THE OCTOBER

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"The Golden Age."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Cie., Successors) after the painting by Charles J. Chaplin.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV. OCTOBER, 1895. NO. 1.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Notes upon painters and paintings of the day, with a series of engravings of representative canvases.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES is a painter to whom fame has come late, but in abundant measure. He was not a precocious genius. He was nearly thirty before his name appeared in the Salon catalogue; and even when he had, after a fashion, asserted his position, for many years he received vastly more of ridicule than of praise. It is only within the last few years that the world has discovered that in a very important branch of art—architectural decoration—Puvis de Chavannes has opened a new era. His simple, solemn, almost somber compositions, which were once stigmatized as crude and flat, or derided as grotesque freaks, are now more prized than the smoothest and most brilliant mural paintings of Cabanel or Laurens.

"From a distance," said a critic of some of his earlier works, "the fantastic coloring has the effect of a tinted map of Europe; from a nearer point of view one sees that they are really oil paintings, but by a hand so unskilled that they haven't the relief of a fire screen." Yet it was the same painter in whose honor five hundred of the most distinguished men of France met at a banquet in Paris last winter.

At seventy one M. de Chavannes is still full of work and energy. He is tall and stalwart of frame with closely trimmed gray hair and beard. He is a good deal of a recluse, and divides nearly all his time between his modest home in the Place Pigalle—where his neighbor is Jean Jacques Henner—and his studio at Neuilly.

* * * *

"THE Golden Age," which forms the frontispiece of this number of MUNSEY'S,

Puvis de Chavannes.
From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

"Happy Hours."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successors) after the painting by C. Dotti.

was one of the last pictures painted by the late Charles Joshua Chaplin. It is a capital specimen of the style of this delicate, piquant, dramatic painter of pretty feminine figures. In spite of his English name, Chaplin was most thoroughly French in his art. Though his father was an Englishman, the painter was born in France, and from that event till the day of his death he never traveled away from French soil.

* * * *

THREE masters of German art celebrate their eightieth birthdays within a few months of each other—Julius Schrader in

"Well Retrieved."

From the painting by C. F. Deiker—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St. New York.

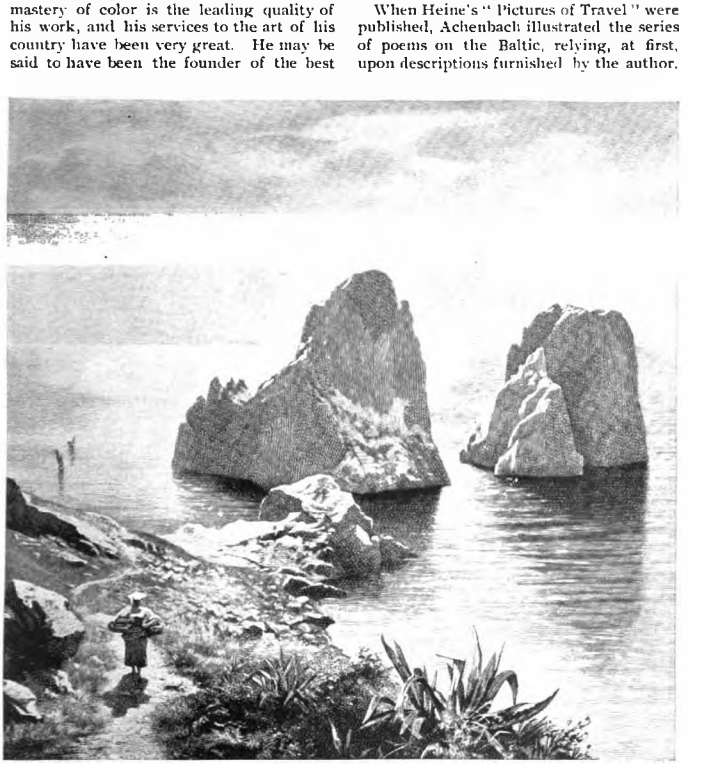
"A Southern Belle."

From the painting by S. Melton Fisher—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 22d St., New York.

June, Andreas Achenbach in September, and Adolf Menzel in December. Schrader is a member of the Berlin and Vienna academies, and held a professorship at the former during most of his active life. His mastery of color is the leading quality of his work, and his services to the art of his country have been very great. He may be said to have been the founder of the best school of historical painting Germany has ever had.

Achenbach was equally a pioneer in the field of landscape, being the leader of the realistic school that fought for recognition in the forties, at Düsseldorf. German landscape painting had hitherto been romantic and intrinsically conventional—a thing of rocks and ruins and vistas of oak forest, forming a background to an aristocratic huntsman or two, clad in spick and span uniforms. It was Achenbach who first saw the weakness of this old style, and determined to picture nature as she really is.

When Heine's "Pictures of Travel" were published, Achenbach illustrated the series of poems on the Baltic, relying, at first, upon descriptions furnished by the author.



"The Faraglioni Rocks, Capri."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by August Lex.

Becoming interested in the work, he made an expedition to the northern coast of Germany, and spent several months in study there. His marine pictures afterward became as well known as his landscapes.

Menzel's career has to a certain extent paralleled that of Schrader, his fellow professor at Berlin. He is best known as the painter of the so called rococo period, though he abandoned that historical field some

"A Question."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

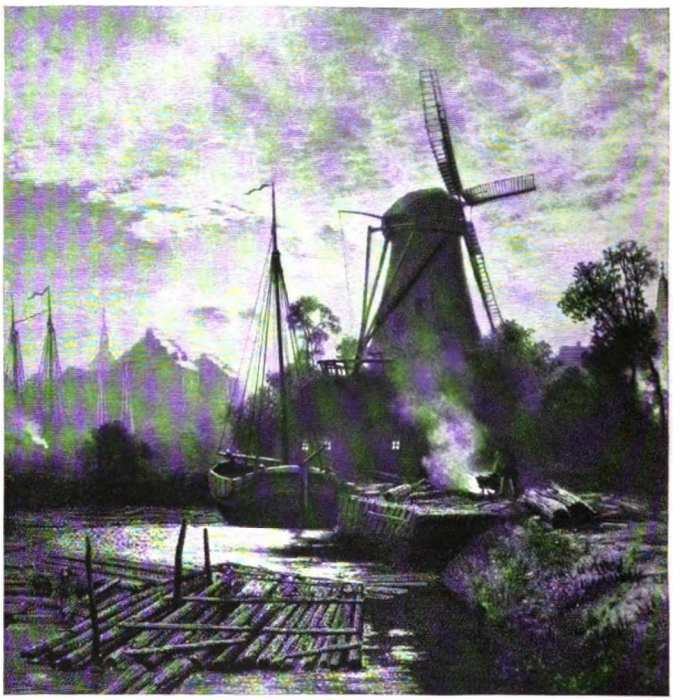
years ago, and has since, in spite of his great age, struck out on entirely new lines, largely upon contemporary themes. He has perpetuated a long list of court functions, reviews, street scenes, and similar events and phases of the life of his own day. Menzel's brush is still busy, but Achenbach and Schrader have ceased active work.

* * * *

It transpires that the purchaser of Gainsborough's "Lady Mulgrave"—of which we spoke last month as having brought ten

"When Lovers Part"

From the painting by R. Pätzelberger—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



"The Old Mill by Moonlight."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by L. Douzette.

thousand guineas at Christie's—was Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the picture is coming to his New York gallery. It will be a notable addition to the fine canvases he already possesses of the English school. Two of the finest are a pair of Turners—"Boulogne Harbor" and the gorgeous Venetian "Grand Canal"—for each of which he is said to have paid a sum precisely equal to the cost of "Lady Mulgrave" when he bought them through the well known London dealer Agnew—who has recently become Sir William Agnew, Baronet.

* * * *

THE two newly elected members of the Royal Academy in London are E. Onslow Ford, the sculptor, and W. B. Richmond, a painter who is best known for his fine decoration of the choir of St. Paul's cathedral. Both have been associates of the Academy for seven years, and their promotion is generally regarded as well deserved. Americans, however, would have been pleased to hear of the recognition of an associate of longer standing and at least equal reputation—George H. Boughton, formerly of New York.

* * * *

"THE largest picture ever painted" is perhaps a topic that has no proper place among art notes; yet it may be of interest to note that the distinction is claimed for a panorama of the Mississippi, executed by John Banvard, who died four years ago in Watertown, South Dakota. This gigantic canvas was twenty two feet wide and nearly two miles long, and gave a detailed representation of two thousand miles of the course of the Father of the Waters.

"At the Billiard Table."

From the painting by Alonzo Perez.

Johann Strauss.
Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

THE WALTZ KING.

The famous musical family of the Strausses, of Vienna—The work and personality of its present head, the composer of the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

WHEN Johann Strauss was a little fellow of six he wrote his first waltz. It was the germ of his genius, but it took a mother's hope and love to recognize it. His father, himself a conductor and composer of ability, brought his fist down upon the family table with a bang, and declared that one fiddler in the Strauss family was quite enough; Johann should not be a musician. The mother was silent. With a little money of her own she sent her boy to the best teachers she could find. And Johann, senior, stormed and raved, and finally separated entirely from his wife.

The father's opposition to his son's study of music could hardly have been due to a desire to spare the boy the hardships of a musician's life, for his own had been made comparatively easy. Born in March, 1804, of poor Viennese parents, the elder Strauss had had such good fortune that he hardly knew what the study of music under difficulties meant. His father kept a little inn, "Zum Guten Hirten" (At the Sign of the Good Shepherd), where an orchestra of three interpreted music of the lighter order to the delight of strolling guests. Little Johann loved their music, and was invariably to be found under the table, listening attentively. Of the toys given him, he was chiefly interested in a small violin. He would play upon it for hours, running over snatches of dances and airs he had heard while in hiding under the inn table.

He had no liking for school, though he was fortunate enough in being sent to a teacher who at once recognized that the boy should have a thorough musical education. His parents could not afford this, and

Johann was sent to learn book binding. But he soon tired of his trade, and before he was fourteen years old, with his violin under his arm, he started out to play for a living.

One of the frequenters of the "Zum Guten Hirten" was Herr Polischansky. He had taken an interest in little Strauss, and finally got the consent of the boy's parents to let him have—at Polischansky's expense—a systematic musical education. He learned rapidly. What it took the usual student a year to acquire, he accomplished in a week; and soon he was playing in Vienna with a favorite string quartet. A little later he was engaged by Joseph Lanner to play in the various gardens and beer halls of the Austrian capital.

Lanner and Strauss became good friends. On one occasion, when the former was prevented from writing a waltz promised for a concert on the following evening, Strauss undertook the task. The composition met with

Frau Strauss, Wife of the Waltz King.

Josef Strauss, Younger Brother of the Waltz King.

an outburst of applause; and although Lanner's name appeared on the program as the composer, Strauss recognized the piece's success as his. Thus encouraged he continued composition. Eventually he organized and conducted an orchestra of his own, which became famous at once.

Strauss had married the pretty daughter of an innkeeper, and it was on October 25, 1825, just before his first concert tour began, that the second Johann Strauss, heir to the genius of his father, was born. The boy's early love of music, and the elder Strauss' vain attempt to stifle it, have already been mentioned. In spite of his father's preference for any other calling for his son, little Johann often managed to be present at the rehearsals of the Strauss orchestra. With his younger brother Josef he would play, on the piano, waltzes of his father's composition; and Vienna soon prophesied that the lad would be the elder Strauss' successor.

At eighteen Johann was obliged, by the lack of money, to enter a bank

The First Johann Strauss, Father of the Present Waltz King.

as a clerk; but he soon left the desk and began his career as composer and orchestra conductor. As early as 1844 the Austrian capital had gone wild over him. In October of that year, when he first conducted some of his own dance compositions at Dommayer's Garden in Vienna, the audience recalled him sixteen times, and the musical world rang with his praise. Although the two conductors' relations had been strained, the son performed, as a compliment to his father, the latter's "Loreley Rhein Klänge" waltzes. The act made the younger Strauss the idol of the hour, and he was proclaimed "Waltz King Johann Strauss the Second."

At this period of his career he was a most prolific writer. He wrote day or night, whenever the fancy took him, and he had a habit of jotting down musical thoughts on his cuffs or collars. Some of the most popular dance music ever composed was thus first recorded. The Strauss dances now number nearly five hundred, and many of them are familiar the world over. "Artist Life," "The Beautiful Blue Danube," "Wine, Woman, and Song," "From the Mountains," "German Hearts," "Harmony of the Spheres," "Village Swallows," and the "Lob der Frauen," are among the best known. The "Blue Danube," almost a national air in Austria, was originally written for a male chorus with orchestra.

The early success of Johann Strauss is thus described by Hanslick, the musical critic of Vienna: "The young man's animal spirits, so long repressed, now began to foam over. Favored by his talent, intoxicated by his rapid successes, petted by the women, he passed his youth in wild excitement, always productive, always fresh and enterprising, always daring to the point of recklessness. In appearance he resembled his father, but was handsomer, more refined, and more modern in dress and air. His waltzes combined the unmistakable Strauss family physiognomy with unique and original qualities of their own."

After the death of his father, in

Frau Strauss, Mother of the Waltz King.

Eduard Strauss.

From a photograph by Gertinger, Vienna.

1849, for a number of years Strauss and his orchestra gave concerts in all the principal cities of Europe, notably in St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, and Paris. It was in Paris that the writer first met the famous composer. He was to lead the orchestra at one of the masked balls given at the Opéra. The musicians were French, and were inclined to resent the leadership of a German. At the morning rehearsal they were inattentive. The newspapers, too, had commented on the subject. Strauss requested me to wait.

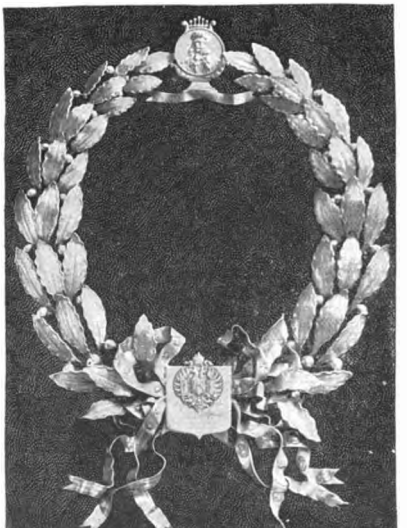
"You will see if there is the slightest inattention on the part of the orchestra," he said. "If there is, I will break my baton and will not conduct a bar."

I waited. Strauss took his position, violin in hand. He was facing the orchestra. In a moment he raised his instrument and began to play. It was his beautiful "Artist Life" waltz, and his rendering of it was perfect. The enormous audience sat spellbound, and as he finished, rose to their feet with thunderous applause. Strauss had conquered; there was no further difficulty in Paris. While there he was further honored with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

In June, 1872, the Waltz King came to this country. The late Patrick S. Gilmore had engaged him, at a large salary, to conduct at the Boston Peace Jubilee. His presence

"The Beautiful Blue Danube"—The Composer's Autograph Copy of the Opening Bars.

there was one round of triumphs. He directed an orchestra of a thousand musicians, and more than ever popularized his melodious compositions. In the same month he gave four concerts in New York, at the Academy of Music. Rarely, if ever, has a composer received such an ovation in the American metropolis as was given to Strauss. His audiences seemed never to tire of his music, while the magnetism of the man with both audience and orchestra was simply astounding.



The Wreath Presented to Johann Strauss by His American Admirers, October 15, 1894.

I shall never forget an incident on the composer's first appearance here. He was leading from a little platform in front of the orchestra, and playing himself. In some way his foot slipped, and he fell, breaking his violin. He scrambled to his feet, took another violin from one of the players, and went on with his waltz as if nothing had happened, losing only eight bars of the music.

It was while in New York that Strauss composed the "Manhattan" waltzes, in which he introduced "Old Folks at Home" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

Following the advice of Jacques Offenbach, in 1871 Strauss entered the field of operetta. Between that time and the present he has produced the following fourteen pieces: "Indigo," "Karneval in Rom," "Die Fledermaus" (originally produced in Paris under the title "La Tzigane"), "Cagliostro," "Prince Methusalem," "Blinde Kuh," "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "The Merry War," "Night in Venice," "The Gipsy Baron," "Simplicius,"

"Ritter Pazman," "Fürstin Ninetta," and "Jabuka." The last of these was first presented in October, 1894, at Vienna. Nearly all of them have been performed in America, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" inaugurating the Casino as the home of comic opera in New York, in October, 1882.

Johann Strauss has enjoyed the friendship of Liszt, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Brahms, and Rubinstein, the last of whom rearranged and frequently played Strauss' "Nachtfalter Walzer." Richard Wagner said of his music: "One Strauss waltz overshadows in respect to animation, finesse, and real musical worth most of the mechanical, borrowed, factory made products of the present time."

The Waltz King lives in a handsome house in Vienna, No. 4 Igelgasse. He was appointed musical director of the Vienna court balls in 1864, succeeding Philip Fahrbach, who in turn had followed the elder Johann Strauss. As his engagements multiplied, however, he resigned in favor of his brothers Josef and Eduard, the latter of whom has held the post since 1874.

Americans hold Strauss and his music in great esteem. Last October, at the celebration of his golden jubilee in Vienna, a number of the most eminent musicians of this country sent a silver and gold wreath to the famous composer, in token of their respect. To present the gift was the writer's pleasure. It was a work of exquisite design and finish, each leaf being inscribed with the name of a favorite composition of the master.

Herr Strauss accepted the token with expressions of deep gratitude. He said that he owed everything to his predecessors, and above all to his father, who showed him the way to musical progress, especially in the sphere of dance music. "My feeble merit," he said, "is only the methods of the past enlarged and broadened."

Rudolph Aronson.

THE AUTUMN TROUBADOURS.

PAST was the royal pageant of the leaves,
And yet the poet crickets at high noon
From fields wide widowed of their saffron sheaves
Sent up a jocund tune.

No more they made the violet twilight-tide
To throb and thrill with bursts of lyric glee;
Yet, true to song, they would not be denied
Their midday minstrelsy.

And listening, enamored of the sounds,
The golden vestured hours were loath to go
Adown the dark declivity to the bounds
Of icy night and snow.

And we, the close companions of the hours,
Beguiled, at heart were fain to linger too,
Clinging to memories of the vanished flowers,
Opaled with morning dew.

Ah, all too brief the choric interludes!
The seal of silence beauty soon immures;
And yet they solaced many wintry moods,
These autumn troubadours.

They were the links that bound us to the skies
That hung the birth of all our bliss above;
And who but backward looks with gladdened eyes
Upon the days of love?

Clinton Scollard.

ROBERT ATTERBURY.

By Thomas H. Brainerd,

Author of "Go Forth and Find."

I.

THE short summer night was almost over. Silence reigned supreme. Even the waves had for once almost ceased their sound; their low, regular murmur was like the breathing of sleeping nature. True, Venus already hung like a jewel over the dark mountains in the east, but not even the earliest bird had fluttered a wing. The moon, her vigil nearly finished, dropped slowly down through the western sky. She still shone on the windows of the cottage, and made fantastic etchings of the vine shadows on the porch.

Within the house there seemed to be profound repose. One of the windows was open, and a wire screen softened the moonlight which fell through it across the bed, where a girl, half lying, half sitting, was wide awake and dreaming. She had crowded the thin pillow into a little bunch, and curved one arm over it to raise her head higher. Her tawny brown hair was uncoiled, and fell in wavy masses over her shoulders, making a lovely frame for the sweet, girlish face and wide open eyes.

It was late when they had come in from a sail on the bay, and her aunt, Mrs. Towers, and her cousin Margaret had both been tired and sleepy; so as soon as the men who were with them had said good night and left the cottage, they had gone to bed. In a few minutes Sara knew by the sound of regular breathing that came to her from her cousin's room, that Margaret was fast asleep. Then she sat up in bed and began slowly to review the events of the past three days. One after another the scenes passed before her; and after each one, with a peculiar thrill which sent the blood to her heart, came the sound of his voice, saying very slowly "Good night," and with it the firm pressure of his hand on hers, as he turned away. Once or twice she held her hand up and looked at it; then she laid it on her breast and her dream went on.

Suddenly she heard in the distance the faint sound of a guitar. The player was evidently coming nearer. Now the footsteps sounded on the sidewalk—light footsteps, keeping rhythmic time with the notes of the guitar. They did not pause at the gate, but came on up the walk.

Sara sat up, listening intently. Then softly, as if intended for only one to hear, a voice—his—began to sing—

"The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings.
Awake, awake; the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes;
Awake, awake, awake, awake!"

Sara's lips were slightly parted, and in her eyes were gleams which came and went like soft, warm flashes of light. She put one foot out of bed and paused.

"Awake, awake!"

Now she stood on the floor, winding her hair about her head, while the roses of her cheeks grew brighter. Her simple toilet was soon made. Noiselessly she went to the window and looked out. A shade of disappointment crossed her face. She could see no one. Again the guitar repeated, "Awake, awake!" Putting on her hat and ulster, she passed silently through the hall and opened the outer door.

He was sitting on the steps in front of the porch, playing softly on the guitar. His face lighted with great joy.

"How good you are! Come, let us go," was all that he said.

She went down the steps, and side by side they walked through the garden and out into the quiet night.

"We will go down to the lime wharf," he said. "I have been there ever since I left you, and when I knew that the morning was coming I hurried back for you."

She did not answer, but walked on beside him. Presently he began to sing again:

"The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The plowman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes."

Wakened by his song, a linnet started from its nest, and, seeing that day had not

yet come, twitteringly remonstrated, then sank into silence again.

They went on past the sleeping hotel, across the bridge, through lanes and by-ways, down the steep old wharf that slopes from the cliff and runs so far out into the bay that the land seems to be quite left behind.

The water was solemn. It moved slowly in great swells toward the distant beach. It still had the gleam of the moonlight upon it, but there seemed, in the breeze that ruffled its surface, to be promise of another light.

Near the end of the wharf were two projecting piles close together. One of them, which was used as a mooring post for the little freight steamers, rose higher than the other. Robert stopped beside it.

"Sit here," he said. "You will catch the first ray of morning here."

She sat down on the higher one, resting her feet on the top of the other great tree, her face toward the east. Then Robert threw himself down upon a coil of ropes a few feet away from her. He put his hands under his head, and looked up at the sky. They sat in silence for a few minutes; then the moon set, and it was dark. Sara turned toward him. She could not see him, but she felt his watching eyes and smiled a little, then looked away again.

Against the horizon Loma Prieta rested, dark and somber. Above it, thrilling with hope, the morning star mounted higher and higher.

"Courage," it seemed to say to all the darkened earth. "I see the sun. It is his light I send to you." All promise, all delight, were in its beams.

Along the black edge of the mountain a soft light suffused itself. Robert could see Sara's eyes, full of wonder and awe.

"It is the dawn," he said to himself.

The light grew apace; the stars began to fade and the shadows to flee away.

Moment by moment her perfect profile came out more clearly against the dark water. Her sweet mouth trembled with great expectancy.

Slowly the mists of the morning with their robes of fleecy gold came marching up the sky. The water shivered with the long waiting.

Robert was not impatient. He so loved to mark the delicate eyebrows, the rings of hair which the wind moved softly on her forehead, and the tender curve of her chin. He wished the moments to move more slowly.

The growing light seemed to concentrate itself around her. She was so young, so bright, so full of hope and life; she seemed to him to be the very type and essence of the morning.

Suddenly with passionate rapture the long light swept across the water and wrapped her in its splendor.

He bent toward her breathlessly. Her bosom heaved, her eyes filled full of unshed tears of joy. Then she turned and shed her light upon him, and he rose and clasped her in his arms and kissed her eyes and lips.

"My day, my life, my love," he whispered.

II.

SARA GARDNER had returned to California a few weeks before the night just passed. She was the only daughter of Mrs. Towers' brother, and since her earliest childhood she had known no home except at her aunt's house. Her father was indeed living, but he was a wanderer over the face of the earth, and she did not remember ever to have seen him. It could not be said that he had neglected her, for he had bestowed the greatest care and thought on all that concerned her life and health, her mental and moral training. She had lived at schools which had been selected with an evident purpose; her vacations had all been planned to further the same design, and in the letters that came with melancholy regularity from her father he kept constantly before her mind the end to be striven for—health and strength, physical and mental.

"If you wish to be happy, be well; if you wish to be useful, be strong."

To the accomplishment of these ends he had always lent himself in every way, except by his own presence; and all that the science of the day and the wisdom of the teachers had gathered together was freely placed at her disposal.

About three years before, Mr. Gardner had written to Mrs. Towers vaguely that he might come home, that he longed for a sight of his own country. In the same letter he asked for a photograph of Sara—"one that looks as she really does." Mrs. Towers had sent it without saying anything to Sara, because she knew what the effect would be; and she was not surprised that no more was said of coming home.

Sara was a lovely reproduction of her mother at her age. She had the same tawny brown hair, the same tender mouth, and the same grayish green eyes, full of indescribable depths of emotion, and some-

Sara's eyes, and said "Good night." Not good by—that he planned to say later.

III.

SOME OF ROBERT'S LETTERS.

"My beloved is mine and I am hers," I sang the Song of Songs over and over in my heart this morning on the train. My beloved!

I seem to have told you so much and to have so much to tell. We will have all our lives to tell it in, so need not hurry. All our lives, did I say? What I mean is, *all*, that is eternity; because we are one; nothing could now come to divide us and make two lives of our united life.

Dearest, when I first saw you there at the depot I knew. Not perfectly, because no one could bear such joy if it came fully at once; but faintly, yet certainly, I knew. It was as if some one had whispered to me, "This is your other self; it is for her you have been waiting; for her you have been longing; because of her you live."

It is only three days since that far away forgotten time when I had not seen you. I am happy, rapturously happy, but not satisfied. Why is it, dear love, that our soul is never satisfied? I think it is because of that eternity of which I was just writing, through the endless ages of which we are to grow. Think of it. On and up through sorrows, perhaps, and joys, through living and dying, but always *together;* that is the Alpha and Omega, the all in all, *together*.

I have been trying to picture our life, dearest. What a revelation of light in the dark places, of comfort and rest in the tired places, your sweet presence will be as we go on our mission of love to men and women?

This morning when the train drew up at Los Gatos I looked out. On the platform there stood a woman with two children clinging to her dress. She looked anxiously at the train, evidently expecting some one who had not come. In her eyes was a tired, hungry look, and her lips were thin and compressed, as if to keep back the cry of her heart.

In this new world, where I now live with you, love, I understand many things, and I knew that it was love which she hungered for, and broken faith that caused the pain in her heart. Her eyes met mine, and mine said to her, "Courage, dear sister." Her face flushed a little, but she stooped and took the smaller child in her arms, and smiled at it and kissed it, and I saw that her pain was lessened. It was help from you which I had given her.

Then we went on, and I fell into an old bad habit which belonged to that other life when I was alone. I began to fancy your face—yours, beloved, with that look upon it. It was terrible; it tortured me, and I must have groaned aloud. Joe, who sat opposite, asked if I was ill. I answered "no," but I opened the window and put my head out to breathe the fresh air, and your spirit came to me in the breeze, and the horrible vision passed away. My own! My love! It may be, I know that it must be, that there will be sorrows for us to bear—but God do so to me and more, if ever act of mine shall mar your perfect loveliness.

* * * *

It is most wonderful to realize how all things are changed to me and those which I have considered small and unimportant are become of absorbing interest. Last night I went for a few minutes to the opera. It was not a very good troupe. They were singing Faust—that universal story, told in immortal music. The scene was at the church door, and while I listened to Marguerite's baffled prayer, I longed to grapple this monster, Prejudice, which under the holiest names, the names of Purity and Religion, has with fiendish cruelty pushed down and back the struggling sinners. My soul wailed with her anguish, and sank down exhausted with her despair. As the curtain fell a harsh, metallic laugh struck upon my ear. I turned to see a woman, painted, bejeweled, horrible. She smiled at me with her sickening, polluted mouth. I shuddered; then your tender eyes shone before me, and it was as if you had said, "She is my sister; I am degraded by her shame, I am lost in her waywardness." I longed to kneel at her feet, and with tears and prayers beseech her to come back to life and love from the charnel house where she now lives. Can we not help them, you and I, dearest love? Will we not try with all our heart and strength?

If we could only solve this problem, could understand why this demon of evil passion has taken possession of our Holy of Holies, why our whole race is under its all crushing slavery! I was thinking of this when there came into my mind these words: "His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night."

Is the answer to be found here? Let us search for it, my own.

* * * *

When I first awakened this morning, I lay still, with closed eyes, slowly thinking over all your perfectness, my love. I tried to think if there were any little possible change which I would be even willing to have in you. There was none—none at all, beloved, but suddenly there came to me a feeling that I was away from you; a longing to see you. There was a rap at my door and a letter was slipped under it. How good you are, how kind and how adorable! My soul rests in perfect blessedness in your love.

I looked for a long time at the envelope before I opened the letter. What joy to have a letter from you to me! And your handwriting! What a new revelation of you it was; and I, foolish, thought I knew you so well. Yet, I reasoned, she could not have had any other handwriting. It belongs to her. "So candid and simple, and nothing withholding, and free." It is well! I stopped to pray a little prayer of thankfulness.

Thank you, darling, for having put the little

photograph in. It is sweet and dear and good, as photographs go, and I am glad to have it.

I have been trying to see how many pictures of you I have. I close my eyes to look at them. There are many, and each one represents to me something typical of perfection in womanhood. When I see you with the little blue handkerchief tied around your head, and only here and there a wilful curl upon your forehead, your eyes smiling at me from the bright waves, through which you swim with such strong strokes, I call you Joy. Then comes a vision of your sweet, girlish form, leaning back in the shadow of a sail. The boat glides gently over a moonlit sea. Your eyes, solemn and serene, are looking up into the depths of the night sky. I love this picture; it rests my heart, and I call it Peace. But most of all, beloved, my love, I see you as I saw you that morning, the morning of our birth into this promised land, when the air grew bright as it touched you, when the wind and the sea sang for joy in you, and the sun wreathed his glory in a halo around your head. When I see this—and still more, when you turn your glorified eyes on me—I lose all consciousness of self, and call you Blessing.

* * * *

Yes, love. You are right as always. Forgive me if I seemed to forget that there is another who has claims on you. I will write to your father tonight. Tomorrow my mother—how she will love you!—goes home. I will go with her, and when we are at home I will tell her all that I have found, and then I will come back to you. It will not be long, not more than three weeks at farthest. We will wait for the answer from your father, and then, beloved, do not let any outside consideration come between us. Be my wife at once. Wife! How unutterably sweet the little word is!

* * * *

Dearest, I have had an evening of great experience—and of pain. Now it is gone, and I realize how wise and best it is that joy should be tempered with sorrow, else we should grow to be giants in egotism, taking all good as our own deserving. It was in this wise; in accordance with my promise I began a letter to your father. It had seemed to me a simple thing to write, and—yes, I will confess my sin to you—I had so entirely recognized that you are mine, as I also am yours, that the letter seemed to be merely a courtesy, a form.

I wrote the address, and held the pen suspended for a moment over the paper, when, presto! Change! There arose before my mind the image of a strong, earnest man, such as your father must be, whose piercing eyes seemed to look into my very soul and plainly to ask, "On what ground do you, a perfect stranger, come to ask from me the gift of my precious, glorious daughter?"

I laid the pen down, abashed, and with those eyes fixed upon me reviewed my life. I put myself in his place and saw the day, which the future may bring, when another, such as I, should come to me and ask for my daughter to be his wife. My daughter! Ours! Oh, my beloved, I wonder if in your sweet springtime of life you will understand how this new, enrapturing thought swept over me, and with what passionate pain I saw that *they*, these children of ours, are the reason for all your loveliness, for all your dazzling perfections; that motherhood is the fulfilment of your life as you are the fulfilment of mine, and that God has gathered all beauty together in you in order that the glad earth may be happy and rejoice in your children?

For a while I was troubled and sorrowful, but as always your spirit came to me and comforted. I realized your need of me, your rest and dependence on me, and grew glad again. Now I rejoice to know myself strong and well for your sake and for theirs; and love has grown and taken yet another office, because whereas before it filled the length and breadth and height of our own lives, it now sits in faithful guard over the holy mystery of those lives that are to be.

IV.

TEN days had passed since the morning of Robert's farewell to Sara—that last morning when they had sat together upon the pier and watched the dawn break over land and ocean.

"Sara, do you know that we have been sitting here for just one hour, and that you have not spoken nor moved once? I hope, since your thoughts are so absorbing, that they are pleasant ones."

Mrs. Towers looked a little anxiously at her niece, and Sara smiled at her reassuringly.

"Thank you, auntie, my thoughts are more than pleasant; they are happy. I am sorry to have been so inattentive, however."

She made an effort to bring herself back to the scene around her. All about on the white sand were groups of gaily dressed women, the older ones gossiping or reading according to their natures, the younger ones gathering about the few good swimmers, anxiously arranging to go into the surf with them. The prevailing idea seemed to be that there was safety in numbers, and that in some occult way the great green waves would respect a crowd. Here and there was a man, usually very old or very young; but nowhere was the sex in sufficient numbers to affect the appearance of the assemblage.

Everywhere, beside every log, along the edge of the water, under the feet of the horses, were the serious workers of this otherwise idle crowd. Little children, boys and girls, with shovels in hand, buckets beside them, and patient determination in their faces, were digging wells, building

forts, making mountains, caves, and tunnels. They worked with unfailing, absorbed interest, and were in strong contrast to the pink legged little imps who were running in and out of the curving, dancing sea foam, and whose piercing shrieks of joy rose above the sound of the waves and the hum of other noises. It was a scene full of life, of human stories, living themselves out sweet under the summer sun.

A new realization of it all came to Sara as she looked around. She seemed never before to have really looked at people. "I had eyes, but saw not," she said to herself. Just then Margaret came and flung herself down upon the sand beside them. She held an open letter in her hand.

"Joe writes that Mr. Atterbury has gone East with his mother. He says he is very sorry, because he wanted him to come down here again next week. I do not think that is very complimentary to us, do you, mother?"

"Well, I do not know. I would not look at it in that way," Mrs. Towers said. "It is very natural that Joseph should enjoy having his old friends down here. I would not be jealous of other men, if I were in your place. What did you think of Mr. Atterbury, Sara?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, Sara did not think of him at all," Margaret interrupted. "Don't you know that she is too much absorbed in all the theories about mankind in general, to give any time to thinking about any man in particular?"

She made a little pouting *moue* at her cousin.

The color came and went in Sara's face for a minute, and she looked from her cousin to her aunt. They were startled by the wave of wonderful beauty that swept over her. Her eyes were glorified.

"Margaret is wrong for once, auntie dear," she said softly. "I think of him all the time; he fills the universe to me. I should have gone with him now, only we are waiting to hear from father. I am going to be his wife."

Margaret sprang up in great excitement, and began to ask a thousand questions. Sara did not see that her aunt grew suddenly white, and that a strange expression, a look of terror, came into her eyes.

"Have you written to your father, Sara?" Mrs. Towers asked, after a few minutes.

"Yes, we have both written. We ought to have an answer in about six weeks. Robert will come back before then, and we shall be married as soon as the letter comes."

Her aunt turned her head away, and Margaret took possession of her again. In a few minutes Mrs. Towers rose, and, saying that she was tired, went up to the cottage. When the girls came in later, they learned that she had a headache and had gone to bed. They did not see her again that night.

V.

WHEN Robert and his mother reached the Mississippi they found a warm wave passing over the country. The air was stifling, and the cars almost unendurable. Mrs. Atterbury was prostrated by the heat, and although Robert devoted himself incessantly to efforts for her comfort, he could do little for her. They ran behind time, and missed their train at Chicago, and had to choose between taking a slower one from there to Boston or waiting over for a day. Mrs. Atterbury preferred to go on. Her only hope seemed to be to reach the salt air; the inland heat was so oppressive.

These physical discomforts added to the dreariness of their home coming, which at best must have been sad. Home is dear, although those who have made it so are no longer there; but it is a dear desolation, full of sweet memories that pain, of sad recollections that torture. Mrs. Atterbury and Robert felt all this when they entered their house without the one who would never again brighten it with his presence. There was no one to welcome them except old Martha, the servant who had taken care of the house in their absence. She was watching for them, and threw the door open with a semblance of gladness, but as it closed upon them their loss came over them again as fresh and strong as on the day when Dave had died.

Robert threw open the windows and pushed out from the corner his mother's favorite chair. He helped her to take off her traveling wraps, and threw his own things about on the chairs and tables, trying to give an air of life and occupancy to the room; but he was himself tired, very tired and very sad, and the assumed cheerfulness was a poor disguise for his real feelings. Presently he saw the tears in his mother's eyes. He knelt beside her and took her in his arms, while she let her grief have way.

They had been in the house but a little while when Martha brought Robert a note.

"Mr. Blethen has been here three or four times today. He says he must see you at once, and the last time he came he wrote this note."

Robert opened it and read:

Claire is gone. I do not know where. If you get home before twelve o'clock tonight, for God's sake come to me at my old apartment. I must find her before this gets out. Yours, P. Van Ruger Blethen.

Robert shut his hand on the note and frowned.

"What is it, Robert?" Mrs. Atterbury asked.

"A note from Van Ruger, mother. He seems to want to see me about something of great importance. I think I will go to see him as soon as we have had supper."

When tea had been served, Robert bade his mother good night.

"Try to rest, dear," he said. "I may very likely be late, and I am sure bed is the best place for you this sultry night."

Claire Blethen was Mrs. Atterbury's niece. Her father, Mr. Whitwell, Mrs. Atterbury's only brother, had lived most of his life in Europe. When nearly fifty years old he had married in Nice a pretty French girl, Mlle. Rose Bauvais. Shortly afterwards, he suddenly returned to Boston, and established himself in the old home of his childhood, on the outskirts of Concord. The house was old fashioned, having been built by his grandfather. Its rooms were grave and solemn with furniture of dark oak and mahogany. In the garden were stately poplar trees whose shadows lay in long, prim lines on the smooth green lawns. Mr. Whitwell had fled from it in the first freedom of his early manhood, but now it seemed to him to be the most desirable place in the world; a place of rest after vain wanderings; a haven of peace and repose, where he was glad to feel that he could pass the remainder of his days. Had he not tasted every pleasure that every city of Europe could offer; and had he not proved to his own satisfaction that they were all, or nearly all, vanity and vexation?

Rose had been married almost as soon as she had left the convent where her youth was spent, and it often seemed to her that she had only exchanged prisons. She even contrasted this prison, where she had only gloomy old rooms to wander through, and the caprices of an old man to study, with that other one, where, although the walls were severe, the garden walks were full of light hearted girls whose laughter made even the black robed sisters smile. Sometimes she wished with real homesickness for the old convent days, but usually the strain of her life was onward toward that fairy life of pleasure from which her husband was resting.

While she sat half listening to his reminiscences of a time before she was born, her own imagination took wild and airy flights. Along the Bois de Boulogne, through the Champs Elysées, she seemed to see a line of stately equipages, perfect in every detail, filled with lovely women whose gay smiles were answered by the courtly cavaliers who rode beside them. In the most brilliant of the carriages she saw herself, happiest and most admired of all. Or perhaps it was a ball room where, in a costume of unimagined grace and beauty, she floated on in a never ending waltz to strains of longing, beseeching, tender music.

She did not say much and she did nothing, but the inward coolness became daily more apparent. Before Claire was born, Mr. Whitwell, who was by no means without knowledge of human nature, fully realized that he had made a mistake; that is, he realized it from his own standpoint. He accepted the fact that the solitude in which he chose to spend the remainder of his life was not to be cheered, as he had hoped, by the loving devotion and gentle mirth of a young wife. Looking around for something to take the place of the relaxation which he had planned, he happened on a friend who was a celebrated microscopist. He plunged into the study of microbiology, and, fired with an amateur's zeal, began to form a collection which he intended to bequeath to Harvard University as a memorial of himself.

Winter passed, and Claire was born. For a little while Rose amused herself with the baby, as with a new toy; but with the spring and returning strength all the old longings took possession of her, and finally found expression. She wrote to her mother, and obtained the desired invitation. Armed with her mother's letter she went into the library, where Mr. Whitwell sat poring over his microscope, in which he had just placed a new and rare atom.

"Mama writes that she wishes very much to see me," she said. "She asks that I should come across as early as possible. They are going to Paris for May and June, and she wishes me to go with them. Have you any objection?"

Mr. Whitwell looked up carelessly.

"It is out of the question," he said. "I cannot possibly leave my work at present."

She hesitated for a moment, then with charming politeness bowed in acknowledgement of the weighty importance of his work.

"No, mama does not dare to hope that you will be able to come with me, but she

says that Augustine can take me over perfectly well. She has crossed so many times."

Suddenly Mr. Whitwell seemed to understand. He pushed his chair back from the table, took his glasses off, and regarded her steadily. It would not do to make a mistake now.

"If you go you will have to leave the child here. I cannot consent that she should go."

For a moment her eyes quailed, and her color came and went.

"I agree with you. It is better that she should stay."

A few days later, Mr. Whitwell wrote to his sister: "Rose has gone to France to her mother. She will not return, and I shall need your help and advice in the care of the child."

At the same time, on the deck of the outgoing steamer, Rose Whitwell walked up and down with light and airy tread. She watched the hills and headlands as the ship left them behind, and felt the chains of ennui and weariness drop from her with each point that faded from sight. Her pulses throbbed, her eyes shone, and she said in a low, happy tone to herself, "Ah! *mon Dieu!* How delicious it is to be free!"

