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Peroration of the Address Delivered by Daniel Webster, June 17, 1843, at the Dedication of the Monument That Now Marks the Scene of the Famous Revolutionary Struggle.

WE have indulged in gratifying recollections of the past, in the prosperity and pleasures of the present, and in high hopes for the future. But let us remember that we have duties and obligations to perform, corresponding to the blessings which we enjoy. Let us remember the trust, the sacred trust, attaching to the rich inheritance which we have received from our fathers. Let us feel our personal responsibility, to the full extent of our power and influence, for the preservation of the principles of civil and religious liberty. And let us remember that it is only religion, and morals, and knowledge, that can make men respectable and happy under any form of government. Let us hold fast the great truth that communities are responsible as well as individuals; that no government is respectable which is not just; that without unspotted purity of public faith, without sacred public principle, fidelity and honor—no mere forms of government, no machinery of laws, can give dignity to political society. In our day and generation let us seek to raise and improve the moral sentiment, so that we may look, not for a degraded, but for an elevated and improved future. And when both we and our children shall have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, may love of country—and pride of country—glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended! And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected—there shall rise, from every youthful breast, the ejaculation—"Thank God, I—I also—am an American."

The Latest Viewpoints of Men Worth While

American Women Unsparingly Criticized by Emil Reich, the Platonist—Dr. Woods Hutchinson Shows the Importance of Common Sense in Answering the Question of What to Eat—Helen Keller Pictures the Pathetic Sadness of Being Blind—Senator Lodge, District-Attorney Jerome, Norman Hapgood, and Attorney-General Hadley Discuss Our Economic Ills—How the Late Lafcadio Hearn Worshiped Art—Together With Important Opinions from Dr. C. A. Eastman, Earl Grey, Secretary Root, Secretary Taft, W. J. Bryan, and Others.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

FEMININE RULE MAY DOOM OUR COUNTRY.

American Women, Though Beautiful, Are Like the Spartans in Their Desire to Dominate the American Man.

DR. EMIL REICH has been lecturing to fashionable London on such universally fascinating themes as woman and love. According to the news despatches, so great has been the popularity of his talks that there have not been seats enough to accommodate his titled hearers, and at one lecture the Duchess of Portland sat on the floor. He has said of "Love and Personality":

Personality is always a mystery with its antithetically mingled elements in man and woman. Women have loved wrongly and known it, were perfectly aware of it—they only know also that they were helpless to avoid it; the desire of their lives has been gratified, something has happened.

What was there about George Sand, save perhaps pretty good eyes, to send such men as Alfred de Musset and Friedrich Chopin absolutely crazy? Nothing interesting about her—even her unattractiveness enhanced by her constant smoking. Yet she could inspire the "Prelude," which Chopin composed on seeing her approach in a garden in Minorca—the greatest piece of music ever compressed into a single page.

Goethe's Gretchen, the little bourgeoise, without apparent attractiveness, yet inspiring his mighty genius—what is this mystery of man and woman? The beauty of nations differs very much. The Latins are less beautiful than the Anglo-Saxons. The angularity of the North German woman is notorious; an uncharming person. Why? It has nothing whatever to do with race. The growth of the Hanseatic cities brought great wealth in North Germany; money-bags married money-bags; the result was a people of severely plain aspect. There are not many money-bags in America, although there are many money-bags in the hands of a few.

American Men Marry for Love.

The Americans are a beautiful race; the American is insulted if mention of dowry is made in his wedding arrangements. He marries because he loves the woman and she him. Hence the American people have become exceedingly beautiful. Then the facilities for divorce presented in the United States are an important factor in the beautification process. Love is really at the bottom of it all—not money-bags or race, but love.

The French are always talking about "l'amour! l'amour!" but really there is no "amour" there at all—people generally

talk most about what they haven't got or don't know. Yes, indeed, so rare is "l'amour" in France that it accounts for the decline in facial beauty of the French woman—not in movement, for in movement she excels the world, but in face. Rome and Greece were ruined by treating marriage as a matter of business.

Complementary to Dr. Reich's praise of the American woman's beauty is his criticism of her love of domination. In that characteristic he reads the doom of America. We quote his reasons from the New York *American:*

Nations differ in nothing so much as in their women. The French, English, or American woman is easily distinguishable. The American woman is totally different from the English woman. So is the French woman, though the difference in this case is not so intense; so is the German woman; so is the woman of Italy. The American woman, while differing from all her European sisters of to-day, bears a marked resemblance to the woman of ancient Sparta. The Spartans resembled the present-day Americans; the Athenians were like the English.

I do not blame, I do not praise; I only say, and I say emphatically, that the American woman is not womanly; she is not a woman. The whole of the United States is under petticoat government, and man is practically non-existent.

In America woman commands man. Man does not count there. The last man that came to America was Christopher Columbus. To-day man has no existence; he does not talk in the drawing-room, but is a dummy. The woman lives one life, the man another, and they are totally distinct from each other.

The Best Complexion in the World.

She is as new as a man born to-day is new; she is made up of restlessness and fidgetiness long before she is twenty-five. But she is very beautiful: she has the best complexion in the world—better than that of any European woman. She is also well built and handsome. You see fine specimens of the American woman in Kentucky and Massachusetts.

A few miles distant from the Athens of old—what would be but a short railway journey in these days—lay Sparta. The Spartans were imperialists, and they wanted to conquer the whole of Greece. The Spartan woman, as I have remarked, was like the American woman of to-day. She never dreamt of lovers; her idea was nothing less than conquering man; she never thought of him as more than a fellow athlete.

The Spartan Woman Ruined Sparta.

There was no womanhood in them, no more than in so many sticks. The Athenians said that they were very fine, but there was nothing feminine about them. They were far richer, too, than the men, for the men went to the wars and died, and the women thus became rich. Aristotle said that the Spartan woman was sure to ruin Sparta very quickly. And so she did, for we find Sparta trying to rule Greece in the fourth century B. C.; in the third century she was sinking; in the second century she had ceased to exist.

Modern British men and women, what are they? That is what I want to bring out. A nation can never survive with women of the Spartan type, which, as I have told you, is the American woman of to-day. The Romans were the same, and they ruined their empire. They had one idea, an all-absorbing idea which killed all ideas of religion, of art, of everything—the idea of empire. They spent their entire life in that one absorbing pursuit—domination; in such a country woman has no place.

EVERY MAN MASTER OF HIS OWN STOMACH.

Instinct Best Determines What You Should Eat, So Eat What Your Normal Instinct Tells You To.

IN that series of compromises which we call life there is no compromise more perplexing than the compromise with the stomach. No problem requires more earnest thought than the food problem. It is the stomach that makes men work. There would be no produce exchange were it not for the stomach—no yellow fields of wheat and corn, no grazing herds of cattle, no fleets of white-sailed fishing-vessels. Clothing and shelter are secondary demands. The stomach is master; and, as is ever likely to be the case with autocrats, it is selfish—wherefore we humor it—we hold out crutches to it—we offer it tempting inducements to be lenient with us.

A sense of relief, therefore, is produced by reading Dr. Woods Hutchinson's article, "Some Diet Delusions," in

the April *McClure's;* for therein is advanced the doctrine of "intelligent omnivorousness." Says Dr. Hutchinson:

Every imaginable experiment upon what would and what would not support life must have been tried thousands of years ago, and yet our most striking proofs of how highly men value their "precious right of private haziness," as George Eliot shrewdly terms it, are to be found in the realm of dietetics. The "light that never was on sea or land" still survives for the most matter-of-fact of us in the memory of "the pies that mother used to make," and nowhere else do we find preferences so widely accepted as evidence, and prejudices as matters of fact, as in this arena. In fact if we were merely to listen to what is said, and still more to read what is printed, we would come to the conclusion that the human race had established absolutely nothing beyond possibility of dispute in this realm.

When the Doctors Disagree.

Every would-be diet-reformer, and we doctors are almost as bad as any of them, is absolutely certain that what nine-tenths of humanity find to be their food is a deadly poison. One philosopher is sure that animal food of every description, especially the kind that involves the shedding of blood, is not only absolutely unfit for human food, but is the cause of half the suffering and wickedness in the world. Another gravely declares that the only thing which above all things is injurious is salt. Another takes up his parable against pork. Still another is convinced that half the misery of the world is due to the use of spices; and one dietetic Rousseau proclaims a return to very first principles by the abolition of cooking.

Another attacks the harmless and blushing tomato, and lays at its door the modern increase of cancer, insanity, and a hundred kindred evils; while Mrs. Rohrer has gently but firmly to be restrained whenever the mild-eyed potato is mentioned in her presence.

There is almost an equally astonishing Babel when one comes to listen to the various opinions as to the amount of food required. Eighteen grave and reverend doctors assure us that overeating is the prevalent dietetic sin of the century, while the remainder of the two dozen are equally positive that the vast majority of their patients are underfed. One man preaches the gospel of dignified simplicity on one meal a day and one clean collar a week, while the lean and learned Fletcher declares that if we only keep on masticating our one mouthful of food long enough, we shall delude the stomach into magnifying it into ten, and can dine sumptuously on a menu card and a biscuit.

Instinct Far Superior to Reason.

Fortunately, when it comes to practise, philosophers, reformers, and doctors alike have about as much influence here as they have over conduct in other realms—and that is next to none at all. The man in the street follows his God-given instincts and plods peacefully along to his three square meals a day, consisting of anything he can find in the market, and just as much of it as he can afford, with special preference for rich meats, fats, and sugars.

Here, as everywhere, instinct is far superior to reason, and a breakfast diet of sausage and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup and strong coffee has carried the white man half round the world; while one of salads and cereals, washed down with a post-prandial subterfuge, would leave him stranded, gasping, in the first ditch he came to.

All the basal problems of dietetics were, by the mercy of heaven, settled long ago in the farmhouse kitchen, in the commissary department of the army in the field, in the cook's galley amidships, and in the laboratory.

There is little more room for difference of opinion upon them than there is about the coaling of engines. Simply a matter of size of boiler and fire-box, the difference in heating power and ash between Welsh and Australian, and the amount of work to be got out of the machine, multiplied by the time in which it is to be accomplished.

Dr. Hutchinson proceeds to give reasons why spices do *not* heat the blood, why pork is a most excellent food, why fish is no better for the brain than other things, why vegetarianism is a mistake, and so on. His principal caution is not to eat in a hurry; his principal advice is, virtually, to eat whatever seems to agree with you.

All of which brings to mind the story of the old dyspeptic who, after a long term of misery, one day apostrophized his stomach thus: "I have humored you for many years. I have coaxed you, coddled you, petted you. I have gone hungry to please you. I have swallowed bad-tasting medicines on your account. I have been your servant—but now I am through.

"From this time I will eat what I please and drink what I please. If you protest I shall ignore you. Hereafter you are the servant. I am the master. Now make the best of that!"

This brave man's stomach, we are told, was so thoroughly cowed by the words that it never again demanded a milk diet.

FROM THOSE WHO LIVE IN DARKNESS.

A Pathetic Picture of the Sadness of Being Blind, as Made Plain for Us by One Who Has Never Seen.

HELEN KELLER, the marvelous deaf and blind girl, whose life would be pathetic, were it not so great a triumph over the limitations of silence and darkness, keeps close to her fellows through the sense of touch. One would think that, knowing others to have so much which she can never have, her outlook would be sorrowful. But she is no pessimist. We who can see are more depressed by our apparent inability to solve the mysteries of a future life, or to prevent injustice in this, than is she by the physical helplessness of blindness.

That the lot of the blind is sad, she nevertheless admits. A meeting was held in New York City a few weeks ago in the interests of the blind. The principal speakers were Joseph H. Choate and Mark Twain. From a sick bed Miss Keller had written a letter, which Mark Twain read to the assembled audience, prefacing it with the statement that it deserved a place among the classics of literature. Her picture of the sadness of being blind was as follows:

To know what the blind man needs, you who can see must imagine what it would be not to see, and you can imagine it more vividly if you remember that before your journey's end you may have to go the dark way yourself. Try to realize what blindness means to those whose joyous activity is stricken to inaction.

It is to live long, long days—and life is made up of days. It is to live immured, baffled, impotent, all God's world shut out. It is to sit helpless, defrauded, while your spirit strains and tugs at its fetters and your shoulders ache for the burden they are denied, the rightful burden of labor.

The seeing man goes about his business confident and self-dependent. He does his share of the work of the world in mine, in quarry, in factory, in counting-room, asking of others no boon save the opportunity to do a man's part and to receive the laborer's guerdon.

In an instant accident blinds him. The day is blotted out. Night envelops all the visible world. The feet which once bore him to his task with firm and confident stride stumble and halt and fear the forward step. He is forced to a new habit of idleness, which like a canker consumes the mind and destroys its beautiful faculties.

Groping Along the Dark Way.

Memory confronts him with his lighted past. Amid the tangible ruins of his life as it promised to be he gropes his pitiful way. You have met him on your busy thoroughfares with faltering feet and outstretched hands, patiently "dredging" the universal dark, holding out for sale his petty wares, or his cap for your pennies; and this was a man with ambitions and capabilities.

Richard Watson Gilder wrote for this occasion a poem, which was printed on the programs.

"Pity the Blind!" Yes, pity those
Whom day and night enclose
In equal dark; to whom the sun's keen flame
And pitchy night-time are the same.

But pity most the blind
Who cannot see
That to be kind
Is life's felicity.

THE EXPOSURE OF EXPOSURE.

Things That Are Being Said About the "Journalism of Conscience" by Critics, Passionate and Dispassionate.

WHEN fire is discovered in a house it sometimes happens that the tenants, in their excitement, hurl fragile bric-à-brac from the windows and with much effort carry the feather-

beds down-stairs and out to safety. Suppose that the incongruity of such action suddenly becomes apparent. The alarmed tenants may reverse the process. Better still, they may endeavor to put out the fire. But to cease all effort because they stand convicted of excited folly would be absurd.

The inevitable reaction from recent wild exposures in finance and politics has lately shown itself. Prominent men and leading journals have convicted the "yellow" newspapers and magazines, and the people influenced by them, of excited folly. Senator Lodge has said in the Senate, concerning sensational contributors to the magazines:

Writers of that type come and go. They seize upon the excitement of the moment and presently rise like a flock of shore birds and whirl away to another spot where they think they can find a fresh feeding ground. These modern imitators of Titus Oates will pass away as he passed away. They will bring no innocent heads to the block as he did, although they may here and there cause distress. They will not end in the pillory as he did, because the pillory has been abolished, but they will go out of fashion just as he did into silence and contempt.

District-Attorney W. T. Jerome, speaking at a banquet in New York, referred to magazine articles which have described the Senate as treasonable, and said:

Treason is an ugly word. It is punishable by death. We have got so used to superlatives that our own racy tongue has become debauched and we have no superlatives left. The Senate of the United States—is it a treasonable body? A body that holds a man like Murray Crane, of Massachusetts? Because some men are there who ought not to be there—some who bought the position—shall we say that the governors of our body politic are guilty of treason? Base men are there, but when in the bright, breezy sentiments of modern newspaper life you assert there is treason, you either lie or misconceive the meaning of the English language.

Take this treasonable body that would strike down our national life and contrast it with your representative body swayed by popular opinion. Take the Hepburn bill. Seven men voted against it, and not a man able to understand it. But the yellows said we must have something doing, and so your popular branch said we must do something, whether we understand it or not.

I hold no brief to defend individual Senators, but there are many men there who were there when we were at our mothers' breasts, who love their country. The railroads are bad. They ought to be checked; but not by something those who vote for don't understand. If that is the way we are to govern, give me a benevolent despotism.

On the other side, Norman Hapgood says, in *Collier's*:

Who is doing most to make railroad and beef trust facts and problems understood? Who but the same magazine which has printed the history of Standard Oil and explained to the people the needed changes in State and city government? What a farce to speak of *McClure's Magazine* as yellow; what a dull, injurious farce, unless by yellow we mean every movement of benefit to our kind! Did Mr. Steffens' printing of the news about Philadelphia do any harm to the inhabitants of that town? Did it, or did it not, act as a battle cry which spurred the good citizens and the newspapers of that town to action? When original, living, and conscientious journalism speaks, the routine newspapers are sometimes forced to echo bold words which receive the public's approving seal.

So the balance of expressed opinion on the subject shifts up and down. In all the confusion we sometimes hear an opinion like the following, uttered by Herbert S. Hadley, Attorney-General of Missouri:

There is no reason to question the efficacy of existing laws so long as they are supported by public sentiment, for law is, in fact, merely the reflection of the moral sense of the country. What I mean by that statement may be illustrated by the fact that while a vast majority of lawyers, as well as laymen, will to-day agree that corporations are amenable to laws from which an individual might be exempt, the same proposition would have met with violent refutation hardly more than two years ago by most lawyers and many laymen.

But the public is now practically agreed, and the courts have sustained this view, that corporations are not above the laws of the State which made their existence possible. An officer of a company may to-day refuse to answer questions on the ground that he would himself be incriminated by replying, but he cannot refuse

to answer on the ground that his company would be incriminated. In other words, corporations are no longer considered to have the same rights as individuals and cannot evade investigation and prosecution by maintaining a policy of silence.

Such is the moral sense of the country and such is the law as determined by the highest courts, and with such a condition of public sentiment and law it is no longer possible for public officials to plead that they cannot get at the facts whenever there is a suspicion that any corporation has failed to comply with the laws of the State which created it.

MANDATES OF ART TO HER VOTARIES.

A Great Word-Artist Shows That Under the Levity of Bohemian Life Is a Serious and Lofty Philosophy.

THE late Lafcadio Hearn was one of the great prose-poets of the time. The glimpse into his intimate mind which the *Critic* affords by printing a sheaf of his letters to H. E. Krehbiel, the music critic, will be appreciated by all who followed his literary wanderings up to the time of his settlement in Japan. The letters were written many years ago, when Hearn was still in his early prime. When he learned of the death of Mr. Krehbiel's child he wrote this exquisite expression of sympathy:

Your letter rises before me as I write like a tablet of white stone bearing a dead name. I see you standing beside me. I look into your eyes and press your hand and say nothing.

Hearn was ever an artist, and he ever knew what art meant. Thus he wrote as follows, urging Mr. Krehbiel to get away from the grind of daily journalism.

Under the levity of Henri Murger's picturesque Bohemianism there is a serious philosophy apparent which elevates the characters of his romance to heroism. They followed one principle faithfully—so faithfully that only the strong survived the ordeal—never to abandon the pursuit of an artistic vocation for any other occupation, however lucrative; not even when she remained apparently deaf and blind to her worshipers.

The conditions pictured by Murger have passed away in Paris as elsewhere: the old barriers to ambition have been broken down. But I think the moral remains.

So long as one can live and pursue his natural vocation in art, it is a duty with him never to abandon it if he believes that he has within him the elements of final success. Every time he labors at aught that is not of art he robs the divinity of what belongs to her.

Do you never reflect that within a few years you will no longer be the YOUNG MAN—and that, like Vesta's fires, the enthusiasm of youth for an art-idea must be well fed with the sacred branches to keep it from dying out?

I think you ought really to devote all your time and energies and ability to the cultivation of one subject, so as to make that subject alone repay you for all your pains.

And I do not believe that art is altogether ungrateful in these days: she will repay fidelity to her, and recompense sacrifices. I don't think you have any more right to play reporter than a great sculptor to model fifty-cent plaster figures of idiotic saints for Catholic processions, or certain painters to letter steamboats at so much a letter. In one sense, too, art is exacting. To acquire real eminence in any one branch of any art, one must study nothing else for a lifetime. A very wide general knowledge may be acquired only at the expense of depth.

WHAT WE ARE DOING TO THE RED MAN.

Recent Abolishment of Tribal Rule in Indian Territory Will Have Powerful Effect for Good or Ill.

ARE we all to be Indians? There are ethnologists who say that in successive generations the features of Americans are gradually succumbing to the persistent influence of their climatic environment; that a few centuries will see us a race, high-cheekboned, Roman-nosed.

Frederick R. Burton touches the question in the London *Sphere*. He says:

As I have studied the Indian in the field I have been interested in speculating—

in an unscientific way, for my research was not concerned with physical characteristics—on the possible chance of the Indian's features consequent upon his advancing civilization. Indeed, I have often thought, though imagined may be the better word, that in Indians of education I have observed a distinct softening of the traditional type and an approximation to the features of the European.

The Indian is becoming civilized very rapidly. His appearance has already undergone great change through his general disregard of native dress, and after a few generations of living indoors and under bowler hats, is it not reasonable to suppose that he will look more like the Yankee than he does now, and thus justify the anthropologist's theory by a reversal of the process of reasoning?

The Indian, indeed, is rapidly being absorbed. On the fourth of last March tribal government was abolished in Indian Territory. The "Five Civilized Tribes," numbering all told 102,000, and claiming to have enjoyed continuous independent civil government since long before Columbus discovered America, are now just plain American citizens. The tribal land has been divided among them; the right to vote has been extended to them; their separate, independent constitutions, legislatures, and judiciaries have disappeared.

The Rev. W. B. Humphrey, of New York, is president of the National Indian Association. Speaking of the changed position of the Indians, he said recently, as quoted by the New York *Tribune*:

The Indian has long been the "ward" of the government. Our statesmen have found this to be a mistake, for it relieves him of all responsibility of providing for himself or of taking care of himself. This policy was found to pauperize him and to unfit him for the competitions of civilized life. In fact it left him as much of a heathen as when our forefathers first discovered him, wandering in the woods or over prairies, the monarch of all he surveyed.

We have taken his land from him and pushed him beyond our frontier. But now that the country which was once his has been so fully settled up, there are no more frontiers over which we can push him. This being so, our statesmen have wisely decided to make the Indian an integral part of our Union. This they are doing by breaking up his tribal relation, giving him land in severalty as fast as he can be prevailed upon to accept it, and by giving him the ballot.

The Indian is thus having civilization thrust upon him all at once, though quite unprepared for its responsibilities. He is made the victim of the land grabber, the shyster lawyer, and the saloon keeper—powerful forces which he is unable to resist in his present condition.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the full-blooded Sioux, who has shown in his own development what the Indian may become with education, is quoted by the *Tribune* as saying:

I do not believe in trying to delay the inevitable absorption of my race into the dominant white race of this country. The sooner that absorption is accomplished, the sooner the "Indian question" comes to an end, the better it will be for all of us—and this desired result will surely be hastened by letting down the bars in Indian Territory. As for the liquor question, every individual Indian must solve that for himself, just as he must solve everything else, as an independent citizen of this country, not as a "ward," a condition that brought with it no responsibilities.

There are between 200,000 and 300,000 Indians in the United States altogether, but of real Indian customs and beliefs there is very little left. It is only the showman class that does the dances and wears feathers and beads, and all the rest of the masquerading that goes to make up some Buffalo Bill entertainment. But there is no sincerity in such manifestations now; the real reason underlying these things is buried in the past, when the Indian stood alone, the maker of his own laws and customs, and not a government ward.

Now the problem for my race is, how best to adapt itself to the conditions belonging to the white man's civilization, to make these his own, and, hence, to emancipate itself from its present degraded position. This will not be accomplished by insisting on the racial isolation, the government protection, that we have had heretofore.

It is a difficult problem, though, simply because the Indian character and tradition are so different from the dominant type of the white man, and thus so difficult of assimilation. During all the centuries of our existence as a people we have been accustomed to live under a system of pure Socialism. Every Indian fought and accumulated property for his tribe, not for himself. It was the tribal,

not the individual, welfare that engrossed him. But the white man's world is different, and the Indian must undergo a fundamental change in order to adapt himself to it.

You see, as a race, we are absolutely ignorant of commercial matters, how to make money—and this is essentially an age of commercialism. The Indian is rather of a philosophical temperament, not practical, with very little artistic development. Some of us make good minor mechanics, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. But the inherited tendency of the race is still away from the keen, matter-of-fact rivalry and hard-headed wisdom that is at the basis of the modern world's activity—trade.

Dr. Eastman is at present engaged in a unique task. Under the auspices of the government, he is renaming the Indians—going to the various Sioux reservations and giving to each person a practical name. When the old names are not too unwieldy he retains them; otherwise he at least tries to perpetuate in the new name some trace of the old.

GROWING EMPIRE AT OUR NORTH.

Development of New National Spirit in the Dominion, Discussed by Earl Grey and Secretary of State Root.

CANADA has been making tremendous strides in the last few years. The opening up of the vast untilled grain lands of the Northwest has been followed by an influx of new blood from other countries, and particularly from the United States. Throughout the Dominion energy is dictating to enterprise. In all the Provinces there are stirrings of a new national spirit.

Relations between Canada and the United States are certain to assume a different character in view of the changing local conditions. The future before Canada is so great in its promise that any pronouncement by high authorities as to her newer feelings is at present very important. Such pronouncement was made at the dinner given in New York by the Pilgrims of the United States to Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada. The Earl and Mr. Root, our Secretary of State, made significant speeches.

Said Earl Grey:

Any idea of the possible annexation of Canada by the United States is scouted by us as an impossibility as great as you would regard the annexation of the United States by Canada.

And now, gentlemen, may I say the more we see of Americans the better we shall be pleased. All we want is to know each other better than we do, and to help each other as much as we can. If Canada can at any time help the United States in any direction which will improve the conditions of life for your people, she will consider it a blessed privilege to be allowed to render that assistance; and I feel sure that the people of the United States will also be only too glad to assist us in our struggle toward the realization of high ideals and toward the attainment of a national character distinguished by the fulness with which the principles of fair play, freedom, and duty shall be applied by the people of Canada to the various occupations of their lives.

Just as Canada is proud to think that two million eight hundred thousand of her stock is bringing vigor and strength to your republic, so I feel sure that you will be pleased that an increasing flow of your people to the dominion will, by the addition of the character, experience, and energy which they will bring to our country, contribute to its greatness.

There are several questions outstanding between the Dominion of Canada and the United States which have been left open too long, and which call for settlement.

Both governments desire to take advantage of the opportunity which the present feeling of amity between the two countries affords, and I am persuaded that the people on both sides of the frontier will be glad when their respective governments have given effect to their desires.

Secretary Root denied the rumor that at this banquet announcement would be made, declaring that all existing questions between Canada and the United States had been settled. "I wish," he said, "it was so." But he pointed out the attitude that must be adopted to facilitate the settlement of disputes—an attitude considerate and just. Of the changed conditions in Canada he said:

I think the American people recognize the fact that much has taken place on the other side of the border—much which

materially affects the theoretical, assumed, or supposed relations between the United States and Canada.

It was with apparent doubt that the American people read the treaty of the eighteenth century, whether Canada was to become a part of the United States, and in 1812 the British Governor-General of Canada wrote that a majority of his people were rather in favor of the Americans than the English.

We must recognize that a great change has taken place. Canada is no longer the outlying country in which a few remnants of French descendants were left upon its borders to subsist upon precarious livelihoods. It has become a great community with increasing population and wealth.

In her relations with England one can see that, while she is loyal to her mother country, as she has attained maturity she has contracted a personality of her own. Her relations to us have become of great importance. With enormous natural wealth, and with vigor and energy, she is protecting her industries, as we are protecting ours.

Her people are proud of their country, as we are proud of ours, and we appreciate that from what was a little dominion upon our borders there has grown a great and powerful nation. And the people of America look with no grudging or jealous eye upon her development.

HOPEFUL CONDITION OF THE NEGRO RACE.

Secretary of War Taft is Glad That the South Has Placed Educational Restrictions on the Franchise.

IN his address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, the Secretary of War made optimistic statements regarding the future of the negro. He declared that all proposals to deport the colored Americans to Africa were chimerical. After reviewing the progress made by the race since the Civil War, he praised the South for making the franchise dependent upon educational qualifications, for he held that such laws would, in the end, produce intelligent negro voters. Secretary Taft's speech was in part as follows:

The white men who can do the most good for the negro, who can aid him in his toilsome march to better material and intellectual conditions, are the Southern white men who are his neighbors. It is one of the encouraging signs of the time that there is growing up in the South a body of leading white men who feel that the future of the negro race affects the future of the South.

"But," say the pessimists, "what of the political future of the negro?" And this brings me to the consideration of the third great war amendment—the fifteenth—which forbade that any State should deprive the negro of his vote on account of his color or previous condition of servitude.

Here were a brave, warlike and masterful people, who had been used to a social condition in which the negro occupied a servile status, brought by the law to face the prospect of sharing political control with the poor, ignorant, bewildered and irresponsible people who but yesterday were their property.

Declarations of equality and popular rights and universal suffrage offer but a feather's weight against the inevitable impulse of human nature. It was impossible that with the elements I have stated there should not have been disturbance and fraud and violence and injustice and illegality and oppression.

The negroes' vote, after a long struggle, the history of which I shall not recall, was made to count for nothing. Then the leaders of the South in many States came to realize the dreadful demoralization of all society if law was to be flouted and fraud was to constitute the basis of government. So they cast about to make the law square with the existing condition by property and educational qualifications which should exclude the negro.

The very desire to avoid the fraudulent and violent methods which were wont to overcome the colored vote in the South itself indicates a turn for the better. It is impossible to frame a law which will, on its face, stand the test of the Fifteenth Amendment, and which will not ultimately operate, no matter what the qualification or present effect, to permit a certain class of the negroes to exercise the ballot.

When a class of persons is so ignorant and so subject to oppression and misleading that they are merely political children, not having the mental stature of manhood, then it can hardly be said that their voice in the government secures any benefit to them. Property and educational qualifications are adopted in order to exclude those whose lack of knowledge and lack of stability make doubtful

their capacity to decide with safety to themselves and the country what their own interests are. Therefore, it seems to me that a policy of the Southern people in adopting laws which exclude impartially both the black and the white ignorant and irresponsible could not be criticized.

OLD MALIGNMENTS OF THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

The Long-Existent Prejudice Against the Jew Is Explained By a Leading Rabbi of New York.

NO other race has been so vilified as the Jew. Hatred for Hebrews has been endemic in Europe since the Dark Ages, and even to-day in France and Germany the anti-Semitic movements have considerable strength. How can this be? Is the feeling a survival of anger at a race which rejected Jesus? Or is it based on desperate hostility toward a race which can succeed in business where a Gentile fails?

The Rev. Dr. S. Schulman, of the Temple Beth-El, New York City, in a recent sermon sought to answer these questions. Part of his discourse we quote:

We are the victims of the world's literature, of its prevailing creed, and the popular judgment. The greatest master in the world's literature, seeking a type that on account of peculiar conditions and circumstances could stand for cruel hatred and implacable revenge, deliberately changed the contents of a story and made Shylock the Jew the embodiment of inhuman revenge.

The poet must have felt that if ever in a human soul there could arise such unyielding hate as he desired to portray, it might, in a sense, be justified in one whose heart rankled with the memories of ages of persecution and unjust hatred to which his race had been subjected.

Here was one, the poet seemed to say, who could well execute the villainies he had been taught. He therefore produced a character dramatically consistent, but at the same time he did an everlasting injury to the Jew because he produced a character altogether historically untrue. The Jew is anything but vindictive; he forgets injuries readily; that is why he is so optimistic; he has a horror of shedding blood, and whatever vices the Jew may be capable of, the one of ferocious cruelty cannot be saddled upon him.

Nevertheless, the word Shylock has become in English speech synonymous with everything that is bad. This injustice in literature will persist until some great genius possessing the broadmindedness of a Lessing and the dramatic power of a Shakespeare shall arise among English-speaking people and create an English Nathan the Wise.

The western world's creed centers in an event which, strictly speaking, belongs to the same category as that of the killing of Socrates, the burning of Giordano Bruno, and of Servetus. Thus classic Greek, Catholic, and Protestant were all equally guilty of sacrificing the best of their time. The progress of mankind has, sad to say, often been purchased by the martyrdom of some of the noblest men that walked on earth.

Yet it is the Jewish people that have been singled out to be held up to the world as Deicides, and every child at the time when the soul is most receptive is inoculated with an antipathy against every living Jew because of an event that took place nineteen hundred years ago.

It is therefore no wonder that the world is prejudiced against the Jew. The tendency of the popular judgment is to magnify his faults and minimize his virtues. He is, in plain words, the victim of a traditional violation of the Ninth Commandment. He has to prove that he is good; the assumption always is that he is bad. To such an extent is the thought and feeling of the average man pervaded by this prejudice against the Jew that it even poisons the minds of many Jews themselves who have not given serious thought to Jew and Judaism.

OUR OPPORTUNITY TO EDUCATE CHINA.

Great Possibilities Lie Ahead for Us, If We Take the Lead in Teaching the Chinese Western Ways.

