pin, that did not give, but stuck motionless in the wood. Cursing, he turned and hurried out of the door and round the cabin. No one was there. Some hundred yards away the noiseless Cutler crawled further among the thickets that filled the head of the gulch. Toussaint whipped out a match, and had it against his trousers to strike and look if there were footprints, when second thoughts warned him this might be seen, and was not worth risking suspicion over, since so many feet came and went by this cabin. He told himself no one could have been there to see him, and slowly returned inside, with a mind that fell a hair's-breadth short of conviction.

The boys, coming up with the horse, met Cutler, who listened to how Duster had stood still as soon as he had kicked free of his saddle, making no objection to being caught. They suggested he would not have broken loose had he been tied with a rope; and hearing this, Cutler bit off a piece of tobacco, and told them they were quite right: a horse should never be tied by his bridle. For a savory moment the scout cuddled his secret, and turned it over like the tobacco lump under his tongue. Then he explained, and received serenely the amazement of Loomis and Kelley.

"When you kids have travelled this Western country awhile you'll keep your cards locked," said he. "He's going to let us win first. You'll see, he'll play a poor game with the pink deck. Then, if we don't, why, he'll call for fresh cards himself. But, jist for the fun of the thing, if any of us loses steady, why, we'll call. Then, when he gets hold of his strippers, watch out. When he makes his big play, and is stretchin' for to rake the counters in, you grab 'em, Joole; for by then I'll have my gun on him, and if he makes any trouble we'll feed him to the coyotes. - I expect that must have been it, boys," he continued, in a new tone, as they came within possible earshot of the half-breed in the cabin. "A coyote come around him where he was tied. The fool horse has seen enough of 'em to git used to 'em, you'd think, but he don't. There; that'll hold him. I guess he'll have to pull the world along with him if he starts to run again."

The lamp was placed on the windowshelf, and the four took seats, Cutler at the left of Toussaint, with Kelley opposite. The pink cards fell harmless, and for a while the game was a dull one to see. Holding a pair of kings, Cutler won a little from Toussaint, who remarked that luck must go with the money of Uncle Sam. After a few hands, the halfbreed began to bet with ostentatious folly, and losing to one man and another, was joked upon the falling off of his game. In an hour's time his blue chips had twice been re-enforced, and twice melted from the neat often-counted pile in which he arranged them; also, he had lost a horse from his string down on Chug Water.

"Lend me ten dollar," he said to Cutler. "You rich man now."

In the next few deals Kelley became poor. "I'm sick of this luck," said he.

"Then change it, why don't you? Let's have a new deck." And Loomis rose.

"Joole, you always are for something new," said Cutler. "Now I'm doing pretty well with these pink cards. But I'm no hog. Fetch on your fresh ones."

The eyes of the half-breed swerved to the yellow curtain. He was by a French trapper from Canada out of a Sioux squaw, one of Red Cloud's sisters, and his heart beat hot with the evil of two races, and none of their good. He was at this moment irrationally angry with the men devices, and malice undisguised shone in his lean flat face. At sight of the blue cards falling in the first deal, silence came over the company, and from the distant parade-ground the bugle sounded the melancholy strain of taps.

"Them men are being checked off in their bunks now," said Cutler.

"What you bet this game?" demanded Toussaint.

"I've heard 'em play that same music over a soldier's grave," said Kelley.

"You goin' to bet?" Toussaint repeated.

Cutler pushed forward the two necessary white chips. No one's hand was high, and Loomis made a slight winning. The deal went its round several times, and once when it was Toussaint's, Cutler suspected that special cards had been thrown to him by the half-breed as an experiment. He therefore played the gull to a nicety, betting gently upon his three kings; but when he stepped out boldly and bet the limit, it was not Toussaint but Kelley who held the higher hand, winning with three aces. Why the coup should be held off longer puzzled the scout, unless it was that Toussaint was carefully testing the edges of his marked cards to see if he controlled them to a certainty. So Cutler played on calmly. Presently two aces came to him in Toussaint's deal, and he wondered how many more would be in his three-card draw. Very pretty! One only, and he lost to Loomis, who had drawn three, and held four kings. The hands were getting higher, they said. The game had "something to it now." But Toussaint grumbled, for his luck was bad all this year, he said. Cutler had now made sure the aces and kings went where the half-breed wished, and could slide undetected from the top or the middle or the bottom of the pack; but he had no test yet how far down the scale the marking went. At Toussaint's next deal Cutler judged the time had come, and at the second round of betting he knew it. The three white men played their parts, raising each other without pause, and again there was total silence in the cabin. Every face bent to the table, watching the turn repeat its circle with obstinate increase, until new chips and more new chips had been brought to keep on with, and the heap in the middle had mounted high in the hundreds, while in front of Toussaint lay

who had won from him through his own his knife and a match-box-pledges of two more horses he had staked. He had drawn three cards, while the others took two, except Cutler, who had a pair of kings again, and drawing three, picked up two more. Kelley dropped out, remarking he had bet more than his hand was worth, which was true, and Loomis followed him. Their persistence had surprised Toussaint a little. He had not given every one suspicious hands: Cutler's four kings were enough. He bet once more, was raised by the scout, called. and threw down his four aces.

"That beats me," said Cutler, quietly, and his hand moved under his frock-coat, as the half-breed, eying the central pile of counters in triumph, closed his fingers over it. They were dashed off by Kelley. who looked expectantly across at Cutler, and seeing the scout's face wither into sudden old age, cried out, "For God's sake, Jarvis, where's your gun?" Kelley sprang for the yellow curtain, and reeled backwards at the shot of Toussaint. His arm thrashed along the window-sill as he fell, sweeping over the lamp, and flaring channels of oil ran over his body and spread on the ground. But they could no longer hurt him. The half-breed had leaped outside the cabin, enraged that Cutler should have got out during the moment he had thought of Kelley. The scout was groping for his ivory-handled pistol off in the darkness. He found it, and hurried to the little window at a second shot he heard inside. Loomis, beating the rising flame away, had seized the pistol from the shelf, and aimlessly fired into the night at Toussaint. He fired again, running to the door from the scorching heat. Cutler got round the house to save him if he could, and saw the half-breed's weapon flash, and the body pitch out across the threshold. Toussaint, gaining his horse, shot three times and missed Cutler, whom he could not clearly see, and heard the scout's bullets sing past him as his horse bore him rushing away.

II.

Jarvis Cutler lifted the dead Loomis out of the cabin. He made a try for Kelley's body, but the room had become a cave of flame, and he was driven from the door. He wrung his hands, giving himself bitter blame aloud, as he covered Loomis with his saddle-blanket, and jump-



"JARVIS, WHERE'S YOUR GUN ?"

ed bareback upon Duster to go to the post. He had not been riding a minute when several men met him. They had seen the fire from below, and on their way up the half-breed had passed them at a run.

"Here's our point," said Cutler. "Will he hide with the Sioux, or will he take to the railroad? Well, that's my business more than being wagon-master. I'll get a warrant. You tell Lieutenant Baldwin -and somebody give me a fresh horse."

As Cutler, with the warrant in his pocket, rode out of Fort Laramie, the call of the sentinels came across the night: "Number One. Twelve o'clock, and all's well." A moment, and the refrain sounded more distant, given by Number Two. When the fourth took it up, far away along the line, the words were lost, leaving something like the faint echo of a song. The half-breed had crossed the Platte, as if he were making for his kindred tribe, but the match to his pile of small sticks. As the VOL. LXXXVIII.-No. 528.-88

scout did not believe in this too plain trail

"There's Chug Water lying right the other way from where he went, and I guess it's there Mr. Toussaint is aiming for." With this idea Cutler swung from north to southwest along the Laramie. He went slowly over his short-cut, not to leave the widely circling Toussaint too much in his rear. The fugitive would keep himself carefully far on the other side of the Laramie, and very likely not cross it until the forks of Chug Water. Dawn was ceasing to be gray, and the doves cooed incessantly among the river thickets, when Cutler, watching the forks, found a bottom where the sage-brush grew seven and eight feet high, and buried himself and his horse in its cover. It seemed a good leisure-time for a little fire and some breakfast. He eased his horse of the saddle, sliced some bacon, and put a

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flame caught, he stood up to enjoy the cool of a breeze that was passing through the stillness, and he suddenly stamped his fire out. The smell of another fire had come across Chug Water on the wind. It was incredible that Toussaint should be there already. There was no seeing from this bottom, and if Cutler walked up out of it the other man would see too. If it were Toussaint, he would not stay long in the vast exposed plain across Chug Water, but go on after his meal. In twenty minutes it would be the thing to swim or wade the stream, and crawl up the mud Meanwhile, Cutler bank to take a look. dipped some old bread that he had in water and sucked it down, while the little breeze from opposite shook the cottonwood leaves and brought over the smell of cooking meat. The sun grew warmer, and the doves ceased. Cutler opened his big watch, and clapped it shut as the sound of mud heavily slopping into the other river reached him. He crawled to where he could look at the Laramie from among his sage-brush, and there was Toussaint leading his horse down to the water. The half-breed gave a shrill call, and waved his hat. His call was answered, and as he crossed the Laramie, three Sioux appeared, riding to the bank. They waited till he gained their level, when all four rode up the Chug Water, and went out of sight opposite the watching Cutler. The scout threw off some of his clothes. for the water was still high, and when he had crossed, and drawn himself to a level with the plain, there were the four squatted beside a fire. They sat talking and eating for some time. One of them rose at last, pointed south, and mounting his horse, dwindled to a dot, blurred, and evaporated in the heated trembling distance. Cutler at the edge of the bank still watched the other three, who sat on the ground. A faint shot came, and they rose at once, mounted, and vanished southward. There was no following them now in this exposed country, and Cutler, feeling sure the signal had meant something about Toussaint's horses, made his fire, watered his own horse, and letting him drag a rope where the feed was green, ate his breakfast in ease. Toussaint would get a fresh mount, and proceed to the railroad. With the comfort of certainty and tobacco, the scout lolled by the river under the cottonwood, and even slept. In the cool of the afternoon he reached the

cabin of an acquaintance twenty miles south, and changed his horse. A man had passed by, he was told. Looked as if bound for Cheyenne. "No," Cutler said ; "he's known there;" and he went on, watching Toussaint's tracks. Within ten miles they veered away from Cheyenne to the southeast, and Cutler struck out on a trail of his own more freely. By midnight he was on Lodge-Pole Creek, sleeping sound among the last trees he would pass. He slept twelve hours, having gone to bed knowing he must not come into town by daylight. About nine he arrived, and went to the railroad station; there the operator knew him. The lowest haunt in the town was a tent south of the Union Pacific tracks; and Cutler, getting his irons, and a man from the saloon, went there, and stepped in, covering the room with his pistol. The fiddle stopped, the shrieking women scattered, and Toussaint, who had a glass in his hand, let it fly at Cutler's head, for he was drunk. There were two customers besides himself.

"Nobody shall get hurt here," said Cutler, above the bedlam that now set up. "Only that man's wanted. The quieter I get him, the quieter it 'll be for others."

Toussaint had dived for his pistol, but the proprietor of the dance-hall, scenting law, struck the half-breed with the butt of another, and he rolled over, and was still for some minutes. He got on his legs, and was led out of the entertainment, which resumed more gayly than ever. Feet shuffled, the fiddle whined, and truculent treble laughter sounded through the canvas walls, as Toussaint walked between Cutler and the saloonman to jail. He was indicted, and upon the scout's deposition committed to trial for the murder of Loomis and Kelley. Cutler, hoping still to be wagon-master, wrote to Lieutenant Baldwin, hearing in reply that the re-enforcements would not arrive for two months. The session of the court came in one, and Cutler was the Territory's only witness. He gave his name, age, and stumbled at his occupation.

"Say, poker - dealer," sneered Toussaint's attorney.

"I would, but I'm such a fool one," observed the witness. "Put me down as wagon-master to the military outfit that's going to White River."

"What is your residence?"

"Well, I reside in the district that lies

between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean."

"A pleasant neighborhood," said the judge, who knew Cutler perfectly, and just how well he dealt poker hands.

"It's not a pleasant neighborhood for some." And Cutler looked at Toussaint.

"You think you done with me?" Toussaint inquired, upon which silence was ordered in the court.

Upon Cutler's testimony the half-breed was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged in six weeks from that day. Hearing this, he looked at the witness. "I see you one day agin," he said.

The scout returned to Fort Laramie, and soon the expected troops arrived, and the expedition started for White River to join Captain Brent. He was stationed there to impress Red Cloud, and had written to headquarters that this chief did not seem impressed very deeply, and that the lives of the settlers were insecure. Re-enforcements were accordingly sent to him. The evening before these soldiers left Laramie news came from the south. Toussaint had escaped from jail. The country was full of roving, dubious Indians, and with the authentic news went a rumor that the jailer had received various messages. These were to the effect that the Sioux Nation did not desire Toussaint to be killed by the white man, that Toussaint's mother was the sister of Red Cloud, and that many friends of Toussaint often passed that house. However all this may have been, the man was gone.

Fort Robinson, on the White River, is backed by yellow bluffs that break out of the foot-hills in turret and toadstool shapes, with stunt pines starving between their torrid bastions. In front of the fort the land slants away into the flat unfeatured desert, and in summer the sky is a blue-steel cover that each day shuts the sun and the earth and mankind into one box together, and at night it lifts to let in the cool of the stars. The White River, which is not wide, runs in a curve, and around this curve below the fort some distance was the agency, and beyond it a stockade, inside which in those days dwelt the settlers. All this was strung out on one side of the White River, the outside of the curve; and at a point near the agency a foot-bridge of two cottonwood trunks crossed to the concave of the river's bend-a bottom of

some extent, filled with growing cottonwoods, and the tepees of many Sioux families. Along the river and on the plain other tepees stood. One morning, after Lieutenant Baldwin had become established at Fort Robinson, he was talking with his friend Lieutenant Powell, when Cutler knocked at the wire door. The wagon-master was a privileged character, and he, sat down and commented irrelevantly upon the lieutenant's pictures, Indian curiosities, and other well-meant attempts to conceal the walls.

"What's the trouble, Cutler?"

"Don't know as there's any trouble."

"Come to your point, man; you're not a scout now."

"Toussaint's here."

"What! in camp?"

"Hiding with the Sioux. Two Knives heard about it." (Two Knives was a friendly Indian.) "He's laying for me," Cutler added.

"You've seen him?"

"No. I want to quit my job and go after him."

"Nonsense!" said Powell.

"You can't, Cutler," said Baldwin. "I can't spare you."

"You'll be having to fill my place, I guess."

"You mean to go without permission?" said Powell, sternly.

"Lord, no! He'll shoot me. That's all." The two lieutenants pondered.

"And it's to-day," said Cutler, plaintively, "that he should be gettin' hung in Cheyenne."

Still the lieutenants pondered, while the wagon-master inspected a photograph of Marie Rose as Marguerite.

"I have it!" exclaimed Powell. "Let's kill him."

"How about the commanding officer?"

"He'd back us-but we'll tell him afterwards. Cutler, can you find Toussaint?"

"If I get the time."

"Very well, you're off duty till you do. Then report to me at once."

Just after guard-mount two mornings later Cutler came in without knocking. Toussaint was found. He was down on the river now, beyond the stockade. In ten minutes the wagon-master and the two lieutenants were rattling down to the agency in an ambulance, behind four tall blue government mules. These were handily driven by a seventeen-year-old boy, whom Baldwin had picked up, liking his sterling American ways. He had come West to be a cowboy, but a chance of helping to impress Red Cloud had seemed still dearer to his heart. They drew up at the agency store, and all went in, leaving the boy nearly out of his mind with curiosity, and pretending to be absorbed with the reins. Presently they came out, Baldwin with fieldglasses.

"Now," said he, "where?"

"You see the stockade, sir?"

"Well?" said Powell, sticking his chin on Cutler's shoulder to look along his arm as he pointed. But the scout proposed to be deliberate.

"Now the gate of the stockade is this way, ain't it?"

"Well, well?"

"You start there and follow the fence to the corner—the left corner, toward the river. Then you follow the side that's nearest the river down to the other corner. Now that corner is about a hundred yards from the bank. You take a beeline to the bank and go down stream, maybe thirty yards. No; it 'll be forty yards, I guess. There's a lone pine-tree right agin the edge." The wagon-master stopped.

"I see all that," said Lieutenant Baldwin, screwing the field-glasses. "There's a buck and a squaw lying under the tree."

"Naw, sir," drawled Cutler, "that ain't no buck. That's him lying in his Injun blanket and chinnin' a squaw."

"Why, that man's an Indian, Cutler. I tell you I can see his braids."

"Oh, he's rigged up Injun fashion, fust rate, sir. But them braids of his ain't his'n."

The lieutenants passed each other the field-glasses three times, and glared at the lone pine and the two figures in blankets. The boy on the ambulance was unable to pretend any longer, and leaned off his seat till he nearly fell.

"Well," said Baldwin, "I never saw anything look more like a buck Sioux. Look at his paint! Take the glasses yourself, Cutler."

But Cutler refused. "He's like an Injun," he said. "But that's just what he wants to be." The scout's conviction bore down their doubt.

They were persuaded. "You can't come with us, Cutler, "said Powell. "You must wait for us here."

"I know, sir; he'd spot us, sure. But it ain't right. I started this whole business with my poker scheme at that cabin, and I ought to stay with it clear through."

The officers went into the agency store and took down two rifles hanging at the entrance, always ready for use. "We're going to kill a man," they explained, and the owner was entirely satisfied. They left the rueful Cutler inside, and proceeded to the gate of the stockade, turning there to the right, away from the river, and following the paling round the corner down to the further right-hand corner. Looking from behind it, the lone pine-tree stood near, and plain against the sky. The striped figures lay still in their blankets, talking, with their faces to the river. Here and there across the stream the smoke-stained peak of a tepee showed among the green leaves.

"Did you ever see a more genuine Indian?" inquired Baldwin.

"We must let her rip now, anyhow," said Powell, and they stepped out into the open. They walked towards the pine till it was a hundred yards from them, and the two beneath it lay talking all the while. Baldwin covered the man with his rifle and called. The man turned his head, and seeing the rifle, sat up in his blanket. The squaw sat up also. Again the officer called, keeping his rifle steadily pointed, and the man dived like a frog over the bank. Like magic his blanket had left his limbs and painted body naked, except for the breech-clout. Baldwin's tardy bullet threw earth over the squaw, who went flapping and screeching down the river. Baldwin and Powell ran to the edge, which dropped six abrupt feet of clay to a trail, then shelved into the swift little stream. The red figure was making up the trail to the foot-bridge that led to the Indian houses, and both officers fired. The man continued his limber flight, and they jumped down and followed, firing. They heard a yell on the plain above, and an answer to it, and then confused yells above and below, gathering all the while. The figure ran on above the river trail below the bank, and their bullets whizzed after it.

"Indian !" asserted Baldwin, panting.

"Ran away, though," said Powell.

"So 'd you run. Think any Sioux 'd stay when army officer comes gunning for him?" bridge," and they went on, running and bridge, sway suddenly with arms thrown firing. The yells all over the plain were up, and topple into White River. The thickening to a substance of solid flash- current swept the body down, and as it ing sound, when the naked runner came came it alternately lifted and turned round the river curve into view of the and sank as the stream played with it. people at the agency store.

agent.

"Shoot!" said Powell. "Sgetting near saw the man leap to the middle of the Sometimes it struck submerged stumps "Where's a rifle?" said Cutler to the or shallows, and bounded half out of water, then drew under with nothing but



"THE MAN CONTINUED HIS LIMBER FLIGHT."

"They've got 'em."

"Well, I can't stand this," said the scout, and away he went.

"That man's crazy," said the agent.

"You bet he ain't!" remarked the ambulance-boy.

Cutler was much nearer the bridge than the man in the breech-clout, and reaching the bank, he took half a minute's keen pleasure in watching the race come up the trail. When the figure was within ten yards, Cutler slowly drew an ivoryhandled pistol. The lieutenants below

the back of the head in sight, turning round and round. The din of Indians increased, and from the tepees in the cottonwoods the red Sioux began to boil. swarming on the opposite bank, but uncertain what had happened. The man rolling in the water was close to the officers.

"It's not our man," said Baldwin. "Did you or I hit him?"

"We're gone, anyhow," said Powell, quietly. "Look!"

A dozen rifles were pointing at their



"SCOURED AWAY FOR THE POST."

heads on the bank above. The Indians still hesitated, for there was Two Knives telling them these officers were not enemies, and had hurt no Sioux. Suddenly Cutler pushed among the rifles, dashing up the nearest two with his arm, and their explosion quivered in the ears of the lieutenants. Powell stood grinning at the general complication of matters that had passed beyond his control, and Baldwin made a grab as the head of the man in the river washed by. The false braid came off in his hand.

"Quick !" shouted Cutler from the bank. "Shove him up here."

Two Knives redoubled his harangue, and the Indians stood puzzled, while the lieutenants pulled Toussaint out, not dead, but shot through the hip. They dragged him over the clay and hoisted him, till Cutler caught hold and jerked him to the level, as a new noise of rattling descended on the crowd, and the four blue mules wheeled up and halted. The boy had done it himself. Guessing the officers' need, he had pelted down among the Sioux, heedless of their yells, and keeping his gray eyes on his team. In got the three, pushing Toussaint in front, and scoured away for the post as the squaw arrived to shriek the truth to her tribethat Red Cloud's relation had been the victim.

Cutler sat smiling as the ambulance swung along. "I told you I belonged

in this here affair," he said. And when they reached the fort he was saying it still occasionally.

Captain Brent considered it neatly done. "But that boy put the finishing touches," he said. "Let's have him in."

The boy was had in, and ate a dinner with the officers in glum embarrassment, smoking a cigar after it without joy. Toussaint was given to the doctor's hands, and his wound carefully dressed.

"This will probably cost an Indian outbreak," said Captain Brent, looking down at the plain. Blanketed riders galloped over it, and yelling filled the air. But Toussaint was not destined to cause this further harm, as an unexpected influence intervened.

All afternoon the cries and galloping went on, and next morning (worse sign) there seemed to be no Indians in the world. The horizon was empty, the air silent, the smoking tepees vanished from the cottonwoods, and where those in the plain had been lay the lodge-poles, and the fires were circles of white cold ashes. By noon an interpreter came from Red Cloud. Red Cloud would like to have Toussaint. If the white man was not willing, it should be war.

Captain Brent told the story of Loomis and Kelley. "Say to Red Cloud," he ended, "that when a white man does such things among us, he is killed. Ask Red Cloud if Toussaint should live. If he thinks yes, let him come and take had not spoken, and his crest of long fea-Toussaint.

The next day, with ceremony and feathers of state, Red Cloud came, bringing his interpreter, and after listening until every word had been told him again, requested to see the half-breed. He was taken to the hospital. A sentry stood on post outside the tent, and inside lay Toussaint, with whom Cutler and the ambulance-boy were playing whiskey-poker. At sight of Red Cloud looming in the He improved under treatment, and was doorway, gorgeous and grim as Fate, the game was suspended. The Indian took no notice of the white men, and walked to the bed. Toussaint clutched at his relation's fringe, but Red Cloud looked at two lieutenants, and how they pulled the him. Then the mongrel strain of blood half-breed out of White River by his told, and the half-breed poured out a false hair. It makes them laugh. Alchattering appeal, while Red Cloud by most any Indian is full of talk when he the bedside waited till it had spent itself. chooses; and when he gets hold of a joke, Then he grunted, and left the room. He he never lets go.

thers as it turned the corner was the last vision of him that the card-players had.

Red Cloud came back to the officers. and in their presence formally spoke to his interpreter, who delivered the message: "Red Cloud says Toussaint heap no good. No Injun, anyhow. He not want him. White man hunt pretty hard for him. Can keep him."

Thus was Toussaint twice sentenced. conveyed to Cheyenne, where he was hanged, though some weeks later. These things happened in the early seventies; but there are Sioux who remember the



"THEN HE GRUNTED, AND LEFT THE ROOM."

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN JAVA.

BY FREDERIC M. BURR.

"TAKING it as a whole, and surveying it from every point of view, Java is probably the very finest and most interesting tropical island in the world."

It was a beautiful day in the late autumn when we read the above statement of Alfred Wallace, the celebrated English naturalist, who visited the Malay Archipelago over thirty years ago, and published an interesting volume of his experiences. Since then very little has been written or told of this gem of the Southern seas. Therefore it was with something of the feelings of an explorer that we resolved on deviating from the beaten track of tourist travel, and investigating for ourselves the charms of the island paradise.

This decision was reached only after long and earnest discussion on the shaded balcony of the Hong-Kong Hotel. A week later we were standing on the deck of the *Rosetta*, in Singapore Harbor.

"The Java steamer sails at nine," said the hotel runner, "and the wharf is some two or three miles distant."

It was then half past eight, and our baggage was still in the hold.

"I am very sorry," said our informant, "but our hotel has every comfort, and there is another steamer next week."

The outlook was gloomy; but we had gone too far to lose even the slightest chance. Hurrying on shore amid crowds of shouting and gesticulating coolies, whose naked bodies, smeared with oil, glistened in the sunlight, we made our way through a throng of eager gharriwallers (cab-drivers), and placed our belongings on the nearest vehicle, a square box on four wheels, with a roof raised several inches above the body to allow a free circulation of air, and surrounded with slats in lieu of glass. With a last injunction to make haste, we settled back and drew a long breath, the first since leaving the steamer.

The day was warm and the reflection from the macadamized road was almost blinding. In the dazzling light everything seemed strange and unreal. Long lines of carts passed on either side, drawn by cream-colored or gray bullocks with mild eyes and gentle faces and huge flabby humps. Their drivers, stately Hindus in breech-cloth and snowy turban, or

slender Malays with coppery skin and snaky eyes, gazed at us with Eastern indifference. What were we to minds busy with the Nirvana of forgetfulness? The loud shriek of a steam-whistle roused us from our meditation, and a modern dummy dashed by drawing after it a long train of open cars. As the road curved along the water-front we came now and then on clusters of rude huts thatched with palm leaves and supported on slender poles that raised them some three or four feet above the water that ebbed and flowed beneath. These were the homes of fishermen, and, with the ever-ready boat fastened beneath the entrance, had the merit at least of nearness to the field of labor.

Our sturdy little horses, hardly larger than ponies, breaking into a wild gallop, whirled us at last through a narrow gateway, and threading their way between piles of machinery and merchandise, stopped at the edge of the wharf, panting with exertion. It was considerably past the supposed hour of sailing; but the steamer was still there, and no one showed the slightest hurry or excitement. In answer to our eager questions the captain replied that the advertised hour of departure was twelve o'clock, but it would probably be an hour or two later before he could get off.

Everything was in confusion on the little Cheribon. Native passengers were constantly arriving in large numbers, and porters carrying heavy burdens were passing to and fro. Under the double awning of the quarter-deck an Indian juggler was displaying his skill. Squatting upon the deck, and with only the crudest appliances, he performed the old trick of the three cups and balls with marvellous dexterity. Under his nimble fingers the little spheres passed hither and thither as if enchanted, leaving the spectators completely bewildered. Then came the two pillars and the cut string, an old friend of every school-boy, but here revised and improved. Two carefully polished sticks, about half an inch in diameter and seven or eight inches in length, were shown pressed tightly together. Through the upper ends passed a stout string, which the conjurer drew back and forth to Inserting a



MOLENVLIET STREET, BATAVIA.

sharp knife between the sticks, he separated the upper ends, holding the lower firmly together. The string moved freely, as before, apparently passing down through the centre of the sticks and across at the joined ends, as in our form of the trick. But now, wonder of wonders, he separated the lower ends, and holding them some two or three inches apart, pulled first one string and then the other, the other moving in strict accord as though still connected.

The "Dutch Mail Steamer Cheribon" had an imposing title; but it was really a comical little side-wheeled craft of only four hundred and eighteen tons, making on an average ten miles an hour. One curious thing in the arrangement of the sleeping accommodations attracted our attention — the entire absence of upper sheets. Repeated calls and long-continued discussion at last softened the flinty heart of our "boy," and the desired article was produced. No one needs a blanket in this part of the world; but sheets are a luxury to which the extravagant Americans are still somewhat addicted.

Leaving Singapore late in the afternoon we did not reach our first landing-place,

Riouw, until after six, when the short tropical twilight was over, and the darkness was so dense we could only see a dim outline of the shore. A large proa, heaped high with freight, had been waiting for us since early morning. Creeping slowly forward, propelled by clumsy oars in the shape of long poles with pieces of flat board fastened at the ends, it finally reached our side, and one of the Malays, climbing with the agility of a monkey, fastened a rope to the railing. The field of labor was illuminated by a single candle, and the sailors worked in Oriental fashion-as deliberately as if time were of no value whatever.

The life on the steamer was a curious and interesting study. Travelling in the saloon with us were a Dutchman and his wife and child. With the frank disregard of the conventionalities of life, which one soon learns in the tropics, they reduced their clothing to the lowest permissible limit. The wife appeared in skirt and waist, with bare feet thrust into heelless slippers, the child sported about in guileless freedom in a pair of sleeping drawers, and the husband lounged on deck in calico trousers and a white jacket.



PRIVATE HOUSE, BATAVIA.

On the forward deck were gathered a motley concourse of Chinese, Javanese, Malays, and half-breeds. Some of the half-breed girls, as white as ourselves, were remarkably pretty. The costumes were varied and picturesque. One little fellow, of some four or five summers, with limbs the color of rich chocolate, was tastefully attired in a chest-protector. This dress certainly has the advantage of economy and compactness. Most of the men wore calico trousers of brilliant and variegated patterns. Their close-fitting jackets are usually pink or green or some other strongly contrasting color. Each little family group selected its place on deck at starting, and camped there during the rest of the trip. Their provisions consisted chiefly of bananas and pineapples, with a moderate supply of rice. They are most inveterate gamblers, never missing an opportunity of indulging in their favorite pastime.