There was never any scandal. It was understood at first that Mrs. Whitwell would return in the autumn; then that she was not very strong, that she was spending the winter in a milder climate, and would come back in the spring. Gradually people forgot to ask for her. Claire grew up chiefly under Mrs. Atterbury's care, although Mr. Whitwell selected her schools, and considered himself in every respect a model father. Her vacations were spent with her aunt; Robert and Dave always hoped to find her there when they came home from school.

Her pale ivory skin, black eyes, and soft yellow hair made a combination of color that always attracted the attention of strangers. They would look at her as they passed, then turn and look again. The charm she had for those who knew her was, however, not in her beauty, but in the witchery of her impulsive, passionate, French nature, mingled as it was with occasional moods of puritanical and almost preternatural gravity.

Each year she received two or three letters from her mother. They were always accompanied by some little gift, and always expressed the hope of seeing her soon. Just before the time when Robert went away with Dave on their useless search for health and life, Mr. Whitwell died, quite suddenly. After the funeral was over Mrs. Atterbury closed the old house, and took Claire home with her. They had telegraphed to Mrs. Whitwell, but neither Claire nor her aunt had any thought that the change would bring her nearer to them. Great was their surprise when, on the arrival of the next French steamer, Mrs. Whitwell presented herself in person.

Time had dealt gently with her, and in the clinging robes and long veil of her widowhood she looked even younger than she was. Her demonstrative joy at seeing Claire, her tender, caressing tones, and the little exclamations of delight over each beauty and grace which she found in the girl, completely won her daughter's heart; and it was with joyful anticipations, if with present pain, that she made ready to accompany her mother back to France.

Troubles came so thick and fast to the Atterburys that they did not follow Claire Whitwell closely in her short career of pleasure. After a year or so, they received a letter, telling them that she was to be married to Peter Van Ruger Blethen. They had many sad misgivings when they read it. Robert knew Blethen very well; had known him as a boy, and later in college. He had not seen him for several years, but he knew that Blethen could not be such a man as he would have wished his warm hearted, impressionable little cousin to marry. There was nothing to be done, however. Robert and his mother were in southern California, watching the slow days take with them the little remaining strength of their dear invalid. The wedding would be over before they could interfere, even if their interference would accomplish anything; so they sent kind wishes and hoped for the best.

A few months later Robert received a letter from a friend who was a student in Paris. It gave him some unpleasant details regarding the affair, and confirmed his misgivings about it. The letter told him that Van Ruger had been living at a terrible pace, and that both his doctor and banker had whistled down breaks; that the former had strongly advised him to marry and settle down; that the devil, in the shape of a mutual friend, had pointed out Claire to him, and suggested that it might be amusing to marry her, adding that she was young, very pretty, and that her ample fortune would repair the ravages which the pleasures of the past had made in his own.

Later, from time to time, they learned that the Blethens had returned to Boston,

had opened the family house on Commonwealth Avenue, and were entertaining a number of their friends from Paris with every kind of pleasure and amusement which the vicinity offered. Claire's letters were infrequent, but Mrs. Atterbury supposed this to be owing to the press of her social engagements, and did not consider it seriously.

VI.

ROBERT seated himself in the car which was going into Boston, and for the first time tried to understand Blethen's note. What in the world did it mean? Claire gone! Where and how? Neither his knowledge nor his imagination came to his assistance; but of one thing he was certain—there was bitter trouble involved in the mystery, and already he began to feel his sympathies rallying around Claire. She might have been rash and foolish, but nothing more, he was sure. The nearer he drew to town the less he desired to see Van Ruger, and when he arrived at his door it required all of his almost brotherly love for Claire to make him ring the bell.

"Mr. Blethen is waiting for you," the servant said.

Robert went up into the old rooms, where he had occasionally called years before. Blethen was sitting at his writing table, smoking. His face was gloomy almost to ferociousness, but he sprang up and greeted Robert eagerly.

"You are very kind to come so soon," he said. "Have you just come in? The train was late, I suppose. It always is late. Sit down. It is dreadfully hot. Will you take something—a cigar, brandy and soda, or anything? I am in a deuce of a row, or I would not have troubled you."

Robert took a cigar, and, after lighting it, sat in silence, waiting. Slowly the eagerness died out of Blethen's face. He seemed to find some difficulty in beginning.

"You see," he said, "Claire lived so much with you when she was on this side that I thought you would be just the one to know where to look for her. It is deuced awkward, because I cannot make any inquiries. Of course the most important thing is to keep people from finding out that I do not know where she is." Then, replying to a look of Robert's, he went on, "Oh, no, I am not alarmed about her, not in the least. She is too"—he hesitated, and substituted "timid" for the word which had come to him first—"too timid to do herself any harm, but what I want is to prevent any scandal, any notoriety, don't you know? It is so damned disagreeable to a fellow to have his wife talked about."

"Perhaps you had better tell me all about it," Robert said.

"Well," said Blethen, "you know, or rather you don't know, that we have been spending the summer at my little cottage up on the North Shore. I took Claire there because it is just the place for her now; cool and near the water and very quiet. She is not in a condition to wish to see people, and I thought it would suit her perfectly. She is rather difficult at the best of times, as you probably know, but since she has not been well she has been simply impossible. I am not telling you this to find fault, however; only because you will have to know that there have been scenes; sometimes because I did not go down, sometimes because I did. Any way, yesterday morning I telegraphed to her that I would be detained by business until very late, and so would not be down. In the afternoon I went out for a spin along the river, when who should come along but Leslie Fay, an old friend of mine, as you may remember. There is absolutely no one in town, and she looked so longingly at me that I had not the heart to refuse her, so I drew up and told her to jump in. She has a lot of sense. She took a thick veil out of her pocket and tied it over her face so that no one in the world would have known her. We drove for an hour or so, and were just coming into town. I was thinking where I had better leave Leslie when we came around a corner right upon the Evanston carriage. Emma Evanston was on the front seat with the driver, and on the back seat, with Mrs. Evanston, who but Claire herself! She leaned forward and looked at us. I whipped up and we passed like a flash, but I saw that she turned pale and looked at me with positive hatred. Of course I shook Leslie as soon as possible, and came here. She was not here. Then I went to the Evanston house. They were just starting back to the shore, and said they had left Claire here. Then I came back." His face changed a little. "She was not here, but I found evidence that she had been. Then I went down to the cottage. She was not there, and the servant said that she had gone for a drive with the Evanstons and had not come back with them. That was all I could find out. I instructed the servant to telegraph me if she returned, and then came back to town. Today I have been everywhere where there seemed to be the least chance of finding

her. It is pretty hard work, going about in this infernal heat, and it's a damned outrage, too! The silly girl! It all comes from the ridiculous way in which girls are brought up. It is not enough that they are kept absolutely ignorant of the world as it really is, but they have a lot of the most absurd prejudices, so that an ordinary man of the world, such as I am, has no idea what to do with them. I can tell you, a man has little idea what he is in for when he gets married."

"Perhaps it would be as well not to discuss that," said Robert, "but to try and find Claire."

"Yes, that is what I want. And now, have you any idea where she would be likely to go? Any old friends or something of that sort? She is only trying to frighten or annoy me, or both."

Robert had said almost nothing. He felt a positive loathing for Blethen, and yet he was sorry for him, too. The years had written their story on his face, and Robert read there how absolutely unfit he was to solve any real problem of life, or to meet any emergency in a manly, straightforward way. Weak, dissolute, and self indulgent, he could understand nothing except from the standpoint of his own desires.

"What do you suppose Claire thought when she saw you driving with Leslie?" Robert finally asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She has such high and mighty ideas about everything; she does not think a man has a right to any liberty."

"Does she know of your former relations with Leslie?"

Blethen moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"I am afraid she does," he answered. "You see, Atterbury, I am not a bad fellow at all. I only do what everybody else does; and by Jove, I did not know that a girl could be as ignorant and prejudiced as Claire was when we were married. I give you my word I was as innocent of any intentional offense as a babe unborn, the first time I told her a funny story which was going the rounds. She turned on me as if I were not fit for her to walk on, and asked what kind of people I had lived with to know such things. She actually forbade me ever to tell her such a thing again. Since then she has always been more or less suspicious, and I do not know how much she knows. But the question is, do you think that you can find her?"

"I think I can find her; indeed, I know that I *will* find her," Robert answered. "I am not going to discuss the matter with you, Blethen, but I may as well say that I do not think it probable that she will come back to you."

A spasm of something like real pain crossed Blethen's weak face, and instantly gave place to a look of passionate anger.

"Damn it all!" he broke out. "I would be glad enough to cut the whole thing, and be rid of her, if it were not for what people will say. Why a man wants to tie himself to a whining, puritanical wife, when there are plenty of women who know how to make themselves agreeable and keep their own places, is more than I know."

He was walking up and down the room, his eyes bloodshot, his voice quivering with passion.

"She has got to come back, I say. I won't be treated in this way. I won't be made the laughing stock of the whole town by the damned little——" He did not finish the sentence. Robert caught his arm, and one look into Atterbury's face silenced him. He threw himself into his chair, and, putting his head upon the table, burst into hysterical sobs.

"I will send you word in the morning whether I have found her or not." So saying, Robert went out and closed the door. He walked away with a heavy heart. "The man is a coward, and more than half a liar too," he said to himself. He knew the story had been only half told. At the end of the room he had seen an uncleared table which had been laid for two, and beside the wine glasses lay a woman's glove, a long evening glove, and on the floor were faded Devoniensis roses.

VII.

ROBERT did not hesitate as to the direction in which he should first look for Claire. In the porter's lodge, at the gate of the house where she was born, lived her old nurse. Robert had little doubt that he would find her there. It was now nine o'clock, and the heat was still insupportable. He hurried as fast as possible in order to catch the nine thirty train for Concord.

When he arrived at the lodge everything was in darkness, except that a dim light shone under the blinds of the front room. Robert smiled to see it; his question was already answered. In response to his knock, he heard heavy steps ascend the stairs, and in a minute the upper window was slowly raised and old Nancy put her head cautiously out.

"Who be you?" she asked.

"Nancy, it is I, Robert Atterbury. Will you let me in?"

"For the Lord's sake," she ejaculated. "It's Mr. Robert. Whatever shall I do?"

"Come, Nancy, be quick, please," Robert said. "I am very tired."

The old woman came down stairs, talking to herself, and opened the door a little way, evidently in doubt as to what she ought to do. Robert pushed it open and entered.

"Where is Mrs. Blethen?" he asked.

He closed the outer door, and put out his hand to open that of the front room.

"No, no; ye mustn't go in there," old Nancy began.

Robert had opened the door; he stood on the threshold, and Claire was before him. She lay on the black haircloth sofa, her eyes red and swollen from much crying, her whole attitude expressive of absolute despair. She rose to her feet and turned angrily toward Robert, evidently thinking it was her husband who had come. When she saw who it was she sat down.

"Robert! You here? What have you come for?" she asked coldly.

"To find you, dear," he answered. "Are you not glad to see me?"

"No. I shall never be glad of anything again," she said.

She did not look at him again, nor speak to him. She sat with her hands clasped before her, her head bowed in utter misery, her eyes fixed on the floor. Robert gazed at her with absolute wonder. Could two short years have changed the gay, debonair girl whom he remembered into this hollow eyed, stern, and unbeautiful woman? He did not know what to do or say.

"Well," she finally said, "I suppose you agree with Van Ruger. He says no woman who looks as I do could expect a man to stay with her. You evidently think so, too. You had better go back and sympathize with him. I do not want you here, you may be sure. One thing, since you have come, you may as well tell him—that I shall stay here. And he shall not come here; tell him that, too. I will never see him again, and never enter his house again; tell him that please, and make it very plain to him."

"I am not going back just now, Claire," he said, "and when I do go it will not be to Blethen. You know we have just come home, mother and I, and we hoped——"

She sprang up and went to him, the tears filling her eyes.

"Oh, Robert, forgive me," she said. "I am so selfish and so wicked. I forgot for a moment. Poor Dave! Poor, darling auntie! I have grieved so for it all. I have so longed to go to you. Did you think it very strange that I did not come when Dave grew worse? I wanted to, oh so much; but I couldn't." She added bitterly, "I never can do anything that I want to now. Tell me about auntie, and about Dave, too, if you can."

So Robert talked to her, quietly and sadly, holding her hand in his. In a little while she seemed quite her old self again.

"Mother will come out for you tomorrow," he said, "and you will come home with her, will you not?"

"No," she said, "no, Robert. I will not go away from here. I can stay here away from every one, and bury my misery. Oh, you do not know, you cannot imagine, what I have suffered; all the shame and degradation and horror of the past year. *That*, at least, I have ended; I will never go back to it again, never."

"I do not ask you to go back to Blethen," he said, "but only to come to us now. You can decide everything else afterwards."

She got up and moved away from him.

"No," she said. "I do not want you to help me, nor any one else. No one can help me; there is no cure for me. I am ill, and wretched, and wicked. Yes, wicked," she repeated, and her eyes began to blaze and her cheeks to flush. "I suffer horribly, but I would endure anything, anything, to make him suffer as I do. He said to me yesterday, 'You are a pretty looking wife for a man to come home to. Perhaps you think it amuses me to play sick nurse,' and then he went off to amuse himself with—those other women, whom he likes so much better than he does me. He says they know their business, and that a man does not have them dragging around after him all the time. I feel so degraded, so loathsome, and, oh, how I envy them! Yes, I do. I envy them. Do they have this to bear? Are they old, and ugly, and ill?"

She was wringing her hands now and sobbing violently.

"Don't Claire, please don't," Robert said; "if not for your own sake, then——"

"Hush!" she said. "Don't finish it. I will not be careful for its sake. I want it to die. What do you suppose I want it for? I tell you I hate it. Look at what it has done for me—and I cannot get away, I cannot do anything. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

Suddenly she came to Robert and knelt beside him, clasping her hands on his knee and looking up at him with wild, frightened eyes.

"Oh, Robert," she whispered, "I am so afraid, so terribly afraid. I cannot bear it, the horrible pain, and—I am so afraid—I am *sure* that I am going to die. Oh, I cannot die; I cannot die!"

She sank to the floor, completely prostrated. Robert lifted her up and laid her on the sofa. Then he sat down beside her. Softly as a mother soothes a suffering child, he quieted her, talking in tender tones and comforting words. Slowly the sobs ceased, and by and by she slept.

Morning had dawned when Nancy came in, and they succeeded in putting a pillow under Claire's head without waking her. Then, without waiting for even a cup of coffee, Robert started for the train. He thought he would go home, and tell Mrs. Atterbury what he had done, and leave Claire in her hands, while he took the rest of which he stood in so great need.

VIII.

WHEN Robert opened the door and stepped out, he thought the cool air which struck him was only the morning freshness; but when he came out into the road he found that one of the sudden changes of the New England climate was upon them. The temperature had fallen many degrees, and the east wind was blowing strong and cold from the ocean. His thin summer clothes offered slight protection to his already exhausted frame.

He hurried on, but before he reached the train he knew that he had taken cold. That unmistakable sense of great fatigue, which seems to start in the bones and to creep over the whole body, gave warning of a coming chill. He fought against it. He summoned all his strength of will and purpose to oppose the enemy whose approach struck terror to his soul; but it was in vain. Huddled together in one corner of the car, where he tried to shelter himself, he shook from head to foot, and his teeth chattered.

When the train reached Boston, he called a cabman, took a blanket that had covered the man's horse, and, telling him to drive at once to Dr. Newton's, sprang into the cab. The horse started off at a quick pace, and the vehicle jolted over a rough pavement. Robert swayed forward, then put his handkerchief to his mouth to meet the rush of warm blood which filled it. He looked at the crimson stain, and knew his fate.

"Oh, my love, my precious love," he moaned.

Rapidly there passed before him the closing scenes of his father's life and of Dave's, and he felt that they were about to be repeated in his own. It was horrible! Life had just become so beautiful, so wonderful. He cowered before the blow, and Death triumphed over him.

* * * *

Weeks passed. Robert's mother watched and tended him with ceaseless devotion, but with a breaking heart. For himself, he submitted to all the wearisome round of medical treatment without question and without hope. He wished that his mother and the doctor should feel, afterwards, that they had done what they could; but he had no expectation of being better.

Before his mind there was continually the one thing which he had still to do. That thing accomplished, they might do what seemed good to them.

"We must get him away," the doctor said. "The disease is not yet settled, and in a milder climate, with good care, he may have many years yet before him. I think a voyage on a good clipper ship is the best thing for him. If he goes at once he will get into the south before the cold weather has really come, and the warm sea air may do wonders for him."

"I am not a very good sailor, but of course I shall go with him," Mrs. Atterbury said. "We will stay together as long as we can."

Her voice quivered, but she would not give way to her grief. Already she felt the coming of the days when Grief and she would sit together at her desolate hearth, and she forbade his presence now.

"I do not understand Robert's great depression," she added. "Usually, in these cases, the last person to be convinced of danger is the patient; but he has been hopeless from the first."

The doctor looked very grave.

"That complicates matters," he said. "There may be something on his mind, or his nerves may be unstrung."

The doctor, who was also Mrs. Atterbury's life long friend, had a painful duty to perform. He felt that it was necessary to oppose her, but he did it with infinite tenderness, gentleness.

"My dear Mrs. Atterbury," he said, "if you will be guided by me, you will not go with Robert. Not on your own account, of course, but because it will be far better for him to be in the care of a young, strong, light hearted man; one who, while taking intelligent care of him, will not himself be depressed by anxious fears. Now, John Richards has just returned from Berlin.

He is a full fledged M. D., and he wishes to come into my office. I like him very much, and have been thinking of taking him to relieve me of some of my night duties. Suppose we see if he would not like to go on this voyage with your son? It seems to me that he would fulfil all the requirements of the case."

The blow struck home. Mrs. Atterbury bowed her head in silent agony, but mother-like she resigned her last sad pleasure to even a faint hope of prolonging her son's life.

When they told the plan to Robert, he listened without interest, recognizing in it only one step of the well known path. After his mother and the doctor had left the room he ordered the nurse to bolster him up with pillows, and to give him pencil and paper. He was white when he began to write, and the cheek bones seemed ready to protrude through the transparent skin. As he wrote, bright, hectic spots burned red on his cheeks. He began slowly:

Beloved, I must be strong for your dear sake——

There he stopped, looked at what he had written, and tore it up. "I need not tell her that I must be strong," he thought. "I must be really so." He leaned back on the pillows and closed his eyes. From under the lids two bitter tears found way, and on his forehead stood great drops of sweat. Again he took the pencil and this is what he wrote:

Beloved, a great calamity has befallen us. I am stricken down by the same fatal disease which has taken so many of my family. There is no hope; I am already as a man dead.

What can I do for you, O my love? Would that my arms might be around you when you feel this blow, that my breast might receive the tears which you will shed for me. I know, my love, all that you would say, all that you would wish to do; *but I will not have it so. I give you up.*

What can you do for me, dearest? I will tell you. *Live.* From this deathbed let my voice reach your soul and give you help and strength. Live out all the grand possibilities of your great woman's nature.

Give way to your grief for a little while, dear love; then rise to meet what life brings to you. I see her coming, in her hands all joys and pains, wifehood, motherhood. Fulfil yourself, beloved, and do not let me cast a shadow upon you. I, who owe to you all the bliss of my life, *bless you.*

When he had sealed the letter he sent the man out to post it and lay quietly back upon the pillow. Presently his mother bent over him, listening to his breathing. He opened his eyes and looked at her, and she smiled at him—one of those heart breaking smiles, so much sadder than tears. His lips moved and she stooped low to catch the faint sound.

"The bitterness of death is passed," he said.

* * * *

That night he slept well, and the next he seemed better and stronger, so that the doctor, who was impatient to get him off, urged that he should go on one of the steamers to Aspinwall and then cross over to Panama, where he could get a ship bound for some of the South Pacific Islands. He made no objection to anything, so in less than a week he was carried on board a steamer and, with Dr. Richards, was southward bound.

The days were wonderful in the beauty of the Indian summer. The doctor put Robert on a long steamer chair, where the warm salt air was around him and the sun shone on him. He lay, looking now at the blue sky, now, as the great ship rolled from side to side, at the heaving billows. He recognized all the soothing influences around him, and he thought they were ministrant angels who were lulling him to his last sleep. He had no more to do on sea or shore; he had made his last perfect sacrifice; now he had but to wait.

But God's angels come with healing in their wings.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREAT BALKAN INTRIGUE.

The true story of the Vacaresco incident, which almost drove Charles of Roumania from his throne—Carmen Sylva's part in a romance that proved to be a conspiracy.

"IN our century of prose and reality love has for once manifested its power despite all opposition. It is from the land of the sun, from the land of Carmen Sylva, who sings from the heart and soul—it is from Roumania that this ray of light comes," wrote Queen Elizabeth in the summer of 1891, while her kingdom trembled with the excitement caused by the Vacaresco incident. "Prince Ferdinand and Helène," she continued, "stand before us a precious example of valiant love, braving the thousand storms raised by the shadow of that crown which hovers over the young man's head. The Roumanians will applaud their union, and all truly patriotic hearts will beat with joy when the happy couple plight their troth at the altar."

Today the poet queen, resting among the verdure clad mountains of Sinaia at the picturesque castle of Pelesh, in harmony with her husband and people, surrounded by friends, respected and honored by the great dignitaries of state, blushes as she recalls these pages from her diary. Her romantic friendship for her former maid of honor, which was ended by the king's order despite Elizabeth's hysteric protests and impotent threats—this fanciful attachment that came near wrecking her throne, proved to be a one sided, sentimental illusion, as her majesty is now well aware. The gentle Helène was long ago unmasked as an adventuress, and the lovelorn Ferdinand has for two years been the contented husband of another woman.

Three summers ago, the most sanguine observer would not have dared anticipate so happy and prosaic a solution of the imbroglio that set the war ministers of all Europe to overhaul their marching orders. The writer, at the time, was a foreign correspondent stationed in Vienna, and the passage just quoted from the queen's diary was among the choice bits of gossip that reached his office from her majesty's "cabinet" in Bucharest, the communications being invariably signed "Schaeffer, Her Majesty's Secretary."

They say journalists are born, like strategic and poetic geniuses. Bismarck is of opinion that they are men who have missed their proper vocation. Both maxims fit the case of Schaeffer. A journalist by the grace of nature, he became amanuensis to a royal mistress who dealt in anything but facts.

I have read through several of Carmen Sylva's romances, but none of them—nor even her majesty's translation of the "Songs of the Dimbovitza," gathered by Helène Vacaresco among the gipsies—wild and unreal as they are, can compare, as works of untrammeled imagination, with the version of the Vacaresco affair sent out by the queen's secretary on official, crowned, and crest laden paper. It was all in the general key of the queen's diary effusions—unbridled, rhapsodical, of childlike artlessness, presupposing a state of the public mind which hardly existed in the days of the troubadours. Denuded of hightalutin phrases, endless periods, fulsome declarations, hysterics and hyperbole, the queen's typewritten statements were to the effect that her nephew, Prince Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the crown of Roumania, had fallen desperately in love with the young and innocent Helène Vacaresco, who was a lady of the court of Bucharest, a renowned poetess, and daughter of a noble family; that she—Carmen Sylva—had permitted the couple to become engaged; that they were man and wife before God's altar, and that the people of Roumania were eager to hail Helène as their future queen.

Photographs exhibiting the queen, Prince Ferdinand, and Helène, posed together in a loving group, were inclosed, and the sympathies of the correspondents enlisted on the plea of chivalry.

Of course, when a queen—and, forsooth, a lovely woman—unbends to ask favors of a handful of journalists in a foreign country, the readers whom they serve are liable to become her majesty's converts. Oh, the wonderful romances concerning the royal trio we telegraphed and cabled to all parts

of the globe, during the fortnight when we put our trust in the loquacious and sly Schaeffer! Alas, the lovely mess of crow upon which we dined a little later!

The Roumanians, and particularly Bucharest society, do not incline to prudery.

Helène Vacaresco.
From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.

While the love making between Helène and Ferdinand was the theme of general gossip in the capital, it excited little more than passing comment. Not until the foreign press busied itself with the case, and declared it an affair of state, did the journals of the kingdom take cognizance of the subject. Then, at the mere mention of the fact that the crown prince intended to *marry* Mlle. Vacaresco, there arose a storm that threatened to sweep King Charles from his throne. Ministry, court, and people had at last discovered a point on which they could agree, and declared themselves bitterly opposed to the contemplated mésalliance. "It is not love that inspires the Vacaresco woman," they vociferated; "it is treason, tempered by blackmail." And Prince Ferdinand was characterized as a "noodle—just such an imbecile as an ambitious woman would victimize."

The queen was abused in even more shameful style. Two days after the scandal had become noised about in Bucharest, I saw a caricature of Carmen Sylva posted in

Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva").
From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.

the neighborhood of the royal palace. It represented the queen as she entered Roumania, poor, bare headed, and in a dress much the worse for wear—a German *Aschenbroedel*. A companion picture exhibited her majesty as a person grown rich and puissant by the bounty of her people, dealing out royal crowns to her inferiors.

This cartoon, the more objectionable as it affected a semblance of truth, was permitted to disgrace the dead walls for many hours, and hundreds of thousands came in steady procession to look and gloat over the coarse likeness. Then came the queen's journey to Venice, which was nothing short of flight, followed by rumors of divorce and of King Charles' abdication. The uproar lasted five or six weeks, finally to be quieted by the reports of a visit paid by the king to his ailing wife, in company with the premier, the secretary of the ministerial council, and a number of other officials. The nucleus of a settlement of the whole affair was then and there agreed upon. Elizabeth consented to discharge Mlle. Vacaresco and secretary Schaeffer, withdrew her approval of the contemplated match between Helène and Ferdinand, and promised not to interfere in her husband's selection of a wife for the heir presumptive. A month or so later she was moved to Neuwied, the residence of her brother, the Prince of Wied. There she remained in seclusion until October last, when she returned to her kingdom a changed woman, a queen who had profited by the political lessons that had been taught her.

At present Carmen Sylva is holding court on Mount Sinaia, a district which the royal authoress has charmingly described in "Tales of the Pelesh." The Roumanian sovereign's summer residence is the Mecca of hundreds of scientists, artists, and literary men and women, every season. There one meets no end of celebrities, and all are cordially welcomed by king and queen, who

Charles, King of Roumania.
From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.

give each a day or two to become thoroughly acquainted, and then politely proffer their regrets that the guest's departure should be made necessary by the host of other names on the court marshal's invitation list.

At Pelesh Queen Elizabeth and her ladies wear the national costume, a motley garb, the most unusual feature of which is the apron, worn at the back, and made of damask silk of a very delicate red, streaked with silver threads. A chemise of white wool, very soft and fine, and richly embroidered at the neck, sleeves, and edgings, serves for a waist.

Carmen Sylva has a classical mouth, a musical voice, deep set eyes of light blue, and teeth of pearly whiteness. Her wavy hair is prematurely white, but her tall, fine figure stands as erect as ever. Her majesty's complexion is fresh and healthy, her step elastic, and her whole manner winsome.

Behold, in contrast to this truly royal woman, her quondam "friend" and all but destroyer—Helène Vacaresco. Below medium height, dark skinned, of full figure, she has thick lips, an abundance of raven tresses, and a smooth, round forehead. Like most ancient families of Roumania, the

house of Vacaresco claims Roman origin. All its members of this generation are essentially French in training and tastes. Besides Helène and her parents, there are two brothers and a sister. The latter married a Catargi, a member of the family which dethroned the former ruler of the Roumanian country, Prince Couza, in spite of the fact that he had a son, Demetrius by name, by leagues. The Bucharest government today possesses positive documentary evidence that the love affair between the crown prince and Mlle. Helène was the result of a conspiracy entered into by the Vacaresco family to the end of driving King Charles to abdication and of enthroning Demetrius, Carmen Sylva being their unconscious tool, and Russia furnishing the funds. Secretary

The Crown Princess of Roumania and Her Eldest Son
From a photograph by Mauly, Bucharest.

the elder Catargi's sister. This boy, heir to all the Couza millions—stolen millions, by the way—is the favorite candidate of the Panslavist party in Russia and the Balkans for the Roumanian throne, and herein lies the key of the historical intrigue of which we have been speaking.

The father and brothers of the young woman who aspired to the Roumanian crown, share her unpleasant characteristics. Through Helène's influence they secured high positions in the diplomatic service, four or five years ago, but wherever they went—to Belgrade, Vienna, or Rome—they gained a most unenviable reputation, and were treated with contempt by their colSchaeffer, who has been a fugitive from justice for years, is known to have been a Russian agent.

While the removal of King Charles from the throne, and the demolition of the rampart that blocks Russia's way to Bulgaria and Constantinople, was the chief issue involved, the Vacarescos, as usual, had private irons in the fire. By extortion—or, to be more explicit, by common blackmail—they succeeded in fleecing both the king and queen out of hush money to the amount of several million francs. The authorities have proof of all this, and the Vacarescos need but lift their hand against the crown to be clapped into jail

under charges of high treason. Thanks to this fact, Mlle. Helène's threatened memoirs have never seen the light of a printing office; and for the same reason the world has been spared a perusal of the love letters indited by Prince Ferdinand to his aunt's wily maid of honor.

Mlle. Helène differs from the rest of her family in that she is highly educated, and has really brilliant talent. Many years of her life have been passed in Paris, where she obtained a reputation as one of the clever young women who sat at the feet of Victor Hugo. This famous patron corrected her verses, and probably for that reason her "Chants d'Aurore" won a prize from the French Academy, seven or eight years ago. She also published a volume of Roumanian folk songs, "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," already mentioned as translated by Carmen Sylva.

Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Roumania
From a photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

Prince Ferdinand was only twenty six when he achieved notoriety as the lover of a clever woman four years his senior in age, and twenty in knowledge of the world. He is the second son of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and was originally intended to spend his life as a German officer, drilling recruits or riding at the head of a regiment or two. King Charles, his uncle, having no son of his own, selected him for the post, it is said, as the candidate least calculated to excite the suspicions and jealousies of the great powers. That may be true or not; it is quite certain, however, that Ferdinand, since his marriage to the eldest daughter of the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg, has given evidence of increased mental activity and of devotion to his military and administrative duties. His clever wife, the Princess Marie Alexandra, a bride of two years, has presented her husband with as many bouncing babies, and Roumania has its wished for male heir. She is deservedly popular with all classes, and, being a granddaughter of Czar Alexander II, as well as of Queen Victoria, guarantees Russia's sympathetic tolerance of the *status quo*, which is an excellent thing in the Balkans.

King Charles, who won military distinction in the war with Turkey, is a ruler of twenty nine years' experience, and a firm adherent of the Triple Alliance. He is a fine looking man, famous for boldness, grit, and perseverance. His very crown denotes as much, being constructed of hammered steel, the metal of Turkish cannons captured by his own hands at Plevna.

As a younger son of the house of Hohenzollern, he was called to the throne in his twenty seventh year, when holding a lieutenantship in the second Prussian dragoons. He entered his country gripsack in hand, and with a posse of Austrian gendarmes at his heels. "First class promotion for a lieutenant, at any rate," said Bismarck at the time.

Henry W. Fischer.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SINCE the death of her husband by an assassin's knife, Mme. Carnot, widow of the late martyred President of the French Republic, has been living in strict seclusion; but that she is not forgotten by the people of France has been shown by the warm and repeated expressions of public sympathy she has received.

She was a Mlle. Dupont White, the daughter of a prominent politician of the second republic. She was twenty when she was married, in 1865, to M. Carnot. The match was not considered as a brilliant one. Her husband was a young engineer, the bearer of a historic name, but possessed of a very slender fortune. His rise, however, was rapid, and much of his success was due to the tact and popularity of his wife.

Always a devoted mother, Mme. Carnot is more than ever attached to her children, the eldest of whom, a daughter, is married and herself the mother of a son and daughter. The eldest son, Sadi, holds a lieutenant's commission in the French army, and may one day repeat the achievements of his father and of his great grandfather. The others, Victor and François, have not yet completed their education.

Mme. Sadi Carnot.
From a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.

* * * *

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT has a theory that you ought to devote all your energy to the work you have on hand; that you should not divide your interest and fritter your time away on a great many things. He is himself a good example of the success of this theory. He has followed it carefully, and he has been an eminently useful member of the New York State Legislature, an admirable civil service commissioner, and he is now the energetic and practical "reform" president of the board of police commissioners of the City of New York.

There is a cheerful and courteous aspect about police headquarters now that has never been there before, and Roosevelt not only sets an example for the employees in the building, but he insists that they shall be considerate of the feelings of every caller. The old woman in the sunbonnet can ask questions of the brass buttoned young man in charge of the elevator with the same impunity that the police commissioner himself enjoys, and receive the same sort of an answer. Courtesy to citizens is one of the principles on which the reformed police force is based. Its members are instructed to recognize the taxpayer as their employer, and show him the deference due. Mr. Roosevelt is gaining a practical knowledge of the workings of the police system by looking after all its details in person. A woman came to the commissioner a

few days ago and waited patiently in the outer office until Mr. Roosevelt made one of his periodical visitations. When he asked her what she wanted, she told him that her husband, a member of the force, allowed her only three dollars a week, and abused her shamefully.

"I will look into the matter and see that justice is done you so far as I can," said the commissioner.

The woman started to tell him of the language her husband had used to her.

"I haven't time for that," said Mr. Roosevelt, pleasantly but firmly. "Your case shall have full attention."

A little later the commissioner said to Acting Chief Conlin, "Call officer so and so before the board. I don't know what authority we have in this matter, but I am going to tell him that he cannot abuse his wife, and that he must provide for her better. We don't want men on the force who do not care for their wives."

Men seeking appointments come to the commissioner in swarms. He smilingly refers them to the civil service board. If they are known to him personally, he tells them that so far as character is concerned he will be glad to recommend them, but that he has no power to go behind the action of the board.

The president of the Liquor Dealers' Association called to see the commissioner while the writer was in his office. He wanted to tell Mr. Roosevelt what power his association wielded, and what good or harm it could do. Mr. Roosevelt listened, and then told him pleasantly but positively that he did not care a snap of his fingers about the power of the association.

"I want to see justice done to you as to every one else," he said. "You shall have the protection of the laws, you may be sure, whether you are powerful or weak."

Mr. Roosevelt's offices are on the third floor of the building on Mulberry Street, which has been the headquarters of the police force for many years. Across the way are a couple of tenements, on the lower floors of which are the offices of the police reporters of the daily newspapers. From this point of vantage they can survey the building at all times, see who goes in and who comes out, and form their own judgment of what is going on inside. Occasionally they come forth from their dens and visit the office of the chief on the first floor, or that of Police Commissioner Roosevelt on the third.

In the outer room of Mr. Roosevelt's suite

Theodore Roosevelt.

is a big desk, standing between two windows, and a typewriter desk in the corner. In another corner stands a rack on which are the files of all the New York morning papers. All articles about the police board in these papers are marked in red, so that the commissioners can know each morning at a glance just what the journals are saying about them.

The second room is an anteroom to the third. In it sits the attendant who guards the commissioner's door. He is an officer in full uniform, and he takes visitors' cards in to Mr. Roosevelt. When several cards have accumulated, the commissioner comes out, excusing himself if he has any visitors in his private office, and disposes one by one of the people who have been waiting to see him. It does not take him long to deal with them. If any one has business of importance, he makes an appointment for an hour when he can discuss the matter at

length. From about 9:30 until 11:30 the reception in the commissioner's outer office continues. Then, on days when the board holds meetings, the commissioner goes to join his colleagues. He comes out half an hour or an hour later and returns to his office, to receive more visitors, until one o'clock. He remains until four o'clock. He is up and down stairs a great deal, consulting with his colleagues and with the chief.

Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland.
From a photograph by Koneeke, The Hague.

While Mr. Roosevelt has other ambitions than thief catching or managing a force of four thousand police officers, he is content for the present with the reform work. This he is doing with energy and success.

* * * *

In less than four years little Wilhelmina will be Queen of the Netherlands *de facto*, with power to select her ministers, her councilors of state, and her husband.

For some time the atmosphere of The Hague has been hazy with political intrigue. Every royal house of Europe—except the Roman Catholic families—that has a marriageable prince to offer, has designs upon Wilhelmina's hand. Quite recently Count Rantzau, the German ambassador at the Dutch court, was recalled on the plea that his father in law, Prince Bismarck, desired his society at Friedrichsruh. The real reason for his retirement may have been the ill success of his alleged mission to prevent the *entente cordiale* between the royal houses of the Netherlands and Great Britain. The Kaiser has six sons, and one of them, he thinks, would make a handsome prince consort to Wilhelmina, even if the Hollanders could not be persuaded to accept him as king. The King of Saxony and the irrepressible Coburgers—the old line as well as the new Edinburgh branch—have let Queen Emma know that several impecunious scions of their houses are waiting for an opportunity to offer their hand and heart to the young queen. The Tecks, the Battenbergs, and the princes of Schleswig-Holstein are in line, as a matter of course; but the most formidable candidate, so far, is Prince Albert of Belgium, son of the Count of Flanders. If Wilhelmina should choose him, their marriage might possibly lead towards a reunion of the Netherlands with Belgium, a state of affairs which France would not approve.

There is still another possibility weighing upon the mind of Queen Emma. Her daughter might prefer to remain single, and to designate a successor to the throne, according to the Dutch constitution. All these are questions of grave moment, which

Four Generations of English Royalty.
Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Edward of York.

may, in a few years, make Wilhelmina's life more burdensome than is that of her humblest subject.

* * * *

WHATEVER may be said regarding the probable duration of the English monarchy, there is certainly no present prospect of its coming to an end for lack of an heir to the throne. Should Victoria lay down her scepter, her son, her son's son, and her son's son are ready to take it up in their turns. A group that contains

William Morris.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

four generations of one family is always unusual; and when, as in the quartet pictured on page 41, they represent a sovereign and her heirs, apparent and presumptive, it is even more remarkable.

Eight or nine years ago there was published a similar photograph of four generations of the German imperial family. It was called "Hohenzollern Glück"; but the Hohenzollern luck was speedily changed by the death of two members of the royal quartet within a few months. It would be a strange repetition of history if any such fate should befall their cousins, the Coburg-Guelph dynasty of England.

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WILLIAM MORRIS is without doubt one of the most gifted and versatile men of his time. He has won brilliant success in a dozen different fields. He is a poet, designer, inventor, and manufacturer; he has his own weaving establishment, his printing house, and a dyeing plant of his own contrivance. To the tattered and homeless masses of London he is familiar as an orator of great power, in commercial circles he has the repute of a man of wealth, and among the lovers of art and literature he is hailed as a leader.

Morris has of late thrown himself heart and soul into the socialistic movement. He is a determined foe of the capitalistic system, which, he asserts, has killed the beautiful in the nineteenth century, and has plunged us into a morass of ugliness from which there seems no escape. His disgust with existing conditions is, however, tempered with an unbounded and optimistic belief in the future—differing in this from Ruskin, whose conception of a remedy for

present evils lay in a return to the primitive conditions of the past.

Mr. Morris is a tall man, of erect bearing, with keen eyes, a forceful brow, and a heavy gray beard. Like other members of the socialistic group to which he belongs, he has discarded the regulation form of modern

as a common scold, a malignant Tory, opposed to the comfort, welfare, and prosperity of the "plain people"; a snob, a prig, a dyspeptic mugwump, and what not!

It is not our purpose to pass upon the various criticisms of which Mr. Godkin has been the object, but we are bound to admit

E. Lawrence Godkin.

attire, and dresses in soft hats, long cloaks, and shirts of cloth, after the fashion of a sailor.

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It is not so very long ago that E. Lawrence Godkin, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, was regarded by one portion of the reading public as a hopeless Utopian in political matters, a dreamer to whom the practical side of popular government had no meaning whatever; while another section of the community—that which patronizes the New York *Sun*, for instance—set him down

that the main cause which he has championed so earnestly and so long, that of non partisan municipal government, has to a great extent become an accomplished fact in the metropolis, and to no single citizen is credit due for this achievement more than to him. For his persistent "pounding" of what he describes as the "powers of darkness," both in municipal affairs and in the ranks of the national parties, Mr. Godkin has aroused bitter animosities and has suffered virulent personal abuse—all of which, however, has not caused him to budge one

John James Ingalls.
From a photograph by Kleckner, Atchison, Kansas.

inch from his position. He can now afford to look back with complacency on the last dozen years of his editorial career, for this period has witnessed the realization of many of his cherished dreams. His advocacy of Cleveland against Blaine in the campaign of 1884 is considered to have carried great weight with independent voters, if not to have actually turned the scale in Cleveland's favor. His onslaught on the "spoils system" contributed largely to the introduction of civil service reform methods all over the country, while his denunciations of the successive political heresies of the day have done much to form a correct and healthy public opinion.

Mr. Godkin's methods have often been criticised as unnecessarily harsh and aggressive; but, like Dr. Parkhurst, he doubtless believes that cancers are not to be cured with bread poultices. It should be remembered that he is a native of the Green Isle with Cromwellian as well as Celtic blood in his veins—an ideal combination, one would think, for fighting purposes. But aside from its scathing editorials, in which political evil doers are handled without gloves, and often with the "slangisms" of their own creation, Mr. Godkin's paper occupies a unique position in the daily press of America, as an exponent of what good English writing should be. Its avoidance of sensationalism, of all that panders to the morbid instincts of a portion of the community, has doubtless closed many sources of revenue to the *Post*; but it has placed the paper on its high plane, and made it one of the intellectual powers of the country.