PRES. EDMUND J. JAMES, of the University of Illinois, favors the appointment of an educational commission for the study of the social, intellectual, and industrial situation in China. The reasons for his suggestion are contained in a memorandum which

he recently submitted to President Roosevelt, and are as follows:

A great service would be done to both countries if the government of the United States would at the present juncture send an educational commission to China, whose chief function should be to visit the imperial government, and, with its consent, each of the provincial governments of the empire, for the purpose of extending through the authorities of these provinces to the young Chinese who may desire to go abroad to study a formal invitation on the part of our American institutions of learning to avail themselves of the facilities of such institutions.

China is upon the verge of a revolution. Every great nation of the world will inevitably be drawn into more or less intimate relations with this gigantic development. It is for them to determine, each for itself, what these relations shall be—whether those of amity and friendship and kindness, or those of brute force and the mailed fist. The United States ought not to hesitate as to its choice in this matter.

The nation which succeeds in educating the young Chinese of the present generation will be the nation which, for a given expenditure of effort, will reap the largest possible returns in moral, intellectual, and commercial influence.

HOW MUCH SOCIALISM DO OUR PEOPLE WANT?

Bryan Suggests That "Individualism" Best Defines Limit Which the United States Will Set on Socialistic Tendencies.

A TENDENCY toward factional alignment at present characterizes the radical movement which has been sweeping over the country. The different elements of that movement are beginning to offer their individual claims for recognition. At this juncture William Jennings Bryan contributes to the *Century* an important article on "Individualism *versus* Socialism," in which he seeks to dispel the fogs which have enveloped the economic situation. First, he defines the two terms opposed in his title:

For the purpose of this discussion individualism will be defined as the private ownership of the means of production and distribution where competition is possible, leaving to public ownership those means of production and distribution in which competition is practically impossible; and socialism will be defined as the collective ownership, through the state, of all the means of production and distribution.

Mr. Bryan points out that much of the strength shown by socialism is due to the fact that "socialists advocate certain reforms which individualists also advocate."

Take, for illustration, the public ownership of water-works, it is safe to say that a large majority of the people living in cities of any considerable size favor their public ownership—individualists because it is practically impossible to have more than one water system in a city, and socialists on the general ground that the government should own all the means of production and distribution. Then, too, some of the strength of socialism is due to its condemnation of abuses which, while existing under individualism, are not at all necessary to individualism—abuses which the individualists are as anxious as the socialists to remedy. It is not only consistent with individualism, but is a necessary implication of it, that the competing parties should be placed upon substantially equal footing; for competition is not worthy of that name if one party is able arbitrarily to fix the terms of the agreement, leaving the other with no choice but to submit to the terms prescribed.

The civil service, says Mr. Bryan, is our nearest approach to ideal socialism. Does the civil service afford a stimulus to the higher development of the civil servants?

Justice requires that each individual shall receive from society a reward proportionate to his contribution to society. Can the state, acting through officials, make this apportionment better than it can be made by competition? At present official favors are not distributed strictly according to merit either in republics or in monarchies; it is certain that socialism would insure a fairer division of rewards? If the government operates all the factories, all the farms, and all the stores, there must be superintendents as well as workmen; there must be different kinds of employment, some more pleasant, some less pleasant. Is it likely that any set of men can distribute the work or fix the compensation to the satisfaction of all, or even to the satisfaction of a majority?

At present private monopoly is putting

upon individualism an undeserved odium, and it behooves the individualist to address himself energetically to this problem in order that the advantages of competition may be restored to industry. And the duty of immediate action is made more imperative by the fact that the socialist is inclined to support the monopoly, in the belief that it will be easier to induce the government to take over an industry after it has passed into the hands of a few men."

In the substance of his opinion Mr. Bryan's "individualism" does not seem to be very far removed from Fabian socialism—or at least, not from such socialism as is expressed, say, by Robert Hunter, who said not long ago, while speaking about the problems of poverty:

I have been asked if I think socialism is the cure for these evils. As we do not know what state socialism would bring about, we cannot say. But I am sure that certain socialistic measures are necessary. We need municipal tenements, as they have in Liverpool, Birmingham, and London, where the children will have healthful surroundings, plenty of places to play, and there are no landlords to exact profits.

Other places have nationalized the coal fields, and the poor get coal at cost. At Rochester, in England, the death-rate has been cut down one-half by the municipalization of the milk supply, and the children of the poor, instead of the pale-blue poison they used to have, get a fine, healthful food. These are socialistic measures and every advance we make is toward socialism.

LEGITIMATE SCOPE OF DRAMATIC ART.

Waxworks May Deceive For a Moment, But They Do Not Leave the Lasting Impression of Michelangelo's Moses.

OTIS SKINNER, the actor, recently made a plea for the teaching of dramatic art in our public schools and colleges. In that way, he urged, public taste can be improved to the point where a better quality of plays and acting will be required to fill the theaters. He was speaking before the Ethical Culture Society, in New York. In beginning he explained at some length what he considered art, drawing his distinctions very carefully:

The purpose of the play is to hold a mirror up to nature, although such things as horror, meanness, lust, or crime must not be shown for their sake alone, merely to display accurate dramatic photographs. They must be utilized toward a definite end. The stage has many detractors, and among them are the ones that say the stage does not represent real life always. Nor should it. I will give you a definition of art which I get from Dr. Adler. It explains what I mean: "Art is the pattern, and not so many ells cut from the fabric of life."

Some years ago in London I went to Mme. Tussaud's waxworks. Curious to identify the figures, I turned to a lady and asked her where I might obtain a program. There was no answer. I became embarrassed and a little angry when I saw I was the subject of amusement for the crowd. I looked closer. The lady was made of wax. Well, I don't remember how she looked, but I do remember every line of the beauties of the Venus of Milo, which I saw in the Louvre, and of Michelangelo's Moses. I did not consider them figures of real persons, yet they live with me.

The charge that the theater gives too much attention to vice was discussed by Mr. Skinner. When used on the stage to heighten the dramatic effect, the simulation of drunkenness, he said, is ethically right. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," he declared flatly, was quite properly suppressed, since there was no reason for it except the exhibition of vice. False and namby-pamby melodrama, on the other hand, is fully as detrimental to dramatic art.

He outlined the plot of a play in which a poor young man, after rescuing the daughter of a multimillionaire by a feat of virtually impossible agility and strength, is promptly provided for by the thankful parent, and marries the girl.

The story, as he told it, was glaringly untrue to life—wherefore he denounced it as immoral. It represented the extreme of romantic falsity, just as "Mrs. Warren's Profession" represented the extreme of disgustingly literal reality.

In art no extreme is acceptable—a lesson which the Greeks, with their supreme intuition of artistic fitness, taught the world once and for all.

What the Big Newspaper Writers Are Saying

Controlling the Tropics is Onerous Work—The Measure of Man's Genius—Cottontails in Congress—The Romance of Marriage and Its Reason—Warfare and Humane Bullets—Disappearance of the Southern Gentlemen—American Indians Argue Religious Questions—The Dust Rag and the Microbe—New Knowledge About Mars—Hunting for an Official National Song—Old Thoughts on the New Theme of the Disgrace of "Dying Rich"—The Praise of the Great American Pie—Remarkable Growth of Egypt.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE WHITE TEACHER AND THE FILIPINO.

As a Place for Permanent Residence the Tropics Have Not Proved Attractive to American School-Marms.

BENJAMIN KIDD'S theory that the white man can live and work in the tropics only as the diver lives and works under water—for short periods and under special conditions—seems to be supported by the experience of Americans in the Philippines.

The Philadelphia *Press* contributes an opinion on the question in the following analysis of the conditions under which American teachers can practically follow their profession in the islands:

Within the next month one hundred and twelve American teachers will leave for the Philippines, under contract with the government to remain in the islands not less than two years unless they should suffer failure of health in the meantime.

It is not without significance that only a dozen of their number are women, and that these are described as the wives, sisters, or fiancées of Philippine teachers.

In the beginning, when instructors were sent over by the hundred, a large proportion of them were young women, some of whom were doubtless impelled by the missionary instinct, while others might have been inspired in part by a lively curiosity to see what things were like in the distant tropical archipelago.

Many of the preceptresses were detailed for service in regions where white men were few and far between, and their experiences were the reverse of pleasant.

The government seems to have realized the folly of repeating this policy. It is now announced that men will be preferred to women in the choice for teachers for Filipino schools, and that even women are not wanted unless they are bound by the ties of marriage or close relationship to Americans stationed in the same localities.

Another point of interest is to be found in the statement that in spite of the special inducements offered for terms of service exceeding three years, it has been found difficult to get teachers, either masculine or feminine, to remain longer than their agreement stipulates.

The body about to be despatched is in the nature of a reenforcement to supply the places of others whose health has broken down or who have refused to stay in the harness.

It is too early yet to pronounce as to the real value of the schooling which American authorities are trying to ad-

minister to several hundred thousand youthful Filipinos. Whether the attempts to instruct them in the English language and American ideas will prove measurably successful can be told better ten years hence, when most of these brown-skinned pupils will have grown up and begun housekeeping for themselves.

But there seems to be no doubt as to one phase of the matter. It has apparently been demonstrated, with a fair degree of conclusiveness, that the Philippines possess few charms as a place of permanent residence for young men and women who leave this country to take positions in the insular educational system.

WHAT WE DO VERSUS THE WAY WE DO IT.

Two Factors Which Enter Into the Struggle For Success Are Discussed by a Writer in the Chicago Tribune.

WHICH shall be considered the test of worthy accomplishment: What we do? Or, How we do it?—Or both? For a long period, and until recently, the emphasis has been on "results"—on "doing." Now people are beginning to emphasize the *way* things are done. Perhaps, as the Chicago *Tribune* suggests in the following editorial, it is necessary to strike a balance between these two factors of achievement:

The struggle for existence among animals in a state of nature necessarily is immediately destructive, however much in the long run it may promote evolution, while that among civilized men generally is, and most always might be, wholly constructive.

Under natural conditions the number of animals that can find in a given area enough nuts or fruit or grass to live on is strictly limited. The success of some, therefore, means the death of others. If the vanquished are not killed by the victors they must starve to death.

The same thing was true once among men, but science, the arts, division of labor have made it true among them no longer. Whether one man's success hurts other men depends now on the way he wins and uses it.

If he win it by treachery and robbery and use it for purposes of extortion, like some American "captains of industry," it is injurious to others. Its effects are strictly analogous to those of the destructive victory of the beast that preys.

On the other hand, the success of the man who rises, and, having risen, holds his place by sheer force of character and ability, is a blessing not only to himself but to those over whom he triumphs and every one else.

A man cannot honestly get to and keep at the top of a great business without introducing into it economies or improved methods which benefit his customers and the public.

He cannot honestly get to and keep at the top of his profession, whether it be that of lawyer, physician, engineer, or statesman, without rendering services that redound to the advantage of the community.

The public does not think things out fast, but usually in the end it gets around to the right conclusion. Under the influence of the classic English political economy, which came near teaching that everything economic that is is right, there long existed a tendency to regard every man who achieved large material success as a kind of public benefactor.

It has lately dawned on the popular consciousness that a man may amass wealth and give employment to thousands of people and still be only a public robber—a human beast that preys.

It seems likely, therefore, that hereafter a healthier public sentiment regarding the struggle for success will exist. There will be, as there should be, a disposition to measure a man's genius and claims to public respect less by the results he achieves and more by the way he achieves them.

THE "SENATE WOLVES" ARE NOW "RABBITS."

A New Word, from the Emporia Gazette, for Newspaper and Magazine Critics of Our Lawmakers at Washington.

AT a time when there is so common a tendency to brand our lawmakers with unholy names—to charge them with treason, stratagems, and spoils—it is a relief to hear them compared with so innocuous a creature as the rabbit.

There have been men who, with all

the appearance of veracity, have told frightful tales of being chased by fierce rabbits, but our general knowledge of the different species proclaims them mild.

The Gazette, of Emporia, Kansas, William Allen White's paper, says:

Rabbits, rabbits! Good Lord deliver us from rabbits. Congress is a rabbit warren, and as soon as a brave, sincere, honest fellow gets there he is inoculated with the rabbit blood and in a year he is afraid to breathe without going to Cannon for a breather's license.

Personally, they are good enough fellows; individually and out of Congress, they are brave enough, but with mighty few exceptions they try to do to-day the thing they did the day before yesterday.

Custom, tradition, and the miserable forms of political caste, have made these good men appear in the mass a most unpleasant spectacle before gods and men. Rabbits—rabbits. Rather let the country have "toads in a poisoned tank or tigers in a red hot cage" than these everlasting cotton-tailed rabbits!

PURSUIT OF A HUSBAND BY THE MODERN WOMAN.

After All, Says the New York Times, It Is Doubtless Better for Man to be Chosen Than for Him to Choose.

TAKING up a discussion inaugurated by the *St. James Gazette*, of London, the New York *Times* says what it has to say on the subject of choosing wives.

The English paper said frankly that the title would better be, "The Choice of a Husband," inasmuch as the male, though unaware of the fact, is generally not the pursuer, but the pursued. This condition, however, is by no means to the discredit of woman.

As the *Times* remarks, "A young woman whose intentions are both serious and honorable has nothing at all to be ashamed of in endeavoring by all womanly means to acquire the man whom she believes she can make happy and knows that she means to try to."

In America and England there is objection to the man who marries for any other reason than being in love. Yet the *mariage de convenance* is not altogether without legitimate recommendations. To quote the *Times*:

If one is really bent on making a marriage of reason instead of waiting for a "call," excellent recipes may be given to him.

A wise man once advised his son, who had shown some disposition to choose instead of waiting to be chosen, to "look for a good woman's daughter." It would be hard to find any better basis for a happy union.

In general, of course, mixed marriages, whether the mixture be of religion or of country, would be viewed by a wise adviser with apprehension, although Lord Curzon's experience is only one of very many as to the possible happiness of marriages between persons of different nationalities, much more alike as are the nationalities of Lord and Lady Curzon than any other two nationalities.

Dr. Johnson's famous saying that marriages would be happier if they were arranged by the Lord Chancellor, due regard being paid to the ages and conditions of the parties, has never been accepted as a working rule in his own country. There is the wholly "reasonable" and extremely circumspect Count Boni Castellane, whose marriage of reason has so lately been shown to be so far from a success.

There are quite enough more failures of the same kind to offset the unhappy marriages of romance. It is of these, of course, that Burton declares that matches are made in heaven, though matches of the sulfurous kind, of which all of us know some instances, suggest a very different place of manufacture.

The Marriage of Reason.

Swift's saying that the reason why so few marriages are happy is that "young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages," is doubly outrageous. In the first place it is an outrageous begging of the question. The testimony of less cynical observers in our day and country is that most marriages are entitled to be called happy.

In the second place it outrageously puts the whole blame for unhappy marriages on the female partner, contrary alike to probability and to fact. But at least as many of the marriages are failures in which men "choose" their wives, or think they do, as in cases in which men become the prey of their own imaginations.

And there is this to be said from the

point of view of reason in favor of marriages with which reason has nothing to do. In the first months of married life there are necessarily very many differences to be adjusted and small incompatibilities of ways of thinking and feeling to be reconciled. That, as all experienced spouses know, is the trying period.

Marriage is like life in that it is a school wherein whoso does not learn must suffer. Now, to diminish the friction of this trying time no better lubricant could possibly be provided than the romantic love, which cannot be expected to last forever, but which may very probably outlast this greatest necessity for it of the early connubial period.

When the glamour of the romance "fades into the light of common day," and a real man and a real woman take the places of the creatures of each other's fancy, and passion cools into at best the tenderest of friendships, both parties are better off, and will acknowledge themselves to be better off because the romance has been. "In erring reason's spite" all mankind will continue to love a lover, and justly so.

MODERN RIFLES ARE NOT DEADLY ENOUGH.

Propelled By Smokeless Powder, Small Caliber Bullets Go Through a Soldier Without Doing Much Damage.

THE little brown men who live on rice and dried fish are your true military economists. The reports of the Finance Department at Tokyo tell that the actual cost of the Japanese campaigns in the war with Russia was only 1,170,000,000 yen—about $585,000,000. The sum is astonishingly small.

The South African War cost Great Britain, in round figures, $1,000,000,000—what we call a billion; what in Europe is called a milliard—or, remembering that the war continued two and one-half years, about a million a day.

The Japanese also spent about a million a day, but they had twice as many men in the field as the British in South Africa, and their expenditures covered the cost of military as well as naval campaigns.

What the losses of the Japanese were in killed and wounded the world has yet to learn. It is safe to assume, however, that they were not so heavy as might be inferred from the magnitude of the battles fought, the reason appearing in the following editorial from the Philadelphia *Record:*

With the advent of smokeless powder there came the military fashion of reducing the caliber of rifles. Some weight was saved in the weapon and the ammunition, and with smokeless powder, which is much more powerful than black powder, a long, slender bullet could be fired along a flat course to a very great distance.

It became possible to hit a man at a distance at which he was safe a few years ago, but a man ceases to be a good target long before the range of the modern rifle is reached, and some of this gain in range is lost.

All nations yielded to the fashion, and spent unnumbered millions in re-arming their troops, and about the time that was accomplished military experts began to ask whether this small bullet would stop a man in a charge.

It was found in our Spanish War that men suffered comparatively little from gunshot wounds. The swift and slender bullet would pass through some part of a man's anatomy without necessarily disabling him, and the wounded men rapidly recovered even from wounds which in the Civil War would have been fatal.

The prevalent caliber during the Civil War was .58 of an inch. By the time of the war with Spain it had been reduced to .30 of an inch. Within a few weeks the War Department has increased the caliber of the cavalry pistol because the one now in service cannot be trusted to stop a man.

Tiny Bullets in Manchuria.

But many nations have carried the reduction of caliber further than we have. A German surgeon with the Russian army, addressing the German Surgical Society in Berlin, said the fatalities from the Japanese rifles were extremely small, and a surprisingly large proportion of the wounded were soon fit for active service.

A Russian general sought to stop his investigations on the ground that the world would laugh at the Russians for being beaten by Japanese armed with such a miserable rifle. Yet the rifle and the powder were probably excellent, and the relatively small damage done by them was

presumably due to the slenderness of the bullet.

The Japanese rifle has a caliber of only .255. But the Russian rifle is slightly smaller; its caliber is but .25 of an inch.

The Japanese, however, are very carefully guarding all information regarding the character and extent of their losses. They promise an official history of the war in which all details will be given, but thus far they have permitted but little to get out of their possession.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF OLD-TIME GENTLEMEN?

"Chivalry Is a Fiction," Says a Southern Woman, and Several Southern Journals Support Her Statement.

A SOUTHERN woman said not long ago: "You know, one hears so much about 'Southern gentlemen and Southern chivalry' when, as a matter of fact, gentlemen are exceptions and chivalry is fiction. Of course I allow a few exceptions." Such a remark, coming from a Southern woman, has naturally created discussion at the South. We will give the opinions of two journals. Says the Columbia (South Carolina) *State:*

After studying the subject and hearing the complaints of women who in honorable professional capacities travel through the South, as recorded in the *State* yesterday, one is impelled to admit that the above opinion by a Southern woman who has traveled in all parts of this country has too much foundation.

That verdict is not pleasant to hear. It will not be generally accepted; at least every one hearing it will immediately vote himself one of the "exceptions." Nevertheless there have recently been public acts that support it in South Carolina, North Carolina, and Texas, and it is well that the degree of truth it contains be recognized.

The Macon *Telegraph* finds a reason for the conditions thus described.

The *Telegraph* feels disposed to remark in this connection that for three quarters of a century there has been entirely too much boasting about Southern "gentlemen" and Southern "chivalry."

A gentleman does not call attention to his own virtues, and neither should a section through its orators and newspapers boast incessantly of its superiority to the rest of the world in its treatment of women.

The result of it all has been that too many Southern youth have imagined that they had nothing to learn and too many Southern men have regarded themselves as gentlemen and supposed that they were brimming over with "chivalry" when nothing of the sort was true.

The assumption that every Southern man (when away from home) can be counted on to be a gentleman in all his relations with unprotected women has not only been ridiculous, but harmful.

And there is another side to this question which should be mentioned in justice to all concerned. In our day respectable women are by no means all of the class described as the saintly angels of the home, who rouse all the chivalrous instincts of a gentleman, whether he be a resident of South Carolina, South Dakota, or Kamchatka.

In our day women are facing men as competitors in business and in the professions.

The modern woman of the advanced type refuses to be longer regarded as a gentler and saintlier type of humanity who must be petted, reverenced and protected. She prefers to renounce her former superiority of a certain kind for an equality which essentially involves a different plane of communication.

That all this foreshadows a certain modification of the old-time approved relations between the sexes is as obvious as it is inevitable.

WHEN THE RED MAN EXPOUNDS RELIGION.

Sioux Indians Concerned About Best Way to Prevent Church Members from Backsliding on Fourth of July.

THERE are still 35,000 Sioux Indians living in this country—enough to create a large disturbance, if a desire to be unruly should again take possession of them. And this tribe was characterized only a few years ago by the late Governor Gear, of Iowa, as "the most warlike and treacherous of all the tribes which have at any time had homes in this State."

Yet to-day, one-half of the 35,000 Sioux are enrolled as members of Christian churches. The Des Moines *Register and Leader* says:

Nor does the civilized Sioux content himself with quiescent membership in church. The New York *Christian Advocate* declares that the Indian is a born debater and has become greatly interested in religious matters. The following are given as some of the topics discussed by the Congregational and Presbyterian Sioux:

How may our Sabbath schools be improved?

Is the custom of making presents to the dead a good one?

What can be done to prevent church members from backsliding at Fourth of July celebrations?

Should one be engaged in heathen and Christian practises at the same time?

How may politics and religion help each other?

When is the keeping of money a good or an evil thing?

The evils of dancing.

Imagine the Sioux warriors who massacred nearly the entire settlements at Spirit Lake, Okoboji and Springfield in 1857 and those who, in 1862, murdered nearly two thousand unarmed men, women, and children, in Minnesota, gravely debating what can be done to prevent church members from backsliding at Fourth of July celebrations.

Certainly nothing could be better proof that the world does move, times and people do change.

A DIATRIBE AGAINST THE SACRED DUST RAG

'Tis Better Far to Let the Microbes Lie Than to Disturb Them While They're High and Dry.

ONLY a man could have written the following plea for the dust on the furniture. There is no indication of sex in the suggestion that dust be collected with a wet rag, properly impregnated with a germicide; but to argue that it is better to leave dust on the top of the clock or on the mantelshelf than to stir it up with a duster would be treasonable in one of the sex. However, the plea for dust may plead for itself. It is quoted from the Baltimore *Sun*.

It has been said—we know not with how much truth—that of all things the dust rag is most sacred to woman's heart. It is the flag under which she prefers to march, defending it to the utmost against the skeptical jibes of mere man.

Much has been said of her propensity to adorn her person, to emphasize the charm of her figure by varied textures and colors. The spring hat, the winter hat, the fall hat—to say nothing of the bewitching summer girl's hat—have been supposed to appeal most strongly to woman's love.

Tinted parasols have their claims. Wedding trousseaus attract much attention, and ladies have been known to go miles to see the lingerie of a prospective bride.

Woman's First and Longest Love.

But, after all, for a constant passion, lasting from sweet sixteen to sixty, nothing, it is alleged, really competes with the dust rag.

Even the feather duster, which but scatters the dust and bacteria, is inferior in popularity to the rag which gathers up and retains the accumulated particles of dirt.

Every woman cherishes this treasure, oblivious of the fact that the longer she keeps it the more billions of disease germs it contains. She does not realize that every time she flourishes it millions of microbes are imparted to the air she breathes, subjecting her to increased risk of tuberculosis, diphtheria, pneumonia, tetanus, and the like.

It is vain for the mere man to observe to the industrious duster that the dust lying on the bric-a-brac, wardrobe, or clock is harmless while it lies there, or that the proper thing to do is to remove it by gathering it up quietly with a damp cloth, moistened with a germicide solution, instead of stirring it up and scattering it abroad with the beloved rag.

No, dusting is dusting. Countless generations of women have dusted just that way, and it is the only way. Let man attend to his own business and quit giving undesired advice.

Yet the matter has its serious side. Health is impaired by the prevailing method. Being as a rule less resistant to disease germs than men who lead active out-of-door lives, women are often the first victims of the bacteria they stir up with the duster.

Their ability to resist disease is further

impaired by the physical exhaustion consequent upon the enormous labor involved in dusting the average parlor, bedroom, and library, with their hundreds of individual objects.

The conscientious housekeeper not infrequently celebrates the close of housecleaning day by going to bed for a spell of sickness. She has a righteous sense of having done her duty. She has done it to the best of her knowledge.

But the bacteriologist knows that she has in her throat and lungs some billions of bacteria—not a few which are morbific—which would be better on top of the clock or wardrobe.

NEW NOTIONS ABOUT OUR PLANET NEIGHBOR.

Successful Photographs of the Canals of Mars Cause Wonder as to the People of the Red Star.

IN the clear atmosphere of the astronomical observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, it proved possible, a short time ago, to photograph plainly the long-surmised canals in the planet Mars.

The red planet is an almost irresistible temptation to the imagination of a writer, and it is not surprising that the announcement from Flagstaff has set conjecture running.

For that matter, it is not over easy to be an astronomer and remain scientific, since the mind that deals constantly in the vastnesses of immeasurable space would seem to have no ultimate recourse except in the imagination.

Among astronomers some assert that the conditions necessary to support life all exist on Mars. Others hold that the Martian polar caps are not snow, and that there is neither air nor water enough for the life we know.

Says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:

For the first time the canals have been successfully photographed, and their examination can go forward with a positive general assurance of their nature and uses.

Irrigation is not an optional matter on Mars. The water that gathers at its poles in winter must be conserved and guided to the available regions both in the spring and in the summer. Ages hence the earth will doubtless have to resort to the same method as our older and smaller next neighbor, which, at its nearest approach, is 35,050,000 miles away.

A parliament of man must necessarily have been reached on Mars, for its system of canals covers the planet and presupposes unanimous consent and cooperation.

Magnificent Engineering.

Its building has been a task gigantic beyond anything known on earth, but the Martians are elder brothers and must have made an immensely greater advance in mechanical inventions and economics of labor. More in that line has been achieved on the earth in the last hundred years than in all the previous centuries.

The canals of Mars are said to show a marvelously comprehensive design. Their details are not thoroughly understood, but neither are the elements on the planet generally. Its oceans have long since disappeared and its atmosphere is but a third as dense as our own.

Its inhabitants may be larger and stronger than ours, but as civilization mounts higher brains count for more than muscle. The mound builders left some big monuments of persevering labor, but vanished because mentally unequal to claim a place in the march of humanity.

This confirmatory message from Mars comes through the camera, itself a scientific triumph of modern thought and experiment. The problem of the earth's seeming isolation in the wilderness of matter attracts an army of trained investigators who are by no means convinced that communication will never be opened up through the reaches of space.

No one has succeeded in defining electricity, magnetism, or the ether. As a first step, the recognized existence of life elsewhere is a considerable gain. It may wound an ancient egotism, but facts are facts.

In a few months Mars will be at a point in its circuit most favorable for inspection from the earth, and the astronomers with their improved instruments and appliances are getting ready for the event.

They have found on Mars an emblem of the workings of the mind such as men are endowed with, and the quest for further information will go on more eagerly than ever.

In exploration heretofore the new peoples discovered have been savages, or at least primitives. But the Martians may be so far ahead of us in all that con-

stitutes enlightened existence that we shall have the novel experience of dealing in turn with superior creatures.

NEED OF BETTER NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Search for New Official Patriotic Song Reminds the Press that It Is Hard to Invent Inspiration.

PROMOTERS of a definite movement to secure for the United States a new national air, with suitable words, have led Mr. Bonaparte, the Secretary of the Navy, to explain that, in the opinion of the Cabinet, national music is a subject for legislative consideration, and that Congress should decide whether or not we need a new official tune. At this point the press takes up the question.

The Chicago *Tribune* says:

Some of the songs of the late George F. Root, for instance, would not stand the test of a professor of *belles-lettres:* but soldiers, sons of soldiers, and grandsons, too, will continue to sing them because of the merry melodies which set the feet in motion and make the blood run faster.

A competition would probably fail to produce a song which would set aside those which have come from the spontaneous expression of the heart in some time of excitement.

In 1861 a number of Americans offered a prize of five hundred dollars for words and music of a national hymn. They received 1,200 manuscripts from various parts of the world. They filled five large waste-baskets with the rejected contributions, and after three months' faithful study they reached the conclusion that not one of the 1,200 poets and composers had produced anything that was or could be expected to become a national song.

It requires inspiration rather than legislation or the stimulus of a money prize to create a real national hymn.

In the opinion of the Cleveland *Leader* it would be useless for Congress to order a new national anthem as it would a battle-ship.

If the country is to have one, it probably will come unheralded, and the people will adopt it and sing it regardless of legislative enactments, because it gives voice effectively to the thrill of patriotic emotion.

In any case, "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle" will live as long as the nation, even if another hymn should take rank above them.

They are too closely connected with the greatest triumphs of the country's youth to be forgotten.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* thinks that Congress should not meddle in this matter.

Those of us who wish to sing the national songs do not need to sing either "America" or "The Star Spangled Banner," if we do not like them. There is no country on earth that is better supplied than ours with national airs.

We have "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," if we are looking for something lively.

We have "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" to the tune of "John Brown's Body."

The Songs of Yesteryear.

We have "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," "Marching Through Georgia," and numerous other inspiring airs.

Moreover, we have State songs, such as "Maryland," "Illinois," and that charming air which is claimed by the Blue Grass State, but which has been made almost national by the chorus:

> She was bred in old Kentucky,
> She was cake in New Orleans,
> In Milwaukee she was pretzels,
> And in Boston she was beans.

The wisest thing we can do is to get all the good we can out of "America," even though it be too foreign, and out of "The Star Spangled Banner," even though it be too difficult, and fall back upon the others when we need a change.

We are, perhaps, too fickle in our musical taste ever to be confined to one official national air. This is proved conclusively by the manner in which we abandon airs that are not national after we have whistled, and hummed, and played, and sung them with an affection that it seemed as if time could not wither or age decay.

It seems only a little while ago that we were all singing "Shoo Fly." Then we became enraptured with "The Mulligan Guards." Then we took up with "Little Annie Rooney," deserted her for "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night," and now

we are in the last throes of "Everybody Works but Father."

Says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat:*

There have been various competitors of the national anthem in the United States army, and some of them have had a considerable vogue for a time.

Had the Spanish-American War been a great event in national history, "The Star Spangled Banner" would have had to fight for its life with "A Hot Time in the Old Town." But the war was a minor affair, developing neither heroic courage nor endurance, and the "hot time" was not sanctified by suffering, blood, and tears, as the national air had been.

"A Hot Time" is not without merit as a marching song, but national anthems are not for the army alone, though it is the army which must engraft them upon the country.

"The Star Spangled Banner" is essentially American, for in no other nation could a song begin "Oh, say." It appeals to the patriotic soul, whatever may be its merits from a literary viewpoint, and its appeal is irresistible.

Go to any military camp where there are recruits or a new organization of volunteers, and the appealing force of the air will be brought sharply to attention. The "salute to the flag" has to be drilled into the soldier who has just entered the field, and when he passes the flag he has to be called back to retrace his steps and uncover as he passes the standard; but he does not have to be taught to take off his hat when the national anthem is played.

"DYING RICH" NO NEWLY RECOGNIZED DISGRACE.

Andrew Carnegie's Theory of Giving Away His Fortune Was Preached Editorially Sixty Years Ago.

IN 1846 Andrew Carnegie was in his ninth year, still in Scotland with his parents. He was not yet working even as a bobbin-boy—with which occupation his successful career began. Yet it seems as if the writer of the following editorial, which appeared in the *United States Gazette* in that year, must have had a prophetic vision of the future Andrew. At least, it shows that our grandfathers, some of them, saw the mistake of "dying rich":

The desire of growing rich merely to die rich is one of the most foolish intentions that ever entered the heart of foolish man.

Experience has fully and satisfactorily taught the lesson that much wealth left to heirs is, eight times out of ten, not a blessing, but a curse. Its expectation beguiles and spoils all the manly powers—its possession leads to misjudgment, excess, and finally exhaustion and ruin.

The time will yet come when men of wealth will be wise enough to make a gradual disposition of their property while living—not prospective, but operative—thereby have an eye to the use which is made of it, and participate in the greatest enjoyment that wealth is capable of giving: that of seeing it do good to others.

They will dismiss the foolish aspiration of "dying rich."

GLOWING APOSTROPHE TO THE AMERICAN PIE.

The Real Brain Food of New England Is the Much Maligned Pastry, Says the Lewiston Journal.

PIE is holding its own in the American appetite. Indeed, it seems to be more than holding its own. On one day recently the town of Shawmut, Maine, shipped four million pie plates, two million of which went to Providence, Rhode Island, and two million to Baltimore, Maryland. The Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* draws jubilant inferences from these figures.