The Java Sea, which is nearly a thousand miles in length, is very shallow, and is sprinkled over with low-lying coral reefs, that are covered for the most part with a dense growth of palm-trees. Halfforgotten tales of Malay pirates thronged upon our minds, and we almost expected to see a long rakish craft dart out from the shadow of the palm groves and seize

our defenseless bark. And, if these imaginary fears had proved real, the bold corsairs would have had a rich reward, for we were carrying \$48,000 in specie to pay the wages of the tin-miners on the island of Banca. We saw several piratical-looking crafts with dark, blood-red sails and low, snakelike hulls; but they all proved to be harmless traders.

On the evening of the third day, five hundred miles from Singapore, we sighted the lights of Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia. Early next morning we had passed the customs inspection, and, after a short ride on a narrow-gauge railroad, found ourselves in the streets of one of the prettiest cities we have ever visited. Batavia the beautiful, known throughout the East as the "gridiron." on account of the heat of its climate, and considered to be one of the most unhealthy towns in the world, is wonderfully attractive. The streets are wide and well kept, and are shaded by the most luxuriant tropical growth. The stores and private residences stand back from the road in the midst of ample grounds or compounds, beautifully adorned with flowers and foliage. This, of course, is in the Dutch quarter. The native town is more sordid; but in this favored land everything is picturesque.

The canals that form the centre of the principal streets in true Dutch fashion, in which the natives perform their morning ablutions as well as cleanse the family linen, have a very sluggish current; and this, in connection with the fact that the city is surrounded by marshes, is a sufficient explanation of its unhealthfulness. The general experience of the world holds true here. There is no Eden without its serpent.

The Hotel Nederlanden, a large, rambling, one-storied structure, with a spacious central court, is the last place in which one would expect to meet the decrees of fashion, and yet at the table d'hôte the ladies were dressed in a style that would have done credit to any European capital. These same ladies had appeared earlier in the day in a decidedly unconventional attire, and this rendered our surprise all the greater. They have learned to adapt themselves to the clinate by keeping their heavier garments for the

cool of evening. Even when making ceremonious calls in their carriages many adhere to the native costume - a white jacket and a calico sarong or skirt. The toes of their bare feet are -thrust into gayly embroidered slippers that flap up and down as they walk. Girls of fifteen or sixteen appear on the veranda in the morning, and, indeed, until long past noon, in a sort of union costume such as young children sometimes wear with us when sleeping.

Notwithstanding these preparations for warm weather the heat is not excessive. During our stay the thermometer only once reached 88°. and even then it was easy to find a refreshing breeze. It must also be remembered that this was in the height of summer. The 22d of December is theoretically the turningpoint of their warm season; but as a matter of fact the temperature is nearly the same all the year round. Lying about 450 miles south of the equator, Java enjoys a never-ending summer. This uniformity, to be sure, is somewhat enervating to the system; but for those having the requisite means and time there is a remedy within easy access in the districts remote from the sea. It would seem as if the climate of the interior of Java were as near perfection as it is possible to discover. At Bandong and Garoet, situated four thousand feet above the sea, we slept under blankets every night.

The island is very mountainous, over thirty-eight volcanic peaks dotting its surface, some of which rise to the height of ten or twelve thousand feet. There have been many terrific eruptions, destroying thousands of lives; but at present none of the volcanoes are in active operation.

In the mountainous regions the scenery is a never-ending source of delight, and the luxuriant vegetation gives softness



FARM-HOUSE NEAR BUITENZORG.

and beauty to the lofty volcanic peaks. The volcano of Tangkoebanprahoe, near Bandong, is upward of eight thousand feet in height, and yet it is clothed to the very summit with dense and varied foliage. We saw ferns growing by the roadside that were fifteen or twenty feet in height. These gigantic plants are really trees with the same habit of growth as the smallest and most delicate ferns of our own clime. Interspersed among them were large forest trees in infinite variety, and huge parasitic vines that clung to trees hardly stouter than themselves. Here and there were wild flowers and flowering shrubs and long coarse grass with thick wiry leaves. The various palm and fruit trees had ceased at a lower altitude. The cinchona plantations flourished high on the mountain slopes. In fact, these trees seem to do best on high lands. Their red and green leaves and delicate white blossoms make a beautiful contrast to the deeper greens about them.

The cultivation of cinchoua, or quinine, has become a large and profitable industry in Java since the partial failure of the coffee crop. A few years ago the trees producing the coffee for which the island has long been famous were badly injured by some mysterious disease, and their place is now being gradually taken by the Liberia coffee, which has a much larger and coarser berry.

The path to the summit of the volcano. made wide enough in the first place for a wagon road, had been so badly gullied by the heavy rains that it was hardly practicable for horses. In some places, where the way was particularly steep and the ruts alarmingly deep, the writer, who is somewhat of a novice in horsemanship, refused to trust his precious frame to anything less reliable than his own trusty legs. An ordinary mountain road was bad enough; but when it came to ascending a dry watercourse whose surface was covered with rough stones varying from six inches to a foot in diameter, he positively drew the line. In addition, the Javanese horses, which are usually small, like the people, are not apt to induce con-They are overworked and are fidence. frequently weak in the knees. The different portions of the harness have an unpleasant habit also of parting company at the most inconvenient time.

Near the summit we met two native hunters armed with slender blow-pipes,

some four or five feet in length, and tiny darts of bamboo. These means of offence or defence were probably ample during the hours of daylight, but at night they would hardly suffice. Then the savage tiger grows bolder, and creeps forth in search of his favorite meal. Many villages on the west side of the island have been abandoned by their inhabitants on account of the nightly incursions of the tigers. The houses of a Javanese village offer but scanty protection against the assaults of the weather, and certainly none against the attacks of wild beasts. The thin walls, made of strips of bamboo pleated into mats, give way at a touch, and the doors, equally light in their construction, are easily forced.

As we advanced further inland the scenery became more and more attractive. The deep, sequestered valleys, with their wonderful growth of palms, bananas, coffee-trees, tea-plants, pineapples, and myriads of strange and interesting shrubs, are like visions of fairyland. Indeed. our daily experience seemed like a dream. The small, childlike people, with their quiet, deferential manner and scanty clothing, certainly belonged to a different realm from this commonplace world of ours. Java is the only country it has been our fortune to visit where the people sank down in the dust of the road-side as we passed. Men carrying heavy burdens on their shoulders turned on hearing the sound of wheels, and seeing who was coming, immediately squatted down in the most deferential manner. Sitting on your heels is the proper position to assume in this country in the presence of a superior.

Three hours by rail from Bandong is the little mountain village of Garoet. It is delightfully primitive and picturesque, and the rank growth of the tropic zone surrounds it in a fond embrace. Flowers bloom and palms wave on every side. In the neighboring fields a large crop of rice is raised, and the people look contented The average pay of a and prosperous. Javanese day-laborer is \$2 40 a month, and out of this he pays ten cents to the government. Think of supporting a wife and family on less than eight cents a day! To be sure, the wife and older children assist in the work; but even then existence would be simply impossible were it not for the bounty of nature in a country where food is almost as cheap as air, and clothing is a luxury easily dispensed with.



JAVANESE TYPES.

In the country districts men and women alike usually wear only one article of clothing, a sort of petticoat, fastened tight around the waist by the men and just above the breast by the women. Some of the women adopt the style of the men as giving greater coolness and freedom. In the neighborhood of the towns they generally add an upper garment made somewhat in the style of a close-fitting nightgown, and either fastened in front or not, according to the taste of the wearer. The children in many cases omit even the chest-protector worn by our young fellowtraveller on the steamer. These little brown cherubs, with rounded bodies and well-formed limbs, look like bronze statues as they stand in the bright sunshine gazing curiously at the passing strangers.

About ten miles from Garoet is a small lake called Bagendit. The road, smooth and in good order, runs between rice-fields

rising on either side in well-kept terraces. Men and women, standing up to their knees in mud, were turning up the rich black soil and preparing for the new crop. Gray or flesh-colored buffaloes, with hides like pig-skins, wallowed in the muddy water, looking up with languid, indifferent gaze as we rattled past. Sturdy brown children sported gayly among their fourfooted companions in all the freedom and innocence of nature's own garb. We felt that we were nearer the great warm heart of Mother Earth than ever before.

As we neared the lake the villagers turned out in force to receive us. Ten or twelve hastened away to prepare the boats, while the remainder squatted down in silent respect. It was like the villages one reads of in the works of African explorers. The low, one-storied huts of light bamboo poles, enclosed with palm mats and thatched with leaves, seemed hardly



GARDEN OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, BUITENZORG.



BANYAN-TREES IN THE PARK, BUITENZORG.

capable of affording protection against the fierce rays of the sun. We made our way through the single street, followed at a respectful distance by a throng of curious but timid natives. At the water's edge we found the advance-guard busily engaged in constructing a most peculiar craft. Four long narrow canoes, each hollowed from the trunk of a large tree, were arranged side by side. On these was placed a sort of summer-house of light bamboo poles, roofed and floored with bamboo matting. In this floating house, which was about eight feet square, chairs were placed for our accommodation. Sitting at our ease we were paddled slowly out into the lake, our rowers squatting upon the bow and stern of each dugout, and propelling their cumbrous vessel with small spoon - shaped oars not unlike a child's sand-shovel. We forced our way through large fields of lily-pads, each leaf being two feet or more in diameter. The flowers, as large as a quart measure, were a beautiful pink and deliciously fragrant. The seeds, as we proved by actual experiment, make excellent eating, and are much prized by the natives.

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The prevailing faith of the Javanese is

Mohammedanism; but it does not seem to weigh very heavily upon them. In fact, not once during our sojourn did we witness the scene, so familiar in other Moslem countries, of a merchant praying at his shop door. The religion of Mohammed was introduced about the year 1478, replacing the old Brahminical faith, which had flourished from a period of unknown antiquity, and whose power is attested by the extensive remains of cities and temples that are scattered throughout the interior of the island. Under the Moslem rule the island steadily deteriorated, and it was not until it came into the possession of the Dutch that this downward movement was checked. Since that period, nearly three hundred years ago, its progress in wealth and population has been wonderfully rapid.

At the beginning of the present century there were about 3,500,000 inhabitants; in 1850 they had increased to 9,500,-000; in 1865 the census showed 14,168,-416, a remarkable increase; and in 1891 the population had reached 23,000,000. We should remember in this connection that the island of Java is only 600 miles long and from 60 to 120 wide.

A KENTUCKY CARDINAL.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Part F.



Y nearest neighbor hitherto has been a bachelor named Jacob Mariner. I called him my cuckoo, my rain-crow, because the sound of his voice awoke apprehensions of falling weather. A visit from him was an endless drizzle. For Jacob came over to expound his minute miseries; and had everything that he gave out on the subject of human ailments been written down, it must have made a volume as

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large, as solemn, and as inconvenient as a family Bible.

My other nearest neighbor lives across the road-a widow, Mrs. Walters. I call Mrs. Walters my mocking-bird, because she reproduces by what is truly a divine arrangement the voices of the town. When she flutters across to the yellow settee under the grape-vine and balances herself lightly with expectation, I have but to request that she favor me with a little singing, and soon the air is vocal with every note of the village songsters. This performance over, Mrs. Walters, with a motherly home-note, begins to fly around the subject of my symptoms, as though there were a large nestful of the helpless young things that must be set on at night, and kept properly fed during the day. But symptoms - so help me Heaven! I shall never have other than I was born with.

Naturally it has been my wish to bring about between cuckoo and mocking-bird the desire to pair with one another. For surely a marriage compact on the basis of such a passion ought to open up for them a union of ever-flowing and indestructible felicity. They should associate as perfectly as the compensating metals of a pendulum, of which the one contracts as the other expands, so that the clock goes on forever. And then I should be a little happier myself. But the perversity of

life! Jacob would never confide in Mrs. Walters. Mrs. Walters would never inquire for Jacob.

Now poor Jacob is dead, of no complaint apparently, and with so few symptoms that even the doctors did not know what was the matter, and the upshot of this talk is that his place has been sold, and I am to have new neighbors. New neighbors—what a disturbance to a man living on the edge of a quiet town!

Tidings of the calamity came to day from Mrs. Walters, who flew over and sang—sang even on a January afternoon —in a manner to rival her most vociferous vernal execution. But the poor creature was so truly distressed that I followed her to the front gate, and we twittered kindly at each other over the fence, and ruffled our plumage with common disapproval. It is marvellous how a member of her sex will conceive dislike of people that she has never seen; but birds are sensible of heat or cold long before either



MY MOCKING-BIRD."

arrives, and it may be that this mockingbird feels something wrong at the quill end of her feathers.

All this New-Year's day of 1850 the sun shone cloudless, but wrought no thaw. Even the landscapes of frost on the window-panes did not melt a flower, and the little trees still keep their silent boughs arched high above the jewelled avenues. During the afternoon a lean hare limped twice across the lawn, and there was not a creature stirring to chase it. Now the night is bitter cold, with no sounds outside but the cracking of the porches as they freeze tighter. The north wind is sinking. I had determined to convert its coarse big noise into something sweetas may often be done by a little art with the things of this life-and so stretched a horse-hair above the opening between the window sashes; but now the soul of my harp has departed. I hear but the comfortable roar and snap of hickory logs, now and then a deeper breath from the dog stretched on his side at my feet. and the crickets under the hearth-stones. They have to thank me for that nook. One chill afternoon I came upon a whole company of them on the western slope of a mound, so numb and lethargic that I thumped them repeatedly before they could so much as get their senses. There was a branch near by, and the smell of mint in the air, so that had they been young Kentuckians one might have had a clew to the situation. With an ear for winter minstrelsy, I brought two home in a handkerchief, and assigned them an elegant suite of apartments under a loose brick.

But the finest music in the room is that which streams out to the ear of the spirit in many an exquisite strain from the little shelf of books on the opposite wall. Every volume there is an instrument which some melodist of the mind created and set vibrating with music, as a flower shakes out its perfume or a star shakes out its light. Only listen, and they soothe all care, as though the silken-soft leaves of poppies had been made vocal and poured into the ear.

Toward dark, having seen to the comfort of a household of kind, faithful fellow-beings, whom man in his vanity calls the lower animals, I went last to walk under the cedars in the front yard, listening to that music which is at once so cheery and so sad—the low chirping of

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birds at dark winter twilights as they gather in from the frozen fields, from snow-buried shrubbery and hedge-rows, and settle down for the night in the depths of the evergreens, the only refuge from their enemies and shelter from the blast. But this evening they made no ado about their home-coming. To-day perhaps none had ventured forth. I am most uneasy when the redbird is forced by hunger to leave the covert of his cedars, since he, on the naked or white landscapes of winter, offers the most far-shining and beautiful mark for Death. I stepped across to the tree in which a pair of these birds roost and shook it, to make sure they were at home, and felt relieved when they fluttered into the next with the quick startled notes they utter when aroused.

The longer I live here, the better satisfied I am in having pitched my earthly camp-fire, gypsylike, on the edge of a town, keeping it on one side, and the green fields, lanes, and woods on the other. Each, in turn, is to me as a magnet to the needle. At times the needle of my nature points towards the country. On that side everything is poetry. I wander over field and forest, and through me'runs a glad current of feeling that is like a clear brook across the meadows of May. At others the needle veers round, and I go to town-to the massed haunts of the highest animal and cannibal. That way nearly everything is prose. I can feel the prose rising in me as I step along, like hair on the back of a dog, long before any other dogs are in sight. And, indeed, the case is much that of a country dog come to town, so that growls are in order at every corner. The only being in the universe at which I have ever snapped my teeth, or with which I have rolled over in the mud and fought like a common cur, is Man.

II.

Mrs. Walters this morning with more news touching our incoming neighbors. Whenever I have squarely faced toward this coming aggregation of unwelcome individuals I have beheld it moving steadily down on me as a thick gray fog, shutting out all Nature beyond: Perhaps they are approaching this part of the earth like a comet that carries its tail before it, and that I have already met them in advance of their more substantial arrival. Unappreciated Jacob! If he were only alive, I believe I should encourage him to enter upon the compilation of his Apocrypha.

There is still no getting the truth, but it appears that they are a family of consequence in their way-which, of course, may be a very poor way. Mrs. Margaret Cobb, mother, lately bereaved of her husband, Joseph Cobb, who fell among the Kentucky boys at the battle of Buena Vista. A son, Joseph Cobb, now cadet at West Point, with a desire to die like his father, but destined to die-who knows? -in a war that may break out in this country about the negroes. Then there is a daughter, Miss Georgiana Cobb, who embroiders blue and pink worsted dogs on black foot-cushions, makes far-off crayon trees that look like sheep in the act of variously getting up and lying down on a hill-side, and when the dew is falling touches her guitar with maidenly solicitude. Lastly, a younger daughter, who is in the half-fledged state of becoming educated.

While not reconciled, I am resigned. The young man when at home may wish to practise the deadly vocation of an American soldier of the period over the garden fence at my birds, in which case he and I could readily fight a duel, and help maintain an honored custom of the common-The older daughter will sooner wealth. or later turn loose on my heels one of her pack of blue dogs. If this should befall me in the spring, and I survive the dog, I could retort with a dish of strawberries and a copy of "Lalla Rookh"; if in the fall, with a basket of grapes and Thomson's "Seasons," after which there would be no further exchange of hostilities. The younger daughter will occasionally have to be subdued with green apples and salt. The mother could easily give trouble; or she might be one of those few women to know whom is to know the best that there is in all this faulty world.

The middle of February. The depths of winter reached. Thoughtful, thoughtless words—the depths of winter. Everything gone inward and downward from surface and summit, Nature at low tide. In its time will come the height of summer, when the tides of life will rise to the tree-tops, or be dashed as silvery insect spray all but to the clouds. So bleak a season touches my concern for birds, which never seem quite at home in this world: and the winter has been most lean

and hungry for them. Many snows have fallen - snows that are as raw cotton spread over their breakfast table, and cutting off connection between them and its bounties. Next summer I must let the weeds grow up in my garden, so that they may have a better chance for seeds above the stingy level of the universal white. Of late I have opened a pawnbroker's shop for my hard pressed brethren in feathers, lending at a fearful rate of interest; for every borrowing Lazarus will have to pay me back in due time by monthly instalments of singing. I shall have mine own again with usury. But were a man never so usurious, would be not lend a winter seed for a summer song? Would he refuse to invest his stale crumbs in an orchestra of divine instruments and a choir of heavenly voices? And to-day, also; I ordered from a nursery-man more trees of holly, juniper, and fir, since the storm - beaten cedars will have to come down. For in Kentucky, when the forest is naked, and every shrub and hedgerow bare, what would become of our birds in the universal rigor and exposure of the world if there were no evergreens-nature's hostelries for the homeless ones? Living in the depths of these, they can keep snow, ice, and wind at bay; prying eyes cannot watch them, nor enemies so well draw near: cones or seed or berries are their store; and in those untrodden chambers each can have the sacred company of his mate. But wintering here has terrible risks which few run. Scarcely in autumn have the leaves begun to drop from their high perches silently downward when the birds begin to drop away from the bare boughs silently southward. Lo! some morning the leaves are on the ground, and the birds have vanished. The species that remain, or that come to us then, wear the hues of the season, and melt into the tone of Nature's background -- blues, grays, browns, with touches of white on tail and breast and wing for coming flecks of snow.

Save only him—proud, solitary stranger in our unfriendly land—the fiery grosbeak. Nature in Kentucky has no wintry harmonies for him. He could find these only among the tufts of the October sumac, or in the gum tree when it stands a pillar of red twilight fire in the dark November woods, or in the far depths of the crimson sunset skies, where, indeed, he seems to have been nested, and whence to have come as a messenger of beauty. bearing on his wings the light of his diviner home.

With everything earthly that he touches this high herald of the trees is in con-Among his kind he is without a trast. Even when the whole company of peer. summer voyagers have sailed back to Kentucky, singing and laughing and kissing one another under the enormous green umbrella of Nature's leaves, he still is bevond them all in loveliness. But when they have been wafted away again to brighter skies and to soft islands over the sea, and he is left alone on the edge of \bullet his very enemies, and the bold nature he that Northern world which he has dared invade and inhabit, it is then, amid black clouds and drifting snows, that the gorgeous cardinal stands forth in the ideal picture of his destiny. For it is then that his beauty is most conspicuous, and that Death, lover of the peerless, strikes at him from afar. So that he retires to the twilight solitude of his wild fortress. Let him even show his noble head and breast at a slit in its green window shades, and a ray flashes from it to the eye of a cat; let him, as spring comes on, burst out in desperation and mount to the tree-tops which he loves, and his gleaming red coat betrays him to the poised hawk as to a distant sharp-shooter; in the barn near by an owl is waiting to do his night marketing at various tender-meat stalls; and, above all, the eye and heart of man are his diurnal and nocturnal foe. What wonder if he is so shy, so rare, so secluded, this flamecolored prisoner in dark green chambers, who has only to be seen or heard and Death adjusts an arrow!

No vast Southern swamps or forest of pine here into which he may plunge. If he shuns man in Kentucky, he must haunt the long lonely river valleys where the wild cedars grow. If he comes into this immediate swarming pastoral region, where the people, with ancestral love of privacy, and not from any kindly thought of him, plant evergreens around their country homes, he must live under the very guns and amid the pitfalls of the enemy. Surely, could the first male of the species have foreseen how, through the generations of his race to come, both their beauty and their song, which were meant to announce them to Love, would also announce them to Death, he must have blanched snow-white with despair and turned as mute as a stone. Is it this

flight from the inescapable just behind that makes the singing of the redbird thoughtful and plaintive, and, indeed, nearly all the wild sounds of nature so like the outcry of the doomed? He will sit for a long time silent and motionless in the heart of a cedar, as if absorbed in the tragic memories of his race. Then. softly, wearily, he will call out to you and to the whole world: Peace ... Peace ... Peace .. Peace .. /- the most melodious sigh that ever issued from the clefts of a dungeon.

For color and form, brilliant singing, has never lost, I have long been most interested in this bird. Every year several pairs make their appearance about my place. This winter especially I have been feeding a pair; and there should be finer music in the spring, and a lustier brood in summer.

III

March has gone like its winds. The other night as I lay awake with that yearning which often beats within, there fell from the upper air the notes of the wildgander as he wedged his way onward by faith, not by sight, toward his distant bourn. I rose, and throwing open the shutters, strained eyes toward the unseen and unseeing explorer, startled, as a halfasleep soldier might be startled by the faint bugle-call of his commander, blown to him from the clouds. What far off lands, streaked with mortal dawn, does he believe in? In what soft sylvan waters will he bury his tired breast? Always when I hear his voice, often when not, I too desire to be up and gone out of these earthly marshes where hunts the dark Fowler-gone to some vast, pure, open sea, where, one by one, my scattered kind, those whom I love and those who love me, shall arrive in safety, there to be together.

March is a month when the needle of my nature dips toward the country. I am away, greeting everything as it wakes out of winter sleep, stretches arms upward and legs downward, and drinks goblet after goblet of young sunshine. I must find the dark green snowdrop, and sometimes help to remove from her head, as she lifts it slowly from her couch, the frosted nightcap, which the old Nurse would still insist that she should wear. The pale green tips of daffodils are a thing of beauty. There is the sun-struck brook of the field, underneath the thin ice of which drops form and fall, form and fall, like big round silvery eyes that grow bigger and brighter with astonishment that you should laugh at them as they vanish. But most I love to see Nature do her spring house-cleaning in Kentucky, with the rain-clouds for her water-buckets and the winds for her brooms. What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day! How she dashes pailful and pailful into every dirty corner, till the whole earth is as clean as a new floor! Another day she attacks the piles of dead with marching into church preceded by a leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Or, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a housewife would brush down cobwebs; so that the released limbs straighten up like a man who has gotten out of debt, and almost say, "Now, then, we are all right again!" This done, she begins to hang up soft new curtains at the forest windows, and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness such as no mortal looms could ever have woven. And then, at last, she sends out invitations through the South, and even to some tropical post-offices, for the birds to come and spend the summer in Kentucky. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors.

Not the eyes alone love Nature in March. Every other sense hies abroad. My tongue hunts for the last morsel of wet snow on the northern root of some aged oak. As one goes early to a concert-hall with a passion even for the preliminary tuning of the musicians, so my ear sits alone in the vast amphitheatre of Nature and waits for the earliest warble of the bluebird, which seems to start up somewhere behind the heavenly curtains. And the scent of spring, is it not the first lyric of the nose-that despised poet of the senses?

But this year I have hardly glanced at the small choice edition of Nature's spring verses. This by reason of the on-coming Cobbs, at the mere mention of whom I feel as though I were immersed up to my eyes in a vat of the prosaic. Some days ago workmen went into the house and all but scoured the very memory of Jacob off

the face of the earth. Then there has been need to quiet Mrs. Walters.

Mrs. Walters does not get into our best society; so that the town is to her like a pond to a crane: she wades round it, going in as far as she can, and snatches up such small fry as come shoreward from the middle. In this way lately I have gotten hints of what is stirring in the vasty deeps of village opinion.

Mrs. Cobb is charged, among other dreadful things, with having ordered of the town manufacturer a carriage that is to be as fine as President Taylor's, and servant, who bears her prayer-book on a velvet cushion. So that she promises to be an invidious Christian. I am rather disturbed by the gossip regarding the elder daughter. But this is so conflicting that one impression is made only to be effaced by another.

A week ago their agent wanted to buy my place. I was so outraged that I got down my map of Kentucky to see where these peculiar beings originate. They come from a little town in the northwestern corner of the State, on the Ohio River, named Henderson-named from that Richard Henderson who in the year 1775 bought about half of Kentucky from the Cherokees, and afterwards, as president of his purchase, addressed the first legislative assembly ever held in the West, seated under a big elm-tree outside the walls of Boonsborough fort. These people must be his heirs, or they would never have tried to purchase my few Sabine acres. It is no surprise to discover that they are from the Green River country. They must bathe often in that stream. I suppose they wanted my front yard to sow it in pennyroyal, the characteristic growth of those districts. They perhaps distil it and use it as a perfume on their handkerchiefs. It was perhaps from the founder of this family that Thomas Jefferson got authority for his statement that the Ohio is the most beautiful river in the worldunless, indeed, the President formed that notion of the Ohio upon lifting his eyes to it from the contemplation of the plan of one of his own houses. Henderson! Green River region! To this town and to the blue-grass country as Bœotia to Attica in the days of Pericles. Hereafter I shall call these people my Green River Bœotians.

A few days later their agent again, a

buy me out on my own terms, any terms. cool and indignant. And for days I con-But what was back of all this, I inquired. I did not know these people, had never done them a favor. Why, then, such determination to have me removed? Why such bitterness, vindictiveness, ungovernable passion?

That was the point, he replied. This family had never wronged me. I had never even seen them. Yet they had heard of nothing but my intense dislike of them and opposition to their becoming my neighbors. They could not forego their plans, but they were quite willing to give me the chance of leaving their vicivity, on whatever I might regard the most advantageous terms.

Oh, my mocking-bird, my mockingbird! When you have been sitting on other front porches, have you, by the divine law of your being, been reproducing your notes as though they were mine, and even pouring forth the little twitter that was meant for your private ear?

As March goes out, two things more and more I hear-the cardinal has begun to mount to the bare tops of the locust-trees and scatter his notes downward, and over the way the workmen whistle and sing. The bird is too shy to sit in any tree on that side of the yard. But his eye and ear are studying them curiously, Sometimes I even fancy that he sings to them with a plaintive sort of joy, as though he were saying, "Welcome-go away !"

IV.

The Cobbs will be the death of me before they get here. The report spread that they and I had already had a tremendous quarrel, and that, rather than live beside them, I had sold them my place. This set flowing toward me for days a stream of people, like a line of ants passing to and from the scene of a terrific false alarm. I had nothing to do but sit perfectly still and let each ant, as it ran up, touch me with its antennæ, get the countersign, and turn back to the village ant-hill. Not all, however. Some remained to hear me abuse the Cobbs; or, counting on my support, fell to abusing the Cobbs themselves. When I made not a word of reply, except to assure them that I really had not quarrelled with the Cobbs, had nothing against the Cobbs, and

little frigid, very urgent. This time to were coming, they went away amazingly tinued to hear such things attributed to me that had that young West-Pointer been in the neighborhood, and known how to shoot, he must infallibly have blown my head off me, as any Kentucky gentleman would.

> Others of my visitors, having heard that I was not to sell my place, were so glad of it that they walked around my garden and inquired for my health and the prospect for fruit. For the season has come when the highest animal begins to pay me some attention. During the winter, having little to contribute to the community, I drop from communal notice. But there are certain ladies who bow sweetly to me when my roses and honeysuckles burst into bloom; a fat old cavalier of the South begins to shake hands with me when my asparagus bed begins to send up its tender stalks; I am in high favor with two or three young ladies at the season of lilies and sweet-pea; there is one old soul who especially loves rhubarb pies, which she makes to look like little latticed porches in front of little green skies, and it is she who remembers me and my row of pie-plant; and still another, who knows better than cat-birds when currants are ripe. Above all, there is a preacher, who thinks my sins are as scarlet so long as my strawberries are, and calls at that time to reason with me of judgment to come; and a doctor, who gets despondent about my constitution in pear-time-after which my health seems to return, but never my pears.

> So that, on the whole, from May till October I am the bright side of the moon, and the telescopes of the town are busy observing my phenomena, after which it is as though I had rolled over on my dark side, there to lie forgotten till once more the sun entered the proper side of the zodiac. But let me except always the few steadily luminous spirits I know, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. If any one wishes to become famous in a community, let him buy a small farm on the edge of it and cultivate fruits, berries, and flowers, which he freely gives away or lets be freely taken.