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JOHN JAMES INGALLS of Kansas has announced his intention of appearing before the Legislature of his State as a candidate for the seat in the Senate now held by Mr. Peffer. Five years ago, when some one told Mr. Ingalls that a man named Peffer was a candidate for the seat he had held with such distinction, he asked rather scornfully, "Who is Peffer?" Mr. Ingalls has identified Peffer since.

The fame of Mr. Ingalls in public life was due largely to his power of invective. He possessed a remarkable speaking vocabulary,

gained by reading and study. He achieved a reputation as a coiner of phrases, made up frequently of words seldom used in ordinary conversation. He seldom made a speech that he did not use some phrase that lingered for many days after on the public tongue. He was a parliamentarian of recognized ability, and he owed to that fact, rather than to personal popularity, his election to the post of president *pro tempore* of the Senate, on the death of Vice President Hendricks. As a presiding officer he was generally recognized as fair, though some of his decisions were accounted partisan by his political opponents. He conspicuously refused to have anything to do with a scheme to ignore the Senate rules and pass the so called Force Bill in defiance of the protests of the Democrats.

The most remarkable speech which Mr. Ingalls made during his term in the Senate was a denunciation of the rich, made just before his retirement. This was commonly interpreted as a bid for the favor of the Populists in his State, and it lost him many friends. Some of the attacks he made upon his fellow members will live long in the traditions of the Senate. Notable among these were his assaults on Joe Brown of Georgia, and his famous combat with Senator Voorhees of Indiana.

Mr. Ingalls could always pack the Senate galleries when he spoke, and he was considered such an oratorical marvel that his friends thought he would be an instant success on the lecture platform. He began lecturing when he left the Senate; but the result was scarcely what had been expected, and presently he retired to Kansas, where he has been spending most of his time for the last four years, living on a farm, cultivating crops and public sentiment.

Mr. Ingalls is a hero in his own home. He is an affectionate husband and father, and he had no more earnest and attentive listeners, whenever he made a public speech, than his wife and daughter.

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SUSAN B. ANTHONY lays down the scepter of command in the women's movement, having, like Gladstone and Bismarck, set her standard of victory on the crumbling walls of the enemy's citadel. There are few figures so picturesquely impressive as this of the venerable champion of her sex. For more than half a century she has believed with all her heart, taught with all her might, and wrestled with herculean force against the powers of ignorance and despotism. She found her sex in the deeps of social and political inequality. She takes off her harness now with

Susan B. Anthony.
From a photograph by Veeder, Albany.

every woman in the land conscious at heart of her imprescriptible rights, and, in a measure, competent to enforce them.

Before the temperate persistency of Miss Anthony, all the old sophistries of the "unsexing" of women, the sepulchral train of evils supposed to be involved in admitting their equality, have become a derision and an emptiness. It was not for the "new woman," or the man woman, or the fantastic nondescript who outmans man, that Miss Anthony battled. Her plea was for the mother's right, the wife's prerogative, the maid's security before the law. All these have been substantially won.

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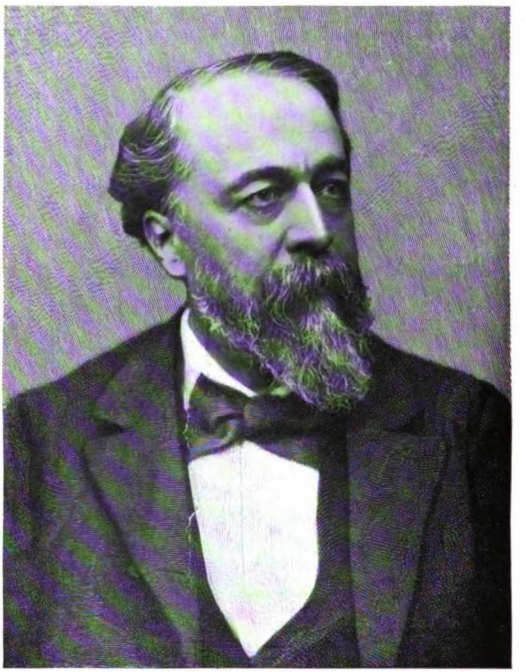
"BRUSQUE as Brutus was," sedate of temperament, honest to a fault, and generally disliked—such is Henri Brisson, one of the foremost French politicians of the day. He wears shabby clothes, inhabits a fifth

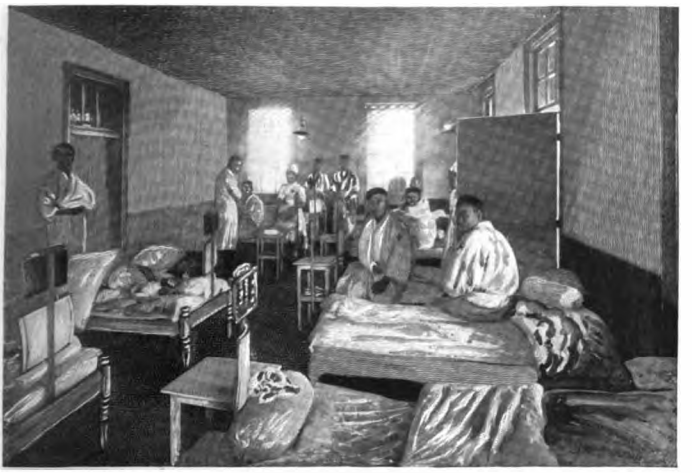


Henri Brisson.
From a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.

story flat in a back street, and is said to possess all the virtues, but not a single attractive quality. Do you wonder that as a candidate for the presidency, after the resignation of M. Grévy, he received only twenty six votes?

M. Brisson has just completed his sixtieth year. Under the empire he was an obscure lawyer. Gambetta made of him a successful journalist, who delighted in proclaiming himself an advanced mason and the unalterable foe of Jesuitism. In September, 1870, when the second empire fell, the government of national defense appointed Brisson deputy mayor of Paris; and five months later he saw the great ambition of his life fulfilled, when he was elected to the Assembly. Newspaper readers are familiar with his subsequent career as parliamentarian, as vice president and still later as president of the chamber of deputies, as chief of the Panama Commission, and as minister of justice. Brisson's attempt at premiership, in 1885, was satisfactory neither to his party nor to the nation at large. Today he stands midway between radicalism and opportunism—which latter signifies that blind conservatism met with on the European continent.

Brisson is a man who would rise to the highest position within the gift of the people in almost any country but his own. Honesty, force of character, high intellect, and political integrity are a tolerably complete equipment for a statesman in most lands, but in the Gallic mind these virtues lose much of their significance if unaccompanied by grace of personality, by brilliancy and verve. M. Brisson will probably live and die in his fifth story flat; the Elysée was built for cleverer, if not more courageous men.



A Ward in the Hiroshima Hospital.

THE RED CROSS IN THE FAR EAST.

An eyewitness' account of the remarkable work done by the Red Cross Society of Japan during the recent war with China—The phenomenal development of an organization that was formed upon American models.

WHEN the civil war broke out in Japan, twenty seven years ago, the Red Cross Society was a thing unknown there. There were no surgeons, doctors, or trained nurses attached to the forces of either belligerent party, and it was then with the Japanese exactly as it has been with their Chinese adversaries during the recent war. The wounded were left to die on the battle fields, and for lack of medical aid and proper nursing hundreds of men, whose lives might easily have been saved, perished in misery and neglect in the places where they had happened to fall. Soon after peace had been reëstablished, the Japanese applied themselves to the cultivation of western civilization, and as a natural result began the formation of the army and navy which have lately won the admiration of the world. Their desire has been to get the best of everything, including not only instructors, weapons, and ammunition, but also the perfection in minor details without which no army can be said to be complete. Special attention has been paid to obtaining signal corps, military telegraphists, and a commissariat of absolute reliability and efficiency. In the march of improvement the medical department was not forgotten, and a Red Cross Society was duly organized, the empress and the ladies of the court taking the utmost interest in its establishment.

Under the direct auspices of her Japanese majesty, a school for trained nurses was founded in Tokio. I visited it some years ago, and was amazed to observe the perfection of the system which governs it. In all branches of modern surgery and medicine the Japanese have achieved the same success that has crowned their labors in other fields, and many of their surgeons and physicians have already made their mark in the world of medical science. To the chief surgeon of the second Japanese army, who was for many years director of the Tokio hospital, is assigned the credit of a very interesting discovery—that of the wonderful antiseptic properties of ashes. "The great advantage of this knowledge," he remarked to me, "is that one can almost always obtain the ashes. Merely light a handful of straw, for example, and in a

moment you have this simple antiseptic, which when applied to a wound will prevent all further complication." Many trials of the efficiency of this discovery have been made not only in the hospitals in Tokio, but during the war, and all have been very successful.

The services rendered by the Red Cross Society of Japan, by the medical staff of the army and of the hospitals, during the recent war, can hardly be estimated. And not only did they look after their own injured soldiers, but everywhere and in every case after the Chinese wounded as well.

At the battle of Pen Yang, when General Oshima unsuccessfully tried to dislodge the Chinese from their forts, the medical corps without exception behaved like heroes. Those in charge of the ambulances, and the entire staff of the Red Cross Society, had been on the alert since the beginning of the fighting. Surgeons, nurses, and bearers, with the utmost courage and self sacrifice, braved all dangers and seemed to be everywhere at once. Under a continuous and deadly fire from the enemy they managed to attend to nearly all the wounded in a manner little short of miraculous. When the troops began to retreat to their camps, they remained behind on the field to aid all who might be in need of their services. Many, however, they could not reach, because of the unceasing fire from the Chinese forts. And woe to the unfortunate Japanese soldiers left upon the field. With the advent of night the Chinese scouted far and near, and cut off the head and hands of every wounded foeman they could find.

Japanese Nurses Dressing the Wounds of a Japanese Soldier and a Chinese Prisoner.

On the morning of September 16, when the Mikado's army entered the forts, they found in several of them the frightfully mutilated bodies of their friends who had been made prisoners. Hands and heads were missing, others had been scalped, others lay with their eyes plucked out and ears slashed away. The city itself had been long since deserted by the Coreans and sacked by the Chinese. It presented a pitiful sight. Every house had been broken into, the streets were piled high with broken furniture and strewn with the bodies of dogs, horses, and men, while the ground was covered with Chinese uniforms and long queues. Strange to say, as soon as

the Chinamen perceived their defeat, they had cut off the latter and thrown aside their uniforms in the hope of being able to pass themselves off as Coreans.

General Notzu and his staff immediately proceeded to the governor's palace, but lately abandoned by the Chinese commanders. There, in the middle of the large hall, was discovered the bloody and mutilated head of a young and gallant Japanese officer, Lieutenant Takeuchi. The day before he had been slightly wounded and taken prisoner, and in all the disorder and haste attendant upon the evacuation of Pen Yang the Chinese had not forgotten to accomplish this last horrible deed.

After such horrors would it have been surprising to see the Japanese soldiers, excited by the battle and by this barbarous execution of their comrades, cast all discipline to the winds, and avenge their friends by shooting every Chinese prisoner? Yet, in spite of the rage which filled their hearts, the Japanese exhibited the most marvelous self control. Such was their discipline that not one soldier, though half maddened by the fighting and by the sight of so bloody a harvest, would have dared to ill treat one of the eight hundred prisoners without an order to do so. And the only order that came from the officers was: "These men must be well treated."

Well treated? Yes, and more—treated more kindly than the prisoners of any nation were ever treated by their conquerors. I went to see them a few days after the battle, and what a sight they presented! With their cruel and ferocious faces they were more like savages or wild beasts than human beings. Among them, in a private room, were a commander and several officers. At first the commander could not be induced to speak, but after I had told him that I knew Li Hung Chang, and many other officials in Tientsin, and that I had come to see whether he needed anything, he became more communicative. I asked him how he was treated.

"Oh, so well, so well," he answered; "three meals a day and all the rice and fresh water I wish for. I cannot understand it."

Considering what it cost Japan to carry rice and provisions to such a distance and through a mountainous country, where roads are unknown, such treatment was more than generous.

"So you cannot understand it?" I said. "Well, it is because the Japanese are civilized and you are barbarians. Are you not glad they did not cut off your head?"

"Yes, very glad. No words could express my gratefulness."

"Suppose you should in some way recover your liberty and return to your own forces, what would you do if one of these officers who are treating you so kindly now, fell into your hands? Would you treat him in the same way?"

"I would like to, but"—and he shook his head—"I fear I could not."

"But why? Are you not ashamed of the treatment you accord to prisoners?"

"Yes, it is very bad. But it is the result of orders from higher authority."

It cannot be doubted that almost without exception the Chinese officials approve of the slaughter and mutilation of prisoners. In the papers which the Chinese general left behind him were found proclamations promising rewards for Japanese heads, or parts of a head! The governor of Formosa and other high officers issued similar proclamations, and at the same time the Emperor of Japan was directing his ministers to announce that all the Chinese residing in Japan need have no fear; that should they be attacked in any way, they would be guarded; in short, that they were under the imperial protection.

I told the Chinese commander that in passing through Hiroshima I had seen seventy Chinese prisoners, and that they were treated as well as he himself was. It seemed to be beyond his comprehension.

From the prisoners' quarters I went to the hospital for wounded Chinese. I may mention here that the Chinese had no doctors, no ambulances whatever, and that they were accustomed to abandon their own wounded to die like dogs. The Red Cross Society had picked up eighty of the latter, and they were treated exactly as were the Japanese. Their hospital was admirably fitted up, and fully provided with medicines, drugs, and surgical instruments. These were carried in large and very strong lacquer chests, divided into compartments. I witnessed a number of operations, some of them extremely difficult, and I was amazed at the quickness, dexterity, and wonderful skill of the Japanese surgeons. I have seen operations performed in the best hospitals of America and Europe, and it is my conviction that nowhere was quicker or better work to be observed. Upon my arrival at the hospital, a Chinese soldier who had received two rifle balls in the chest was in the hands of the surgeon, one bullet having pierced him through, the other being still in the wound. In much less time than it takes to write it, the first wound had been

attended to, the bullet had been extracted from the second, and both had been washed and dressed. It was admirably done. Only three of those eighty wounded men died.

Upon my return to the military headquarters, where I was the guest of the commander in chief, I witnessed two extremely interesting scenes.

Four Chinese boatmen were brought in by soldiers. These men owned a large junk, and on the day of the battle it had been seized upon by some Japanese soldiers, who commanded the boatmen to ferry them across the river, which of course they were obliged to do. They were terribly frightened, and dropped upon their knees fully expecting that they would be beheaded. To their surprise, a generous sum of money was handed to them for the help they had rendered the Japanese soldiers, and they were told that they could return to their country; and in order that they should not be stopped on the way by Japanese men of war, a passport was given them.

Just behind these men stood a very pretty Chinese woman, of extremely refined appearance. She did not seem in the least alarmed. She was the wife of the Chinese telegraph operator of Pen Yang, and was the only woman found in the deserted city, the Corean women having fled long before the arrival of either hostile party. She had not been annoyed in any way, but had been left perfectly free, and provided with food and provisions. She had come to headquarters to ask that her husband, one of the prisoners, be set at liberty. This request, of course, had to be refused, the man being considered a very important prisoner on account of the knowledge of Chinese secrets and plans which he had undoubtedly obtained as telegraph operator. She was assured that he would be kindly treated, and was then advised to take the opportunity of reaching her family offered by the return of the Chinese junk—which she finally decided to do. Those who have any familiarity with the customs of war know how victorious soldiers, in any country, usually treat the women of a conquered city; and yet in a town occupied by twenty thousand soldiers and coolies—these last belonging to the very lowest class of people in Japan—the only woman present, the wife of an enemy, was entirely unmolested.

Everywhere, at Kinchow, Tallian Wan, and Port Arthur, the Japanese medical staff and the many aids were constantly at the front, bestowing their attention and skilled care upon friends and enemies alike.

The military headquarters of Japan are situated in Hiroshima, and during the war the residence of the emperor was in the same city. It is but two miles distant from Ujina, the great seaport from which all the ships and transports were sent. The city lies on a beautiful delta in one of the healthiest and most picturesque spots of Japan. To it the transports brought all the wounded from the field hospitals, as soon as they could safely be removed. I arrived from Pen Yang with a large number of wounded officers, ten days after the battle; for, knowing that a second army was soon to leave Japan for China, I was anxious to follow it rather than to remain with the first army in Corea. The day after my arrival in Hiroshima, I went to visit the hospital, or rather the hospitals. They are situated on ground presented by the emperor, a short distance from the city, at the back of the old and wonderfully picturesque castle, in a charming little valley divided into gardens and parks, many of which extend as far as the wooded hills which entirely surround it. There are four series of hospital buildings, accommodating a total of more than three thousand patients.

I was graciously received by the surgeon major general of the Japanese armies, T. Ishiguro.

"I have heard much about you from Pen Yang," he said. "In his report (which I read yesterday to his majesty) our surgeon general in Corea mentioned your presence there, your visits to the ambulances and hospitals, and the interest you manifested in both the Chinese and Japanese wounded. If you wish to visit our hospitals here, I shall be very glad indeed to show you around."

Before leaving his room, the surgeon general opened a silk bag, and taking from it a roll of bandages made of the finest material, he said:

"These have been made by her majesty, the empress. You know that she takes the greatest interest in our wounded and sick soldiers. Since the beginning of the war she and the ladies of the court have been accustomed to spend several hours a day in making bandages and a dozen other useful things. An apartment in the imperial palace at Tokio has been turned into a work room, and her majesty and the other ladies work very hard, I can assure you."

Upon this we started on our visiting tour, the surgeon general taking along the precious bag. The buildings, which are one story in height, are separated by small but attractive gardens. Immense windows open on both sides upon the wide surrounding verandas.

The first hospital we visited was divided into private rooms, occupied by officers. I never in my life saw daintier or cleaner apartments. The patients were undoubtedly well treated, for in each room I saw flowers, fresh fruit, cigarettes, books, and a dozen other luxuries. A commander was being attended by his daughter, a pretty young girl of fourteen or fifteen, dressed in a magnificent silk *kimono*.

To each officer the surgeon general presented one of the bandages made by the empress, and I cannot describe the emotion with which the gifts were received. It reminded me of what I had read some years ago about Napoleon visiting the ambulances, and I could well imagine the feelings of a wounded soldier receiving the cross of honor, or a mere look of interest and sympathy from his beloved emperor.

The buildings occupied by the common soldiers were equally well kept and clean—so clean, indeed, and so well furnished that nowhere could I detect any of those disagreeable odors always met with in our own hospitals. In these, instead of private rooms, were long dormitories, at one end of which were lavatories and bath rooms. Each bed was covered with a spotless white quilt, thickly padded with feathers, and each man was dressed in a long white *kimono* with a red cross on the left sleeve. They were provided, as I have already intimated, with the best tonics and wines, the choicest fruits, cigarettes, books, and newspapers.

The surgeon general took the keenest interest in everything, inquiring about the serious cases, carefully examining some of them, and addressing a kind word to all. Among the Japanese was a Chinese soldier wounded at the battle of Assan, but now looking well, clean, and perfectly satisfied. I asked him whether he was well treated.

"Yes," he answered, "but I would like to have Chinese food. I do not see why they do not give me Chinese food."

It was a staggering demonstration of ingratitude. And while he was offering his petty complaint his comrades were mutilating and beheading every Japanese unfortunate enough to fall into their hands!

Among the buildings of each hospital there is one entirely devoted to surgical operations. In one of them, while I was there, the surgeons were amputating a soldier's leg, above the knee. It could not have been done with more dexterity or nicety. The man was a common soldier, and yet, the case being very serious, the chief surgeon of the hospital himself operated. I need not say that the latest devices and methods in medicine and surgery were employed.

The staff in charge of the hospital was composed of a chief, thirty surgeons and doctors, seven druggists, eighteen head nurses, and two hundred and thirty eight ordinary nurses.

The kindness and attention of the nurses towards the patients was beyond description, At their head was one of the most respected women of Japan, Countess Nere, wife of Admiral Count Nere. Like the other nurses. she was very simply dressed in a white linen gown. Many of the wealthiest and noblest ladies of Japan were among her assistants, having left their beautiful homes and given up all the pleasures of life to come to these hospitals and care for the wounded. The noble example set by the empress was followed by women of all ranks.

On returning with the surgeon general to his office, he showed me a package of disinfectant bandages. Every Japanese soldier carries one of these under his coat, so that as soon as he is wounded he is able to dress his wound or to have it dressed by a comrade.

"Thanks to this," the surgeon general added, "and to the quick attention given to injuries, we can cure in fifteen days a wound that otherwise would require two months."

As I was leaving, a band began to play in the garden.

"What is this?" I asked.

"A military band which the emperor has sent to play for the amusement of the wounded. His majesty has ordered a military and a naval band to come here in turn, every day."

Where in the world are wounded soldiers or prisoners better treated?

Nor did the Red Cross Society and the ambulance service neglect the sailors. One of the finest steamers of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japanese Steamship Company)—the Kobe Maru—was fitted up as a hospital, and followed the fleet everywhere. Its magnificent cabins, larger than those of any ship I know, and its beautiful saloons, were transformed into a model hospital.

No one will deny after this simple statement of fact, that the Red Cross Society of Japan, together with the medical staff, earned as substantial glory in the late war by their good work in the cause of mercy, as did the Mikado's sailors and soldiers by their victories in battle.

A. B. de Guerville.

ON THE WAY NORTH.

THE train strolled along as only a Southern train can, stopping to pick flowers and admire views and take an unnecessary number of drinks. Why should you hurry when you have barely a dozen people in your three cars, and the down train will keep you waiting anywhere from half an hour to half a day at the switch? Everybody in the three cars would have taken the same view, except the young man from the North, who was trying to get back there again. He read his paper down to the last "Wanted," and calculated on its margin how much it must cost the company to run a car for one commercial traveler, very sleepy, one old man near enough to his second childhood to claim half fare, a negro nurse with a white baby that wasn't big enough to have any fare at all, and himself, Gardiner Forrest—of New York City, thank goodness!

If only things were different and she were on this train! He had heard her tell Douglas that she expected to go North about the twenty seventh, though she hadn't taken the trouble to mention it to him. If she had chanced to take this train and things had been different, they could have disposed of her aunt some way. Perhaps fate would have sent her one of her numerous headaches. Amy never had things the matter with her, which was one reason you liked to travel with her; and she was the nicest, jolliest girl in the world, which was the other reason.

Was there ever such a slowcoach of a train, or such a stupid journey? It was a relief when the conductor banged the door, and, coming down the aisle with a step that was almost hurried, stopped at the opposite section to speak to the negro nurse.

"There's a lady fainted in the forward car, and there don't nobody seem to know what to do with her," he said. "There's nothing but men in there, and they ain't much good at nursing. Can't you come in and lend a hand?"

"Course I can," she said with only a slight negro accent, rising in evident enjoyment of the situation. "I'm a fust rate nurse. I'll drap the baby right here, sir, if you'll just see he don't fall off. He won't trouble you a mite." And to Forrest's dismay, she plumped the child down on the seat facing him, and bustled off after the conductor.

The two eyed each other in silence a few minutes, each measuring his man. Forrest decided to begin with a high hand, and let the other see who was master.

"Young man," he said, "if you dare to yell or wiggle or do anything unusual, I'll lick you!"

The nurse had said "he," and he took her word for it. If it should turn out to be a lady, he would apologize and retract. The baby leaned towards him and said distinctly, "Papa!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Forrest. "Do you want to start a scandal? I'm not your papa. You have made a mistake."

"Papa," repeated the baby, breaking into a gummy smile with two absurd teeth in the middle of it.

"Don't say it so loud," implored Forrest. "Really you're all off. We're not related at all. You can't bunco me, my friend."

This evidently reminded the baby of something funny, for he burst into a hic-coughing little giggle that made his temporary guardian roar with laughter.

"Papa, take baby," he shouted.

"Oh, I can't possibly. I don't know how. I'd lose your head off or something," remonstrated the other. The baby still held out eager arms, crying,

"Take him, take him!" and a warning change began to come over his face. Even Forrest knew what that meant.

"Say, drop that," he exclaimed. "You mustn't cry, you know. Nobody does now, it's bad form. Here, I'll come over beside you and you can get in my lap if you know how to work it. Steady there, general. I suppose the proper way is to grip you around the waist, only you don't seem to have any. What a lot of clothes you do wear!"

He was so absorbed in getting the baby safely settled that he did not notice that the train had stopped at a wayside station, and that a tall girl, evidently of the North, was staring at him in utter amazement from the door of the car.

"There you are, Napoleon Bonaparte," he was beginning triumphantly, when a girl's voice with a suspicion of laughter in it said, close beside him,

"You seem to have a new business, Mr. Forrest."

Forrest started to spring to his feet, but remembered the baby just in time.

"Miss Baramore!" he said. "I never was so glad to see any one in my life, but I can't get up very well. Do sit down and tell me if I'm holding the little beggar all right."

Amy Baramore laughed outright as she dropped into the opposite seat.

"Did you steal it?" she asked.

"No; it is a ward in chancery. I am to manage its affairs till its nurse comes back from the forward car, where some one is ill. What good luck brings you here—without your aunt," he was going to say, but changed it to a rather lame "any way?"

"My aunt is going to join me at Ross. She went on there while I stayed over night with the Carters," she said, answering the unspoken question with calm directness. It was much better to say a thing right out than to have it in your mind and try to hide it, when you were talking with Amy Baramore.

"Papa!" broke in a little voice.

"There he goes again," Forrest exclaimed. "It is a clear case of blackmail, Miss Baramore. I offered to compromise on 'uncle' and a gold watch, but he wouldn't even consider it. I'll smash him if he doesn't give it up before your aunt comes. She doesn't like me any too well as it is."

Miss Baramore leaned forward and held out a gloved finger to the baby, without noticing the last remark.

"I never knew a baby intimately," she said. "We haven't had any in the family for years, except some little cousins that were too far off to count. I didn't know how dear they were," she added, as the baby's hand curled around her finger and tried to put it in his mouth.

"Mamma?" suggested the baby, evidently not very sure on that point.

"That will do," said Forrest severely. "This has got to be stopped. He'll be setting up some little brothers and sisters next. I suppose the first duty of a nurse is to tap on the window and point out objects of interest."

"Pretty horsies and baa lambs and choo-choos," added Amy. Forrest looked dismayed.

"Say, I don't really have to talk that rot, do I?" he broke out. "It won't injure his brains or anything to hear straight ahead English for a little while? I'll stick to words of one syllable, if necessary, but I can't do baby talk, and I won't."

"I'll interpret for him," she answered. "I can do it fairly well. I used to practise it on my dog."

Forrest laughed a little to himself.

"I'll tell him a story, and you translate it for him," he said. "Nurses always tell stories. Well, once upon a time there was a poor little boy who played all day in a shabby back yard; and right next door there lived a beautiful little girl who had everything she wanted, including a stunning back yard to play in. The little boy loved her so much that he couldn't keep away from the fence that divided them; but when the little girl saw him she always nodded pleasantly, but coolly, and strolled away to another part of the garden, sometimes with another little boy. He was miserably conscious that his little coat was disgracefully patched and his little trousers disgracefully unpatched, and that his back yard was no place for such a beautiful little girl, but still he went on—why don't you interpret?"

"It isn't very much of a story, baby," said Amy, "but of course if you want to hear it, you shall. It's about a little boy who was poor and loved a little girl who had lots of pretty toys, and he wouldn't come near her because he hadn't so much as she had. And when she looked over and smiled at him, he was always looking down at his poor patches, so he didn't see it. Wasn't that silly?"

"She is not a literal translator, baby," said Forrest, "but she improves on the original. I advise you to keep to her version. Do you think he could have induced that beautiful little girl to play in his dingy back yard, Miss Baramore?"

"Perhaps it only needed some straightening to be a very attractive little back yard," she answered, looking out of the window. "Girls are rather clever at that." Her lips twitched a little, then their eyes met, and they both laughed.

"I wonder——" he began.

"Kid all right?" asked the conductor, pausing at their section. "Nurse says she'll stay in there a spell longer, if he isn't troublesome. The lady is sort of nervous, and don't want to be left alone."

"He's all right now," said Forrest. "We'll send for her if there are any complications."

"Yes. Well, we may stop on this switch

a considerable time if you want to get down. The other train is generally pretty late."

"Shall we?" Forrest asked his companion.

"I'd like the air, but I am afraid the baby would be in the way."

"We'll go and sit on the back platform, then," he said, shouldering the baby and leading the way through an empty car that was behind theirs to the rear platform.

"Give me little Napoleon," she said, seating herself on the steps. "He is going to take a nap right here. What a delicious day it is!" Forrest dropped down on the step below, leaning his back against the car that he might face her.

"When did you leave St. Augustine?" he asked presently.

"About a week ago. We have been making two or three necessary visits."

"I suppose you left Mr. Douglas in tears?"

Miss Baramore laughed.

"It is very humiliating," she said; "but an awfully pretty Southern girl, a Miss Potter, turned up the day you left, and she utterly cut me out in twenty four hours. Mr. Douglas and his yacht and his millions were entirely at her service all the rest of the time. Aunt Emma was horribly disappointed. I was sorry not to see more of you, but you only stayed such a minute."

"I was glad to get away," he said frankly. "It's dismal to be at a place like that on business when every one else is there for pleasure. You were the only person there I cared anything about, and I saw so little of you."

"You didn't try very hard to see more."

"No, I didn't care to compete with Crœsus, Jr., and his yacht. A rising young lawyer, who hasn't risen yet, wouldn't stand much of a chance."

Miss Baramore gave him an inscrutable look, and turned her attention to the baby.

"I had quite a long talk with your aunt one day while I was at St. Augustine," he said, after the rickety little down train had scrambled past them. "She gave me some of her views on matrimony."

Amy looked a little annoyed, but only said, "Yes; she has a great many of them."

"I didn't know but what some of them were yours, too," he went on. "She dwelt particularly on how unhappy a girl was when she gave up the things she had always been accustomed to."

"Oh, if she loves her brougham and her maid better than she does her husband, I suppose she is," Amy answered, bending over the sleeping baby, who would have seen something if he had been awake. "I wonder why we don't start? The train passed some time ago."

Forrest leaned out to see the reason, then jumped to his feet with an exclamation of dismay. Neither engine nor train was in front of them. The little way car stood all alone in state upon the switch. Over the tops of the trees, several miles below them, lay a vanishing trail of smoke.

"What on earth shall we do?" she asked, after a bewildered silence.

"We might walk on to the next station and telegraph to your aunt," he suggested.

"She wouldn't get it in time. The train must be half way to Ross now. I'm not worrying about Aunt Emma. It's the baby."

"Confound it! I never once thought of him."

"His poor nurse will be simply crazy. Oh, we must catch that train!"

"The last station was behind that ridge, wasn't it?"

"The one ahead may be just as far off, and you never can carry this heavy baby. He weighs a ton."

"Isn't it just like this lazy, slipshod, good for nothing country, leaving cars around on switches! Oh, I wonder—wait here a minute."

It was fully fifteen before Forrest came back and seated himself again on the step.

"You know we're in a hole," he began seriously. "If it were just for ourselves, I should propose walking, but we've got to get that baby back as soon as possible, or the nurse will be wild. We have passed the morning train, and there won't be another along till three thirty. Now, we are on a down grade, and it looks like an easy slope for several miles. What do you say to coasting as far as we can in this car?"

They looked at each other in silence a minute.

"What do you think?" she said at last.

"I think there is a certain risk in it. We may strike a bad grade or jump the track, though I don't think it is at all likely if we are careful. Moreover, Ross is in a valley, I know, and we may coast almost to the town, where the baby's nurse will probably get off to look for us, poor woman. I think we ought to try it, but I will do just what you say."

She looked off at the blue outlines of the hills, rising above the thick tangle of woods in which they stood; then down at the baby in her lap.

"I'll take little Napoleon in before we start," she said. They laid the sleepy little

passenger on a seat near the front door; then Forrest started the car, and they began to roll slowly towards the North.

"Isn't this delicious?" Amy cried, leaning against the rail of the front platform while Forrest kept his hands on the brake and watchful eyes on the track, which wound easily down through the dense woods. "Why don't people always travel this way? You are spared all the noise and dirt of the engine."

"It might be awkward when you wanted to go up hill," he answered.

"Oh, you wouldn't. You would start at the North Pole and coast down to the South. I never get over the feeling that you go up hill to go north."

"It's lucky for us you don't," he was beginning, when the car rounded a curve and, without a second's warning, plunged down a sudden grade. Forrest's heart leaped as he looked first at the descent before him and then at Amy beside him, for there was real danger.

"Hold that!" he shouted, giving the brake a vigorous turn and dashing through the car to set the one at the rear. When he came back, they were still traveling along uncomfortably fast, bumping and jerking on the uneven track. Gripping the brake with one hand, he flung his arm around her to steady her. Their eyes met, and it was all said without words. At last the track began to stretch out level before them, and even a little up hill, and the tension relaxed. Forrest drew a long breath, and, without preface or apology, stooped and kissed her.

"You're dead game, Amy," he said. He might have added more, for he had taken his other hand from the brake, but a long wail came through the open door of the car.

"That poor kid!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "If I didn't forget his little existence. There, old man, it's all right. Here's your friend. Do you think it's too cold for him out here?"

"Not a bit. Give him to me and I'll fasten his cloak. What do you say to getting off the car now and walking the rest of the way? I don't care for any more tobogganing, myself."

"I don't believe there are any more bad grades," he answered, sitting down on the step beside her. "You can see that we are nearly at the bottom of the valley." He did not add that as both brakes were set, and the car was still running along at a pretty good rate, he saw no way of getting off with her and the baby. "Well, little Napoleon Bonaparte," he went on, "have you heard about the latest engagement?"

"It isn't announced yet, baby, so you mustn't breathe a word about it to any one," she added.

"Tell me, Amy," he said presently, "did you care for me down at St. Augustine? You took a funny way of showing it, if you did."

"I wondered if I didn't, but I wasn't sure. I'll tell you something if you'll promise never to breathe it to Aunt Emma."

"I'm not likely to."

"Well, then, Mr. Douglas asked me to marry him the day you left, and I refused."

"Because of—somebody else?"

"I suppose so, though I didn't acknowledge it till I saw you in the car with the baby. You were so dear with him! Then——"

"Then?"

"I knew I wanted to play in your back yard."

They were at the bottom of the valley now, and the car was moving very slowly. Forrest had taken off the brakes, but it was evident that their ride was nearly at an end. As the car came to a standstill near a bend in the track, a sharp whistle close in front of them made his heart contract with fear that was not for himself. Was it a belated freight train? Had the time table been wrong? Before Amy could get her breath, he had swung her and the child down to the ground with a command to "Run!" and was dashing down the track, pulling off his coat to wave as a signal.

At the bend she saw him stop suddenly, lean against a tree for a minute, then put on his coat and turn back again. Around the corner stood the little station of Ross, and in front of it lay their own train, whistling signals to its scattered passengers. Buckets and a hose near one of the wheels, at which men were still tinkering, showed that the daily hot box had not been omitted.

They mounted the rear platform, and sank down with a sudden feeling of exhaustion.

"Poor child, you look all done up," said Forrest. "We must go and pacify the baby's nurse, and then you shall rest?"

"Oh, here you is," said a cheerful negro voice behind them. "Hope the baby ain't troubled you. You've been right kind to him. I stayed till the lady dropped off. She hadn't no business to be on the road at such a time. There, honey, come back to your mammy."

They stared at each other blankly after she had left them, then Amy began to laugh hysterically.

"They never knew it," she exclaimed,

"Conductor!" shouted Forrest.

"Oh, you're back, are you?" he returned, pausing at the steps. "I was whistling for you. Thought you might have walked farther than you meant. We're most ready to start."

"Yes, we are back," said Forrest. "I think that car you left on the switch must have followed us. I saw one like it around the bend there. You couldn't have been very careful about the brakes!"

"Them brakes are no good," said the conductor calmly. "She's done that several times before. Lucky she didn't smash into us. I was going to pick her up on the return trip, but we might as well take her along, now as she's come so far."

He disappeared, and Forrest was bending over Amy for a little private communion when a somewhat acid voice remarked from the doorway of the car,

"When you are at liberty, Amy, perhaps you will come and speak to me."

"Oh! Aunt Emma," Amy explained, "I'm so sorry. I quite forgot you."

"And yourself too, apparently," returned Aunt Emma, inspecting Forrest through her lorgnon. "I should think you might have waited to speak to me before plunging off into the woods with a casual acquaintance."

"But, Aunt Emma, you don't understand," began Amy.

"And I don't wish to," said Aunt Emma severely, leading the way back into the car. "You are under my chaperonage at present. When you are home again, you may do as you please. I shall wash my hands of you."

They followed her lingeringly, not as abashed as they ought to have been, and stopped to look at the baby, now lying at happy ease on his nurse's broad lap.

"We ought to do something handsome for him, Amy," Forrest said.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "Dear little man! But for him it might never have happened. What shall we give him?"

"Dindin!" suggested the little Napoleon.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

A BIT OF LIFE.

THE persimmon tree that marked the forks of the road was laden with frost ripened fruit. In the woods scores of nuts awaited the shake of vigorous hands; the wild grape vines hung low with their burden of juicy black bunches, and the red haws gleamed like tiny points of flame amid the low growing bushes. It was distinctly the "accepted time" to garner in the harvest so dear to boys, but all these things were as naught to Dan Mason, that October day. He was even deaf to the appeals of Cuff, his dog, to whose keen ears the "whirr" of the quail, as they broke cover, was a call to come and kill.

In the fourteen years of Dan's life, mighty few things had lived as close to his heart as this same Irish setter, with his silky hair and great human-like brown eyes. As the boy sat there on the horse block, his battered hat drawn low and his dark brows lower, his thoughts were mostly of the dog. But they were of his father, too, who lay within the rough log house, racked with rheumatism; and now and again the vision of the young man from New Orleans, and the gold coin he had offered for Cuff, obtruded itself.

Dan had at the time laughed his offer to scorn. He was poor, but then so were most of the people thereabout, save the folks up at the big house. He did not sharply feel the need of money, and no amount of it, he had proudly declared, could buy Cuff; but sickness brought necessities, and resultant perplexity as to ways and means.

Notwithstanding the reiterated statement of Aunt Polly, who had "brought him up by hand," that she had taken a "sight o' pains in his raisin'," Dan's knowledge of various Scriptural teachings, whereby we are adjured to love and honor our parents, was of the vaguest description. In the "old man's" right to "lick" him when he

deemed it wise, he recognized parental authority; but of parental affection he knew nothing. What wonder, then, that he shrank from duty which pointed to the comforts ten dollars would buy for the sick man, and instinctively turned toward inclination which in doggish guise thrust a loving, if cold, nose into his palm.

The boy's fancy was not of the liveliest, but the impossibility of life without Cuff was strongly borne in upon him, and again and again he said he could not give him up. Yet by and by, when the slanting shadows proclaimed the approach of evening, and the faint blue haze of the autumn day took on a gray tone, he slipped down, his young face stern with resolve. Whistling to Cuff, he set off through the woods to the "big house," where the young man was visiting.

Deep in his heart, I doubt not, Dan prayed that the possible purchaser of Cuff might have gone. He must have felt as deeply the hopelessness of his hope, for, before he reached the house, he went down on his knees, and, taking the dog's head between his hands, looked appealingly into his eyes.

"Yo' sho'ly know I don't want to sell yo'," he said; "but I'm 'bliged to."

And Cuff whined and licked his master's tense young face sympathetically and understandingly, for just so had Dan confided his joys and sorrows since the day when Cuff, a curly brown ball of puppyism had been given to him for his own.

The visitor from New Orleans was lounging on the gallery, chatting with the son and the fair young daughter of his host, when Dan came up and timidly asked if he still wanted Cuff, and would give ten dollars for him. The young man had not learned to look beneath deeds to ascertain the motive ere sitting in judgment, nor had years brought to him the force of what Goethe says about 'life teaching us to be less strict with others than with ourselves.' Just now he was somewhat pessimistic, and rather proud of being so. Smiling obliquely toward Miss Hallie, he murmured something about "everything having its price with the lower class," and thought of several high sounding and sarcastic remarks upon the subject, to be said later. Yet, at the same time he was conscious of a sense of disappointment. He had appreciated the fineness of the boy's refusal, and felt vaguely regretful that he had not kept to it, though he assured Dan of his willingness to pay the price asked. He handed over the ten dollars, and straightway began to make friends with Cuff, after the approved fashion of gentle pats and low toned confidences.

Dan took the money silently and half turned away. Then he stopped.

"If yo' please, sir," he said slowly, while the cords of his throat seemed to be tying themselves into uncomfortable knots, "would yo' mind if I kept his collar? Of co'se you'll buy him a nice one, an'—an'——"

"And that one will do for another dog, when you get him some day. Certainly you may keep it."

The young man smiled meaningly again. He was thinking that the lad had evidently no intention of giving too much for his ten dollars. He mused upon the grasping disposition generally evinced by the "lower class," while Dan, with a boy's reluctance to justify himself where he felt to be misunderstood, did not explain that he wanted to keep the collar as we keep the possessions of our loved dead; nor did he give voice to the passionate protest sent up by his whole being against owning another dog.