Now Pie! Pie! the survival of the honey of Hymettus, has been considered peculiar to New England, whereas Baltimore is not New England and Providence is so far over the border that it is almost in Philadelphia.

Yet here we see the land of terrapin and oysters calling for Pie. Pie the exotic, Pie the imported article, or, if not Pie, then the receptacle of Pie, the undercrust of Pie, the foundation of Pie, indicating the growth and development of the Pie industry south of Boston.

Now, Pie has long been held by philosophers to be the real brain food of Maine and certain other New England

States. Especially has Pie been the substratum of the national eminence of Maine men.

On Pie they have reared the fabric of their greatness—mince pie for endurance, custard pie for sympathetic tenderness, apple pie for philosophy, blueberry pie for rhythm, squash pie for eloquence and flow of words, pumpkin pie for old-fashioned common sense, and strawberry pie for polish and the graces of society. All of these come from Pie.

Baltimore and Providence have evidently discovered the fact, and, emulous of our greatness, have decided to build on Pie, and wrest the supremacy of intellect, statesmanship, and art away from Maine.

But they will never do it. For here we build not only the Pie, but also the mothers who make them. No pie factory can compete; no trust-made goods can approach those made here in the homes of the folks.

Shawmut may sell plates for Pie, but Maine hangs on to the woman with the apron who molds and fashions with infinite nicety that gift of the gods passed down from Olympus and flattened in its fall into Pie.

EGYPT'S REMARKABLE NEW DEVELOPMENT.

What Has Happened in the Realm of the Khedive Since Lord Cromer Went to Work.

WISE administration has been doing wonders in Egypt. The effects of the American Civil War produced in Egypt a period of factitious prosperity, from which there was an inevitable slump.

In 1890 Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, was able to report: "After a long struggle, during which the solvency or insolvency of the country remained doubtful, the financial equilibrium is secured."

A correspondent of the London *Times* records the changes which impressed him during a recent visit to Egypt, in comparison with the Egypt of 1890.

The value of all landed property has increased in sixteen years five to seven fold. Is it a solid basis? I confess that, starting with the contrary opinion, I am convinced that it is.

Of course there exists some inflation and overspeculation, and there are wildcat schemes, but Egypt now, as in the time of Herodotus, is the gift of the Nile, and with a cultivative area yearly augmenting, with a crop which has doubled in sixteen years, with reduced taxation and expenditure dictated by that best of generosity, rigid economy, Egypt's future is secure so long as it is directed by the pilot who weathered the storm.

But there lies the flaw. It is a one-man show; there is no second Cromer any more than there was a second Cromwell visible, and I venture to think his one fault would be the choice of his successor. He possesses himself such a power of infusing his personality into his subordinates that he mistakes them for himself.

The second change is the attitude of both natives and Europeans toward the Capitulations.

The natives, better educated than they formerly were, and with their social position improved by wealth, resent the extra-territorial rights granted to people many of whom are morally and socially inferior to themselves.

Europeans of the better class are not unwilling to change a system which favors only the criminal community.

No one was more strongly than myself opposed to interference with the Capitulations in the past. Now I am profoundly convinced that they are a source of real danger, and that their abolition by delegation to the Egyptian government under British responsibility is necessary if Egypt's moral advance is to keep pace with her material progress.

The third change is the moral tone of the officials. In 1865 corruption was the lifeblood of the government, from the Khedive Ismail to the lowest official. In 1890 it had disappeared from those administrations under direct British control. In 1906 I will not say that it is non-existent, but it is limited, and, to pay vice's tribute to virtue, is at least regarded as disgraceful, except in one quarter, where it is an entirely new growth.

Even in Ismail's time honors were given, if not by merit at least by favor unadulterated by cash payment. To-day titles of pashas and beys might almost be quoted on the Stock Exchange.

The brokers are editors of rival native papers, the purchasers are any one who for social or business purpose will pay the price, and the seller is the khedive.

The matter is too openly discussed and commented upon to be ignored.

GRAVE, GAY, AND EPIGRAMMATIC.

Love, the Illusion.

LOVE is just a cobweb, wet with morning dew;
Love is just a fairy spell, invisible to view;
A tread—a touch too heavy, and the cobweb is not there!
A sigh too long, and lo!—the spell has vanished into air!
Love is just a morning-glory, doomed at noon to die;
Love is only half a story, told in passing by;
Love is gold so delicate, the faintest flame would melt it;
Love's—NOTHING; but—God help the man who's never known nor felt it!

Helen Rowland in Life.

With gentle footsteps the beautiful snow stole down from heaven yesterday, and the dark-eyed mud reached up and licked it in.—*The Danbury News Man.*

Won His Bet.

General Miles, in company with a friend, was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, when a person, entirely unknown to the veteran soldier, rushed up to him, and grasping his hand, said, warmly, "Well, Nelse, old boy, I'll bet anything you don't remember me!"

"You win!" coldly and laconically replied Miles, as he released himself from the grasp of the stranger and resumed his walk—*Woman's Home Companion.*

The man who thinks he is a wit should talk into a phonograph—and then be made to listen—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Horace Greeley's favorite poem of his own make was:

Man's a vapor,
Full of woes;
Starts a paper—
Up she goes.

Sorry He Learned the Law.

Attorney William S. Barnes, of San Francisco, has a new office boy. The last boy with whom he was associated resigned a few days ago because the law business did not suit his peculiar temperament.

"How long have you been here?" asked Barnes, when the small boy made known his intention to engage in a different vocation.

"Six months," replied the boy.

"And you don't like the law business?"

"Naw. It's no good, and I tell you straight, I'm mighty sorry I learned it."—*Technical World.*

A Reminiscence of Field.

Eugene Field, sad of countenance and ready of tongue, strayed into a New York restaurant and seated himself at a table. To him there came a swift and voluble waiter who said, "Coffee, tea-chocolate, ham 'n''ggs-beef-steak-mutton-chop-fish-balls-hash'n'-beans," and much more to the same purpose. Field looked at him long and solemnly, and at last replied, "O friend, I want none of these things. All I require is an orange and a few kind words."

Decidedly "Willin'."

Miss Maude Adams has a favorite story about a certain "Miss Johnsing" and an uncertain "Culpeper Pete."

Pete became enamored of the dusky maiden and not having the courage to "pop" face to face, called up the house where she worked and asked for her over the telephone. When he got her on the line he asked:

"Is dat Miss Johnsing?"

"Ya-as."

"Well, Miss Johnsing, I'se got a most important question to ask you."

"Ya-as."

"Will you marry me?"

"Ya-as. Who is it, please?"—*Exchange.*

The following sublime paragraph is from one of the latest fashionable novels:

"With one hand he held her beautiful head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance!"—*Exchange.*

Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

Francis W. Bourdillon.

On a sun-dial which stands upon the pier of Brighton is inscribed the most hopeful line. "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

Why a Woman was Made of a Rib.

A young lady having asked a surgeon why woman was made from the rib of

a man in preference to any other bone, he gave the following gallant answer:

"She was not taken from the head lest she would rule over him; nor from his feet, lest he should trample upon her; but she was taken from his side, that she might be his equal; from under his arm, that he might protect her; from near his heart that he might cherish and love her."

Exchange.

A Danbury gentleman ate two mince-pies before retiring Sunday night, and about two o'clock the next morning was picked up by eleven baldheaded angels and pushed through ten yards of lead pipe. —*The Danbury News Man.*

All honor to him who wins the prize,
The world has cried for a hundred years;
But to him who tries and fails and dies,
I give great glory and honor and tears.

Joaquin Miller.

Lord Ellenborough once said to a barrister, upon his asking in the midst of a boring harangue: "Is it the pleasure of the court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr.—— has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed."—*Old Scrap Book.*

A Rich Retort.

It is said of the Marquis of Townsend, that when a young man and engaged in battle, he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed to engross his thoughts.

A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated by the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. "Oh," said the young marquis, with calmness but severity, "I am not frightened; I am only puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains, ever came to be here! "—*Old Scrap Book.*

There never was an angel who wouldn't take off her wings and cook for the man she loved.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Retort Turkish.

The following we take to be of Turkish origin:

"As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her.

"'Why,' said she, 'do you follow me?'

"'Because,' he replied, 'I have fallen in love with you.'

"'Why so? My sister, who is coming after me, is much handsomer than I am. Go and make love to her.'

"The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and, being greatly displeased, returned, and said:

"'Why should you tell me a falsehood?'

"The woman answered, 'Neither did you tell *me* the truth; for, if you were in love with *me*, why did you look back for another woman?'"

The recording angel suddenly put his fingers in his ears.

"What was that for?" asked St. Peter, when they had been removed.

"Oh, I saw Brown's new derby hat blow off, just as he was getting on a car," was the explanation of this kind-hearted action. —*Smart Set.*

Just Around the Corner.

Lloyd Osbourne says that Robert Louis Stevenson once invited a friend to visit him in Samoa.

His friend said that nothing would give him greater pleasure, if he could secure the leisure to do so. "By the way, Louis," said he, "how do you get to Samoa, anyhow?"

"Oh, easily," responded Stevenson, "you simply go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and it's the second turning to the left."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Dunbar's Resignation.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, is dead. Incomparable in his presentation of his race's language and thoughts, he occupied a unique position in the literary world. W. D. Howells called him the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life esthetically and express it lyrically. Last year, while he was dying of consumption, he contributed to *Lippincott's* this verse-sermon of resignation:

Because I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in his great compassion
Gave me the gift of song.
Because I had loved so vainly
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master in infinite mercy
Offers the boon of Death.

"Your honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me, knows that I am incapable of lending my aid to a mean cause." "That's so," said his opponent, "the gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause, he always gets cash down."

Cure for a "Nagging" Woman.

Having advertised as a widower in search of Wife No. 2, a man of St. Gall, Switzerland, showed the fifty replies and photographs which he had received to his wife, and, stating that if she did not want him there were others who did, he effectively cured her of her "nagging" habits. —*Le Petit Parisien.*

Niagara, the June Bride's Paradise.

The Eloquent Language in Which the Great Cataract Was Described by Sir Edwin Arnold, and John Galt's Romantic Account of How It Was Discovered.

THE compass of the honeymooner, like the compass of the mariner, has four points, but on that of the honeymooner the points are rather differently indicated. The East is represented by the term "abroad," the South by Washington, the West by almost anything lying between Pittsburg and the Pacific, and the North by Niagara.

The honeymooner who finds it less difficult to make money than to kill time, shapes his matrimonial course via Pittsburgh or Paris. The good, patriotic, homespun sort of chap who finds it more easy to kill time than to make money, and who may one day be the father of a President of the United States, whirls his bride off to Washington or Niagara. Washington is a little dull and also is rather warm after Congress adjourns, so the June bride is most likely to pick the last of the rice-grains out of her hair within car-shot of the great northern cataract.

In view of the fact that many June brides will find themselves standing by Niagara with this issue of THE SCRAP BOOK in their hands, two selections that have to do with the big waterfall are given herewith. Of these, one is said to be the finest description of Niagara that ever has been written. It is from the pen of the late Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," and appeared originally in the *Daily Telegraph* (London).

The second selection is John Galt's account of the discovery of the cataract. John Galt (1779-1839) was a native of Scotland. He wrote several novels that were popular in their day. He traveled extensively, and wrote many articles on historical and geographical subjects.

THE SPLENDOR OF NIAGARA.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

BEFORE my balcony the great cataract is thundering, smoking, glittering with green and white rollers and rapids, hurling the waters of a whole continent in splendor and speed over the sharp ledges of the long, brown rock by which Erie, "the Broad," steps proudly down to Ontario, "the Beautiful."

The smaller but very imposing American Falls speaks with the louder voice of the two, because its coiling spirals of twisted and furious flood crash in full impulse of descent upon the talus of massive boulders heaped up at its foot.

The resounding impact of water on rocks, the clouds of water-smoke which rise high in air, and the river below churned into a whirling cream of eddy and surge and backwater, unite in a composite effect, at once magnificent and bewildering.

Far away, Niagara River is seen winding eagerly to its prodigious leap. You can discern the line of the first breakers, where the river feels the fatal draw of the cataracts, its current seeming suddenly to leap forward, stimulated by mad desire, a hidden spell, a dreadful and irresistible doom.

Far back along the gilded surface of the upper stream, these lines of dancing, tossing, eager, anxious and fate-impelled breakers and billows multiply their white ranks, and spread and close together their leaping ridges into a wild chaos of racing waves as the brink is approached. And then, at the brink, there is a curious pause—the momentary peace of the irrevocable. Those mad upper waters—reaching the great leap—are suddenly all quiet and glassy, and rounded and green as the border of a field of rye, while they turn

the angle of the dreadful ledge and hurl themselves into the snow-white gulf of noise and mist and mystery underneath.

There is nothing more translucently green, nor more perennially still and lovely, than Niagara the greater. At this, her awful brink, the whole architrave of the main abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquillity between fervor of rush and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Even the central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory is rendered exquisite, reposeful, and soothing by the lovely rainbows hanging over the turmoil and clamor.

From its crest of chrysoprase and silver, indeed, to its broad foot of milky foam and of its white-stunned waves, too broken and too dazed to begin at first to float away, Niagara appears not terrible, but divinely and deliciously graceful, glad and lovely—a specimen of the splendor of water at its finest—a sight to dwell and linger in the mind with ineffaceable images of happy and grateful thought, by no means to affect it in seeing or to haunt it in future days of memory with any wild reminiscences of terror or of gloom.

DISCOVERY OF NIAGARA.

BY JOHN GALT.

AMONG the earliest missionaries sent to convert the Indians to the Christian belief was Joseph Price, a young man who had received directions to penetrate farther into the vast forests which clothe the continent of America toward the north than had been at that time accomplished. In this hazardous undertaking he was accompanied by Henry Wilmington, who, actuated by the same religious motives, had volunteered to attend him.

They had been landed at Boston, then a very small but thriving village, about a month previous, where they made the necessary preparations for their expedition, and recruited themselves after a passage of thirteen weeks from Plymouth, for so long a passage was not uncommon in those times in traversing the Atlantic.

It was a fine morning in the latter end of May when they bade adieu to the inhabitants, by whom they had been hospitably entertained, and, accompanied by the good wishes of all, proceeded toward the hitherto unexplored forest.

The buds were now beginning to expand into leaves, and the sun was often darkened by the vast flocks of migratory pigeons, which, when the woods allowed, sometimes flew so close to the ground that the travelers could beat them down with their sticks. Before sailing from England they had often heard persons who had crossed the Atlantic mention this circumstance, but they suspected them of exaggeration until they witnessed it themselves.

It was their intention to visit a distant tract of country, of which nothing was known except vague reports of sheets of water so immense that, but for the circumstance of their being fresh, might have led them to suppose they were on an island. These reports were for the most part gathered from the Indians, on whose testimony little reliance could be placed, as none of their informers could speak from their own knowledge.

Into the Wilderness.

To aid them in their pursuit, they were provided with compasses and armed with fowling pieces. They, directing their course toward the place to which most of the Indians alluded, had, it is true, but slight grounds on which to rest their hopes of success; animated, however, with the desire of fulfilling what they had undertaken, they thought little of the difficulties which might attend it: accordingly, it was without regret that they were now leaving the settled part of the country.

Having traveled several days without seeing anything worthy of notice, they arrived at the ultimate farm they could expect to meet with before their return. After remaining there for the night, they continued their journey through the forest, which had most likely never been previously trodden by the feet of civilized man. The startled deer frequently crossed their path, and a few birds were the only objects that varied the silent solitude around.

Guided by their compasses, they continued their progress many days until they arrived at the banks of a large and rapid river, which they in vain attempted to pass, as its breadth and swiftness precluded the hope of their being able to swim across it.

After proposing many expedients, all of which they soon found to be impracticable, they determined on trusting themselves to some one of the many fallen trees which lay in every eddy along its banks; and having selected one whose branches lay in such a manner as would prevent it

from turning over, they entwined boughs to form a small kind of basket, into which, having provided themselves with stout poles, they entered, taking care that neither their guns nor ammunition suffered from the water; they then steadily pushed it from the shore into the stream, and continued doing so until the water grew so deep that the poles were of no avail, and they were obliged to trust to Providence to carry them to the other side

For some time they continued in the middle of the river, without inclining toward either bank, when they perceived that, by the help of the wind, they were quickly gaining on a large pine, which was slowly floating downward. On reaching it, they stretched out their poles with a great effort, and succeeded in pushing themselves into water where they could again find bottom.

After much labor, our travelers touched the bank, on which they quickly leaped, and having taken out their arms they continued their journey rejoicing.

A Battle of Stags.

They soon after arrived at a spot where they deemed it fit to wait till the following morning, and, it being their custom, they went out hunting in order to provide provision for the next day's wants, at that time easily accomplished, as the forests abounded with herds of deer, which, having been seldom disturbed, were exceedingly tame.

On this occasion they soon beheld a great number watching a furious encounter between two large bucks, which, with the utmost animosity, were endeavoring to gore each other. Surprised at a sight they had never before seen, they determined to await the result; and after some time one of the combatants, by an amazing leap, sprang past the other, and, swiftly turning round, drove his horns into the side of his adversary and instantly killed him.

The missionaries, running to the spot, frightened away the remainder of the herd, while they took possession of the fallen one, and, having taken what would serve them for several days, left the carcass to the wolves.

In about a week after, they reached a chain of mountains, where they rested for the night, and next morning proceeded to ascend their steep and sandy sides, up which they were enabled to drag themselves by grasping the trees; nevertheless, they were several times nearly precipitated into the gulf below.

Wilmington, on one occasion in particular, when they were ascending a very dangerous part of the mountain, inadvertently seized a rotten branch, which, giving way, caused him to be hurried downward to the very brink of a precipice, where he saved himself by catching hold of a projecting bough. Thus they advanced for the remainder of that day, in the evening of which they took advantage of a small space of level ground, to remain until the morning.

About noon they succeeded in gaining the summit of the ridge; and, in order that they might view the surrounding country, they ascended a barren crag that reared itself high above the others; for, without having met with this, the trees would have excluded every prospect.

Climbed Tree to See Lakes.

Having reached its loftiest pinnacle, they turned their eager eyes to see if they could behold any traces of the mighty seas of fresh water which had been described to them by the Indians; but to their sorrow, as far as their sight could stretch, only vast woods met their anxious gaze.

While thus engaged, they sometimes heard the piercing cries of the hawk in pursuit of his prey; far under them, and among the trees, the drumming of the partridge and the tapping of the woodpecker could be clearly distinguished.

Being somewhat disappointed, they silently commenced wending their lonely way down the side of the mountain; but, notwithstanding their utmost exertions, they could not succeed in descending the range that evening, and were compelled by the approaching darkness to seek a spot where they might safely rest.

Early in the morning they awoke, and, continuing their descent with renewed energy, soon surpassed the formidable obstacle which the hills had opposed.

Having rested for the remainder of that day, they again began to cross the level country, and continued doing so for many days, without having seen a single human being since their departure from the farm, when, one day, in a glade of the woods, they saw a band of Indians among the trees, who, having approached, spoke in a pleasant but to them unknown language. Their gestures betokened their surprise at beholding people so different in color to themselves, and armed with what appeared to them only polished sticks.

While thus employed, a flock of wild geese flew high above their heads, at which the Indians discharged their arrows, but they fell short of their intended mark; when Price and Wilmington, raising their guns, fired, and to the astonishment of the natives two of the flock came fluttering to their feet.

The spectators crowded around the Europeans, and with much curiosity began to admire the weapons which they had formerly despised. Their wonder was not diminished when they saw what they imagined pounded cinders put into the muzzles of the guns, and then, on pulling a small piece of iron, a flash of fire accompanied with smoke and a loud report, immediately followed.

The chief, by signs, appeared to ask them to accompany him, that the rest of his tribe might see what seemed to them exceedingly wonderful, and having fol-

lowed him they soon arrived at a place where several Indians were engaged in erecting small wigwams of bark.

The chief, however, made them understand that this was only their hunting-ground, and told them that their village lay far off, in the direction of the sun, which was then sinking behind the trees, and to which they should soon return.

From this time the missionaries commenced learning the language of their entertainers, in which they were able to converse with some facility by the time that the Indians returned to their village, which was situated on the Oneida. Having arrived there, Price began to teach them; but they, having patiently listened to his first sermon, to his great sorrow, never assembled to hear him again; and, in consequence, he told Wilmington that he would try to discover whether there was any truth in the reports they had heard at Boston concerning the inland waters, and asked him if he was willing to be his companion.

Had Heard Great Roaring.

Wilmington assented, and having endeavored to inform the Indians of their intention, the chief, who had conducted them to the village, made them understand that the river which flowed past led to an immense basin, which they supposed was formed by the continual running of several large rivers, but that few of his tribe had ever paddled far round its borders.

There was, however, an old man who in his youth had ventured to proceed in his canoe for many suns along it, and returned with the report that he had arrived at an immense river which ran into the fresh sea, where, having landed for the purpose of hunting, he had heard a terrific roaring, as he thought, of waters, and, advancing through the woods toward the sound, for some miles the stream became so rapid that no canoe could go up against it. Being very much alarmed, he had hurried back to his bark and instantly commenced his return; but he was the only one of the tribe who had ever dared to sail so far, and from his account they supposed it the source of the lake.

Having learned this, they asked the chief, whose name was Maiook, whether he would allow any of his Indians to accompany them down the river to the lake and ascertain from whence the sound that had alarmed the aged Indian arose. He at first tried to dissuade them by every argument in his power, but, finding his endeavors of no avail, he said that he would himself join them in their expedition. It was, therefore, agreed that they should sail down the river the week following; but, before the time determined on, an event occurred that considerably delayed their departure.

On rising one morning they remarked that large clouds of smoke were drifting over their heads, accompanied by an overpowering pressure of heat, which the Indians said was occasioned by the woods being on fire; and as the wind was high, showers of ashes frequently fell around them.

To avoid these, they took shelter in their wigwams, but the hotness of the air, together with the smoke, increased so much that, being in danger of suffocation, the chief proposed that they should cast themselves into the Oneida; and as no better proposition could be made, they hurried into it, and remained with only their heads above water, being often obliged to immerse them likewise. They were thus situated many hours, while the water was black with the ashes that fell around them.

First View of Lake Ontario.

The wind at last, to their great joy, changed, and relieved them from their perilous position, by driving the flames in the contrary direction. They did not, however, quit the water, as the ground was still covered with burning embers. On leaving the river, they saw, to their mortification, that the village was on fire in several places, and it was some time before they succeeded in stopping the progress of the burning; the canoes which they had drawn up on the shore were also consumed.

After repairing the damage and making other canoes, they began their expedition; and, having paddled for several days, one calm and beautiful evening they were astonished at the sight of Lake Ontario.

As far as the eye could reach they could only see what appeared to them boundless water, which lay without the slightest ripple on its glassy surface, undisturbed by the softest breath of wind. They then continued paddling round the shore, looking out for a place where they might safely moor their canoes during the night, and, among the many small inlets, they soon discovered one fitted for their purpose, which they immediately entered.

At sunrise they again advanced on their adventurous expedition. As they coasted along, the deer would sometimes look at them from among the thickets which fringed the borders of the lake; and at other times they saw them swimming across the mouths of the various creeks or rivers which they passed in their progress. They were, however, too much engaged in admiring the lonely magnificence of the surrounding scenery to interrupt the playful gambols of the deer by endeavoring to wound them, which they did only when their necessities compelled.

Thus they paddled onward for several days without perceiving anything that might lead them to suppose they were approaching the spot to which the old Indian had alluded, when one hazy morning, having proceeded many miles before the sun had power to dispel the thick mists, they were delighted at seeing themselves, as the

air at noon cleared, about to enter a large river, which flowed rapidly into the lake.

As this in some measure coincided with the first part of what had been related to them, they determined on entering it; but after paddling up it for some time the current grew so strong that they were compelled to disembark and continue their journey by land on the edge of the high precipitous bank.

The Cataract at Last!

The wind, softly blowing, rustled among the trees, but sometimes they fancied that a distant rumbling could be distinguished.

Having followed the course of the stream along the edge of the cliff for some distance, Price proposed that one of them should ascend a tree and follow the course of the river upward with his eye, and try if he could discover whence the sound that reached them arose.

Maiook, therefore, told one of his Indians to climb up a lofty pine which grew apart from the rest, and he had hardly ascended half-way when, uttering a cry of astonishment, he hastened to the ground and told his comrades that he had seen immense clouds of spray rising far above the trees, but he could not perceive from what cause they arose.

Encouraged by this report, after refreshing themselves (being much wearied by their toilsome march), they hastened along the edge of the cliffs, while the rushing sound that had been gradually increasing was every instant becoming more and more tremendous, and the velocity of the stream made them imagine that they were in the vicinity of a furious rapid, when, on advancing from the thick bushes, they suddenly found themselves on a bare ledge of rock which overhung an immense chasm into which two streams and a mighty river were tumbling with a noise that drowned all their exclamations of surprise, and which was louder that the voice of the ocean in a storm.

Springing back with terror from the edge of the precipice over which they had so nearly plunged, they eyed the thundering and foaming torrent with amazement, not noticing that part of the rock on which they had just been standing was tottering, and slowly separating itself from the adjoinig mass, till roused by the crash with which it was precipitated into the gulf below, shaking the living rock from whence it had been detached, and resounding through the woods, far above the roaring of the stupendous cataract.

The missionaries involuntarily leaped back among the trees, not daring to return to the place where they had been, and viewed with more composure the awful prospect before them. The river above the falls was for some distance a furious rapid, rushing with incredible force toward the precipice; but when on its very brink it, in some parts of the great stream, became calm, other parts were white with foam.

While thus engaged, Maiook, with a loud cry, directed their attention to a large deer, which, in vain struggling against the overpowering suction of the falls, was rapidly coming to destruction. They watched its fruitless endeavors to reach the shore; but, on arriving at the deceitful calm, it looked wildly, with distended nostrils and outstretched neck, and seemed to be crying; but the roar of the cataracts drowned its voice, and it was soon precipitated into the boiling abyss.

The French, from the province of Quebec, may have reached as far before, but Price and his companion believed they were the first who had penetrated to that spot; and when they returned back to the settlements their description of the unparalleled magnificence of the cataracts to which Maiook gave the name of Niagara, or the thundering waters, was deemed incredible.

But the wilderness has now been banished, and festivity and commerce have there established themselves amidst the simple sublimity that distinguishes this, the most impressive spectacle of the kind to be seen on the whole earth.

SAD FATE OF GREAT DISCOVERERS.

Few of the Spaniards Who Led Expeditions To and In the New World Met Death Peacefully or With the Honors That Were Their Due.

AMONG the Spaniards who won fame as discoverers and conquerors in America only a very few died peacefully. Here is a list of some of the more important who suffered at the hands of fate:

Columbus died broken-hearted; Roldin and Bobadilla were drowned; Ovando was harshly superseded; Las Casas sought refuge in a cowl: Ojeda died in extreme poverty; Enciso was deposed by his own men; Nicuessa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party; Vasco Nuñez de Balboa was disgracefully beheaded; Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon, and afterward died of hardship; Cortez was dishonored; Alvarado was destroyed in ambush; Almagro was garroted; Pizarro was murdered, and his four brothers cut off; and there was no end to the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs among the energetic and daring adventurers.

THE ISLE OF THE LONG AGO.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.*

OH! a wandering stream is the river Time.
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there:
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

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*BORN at Lowville, New York, in 1819, Benjamin Franklin Taylor died at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1887. During the Civil War he was the Chicago *Journal* war correspondent with the Western armies.

Mr. Taylor wrote a number of books, among which are several volumes of verse and a novel, "Theophilus Trent." He traveled much, and devoted several years to lecturing, so that in the years following the war he was a familiar figure to a large public. By the present generation, however, he is best remembered as author of "The Isle of the Long Ago," that singularly felicitous picture of the home of sweet-sad memories.

Evolution of Our Language.

The Various Forms of Writing the Lord's Prayer During the Last Twelve Hundred Years Afford Striking Examples of the Long Process of Evolution That Resulted in the Speech We Have To-day.

ONE of the most notable characteristics of Americans in the beginning of the twentieth century is a desire for change.

Sections of some big towns have been razed to the ground for the purpose of affording resting-places for more modern structures than those that were reared upon them before. Steam-engines are giving place to electricity on the railroads, lawyers to capitalists in Congress, private dwellings to apartment houses in the cities, American football to English "soccer" on the gridiron, and the canoe to the motor-boat on the lakes of our northern and western wildernesses.

And now Andrew Carnegie and others want our language changed!

Changing a language, however, is a somewhat more serious matter than the changing of a coat. The creation of a language involves a long process of evolution. Ours has been in the course of evolution for more than a thousand years, and, as its critics have pointed out, it has not yet reached a state of perfection.

Perhaps no better example can be given of the manner in which the English language has come down to us than the forms in which the Lord's Prayer has been written since it was first taken to England. These forms are given herewith.

I.

Early Classic—Anglo-Saxon.

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heofenum,
Si thin nama gehalgod;
To-becume thin Rice;
Gewordhe thin Willa on Eorthen swa swa on Heofenum.
Uurne ge dagwamlican Hlaf syle us to-dag;
And forgyf us ure Gyltas swa swa we forgifadh urun Gyltendum;
And ne gelade thu us on Costnunge,
Ac alys us of Yfle. Sothlice.

II.

Anglo-Saxon, A.D. 875.

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heofenun,
Si thin Nama gehalgod;
To-becume thin Rice;
Gewurthe thin Willa on Eorthen swa swa on Heofenum;
Urne ge daghwamlican Hlaf syle us to dag;
And forgyf us ure Glytas swa swa we forgyfath uram Glytendum;
And ne geladde thu on Costnung;
Ac alyse us af Yfle.

III

Anglo-Saxon, About A.D. 880—During Danish Occupancy.

Fader uren, thu art in Heofnum,
Si gehalgud Noma thin;
To cymeth Ric thin;
Sie Willo thin suae is in Heafne and in Eortha;
Hlaf usenne of wistlic sel us to dag;
And fergef us Scylda usna, suague fergefon Scyldgum usum;
And ne lnlad usih in Costunge;
Uh gefrig usich from Yfle.

IV.

Anglo-Saxon, About A.D. 900.

Thu ure Fader, the eart on Heofenum.
Si thin Nama gehalgod;
Cume thin Rice;
Si thin Willa on Eortha, swa swa on Heofenum;
Syle us to Dag urne to daghwamlican Hlaf;
And forgif us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgifath tham the with us agyltath;
And ne lad thu na us on Costnunge;
Ac alys us fram Yfle. Sih it swa.

V.

Anglo-Saxon, About A.D. 900—Another Version.

Fader unser es the is on Heofnum.
Gihalgod bith Noma thin;
To cymeth Rice thin;
Sie Willa thin sie swa on Heafne and on Heortho;
Hlaf userne daghwamlice sel us to Dage;
And forgef us Synne use swa fastlice and ec we forgeofas eghwelce Scylde user;
And ne usih on lad thu in Costhunge;
Ah afria usih from Yfle.

VI.

English or Semi-Saxon, About A.D. 1160.

Ure Fader, thu the on Heofne eart,
Syo thin Name gehaleged;
To cume thin Rice,
Geworde thin Wille on Heofene and on Eorthe;
Syle us to Daig urne daighwamliche Hlaf;

And forgyf us ure Geltes, swa we forgyfath
aelcen thare the with us agylteth;
And ne lad thu us on Costnunge;
Ac alyus us fram Yfle.

VII.

English, 1290-1300.

Oure Fader, that art in Hevenes,
Halewid be thin Name;
Thy kingdom come;
Be thi Wille done as in Hevene and in
Erthe.
Gyff to us this day our Brede over other
substance;
And forgyue to us our Dettis, as forgyuen
to oure Dettours;
And lede us not into Temptatioun;
But delyue us fro Yvel. Amen, that is, so
beit.

VIII.

A.D. 1430.

Oure Fadir that art in Hevenis,
Halewid be thi name;
Thi kingdom come to thee;
Be thi Will done in Eerthe as in Hevene;
Giue us this day oure Breed over othre
substance;
And forgive to us our Dettis, as we for-
given oure Dettours;
And lede us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Ivel. Amen.

IX.

English, A.D. 1526—Tindal's Version.

Our Father which art in Heven,
Halowed be thy name;
Let thy kingdom come;
Thy will be fulfilled, as well in earth as it
is in heven.
Geve us this daye our dayly bred;
And forgeve us our Dettis, as we forgiven
our Detters;
And leade us not into temptation;
But deliver us from Evill.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glorye forever.

X.

Present Day Version.

Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in
earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive
our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but de-
liver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

The Democracy of Death.

IN the democracy of the dead, all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions, and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil.

Here at last is nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure, and opportunity which make life so cruel and inexplicable ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.—*John J. Ingalls.*

A FEAST OF AUTO SONG.