All this has taken freely of my swift April days. Besides, I have made me a new side porch, made it myself, for I like was immensely delighted that the Cobbs to hammer and drive things home, and because the rose on the old one had rotted it from post to shingle. And then, when I had tacked the rose in place again, the little old window opening above it made that side of my house look like a boy in his Saturday hat and Sunday breeches. So in went a large new window; and now these changes have mysteriously offended Mrs. Walters, who says the town is laughing at me for trying to outdo the Cobbs. The highest animal is the only one who is divinely gifted with such noble discernment. But I am not sorry to have my place look its best. When they see it, they will perhaps understand why I was not to be driven out by a golden cracker on their family whip. They could not have bought my little woodland pasture, where for a generation has been picnic and muster and Fourth-of-July ground, and where the brave fellows met to volunteer for the Mexican war. They could not have bought even the heap of brush back of my wood-pile, where the brown thrashers build.

V.

In May I am of the earth earthy. The soul loses its wild white pinions; the heart puts forth its short powerful wings, heavy with heat and color, that flutter, but do not lift it off the ground. The month comes and goes, and not once do I think of raising eyes to the stars. The very sunbeams fall on the body as a warm golden net, and keep thought and feeling from escape. Nature uses beauty now not to uplift, but to entice. I find her intent upon the one general business of seeing that no type of her creatures gets left out of the generations. Studied in my yard full of birds, as with a condensing-glass of the world, she can be seen enacting among them the dramas of history, from the Trojan war to the battle of Actium-from Actium to Salt Lake City.

And while I am watching the birds, they are watching me. Not a little fop among them, having proposed and been accepted, but perches on a limb, and has the air of putting his hands mannishly under his coat tails and crying out at me, "Hello! Adam, what were you made for?" "You attend to your business, and Fil attend to mine," I answer. "You have one May; I have twentyfive!" He didn't wait to hear. He

caught sight of a pair of clear brown eyes peeping at him out of a near tuft of leaves, and sprang at her with open arms and the sound of a kiss.

But if I have twenty-five Mays remaining, are not some Mays gone? Ah, well! Better a single May with the right mate than the full number with the wrong. And where is she, the right one? If she ever comes near my yard and whistles, I'll know it; and then I'll teach these popinjays in blue coats and white pantaloons what Adam was made for!

But the wrong one—there's the terror! Only think of so composite a phenomenon as Mrs. Walters, for instance, adorned with limp nightcap and stiff curl-papers, like garnishes around a leg of roast mutton, waking up at four o'clock in the morning as some gray-headed love-bird of Madagascar and beginning to chirp and trill in an eestasy! The very idea makes me feel so strange and awful that if Jacob were alive I believe I'd go over and tell him my symptoms.

The new neighbors have come—mother, younger daughter, and servants. The son is at West Point; and the other daughter lingers a few days, unable, no doubt, to tear herself away from her beloved pennyroyal and dearest Green River. They are quiet; have borrowed nothing from any one in the neighborhood; have well-dressed, welltrained servants; and one begins to be a little impressed. The curtains they have put up at the windows suggest that the whole nest is being lined with soft, cool, spotless loveliness, that is very restful and beguiling.

No one has called yet, since they are not at home till June; but Mrs. Walters has done some tall wading lately, and declares that people do not know what to think. They will know when the elder daughter arrives; for it is the worst member of the family that settles what the world shall think of the others.

If only she were not the worst! If only as I sat here beside my large new window, around which the old rose-bush has been trained and now is blooming, I could look across to her window where the white curtains hang, and feel that behind them sat, shy and gentle, the wood-pigeon for whom through Mays gone by I have been vaguely waiting !

And yet I do not believe that I could live a single year with only the sound of cooing in the house. VI.

This morning, the 3d of June, the Undine from Green River rose above the waves.

The strawberry bed is almost under their windows. I had gone out to pick the first dish of the season for breakfast; for while I do not care to eat except to live, I never miss an opportunity of living upon strawberries.

I was stooping down and bending the wet leaves over, so as not to miss any, when a voice at the window above said, timidly and playfully,

"Are you the gardener?"

I picked on, turning as red as the berries. Then the voice said again,

"Old man, are you the gardener?"

Of course a person looking down carelessly on the stooping figure of any man, and seeing nothing but a faded straw hat, and arms and feet and ankles bent together, might easily think him decrepit with age. Some things touch off my temper. But I answered, humbly,

" I'm the gardener, madam."

"How much do you ask for your strawberries?"

"The gentleman who owns this place does not sell his strawberries. He gives them away, if he likes people. How much do you ask for *your* strawberries?"

"What a nice old gentleman! Is he having those picked to give away?"

"He is having these picked for his breakfast."

"Don't you think he'd like you to give me those, and pick him some more?"

" I fear not, madam."

"Nevertheless, you might. He'd never know."

"I think he'd find it out."

"Are you afraid of him?"

"I am when he gets mad."

"Does he treat you badly?"

"If he does, I always forgive him."

"He does not seem to provide you with very many clothes."

I picked on.

"What is his name?"

"Adam Moss."

"Such a green, cool, soft name! It is like his house and yard and garden. What does he do?"

"Whatever he pleases."

"You must not be impertinent to me, or I'll tell him. What does he like?"

"Birds-redbirds. What do you like?"

"Redbirds! How does he catch them? Throw salt on their tails?"

"He is a lover of Nature, madam, and particularly of birds."

"What does he know about birds? Doesn't he care for people?"

"He doesn't think many worth caring for."

"Indeed! And he is perfect, then, is he?"

"He thinks he is nearly as bad as any; but that doesn't make the rest any better."

"Poor old gentleman! What does he do with his birds? Eat his robins, and stuff his cats, and sell his redbirds in cages?"

"He considers it part of his mission in life to keep them from being eaten or stuffed or caged."

"And you say he is nearly a hundred?"

"He is something over thirty years of age, madam."

"Thirty? Surely we heard he was very old. Thirty! And does he live in that beautiful little old house all by himself?"

" I live with him!"

"You! Ha! ha! ha! And what is your name, you dear good old man?"

"Adam."

"Two Adams living in the same house! Are you the *old* Adam? I have heard so much of him."

At this I rose, pushed back my hat, and looked up at her.

"I am Adam Moss," I said, with distant politeness. "You can have these strawberries for your breakfast if you want them."

There was a low quick "Oh!" and she was gone, and the curtains closed over her face. It was rude; but neither ought she to have called me the old Adam. I have been thinking of one thing: why should she speak slightingly of my knowledge of birds? What does she know about them? I should like to inquire.

Late this afternoon I dressed up in my high gray wool hat, my fine long-tailed blue cloth coat with brass buttons, my pink waistcoat, frilled shirt, white cravat, and yellow nankeen trousers, and walked slowly several times around my strawberry bed. Did not see any more ripe strawberries.

Within the last ten days I have called twice upon the Cobbs, urged no doubt by an extravagant readiness to find them all that I feared they were not. How exquisite in life is the art of not seeing many things, and of forgetting many that have been seen! They received me as though nothing unpleasant had happened. Nor did the elder daughter betray that we had met. She has not forgotten, for more than once I surprised a light in her eyes as though she were laughing. She has not, it is certain, told even her mother and sister. Somehow this fact invests her character with a charm as of subterranean roominess. Women who tell everything are like finger-bowls of clear water.

But it is Sylvia that pleases me. She must be about seventeen; and so demure and confiding that I was ready to take her by the hand, lead her to the garden gate, and say: Dear child, everything in here — butterflies, flowers, fruit, honey, everything—is yours; come and go and gather as you like.

Yesterday morning I sent them a large dish of strawberries, with a note asking whether they would walk during the day over to my woodland pasture, where the soldiers had a barbecue before setting out for the Mexican war. The mother and Sylvia accepted. Our walk was a little overshadowed by their loss; and as I thoughtlessly described the gayety of that scene-the splendid young fellows dancing in their bright uniforms, and now and then pausing to wipe the perspiration from their foreheads, the speeches, the cheering, the dinner under the trees, and, a few days later, the tear-dimmed eyes, the hand-wringing and embracing, and at last the marching proudly away, each with a Bible in his pocket, and many never, never to return-I was sorry that I had not foreseen the sacred chord I was touching. But it made good friends of us more quickly, and they were well-bred, so that we returned to all appearance in gay spirits. The elder daughter came to meet us, and went at once silently to her mother's side, as though she had felt the separation. I wondered whether she had declined to go because of the memory of her father. As we passed my front gate, I asked them to look at my flowers. The mother praised also the vegetables, thus showing an admirably balanced mind; the little Sylvia fell in love with a vinecovered arbor; the elder daughter appeared to be secretly watching the many birds about the grounds, but when I pointed

out several less known species, she lost interest.

What surprises most is that they are so refined and intelligent. It is greatly to be feared that we Kentuckians in this part of the State are profoundly ignorant as to the people in other parts. I told Mrs. Walters this, and she, seeing that I am beginning to like them, is beginning to like them herself. Dear old Walters! Her few ideas are like three or four marbles on a level floor; they have no power to move themselves, but roll equally well in any direction you push them.

This afternoon I turned a lot of little town boys into my strawberry bed, and now it looks like a field that had been harrowed and rolled. I think they would gladly have pulled up some of the plants to see whether there might not be berries growing on the roots.

It is unwise to do everything that you can for people at once; for when you can do nothing more, they will say you are no longer like yourself, and turn against you. So I have meant to go slowly with the Cobbs in my wish to be neighborly, and do not think that they could reasonably be spoiled on one dish of strawberries in three weeks. But the other evening Mrs. Cobb sent over a plate of golden sally-lunn on a silver waiter, covered with a snow-white napkin; and acting on this provocation, I thought they could be trusted with a basket of cherries.

So next morning, in order to save the ripening fruit on a rather small tree of choice variety, I thought I would put up a scarecrow, and to this end rummaged a closet for some old last winter's clothes. These I crammed with straw, and I fastened the resulting figure in the crotch of the tree, tying the arms to the adjoining limbs, and giving it the dreadful appearance of shouting, "Keep out of here, you rascals, or you'll get hurt!" And, in truth, it did look so like me that I felt a little uncanny about it myself.

Returning home late, I went at once to the tree, where I found not a quart of cherries, and the servants told of an astonishing thing: that no sooner had the birds discovered who was standing in the tree, wearing the clothes in which he used to feed them during the winter, than the news spread like wildfire to the effect that he had climbed up there and was calling out: "Here is the best



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tree, fellows! Pitch in and help yourselves!" So that the like of the chattering and fetching away was never seen before. This was the story; but little negroes love cherries, and it is not incredible that the American birds were assisted in this instance by some young African spoon-bills.

Anxious to save another tree, and afraid to use more of my own clothes, I went over to Mrs. Walters, and got from her an old bonnet and veil, a dress and cape, and a pair of her cast-off yellow gaiters. These garments I strung together and prepared to look lifelike, as nearly as a stuffing of hay would meet the inner requirements of the case. I then seated the dread apparition in the fork of a limb, and awaited results. The first thief was an old jay, who flew toward the tree with his head turned to one side to see whether any one was overtaking him. But scarcely had he lighted when he uttered a scream of horror that was sickening to hear, and dropped on the grass beneath, after which he took himself off with a silence and speed that would have done credit to a passenger-pigeon. That tree was rather avoided for some days, or it may have been let alone merely because others were ripening; so that Mrs. Cobb got her cherries, and I sent Mrs. Walters some also for the excellent loan of her veil and gaiters.

As the days pass I fall in love with Sylvia, who has been persuaded to turn my arbor into a reading-room, and is often to be found there of mornings with one of Sir Walter's novels. Sometimes I leave her alone, sometimes lie on the bench facing her, while she reads aloud, or, tiring, prattles. Little half-fledged spirit, to whom the yard is the earth and June eternity, but who peeps over the edge of the nest at the chivalry of the ages, and fancies that she knows the world! The other day, as we were talking, she tapped the edge of her Ivanhoe with a slate-pencil-for she is also studying the Greatest Common Divisor-and said, warningly, "You must not make epigrams; for if you succeeded you would be brilliant, and everything brilliant is tiresome.'

"Who is your authority for that epigram, Miss Sylvia?" I said, laughing.

"Don't you suppose that I have any ideas but what I get from books?"

"You may have all wisdom, but those sayings proceed only from experience."

"I have my intuitions; they are better than experience."

"If you keep on, you will be making epigrams presently, and then I shall find you tiresome and go away."

"You couldn't. I am your guest. How unconventional I am to come over and sit in your arbor! But it is Georgiana's fault."

"Did she tell you to come?"

"No; but she didn't keep me from coming. Whenever any one of us does anything improper, we always say to each other: 'It's Georgiana's fault. She ought not to have taught us to be so simple and unconventional.'"

"And is she the family governess?"

"She governs the family. There doesn't seem to be any real government, but we all do as she says. You might think at first that Georgiana was the most lightheaded member of the family, but she isn't. She's deep. I'm shallow in comparison with her. She calls me sophisticated, and introduces me as the elder Miss Cobb, and says that if I don't stop reading Scott's novels and learn more arithmetic, she will put white caps on me, and make me walk to church in carpet slippers, and with grandmother's stick."

"But you don't seem to have stopped, Miss Sylvia."

"No; but I'm stopping. Georgiana always gives us time, but we get right at last. It was two years before she could make my brother go to West Point. He was wild and rough, and wanted to raise tobacco, and float with it down to New Orleans, and have a good time. Then when she had gotten him to go, she was afraid he'd come back, and so she persuaded my mother to live here, where there isn't any tobacco, and where I could be sent to school. That took her a year, and now she is breaking up my habit of reading nothing but novels. She gets us all down in the end. One day when she and Joe were little children they were out at the wood-pile, and Georgiana was sitting on a log eating a jam biscuit, with her feet on the log in front of her. Joe had a hand-axe, and was chopping at anything till he caught sight of her feet. Then he went to the end of the log, and whistled like a steamboat, and began to hack down in that direction, calling out to her: 'Take your toes out of the way,

Georgiana. I am coming down the river. The current is up, and I can't stop.' 'My toes were there first,' said Georgiana, and went on eating her biscuit. 'Take them out of the way, I tell you,' he shouted as he came nearer, 'or they'll get cut off.' 'They were there first,' repeated Georgiana, and took another de-Joe cut straight along, licious nibble. and went whack right into her five toes. Georgiana screamed with all her might, but she held her foot on the log, till Joe dropped the hatchet with horror, and caught her in his arms. 'Georgiana, I told you to take your toes away,' he cried; 'you are such a little fool,' and ran with her to the house. But she always had control over him after that."

To-day I saw Sylvia enter the arbor, and shortly afterwards followed with a book.

"If you are going to read history, Miss Sylvia, here is the most remarkable history of Kentucky that was ever written or ever will be. It is by my father's old teacher of natural history in Transylvania University, Professor Rafinesque, who also had a wonderful botanical garden on this side of the town; perhaps the first ever seen in this country."

"I know all about it," replied Sylvia, resenting this slight upon her erudition. "Georgiana has my father's copy, and his was presented to him by Mr. Audubon."

"Audubon?" I said, with doubt.

"Never heard of Audubon?" cried Sylvia, delighted to show up my ignorance.

"Only of the great Audubon, Miss Sylvia; the great, the very great Audubon."

"Well, this was the great, the very great Audubon. He lived in Henderson, and kept a corn-mill. He and my father were friends, and he gave my father some of his early drawings of Kentucky birds. Georgiana has them now, and that is where she gets her love of birds—from my father, who got his from the great, the very great Audubon."

"Would Miss Cobb let me see these drawings?" I asked, eagerly.

"She might; but she prizes them as much as if they were stray leaves out of the only Bible in the world."

As Sylvia turned inside out this pocket of her mind, there had dropped out a key

to her sister's conduct. Now I understood her slighting attitude toward my knowledge of birds. But I shall feel some interest in Miss Cobb. I never dreamed that she could bring me fresh news of that rare spirit whom I have so wished to see, and for one week in the woods with whom I would give any year of my life. Are they the Henderson family to whom Audubon intrusted the box of his original drawings during his absence in Philadelphia, and who let a pair of Norway rats rear a family in it, and cut to pieces nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air?

There are two more days of June. Since the talk with Sylvia I have called twice more upon the elder Miss Cobb. Upon reflection, it is misleading to refer to this young lady in terms so dry, stiff, and denuded; and I shall drop into Sylvia's form, and call her simply Georgiana. That looks better—Georgiana! It sounds well too—Georgiana!

Georgiana, then, is a rather elusive character. The more I see of her the less I understand. If your nature draws near hers, it retreats. If you pursue, it fliesa little frightened perhaps. If then you keep still and look perfectly safe, she will return, but remain at a fixed distance, like a bird that will stay in your yard, but not enter your house. It is hardly shyness, for she is not shy, but more like some strain of wild nature in her that refuses to be domesticated. One's faith is strained to accept Sylvia's estimate that Georgiana is deep-she is so light, so airy, so playful. Sylvia is a demure little dove that has pulled over itself an owl's skin. and is much prouder of its wicked old feathers than of its innocent heart; but Georgiana-what is she? Secretly an owl with the buoyancy of a humming-bird. However, it's nothing to me. She hovers around her mother and Sylvia with a fondness that is rather beautiful. I did not mention the subject of Audubon and her father; for it is never well to let an elder sister know that a younger one has been talking about her. I merely gave her several chances to speak of birds, but she ignored them. As for me and mylove of birds, such trifles are beneath her It will not be worth while to notice. call again soon, though it would be pleasant to see those drawings.

This morning as I was accidentally passing under her window I saw her at it, and lifted my hat. She leaned over with her cheek in her palm, and said, smiling,

"You mustn't spoil Sylvia!"

"What is my definite offence in that regard?"

"Too much arbor, too many flowers, too much fine treatment."

"Does fine treatment ever harm anybody? Is it not bad treatment that spoils people?"

"Good treatment may never spoil people who are old enough to know its rarity and value. But you say you are a student of nature; have you not observed that nature never lets the sugar get to things until they are ripe? Children must be kept tart."

"The next time that Miss Sylvia comes over, then, I am to give her a tremendous scolding, and a big basket of green apples."

"Or, what is worse, suppose you encourage her to study the Greatest Common Divisor? I am trying to get her ready for school in the fall."

"Is she being educated for a teacher?"

"You know that Southern ladies never teach."

"Then she will never need the Greatest Common Divisor. I have known many thousands of human beings, and none but teachers ever have the least use for the Greatest Common Divisor."

"But she needs to do things that she dislikes. We all do."

I smiled at the memory of a self-willed little bare foot on a log years ago.

"I shall see that my grape arbor does not further interfere with Miss Sylvia's progress toward perfection."

"Why didn't you wish us to be your neighbors?"

"I didn't know that you were the right sort of people."

"Are we the right sort?"

"The value of my land has almost been doubled."

"It is a pleasure to know that you approve of us on those grounds. Will the value of *our* land rise also, do you think? Why do you suppose we objected to *you* as a neighbor?"

"I cannot imagine."

"The imagination can be cultivated, you know. Why do Kentuckians in this part of Kentucky think so much of themselves compared with the rest of the world?"

"Perhaps it's because they are Virginians. There may be various reasons."

"Do the people ever tell what the reasons are?"

"I have never heard one."

"And if we staid here long enough, and imitated them very closely, do you suppose we would get to feel the same way?"

"I am sure of it."

"It must be so pleasant to consider Kentucky the best part of the world, and your part of Kentucky the best of the State, and your family the best of all the best families in that best part, and your self the best member of your family. Ought not that to make one perfectly happy?"

"I have often observed that it seems to do so."

"It is delightful to remember that you approve of us. And we should feel soglad to be able to return the compliment. Good-by!"

Any one would have to admit, however, that there is no sharpness in Georgiana's pleasantry. The child nature in her is so sunny, sportive, so bent on harmless mischief. She still plays with life as a kitten with a ball of yarn. Some day Kitty will fall asleep with the Ball poised in the cup of one foot. Then, waking, when her dream is over, she will find that her plaything has become a rocky, thorny, storm - swept, immeasurable world, and that she, a woman, stands holding out toward it her imploring arms, and askingonly for some littlest part in its infinite destinies.

After the last talk with Georgiana I felt renewed desire to see those Audubon drawings. So yesterday morning I sent. over to her some things written by a. Northern man, whom I call the young Audubon of the Maine woods. His nameis Henry D. Thoreau, and it is, I believe, known only to me down here. Everything that I can find of his is as pure and cold and lonely as a wild cedar of the mountain rocks, standing far above its. smokeless valley and hushed white river. She returned them to-day, with word that she would thank me in person, and tonight I went over in a state of rathersenseless eagerness.

Her mother and sister had gone out,

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THE AUDUBON DRAWINGS.

things of Thoreau's have interested her, and she asked me to tell her all I knew of him, which was little enough. Then of her own accord she began to speak of her father and Audubon-of the one with the worship of love, of the other with a worship for greatness. I felt as though I were in a moonlit cathedral; for her voice, the whole revelation of her nature, made the spot so impressive and so sacred. She scarcely addressed me; she was communing with them. Nothing that her father told her regarding Audubon appears to have been forgotten; and brought nearer than ever before to that lofty tireless spirit in its wanderings through the Kentucky forests, I almost forgot her to whom I was listening. But in the midst of it she stopped, and it was again kitten and yarn. I left quite as abruptly. Upon my soul I believe that Georgiana doesn't think me worth talking to seriously!

VII.

July has dragged like a log across a wet field.

There was the Fourth, which is always the grandest occasion of the year with us. Society has taken up Sylvia and rejected Georgiana; and so with great gallantry, and to her boundless delight, Sylvia was invited to sit with a bevy of girls in a large furniture wagon covered with flags and bunting. The girls were to be dressed in white, carry flowers and flags, and sing "The Star-spangled Banner" in the procession, just before the fire-engine. I wrote a note to Georgiana, asking whether it would interfere with Sylvia's Greatest Common Divisor if I presented her with a profusion of elegant flowers on that occasion. Georgiana herself had equipped Sylvia with a truly exquisite silken flag on a silver staff; and as Sylvia both sang and waved with all her might, not only to keep up the Green River reputation in such matters, but with a mediæval determination to attract a young man on the fire-engine behind, she quite eclipsed every other miss in the wagon, and was, not even hoarse when persuaded at last thing I have secretly wished to learn: to stop. So that several of the representatives of the other States voted af-

and she sat on the dark porch alone. The terwards in a special congress that she was not as nice as they had fancied, and that they must never recognize her again.

> And then the month brought down from West Point the son of the family, who cut off-or cut at-Georgiana's toes. I remember. With him a sort of cousin, who lives in New York State; and after a few days of toploftical strutting around town, and a pusillanimous crack or two over the back garden fence at my birds, they went away again, to the home of this New York cousin, carrying Georgiana with them to spend the summer.

> Nothing has happened since. Only Sylvia and I have been making hay while the sun shines-or does not shine, if one chooses to regard Georgiana's absence in that cloudy fashion. Sylvia's ordinary armor consists of a slate-pencil for a spear, a slate for a shield, and a volume of Sir Walter for a battle-axe. Now and then I have found her sitting alone in the arbor with the drooping air of Lucy Ashton beside the fountain; and she would be better pleased if I met her clandestinely there in cloak and plume with the deadly complexion of Ravenswood.

> The other day I caught her toiling at something, and she admitted being at work on a poem which would be about half as long as the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." She read me the opening lines. after that bland habit of young writers; and as nearly as I recollect, they began as follows:

"I love to have gardens, I love to have plants, I love to have air, and I love to have ants.'

When not under the spell of mediæval chivalry, she prattles needlessly of Georgiana, early life, and their old home in Henderson. Although I have pointed out to her the gross impropriety of her conduct, she has persisted in reading me some of Georgiana's letters, written from the home of that New York cousin, whose mother they are now visiting. I didn't like him particularly. Sylvia relates that he was a favorite of her father's.

The dull month passes to-day. One did her brother cut Georgiana's toes entirely off?

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(1861.)

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

which stand more as representatives of their two sections than Massachusetts and South Carolina. In the history of the country they have never been silent. and they have spoken with no uncertain sound. Though they have often been bitterly opposed, yet in their sturdy and uncompromising allegiance to what each has believed to be the right way of acting they have found a certain sympathy with each other, and a certain large measure of mutual respect. Each has felt that in the other she had a foeman worthy of her steel when in opposition, and when in conjunction a friend not to be misunderstood or distrusted. In the same way it might be said that their two largest cities are worthy antagonists, and now heartily respected friends. Boston is Massachusetts boiled down, and Charleston may be spoken of as a very strong decoction of South Carolina. Both think what they must, and say what they think. The people of both have a very strong attachment for and a hearty pride in their city, and an injury to it, an insult aimed at it, or even a humorous remark bearing on any of its peculiarities, is sure to call to their feet a host of indignant defenders. More than all others, these are the feminine cities of the Union, being all through and everywhere just what they are anywhere, and, like women, arousing a chivalric love. Both have a glorious past and a living present, such as in kind and intensity of personal life can scarce be easily found elsewhere-at any rate in the East, or in the original thirteen colonies. There is among their merchants a fine sense of honor, which holds itself high for the sake of the city as well as from personal motives, and in social life an aristocracy not based upon wealth. Both have a line of noble names, the very possession of which is a presumption of breeding and refinement. Both are the holders of the kind of firmness that begins with "O," and are ready to maintain their opinion with any and all arms. Both have strongly marked peculiarities in their English, and hold to these as firmly as to any other characteristic. They are noble and consistent members of the great family of cities, standing

PERHAPS there are no two States which stand more as representatives of their two sections than Massachusetts and South Carolina. In the history of the country they have never been silent, and they have spoken with no uncertain sound. Though they have often been

> In the old times it was especially Boston that hated slavery, and it was Charleston, above all other cities, that hated anti-It has always been the boast of slavery. Boston that her public schools were absolutely perfect, and one would hardly have expected that any resemblance could be found to them, or to the spirit which runs through them, in the public schools of Charleston, differing as did the two cities for so long in the very principles of their existence. But there is a story about the public schools of Charleston before the war which is worth telling, and worthy of the noble city, and which shall not go untold so long as I, who was a part of it, do not forget the duty of recognizing noble deeds.

It was easy in Boston to carry on the They were a part of the tradischools. tion of the city, and it took no great amount of courage to support and defend them. They were filled by the children of rich and poor alike, and it was the boast of the city that the child of the mechanic sat side by side with the children of the richest and noblest families. To be a teacher had always been to be respected, if not honored, and there was no thought of accepting charity in the children who enjoyed their advantages. This was generally the case in the Northern States. But in the South it was different. The public schools were supposed to be only for those who could not afford to pay for education, and consequently they had many of the characteristics of charity schools. The teaching in them was poor and far behind the times, and none of the families of breeding ever thought of sending their children to them. These were educated in small private schools, or at home under tutors and governesses, or were sent North. But about the year 1857 some of the best men in Charleston became dissatisfied with this state of things, and determined to see if it could not be bettered. They studied the ways of other cities, and the outcome of the movement was the building of three large school-houses after the New York plans, having each one accommodations for primary and grammar departments, and of one noble house of different idea, to be called the Girls' High and Normal School. They meant to have good schools, and they were determined to have good teachers, and in time to have them educated in their own city. The men who initiated the movement and who gave it their personal attention, and not merely the weight of their names. were the men who should begin such enterprises. They were a power in the community, and commanded universal respect and confidence. They made up their minds that as to schools they must learn of the North, and they faced the necessity of the situation with a noble courage. Their ultimate purpose was to supply their city with good schools, taught by native teachers, and they hesitated at no sacrifice of their life-long prejudices to attain their end. They must have large and convenient houses. They built them, sparing no expense and no trouble to make them as good as any. They needed teachers in line with the best theories, and familiar with the most tested practice of the profession. They took them from the principals of New York and Providence grammar-schools. They demanded the best, and they offered those men and women salaries sufficient to draw them from their positions in those two cities, and to make the question of their acceptance of the offers only a matter of time. They made these schools free to all the children of the city, and bought the books which were to be used. They furnished the rooms with everything that could make them attractive and healthful. They sought in the city for the best teachers, men and women, that they could find, and made them assistants to the Northern principals, to learn of and to be trained in their ways: and when all this had been done they put their own children, not only boys, but girls, into these public free schools, side by side with any who might choose to come. Never was there a nobler instance of entire singleness of purpose and of the sacrifice of preconceived opinions to conviction. It seems worth while to give the names of the Commissioners for the year 1860 as a testimony. Some of the names will be easily recognized as

familiar: C. G. Memminger, chairman; William C. Bee; W. J. Bennett; G. P. Bryan: George Buist; W. G. De Saussure; C. M. Furman; William Jervey; Hon. A. G. Magrath; Hon. W. A. Pringle; F. Richards; John Russell; E. Montague Grimké, secretary.

Of the building for the Girls' High and Normal School something more should be said. Situated in St. Philip Street, a square, three-story building with a crowning dome, it attracted the eye of whoever passed that way. Below there were wardrobes, and a large room for the use of the girls at recesses in stormy weather. The second story was filled by a hall and classrooms leading therefrom, while above was a still larger hall, to which the increased size of the school drove the daily sessions in the second year of its life. The glory of the place, however, was the garden in the midst of which it was set, and which, surrounded by a high stone wall, gave perfect freedom and seclusion to the pupils. This garden was overflowing with all sorts of roses and flowering plants, was laid out with gravelled walks. and well cared for by the Irish janitor, who had a little house on the premises. Dan was very proud of the garden and his care of it, though he used often to assure us that, for real beauty, now, there was no place like Ireland, adding, "And sure if ye were there now, I could show yez a spot where this blessed minute ye could stand knee-deep in clover." In the second story, and fronting this garden, was a piazza two stories in height, with lofty pillars reaching to the roof-a pleasanter spot than which, during the heats of the early summer, I have never found.

For this school, in which was the hope of the entire system, the teachers were all selected from the Northern States-the most convincing proof, if anything further were needed, of the noble courage and fearlessness of purpose which characterized every act of the Board of Commissioners. The principal was a teacher of long experience in the public schools of Boston, a native of New Hampshire; two of the assistants were Massachusetts born and bred, and one came from Pennsylvania. To show how conservative and wise were the board, it may be stated that of the seventy-seven teachers in all the public schools, only nine were of Northern birth and home. But in the Normal School, where the future teachers were to be trained, they were all Northern, that the very best and most modern work might be done there.