"Go back," he cried, with a stern gesture, as Cuff bounded after him, though he could not bring his eyes down to the questioning ones of the brute. Cuff, not venturing to disobey, shrank back to his new master's feet, only expressing his perplexed misery in one prolonged howl, which was dumbly echoed in Dan's heavy heart, as he walked away, holding his head rather higher than usual.

Once more in the woods, quite away from those people to whom life, he fancied, was all laughter and song, he stopped and looked about. The world seemed suddenly to have become a very wide and lonely place. The wind sighed among the trees, the dead leaves showered down with a disconsolate rustle, and there was no hope nor comfort anywhere. He dropped down, his face hidden in his hands, which tightly clenched the money and the worn leather band, sobbing bitterly and uttering useless, disconnected mutterings against the hardness of his lot.

The young man did not give back the dog and insist that Dan keep the money also; nor did the young daughter of the house of Autrey take the Masons under her gracious care and favor, for she never knew of the boy's sacrifice. It even came to pass in the course of time that Dan fitted the collar about the neck of another dog, for this was life.

Blanche Carr.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

THE storm was over. The Pacific had calmed again. The waves rolled in and broke on the sandy shore of the little guano island as monotonously as before; but nowhere was the schooner Martha, a week overdue with water and provisions for the men, to be seen. It was hardly probable that she could have lived through the gale.

The "niggers," the cowardly wretches, had stolen the bulk of the water the night after the storm, and had put off in an open boat for their nearest neighbor, miles away over the trackless ocean. There were twelve of the blacks. They might have killed their two white "bosses," but they seemed to have been satisfied with leaving them to die of thirst and to bleach with the guano beneath the burning sun of the South Pacific.

The two white men were brothers. They had come to the island a few months before to superintend the guano gathering. The tropic fever had seized Harry, the younger of the two, and even when the storm broke he was raving with delirium. A week later, when calm came over the troubled waters, he was slowly recovering. Their scanty supply of water was fast diminishing, and no signs of the Martha. The elder brother, Tom, was becoming hopeless. They would have been without water long before, but Tom had not taken his share. He had hardly drank enough to keep his dry parched throat from cracking during those days when Harry's fever was the worst, and Harry raved about rippling brooks, the orchard and the old apple tree that grew by their bedroom window at home.

Another morning, and no sign of the boat in all the wide stretch of blue sea.

Harry roused himself from his stupor, and looked eagerly into his brother's face.

"No signs of the Martha this morning, Tom?" he said feebly.

"None, Harry, none."

The sick man fell back wearily. Tom Dudley turned his face away to hide his emotion.

"Well, never mind, old man," Harry tried to say cheerfully, "we'll pull through all right, never fear. How long did you say the water would last?" Tom had not said, but Harry caught him unguarded for the moment.

"Two days only, Harry, and—and"—Tom's voice faltered—"two days at the most, and—and the storm——"

"Yes, yes, I know, Tom," the sick man went on; "the Martha may have gone down in the storm last week, but 'while there is life there is hope,' you know, old man, and I suppose the same may be said of water; so cheer up, old fellow; two days are a long time sometimes, you know, and the schooner has probably only been driven off her course. If such is the case she'll be here before Wednesday, we'll be all right, after all. Make the best of it, Tom, and let's see what we have for breakfast."

There was little enough to eat, and but a drop of water to quench their consuming craving. They ate in silence. When they had finished, Tom left their little hut and hastened down to the beach. He gazed long and wistfully over the sea, but there was only the placid blue water glistening in the sunlight. Not a sign of life in all the great expanse, except now and then a sea bird skimming over the waves toward that line in the distance where the blue sea and the still bluer heavens met.

"No sign of a sail, no hope for relief," he sighed, as he threw himself down upon the sand. There was a terrible pain in his head and his limbs were becoming unbearable. He knew what that meant—before long he, too, would be down with the fever. His throat was dry and parched, and burned with a terrible heat. He had already consumed his share of the water for the morning and to take more would be death to Harry.

"Two days, only two days," he murmured; "not much chance in that time if the Martha has gone to the bottom. Four or five there might be hope."

He began to wonder how he could make the water last four or five days instead of two. The pain in his head was intense. A few hours and he must give up to the fever. He knew, too, that he had no chances of recovery. He knew that Harry would give him all the water there was, when he became delirious, and go without himself. He couldn't measure it out then,

as he did now, and soon, very soon, it would all be gone. Two days. What were two days? He would only be shortening his brother's life so much by living them. Ah, what was the use?

A few minutes later a pistol shot rang out amid the sound of breaking waves and the silence of the sands, and Tom Dudley sank with a moan upon the beach.

* * * *

The forced expression of cheerfulness went out of Harry's face as his brother left the hut, and he fell back exhausted upon the bed.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" he murmured. "To die like a rat in a trap! Oh, God! will the Martha never come? Oh, if I could but do something!" He half rose from the couch and gazed around the little hut.

"Two days, only two days more," he groaned, "and then—and then—oh, will aid never come!" He closed his eyes and sank back upon the bed.

"Water enough for both for two days, Tom said," he repeated to himself; "only two days for both, but were there but one to drink, four or maybe five days with care. The Martha or some other vessel will surely be here in that time. But in two days the owners will hardly have had time to learn of her loss and send out another schooner.

"Tom, dear old Tom"—and his blue eyes filled with tears—"*you* shall be saved, any way." His eyes wandered around the hut again as if in search of something, and fixed upon a cupboard on the wall. "They say it is an easy death," he murmured—"that stuff we took from Malay Tom?"

By a superhuman effort he arose, staggered to the cupboard, and took a small tin can from one of the shelves. It was filled with a sticky green mass.

"Ten grains should do it," he decided, "though Malay Tom used to take as much as that to make him drunk." He put some of the stuff on the blade of his knife, looked at it eagerly for a moment, and then swallowed it. He staggered back to the bed, and fell limp across the mattress. A moment he lay there still. It was then that Tom's pistol broke the silence. Harry started, raised his head and tried to get up. But the drug was acting, he could not rise.

"I wonder what Tom is shooting at," he said half aloud; "dear old Tom, he'll be sorry at first, but then, he'll be saved—to go home—and take care of mother." He felt happy, strangely happy, and he began to laugh.

He thought he could see the old home again. He could hear the birds singing in the apple tree before his bedroom window; there seemed to be so many—more than ever before. He wandered down by the little brook that ran through the meadow. How sweet the water sounded as it rippled over the pebbles; and the long grass, how tempting; it was so cool and shady, he longed to lie in it forever. But he could not, he must not. Tom was calling from down in the orchard—calling to him—was waiting for him.

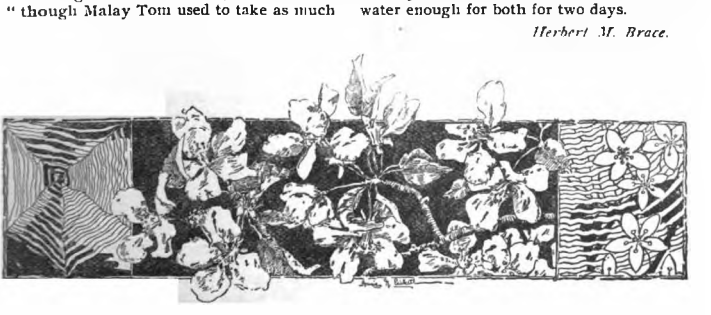
"Yes, Tom, yes, I'm coming, coming," he called. He sprang from the bed and commenced to run. He was speeding through the meadow; then he climbed the high fence that separated it from the orchard. He was running as fast as he could, but Tom kept calling, and his mother, too. Their voices were growing fainter, fainter, as though they were running away from him.

* * * *

Even then the Martha had sighted the little guano island and was making for the cove of anchorage.

They found the bodies of the two brothers side by side on the sand, and in the hut water enough for both for two days.

Herbert M. Brace.



RECONCILIATION.

I.

I SOMETIMES wonder when and how
You will come back to me,
Across what stretch of burning sand,
Across what sobbing sea?
What word will break the silence long
That now sweet Speech denies,
And what will be the tale that each
Reads in the other's eyes?

II.

Will floods of sunshine, golden fair,
Across our pathway flow,
Or will our souls in rapture meet
Beneath the starlight's glow?
Will flowers bloom, birds sweetly sing,
To welcome in the day,
Or will dead leaves be blown across
A sky of tearful gray?

III.

Let it be soon! Come as it may,
Enough there is of pain
Without the added weight of woe
If love like ours were slain;
Come back to life and hope and joy,
These arms are open wide;
Come back and find our early love
Thorn crowned but sanctified!

Clarence Urmy.

THE GREAT GOOD HEART OF CORPORAL DWIGHT.

CORPORAL TEDDY DWIGHT of the Seventh Regiment was the most popular man in his company, and deservedly so. His hearty laugh, his amusing speeches, and his faculty for picking up the newest songs and singing them in a good baritone voice to a rattling piano accompaniment, were all potent factors in insuring this popularity; and the general impression among his comrades was that the company would be a very lifeless organization were it not for the abundant jocularity of Teddy Dwight.

In one way Teddy was a paradox—a kind of happy family of earthly blessings. He had health and wealth in abundance—two *desiderata* rarely found together—and also a liberal allowance of cleverness and good looks, qualities that are usually regarded as deadly enemies. Laughing, light hearted, and to all appearances entirely care free, he won for himself the affectionate appellation of "Joyous Ted," and was generally looked upon as among the blessed of the earth and the beloved of the gods.

This was Teddy Dwight, as he appeared in the company room, or on the various festive occasions when the men were gathered together. But there were those who contended that in the seclusion of his trim bachelor quarters, with his enormous cherry pipe clouding the air with fragrant wreaths of smoke, Teddy was not only melancholy, but absolutely morbid. Charley Keene, who knew him best, once confided to a few of us that on entering Teddy's room the night before he had discovered our little comrade on his knees by the divan, with his face in his hands, and big tears creeping out between his fingers. From this and other stories of a like nature arose an impression that Teddy had some secret sorrow; and naturally this imbued him with a peculiar interest. We all admired his self control, and wondered what the hidden thorn could be, little guessing in what a dramatic manner we were destined to witness its revelation.

I distinctly remember the night when Joyous Ted announced his engagement to Winifred Schuyler. She was a remarkably beautiful girl, a member of an old New York family, and accounted a brilliant match. And yet here and there were dubious shakings of heads and whispered words of hope that she would make him happy, with so strong an emphasis on the "hope" as to convey serious doubts of the desire ever coming true.

Frankly, Miss Schuyler was reported to have no heart. She had broken three engagements, sending one man to South Africa, another to the dogs, and the third into politics, without a symptom of regret. Now Teddy was all heart, and a sensitive little chap, in spite of his careless ways; and it made us miserable to think what an effect such treatment might produce upon him.

He had the most strikingly original way of doing things, and the fashion in which he elected to announce his engagement was thoroughly characteristic of the man. The first sergeant had just dismissed the company, and we were all turning to our lockers, when Teddy stepped forward and remarked in a loud voice that he had a few words to say. There was a general hush, in the midst of which Teddy stood looking about him with a smile that seemed to meet behind his ears.

"Well," he said, "I'm engaged to Miss Winifred Schuyler, and I want to mark the event. There's some punch over at my rooms, and no end of tobacco, and every man has to come over and celebrate;" and he burst into a mighty shout of laughter, in which we all joined with much cheering and slapping of his fat shoulders.

The celebration was an immense success. Teddy sang all his latest songs, danced breakdowns, and enjoyed himself hugely. Some of us noticed that in spite of his rapturous rejoicings he did not once touch the punch, although he was very liberal with it, as well as with his cigars, which were short and fat, and altogether had much the same appearance as their owner. Charley Keene said that during the past year Teddy had been a total abstainer. We puzzled over it somewhat, but Joyous Ted fell upon us with a whoop, and we were whirled off to join in the chorus of the next song. We remembered the circumstance of his not drinking when later events supplied an explanation.

That was in February, if I remember

rightly, and Teddy seemed to grow happier with each succeeding hour. Miss Schuyler was wearing a magnificent hoop of diamonds on her finger, and he used to walk up and down the avenue with her every day, his short legs twinkling along, and his round eyes beaming with joy.

Some time in May there was a celebration in honor of the dedication of the Washington Arch, and the Seventh paraded in all the glory of full dress uniform. It was a blistering hot day, with the pavements like the top of a range, and a great swarm of people banked up on both sides of the avenue to see the troops. We swung along at a rattling pace, with only a momentary halt or two, until about Seventeenth or Eighteenth Street, when something blocked the head of the column, and we all came to a standstill, and had a chance to look about us and cool off a bit.

Teddy was the fourth man from the left of the second platoon—a position assigned him as a tribute to his small stature. He was a prodigiously funny spectacle at that moment, with his round, red face beaded with perspiration like the outside of a tumbler of ice water. Most of the company were looking and laughing at him; and Joyous Ted relegated his discomfort to a secondary place, and gave free rein to his powers of repartee. Metaphorically he bowled over one after another of his adversaries, and the spectators were enjoying the exhibition immensely. Then something strange happened.

A hoarse voice from somewhere in the throng on the sidewalk shouted "Edward Dwight!" very distinctly. It was so clearly and unmistakably intended for our comrade that the chaffing ceased instantly, every one turning to discover the speaker. I was standing near Teddy, and had a quick intuition that something was wrong when I saw him wince and throw his hand, palm outward, before his eyes, as though avoiding a blow.

He did not look up as the author of the interruption pushed his way through the crowd and stood before him, but remained with his head bent and his lips drawn in till his mouth looked like a thin red line.

The man who had spoken was as disreputable a specimen of humanity as could well be imagined. His face was bloated by the telltale stamp of drink, his clothes soiled and shabby to the last degree, his eyes mere red blots beneath shaggy brows. Standing with his legs far apart he swayed to and fro, and regarded Teddy with the veriest wreck of a smile.

"E'ward," he said, "doan' sher know me? Why doan' sher speak to me?"

Teddy's comrades had gathered close about the two men, surveying their faces curiously.

"Doan' sher know me?" repeated the man, adding, "damn yer," half to himself.

Teddy appeared to gather himself together with an effort.

"I know you—yes," he answered. "What do you want here? Go back on the sidewalk."

The other's face showed that he did not immediately comprehend this. When its meaning finally dawned upon him, his small eyes fairly blazed with fury, and lunging forward, he dealt Teddy a sharp blow across the eyes, with a savage growl of "Take that, ye young devil!"

Sergeant Ripley, who was standing directly behind the man, here justified his reputation as a fighter. Grasping him firmly by the collar, he whirled the wretched creature around, and tossed him, as limp as a bundle of rags, upon the curbstone.

"And *you* take *that*," he remarked blithely, "and get out, unless you want to feel the point of a bayonet."

In the excitement of the moment no one noticed that Teddy had sprung forward until we saw him on one knee, carefully supporting the man's head and smoothing back the tousled hair. He looked up at Ripley beseechingly, and on his face one could see the print of the blow, while his honest blue eyes winked rapidly to keep back the tears of mingled emotion and pain.

"Sam," he said, "of course you didn't know, but this won't do. You have struck my father."

His father! That!

The men stepped back blankly, some turning their heads aside as if in the presence of death. Ripley stood motionless, his fine eyes shifting from side to side.

"All right, Ted," he said, after a moment. "All right, old man. I apologize."

He wheeled about and went slowly back to his place, and as he passed we heard him mutter, "His father—good God!"

It was reverently said, as one might breathe a prayer, and it was the thought of all. Ripley said it half aloud, the rest of us in our hearts.

When the bugle sounded the advance, Teddy was left behind. We saw him, aided by a police officer, supporting the miserable form of his father through the crowd, his white belts soiled and disarranged, and the pompon on his shako black with the mud

into which it had fallen. We saw Ripley run forward, and, after a whispered word with the lieutenant, drop out and follow them. Then the scene was blotted out as the column marched forward to the clapping of appreciative hands and the swelling music of the band.

Jack Pennington had news for us when we reached the armory again, and were eagerly discussing the incident in the company room. Jack always was an observant sort of a chap, who saw both sides of questions and the minor features of every situation. Heaven knows the case of Teddy's father was deplorable enough at best, but when we heard what Jack had to tell us, we felt the crisis to be greatly magnified. Lieutenant Harvey, who had seen the whole affair, sighed and said, "The sins of the father shall be visited on the children," and that was about what we were all thinking.

It seems that Jack had been watching a group of girls in a balcony directly opposite our halting place, and that he had seen Winifred Schuyler step forward when Teddy's father first called his name. How she came to be there without his knowing of it was a mystery, but nevertheless there she was, as straight and slender and beautiful as ever—so Jack said—with a cool smile on her lips, and her calm eyes watching the little tragedy before her. Yes, she had seen it all; seen the man that was to be almost her father, seen the blow, and seen poor broken hearted Teddy on his knees in the street with a drunkard in his arms. We knew Winifred Schuyler too well to doubt the inevitable outcome of it all.

None of us saw Teddy Dwight again, with the single exception of Charley Keene. To the latter he intrusted a letter, which was read aloud at the last company meeting of the year. For once the careless chatter was hushed, and the men listened with serious eyes and compressed lips.

MY DEAR COMRADES:

I feel that I cannot leave you without some little word of farewell. My father is as nearly recovered as I can ever hope to see him, and I am taking him to the far West for the few remaining years it is likely that he will live. What this has all been to me it is not necessary or possible for me to tell you. You will believe me when I say that my heart is with you always, and that if in the future I am able to rejoin you—and you will have me—the best hour of my life will be when I am once more a member of the Seventh.

EDWARD DWIGHT.

That was his last farewell, and with it he vanished more or less completely from our lives. Young Rathebone, a new recruit, has taken his place at the piano, and sings the newest songs very creditably, but it is not the same as having Joyous Ted. We hear of him at long intervals, and know that he is doing his duty, and know, too, that the sacrifice his willing, childlike heart has made will be laid to his account at the last.

Miss Schuyler was married early the following autumn. Her husband had a title and — strange combination! — unlimited means. It was a brilliant wedding, with a bishop to officiate, hosts of presents, and an imposing reception. Nearly all of us were invited, but on comparing notes afterwards we discovered a singular coincidence. No one went.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE POET'S SOUL.

Within his soul are singing birds,
And diamond thoughts and golden words,
Mountains, meadows, lowing herds,
Within his soul;

And joy and sorrow, darkness, light,
Sunshine and shadow, day and night,
Hatred of wrong and love of right;

And one eternal, constant prayer
A hunger and a thirst are there,
For deathless deeds to do, to dare—
Within his soul.

Robert Loveman.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THAT genial and appreciative theorist, Max Nordau, has had his fling at music along with about everything else in this degenerate world and under this degenerating sun. His attitude is not new, and has few terrors to one who is at all widely read in the literature of satire, that strange backward aspiring world where each satirist finds the Golden Age in the generation before him. So though Herr Nordau may bark exceedingly loud at the moon and other bodies far above him, the rest of the world is not likely to follow his example and go to the "demnition bowwows." He advises a conspiracy of silence toward the degenerates. It would be better, perhaps, if his advice should be turned upon himself.

When Lombroso the criminologist, and Nordau, his disciple, lay down as the characteristics of a maniac "a stubborn perseverance in one and the same fundamental idea"—a quality that was once preached as a virtue and a trait of genius—it is easy to see how anybody can be dubbed degenerate.

Nordau's chief musical ailment is acute Wagner-phobia. After howling at supposed faults which the majority of musicians have now learned to understand as invaluable and noble, he says patronizingly: "As a personality, Wagner will occupy an important place in music; as an initiator, or developer of his art, hardly any or a very narrow one. For the only thing that musicians of healthy capacity can learn from him is to keep song and accompaniment closely connected with the words, to declaim with sincerity and propriety, and to suggest pictorial ideas to the imagination by orchestral effects." These three gigantic oracles are alone enough to give any composer something quite different from a "very narrow" place in the development of his art.

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ANOTHER bit of silly inconsistency is Nordau's attack on *fin de siècle* music. "At opera and concert," he says, "the rounded forms of ancient melody are coldly listened to. The translucent thematic treatment of classic masters, their conscientious observance of the laws of counterpoint, are reckoned flat and tedious. A coda graceful in cadence, serene in its 'dying fall,' a pedal base with correct harmonization, provoke yawns." All of which is founded about equally on ignorance of the real spirit of the classic composers and glaring misrepresentation of the present status of the art. It is vanity to argue with a man who bawls, "Black is white! If you deny it, you are a color blind degenerate!"

* * * *

NORDAU makes the antique plaint that not all recent art and literature is intelligible to the general public. Is Bach intelligible to everybody? Whose fault is it if Shakspere is a "mystic" to Hottentots and babes? It was once hard to understand things that are now commonplaces of science. The kindergarten pupil can see through many things that once puzzled Socrates. So with the arts, it is necessary that every creator and every explorer should bring forth things that must for long be mysteries to any but his intimate disciples. This does not prove that he is a "mystic" surrounded by a clique of "degenerate maniacs." Early operas of Wagner's, so revolutionary as to provoke riots, are now patronized as ingenuous and Italian.

* * * *

THE opera season has been very well laid out. Except in a very few instances, we know who is to come over—it is always "come over"; none of the singers claims America as home any more—and awaken the Metropolitan and the Academy of Music from their long sleep. Just now the Metropolitan stage is a place for piles of scenery, and checked cloths are draping the boxes. By the 18th of November those same boxes will make a chain of brilliants about the house.

Mr. Abbey may not know all the people he has engaged, and whether all of them are coming or not, but he has made up his mind that Calvé shall open the season in "Carmen."

Bevignani, who has been a little neglected by the side of his fellow conductor, Mancinelli, will have an opportunity to take the baton a little oftener this winter, with his old friend absent. It is doubtful, however, if Bevignani, with all his solid musical ability and fine personality, will ever become the popular favorite that Mancinelli was. There were dramatic touches about the old conductor that held his audience. He put actual physical force into his work. One of the members of the official staff at the opera house, who had only known Man-

Marie Brema.

From a photograph by Hans Brand, Bayreuth.

Marie Engle.
From a photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

cinelli as the poet musician, the dreamer, who seemed to wave his baton like a fairy wand, asked that he might have the baton with which "Falstaff" and "Samson and Delilah" were first conducted in America. Signor Mancinelli sent him a bundle of splintered sticks, on one or two of which he had written his autograph.

"I break a dozen every evening," he said. "You are welcome to the splinters."

Bevignani brought his daughter last winter, and kept up a domestic home here in a strange land.

Seidl will conduct the popular Sunday concerts during the winter.

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THE contraltos never make the impression upon the public that comes from a soprano, but Marie Brema, who is to be a member of Mr. Abbey's company this season, is gaining many friends for herself among critics and public.

She is an English woman of German descent. Her operatic career has been a very short one. It was only six years ago that she made her initial bow to the musical world at St. James' hall in London. Conductor Levi, who had always taken a great interest in the young girl, introduced her to Frau Wagner, who engaged her for the part of *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin" and gave her the benefit of personal instruction. Even the great composer's widow was surprised at the brilliant results.

It was a surprise to the musical world when Damrosch allowed this voice to escape

him. It was confidently expected that Brema would be seen with his company this season in her Wagnerian rôles. It appears now that Damrosch is going to have a very serious rival in the Metropolitan's short season of German opera. With Seidl as conductor, and with the fine voices he has to call upon, there is no reason why the interpretation given at the latter house should not be the finest possible.

* * * *

MARIE ENGLE, who hails from Chicago, and who is in private life Mrs. Gustav Amberg, is one of the very few grand opera singers who have not gone to Europe for their musical education. Miss Engle learned all she knows about music and the arts from American teachers, in New York and at her home. She has been heard this season at Covent Garden, as Sir Augustus Harris' prima donna in several rôles of importance. The London critics

Mme. Bauermeister.

Mme. Mantelli.
From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

praise her sympathetic charm of manner and her high soprano, which is declared to be of the purest quality.

Miss Engle is of medium height, with a willowy figure, hazel eyes, a fair, clear complexion, and masses of burnished, light brown hair. Her father is a German, her mother a Frenchwoman. The parts of *Zerlina* in "Fra Diavolo" and of *Baucis* in "Philemon and Baucis," in which Miss Engle appeared in London, were entirely new to her; she had not even seen the operas played before she was called upon to sing in them. Her success in these rôles was therefore the more creditable.

* * * *

ONE of the most useful members of the Metropolitan company, one of the best liked, and the one who receives most presents from her fellow artists, is a singer

Georgine von Januschowsky.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

of whom the public hears comparatively little.

Mlle. Bauermeister might be called the professional understudy. She was brought up by the great Teresa Titiens, which accounts for her thoroughness and conscientiousness. She sang in Madrid years ago—for she is no longer particularly young—and was a great favorite there. Jean de Reszke says of Bauermeister:

"She has had a long training and a thorough one. She should do better things, but she is now so fully identified with the work she does, that it is impossible for her to change."

It never was possible for her to change. She has not the dominating personality that would make her a star. She knows almost every second rôle in opera, and is ready to take anybody's place on an instant's notice. Her voice keeps its clearness and sweetness as remarkably as Patti's, but it is a fact that is seldom noticed. It is her lot to do a great deal of work, and see others take most of the applause. She is never allowed to keep a part long enough to make it peculiarly her own.

Last year, at the height of the season, somebody asked her how she managed to keep so well.

"I have no time be ill," she said. "I am too busy taking the parts of the invalids."

There is no singer who is so much loved by her companions as Bauermeister. No young prima donna ever went to her for instruction without becoming more fully equipped for her part before the public. There is no selfishness, no jealousy, in the singer's heart. As one looks at her career it naturally brings up a query as to whether it pays in this world to be selfish.

If Bauermeister were to leave the stage and become a teacher, she would doubtless make a great fortune. As a member of the opera company said recently, "Bauermeister could not make the success that Calvé makes as *Carmen*, but she could teach another to do it."

* * * *

MANTELLI is the best actress of all the singers who come back to the opera house this season. Like Nilsson, she was driven back to the stage, after several years of retirement, by heavy financial losses. She married a wealthy South American, and went to live with him in a beautiful home just outside of Milan. Their house was a gathering place for the artists in the days when a successful début at La Scala meant world wide success to an opera singer. Here, in her gardens, the voice which had been priceless was given to her friends. But invalidism came to her husband, and financial reverses followed. The gift of song remained, and Mantelli went back to the stage. Her husband travels with her, and she gives up all social life to spend her time with him. If her voice were to leave

Max Alvary.

From a photograph by Bieber, Berlin.

her, Mantelli would still have, in her great gift as an actress, a sufficient equipment for the stage.

JANUSCHOWSKY has been heard here a good many times before, although the fact has not been widely heralded. Indeed, we were

Signor Kaschmann.

asked to look upon her as a new importation. Long ago she sang with Emma Juch and the Boston Ideals. Her first appearance here was in "The Beggar Student"; her last with Hammerstein's English opera company.

Januschowsky, whose real name is Mrs. Neuendorff, was born in the Austrian town of Olmütz, of a noble Polish family. This season she is to sing *Isolde*, *Elizabeth*, *Brunnhild*, and perhaps *Aida* and *Michaela* in Italian.

* * * *

THERE is a disposition to accept the verdict of Jean de Reszke as final upon all questions of operatic casts. He has been for so long the one successful tenor, and belongs to a family so distinguished in opera, that he is considered to be entirely unprejudiced and competent to speak. The great tenor is said to have been studying "Tristan" for the Metropolitan season, and it is an open secret that he was very much disappointed that Klafsky was not selected to sing *Isolde*. It is even hinted that he may throw up his part entirely, as he considers that there is only one perfect *Isolde*, and she is engaged for Mr. Damrosch's season.

Frau Klafsky lives in Hamburg, whence the Damrosch tenor, Wilhelm Gruening, also comes. She was very lately married to Herr Lohse, and lives in a magnificent home in Kloster Allee.

* * * *

IN Milka Ternina Europe sends us an interpreter of Wagnerian rôles who is said to be unsurpassed. It was in 1888 and 1889 that she rose from utter obscurity to be a fêted prima donna, the admiration of the Wagner school. She was born in a small village near Agram, where she was sent to school. An unknown music teacher showed the child that she had a voice worth cultivating, although even she never dreamed of an operatic career for her pupil; but the latter grew

Signor Bevignani.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Rosa Sucher.

From a photograph by Schaarmachter, Berlin.

ambitious. When she was sixteen she went to Vienna to see Professor Gausbacher. He heard her sing, looked delightedly into her face, and said, "We shall make an excellent artist of you."

He sent the young girl to the Viennese conservatory. Upon one occasion, at a

Theodore Thomas.

performance given by the conservatory pupils, young Fräulein Ternina sang the second act of "Lucrezia Borgia." She eagerly looked for the account by the critic. He mentioned the fact that "Fräulein Ternina had an aristocratic profile." It was not until she went to Bremen as the successor of Frau Klafsky—who comes to America with her this winter—that Ternina made her great success.

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ROSA SUCHER and Max Alvary came over with a great flourish of trumpets last year, but the reception they met was disappointing, and when they went back to Germany it was generally supposed that they had bidden a long farewell to America. Mr. Damrosch announces, however, that Alvary will be here again this season.

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AN old favorite of the New York public comes back this year in the person of Kaschmann, who was here long ago for the opening of the Metropolitan. He has sung all over Europe since then, and returns with an added reputation.

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THE great Chicago orchestra will be heard here for the first time in its entirety during the coming season, and New York will have another opportunity to realize what she lost in Theodore Thomas.

A series of seven concerts, popular in character, will be given at the Metropolitan in March. The orchestra will also go to Philadelphia for two days.

The Chicago orchestra will break its regular routine of rehearsals and engagements this season, giving Mr. Thomas an opportunity for private work. It is said that its last season's receipts exceeded the income of any previous year by twenty thousand dollars.

* * *

SOME little dissatisfaction is showing itself here and there concerning the series of fashionable recitals which are given in New York every winter. It is said that they are not only expensive and rather poor for their cost, but they are ceasing to be even fashionable. Almost anybody who cares to pay the price of a ticket is welcome, and the morning concerts, to which the singers come in the poorest possible voice, are not quite as exclusive as the opera house. The fashionable woman stays away, because she finds herself attending a half way social function with a great many people she does not care to know. As musical events—well, the musicians smile at that term.

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

WITHOUT we heard the north wind roar,
The night we played at battledore ;

Without we heard the north wind mock,
The night we played at shuttlecock.

And more and more, and more and more—
The night we played at battledore,

I felt my heart with every shock
Tossed like the smitten shuttlecock.

And since that night my heart is sore—
The night we played at battledore ;

And since that night I take no stock
In battledore and shuttlecock.

Clinton Scollard.

AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

The numerous and important organizations founded on patriotic American descent—Their insignia, their leaders, their remarkably rapid growth, and the work they are doing.

PATRIOTISM is a virtue, and pride of ancestry is a commendable or at least a permissible feeling. The success in recent years of the many hereditary societies, to which descent from a worthy patriot is the essential requirement for admission, is significant of the fact that more and more we are developing a faith in the heroism and worth of those who first settled in this country.

The growth of the movement is readily traced. It began with the centennial celebration of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill in June, 1875, and culminated in the great celebration of the inauguration of George Washington that took place in New York in April and May, 1889.

All these patriotic societies are hereditary, but they may be grouped into two classes—first, those in which membership is restricted to the eldest male descendant of an officer who participated either in the war

General Horace Porter, President of the Sons of the American Revolution.

of the Revolution, the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, or the civil war; second, those in which membership is free to any descendant of a patriot who participated in the colonial wars, the war of the Revolution, the war of 1812, or the civil war. The societies connected with the civil war are too numerous and too well known to be included in a paper such as this, and therefore they may be dismissed at the outset.

The Rev. Morgan Dix, President of the Military Society of the War of 1812.

Oldest, most honorable, and the one in which membership is most prized, is the Society of the Cincinnati. It was organized in the quaint old Verplanck house, near Fishkill on the Hudson, on May 13, 1783, by the American and foreign officers who had served together in the Revolutionary war. Baron Steuben, the Prussian American soldier, presided over the preliminary meeting, and George Washington was requested to act as chief officer of the society until the first general meeting, which was appointed for May 4, 1784.

Frederic J. de Peyster, President of the Society of Colonial Wars.

The curious wording of the society's statement of its purposes is worthy of presentation. It says: "To perpetuate therefore as well the remembrance of this vast event (the war of the Revolution) as the mutual friendships which have been formed under the presence of common danger, and in many instances cemented by the blood of the parties, the officers of the American Army do hereby, in the most solemn manner, associate, constitute, and combine themselves into one Society of Friends, to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their closest male posterity, and in failure thereof, the collateral branches who may be deemed worthy of becoming its supporters and members."

At this preliminary meeting provision was made for thirteen State societies, corresponding, naturally, to the

General John Cochrane, President of the New York Society of the Cincinnati.

original thirteen States; and triennial meetings of delegates from the State societies were to be held, beginning with 1784. The feature of hereditary descent gave umbrage to many influential persons, among whom was Benjamin Franklin, and the society was at once fiercely and bitterly attacked. In consequence an amendment was presented at the meeting held in Philadelphia in 1785, abolishing all succession, and confining a society to those who had actually served in the Revolution. This amendment was carried by the general society, but failed to receive the assent of a sufficient number of State organizations, and in consequence the Cincinnati fell back upon its original constitution. Another element of peculiar interest is attached to the failure of this amendment. It provided for the establishment of a chapter in France, and before the failure of the amendment had been announced such a society was organized. It was disbanded in 1793, at the time of the French Revolution. Notwithstanding the fact that without constitutional sanction the French society could have no proper existence, as has been very clearly shown by General John Cochrane, president of the New York State Society, still the Cincinnati authorized its revival in 1877, and it now flourishes in Paris.

The Cincinnati continued full of vigor until the arrival of Lafayette in this country in 1824, but thereafter the interest waned, and seven State societies disbanded. In 1854 the last of the original members died; and there are now but two or three survivors of the second generation. General Washington was succeeded in the presidency by Alexander Hamilton, and other distinguished officers followed, until 1854, when Hamilton Fish, of New York, was called to the chair. His death has left the post vacant, although the vice president, Robert M. McLane of Maryland, is the acting president, and if precedent is followed he will be elevated to the presidency

Robert M. McLane, Acting President of the Society of the Cincinnati.

at the meeting to be held in Philadelphia in May, 1896.

The present membership of the Cincinnati is about 500, distributed among the State societies in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, and the revived societies in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and France. The eagle, as the badge of the society is called, was designed by Major Pierre C. L'Enfant, the French engineer who planned the city of Washington, and the colors of its rosette and ribbon are light blue and white.

Soon after the celebration of the first of the centennial anniversaries in 1875, overtures were made to the Society of the Cincinnati to broaden its policy so as to admit all male descendants of participants in the war of the Revolution, but the society declined to take such action. Accordingly, early in 1876, John Austin Stevens of New York issued a call, in which he said: "The approach of the centennial anniversary of American independence is an appropriate time for the foundation of a society on a broader basis" (than the Society of the Cincinnati), "which may include all descendants of those who served in the war of the Revolution," and named February 22, 1876, as the time when a meeting for organization "will be held in the rooms of the New York Historical Society."

John Lee Carroll, President of the Sons of the Revolution.

John Cadwalader, President of the General Society of the War of 1812.

It was in this way that the Sons of the Revolution came into existence. For some years the organization was maintained, but not as an active body until December 4, 1883, when at a meeting held in Fraunce's Tavern steps were taken "toward effecting permanent organization."

To follow in detail the growth of the Sons of the Revolution is impossible in this article, but the

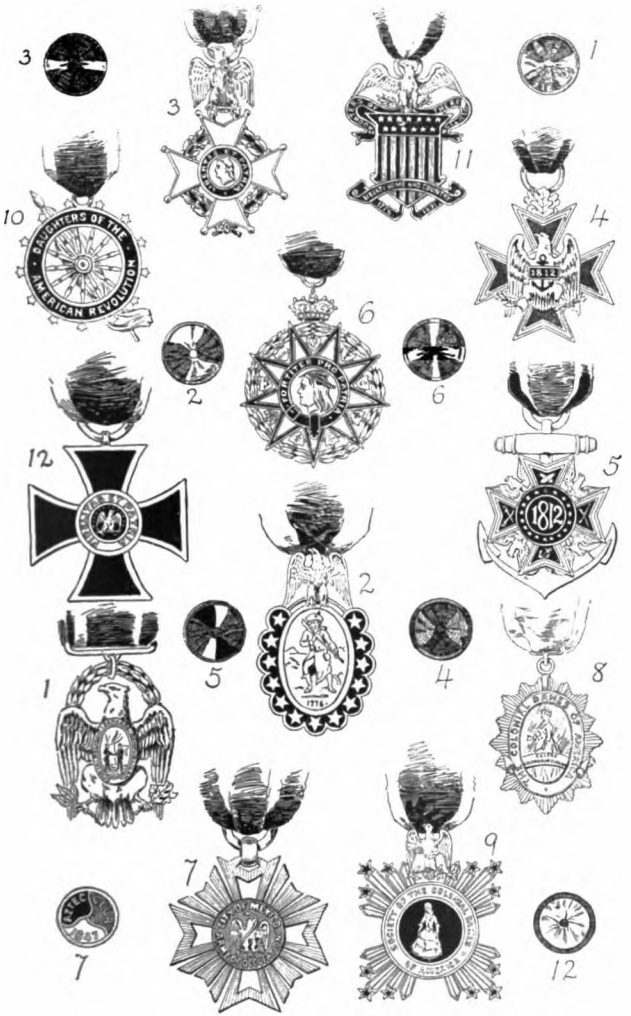
organization steadily increased in membership, until in February, 1890, it had 539 sons on its rolls. In 1888 a State society was organized in Pennsylvania, and others followed in the District of Columbia and in Iowa. Its development led to the organization of a general or national society in March, 1890; and at the last meeting, held in Boston on April 19, 1895, the secretary reported twenty five State societies, with a total membership of 4,192 persons, of which number the New York society had 1,574 names enrolled.

In considering these patriotic societies the question naturally arises: "What have they done?" Let us apply the question direct to the Sons of the Revolution. In their constitution they say that the society has been instituted "to perpetuate the memory of the men who, in the military, naval, and civil service of the colonies and of the Colonial Congress, by their acts or counsel, achieved the independence of the country, and to further the proper celebration of the anniversaries of the birthday of Washington and of prominent events connected with the war of the Revolution; to collect and secure for preservation the rolls, records, and other documents relating to that period; and to inspire the members of the society with the patriotic spirit of their forefathers."

General John P. Hatch, President of the Aztec Club.

Mrs. Archibald Gracie King, President of the National Society of Colonial Dames.

In the accomplishment of these objects they have furnished addresses on patriotic subjects; they have celebrated Revolutionary events with patriotic exercises; and have held commemorative church services on Washington's Birthday. The New York society has marked nine historical sites with bronze tablets, and raised a statue to the memory of Nathan Hale, whose last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The Pennsylvania society has likewise been active. Its members erected memorials to mark the location of Washington's encampment at Gulph Mills, of General Wayne's



INSIGNIA OF AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

1. Society of the Cincinnati.
2. Sons of the Revolution.
3. Sons of the American Revolution.
4. Military Society of the War of 1812.
5. General Society of the War of 1812.
6. Society of Colonial Wars.
7. Aztec Club.
8. National Society of Colonial Dames.
9. Society of Colonial Dames.
10. Daughters of the American Revolution.
11. Daughters of the Revolution.
12. Naval Order of the United States.

Mrs. John W. Foster, President of the Daughters of the American Revolution

headquarters at Centerville, and of the struggle near Fort Washington after the battle of Germantown. They have in hand the collection of funds for an equestrian statue of General Wayne, to be erected in Philadelphia.

The general president of the national society is John Lee Carroll of Maryland; the presiding officer of the New York organization is Frederick S. Tallmadge, a gentleman who has done much for the society. The insignia of the Sons of the Revolution contain a medallion of gold bearing on its face the figure of a soldier in Continental uniform; the ribbon is dark blue, edged with buff, recalling that uniform's colors.

On July 4, 1875, the ninety ninth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated with unusual exercises in San Francisco. In the procession a platoon of men in Continental uniform attracted much attention, and along the route were suspended the names of celebrated battlefields and heroes of the Revolution. In the following October, a society "to honor the founders of the nation, and to perpetuate the principles for which these heroes pledged their lives and their sacred honor," was organized in the Golden Gate city. This society, which took the name of the Sons of Revolutionary Sires, was the first of the newer societies to effect a permanent organization, and is fully entitled to recognition as such.

Certain members of the New York society of the Sons of the Revolution desired, in 1888, to form a New Jersey society, but their action failed to receive the sanction of the parent body. This led to the organization of a separate society, whose members promptly turned their energies toward the formation of branches in every State and Territory of the Union. A call was issued for a convention to be held in Fraunce's Tavern in New York, on April 30, 1889. Delegates from eigh-

Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, President of the Daughters of the Revolution.

teen States, including California, there met, and after the withdrawal of the representatives from New York and Pennsylvania, the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution was organized.