The Egotism of the Motor-Car, Even in the Realm of Poesy, Proves More Than a Match for the Wit of People Who Continue to Traduce Them Until They Decide What Model They Will Buy.

UNCLE HENRY ON THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

EVERY little while they tell us that the horse has got to go;
First the trolley was invented 'cause the horses went so slow.
And they told us that we'd better not keep raisin' colts no more.
When the street cars got to moving that the horses pulled before,
I thought it was all over for old Fan and Doll and Kit,
S'posed the horse was up and done for,
But
he
ain't
went
yit!

When the bike craze first got started people told us right away.
As you probably remember, that the horse had saw his day;
People put away their buggies and went kitin' 'round on wheels;
There were lots and lots of horses didn't even earn their meals.
I used to stand and watch 'em with their bloomers as they'd flit.
And I thought the horse was goin',
But
he
ain't
went
yit!

Then they got the horseless carriage, and they said the horse was done,
And the story's been repeated twenty times by Edison:
Every time he gets another of his batteries to go
He comes whoopin' out to tell us that the horse don't stand a show.
And you'd think to see these chauffeurs, as they go a-chauffin', it
Was good-by to Mr. Dobbin,
But
he
ain't
went
yit!

When the people git to flying in the air I s'pose they'll say,
As we long have been a-sayin', that the horse has had his day.
And I s'pose that some old feller just about like me'll stand
Where it's safe, and watch the horses haulin' stuff across the land;
And he'll mebby think as I do, while the crows above him flit,
"Oh, they say the horse is done for,
But
he
ain't
went
yit!"

Chicago Record-Herald.

THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

By Horace Seymour Keller.

NO more the roan and chestnut, the piebald and the gray
Pound their iron hoofs upon the smithy's floor;
No more the gig and buggy, the buckboard and coupé
Stand broken down and helpless at the door.

He'll pump you full of ether with an auto sorter laugh,
He's fixtures ready-made to mend the fake.
If your tire has collapsed he'll swell it for a half,
With perhaps another dollar for a break.

No more he talks of "hoss" as he stands upon the green
And waits the auto trav'ler on his way.
He's an artist now in wind, and he's happy and serene,
For he's pumping, pumping dollars all the day.

AN "AUTO" IDYL.

THE automobile owner crawled
With haste into his car
And said good-by, for he was called
To travel fast and far.

He grasped the steering wheel with glee
And gave the clutch a yank,
And then, with objurgations, he
Climbed down again to crank.

Again he mounted to the seat
Prepared like wind to fly,
Yet there he lingered in the street;
The water tank was dry.

He filled the tank; it seemed a cinch,
Once more he starts to chauff,
Behold, he does not move an inch—
The differential's off.

In rage he toils with might and main
Till he is faint and weak;
Again he starts—and stops again;
The tire's sprung a leak.

The shades of night are falling fast,
But joy illumes his brow.
He shoots ahead—his trouble past,
Pray who can catch him now?

And yet, around the corner, we
May find the same machine:
Its owner is not there, for he
Has gone for gasoline.

Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

WHAT THEY CALL IT.

GRANDMA says we're right in style,
A-sittin' in our automo-bile.

Grandpa says we're fit to kill,
A-ridin' in our automo-bill.

Ma, she says we ought to feel
Grateful fer our automo-beel.

Pa says there ain't no other man
Kin run an auto like he can.

Auntie preaches near and far
'Bout our lovely touring car.

Uncle Bill says he ain't seen
Nowhere such a good machine.

Brother Jim, he keeps a-braggin'
'Bout the speed of our new wagon.

But, oh, it sounds so grand and noble
When sister Sue says automoble.

Puck.

HE BIDED HIS TIME.

THERE lived, one time, a shiftless chap,
who wasn't satisfied;
To settle down and plug along he
never could abide.
He felt the fire of greatness burn within
his eager breast,
And knew himself cut out for deeds the
highest and the best.
His spirit fairly fumed and frothed at
cruel Fate's restraint;
Of favorless environment he ever made
complaint.
"But some fine day," he used to say, "I'll
set the world afire;
It's not for me unknown to be when I do
so aspire.

Each day our hero might have found some
labor to pursue.
On every side stood waiting work for will-
ing hands to do;
The neighborhood wherein he dwelt had
crying need of men
To mow the lawns, for instance, and to
beat the rugs—but then
A man so keenly conscious of his real in-
ward worth
Could hardly care to tackle toil so tainted
of the earth.
And so, to pass the time away until his
chance should come,
He boarded with his mother when he
wasn't drinking rum.

No doubt, good-natured reader, you opine
and apprehend
That this vain, shiftless person met a
mean and sorry end.
The facts are these: He waited till the
time, for us so sad,
When wagons run with gasoline became
the reigning fad.
A sudden, wild demand arose for drivers,
men with cheek,
And Shifty got a handsome job at fifty
bones a week,
The people stare where'er he goes; he's
gained his great desire,
And every day he sets the world, or part
of it, afire.

Newark Evening News.

SONG OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

By Joe Cone.

I AM coming, I am coming, don't you hear
my thunder roll,
Don't you feel my mighty power thro'
your body and your soul;
Don't you dread my awful presence, my
momentous throbbing feel?
I'm a dashing, thrashing, bucking, clucking
Auto-mo-bile!

I'm a wonder, I'm a snorter, I'm a bull
put on parade,
I'm a devil, I'm a terror for the people
who're afraid;
I can paralyze the horses, I can make
'em dance a reel,
I'm a rearing, tearing, rumbling, grumbling
Auto-mo-bile!

Clear the track ye meek and lowly, for I
claim the right of way!
There's no limit to my tenure, or my speed
by night or day;
To the woods with everybody, that's the
way we devils feel,
I'm a lusty, dusty, ramming, jamming
Auto-mo-bile!

The Pneus.

SHORT STORY OF SPEED.

Thisisthewayheracedalong
Ateighteenmilesanhour;
This the speed he walked back home
When busted was his power.

The Nation's Debt to Mothers.

BY GILSON WILLETTS.

Great Americans Who Have Achieved World-Wide Reputations By Reason of the Success That Has Attended Their Careers, Ascribe Their Triumphs to Maternal Influence.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE debt which the United States owes to the mothers of its citizens is one which is beyond the expression of either figures or language. It is a debt on which the republic can only pay the interest—interest that consists of the manifestation of an ever-increasing reverence for American motherhood; for, with all its magnificent resources, the nation is too poor to make even a feeble attempt to pay the principal.

No better evidence of the effect of maternal influence on the careers of successful Americans need be adduced than that which is offered here.

In the lives of the Presidents of the United States, it is found that the nation owes much to American mothers.

George Washington was only eleven years old when his father died, leaving the widowed mother, Mary Washington, with five children to educate and direct. She used daily to gather her children around her and teach them the principles of religion and morality from a little manual in which she wrote all her maxims.

That manual was preserved by Washington as one of his most valued treasures, "and was consulted by me many times in after life." A French general, on retiring from the presence of Mary Washington, remarked: "It is not surprising that America should produce great men, since she can boast of such mothers."

Andrew Jackson.

A few days previous to the birth of Andrew Jackson his father died, and the widow and her two little sons rode to the churchyard in the wagon with the coffin. The support of the family fell, then, entirely upon the mother. She went to the home of her brother-in-law and there engaged herself as housekeeper.

Until her sons were old enough to take care of themselves she toiled for them, clothed them, and educated them as best she could.

Many stories are told of Mrs. Jackson's benevolence, her thrift, her decision of character, and "a rigid honesty and pride of good name that went hand in hand with a quick and jealous self-respect which was not likely to be patient under any injustice."

When Andrew Jackson became President, he said of his mother:

"One of the last injunctions given me by her was never to institute a suit for assault and battery, or for defamation; never to wound the feeling of others, nor suffer my own to be outraged. These were her words of admonition to me. I remember them well, and I have never failed to respect them."

Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas Jefferson's father died when the lad was fourteen, and then his mother became more than ever his companion and adviser. Thomas had, indeed, always lived more under the influence of his mother than of his busy father. She was a woman of unusual refinement of character, having the culture of the best society. Thus equipped, she assumed the training of Thomas. Upon the death of her husband, she found herself her children's guardian, responsible for a vast entailed estate that was to go to the eldest son, Thomas.

John Quincy Adams.

John Quincy Adams' father was devoted to his family; but, engrossed in political activities, he was frequently absent from home for long periods. From the hour in which the boy learned to talk, his mental activities received an uncommon stimulus from his mother.

"Being taught by my mother to love

my country," wrote John Quincy Adams, when he became President, "I did it literally by learning to love the actual hills and rocks and trees, and the very birds and animals." And he added elsewhere: "All that I am my mother made me."

It is an interesting coincidence that the three martyred Presidents should each have been peculiarly dominated by a mother's influence.

Abraham Lincoln.

That expression of habitual melancholy in Lincoln't face, for example, was really a reproduction of the features of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his mother. For, through long drudgery and privation, in cabin after cabin, Mrs. Lincoln had lost all her comeliness and became bent and careworn and sad-faced, while Abraham was still an impressionable youth.

How Lincoln reverenced that mother is told by all his biographers. She it was who, possessing the accomplishments of reading and writing, not common at that time among the poor people of Kentucky, taught Abraham his letters, and gave him his first lessons in writing.

When Mrs. Lincoln died, her son spent months roving the woods, vainly trying to recover from his grief. The mother was buried without any funeral service, there being no minister in the vicinity. But Abraham traversed the country for twenty miles in every direction, till he found an itinerant preacher, and induced him to come to his mother's grave and there preach a funeral sermon.

"Now," he said, "I have henceforth but one purpose in life; to live as she would have me live."

And in after years Lincoln was visibly affected whenever he heard of any incident involving the love of mother and son.

James A. Garfield.

What a contrast is this experience of Lincoln's to that in the case of General Grant, whose mother survived his Presidential career, and to that of Garfield, whose mother lived to stand by his side when he read his inaugural address on the steps of the Capitol and then to weep at his tomb! And to that of McKinley, upon whose venerable mother the eyes of the nation were turned with tender interest on March 4, 1897, when she was the first person to whom McKinley spoke as President of the United States!

"Eliza," said the father of James A. Garfield, to his wife, on his dying bed in a log cabin in the wilderness bordering the Ohio River, "I have brought you four young saplings into these woods. Take care of them."

The future President was then only two years old. His mother was left to fight the battle of life alone. She managed, by hard work, to run the little farm, and even found time to give her sons daily lessons in Bible reading. Upon James in particular she impressed her personality, until her own high nature dominated him deeply.

When James was old enough he drove mules on the tow-path of the Ohio Canal. One pay-day his wages fell short of the proper amount.

"I want every cent for my mother," he said to his employer, insisting upon the few extra pennies.

Finally he earned enough to enable him to enter the seminary at Chester, ten miles from his home. While there, he spent a certain holiday, with his classmates, on a mountain. As darkness gathered about them—they were to remain over night—Garfield took a Testament from his pocket, and said to his companions:

"Boys, I read a chapter every night simultaneously with my mother. If you please, I will read it now."

And on the day of his inauguration, at Washington, he turned to his mother, saying:

"It's all because of you, mother."

William McKinley.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion a "war meeting" was held in Poland, Ohio, in the Sparrow Tavern. There was speaking and beating of drums, and finally an appeal for volunteers to defend the flag. The first to step forth was William McKinley, Jr.

"No, my son," said the senior McKinley, laying a restraining hand upon his son's arm; "you are too young."

"No, he is not too young—none are too young to carry a light in this dark hour."

The speaker was William's mother.

"And thus, strange to say," wrote William McKinley, years afterward, "the usual order of things was in my case reversed: my father would have held me back from the mighty struggle that was to ensue, on the ground that I was only eighteen years old; and my mother was the one to say 'Go!' For she had, and still has, a strong and passionate patriotism. Next to God, she loves her country. She believed in freedom, and was ready to offer up even a woman's most priceless jewel—her child—to save her country's flag. She had convictions, and

the intellectual powers to impress those around her—impressing most of all her son."

McKinley's mother was still living at Canton, Ohio, at the age of eighty-seven, at the time of her son's first inauguration as President. That day a seemingly trifling incident endeared the new President in the hearts of the mothers of the country. For William McKinley, as soon as he had taken the oath of office, went to his mother and kissed her.

Levi P. Morton.

Levi P. Morton once established a dry goods house in New York, and failed. But to his creditors he gave all he possessed, settling for fifty cents on the dollar. Years afterward he made a great success as a banker, and then he again gave thought to those whom he had not paid in full as a merchant.

One day all his former creditors received invitations to a banquet. His guests took their seats at the table, and, as each opened his napkin, found a check for the full amount of his claim, with interest.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Morton, "the one who deserves the credit for the—shall we say, favors of the evening?—is not your host, but the mother who, by her early influence, has guided him through life. My father's salary as the village parson was not sufficient for all the household expenses; so I went to clerking in the village store for a few dollars a month. When I brought my wages to my mother, she said:

"'Levi, do you owe any of this money to anybody? Yes? Then go at once and pay it, if it takes every dollar. If you owe money, you are not a free boy.'

"My emancipation to-night, gentlemen, is the direct result of that mother's early counsel."

Rockefeller and Rogers.

"My mother," says John D. Rockefeller, "taught me to make everything count. When I became partner in a grocery, I got some barrels of beans—cheap, because there were many black ones among them. I expected to sell them cheap, too. But my mother said:

"'John, put in all your spare time, night and day, sorting those beans, and then they will be all extra quality and you can sell them at an extra price.'

"For weeks I worked, picking over those beans, by hand, throwing out all the black ones. It was a lesson I have never forgotten. Through me, my mother says to all young men:

"'Throw the worthless out of your life; make everything count.'"

Henry H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, said recently:

"Up to a very few years ago I went to my mother with all my joys and all my woes, just as I did when a boy."

Once a week, in Fairhaven, the model Massachusetts town for which Mr. Rogers has done so much, he drives to the grave of that mother whom he loved.

In his mother's cottage while she lived (she would never consent to move into the great new castle her son built) Mr. Rogers put a long-distance telephone. Then, every morning in his New York office, at eleven o'clock precisely, in the very midst of the battle for millions, he would call a truce for a few minutes "to telephone my mother."

Stephen V. White.

Stephen V. White, "Deacon White," the most trusted man in Wall Street, has a long strip of canvas hanging on his office wall, on which are painted, in large letters, these lines:

I shall pass through this world but once;
Any good thing which in passing I can do,
Or any kindness I can show to any human being,
Let me do it now;
Let me not defer it,
Nor neglect it,
For I shall not pass this way again.

"That's my philosophy of life," says Mr. White, "as my mother taught it to me. Every young man should copy those lines and put the copy in the finest frame he can afford. For those lines I owe my mother much; it was she who made me repeat them over and over."

Edwin Markham, "The Man With the Hoe," says:

"It was the influence of my mother—my father having died—that dominated me. She was an extraordinary woman. She kept a general store in Oregon City, and conducted the business with remarkable energy. She was known as the 'Woman Poet of Oregon.'

"It was from her that I got my poetical bent. Her poems were full of feeling and of the earnestness of a strong religious spirit. They were published only in newspapers—and to-day my scrap book containing those poems written by my mother is my most precious possession."

John Wanamaker.

"When you marry," said John Wanamaker, to a young men's Bible class, "remember that your mother-in-law is your

wife's mother. Never allow a so-called 'mother-in-law joke' to make you forget that you are reading a reflection on some one's mother. My own mother I reverenced. Her maxims taught me forbearance, tolerance, and the homely lesson of live and let live."

The mother of Henry O. Havemeyer, the "Sugar King," urged her son to don overalls and go to work in his father's refinery—though the family was even then very rich.

"So my mother taught me," says Mr. Havemeyer, "to know the joy of work at a time when I might have slipped into a life of idleness."

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the well-known New York clergyman, says:

"My father was a farmer, and my mother, with four children on her hands, and no servant, did all the work of a farmer's wife. Her days were long, for she also devoted herself to her children, to their character and education, declining to farm us out to the supervision of nurses or school teachers. My mother had the old-fashioned notion that children were born of mothers in order that they might have mothers to bring them up."

David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, was asked what great man or woman most influenced him as a boy.

He replied, in writing:

"I was far more influenced by my mother than by any other person I ever knew or heard of."

Fulton, Franklin, and Astor.

Robert Fulton was only three years old when his father died. "So that," he said, "I grew up under the care of my blessed mother. She developed my early talent for drawing and encouraged me in my visits to the machine shops of the town."

Robert was a dull pupil at school, however, and the teacher complained to his mother. Whereupon Mrs. Fulton replied proudly:

"My boy's head, sir, is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber in which to store the contents of your musty books."

"I was only ten years old at that time," said Fulton, "and my mother seemed to be the only human being who understood my natural bent for mechanics."

The fact that Fulton's mother let the boy have his own way in his "original notions" had its direct result later in the building of the first steamboat.

Benjamin Franklin, many times in his own story of his life, mentions the powerful influence which his mother had over him, referring to her always with peculiar affection.

"My son," said that mother, "is endowed with more than ordinary talent, and he shall enter one of the professions, perhaps the ministry."

The family was then very poor, the elder Franklin having no ambition beyond that of making a bare competence as a ship chandler. Encouraged by his mother, however, young Benjamin "took to books" with such ardor that before he was ten years old his mother spoke of him as "our little professor," and added:

"He shall serve either humanity or his country; the one as a minister of the Gospel, the other as a diplomat."

The first John Jacob Astor said: "Whatever I have accomplished through thrift is due to the teachings of my mother. She trained me to the habit of early rising; she made me devote the first waking hours to reading the Bible. Those habits have continued through my life, and have been to me a source of unfailing comfort. Her death was the greatest grief of my existence."

VAGARIES OF THE HUMAN PULSE.

THE human pulse has rather a wide range, but the general average may be put about as follows:

At birth, 140; at two years, 100; at from sixteen to nineteen years, 80; at manhood, 75; old age, 60.

There are, however, great variations consistent with health.

Napoleon's pulse is said to have been only 44 in the minute.

A case is also related of a healthy man of 87 whose pulse was seldom over 30 during the last two years of his life, and sometimes not more than 28.

Another man of 87 years of age enjoyed good health and spirits with a pulse of 29, and there is also on record the curious instance of a man whose pulse in health was never more than 45, and, to be consistent in his inconsistency, when he had fever his pulse fell to 40, instead of rising, as is usual.

THE LAST WORD—POET TO POET.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S FAREWELL TO BRET HARTE, HIS FAMOUS CONTEMPORARY IN THE LITERATURE OF THE FAR WEST.

FROM his cabin on the heights back of Oakland, California, the gray poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller [pronounced "Hwah-keen"], looks down across San Francisco Harbor and through the Golden Gate.

When word came to Joaquin Miller, in May, 1902, that his friend, Bret Harte, was dead, he embalmed his grief in the wonderful poem of farewell here printed. He pictured the somber ship of death, traveling silently at sunset out through the Golden Gate.

The poem originally appeared in the *Overland Monthly* for September, 1902. The issue was devoted to the memory of Bret Harte, and included reprints of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Plain Language from Truthful James," and other of Harte's best work.

Harte became the first editor of the *Overland* when it was established, in 1868. He set a standard that still obtains. The *Overland* was Bret Harte's cradle.

GOOD-BY, BRET HARTE!

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

YON yellow sun melts in the sea;
A somber ship sweeps silently
Past Alcatraz tow'rd Orient skies—
A mist is rising to the eyes—
Good-by, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

Yon sea bank booms far funeral guns!
What secrets of His central suns,
Companion of the peak and pine,
What secrets of the spheres are thine?
Good-by, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

You loved the lowly, laughed at pride,
We mocked, we mocked and pierced your side;
And yet for all harsh scoffings heard
You answered not one unkind word,
But went your way, as now: Good night!

How stately tall your ship, how vast,
With night nailed to your leaning mast
With mighty stars of hammered gold
And moon-wrought cordage manifold!
Good-by, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

When Vesuvius Destroyed Pompeii.

BY THE YOUNGER PLINY—79 A. D.

PLINY the Younger—Gaius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus—was, perhaps, the most cultivated and graceful man of letters of the first century A. D. Literally a man of letters, he left ten books of his *Epistulæ*, which he himself collected—probably even wrote with a view to publication—and their fluent charm still pleases the taste of the reader. One of his letters, written while he was Governor of Bithynia, asks instructions from the Emperor Trajan as to what policy should be pursued against the sect of Christians.

In other letters he tells two excellent ghost stories. But the two letters which are most vital in their human interest, which record the most thrilling events, are the two addressed to his friend, the historian Tacitus, concerning the great eruption of Vesuvius on August 24, A. D. 79. Pliny was only seventeen years of age when he witnessed this eruption, which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum, with such appalling loss of life. His uncle, the elder Pliny, author of the celebrated natural history, perished during his attempt to escape.

Until the year 79 Vesuvius was not suspected of being a volcano. The mountain was covered with vegetation, and the ancient crater was like a circular bowl scooped from the summit. Then came the explosion which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum. Never since has the volcano long remained quiet. The most serious eruptions have been those of 203, 472, 512, 685, 983, 1066, 1631, 1779, 1794, 1822, 1855, 1865, 1872, 1878, 1880, 1895, and 1906. Before the eruption of 1906 began, a few weeks ago, the height of Vesuvius was about four thousand feet. The eruption has undoubtedly reduced the figure.

Pliny's descriptions of the scenes on the slopes of the vengeful volcano—the raining ashes; the fleeing, terrified crowds—are as fresh and vivid to-day as those Roman frescoes which it has been the good fortune of the modern archæologist to uncover after two thousand years of burial beneath the Vesuvian scoriæ.

Letter No. 1.

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments, for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works, yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to render his name immortal.

Happy I esteem those to be to whom by provision of the gods has been granted the ability either to do such actions as are worthy of being related or to relate them in a manner worthy of being read; but peculiarly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents, in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked.

It is with extreme willingness, therefore, that I execute your commands, and should indeed have demanded the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum.

On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just taken a turn in the sun and, after bathing himself in cold water and making a light luncheon, gone back to his books; he im-

mediately arose and went out upon a rising ground from whence he might get a better sight of this very uncommon appearance.

A cloud, from which mountain was uncertain at this distance (but it was found afterward to come from Mount Vesuvius), was ascending, the appearance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into a sort of branches, occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upward, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in the manner I have mentioned; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, according as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders.

The Elder Pliny's Heroism.

This phenomenon seemed to a man of such learning and research as my uncle extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work, and it so happened he had himself given me something to write out.

As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her, for her villa lying at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape by sea; she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance.

He accordingly changed his first intention, and what he had begun from a philosophical he now carried out in a noble and generous spirit. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several towns which lay thickly strewn along the beautiful coast.

Hastening then to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene.

He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were in danger, too, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore.

Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again, to which, the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "favors the brave; steer to where Pomponianus is." Pomponianus was then at Stabiae (Castelamare), separated by a bay which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms with the shore.

He had already sent his baggage on board, for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within sight of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead inshore, should go down.

It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirits, and, the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a bath to be got ready, and then, after having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it.

Meanwhile broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep, for his breathing, which on account of his corpulence was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside.

The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out.

So he was awakened and got up and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions as though shaken from their very foundations, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders,

though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and threatened destruction.

Tied Pillows on Their Heads.

In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields, a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defense against the storm of stones that fell round them.

It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the thickest night, which, however, was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go further down upon the shore to see if they might safely put to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous.

There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sail cloth which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank, when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulfur, dispersed the rest of the party and obliged him to rise.

He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead, suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had a weak throat, which was often inflamed.

As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, in the dress in which he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead.

During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum—but this has no connection with your history, and you did not desire any particulars besides those of my uncle's death, so I will end here, only adding that I have faithfully related to you what I was either a witness of myself or received the news of immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth.

You will pick out of this narrative whatever is most important, for a letter is one thing, a history another; it is one thing writing to a friend, another writing to the public. Farewell.

Letter No. 2.

THE letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum, for there, I think, my account broke off.

> Though my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.

My uncle having left us, I spent such time as was left on my studies (it was on their account indeed that I had stopped behind) till it was time for my bath. After which I went to supper, and then fell into a short and uneasy sleep.

There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which did not alarm us much, as this is quite an ordinary occurrence in Campania, but it was so particularly violent that night that it not only shook but overturned, as it would seem, everything about us.

My mother rushed into my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behavior in this dangerous juncture courage or folly; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if I had been perfectly at my leisure.

Just then a friend of my uncle, who had lately come to him from Spain, joined us, and, observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, reproved her for her calmness and me at the same time for my careless security; nevertheless I went on with my author.

Though it was now morning, the light was still exceedingly faint and doubtful; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined there was no remaining without imminent danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town.

Effects of the Earthquakes.

A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and (as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed on us in dense array to drive us forward as we came out. Being at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene.

The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backward and forward, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon

itself and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame; these last were like sheet lightning, but much larger.

Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressed himself to my mother and me with great energy and urgency. "If your brother," he said, "if your uncle be safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him; why, therefore, do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his.

Upon this our friend left us and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterward the cloud began to descend and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the Island of Capri and the promontory of Misenum.

My mother now besought, urged, even commanded me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, compelled her to go with me. She complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight.

The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I looked back; a dense, dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the highroad," I said, "while we can still see, for fear that, should we fall in the road, we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowds that are following us."

We had scarcely sat down when night came upon us, not such as we have when the sky is cloudy, or when there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up and all the lights put out.

The Terror of the People.

You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognize each other by the voices that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods, but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world.

Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by others imaginary or wilfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew rather lighter, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us; then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to stand up to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap.

I might boast that during all this scene of horror not a sigh or expression of fear escaped me, had not my support been grounded in that miserable though mighty consolation that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I was perishing with the world itself.

At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun shone out, though with a lurid light, as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes as if with snow.

We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear, though indeed with a much larger share of the latter, for the earthquake still continued, while many frenzied persons ran up and down, heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions.

However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we could receive some news of my uncle.

You will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is not in the least worthy, and indeed you must put it down to your own request if it should appear not worth even the trouble of a letter. Farewell.

FLASHES OF ROYAL REPARTEE.

WHILE there is no royal road to cleverness, the real road, such as it is, frequently is traveled by royal feet. In these days the functions of royalty are not of a nature that is likely to develop merry dispositions.

Rich in sly humor was the reply of Henry IV of France, who one day reached Amiens after a prolonged journey. A local orator was deputed to harangue him, and commenced with a lengthy string of epithets: "Very great sovereign, very good, very merciful, very magnanimous——"

"Add also," interrupted the weary monarch, "very tired."

The same king, who appears to have been a constant sufferer from the stupid orations of these wordy windbags, was listening to a speech in a small country town, when an ass brayed at a distance.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the witty sovereign; "one at a time, please."

Henry's minister, Sully, was a Protestant, and happening to hear that a famous physician had quitted Calvinism for Catholicism, the king said to him:

"My friend, your religion is in a bad way—the doctors give it up."

George III's Ready Wit.

George III was the author of many clever sayings. Meeting Lord Kenyon at a levée soon after that eminent justice had been guilty of an extraordinary explosion of ill-humor in the Court of King's Bench, the king remarked to him:

"My Lord Chief Justice, I hear that you have lost your temper, and from my great regard for you I am glad to hear it, for I hope you will find a better one."

Having knighted a gentleman named Day at a levée held on the 29th of September, his Majesty said, "Now I know that I am a king, for I have turned *Day* into *Knight*, and have made Lady Day at Michaelmas."

On another occasion, when coming out of the House of Lords after opening the session, he said to the Lord Chancellor:

"Did I deliver the speech well?"

"Very well, indeed," was the reply.

"I am glad of that," said the king, "for there was nothing in it."

Royalty Had Worst of It.

George II, on being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for publishing a spurious Royal Speech, answered that he hoped the man's punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

The laugh, however, has not always been upon the side of royalty. When the Prince Bishop of Liege was riding to battle at the head of a fine body of troops he was asked by a spectator how he, a minister of religion, could engage in the iniquities of war.

"I wage war," said the prelate, "in my character of prince, not of archbishop."

"And pray," continued the interrogator, "when the devil carries off the prince, what will become of the archbishop?"

Decidedly the worst of the exchanges did an eastern sovereign receive, when, having bought several horses from some merchants, he gave them a lac of rupees to purchase more for him. Soon after they had departed, he, in a sportive humor, ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. The vizier did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked why. The vizier replied:

"Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you didn't know, and who will never come back."

"Aye, but suppose they should come back?"

"Then," said the vizier, "I shall erase your name, and insert theirs."

In the answer which a German prince was given there seems to be a rebuke for his misgovernment implied. Having in a dream seen three rats, one fat, the other lean, and the third blind, he sent for a celebrated Bohemian gipsy and demanded an explanation.

"The fat rat," said she, "is your prime minister, the lean rat your people, and the blind rat yourself."

Court Laureate Too Frank.

One of the Shahs of Persia was more anxious than able to acquire fame as a poet. He had just completed a new performance in very "peculiar meter," and summoned the court poet into the royal presence to hear the poem read.

The laureate, when his opinion was asked, (in theatrical language) "damned" the composition.

The Shah, enraged at this uncourtly criticism, gave orders that the court poet should be taken to the stable and tied up in the same stall with a donkey. Here the poor sinner remained until his royal rival had perpetrated another poem, when he was again commanded to appear before the throne and submit to a second infliction of sovereign dulness.

He listened in silence while the new poem was read, and at the conclusion, his opinion being required, he fell upon his knees and significantly exclaimed to the royal author, "*Send me back to the donkey!*"

Sidelights from Stageland.*

BY SECOND NIGHTER.

Little Tales of Idiosyncrasies, Adventures, and Misadventures That Playgoers Are Not Supposed to See or Hear.

Collected and written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

ROYALTY AT THE PLAY.

King Edward's Appearances at Theaters Are Taken Very Seriously and Are Recorded at the Year's End.

THE attendance of the king at the theater is a matter of considerable moment in England. I venture to say nobody keeps track of the number of times President Roosevelt goes to the play in the course of a year. Our British cousins are more interested in such matters, and in the London *Stage* I find a record of royal play-sampling.

This is in addition to His Majesty's visits to the opera at Covent Garden, the music halls, and the Hippodrome, to say nothing of sundry "command" performances at Windsor and Sandringham Palaces. The list is for the year 1905.

February 11—"Lady Madcap," Prince of Wales'.

February 13—"Peter Pan," Duke of York's.

March 1—"Mollentrave on Women," St. James'.

March 6—"The Scarlet Pimpernel," New.

March 11—"John Bull's Other Island," Court.

April 1—"Everybody's Secret (previously done in America as "The Secret of Polichinelle"), and "A Case of Arson," Haymarket.

April 4—"Mr. Hopkinson," Wyndham's.

May 8—"Her Own Way," Lyric.

June 10—"Notre Jeunesse," Terry's.

June 15—"Business is Business," His Majesty's.

July 22—"The Little Michus," Daly's.

September 9—"On the Love Path," Haymarket.

October 16—"The Prodigal Son," Drury Lane.

October 17—"On the Quiet" (with Willie Collier), Comedy.

October 18—"The White Chrysanthemum," Criterion.

October 20—"Oliver Twist," His Majesty's.

December 19—"Captain Drew on Leave," New.

December 20—"Lights Out" (previously done in America as "Taps"), Waldorf.

* * * *

A PRESS AGENT'S REVENGE.

When Critics Slated Frohman's Plays, Alf Hayman Grinned at a Picture on One of His Walls.

ALF HAYMAN, brother to Al Hayman, is Charles Frohman's general representative. In former days he used to be press man for the mighty manager's many attractions, and he was fond of having his joke with the men who dabbled in printer's ink within the glare of the footlights.

One of these jokes took the form of a picture that used to hang in his office. It showed the interior of a theater, with the audience assembled, and a row of aisle seats in the foreground. These seats were occupied by men who were easily recognized as the dramatic critics of the day, and the point of the joke lay in the line inscribed underneath the picture as its title, which also was the name of a play by Henry Arthur Jones that had recently been a success with John Drew at the Empire Theater. The title was very short, consisting only of two words, "The Liars."

* * * *

HIS MAINSTAY WAS HELL.

Loraine Originally Designed to Make This the Principal Feature of His Production of "Man and Superman."

FEW lifts into the land of fame are comparable to Robert Loraine's. The success or failure of "Man and Superman" meant money, as well as repu-

*Began March SCRAP BOOK. Single copies, 10 cents.

tation, to this actor, who had secured the rights from Bernard Shaw as a pure speculation. He had always had the misfortune to be cast in plays that failed.

He was introduced to this country in "To Have and to Hold," which barely held the stage of the Knickerbocker till the two weeks' notice clause expired. More recently we saw him in "Taps," which went back on Kelcey and Shannon, and then in "Jane Shore," which landed Virginia Harned high and dry.