Of those three women, coming thus into a new home and a strange city, I was one, and am therefore telling what I know and saw.

It was a fresh experience, the voyage thither in one of the beautiful steamers which then ran between Charleston and the Northern cities-the Massachusetts and the South Carolina. But stranger to our Northern eyes was Charleston itself, with the cross on old St. Michael's rising high above it as the steamer came in view of the garden-loving city. The harbor is bad, like those of all the sandline cities; and the steamers, though drawing at the utmost only sixteen feet, were often obliged to lie outside waiting for high water, and had always to time their departures by the almanac. But, once within the bars and on shore, there were no bars in the welcome of the people. Not only by our personal friends, but by all connected with the schools, were we made to feel at home. The exquisite breeding of the city asserted itself, and at once took us, though from an alien land and a different civilization, into its charmed circle. The commissioners who had invited us there spared no pains to make our stay pleasant, making us welcome to their homes as well as to those of all the best people in the city. Courtesies of all kinds were offered to us. How beautiful and strange it all was-the rides about the country, where, while our Northern homes were still shivering in frost and snow, the Cherokee rose spread its white petals along the dusty roads, and we picked the yellow jasmine where the gray moss hung from the live-oaks! Camellias blossomed unafraid in the open air, and our desks at school were beautiful with them and magnolia blooms, or weighted with daintily arranged baskets of the purple or the large lemon figs which our girls had picked as they came to school from before their doors. The memory even now lies in my mind, sweet and still, persistent as the odor of orange blossoms from the Charleston trees. The orange-tree is not safe in that latitude; a sudden frost might stifle its life; but they were sometimes planted, and were of course found in conservatories or raised in parlors.

It was with a curious interest that we studied the buildings and customs of the

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town, so different in every way from those of our Northern homes. The long. airy houses with their three stories of piazzas, the negro quarters in the yards. often much larger and more imposing than the dwelling of the master and mistress, swarming with happy and careless life, as the many servants passed to and fro between house and quarters; and the little darkies of all ages were free to play and tumble to their hearts' content, unless, indeed, a sweet-voiced call came from the rear of the piazza, "George Washington and Columbus, come notice Miss Elvira !" followed by the rush of perhaps half a dozen small darkies of varying ages, all eager to play with and care for the heiress of the house and of them. And the loving and reverent care which they did take of the little Elvira was beautiful to see! Then the long stretch of the yard, with its pump in the middle, where a buxom serving-maid was filling her pails of water, which came into the house afterwards, one poised on her stately head, while she carried two in her hands; the queer wooden shutters, and the bewildering arrangement of the numbers of the houses on the street, where it was said that every citizen, if he moved, carried his number with him as a part of his personal property; the inevitable negro everywhere, waiting on and serving us at every turn; the beautiful gardens, whose high gates opened mysteriously and swiftly by invisible hands at the appeal of the loudechoing bell. While one negro led us up the path, another opened the front door, a third escorted us to the drawing-room. while a fourth announced our arrival to the gracious mistress, and a fifth chubby little girl or boy appeared before we were fairly seated with a tray of cooling drink ! And the procession of servants from the kitchen when dinner was in course of serving, one servant for each dish, so that everything was smoking hot, though it had come some distance in the open air! The queer and fascinating dialect of the negroes, and the altogether fascinating accent of the Charlestonians, the flare and live sighlike breath of the pitch-pine knots in the fireplace in the evening or the early morning, when the servant who came to make our fire entertained us all the time of her stay by her remarks, and never quitted the room-which she did half a dozen times during the processleaving us in doubt as to what her errand

might be, but announcing encouragingly each time, as she opened the door and disappeared, "Now I'm going for the matches," "Now I'm going for to fetch the dust-pan," etc. All was new, and full of interest and suggestion.

The regulations under which it was considered necessary to keep the colored population were to us new and interesting. The law at that time forbade their being taught to read. A colored woman could not wear a veil in the street, nor were two negroes allowed to walk arm in arm except at funerals. A curious and suggestive thing happened, therefore. Every negro funeral was largely attended, and the corpse was sure to be followed to the grave by an imposing line of mourners, all walking arm in arm. One very marked figure in the city was the old man at the ladies' entrance of the Charleston Hotel. I think I have never seen a man who had more the appearance of being somebody's grandfather than this kindly old Marcus. One day he had disappeared, and there was no one at the door. After long and futile search for him, a messenger brought word that he wanted the loan of money in order to return, and the mystery was finally solved by the discovery that he could not come, not because he had bought either oxen or land or married a wife, but for the simple reason that, having become more than specially interested in his one only pastime of gambling the night before, he had, in a fit of noble rage at his persistent ill luck, rashly hazarded.his clothes-and lost the game. A contribution from his friends at the hotel soon restored him, clothed and in his right mind, which was a very positive one. There was a tradition current that one evening, as a party of lately arrived Northerners were having a pleasant conversation in the parlor somewhat late, they were surprised by the appearance of Marcus, who gravely informed them that he had come to sweep the parlors, and that "our folks in dis house always goes to bed by half past ten, sah!" The intimation was humbly heeded. Of course no one could resist the law of the hotel when the decisions were handed down from such a height.

Old St. Michael's Church was well worth a visit, with its tiled aisles and square pews. In its steeple, 193 feet in height, were the chimes which marked the quarters of the hour, and here too were

rung, morning and evening, the bells which regulated the negroes in their perambulations. In winter the evening bells ring from quarter of six to six, and for a quarter of an hour before nine. This last wascalled the "last bell-ringing," and after it had ceased to sound any unfortunate negro found in the streets, unless he could show a pass from his master, was summarily deposited in the guard-house for the remainder of the night. During the ringing of the last bell two men regularly performed on the fife and drum on the corner opposite where the guard-house was situated, and the negroes who came out to listen to the music dispersed in quick time as the last tap was given the drum, and the last stroke of the bell lingered in the air. The watchman in the tower called the hour, and all relapsed into silence again. I give a literal copy of one of these passes:

"CHARLESTON, March 12, 1855.

"Paris has permission to pass from my residence in Beaufain St., near Rutledge, to the corner of Vanderhorst's wharf and East Berry, and from thence back again to my residence, before drum-beat in the morning, for one month. "JAS. B. CAMPBELL.

"J. L. HUTCHINSON, Mayor."

One of the most interesting places was the church of Rev. J. L. Girardeau, a very large building, capable of seating perhaps fourteen hundred persons. In the morning the lower floor was occupied by the white congregation, and the negroes, as in the other churches, sat in the galleries, but in the afternoon the negroes filled the body of the house, the whites being seated only at the sides and in the galleries. To one not accustomed to the sight, the church then presented a striking appearance, and we had an opportunity of seeing all shades and varieties of color, in both complexion and dress. The old and staid negro women generally wore bright handkerchiefs twisted around the head, sometimes with the addition, though not the amendment, of a bonnet perched upon the top thereof, crown uppermost; but the younger and gayer portion of the community wore bonnets of all styles, from the most fashionable to the most obsolete. The only music was by the negroes, and it was really worth hearing. As of course they could not read, the hymn was retailed, two lines at a time, by the minister, who usually began the strong and true. Before the services commenced the audience sometimes struck up a voluntary, greeting the ear as we entered in the form of some grand old tune sung by the assembled throng. The courtesy which surrendered the main part of the church to the negroes for half the time was only one out of many customs in the city which testified to the general kind feeling existing between master and slave, where true nobility asserted itself in relation to inferiors as well as to equals. In the homes of Charleston the negroes were treated like a sort of children of the household, and this because of a real affection.

The strength of family feeling on the part of the negroes was often queerly put, as thus: "Law sakes! Balaam Preston Hamilton Smith," a venerable old negro was heard to exclaim to a young man who was understood to be thinking of marrying, "don't say you'd go fur to 'liberate fur to take up wid any middlin' set. If you want a wife, you'd better marry into de Middleton family. De Middletons is a mighty good family. Hm! De Roses is 'spectable too; but jes look at me! I married into de Middleton family !"

The closeness of the relation was amusingly illustrated by an incident which occurred in school when we insisted that certain words should be pronounced according to authority, and not in the way in which the girls had been accustomed to sound them. "But," they said, "you know we grow up with the negroes, they take care of us, and we hear them talk all the time. Of course we can't help catching some of their ways of talking. It sounds all right to us." They were told that if they could find in any dictionary the least authority for the pronunciation dear to them, there would be no objection to it; that we were only trying to give them the best, and that it was not for any notion of ours that we insisted. "But," they said, quickly and sadly, "the dictionaries are all Northern dictionaries!" and so the matter came to an end. For it was by no means nothing but flowers and fruit from their gardens that these Southern maidens were in the habit of bringing to us, their Northern teachers; they brought to our aid every morning the sweetest docility, the greatest eagerness to learn, and the most perfect breeding. Even in the days after the Star of the

singing, and it welled out refreshingly West had been fired on, and the whole city was full of devotion to the Palmetto State and of denunciations of the North and of the people there; when for a Northern woman it was sometimes difficult to be calm; when we could neither listen to the prayers offered from the pulpits nor read the newspapers; when threatening anonymous letters came to our hand, and we grew tired with the constant strain and uncertainty-even then, and perhaps even more than before, to cross the threshold of that school-room was to pass at once into an atmosphere of peace and unfailing courtesy. Those girls came from homes that were full of bitter feeling and opposition to the North, but there was never an ungentle look or word from them to their Northern teachers. The school-room was an asylum, a safe and sure place for us; and what this meant of good-breeding and loyalty is comprehensible perhaps only to those who have spent their lives in contact with young and warm - hearted girls. There is nothing but sweet and dear memories of those girls, light-hearted and happy then, but with heavy clouds of war and trouble hanging over them - war and trouble which in more than one instance broke up happy homes, and struck down at their sides the brothers and the friends whom they so loved. I have before me now a card on which the girls of the first class wrote their names together for me, and to look it over is to recall much of sadness, though much of devotion, faithfulness, and high courage. The planning of this work is exquisitely neat, as was all the work that they did. Here are the names of two sisters, who afterwards became teachers in our places when we came away. Underneath, a name that recalls all gentleness and grace; next it, that of a girl whose parents had been born in New England, and who showed it in every fibre. Then comes Sallie, tall and slender, full of dash and fire, and the indescribable charm of the Southern girl, with her haughty, "Who'd stoop to quarrel?" so often said when some difference arose in the class; then Lizzie, with her beautiful dark eyes and her no less beautiful disposition, whose after-life was so full of sadness and sorrow; then the carefully written signature of the girl who took up the teacher's life, drawing her inspiration from what we brought her in those longpast days, and who has become a tower of strength to a new generation in her one of our commissioners, the Hon. A. chosen profession; and then Celia, who, leaving her gracious and luxurious home, gave up her life to caring for the poor and suffering, and died at her post, mourned by the whole city. Sweet and strong they pass before me in memory, the girls of that first class, with the happy days in which we lived together in the close relation of teacher and taught. They had never before been in a large school, and its life and regulations were new and striking to them. They grew mentally like plants given a new sun and soil, and the work to the educator was beyond measure delightful, vielding a rich harvest.

We had visitors, men and women, to all of whom our work was of the greatest interest, and to whom it was a comparative novelty to be allowed to visit a school, and to see the work going on. I was greatly puzzled at first by the saying, which I heard often, that they had come to "see the system," as if we had some patent method of conveying information and of training, which had to be applied in some well-defined manner. I have since learned that this idea is not peculiar to the South.

Not different from the cordiality with which we were welcomed to the city homes was the thoughtful kindness which provided for our Christmas holidays. To see the rice plantation, with its long avenue of live-oaks, and the noble mansion standing on the wide lawn; to go over the store-house, where were kept goods of all kinds ready to be distributed to the field hands, the piles of dress goods and provisions, and all presided over by the gracious mistress of the house: to watch the men laborers, tall and brawny, splendid animals, with their fully developed muscles, and their rows of perfect white teeth, and the not-so-fortunate negro women, who also toiled in the rice-fields, bent and knotted with the labor; to see the great supper provided for them on Christmas eve, and to listen to their rejoicing and songs-all this was a great pleasure and a great lesson.

But it all was to pass away. The Democratic Convention in April, 1860, to which we devoted all our spare time, was a highly interesting and significant event. Political meetings grew more common and more enthusiastic. Then followed the election of President Lincoln, and the immediate resignation of the Federal judge,

G. Magrath, and of the district attorney. The streets bloomed with palmetto flags, and with a great variety of mottoes, and the air grew more and more charged with electrical feeling. The banks all suspended November 30, 1860. The convention met December 16th, and the act of secession was passed on the 20th, between one and two o'clock. The firing of guns and the ringing of bells announced the fact to the eager populace, and we began to live in a scene of the wildest excitement - a double-distilled Fourth of July. Business was at once suspended. and stores were closed. The chimes of old St. Michael's rang merrily at intervals all the afternoon. Fire companies of both colors paraded the streets, noisily jingling their bells, and one continually met members of the Vigilant Rifles, the Zouaves. the Washington Light-Infantry, or some other of the many companies, hurrying in a state of great excitement to their headquarters. Boys in the street shouted, "Hurrah! Out of the Union!" with all the strength of their lungs; and the negroes, who, on hearing any unusual noise, always made their appearance at all the gates, stood in groups at every passageway. The young men devoted themselves to drinking the health of the State. and exhibited indubitable evidence of having done so as they walked or drove furiously along. On Meeting and King streets in several places the sidewalks were covered with the remains of Indian crackers, and the whole air was redolent of gunpowder.

The excitement by no means came to an end as the day wore to its close, with a rosy sunset over the rippling waters of the Ashley, and when the twilight had died away an illumination of the principal business streets by means of blazing tarbarrels produced a strong and bodeful light. Meeting Street, from above the Charleston Hotel to below Institute or "Secession" Hall, was ablaze with burning tar, which overflowed so that sometimes the whole width of the street was aflame.

Ladies as well as gentlemen crowded Secession Hall at an early hour. About half the floor was reserved for members of the convention and the Legislature, the remainder being filled with an excited crowd of men. The meeting was opened with a prayer, short but comprehensive, acknowprivation, but asking, after that was passed, that their sails might whiten every sea, and their agriculture and commerce be greatly prospered. The ordinance of secession was then handed to the president, and by him read from a large parchment with the seal of the State hanging therefrom. At its close tumultuous applause shook the building, and the delegates, called in the order of their districts, were summoned to affix their names. The table upon which the signing was done was that upon which the ratification of the Federal Constitution had been signed. The whole evening there was a constant discharge of fireworks, crackers, and fire-arms in the street below, so that during the prayer it was at times impossible to hear what was being said. Bands of music passed at intervals, and the crowd outside shouted and cheered without intermission.

At last the signing was over, and the president, taking up the parchment amid profound silence, said, "The ordinance of secession has been signed and ratified, and I proclaim the State of South Carolina to be an independent common wealth." This was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm such as is not often witnessed. Every one rose to his feet, and all broke forth into tumultuous and ever-renewed cheering. Handkerchiefs waved, hats were swung round and wildly tossed into the air, or they were elevated on canes, swords, or muskets, and spun round and round. The act of secession was then read to the crowd on the outside of the building, who greeted it with their shouts. The two palmetto-trees which stood on either side of the platform were despoiled of their leaves by the audience as mementos of the occasion, and the meeting slowly dispersed.

It was in the assembly-room of the old school - house, early on the morning of January 9, 1861, as I sat at the desk bending over my books preparing for the day's work, that I heard the report of the first gun which was fired at the Star of the West, and lifted my head to listen, with a great fear at my heart, and an effort to persuade myself that the sounds were only the effect of my excited imagination as they came again and again. On the morning of April 12th I was twenty miles away, in one of the beautiful homes where we had been so often welcome guests, and on coming down to breakfast found anxious faces and much excitement among number was augmented at several sta-

ledging the possibility of suffering and privation, but asking, after that waspassed, that their sails might whiten every sea, and their agriculture and commerce be greatly prospered. The ordinance of secession was then handed to the president, and by him read from a large parchment with the seal of the State hanging therefrom. At its close tumultuous applause shook the building, and the delegates,

The driver went to the kitchen for a last word, and detailed one of the houseservants who stood looking on to stand in front of the horses till he should return. The latter, attracted by the play of two children, turned away to watch them; some sudden noise startled the horses, and away they went, big wagon and all, in a mad run round and round over the great field, in and out among out-houses, sheds, and trees, while we stood helplessly looking on, and heard the sound of the guns. It seemed a long time before they made for the opposite sides of a tree, which they saw stood directly in their way, and smashing the pole of the wagon on its trunk, were brought to a standstill. There was the wagon hopelessly ruined, so far as any journey in it for that day was concerned, dripping as to its back end with broken eggs; there was the terrified negro, tears streaming down his face, and crying out, "Oh, I only looked away from dose horses one minute, and now I have done more harm dan I can pay for all my life long!" And again and again we heard the sound of the far-off guns. The brother of one of our company was on duty at one of the forts; the families of all of them were there whence came the ominous sound. But there was absolutely nothing to do on that isolated plantation but to sit still or pace up and down while the servants hunted for some other vehicle in sufficient order to be trusted to carry all of us over the roads, floating with the spring rains. They worked at an old carry-all, which they found stored away in a shed, till they thought it safe to trust, and it was some time after dinner before we finally set off for the railroad station miles away. When we reached there in safety, in spite of the ominous groans and creaks of the crazy old carriage in which we sat crowded, the air was full of rumors, but we could hear nothing definite. At last came the train, delayed, and with troops on board, whose

tions where we stopped, to be still farther delayed, and when we were finally landed in a shed on the side of the river opposite Charleston, we found it swarming with citizen soldiery. We crossed the river, and said hasty good-byes. I rushed to my boarding-place, flung down my packages, and hastening through the streets, filled with an excited crowd, reported myself to the principal of the school as being in the city, to be greeted as soon as seen by the exclamation, "By Jove! I knew you'd get here somehow."

The night came and passed, and the sun rose cloudless and bright on one of the April days which are like the June days of New England, but the wind had shifted, and we heard no reports. It was believed that the firing had ceased—why, no one could tell—but at the Battery the smoke still showed that it had not, even though there it was almost impossible to hear the sound.

Let us go thither. Many of the stores have their doors open, but no shutters are unclosed, and only necessary business is transacted. We go down Meeting Street, past Institute or Secession Hall, and remember the scene of the 20th of last December there. Saddled horses stand waiting at the door, and remind us that General Beauregard's office is within. As we turn down Water Street towards the East Battery the crowd becomes visible, lining the sidewalk. Making our way between the carriages which fill the street, we mount the steps leading to the walk, and taking up our position at the least crowded part, turn our attention to the harbor. The reports come deadened to the ear, though one can easily tell whence the shot come by the smoke.

The crowd increases, and is composed of all materials. Women of all ages and ranks of life look eagerly out with spyglasses and opera-glasses. Children talk and laugh and walk back and forth in the small moving-space as if they were at a public show. Now and then a man in military dress goes hastily past. Grave men talk in groups. Young men smoke and calculate probabilities and compare conflicting reports, and still the guns send forth their deadly missiles, and the light clouds suddenly appearing and hanging over the fort till dispersed by the wind tell of the shells which explode before they reach their destination.

"There goes Stevens again! He gives

it to 'em strong!" and a puff of white smoke rises from the iron-clad battery.

"Look! Did you see the bricks fly then from the end of the fort? She struck that time!"

"What is that smoke over Sumter? Isn't it smoke?" and all glasses and eyes are turned in that direction and watch eagerly. It increases in volume and rolls off seaward. What can it be? Is he going to blow up the fort? Is he heating shot? What is it? Still the batteries keep up their continual fire, and Anderson's guns, amidst a cloud of smoke, return with two or three discharges. Suddenly a white cloud rises from Sumter, and a loud report tells of the explosion of some magazine—"Probably a magazine on the roof for some of his barbette guns" —and the firing goes on.

"Look out! Moultrie speaks again!" and another puff of smoke points out the position of that fort, followed by one from the floating battery of the others. We listen and watch.

"I don't believe Anderson is in the fort. He must have gone off in the night and left only a few men. It was a very dark night."

"See the vessels off there? No, not there; farther along to the right of Sumter. That small one is the *Harriet Lane*."

"Yes, I can see them plain with the naked eye. Ain't they going to do anything? The large one has hauled off."

"No; they are still."

"Look! Can you see those little boats? Three little boats a hundred yards apart. They are certainly coming."

"Yes," said a woman, an opera-glass at her eyes, "the papers this morning said they were to re-enforce with small boats, which were to keep at a great distance from each other." Another, incredulous, says they are nothing but waves, and you can see plenty anywhere like them. "Doubleday is killed," remarks another. "They saw him from Moultrie, lying on top of the ramparts."

This is set at naught by a small boy, who says, "Look, do you see that mosquito just on the corner of that flag in Sumter?" and a dignified silence follows.

Now the smoke rises over Sumter again, black smoke, and curls away, but no other signs of life. We watch, and as we watch it grows blacker and thicker. The fort must be on fire!

"Yes! Can't you see the flame? There

at the south angle! You can see it through this glass. Look now!"

The smoke hides all one side of the fort. and the leaping flames leave no room for doubt. They spread till it seems as if the whole fort must be a sheet of flame within, and the firing goes on as if nothing had happened, but no signs of life at Fort Sumter. Why doesn't the fleet do something? How can men with blood in their veins idly watch the scene and not lend a helping hand when they have the power? They must be armed vessels! Is Anderson still in the fort? No signal comes from there, and the firing continues, and the shells explode around and within, and the dense black smoke rolls away, and the flames leap round the flag-staff.

"Now you'll see that old flag go down !" cries a boy with a spy-glass.

" That old flag !"

I listen and watch in mournful silence, and hear the beating of my heart as the flames rise higher and higher. What does it mean? Anderson can't be in the fort! He must be on board the fleet, or they could not stand idly by.

"He has probably left slow matches to some of his guns. He means to burn up the fort—to blow it up!"

"Captain Foster intimated that it was undermined," says another.

Still the flag-staff stands, though the flames are red around it.

"It would be a bad omen if the flag should stand all this fire," says a gentleman at my side as he hands me his glass. I level it and look.

A vessel has dropped anchor just between, and the flag of the Confederate States, fluttering from the fore, completely conceals the staff at Sumter. I move impatiently to the right to get rid of it, and see with throbbing heart the flag still safe, and watch with sickening anxiety.

Another explosion, which scatters the smoke for a while.

"He is blowing up the barracks to prevent the fire from spreading," says one.

Can it be that he is still there?

Still the flag waves as of old. The flames die down, and the smoke somewhat clears away, and the shells explode as before, and Major Stevens fires continually.

"It is West Point against West Point to-day," says one.

"Stevens was not at West Point."

"No, but Beauregard was a pupil of Anderson's there."

The tide has turned and is going out, and now the vessels cannot come in. What does it mean? Still the people pass and repass; the crowd thins a little; they jest idly and remark on the passers, and conversation goes on. Friends meet and greet each other with playful words. Judge Magrath stands in a careless attitude, a red camellia in his button-hole, at the window of one of the bouses overlooking the scene. Beauregard passes, observant. Carriages drive by. People begin to leave.

"The flag is down!" A shot has struck the staff and carried it away. "Look! the flag is down!" and an excited crowd rush again through the streets leading to the Battery, and a shout fills the air.

The flag of the United States has been shot down in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina.

"It is up again on a lower staff !" "Yes!" "No!" "It is a white flag!"

A white flag waves from the walls of Fort Sumter, and the colors which have been repeatedly lowered to-day as a signal of distress in vain have fallen at last.

The firing ceases, and Anderson surrenders unconditionally, with the fort a blazing furnace.

The school went on, and everything there was as usual, except perhaps a shade of added gravity, and a sense of sorrow for the parting which flung its shadow over teachers and taught; if it had been possible, an increased docility and loving gentleness on the one hand, a greater tender watchfulness and earnestness on the other. The shadow grew heavier and the parting nearer as the months went on, full of stir, till the day in early June when I left my class to meet the chairman of the special commissioners for our school in the dome-room, not to stand there again. Mr. Bennett had brought me my salary, then due; he paid me as usual in gold, and he said : "We are very sorry that you feel you must go. We want you to say that when this trouble is over you will come back to us," and he reached out his hand for a leave-taking with the old-time courtesy of which we had so much since we had made our home in Charleston. I said: "Mr. Bennett, I am so sorry to go! But I cannot promise to come back. I am afraid that neither you nor I nor any one knows how long this trouble is going to last, and I cannot say anything about coming back."

And so I had to turn away from my girls, and travel to Massachusetts by way of Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. I have the notes of that journey still, kept in pencil as we went, full of excitement and wonder. As the war went on, the schools had to stop; all the beautiful fabric so wisely and so nobly planned was destroyed, and the labor seemed to have been in vain. The shells went ploughing their way through the roof into the old class-rooms, so full of sweet and gracious memories, and fell in the flower-planted garden where we had walked with the eager girls. Trouble and anguish fell upon the dear old city. And when her people fled to Columbia, fire and destruction met them there, such realities as we at the North never knew, even with all that came to us. That was the time when a young woman remarked to my friend one evening, "Well, whatever happens, I am sure that we shall not be utterly ruined. for my father has put our goods in seven different places in the city, so that we shall be sure to have something," and said "Good-night." In the lurid glare of the next morning, before daybreak, the same girl knocked at the same door with the piteous appeal: "Have you got a dress you can lend me to wear? I have not one thing left." That was what war meant to those people. We thought it was hard!

I turn over the relics in my possession with gratitude and affection never wavering and with profound respect-the pass for gray-headed "Paris," in its faded ink, with the strong, manly signature of his master at the foot; letters, records, and, given to me long after, postage-stamps bearing the name of the Confederate States; sheets of note-paper with the palmetto flag and the Confederate flag in colors at the head; a newspaper printed on wall-paper, bearing date, "Vicksburg, July 4, 1863"; and bank-bills of all denominations, from five hundred dollars to five cents. These are coarse in execution and on a poor quality of paper; but they used the very best they had. I know that no New York bank will take them on deposit, for I tried them once at the desk of the receiving-teller of the Sixth National, with as inexpressive a face as I can command from a long experience in teaching-which is saying a great deal-

and much to the astonishment of that functionary. But they are not valueless, for all that. There are many things which the banks will not take, and yet which are worth more than all the silver in the Treasury vaults at Washington, and realer than real estate in New York. These bills stand to-day for such assets as those, for "he who can prevail upon himself to devote his life for a cause, however we may condemn his opinions or abhor his actions, vouches at least for the honesty of his principles and the disinterestedness of his motives. . . . He is no longer a slave, but free. The contempt of death is the beginning of virtue." And surely the old South needed no lessons in virtue from us.

But the work on those schools was not lost, for one by one they who had been our girls took up the task with the spirit we had helped to inspire in them, and one of them has made not only on her city, but on the wide Southern country from which her girls come to her wise guidance, an abiding mark. After the war was over, and the time of mismanagement and misuse, the seed that had been sown in earnest faith, unswerving purpose, and singleness of spirit brought forth a hundredfold.

And the two cities, so alike in so many ways, so different from all the other cities of the land, even through the bitter war learned to know each other better, and to recognize more fully their common character. As is the case often with two human sisters, they repelled each other simply because they were at heart and in all that constitutes true nobility so much alike. But as two sisters, taught better to understand each other by the experience of life, find their former repulsion changed into attraction, and finally into a complete unity that no outside influence can in the least affect, so is it with Boston and Charleston. When fire and earthquake fought for the possession of their beauty and their old and sacred places, they reached out tender hands to each other; for in the new dispensation the Lord was in both fire and earthquake. The great and strong wind bears now only peace and good-will for message on its Northern and Southern way, and if ever henceforth there be need of defending "that old flag," no two States will stand closer shoulder to shoulder than Massachusetts and South Carolina.

THE END OF AN ANIMOSITY.

BY L. CLARKSON.

CHAPTER I.

"I had no time to hate, because The grave would hinder me, And life was not so ample I Could finish ennity?" —EMLY DICKINSON.

"WELL, mother, if you'd rather, of course we won't get married yet awhile. We can wait, me and Christie Ann. She don't seem to be much set on gettin' married just now. She always was sort of patient like. I misdoubt she don't think too much of herself anyhow; and if you want we should, we'll put it off another year."

The old woman looked keenly into her son's face, torn between her sympathy for him and her desire to frustrate a catastrophe from herself. Her face worked into a hundred curious wrinkles which suggested grimaces. She passionately loved him, and she was a religious woman whose life was one of self-denial and struggle against the flesh. But there was one thing stronger than her love, stronger even than her religion. It was her hatred for Christie Ann Ford.

The people about her did not take into account this powerful will. They never realized that they were ruled. How could they, when the virtue and wisdom and tender solicitude for the good of all, which were also in her heart, spoke daily and hourly, while that desire for mastery spoke no word?

Her son realized it least of all. He believed that she so loved him as to give herself for him. And so she would have done—her body, but not her will.

"If you want we should, we'll put it off another year. As you say, father's been gone but a short while."

"'Lias," said the old woman, humbly, "you're very good to me. Sometimes I think mothers oughtn't to live so long that they're a hindrance, with their dread of new ways and new people. Seems like they ought to give place to the younger woman that's to come."

"Christie Ann isn't like any one new, mother. We've known her all her life. We pretty nigh helped bring up Christie Ann."

"So we did, 'Lias; and it does seem's though I hadn't ought to have this dread upon me. It don't appear reasonable.

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But it's change of any sort that old people are afeard of. Their own great change has got to come so soon—so sudden, maybe. The Bible teaches the young people to wait a bit on the old, and not hurry the change, don't it?"

"You sha'n't be hurried, mother. I couldn' seem to understand before just how you would take it. It wouldn't be a change to me, but like a finishing touch to all that's gone before."

"Of course it would, my son. That's natural. Only, don't you see, I was 'most old before you was born. I was well on to forty when I married your father, and that seems 'bout the only change I could live out and live down. Life's very solemn, 'Lias."