This society, as there formed, and as it today exists, has two important characteristic features. First, it admits no man to membership "unless he is a lineal descendant of one who participated in the American Revolution," and second, it consists of one national society divided for convenience into coequal State societies, and the latter subdivided to some extent into local branches or chapters. At the meeting of the general society held in Boston on the 1st of last May, a membership of 5,878, distributed among 31 State societies, was reported. It is also proper to add that since then societies of the Sons of the American Revolution have been formed in France and in the Hawaiian Islands.

The objects of this society do not differ materially from those of the Sons of the Revolution, but the newer society is entitled to credit for its remarkable activity. It has celebrated more than a hundred anniversaries and important events in the Revolution. The popular observance of June 14 as "flag day" is largely due to it. The headquarters of Jonathan Trumbull (Brother Jonathan) have been saved from destruction, and through the society's efforts the building has been converted into a museum. The Massachusetts society has undertaken to mark the grave of every Revolutionary soldier with a bronze marker, on which appears the design of a minute man, with the letters S. A. R. (Soldier of the American Revolution) and the date, 1775. In New York it was largely through the influence of the Sons of the American Revolution that the City Hall was saved from destruction; and elsewhere many memorials have been raised to the memory of American heroes.

The president of the general society of the Sons of the American Revolution is General Horace Porter. Its insignia follow in their general form the cross of the order of St. Louis of France, thus commemorating the fact that Louis XVI, who sent his soldiers to the aid of the Americans, as well as nearly all of the French officers, were members of that order. The colors of the ribbon and rosette are blue and white, which were the colors of the uniform of Washington's staff.

The excellent patriotic work accomplished by the two foregoing societies led to a revival of interest in two patriotic societies that had long been in existence, but which had almost entirely passed from public view. Both were originally organized by participants in the war of 1812, and membership in them is restricted to descendants of those who took part in that conflict.

The Military Society of the War of 1812 was instituted in 1826 by army and navy officers who had taken part in the second war with England. In 1848 it was consolidated with the Veteran Corps of Artillery, in the State of New York, which had been founded as far back as 1790 by officers and soldiers of the war of the Revolution, and which had been called into the military service of the United States in 1812 and 1814. On September 10, 1890, the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, the twenty two surviving members of this body met and adopted a new constitution. On January 8, 1892, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, the society was incorporated anew as a hereditary institution, with many new members. Its membership clause was amended in 1895, so that only descendants of officers are eligible. The society meets annually on the 8th of January, in the New York City Hall, and its membership is less than a hundred, including six surviving veterans.

Besides its publications and reunions, no actual patriotic work has as yet been undertaken by this society. Its president is the Rev. Morgan Dix, whose father, General John A. Dix, saw active service from December, 1812, until the close of the war. Its insignia consist of a Maltese cross, on which is an American bald eagle with wings displayed. Its colors are red and blue, and were so chosen because during the war of 1812 dark blue coats edged with red were the regulation uniforms of the militia artillery and infantry in most of the States.

Distinct from this association is the General Society of the War of 1812. This latter body is of similar character to the two societies of descendants of soldiers who took part in the war of the Revolution, and freely admits to membership any lineal descendant of one who served in the war of 1812. That is, the membership is not restricted to descendants of officers, as is the case with the Military Society of the War of 1812.

The society's history is an honorable one. It was formed at a general convention held in Philadelphia in January, 1854, of surviving veterans of the war, who then organized the Pennsylvania Association of the Defenders of the Country in the War of 1812.

When the present interest in patriotic societies became prevalent, the society was reorganized under its new title, and the Pennsylvania Association became the Pennsylvania State Society. At the same time the Association of the Defenders of Baltimore in 1814, which had dwindled down to a very small number, was admitted as the Maryland State Society. More recently, State societies have been organized in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Ohio, and the rolls now show the names of over five hundred persons, forty of whom are surviving veterans.

The society has grown slowly but steadily, and has already a satisfactory balance in its treasury. Its work has included elaborate exercises under the auspices of the Maryland societies on the centennial anniversary of the occupation of Fort McHenry by the United States government, and the eightieth anniversary of the battle of North Point; and it has published many historical documents pertaining to the war of 1812. John Cadwalader, of the Pennsylvania Society, is president general. In common with other similar societies, it has a vice president general from each of the five State societies. Its colors—dark blue, white, black, and red—appear in its rosette and in the ribbon from which its insignia are suspended.

A vacant field was discerned in the failure of the foregoing societies to provide for the descendants of the soldiers of colonial times. Messrs. S. Victor Constant, Charles H. Murray, Nathan G. Pond, and Edward Trenchard were among those who first recognized this fact, and who, on the 18th of August, 1892, at the office of the first named, in New York, organized the Society of Colonial Wars. This was a success from the beginning, and numbers among its more than one thousand members the names of the very best families in the United States. State societies exist in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, the District of Columbia, New Jersey, Virginia, New Hampshire, Vermont, Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio. Membership is rigidly restricted to descendants of residents of the colonies between May 13, 1607, and April 19, 1775, and military service of an ancestor is a necessary requisite. Indeed, an examination of the year book shows that most of the members are descendants of officers, so that it may almost rank as a military society.

The Colonial Wars has had the good fortune to be officered from the outset by men of experience and executive ability. Its president, Frederic J. de Peyster, was for some years the presiding officer of the St. Nicholas Society, and knew well where to lead. Much of its success, too, is due to Howland Pell, its secretary. As chairman of its committee on the Louisburg memorial, Mr. Pell planned and carried to a successful inauguration the beautiful monument that was erected last June at Louisburg, Nova Scotia, in honor of the victory over the French which made Canada an English province. A handsome medal was issued to commemorate the event. Mention should also be made of the facsimile reproduction—issued by Dr. Charles S. Ward of the Connecticut Society—of the historical record of the "Conquest of Cape Breton," taken from the *London Magazine and Monthly Chronologer*, dated 1745.

The colors of the society are red and white, and its flag consists of the red cross of St. George on a white field, bearing in the center the society's escutcheon, surmounted by a crown and surrounded by nine stars.

Also of colonial times is the Society of Mayflower Descendants, which was organized last December, and now has a membership of some seventy five persons. Its badge is a ship under full sail, surrounded by a wreath of hawthorn, the ribbon being pink with white stripes. The button is a hawthorn blossom—the mayflower of England. Its board of officers has not yet been chosen, but Captain Richard H. Greene, to whom the society owes its origin, is the acting president.

Very brief mention must be made of the Aztec Club of 1847, which holds the same relation to the war with Mexico as do the Cincinnati and Society of the War of 1812 to earlier wars. It is a military society, and its members include participants in the war with Mexico or their lineal representatives. Its mission is to "keep alive the traditions that cluster about the names of those officers of the army, navy, and marine corps who took part in the Mexican War." Its membership is about 250, but among the names that have been on its rolls are those of Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Scott, Lee, and others chiefly associated with the history of the civil war. The Aztec Club holds annual meetings, has a large collection of historical material, and has published some monographs.

Its officers have included Hancock, Joseph E. Johnston, and Fitz John Porter among its presidents. The incumbent for 1895 is General John P. Hatch, who served as second lieutenant of the Mounted Rifles

during the Mexican War. The colors of the society are those of Mexico—red, green, and white, which are conspicuous in its insignia and also in the enameled button.

None of the foregoing societies, except that of the Mayflower Descendants, admits women to membership. It was therefore but natural that the patriotic women of our country should rise to demonstrate that they too were capable of doing honor to the illustrious ancestors of whose noble deeds they were justly proud. Younger in organization, but already greater in members, they have indeed performed a magnificent work, putting to envy their less energetic brothers.

On May, 1890, several women who were "legitimately descended in their own persons from some ancestor of worthy life who came to reside in an American colony prior to 1786" met in New York, and organized the National Society of Colonial Dames of America. While this body is distinctly exclusive, and membership is only permitted by invitation, yet there were excellent reasons for such procedure. The society's object was the study of the history of prominent persons connected with colonial times, and especially of their ancestors, as procurable from family archives. Meetings were held in the drawing rooms of the members, and only their personal friends were invited to join them. A valuable library has been accumulated, in which the beautiful book plate of the society, designed by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, its secretary, is conspicuous; and commemorative entertainments are held twice a year. The Colonial Dames are now collecting funds for the preservation of the old mansion of Fort Crailo, which was built in 1642. It is on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite Albany, and was General Abercrombie's headquarters in 1756. It was here that Richard Schuckbury wrote his famous

> Yankee Doodle came to town
> Riding on a pony,
> Stuck a feather in his hat,
> And called it macaroni,

when the Connecticut contingent, commanded by Thomas Fitch, reported at headquarters. These tall, lean Yankees rode small, sorry looking horses, the best their farms afforded, and were dressed in blue homespun, with a turkey tail feather in their caps, the parting gift of their wives, sisters, or sweethearts.

The courtly Mrs. Archibald Gracie King is the society's president, and the badge, rich and dignified in pure gold, with a stately colonial dame upon its face, is worn attached with a gray ribbon bordered with white. For convenience, there are societies of the Dames in Philadelphia and Baltimore, but candidates for membership must be elected in New York.

The conservatism of the original Colonial Dames was not without its influence, and a rival organization, called the society of the Colonial Dames of America, came into existence, formed by delegations from the Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey State organizations that met in Wilmington, Delaware, May 9, 1892. Membership in this body is more extended, and while the rule that "no person shall be a candidate for admission unless invited" prevails, there are now nearly 1,500 dames on the rolls of the State societies which exist in the thirteen original States and the District of Columbia, and of the branch organizations in some of the non colonial States. In the prosecution of patriotic work this society has shown its activity by organizing series of patriotic lectures, by offering prizes for essays on colonial history, and by presenting schools with portraits of national heroes. It president is Mrs. John Howard Townsend, and its colors are blue and buff.

By far the most important of these patriotic societies for women is the Daughters of the American Revolution, whose membership of over eight thousand women, claiming descent from the heroes of the war of the Revolution, extends into every State and Territory in the Union, excepting only Alaska, Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, North Dakota, and Utah. Local chapters may be formed wherever twelve or more members reside; in Connecticut alone, for example, thirty four such chapters exist, each of which busies itself with some good and patriotic work.

Of all that this society has accomplished, mention can be made only of two items. It has obtained possession of the old block house (Fort Pitt) in Pittsburg, and the chapters in that city are engaged in restoring it. In New York funds have been raised for the endowment of a chair in colonial and Revolutionary history in Barnard College, New York's first women's college of standing. Its participation in patriotic exercises and its many celebrations of Revolutionary anniversaries can only be hinted at, for they are so numerous that a mere catalogue of them would fill pages.

The Daughters of the American Revolution were organized in Washington in October, 1890, and each year, during the week in which Washington's birthday falls, a

Continental Congress is held in that city. The first president general was Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. She was succeeded by Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, who this year gave way to Mrs. John W. Foster. The insignia of wheel and distaff, so suggestive of the early history of our country, are pendent from a blue and white ribbon corresponding to the similar colors of the Sons of the American Revolution.

The admission to the society of members who were of collateral descent proved an element of discord, and although this practice has since been abandoned, it was not until the flourishing society of the Daughters of the Revolution was organized. In this latter body only descent that is lineal will admit to membership. Since the society's inception in 1891 its membership has grown to 1500, all direct descendants of Revolutionary ancestors. It has its headquarters in New York, and Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers is the president of the general society and also of the New York society.

The Daughters of the Revolution have been industrious in the celebration of patriotic anniversaries, and they have collected much historical data. At present they have in hand the collection of funds for a memorial to be erected in Brooklyn to the ten thousand American prisoners who perished in Wallabout Bay, where the navy yard now is. Their colors are blue and buff, similar to those of the Sons of the Revolution.

Space is wanting for a description of the United States Daughters of 1812, and of the Daughters of the Cincinnati, two societies of recent origin. The Children of the American Revolution are an organization that came into existence in 1895, in which membership is restricted to those who are under eighteen years of age. The Naval Order of the United States, the Military Order of Foreign Wars, and the Colonial Order of the Acorn are likewise very recent societies.

That a grand wave of patriotism is spreading over our beloved country is clearly shown by the growth of the societies whose history been given in bare outline in the foregoing article. It is well that the young should be taught to honor their ancestors, to be proud of the history of their land, and to reverence their nation's flag. The accomplishment of such objects is the mission of our American patriotic societies.

Marcus Benjamin.

"ONCE MORE THE FALL WITH EMPTY FIELDS AND SAD."

THE year once more is verging to its close;
The monitory wind all day long grieves;
And from the hedge, like startled birds, the leaves
Are scattered far on every gust that blows.
The blithe birds are departed with the rose
That bloomed but now along the cottage eaves—
All save a few that 'mid the garnered sheaves
In silence build against impending snows.
Although beyond this gloom and dearth, you say,
The spring shall come with song and flower and bee,
And all these scenes forlorn again be glad,
My soul keeps sighing this dark autumn day;
The summer, too, must follow, and, ah me!
Once more the fall with empty fields and sad!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

A PRINCESS AND A WOMAN.*

By Robert McDonald.

IX.

A MAN may be in the midst of adventures, may hold his life in his hand, may not know what tomorrow will bring him, yet there are things that can make him content, and can put him to sleep with a smile of gratified happiness on his face. Howlett had passed through such an experience in his interview with the Princess Wasia.

It was of small moment to him that he had left a man for dead behind him. What was the life of one man more or less, when men died somewhere and somehow every minute, compared to the fact that he had held Wasia in his arms and knew that she loved him? It was not that he was heartless, but the greater fact dwarfed the lesser in his mind. Stefanie's warning appeared of little consequence, and he went peacefully to sleep.

It was noon when he awakened, to find his man standing over him, and Curt in the doorway behind.

"Get out! Get out!" the young Russian called. "I have ordered breakfast for you. Get through your bath, and I will talk to you. If you are going off on that hunting trip with me, you should have your traps at the station in two hours. Better let your man begin to pack at once."

With an accurate aim, he threw a heavy package across the room to Howlett, who lazily broke the seal, and found a long and rambling letter from Mr. Folsom. Evidently the minister had for the moment given his secretary a holiday, and had taken his pen in hand to give good advice and admonishings to his young friend. The letter was supplemented by a cheery note from Mrs. Folsom, and very full and elaborate passports, allowing Lieutenant Howlett to travel wherever he would. It appeared that, upon thinking it over, the minister concluded that a holiday would do his hot headed young attaché a world of good, and that the dominions of the Czar were by no means the place for him. There was all Europe to choose from. He could be gay in Paris, solemn in London, or anything he liked anywhere else. Until his recall came he might play.

The man had hardly closed the door when Curt came close and sat down on the edge of the bed. He was trying to look serious, but there was a beam in his eye, and a line about his mouth, which showed that his soul was full of joy.

"That was one of Johann's men," he said. "I haven't been able to find out whether you finished him or not. I hunted up Serge—or, to be more explicit, Serge hunted up me—at an early hour. He sent word that he wanted me. I have just come from there. Marie sent a messenger to him immediately after we left, and then another when they found the blood on the snow."

"Did you——?"

"*Did* I? I told him that I had heard of a nihilist plot, and had gone out to warn him; that I had evidently been followed for I had been attacked. Serge suggested that it might be advisable for me to take a little run over to Paris."

"I suppose that in Russia the police know everything," Howlett said, while he inspected and rejected a coat.

Curt gave a crow of laughter.

"Know everything! That's good! If they did, how do you suppose the nihilists and all their ridiculous machinery could exist? There is nothing on earth any stupider than most of these Russian detectives. All sorts of schemes go on under their noses, day and night. Johann could have us both killed if he had time to make a plot. I don't want to give him time, nor do I want him to know that I am off to Carpathia. It is puzzling me that the stupidity of my own brain will not allow me to think of a way to outwit him."

Howlett looked gravely at him for a moment.

"Passports all right?"

"Oh, yes!" Curt slapped his chest. "I am always at liberty to travel."

* *This story began in the August number of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Howlett discarded the clothes he had taken out, and arrayed himself in a full dress uniform. "I am going down to Cronstadt on official business, to consult the captain of the war ship Nebraska, lying there in harbor. Come along."

"All right," Curt said carelessly.

"I am afraid," Howlett went on, as the two young men tramped down the steps, "that my traps will stay in Russia for some time. We can buy clothes anywhere."

"Are your naval officers accommodating enough to take you anywhere you like?"

"Not by any means, but there is a yacht which belongs to a man I know lying in Cronstadt harbor. We will take that down to the German coast."

"And lose several days."

"It is the only way I see."

"And tame enough," Curt grumbled, as they came within two steps of the street.

At the door a woman with a basket on her arm, a fat woman, almost shapeless, with quantities of cheap jewelry on her person, knocked against them, letting her basket fall. Curt swore a little and passed on, but Howlett saw that the things which had fallen were embroideries.

"What do you want?" he asked in French, as his head and that of the woman came together over the fallen goods.

"Johann's favorite servant was killed last night," she whispered. "He is wild. You are not safe from open attack in the streets. He knows that you have seen the princess. Make haste away. Make your country help you away. Your life is not safe for an instant, nor is Count Curt's. There are assassins all about your house."

"My good woman," Howlett said in Russian, "we do not care for your embroideries. Pick them up and get along."

He took Curt by the arm and pulled him back up the stairs. Walking into his bed room, he pulled out another uniform. It was his best, kept for great occasions.

"Get into that," he said.

"But——" Curt began.

"Oh, nonsense! A woman who had stolen the crown jewels of Russia once saved herself from arrest by wrapping herself in the American flag. I don't believe a hired assassin is going to dare to kill either of us in the open street in the uniform of an American officer. We can be in Cronstadt before the matter can be carried to the police. Our passports are all right. Come along;" and merrily whistling "Yankee Doodle," the two young men ran down the steps and into the street, arm in arm and clothed in the United States livery.

They looked neither to the right nor to the left, but walked jauntily forward, as if they were entirely ignorant of danger, or defied it. Consequently they did not see that the woman with the embroideries had been put into a closed troika, and was being driven rapidly away; nor did they see that a man ran up the steps of their apartment and met the Swiss coming down.

"Where to?" the German asked.

"To Cronstadt, where they will take a yacht and go to Carpathia. The prince will try to stir up a rebellion."

The Swiss spoke with a degree of calmness which belonged to his nationality. It was a simple commercial transaction. There was an exchange of bank notes, and then the German hesitated on the landing.

"I make you a free gift of all of the American's belongings," he said. "He will never come back for them."

X.

THE little village on the west side of Carapeth, the old capital city of Carpathia, is as quaint as if it had been forgotten since the middle ages. Curious old doorways and rough flagged streets seem like some composition which must have been made for an artist's temporary use. They have the familiarity of theatrical scenery.

The way south had been long, and now that they were here, staying at the little inn as two British tourists, poor young men of little consequence, they felt that a whole century separated them from St. Petersburg and its modern life. Spring had dawned upon the south, and the little blue flowers were coming up along the edges of the roads, and the yellow jonquils were all abloom in the old stone courtyard of the inn.

"So far," Curt said, as they sat in the dusk of the evening and smoked cigars, "we are merely on our travels. I am going up to the city tomorrow to see the Russian representative. He is an old friend of my father's."

At the next table a stolid young German, his face dimpled with scars, evidently made by thrusts of swords, sat and smoked. He wore thick heather stockings and English shoes, and at a first glance might have been taken for an Englishman. While a second glance assured Howlett that he was German, the touch of England in his attire made the young men careful of their conversation. Presently Howlett, apropos of some question about the university, turned and spoke to their silent companion in German. To his

amazement the latter arose, lifted his beer mug, and put it down at their table.

"Bob Howlett!" he said in excellent English. "Where did you come from?"

"Klessner!" Howlett put out his hand, which the German took. "This is my friend——"

"Count Petrovsky," Klessner interposed, as Howlett hesitated. "I have often seen him in Petersburg." Klessner looked easily, smilingly, into Curt's face. "When are you going to come over here and pack Johann about his business?"

"I fear I should have an unpleasant time of it if I were to try. Carpathia elects her princes. Who knows me here?"

"Come over and try. I am a Carpathian, a professor over yonder in the university;" and he pointed to the distant hill where the fine old towers of the university buildings cut the sky line. "We keep up with the times, if the stones in our walls are old."

"And you went to school with Von König," Howlett said dryly.

"And stood your second when you gave him that little memento he still carries. Von König was a brute, and the boy was father to the man. He never moves here without a menace. This good marriage seems likely to settle him on the throne, however."

"Would there really be a chance for Russian intervention?" Curt asked, as if he were discussing some trivial question of news.

Klessner was evidently keen enough to read the strain underneath.

"Would you make the trial now, when this marriage is about to come off?" he asked.

Howlett could contain himself no longer.

"Klessner," he said, putting his hand on his old friend's shoulder and gripping it hard, "that marriage shall never take place, if the whole country—all Europe—is blown up with dynamite. That bully, that devil, that low brute, already married, shall not ruin the life of the sweetest and noblest of women."

"H'm—ah!" Klessner said, and he looked at Curt with interest. Evidently he supposed that Howlett had been enlisted on the side of Curt, who hoped to win Johann's throne and Johann's bride by the same throw.

"You need not look at me," Curt said. "There is the madman. The Princess Wasia of Hesse-Arnheim is too high and mighty a personage for me to aspire to. That audacity is left to an American. It looks like fair play for a woman of title to marry an American now and then; we have it the other way round so often."

Klessner's eyes, behind their glasses, took on a look of deep if amused admiration.

"Bob Howlett," he said slowly, "we used to say at school that there was no audacity too stupendous for you to undertake. Our imaginations were unable to grasp your possibilities." He stretched out his hand across the table, and Howlett could see the gleam of his white teeth under his mustache. "I helped you nearly kill Johann once. Take my hand on the compact to try and do it effectually this time."

"Oh, we don't want to kill him," Howlett replied, while he grasped the offered hand. "Let him live and take care of his wife and child."

"The university is full of students, hot headed young fellows, ready for anything. What are your plans?"

"They are vague, but we must act as soon as possible."

Klessner arose to his feet and looked about him, peering into the dusk, which the little colored lanterns in the trees hardly broke.

"This is not a safe place to talk. I will go. Come up to the university tomorrow early, and ask for me. My rooms are very quiet. I will introduce you to some of the other men. Count Petrovsky will find that his name has been mentioned in those rooms before."

After Klessner had gone, Curt and Howlett stood for a moment silently congratulating each other upon the luck of the encounter, when the professor's step was again heard on the gravel.

"Come up to the university before you see the Russians," he said, and turned away.

"Let us go along the road with Klessner," Howlett said, "and find the way."

But in another moment they saw him speeding along the road on a bicycle. The effect was so incongruous that the two young men laughed and walked on. Their road seemed to be opening before them. Only a few days more, and it might be that their plot would be ripe fruit, ready to drop.

They did not talk of their plans. The road was smooth, but it ran abruptly up a hill bordered by jagged rocks and overhung by trees. The rising moon cast her rays on the branches, fuzzy with new foliage, and the light filtered softly down upon the young men. Howlett's heart went tenderly back to Wasia, and he thought again of that night in the country house when he

had held her in his arms. How girlish and young she was! How completely his own! He walked on in a mist of tenderness, and when an arm clutched his shoulder, and he felt a revolver at his temple, it brought him back to solid things with a drop.

But Howlett had not spent some exciting years in the Indian country for nothing. His shoulder was wrenched free and his own revolver was cracking in a space too short to reckon. He did not even see Curt in the embrace of the two who had fallen upon him, but he heard the mighty oath the young Russian gave as he shouted, "This is some of your friend's work!"

For an instant Howlett believed that it was, but he remembered the Klessner of the old days, and chided himself as harboring an unworthy suspicion, even while he was whirling the revolver and pouring bullets wildly into the crowd about him, whose ranks visibly lessened.

"Kill him!" he heard a voice say, and a bullet plowed its way along his shoulder, paralyzing his arm, just as another seemed to explode in his brain. But in the moment of losing consciousness he heard some one say, "Do not hurt him, fool! Dolt!" and then came unconsciousness.

XI.

WHEN Howlett regained his senses, he was lying on a rude camp bed in a stone room. For several minutes his brain seemed sore and numb, and unable to go through the natural processes of reasoning. When it regained its power, he turned his face to the stones, and some of the grimness that he had inherited from Puritan ancestors must have come into his face. "Defeated!" was the message the rocky walls gave him. Who was to help Wasia now? He and Curt were prisoners. Even the hope that Curt might have escaped was denied him, for against the opposite wall he could see a bed similar to his own, on which his comrade lay. The young Russian appeared to be seriously hurt. His face was gray.

Howlett started up in horror. It was within the bounds of Carpathian cruelty to put him here in this room with a dead man, and leave him to starve beside the body of his friend. They told more terrible tales than that.

Sore as he was, Howlett sprang from the bed, and put his hands on Curt's face. There was a dry, ugly streak down his cheek, from a cut in his head, which had been rudely bound up. But it was not dead flesh. It was living, and at the touch of Howlett's fingers the black eyes opened and looked coolly and calmly into his.

"Well," Curt said, stretching his arms, "I can hardly say that I call that a comfortable night's rest, but I have slept in worse beds;" and he thumped the thin mattress. "You were unconscious. I killed one of them, thank heaven."

It seemed strange that the two should have been imprisoned together, where they could talk and plan for escape. Perhaps it was simply through the negligence of their captors; perhaps Johann's prisons were overcrowded already. Possibly their enemy had more subtle terrors in store for them than solitary confinement. At any rate, Howlett did not stop for speculation on the subject.

"Why didn't they kill us?" he asked Curt.

"What is the reason a red Indian out in your country doesn't kill an enemy at once? Oh, we are reserved for better things. Johann will come home now, and they will have us up before a tribunal. We shall be asked to give the particulars of our plot. When we say we are simple travelers, they will pull our finger nails out by the roots, slit our ears, and, after pouring oil over us, set us on fire. Yes, my dear Lieutenant Howlett, the eagle may scream and the Stars and Stripes may wave, but you will make an illuminating torch for Johann. And"—the boy's voice broke—"a d——d fool you were to embark upon this wild goose chase to put me on the Carpathian throne, and a cad I was to let you."

"I am not afraid. My position is some protection."

"In Carpathia? Not much! Don't build any hopes there. We have done everything to cover up our trail. Actually nobody except Klessner knows that you are in this country; and if he was not our betrayer, how is he to know where we are?"

"Curt," Howlett said, "talk with some sense. We are going to get out of this mess. This is too ridiculous. Such things cannot happen in the end of the nineteenth century. It is preposterous."

Curt laughed. "If there is anything more medieval than Carpathia, you will have to go back to a very ancient history after it. Behold this dungeon! These rocks are just as strong as they were four hundred years ago, and will hold the king's enemies just as securely, even if he is elected by the people instead of born in Carpathia's cradle. But the fact is, Howlett, it would be ridiculous for us to be offered up as a sacrifice to Johann's gods,

and whatever fate does is usually dignified. Her little ironies are more delicate than this. Something must happen. How's your head?"

But Howlett was not paying any attention to him. He was listening to a sound which came faintly to his ears through the iron door. A padlock rattled, and a little square in the door opened, to show a barred grating with a man's face behind it.

"Get back there," the man said. "Get in the corner, and I'll give you food."

"We'll turn our backs," Curt said good naturedly, and a big jug of water and two loaves of bread were pushed through.

Curt burst out laughing. "If it were a drama it couldn't be more complete! Say, my good man, you are wrong," he called to the visitor. "They give decent food to prisoners nowadays."

The man was gone. Curt ran to the trap door and gave a bang against it. He looked back with a curious expression on his face, picked up the water and the loaves, and brought them to Howlett's bed. He took his handkerchief from his pocket, moistened it, washed his face, and then in the calmest tone said, "The door is not fast."

Howlett started up, but Curt held him.

"Don't touch it yet. Let them all get away. The hinge has been pulled from the wall. It has rusted. It gave when I knocked on the little door. Let us eat our breakfast, such as it is, and see where we are."

But Howlett could not wait. A little window high above their heads had let the sunlight in. Howlett turned the bedstead on end, and, standing on it, looked out. He could see a dry moat, filled with weeds and rubbish, and showing evidences, in its gray grimness, of long disuse.

Curt climbed up beside him.

"We are well hidden up here," said the Russian, "somewhere in the hills. It cannot be far from where we were attacked, but doubtless our guard is a strong one."

Even as he spoke, a big fellow who wore a peasant's dress, but carried himself like a soldier, walked across their line of vision. The iron grating of the window was solid; and even if it had not been, the fall to the moat below would have been too great. Howlett sat down for a few minutes, and thought.

"What did you come here for?"

"To set myself upon the throne of Carpathia," Curt said solemnly.

"It was to foment discontent, wasn't it? To stir up the people, to make them believe that Johann was a bad ruler, and that you would be a better?"

"That's a plain exposition of the case."

"Why not begin with the jailers? The country is made up of men. These are two or three, or half a dozen, as it may be. Convince them."

"The first one hardly stays long enough."

"He will stay longer next time," Howlett said.

The jailer did not return until the next morning, and a diet of bread and water, with the long night in which to examine the door, had sharpened up the wits of the young men. When the fumbling came at the lock, the man looked in and saw the two iron beds side by side at the other end of the cell. Apparently his two prisoners were lying upon them, fast asleep. He pulled the grating back and put his arm through. Quick as a flash Howlett, who was crouching in the angle beside it, pulled the arm through, and, bringing the man's face into the opening with a jerk, he put his hand upon his throat before he could cry out. Then Curt sprang from his bed, and pushing aside the iron door, whose hinges had rusted until they were like matches, drew the man inside.

"Call out, and I will kill you," the Russian said cheerfully.

The man looked at him stupidly.

"Are you a Carpathian?" Curt asked.

The man nodded.

"You are at pretty work, imprisoning the man who has come to save your country." Evidently the country's salvation meant little to the jailer, compared to his own, judging by his expression. "How many men are there in the place?"

"Six," in a whisper.

"Germans — Johann's countrymen — or Carpathians?"

"Two Germans."

"I see nothing for it but to kill them," Curt said in his mildest voice.

The man suddenly fell upon his knees.

"Sirs," he said, "I had nothing to do with locking you up. I am the caretaker of this castle. They make me bring you food because they do not wish to be seen. They have known too many changes in Carpathia to wish to be seen by one who may some time come into power."

"Ah, indeed!" Curt said complacently. "A fine lot of loyal gentlemen! Prince Johann appears to have a noble retinue. Here, go!" He held the door open. "We will wait here. Do you tell those men to appear before me at once. Tell them that the whole country is in a state of revolt, that the government will be changed in a week, and that they are all known. If they

make their allegiance now, some part of their assault shall be forgiven them. Send them here."

The jailer arose, in a dazed condition, and walked out. Three minutes later six men came into the room ; neither Howlett nor Curt had expected to see the two Germans, but they were there, and their presence threw new impressiveness into Curt's voice as he made his dignified little address to the men. He confidently expected them to go to Johann's friends and tell all he had said, but he hoped to be able to make his words good before any result could follow.

One of the Germans, an old fellow, had been looking at Howlett, paying little attention to Curt's fiery periods. His gaze compelled Howlett's glance, and their eyes held together for an instant. Then the German stepped forward.

" I remember your mother, sir," he said, " and if there is anything we can do, it shall be done. We are hired servants of the prince's suite, and there is not a man among us who would not be glad to see him lose his throne. Putting him there was no affair of ours."

Howlett drew Curt to one side and spoke to him. The Russian's eyes took on a peculiar gleam which made a part of their black balls appear white.

" That is a capital idea !" he said. Then he turned to the men.

" One of you go to the university and ask Professor Klessner to come here. We will stay here in this place. See to it that no one suspects that we are not held as close prisoners."

XII.

A WEEK runs rapidly by when life is full of action; and to Curt it seemed that seven days had never been so short as those between the night of the attack on the mountain side, and the day when the news of Johann's return was placarded everywhere in the city with the date of his coming marriage. For the young men had laughed in the face of fate, and now it appeared that she was about to play into their hands after her fickle fashion. Night after night they left their prison, and went to the university or down into the town, and night after night they came back and were locked behind hingeless doors. They even took in the daily dole of bread and water, and ate and drank of it, although they knew suppers where wine flowed merrily and toasts went round. They had heard the glasses ring down on the table to a " Long live Prince Curt ! Down with the black Brandenburger !"

The rebellion was ripe and in a day Johann could be set off his toy throne. The Russian representatives and the handful of Johann's friends were the only people left in Carapeth who were ignorant of it. The half oriental Carpathians love an intrigue, a secret, and they hugged the news to themselves. The merchants could do no business while stable laws were unknown; the army could hope for nothing but the defeat of their puny arms, into whatever field they embarked. The whole nation wanted the security which annexation to a great country like Russia would bring. Added to this, everybody hated Johann; everybody regarded him as an upstart forced upon them by a few schemers in the government.

Klessner had advised that now was the time to take the Russian representatives into their confidence, to let the news of the turn in popular favor be sent to Petersburg, and to make Johann an exile before his return; but Curt objected.

" It looks like a lack of hospitality to entertain a man and steal his throne while he is away from home; and there are more reasons than one."

Howlett was lying down in their cell, but Curt and Klessner were sitting on the edge of the old moat, smoking.

"And that would break up the marriage," Curt added.

" But surely," Klessner began, " you do not want to marry the Princess to that brute ? I thought that was your object in coming here ; or was that only Howlett's object?"

" You know my mother was an American," the young Russian began. He was hugging his knees and looking off over the ragged tree tops where a few crows were whirling about before they settled down for the night. " My mother was an American, and she made an irregular marriage, and was happy. Wasia is half English, and her head is full of all this ' new woman ' movement. She will never be happy married to a man she hates. No woman could be who was like Wasia. There are no hereditary traditions alive in my blood to make me consider that she is committing a crime if she marries an honorable gentleman whom she cares for. I am going to help her to marry Howlett."

" But how can bringing her here to marry Johann help her to marry Howlett?"

"Your Carpathian wits need shaking up, Professor Klessner," Count Curt said

politely, "if you do not realize that almost anything may happen in a time of revolution. What will happen to Wasia I am sure I do not know; but I think the marriage in the cathedral next week will hardly take place."

An hour or two later the jailer came running down the corridor, put his mouth to the grating, and whispered excitedly,

"Sirs, prepare yourselves! His royal highness is about to appear."

Curt was lying on his bed, reading, by the light of a student lamp which he had purchased in a shop in Carapeth the day before, and Howlett was writing. The Russian put his feet a trifle higher on the iron framework at the foot of his bed, and Howlett did not move. The six men came in, bowing backward, as if to a stage king, and Johann, impressively wrapped in a long military cape, made his entrance. But it would have taken the dignity from an older monarch to receive such a greeting.

"Stand up!" he said furiously.

Howlett wrote on, Curt looked around his legs, twisting his head to do so.

"Hello, Johann!" he said easily. "Speaking to me? Sorry I haven't a chair to offer you, but our landlord neglected to provide us with superfluous furniture. He evidently did not expect us to remain so long, or to receive such distinguished visitors. How did you leave the cousins in Petersburg?"

Johann opened his mouth to order them set on their feet before him, and then he gulped down his anger and spoke suavely.

"I left them very well. I have the pleasure of announcing my marriage, on Thursday of next week, to the Princess Wasia of Hesse-Arnheim. I came in to invite you to the wedding—you and Mr. Howlett." Johann turned towards Howlett with an ironical bow.

"We shall be delighted to come if we can only get away from our many engagements in this part of the country," Curt said.

"I will attend to that," Johann said. "You shall be amply provided for, and I will see that you attend and witness the whole celebration—the procession through the streets and the ceremony itself. You shall see the Princess Wasia securely seated on the throne of Carpathia."

"Thank you. We will try to be there," Curt said. "So kind of you to remember us simple travelers."

After Johann had gone Curt turned to Howlett with a smile, but he found the American looking at him with a troubled face.

"We'll take that day for a *coup d'état*," Curt said, but Howlett stopped him.

"We must get away from here. Johann means to change our prison, to torture us by showing us the wedding from captivity."

"But the people will rise."

"Not without a leader. The problem now is to reckon how long we can safely stay here. When our absence is known, something will be suspected. If we are taken by Johann's own suite, we may be kept prisoners until the marriage is over, or there will be no one to take care of Wasia, and she will be sent back to Hesse-Arnheim, and lost—to me. What was that?"

He stopped and listened. A sound of many feet echoed in the stone corridor, the key turned in the lock, and the little room seemed to be filled with strange German faces. One man carried coils of rope.

Howlett sprang by them to the open door, but half a dozen hands grasped his arms. He plunged his fists into a man's face, sending him reeling, but before he could recover his own equilibrium, his arms were tied with ropes, he was flung to the floor, and his legs were treated in the same fashion.

The lamp had been overturned, and Howlett could not tell what had become of Curt; but when he was carried out and thrown into a carriage he felt the bound form of the Russian beside him. Handkerchiefs had been bound tightly over their mouths, so that the relaxation of speech was impossible.

They drove for several miles over hilly roads, and finally settled into a steady trot on roughly paved streets. They could see nothing, for their eyes were covered; but as Howlett was finally lifted out, he felt rather than saw that there were lights in his vicinity. He was carried through a narrow door which rubbed him on either side, and then into an echoing place full of drafts. It smelled like a church. There was a heavy odor of incense everywhere, and that peculiar atmosphere which inhabits old churches, like selfish prayers that had been too earthly to ascend to heaven. A narrow staircase, winding, turning, came next, and then Howlett felt a sudden sense of fear.

"Don't move, on your life!" one of the men said to him. "Catch the rope," he added, to a companion.

Then, rigid as he was, helpless, Howlett felt himself passed, or almost tossed, across what he divined to be a bottomless depth. The men breathed hard, and drew sighs of relief when it was over. Then he felt himself laid down on cold stones in a lighted room. One hand—his left—was untied, and the door clanged and all was silence.

Howlett put out his hand as far as it would go, and tried to sit up. His fingers

encountered something which he felt was a knife, evidently placed there that he might free himself from his bonds. It was the work of an instant to free his right hand, and working with them both together, to take off his bandages and bonds, look about him, and free Curt. Then they arose, cramped and sore, and took in the situation.

They were in a tiny room, built for some unknown purpose, in the cathedral wall. On one side a window showed the cathedral square below, and on the other an opening gave a full view of the altar, alight now with a few votive lamps.

"Johann has certainly kept his word," Curt said coolly. "We have all the advantages of a private box for the wedding ceremony."

A wax candle, very short and small, burned on the floor, and beside it were food and wine and a jar of water. The door was of iron. Howlett went over to it. To his surprise it was not locked, but opened in his hand. He took the light and looked out, or rather down. They were in one of the towers. The cathedral was built on a hillside, and they were in a tower on the lower side. The fall to the ground was at least three hundred feet, sheer to the stones below, while to the body of the church it seemed to be about two hundred. But from the body of the church they were effectually concealed by carved masonry, as they were from the square. There was a gloom here always. Lights below showed them the interior, but while Howlett or Curt could push out an arm, it was too small an object, at so great a height, to attract attention.

Fifteen feet away they could see how a ladder had been pushed out, and rested on a ledge, making a way across. It had been steadied by ropes, and the whole machinery pulled back after they were imprisoned. Johann had an ingenious mind. He had thought out the most cruel torture to which he could subject them. They would witness the great bridal procession, the wedding itself, and after that they might be left in that hole to starve. Future generations might find their bones.

Curt put his head as far out as possible, and, reckless of consequences, gave a yell which exhausted his lungs. The sound died peacefully away without making an echo in the church, dissipated in the depth below them, and lost in the groining and carving around their lofty prison.

Day after day they sat and looked at each other, watching the beard grow on each other's faces, watching the haggard lines deepen, watching hope die, until Wednesday night came—the eve of Wasia's marriage. They could see the whole city illuminated in honor of the coming day. Lanterns and flags swung from every point; the square was filled with holiday makers from all Carpathia, and tourists from every country of Europe, who had come to see the gaiety of the king's nuptials.

"They are our people. The revolution will break tomorrow," Curt said.

"Do not mistake the crowd," Howlett said gloomily, from his place in the opening overlooking the square. "They will never rise without a leader. How will you ever reach them? And should they rebel, Wasia will be taken back to Petersburg, and that will be the end."

For once even Curt had no answer. He drew the cork from a bottle of red wine, and drank enough to clear his throat. Then he filliped the cork out into the square.

"Howlett," he said suddenly, "we are a pair of fools, and Johann is another. Give me your pencil."

"I have none."

"Of course you haven't. We should not be properly romantic unless we were reduced to the prisoner's time honored writing fluid —his own blood. Paper?"

Howlett shook his head. Curt went to the opening, which looked down upon the altar. A woman was kneeling there with bowed head.

XIII.

THE morning of Johann's wedding day seemed as if it had been made for the celebration of some great event. The roses were in bloom in all the hedges, and the sweet wind blew even into the streets of the town, and brightened up the faces of the holiday makers. Carpathia had never seemed more peaceful than on this brilliant spring day, when the prince was to ally himself with half a dozen of the royal families of Europe by means of the delicate graft from Hesse-Arnheim.

The princess, her sister, and several cousins had come to witness the event. The old capital city of Carpathia was filled with tourists who had flocked here out of curiosity to see as much as possible of the royal pageant. It was said that Johann was so proud of the beauty of his bride that he had had a glass coach made, in which she was to ride to the cathedral by his side. There had been a great deal of discussion upon that point, everybody except Johann insisting that the glass coach should only be

used after the ceremony, when, as Prince and Princess of Carpathia, they might show themselves together to their loyal subjects.