It was during his stay in "Taps" at the Lyric that I used to see a good deal of him and his talk then was always of "Man and Superman." His whole heart was wrapped up in the piece, which the Shuberts were billed to produce for him, but which they eventually threw back on his hands.

It is interesting to recall now that in those days—a year and a half ago—he seemed to stake everything on the "hell scene," which was afterward completely eliminated from the play. He read this act one day with great gusto to two critics, and I have often wondered since if Loraine's enthusiasm over this particular scene had not been garnished by doubts whether "Man and Superman," with hell in it, and something else cut out instead, would have made for him an even mightier success, or landed him outright in the slough of complete failure.

* * * *

HOW TO BECOME A STAR.

Mansfield Says All One of His Leading Women Has to Do is to Get Newspapers to Say He Hounded Her.

EVEN though he stands at the head of his profession in this country—and possibly because of this fact—there is no more maligned actor than Richard Mansfield. Take the matter of his leading women alone. The passing procession of them in his company has come to be almost a stock joke among the newspaper paragraphists. And yet he thought so much of one of his leading women that she became Mrs. Mansfield, and if others prefer to appear in companies where the plays are not always selected with a view to giving the man the best part, is it any fault of his?

Take an instance. A certain young woman was filling the bill—or trying to—and her unsuitableness was so apparent that several persons associated in management with Mr. Mansfield went to him and suggested that a change be made.

"But if I dismiss her," he said, "you know what the result will be?"

"What do you mean?" they asked him.

"Why, it will be said that I was cruelly unjust—that I hounded her out of the company, and the outcome will be sufficient notoriety to make a star of her. And haven't we stars enough in the country already?"

* * * *

GOT PETER PAN'S "THIMBLE."

A Precocious Brigand Held Up Maude Adams on Public Highway and Captured Rich Booty.

NO mere man actor was ever the matinée idol of the women to the extent of Maude Adams. At the close of the Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances of "Peter Pan" Fortieth Street is jammed half way to the opposite curb in front of the Empire's stage door by a patient throng waiting to see the star walk across the narrow strip of pavement and step into her carriage. And there is scarcely a man to be seen in the assemblage; about half of them are children.

Not long since, two little girls were taken to see the play. Naturally they were delighted, and afterward they insisted on waiting with the others to watch Miss Adams come out. When the star finally appeared, one of the little girls could not restrain herself, and, rushing forward, she threw out her arms to Miss Adams, and cried:

"Oh, won't you please give me a thimble?"

This, it will be recalled by those who have seen the play, is *Peter Pan's* name for a kiss.

Miss Adams was startled for an instant. As a rule the crowd simply stands rooted to the spot in a stare of fascination. But, looking down into the pleading eyes of the child, the actress bent and kissed her, stepped quickly into the carriage, and rode away.

And the lucky little girl's companion wept all the way home because *she* had not had the happy thought of playing highwayman for a kiss from *Peter Pan*.

* * * *

KAISER DEMANDED BOOTS.

Because Famous Actor Wore Slippers While Playing Role of Gessler, the Emperor Had Him Dismissed.

ONE of the most celebrated actors of the Court Theater in Berlin has just been dismissed by order of the Emperor. He is Max Grube, over fifty years of age, and noted for his success in such rôles as *Shylock, Iago, Mephistopheles*, and others. And his undoing all came about through a pair of boots. It happened on this wise.

The company was about to put on Schiller's "William Tell." The actor to whom *Gessler* had been entrusted fell ill, and Herr Grube was hurriedly requested

to take his place. There was not a moment to spare, and Grube dressed with all speed, snatching up whatever articles of costume he could first lay hands on.

In the scene with the apple, *Gessler* arrives on horseback. On this occasion Grube's get-up certainly left something to be desired, as he wore the red cloak of *Mephistopheles*, set off with whatever he could find that might serve at a pinch to fit in with the appearance of an Austrian official of the period.

Unhappily the Emperor decided to go to the theater that evening, and his piercing eye at once unearthed the fact that the governor wore ordinary house slippers in place of the regulation military boots. He turned at once to Herr von Huelsen, the director of the house, who was by his side.

"Herr Grube is on horseback in slippers. What is your stage manager thinking of?"

Then, as the director started to explain how Grube had been pressed into service at the eleventh hour, the Kaiser raised his hand and said:

"That is enough. I do not wish to see him again."

And there was nothing further for the management to do than to arrange for poor Grube's departure on the morrow.

* * * *

HE ONLY WANTS AN ANGEL.

Young Actor Who Has Written a Play Won't Sell It Until He Finds Some One to Back Him as a Star.

ANYBODY want to be an angel? Here is a young actor who has written a play and he is only waiting for some good soul with money to launch it.

Why doesn't he go to a manager, you ask? Bless you, he has; and several, he tells me, have been willing to put it on, but nobody will let him play the lead. And this the young actor-author insists upon doing.

He has been on the stage a dozen years, more or less, but a dozen more will not give him the reputation which the managers insist that he must have before they will consent to star him. Every ounce of fame he gains in his present line of work only counts against him in the scale. For he is Walter Percival, playing the tenor rôle in the comic opera "Mlle. Modiste."

Here, then, is rather a unique condition of affairs. At each of his performances there are doubtless a hundred men in the audience who would give more than their shoes to stand in his boots as the soldier-lover of Fritzi Scheff. Percival, on his part, is sighing for the chance to doff his becoming uniform and lay aside his sword to assume instead the white wig and quavering accents of age in an environment that will be his heaven—as soon as he finds that angel.

* * * *

BELASCO BAITED BABY.

By the Judicious Manipulation of a Stick of Candy the Manager Scored a Triumph of Stage Realism.

IN his early years, when David Belasco was stage manager and playwirght of a theater in San Francisco, he was as eager for realism in his effects as he is to-day. He was explaining the other night to some friends how he once managed the "baby act."

A child in arms was needed for a play, and this being obtained, Belasco supplied himself with a stock of peppermint candy. Before it was time for the infant to be carried on he held up a stick of the sweetmeat before its eyes, let it suck on it for an instant, so as to get the taste, and then withdrew the dainty.

His next move was to pass the candy to the man who had most to do with the child in the piece. The moment of entrance arrived, the baby was carried on, the man, according to instructions, held up the stick of candy, and the infant, its lips smeared with the stuff, instantly stretched out its arms for more.

"What a clever baby!" the women in the audience would whisper to one another. "It actually knows candy by sight."

And a round of applause was the stage manager's reward for his trick.

It was during this same California period that one of the players in the company handed Belasco, as he supposed, a "hot one," to use the vernacular of the Rialto. During rehearsals of a new piece this actor had to speak a line containing Biblical phraseology. He had trouble with it, and began to kick at the author.

"Who wrote this thing anyhow?" he demanded.

"Why, David, of course," he was told. "Don't you know——"

"That explains, then," he burst out. "I always said Dave Belasco was a punk author."

* * * *

AUTHORS AS CORONERS.

Inquests Over Plays Supposed to Have Been Slain by Critics Sometimes Cheat Dramatic Tombs.

DID you ever see an author's inquest over what remained of a play after it had been roasted by the critics? I chanced to note two of them this season, and in each case, as it happened, the authors were women, and both inquests possessed the advantage over the ordinary

ceremony of this sort in that the supposed corpse proved not to be dead after all, but rose and flourished in popular esteem like unto the green bay tree of tradition.

The first occasion was the second night of "Mexicana," at the Lyric. The reviewers had been most unkind, and in an upper proscenium box were gathered Miss Driscoll, the author of the book; Raymond Hubbell, the boyish-looking composer of the music; Robert B. Smith, brother to the prolific Harry B., who supplied the lyrics; and R. H. Burnside, general stage director for the Shuberts.

With solemn mien they watched the "passing show" of their work as the players handed it out over the footlights, wondering if, in truth, the critics had spoken the last word and that the labor of so many weeks was indeed passing into that abode dreaded of all stage-folk—the storage warehouse. This sober quartet were supposing all this when "I Was Just Supposing," the catchy song in the last act, was reached. Again and again the audience demanded that it be sung, and the inquest broke up with hopeful expectations, which were duly realized.

The second occasion was a few weeks later, at the Princess, following close on some hard words by the newspaper men anent "Brown of Harvard." Far to the rear in an orchestra chair sat Mrs. Young, the author, and grouped about her during the entr'actes were sympathetic friends who bade her not mind what the critics said, that the public were the best judges, after all. But she did mind, to the extent of changing a badly built last act.

Miss Driscoll is a woman of wealth, who dabbles in playwriting for the love of it. Mrs. Young is the wife of James Young, the actor, now with the Proctor stock at the Fifth Avenue, and for whom "Brown of Harvard" was originally written.

* * * *

CAMILLE A BOOK-PLAY.

Story Was Not Dramatized Until Publisher Refused to Bring Out Third Edition of Novel.

IN these days of reaction against the book-play, how many people realize that "Camille" was but a dramatized novel?

It was called "The Lady With the Camelias," and the author, Alexandre Dumas, Jr., based his central character on Marie Duplessis, a Parisian actress, to whose kindness and patronage he owed much of his early success.

He stopped one day, through missing a train, at a common little inn at St. Germain, frequented by laborers and carters. The idea of the story struck him while there, and he began it, writing on a corner of the inn table. He remained there three weeks, at which time it was finished.

The first publisher of the story gave the young author $240 for the privilege of printing two editions, aggregating twenty-seven hundred copies. When Dumas proposed a third edition he was told to go about his business, which he did, making an immense sum for himself and his next publisher.

* * * *

LOST ARMFUL OF BEAUTY.

Otis Skinner Tells How, Threatened With a Fall from a Rope Ladder, He Let Fool's Daughter Drop Instead.

I ALWAYS enjoy attending the graduating exercises of the Empire School of Acting. President Sargent invariably provides an interesting speaker for the occasion, and then it is a never cloying spectacle to watch the young men and women step forward to receive their diplomas, done up in tight rolls, tied with ribbon in the center, and looking for all the world like the wafer one gets with his ice-cream at the Vienna Bakery. They must bow in three different directions in acknowledgment, and the varying personalities conveyed in the fashion of these bows is alluring.

This spring the speaker *de résistance* was Otis Skinner, and the only portion of his excellent discourse that seems to have escaped the reporters was a capitally told anecdote of his salad days when he was playing in "The Fool's Revenge" with Edwin Booth. On one memorable occasion it fell to young Skinner to assist in carrying the abducted daughter down the ladder, but the leading lady was by no means a sylph, and Skinner was only a stripling.

"We must have a dummy," decided the stage manager, at rehearsal.

So one of those figures used in dry goods stores on which to display gowns was procured, and the night of the performance arrived.

At the crucial moment Skinner ascended the ladder, with Booth waiting at the foot, eager for the culmination of his revenge on the duke. A stage hand passed the dummy over the balcony. Skinner received it, but in his eagerness took too large a half in his arms. He felt himself being overbalanced, and in order to save his neck let go his hold on the figure to grab a rung of the ladder.

Out into the air shot the lightweight daughter of the fool, down on the stage upon her head she landed, and those who had come to shudder remained to laugh until their sides ached.

Over what was said to the stripling actor afterward Mr. Skinner drew the veil of silence.

MY LADY ON PARADE.

Chronicles of Feminine Tribulations Which Show That While Clothes May Often Make Old Women Look Young, It Is Possible That They May Cause Young Women to Look Old.

MY AUNT.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MY aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her—though she looks
As cheerful as she can:
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a springlike way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board
To make her straight and tall:
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small:
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screw it up with pins—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins!

So when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track);
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?"

Alas! nor chariot nor barouche
Nor bandit cavalcade
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

SHE FELT OF HER BELT.

I SAW her go shopping in stylish attire,
And she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
Her walk was as free as a springy steel wire,
And many a rubberneck turned to admire
As she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
She wondered if all the contraptions back there
Were fastened just right—'twas an unceasing care,
So she felt
Of her belt
At the back.

I saw her at church as she entered her pew;
And she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
She had on a skirt that was rustly and new,
And didn't quite know what the fastenings might do,
So she felt
Of her belt
At the back.
She fidgeted round while the first prayer was said,
She fumbled about while the first hymn was read—
Oh she felt
Of her belt
At the back.

Jack told her one night that he loved her like mad;
And she felt
For her belt
At the back.
She didn't look sorry, she didn't look glad—
She looked like she thought, "Well, that wasn't so bad."
And she felt
For her belt
At the back.
But—well, I don't think 'twas a great deal of harm,
For what should the maiden have found but an arm
When she felt
For her belt
At the back.

Los Angeles Herald.

AN OMAR FOR LADIES.

By Josephine Dodge Daskam.

ONE for her Club and her own Latch-key fights,
Another wastes in Study her good Nights.
Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go,
Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!

Look at the shopgirl all about us—"Lo,
The wages of a month," she says, "I blow
Into a Hat, and when my hair is waved,
Doubtless my Friend will take me to the Show."

And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,
And she who caught Pneumonia instead,
Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,
And Prudence pays no Premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon
Gets to the Bargain counters—and anon
Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie
Cheers but a moment—soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, in the sad Four Hundred's gilded halls,
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appalls,
How Pingpong raged so high—then faded out
To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep
The dernier cri that once was far from cheap;
Green Veils, one season chic—Department stores
Mark down in vain—no profits shall they reap. *Exchange.*

REGRETS.

By Carolyn Wells.

I CANNOT wear the old gowns
I wore a year ago,
The styles are so eccentric,
And fashion changes so;
These bygone gowns are out of date
(There must be nine or ten!)
I cannot wear the old gowns,
Nor don those frocks again.

I cannot wear the old gowns,
The skirts are far too tight;
They do not flare correctly, and
The trimming isn't right.
The Spanish flounce is fagoted,
The plaits are box, not knife;
I cannot wear the old gowns—
I'd look like Noah's wife.

I cannot wear the old gowns,
The sleeves are so absurd;
They're tightly fitted at the top,
And at the wrist they're shirred!
The shoulder seams are far too long,
The collars too high-necked;
I cannot wear my old gowns
And keep my self-respect!

Saturday Evening Post.

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG.

By Harriette Hammond.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it.
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, *very* cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a bandbox on it
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And that the little head that's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermons or from prayers.

ALL KINDS OF THINGS.

Money Flows More Freely To-Day Than in the Time of the Louis's—Many Deaths Are Caused by Horses—The Parrots Which Did Not Tell Columbus—The Anachronisms of Great Painters—Some Eccentricities of Lightning Bolts—Where Europe Got Black Powder—The Explosive Power of Dust—A Common Pin Led to Nelson's Victory at Aboukir —A Little Tragedy of Ink.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

FRENCH MILLIONAIRES OF OTHER CENTURIES.

GREATER EXTRAVAGANCE TO-DAY.

Prior to the Seventeenth Century No Frenchman Had an Income That Touched the Seven-Figure Mark.

TALES of the magnificent extravagances of France under the Louis's have led a wondering later age to think that never since has gold been lavished upon luxury with so free a hand. But a French writer, the Vicomte Georges d'Avenel, has taken the trouble to make comparisons, and he has found that the incomes of to-day are relatively much larger than they were one, two, and three hundred years ago. The New York *World* has summarized from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. d'Avenel's discoveries:

For purposes of exact comparison M. d'Avenel estimates all fortunes and incomes of bygone times in terms of their equivalent value to-day, not as mere nominal sums. Up to the end of the sixteenth century, he shows, no one had an income of $1,000,000.

Louis IX in the exceptional year of the crusade of 1251 spent $775,000. After the Hundred Years' War, in 1450, Charles VII's budget was $212,000. In 1516 Francis I, noted for his taste for luxury, had only $259,000 for his person and his court.

Napoleon III's civil list amounted to $5,000,000, but Louis XIV had less than $4,000,000 for all expenses of an extravagant court.

Richelieu and Mazarin derived tremendous incomes from their privileges, Mazarin leaving by will nearly $40,000,000 to the king, who refused it and let it pass to Mazarin's eight nephews and nieces.

Except these three no person up to the time of the Revolution enjoyed an income of $1,000,000, and the revenues of Richelieu and Mazarin were subject in fact to charges really connected with the state. Mme. de Maintenon during the twenty years of her reign received $14,000,000, but did not leave enough to pay her brother's debts.

Most of the royal princesses from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century received dowries of only about $130,000. The daughter of the President Jeannin, whose daughter had the greatest marriage of Paris in the latter part of the sixteenth century, received only $84,000. Among the nobility similar sums were very rare.

The conclusion of this investigator is that the very rich of to-day are six times as rich, or those of equal fortune are twelve times as many, as the richest men of the old régime; and they are ten times as rich, or twenty times as many as the rich princes of the feudal period.

RUNAWAYS CAUSE MORE DEATHS THAN MOTORS.

HORSES OFTEN DEFY CONTROL.

Statistics of Travel Accidents Show That Forty Per Cent Are Due to Antics of Our Equine Friends.

IT might seem to be safer to ride in an automobile than to drive a horse since the horse is responsible for forty per cent of all the loss of life by travel —steam railways coming second, with thirty per cent; electric railways third, with fifteen per cent; boats fourth, with ten per cent; and automobiles fifth, with

five per cent. But it should be remembered that while there are less than 100,000 automobiles in use in the United States (the figures were given as 85,000 at the beginning of 1906), there are in the country more than 21,000,000 horses and colts—to say nothing of more than 3,400,000 mules. In other words we still have nearly two hundred and fifty times as many horses as we have automobiles.

The New York *Herald* compiled from press news and police records data of runaway accidents during the eleven months that ended on November 30, 1905. The total showed 46,356 runaways, resulting in the death of 4,279 persons, and the injury of 15,105. Owing to the difficulty of getting news of every case, the *Herald* thinks that the figures might safely be doubled. The actual statistics are as follows:

	Runaways	Deaths	Injuries
Alabama	1,480	87	420
Arizona	320	34	110
Arkansas	210	34	80
Connecticut	1,520	152	446
California	1,287	128	390
Colorado	820	90	270
Delaware	730	91	287
Florida	490	41	236
Georgia	1,238	133	455
Kansas	480	42	180
Illinois	4,620	480	1,510
Indiana	1,760	105	480
Iowa	900	120	360
Idaho	160	18	62
Indian Territory	90	12	40
Kentucky	1,327	68	412
Louisiana	990	76	282
Michigan	1,020	110	400
Massachusetts	1,420	142	346
Missouri	1,620	178	430
Montana	390	40	160
Maryland	610	72	200
Mississippi	480	46	220
Minnesota	520	60	190
New York	7,800	420	2,100
New Jersey	1,312	118	347
New Hampshire	1,120	82	360
North Carolina	540	88	246
North Dakota	170	26	80
Nebraska	380	38	120
Nevada	260	30	100
New Mexico	80	10	30
Ohio	1,670	210	480
Oregon	120	15	55
Oklahoma	210	18	86
Pennsylvania	3,010	320	1,520
Rhode Island	220	32	110
South Carolina	380	28	110
South Dakota	140	18	70
Southern California	80	12	46
Texas	1,280	110	430
Tennessee	800	92	360
Utah	282	28	78
Vermont	490	46	210
Virginia	520	68	230
Washington	180	12	68
Wyoming	210	28	90
West Virginia	470	42	180
Wisconsin	612	70	270
Totals	46,356	4,279	15,105

In a thousand runaways, selected at random from the lists, the animals ran for the following reasons:

Detached trace	62
Broken whiffletree	34
Broken shaft bolt	21
Detached wheel	82
Left unattended	82
Rein breaking	97
Broken or loose breeching	65
Run into by other runaways	70
Tail over rein	22
Bit ring breaking	26
Automobiles	130
Motor cycles	48
Flying paper	16
Broken saddle or shaft girth	10
Broken pole or king bolt	12
Broken axles	6
Loss of driving reins	26
Railway trains	72
Trolley cars	58
Fireworks	20
Fire engines	13
Intoxicated drivers	5
Inexplainable fright	23
Various other causes	60
	1,000

HOW COLUMBUS WAS MISLED BY PARROTS.

HALTED DISCOVERY OF MAINLAND.

The Fate of the Most Important Exploring Expedition in History Was Decided by a Flight of Birds.

A FLIGHT of birds, coupled with a sailor's superstition, robbed Columbus of the honor of discovering the continent.

When Columbus sailed westward over the unknown Atlantic he expected to reach Zipangu (Japan). After several days' sail from Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, he became uneasy at not discovering Zipangu, which, according to his reckonings, should have been two hundred and sixteen nautical miles more to the east.

After a long discussion he yielded to the opinion of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the commander of the Pinta, and steered to the southwest.

Pinzon was guided in his opinion solely by a flight of parrots, which took wing in that direction. It was good luck to follow in the wake of a flock of birds when engaged upon a voyage of discovery—a

widespread superstition among Spanish seamen of that day—and this change in the great navigator's course curiously exemplifies the influence of small and apparently trivial events in the world's history.

If Columbus had held to his course he would have entered the Gulf Stream, have reached Florida, and then probably have been carried to Cape Hatteras and Virginia.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME CAUSES MANY ERRORS.

PAINTERS AND WRITERS MIX DATES.

Artists Have Portrayed Abraham Threatening Isaac With a Blunderbuss, and Romans Smoking Pipes.

WHETHER it be due to ignorance or careless impatience, it is true that many of the greatest writers and painters have been guilty of the most surprising anachronisms. Thus Shakespeare introduces cannon into the play of "Hamlet," and in "Julius Cæsar" reference is made to the striking of the clock, though striking clocks were not invented until fourteen hundred years after Cæsar's death. Schiller, in his "Piccolomini," refers to lightning-conductors—at least one hundred and fifty years before they were invented. Instances might be added almost indefinitely.

The anachronisms of painters are more noticeable, as a rule, than those of writers. In "The Fancies of Fact" is the following compilation of blunders by artists:

Tintoret, an Italian painter, in a picture of the Children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the Infant Saviour; and, as aged men in these days wear spectacles, the artist has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose.

In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick the lookers-on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or rather to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces.

The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco.

A Dutch painter, in a picture of the Wise Men worshiping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice, and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the Child a model of a Dutch man-of-war.

In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch's "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scriptures inform us, he is represented as using a more effectual and modern instrument: he is holding to Isaac's head a blunderbuss. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin, and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine.

A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar-lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Even in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

Another famous mixture of periods occurs in Fera Angelico's picture of the Crucifixion, in the Chapter House of San Muro. In the foreground are a Dominican monk, a bishop with a crozier, a mitered abbot, and a man holding up a crucifix.

SOME ECCENTRICITIES OF LIGHTNING BOLTS.

TARGETS OF HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY.

Belief That the Electric Fluid Never Strikes Twice in the Same Place Is Shown to Be Wrong.

AMONG the duties assigned to the students of the Agricultural College at Guelph, Ontario, is that of gathering statistics concerning loss and damage from lightning in the province. The results thus obtained seem to show the value of lightning-rods, if properly adjusted, and the desirability of having trees standing near buildings. Summarizing the last annual report from the college, the *Free Press*, of London, Ontario, gives out the following novel facts:

As to the question does lightning strike twice in the same place, the report says that there may be warrant for the idea in the fact that where lightning ever strikes there is very little left to be struck a second time; but where a barn has once been struck and another barn has been erected on the same site, that second barn is just as likely to be struck as the first, and in some instances, more likely.

The statistics compiled by the college show that in the five years since 1901

ninety-four trees were struck by lightning, as follows: Elm, 28; pine, 17; oak, 9; basswood, 7; maple, 7; ash, 4; poplar, 4; cedar, 3; apple, 3; hemlock, 2; willow, 2; spruce, beech, chestnut, balsam, hickory, butternut, and fir, 1 each.

The number of cattle killed in the same period was 114; sheep, 64; horses, 46; pigs, 4. Total, 228.

Barns struck, 179; other buildings, 66.

IN WHAT NATION WAS GUNPOWDER INVENTED?

MAY HAVE ORIGINATED IN CHINA.

It Is Believed That the Saracens First Taught Europe the Uses of the Great Agent of Destruction.

HOW much the world owes to gunpowder would be hard to say. Like most blessings, gunpowder is not unmixed. But at least it has performed the service of making war more and more terrible, so that aside from its peaceful employment in blasting or in fireworks, it may be included among the useful inventions.

Who, then, invented gunpowder? Tradition says it was known in China as early as the year 85 A. D., and that knowledge of it was conveyed through India to the Arabs, from whom, in turn, the crusaders learned how to make it. More to the point, because more susceptible to proof, are the following facts which we quote from "Things Not Generally Known":

Roger Bacon is reputed to have invented gunpowder from some detonating mixture of which saltpeter is an ingredient, it being spoken of as commonly known in Bacon's "Opus Majus." There are other passages in his "De Secretis Operibus," which expressly mention sulphur, charcoal, and saltpeter as ingredients. But, independently of the claims of the Chinese and Indians, Marcus Græcus, who is mentioned by an Arabic physician of the ninth century, gives the receipt for gunpowder.

The discovery has sometimes been given to Bertholdus Schwarz, a German monk; and the date of 1320 annexed to it, a date posterior to that which may justly be claimed for Bacon. Upon the authority, however, of an Arabic writer, in the Escurial collection, there seems little reason to doubt that gunpowder was introduced through the means of the Saracens into Europe before the middle of the thirteenth century; though its use in engines of war was probably more like that of fireworks than artillery.

Many authorities might be adduced to show the common use of gunpowder early in the fourteenth century. Its first application to the firing of artillery has been commonly ascribed to the English at the battle of Cressy, in August, 1346; but hitherto the fact has depended almost solely on the evidence of a single Italian writer, and the word "gunners" having been met with in some public accounts of the reign of Edward III.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has, however, from records of the period, shown the names of the persons employed in the manufacture of gunpowder (out of saltpeter and "quick sulphur," without any mention of charcoal), with the quantities supplied to the king just previously to his expedition to France in June or July, 1346. In the records it is termed *pulvis pro ingeniis;* and they establish that a considerable weight had been supplied to the English army subsequently to its landing at La Hogue, and previously to the battle of Cressy; and that before Edward III engaged in the siege of Calais he issued an order to the proper officers in England requiring them to purchase as much saltpeter and sulphur as they could procure.

SERIOUS EXPLOSIONS ARE CAUSED BY DUST.

GRAVE DANGER LURKS IN SUGAR.

Particles of Cork Floating in the Atmosphere of Linoleum Factories Must Be Kept from Unprotected Lights.

ALMOST every kind of dust which is composed of inflammable material will explode when touched by a flame.

Malt dust is exceedingly explosive. The housemaid who uses the contents of the sugar bowl to light the fire knows that nothing burns more easily than powdered sugar. Proprietors of large sweetmeat factories have learned that there is danger from this source.

Some years ago one of the inspectors of mines conducted a number of experiments on the explosive power of coal dust. A disused shaft one hundred and fifty feet was chosen for the purpose. Samples of dust from different collieries were collected for the purpose. When two hundredweight of dust was emptied down a shaft and a charge of gunpowder fired the result was startling.

Huge tongues of flame sixty feet in height shot up from the mouth of the shaft and enormous columns of smoke rose high in the air, forming a great black pall over the scene of the explosion. On the other hand, when high explosives were used no effect at all was produced on the dust.

Some of the best coal in the world is cut from what is known as the Merthyr four foot seam, and this seam is one of the

dustiest in the world. It is a terrible fact that over 1,600 men have lost their lives on this seam in the last half century.

Coal is the carbonized remains of tree mosses. Oddly enough, these mosses were the big forefathers of the moss we know as lycopodium, which in a powdered state is used to produce flash signals. This will help to give an idea of the intensely inflammable nature of coal dust.

In the manufacture of linoleum no unprotected lights are allowed in the mixing department. This is on account of the great danger of exploding the cork dust floating in the air. An additional danger in linoleum making is that the mixture of cement and cork dust has the unpleasant property of spontaneously igniting if left in a warm place. It is, therefore, customary to mix the material a sackful at a time in order to reduce the risks of an explosion.

A PIN SCRATCH LED TO NELSON'S VICTORY.

DISCOVERY OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

The Noting of the Distress of a French Maid by Sir John Acton Had a Strange Result.

THE good points of pins have been generally appreciated, but never did a pin point to a greater result than the one that made possible Nelson's great victory of the Nile on August 1, 1798.

It was at this fight that Nelson, with his usual intrepidity, forced a passage with half of his fleet of fifteen vessels between a small island, near Aboukir in Egypt, and the French line of battle, while the other half attacked the enemy in front, completely defeating the French fleet in one of the most famous naval battles in history.

The part that the pin played in the story came about in this way:

Sir John Acton, then commander-in-chief of the land and sea forces of Naples, happened to be in his wife's dressing-room at the moment she was preparing for dinner.

Lady Acton's French maid was also in the room, and was so startled at receiving a letter from her brother, a sailor in the French navy, whom she believed to be dead, that she ran a pin into her mistress' flesh.

Apologizing for her carelessness, the maid stated the cause of her surprise.

With carefully suppressed eagerness Sir John offered to read the letter while the maid continued her duties. The maid gladly consented.

Having read the letter, the commander-in-chief left the house in search of Lord Nelson, who had in vain been seeking the French fleet. He found him and imparted to him the contents of the letter. It gave all the information the admiral had so long endeavored to obtain.

Setting sail immediately, Nelson came up with the French, and the victory of the Nile was the result.

MADE A BANKRUPT BY OVERTURNED INK-WELL.

THE TRAGEDY OF A BUSINESS FIRM.

Strange Connection Between the Movement of a Hand in London and the Building of a Big Bridge in Russia.

THE romance of business life is as fascinating as the romance of history or the most ingenious inventions of the writer of fiction. The merest trifle may have wondrously important results.

Credit is so susceptible that a word may ruin a business. No writer of fiction would dare strain the probabilities by making an overturned bottle of ink the cause of the downfall of one of the largest and wealthiest firms ever known; yet such was the case in actual life.

It was the famous house of Cobbett & Co., of England, that was thus swamped by a mere movement of a hand.

This company and a rival American firm tendered for the building of the great Kaura Bridge for the Russian Government. Jacob Cobbett, who was the head of the business, spent six months in the designing and contracting, and had all his plans ready. His bid was accepted, and material was bought in enormous quantities, men engaged, and engines built.

A time limit had been set for the commencement and the finish, and Cobbett was perfecting his plant and making sure of the smallest details, with all the formula spread out before him, when he stretched out his hand, overturned an inkwell, and drowned the most important paper in a black sea.

Cobbett had a poor memory. In a fever of anxiety he tried to reconstruct his plans from stray notes. It was impossible, and he called to the Russian Government for more time.

This was refused, and Russia repudiated the contract, on the ground of delay, as the agreement allowed.

Cobbett could not get his work through in time, and the American firm, who now advanced a cheaper tender with all plans prepared, secured the contract. The loss drove Cobbett & Co. into bankruptcy, and the great Kaura Bridge in Russia is American built.

How They Got On In The World.*

Brief Biographies of Successful Men Who Have Passed Through the Crucible of Small Beginnings and Won Out.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

FOURTH SERIES.

INVESTORS WERE SHY.

Scotch-American Inventor Had Hard Work to Convince Them the Telephone Was Anything More Than a Toy.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, whose discoveries contributed largely to the commercial success of the telephone, had been known only as a teacher of deaf-mutes previous to the time he took out his telephone patents. He had been a teacher in Scotland, his native country, and when he emigrated to America it was with the intention of continuing to teach here. The system he used was one of his own, and from the first he got good results from the most difficult cases.

Important as this work was, he could earn nothing more than a scanty living. Soon even this income was threatened, for he began to devote more and more time to the study of sound transmission, and in order to make a living at all by teaching it was necessary to devote his entire time to it.

At the Centennial Exhibition, in Philadelphia, he showed a crude model of a telephone, but it attracted only passing notice from capitalists, though eminent scientists predicted a future for it. The results were not what Bell looked for, but he took up the work again, made some improvements and took out patents covering the principal features of the telephone as it is to-day.

Three hours after he filed his application, Elisha Gray filed a caveat for his telephone.

On February 1, 1877, Bell went to Salem, Mass., and gave his first public exhibition and lecture. It aroused some curiosity, but drew no financial backing. On May 10 he lectured before the Boston Academy, and there, apparently, the results were little more encouraging than they had been at Salem.

Thought Telephone a Toy.

The general opinion expressed was that the telephone was a remarkably clever toy, but that it was nothing more. Investors took this view of it, and Bell, who had been reduced to poverty by the expenses of his experiments, went from one financier to another offering stock in the company he had formed, but everywhere he met with rebuffs. Financiers did not care to have anything to do with a machine designed to accomplish the impossible feat of making audible the voice of a person many miles away.