"I reckon I don't quite understand," said the young man, speaking slowly. He looked off into the soft mists where the mountains lay outlined against the sky. "It seems to me as if loving and getting and keeping and cherishing were life."

"Losing is life too, 'Lias; and forgetting and being forgotten," she said, solemnly.

He moved his hands - brown, worksoiled hands-softly, one over the other.

"I reckon marryin' or not marryin' to-day or to-morrow don't really alter life, mother. I reckon ourselves are the same right along. But we'll wait—another year." He turned to go, but she caught his arm.

"Don't think your mother selfish, 'Lias. If it was to seem to you that I'm selfish, I'd liefer you'd be married tomorrow."

"I don't think you're selfish. How could I, when I know how you've worked and slaved for me, and for everybody? Ain't you always doing for those worse off than yourself? Don't you nurse every poor body in the village, and help the babies into the world and the corpses out of it? What would Zonetown do, mother, if you was selfish?"

He stooped and kissed her, then was gone before she had quite swallowed a curious lump in her throat. Suppose 'Lias were to find out about that stealthy animosity which no one knew but God? A singular familiarity had grown between her soul and her Maker over this secret thing.

"The Lord knows my heart," she would say. "That's the trouble. He knows me as he knew Judas, long enough before Judas betrayed Him. He warned His disciples-'One of you is a devil.' That meant Judas. He told them plainly, 'One of you is a child of perdition.' That was Judas. 'One of you shall betray me'-Judas! But they didn't know. They never suspected - any mor'n old Deacon Frost or Ebenezer Hack suspect me."

The comfort she had always taken in the good opinion of people was turned to gall and wormwood. Whenever she felt the eye of her small world upon her, at meeting or in more private assemblies, where she was used to lifting up her voice in prayer and exhortation, a sore self - condemnation began gnawing at her heart. She could not get rid of the thought of Judas. It was always with her, nagging at her conscience.

"Oh yes," she said, bitterly," He knew Judas through and through. It didn't need that kiss to betray Judas to his Master. And that's like me. I betray myself to my Master-as a traitor-every time I kiss Christie Ann Ford. He knows I hate her. He knows I would kill her if bad wishes killed. Oh me! oh me! The world thinks I'm a disciple, but the Lord-He knows I'm a Judas."

At times it seemed to her as though the Lord himself spoke to her soul.

"Art thou not afraid," said the sorrowful Voice, "to face all these, My people, with a lie on thy lips? Art thou not preaching to them love and forgiveness whilst thou art cherishing hatred in thy heart?"

And some demon within her would cry out: "Let me alone! What have I to do with Thee, thou. Son of David? Know that if Christie Ann Ford marries my son Elias, I will never forgive her in this world or the next."

She shuddered at the contemplation of her spiritual condition, but she could not give up. If Christie Ann was going to marry her son, her only son, she must hate her. Yet all the while she wore the placid look, the guileless smile, which shone out beneath the close-fitting cap of her order. People had said Aunt Hannah was a saint for so long that they had ceased to look for her motives, and only judged her by the smooth order of her actions.

"After all," she said to herself, in moments of attempted self-justification, "conduct is everything; it's principle and character that tell in the long-run. Mine ain't altered. I know what's right. Don't the Bible say we shall be judged by our fruits? There's nothing wrong with my conduct."

This sophistry, however, being exactly opposite to the teaching of her sect, gave little consolation. It was simply lying to herself as she lied to the world. She grew thin, and had a worn, anxious look.

"You don't seem well, mother," Elias said, tenderly. "I reckon you've too much to do about the farm. Now if Christie Ann-"

She interrupted him hurriedly: "Don't you fret about me, 'Lias. I'll do first rate if only the sheep turn out better this year, and the apples ain't specked like they was last fall.

CHAPTER II.

" Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn Indicative that suns go down ; The notice to the startled grass

That darkness is about to pass." —EMILY DICKINSON.

THE little village of Zonetown seems an unlikely place to find a silent and unrelenting antagonism, being peopled chiefly by that pious and unworldly sect called Dunkards.

Hannah Bland's ancestors had been God-fearing men and women, whose integrity had won for them the right to be leaders in their sect. No one had prized this inheritance of leadership more than she. In religious bodies who do not formulate a creed or abide by a form of worship it is usually the women who lead and the men who follow. Joshua Bland had followed dutifully all their married life. His distant kinship had caused him to be chosen as life partner by Hannah, who could not bear to relinquish the much - respected family name. In religious meetings, where Hannah led the prayers, in social gatherings, where she did the talking, Joshua listened. In their domestic life, where Hannah's influence was paramount, Joshua's path was marked out for him, but it was marked by love. He was not so much required as privileged to say yea to her yea and nay to her nay. With a great seeming of paying tribute to her husband as head of the household, and a remarkable capacity for making the

doctrine of charity pervade her actions, the wise Dunkard woman covered her iron rule with the softest phrases of affection. And Joshua Bland, echoing her yea or nay without a thought of self or self-assertion, believed himself to be master of his own. Elias felt no sense of restraint or coercion while he lived according to his mother's ordering, even in the matter which touched him deepest, and about which he had said, simply, "If you'd rather, mother, we'll wait." He adored her with a blind fidelity, as wonderful as it was unreasoning. It is doubtful if he ever saw through the conciliatory speeches which governed him. Certainly he never saw through that serene surface of love into the hatred of her heart. There was only one human being in the world who saw beyond that soft exterior and caught a glimpse of the other Hannah Bland, the Hannah Bland that God knew and that sometimes knew herself. Beneath that smiling look Christie Ann sometimes saw a fiery gleam in the bright eyes which caused a nameless apprehension. Not for worlds would she have hinted that such an unlovely light could be possible. At times the poor girl feebly doubted the evidence of her own perception.

Elias's courtship had prospered. Christie Ann was a farmer's daughter, and not given to great demands in the matter of indulgence. There is not much romance in the life of a hard-working Pennsylvania farmer, nor does that overflow of sentiment which we call sentimentality find any place there. But there was something strong and sweet and tender in Elias Bland's nature which craved those sweet and tender responses that love gives to love and asks of love. His passion for Christie Ann Ford was very pure and full of young enthusiasm.

She worshipped him with the devotion of first love. He wore in her eyes a guise of perfection which none of the commonplace surroundings of his work-a-day existence could mar. That light in his face not all the roughness and monotony of farm life could dim.

Hannah Bland's manner towards her son's affianced wife was most cordial. She even made much of her, saying to the chance new-comer who happened now and then upon the mountain village: "This is my daughter as will be. This is 'Lias's Christie Ann."

But in her heart she said, "She will

never be a daughter to me, nor a wife to 'Lias."

She prayed just as lustily that God would let her light be a help to those who were yet in darkness, but her face grew more worn, her voice less steady. The secret was telling on her. Everything grew blurred, chaotic, in her hitherto well-ordered soul. She still prayed in meeting, but there were times when she shrank before God and her fellow-creatures, and trembled at the reproaches of her own conscience. She began to have long spells of moody silence, and if she was aroused, to assume for a few moments her old cheerful manner, she would again relapse. A conflict began to torment her brain after this fashion :

"Christie Ann Ford stands in the way of my peace of mind. She's a sort of stumbling-block to the welfare of my spiritual life. Unless she is removed she will be a barrier between my soul and the Almighty. God ought to remove her. He ought. I've been a good Christian these sixty years, and it don't seem 's though it should all go for nothing, after all, just because of Christie Ann Ford. God oughtn't to let her destroy my soul. But if 'Lias marries her, and she comes here to live, and takes everything out of my hands because I'm old and she's young, I'll hate her worse than now. And it'll destroy my soul. Forever.'

By-and-by this theorizing took a more definite form. "Something's got to happen," she said to herself, feverishly. "Something's got to happen. I hate her worse every day. I'm that set against her I can't live in the same world with her any longer. She's got to go. God 'll fix it somehow. Mebbe it 'll be a mortal sickness as 'll carry her off. Mebbe it 'll be fire. Seems as though 'twere going to be fire. Christie Ann's that hearty I can't think of any sickness as is likely to come to her. But a fire—that could come to anybody! And the Fords are none too God-fearing. Mebbe it 'll be a fire."

She would rouse from her fitful and nervous sleep at a sudden sound in the dead of night, and start up in bed, muttering, excitedly: "I heard a noise. S'pose it was—the fire. S'pose—"

But the fire never came, and as the months went by there were times when the passion of her enmity burnt so low that it seemed to have been smothered out of the tormented soul. The vision of the burning house never quite left her. Her brain had become so benumbed by the continuous pressure of one painful thought that it had lost all power of throwing off the idea or changing the hallucination.

And still she prayed before men, lifting up her quavering voice in the accustomed places-even in the accustomed phrases-beloved, respected, reverenced as of old. No one had found her out. But she knew herself as God knew her. It was the crushing consciousness uppermost in her dazed brain. She fought daily with Apollyon, and daily Apollyon vanquished her. "You've got to give up this wicked thing, or it'll slay you," reiterated tortured Conscience. And it was as though the demon within her gnashed upon Conscience, while she replied: "I can't give it up. Let it slay me!-let it!"

CHAPTER III,

"The brain within its groone Runs evenly and true; But let a splinter sperce, "Toere easier for you To put the wester back When floods have slit the hills And scooped a turnpike for themselves, And blotted out the mills." —EMLY DICKINSON.

It was one of those perfect evenings which come only to mountain places, when the glory of the hills is as the glory of the sky.

The old woman sat in the doorway of her home, feeling for the moment almost at peace with the world and herself—and Christie Ann. Christie Ann had been bidden to supper. It was a Saturday afternoon, and Elias had planned the little surprise. They had been so happy over their early meal, Hannah's silence was scarcely noticed. She was fighting the old battle, saying to herself, "'He that dippeth with me in the dish, he it is that shall betray me!' That was Judas!"

Then the young girl's gayety overcame her bitterness; and when Christie Ann wanted to clear off the table and wash up the dishes, she let her do it. Elias watched her quick, deft movements, with the beautiful light shining in his eyes.

"How handy she is, mother," he whispered; "and what pretty ways she has!"

Hannah Bland nodded. "It's youth," she said. "Youth's always handy and pretty."

Peace came to her heart as she sat in the doorway, and when the girl came, shyly, to sit beside her—she was always shy of 'Lias's mother—the old woman almost felt the kindliness which she expressed as she thanked her for her little service. How gladly Christie Ann would have washed those dishes every day, and three times every day!

Elias had stopped off early from his work, and the two young people were going to indulge themselves in the unusual pleasure of an evening saunter to a mountain lake not far off, which reflected the glory of the hills and the glory of the heavens.

"If only you'd come with us, mother," said 'Lias. "It ain't far, and the change 'd brighten you up a bit. Seem 's though you don't look as bright these days as you ought."

"Won't you come, Aunt Hannah?" pleaded Christie Ann. "It ain't half far by the short-cut through the laurels. I'm 'most sure it wouldn't tire you."

She shook her head. She had grown very old in the last year, and the soft bloom had gone from her cheeks. Her eyes were restless and uneasy. The alteration in her appearance had come so gradually that even Elias did not observe it. Perhaps, after all, he thought more about Christie Ann than about his mother. That is fate. It is for that we bear sons and daughters.

"Do come," pleaded Christie Ann, timidly.

Hannah Bland shook her head again; the bitterness was coming back.

"I don't seem to care to move about much these days. I reckon I'm older than I was. Sixty years ain't much. My mother lived to be eighty, and she wasn't never averse to movin' about as I be now. Mebbe folks get their second joints like they get their second sight. Leastways, I don't reckon on bein' always stiff like this. You go on—you two. Don't mind me, 'Lias. I'll do very well. I want to see you happy, that's all."

Christie Ann sighed. "She wants to see him happy every way but one," she said, softly. "And perhaps — perhaps she'll live to be eighty, like her mother."

There was no hatred in Christie Ann's heart; only a great longing to be 'Lias's very own.

"But I think," she added, smiling to herself, "that she likes me better and better. I didn't see that look in her eyes once this evening-not once."

They walked through the golden glow of that exquisite evening light into the very heart of the crimson sunset. Nature had never before been so beautiful; love had never before been so sweet; they had never before been so near each other.

"It won't be long now, Christie Ann. Mother don't seem to feel quite as she did about our getting married. I reckon in a couple of months-oh, Christie, Christie!" He clasped her in his arms. Her bright head lay upon his breast. Their eyes were full of happy tears.

"It won't seem long when it's over, 'Lias-the waiting, I mean," sobbed "I think we'll love each Christie Ann. other better for it, always."

After a while it occurred to Elias that it might be pleasant to get into a rude boat that was fastened near the shore, and soon they were paddling about in a clumsy fashion on the lake-a most unusual thing for people of their unsentimental sort, who look upon a row-boat only as a means of livelihood or of locomotion. No one ever knew how it happened. But quite suddenly the rough craft was upset, and Elias Bland was struggling in the deep water, trying frantically to seize upon the water - logged garments of poor Christie Ann, who was destitute of any ability to save herself.

That was how the something happened for which Hannah Bland had prayed.

She was still sitting by the door. The sunset's last gleam had not quite died out of the sky, although the near hills were bathed in the pearly mists of coming night. Far off, the mountains still wore wonderful halos about their summits. It was scarcely two hours since Christie Ann had looked back, saying, in her soft girlish voice, "Good - night, Aunt Hannah."

But the bitterness had all come back, and the old woman's soul was torn by jealous rage. "How could I let her do it?" she muttered. "To come here and eat at my table and drink from my cup, and then to carry him out of my sight like that! But wait-wait. The Lord's goin' to hear me yet-"

Some one came hastily up the village street; others were hurrying towards her in the distance. She could not see their hoarsely. "I can't seem to take it in. faces for the gloaming. Instinctively, as

the catastrophe which she awaited, Hannah Bland jumped from her chair. A wild look that might almost have been mistaken for joy gleamed from her eyes. She did not utter a sound. She could not. God was going to answer her prayer; but as yet she dared not rejoice.

"Hannah Bland ! Hannah Bland !" cried Deacon Frost, a gray-haired Dunkard preacher, whose knees tottered as he ran. He too seemed stricken dumb. His lips framed only the syllables of her name.

"Go on," she gasped, shaking as in a palsy.

"It's too awful," cried the old Dunkard, turning to the others. "Tell her, Ebenezer Hack; I can't."

Ebenezer put his hands before his face and burst into sobs. Hannah Bland's lips moved once more. She wagged her head. Her eyes shot fire.

"Oh, Aunt Hannah," cried a young girl, weeping wildly, "it's a drowning! Christie Ann-she-

Suddenly the old woman's long-pent-up mania burst through all bounds. She threw up her arms over her head, shrieking: "I know it! It's the dispensation of Providence! It's come at last!" and ran away from them like a creature gone stark mad.

There was a great corn-field a quarter of a mile back of the house; acres upon acres of tall yellow corn ready for the harvesting. She ran on, forgetful of her years, her stiffening joints-ran like one demented. No one moved to follow her at first. When they did she had disappeared into the corn-field-lost herself in the countless rows of tall swaying stalks. They searched for a while, but faint-heartedly, dreading to come upon that strange wild face.

"Best let her be," said the old Dunkard preacher. "She knows where to go for comfort. She's best left to herself and her grief. We'll go see to the dead. We can only pray for Hannah. When she gets the Lord by the hand, she'll come to. He ain't going to desert her now, after all the years she's been faithful to Him."

So the dazed woman wandered all night among the rows of corn-stalks. She was like one in an ecstasy, who yet feared the amazing consummation of her own desire.

"It's awful sudden like," she said, Drowned-Christie Ann drowned! And though she felt from afar the coming of I thought it would have been fire. I never once thought of the lake. If it had been fire "-she stopped with a choking sensation in her throat-"I might have felt as though I'd murdered her-it did seem so certain it was to have been fire. But water!" She shivered. "As God Almighty sees and knows my wrong and wicked and deceitful heart, I solemnly swear I never once thought of drowning. Did I, Lord? Wasn't it all Thy doing? I never put it into Thy head with a thought. Lord, Lord, I thank Thee, but I didn't do it-I didn't indeed !" She fell upon her knees in convulsions of ecstatic weeping and protestations, which gradually wore themselves out in suffocating sobs that seemed to crack the heart of her.

Hours went by. The night was grand with stars. The tall corn waved about her, rustling its long sibilant leaves, and closed over her head like a canopy. She grew more self-controlled, and by-and-by the thought of her son and of his grief broke in upon her unholy joy.

"I reckon he's broken-hearted—is 'Lias. He's grievin' for her, while I, his mother, have been hiding away here lest human eyes should see and mark my triumph. I must go back and comfort 'Lias—and no one will ever know—thank God!—thank God!"

She made her tortuous way through the corn, losing herself a dozen times in the dull gray of the creeping dawn. A quarter of a mile beyond the corn-field she saw the lights of her own house still twinkling faintly, dimly.

She hastened her steps. The savage joy, the cruel triumph, were gone from her eyes. The face of Hannah Bland beneath its Dunkard's cap was the calm, serene face that her neighbors knew—not the distorted countenance that had gazed up at the stars. It was the face of sympathy ready to meet her son's grief with befitting sorrow.

The exhaustion of the night's vigil was beginning to overcome her, and she felt faint and unnerved as she drew near the door. A group of neighbors came to meet her silently.

"Is-she there?" Hannah gasped, in a choked voice.

"Yes, poor Christie Ann's there," one of the women answered, making room for her to pass in.

"And where's-'Lias?"

The woman pointed with a tragic gesture. Hannah Bland stumbled blindly

into the room. The gray of the dawn made everything indistinct for a moment, in spite of the ineffectual glimmer of the dim lamp.

They left her to go in alone.

What she saw—her eyes wilder now with anguish than they had been with joy —was her son—her only son—stretched stark before her, and Christie Ann cowering on the floor, clasping his dead hand to her bosom, to her lips, kissing it passionately.

A shriek like that which tore from Hannah Bland's throat no mortal there had ever heard before. She gave one bound forward to tear her dead from the caresses of the woman he had loved; but her strength was gone, and she fell a senseless heap upon the floor, stricken with paralysis.

When her brain recovered sufficiently to know those about her, she seemed scarcely to recognize any one, and to have lost nearly all her faculties.

She only spoke one or two phrases, going over and over them with the painful monotony of semi-imbecility.

"It wasn't murder," she said. "I didn't kill Christie Ann. What I looked for was fire—that's what Satan put in my heart—fire. It was never water."

They were very patient, and bore with her in the dull, uncomplaining fashion of hard-working folk who are not used to making much of their burdens. "Seems odd she's got 'Lias and Christie Ann all mixed up," they said. "And what's all that queer talk about murder and fire?"

"Don't you know," said another, "when folks' heads is turned they always say and do exactly the opposite of what they'd say and do if their heads was all right? She's lost her wits, that's all."

Only once did her conscious eyes rest upon Christie Ann after that awful dawn when she had stumbled all unprepared into the presence of her dead.

Poor Christie Ann had resolved to devote herself to the stricken mother of her lost lover. But at sight of her the same frightful shriek tore its way from the halfparalyzed throat, and it brought on a second stroke, from which they thought she could not rally. She did partially recover, and lived on, bedridden, torpid, for several years, not speaking an articulate word for weeks, and when she did speak it was only to reiterate: "The Lord knows —it wasn't murder. It was water—not fire—killed Christie Ann."

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THE RELATIONS OF LIFE TO STYLE IN ARCHITECTURE.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

WHEN we consider the confusion of names are, indeed, sometimes misleadstyles which afflicts us in this country there surely is an urgent need to consider this question: what should be the influence of our life and its environment upon architectural style? For fear of being misunderstood, I would say at the outset that I have no patience with men who in a wholesale way condemn any style of architecture, or the legitimate work of any period, as either impure or illogical. Good and honest work has been done at all times. If the work of one period has been better than that of another, it has been because the conditions of that period were better and the architects were better. It was no fault of the style. In a high and an important sense, all styles are to be admired at all times. As far as one has the right to judge, the façade of Notre Dame of Paris is as great and noble as the Parthenon of Athens.

The question of supreme interest is, what influence life in its different phases has upon architectural style. Style in architecture is that method of expression in the art which has varied in different periods, almost simultaneously throughout the civilized world, without reference to the different countries, beyond being merely influenced by differences of national character and climate. Some confuse style with composition. Composition is the arrangement or design-an aggregate of related parts put into one ensemble. Style is, as it were, the outward clothing of this composition, the language that is in vogue at different epochs.

When a man has real ability to compose in the style in which he is working, he can have all possible freedom in his composition; the predominant lines may be vertical or horizontal, according to the problem he has to solve. Composition must of necessity influence the development of style, because it is the only thing which comes between the life we live and the style we work in; it is the means with which we solve the problems of our everyday work.

It has often occurred to me that the names which have been commonly accepted for the different styles have given many intelligent people a very confused idea about this entire subject; for these

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Gothic architecture was not the work of the Goths alone, and it is absurd to endeavor to locate the style. Indeed, there would be no appropriateness whatever in the name were it not that the first and best work in this style, late in the Middle Age, was due to Northern genius, just as the Renaissance was first found in Italy. What is now recognized as Gothic architecture was, for all the latter part of the Middle Age, peculiar to the civilization of those times, varying in the different countries only according to differences of national character and climate, and according to the diffusion of knowledge and the artistic temperament of the various peoples.

The same may be said of the Renaissance style. Here it is necessary to define what I mean by the Renaissance: whenever the term Renaissance is used it is to be understood as meaning any architecture done since the revival of the arts, until this modern confusion, whether belonging to the period of Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIV., or the Empire. In Italy, France, Spain, Germany, and England, for the last four hundred years, wherever there has been a modern civilization, the Renaissance has made its way; even into the distant colonies, giving us our Colonial Architecture. This Renaissance, through all its historical modifications in different localities, has varied only according to differences of national character and climate. In each country a national Renaissance has existed until our generation. We speak of Greek architecture because, when Greek art was at its best, Greece as a nation dominated the civilized world; and we speak of the Roman style of architecture because, when it was at its zenith, the Eternal City in its turn dominated the civilized world, until the author of the Confessions wept over its ruins. Could we select two contemporaneous works from Greece and Rome, such as might properly be compared, I am persuaded that the difference between them would be rather a difference of national character than a difference of style.

The identity of a style is determined by certain forms or features in construction; but while such features are invariably associated with each particular style, yet there are general principles of composition and construction common to all styles.

No work of human creation, whether in the domain of literature or art, can live except it possess what is called style. Music and architecture are the two arts which receive from nature—from scenery or various natural objects—the fewest direct impressions to transform into a work of art. In this sense we might say that they are the least imitative of all the arts.

Since the beginning architecture has always been the work or the creation of the human intellect, not so much interpreting nature, as is the case with the painter and sculptor, but rather studying nature to understand her laws and to follow the same *principles* of design.

The architect gets principles and spiritual refinement from nature rather than direct suggestions, except it be in subordinate ornament. Harmony, proportions, symmetry, radiation, and many other laws are taught the architect by observing nature; but his work is not directly suggested by nature.

I believe it is because of this radical difference, as compared with other arts, that we can in architecture most easily define style as something more tangible and real than in the other arts, and, most of all, because of this difference, no architectural work can live except it possess what is called style. But though the architect receives less direct assistance from outward nature, he must be only the more subservient to the laws and principles of nature and to the demands of style for his guidance if he would have his work live.

How near can we come to determining what is modern architecture, or what is the proper style of architecture for our time? Surely it should not be the deplorable creation of the would-be styleinventor, or that of the illogical architect, living in one age and choosing a style from another.

The important and indisputable fact is not generally realized that from prehistoric times until now each age has built in only one style of architecture. In each successive style there has always been the distinctive spirit of the contemporaneous life from which its roots drew nourishment. But in our time, contrary to

all historic precedent, there is a confusing variety of styles. Why should we not have one characteristic style, expressing the spirit of our own life? Has the world of art always been in the wrong until today? Does our actual work warrant the conceit of the assumption that we know more about it than has ever been known at any time, or by all artists for the last three thousand years? History and the law of development alike demand that we build as we live.

There are those who may say that photography and the increased facilities for travelling are the causes of this confusion. the architect being thus brought into closer relationship with buildings of different styles. Surely these cannot be the causes. When Pierre Lescot and Jean Goujon were working on that most beautiful old Court of the Louvre, in the time of Henry II., why were they not influenced by the splendor of Notre Dame, always within sight? Why did they not make the Louvre Gothic instead of Renaissance? Or why did Bramante and Michael Angelo make St. Peter's Renaissance, when San Lorenzo was within walking distance? Or why did Sansovino make the Library of St. Mark's in Venice in the Renaissance style, when the Doge's Palace was standing on the other side of the Piazza?

The modern innovations of photography and of the railroad should rather unify style, because they have the tendency to bring national characters closer together.

The irrational idiosyncrasy of modern times is the assumption that each kind of problem demands a particular style. of architecture. Through prejudice this assumption has become so fixed that it is common to assume that if building a church, we must make it Gothic; if a theatre, we must make it Renaissance; if a bath, we must make it Moorish; and if a warehouse, we must make it Romanesque. With this state of things, it would seem as though the serious study of character were no longer necessary. Expression in architecture, forsooth, is only a question of selecting the right style! In other times the artist built his church or his temple by the side of his theatre, and both in the same style; yet his church looked like a church and his theatre looked like a theatre; and so character was not dependent upon one being

contrary to actor was in

Gothic and the other Renaissance. The artist solved two totally different problems with the same style. One looked like a structure built for devotional purposes, and the other like a building devoted to amusements. With him it was only a question of character and expression, and not at all a question of style. This marked difference between the two buildings was not secured by means of appropriate symbols and devices in the decorations and details. The cross or the crown for the church and the mask or the lyre for the theatre-those things are proper and right, but only matters of detail; but the character of the ensemble is the vital and determining thing. If there is no more need of studying this character, then architecture is no more the art of design, but only the mechanical art of building. Not only is this true, but when the architect selects a style from the past he buries his own individuality under it, and it is a heavy weight for him to carry; for no matter how clever or able he may be, and no matter how much he may know about the style, his building will look more like the work of an archæologist than of an architect. His art will be only like the making of machinery, the working of the hand and the head together; but it will never be a fine art until the hand, the head, and the heart all work together to give character to the building.

The two parties with which we must contend are, on the one hand, those who would break with the past, and, on the other, those who would select from the past according to their own fancy.

Style, in its growth, has always been governed by the universal law of development. If from the early times, when painting, sculpture, and architecture were so closely combined, we trace their progress through their gradual development and consequent differentiation, we can but be impressed by the way in which one style has been evolved from another. This evolution has always kept pace with the progress of the political, religious, and economic spirit of each successive age. It has made itself felt unconsciously in the architect's designs, under the imperatives of new practical problems, and of new requirements and conditions imposed upon him. This continuity in the history of architecture is universal. As in nature the types and species of life have kept

pace with the successive modifications of lands and seas, so has architectural style in its growth and development until now kept pace with the successive modifications of civilization. For the principles of development should be as dominant in art as they are in nature. The laws of natural selection and of the survival of the fittest have shaped the history of architectural style just as truly as they have the different successive forms of life. Hence the necessity that we keep and cultivate the historic spirit, and that we respect our historic position and relations, and that we more and more realize in our designs the fresh demands of our time and of our environment.

Therefore, before we can in any way indicate what style properly belongs to our time, we must first realize our historic position and the distinctive characteristics of our civilization. What determining change have we had in the spirit and methods of life since the revival of learning and the Reformation to justify us in abandoning the Renaissance, or in reviving mediæval art, Romanesque, Gothic, Byzantine, or any other style? Only the most radical changes in the history of civilization, such as, for example, the dawn of the Christian era and of the Reformation, or the revival of learning, have brought with them correspondingly radical changes in architectural style. Some minds may with propriety desire in ecclesiastical matters to subordinate the nineteenth century to the Middle Age. This may influence but it cannot suppress the spirit of the time, which, under the laws of historic development in art, inevitably demands its own modes of expression.

Were it necessary, we could trace two distinctly parallel lines — one, the history of civilization; the other, the history of style in art. In each case we should find a gradual development, a quick succession of events, a revival, perhaps almost a revolution, and the consequent reaction, always together, like cause and effect, showing that architecture and life must correspond. In order to build a living architecture, we must build as we live.

We could multiply illustrations without limit. The battlements and machicolated cornices of the Romanesque, the thick walls and the small windows placed high above the floor, tell us of an age when every man's house was indeed his castle, his fortress, and stronghold.

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We are told, perhaps in exaggerated terms, that in Gothic times poverty and filth, pests and epidemics, vice and immorality, were such as to drive many of the noblest natures to find refuge and comfort in the monotony of cloisters and monasteries, in disgust and despair for the outward world. The style, not the composition, of Gothic architecture is the expression of that feverish and morbid aspiration peculiar to such mediæval life. The results are great, but they are the outcome of a disordered social status. The men who entered the cloister came with heavy hearts, mournful and morbid, seeing only the miserable side of life; fear was dominant with them, and saints often were self-tortured. In the interiors of the monasteries they found shadows and studied mysticism. Such a state of mind could in no wise be satisfied with the simple architectural forms of classic timesthe architrave and the column. They aspired to lofty columns that would exalt and bewilder. After a thousand years of this morbid mystic life there came an inevitable reaction, a natural desire to return to the original simplicity of the early Christian life, and at the same time to those simple forms of classic architecture which were existing when Christianity first came into the world, and for some generations afterward. It was not a desire to return to paganism, but a desire to begin again; it was a desire to develop the original classic forms in accordance with their new life. The Roman recognition of the arch as a rational and beautiful form of construction, and the necessity for the elaboration of the floor plan, were among the causes which developed the style of the Greeks into what is now recognized as Roman architecture. We can explain the geometrical and intricate forms in Moorish design only when we remember that the Koran, and all the religious scruples of the Moors, would not allow the artist to introduce in his work anything that would suggest the forms of organic life. We might enumerate such illustrations indefinitely. If one age looks at things differently from another age, it must express things differently.