As for Wasia herself, she appeared to have no opinions upon the subject. She was pale and white, with dark circles under her eyes. People who looked at her said that she had had a struggle to give up the English church, in which she had been educated, for the Greek religion of Carpathia. It appeared to enter the mind of nobody that she was not delighted at giving up her own life to marry a man she hated. But to the surprise of every one who knew her, the sight of her wedding gown made a new woman of Wasia.

At first she would not look at it. For two days after it came, the Frenchwoman who had brought the embroideries and ermine cape from Paris, had vainly and passionately wept, and assured everybody that her reputation would be ruined unless she were allowed to fit the gown to Wasia's own figure. The day before the wedding she had forced her way into the princess' presence, and had only whispered a word, when Wasia allowed her to bring the gown to her. Sending every one else away, she put it on. When she came out of the room it was with dancing eyes and a high color, and yet the news that she had heard was of doubtful purport.

"Madame," the Frenchwoman had said to her, "do you know the whereabouts of Prince Curt and the American?"

Wasia gripped the woman's shoulder as she bent over the folds of her velvet train.

"Where are they?"

"That is the secret," the woman said. "Until a few days ago they were in a castle in the hills, ostensibly prisoners of Johann, but really going out every night, stirring up the people, making a plot to put Prince Curt on the throne. Heller, one of my old servants, had served the mother of the American years ago in Dresden. He was for a time one of the guard at the castle. Last week the guard was changed, and no one seems to know where they are."

"They are here." There was hope and joy in Wasia's tone. "He is here! Everything will be right. I *knew* I was right to come! I *knew* he would find a way to save me! I *knew* it!" She looked at herself in the glass, and two tears rolled out of her eyes and down her cheeks.

"But nobody knows where they are. It may be that Johann——"

"Johann!" Wasia said with scorn. "That fool! What is he to a man like Lieutenant Howlett?"

The woman's face flushed.

"He is in his own country, and the power is his for the moment."

"Who are you? How do you know?"

"I am Stefanie Levasseur, of whom you may have heard," the woman said. "I had the honor to precede your highness in the affections of the Prince of Carpathia." Her voice was full of bitterness. A flush rose in Wasia's cheek.

"I am sorry," she said. She looked at the gorgeous wedding gown, and realized what a stinging humiliation its existence must be to the woman before her. "I am sorry," she said again; but for herself, her heart was full of joy. Howlett was there. There was no danger now. She persuaded herself that there never had been a moment when she doubted that he would come to her rescue.

She let the gown be taken away. All through dinner she was gay. The gossips whispered to each other and laughed.

"Wasia has tried on the ermine cape," they said. "She is beginning to realize her new dignity, to understand the happiness in store for her."

After dinner, Wasia even allowed the prince to lead her to the piano, where she sat and sang love songs, sometimes looking triumphantly up into Johann's face in a way that set his dull pulse beating.

If he could only keep that look on Wasia's face tomorrow, man could ask no more. If only his arch enemy might look down upon his wedding with that expression upon the face of his bride, then his triumph would be complete. In a spasm of generosity, he thought that he might even let the young men go. They would be harmless after his marriage. Curt had rightly read his first intention to let them starve to death in the tower after the wedding was over.

As Wasia sang, one of her sister's attendants came to the piano and stood respectful, as if waiting.

"What is it?" Wasia asked kindly.

"The grand duchess begs that you will attend her for a moment. She is ill."

Wasia ran hastily, and went into her sister's room. She found her walking the floor excitedly.

"Shut the door!" she gasped; and then, with shaking fingers, she held out a heavy ring bearing the royal arms of Russia for Wasia to see.

"It is Curt's ring. It was thrown at my feet from the cathedral wall. The nihilists have killed him and sent this as a warning."

"You are insane on the nihilist subject.

Why would they harm you? Where were you?"

"At the very altar. Nothing is sacred to those fiends."

"It is probably some trick of Curt's. He intends coming to the wedding although he was not invited. Give me the ring." Wasia controlled her voice, although she was trembling. Where Curt was, there Howlett would be. She soothed her sister, went to her room, and sent for Mme. Berg and Lady Jane.

"I am going to the cathedral to—say a little prayer," she said. "Can you arrange it that I may go unnoticed, and will you come with me?"

An hour later, when Howlett and Curt looked down into the church, watching, as they had been doing since the ring was thrown to Marie, they saw three heavily wrapped figures stealing up the aisle of the dim, silent place. Howlett gripped Curt's arm, and the breath of both came in short gasps.

As Wasia approached the altar, she put back her head covering, and stood under the great altar lamp, looking up. To Howlett, even at that distance, she seemed like a saint come down from her niche.

"Curt," she called, "if you are here, answer me."

They could not hear her in their eyrie, but they knew that it was she, and that she asked a message from them.

A white object came through the air and fell at her feet. It was Howlett's empty match box with Curt's handkerchief twisted about it. On the handkerchief's heavy hem Curt had managed to write, with the ends of the burnt matches, "We are prisoners in the southeast tower. A man could release us with a ladder at the head of the tower steps. Go for Professor Klessner at the university."

Wasia read the message, and, giving a glance upward which was brilliant with smiles, ran toward the door of the tower, followed by Mme. Berg and Lady Jane. There was a heavy oak door here which evidently led to the staircase. It was fastened with an old padlock and chain.

Lady Jane, cool as a capable Englishwoman who has hunted everything from foxes to boars, gave this a contemptuous glance and looked about her. Wasia had slipped a votive lamp from its shrine, and held it up by its chains. There was nothing in sight, and Jane took a heavy gold hairpin from her head.

"I've picked many a stiffer gate lock than this," she said.

After five minutes' fumbling, the bar shot back and left the chain in their hands. Crowding together, they pushed their way up the narrow steps. There was a room at the top, and here lay the heavy ladder. The two young men had come to the door and stood in it, watching. Wasia saw them, and stood smiling in their faces.

"You should not be here," Howlett said. "Go back! I beg of you, go back! Suppose you were seen!"

"Oh, let them alone. They can push the ladder over," Curt said. "Easy now, Jane. Help her there, madame. Don't try it for the door; push it back to the ledge."

"Oh, you shall not come!" Wasia gasped. "That place is too narrow!"

But before she could say another word, Howlett's feet were on the narrow way, he was over the shaking bridge, and was holding her in his arms, while Jane and Mme. Berg steadied the ladder for Curt to cross.

It was almost dawn when the carriage brought the excited girls back to the palace.

"I heard somebody say once, Wasia, that they didn't know what you would do with a latch key in Carpathia. One turns out to be no end handy tonight," Jane whispered, as they unlocked a little door and slipped in. "This is a gay old world, where we all do unconventional things when it suits us, and pretend at other times that they are impossibilities."

XIV.

WHEN Johann awoke that morning, it was to lie for an instant watching the sunshine, his heart full of content. He was out long before any of his suite, changing arrangements, giving orders here and there, and admonishing the photographer who was to take pictures of every movement of the procession.

"The coach shall stop for an instant at the entrance to the cathedral square, and you will take a photograph of us there," Johann said to the man. He was smiling, thinking how Howlett and Curt would have time to have a good view of them before they entered the cathedral for the ceremony.

A little balcony overhung the front of Johann's castle, and looked down upon the town. He went there now and stood looking over Carapeth and at the crowds already beginning to move. He heard a movement behind him, and turned; and as he did so, coward that he was, he put his hand up to shield his face. Yet Stefanie, who looked at him, had no weapon but her eyes.

"What are you doing here?" he asked,

and started towards a bell across the room; but Stefanie put her hand on his arm.

"I have come to make a last appeal to you. Remember me, remember the child. You can only make that beautiful girl miserable——"

"You must be a fool!" he said roughly.

"You will be killed! Heaven knows I *am* a fool to warn you, but the people do not intend to let this marriage take place. They hate you! They do not want you. The girl hates you, too."

She fairly flung the words at him, and his answer was to throw his heavy hand against her face and knock her to the floor. Heller came in answer to his bell.

"Take this woman, and send her over the frontier; and discover who let her in."

But a drop of poison had been put into Johann's cup. A cloud had come upon his day. Suppose the people should rise! He would certainly ride in the glass coach now, whatever anybody said. They would not kill him at Wasia's side. The woman was angry; she would say anything. But he would send a guard to that door in the cathedral tower. He had not put one there before because it might excite comment. The cathedral was under the charge of the metropolitan, and the metropolitan was a Russian; but until the ceremony was over, he would be sure.

He was just stepping into his coach, for the hour of the wedding had arrived, when his messenger came hastily back to say that the tower door was wide open, the ladder had been put across at the top of the steps, and the American and the Russian were at liberty.

There was no time to storm now. The marriage must not be delayed for an instant. Upon it depended Johann's salvation; but his face was livid. It brightened for an instant when he looked at Wasia. There was none of the pallor of the traditional bride on her cheeks. Her tread was almost jaunty, as she stepped down the steps over the crimson carpet that led to the glass coach, leaving relations and friends behind her, taking Johann's hand.

She was in such a state of exaltation that Johann hardly dared speak to her. He could not so much as touch her hand after they were seated inside the coach, for the whole world was there to see. Wasia, a gay smile upon her lips and in her eyes, bowed to the right and left, and the people shouted themselves hoarse. But even in Johann's ears the huzzas were a bit ironical. It appeared to him that a great many people were laughing. He wished that he could call out to the driver to go faster. He knew that the priests and the great dignitaries of the church were waiting at the altar. The carriages of the Carpathian nobility had gone ahead, and as the glass coach stopped in the square the coaches that held Wasia's friends moved on. The outriders and guards pushed out of the way, on account of Johann's orders that the photograph might be taken. He knew now that Howlett was not in the tower, and he cursed his folly in having given such an order, but there was no time to change it. The people pressed closer, and then, Johann never knew how it happened, but the soldiers were gone, and surrounding the carriage was a howling mob of university students.

Johann put his hand to his pistols, and snapped one in the face of a man who opened the coach door. Half a dozen yelling students took him by the feet and the shoulders, and dragged him to the ground. The driver was pushed from his box, and with a guard of students, Wasia and the glass coach were driven rapidly away.

"Down with the black Brandenburger!" were the last cries she heard. There was a shot or two, but it was a bloodless revolution, with army and people in one accord.

At the edge of the city the glass coach was exchanged for a carriage containing Mme. Berg. When Johann's state carriage turned and was driven back, it held the gem embroidered skirt of the wedding gown, and the ermine cape. The careful Wasia had worn her traveling gown underneath.

The whole of the story never got into the papers. In court circles they know where Wasia is, but it is popularly supposed that she went into retirement for a few years, sick with disappointment over losing the Carpathian throne. As a matter of fact she joined Howlett at the frontier and traveled with him and Mme. Berg to Paris, where she married him.

That was last year. They are saying now that Curt's brief tenure of the Carpathian throne is about over, and that he will soon be another king in exile in Paris. Lady Jane is one of the great society women of London, waiting for the end of his royalty.

And Johann? He sits in a box while Stefanie dances. They say he is growing jealous.

Lieutenant Howlett and his wife are stationed in the West. If Wasia has regretted exchanging a throne for an American army post, it is a discovery her husband has not made.

THE END.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

WITH the opening of the year at the principal universities and colleges throughout the country, sport, which has been more or less a mere pastime during the summer, takes on a new life. The return of the student to his books brings the football man into his canvas suit, and places him in the arena from now until the first of December, as the hero of the hour.

* * * *

IN speaking of the game of football as played today, it has been said, and said well, that "history repeats itself in football as in other human events. Once more the demand is for more open play, less concentration upon the center, more kicking and passing, less of the scrimmage and wedge work—in a word, more strategy and less brute force." Back in 1876, when the first Rugby game was played in America, passing and kicking and free individual running abounded; while but two years ago tangled masses of shock headed players disfigured the field from "play" to the call of "time." Only at long intervals, when such a play became forced, did a kick afford a bright spot in the game.

Last year it was confidently expected, early in the season, that the kicking game would predominate, and rule the play of all the teams. This anticipation was never fully realized; yet the tendencies of a return to the old methods became more and more marked as the season progressed, and finally, at its close, warranted the prediction that this year the hopes of last season would be realized.

In the illustration of the Yale wedge, on page 98, it will be observed that the players are not massed as closely as they might be—a fact which clearly illustrates the remarks made in the foregoing paragraph. Four years ago a wedge would have been shown to consist of eleven men in the form of a triangle—solid and compact. Note in the picture the position of George Adee, quarter back. He can be seen easily, peeping over Stillman's back, the latter being the one with right hand upon the ball. In the old wedge the individuality of the players would have been entirely lost. In accord with the "complete return," this '94 wedge will have broadened out still more, rendering the play still more open.

* * * *

THIS return to old methods is an absorbing topic among football men now that the season is opening. Until the games actually begin, however, the unpleasant discussions of last year—the charges of brutality, Harvard's stand in the matter, and Yale's action—will be taken up and rehearsed.

So far as brutality goes it really seems a pity that the football Solons should not have seen fit, the past winter, to undertake the modification of the playing code, with a view, in one important respect at least, more clearly to define the duties of the officials, and in particular those of the umpire, who is the judge of the players as to their fair or foul actions. But no one in authority has had the necessary push to undertake this work, and the existing rules, acknowledged by all to be faulty and incomplete, will govern the play of another year. Hinkey's alleged kneeing of Wrightington in the Yale-Harvard game at Springfield, on the 19th of last November, will receive renewed attention. It is too bad that such things cannot be dropped. There was kneeing in plenty during that particular game, as in other contests of the season, and, indeed, as there will be this year, unless the officials for 1895 are an altogether different lot of men.

So much for brutality. The question of Yale's action in demanding an apology from Harvard for her charges requires attention and will have its due.

It is one of the most regrettable features of the football game today that so much ill feeling has been engendered between the colleges and between individuals connected with them. The great games between the university teams are deadly battles, and are often fought in the spirit of bitterest malice instead of being played, as they should be, in a manner befitting gentlemen and sportsmen. So extreme had the feeling between Harvard and Yale become at the close of last season, that their future meetings on the football field were threatened, and no dates were left open for games between the two teams this season. Recently, however, it has been stated authoritatively that the Yale mediators would succeed in their efforts at reunion, and that the teams would meet as usual.

* * * *

WHILE Yale and Harvard have always been considered the leaders in American college athletics, Princeton, and more recently the University of Pennsylvania, have won first rate prominence in football. The Yale-Princeton games, usually played in New York on Thanksgiving Day, have been beyond all comparison the most important events of each successive season. But this has not been the ideal type of a "college game." The element of professionalism has been so marked—in its environment, if not in its personnel—that many lovers of the sport attribute to it the spirit of professional contention that now marks nearly all the meetings of college athletes. But of this there is food for other articles.

Football in the West has followed naturally in the development of the Western universities. The teams of Stanford and Berkeley develop as much interest among the people of the Pacific Coast as the elevens of Harvard and Yale attract along the Atlantic, while through the central States and in the South the State university teams carry the game to the

A Practice Game at Princeton—A Scrimmage for the Ball

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

people. So that football, for the fall months at least, is the reigning amateur sport everywhere in the United States.

* * * *

It is not the purpose of this department to treat sports technically. The question of where it is best to play the captain of a football team may sound that way, though it is not. Yale's captains have played in every position in the college eleven. "Pa" Corbin, the 1888 captain, was center rush. His first day on the field he made a most awkward exhibition of himself. Even the big Heffelfinger was scarcely more clumsy; yet Corbin earned the name of being Yale's best center, while "Heff" came to be unquestionably the greatest guard that ever played the game.

Billy Rhodes, who was captain in 1890, and who played at tackle, lost the Springfield game through his center's lack of experience. Harvard saw the advantage such a weakness gave her, and by hammering away at the center and putting in a fresh man against Rhodes himself, finally weakened the Yale line. Nevertheless Rhodes' team, during the last ten minutes of play, gave the most magnificent exhibition of "brace" ever seen on any gridiron. By a series of sharp, snappy plays and short, fierce rushes right through Harvard's center, they had almost reached the goal when the call of time prevented a touchdown and a tie game.

In 1891 McClung, who was chosen captain of both baseball and football teams, played at half back. He had a peculiar way of running—an uneven stride that gave him the appearance of moving slowly with one foot and fast with the other; and this, with his clever dodging, made it well nigh impossible to tackle him. No half back ever followed his interference better.

McCormick, his successor, directed the play from quarter back, and brought the Yale team successfully through three fiercely contested games played in the last ten days of the season.

All football men were surprised to see Hinkey, the silent, slightly built freshman, develop into the wiry and energetic captain of the 1893 and 1894 teams. Hinkey seemed to follow the ball by instinct, and when he tackled an opponent who was trying to circle his end, there was never any question of its being a "down." That he played fiercely everybody knows; it was the passion of the man; but that he would intentionally harm an opponent

The Famous Yale Wedge—Yale Begins the Game.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

in friendly contest no one who knows him can believe.

Thorne, Yale's captain for 1895, was full back on his freshman team, but on reaching the 'varsity has been playing half back. He is a heady, aggressive player, strong and speedy. Much of Butterworth's success in "bucking the line" is due to the manner in which Thorne opened up the way for him. The present captain's team is sure to be a credit to the university.

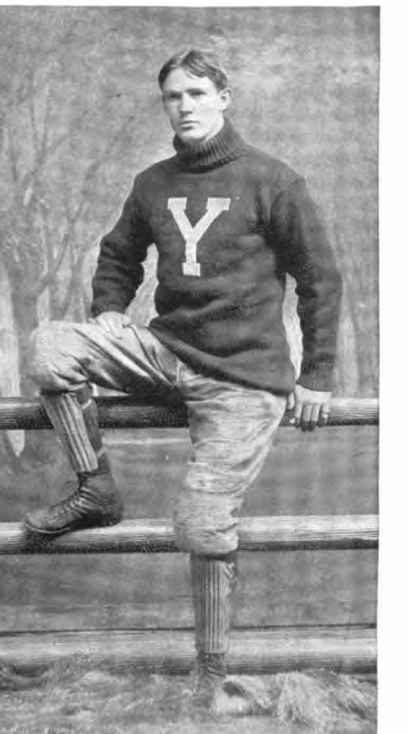
* * * *

THE general enthusiasm manifest in tennis a few years ago is on the wane. Championship games are still being played about the country, but, except as they interest the locality in which they occur, few pay much attention to them. It is characteristic of sport in America that its life is dependent upon its variety. One year it is tennis, the next baseball, the next golf. None of these games dies out altogether, but they cease to be popular, or become too common to be suggestive of material for the newspapers, and so publicly are dropped. People who enjoy tennis play the game whether it is the prevailing fad or not; and people who do not enjoy it, and who never played it, have their day at golf or cricket.

Still there has been some marvelously good tennis this summer. Perhaps the work of W. A. Larned, though sometimes surpassed, has been as brilliant as any. He has won any number of cups, including the Canadian championship at Niagara in July, the Longwood bowl, taken from F. H. Hovey, the Long Island championship, for the fourth time, won from John Howland at Southampton, and the Norwood tournament cup, over Wrenn. Hobart and Hovey, last year's champions in doubles, have not played up to their usual form. In the contest at West Newton, early in the summer, they met and won games from the famous Irish players Pim and Mahoney, but their off days have been noticeable, and they lost the national championship in doubles at Newport to R. D. Wrenn and Malcolm Chace. Other players of note in the season's contests have been John Howland, W. Gordon Parker, Arthur E. Foote, Richard Stevens, and the Neil brothers of the University of Chicago.

* * * *

THE Grand American Handicap, which is the recognized event of the year among lovers of the gun whose talents run to shooting pigeons from traps, is coming to be more and more popular each season. Not alone is the meeting attracting crack shots from all parts of the country, but the number of interested spectators present at the shoot increases steadily, showing a general interest in the sport.

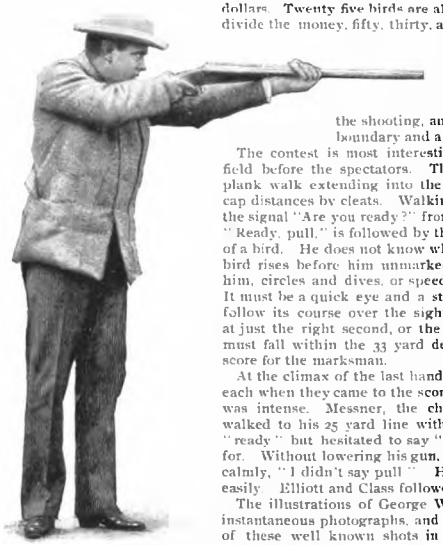


Captain Thorne of the Yale Eleven.
From a photograph by Pach, New York.

This year the handicap was held at Willard Park, New Jersey, early in April. There were sixty four entries, and the contest was sharp. The winners were J. G. Messner of Pittsburg, J. A. R. Elliott of Kansas City, and Frank Class of Morristown, New Jersey. Each killed his twenty five birds and tied. Messner shot from 25 yards, Class from 32, and Elliott from 33. In the shoot off, ten birds are required, each shooter standing at his original handicap distance. Messner won first place by killing all his birds, while Elliott scored 9 and Class 7.

* * * *

THE conditions of the Grand American Handicap prescribe an entrance fee of twenty five



George Work, at Fire.

dollars. Twenty five birds are allowed, and the three highest guns divide the money, fifty, thirty, and twenty per cent respectively. The handicaps are from 25 to 33 yards; the gun is limited to 8 pounds in weight, and must not be larger than 12 gauge. Modified Hurlingham rules govern the shooting, and killing is done within a 50 yard boundary and a 33 yard dead line.

The contest is most interesting. A line of traps occupies the field before the spectators. The shooter takes his place on a plank walk extending into the field, and marked off into handicap distances by cleats. Walking to his handicap mark he awaits the signal "Are you ready?" from the judges. His reply of assent, "Ready, pull," is followed by the opening of a trap and the rising of a bird. He does not know which trap is to be opened, and the bird rises before him unmarked. Now it flies directly towards him, circles and dives, or speeds away across the field to cover. It must be a quick eye and a steady hand that mark its rise and follow its course over the sights, and the trigger must be pulled at just the right second, or the bird is off out of bounds. Birds must fall within the 33 yard dead line, or their death does not score for the marksman.

At the climax of the last handicap, ten men had killed 24 birds each when they came to the score for the final round. The interest was intense. Messner, the champion, was first to shoot. He walked to his 25 yard line with marked coolness, answered his "ready" but hesitated to say "pull," and the bird rose uncalled for. Without lowering his gun, Messner turned his head and said calmly, "I didn't say pull" He got another bird, and killed it easily. Elliott and Class followed, each killing his bird.

The illustrations of George Work and J. A. R. Elliott are from instantaneous photographs, and give a correct idea of the manner of these well known shots in holding and firing.

* * * *

THE coming Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Texas will offer two fields of speculation to those who interest themselves in such sport. Will it come off at all? And, if it does, who will be the champion?

Prize fighting in this country is no longer simply a question of strength and training; it is a matter of evading the law and locating a governor that can be bulldozed. Governor Culberson of Texas appears to the pugilistic element to be such a statesman, and sporting eyes are turned in his direction. In its many years of existence, the "prize ring" has not advanced to any high moral plane. The champions of recent days have proved themselves to be men of the same stripe as their predecessors, and decent people are pretty well disgusted with their performances. It was not much different in 1719, in the days of Tom Figg, England's earliest champion, or in those of Tom Hyer, the first champion of America. After Hyer, Yankee Sullivan held the American championship honors until 1853. Then came John Morrissey. Morrissey was a street fighter, but he had higher ambitions, and attained wide reputation as a Congressman from New York. Still, he did nothing to elevate the sport. The men who succeeded him seemed more than ever to represent nothing but the brute element. Some of them served their terms in prison, some of them were killed in fights, some drank themselves to death.

During his period of supremacy, John L. Sullivan enjoyed a marvelous prestige among a numerous class. For years he was petted, applauded, idolized, and it is probably true to say that he became one of the best known men in the world; but his tactics and principles were little better than those of the pugilists who had gone before him

Ruin is in the life led by a champion prize fighter. It is fast, furious, and brutal in every detail, and it leads to no good end.

J. A. R Elliott at "Ready, Pull."

The Great American Handicap Pigeon Shoot at Dexter Park, Long Island—Frank Class at Score.

The sport had some hopes of elevation in Corbett, but he, too, seems to be fast going the way of his predecessors.

* * * *

AMONG the men whose money and time have been spent freely in the interest of American yachts and yachting, George Gould has in the last two years won a high place. The illustration on this page shows him sailing his famous centerboard sloop Vigilant, and is engraved from a "snap shot" photograph taken aboard the boat during one of her races in English waters. Sailmaker Wilson and Pilot Tom Draper are well known characters in the yachting world, and their names were often mentioned in the news of the Vigilant that came from abroad last season.

* * * *

THE amateur golf championship, which is to be played for at Newport the first week in October, will give another impetus to the sport in this country. The trophy of the championship is an elaborate silver cup, the gift of T. A. Havemeyer, president of the United States Golf Association. Until the next tournament it will be held by the club of which the winner is a member. The present amateur champion is L. B. Stoddard, who belongs to the St. Andrew's Golf Club, of Yonkers. To retain the honor he will have to defeat players from fully a hundred clubs in this country, and probably some from abroad. The cup will be the seventh presented to golf players by Mr. Havemeyer this season.

* * * *

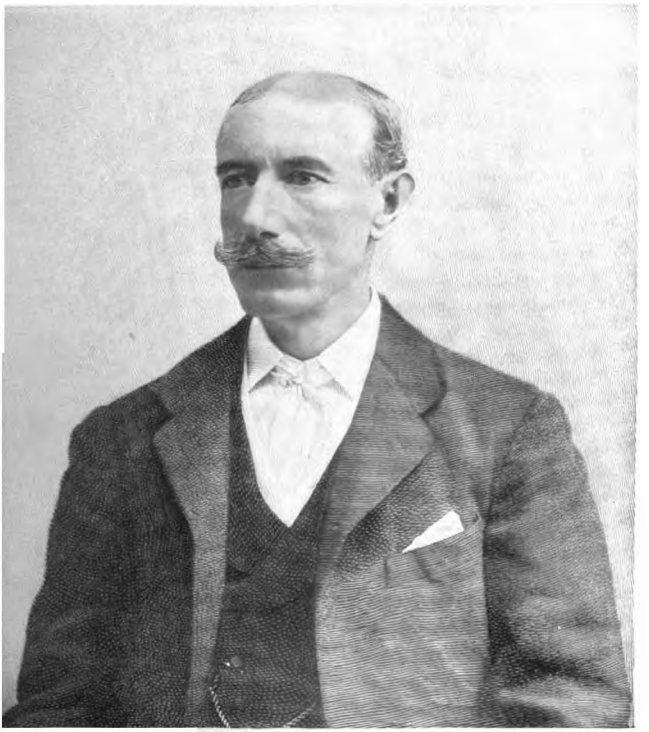
OF the sportsmen who have come across seas to meet Americans in the field or on the water, Lord Dunraven easily ranks first. At the present time his name is as familiar as that of his beautiful boat, and his sportsmanlike bearing has made many American admirers for him.

Lord Dunraven's personal name is Sir Thomas Wyndham-Quin. The Quins were one of the oldest of Ireland's noble families. They came from the Celts, and trace their descent from kings. More directly Lord Dunraven is descended from Donogh Quin of Kilinallock in County Cork. The family was prominent among the landed gentry, and after the union of Ireland with Great Britain its head was ennobled under the title of Baron Adare, later becoming Earl of Dunraven.

Aboard Vigilant, Cowes, August 4 1894. An Exciting Moment: Passing the Britannia on Second Tack. Pilot Draper at the Wheel, with George Gould and Sailmaker Wilson.

The present Lord Dunraven was brought up in southern Ireland, where he gained his love for an outdoor life. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1865 entered the 1st Life Guards. He served two years, and then went to Abyssinia as correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. In the same capacity he went through the Franco German war. He succeeded to his title and estates in 1871. A little later he was made under secretary for the colonies in Lord Salisbury's first administration.

The motto of Dunraven, "Quæ sursum volo



Lord Dunraven.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

videre" ("I wish to see what is above me"), is characteristic of the man. His predilections have always been for everything aquatic, and in Valkyrie III he realizes one of his cherished dreams.

* * * *

THE American firm of yacht builders known as "the Herreshoffs" is famous the world over. Boats of their designing and build sail every sea; the medals and honors they have secured for their patrons are the richest and best, and they have done notable service in our long defense of the America's cup. The two brothers, John B. and Nathaniel, have made an art of yacht building. Though the elder Herreshoff has been totally blind for more than forty years, he is nevertheless a very active part of the firm. His marvelously developed sense of touch enables him to give valuable suggestions on the lines of a hull. Following his directions, a tiny model of the boat to be built is made and then turned over to him. He retires to his rocking chair in the seclusion of his room, and endeavors to obtain a complete picture of the craft by rubbing his hands lightly over the model. He often spends days in this silent occupation, alone with his thoughts. When he finally passes on a boat, his mind is fully made up as to the alterations and improvements necessary. Thus have been conceived, in the dark, as it were, some of the best yacht models of the day.

But on Nat Herreshoff falls the burden of designing and carrying out the plans for the boats of the house. He is head as well as eyes and hands; and the fame of the Herreshoff business is due chiefly to his good judgment and vast experience.

WHEN she proposed my heart beat fast;
My blushes came; with eyes downcast
I listened while she told her love,
While earth below and heaven above
Had seemed to meet at last, at last!

She begged me not her hope to blast,
And showed the wealth she had amassed
Was for us twain more than enough,
When she proposed.

I could not turn from love so vast
When I was as an angel classed,
And caught and kissed and called "her dove";
So, while I thrilled with joy thereof,
A trembling "yes" from my lips passed,
When she proposed.

Vincent F. Howard.

THE STAGE

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S début was made under conditions exactly the reverse of those that usually fall to the lot of the tyro. Tony Pastor had heard her sing one night at a friend's house, and induced her to consent to an appearance at his theater. Ordinarily, persons with such an ordeal before them are beset with nervous qualms that make them miserable up to the moment of appearing on the stage. But Miss Russell, in telling of the occasion, declares that she was quite calm and collected until she heard the first note of the orchestra presaging her entrance.

"From that moment," she says, "until I had finished my third song, I was practically in a trance. I was told afterward that I did splendidly, but to this day I cannot tell what occurred from the time I went on the stage until I reached my dressing room and donned my street clothes."

Previous to this she had striven to obtain an opening with some manager of opera, but McCaull, D'Oyley Carte, and others said frankly that she was not up to their standard. Tony Pastor advertised her as "the English ballad singer," and she passed for a "find" at

Lillian Russell.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by John H. Ryder, Cleveland, Ohio.

the London music halls. Her salary was fifty dollars a week.

One night Arthur Sullivan and D'Oyley Carte came to the theater. Going behind the scenes after the performance, Carte engaged the supposed English girl at a salary of $150, never dreaming it was the timid, nervous amateur who had shaken in her shoes while she was singing for him in the hope of meeting his approval.

brated players it is usually different. Give them but the opportunity, and they leap, almost at a bound, to the pinnacle, if they are to leap at all.

Ada Rehan is one of the exceptions. She had been playing for several seasons with her sister, Mrs. Oliver Doud Byron, without setting the world on fire, and was also leading woman for Mrs. John Drew. Then Mrs. Byron took her to Mr. Daly, and persuaded him to give the

Ada Rehan.
From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

During the past summer Miss Russell has succumbed to the fad for bicycling, and has found it so fascinating that her devotion to it is said to have been the reason for the postponement of her August engagement at Abbey's to February.

* * * *

MOST workers in the various fields of art have to toil through a long period of obscurity before fame comes to reward their efforts. With ambitious girl a trial. He consented, and she appeared in an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir." She did not make an immediate hit, and it was as much Mr. Daly's genius for discovering latent ability as it was Miss Rehan's own capacity for improvement that gave the American stage the most noted leading woman of the epoch.

The American season at Daly's London theater opened on June 25, with "The Railroad

of Love," and lasted for two months, when Miss Rehan went to her bungalow on the Irish coast. The company begins its American tour in Chicago, on September 23, and, learning a lesson from experience, Mr. Daly will not divide his forces.

* * * *

SINCE Gilbert and Sullivan terminated their mutual relations, each is constantly finding a new collaborator—than which no higher compliment could be paid to the partnership that once existed between them. Pinero is the latest mate for Sullivan. He is at work on what he calls a "melodious satire" on the decadent movement in art and literature. The new work is to be brought out this fall at the London Savoy, when the Aubrey Beardsley "dreadfuls" will doubtless make their first appearance on any stage. Meantime we are to have here, at the Broadway, Gilbert's "His Excellency," with music by F. Osmond Carr, while Francis Wilson gives us, at Abbey's, Sullivan's "Chieftain," the book of which is by F. C Burnand.

"His Excellency" is preceded at the Broadway by "Princess Bonnie," whose long run last year was the marked feature of the season in Philadelphia. In August, 1894, we printed the answer of the representative of the company to the question whether he would bring the opera to New York. Here it is:

"Not for a mint. We are not hazarding a Philadelphia success in the metropolis."

Now that "Princess Bonnie" has determined to have a New York verdict, the reader already knows whether this business manager's reasoning was based on good ground.

An interesting incident in connection with the production of "His Excellency" will be the American début of Nancy McIntosh, sister to Burr McIntosh, the original *Taffy*. She has been singing for some time at the Savoy with great success.

* * * *

A CERTAIN St. Louis photographer made rather a specialty of theatrical folk. His little daughter, a tot of three or four, was in and out of the shop, and her precocious ways early took the fancy of managers who happened to need a child in their performances. For in those days only the principals accompanied a play on tour, all the accessories, from the policeman on his beat to the infant in arms, being recruited en route. Mr. Fox was asked to let his daughter help a company out, and thus little Della obtained her start.

Jefferson De Angelis.

She took to the business at once, and when she was seven appeared as the midshipmite in "Pinafore." Whether this was her first appearance in boy's attire, deponent saith not. We all know, however, that it was not her last. In her new opera at Palmer's, "Fleur de Lis," she discards gowns for one of the three acts, but as Miss Fox is no longer the sylph she was in "Wang," she may soon cease to be able to fill male rôles, except possibly a well known one in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

* * * *

THE leading comedian this year, as well as last, in the Fox company is Jefferson De Angelis, who has been actively engaged in the business of making people laugh since he was five years old. Although one of his names suggests the South, and the other France, San Francisco was his birthplace.

Like most sons of the West, he has been a great traveler. As a boy he had many a stirring adventure while journeying by wagon with a company of players from St. Louis to the Pacific coast. In 1880, he organized an opera company for a tour of the world, visiting Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, India, Africa, and Europe. His career as a member of the McCaull company is well remembered, and the

Della Fox.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by W. M. Merriam, Chicago.

summer before last he made the hit of "The Passing Show."

While Mr. De Angelis has a humorous line all his own, in one respect he is like all his brother comedians—he has a constantly growing desire to see his name lead in size all others on the billboard. But just when he will turn from a satellite into a star is not yet determined.

* * * *

COMMENT has frequently been made on the monotony that must fall to the lot of the actor who plays the same part night after night for months. But what of that "artist in vaudeville," as he would doubtless call himself, who has learned one "turn" and executes it year in and year out, at the continuous shows in winter and on roof gardens in summer, till age incapacitates him from further work? It is said, however, that these people infinitely prefer going through the "same old grind" to the labor of learning something new. They have become mere automata.

A somewhat singular fact has come to our notice in connection with the craze for vaudeville with which the country has of late been afflicted—the acts introduced into comic operas and burlesques have been superior to those seen on stages devoted solely to variety.

Among our portraits this month are those of two members of this branch of the profession—Lillian Thurgate, who appeared in "The Twentieth Century Girl," and Vesta Tilley, the famous impersonator of men's parts, whom Tony Pastor imported from England last spring. Miss Tilley made an instant success, and tempting offers at once poured in upon her from other managers. But hereupon she placed herself on a niche apart from all her ilk. She resolutely refused to leave Tony Pastor.

"No," she said; "it was a risk to bring me out. He was willing to take it, and whatever rewards there may be, he ought to reap them."

* * * *

LILY HANBURY, of whom a portrait is given on page 112, is one of the beauties of the London stage. She was here with Beerbohm Tree last winter, and captivated her audiences by the simple charm of her manner, as much as by her altogether pleasing personality.

Mr. Tree's London season, by the way, suffered from the same cause that is bringing managers everywhere to grief—the lack of good plays. He hopes to retrieve his fortunes with Potter's "Trilby," for which he has secured the English rights. Of course the Trees are coming to America again. What English star ever contented himself with one visit?

Henry Irving is to be with us again this season, too, and John Hare is to come over for the first time. Mr. Hare brings us "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," Pinero's nasty play, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell made another of her many hits. She was succeeded in the part by Olga Nethersole, who, according to the foreign correspondents, was artistically great, but commercially a failure. The rôle is to be played here by Julia Neilson.

Miss Nethersole will also be with us again. She is this time under the management of Charles and Daniel Frohman, and opens at the Empire in the early autumn, probably in "Carmen." Whatever the reception accorded her performance of *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, Olga Nethersole is one of the few artists endowed with the capacity of arousing enthusiasm in the most unexpected quarters. Men blasé and cynical have gone perfunctorily to see her *Camille*, and come away to rave about this quiet, little advertised Englishwoman, as they never thought of doing after seeing Bernhardt or Terry.

Miss Nethersole's mother was Spanish, but the name has lived for centuries in the county of Kent, sometimes known as the Garden of England.

* * * *

APROPOS of Mr. Tree's last visit to America a new story has reached us. He was approached, in one of the New York clubs of which he was a guest, by a young man whom he did not remember ever having met, but who greeted him most effusively. His self styled friend fluttered about him all the evening, apparently seeking to impress every one with the tremendous intimacy existing between the famous actor and himself.

After supper the young man arose and in a loud voice remarked for the benefit of the assembled company.

"Harry, old man, I take pleasure in proposing your health."

"Awfully good of you," replied Mr. Tree, "but if you are going to call me by my first name, please make it Bertie. My name is Herbert, you know, not Henry."

The answer was appreciated by the listeners.

Vesta Tilley.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

and it is said that its object made no further demonstrations of intimacy.

* * * *

HAMMERSTEIN'S New Olympia promises to be one of the sights of the metropolis. Many handsome theaters have been put up in New York during the past decade, but little pains has been taken with the exterior effect of any of them. The Olympia, however, is so advantageously situated, where Broadway widens out at Forty Fourth Street, that it would have been a pity not to make the most of the opportunity, and this Mr. Hammerstein's architect has done. The front of the structure is of Indiana limestone, supported by pillars of polished granite. Free use is made of ornamental work in the lengthy façade, and yet all is in good taste. The interior decorations of the theater are to be of blue and gold. Romanesque style; of the music hall, red and gold, Renaissance; of the concert hall, cream and gold, Gothic. The house is to be thrown open Monday evening, November 18—the theater with Rice's "Excelsior, Jr.," the title rôle filled by Fay Templeton, and the music hall with Yvette Guilbert, at an announced salary of $3,000 a week. There is a wager outstanding, made in July, to the effect that the place will not be ready by December, but work going on rapidly, and both Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Rice are smilingly sanguine.

Olga Nethersole.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

* * * *

EDWARD E. RICE'S career has more of romance in it than that of many a hero of fiction. Equipped pretty comfortably with this world's goods, years ago, by the success of "Evangeline," he lost everything, and went knocking about the world, finding its cold shoulder

Lillian Thurgate.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by J. Schloss, New York.

turned to him everywhere. About three years ago he arrived from Australia, worse off than ever, if possible. In Boston he saw an amateur performance of a burlesque on a theme just then extremely popular and timely—Christopher Columbus.

"I'll take '1492' and give it a professional production," he said to the makers of the burlesque.

Mr. Rice's outward manner was confident, but as the fingers of the hand in his pocket sought in vain for one coin to jingle against another, he must have experienced a slight inward sinking sensation. The young men to whom he made the offer were naturally flattered by it, and did not trouble themselves about the ways and means to which the manager might have to resort in order to carry out his contract.

Mr. Rice went home and set his wits to work. Some ready money he must have, but with his recent record it was not likely he would find anybody willing to advance it after his successive failures. He thought over the piece, and wondered how he could contrive a maximum of display in the mounting with the minimum of money. Suddenly a great and brilliant scheme suggested itself to him.

"Why not make the mounting pay for itself?" he exclaimed, as he recalled the illuminated sign on the side of the apartment house overlooking Madison Square, New York, where the second act was laid.

He at once put himself in communication with the Long Island property owners whose announcements made luminous the dead wall in question. He told them what he was willing to do—for a consideration, and the result was a bargain.

Everybody knows the enormous hit scored by Rice's "1492," but few have been aware of the clever device that made it possible. During the past summer that same dead wall which was instrumental in giving this ingenious manager his new start, blazoned forth, among the Manhattan Beach attractions, the announcement of the "Rice's Burlesquers" it was the means of calling into being. Time's whirligig

Lily Hanbury.

From a photograph by Ellis, Dublin.

does not often give such a happy turn to fortune's wheel within so brief a period.

* * * *

WHY should the people of the stage be expected to be more self sacrificing than other folks? Nobody berates the artist who makes more money by drawing in black and white for the weekly papers than he would by painting in oil for fame. The author who earns a fortune by writing humorous stories is not scolded because he does not try to give the public the "great American novel." The publisher of light literature that pays is not held up to scorn because he does not devote his presses to essays and historical works. But what do we find when we look at the domain of the stage?