The reception he met with did not in the least shake Bell's faith in his work, but he was sorely in need of money. He resolved on a desperate move, and he went to Chauncey M. Depew and offered him a one-sixth interest in the company if he would loan $10,000 to put the company on its feet. Depew took a week to consider the proposition. At the end of the week he wrote back that the incident might be considered closed. The telephone was a clever idea but it was utterly lacking in commercial possibilities, and $10,000 was far too big a sum to risk in marketing an instrument that at best could never be more than a source of amusement.

Thus Depew let slip an opportunity to acquire for $10,000 an interest that to-day could not be bought for less than $25,000,000.

Bell was being hard-pushed, and he determined to make a last offer. Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, was then one of the leading figures in the United States Senate, and his influence throughout the country was very great. Bell went to him and offered him, for nothing, one-half interest in the invention if he would endeavor to have it introduced to the public.

Cameron would not even consider the proposition, and gave orders "that Bell and his fool talking machine be thrown out" if he again attempted to get an interview.

World's First Telephone Line.

While Bell was ineffectually struggling in this direction, a few men in Boston, who had been interested by the exhibition before the Boston Academy, determined to give the telephone a thorough test. A line three miles long was built from Boston to Somerville, and this, the first practical telephone line in the world, proved so unequivocally the utility of the telephone that there could no longer be any question of its success.

*Began March SCRAP BOOK. Single copies, 10 cents.

The pioneer line, three miles long, cost a few hundred dollars. In less than thirty years the number of miles of wire has increased to nearly 4,000,000 and 30,000 persons are regularly employed by the telephone companies. In the United States alone there are each year 3,200,000,000 telephone calls, and the American (Bell) Telephone Company is capitalized at $158,661,800.

Soon after the Somerville demonstration, the tide turned in Bell's favor. Capital, which had previously fought shy of the talking machine, rushed boldly in, and the inventor who had been turned away from office doors and denied access to the presence of politicians, was offered fabulous prices for part interest in his company.

Small investors clamored to get their money down, and big capitalists fought for control of the invention that promised such great things. Within a few weeks, Bell, who couldn't give a half interest in his invention to Don Cameron, and who couldn't raise a $10,000 loan from Depew, was in a position to turn millions of money away, and there was no more begging for a few dollars to give the telephone a try-out.

GOT SIXTY CENTS A DAY.

The Head of the American Locomotive Works Began His Career as a Machinist's Apprentice.

ALBERT J. PITKIN, president of the American Locomotive Works, began his business life as a machinist's apprentice, at the age of sixteen. His wages were sixty cents a day, and the little shop in which he was employed turned out one small stationary engine each week. He is now the head of the American Locomotive Company which manufactures 3,000 locomotives a year, or ten for each working day, and is capitalized at $50,000,000. Seven men were employed in the shop where he learned his trade. He has now control of 16,000 men.

Pitkin's father was in poor circumstances, and at twelve years of age the boy went to live with his grandfather at Granville, Ohio. The grandfather was a cabinet maker and wood-turner, and before long he had taught his grandson many of the secrets of the trade and had developed in the youth an understanding and appreciation of what machinery could be made to do.

"There is no use using hand tools if you can make a machine do the work," said the boy.

Then, from an old spinning-wheel which he found in the attic of the house, he made a machine that sawed wood and saved labor in the cabinet shop. He also constructed other machines out of wood, and the cleverness with which they were fashioned and adapted to the needs of the little shop, enabled him and his grandfather to turn out an increased amount of work.

At sixteen years of age it became necessary for young Pitkin to choose some trade and he selected that of machinist. He was regularly indentured for three years, and received sixty cents a day for the first year, ninety cents a day for the second, and one dollar and twenty-five cents a day for the third. His father was in ill health during this period and the greater part of the son's earnings went to help support the family.

Economy and Hard Study.

All this time he was forced to live on a few cents a day, and the only money he spent beside the cost of his board and clothing was what went for books on mechanics and material for mechanical drawing. When his apprenticeship was finished he was not only a thorough machinist, but he was also a mechanical draftsman.

His next position was in the locomotive repair shops of the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus Railroad. The year he spent here was one of hard work and hard study, for he continued his drawing more assiduously than before. At the end of the year he obtained a place in the drawing department of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, having prepared himself for the stiff examination given there, without one bit of outside assistance.

He spent five years with the Baldwin company, worked up from the lowest position in the drawing department to the highest, and, during that five years, he introduced nearly one hundred improvements in locomotive construction.

The training he had received in a small machine shop was repaying him with interest, and his determination to make machines do as much work as possible was bearing fruit. Wherever he could, he introduced automatic machines.

He was only twenty-five years old when he was promoted to the position of chief draughtsman in the Rhode Island Locomotive Works.

"Rather a responsible position for a young man," one of his friends suggested dubiously.

"Not if the young man knows his business," Pitkin replied. "And I think I do. I've thought of nothing else for the last nine years."

Became Superintendent.

After two years in Providence, he went to the Schenectady Locomotive Works, and in two years he became superintendent of the shops. Here he was free to put into operation many of the ideas he could not use before, while he was working in subordinate positions, and it was largely due to him that the Schenectady company became one of the most prosperous in the country.

When the American Locomotive Com-

pany was organized, Pitkin was made vice-president, for it was recognized that he was probably the most thoroughly equipped man in the business. There was not a department with which he was not acquainted, nor a mechanical operation in the shops that he could not perform.

Two years ago, Samuel B. Calloway, president of the company, died, and Pitkin was unanimously chosen as his successor. It took him thirty years to climb to that height, and the thirty years were marked by hundreds of improvements in locomotive construction and by wonderful records in turning out locomotives against time.

There were many mechanics who started with him and had an equal chance, but they were soon distanced in the race.

"They were content," he said, "with a steady, plodding, uniform way of doing things, and, while they were methodical and obtained good results. I tried to figure out some way of getting better results and getting them more easily. I took chances on doing a thing in other than the prescribed way, but often the new way was the better way."

ELECTRICITY HIS FIELD.

Steinmetz is Not Yet Forty Years Old and Has Taken Out Over One Hundred Patents.

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, chief expert at the Schenectady Electrical Works, was born in Breslau, Germany. Though he is only forty years old he has already taken out more than one hundred patents for electrical devices, and some of these are of immense value.

His father was a railroad employee, and on German railroads the pay is small and the duties exacting. But the father managed to send his son to the University of Breslau, and here he distinguished himself in mathematics and chemistry, and spent his leisure time in chemical and mechanical experiments at home.

At that time, the German government was making an effort to stamp out socialism, and laws of unusual severity were passed against those who advocated it. Bismarck, who headed the anti-socialist movement, saw to it that the laws were vigorously enforced. The natural result was a reaction against the conduct of the government, and the universities became permeated with socialism.

Steinmetz, then a boy of seventeen, was drawn into the work of socialistic agitation, and he became the editor of a paper during a period when the real editor was in prison for *lèse majesté*.

The paper was finally suppressed and Steinmetz' connection with it was reported to the university authorities. Then he received information that a warrant was out for his arrest and he fled to Zurich, Switzerland. Here he supported himself by tutoring, writing for electrical magazines and for a daily paper.

The articles for the daily paper paid him $2.00 a week. His income was pitifully small, but he managed to save a few dollars, and meeting with a young American from San Francisco, he decided to relinquish his ambition to become a professor of mathematics in some German university. He then emigrated to America.

Lands as an Immigrant.

Steinmetz and his American friend landed in New York with just twenty dollars between them. They hired a small room in Brooklyn where they started housekeeping together. Steinmetz had acquired this knack during his Zurich days, and through his first year in America he lived with his friend in one room, doing their cooking and washing on a gas stove, and at the same time conducting electrical and chemical experiments.

Steinmetz had with him when he arrived in this country a couple of letters of introduction, one to a man who manufactured electrical and chemical supplies on a small scale. This letter was the first presented, but on visiting the place, Steinmetz was unable to see the manufacturer. He was, however, told to call again. He called again, and was once more put off with a polite invitation to return. After two more calls Steinmetz realized that he was an unwelcome visitor. He thought it over for a few moments, then laughed and, turning to the clerk, said:

"Oh, well, all right. He'll have to call on me now, if he wants me—and I think he will."

Eventually the manufacturer did want Steinmetz, but never got him, for Steinmetz took his second letter of introduction to Rudolph Eickemeyer, head of the Eickemeyer Elevator Company, of Yonkers. Eickemeyer sized the young man up, and at once put him to work as a draftsman, at twelve dollars a week.

Contributed to Magazines.

It was while in Yonkers that Steinmetz drew attention to his ability by a series of articles in an American electrical magazine on alternating currents. This was followed by the first of the inventions and improvements that laid the foundation of Steinmetz's substantial fortune.

From the first Steinmetz had taken a lively interest in America and everything American, and the views for which he was forced to fly from Europe were so modified that they agreed with the new conditions in which he found himself. Speaking of them he said:

"In this country they would be theories without any chance of practical application, and there is no use in a theory merely for theory's sake."

For all that, he remained as radical in thought as ever, but in science and poli-

tics he shaped his thoughts to existing facts.

When the Eickemeyer concern was taken over by the General Electric Company, Steinmetz went with it and was hailed as its greatest asset. He was first sent to the Thomson-Houston Company —the Lynn, Mass., branch of the General Electric, and there he worked out the first successful plan for transmitting power and light, on a large scale, over long distances, and for controlling currents.

Incidentally, he made several important discoveries and improvements in the arc and incandescent lights and in electric motors.

A Mathematical Wonder.

In addition to being a thorough electrician, Steinmetz is a mathematical wonder, and there are few tricks of the lightning calculator that he cannot duplicate and go one better. It had been his intention to become a professor of mathematics, and, doubtless, he would have done so had he remained in Germany. The salary and fees of the professorship would have given him at best a couple of thousand dollars a year. His work in this country pays him a big salary, and this is supplemented by a large income from patents.

Personally he is one of the most popular men in the business. "The professor," as he is generally known, has been generous in offering assistance to young electricians, and he has patiently spent his time in aiding in the development of their ideas. He has shown the same skill in bringing the best out of men that he has shown in handling machines, and when he heads the force that has a problem to solve it is certain to be done in the shortest possible time, and with the whole body of men working enthusiastically together.

BUILT HUDSON TUNNEL.

Resourceful Engineer Also Completed the Bore Under the East River from Manhattan to Brooklyn.

CHARLES M. JACOBS, the builder of the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel under the Hudson River, is an Englishman, fifty-six years of age. His father wished him to go to Cambridge University, but the youth preferred to go to work, and he did so when sixteen years old.

He entered the office of a ship-building and engineering firm in Hull, England, and there he became thoroughly grounded in mechanical work and drafting. He was an earnest worker, and he established a precedent in the office by getting work to do that was usually assigned to the head men. It was not customary then to place such reliance on young men.

"Jacobs can do it," his employers were accustomed to say when surprise was expressed at his being placed in command of big operations. "He knows what is to be done, and he knows how to handle his men."

When he was twenty-one he was sent to India as the firm's representative in some big engineering work, and he did so well that he was sent to China, Australia, and the European Continent. He helped build several tunnels in London, and in 1889 Austin Corbin, then president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, brought him to this country to superintend several important changes that were to be made in the road.

Jacobs liked this country so well and was so favorably impressed by the outlook for big engineering work that he has remained here, and has become a citizen.

First American Success.

He made his first big success in the construction of the East River gas tunnel. It was a difficult piece of work, for instead of the river bed of solid rock that was supposed to exist, it was found that the bed was full of fissures through which flowed the mud and water of the river. The contractors wished to give the bore up and try one fifty feet deeper. Jacobs refused to do it, and the board of directors of the company, after listening to his arguments, sided with him.

"Can it be done at the present depth?" he was asked.

"Give me the men and plant, and I'll put it through myself," he answered.

The contractors sued the company and produced a score of experts to prove that the tunnel could not possibly be built in the way Jacobs wanted it built.

While the courts were considering the question Jacobs kept right on digging. He had to encounter difficulties that would have turned most engineers back. But, in the end, he pushed the bore through, and the courts, with this evidence before them, decided against the contractors. He built the tunnel big enough for trolley cars in case it might be wanted for that purpose, and he constructed it so solidly that none of the silt or water of the East River has been able to filter in.

A Difficult Task.

In 1877 an attempt was made to tunnel the Hudson River, but the work moved along fitfully. In July, 1880, an accident that resulted in the death of twenty men temporarily put an end to it. Two more attempts were made, and again the work was abandoned. A fourth company revived the scheme, and made Jacobs the engineer. The work was just in his line, for it gave him the opportunity to overcome big obstacles and to carry through a project that would be of big benefit to humanity.

It was an appalling task, for the course was through shifting sand, mud, and rock,

and before it was completed it was necessary to make 9,200 blasts. All these were in the tunnel direct, under the mud and sand and fifty or sixty feet of river water. Yet the undertaking resulted in few accidents, for Jacobs knew how to take care of his men, and he has established a reputation for never sending one where he will not go himself.

In his early days of wandering in India, China, and Australia he had learned how to accomplish much by simple means. It was simply learning to do what he called the obvious thing. But the simple, little, obvious thing is often the hardest for most people, including engineers, to see.

In the building of the South Tunnel, one of the trolley tunnels under the Hudson, the careless opening of the doors of the shield—the cylindrical cup pushed along at the head of the bore, and by means of which all the digging is done—caused the flooding of one hundred feet of the tunnel. It would be as hopeless a task to try to bale that mixture of mud and water out as it would be to drain the Hudson River and the bay adjacent thereto. Jacobs saved the situation by a very simple expedient.

Used Sails of Reliance.

The cup defender, Reliance, had just been stripped of her canvas, and Jacobs got this big spread of sail, sunk it flat over the flooded part of the tunnel, weighted it with a mixture of clay and stone, and thus mended the bottom of the river so that it didn't continue to leak in mud and water. It was so very simple that few people would have thought of it.

He completed his first Hudson tunneling work on the eleventh of March, 1905, and all he said when the work was done and he had walked through was: "There isn't much to tell, except that Henry Hudson was the first man who crossed over the river, and Jacobs was the first man who crossed under it."

QUEER CAPRICES OF RAZORS.

An Observant Barber Talks of Those Attributes Which a Great Many Old Shavers Believe to be Akin to the Supernatural.

IN nearly every big town there are scores of men who believe that a razor has certain attributes that are akin to the supernatural. This is what a barber says of them:

"Why, razors are as capricious as a woman. Everybody will tell you that who knows anything about razors. Good razors are picked up like good race-horses by those who know how to judge them. This little razor I purchased from an old razor-strop man in New York over twenty years ago for fifty cents. She is good-tempered, reliable, and ever ready.

"This fellow was given to me by an Englishman who purchased it himself at Sheffield, but he is surly, irritable, and unreliable, and won't shave well for any ten consecutive days. Some razors require much nursing and attention, and don't want to be used right along, and won't be, either.

"Often the cheapest razor is the best. A good razor is a gem. Here's a nice blade that I swapped for a razor I had that a customer going West took a fancy to. He couldn't make it go after it had been honed, strap it as he would. It had just made up its mind not to be used, and it wouldn't be. I threw it in the drawer, deciding to sell it, as it was an attractive-looking instrument; but, forgetting about it, I gave it a good rest, and it was so much pleased by my humane treatment that it has done well ever since.

"No razor likes to be used twice in succession or overworked. There is much more trouble for an overworked barber. An intractable razor is a dangerous thing to have around. Each razor has an individuality or idiosyncrasy. Of course we often take the starch out of a refractory razor by a vigorous strapping and by brute force, but gentlemen who shave themselves should have two razors and use them alternate days. Rest is often more serviceable to a razor than strapping.

"A good razor, properly cared for, should last a man a lifetime and serve for future generations. If you know how to select a razor, a cheap or second-hand one is better often than a high-priced one of celebrated manufacture. The edge is the thing—a good edge. Razors are easily damaged by unskilful honing, accident by falls, and so on. I firmly believe that some razors, like some people, are better than others, and appreciate things done for their care and comfort. I always talk to my razors in honing or examining them, and have a distinct acquaintance with all of them.

"Never trifle with a razor. No one ought to touch a razor who has no business with it. Women always get into trouble or cause trouble when they meddle with a razor."

WHEN LOVE IS SPEAKING.

A Representative Array of the Sort of "Sweet Nothings" That Are Responsible for June Brides, Together with Accounts of Marvelous Changes That Came Over the Face of the Universe When They Were Uttered.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By Homer Greene.

BY the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me,
In the tall wet grass with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me!
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted its pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh, the clover in bloom! I love it.

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide
And the low wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dews at last,
And the skies with stars was filling.
But he clasped me close, when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips, and said—
How the stars crept out, when the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover.
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

* * * *

FRENCH WITH A MASTER.

By Theodore Tilton.

Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

("To love, to love; this it is to live.")

TEACH you French? I will, my dear!
Sit and con your lesson here.
What did Adam say to Eve?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

Don't pronounce the last word long;
Make it short to suit the song;
Rhyme it to your flowing sleeve,
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

Sleeve, I said, but what's the harm
If I really meant your arm?
Mine shall twine it (by your leave),
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

Learning French is full of slips;
Do as I do with the lips:
Here's the right way, you perceive,
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

French is always spoken best
Breathing deeply from the chest;
Darling, does your bosom heave?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

Now, my dainty little sprite,
Have I taught your lesson right?
Then what pay shall I receive?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

Will you think me overbold
If I linger to be told
Whether you yourself believe
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre?

Pretty pupil, when you say
All this French to me to-day,
Do you mean it, or deceive?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

Tell me, may I understand
When I press your little hand,
That our hearts together cleave?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

Have you in your tresses room
For some orange-buds to bloom?
May I such a garland weave?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

Or, if I presume too much,
Teaching French by sense of touch,
Grant me pardon and reprieve!
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

Sweetheart, no! you cannot go!
Let me sit and kiss you so;
Adam did the same to Eve—
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre.

* * * *

WHY SHE DID.

WHY did she coldly answer "No"?
Because.
Why, when she stood and watched him go,
Did she permit her tears to flow?
Because.

Why did she kneel, when it was late,
Bewailing her unhappy fate
And vowing it was only hate
For him that had oppressed her so?
Because.

Why did she toss awake that night?
Because.
Why did she hope he never might
Again intrude upon her sight?
Because.

Why was it, when he came next day,
That to his arms she flew to lay
Her face against his breast and say:
"My prince! My king! My heart's delight!"
Because.

Chicago Record-Herald.

* * * *

METEOROLOGICAL.

By Emile Pickhardt.

THE sun shone bright, the birds were out—
They walked along together;
They had not much to talk about,
So talked they of the weather.

He slyly gazed into her eyes,
So blue, with depth of ocean—
"How lovely are the azure skies,"
He whispered, with emotion.

She coyly turned her gaze away
Then gently fell to sighing
"That soft the zephyrs play to-day,"
Quoth he, "there's no denying."

Nor did she here gainsay his word,
But minutely seemed to ponder
O'er all the weather talk she'd heard;
Then spoke she up: "See yonder

Dark threat'ning cloud o'ercast the skies?
I fear a storm is brewing."
(The truth to tell, she did despise
"Unsettled weather" wooing.)

He took the hint. Quoth he: "The storm,
In truth, is almost breaking."
Then gently pressed her yielding form,
While sundry kisses taking.

Quoth she, with smiling lips and eyes,
"Delay's the storm's attraction,
And naught so sure to clear the skies
As prompt, decisive action.

* * * *

THE BROOKSIDE.

By Richard Monckton Milnes.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree:
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

FROM THE LIPS OF ANANIAS.

Some Interesting Results Attained by Certain Narrators Who Talked or Wrote While Seated Between Fancy and Fact and Who Might Have Been More Happy "Were 'Tother Dear Charmer Away."

THE MEETING OF EXTREMES.

IN a hunter's camp different men began to unfold their yarns. Among others a Kentuckian said he once shot a buck in such a way that the bullet, after hitting the right ear, passed through the heel of the right hind foot. Jeering and laughter greeted the story.

"Brown," called the Kentuckian to his companion, "tell these fellows if what I say is not as true as gospel!"

"Why, yes," replied the other, "I saw it myself. You see, gentlemen, when he pulled the trigger of his rifle, the buck was just scratching his head with his hoof."

Then he whispered to his friend:

"That was a narrow escape. Another time don't lie so far apart."—*New York Times.*

A DAKOTA CYCLONE.

A SOUTHEASTERN wind hurled tumble weeds and Russian thistle through the air at a twenty-nine-mile gait, and the gait went too. Many stoves were drawn out of the chimneys; the strong wind blew in at the neck of a bottle and blew the bottom out. Nebraska wagon tracks passed over the town by the thousands.

The strain on the wire fences was so great that staples were drawn out of the north side of the posts. A kerosene barrel standing in front of a grocery store was sucked out of the bunghole and turned inside out, like a lady's slipper. The dirt blew from a post-hole in the hillside and left the hole sticking out of the ground about two feet with no dirt around it.—*Estelline (S. D.) Bell.*

NATURAL CHEMISTRY.

SENATOR BUTT, of the Arkansas senate, had just finished one of his droll stories about feeding morphine to a pointer pup and watching him as he indulged in the ensuing pipe-dream occasioned by the opium, when Representative De Rossit, known as one of the most veracious men in the State, said:

"Senator, your dog reminds me of my hen. Needing quinine one day, as we often do in the bottom, I mixed up an ounce of the drug with molasses and rolled it out into pills. Leaving the stuff to dry on the front porch, I went into the house.

"Returning, I saw the last of my pills swallowed by my hen.

"Of course I thought her silly head would burst wide open. She simply commenced cackling, and has been laying two eggs per day ever since. And do you know, senator, those eggs are the best chill tonic on the market. One of them taken internally will knock the spots from any case of malaria in the State, and shaking ague can't stand before 'em an hour after they are eaten. I keep that hen dosed; I do, and——"—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

A DISJOINTED NARRATIVE.

I HAVE read with much interest the discussion about the joint snake, and propose to give my experience with it. I have been familiar with the "joint," or, as we call it here, the "hook-and-eye," snake since I was a boy.

It is a snake of a brownish-yellow color, and grows to be about three feet long, but at any stage of its growth it can be unjointed or unhooked. It is fastened together by a hook-and-eye arrangement, exactly like those used on ladies' dresses.

On one occasion while out taking a walk I saw a joint snake crawling slowly along the top of an old stone wall; taking my cane, I gave it a smart jerk about the middle of the body, and it immediately unhooked into sixteen pieces, each about two inches long.

Taking the head part and putting it in my hat for safe keeping, I gathered up the joints, and laying them along in a row in just the reverse order in which they came apart, with all the eyes in contact, and also the hooks, I took the head part out of my hat, and laid it alongside of the middle of the row of joints.

It immediately began to move along the line, and without a moment's hesitation backed up to the first joint, when a little snap was heard and the first joint was hooked on. It repeated the process, and in the course of sixty-five seconds by the watch it was again a complete snake.

Again catching it I took out the ninth joint and also the fourteenth, and changed places with them, putting the ninth in place of the fourteenth, and then let the snake go on.

He gave one or two wriggles, but finding there was something wrong com-

menced examining its joints from his head down, and when he came to the ninth took it out and laid it on one side, then crawling along the rest of his joints until he came to where the fourteenth ought to be, but where I had put the ninth, took that out and hooked it on to the eighth and then put the fourteenth back in its place, all of which was done in an incredibly small space of time.

Again I separated him, mixing the joints up promiscuously and hooking them together, having some difficulty in hooking the tail joint on to the head part, as the hook and eye did not get very well.

Letting the snake loose, in 115½ seconds he was again properly jointed and I let him go.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A SHELL'S STRANGE EXPLOIT.

THE late Major Merrill, of Lawrence, was well known in military circles all over the country. When the G. A. R. encampment was held in Kansas City, some years ago, the soldiers of the East and those of the West vied with each other in telling stories of the war. After listening to some pretty tough yarns, Major Merrill related the following, and carried off the honors:

"You know, boys, that I served throughout the war in a Masachusetts light battery. During the hottest of the fighting at Malvern Hill our ammunition was running low, and I was sent to the rear for powder.

"I had an open express wagon and four mules. I got about a ton and a half of loose powder into the wagon and started for the front. About half-way back to my battery a rebel shell landed right in the middle of the powder, and, would you believe it, it burned up a bushel and a half before I could stamp out the fire!"—*Boston Herald.*

CHANGED BY ARGUMENT.

TWO commercial travelers, one from London and one from New York, were discussing the weather in their respective countries.

The Englishman said that English weather had one great fault—its sudden changes.

"A person may take a walk one day," he said, "attired in a light summer suit, and still feel quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat."

"That's nothing," said the American. "My two friends, Johnston and Jones, were once having an argument. There were eight or nine inchs of snow on the ground.

"The argument got heated, and Johnston picked up a snowball and threw it at Jones from a distance of not more than five yards. During the transit of that snowball, believe me or not, as you like, the weather suddenly changed and became hot and summerlike, and Jones, instead of being hit with a snowball, was—er—scalded with hot water!"—*Tit-Bits.*

VITALITY OF A DUCK.

A RELIABLE gentleman at West Point writes as follows:

"This is true. Some time since, while out ducking on Dividing Creek, a tributary of Chesapeake Bay, a hen duck, known as the dipper species, came within easy range of my gun. I discharged both barrels, completely covering and breaking her wing with No. 4 shot.

Being determined to capture the game, a friend and myself secured a boat and went in pursuit. Getting again in gunshot reach, I discharged two more barrels, killing the duck to all appearances.

"We picked her up and removed the feathers and entrails, cut her head off and put her in the water for the purpose of washing the blood off, when, to our astonishment, she swam away, giving us another pursuit, which was successful after some trouble. I can prove this."—*Richmond Dispatch.*

OFF THE FARM.

"YES, sir," said the Dakota man, as a crowd of agriculturists seated themselves around a little table, "yes, sir; we do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man start out in the spring and plow a furrow until fall. Then he turned around and harvested back. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded on the other. You see it was laid off in counties."

There was a murmur of astonishment, and the Dakota man continued:

"I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard just before I left home, and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling house, although it had traveled day and night."

"Distances are pretty wide up there, ain't they?" inquired one.

"Reasonably, [illegible]," replied the Dakota man. "[illegible] worst of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief. Women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams and he was going around bidding everybody good-by."

"Where was he going?" asked a Gravesend man.

"He was agoing half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"And did he ever get back to his familiy again?"

"It isn't time for him yet," replied the Dakota man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Six Masterpieces of Sculpture.

BY FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT.

With the Single Exception of Michelangelo, No Sculptor Who Has Lived In the Last One Thousand Years Has Produced a Statue That Ranks With the Works of the Ancient Greeks and Romans.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THEY belong not to our day and time—the greatest masterpieces of sculpture; but to another age, when this art reached a perfection never attempted before and never since achieved by man.

Between us and their creation lie the twisted strands of over twenty centuries. They were made far back in the golden days of Greece, when Athens was the wonder and the envy of the world.

Of the hundreds of thousands of beautiful sculptures belonging to the classic age of Greece, comparatively few have come down to us. The plundering of Greece by the Romans and of Rome, in turn, by barbarians, the zeal of the early Christians in demolishing all relics of paganism and of pagan art; the convenient consumption of the rarest and richest marbles in making lime, and the general wanton destruction proceeding through the thousand years following the fall of Rome, were responsible for the loss of vast quantities of art treasures.

Gradually, however, here and there from under ruins and soil, broken but priceless sculptures have been brought to light, carefully gathered and pieced together by clever and reverent hands. Even then there were sometimes missing parts which were never found. Yet these mutilated wrecks of Grecian art are so noble in conception, so faultlessly perfect in design and execution that they have been the despair of later sculptors, with, perhaps, the single exception of Michelangelo.

These constitute the world's greatest masterpieces of sculpture, and yet many of them are only ancient copies of still more exquisite originals. Not one of them can be identified with certainty as the creation of any particular master of sculpture. Thus, "Art is long; life is short," and the masterly creations of genius live on long after their authors are forgotten.

The Venus of Milo.

Probably the most cherished of these broken marbles which the world has now gathered so sorrowfully is the Venus of Melos, more commonly known as the "Venus of Milo," and now in the Louvre, in Paris. It was found in 1820 among buried walls on the island of Melos, which lies in the Grecian seas. The arms were gone and no attempt has been made to "restore" them, as their original position has always been a matter of dispute. The figure is nude to the waist, the lower limbs being enveloped in drapery; the left foot is slightly raised; the head turning the least bit to the left.

Of all the statues of Venus, this stands supreme in womanly grace and dignity. The face is intellectual, the brow serene, the figure perfect. It is the "perfect woman, nobly planned." It typifies not only youth and beauty, but womanliness, strength and repose.

Yet we do not know what master's chisel chipped away the marble that imprisoned this figure. It seems to belong to the school of Praxiteles and might have been executed by a pupil of his. Some authorities ascribe it to Scopas or to the mysterious Alexandros whose name and inscription were found near it upon a fragment of marble. There are reasonable objections accompanying every theory as to the identity of the sculptor, and, in the end, we only know that we do *not* know his name.

The Apollo Belvedere.

The "Apollo Belvedere," in the Cabinet of Apollo of the Vatican gallery in Rome, is generally regarded as the finest piece of sculpture known.

This was found near the end of the

fifteenth century, when art interest was awakening, and the Roman débris of centuries was being turned topsyturvy in the search for buried treasures of art. This statue emerged from the ruins of the "Golden House" of Nero. It was probably one of the five hundred statues of which Delphi was despoiled by this emperor for the adornment of his palace. Somewhere therein it had a place of honor, and the "Golden House," with its roof of golden tiles and walls of mother-of-pearl and precious stones, its ceilings of ivory and gold was doubtless a fit setting for so rare a gem of art.

It is called "the Belvedere" from the name of the apartment of the Vatican in which it is placed. It stands erect, over seven feet in height, a form so perfect in manly grace and beauty that to-day, in all lands, to speak of "a perfect Apollo" is to express the limit of the ideal.

The left outstretched arm has caught the folds of the light chlamys, or cloak, flung back from the shoulders; the weight is poised upon the right foot, the left being slightly raised; the right hand is spread above the trunk of a tree, and the direction of the head and eye seems to be with the outstretched left hand. This grasps some broken fragment, over which there has been a world of printing and writing and discussion. Some have held that it was the fragment of the archer's bow from which the arrow had been discharged at the monster, Python, and that the god is intently watching its triumphant flight.

Byron's description of the statue, in the famous stanza beginning "The lord of the unerring bow," follows this idea. The bow theory was disturbed when another statue was discovered almost identical with the Apollo Belvedere, holding in its outstretched left hand, not a bow, but an ægis or shield. The Apollo Belvedere is thought to be a copy of a bronze statue by Pythagoras of Rhegium.

Just as the Italians despoiled Greece of her treasures of art to beautify Rome, so Napoleon despoiled Italy in turn to beautify Paris, and the Apollo he regarded as his choicest prize. It and other art treasures were restored to Rome in 1815 by the allied powers.

The Laocoon Group.

Only a few steps distant from the Apollo Belvedere, in the Vatican sculpture galleries, one comes upon another masterpiece whose subject is associated with the God of the Silver Bow. This is the Laocoön.

According to mythology, Laocoön was a Trojan priest of Apollo who vainly warned the people of Troy against drawing within the city gates the great hollow wooden horse left behind by the Greeks. His suspicion of a trick and his advice that the horse be burned brought upon him the vengeance of Athena (Minerva), who favored the Greeks and to whom the horse had been consecrated. In return for his striking the horse with his spear, she struck Laocoön with blindness and doomed him and his two sons to destruction by two enormous serpents. The group is a terrifying representation of the fearful death struggle and agony of the father and sons.

The fragments of this group were found just four hundred years ago in the ruins of the Baths of Titus. So perfectly have the parts been joined and the missing portions reproduced that it seems incredible that, when found, it was in sixteen pieces. Here again we have no clue to origin except from references by Pliny, the Roman historian, who says:

"The Laocoön, which stands in the palace of the Emperor Titus, may be considered superior to all other works both of painting and statuary. The whole group—the father, the boys, and the awful folds of the serpents—are formed out of a single block."

So delighted was the Roman populace when the order was given for the removal of the Laocoön to the Belvedere, where all might enjoy it, that tons of flowers were showered upon it, en route, and its progress to the Vatican resembled an emperor's triumph, accompanied by continuous cheers and clapping of hands.

Niobe and Her Children.

Curiously enough, the theme of another of the six most treasured conceptions in sculpture is associated with Apollo; this is the well-known group of "Niobe and Her Children" in the Uffizi gallery in Florence.

According to the legend, Niobe, in arrogant pride over her possession of seven sons and seven daughters, referred disparagingly to Latona, who had only one daughter—Diana—and one son—Apollo.