With the revival of learning, with the new conceptions of philosophy and religion, with the great discoveries and inventions, with the altered political systems, with the fall of the Eastern Empire, with the birth of modern science and lit-

erature, and manifold other changes over all Europe, came the dawn of the modern world; and with this modern world there was evolved what we should now recognize as the modern architecture, the Renaissance, which pervaded all the arts, and which has since engrossed the thought and labor of the first masters in art. This Renaissance is a distinctive style in itself, which, with natural variations of character, has been existing for almost four hundred years.

So great were the changes in thought and life during the Renaissance period that the forms of architecture which had prevailed for a thousand years were inadequate to the needs of the new civilization, to its demands for greater refinement of thought, for larger truthfulness. to nature, for less mystery in forms of expression, and for greater convenience for practical living. Out of these necessities of the times the Renaissance style was evolved, and around no other style have been accumulated such vast stores. of knowledge and experience, under the lead of the great masters of Europe. Therefore whatever we now build, whether church or dwelling, the law of historic development requires that it be Renaissance.

All branches of art have contributed to the embellishment of this style; no other is so thoroughly expressive of the artistic feeling of the age in which we live. We must remember that all the other arts are in a measure dependent upon architecture, as architecture is dependent upon them. The very nature of this relationship requires that there should be harmony between all the arts.

Many of the greatest works ever done by sculptor or painter have been actually parts of buildings or of architectural monuments, and have had to conform to and harmonize with the architecture. In order to illustrate this fact, consider a few of the most conspicuous of the innumerable examples of sculpture, such as the work of Phidias on the Parthenon, or of Michael Angelo on the Medici tombs. Donatello's bass-reliefs, Luca della Robbia's faiences, and Ghiberti's bronzes only need to be mentioned to suggest the architecture with which they compose and harmonize. If we consider French sculpture, where can we find it united more harmoniously with architecture than in the Court of Henry II. at the Louvre, and in the Fountain des Innocents—works of Jean Goujon and Pierre Lescot. See how the architect Percier worked in unison with the sculptors Rude and Étex on the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile! If we were to undertake to mention examples of the paintings that have decorated the walls of buildings composing and harmonizing with the architecture, we would not know where to begin. Probably more than half of the greatest paintings known, such as those in the Stanze of Raphael at the Vatican, and his Sibyls in the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, might be mentioned to illustrate this truth.

Imagine the anachronism of trying to satisfy our comparatively realistic tastes with Gothic sculpture or Gothic painting made by modern artists!

If we believe the Renaissance architecture has suffered from a reaction, we can do away with the effects of that reaction in our art, just as we are now doing in our life: but we cannot do away with the revival of learning and the Reformation. We cannot work in the Gothic, or in any other mediæval style, unless we return to the Gothic or mediæval life. We are certainly farther from such a life to-day than ever before; yet never until the present generation have architects presumed to choose from the past any style in the hope to do as well as was done in the time to which that style belonged. In other times they would not even restore or add to a historic building in the style in which it was first conceived. It is interesting to notice how the Renaissance architect was even able to complete a tower or add an arcade or extend a building, following the general lines of the original composition without following its style. Of course it would be better if possible not to add to a historic building. but to do only what is necessary to its preservation.

Most architects admit that the so-called Victorian Gothic was a failure, and it has had a fair trial in England by two or three men of marked ability. This is only because the life was Victorian and not Gothic. The modern Romanesque, of which we see so much, must prove a failure, because we are not living the Romanesque life of the ninth or eleventh century; and this too will sooner or later make itself known. Rounded corners, stumpy columns, and low arches do not constitute a style in architecture. The

revival of the Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, and all other mediæval styles can be at best but an unnatural adaptation to modern thinking and living.

In every case where the mediæval style has been attempted in modern times the result has shown a want of life and spirit, simply because it was an anachronism. The result has always been cold, lifeless, and uninteresting. It is without sympathy with the present or a germ of hope for the future—the skeleton of what once was. We should of course study, admire, and be influenced by the different styles of other ages—recognizing them as equally beautiful—but we cannot revive them.

It would be as difficult for the coming centuries to explain the style of Notre Dame of Paris, of Lincoln Cathedral, or of St. Mark's of Venice as representing the nineteenth century as it would be for us to imagine the Parthenon or the Erechtheum as representing the Middle Age.

We should study and develop the Renaissance, and adapt it to our modern conditions and wants, so that future generations can see that it has truly interpreted our life. We can interest those who come after us only as we thus accept our true historic position and develop what has come to us. Without this we shall be only copyists, or be making poor adaptations of what never was really ours.

Beginning with the reign of Augustus, as we study the successive centuries, we are surprised to find the architecture resembling the Renaissance; but how striking and interesting this is, when we remember that life in those early centuries was so like what it has been since the Reformation!

The Roman basilicas, once pagan edifices, were entirely regenerated under the all-pervading influence of the new Christian spirit; so that the life of the people transformed style where it could not create it. Without Constantine or St. Augustine and their times we should never have had San Lorenzo or Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

The time *must* come, and. I believe, in the near future, when architects of necessity will be educated in one style, and that the style of their own time. They will be so familiar with what will have become a settled conviction, and so loyal to it, that the entire question of style, which at present seems to be determined by fashion, fancy, or ignorance, will be kept subservient to the great principles of composition, which are now more or less smothered in the general confusion.

It is better to do a small thing imperfectly, yet in the spirit of the time, than a monumental thing brilliantly, but in a mediæval spirit. Whoever demands of an architect a style not in keeping with the spirit of the time is responsible for retarding the normal progress of the art. We must have a language if we would talk. If there be no common language for a people there can be no communication of ideas, either architectural or literary. Compare a workman of to-day building a Gothic church, slavishly following his detail drawings, with a workman of the thirteenth century, doing such detail work as was directed by the architect, but with as much freedom, interest, and devotion in making a small capital as the architect had in the entire structure; perhaps doing penance for his sins, he praises God with every chisel stroke. His life interest is in that small capital; for him work is worship, and his life is one continuous psalm of praise. The detail of the capital, while beautiful, may be grotesque; but there is honest life in it. To imitate it to-day, without that life, would be affectation. Now, a Gothic church is built by men whose one interest is to increase their wages and diminish their working-hours. Such work is not worship, because it has not the fanatic spirit. The best Gothic work has been done, and cannot be repeated. When attempted, it will always lack that mediæval spirit of devotion, which is the life of mediæval architecture.

What an inspiration there is in working for and with one's own time! How much devotion there is when one's ideal is higher than anything that has ever been done! No matter how short we may come of it, we are reaching forward instead of backward. We are carrying on and developing the natural course of things in the true historic spirit. While repressing the reactions and excesses of the Renaissance, we can retain some of the more vital principles of other styles; for true principles of art never change, excepting in times of revolution. But the style, which is of the life, we cannot retain when the life has changed. The intellectual must in a measure replace the blind devotional.

In our ecclesiastical work this need not

prevent our having a distinctly religious Renaissance, but we can put into our architecture only as much real religion as is alive in the church. If the world is advancing towards a higher and nobler religious life than has been known, there is no reason why we should not advance towards a more religious and nobler architecture. I believe that we shall one day rejoice in the dawn of a modern Renaissance, which, as has always been the case, will be guided by the fundamental principles of the classic. It will be a modern Renaissance, because it will be influenced by the conditions of modern life. It will be the work of the Renaissance architect solving new problems, adapting his art to an honest and natural treatment of new materials. Will he not also be unconsciously influenced by the nineteenth-century spirit of economy, and by the application of his art to all modern industries and speculations ? Only when we come to recognize our true historic position and the principles of continuity in history, when we allow the spirit of our life to be the spirit of our style, recognizing first of all that all form and all design are the natural and legitimate outcome of the nature or purpose of the object to be madeonly then can we hope to find a genuine style everywhere asserting itself. Then we shall see that consistency of style which has existed in all times until the present generation; then we shall find it in every performance of man's ingenuity, in the work of the artist or the artisan, from the smallest and most insignificant jewel or book cover to the noblest monument of human invention or creation, from the most trivial and ordinary kitchen utensil to the richest and most costly furniture or decoration that adorns our dwelling. France has a distinctly modern Renaissance architecture which thoroughly represents the life of the people; and herein lies the secret of her success. Her architects work in unison, and in a style which for future generations will always represent the nineteenth century. There are Americans who would say that modern French architecture is wanting in good taste. But who can define good taste? It changes with climate, and is a national question; while style changes only with time, and is a historical question. We must all work and wait patiently for the day to come when we too shall work in unison with our time.



SOMEBODY has said that we are trying in this country government by mediocrity. Some one else has said that our system of education favors this trial, because it does not train the mass of voters in habits of correct observation, or discipline the powers of reason and discrimination. It is a vast system, imposing in its magnitude, in its comprehensive sweep, and wonderful in its detail of organization. It is a marvellous machine. Its results are not all that was expected of it. Is this the fault of the machine or of those in charge of it? That the system, which embraces the primary and secondary schools and the colleges-or universities, as some of them like to be called-needs overhauling and readjustment is evident. Efforts are constantly made to this end, and it is admitted that as to method the primary and secondary schools and the colleges have all been essentially transformed within the last quarter of a century. But that much more remains to be done, not only for the machine, but for the spirit in which it is run, is so evident that no educators are content with the present situation. Many, indeed, have grave doubts about machine-made education, and whether the finished product of the mind of man can be turned out like the finished product of iron and cotton. Among the efforts to overhaul the system, none is more noteworthy, and perhaps none more important in this generation. than that made by the National Education Association in 1892, which resulted in the Report of the Committee of Ten on Secondary School Studies, and which is published by the United States Bureau of Education. The authority thus given to this report brings it forward for national consideration, and asks for the popularization of its suggestions. At the risk, therefore, of repeating what is known to experts in education, it is proper to give here a brief sketch of this report.

In July, 1892, the National Education Association appointed a Committee of Ten to organize conferences of school and college teachers upon each principal subject which enters into the programmes of secondary schools, and into require-

ments of admission to college. This Committee of Ten, of which President Eliot. of Harvard, was chairman, represented colleges and high-schools in all sections of the country. It met in November, and upon reports from a large number of secondary schools as to subjects taught (which are about forty), and time allotted these subjects, it decided to organize conferences on the following subjects: 1, Latin; 2, Greek; 3, English; 4, Other Modern Languages; 5, Mathematics; 6, Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry; 7. Natural History (Biology, including Botany, Zoology, and Physiology); 8, History, Civil Government, and Political Economy; 9, Geography (Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology). It was decided that each conference should consist of ten members, and these were selected with regard to scholarship and experience, a fair division between colleges and schools, and the proper geographical distribution of the total membership. These nine conferences, with a total of ninety members, met in different parts of the country, and remained in session three days. The reports of these conferences were printed in October, 1893, and in November the Committee of Ten made their report upon the results of all the conferences. The Committee of Ten say that the nine reports are characterized by an amount of agreement which quite surpasses the most sanguine expectations. Although many of the recommendations are of a radical nature, the spirit of the conferences was conservative and moderate, and there was in all a recognition of the necessity of accommodation as to the time to be allotted to each study. Some of the questions submitted were these: In the course extending approximately from the age of six years to eighteen, covering both elementary and secondary instruction, at what age should the study which is the subject of the conference be introduced? How much time should be devoted to it in the whole or part of the course? In what form and to what extent should it be a requisite for admission to college? Should the subject be treated differently for pupils going to college and those who are not? What is

the college admission examination? Great tive part of the education in this country variety exists in the subjects taught and is that of secondary schools." This broad the time allotted to them in secondary statement may well frighten those who schools. was to winnow out the less important the first comment upon it, suggested by subjects, to bring about some uniformity as to studies and time allotments, and in requirements for college admissions. As to training, it is the opinion of the conferences that the best discipline for those going to college is also best for those who go no further than the secondary school. They were unanimous in saying that every subject which is taught at all in a secondary school should be taught in the same way and to the same extent to every pupil so long as he pursues it, no matter what the probable destination of the pupil may be, or at what point his education is to cease. Thus, for all pupils who study Latin or history or algebra, for example, the allotment of time and the method of instruction in a given school should be the same year by year. Not that all the pupils should pursue every subject for the same number of years; but so long as they do pursue it they should be treated alike. This principle, if logically carried out, will make a great simplification in secondary-school programmes. The Committee of Ten also say that the recommendations of the conferences might fairly be held to make all the main subjects taught in the secondary schools of equal rank for the purposes of admission to college or scientific school. They would all be taught consecutively and thoroughly, and would all be carried on in the same spirit; they would all be used for training the powers of observation, memory, expression, and reasoning; and they would all be good to that end, although differing among themselves in quality and substance. This volume, in addition to the report of the Committee of Ten, contains the reports of the nine conferences. It is impossible in our space to convey any adequate idea of the scope of the recommendations, suggestions, and programmes in this mass of testimony. At best, only some general observations can be made upon some topics which these exhaustive reports suggest.

In his letter submitting these reports

the best mode of testing attainments at agreed on all hands that the most defec-The effort of the conferences know what the primary schools are, and these reports, is that each one in its radical recommendations reaches down into the primary schools, and begins its reform in them. The training of the pupil, either for college or for life without college, is treated as a whole from the earliest years, but it is evident that the great drawback to the efficiency of the secondary schools is want of adequate preparation and training in the primary schools. With the exception of Greek, almost all the topics are considered with reference to the first steps in education. As might be expected, great stress is laid upon this in English, in literature, in history, and in the rudiments of natural history. In regard to Latin there is no recommendation for an increase of the quantity necessary to admission to college, but for an improvement in the quality, and that the study of it should be begun not later than the age of fourteen, and to this end a modification of the grammar-school courses is necessary. In England and on the Continent the study of Latin is begun from four to six years earlier than with Radical changes are recommended us. in Latin and Greek. These go to the thorough understanding and use of both languages, a mastery of them; that is to say that Latin and Greek should be taught, and not merely some specimens of the Latin and Greek literatures; that they should be taught not for the sake of passing examinations in specified books or passages, but for the acquirement of the languages. These studies are commonly not continued through even the college years. There is much complaint in the higher special schools-for instance, in Theology-that the graduates who come to them have not a working knowledge of Latin and Greek for the purpose of their special studies. We fancy that there would be less complaint of waste of time in the classics if thorough knowledge of these languages was usually acquired. One of the recommendations of the report is that a test of admission to college should be the ability to read Latin and Greek at sight. As to English, the test to the Secretary of the Interior, Commis- must be ability to write English. The sioner W. T. Harris says: "It has been education must begin in the earliest school of the course. The report says that the judge of their fitness. It lies within the admission of a student to college, so far observation of every reader of this paraas English is concerned, should be made graph that many of these so-called teachto depend largely upon his ability to write ers are ignorant girls and young men English, as shown in his examination scantily educated, whose knowledge is books on other subjects. The recommendations for reorganization of the spirit and quality of education reach down even to the kindergarten.

III.

There is unanimity of opinion in these conferences upon another thing, and that is the necessity of better teachers for all schools, and of the importance of the teacher over the text-book. And this touches the radical defect of our American system, and especially in the primary schools. It looks like an admirable machine, and its bad running is due to poor engineers. To change the figure, it may be said that we are trying to make the pyramid stand on its apex. It is admitted, of course, that the most important thing is a standard, and that the greatest we are trying to make our educational peril to education is the attempt to lower and vulgarize the higher institutions, but at the same time the whole idea and practice of the primary instruction need a thorough overhauling, not only in the interest of the higher education, but of the common intelligence upon which we rely for decent government. All the conferences insist upon the necessity of bettertrained and better-informed teachers, and these are specially needed in the primary "We urge," says one, "that at schools. all stages and in all parts of the study of geography the teacher, rather than the text-book, should lead the class. The textbook should be kept in its proper place as The pupil is inspired with a desire to know, an aid and not as a master, and mere lesson-learning should never be allowed to himself. This inspiration and this guidreplace actual teaching." In order to im- ance can only come from teachers who prove the quality of the teachers, it is recommended that we have more and better normal schools, where men and women ened mind requires more external power shall be trained to teach, and be drilled in the complete mastery of the subjects which they attempt to teach. This recommendation is vital, but the difficulty is deeper than this, for it lies in the wide-spread misapprehension that it is less important to have good teachers in the lower schools than in the higher. As a matter of fact, the majority of the common schools of this schools, down to the infant classes, we

years, and it must pervade all the subjects committee men wholly incompetent to bounded by the text-books which they follow with their pupils. They are incapable of teaching, they can only hear the lessons which they cannot illuminate, and they cannot inspire their scholars with love of learning, or even with curiosity about the world. Nay, even in the secondary schools are found these text-book teachers who cannot write English, and whose knowledge is strictly limited to the narrow horizon of the lessons they hear recited. For this state of things the public is to blame. No good results can be expected when the ignorant teach the ignorant. The error lies in the popular fallacy that almost anybody can teach children.

IV

This is what we mean by saying that pyramid stand on its apex. The truth is that the best talent, the widest knowledge, the utmost skill, are needed in the primary school. The prime object of the school is to awaken the mind of the child. Many pupils go through the primaries, through the secondary schools, and possibly through college, without having their minds awakened, without having their enthusiasm aroused to the same eager interest in the school studies that they manifest in football, for instance. Once the mind is awakened and guided to explore the knowledge of the world, the most difficult task of the educator is accomplished. and instructed how to find out things for have knowledge and the skill of imparting it in a marked degree. The unawakto arouse it than to keep it going in wellmarked grooves. This is understood in asylums for the deaf-mutes and for idiots. In those the very ablest teachers take the beginners in intelligence. We shall begin to handle this problem of education intelligently only when we recognize the truth that for teachers of the primary country are in the hands of teachers poor- must have men and women of the first ly paid, who are placed there by school- qualifications, of broad knowledge and liberal culture and character, and that we scientiously according to their lights. must pay them as high a price for their But it is for the public to consider that services as we pay teachers in the second- the best teachers are required in laying ary schools, at least. And this will pay as the foundations of education, and that it a State policy. If in the most benighted school district in this country the district school were in the hands of a teacher vital interest, and deserves to be widely of high quality in learning and character, no one doubts that in ten or twenty years that community would be entirely transformed, intellectually and morally.

The conference on history recommends that it be taught for eight consecutive years. But history is a knowledge of human life, and its unfolding really begins in the kindergarten. . History is a unit. No portion of it, even the limited history of a State or county, can be well taught by a person who has not a comprehensive view of it as a unit. No study is more fruitless than that of history in a routine text-book of names and dates, unless it be the study of literature in the same way. The teacher of history must know history, and the teacher of literature must know literature. It is of course impossible in eight years to impart any detailed knowledge of history; but the able teacher can in that time give a knowledge of its sweep and unity, of the relative significance and importance of certain periods, and possibly detailed knowledge of some portions of it, say the history of the pupil's own coun-This is also true of the nature of try. civil government, and especially of the government under which the scholar lives. Nothing perhaps is more needed now in this republic than a knowledge of its fundamental character and laws, and it is one of the weaknesses of our educational system that it fails to give this to those who pass through our primary schools. We might go further and say that those who read our newspapers know that we are not exaggerating the ignorance in regard to our own government, or of other forms of government, or of fundamental social laws evolved in the experience of the race. In a few highly developed schools, both primary and secondary, these subjects are taken up with the most encouraging results; but how is it in the majority of the district schools of the country? And even if these subjects were taken up, where are the teachers to teach them ? This is no attack upon the body of teachers, most of whom are ill paid even for the services they render, and most of whom also are working con-

is good economy to pay for the best.

This report raises many questions of studied. But no suggestion that it makes is of more importance than the one of the inadequacy of the teachers for the work required. In vaiv shall we elaborate and perfect our system if that fact is lost sight of.

V.

The death of Constance Fenimore Woolson is deplored by the entire literary fraternity of this country. We speak of her literary associates rather than of the army of readers who followed her with delight, because they were probably more sensible of her refined and painstaking literary art. She had such a high conception of her art that she thought no pains too great in whatever she undertook. She respected her public, and never offered it crude work. Her conscience was never set at ease by popularity, and to the last her standard was not popular favor, but her own high conception of her office as a writer. Her short stories, probably all of them, were written over again and again, and some of her novels were rewritten as many as five or six times, and she followed her productions into print with the same longing to revise that Coleridge felt for his poems. She was never satisfied, and her example was a constant protest against hasty and slovenly composition. This patience in creative genius is not common, and it always gave Miss Woolson a certain distinction. It is sometimes supposed that original strength is impaired by too much revision, but there is no doubt that the work of this novelist gained in beauty, ease, and finish by her labor on it. The processes by which writers reach their results differ. Some write slowly, determine the idea and its form of expression before committing anything to paper, and make the needed choice and exercise the exclusion as they go along, so that the first draught is essentially the best they can do. But others pour out their thoughts on paper with little regard to selection and refusal, and trust to repeated revision for the ultimate form. The danger in the latter course, if the writer becomes popular, is to the honor of Miss Woolson that no temptation of good pay for easy work ever impaired her conscience or lowered her standard. She valued her art. It is in this aspect that we speak here of the loss to us in her departure. To attempt an estimate of her as a novelist would be impossible in this space. She .Southern rivers and on the Southern was among the first in America to bring the short story to its present excellence, that is, the short story as a social study in distinction from the sketch of character and the relation of incident. In the Southern field, since so widely developed, she was a pioneer. She saw its possibilities, and in such stories as Rodman the Keeper led the way by examples that in some respects have not been surpassed. She was an observer, a sympathetic observer and a refined observer, entering sufficiently into the analytic mode of the time, but she had courage to deal with the passions, and life as it is. Her pictures are real, but they are painted with

that he grows careless and sloppy. It is the ideality inseparable from the highbred literary artist. With all her reality she had a very poetic conception of nature. It is remarkable that while she makes you see the photographic barrenness of the Northern lake shores and the raw utilitarian settlements, and also the shabbiness of the thriftless life along the plantations, she makes you feel the poetic charm in both cases. Some of her best work is in the short stories of the international type, where the American character is deployed on the romantic background of European scenery and associations. These have lightness of touch, grace of form, and atmospheric charm, together with satisfactory completeness. There lived among our writers no one in fuller sympathy with American life and character, none prouder of her country and all that is best in it, and no one who brought to the task of delineating them a clearer moral vision and a more refined personality.



POLITICAL.

O^{UR} Record is closed on the 5th of March.-Senator Edward D. White was nominated by President Cleveland to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court on February 19th, and his nomination was the same day confirmed by the Senate.

John Y. McKane, convicted of election frauds at Gravesend, Long Island, was sentenced to six years imprisonment in Sing Sing on February 19th. During the month several election officials were convicted and sentenced in New York and Brooklyn for fraudulent transactions at the polls.

Galusha A. Grow was elected Congressman at large from Pennsylvania on the Republican ticket on February 20th, by a plurality of 188,000 votes.

Several hundred men gathered on Boston Common on February 20th and marched into the State House with threats to demand work. Governor Greenhalge faced the mob, which retreated after a sharp reprimand of its leaders.

A mass-meeting in Trafalgar Square, London, on February 18th, at which three members of Parliament spoke, adopted a resolution asking for the abolition of the House of Lords.

The eighty-fourth birthday of Pope Leo XIII. was celebrated in Rome on March 2d with imposing ceremonies.

Mr. Gladstone's resignation from the British Premiership was accepted by the Queen on March 3d, and the Earl of Rosebery, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was appointed to succeed him.

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DISASTERS.

February 12th.-Émile Henry, an anarchist, threw a bomb in the café of the Hôtel Terminus, in Paris, injuring twenty persons. Many winter residents and visitors left Paris. There was a second bomb explosion in a hotel on February 20th. Many arrests of anarchists were made in France and England.

February 12th and 13th .- A heavy storm swept over northwestern Europe, destroying shipping and houses along the British coast. In Germany many lives were lost. A severe snow-storm, stretching from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic coast, raged at the same time. More than thirty human lives were lost in Oklahoma alone, and thousands of cattle perished in the blizzard.

February 16th .- Forty-one men were killed and many wounded by a boiler explosion on the German cruiser Brandenburg at Kiel.

OBITUARY.

February 13th .- At Cairo, Egypt, Hans von Bülow, pianist.

February 19th .- At New York, Joseph Keppler, cartoonist, aged fifty-six years

February 24th .- At New York, Norman L. Munro, publisher, aged fifty-one years. February 25th.—In New Mexico, Steele Mackaye,

playwright and actor, aged fifty-two years.

March 1st .- At Evanston, Illinois, William Frederick Poole, editor of Poole's Index, aged seventythree years.



THE SECOND MRS. SLIMM.

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART.

EZRA SLIMM was a widower of nearly a year, and, as a consequence, was in the state of mind not unusual in like circumstances.

True, the said state of mind had not in his case manifested itself in the toilet bloomings, friskiness of demeanor, and protestations of youth renewed which had characterized the first signs of the same in the usual run of Simpkinsville widowers up to date. If he had for several months been mentally casting about for another wife, he had betrayed it by no outward and visible sign. The fact is Ezra's case was somewhat exceptional, as we shall presently see.

Although quite diminutive in size, there was in his bearing, as with hands clasped behind him he paced up and down before his lonely fireside, a distinct dignity that was not only essentially manly—it was gentlemanly.

The refinement of feeling underlying this no doubt aggravated the dilemma in which he found himself, and which we cannot sooner comprehend than by attending to his soliloquy as he reviewed his trials in the following somewhat rambling fashion:

"No, 'twouldn't never do in the world never, never. "Twouldn't never do to marry any o' these girls round here thet knows all my ups an' downs with—with pore Jinny. "Twouldn't never do. Any girl thet knew thet her husband had been chastised by his first wife the way I've been would think thet ef she got fretted she was lettin' im off easy on a tongue -lashin'. An' I s'pose they is times when any woman gits sort o' wrought up, livin' day in an' day out with a man. No, 'twouldn't never do," he repeated, as, thrusting both hands in his pockets, he stopped before the fire, and steadying the top of his head against the mantel, studied the logs for a moment.

"An' so the day pore Jinny took it upon herself to lay me acrost her lap an' punish me in the presence of sech ill-mannered persons ez has seen fit to make a joke of it—though I don't see where the fun comes in—well, that day she settled the hash for number two so fur ez this town goes.

"No, 'twouldn't never do in the world! Even ef she never throwed it up to me, I'd be suspicious. She couldn't even to say clap her hands together to kill a mosquito less'n I'd think she was insinuatin'. Au' jest ez quick ez any man s'picions thet his wife is a-naggin' him intentional, it's good-by happiness.

"Ef 'twasn't for that, of co'se they's more'n one young woman roun' this county thet any man might go further an' do worse than git.

"Of co'se I don't hold it agin Jinny, now she's gone, but-"

He had resumed his promenade, extending it through a second room as he proceeded:

"-but it do seem strange how a woman gifted in prayer ez she was, an' with all her instinks religious the way hers was, should o' been allowed to take sech satisfaction in naggin' the very one she agonized most over in prayer, which I know she done over me, for I've heerd 'er. An' ef she had o' once-t mentioned me to the Lord confidential ez a person fitten to commingle with the chernbim an' seraphim, 'stid of a pore lost sinner not fitten to bresh up their wing-feathers for 'em, I b'lieve I might o' give in. I don't wonder I 'ain't never had a call to enter the Kingdom on her ricommendation. "Twouldn't o' been fair to the innocent angels thet 'd o' been called on to associate with me. That's the way I look at it.

"An' yit Jinny 'lowed herself thet my out. 'ard ac's was good, but bein' ez they didn't spring from a converted heart, they was jest nachel hypocercy, an' thet ef I'd o' lied an' stole, or even answered her back, she'd o' had more hope for me, because, sez she, a 'consistent sinner is ap' to make a consistent Christian.'

"She even tol' me one day—pore Jinny! I can see her face light up now when she said it—sez she, 'I'm ac-chilly most afeerd to see you converted, less'n you'll break ont in some devilment you never thought about before, you're that inconsistent.'

"Sometimes I feel mean to think I don't miss 'er more'n what I do—au' she so lively, too. Tell the truth, I miss them little devils she used to print on the butter pads she set at my plate ez a warnin' to me—seem to me I miss them jest about ez much ez I miss her.

"The nearest I ever did come to answerin' her back—'cept, of co'se, the time she chastised me—was the way I used regular to heat my knife-blade good an' hot 'twix' two battercakes an' flatten that devil out delib'rate. But he'd be back nex' day, pitchfork an' all.

"But with it all Jinny loved me—in her own way, of co'se. Doubt if I'll ever git another to love me ez well; 'n' don't know ez I crave it, less'n she was different dispositioned.

"I've done paid her all the respects I know —put up a fine Bible-texted tombstone for her, an' had her dagnerrytype enlarged to a po'tr'it. I don't know's I'm obligated to do any more, 'cep'n, of co'se, to wait till the year's out, which, not havin' no young children in need of a mother, I couldn't hardly do less than do." It was about a week after this that Ezra sat beside his fire reading his paper, when his eye happened to fall upon the following paragraph among the "personals":

"The Claybank Academy continues to thrive under the able management of Miss Myrtle Musgrove. That accomplished and popular young lady has abolished the use of the rod, and by substituting the law of kindness built up the most flourishing academy in the State."

Ezra read the notice three times. Then he laid the paper down, and clapping his hand upon it, exclaimed: "Well, I'll be doggoned ef that ain't the woman for me! Any girl thet

could teach a county school an' abolish whuppin' -not only a chance to do it, but a crowd o' young rascals it, all needin around 'er, an' her not doin' it ! Au' yit some other persons has been known to strain a p'int to whup a person they 'ain't rightly got no business to whup." He read the notice "Purty again. name that, too, Myrtle Musgrove. Sounds like a girl to go out walkin' with in the grove moonlight nights, Myrtle Musgrove does.

"I declare, I ain't to say religious, but I b'lieve that notice was sent to me providential.

"Of co'se, maybe she wouldn't look at me ef I ast her; but one thing shore, she can't if I don't.

"Claybank is a good hunderd miles from here, 'n'I couldn't leave the farm now noways; besides, the day I start a-makin' trips from home, talk 'll start, an' I'll be watched close-ter 'n what I'm watched now. But th' ain't nothin' to hender me writin'-ez I can see."