Actors who have labored faithfully for years, and given the public the best that was in them, are taken to task because they do not create new parts or found a theater devoted to a style of drama that would elevate the public taste—and bankrupt the manager. All this in spite of the financial ruin that Edwin Booth incurred by conducting a theater of his own, and in defiance of the persistency with which the people prefer to see their favorites in their favorite parts.

If somebody must be preached to, let it be the public. Here is Richard Mansfield, announcing that during the coming season he will not appear in any of his old rôles. His new repertoire consists of pieces embodying what he calls a new school of dramatic art. We shall see how successful the departure will be. Should it fail, Mr. Mansfield will receive small sympathy, even from those critics who deplore the profession's lust after the almighty dollar. They will make fun of his attempt to stem the tide of popular taste, and then calmly proceed to abuse some other manager because he produces what people are eager to see.

* * * *

THE theatrical season of 1895-96 may be said to have opened on September 2, and by the time this number of MUNSEY'S is in the hands of the reader, a few successes and a good many failures will doubtless have been already achieved with sufficient distinctness to make a perceivable impression, one way or the other, on managerial bank accounts.

Charles Frohman, as usual, launches the majority of the new bids for favor, but at this writing neither he nor any other can foretell whether it will be "The Sporting Duchess" at the Academy of Music, "The Gay Parisians" at Hoyt's, or "The City of Pleasure" at the Empire that will prove a second "Charley's Aunt." Besides the foregoing, all of which are imported, and all to be produced in New York before October 1, Mr. Frohman is going to give us "The Shop Girl" (opening at Palmer's in October), with Seymour Hicks and his wife, Ellaline Terriss, who were here two years ago in "Cinderella"; and (following each other at the Broadway) Gilbert's comic opera, "His Excellency," and the George Edwardes company in "An Artist's Model." All of these are English, with the exception of "The Gay Parisians," referred to in this department last month as the great Paris comedy success, "*L'Hôtel du Libre Echange*."

Mr. Frohman had considerable trouble in securing a new title for this piece. He finally decided to offer a prize of fifty dollars for one that would suit him. This was won with "The Gay Parisians" by a woman from somewhere off in the country, who had never been to a theater in her life.

* * * *

AT Abbey's we are to have not only foreign plays, but foreign actors, after the Francis Wilson season ends. Henry Irving's engagement opens October 28, and continues eight weeks. John Hare, with his Garrick Theater company, follows on December 23, opening in Sydney Grundy's "A Pair of Spectacles." Then will come Sarah Bernhardt.

The only American venture of importance is to be Bronson Howard's new play, to be brought out late in November at the Empire, when the stock company returns to that house, which during the fall is to be given over to Olga Nethersole and John Drew. The latter opens his season in San Francisco in "An Imprudent Young Couple," the new comedy by Henry Guy Carleton.

* * * *

THEATER goers often wonder how actors can stand the strain of long runs, doing exactly the same thing night after night. They forget that while the performer is going over familiar ground, in each instance the audience is a new one, and consequently he may enjoy the excitement of finding out just how the play will impress its hearers. It is unquestionably true that the attitude of the "house" has a wonderful influence on the work of the players. For this reason matinées are never so successful as evening performances. Women, who form the major part of the afternoon audiences, are poor applauders, their gloves stifling the sound.

The Hanlon brothers, now touring with "Superba," once gave ninety two performances in a single week, undoubtedly a greater strain than that entailed by a long run spread out over a series of years. This record was scored in 1875 at St. Petersburg, during the Mamlitz Fair, where they had a theater seating two thousand people. There were sixteen doors, the old audience being dismissed by the eight on one side as the new one began to come in by the eight on the other.

* * * *

ASK an actor how many members of his profession there are in the United States, and he will probably tell you twenty or twenty five thousand. It is perhaps characteristic that this estimate should be twice as large as the real figures. The census takers of 1890 counted 5,779 actors and 3,949 actresses, a total of less than ten thousand; and it is probable that the number has been diminished rather than increased during the recent period of general theatrical depression.

FRANZ.

IT was the stormiest rehearsal of the season. Everybody's temper was rough edged, from the leader of the orchestra down to the jolly little drummer who played xylophone solos while the comic man was doing his dance. The slender baton which the professor held tightly in his nervous hand had beaten a continuous tattoo on the music rack; the stage manager's voice seemed harsher than ever, and his commands all the more dictatorial.

Perhaps it all never would have happened but for the carelessness of several of the chorus girls, whose groupings and poses at the last few performances had been worse than the tableaux at a car drivers' ball. The star had noticed this shirking, and, with commendable ambition to make the New York run a series of brilliant hits, had conferred with the stage manager; and a call for a dress rehearsal posted in the wings was the result. Of course it had made everybody mad.

"To think of it," said the man who played the part of a fat, awkward old prince, who was always getting a laugh for the way he trod on the trains of the court ladies, "it is simply provoking that with the work of a hard performance on us, we've got to rehearse and rehearse, just because a cheap chorus can't do its work."

"And the day before a matinée, too," said the tenor, whose chief ambition was to save his voice for his duet with the prima donna.

Such remarks were being made on all sides, and they only ceased when the cues carried the talkers to the stage. The leader of the orchestra, whom every one feared, and whose remarks and criticisms were cuttingly sarcastic, had the fiercest temper of all. He was as mad as a baby elephant that finds its trunk too short to reach the best hay on the hay wagon. He had said all he could to the members of the orchestra, and every one expected to see him throw his chair at some discordant player at any moment.

He rapped his baton again, and the sweet, restful air of a lullaby floated up from reed and string. It had a quieting effect, but not half so much as the presence of the beautiful woman whose soft, rich voice was mingling with its notes in exquisite harmony. Though they had heard the song a hundred times or more, all listened, so sweet was its melody. With perfect ease and enchanting expression she touched her highest notes, until they sounded through the vacant theater like the tinkling of some sweet toned bell. Her face, fair and serene, was as beautiful as the song she sang, and each note found a responsive chord in the hearts of those around her; for in the company of three score there was not one who did not love her. She was the prima donna, the one particular star of the cast. To her singing thousands had listened spellbound, only to break forth in rapturous applause—yet she was so lovable, so companionable, so kind and willing to help those below her. Many a time a single word from her lips had fanned into a blaze of success the smoldering fagots of ambition that failure and the lack of an encouraging word had left to die out on the hearth of trial.

Presently there was a fearful discord in the orchestra. It broke into the song like a black cloud across a summer sky. It came from one of the violins. The singer ceased, and the music stopped. With anger in his eyes, and lips quivering with rage, the leader turned towards a crouching figure in a chair beneath the stand.

"What do you mean—what do you mean, I say? Have you not played that bar a thousand times?"

There was no reply, but a boyish face, with anguish in every feature, was uplifted towards the angry man.

"Do not look at me in that stupid way. Have I not taught you better?"

"But, sir," pleaded the boy, "it was all a mistake."

"Bah, a mistake, indeed! It was all your careless——"

"Never mind," said the prima donna; "he could not help it. I will sing it again."

"Madame, I will attend to this part of the company. Franz, leave the place. Anton, you take the second violin."

The boy, for that was all he was, picked up his instrument, and looked up over the lights. His eyes met those of the singer. She smiled, and he, brushing a tear from his blue eyes, opened the door and went down into the musicians' room beneath the stage.

"I will sing no more today," said the prima donna, and she left the stage.

Poor Franz! He threw himself down on an old property bench, and, burying his face in his hands, cried as only a heart wounded boy can. Poor little fellow! Fourteen years old, and his father, an old instrument maker, had died, leaving Franz and a widowed mother, with but little to support them. His little heart had leaped with joy when the professor consented to place him in the orchestra, for it was his life's ambition to become a virtuoso like those of whom his father had talked so often. But the professor had not always been kind, and the tender feelings had been cut more than once. As he sobbed, he was wondering if he would be sent back home, a failure.

The idea sickened him, and tears were fast returning, when a gentle hand touched his pulsing forehead. He raised his tear stained face timidly, thinking the time for the dreaded scolding had come. But instead of seeing the cold, hard features of the professor, he saw the gentle face of the prima donna. He had never seen her so close before, and her countenance seemed to him like that of an angel.

"Don't cry, dear," she said, as she brushed back the hair from his forehead. "Don't cry, for my sake, and you shall play for me tonight."

His face lighted up, and the great choking lumps in his throat melted away under the caresses of that comforting hand.

"Go home now," she said, "and come back tonight. No one shall scold you."

Then she handed him a flower, and left the room. He could say nothing, he was so happy. His eyes, beaming with joy, followed her to the door; and when it closed, the sound of her footsteps on the narrow staircase was like the sweetest music to him.

In the evening he took his place in the orchestra and played as he never had played before. When the time for the lullaby came, and his "beautiful friend," as he had described her to his mother, came on the stage, he bowed his head down over his violin, and the music that rose from that one instrument alone was in itself a symphony. Then came the applause, and as it died away in echoes, she looked down at him and smiled. The audience saw it, but not one of them knew how much sunshine that one look had placed in a boy's heart.

* * * *

Days had passed since the unpleasant rehearsal, and it had almost been forgotten. One night there was a stir behind the curtain when the stage manager, after reading a note brought by a messenger, had called for the prima donna's understudy. It was not long before the news spread to the dressing rooms, and every heart was saddened, for the note had brought the tidings of the illness of the loved singer. Franz missed her, too; and when the curtain had dropped on the last act, he put his violin under his arm, and went up the dark, winding steps to the stage.

The "light" man, who had always been kind to Franz, was shutting off the circuit for the house lights. Franz asked him about the prima donna's absence, and was told that she had been taken suddenly ill. The answer to his inquiry startled and pained him. He started home with his heart heavy, and his thoughts all centered around the sweet voiced being who had been his comforter. He stopped for a moment before the window of a music store, and his eyes fell upon the score of the lullaby his friend had sung. With a sudden impulse he started off in a different direction.

He walked on for many blocks, and came finally to a brightly lighted apartment house. A hall boy opened the door for him. With a tremor in his voice, Franz asked if the boy could tell him if Mme. Cantori was very ill. The boy simply replied, "Second story front," and taking this as an invitation, Franz passed in and up the broad stairs.

He was just turning the landing, when he met a man coming down. Franz stopped him, and politely asked if he could direct him to the singer's room. The man was a physician. He stopped, looked at the boy, and said that madame was very, very ill, and could not see him. What was the matter, the boy asked? An attack of the heart had stricken her down, the man replied, and life was only hanging by a thread.

Tears came into the boy's eyes, and a sob passed his lips. He went on, and stopped before the door. It was as quiet as death within. He waited there a long time. The physician came and went again, but only shook his head sadly and meaningly, and went on.

Franz knelt down, noiselessly unlocked the case, and took out his violin. He raised the bow, and placing the instrument against his face, began to play. It was the soft, sweet notes of the lullaby that floated through the quiet building, and into the room where the singer lay.

Life was ebbing fast, but as the music reached her ears, her eyes opened, and a smile of ineffable sweetness came to the beautiful face. The watchers leaned over her couch.

"Hear, hear," she murmured; "it is Franz, dear little Franz!"

Still the music kept on, sweeter and softer as each note was played. The singer tried to rise, and loving hands supported her.

"Listen, the lullaby," she whispered.

Not another sound disturbed the scene, so solemn and sad. But just as the closing notes of the music were being played a string on the violin snapped.

The singer opened her eyes, and faintly breathed, "God bless little Franz."

The eyes closed again, and her head sank back on the pillow. A voice, rich and beautiful, was hushed, and the soul of the singer had passed into that chorus whose melodies ring on through eternity.

They opened the door, and found Franz prostrate on the floor. The violin with its broken string lay at his side. He was sobbing bitterly.

Wells J. Hawks.

LITERARY CHAT

OPINIONS differ as to the exact relationship between literature and journalism; but few will criticise the mention in this department of the battle that is just now shaking the world of American newspaperdom. It is only echoes of the war between the United Press and the Associated Press that have reached the public, though the subject is of interest to news readers (and that means to every one) because these two organizations are the chief sources of the news presented morning and evening by the great daily journals. We shall give here an absolutely impartial statement of the condition of affairs.

In the past, the two agencies worked amicably together; they exchanged news, and agreed not to take clients one from the other. If a paper was receiving the Associated Press reports, the United Press was bound not to substitute its own dispatches. It could furnish an auxiliary service, however; and in many cities—Cincinnati and St. Louis were conspicuous examples—the principal papers received both services and used parts of each. In those days there was a healthy competition between the associations, simply because the employees and officers of each took a natural pride in trying to produce the better work.

Those were the days of the old Associated Press. When that association went to pieces, the United Press tried to obtain control of the press news service of the entire country. Local antagonisms between publishers, notably in New York, made it impossible for all the papers to work together harmoniously; so the Western Associated Press, which had maintained its organization, extended its wires to the East, and began a fight with the United Press to obtain some of its subscribers. It succeeded in securing a number of recruits, and for a year the struggle for supremacy has continued. So bitter is the rivalry at present that papers receiving one report are under contract not to take the other.

Both associations have been spending money freely, and there is no doubt that both are losing steadily. While the reading public is getting the immediate benefit of the controversy, it may suffer in time, for the losses of the last year can be recovered only by curtailing news service in some quarters when the long expected truce between the associations is patched up. Papers in large cities must publish the news at any cost; but the smaller communities, now being supplied at a heavy loss, will probably suffer whenever the rivals decide to end their expensive warfare.

The ostensible ground of disagreement is the faith of some publishers in the handling of news by an association of newspapers (the Associated Press), and the belief of others that it is better to buy news from a commercial company (the United Press), which collects and vends it. Beneath this there is the old time jealousy between publishers. Mr. Dana and Mr. Laffan of the New York *Sun* are the aggressive agents for the United Press, while a committee of Chicago journalists heads the fighting forces of the Associated Press.

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EXCEPTING the Bible, "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, has probably been more often translated, and has gone into more editions than any other book. A collection was recently sold to the British Museum which contained six manuscript copies of this famous treatise, and eleven hundred and ninety nine editions in thirty seven languages and dialects. They had been gathered together by the Rev. Mr. Waterton. The total number of editions is reckoned at three thousand.

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THE little book which Ernest Renan wrote in memory of his sister, and whose one edition was limited to a hundred copies, distributed among his nearest and most appreciative friends, has been brought out anew by a Paris publisher. Renan said of his sister, when the book appeared after her death, "My sister was so modest, she had such an aversion to the noise of the world, that I should have thought I saw her reproaching me from the tomb if I had given these pages to the public." In later years, however, the old philosopher thought better of his decision, and concluded that the book might be published after his death. He expressed his wishes as to its form to his wife; but Mme. Renan died without attending to the matter, and now Ary Renan, her son, who is a well known artist in Paris, has taken the work upon himself.

The book is illustrated with designs by Ary Renan and Henri Scheffer, a brother of Mme. Renan, and with portraits. It tells the story of a strong and loving woman, who may be said to have created the Ernest Renan the world knows.

The father of the Renans was a sailor, without any knowledge of business, who lost his fortune and then his life, leaving his children in poverty. Henriette, only seventeen, took the five year old Ernest and managed to educate him and herself by studying and giving lessons. Although she was dowerless, she might have married to advantage; but she had already devoted her life to her brother, and she would not leave him. It was her ambition, too, to pay the debts her father had left. She put the boy to school, designing him for a priest, and went as a governess into the family of Count Zamoyski, a Polish noble with a castle in Austria. It was while she was absent that Renan experienced the loss of faith that led him to give up the priesthood. It was

after a struggle that the young man wrote this decision to his sister. To his surprise, she received it with delight. Her own mind had led her to the same conclusions.

When the two came together again, in 1850, Renan says of their life, "The general plan of my career, the design to be inflexibly sincere that I was forming, was so much the combined product of our two consciences, that had I been tempted to prove false to it she would have been near me like another part of myself, to recall me to duty."

Henriette Renan died in Syria, where she had accompanied her brother on a scientific mission, in 1860.

* * * *

THE present Pope, Leo XIII, is a most liberal minded man, who is said to combine a fine sense of humor with his learning and judgment. Researches of all sorts are in order in Italy just now. Among other treasures of ancient lore, the Vatican library is being thoroughly overhauled, and its multitudinous records investigated. Dom Gasquet, the librarian, is reported as saying that the Pope had given the order to "publish everything of interest, whether it tends to the credit or the discredit of the ecclesiastical authorities. You may be sure," added the pontiff, "that if the gospels had been written in our day, the treachery of Judas and the denial of St. Peter would have been suppressed for fear of scandalizing weak consciences."

* * * *

MARK TWAIN is perhaps the most popular author in the United States, if we consider him in his own private person. He has friends everywhere, for the reason that he does not keep all of his good things for the printers. Almost every one of them holds dear some original reminder of the humorist; from little Elsie Leslie with the slipper he embroidered for her and the letter he wrote about it, to his latest poem, written for Mrs. Thomas K. Beecher.

Mrs. Beecher is one of Mr. Clemens' dearest friends. One day, when they were talking together, the subject of the immortality of the soul was mentioned, and Mr. Clemens took the side of unbelief. Mrs. Beecher exhausted her arguments, and finally said,

"Now, Mr. Clemens, if you meet me in heaven a million years from now, will you confess yourself wrong?"

Mr. Clemens said that he would; but Mrs. Beecher insisted upon a contract being drawn up and carved in the living rock for future generations to note. Mr. Clemens wrote the agreement, which read thus:

Contract—Mark Twain with Mrs. Thomas K. Beecher, Elmira, N. Y., July 2, 1895.

(*On first stone.*)
If you prove right and I prove wrong,
A million years from now,
In language plain and frank and strong,
My error I'll avow.
(To your dear mocking face).

(*On second stone.*)
If I prove right, by God His grace,
Full sorry I shall be,
For in that solitude no trace
There'll be of you and me,
(Nor of our vanished race).

(*On third stone.*)
A million years, O patient stone!
You've waited for this message.
Deliver it a million years—
Survivor pays expressage.

Mr. Clemens has started on a lecturing tour around the world. It will be a long and arduous task, one from which most men in his physical condition would shrink. But there are debts to be paid, and Mr. Clemens intends to pay them to the last penny, if hard work can do it. They are debts which his creditors ought to regard as paid twice over, for the work which Mark Twain turns out, when he must, is a distinct gain to every English reader.

* * * *

MR. BLACKMORE is about to publish a book of poems called "Fringilla." It is said to be the second collection of verses that the author of the immortal "Lorna Doone" has brought out, although the first one was not over his own name.

In Mr. Blackmore's own neighborhood, we are told, people have not discovered that he is an author. They know him only as a very enthusiastic cultivator of vegetables and fruits.

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A STORY has been going the rounds about Heinemann, who had the courage to publish Sarah Grand's books.

One day, passing along the street, he saw two toy venders side by side, crying their wares. One of them had a queer, fat faced doll which he was pushing into the faces of the passers by, giving it the name of a well known woman reformer. His dolls went rapidly, while the man beside him, who had bladders on which a baby's face had been painted, was passed by. Mr. Heinemann stopped.

"My friend," he said to the baby seller, "trade seems to be bad with you. Hold up two of the babies, and cry them out as 'The Heavenly Twins.'"

Mr. Heinemann says that the idea was so successful that the seller of the woman reformer dolls was compelled to move up the street, and the neighborhood began at once to offer a market for the famous novel.

* * * *

W. H. MALLOCK, who has put immoral literature into a more attractive form than almost any other living writer, and succeeded in giving it so artistic a finish that we forget its character, is out with his own solution of the marriage question. A great many people who pay little attention to the book they read the year before last, and much less to the book that was the talk of the last decade, will imagine that Mr. Mallock is talking about the marriage question because some English ladies directed his attention to that popular stream

of thought. They only need to go back to "A Human Document," to see that Mr. Mallock was in the field long ago.

In this case he makes his hero expound his views, and he brings the church and its sacrament of marriage into ridicule by means of his portraits of its representatives. Mr. Mallock as a philosopher never bores us, but he seldom convinces us, and we confess to enjoying him most when he tells a straightforward story, as in "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century." Personally he predisposes us to consider him as an altogether artificial *poseur*. He looks like a man whose ideas were fostered in an unreal atmosphere. His hair, parted smoothly in the center and pasted down to his ears, covers a fine high head, but his thick mustache does not conceal a rather unpleasant mouth, and his eyes are neither wide open nor frank. We are inclined to imagine him as being the unpleasant sort of man who would believe that love unsanctified by contract is holy, and that it is the right of every individual to override the conventions of society in the matter. Mr. Parnell is said to have been Mr. Mallock's moral model.

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CAPTAIN KING has been charged with monotony of theme and treatment; but that he has not exhausted his material is shown in his latest book, "Fort Frayne," which is as lively with action and interest as any of his tales of army life. The story was originally written three years ago, and cast in the form of a play. It had just been completed when the manuscript—of which there was but one copy—mysteriously disappeared. Captain King rewrote it as a novel, and as such it now meets the public eye, its publisher being F. Tennyson Neely.

It will probably be more popular between covers than it would have been upon the boards, though its dramatic possibilities are evident. It is easy and pleasant reading, and would be still more so were it not for the besetting sin of its author's pen—its habit of slipping along in almost interminable sentences. Take the following as a sample, with its wearisome succession of "ands":

Out in quick and ready imitation leaped a hundred more, and instinctively the jog changed to a lively trot, and the dull, thudding hoofs upon the snow muffled earth rose louder and more insistent, and Ormsby, riding at the colonel's left, gripped tighter his revolver and set his teeth, yet felt his heart was hammering loud, and then dimmer and dimmer grew the first line as it led away, and still the colonel's firm hand kept Roderick dancing impatiently at the slower gait and then, just as it seemed as though the line would be swallowed up in snow and disappear from view, quick and sudden, two muffled shots were heard from somewhere just in front, the first syllable perhaps of some stentorian shout of warning, and then one magnificent burst of cheers and a rush of charging men, and a crash and a crackle and sputter of shots, and then fierce rallying cries and piercing screams of women and of terrified little ones, and like some huge human wave the first line of the Twelfth rode on and over and through the startled camp, and bore like a whirlwind, yelling down upon the pony herds beyond.

One hundred and ninety seven words, with twenty four "ands" and nineteen commas!

* * * *

IN the new school of English writers of romance, there is no one whose work is more thoroughly able and satisfying than Mr. Max Pemberton. Unlike the majority of his fellows, his literary career has been a success almost from the start. His first book, "The Diary of a Scoundrel," won for him a moderate popularity, which his succeeding works, "The Iron Pirate," "The Sea Wolves," "The Impregnable City," and "The Little Huguenot," have served greatly to increase.

Mr. Pemberton is still a young man, having but lately entered his thirty third year, and yet he is today one of the most prominent figures in literary London, noted alike for his personal charm, his hospitality, and his marked ability.

"The Impregnable City," published this year, is an extremely strong and absorbing story of a purely imaginative character, which, while very original, contains a considerable suggestion of Jules Verne in its portrayal of men and things. It is by far the best work the author has done; indeed, it is undeniably one of the books of the year, rivaled in its line only by Mr. Pemberton's previous novel, "The Sea Wolves."

Apropos of the latter, it is said that Mr. Pemberton's description of the theft of a large amount of gold in course of its transportation to Russia, has created much discussion among English financiers. The question of such a theft being probable or possible has resulted not only in a searching inquiry, but even in radical changes in the method of shipping gold.

As for "The Little Huguenot," lately published by Dodd, Mead & Company, it has a considerable interest of its own, albeit not so ambitious a story as the others. There is this to be said of Mr. Pemberton's work. Be his books short or long, they are always interesting, always ingeniously conceived and well constructed. And that is more than can be said of many authors.

In addition to his regular literary work, Mr. Pemberton has had a good deal of experience in editorial labor, having been on the staff of *Vanity Fair*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Sketch*. Personally he is dignified and courteous, more than ordinarily good looking, and eminently well dressed.

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TWO books from the press of Stone & Kimball are well worth reading. "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," a story of a lost Napoleon, by Gilbert Parker, is a vigorous little narrative, full of a peculiar charm. Where Pontiac is or was we do not know or care. It is a charming place, as portrayed by Mr. Parker, and the character of *Valmond* is full of originality and pathos. We are told that he was a natural child of Napoleon, and his loyalty to his

great father, his life, and his tragic death hold the attention from the first line to the last.

In Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" there lies the attraction of an undisputed novelty. It is a book of children's stories for "grown ups," if the paradox is allowable. So deliciously fresh and naïve is the style, so tender and picturesque in spots, and again so full filled with the subtlest humor, that one reads on with ever increasing pleasure, stopping now and then to smile at some shrewd bit of description that recalls his own childhood with amazing vividness.

Particularly clever is the description of an old uncle, who rather incurred the enmity of the children until a parting gift of half a crown apiece secured his reincarnation as a saint.

A solemn hush fell on the assembly, broken first by the small Charlotte. "I didn't know," she observed dreamily, "that there were such good men in the world anywhere. I hope he'll die tonight, for then he'll go straight to heaven!" But the repentant Selina bewailed herself with tears and sobs, refusing to be comforted; for that in her haste she had called this white souled relative a beast.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Edward, the master mind, rising—as he always did—to the situation. "We'll christen the piebald pig after him—the one that hasn't got a name yet, and that'll show we're sorry for our mistake!"

"I—I christened that pig this morning," Harold guiltily confessed; "I christened him after the curate."

The deftness of this humor is too mature for the child mind, for which, no doubt, it was never seriously intended. But what older eyes could read such delicious nonsense without appreciating its delicacy and finish?

* * * *

THAT clever Dutchman who, under his adopted name of Maarten Maartens, has given us "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," "God's Fool," and "The Greater Glory," has surpassed even his own high standard in his last book, "My Lady Nobody." Mr. J. van der Poorten-Schwartz, to give him his own name, is a Hollander, still in his fourth decade, and one of the most deservedly popular novelists of the day. His wonderful command of English idiom, his masterly manipulation of sarcasm, and the inevitable purpose pervading all his work, are, no doubt, the qualities that make him so.

One of his own shrewd little allegories is rather characteristic of the man.

There was a man once—a satirist. In the natural course of time his friends slew him, and he died, and the people came and stood about his corpse. "He treated the whole round world as his football," they said, "and he kicked it."

The dead man opened one eye. "But always toward the goal," he said.

That is exactly what Maartens does in "My Lady Nobody"; he kicks the world, and he kicks it hard, but when we come to think it over, we find it has been always toward the goal. His method is suggestive of Thackeray, with whom, indeed, Maartens possesses many qualities in common. With hypocrisy, affectation, selfishness, and mercenary motives he deals in a spirit of unsparing ridicule. Not that he wholly spares the nobler qualities, but his banter is less pointed, and before he has finished one recognizes the value he places upon them.

"My Lady Nobody" is in many ways a painful book. It is rife with suffering, but the author has contrived to demonstrate how large a factor this may be in the perfecting of character. The scene painting and atmosphere of the story are admirable.

* * * *

IT is a curious fact that nowadays the books which would seem most unfitted for dramatization are invariably announced as being in preparation for the stage. We hear that Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Story of Bessie Costrell" is to be thus distinguished. It is a strong story, but so brief that it is difficult to understand how it could be utilized except as a curtain raiser. The book has been a great success, and yet as a play it is well nigh certain of failure. Why not let it rest upon its laurels?

"Chimmie Fadden," too, which the author is dramatizing, is about as far removed from dramatic promise as a book well could be. However, there is no telling what the result will be. "Pudd'nhead Wilson" met with favor on the stage, and as for "Trilby"—well, it is an open question how much of its success was due to merit as a play and how much to the insane enthusiasm which Mr. Du Maurier's very pretty little story aroused in this land of lion worshipers.

* * * *

WHEN we first opened Mr. George Herbert Bartlett's "Water Tramps, or the Cruise of the Sea Bird" and commenced its perusal, we received the very natural impression that it was a book for boys. Such it would be were it not for the introduction of the love element, commonly omitted from fiction for the young.

"Water Tramps" is a story of four young fellows, who, their accumulated finances being reduced to a few dollars, evolve the brilliant scheme of hiring a boat for the summer and selling fish. This truly independent and noble inspiration arouses admiration, until it transpires that they are ashamed of the occupation, and spend most of their time striving to elude friends.

The narrative is enlivened by detailed bills of fare as consumed by the young mariners, and by daily financial bulletins to post the reader on their monetary standing. Of course the cruise is a success. It goes without saying that any four college men can catch enough fish in and around Long Island Sound to maintain them in luxury, whereas the fishermen along the shores are scarcely able to earn their daily bread. Such is the advantage of a college education.

Each of the four young gentlemen acquires a thorough knowledge of seamanship, a coat of tan, and a rich wife, and all of them return to New York rejoicing, and, unless appearances are deceitful, live happily ever after. It is a restful little story, with no moral or immoral tendencies and not obtrusively interesting.

FOR several years Miss Mary E. Wilkins has been recognized as the leading authority on New England character, but lately there has arisen a mightier than she. Miss Alice Brown, author of "Meadow Grass," which is published by Copeland & Day, is a native of Hampton, New Hampshire, though her literary work has been done chiefly in Boston. She is at present on the staff of the *Youth's Companion*, and her name has been made more or less familiar to the reading world from her many contributions to the magazines.

So far as Miss Brown's "Meadow Grass" is concerned, it proves conclusively that even the well trodden paths of New England may be made to yield much that is novel if one has the "finding eye." We are all familiar with Miss Wilkins' typical story; the little schoolhouse, the milk pans, and the spinster with straight hair, whose bosom is like a board, and whose life all monotony; and from much reading thereof we have wearied somewhat of the scene. "Meadow Grass" comes to us like a salt breeze upon a desert, and New England is no longer a land of gray tones and somber soliloquies.

The exquisite pathos, the absolute fidelity, and the keen perception of humor that lie in every line of Miss Brown's work are things to be thankful for. She has not only caught the atmosphere of the New England town—something which Miss Wilkins, to do her justice, has often depicted admirably—but she has looked into the hearts of its inhabitants, and what she has found there she has given us in "Meadow Grass." Those of us who were born and bred with the savor of new mown hay in our nostrils and the rasp of the katydid in our ears will not need to be told how faithfully the author has done her work; and even in city hearts the completeness of "Meadow Grass" will win its own way without the praise of critics to make straight its path.

* * * *

THAT would-be wicked young man, Mr. Robert S. Hichens, who in fear and trembling published "A Green Carnation" anonymously and then made haste to announce its authorship when it proved a success—save the mark!—has lately given the world another novel. "An Imaginative Man" was evolved in Egypt some time before "A Green Carnation" thrilled the hearts of mankind. It is a story of a tall, thin man to whom we are first introduced as he stands in a smoking suit with a cigar case in one hand, a candlestick in the other, the fourth edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under his arm, and his dark brown, bright and restless eyes watching his wife, who is praying. *Henry Denison* has been all his life waiting with dread to be called "a good fellow." This, according to Mr. Hichens, never happened. No wonder. *Denison* is from first to last a thorough cad, who is consumed with the thought of his own greatness, and uncommonly brutal to his wife. He finishes his erratic career by falling in love with the Sphinx. This aged lady, as might be expected, is stony hearted, and therefore her lover runs violently down a steep place (as others of his species did before him) and dashes himself, "with arms stretched out, as if in an embrace, against the mighty rock that has defied the perpetual, intangible embrace of the gliding ages." We are not told that he was killed, but we hope for the best.

One gift Mr. Hichens has in abundance. His descriptions of scenery are admirable, and his depiction of life in Egypt, of the silence of the desert, of the hideous depravity of the people, is wonderfully well done. It is a pity that his powers are not employed in a better cause.

* * * *

OF all the utterly and hopelessly vapid books ever foisted upon a confiding public, "The Making of Mary," by Jean Forsyth, deserves the palm. The heroine is a small waif who is adopted by a family of apparently harmless idiots, consisting of a husband (who tells the story), a wife, who believes in theosophy, and five children, to say nothing of a mother in law.

The waif develops into a handsome young woman, who spells "uniform" with a double *n*, plays the cornet, and whose conduct on hearing of the marriage of a fancied lover is of the following high order:

> Then she lay down on the sand and bawled, kicking and squealing like a year old infant.

Mary's conversation is equally attractive, and all her actions are of the same nature. She takes headers into Lake Michigan in a sky blue bathing suit, holds tête-à-têtes with barbers, waiters, and other shining society lights, and finally ends up in a hospital, with smallpox and a contrite heart. In addition to her refinement, docility, and command of English orthography, *Mary* has other lovable qualities which make her doubly dear to her doting adopted parents, the aforementioned harmless idiots. The book is full of such expressions as "that pretty, innocent young girl," "sweet girl," and "pink and white creature." Her innocence is substantiated by much miscellaneous kissing, her sweetness by the spasm on the sand quoted above, and we presume the pink and whiteness may be ascribed to the smallpox.

Whether the book is a piece of monumental incapacity or a laborious concoction of alleged humor, we know not. In either case "The Making of Mary" was a failure, and the raw material far preferable to the manufactured article.

* * * *

THESE are days when a new work of fiction makes its appearance every few hours, and when, as a natural consequence, novelists are sore pressed for new plots and novel situations. The first meeting of hero and heroine, to use two much abused but indispensable words, is a crisis in every story, and it is indeed a master hand that can bring it about in a natural and reasonable way.

A master hand is something that Miss Florence Warden does not possess. Miss Warden

is one of the writers whom we intuitively associate with Mrs. Forrester and "The Duchess," to the proper enjoyment of whose books a hammock and sufficient time to sleep between chapters are absolutely essential. The meeting of the leading characters in Miss Warden's new book, "A Spoilt Girl," is a radical departure from hackneyed methods. The young lady approaches on horseback at a full gallop, with the intention of careering across the hero's flower beds, a manœuver effectually checked by the latter, *Hubert Besils*, who grasps the bridle rein, and, suddenly stopping the horse, precipitates its rider headlong to *terra firma*. Thereupon the young lady, who rejoices in the masculine name of *Harrington Bracepeth*, falls upon him tooth and nail, and rends open his face with her riding whip. Then *Besils* calls her a wretched, cowardly cad, who is not fit to live in a civilized country, and deserves to be knocked on the head.

Any one who is familiar with Miss Warden's methods will recognize in this a most promising opening for a romance, and shortly after, when *Miss Bracepeth* throws a stone at *Besils* and he boxes her ears, the mind of the reader is at rest. Of course they will be married at last, and so indeed they are, though not without much tribulation.

* * * *

THE American craze for novelty supplies the *raison d'être* of several wild eyed little periodicals which are just at present endeavoring to amaze and in a mild way to shock their readers. *The Lark*, which comes from San Francisco, is the weirdest of these. It is printed on curious yellow paper, and contains certain prose bits and illustrations of an entirely meaningless nature, with here and there a poetical spasm of the following variety:

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But this I'll tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

There is a theory some deny,
That lamp posts once were three foot high;
But a little boy was terrible strong,
And he pulled 'em out to 'leven foot long.

The Lark's verses are amusing in a way, when taken at their face value, but when, as has already happened, some astute critic endeavors to deduce psychology, philosophy, and what-not therefrom, it must give exquisite joy to their writer.

The Philistine, a native of East Aurora, has already, at the tender age of four months, proved its ability exceedingly to harass, beset, and annoy others of its kind. It has a curious system of marginal notes, such as "What rot is this?" "Where are we at?" and other quotations from celebrated authors. This system is pursued without apparent reason or sequence, to the great bewilderment of the unhappy reader.

The Lark has an unobtrusive sort or humor in the things that it does, as when the announcement appeared in the initial number that it was to be a monthly magazine, five cents a copy, one dollar a year.

Moods, a Journal Intime, is without doubt the most imposing of the new periodicals. In fact, it is a book rather than a magazine, elaborately printed and illustrated. The material which is so lavishly treated is not particularly fine, and almost without exception the contributors are unknown to fame.

* * * *

MRS. JAMES MEADE BELDEN is one of the new writers who deserve more than cursory notice. Her first novel, from the press of the Lippincotts, is entitled "Fate at the Door," and shows a good deal of promise. It deals with society life in New York, which, considering that she lives in Syracuse, the author describes excellently, and the whole story reveals a remarkable knowledge of music and of Wall Street. It is tiresome to the average reader to wade through a book containing much musical atmosphere—witness the dreary wastes of "Miss Traümerei." But Mrs. Belden has introduced her technical phrases skilfully, and makes one feel as if he understood all about them.

We are told that the author of "Fate at the Door" is extremely modest, and that her many contributions to periodicals have all appeared under a *nom de guerre*.

* * * *

THE establishment in England of a literary order of merit for the recognition of those who as journalists and writers of books have done good work will undoubtedly be carried through to the Queen's taste. Certainly the knighting of a writer will have its effect on the sale of his books, if not on their composition. The works of a Knight of the Grand Cross, or a Knight Commander, or of even a Knight Companion, will seem to have a sort of personal recommendation from the Queen, and will sell in consequence. A knight of today is only one whose personal merit in this or that art has been recognized by some sovereign. He may emblazon the cover of his book with the insignia of his honor and sign his name with a K. G. C. or any of the other letters of the honorary alphabet, and he will find many readers that he would not have found without the letters and the honors, for, there is no doubt about it, letters and crests and the Queen's honors *are* attractive to the great reading public. But in the writing of his book the insignia will have little weight. It will be a compliment to be thought of with pleasure, though in general the honor will appeal chiefly to the business eye of the publisher.

Sir Walter Besant is the latest man of letters to receive a title, though it is supposed that he was knighted in recognition of his position as a reformer rather than as a tribute to his novels. It is certain that his last work, "In Deacon's Orders," is sufficiently commonplace to substantiate this theory.

His next book, "The Master Craftsman," will be the first to bear the name *Sir* Walter Besant on the title page.

ETCHINGS

THE LITTLE SHOP UNDER THE BRIDGE.

JUST under the bridge, where the people pass and pass and pass between the great cities, there is a little shop so small that it could scarcely be called a shop except in a story. There is not even room for a name above the door, but its purpose is shown by a case at the entrance, where there are many little images and idols exquisitely mended. And it is so conveniently situated under the bridge where the people are passing, that the business done in this shop is said to be the vastest in the world.

A young stranger entered one day, and seeing no one there but Love, who sat on a high stool at the repairing table, he hesitated. "Are you the proprietor?" he asked. "Do you do all this fine repair work?"

Love pushed up the shade that had covered his eyes, and the young stranger saw that he wore a jeweler's glass held by a strap around his head.

"Yes," Love answered; "I am the proprietor. What do you wish to have repaired?"

"This heart," said the young stranger. "It is not mine, you know. I broke it accidentally, and it is such a precious thing that I did not dare to take it to an ordinary jeweler. I was not altogether sure that it was safe to bring it here, and yet I could not return it to its owner in this shape." He held out the fragile pieces in his hand.

Love took them with skilled fingers. "How you could have been careless enough to let an accident happen to anything as beautiful as this is more than I can understand," he said. "Do you know that not the most perfect repairing can ever make it the same heart it was before?"

The stranger met Love's glance, but his face flushed, and he stood silent. Love opened a great book.

"The owner's name?" he asked. "I must know that."

The stranger told it, and Love wrote it in the book.

"Her age?"

"As young as she is beautiful."

"That will not do," said Love. "This record is strictly for purposes of identification. Her age?"

The young stranger knitted his brow. "It is not that I don't want to tell you," he said; "but I have forgotten it. You see I always thought of her as a little girl—until this happened."

"H—m," said Love. "We will have to let your answer stand. Now, as to her looks, is she fair or——"

"Fair?" echoed the stranger. "Did I not say just now that she was beautiful? She is the fairest thing the sun shines on."

Love shook his head and wrote. "Her eyes?"

"Her eyes change so," the stranger explained, "and—she does not like to have me look at them, and——"

Love closed the volume. "I promise you I will be here when she calls," he said, "and of course there can be no mistakes when I am here."

"Then it is all right?" asked the young stranger. "That is all you need to know?"

"Yes, it's all right," said Love; "but she must come in person when she wishes it again."

The stranger lingered. "I do not like to have her come," he said. "I would rather that she should not know, if possible."

"My friend," said Love solemnly, "that much you must pay. Tell her to whom you have brought it, and that it will be perfectly safe with me until she calls. I promise that she will forgive you everything.

"And more is the pity," Love added as the young stranger went out, "that just at my name they should forgive everything."

He hurried to mend the heart, and as the days and the people passed between the great cities, and yet she did not call for it, he placed it with many others in the vaults of the little shop under the bridge, and he kept it for years and years and years.

Marguerite Tracy.

IN CIDER TIME.

EVERY hilltop flung a pennon
Flecked with red or amber stain;
Fiery maples marched like men on
Some embattled Dunsinane.
Sumacs flared, a crimson study,
Of the day I rode with Bess,
With our load so ripe and ruddy,
Toward the bubbling cider press.

When the ardent sunlight caught her
Braided hair and burned it gold,
Fair she looked as Atlas' daughter
Of the famèd isle of old.
Laughter lurked her Cupid lip in,
Though she seemed a maiden meek,
And as tempting as a pippin
Was the flush upon her cheek.

Sweet was the ambrosial vintage
Yielded by the orchard side,
With the autumn's mellow tintage
In the sparkle of its tide.
Yet, with love as lip director,
On the day I rode with Bess
Did I quaff a sweeter nectar
Than the cider from the press!