For this presumption Diana slew the seven daughters with arrows, and Apollo in a similar manner destroyed the sons. Niobe was inconsolable, and "her grief changed her into stone, from which ran water emblematic of her tears." Thus we have in "Hamlet" the famous line, "Like Niobe, all tears"; and Byron wishing to picture the fallen greatness, poverty, and

desolation of Rome as the "lone mother of dead empires," points to her as "the Niobe of Nations."

This stone figure of a mother vainly endeavoring to shelter from the avenging arrows the surviving little creature that is kneeling and clinging to her for protection is probably the most pathetic and appealing thing in all of sculptured art.

Like most of the relics of Greek art that have escaped the deluge of destruction, the parts of the Niobe series were plucked from earth and ruins. They were found in 1583 near the ancient Lateran, the famous palace presented by Constantine to the Popes. They are supposed to be copies of sculptures wrought long ago by Praxiteles or Scopas, and it is very probable that they once adorned the pediment over the entrance of some splendid temple in Greece.

One thing peculiar to these figures is that while every face and form is most pathetic and eloquent of inward suffering, this effect is secured without contracting the muscles of the face or using any bodily distortion.

That the statue must have been held in high esteem by the Greeks is evident from an epigram supposed to relate to it and of which the following is a fair translation:

To stone the gods have changed her, but in vain;
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

The Dying Gladiator.

There are many distinguished authorities who find in another statue more pathos and appeal to their sympathy than in the piteous Niobe and her terrified child. This is the figure in the Capitoline Museum in Rome, long known as "The Dying Gladiator," though it is no longer thought to represent a gladiator, but a wounded Gaul. It was found one day in the beautiful gardens of Sallust, the famous senator, historian, and politician—of the days of Julius Cæsar.

Sallust was something of a political boss, and for espousing the cause of Cæsar he received a good post as governor of Numidia, where he plundered the Africans with such diligence that he accumulated great riches. When he returned to Rome he built for himself a magnificent palace and laid out gardens, all of which were embellished with the rarest of Roman spoils from Greece and the works of Grecian sculptors who had been attracted to Rome. When the statue was found its right arm was missing, but the cunning hand of Michelangelo was able to restore it.

The statue is Grecian, for the Romans are not on record for very great achievements in sculpture. They preferred to take their art ready made from the Greeks. But, whether this statue is a spoil of conquest or the work of a Greek sculptor at Rome, it is still unlikely that it represents a gladiator of Rome's arena.

The Greeks loved freedom and loved to see men die for it, and the spectacle of the conquered soldier of Gaul preferring death to Roman slavery was not unusual. Doubtless this subject appealed to the unknown sculptor.

The dying Gaul has broken his sword and horn to keep them from falling into the hands of his enemies; we see, as others have, "the lip yielding to the effect of pain, the eye deepened by despair, the skin of the forehead a little wrinkled, the hair clotted in thick sharp-pointed locks as if from the sweat of fright and exhausted strength." Hawthorne declared that so much pathos was not wrought into any other block of stone.

And, by the way, this famous room on the first floor of the Capitoline Museum furnishes the opening scene of Hawthorne's well-known novel of the Marble Faun. Here is the statue that was material for the subject and unsolved mystery of this weird romance of modern Rome. This is an ancient marble copy of the Satyr or Faun of Praxiteles, representing the figure of a youth leaning upon the trunk of a tree.

It will be recalled that the sculptor gave Phryne the choice among his works, and, in order to discover his greatest treasure, she caused him to be informed that his studio was in flames. He cried, "I am undone if the fire has touched my Satyr or my Eros!"

The Venus de Medici.

Coming to the sixth of the greatest masterpieces of sculpture, critical choice might give the place to the Moses of Michelangelo or his sculptures on the tomb of Lorenzi de Medici. On the other hand, another great statue, now somewhat depreciated, has so long held a place as a synonym of feminine beauty that any list of the half-dozen geatest masterpieces would be open to criticism if it were not included. This is "the Venus de Medici" in the Uffizi gallery in Florence. Here it is the central gem of the Tribune, a room erected at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars.

In the sixteenth century this statue was dug out of the mighty ruins of the Villa of the Emperor Hadrian, a structure probably erected in the second century after Christ.

When gathered up, the statue was in thirteen pieces and without arms; "the legs were severed, the body broken across the waist, and the head snapped off at the neck; furthermore, there were various wounds and losses of substance"; but so skilfully was the whole put together and restored that the general effect of the statue is wholly unimpaired. Like many of the discovered treasures of art, it was gathered in by the wealthy family of the Medici and later brought to Florence. Hence it is called Venus de Medici.

We do not know whose chisel wrought it—it may have been that of Cleomenes, an Athenian sculptor of 200 B. C., or it may have been that of Alcamenes, a pupil of Phidias, who lived in the fifth century B. C. Then, too, it may have been inspired, as some think, by the Venus of Cnidos, of Praxiteles, which was regarded as the most beautiful of all artistic representations of the goddess, though it has not been seen by man since the first century A. D.

The Venus de Medici, though nude, conveys no impression of vulgarity, but it is of a lower type of art than the Venus de Milo. The face is innocent, and, as one writer says, "her modest attitude is partly what unmakes her as a heathen goddess and softens her into a woman. The world has not grown weary of her in all these ages."

Really Greatest Masterpieces Lost.

But, alas! the really greatest masterpieces of sculpture exist only in handed down descriptions and traditions. They never crossed the threshold of the ancient world. They were lost to us centuries and centuries ago. The poor handful of beautiful things that have drifted ashore in our era represents only the flotsam and jetsam of achievements that we can scarcely comprehend, for imagination cannot picture the sculptured riches of Athens in the days of Pericles. Then Phidias, the master sculptor of all ages, was enriching the Parthenon, still, to-day, the only perfect building in all the world. Phidias was the "sculptor of the gods," whose own masterpiece—and therefore the masterpiece of all time till now—the Olympian Zeus, or Jupiter at Elis, was one of the Seven Wonders of the World; a statue not made of common marble, but measuring its height of forty feet in rarest gold and ivory; a statue so famous that it was considered a calamity to die without having beheld it.

In contrast with this, we should have liked a few of the tiny things wrought by the cunning of the great master's hand; for example, those bees and flies of such extraordinary finish that visitors to his studio tried to flick them from the marble. How we should have delighted in Myron's cow, so lifelike that the sculptor's admirers would have it that Myron had not modeled it, but that time had changed the animal into bronze, and that Myron had then passed it off as the work of his hand!

Who Wrought Pompey's Statue?

What a pity that no ruins have ever yielded to us the fascinating marble maid of Praxiteles that irresistibly "invited to a kiss"! We also should have liked to have seen that fair stone Thespian, which a Roman knight was so entranced with that he slew himself in despair.

Will time ever bring from its hiding that other famous statue of this great sculptor that the Cnidians cherished so that, rather than part with it, they cheerfully refused a king's offer to pay their national debt? We should like to know whose hand wrought Pompey's statue, at whose base "great Cæsar fell," which still stands erect in Rome, triumphantly surviving imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay; we should like to know if the dull red stain upon the leg is really the splash of Cæsar's blood!

But though gone forever those golden days of Greece, still does their greatness live, and live in us and in our native land and in our inherited art, literature, philosophy, and all else of civilization in our day.

God of our fathers, keep off the day when some dominant alien race shall pick the bones of our beloved America and gather in the treasures of our shrines of art and the monuments of our hero dead! When some Moro scientist or Captain of Industry from far Cathay shall pack beteen the decks of his aeroplane the noble fragments of our Statue of Liberty and fly with them to some imperial capital beyond the Pacific seas! Keep far the day, and give us time—time to make good—time to understand our rich inheritance and to grow great in all that made Greece great and all that makes us greater; and so keep far away that fatal knell that sounds at last for every nation when wealth accumulates and men decay!

The World's Richest Legacy.

Immured in an Asylum, a True Son of Nature Who Had Won Distinction at the Bar Wrote a Will, Which Only the Divine Surrogate Can Set Aside, Bequeathing Priceless Possessions to Mankind.

HOW few men know their riches! What is ours is ours only in so far as we are conscious of it, and so, that which we accept without thought, which has no especial meaning to us, is not a real possession. You may have four hundred leaves of paper, covered with printed characters and bound together between boards of leather, and yet you may not own a book.

Do you look upon the mountain and the stream and exclaim: "These are mine!" If not, then you have ignored Nature's dower to you. Do you realize that your individual possession in art is as broad as art itself? If not, you are refusing man's free gift to man. It is so easy to be rich, the only thing that is hard is to learn to know gold when you see it.

The most sensible will ever written was made by an insane man. He was Charles Lounsberry, once a prominent member of the Chicago bar, who in his later years lost his mind and was committed to the Cook County Asylum, at Dunning, where he died penniless. If he had lost his mind, he had kept his heart, or at least, in his last moments he was endowed with a lucidity that was higher than logic. For this strange man, penniless though he was, knew that he was yet rich, and he made a will, which, as the Chicago *Record-Herald* said, was "framed with such perfection of form and detail that no flaw could be found in its legal phraseology or matters." Inasmuch as poor, mad Charles Lounsberry knew gold from dross, we here reprint his will.

I, **Charles Lounsberry,** being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest, which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors

of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any encumbrance of care.

Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poems, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without title or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDHOOD.

THE laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair, fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy.

O rippling river of laughter! thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care.

O Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy! there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

The Camera and the Sea.

A Fascinating Field for Amateur Photographers Who Will Risk Occasional Drenching to Secure Beautiful Pictures.

Condensed for THE SCRAP BOOK.

TO the amateur who is desirous of using his camera for something besides the snap-shooting of his family and his friends, there is in nature no more fascinating subject than the sea. John A. Tennant, editor of *The Photo-Miniature*, introducing in a recent issue of his magazine an illustrated article on "Marine and Surf Photography," by F. J. Mortimer, said:

"We can count on the fingers all the really good photographic pictures of the sea which have come our way in twenty years. And yet, in what other field so accessible can we find so much beauty, so much variety of form and light and shade, or so many phases of action, as are presented by the sea? Poets have striven in vain to give voice to its indescribable fascination; painters have done their best in a hundred years to express some of its infinitely varied moods, its ever-changing aspects, its bewildering glories in every change of wind, and light, and tide. Why should photography stand aloof?"

Mr. Mortimer has made some of the best marine photographs in existence. While others have gained excellent results and have even given brief explanations of their ways of working, the current article by Mr. Mortimer goes into this phase of photography with greater thoroughness. Whoever owns a camera will profit by reading the article, which we herewith offer in greatly condensed form:

There is probably no more difficult field of applied photography than that I deal with, and, at the best, success can follow only after considerable experience. The photographer, accustomed to the milder delights of landscape and river scenery, portraiture, architectural, and still-life studies, will soon find that the conditions which govern seascape and wave photography are altogether different from those to which he has been accustomed.

The first aim should be to secure a truthful rendering of the actual scene of action, endeavoring, if possible, to catch the picture at the right moment, when the composition has assumed its most likely correlation of parts. A quick eye is essential, but a faithful rendering can never fail to please.

I am not upholding marine photography which presents the sea with the appearance of being frozen in grotesque designs, nor yet so full of movement as to suggest a badly smeared water-color. There is a happy mean, and it is this that should be striven for.

The general rule is to obtain the minimum of movement consistent with the maximum of exposure. Anything less will result in what appears to the *blasé* critic's eye as "frozen milk breaking over coal-heaps."

The great trouble in all pictures of big waves, whether at sea or breaking among rocks, is the lack of scale. Unless the locality is known and recognized, the average wave picture conveys but little more idea of the immense volume of water at work than a ripple in a puddle.

The only way to carry conviction is to photograph the same scene later in calm weather, showing the same rock formation, but with a man or boat in juxtaposition to convey the idea of the relative scale of the wave in the storm picture. During the actual storm occasional bits of wreckage and sometimes a belated bird may be happily caught. Much can be done, also, by judicious trimming of the print, and by keeping the camera low at the time of making the exposure.

Personal Equipment.

The wave photographer must have not too much regard for occasional bruises and broken apparatus—smashed by too impetuous an introduction to the slippery rocks, and very frequent drenchings. Where a particularly dangerous part of the coast is to be negotiated, a companion and a stout rope are essentials.

Oilskins and sea-boots are also very necessary. For getting about quickly, I can suggest no better costume than oilskin trousers, short coat, and sou'wester, worn over a very light flannel outfit, as the oilskins retain the heat in a most uncomfortable fashion. At all events, no clothes that are likely to spoil by wet or rough usage should be worn, and the ordinary mackintosh is a positive hin-

drance. Wellington or thigh boots should be worn. After careful trial of plain leather soles, leather soles and rubber heels, all rubber, and leather soles and heels with projecting iron nails—similar to those affected by mountaineers—I favor the last named.

Study of Wave Forms.

A careful study of wave formation will repay a day spent in observation. The vast masses of water that constitute deep sea waves, to be met with only far out in the ocean, are as different in formation from the choppy waves seen at a harbor mouth as the violent breakers among rocks are different from beach waves on flat ground.

It will be observed after a time that the big rollers follow a regular sequence, and that waves bigger and fiercer than their fellows usually travel in sets of three. After a lull in the turmoil, three giants will come blustering in, one after the other, and rend themselves on the rocks. Do not be led by a false sense of security, especially when the tide is rising, to venture too far out.

After a time, if vigilant watch is kept, the big fellows will be seen "making up" out at sea, especially when there are submerged rocks. A wicked, sinuous line of foam is seen afar off, appearing and disappearing amidst the heaving waters. It gets nearer, darts hither and thither, and you see the water yourself is now on the move and gathering way. A second line, probably broader and higher, is seen following, and then a third appears.

The foremost roller seems to gobble up all the smaller waves it overtakes, and gathers them in a greedy embrace, stimulating its own might and adding to its own volume continually until, with an appalling shock and a roar like thunder, it hurls itself—apparently irresistible—in tumultuous abandon upon the grim rocks. It means destruction absolute to anything less than granite, so keep a respectful distance.

Sometimes the second or third follower strides forward and overtakes the foaming terror in front. When this happens, run for your life.

How Waves Break.

In a series of breaking waves from a given direction it will be noted that they do not all break at the same distance from the shore. Some are spent before they reach the rocks, and dash on and over them in a milky seething mass of spume. Others break too late, and, striking the rocks, scatter in the air in all directions.

It can be seen how each wave will behave as it approaches the shore, and the roller that usually makes the best picture is the one that comes up hat in hand, so to speak, sleek and well-fed, bows politely, and, at the right moment, goes spinning up and over the obstructing rocks in a graceful curve that hovers in the air for a period, and then vanishes in wreaths of beautiful spray.

Possibly the most difficult phase of the breaking wave to catch is just when it has turned and presents a shiny curved back, teeming with life and motion, before crashing into shapeless foam; and the other is to get below the crest of the wave and catch the shimmering glint of beautiful green light that flashes in the concave inturn of the mass of water just before the crest curls over.

In this case, only a wave huge and towering can possibly give the effect with any realism, and the danger is considerable.

When the locality has been selected for photographing wave subjects, the most characteristic and telling view must be chosen.

In seacoast pictures there is much beauty and grandeur. Among the most striking features are the wild and broken cliffs which distinguish certain coasts; and where portions of these stand forth from the line of sea-wall, rugged, isolated, and beaten by the tempestuous ocean, there we find subjects in abundance.

When the weather is very tempestuous, and the surface of the water is literally blown off, spray is carried a great distance, drenching everything with which it comes in contact. Wo betide the lens exposed to it for more than the fraction of a second, or the nicely polished brass-bound camera.

Fine wave studies, however, can often be taken on windless sunny days, when a strong ground sea is running.

Before attempting to photograph waves breaking onto rocks, the moving mass of water should be carefully studied for a time, until the character of the advancing wave can be gaged to a nicety and its point of breaking foretold. If there is a cross-current, or if the rocks against which the waves are dashing are on a jutting headland, the breakers usually come first from one direction and then from another a point or two to the right or left. They approach the rocks and break alternately, and it will be noticed that those from, say, the right, gain a trifle, in point of time, on those from the left; and the extra big breaker (the one we are waiting for) happens when these two advancing masses of water meet and break simultaneously.

The Moment of Exposure.

As regards the actual moment of exposure, it will be found that in every wave form, when it strikes among rocks, there is an instant when the mass of water is at its maximum height, suspended in mid-air.

That is the moment the exposure should be made. It may occur just before it strikes the obstacle, or just after.

Of course, it is not often that only one wave form is in the composition at a

time. There may be, and usually are, several; but one will, or ought to, predominate, and this is the one to watch. The shutter speed should be regulated accordingly, to make the most of the others also, and of the flying spray.

In wave photography, shutters and exposure require much more careful consideration than the lens itself.

Most wave subjects, like all seascapes, are very actinic, and the lens will bear considerable stopping down, thus discounting to a great extent the powers of a high-class anastigmat. In fact, it will be found, except under exceptional conditions, that an ordinary good R. R. lens is quite sufficient for the work.

The subject itself is so varied that foreground, focal-plane, and ordinary curtain shutters will all be found useful. Shun metal and diaphragmatic shutters for obvious reasons.

The foreground shutter will probably score when dark rocks in the foreground need extra exposure, while the focal-plane and ordinary roller-blind before-lens shutters are generally useful for most wave pictures.

The focal-plane scores distinctly when the light is bad, owing to its high efficiency. A comparatively smaller stop can be used with this shutter with approximately the same exposure given by the before-lens variety, and 1-30 to 1-130 will be found to cover the limits of shutter speed for nearly all wave work, using a fairly fast plate, say 200 H and D, and F. 16.

In all cases the front of the lens should be protected from flying spray, either by a cap to be removed the instant before the focal-plane shutter is released, or by the before-lens shutter itself.

The Camera.

The ideal camera for the work would be a box magazine camera—absolutely waterproof, and with no projections whatever beyond, say, the shutter release, focusing screw, and view-finder. This last, whether of the direct vision or reflex kind, should be independent of the camera and merely fixed to it for use.

The camera should have a *reliable* focusing adjustment and scale; fairly long-focus lens—about eight inches for 5 x 4 and ten inches for half-plate.

A half-plate camera will be found quite large enough for the work, and larger sizes are not recommended.

A tripod is of very little use, and not much scope is offered for focusing on the ground-glass. The worker, therefore, should accustom himself to holding the camera steadily in the hand at eye-level, which experience certainly points to as the best position for all-round work.

Exposures.

There is no doubt that the actinic value of the light in seascapes is enormous, and the most probable fault with the majority of the exposures made at first will be over-exposure.

Naturally the same conditions as regards the relative value of the light at morning, noon, and evening apply here as elsewhere; but as a rough guide it will be found that with a fairly rapid plate F. 16 and 1-100 sec. will give a fully exposed plate at noon on a bright day in early spring.

An exposure meter will be a great help in determining the value of the light, as occasional thunder-clouds, etc., alter its actinic quality in an astonishing manner. When the sun shines the exposure can be lessened considerably or a smaller stop used, as there is possibly nothing of more material whiteness than the foam of breakers in direct sunlight.

Whether orthochromatic plates offer any special advantages over the ordinary kind for wave photograph pure and simple is a moot point. When a pale screen, however, is used—as it undoubtedly can be used, even with exposures of one-eightieth of a second—the orthochromatic plate naturally offers advantages. But it will be found that the intense white foam is quite sufficiently rendered against the usual slaty or blue sky on an ordinary (unorthochromatized) plate to need no further correction, and in the majority of cases where a screen is used it will be found to over-correct sky values.

The plates should *always* be backed.

Plates and films should be carefully packed after exposure (film to film—nothing between) in oiled paper, well wrapped in a final cover; put in their original boxes, and kept in an air-tight tin case if possible.

A notebook of exposures should always be carried, for reference when the plates are being developed. In addition to the usual data, notes should always be made whether dark rocks or other special features are in evidence. Each plate, when taken from the slide or carrier, should be numbered to correspond with its number in the notebook; this can be done with a black lead-pencil.

Development.

This brings us to a consideration of the development of negatives.

Our negatives are practically all high-speed snapshots of subjects teeming with light and atmosphere; conditions most likely to produce flat over-exposed negatives, and sometimes containing the most violent contrasts in the shape of dark non-actinic rocks and the whitest of foam in juxtaposition. Such difficulties should be treated with all due respect and caution.

Personally, I must confess to having a decided predilection in favor of adurol as an all-round developer.

The following formula I invariably use, and for the production of most wave negatives it is excellent: Adurol-Hauff, one-

half ounce; hot water, ten fluid ounces; sodium sulphite (crystals), four ounces; potassium carbonate, three ounces. This is the concentrated one-solution developer. For normal use, take one part of the above solution and add six parts of water.

Slow development in very weak developer is best suited to the class of negative most desirable, and I find that stand development, using a dilute adurol developer, gives as good a result as any.

Every worker, however, usually has his own methods of development which he understands; but whether pyro, metol, hydroquinone, adurol, or some other developer is used, always aim at getting a negative full of detail and thin.

As regards the best printing medium to show wave pictures to advantage, I do not think that any one will dispute the claims of carbon. This exquisite process, with its infinite variety of colors—especially blues and greens—lends itself in every way to the production of pictures of waves.

Next to carbon I should place bromide paper in the scale of utility, especially when the advantages of direct enlargement are considered.

The portrayal of vast breaking waves is probably the one phase of photography where a quick eye and a quicker brain to think are essentials to success. The conditions that govern ordinary composition by the camera are nearly absent. A picture is formed for an instant—an awe-inspiring, magnificent composition, teeming with strength and motion. Light, shade, action, everything is there—for an instant. The next instant—nothing.

An eye trained to snap-shot work in the streets, when fleeting impressions are secured and favorable grouping made the most of on the spur of the moment, is of immense value in gaging exactly when to release the shutter at a mighty advancing mass of breaking water.

Generally speaking, the camera should never be pointed straight out to sea, unless a picture of waves dashing over rocks at some distance from the shore is aimed at. The usual effect when the camera is pointed straight at the incoming breakers is unsatisfactory. Endeavor, therefore, if possible, to take the breakers at an angle.

The Best Season.

As regards the best time of year for big-wave photography, there is little to choose between the late autumn and early spring. Here, possibly, we find the answer to the query why so little deliberate wave photography is attempted. As most individuals dread a wet skin as an adjunct to their picture-making, it is unlikely that a branch of camera work which is to be followed at its best during the bleak autumn days, to the music of a howling gale, exposed to chilling winds, stinging spindrift, and possibly rain-squalls, will be preferred to the milder delights of photography under more cheerful conditions.

The ardent photographer, however, I feel sure, will not begrudge the extra trouble to be taken and the hardships he will probably have to undergo in securing the counterfeit presentment of one of the most striking and most beautiful of all natural phenomena.

LINCOLN TO A MOTHER OF HEROES.

Letter of Condolence Written to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, Mass., on the Death of Five Sons on the Field of Battle.

Executive Mansion, Washington, Nov. 21st, 1864.

DEAR MADAM:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AN EXILE.

IN the tragedy of misdirected genius Adah Isaacs Menken fills a pathetic rôle. She was one of those restless spirits who suffer from their own unsatisfying versatility. She flamed through her short life with prodigal waste of her untrained talents. The older generation remembers her: to the younger generation she is hardly a name.

Daughter of a Spanish Jew and a French-woman, she was born, Dolores Adios Fuertes, near New Orleans, June 15, 1835. At the age of seven years she made a successful stage appearance as a dancer. Her early stage career carried her ahead, and she became very popular, especially at Havana, where she was known as "Queen of the Plaza." At the age of about twenty years she was married to Alexander Isaacs Menken, at Galveston, Texas, retired from the stage, and published a volume of poems, "Memories," over the signature of "Indigena." Divorced from her husband, she returned to the stage in 1858, playing leading parts on the Southern circuit; but soon she again abandoned the stage, this time to enter a Cincinnati studio, where she began to study sculpture.

In 1859 she was married to John C. Heenan, the pugilist, from whom she was divorced three years later. Twice again she was married before her death, at Paris, August 10, 1868. In her last years she appeared as "Mazeppa" in New York and London, and in 1867 she published in London another volume of poems, "Infelicia." At Paris the elder Dumas was attracted by her.

The life of this Spanish Jewess of American birth was one of beginnings. Her impatient genius beckoned her ever to attempts which she had not the training to sustain. Having this knowledge of what she was, her poem, "An Exile," appeals to us with added pathos.

BY ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

WHERE is the promise of my years
Once written on my brow—
Ere errors, agonies and fears
Brought with them all that speak in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers—
Where sleeps that promise now?

Naught lingers to redeem those hours
Still, still to memory sweet;
The flowers that bloomed in sunny bowers
Are withered all, and Evil towers
Supreme above her sister powers
Of Sorrow and Deceit.

I look along the columned years,
And see Life's riven fane
Just where it fell—amid the jeers
Of scornful lips, whose moaning sneers
Forever hiss within my ears
To break the sleep of pain.

I can but own my life is vain,
A desert void of peace;
I missed the goal I sought to gain—
I missed the measure of the strain
That lulls fame's fever in the brain,
And bids earth's tumult cease.

Myself? Alas for theme so poor!—
A theme but rich in fear;
I stand a wreck on Error's shore,
A specter not within the door,
A homeless shadow evermore,
An exile lingering here!

FACTS FOR THE WEATHERWISE.

Some Simple Explanations of Climatic Conditions That Will Enable Ordinary Observers to Understand More Thoroughly a Few of the Vagaries of Old Dame Nature.

The Hottest Day on Record.

THE highest temperature recorded is one hundred and twenty-four degrees and a fraction, taken in Algeria, July 17, 1879.

The Hot Wind from the Desert.

"KHAMSIN" is the hot wind from the desert which blows out of the Sahara upon Egypt. The word means fifty, from the idea that it lasts for fifty days.

The "khamsin" is terribly hot and dry, and sometimes brings pestilence with it.

Wondrous Variety of Snow-Crystals.

NATURE'S infinite variety is well illustrated in the collection of photographs of snow-crystals made during the past twenty years by Mr. W. A. Bentley, of Vermont.

He has now more than one thousand photographs of individual crystals, and among them no two are alike.

Where it Snows in Summer.

SNOW, it appears, only falls in the Antarctic in summer, and on those rare occasions at other seasons when the wind blows almost due south. And, strange to say, these south winds are warm winds, raising the temperature to fifty or sixty degrees Fahrenheit. They seem akin to the snow-melting Föhn winds of the Alps.

Hail the Size of Hens' Eggs.

EXTRAORDINARY conditions must be required to account for the formation of the huge hailstones which sometimes fall, occasional specimens actually reaching the size of hens' eggs.

Thirty years ago a storm of this kind destroyed a million dollars' worth of glass in the city of Philadelphia, and many persons were severely hurt by the larger stones—veritable projectiles of ice—which dropped from the skies.

Where Rain Never Falls.

PERU has hundreds of square miles along its coast of rainless country. In this tract rain is never known to fall from one century's end to another. Yet the region is not entirely barren of vegetation. Some parts of it, indeed, are comparatively fertile.

This is due to the extraordinary fogs known as "garuas." They prevail every night from May to October after a summer that is sultry and extend up to a level of twelve hundred feet above the sea. About twelve hundred feet rain falls.

Warm Gales of Switzerland.

MOST people have heard of the Föhn wind of Switzerland—that warm, dry gale which comes over the mountains and in spring will melt two feet of snow in a day. Its cause is most peculiar.

The Föhn comes from the south. As it strikes the Alps it is wet, like most gales which have crossed the sea, but the south face of the mountains receives its rains, and as it crosses the summits it is dry.

The moving air current is also compressed and therefore dynamically heated. As it falls into the northern valleys in a cataract of air, it gains heat at the rate of half a degree for every one hundred feet of descent. It usually blows for two or three days, causing great suffering by its dry heat and oppression.

While it lasts, the temperature is about thirty degrees above the average.

Why Ice Floats in Water.

WATER is the sole exception to the otherwise universal law that all cooling bodies contract and therefore increase in density.

Water contracts as its temperature falls, and therefore becomes heavier and sinks until it reaches thirty-nine degrees. At this temperature water is the heaviest. This is the point of its maximum density. From this point it begins to expand. Therefore in winter, although the surface may be freezing at a temperature of thirty-two degrees, the water at the bottom of the pool is six or seven degrees warmer.

Suppose that water, like everything else, had gone on contracting as it cooled until it reached the freezing point. The heaviest water would have sunk to the lowest place and there become ice. Had the water when at the bottom turned into ice, the stones would have locked it in their interstices and held it there, and before the winter was over the whole pool would be entombed in clear, beautiful crystal.

The Magician's Visitor.

ANONYMOUS.

IT was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low, quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterward a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the philosopher was sitting in his studies.

The stranger, although finely formed and of courteous demeanor, had a certain indefinable air of mystery about him, which excited awe, if, indeed, it had not a repellent effect.

His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek, or a wrinkle on his brow, and his large black eye beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was gray; and his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-searching melody.

His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he held a staff like that of a palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, inscribed with Oriental characters, was bound around his waist.

His face was deadly pale, but every feature of it was singularly beautiful, and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow.

"Pardon me, learned sir," said he, addressing the philosopher, "but your fame has traveled into all lands, and has reached all ears, and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament."

"You are right welcome, sir," returned Agrippa.

"I have heard strange tales," continued the mysterious stranger, "of a wondrous mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct, in which whosoever looks may see the distant or the dead on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world which can be pleasing to their sight.

"The grave has closed over all I loved. Time has carried down its stream everything that once contributed to my enjoyment. I would once again look on the face which I loved. I would see that eye more bright and that step more stately than the antelope's — that brow, the broad, smooth page on which God has inscribed His fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved and all I lost. Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me, except the grave, except the grave."

The passionate pleading of the stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa, who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it, although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents to do so, that he readily consented to grant the request of this extraordinary visitor.

"Whom wouldst thou see?" he inquired.

"My child, my own sweet Miriam!" answered the stranger.

Agrippa immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low, soft tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the stranger thought he heard occasionally a response; but it was a sound so faint and indistinct that he hardly knew whether it existed anywhere but in his own fancy.

As Agrippa continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated, but whence the light proceded it was impossible to discover.

At length the stranger plainly perceived a large mirror which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which a dense haze or cloud seemed rapidly to be passing.

"Died she in wedlock's holy bands?" inquired the magician.

"She was a virgin spotless as the snow."

"How many years have passed away since the grave closed over her?"

A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he answered somewhat impatiently:

"Many, many—more than I now have time to number."

"Nay," said Agrippa, "but I must know. For every ten years that have elapsed since her death, once must I wave this wand; and, when I have waved it for the last time, you will see her figure in yon mirror."

"Wave on, then," said the stranger, and he groaned bitterly; "wave on, and take heed that thou be not weary."

Agrippa gazed on his strange guest with something of anger; but he excused his want of courtesy on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its virtue. Turning again to the stranger, he exclaimed:

"Who and what art thou, man? Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art, this wand has already described twice two hundred years, still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist as thou hast described to me?"

"Wave on, wave on!" was the stern and only reply which this interrogatory excited from the stranger.

The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visitor. When his arm grew slack, he heard the deep, solemn tones of the stranger exclaiming:

"Wave on, wave on!"

When at length, after his wand, according to the calculations of his art, had described a period of above twelve hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and the stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose, and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented.

An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him. In the distance rose lofty mountains crowned with the cedars; a rapid stream rolling in the middle, and in the foreground were seen camels grazing; a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst, and a lofty palm tree, beneath whose shade a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noontide sun.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!" shouted the stranger; and he was rushing toward the mirror, but was prevented by Agrippa, who said:

"Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest toward the mirror, the image will become fainter, and shouldst thou approach too near it will vanish entirely."

Thus warned, he resumed his station; but his agitation was so excessive that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support, while, from time to time, he muttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation.

"'Tis she! 'tis she! even as she looked while living! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child, canst thou not speak to me? By heaven, she moves! she smiles! O speak to me a single word! or only breathe, or sigh! Alas! all silent; dull and desolate as this heart! Again that smile! that smile, the remembrance of which a thousand winters have not been able to freeze up in my heart! Old man, it is vain to hold me! I must, and will clasp her!"

As he uttered the last words, he rushed frantically toward the mirror; the scene represented within it faded away; the cloud gathered again over its surface, and the stranger sunk senseless on the earth.

When he recovered he found himself in the arms of Agrippa, who was chafing his temples and gazing on him with looks of wonder and fear. He immediately rose on his feet with restored strength, and, pressing the hand of his host, he said:

"Thanks, thanks for thy courtesy and thy kindness, and for the sweet but painful sight which thou has presented to my eyes."

As he spoke these words he put a purse into the hand of Agrippa, but the latter returned it, saying:

"Nay, nay, keep thy gold, friend. I know not, indeed, that a Christian man dare take it; but be that as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently repaid if thou wilt tell me who thou art."

"Behold!" said the stranger, pointing to a large historical picture which hung on the left hand of the room.