This idea, once in his mind, lent a new impulse to Ezra's life, a fresh spring to his gait, so evident to solicitons eyes that during the next week even his dog had a way of running up and sniffing about him, as if asking what had happened.

An era of hope had dawned for the hitherto downcast man simply because Miss Myrtle Musgrove, a woman he had never seen, had abolished whipping in a distant school.

Two weeks passed before Ezra saw his way clearly to write the proposed letter, but he did, nevertheless, in the interval, walk up and down his butter - beau arbor on moonlight



"I'M AC-CHILLY MOST AFEERD TO SEE YOU CONVERTED."

nights, imagining Miss Myrtle beside him-Miss Myrtle, named for his favorite flower. He kad preferred the violet, but he had changed his mind. Rose colored crape myrtles were blooming in his garden at the time. Maybe this was why he began to think of her as a pinkfaced langhing girl, typified by the blushing flower. Everything was so absolutely real in her setting that the ideal girl walked, a definite embodiment of his fancy, night after night by his side, and whether it was from his life habit or an intuitive fancy, he looked upward into her face. He had always liked tall women.

And all this time he was trying to frame a suitable letter to the real "popular and accomplished Miss Musgrove" of Claybank Academy.

Finally, however, the ambitious and flowery document was finished.

It would be unfair to him whose postscript read, "For Your Eyes alone," to quote in full, for the vulgar gratification of prying eyes, the pathetic missive that told again the old story of a lonely home, the needed woman. But when it was sent, Ezra found the circuit of the butter-bean arbor too circumscribed a promenade, and began taking the imaginary Miss Myrtle with him down through his orchard and potato-patch.

It was during these moonlight communings that he seemed to discover that she listened while he talked—a new experience to Ezra and that even when he expressed his awful doubts as to the existence of a personal devil she only smiled, and thought he might be right.

Oh, the joy of such companionship! But, oh, the slowness of the mails!

A mouth passed, and Ezra was beginning to give up all hope of ever having an answer to his letter, when one day it came, a dainty envelope with the Claybank postmark.

Miss Musgrove thanked him for his letter. She would see him. It would not be convenient now, but would he not come down to the academy's closing exercises in June—a month later ? Until then she was very respectfully his friend, Myrtle Musgrove.

The next month was the longest in Ezra's life. Still, the Lord's calendar is faithful, and the snn not a waiter upon the moods of men.

In twenty-nine days exactly Ezra stood with throbbing heart at the door of Claybank Academy, and in a moment more he had slipped into a back seat of the crowded room, where a young orator was ringing Poe's "Bells" through all the varying tones of his changing voice to a rapt andience of relations and friends. Here unobserved he hoped to recover his self-possession, remove the beads of perspiration one by one from his brow with the corner of his neatly folded handkerchief, and perhaps from this vantage-ground even enjoy the delight of recognizing Miss Myrtle without an introduction.

He had barely deposited his hat beueath his

chair when there burst upon his delighted vision a radiant, dark-eyed, red-haired creature in pink, sitting head and shoulders above her companions on a bench set at right angles with the audience seats, in front of the house. There were a number of women in the row, and they were without bonnets. Evidently these were the teachers, and of course the pink goddess was Miss Myrtle Musgrove.

Ezra never knew whether the programme was long or short. "Casabianca" had merged into "The Queen o' the May," which in turn had swelled into the closing notes of "America," and everybody was standing up, pupils filing out, guests shaking hands, babel reigning, and he had seen only a single, towering, handsome woman in all the assembly.

Indeed, it had never occurred to him to doubt his own intuition, until suddenly he heard his own name quite near, and turning quickly, saw a stont matronly woman of forty years or thereabouts standing beside him, extending her hand.

Every unmarried woman is a "young lady" by conress south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"I knew you as soon as I saw you, Mr. Slimm," she was saying. "I am Miss Musgrove. But you didn't know me," she added, archly, while Ezra made his bravest effort at cordiality, seizing her hand in an agony which it is better not to attempt to describe.

Miss Musgrove's face was wholesome, and so kindly that not even a cross-eye had power to spoil it. But Ezra saw only the plain middleaged woman—the contrast to the blooming divinity whose image yet filled his sonl. And he was committed to her who held his hand, unequivocally committed in writing. If he sent heavenward an agonized prayer for deliverance from a trying crisis, his petition was soon answered. And the merciful instrument was even she of the cross-eye. Before he had found need of a word of his own, she had drawn him aside, and was saying,

"You see, Mr. Slimm, the only trouble with me is that I am already married."

"Married!" gasped Ezra, trying in vain to keep the joy out of his voice. "Married, you --you don't mean---"

"Yes, married to my profession — the only husband I shall ever take. But your letter attracted me. I am a Normal School psychology student — a hard name for a well-meaning woman — and it seemed to me you were worth investigating. So I investigated. Then I knew you ought to be helped. And so I sent for you, and I am going to introduce you to three of the nicest girls in Dixie; and if you can't find a wife among them, then you are not so clever as I think you—that's all about it. And here comes one of them now. Kitty, step here a minute, please. Miss Deems, my friend Mr. Slimm."

And Miss Myrtle Musgrove was off across the room before Ezra's gasp had fully expanded into the smile with which he greeted Miss

Kitty Deems, a buxom lass with freckles and dimples enough to hold her own anywhere.

Two other delightful young women were presented at intervals during the afternoon in about the same fashion, and but for a certain pink Juno who flitted about ever in sight, Ezra would have confessed only an embarrassment of riches.

"And how do you get on with my girls ?" was Miss Musgrove's greeting when, late in the evening, she sought Ezra for a moment's téte-à-tête.

He rubbed his hands together and hesitated.

"'Bont ez fine a set o' young ladies ez I ever see," he said, with real enthusiasm; "but, tell the truth, I-but you've a'ready been so kind -but- There she is now! That tall, lightcomplected one in pink."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Slimm. If you say so, I'll introduce her. A fine, thorough-going girl, that. You know we have abolished whipping in the academy, and that girl thought one of her boys needed it, and she followed him home, and gave it to him there, and his father interfered, and-well, she whipped him too. Fine girl. Not afraid of anything on earth. Certainly I'll introduce you, if you say so."

She stopped and looked at Ezra kindly. And he saw that she knew all.

"Well, I ain't particular. Some other time," he began to say; then blushing scarlet, he seized her hand, and pressing it, said, fervently, "God bless you!"

The second Mrs. Slimm is a wholesome little body, with dimples and freckles, whom Ezra declares "God A'mighty couldn't o' made without thinkin' of Ezra Slimm an' his precize necessities."

No one but himself and Miss Musgrove ever knew the whole story of his wooing, nor why, when in due season a tiny dimpled Miss Slimm came into the family circle, it was by Ezra's request that she was called Myrtle.



ALDAT E Jema

SISTERLY AMENITIES.

Are you deluding yourself into thinking that that hat is becoming to you, Jennie?" No; but I wear it for your sake." "Mine?"

Yes. I do not wish to be too attractive until you have had your chance."

A LIBRARY PET.

I HAVE among the treasures in my library a thing I wouldn't swap for any crown that's worn by any king.

'Tis not a book or manuscript, 'tis no engraving rare, But just a little bookworm that is lovely past compare.

It lies upon my desk at night when I perchance do read,

Ecstatic grows when I rehearse aloud some daring deed.

For 'tis an educated worm, this little pet of mine, And helps me keep my bookshelves full of volumes truly fine.

It has such literary tastes, from verse to pure romance.

Before I put books on my shelves I give the worm a chance :

And if it turns away its head I do not keep the book, But if it curls up with delight the volume finds a nook.

And, oh, the games of hide-and-seek that worm and I do play !

Among some seven thousand tomes it hides itself away.

And then I search among them for my darling pet awhile,

And when 'tis found it greets me with a fascinating smile.

And every night when I retire I give the worm a meal.

On Fifty Soups I feed it, then a bit of Lamb 'twill steal:

And when it's eaten heartily it sits up very pert, And asks me for a Grolier book, or Aldus, for dessert.

And best of all the compliments the world has paid to me

Has come one from my pet bookworm, as all who read may see,

For it will give up Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, in fine,

The best works there are in the world, to munch away at mine. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AN ENERGETIC TOWN.

THOUGH the paper was dated Saturday, we always printed it Friday night; and after the forms had been carefully washed with lye, the press bed greased, and the roller hung away, old Wallis, the compositor, would usually light his pipe, draw up a chair, drop one foot into the waste-basket, and he would relate various remarkable incidents in his typographical wanderings.

"This town is all right," he observed, one night, "but it lacks pop when compared with Grand Traverse. The people of Grand Traverse weren't born yesterday, if their town was, and when you catch them napping you will hear weasels snoring in the neighborhood."

"It's a live place, ch ?" I replied.

"Live as a jointed snake. Why, a man came into the *Terror* office while I was working there and got three thousand letter-heads printed which read like this: 'Grand Traverse

Horse-Racing Association. (Successor to Young Men's Christian Association.)' The citizens of Grand Traverse are not using the place for its health-restoring properties. But what I started to tell you about was how they salted the Sioux River on the English capitalists.

"The Sionx River, you know, is not a large stream. They say that the Missouri River steamboats can navigate a heavy dew, but they couldn't navigate the Sioux River. Nothing could navigate it, except a light-dranght duck, and one willing to get out and walk when it came to a shallow place. But there is quite a high fall at Grand Traverse, and if the river was large enough it would be a great water-power. The people thought it was, anyhow, and built a big stone flouring-mill six stories high, all covered with windows. But there wasn't enough water to run it. The people saw that they must unload or lose their money, so they sent the Mayor East to gun for capitalists. He bagged a party of Englishmen at Boston, and sent word that he would be out with them in four weeks. Did those citizens of Grand Traverse who had staid at home sleep and snore and go into a trance? No, sir; they forgot local animosities and sectional feeling, and took spades and scrapers, and went half a mile up the river, around a bend, and built a twenty-foot dam, and let it fill up and make a lake a mile long. While it was filling they erected a church and repaired the high-school building. Then the Mayor telegraphed that he had started with the Britishers.

"Those Englishmen were rich. I reject adjectives to intensify my language. They were rich men. They had money as some folks have hay. They handled their money with pitchforks and horse-rakes, and baled it up at night, and stored it in great red barns. Those Englishmen had long been ripe for the shear of the shearer. Two hours before the train came the eitizens of Grand Traverse quietly and almost solemnly opened the dam.

"The Britishers came and looked at the falls, a raging torrent of seething waters thundering on the trembling rocks below. Sir, those men went like lambs to the slanghter, skipping, gambolling, and baaing in their joy at getting a great property at a low figure. The citizens sold them the mill for one hundred per cent. above cost. That night they mowed away the Englishmen's money in their own barns. The next morning there was a little drizzling stream squirting over the ledge and spattering on the rocks below, and if a cow happened to drink anywhere upstream, the rivulet ceased entirely and the parched rocks choked in the blistering sun.

"Yes, sir, Grand Traverse has the most pop of any place in the Territory of Dakota. It is my idea of a live town. If this town had half the business energy and civic pride that Grand Traverse has you wouldn't be printing your paper on a hand-press and whittling off lowercase b's to make small-cap. D's." H. C.



THE YOUNG WIFE OF AN OLD HUSBAND-HER TRIALS.

He, by virtue of his bald head and age, affects the front row at the theatre. How proud she must feel observing the undisguised enthusiasm of her dear old spouse over the ballet!

AN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

THE Southern Express deposited one passenger in the evening dusk at the junction, and then flew on its way again. The lonely traveller took his bearings, and then went over to a man in uniform, who proved to be a conductor, and pointing to a train standing a hundred feet away on the switch, inquired if it was the train "down the valley," and received an affirmative reply.

"What time does it go ?" asked the traveller, anxiously.

"Scheduled for ten minutes back," was the answer of the conductor, looking at his watch. "Going down ?"

"Yes," returned the traveller. "I must get to Smithsburg to-night. Thirty miles, isn't it?"

"Yes. Due there in three hours," said the conductor.

"Just my luck!" cried the traveller. "I haven't eaten for six hours, and-"

"There's a nice restaurant in the depot," said the conductor, with a shake of the head which, as a testimonial to the excellence of the restaurant, was all that could be desired. "You can get bully fried chicken and waffles."

"But, great Cæsar! you're ten minutes late now," wailed the unfortunate, "so what good does the restaurant do me ?"

"Well, you go and eat," returned the conductor, " and I'll get an order from the superintendent to hold the train and wait for you."

"But will be give the order?" cried the traveller, eagerly.

"Will he ?" echoed the conductor. "Well, I just reckon he will. The superintendent himself keeps that restaurant, and he ain't letting no good chances slip for the sake of having the train on time."

SOME PUNCH AND SPEECHES.

IT was at the "Eastmorland." With true Southern hospitality its members had tendered this reception to the visiting college glee club from the North.

The ice tinkled merrily against the sides of a great porcelain bowl, and the aroma of the punch flooded the high-ceilinged room.

"A glorious punch," remarked the first tenor.

"Yes, seh ; indeed it is, seh, most seductive and most insid'us," replied the Judge; "made from a receipt of my own father's, who was a pehsonal friend of Henry Clay, seh." The old gentleman glanced at the brimming glass he held in his delicate fingers. "It contains 'laughter and song, good cheer and woman's smiles, but not a single qua'el'; that, seh, is what Misteh Clay himself said of this vehy punch you's drinkin', an' he was right beyon' pehadventure of a doubt, seh."

At that moment the Governor of the State arose from the corner near the open window. The talking hushed; the time was ripe for speeches.

"Gentlemen," said the Governor, tapping with his glass on the back of a tall chair, "I am going to call upon our chairman to bid you welcome to our city. We are glad to see you here; and the Judge, who came mighty near bein' a No'thern man himself, will tell you so for all of us."

All eyes turned to the slender figure in the worn black coat.

"Gentlemen of the No'th," began the dear old Judge, "my hono'd friend has jess now told you that I came neah to bein' a No'thern man. Yes, 'n two ways that is most true-'n two ways, gentlemen. Nothin' but a Southern woman's strong desiah fo' home, an' two fast horses, prevented me from bein' bo'n no'th of Mason and Dixon's line. An' befo' the wah" -here the Judge swept the room with a glance-"I was a strong opponent of secession, but when my own State joined the clam-'rons South, I stuck to her as a son sticks to an errin' mother. It is a delight to welcome you all heah as sons of reunited brothers, fo' with us now there are 'tears and sighs fo' the gray, an' sighs an' tears fo' the blue.' They are all bayhied together, an' with them lies our diffeh'ences. So we drop the wah. Oveh this club-house an' oveh our city hall sweeps the stripes an' the staas. God bless each one! But jess heah somethin'. You have accomplished in three days what it took Gen'ral Grant and you' fathers three yeaks to accomplish. You an' youah songs have capta'd Richmond. There was an old nigger once, a swagge'in' bad-temp'ed nigger, who had to be dressed down jess once so often ; an' afteh the wah" (it became evident that the Judge, despite his former declaration, could not leave the subject for the life of him)-"after the wah onr ovehseeah, one Small, a white man, who was large an' just, an' who had a most pehanasive way with unruly niggers-this

ovehseeah he ran fo' the office of county po'house-keepeh, gentlemen. Well, Pomp, who was a mos' degen'rate rascal, had obtained great favo' with the nigger votehs, an' he came to see Misteh Small one fine mornin', an' then ensu'd the foll'in' convehsation :

"Good-mawnin', Marse Small,' says Pomp. Me an' mah constitshu'ns am a-goin' ter s'port yo' en dishyer comin' 'lectshun.'

"'Yo' are! What fo'?' inquired Misteh Small, who was most astonished.

"'On de groun', sah, of mutual respec,' sah,' answered Pomp, jess grinnin' all oveh his black face.

"" Eh ? says the ovehseeah. "What makes you think I've got any respect fo' you ?"

""Well, sah, yo' ought ter, jess a little,' said Pomp. 'Yo' done gib me such pow'ful good trouncin', an' I done gib yo' such a heap er trouble.'"

Here the Judge paused, and the glee-club tenor arose. "Gentlemen," he said, "if the people of the South had treated Sherman's army the way you've treated this musical organization, not a single—er—snoozer could have reached the sen-coast."

Here the second bass pulled him back into his seat and stood up in turn. "Gentlemen," he said, "let's all sing 'Dixie.""

JAMES BAUNES.

NO RULE AGAINST THAT.

RICHARD is a rather clever colored boy in the billiard-room of a certain noted club in New York. Like many others of his race, he is possessed of a readiness of repartee which some of the club members find not entirely unenviable. A few days since, at the pool table, one of the players, having made an exectable shot, exciting the derision of the spectators, turned to the boy and said :

"Well, Richard, you'll stand by me, anyhow. It wasn't so bad, was it ?"

"It was awful, suh," said Richard.

"What?" cried the player. "You criticise too, do you? I shall report you to the house committee."

"Yes, suh," said Richard ; "but 'twon' do no good, suh. De house committee has rules prohibitin' eve'yt'ing but tellin' de truth. Dat's all I's done."

He was not reported.

A CONCLUSION.

JIMMIBOY has lately acquired an independence of manner which is not quite satisfactory to his parents. The other day his father remonstrated with him.

"You are getting to be entirely too independent," said he. "You go ahead and do whatever you please without asking permission. You must stop it."

"Well, if I must, I must, I s'pose," he replied; "but I ran up against so many noes whenever I asked to do anything, I thought it was time to give up asking."



BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE author of "A Group of Noble Dames" appears this month as the writer of a group of notable stories about persons of both sexes who are more or less noble by right of birth or by right of conduct. Mr. Hardy calls his new volume Life's Little Ironies,1 and he describes it on its title-page as "A Set of Tales, with some Colloquial Sketches entitled a Few Crusted Characters." Of these the latter are the more familiar to us, and perhaps on that account they are the more enjoyable. They are Wessex folk, of course, and they are introduced in a carrier's cart going from the White Hart Inn, at Casterbridge, to Upper Longpuddle; they hail from Abbot's-Cernel and Weatherbury and Mellstock, and they all have that delightful crustacean quality which Mr. Hardy knows so well how to impart to his humankind, and which we remember so well in "The Woodlanders," and "Far From the Madding Crowd." We meet Tony Kyles, the arch-deceiver, who got himself "rather into a nunny-watch"-whatever that may be-and we listen to the music of the parish choir-Nicholas Puddincome, the leader, with the first fiddle; Timothy Thomas, the bass - viol man; John Biles, the tenor fiddler: Robert Dowdler. with the clarionet; Dan'l Hornhead, with the serpent; and Mr. Nicks, with the oboe - all sound and powerful musicians, and strongwinded men, particularly they that blowed. How all these get themselves into "nunnywatches," Mr. Hardy must be left to explain.

Wessex, as Mr. Hardy paints it, is the Bœotia of England, a country in which the atmosphere is so thick that it coats the skins of its inhabitants with a crust of dullness and obtusity which only Mr. Hardy can break through. Whether he idealizes his British Bœotians or not, and puts his own thoughts and his own sentiments and his own speech in his pachydermatous characters, he certainly makes them seem real to those of us who know not Wessex except in his pages; his men are thoroughly masculine: his women are eminently feminine : their nunny-watches are always amusing; and beneath the thick crust of both of them is a crumb which is always digestible, even if it is nothing but padding.

THE Strange People who dwell with Miss Murfree in the mountains of Tennessee breathe a purer, freer, fresher, less-encrusting air than do their distant cousins in far-away Wessex, and their skins are thinner, even if their dialects are almost as thick. They are quicker in

¹ Life's Liffle Ironies. A Set of Tales, with some Colloquial Sketches entitled A Few Crusted Characters. By Thomas Haupy. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

perception and more ready in expression; and Simeon Roxby is a fair specimen of his race. Miss Murfree tells us that he had a keen and not unkindly face, and that look of extreme intelligence which is entirely distinct from intellectuality, and which one sometimes sees, in a minor degree, in a very clever dog or a fine horse. One might rely on him instinctively to understand everything one might say to him even in its subtle æsthetic values, although he has consciously learned little. He is of the endowed natures to whom much is given. rather than of those who are set to acquire. As he understands what is said to him, so does he make himself understood; and when he says that his niece "seen the harnt," we know what he means.

The harnt is one of The Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge, ³ the initial tale in Miss Murfree's latest collection of short stories, and that which gives its name to the volume. The scenes and incidents, the characters and their speech, are in very curious contrast with those of Mr. Hardy; but they are equally interesting and quite as well set down. She does not seem to have worked out the mine of characters she discovered among her native hills, and she has dug up, in the present work, nuggets as rich in pure undefiled metal as any that have gone before them. The Ironies of their lives are big rather than little, however; some of their nunny-watches, wound up at the muzzles of revolvers, keep pretty serions time for all concerned, while their hides are not thick enough to resist the force of a bullet,

THERE is a happy land, far, far away from Wessex and Northern Tennessee where women are taught, and are forced, to honor their fathers-in-law and their mothers-in-law, even beyond their own natural parents; where a man can divorce his wife if she be of a frivolons disposition, or if he thinks she talks too much; and where the babies are not only "the most amusingly uncommon children in the world," but "the very best disciplined darlings to be found upon the ample bosom of Mother Earth."

After weeks and months of almost constant study of the *Wee Ones of Japan*,³ Mrs. Mae St. John Bramhall thus expresses herself concerning "the café as lait elves" of that country. She seems to understand her subject, and she certainly loves it. If the young of the Nippon-

² The Phantoms of the Foot Bridge, and Other Stories. By CHANLES EGBERT CHADDOCK. Illustrated. Post Svo, Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers.

⁴ The Wes Ones of Japan. By MAE ST. JOHN BRAM-HALL. Illustrations by C. D. WELDON. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$100. New York: Harper and Brothers. ite is as good and as beautiful as she says he is, her enthusiasm is justifiable. His crust is a thin, fragrant icing of coffee and milk and sugar, and as she serves him up to us he is not only sweet and palatable, but wholesome as well. This is how he looks: "There is the healthful, glowing crocus tint diffused over a low, well-moulded brow, over a tiny nose, often impertinently retroussé, and over a dimple-cleft chin. Add to these round ripe cheeks that retain far into the teens the crimson gloss of the lusty fall-pippen, and you have touches from Nature's 'make-up' box not altogether to be despised, as complexions go among us." And here, in a fragmentary way, is how he behaves: His is "a most Indicrously polite individuality"; he has "vitality, blithesomeness, and joyous spontaneity"; he is possessed of an "almost preternatural decorum of conduct"; "the doctrine of original sin seems absolutely confuted by the admirable behavior of the Japanese child; he never seems to do any mischief." Can these things be, and is all Japan overcome as by a summer's cloud of juvenile precocious propriety ?

It is somewhat consoling to a child-ridden community to find in Mrs. Bramhall's work two reasons for this millennium of infantile conduct. The first is her own. The Japanese child is guided by love and not by chastisement; the ambition to be as a boy manly, and as a girl womanly, is constantly instilled, and these conditions are understood to imply, first and foremost, abject obedience to parents and elders. The second reason is borrowed from a theory of Mrs. Chaplin-Ayrton: There is little furniture in the Japanese house; there is, consequently, nothing for the little Japanese to break, nothing for him to be told not to touch, hence he is good almost in spite of himself. Perhaps, some day, American and thus japan will try these Japanese plans, and thus japan our nurseries and our public places with a varnish of comfort and of comparative rest.

Mrs. Bramhall's little book, with its charming illustrations, is full of interesting information about the old as well as the young in Japan,' and it will appeal to those readers of all ages who want to learn how to be born good and how to remain so.

ALTHOUGH Dean Stanley seems to have had no taste for fishing, he certainly had great respect for the memory of one gentle disciple of the gentle art; and nothing, in his long and pleasant connection with the Abbey of Westminster, gave him so much pleasare, perhaps, as his discovery of the initials I. W. and the date 1658 scratched by Izaak Walton himself on the monument to Isaac Casaubon in the Poets' Corner. He spoke briefly of it in his "Memorial"; his present biographer alludes to it in passing; but only those who had the good fortune to visit the Abbey under the guidance of its chief custodian can appreciate the almost boyishly affectionate way with which his

long white taper fingers caressed the marks; while he hoped that the Angler might be forgiven for his desceration of the sacred spot.

It is not as the presiding genins of the great historical edifice, not as the brilliant scholar, the eminent churchman, the thoughtful writer, the eloquent preacher, that the present re-viewer thinks of Stanley, but as "the slight pale boy, with large blue eyes and light fair hair," whom Tom Brown found in the Matron's room, on his return to Rugby on the first day of a certain half-year, the lad of thirteen who was to turn the tide of Tom's school life, and of all his life thereafter; the gentle, delicate Arthur whom all the friends of Tom Brown must remember so well. Mr. Hughes wrote, in 1888, that when he and his brother first went to Rugby, more than half a century before, they bore a letter to Arthur Stanley, who invited them to breakfast; and he added, "I do not think I ever spoke to Stanley at Rugby again"; but Tom Brown's George Arthur must have been Arthur Stanley, for all that. He is the very boy whom Mr. Prothero has just exhibited to the reading world. He was in his fourteenth year when he entered the great school, "short in stature, of slight frame, small and delicate features, and with a gentle and amiable expression." He had a distaste for all the games so much enjoyed by the stronger lads; he was excused from "fagging" very early in his career; he was not plagued or bullied as were the other boys of his age; he wrote home once, "I think I kicked the ball, whereas before they used to tell me I only pushed it with my foot"; he had a refining and beautiful influence upon every person with whom he came in contact; he loved and was loved by the "Doctor"; he was as well-behaved as if he had been born in Japan; and he could have been none other than Tom Brown's devoted, helpful friend.

No better introduction to the Life and Letters of Dean Stanley⁴ can be found, therefore, than the Second Part of "Tom Brown's Schooldays at Rugby," in which Arthur Penrhyn Stanley is so prominent a figure. Old boys will re-read it with pleasure, young boys will read it with delight, and it will help all boys to the proper understanding of the beautiful character of the boy whose story as a man Mr. Prothero tells so well.

To American readers the reviews of "The Life of Stanley" as contained in the British periodicals must seem curious and significant. They cannot help praising the book, but, in many cases, they cannot refrain from sneering at and condemning the subject of it. One journal said that this "Life of Stanley" will outlive much that Dean Stanley himself has written; which is neither just nor true, for the better part, if not the greater part, of the work

⁴ Life and Letters of Dean Stanley. By R. E. PRO-THERO, with the CO-operation of Dean BRADLEY. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 Vols., 8vo, Cloth. \$800. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. is made up of the Dean's own words, contained in his voluminous correspondence; and certainly Stanley's "Life of Thomas Arnold," which this same British journal pronounced "one of the best pieces of biography of our day," will live as long as Prothero's "Life of Stanley," admirable as it is. The "Saturday Review" goes even further than this, and permits itself to indulge in that violent form of speech which it usually reserves for American persons, places, and things. It "cannot imagine how any man of honor, how any man of decency, how any man with the commonest notions of fair and seemly conduct can approve his [Stanley's] action." Likening the Dean to an officer in the garrison of a beleaguered city, but in sympathy with the besiegers, the "Saturday" asserts that he retained his post, drew his pay, enjoyed the best of free quarters, "all the time using his command to baffle sallies, to thwart the efforts of more faithful commanders, to let in messengers of the enemy at privy doors from time to time, nay, as far as he can and dares, to hand the quarter of the town over to the foe. If he may do this and bear any name but that of traitor, then we have nothing to say against the sometime Dean of Westminster. If he may not-if in war, in politics, in private business and friendship, all men of honor would cry shame on such conduct-then we shall be satisfied with saying that this conduct was his." The language of the reviewer is not very clear, but his meaning is clear enough. The dead lion, however, need not be defended from posthumous kicks, particularly when they are given in a doctrinal and a Pickwickian sense.

A careful perusal of the work will show the nature of the conduct of which the "Saturday" complains, and the character of the messengers of the enemy who were permitted to enter the Abbey by private portals. It will show, too, the character of the man who, to quote his own words upon Dean Milman-not quoted by Mr. Prothero-"turned not to the right side or the left; only from whatever quarter of heaven or earth, of science or religion, he seemed to catch any new ray of light, thither he turned, with the eagerness and, we must add, with the humility of a child To him want of charity and want of truth were the worst heresies So long as he lived, secure in his high position, there was a lasting pledge for the freedom, the generosity, and the justice of the English Church there was a pledge that the catastrophe which he so much dreaded, the severance of the thought of England from the religion of England, would not be wholly accomplished."

If this be treason, let us profit by his example, and make the most of it!

LORD WOLSELEY says that Captain King's description of the cavalry fight of Gettysburg in "Between the Lines" is "the most perfect picture of a battle in the English language";

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The author is himself a part of what he writes. He was graduated from West Point in 1866; he served in the artillery and in the cavalry for a dozen years, and he was finally retired from active service in 1879, in consequence of a wound received in the Apache campaign of 1874. He is not the hero of the present tale-it is written in the third person -but he is as much a part of it as Mr. Thomas Hughes and Dean Stanley were a part of "Tom Brown." And "Pops" and George Arthur, so different in their ways, are a pair of heroes who ought to march down to posterity side by " Pops" unites the staying qualities of side. Tom Brown as a fighter with the staying qualities of Arthur as a moral power. He is almost too good to be true.

The juvenile aspirant for military honors will do well to read "Cadet Days" before he determines to spend many days as a Cadet. It is, as Captain King describes it, drill, drill, drill; up with the dawn, rain or shine; hurry through a soldier's toilet; rush down the iron stairway;, spring into rigid attention in the forming ranks; sharply answer to the rapid roll-call; sweep, dust, fold, arrange, and rearrange every article of habitual use; twist, turn, wrench, extend every muscle, bend double, spring erect, rest on tiptoe, sway backward, forward, sideways, every way; ache in every bone, sore in every limb; long hours spent in toil; brief minutes only given to respite. That is the physical experience of one Cadet Day; and the

⁵ Cadet Days. A Story of West Point. By Captain CHANLES KING. Illustrated. Post Syo, Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers. mental experience is quite as hard and even more trying. This is not the "fancy drill" taught in so many military schools all over the Union; it is not showy, catchy, pretty to look at, and utterly useless and unserviceable except for spectacular purposes; it requires clear grit, self-control, hard heads, square jaws, patience, endurance, and plenty of them. But it makes men as well as soldiers; and how much Grant, and Lee, and Sherman, and Stonewall Jackson, and Cavalry Sheridan owed to their Cadet Days at West Point the non-combatant will never realize until he reads this book.