Clinton Scollard.

A LYRIC OF JOY.

Look, love, along the low hills
The first stars!
God's hand is lighting the watchfires for us,
To last until dawn.

Hark, love, the wild whippoorwills!
Those weird bars,
Full of dark passion, will pierce the dim forest,
All night, on and on,

Till the over brimmed bowl of life spills,
And time mars
The one perfect piece of his handicraft, love's lifetime,
From dewrise till dawn.

Foolish heart, fearful of ills!
Shall the stars
Require a reason, the birds ask a morrow?
Heed thou love alone!

Bliss Carman.

TWO WAYS OF IT.

The little play was over, and Death sat
Upon the new made grave and grinned.
He buried his chin and chuckled low:
The player had suffered—and sinned.

The curtain fell on the act of life; and still
The actor lay: as some fair sun
An angel watched at his head and smiled:
The player had struggled—and won.

Virginia Leila Wentz.

INACTION.

The man who idly sits and thinks,
May sow a nobler crop than corn,
For thoughts are seeds of future deeds,
And when God thought—the world was born!

Harry Romaine.

ENTRANCED.

The wind has hushed its whisperings in rapt forgetfulness,
The brook, reluctant, lingers there, as loath to move along,
The dainty little rubythroat neglects to preen her dress,
And all because a bobolink has lost himself in song!

INCENTIVE.

'Tis well that when the goal is gained
Of one ambition strong,
There is another, not attained,
That urges us along.

Frank H. Sweet.

THISTLEDRIFT.

From her cold lips that careless "No"
Made all life's garden bare;
Ah, from what little seeds may grow
The thorny plant Despair!

Philip Rodney Paulding.

WITCHERY.

Out of the purple drifts,
From the shadow sea of night,
On tides of musk a moth uplifts
Its weary wings of white.

Is it a dream or ghost
Of a dream that comes to me?
Here is the twilight on the coast,
Blue cinctured by the sea,

Fashioned of foam and froth—
And the dream is ended soon.
And, lo, whence came the moon white moth
Comes now the moth white moon!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

HER HOME COMING.

She's coming home from other lands
Across the sea's wide, wondrous breast,
And I shall touch her little hands
When at my side again she stands,
And see her eyes; and that is best!
Straight steered into the glowing west,
Unerring borne where breakers comb,
And all my longings are at rest,
For oh, she's coming home!

Again in that dim lighted room
Where all my dearest memories cling,
I'll find the hyacinth's perfume
And hear, soft stealing through the gloom,
The tender songs she used to sing.
I doubt me much if life can bring
Me brighter hours where'er I roam,
Than those that soon with her shall wing,
For oh, she's coming home!

She's coming home, and all the air
Grows soft as spring when she draws near,
And if my heart recks not of care,
If that one thought makes life so fair,
What will it be when she is here?
Alone with her I deem so dear
My heart grows light as laughing foam,
And even now the skies are clear,
For oh, she's coming home!

O strange, great sea, O fickle wind,
She trusts her frailness unto you;
With her within your arms be kind,
In her dear heart my love is shrined,
So bear her safe, so guide her true;
And, heaven, stretch unclouded, blue,
Above her head your depthless dome,
And guide her all the voyage through,
For oh, she's coming home!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

DEAR LITTLE VERSE.

Dear little verse, the careless eye
And heedless heart will pass thee by,
And never needst thou hope to be
To others as thou art to me.

For lo, I know thy bliss and woe,
Thy shallows, depths, and boundless heights,
How thou wast wrought, patient and slow,
Through crucibles of sleepless nights.

Robert Loveman.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

SOMEWHAT PREMATURE.

"DEMOCRACY is dead!" is the startling cry that has been raised in England by a little knot of political cynics who regard the present fallen estate of Lord Rosebery's party as marking the final and permanent failure of liberalism.

It is true that a wave of what may be termed reaction has recently swept over the chief countries of Europe. France, Germany, Italy, and Belgium have felt it, as well as the British islands. In modern times, when universal education and improved communications have done so much to unify the world, political sentiment is contagious to a marked degree. It spreads in waves that now advance and now recede, though the movement of the tide may meanwhile have been steady, though slow or even imperceptible. There was such a wave in 1848, for instance, which shook every throne in Europe, and washed away prerogatives and pretensions that have never been reasserted. The present day may be one of triumph for the reactionists, but we may remind them that in many European countries the conservatives of today occupy more advanced ground than the liberals of fifty years ago.

From such a slender premise as the election of 338 conservative members out 670 in the British Parliament to infer so tremendous a conclusion as the total downfall of democracy is an instance of mental agility that would be extremely interesting were it not utterly ridiculous.

IT IS BAD FORM.

THERE are few phases of bad form in entertaining so objectionable, so senseless, as "over feeding" your guests. A dinner of endless courses is intolerable. No one enjoys it; no one wants it. To eat it is a crime against one's self—one's stomach, if you please. And people are beginning to learn that their stomachs will not forever stand abuse. There comes a day of reckoning. Every one knows this, and yet every one, when he becomes the host, "puts up" the conventional feast. Did we say every one? Hardly every one, for there are, we are glad to add, a few exceptions—a few people who, sure of their position, are broad enough to be independent. These, rising above conventionality, have cut the *menu* in half. Others will follow them. Good sense, when it once works its way to the surface, will prevail. To prolong a dinner beyond a reasonable point, forcing one course after another upon your guests after the appetite has been satisfied is inanity. It becomes nothing more nor less than a process of genteel stuffing. It means discomfiture and rebellion—rebellion against a conventionality that sanctions such torture, for it is torture to be plied with food and feel obliged to eat it when the stomach protests, and you know that you are deliberately injuring yourself, and all this that you may seem to be appreciative of a lavishness that falls little short of vulgarity.

THE VESTMENTS OF AN APOSTLE.

AN "apostle" of London's socialistic democracy recently landed on these shores clad in the costume which he probably regards as a sort of trademark since, with the characteristic and charming modesty of the typical "apostle," he so unostentatiously wore it in Parliament. Sad to say, on landing here, he found that his trademark did not suit the American market, his cloth cap and knee breeches being regarded as a symbol rather of the haughty aristocrat than of the professional foe of caste.

Had Mr. Carlyle been alive, the incident might have suggested a new chapter of "Sartor Resartus," dealing with the subtle connection between headgear and democracy, or between the length of a man's trousers and his standing as an "apostle." The historian of the "philosophy of clothes" might have noticed the charges brought, at about the same time, against the Governor of Connecticut, who was accused of wearing too gorgeous apparel. To go back a little further, he might have found food for reflection in the celebrated shirt sleeved speech delivered by a candidate for the governorship of the Empire State, and might have traced the political decadence of a former Colorado Senator to his thousand dollar night shirts.

As civilized man walks abroad, he presents to the world's critical eye several square feet of clothes and but a few inches of epidermis. It is not strange that the apparel should oft be regarded as proclaiming the man, and that the politician, whose success or failure depends upon his neighbors' estimation, should need to take thought wherewithal he shall be clothed.

DOES UNCLE SAM PAY ENOUGH?

THE present attorney general of the United States having been criticised for maintaining his connection with his law firm in Cincinnati, it is answered that not one of his predecessors, since the foundation of the government, has wholly abandoned private business upon taking office. Besides this, there is the increasing impossibility of living in suitable style upon the salary of $8,000 a year which Uncle Sam provides for his cabinet ministers.

In spite of the precedent to the contrary, it

would seem as if the headship of the legal department of the United States government was an office that should have all the time and energy of its holder. It is certainly unsatisfactory that its salary should be such as to render this impracticable. Uncle Sam needs the services of the very best brains in the country, and he ought, it may be urged, to pay them as much as they could earn in other employ. Does his salary list need revision?

LETTER WRITING.

As between the letter and the novel, the letter has given to the world the more pleasure. It comes closer to one—comes from husband, wife, father, mother, child, friend, lover. Here lies an interest different and deeper than that felt in the hero or the heroine of a novel. And it is this difference that makes the letter queen. The following from the New York *Tribune* may be considered with advantage :

Notwithstanding the educational facilities of the day and the increased amount of culture, very few people write a really good letter, or seem to have the power, when separated from their friends, of giving an idea of their daily life, or manage to infuse any of their own personality into their epistles. A good letter should leave the recipient with the feeling that he has actually been talking with the writer, and should consist not of meager and unsatisfactory mention of events or, what is even worse, descriptions of places, but of details of the daily life of the individual and purely personal chatter. Nothing is more annoying or disappointing on opening, with feelings of pleasant anticipation, a thick packet from abroad than to find sheet after sheet filled with guide book platitudes, which are utterly conventional and uninteresting. One feels that, notwithstanding the writer has labored conscientiously and painfully to write a long letter, he or she has utterly failed in establishing that mysterious *rapport* between parted friends that the right sort of correspondence should evoke.

Pray remember, therefore, fair traveler, that every average library has a plentiful supply of books of travel containing far better descriptions of foreign lands than you could write, books which are seldom, if ever, opened ; and that it is of you and your friends and associates that we care to hear. Do not be afraid to dot your paper plentifully with capital "I's"; for that, after all, is the subject matter that interests your readers.

A wooden letter is a shock to the recipient. His expectations are quickened. He fancies he will see something of his friend—feel something of his presence—his nature. Instead he merely has a glimpse of environments—sees not the friend, but a lot of external things in which he has no earthly interest. This is not letter writing ; not what the reader craves.

THE COST OF WAR.

A MEMBER of the French Academy of Medicine has published the result of an investigation of his country's waste of human life during the wars of the last century. He calculates that the struggles, foreign and civil, of the first republic, and Napoleon's long fight against the forces of Europe, cost the lives of 4,100,000 French soldiers. Under the restored monarchy and the second republic the exhausted country enjoyed a period of comparative quiet, losing only 215,000 men in war. The second empire renewed the slaughter, and 1,600,000 Frenchmen perished in the Crimea, in Italy, in Mexico, and in the great struggle with Germany. In all, during a hundred years, six million men have fallen in war.

These figures utterly dwarf the losses sustained by the United States in all the wars since the birth of the Union. In the four years of our civil war, bloody conflict as it was, the losses on both sides, from wounds, disease, and other causes, were only about half a million. Perhaps 150,000 additional would be a fair estimate for all our other wars, making a total of little more than one fifth of France's loss during a shorter period.

Of war and pestilence, the two great scourges of the human race, the latter is to a certain extent a blessing in disguise ; it carries off the weak and the unfit, leaving the sounder constitutions to propagate a stronger type. But war is utterly cruel and unnatural ; it reverses the selective process, leaving the weak and the unfit in safety, while it immolates the flower of a nation's manhood upon the lurid altar of military glory.

MILLIONAIRE YACHTSMEN.

MOST millionaires, probably, in a maritime city like New York, at one period of their life or another own a yacht. The public, however, generally accords the name of "yachtsman" to these wealthy skippers with something of a sneer. There is an idea that they take up the sport simply as a passing fad, or as a means of ostentation, rather than from any real liking for the sea, or any willingness to endure the toil and discomforts that even the millionaire must face who sails his sloop or schooner. They have the money—a very necessary element in yachting on anything but the smallest scale—and that is all, people often say; they have no other element of real seamanship. On their own craft they are merely privileged passengers, the work being done by a hired captain who "runs" the yacht, "bosses" the crew, and gives all necessary orders.

Now it so happens that all this is far from being a correct statement of the case. Like a good many other popular impressions, this particular one is decidedly unfair. There are exceptions, of course, but it is a fact that as a rule the rich New York yachtsman is a competent sailor. Were he not, he would speedily find that there is little pleasure in the ownership of a sailing yacht. He gets his skill by going through a regular course of practical instruction, and he demonstrates it more frequently than his critics imagine.

In several American seaport towns there are private nautical schools specially organized for amateur yachtsmen. They are generally presided over by old sea captains, and naval officers and other experts are among their instructors. There is one in New York that has

graduated most of the millionaire seamen of the metropolis, its head being Commander Howard Patterson, formerly admiral of the Haytian navy. It usually has thirty or forty pupils; most of them are New Yorkers, but some hail from elsewhere. Several have come from the cities on the great lakes, where yachting has made a great advance in the last few years. The course of study is long and really laborious. It is recorded that Chester W. Chapin, now reputed one of the best fore and aft sailors in yachting circles, attended for five seasons. Commodore Gerry studied still longer, and afterwards passed the regular governmental examination, qualifying as a captain. Henry M. Flagler, of Standard Oil fame, and owner of the Columbia, Anson Phelps Stokes, and Colonel Delancy Kane and other well known graduates.

It is an easy thing—sometimes—to be a millionaire, but to be a millionaire yachtsman requires study, industry, and some self negation. It is only fair to recognize that these qualities are part of the contribution that some of our wealthiest citizens have made to the magnificent and expensive sport.

MEMORIALS OF GENIUS.

THERE is constantly before the public some project to purchase and hold as a national possession the house where a famous man has lived. In New York a society has been organized for the "preservation of scenic and historic places." In Tennessee a band of patriotic women have purchased the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's old home; and in England a fund has been collected to pay for Carlyle's old house in Chelsea, that it may be held as a shrine for literary pilgrims.

As to scenic beauties, all intelligent people will certainly approve of their preservation, even though a little toll may be taken from commercial interests. No less strongly does patriotism center about those historic buildings to which we are linked by great national events or by association with the giants of the race. Men have an instinctive feeling, which they sometimes call a superstition, that places retain, and can give out again, like some subtle perfume, something of the forces and emotions of which they have been the theater. A young man chooses an old university for his *Alma Mater*, in preference to a new one, because he believes in the inspiration given by the minds that have congregated there, and left some echoes of themselves in its halls.

Yet there is a limit to this sentiment. Few would care for the preservation of a commonplace dwelling in which some man of the second order of greatness had once lived, and whose walls might perhaps have sheltered a dozen other tenants since his day; especially when, as is often the case, the environment has so changed that the original owner would hardly recognize his home. Take, for instance, S. F. B. Morse's New York residence on Twenty Second Street, now surrounded and overshadowed by commercial buildings. But such a house as the Hermitage—typical of a great American and of an age of American history—is well worth the effort and the cost of its preservation. Its needless destruction would be widely felt as a misfortune even by this age that measures too many things by the standard of dollars and cents.

CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

IT is now possible to secure the B. A., and consequently the M. A., degree at one of the two great English universities—that of Cambridge—without a knowledge of Greek. It is only indirectly, so to speak, that the privilege is extended to the scholar who has not learned the tongue of Hellas. To the Cambridge undergraduate its study is still compulsory; but the regular degrees have been opened to the graduates of other universities who may come to Cambridge for post graduate courses, and who—as at Harvard, for instance—may never have taken up Greek as a part of their curriculum.

In the war between the assailants and the defenders of classical scholarship as the basis of a university education, the trend of opinion seems to be rather in favor of the former.

THE SPECULATIVE INSTINCT.

THERE are few race courses in British India; pool rooms and policy shops are unknown there; lottery sharps do not vex the postal authorities, and the guileless natives have no taste for poker and faro. Yet the great Asiatic peninsula is not a happy land where gambling does not exist—a paradise modeled upon the ideals of our associations for the promotion of public virtue. There is betting in every bazaar, the favorite form of wager being based upon the chances of rain. The government, in its paternal care for morals, is said to be considering the question seriously, and to have found it a difficult one. Gambling upon horse races it might stop by abolishing the races, but it cannot prevent the uncertainties of the weather from arousing the speculative instinct that seems to be innate in almost all branches of the human race. Man seems to be a born gambler, nearly everywhere, and it is hard to reform him.

LAW IN THEORY AND FACT.

THAT all laws should either be enforced or repealed is undeniably a sound principle; yet to follow it out to the end would entail some unexpected consequences. What a stir would be created, for example, by a full assessment of property for taxation!

How far apart the legal theory and existing facts now are, may be evidenced by one sample fact—in New York, a city with billions of wealth and many hundreds of millionaire citizens, there are just two individuals—the heads of the two branches of the Astor family—who pay taxes upon as much as a million dollars of personal property.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A MAGAZINE OF STANDARD SIZE.

MUNSEY'S *is the only magazine in the world of* **standard size (128 pages)** *that sells for ten cents a copy, and one dollar a year.* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, *with its* **128 reading pages** *is just* **fourteen and two-sevenths per cent** *larger than the magazine of* **112 reading pages** *and it is just* **thirty three and one-third per cent larger** *than the magazine with only* **96 reading pages.** *The* **112 page** *magazine, to sell at the same ratio as* MUNSEY'S, *should bring but* **eight and three-quarter cents,** *while the* **96 page** *magazine should bring but* **seven and one-half cents.**

A NEW VOLUME AND A NEW YEAR.

The dramatic growth of a magazine — The record of two years' dealing with the "impossible" — A move that has revolutionized magazine publishing — What MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *has done for the people.*

WITH this issue MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE begins a new volume and enters upon a new year of its existence as a magazine. It was just two years ago that we faced an impossible problem. Precedent shed no light upon it. The annals of publishing told always the same story, disaster, disaster, disaster, to the man whose soul led him beyond the narrow channels of monopoly—whose nature lifted him above conventionality. We were as familiar with this state of things as any one. We had seen the wrecks strewn upon the shore and heard the ceaseless grind of monopoly's wheels. We knew the power of conservatism, and what it meant to break away from it. There was no light anywhere save that of faith—faith in the sober intelligence of the people. In this we believed; on this we were willing to risk all, because we knew that we were right—that our price was right, our stand against the middleman was right, and our theory of an up to date magazine was right.

This is a good time to look back upon the situation that faced us in the hot, close days of the waning summer of 1893. Then the world had never dreamed of a magazine of standard size and standard excellence at ten cents. Indeed, under the conditions that existed then, such a publication was impossible. The entire periodical business of the country was handled by the middleman. He could make or break a publisher. In his omnipotence he offered us four and one half cents for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. And this, after many interviews, was his ultimatum. He had offered five cents if the magazine should weigh less than half a pound, but as it was to exceed that weight, the price stood at four and one half cents.

A standard magazine at this price was impossible; five and one half cents to the middleman and retailer out of ten cents was ridiculous—robbery. But what could be done? The middleman was absolute. He had practically said that no first rate magazine should ever be sold in America at ten cents, and his word was law. His voice reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The whole country was under his eye, and his agents everywhere responded to his wishes as one man. No publisher who had ever attempted to reach the retail trade direct had lived. He had been ground to pieces under the heel of this mighty agency. We record this with no feelings of animosity. The management of this gigantic concern are all good fellows—first rate fellows. Personally we like them very much. It is as representatives of a tremendous monopoly that we speak of them. It is not unlike all other concerns which have, or think they have, absolute command of the situation. They were doing business to make money—to make all they could legitimately. In this they are right from their point of view. But our point of view was not the same as theirs. Our interests and theirs did not run parallel; the ten cent magazine and their interests did not run parallel.

To enter into a fight with so powerful a concern seemed to call for a capital running up into the millions. But, just then, there were no millions lying around within our reach. Our capital was all on the wrong side of the ledger. No one believed in the proposition save ourselves. It was ridiculed. We were regarded as insane. This is the way matters stood with us just two years ago; this is the situation we had to face, and we faced it as we like to see men face serious problems, with reliance on themselves and a thorough belief in their cause.

We returned to our office after receiving the ultimatum of the middleman, and straightway wrote a notice for the September issue saying that beginning with the next number—the October number—the price of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE would be ten cents a copy and one dollar by the year. Then we wrote to our friend the middleman, telling him what we had done, adding that as there was so wide a difference between the price he was willing to pay and what we regarded as a right price, there was little likelihood of our doing business together; but that in the event of his having occasion to fill any orders he could have the magazine at six and one half cents.

This letter brought forth no response.

We notified the retail trade of our action,

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to* MUNSEY'S *through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.*

saying that dealers could buy direct of us at seven cents, plus transportation, and that it was doubtful if the magazine could be had through the usual channels of the wholesaler. We sent out eight thousand of these notifications. They brought back less than eight responses. We continued on, however, getting out our edition just as if there were some way in view to market it. Our net sales of the September number, the last at twenty five cents, and the last as well handled by the middleman, were about two thousand copies. Notwithstanding these facts we printed an edition of twenty thousand for October.

The day of issue was drawing dangerously near. We then wrote another letter to the middleman, saying that as we had made a better magazine than we had at first intended, we found that we must charge him seven cents instead of six and one half cents, as per our former letter. This time we were honored with a response. A prominent official called with the purpose of making terms. His concern had given more thought to the matter, and had concluded that it was desirable for us to try and get together. In a word, they would pay us a higher price than at first named.

"No," we said, "you forced us to make the break—forced us into this position, and now we will see what there is in it. You had the chance to make terms with us; it is too late now."

Our twenty thousand edition was still on our hands, and no orders. The day of issue came, and still no orders. But we had something to say to the public. We had been making a magazine for the public, and through the columns of the press we told them what we had been doing; what we had for them. We interested them. They wanted to see the magazine. They asked their dealer for it. He hadn't it, but would order it. He did so—ordering from the middleman. His order received no attention. The customer came back for his magazine. The dealer was sorry, but his order had not been filled. He wrote again, and again no response. The customer came a third time, and no magazine. He was annoyed. Every day he saw a new advertisement of MUNSEY'S. The advertisement was large and brief. It said half a dozen words, but they were the right words. They struck the eye, and left an impress. Every morning he read "*No middleman; no monopoly.*" His curiosity was up. He was determined to see MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at all hazards. Our advertisements read "On all news stands," and yet his dealer failed him. In fact, no dealer had it. This made him want it all the more. He went to his dealer the fourth time, and still no magazine.

Matters took a turn. We were not present. We did not hear the conversation. At all events the dealer abandoned the middleman and wrote to us direct for a copy of the magazine. He did not write in a cheerful mood. He would not be bothered by sending direct to us; would not handle the magazine unless he could get it through his regular wholesale agency. Neither would he handle it at the price, and above all things he would not send money in advance. This was conservatism. This was what the middleman had relied upon—what had killed every man who had hitherto ventured beyond the grasp of the wholesaler. It was natural that the dealer should take this position. Our plan was radical, and ten cents was a ridiculous price for a magazine. It meant less to the dealers, he argued. He was not in sympathy with us. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE had no circulation, and he had no time to bother with dead stock. He was in business to make money, to handle the things that sold. Uncertainties did not appeal to him. And he was right—right all the way through—as right then in his disinclination to handle the magazine as he is now, and has been, in his splendid handling of it since it began to make a place for itself—began to show such selling qualities as he had never in his life seen before.

We have recorded this much about the newsdealer's position, as well as the position of the middleman, to show the conditions that confronted us. But all the while we were relying confidently upon the sober sense of the people. We went on without swerving to the right or to the left from the lines we had laid down. Every day our advertising forced itself upon the reader when he took up his morning paper; every day we were busy on our November issue, and yet barely a copy of October was sold.

But ten days later the sun had broken through the clouds. Copies of MUNSEY'S had made their way into a number of communities, and forthwith there came back a flood of orders. In a few days our edition of twenty thousand was exhausted, and another of ten thousand was on the press; and before it was off, this second edition was exhausted, and a third ran the sales for the month up to forty thousand. November followed with sixty thousand, and December with one hundred thousand. From a sale of two thousand in September, we shot forward to a sale of two hundred and fifty five thousand in the following September, and six months later—in March of the present year—we reached the magnificent figures of five hundred thousand.

This is the history of the ten cent magazine—*the history of how we made the ten cent magazine possible.*

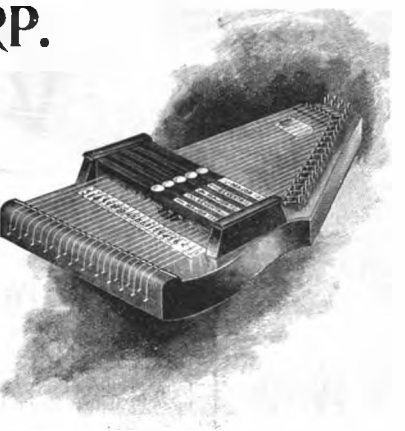
BUSINESS IS LOOKING UP.

THAT business is looking up is evidenced by an examination of our advertising pages. There is no more accurate barometer of the condition of trade and of the feeling of business men than the handsome advertising pages of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

As it is the leading magazine in the world in circulation so also it is recognized as the leading medium for advertisers—a medium through which manufacturers and business houses may tell the people—the wide awake, up-to-date people—what they are doing; what they have for them.

THE AUTOHARP.

Autoharp Cases.
Autoharp Hammers.
Autoharp Bags.
Autoharp Strings.
Autoharp Brushes.



Take your choice. While these Autoharps are only two of our many varieties illustrated in our beautiful story, "How the Autoharp Captured the Family" (sent free to MUNSEY readers), they are the popular ones. The prices are just right, and the capacity of the instruments is such that they are sure to give satisfaction. We guarantee satisfaction or money returned.

Why should you get an Autoharp? Because you can learn to play the popular music—Operas, Hymns, Waltzes, Marches, Galops, Mazurkas, Schottisches, Yorker College Songs—almost at sight. No teacher is necessary, as our instruction book is complete. Our music is in a new figure notation. You do not have to know a single note of the old system. It is easily tuned, and keeps in tune a long time. Never gets out of order.

Style 2 3-4 (Upper illustration). Two keys—F and C allowing beautiful modulation. It has 23 strings and five bars producing the following five chords: C, F and Bb Major and C and G Seventh. Its appearance is handsome—imitation ebony bars and bar supports, forming a contrast to the light redwood sounding board. It measures 18¾ inches long by 10 inches wide. Packed in a nice box, including instruction book containing 22 pieces of music, a music rack, imitation tortoise shell pick, brass spiral pick, and a tuning key. **Price, $3.00.**

Style 2 7-8 (Lower illustration). Two keys, F and C, with the relative Minors, allowing many most beautiful modulations and musical effects. Has 28 strings, seven bars, producing the following seven chords: C, F and Bb Major, C and G Seventh, D and A Minor. In appearance same as 2 3-4. The size, however, is larger, measuring 20 inches long and 11 1-2 inches broad. This gives more volume, and as it has more strings and chord bars, should be very seriously considered. Packed in a nice box, including instruction book containing 24 pieces of music, a music rack, imitation tortoise shell pick, brass spiral pick, and a tuning key. **Price, $7.50.**

Money must be sent with order. Express prepaid to any Express Office in U. S.

Send for Catalogue. Mailed free. Address all mail to

ALFRED DOLGE & SON,

Dept. M, 110 East 13th St., NEW YORK CITY.

RIVALS.

Style 2 3-4 (upper illustration) versus style 2 7-8 (lower illustration).

These two popular styles have run so well together in public favor that we can hardly tell which is preferred. Certain it is that either instrument gives far more pleasure than any other musical instrument of twice its price, except the higher priced autoharps themselves.

Autoharp Picks.
Autoharp Tuning Keys.
Autoharp Pitch Pipes.
Autoharp Buttons.
Autoharp Music.

Latest Publications.

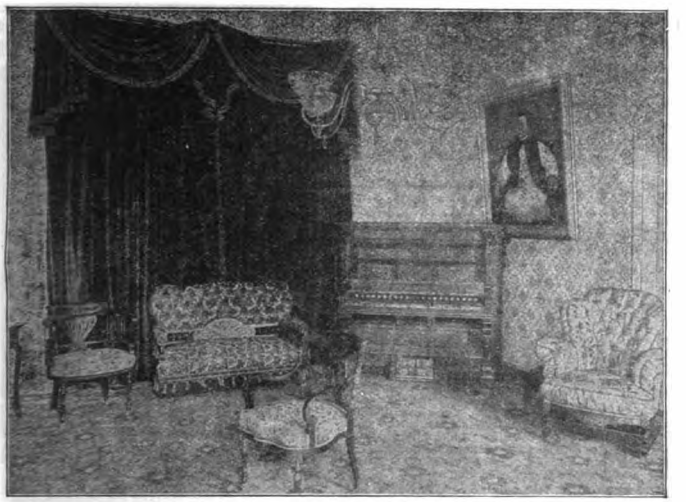
No. 386*d*. Gate City Guard March (Victor Herbert.)
No. 387*d*. Salute to Atlanta March " "
No. 388*d*. Belle of Pittsburg March " "

12 Popular Songs, all for Autoharp No. 2 3-4 or 2 7-8.

*No. 368. My Pearl is a Bowery Girl.
*No. 370. Pretty Little Mary.
No. 371. { Frohe Botschaft. / Schier Dreissig Jahre Bist Du Alt. / Guter Mond.
*No. 372. In the Old Church Yard.
*No. 373*d*. The Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin.
No. 375*d*. The Widow's Plea for Her Son.
No. 377. Amaryllis.
*No. 383. We'd Better Bide a Wee.
*No. 384. The Girl Who Ran Away.
*No. 385. Her Eyes Don't Shine Like Diamonds.

$1.00 per dozen; to each. *d* indicates double sheet, 20c. each. * indicates both words and music.

NEW YORK RETAIL STORE, 38 EAST NINETEENTH ST.



Interior of Mgr. Satolli's Music-Room—(showing Æolian).

Washington, D. C., Nov. 4th, 1894.

THE ÆOLIAN CO.

Gentlemen—Shortly after my arrival in America two years ago, I was fortunate in hearing in Philadelphia the beautiful music of the "Æolian" which belonged to His Grace the Archbishop of Philadelphia. And with characteristic generosity he kindly presented it to me. It has been daily a source of great pleasure to me; and it would be impossible for me to find any more ennobling relief after the serious hours of study and official duties.

The Grand Æolian unites the greatest perfection in sweetness, in variety, and in strength of tones; with marvellous ease the most complicated and the most ravishing harmonies can be produced.

This is an age rich in practical inventions; and these seem to be crowned, as it were, by the Æolian. It will become, I am confident, in a short time a most useful element in the intellectual and moral training of families, and consequently of the greatest utility to society in general.

Respectfully yours, *FRANCIS, ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI,*
Apostolic Delegate.

Hasn't it ever occurred to you in reading our advertisements that we offer remarkably strong evidence in support of what we claim for the Æolian? The above illustration showing the Æolian in Mgr. Satolli's music-room and the accompanying endorsement are quite remarkable when you think of it.

Mr. John Smith, of Oklahoma, can endorse anything from a patent medicine to a grand piano without injury to himself and without much help to the article endorsed. But a man of Mgr. Satolli's prominence cannot and will not give his approval to anything that he does not thoroughly understand and heartily believe in.

Why does Mgr. Satolli permit us to publish a picture of his parlor, showing the Æolian, and a strong letter of endorsement? Why do the best musicians everywhere praise the instrument unreservedly? Why did Queen Victoria buy one?

Are not these pertinent and interesting questions? There can be but one answer:

Because the instrument has absolute merit and appeals to cultured music lovers.

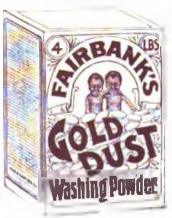
Call at any of the following addresses and hear the Æolian played. If you cannot conveniently do so, permit us to send you a book describing it.

THE ÆOLIAN CO., 18 West 23d St., N. Y.

LIST OF AGENTS.

THE M. STEINERT & SONS CO., Providence, R. I.; Boston, Mass.; Worcester, Mass.; Lowell, Mass.; Bridgeport, Conn.; New Haven, Conn.; Springfield, Mass.; Portland, Me.
C. J. HEPPE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.
LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.
KOHLER & CHASE, San Francisco, Cal.
L. GRUNEWALD & CO., New Orleans, La.
SANDERS & STAYMAN, Baltimore, Md.; Washington, D. C.
HENRICKS MUSIC CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.
F. J. SCHWANKOVSKY, Detroit, Mich.
THE B. DREHER'S SONS CO., Cleveland, O.
CLUETT & SONS, Albany, N. Y.; Troy, N. Y.
D. H. BALDWIN & CO., Cincinnati, O.; Columbus, O.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Louisville, Ky.
F. KNOLL, Buffalo, N. Y.
THE WHITNEY & CURRIER CO, Toledo, O.
LANGE & MINTON, Burlington, Ia.
J. W. JENKINS SONS CO., Kansas City, Mo.
THOS. GOGGAN & BRO., Galveston, Tex.
J. W. MARTIN & BRO., Rochester, N. Y.
THE PRATTE PIANO CO., Montreal, Canada.
A. B. CAMPBELL CO., Jacksonville, Fla.
WALTER D. MOSES & CO., Richmond, Va.
FOSTER & WALDO, Minneapolis, Minn.

SOMEBODY must wash the dishes—whose lot will it be? This is a three-times-a-day problem in many a household. The one the duty falls on should know that GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER will make the task a light one. Gold Dust quickly cuts the grease and makes pots and kettles clean. Will you use it? A large package costs but 25c. Sold by dealers everywhere. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago. St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.



INDIGESTION.

THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF NINE-TENTHS OF OUR SUFFERING.

The miseries of indigestion are universal, sparing neither age, sex nor condition. Gradually accumulating, no one feels the approach of its nameless horrors. Probably a favorite dish received more attention than it deserved and a little discomfort was the result. Such impositions, more or less frequent, accentuate this condition, while the gases from the decay of food in the stomach are absorbed by the coats of that delicate organ, and cause so much disturbance at last that Nature asserts her power and makes an effort to rid herself of the load put upon the system. Pains, more or less severe, are the consequence, and the man is said to be sick. Why? Because of the pains. In reality he only has the pains because Nature is trying to make him well. They are only an evidence of the desperate struggle she is making to get rid of the disease, and not the disease itself. Remember—

IT DOES NOT HURT TO GET SICK.

It Does Hurt to Get Well.

When in pain, a man, considering himself sick, sends for a physician who gives him a remedy for the pain—a mere relief from that paroxysm. This is a direct slap in Nature's face, and she resents it by causing the pain to return in severer form as soon as the effect of the medicine has worn off. Next time a larger dose is required, or a new prescription is given, but always along the same line—to kill the pain. Meanwhile the last state of that man is worse than the first. The trouble increases, for no attempt has been made to remove it. The stomach becomes more and more disordered, and the other organs, bearing part of the burden, also become affected. If they, too, happen from any cause to be weak, the trouble shifts to the weakest. Usually the liver becomes torpid, and constipation ensues. As the food eaten is not digested, a smaller amount is usually taken, so that the bowels, not regularly filled, cannot be regularly emptied. Perhaps the kidneys are not able to carry off the waste matter and it gets into the blood. If so, rheumatism racks the muscles and joints. Or the muscles, supporting the organs peculiar to the female, lose their tone, allowing displacement, ulceration and other tortures deplorably too common. Menstruation is difficult, painful, too profuse or wanting altogether.

Of course, these effects of the same first cause, act and react on each other, and the case goes from bad to worse. The daily waste from daily work is not repaired. The storehouses of vitality—the nerves and spinal cord—gradually give out their supply, until, in the effort to repair the damage and accumulate a furthur reserve, the horrors of sciatica and neuralgia make themselves felt. All this time the only effort made is for relief—to kill pain. Morphine and such drugs are employed in ever-increasing doses, locking up the secretions, and always, without any exception, making a bad matter worse. Very occasionally, in utter despair, he quits all medication, and to his delight finds that Nature, left to herself, is able to repair the waste and restore him to health. Too often, however, the case is beyond hope, and he dies, another example of treating effects for causes.

Recognizing that the All Wise did not put the spontaneous cause of disease about us on every side, and then leave us to our own devices to ransack earth, sea and sky for mere remedies for pain, we present in the Electropoise a treatment that goes back to first principles. We know that pain is merely the evidence of the desperate struggle Nature is making to restore the normal conditions in the system. It is not disease—a bad symptom, needing to be repressed—an evidence of getting sick, but on the contrary, it is an evidence of getting well—a good sign—and to be borne, if bearable. **Imperfect digestion means simply less nutrition and a consequent loss of vitality.** The gases from decaying food are positive in their electrical quality and cause disease. With the Electropoise we cause the negative elements, so abundant in the atmosphere, to be attracted into the body in sufficient quantity to consume the accumulation of combustible matter stored up by the imperfect action of the vital organs. As life is only combustion of the fuel furnished from the food, an actual increase of vitality comes from its use. It is with this increase of vitality that Nature is able to subdue the cause of the trouble so that relief comes promptly—always in the direction of cure—and perseverance brings complete restoration of health that was in hopeless ruin. We pay no attention to parts—do not treat symptoms—but, asserting that a man lives by the same force from the cradle to the grave, we work on that force and in a perfect whole find perfect parts.

Only two reports can be printed here; write for descriptive booklet of the Electropoise, it contains many others.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

Yorkville, S. C., Aug. 14, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—For the past five years my wife has been a sufferer from dyspepsia. So completely did the disease make a wreck of

her former self that life was almost despaired of. Her nervous system was almost entirely destroyed, and the slightest noise would throw her into a nervous spasm, which would last for hours. Medical skill failed to bring relief.

Through the recommendation of an eminent divine we were induced to try the Electropoise. After a persistent use of the instrument, the effect has been wonderful. Her nervous system has been restored to its almost normal condition; her digestion is wonderfully improved; she is rapidly gaining in flesh, and, upon the whole, is making a rapid recovery, which speaks volumes for the wonderful curative powers of the Electropoise, as her case was considered hopeless. If any are skeptical on the subject, let them try the Electropoise, and its powers will dispel all doubts.

Yours truly,

W. M. PROPST.

Manager York Enterprise.

Mr. Propst says in a letter dated December 18, 1894: "There are no new developments in our use of the Electropoise: we still have the utmost confidence in it, and never let an opportunity pass for speaking a good word in its behalf. Mrs. Propst is a substantial, living testimony to its curative powers."

DR. W. H. BOOLE.

West New Brighton, S. I., July 11, 1894.

For more than ten years I was a subject of chronic dyspepsia, which gave rise to many other aggravating complaints, especially affecting the heart with severe pains. I used the most approved remedies but steadily grew worse.

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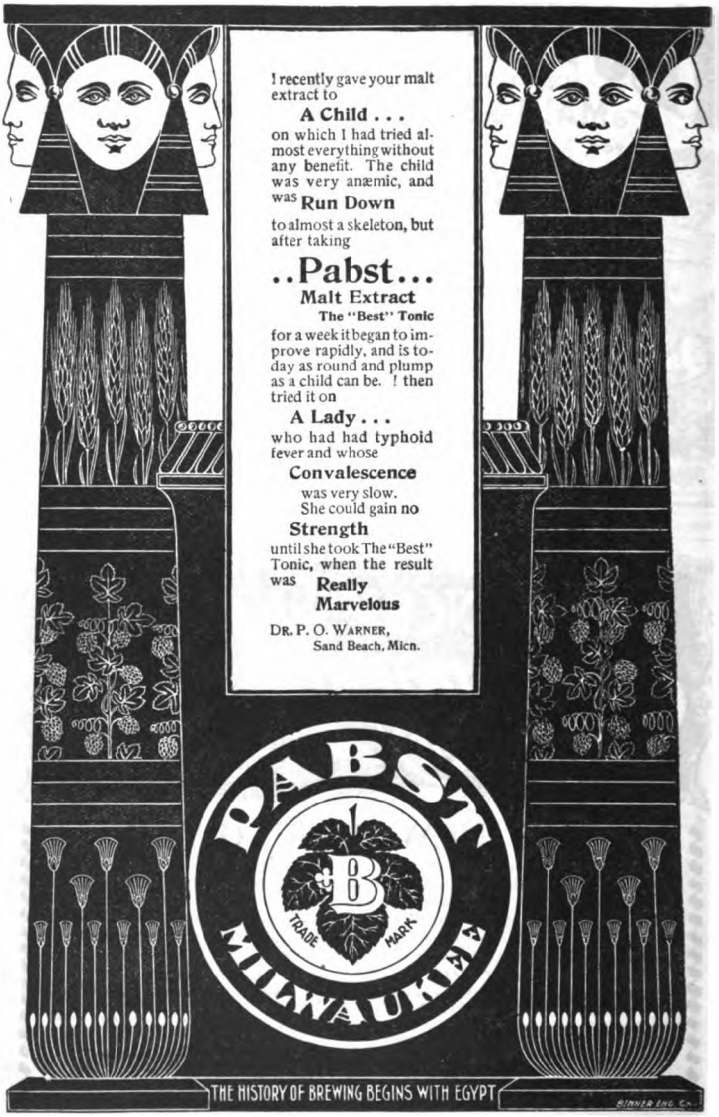
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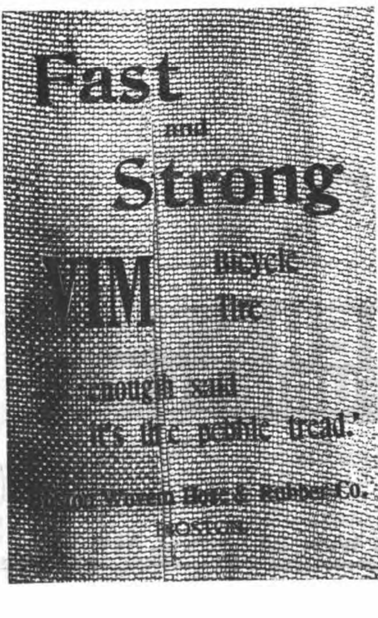

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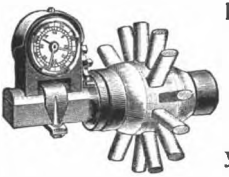

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