For Honor and Life⁶ is a story of battle and slaughter, of an earlier period, and of another land. Fritz von Astor, its hero, was the son of a Bernese father and of a Lancashire mother; he was born in England, but in 1790 he went to France, and after eighteen months of strenuous study and practical work at the then famous Military Academy at Angers, he entered the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI. He neglects to say that young Arthur Wellesley, who afterwards did so much to put the Bourbons back upon the throne of France-for a time-was educated at this same school at Angers, a year or two before he entered it; and, unfortunately, he has almost nothing to say about his own Cadet Days in France. Some account of the manufacture of soldiers upon the Continent a century ago would have been interesting reading, as compared with what we have just been told concerning the process in our own land and in our own day. The Anglo-Swiss subaltern was not quite so good a fellow, even according to his own showing, as was the West Point graduate of Captain King; but the Duke of Wellington wrote as much history with his sword as did any of our modern domestic military annalists, and the world would like to know how much he had to endure as a plainsman and a plebe, and how he endured it.

If young von Astor tells us very little about his experiences as a student of warfare, he makes a very full statement of what happened to him after he put his uniform on. He was possessed of a full measure of youthful vanity, he writes, and he was so proud of his new clothes that he had a portrait of himself painted in full-dress regimentals, which he sent to his father. It depicted a tall, broad-shouldered, young fellow of nineteeu or twenty, dressed in a scarlet cut-away coat with long lappets, white inside and folded back, a blue collar and blue facings, with white buttonholes and silver buttons, white waistcoat, white belt, white breeches and leggings, the last coming above the knees. His cocked hat was trimmed with silver, his hair was powdered, his arms were a sword, a musket, and a bayonet, and he would have cut a very pretty

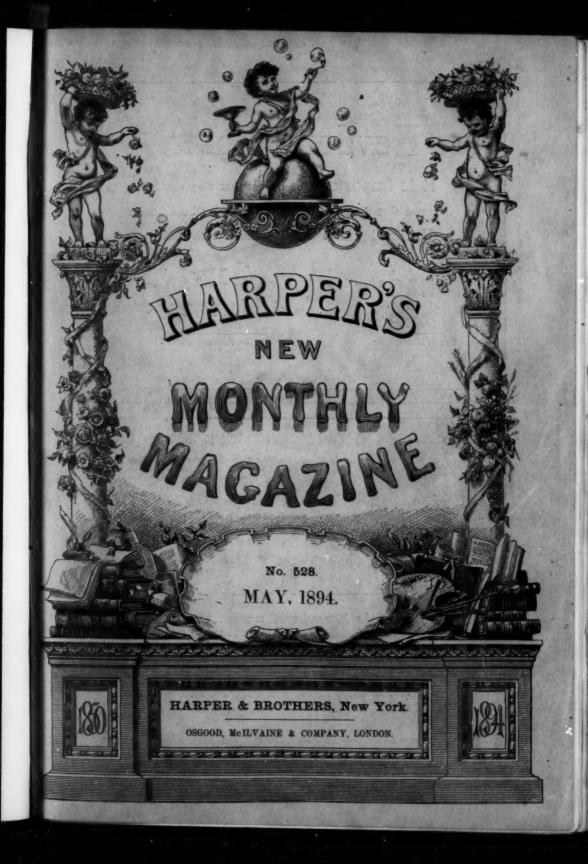
⁶ For Honor and Life. A Novel. By WILLIAM WEST-ALL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25. New York : Harper and Brothers.

figure at Benny Havens or at the First Bull Run. The fidelity of the Swiss Guards to the Royal Family made them hated alike by the Jacobins of the National Assembly and by the populace of Paris; and when political excitement ran high they were either confined to barracks or sont away for a few days, lest their appearance on the streets should give offence to the rabble and lead to trouble; and it was against regulations for them to go beyond the precincts of the palace at any time, except in twos and threes. Men who went out alone were apt to return not at all. Von Astor often saw the King and the Queen ; and he describes Louis as a stout, clumsy-built man with a good-natured, weak face, while Marie Antoinette, whose hand he was once permitted to kiss, was a right queenly woman, whose high qualities more than atoned for her husband's defects. She had a noble face, an imposing presence, and a manner so gracious and winning that all who knew her loved her. He offered to die for her; but she had to die for herself, poor thing; and after more hair-breadth escapes than can be put on record here, he saved his own Honor and his own Life.

Mr. William Westall, the author of this romance, will be remembered as the writer of "Birch Dene," a story of London during the Regency, briefly noticed in these columns four or five years ago. He pictured for us then the condition of penal legislation, of child labor, of the apprentice system, and of factory-work in general in the British Metropolis in the first five-and-twenty years of the century, and the picture was a good one, true to the life it portrayed. Now he takes us to the Paris of a decade or two previous, when France was a seething volcano, in the throes of an awful and brutal revolution, threatened by worse than civil war, and by more than a foreign invasion, and when, unlike the gloom of sober London, during the period in which the blind king was ruled by his profligate son, the brain and the heart of Paris seemed as gay and as careless as ever. The theatres were open, the cafés were filled, the shops were busy, the boulevards and public gardens were thronged with pleasure-seeking crowds, innocent men and women were shot like dogs on the street corners, and the heads of a king and a queen were cut off and dropped into a basket of sawdust, to add to the pleasure of the populace, and to make a Parisian holiday. Mr. Westall describes all this so vividly that he makes us more than content with our own lot and our own times. It is certainly better to have been a thick-skinned yokel in Wessex, to have been an almond-eyed baby in the Empire of the Mikado, to have been haunted by ghosts in Tennessee, it is better to have been pelted with epithets as Dean of a great English Abbey, it is even better to have been shot in the Apache country at the end of the nineteenth century, than to have been a king in France a hundred years ago.







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The opening article of the Number will be a characteristic portraiture of Philadelphia, The City of Homes, by Mr. C. BELMONT DAVIS. The paper will be effectively illustrated from drawings by Mrs. ALICE BARBER STEPHENS and her husband, Mr. CHARLES H. STEPHENS, Mr. MAX F. KLEPPER, and Mr. F. V. DU MOND : also by portraits of some eminent Philadelphians, including especially MOND; also by portraits of some eminent Philadelphians, including especially those of recent literary distinction. Mrs. Stephens's picture of "The Church Parada" will dea frontispiece to the Number Parade" will stand as frontispiece to the Number.

Mr. ALFRED PARSONS will contribute an article entitled A Japanese Spring, 222222 with twenty-three illustrations from his own drawings. This is the first of a number of papers by this distinguished artist, prepared by him during his recent sojourn in Japan.

Mr. W. D. HOWELLS will give another chapter of his personal reminiscences in connection with his First Visit to New England, thirty years ago. The paper will be amply illustrated.

paper will be amply illustrated. A very interesting companion-piece to Mr. Howells's recollections will be Memories of Wendell Phillips, by Mr. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, in which the latter recounts one of the earliest adventures in his journalistic experience. The famous correspondent of the London Times, Mr. DE BLOWITZ, will con-tribute French Diplomacy under the Third Republic, in which he will give wholly novel personal sketches of the eminent ministers who, since the over-throw of the empire, have represented France at London, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, including the narration of episodes not hitherto brought to pub-lic notice, and a masterly review of the ideas and influences that during this period have controlled French diplomacy.

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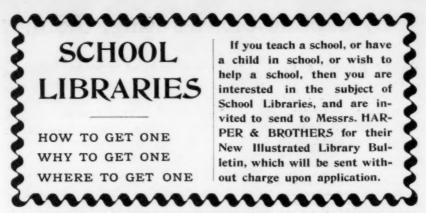
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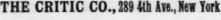
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and the wisteria, grow wantonly side by side; a land where the bamboo embosoms the maple, where the pine at last has found its palmtree, and the tropic and temperate zones forget their separating identity in one long, self-obliterating kiss."

Then, having cleared the cobwebs from his work-worn brain, and having acquired a new sense of the infinite beauty of nature, and the inspiring interest of human nature, he may turn his regretful face homeward, and be back in his old rut "on time," but full of determination to repeat the never-to-be-forgotten experience ere his head grows much grayer.

Not only is there wonderful economy of time, but what is hardly less attractive to the modern holiday-seeker, a notable economy of cash. According to the testimony of so trustworthy an authority as Mr. Gardiner, author of "Japan As We Saw It," the total cost of such an outing, including return tickets, sleeping-cars, dining-cars, hotel and inn expenses, railroad, steamship, and jinrikisha outings, tips and fees to servants, need not exceed \$600. Just think of it ! a trip half round the world, and back, and a whole month in the fairy land of flowers for little more than the cost of living at a first-class hotel! So surprising and enchanting a possibility surely but needs to be more generally realized in order that by whole battalions those needing rest and recreation, or seeking fresh fields ers where the lotus and the cherry, the plum and pastures new wherein to travel, may in-

vade the ticket agencies of The Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The itinerary of such a trip is worth analyzing. Assuming that a start is made from New York on Monday evening, the following morning finds one in Montreal in good time for breakfast, and with the whole day at command, thus making it possible to become acquainted with at least the exterior appearance of this quaint and charming city, so well known to American pleasure-seekers as both a summer and winter resort that no detailed description is required. Here are the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the greatest of all railway systems under a single management, from whose polite officials all information may be obtained as to the journey westward.

At a convenient hour after dinner the through train for Vancouver is boarded in the imposing Windsor Station, and then begins the long ride on those two gleaming lines of steel that stretch straight and smooth into the realm of sunset. Never was journey of the kind performed under pleasanter auspices. In luxuriously appointed cars that seem to glide rather than roll onward, so imperceptible is their motion, the traveller dines and sleeps, bathes, shaves, smokes, and reads just as he would in a first-class hotel, while before his delighted eyes is unrolled a panorama of evervarying beauty.

He sweeps swiftly along the shores of the Great Lakes, those inland oceans of the North ; he plunges into the heart of mighty forests where the giant trees stand like guarding sentinels along the route; he traverses forbidding swamps that quicken his admiration for the builders of the road because of their overcoming such difficulties; he is wafted across wide leagues of verdant prairie, and so comes to Winnipeg, the half-way station between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and the heart of the Northwest, a city with a past of keen vicissitudes, a present of substantial growth, and a future of boundless possibility.

Flying over the prairies, which, level as the ocean in a calm, or billowing like it in a storm, stretch unbroken to the base of the Rockies, he enters the mountains, leaving the plains behind as if he had passed through an artificial door. Then the whole world changes. "Mountains tower on every hand, each one rising alone and distinct from the narrow level of the valleys, as a pyramid built by human hands. Geology and world-building are written as plainly as printed texts, and the processes by which these masses were uplifted are so apparent that one can fancy the strata still in motion, groaning and creaking as they are forced up and bent almost at a right angle hands and to do a passenger's bidding.

with their old horizontal levels." What need, forsooth, of toiling over to trite and threadbare Switzerland, when within a few days' jaunt lies a virgin region of cloud - capped peaks and snowy pinnacles soaring high intothe "intense inane" before which Mont Blanc and Monte-Rosa might well lower their humbled heads?

Piercing its way through dark mountain passes, and touching the skirts of glistening glaciers, lightly scorning the attempts to bar its impetuous progress of the Rockies, Selkirks, and Columbian Range, and Cascades, which here crowd upon each other for nearly six hundred continuous miles, each range boasting its distinctive pattern, and wearing a garb of different tints, every mountain form and color known to the world being represented, the train dashes out into the deep valley of the Fraser, and presently pulls up panting at the head of Burrard Inlet by the side of a superb white steamship fitly bearing an imperial name. The continent has been crossed, and yet only five and a half days have elapsed since the traveller turned his back upon New York.

The bright new city of Vancouver deserves something better than the passing glance possible from the platform of the train or the deck of the steamer, but more cannot be managed if the time schedule would be maintained. The instant the mails and passengers have been placed on board the white Empress of Japan her hawsers are let loose, and she begins to move out into broad Burrard Inlet.

The ocean voyage, the second stage in this wonderful journey, is entered upon, and the beautiful steamship, having called at the charming city of Victoria for yet more passengers and mails, slips swiftly through the Strait of Fuca into the boundless Pacific.

There is a unique charm about this cruise across four thousand three hundred miles of azure ocean that can be caught and adequately expressed only by a Pierre Loti or a Lafcadio Hearn. The long, easy swells of Balboa's placid sea strip mal-de-mer of its worst horrors. The passenger need not live below the water-line, nor at either end of a see-saw, and the golden days glide by in an atmosphere of dolce-far-niente, to whose dreamy influence even the most energetic are fain to yield themselves.

Every creature comfort is provided abundantly on these floating palaces, whose spacious saloons, roomy cabins, luxurious libraries, cosey smoking-rooms, and dainty boudoirs, litby electric lights and cooled by electric fans, are kept in exquisite order by Chinese "boys," who, like the Prince's servants in the fairy tales, are ever ready to answer a clap of the

The cuisine might win the commendation of a Brillat Savarin; the baths would not be scorned by an Empress Pompeia, while there are amusements galore wherewith to trifle away the long, delicious hours undisturbed by newspapers, telegrams, or letters.

If Neptune be kind, the impatient passengers may, on the morning of the tenth day out, have their eager ears greeted with the welcome cry of "Land Ho!" and have the verdant shores of Japan break upon their vision. Sometimes the steamer makes her land-fall as far north as Kinkwazan, and thus gives the tourist a glimpse of the Bay of Sendai with its sa-

lofty rosy cloud takes shape and form, gathers clearness of outline, deepens its hue of pink and pearl, melts softly into the gray beneath, soars sharply into the blue above, and reveals Fujiyama, the divine mountain."

The fortunate traveller has come to fan land. to the island of porcelain, to the country of chrysanthemums, where the women wear perpetual smiles, and the children are never known to cry; a land of universal happiness and content, of abounding courtesy and all-pervading refinement, a land of worshippers of beauty. where the artisans are all artists, and the artists worthy to decorate fairyland; in short, a cred island, "the golden flower mountain," and veritable fairyland marvellously grateful to the



ROGERS' PASS, SELKIRK MOUNTAINS.

the thousand pine-clad islands of Matsushima which constitute one of the San-kei, the three most beautiful scenic resorts in Japan. Tame deer roam among the temple groves of Kinkwazan, and at the tiny shrine on the summit sailors and fishermen present their petitions to the God of the Sea, who here colors the waves to a wondrously pure pale green, to ultramarine, to purple, and other iridescent hues seen nowhere else.

Speeding southward along the tree-embowered coast the Empress sights Fujiyama at daybreak. To quote Miss Bisland, "A delicate gray cloud grows up along the edge of the water, and slowly a vast cone-like cumulus, a traveller weary of the monotonous practicalities of modern life at home.

So much is to be seen that the thirty days at the tourist's disposal seem a pitifully scant allowance, and yet, thanks to the admirable means of communication by rail or steamboat and the inevitable jinrikisha, it is really astonishing how much may be accomplished, especially if forethought has been taken to map out a programme before leaving the steamer, in which task one may always count upon efficient assistance from the officers and from fellow-travellers familiar with the land.

Yokohama, the Liverpool of Japan, has many points of interest, and the newly landed traveller must keep a tight grip upon his pocket-book, so enticing are the contents of the curio shops.

From Yokohama short trips by rail, steamer, or jinrikisha may be made north, south, and west. To Enoshima with its remarkable cave and magnificent ocean view; to Kamakura, where are to be seen the golden figure of Kwamon, thirty feet high, and the colossal bronze statue of Dai-Butsu, sixty feet in height, which symbolizes the central idea of Buddhism; to Yokosuka, where the government navy-yard and dry-docks are worth a look; to Miyanoshita, a charming mountain-

of inhabitants—the quaint folks of real Japan —where the mighty tombs of the departed Shoguns and the splendid palaces of the present Mikado, the gorgeous temples of the national religion and the modern museums of a progressive government make strange and striking contrast, is not to be described in words. Nor can any adequate conception be imparted of Nikko, where the most magnificent temples in Japan are grouped in a riotous profusion of bewildering beauty; nor of Kioto, the soul and centre of old Japan; nor of Nagasaki, of which Pierre Loti has written so enticingly, and where another white *Empress*



AVENUE OF LANTERNS, NARA TEMPLES, JAPAN.

village noted for its hotels and invigorating soda and sulphur baths; and of course to Fujiyama, the peerless mountain, whose thirteen thousand feet of ascent may be conquered by the aid of energetic coolies, and from whose summit the panting but pride - uplifted climber may see outspread before him all of five provinces, besides a mighty stretch of ocean.

But most important of all is the visit to Tokio, the true capital of Japan, only forty minutes' railway ride from Yokohama. This wonderful city, with its million and a quarter

is ready to bear the traveller back to the prose and prodding of American life.

All this is possible, hardly credible as it may seem, within the limit of a month, and, when his time is up, the traveller betakes himself homeward amazed, dazzled, delighted, as by a dream of paradise, profoundly regretting that his holiday could not be extended from months to years, yet full of self-congratulation that he ever undertook it, and of admiration for the enterprising corporation which put so memorable an experience within his reach.



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Pearline; that's the modern way—easiest and most economical way—takes away the dirt easily and leaves the paint. Saves rubbing, saves work, saves time, saves whatever is cleaned. Use Pearline (withater doesn't burt 455

out soap) on anything that water doesn't hurt.

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is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice.

SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favor with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.



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HARPER'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.



ought to be fat and show their dimples when they laugh. Thin babies are rarely interesting simply because they don't look well.

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, is a natural, palatable, easy food for babies and all growing children. It gives them materials for growth. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

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EMILE ZOLA.

..... la liqueur de vie, gui allait com batter la débilité humaine, seule cause réelle de tour la wanx, une viritable et sum tigique fontaine de Zouvence, qui, en donnant de la force, de la santé et de la volonte, referait une humanite tout neuve.

a M. a. Mariani.

(mile Zolay

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6

Tone and Touch

The one feature which, above all others in a piano, leaves its impress, is tone quality, and the adaptability of this tone to express musical thought. If the ear be naturally musical, a piano of unsatisfactory tone is, and must be, unsatisfactory. If the ear and taste be unformed, what more harmful than a poor tone?

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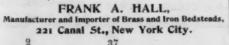
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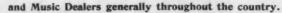
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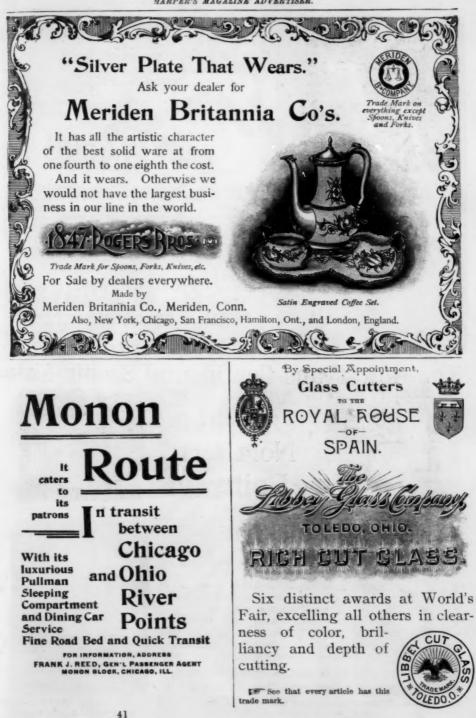
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Northern Railway



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Looking from Rock Island Tunnel.



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Policies written during the year	6,744
Insurance written during the year	\$16,656,600.00
Emergency or Surplus Fund .	\$1,027,796.08
Amount carried to Surplus Fund	
during the year	\$236,362.59
Dividends paid to Policy-holders	
during the year	\$174,533.72
Total Membership	35,064
Amount paid in Losses	\$1,511,868.72
Total amount paid in losses since	
organization	\$8,464,272.57

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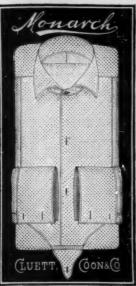
J. A. STODDARD, Manager, Chicago, Ill. D. J. AVERY, President. C. A. CAPWELL, Secretary Please mention HARPER'S MAGAZINE when writing.

Mr

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AMONG THE ANSWERS

to our query in February — "What do you know about <u>Monarch</u> Shirts, and "<u>Ceute</u>" Collars and Cuffs?" the following is specially interesting :

"... I once thought that Adam, before he ate that fatal apple, was, in the sense of comfort, the best dressed man who ever lived. That I don't think so now, is creditable to you.

"I'm a good bit of a swell in matters of dress; in fact, I'm a worse slave to Fashion, than is he a slave, who, knowing that his cause is lost, still wears the yoke of Love, and pleads in vain.

" But as Adam's transgression was an eye-opener, so my first purchase of Monarch shirts, and Cluett collars and cuffs was a revelation to me.

"I'm glad to bear 'testimony' in order that other men of fashionable tastes may be fashionable, and at the same time be comfortable.

"Many advertisements are trash, but in yours, I have found no statement made which my experience in wearing your goods does not fully bear out.

"Your styles are fashionable, and your goods are certainly unique in wearing qualities and comfort.

"I'm a convert from among those who pay big prices and get what they don't want."

If we should attach the writer's name to this letter, we'd violate a confidence; and more than that, we'd surprise some of the "Four Hundred." Fashion with comfort is within the reach of every man. Write for our new SOUVENIR OF FASHIONS, and we'll prove it to you. A copy mailed to your address free if you wish it.

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No strain on buttons. Waistband is never pulled up. No baggy pants. No dragging down on shoulders. No straps in view in full dress. Trousers not pulled up away from shoe when sitting. Cables preserved from wear. Built for, and worn by, the best dressed men in America.

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WEAR THEM ONCE AND YOU WILL PUT A PAIR ON EACH PAIR OF THOUSERS SCIENTIFIC SUSPENDER CO., Lim., Buffalo, N. Y. Formerly Battle Creek, Mich.



or some inefficient "just as good" substitute.

The substitute costs the dealer less. It costs you about the same as the "Efficient." His profit is in the "just as good."

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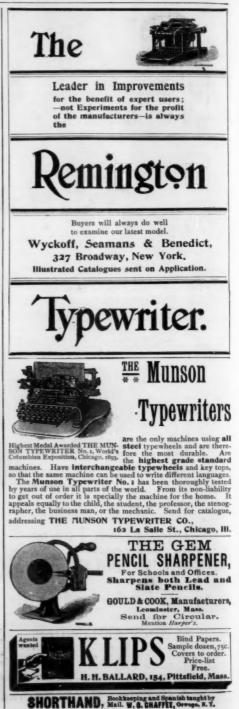
Light Key Touch, Ease of Operation and Rapidity;

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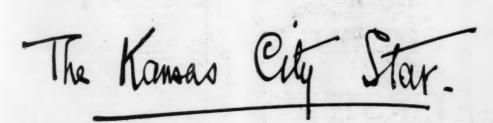
or less pain, spend more or less money, and are more or less disfigured in their personal appearance on account of poor teeth.

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the Perfect Liquid Dentifrice, prevents all this. It is deliciously flavored, and very efficient in cleaning the teeth and hardening the gums. It also leaves a pleasant and refreshing feeling in the mouth. That there was a call for just such an article in a 25cent bottle is shown by the very large sale **Rubifoam** has attained. Sold by Druggists.



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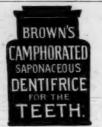
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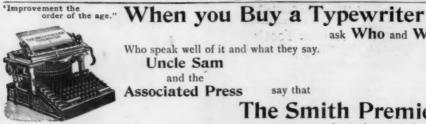
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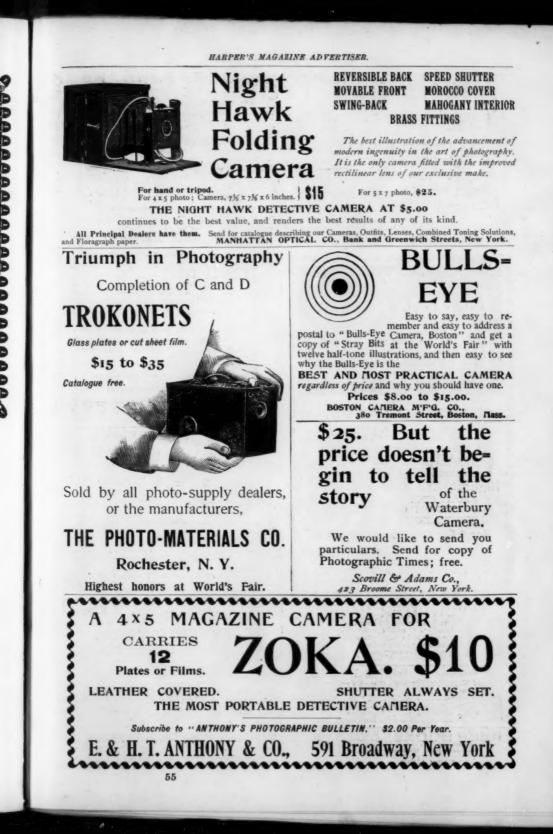
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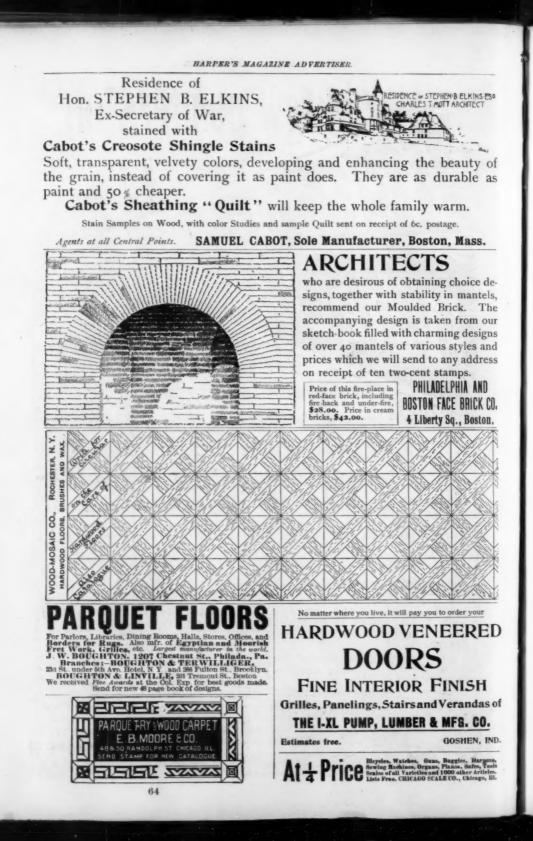
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of grace, 1893, just about closing. I have your last box of medicines on hand, but untouched. I have gone through the first August and September months in thirty years without a sneeze or a wheeze. F. A. BERRY. N. Y.

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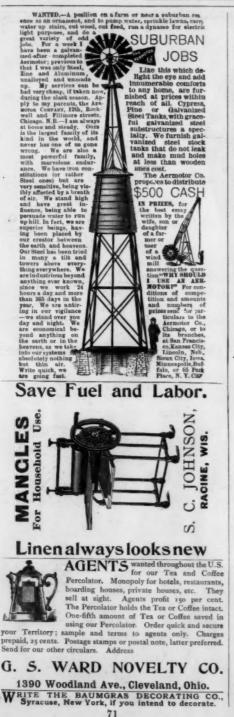
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Elwand Temmont. Chauman ARA EwBloomingdal Charlesturdo

On Saturday, March 3, a committee of well-known financiers, comprising Messre. J. EDWARD SIMMONS, President Fourth National Bank and ex-President of the Stock Exchange; THOMAS L. JAMES, President Lincoln National Bank and ex-Postmater-General of the United States; A. B. HEFBURN, President Third National Bank, ex-Comptroller of the United States Currency, ex-Bank Examiner of the United States and ex-Superintendent of State Banks; E. W. BLOOMINGDALE, of the dry-goods house of Bloomingdale Bros.; HENEY CLEWS, of the banking house of Henry Clews & Co., and CHARLES W. DAYTON, Postmaster of the city of New York, after spending over two hours carefully investigating The World's circulation books, press-room reports, mail-room reports, paper companies' hills for amount of paper furnished, receipts of said bills, orders from news companies and other, records, and plying jearching questions to The World's employees connected with the circulation department, signed the above certificate

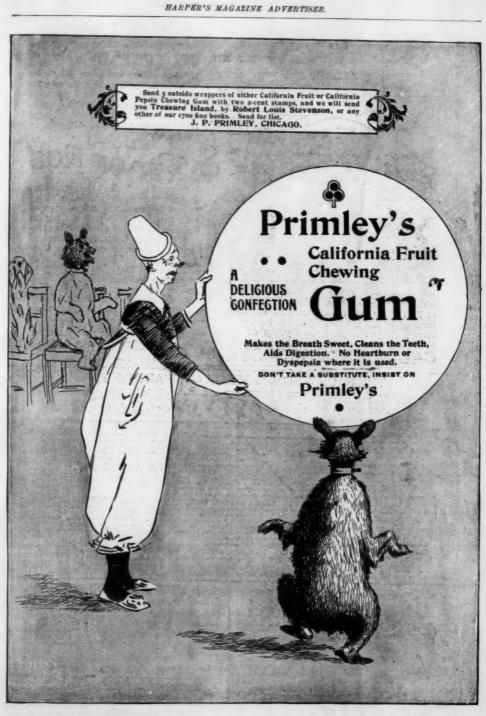
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Its excellence is due to its presenting, in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the sys-tem, dispelling Colds, Headaches and Fevers, and permanently curing Constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions, and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels

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HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

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