"I see," said the philosopher, "an exquisite work of art, the production of one of our best and earliest artists, representing our Saviour carrying His cross."

"But look again!" said the stranger, fixing his keen, dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture.

Agrippa gazed, and saw with wonder what he had not observed before: the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the stranger, of whom, indeed, it might be said to be a portrait.

"That," said Agrippa, with an emotion of horror, "is intended to represent the

unhappy infidel who smote the divine Sufferer for not walking faster, and was therefore condemned to walk the earth himself until the period of that Sufferer's second coming."

"'Tis I! 'tis I" exclaimed the stranger; and, rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared.

Then did Agrippa know that he had been conversing with the Wandering Jew.

NOTE—The legend of the Wandering Jew is not mentioned by any writer earlier than the thirteenth century. It appears to have been taken from Oriental sources by the medieval mind, so full of superstitious wonder, so prone, in the roseate glimmer that preceded the dawn of science, to accept the most remarkable explanation of the most commonplace fact. Thus, in the English chronicle of Wendover (1228) mention is made of an Armenian archbishop who, by his own account, had talked with the still-living doorkeeper of Pontius Pilate, a man baptized as Joseph, but formerly known as Cartaphilus. Other chroniclers of that generation told the same story, and about the same time began to be credited the existence of John the God-smiter, or *Joannes Buttadeus*, to use the Latin form. Other names were given to the wanderer. The Germans called him Ahasuerus.

The story is doubtless familiar to most of our readers. Christ, on His way to Calvary, stopped to rest for a moment before the door of Joannes, who drove the weary Saviour on, striking Him and mocking, saying, "Go; why dost Thou tarry?" Christ replied. "I go, but thou shalt tarry till I come." So, through the centuries, Joannes has wandered the world over, impelled by the unrest of his own perturbed soul, living on in the punishment that will not be mitigated until Christ shall come again. Is not this legend the symbol of every errant heart? Poets have so interpreted it.

The other character in the interesting old story which we here reprint is historical. Cornelius Agrippa was physician, philosopher, writer, and—a bit of a charlatan. He was born at Cologne in 1486, and died at Grenoble in 1535. Among his books are *De Occulta Philosophia* and *De Nobilitate et Praecellentia Foeminei Sexus*.—Editor THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE MOSQUITO'S EYE FOR COLOR.

The Little Pests are not Always Particular Concerning the Subject of Their Prey, But They Like to Do Their Loafing on Navy Blue.

THE mosquito may be no respecter of persons, but on the subject of colors he has his preferences. This was demonstrated by Dr. Balfour Stewart, a distinguished English scientist, who several years ago made an interesting series of experiments on the west coast of Africa under the auspices of the Liverpool school of tropical medicine.

The experiments had to do with mosquitos' eyesight and their fondness or aversion for certain colors.

In a photographic studio a large muslin tent was set up with one end against the glass window, through which the sunlight streamed. At the bottom of the tent were some large pans for the anopheles to breed in, and these from time to time were renewed.

On one side of the tent seventeen boxes without lids were piled one upon the other, the order being changed each day so as to eliminate any preference due to position or exposure to light. Each box was lined with a cloth having a slightly rough surface, to which a mosquito could easily cling. The experiment consisted in counting the number of mosquitos found in each box on seventeen different days. The results obtained were striking.

During the seventeen days on which the counts were made, 108 mosquitoes were found in the navy-blue box, 90 in the dark-red box, 81 in a reddish-brown box, 59 in the scarlet box, 49 in the black box. There was at this point a sharp drop of 31 in the slate-gray box and 24 in an olive-green box. Violet, leaf-green, and full-blue boxes had respectively 18, 17, and 14. Pearl-gray had 9, pale-green 4, light-blue 3, ochre and white 2 each, orange 1, and pale-yellow, about the color of khaki, none at all.

It is evident that certain colors have a marked power of attracting mosquitoes, and that the color which is by far the most attractive is navy-blue. The mosquito avoids light colors, especially those with a tinge of yellow. From this it seems that khaki-colored garments have other advantages beside that of invisibility on a light soil.

In Madagascar, the French scientist, M. Joly, noticed that the mosquitoes were attracted by a black soil more than by a red, or light one, and that persons wearing black shoes and socks were more often bitten than those who wore white or light-colored coverings for their feet.

While a black dog was severely bitten and driven half mad by mosquitoes, its companion, who was yellow, was not bothered in the least.

CHURCH STATISTICS FOR 1905.

Figures for the Last Year Show a Gain; Yet There is a Falling Off as Compared With the Preceding Years.

THE church bodies of the United States continue to grow, but Dr. H. K. Carroll's statistics, covering the advance made in 1905, are a little depressing to church people, in that they indicate a falling off as compared with preceding years.

The gain in communicants, 519,155, was the smallest of the past five years. The gain in 1904 was 898,857. The increase in the number of churches was 1,636, as against 2,624 in 1904. The increase in the number of ministers was 1,815, as against 3,136 in 1904.

The largest gain of communicants was reported by the Roman Catholics, whose figures, however, are not the result of an actual count, but of an estimate of "population" based on vital statistics, Catholic "population" including all baptized persons.

To quote further Dr. Carroll's summary, as printed in the *Christian Advocate:*

Next after the Roman Catholic Church, which reports 10,785,496 communicants, and which is, therefore, by far the largest single denomination in the United States, comes the Methodist Episcopal Church with 2,910,779 communicants. The Catholic gains were 191,122; the Methodist 62,847.

It is worth while, however, to call attention to the fact that Methodist itinerant ministers outnumber Catholic priests as 17,400 does 14,000. The disparity in the number of churches is also great, the Catholic Church having about 11,500 and the Methodist Episcopal 27,300—more than twice as many.

The three bodies of regular Baptists gain in communicants about 67,500. Baptists of all names gained 72,667; all bodies of Methodists nearly 102,000. The Northern Presbyterian Church advanced in number of communicants 18,803; all Presbyterian bodies, 26,174. The Protestant Episcopal Church reports a net gain of 19,203. The Lutherans added 51,580 to the number reported for 1904. The Disciples of Christ report a very small gain of members.

For the Christian Scientist Church I am asked to state that the figures of last year were incorrect. The number of churches should have been 601 instead of 611, and the membership should have been 63,673 instead of 66,022. With this correction the gains of 1905 were 10 churches and 7,441 members.

The plan of the union between the Presbyterian Church (North) and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has been approved by the presbyteries of the respective bodies; but the actual merging of the two bodies has not yet taken place. If all the ministers and churches of the Cumberland denomination go into the union it will make a body of 9,098 ministers, 10,708 churches, and 1,273,759 communicants in the United States, not including foreign missions.

The Lutherans, who have advanced from fifth place among the great denominational families in 1890 to fourth place in 1905, have five general bodies and seventeen independent synods. No tendency toward the absorption of the latter is in evidence. Of the general bodies, the General Synod, which is less exclusive toward other denominations, is gaining slowly but steadily in communicants. The United Synod, South, occupies a similar confessional and fraternal position.

The growth of the nonconformist churches and mission stations in England in 1905 are given as follows by the London *Times:*

The returns of the Congregational churches in Great Britain, as officially supplied to the "Year Book," show that in the United Kingdom there are now 4,905 places of worship and mission stations, with sitting accommodation for 1,774,480 persons. The church membership is returned at 479,112, as compared with 462,678 a year ago, a net increase of 16,434. The number of ordained ministers is 3,130, a decrease of 22.

There are now nearly 1,000 churches and mission stations in the British colonies. The official returns of the Baptist churches in Great Britain, as furnished to the official handbook for 1906, give a total membership of 426,563, as compared with 394,811 in the previous year. This is a net gain of 31,752. The average yearly increase for the last decade was less than 6,000, so that the gain for this year is far above the average.

The yearly returns of the various divisions of Wesleyan Methodists show that the membership, including those on probation, has this year reached throughout the world nearly eight millions, the exact returns being 7,959,549.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are 18,385 Methodist places of worship, with 954,204 members, and 1,803,434 scholars. The statistics of the Presbyterian churches in England show 350 places of worship, as compared with 271 when the synod was first constituted in 1876. In the same period the membership has increased from 51,013 to 83,113.

The Beginnings of Stage Careers.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

FOURTH INSTALMENT.

A Series of Papers That Will Be Continued from Month to Month and Include All Players of Note.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

HITCHCOCK SOLD DRY GOODS.

His Original Assets Consisted of a Shirt, a Pair of Shoes, a Trunk, and Much Cheerful Impudence.

THE other day I happened to run across Raymond Hitchcock at lunch in the Players Club. I reminded him of the request I had made him for material with which to enrich this department of THE SCRAP BOOK.

"Yes, you'll get it," he assured me, in that rugged intonation which does so much to infuse fun into his remarks on the stage, "I spent a good hour over the typewriter yesterday, pouring into it the story of my life. May you survive the reading thereof."

He had "poured" to such good purpose that not only did I survive the reading of his screed, but the screed itself was found worthy of survival in its original form, and I am giving it to the reader herewith.

Actor's Own Story.

I came down from Auburn, New York, with twenty-five dollars in my clothes, and the "absolute certainty" that New York was clamoring for me—as I had been a hit in an amateur performance in Auburn and everybody said I "just ought to go on the stage." The twenty-five dollars was soon only a bright spot in my memory, and I found that, while I was well known in Auburn, not even the street-car-drivers knew me in New York.

After a bit, I fell in with a fellow who was a regular "theatrical agency." He had just about as much money as I had, and as we were doubtful pay in the boarding-house where we were stopping, we were relegated to the attic, where we roomed together, at five per week, which was charged against us on Saturday night.

He took me over and introduced me to Colonel T. Allston Brown, who had an office on Union Square, and from his office I received my first postal-card telling me "to call." Of course, I applied for nothing but the "leading part." Knowing nothing of the business I, naturally, was a "leading man."

I called promptly. I think I was there a little early. The card said ten o'clock, but I think I got there at nine. I was engaged by a man by the name of Davidson to play in a Western drama the leading part, at a salary of twenty-five dollars per week. I packed a shirt and a pair of shoes in a trunk, which I managed to get hold of somehow, but just how I don't remember. I had come down to New York with only a satchel, and later had to leave my satchel for board in lieu of payment.

Not an Ideal Ingomar.

When I arrived at rehearsal the next morning, I found it was a "ten-twent-thirt" repertory company, and that the Western drama had not yet been written. I was cast for *Ingomar*, *Pygmalion*, in "Pygmalion and Galatea"; *Hardness Craig*, in "Colleen Bawn"; *Hawkshaw*, the detective, in "The Ticket-of-Leave-Man"; and *George Markston*, in "The Pink Domino."

I could see at a glance I was not suited for *Ingomar*, as I only weighed about one hundred and fourteen pounds, with the sun shining on me. In spite of all my confidence as to my ability as an actor, I could not see myself as *Ingomar*, and I don't think the management could either. I only rehearsed three days, when I found out that we were not suited to each other. Then, I was all alone in Philadelphia without a nickel.

I went to work in Wanamaker's store. Stayed there a year, and then found myself once again on the street without a cent.

I made some acquaintances in the musical line while in Wanamaker's, and one of these chaps, knowing my desire to go on the stage, took me over to William T. Carleton, who was then rehearsing the opera "The Brigand." I applied as a chorus tenor, and was asked to sing the scales.

I got half-way up the ladder and went all to pieces, but informed Mr. Carleton

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that I had been ill, and after he had looked me all over he engaged me "on general appearances," so he told me, at sixteen dollars per week.

We went on the road doing one-night stands, and during such journeys on the train I used to play on the banjo and sing little songs which amused Mr. Carleton very much. He would frequently call me and ask me to get out the banjo and sing to him.

Takes Bigelow's Place.

Our first week's stand was in Montreal, and here the comedian, who was Charles A. Bigelow, was taken ill and unable to play. After having rehearsed all the possible understudies, and none of them being competent to take the rôle, it was first thought they would have to close the theater, when Mr. Carleton said: "Where is that chap who plays the banjo? I think he could do it."

I was, fortunately, blessed with a wonderful memory. I knew every song, every number of the music and every word of the dialogue in the opera; in fact, starting from the opening lines I could read it right through. They found me about half-past five in the afternoon, and I went over to the theater.

Mr. Carleton met me and said: "Can you play Bigelow's part?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said: "Do you want a rehearsal?"

I said: "No, sir."

"All right," he said: "then be here at seven o'clock."

I went on that night and never missed a number. In the middle of the performance, Mr. Carleton said to me:

"Now, let loose. Do anything you want to."

Being exceedingly limber, I did a slide down the run, stumbling over everything, and made a hit from the start. From that time on I took liberties that no one else in the company dared.

Mr. Carleton was a very strict disciplinarian, but he always encouraged me to go ahead. After two or three years playing leading rôles in the principal opera companies, I determined to step forward and go after "the big things." So back to New York I came, still unknown.

After waiting around for three months, I decided that the world was against me; that a bright and shining light was being crushed. Also, that a law ought to be passed whereby no Englishman could come to this country and play.

Took Bull by the Horns.

I remember standing on the corner of Twenty-Eighth Street and Broadway, with my head just full of such anarchistic ideas, when something plainly said to me:

"If you are as darn good as you think you are, why don't you go out and get a job? There is room for every one."

I immediately walked over to the office of Jesse Williams, a dramatic agent, and said, "I want a job. I will play prima-donna rôles or old men's rôles. I want a job, and I don't care what it is."

He said, "I don't think I have anything for you."

"You MUST have something for me, and I have got to have it," I replied.

"Well, call around and see me later," said he.

"I will do anything, and if I am not all right, and don't prove satisfactory, it won't cost you a cent," I persisted.

"Well, you come around and see me to-morrow."

There was a little fat man sitting in the office—and he turned to me and said: "Wait a minute."

Then he went over and had a talk with Mr. Williams.

Mr. Williams came out and said: "Mr. Hitchcock, this is Mr. Fred Miller, the composer of 'The Golden Wedding.'"

Mr. Miller then asked me if I could play the part of an English lord, and I said I did not know any one in the whole world who could play it any better than I could.

It was then a little after twelve o'clock. Mr. Miller looked at his watch and said: "Well, can you catch the one o'clock train?"

"If it is necessary, I can catch the twelve o'clock train," I replied.

He then gave me a ticket to Boston, and a ten-dollar bill. It was so long since I had seen a ten-dollar bill I had to ask what it was. I caught the one o'clock train, and in two days was playing the part of *Sir Tobin Tobax* in "The Golden Wedding" before an enthusiastic audience in Worcester, Mass., and from that time to the present day I have not asked for an engagement.

It is true I have been without ten-dollar bills—in fact, have been without most everything—except an engagement. I was a poor boy, and started out in life at three dollars per week in a shoe store. The first one hundred dollars a week engagement I ever had seemed like millions of money to me, so I never saved a cent.

I thought there could be no end of this—thinking of my three dollars per week job. I soon found out that I had to learn the value of money, and how true the old adage: "Any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to save it." I wonder if I am growing wise?

WAGER BROUGHT EDESON ON.

"Soldier of Fortune" Was in Box Office Until His Employer's Lamentations Drove Figures Out of His Head.

ALTHOUGH he is the son of an actor, this fact was the means of an attempt to keep Robert Edeson off the stage rather than an aid to him in getting

on it. His father, George R. Edeson, who died while comedian and stage manager of the Philadelphia Girard Avenue stock, in 1899, was so convinced that the actor's calling brought principally heartsickness and disappointment that he used every means to dissuade his son from taking up with it.

As a sort of compromise, when young Robert finished school (he was born in New Orleans, and the family now lived in Brooklyn) he went into the front of the house and obtained a position with Colonel Sinn as guardian of the box-office at the Park Theater.

It was just nineteen years ago that Cora Tanner was booked to appear there in a new play, "Fascination." The first performance was set down for Monday night, and at a rehearsal on the Friday previous the player of a minor part failed to show up. He sent word that he was ill.

Colonel Sinn strolled into the box-office where young Edeson was trying to balance his accounts, and began to bemoan the ill luck of the thing. To a fellow engaged in the task of adding figures this running accompaniment of self-commiseration was not conducive to accuracy in the totals. So, finally, Edeson turned on his employer with the exclamation:

"Look here, Colonel Sinn, if you will keep quiet and allow me to straighten out this account in peace, I'll play that part next Monday myself."

Dazed into silence by this daring proposition, his employer remained speechless long enough to permit Edeson to complete his task. Taking his coat and hat, he was in the act of leaving the box-office when Colonel Sinn called after him:

"Young man, I'll bet you one hundred dollars you can't make good on that bluff."

"I'll go you," was Edeson's reply. "Get me a substitute here and give me the part."

Concerning the outcome, Edeson himself has since observed:

"I remember very little of that first performance. However, I believe I was not offensive and therefore was allowed to play the week out. The following season, not being able to come to terms with Colonel Sinn, I determined to adopt the stage as a profession and was fortunate enough to secure the juvenile part in a small company playing Daly's 'A Night Off.' Then came 'The Dark Secret,' in which the villains and myself were the only members of the company allowed to go unwashed in the tank."

A few seasons later he was with Charles Dickson in "Incog," which came to be called in the profession "the matrimonial play," as no less than four couples met their affinities while acting therein, viz: Charles Dickson and Lillian Burkhardt, Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, Harry Davenport and Phyllis Rankin, and Mr. Edeson and Ellen Burg.

Ten years ago Mr. Edeson was in the Empire stock, understudy to William Faversham, and making a particularly good impression when he played the latter's part in "Under the Red Robe" which ran so far into the spring that the leaders in the cast became tired out and left their parts to the next in line, Ida Conquest falling heir to Viola Allen's *Rémi*.

The aftermath of the Spanish-American war nearly lost Edeson to the stage, as for a time he seriously thought of going to Porto Rico as the agent for a house selling sporting goods. Luckily he changed his mind and accepted a position as leading man in the splendid cast Amelia Bingham collected for "The Climbers."

This play, in the estimation of some critics, made Mr. Edeson, and in the winter of 1902 he became a star on his own account, with Augustus Thomas' dramatization of Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" as the vehicle.

BREESE EMULATED ANANIAS.

Former Farm Boy and Swimming Instructor Told a Weird Yarn About Francis Wilson to Get Behind Footlights.

SOME very unusual experiences form the foundation stones upon which rests the stage career of Edmund Breese, who has become widely known for his work as the Lion (a multimillionaire supposed to typify Rockefeller) in the season's success, "The Lion and the Mouse."

Breese was a Brooklyn boy, with no tinge of the theater in any of his forebears or surroundings. Before he reached his teens the members of his family were in the habit of making frequent trips to Atlantic City, via Philadelphia, where they had relatives, who now and then took young Edmund to the play.

On one of these journeys the boy chanced to spy a notice outside the Eleventh Street Opera House, where the Carncross Minstrels were holding forth. This announced that a number of boys were wanted for a certain production about to be made. Instantly young Breese was fired with the determination to apply for a job.

Presenting himself at the box-office he made known his desires. A man inside looked him over and said he thought he would do, and told him to present himself on a certain day in the following week. Breese returned home to Brooklyn all aglow with anticipation, informed his mother of his good luck, and—well, was made very clearly to realize that school and home and the keeping of early hours were for his.

It was some little time after this stirring of the Thespian bug in his blood that he received another inoculation—also in the City of Brotherly Love. He saw Dore Davidson in a performance of "Dr. Jekyll

and Mr. Hyde," and the characterization made such an impression on him that after he reached home, he took the first opportunity of showing his mother a duplication of it.

Becomes a Farm Boy.

At first she listened with the complaisant toleration of a parent anxious to appear interested in a child's enthusiasms, but presently young Breese became aware that she was following his depiction with absorbed attention.

"I really must have it in me to do something in the acting line," the boy told himself.

But soon after this a big change in his life occurred. He left Brooklyn and went West to study—what do you suppose? Nothing short of farming. It was decided that he should learn to become a tiller of the soil, although he had been born and brought up in a city.

At twenty dollars a month, then, he started in to milk the cows, do the chores and make himself generally useful about the place. But it did not take him long to discover that for a young fellow of eighteen, the prospects in such a life were not very illuminating.

Finally he decided to give it up and he went to Kansas City, where he had a friend who obtained for him a post as bookkeeper in a mercantile establishment. He continued in this environment for several months, but one day he awoke to the fact that the more satisfactory he proved himself as a bookkeeper, the more likelihood there was that he would never rise to anything higher.

At this time he had twenty-one dollars in the bank, but it availed him little, as the bank failed. With what he had in his clothes, he set out for St. Louis, where he hadn't a friend, determined to find out if fate could not do something for him in a city so big as that.

Made a Swimming Instructor.

He was walking about the streets on his arrival, his hands in his almost empty pockets, wondering if anything would turn up for him or whether he was expected to set to work and turn it, when his eyes were attracted by a gaudy advertising wagon, emblazoned on both sides with the announcement of a new swimming school. The sight set a train of possibilities stirring in the youth's mind. He was a swimmer and a good one; he hadn't neglected his opportunities in having been reared so close to Coney's isle.

Noting the address of the swimming school, he hunted out the place, obtained an interview with the manager, and set forth his own accomplishments with such success that he was forthwith engaged as one of the swimming-masters at a salary of four dollars a week. This was afterward increased to seven, and when one day he saved the life of a man who was drowning in the pool, he was raised to the munificent wage of ten dollars a week.

But now, in a city atmosphere again, the bug of acting began to stir within him once more. The sight of the billboards and of the theaters themselves, reawakened the old craving to strut behind the footlights. One day, in poring over the columns of the papers devoted to amusements, he came across the advertisement of one Lillian Graves, who desired a comedian to join the Wild Rose Company at Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

Breese determined to apply for the post, but as the advertisement requested that all applicants should state salary expected, he was stumped to know at what figure to rate his services, having, of course, no criterion by which to gage them. He consulted a friend in the swimming school, who advised him to ask fifteen a week, and then come down to ten, if they kicked.

So Breese sat down and proceeded to concoct a letter which should have recommended him as a novelist, whatever might have been its merits as an application for a theatrical job. For fiction played the biggest part in its composition. He boldly stated (in reply to the ad's request for information as to experience) that he had been with Francis Wilson, with whom he had played important rôles, and he hoped that Miss Graves would consent to give him a trial.

Imagine the elation of the youth when back came the answer that he was engaged. He was directed to report in Eureka Springs, at once. Arrived there, he discovered that his mention of Francis Wilson had filled his new employers with awe. He had been billed to play the leading rôle in "My Awful Dad" and everything in the outfit was supposed to revolve about him.

A reporter from the local paper waited upon him soon after his arrival, eager to interview a man who had consented to appear with so humble an organization as the Wild Rose after having played with Francis Wilson.

How He "Left Wilson."

"Why, Mr. Breese," asked the young scribe, "did you come to leave Wilson?"

This was a poser for the Munchaussen who had never even been with the man whom "Erminie" had made famous.

"Well, you see it was this way," replied Breese, speaking slowly, so as to gain time to think. "There was a man named Plunkett in the company. He became a good friend of mine. He came to me one day and said. 'Breese, I want to warn you. You know you made a hit with the public and Wilson doesn't like it. In short, he is jealous, and is apt to make things very uncomfortable for you at a time when you are least prepared for it.' So I decided it was better for me to quit when I saw my way clear to make connections elsewhere."

The Eureka Springs' reporter was duly impressed and went away to write up an article in which merit sidetracked through envy was the keynote. Meantime, Breese, who knew absolutely nothing about make-up, was floundering through his preparations for the evening, in which the learning of his lines was not the least of his troubles.

How he finally managed to "fix his face" he has no clear recollection. The one thing that stands out in his memory is a period midway in one of the early acts when he became conscious that he was absolutely ignorant of what he had either to say or do next.

In this emergency he suddenly remembered that he had been told that he, as the leading man, was to address the audience during the evening and tell them what the program was to be for the remainder of the week, as was the custom in repertoire companies. So what did he do, but step out of his character then and there, and, walking up to the footlights, start to apprise the spectators of what they would see if they came to the "opera house" during the other nights of the Wild Rose troupe's engagement.

As it happened, there was no second performance, and Breese has now no inkling of how that unhappy first one was ever brought to a conclusion. He does know, however, that he never received any pay for his services, that the company went smash then and there, and that the hotel held his trunk for board.

By good luck he met a friend in the town who took him to his home to stay until he secured connection with another management, and began a legitimate career which brought him, by way of *Douglas* and *Nortier* in "Monte Cristo" with O'Neill, on through the Indian and the football trainer in "Strongheart," to *Jefferson Ryder* in "The Lion and the Mouse."

WHEN THACKERAY WENT ON STRIKE.

In a Letter Written to a Magazine Publisher, the Famous Novelist Demanded as Good Pay as That of the "Monthly Nurse."

THERE are authors' clubs and authors' societies in nearly every national literary center in the world, but up to the present time the trade of authorship has not been formally affiliated with trade unionism. For this reason, authors are compelled to make their demands individually.

This was the situation that confronted William Makepeace Thackeray at a time when that eminent novelist suddenly conceived the idea that his labors should yield to him a more satisfactory financial return. The result was he went on strike, as may be seen by the following letter which he wrote to James Fraser, the proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine:*

BOULOGNE, Monday, February.

MY DEAR FRASER:

I have seen the doctor, who has given me commands about the hundredth number. I shall send him my share from Paris in a day or two, and hope I shall do a good deal in the diligence to-morrow. He reiterates his determination to write monthly for you and deliver over the proceeds to me. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to give the bearer a check (in my wife's name) for the amount of his contributions for the last two months? Mrs. Thackeray will give you a receipt for the same. You have already Maginn's authority.

Now comes another and not a very pleasant point on which I must speak. I hereby give notice that I shall strike for wages. You pay more to others. I find, than to me, and so I intend to make some fresh conditions about Yellowplush. I shall write no more of that gentleman's remarks except at the rate of twelve guineas a sheet and with a drawing for each number in which his story appears—the drawing two guineas.

Pray do not be angry at this decision on my part: it is simply a bargain which it is my duty to make. Bad as he is, Mr. Yellowplush is the most popular contributor to your magazine, and ought to be paid accordingly; if he does not deserve more than the Monthly Nurse or the Blue Friars, I am a Dutchman. I have been at work upon his adventures to-day, and will send them to you or not, as you like; but in common regard for myself I won't work under prices.

Well, I dare say you will be very indignant, and swear I am the most mercenary of individuals. Not so. But I am a better workman than most of your crew, and desire a better price. You must not, I repeat, be angry or, because we differ as tradesmen, break off our connection as friends.

Believe me that, whether I write for you or not, I shall always be glad of your friendship, and anxious to have your good opinion. I am, ever, my dear Fraser (independent of £ s. d.), very truly yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

THE Bohemian Club, in San Francisco, is one of the most famously hospitable coteries in the world. No man of note can visit the Western city but that the Bohemians must entertain him. And whenever there are doings at the club, "Uncle George" Bromley is called upon, just as he has been called upon for many years, to recite "When the Cows Come Home." And always, when he has finished, there are many eyes that are not dry; for, even in the rush and hurry of our present-day industrialism, few are the men to whom the sweet and restful melody of this beautiful poem does not recall memories of boyhood.

Of Agnes E. Mitchell we know only the name. Perhaps some reader of THE SCRAP BOOK can tell who she was and whether this was her only poem that lived.

BY AGNES E. MITCHELL.

WITH klingle, klangle, klingle,
'Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home:
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy twinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-klarg, ko-klarg, ko-klinglelingle,
'Way down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her oo-oo,
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang, go-linglelingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-ring, to-ringleringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home.
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Starine, Peachbloom, and Phœbe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, to-linklelinkle,
O'er the banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With a klingle, klangle, klingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Morlin hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;
The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-linglelingle;
With ting-a-ling and jingle
The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flower and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

The Stolen Letter.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS (1824-89) was the son of an English portrait painter. As a young man he engaged in commerce, but later studied law and was admitted to the bar. His own tastes, however, inclined him to literature; and even while in business life he wrote a historical romance, "Antonina."

Becoming acquainted with Dickens, he was encouraged by the latter to give up his profession and devote himself entirely to novel writing. Dickens at that time was editor of the magazine called *Household Words;* and in its pages there were published the short stories by Collins, afterward collected into a volume entitled "After Dark," from which the accompanying selection is taken.

In another magazine, also edited by Dickens *(All the Year Round),* Collins scored his first great success with the serial story "The Woman in White," which was read with the keenest interest by tens of thousands. In it Collins showed himself to be a great master of construction. The plot was so intricate as to hold the reader in suspense until the end; while the mystery and horror of certain parts of it were masterly in their execution. Collins, in fact, ranks in English with Gaboriau in French for the ingenuity with which he elaborates a plot; and this special gift is seen also in "Armadale," "The Moonstone," and "No Name."

For a long while his stories were almost as widely read as those of Dickens himself; and in 1873, like Dickens, he visited the United States, where he gave readings of his own short stories. The narrative printed here is an excellent example of the skill with which Collins piques and sustains one's interest even within the space of a few short pages.

I SERVED my time—never mind in whose office—and I started in business for myself in one of our English country towns, I decline stating which. I hadn't a farthing of capital, and my friends in the neighborhood were poor and useless enough, with one exception. That exception was Mr. Frank Gatliffe, son of Mr. Gatliffe, member for the county, the richest man and the proudest for many a mile round about our parts.

Stop a bit, Mr. Artist, you needn't perk up and look knowing. You won't trace any particulars by the name of Gatliffe. I am not bound to commit myself or anybody else by mentioning names. I have given you the first that came into my head.

Well, Mr. Frank was a stanch friend of mine, and ready to recommend me whenever he got the chance. I had contrived to get him a little timely help—for a consideration, of course—in borrowing money at a fair rate of interest; in fact, I had saved him from the Jews.

The money was borrowed while Mr. Frank was at college. He came back from college, and stopped at home a little while, and then there got spread about all our neighborhood a report that he had fallen in love, as the saying is, with his young sister's governess, and that his mind was made up to marry her.

What! you're at it again, Mr. Artist! You want to know her name, don't you? What do you think of Smith?

Speaking as a lawyer, I consider report, in a general way, to be a fool and a liar. But in this case report turned out to be something very different. Mr. Frank told me he was really in love, and said upon his honor (an absurd expression which young chaps of his age are always using) he was determined to marry Smith, the governess—the sweet, darling girl, as *he* called her; but I'm not sentimental, and *I* call her Smith, the governess.

Well, Mr. Frank's father, being as proud as Lucifer, said "No," as to marrying the governess, when Mr. Frank wanted him to say "Yes." He was a man of business, was old Gatliffe, and he took the proper business course. He sent the governess away with a first-rate character and a spanking present, and then he looked about him to get something for Mr. Frank to do

While he was looking about, Mr. Frank bolted to London after the governess, who had nobody alive belonging to her to go to but an aunt—her father's sister. The aunt refuses to let Mr. Frank in without the squire's permission. Mr. Frank writes to his father, and says he will marry the girl as soon as he is of age, or shoot himself.

Up to town come the squire and his wife and his daughter, and a lot of sentimentality, not in the slightest degree material to the present statement, takes place among them; and the upshot of it is that old Gatliffe is forced into withdrawing the word No and substituting the word Yes.

I don't believe he would ever have done it, though, but for one lucky peculiarity in the case. The governess' father was a man of good family—pretty nigh as good as Gatliffe's own. He had been in the army; had sold out; set up as a wine merchant—failed—died; ditto his wife, as to the dying part of it. No relation, in fact, left for the squire to make inquiries about but the father's sister—who had behaved, as old Gatliffe said, like a thoroughbred gentlewoman in shutting the door against Mr. Frank in the first instance.

So, to cut the matter short, things were at last made up pleasant enough. The time was fixed for the wedding, and an announcement about it—Marriage in High Life and all that—put into the county paper. There was a regular biography, besides, of the governess' father, so as to stop people from talking—a great flourish about his pedigree, and a long account of his services in the army; but not a word, mind ye, of his having turned wine merchant afterward. Oh, no—not a word about that!

I knew it, though, for Mr. Frank told me. He hadn't a bit of pride about him. He introduced me to his future wife one day when I met him out walking, and asked me if I did not think he was a lucky fellow. I don't mind admitting that I did, and that I told him so.

Ah! but she was one of my sort, was that governess. Stood, to the best of my recollection, five foot four. Good lissom figure, that looked as if it had never been boxed up in a pair of stays. Eyes that made me feel as if I was under a pretty stiff cross-examination the moment she looked at me. Fine red, kiss-and-come-again sort of lips. Cheeks and complexion——

No, Mr. Artist, you wouldn't identify her by her cheeks and complexion, if I drew you a picture of them this very moment. She has had a family of children since the time I'm talking of; and her cheeks are a trifle fatter, and her complexion is a shade or two redder now than when I first met her out walking with Mr. Frank.

The marriage was to take place on a Wednesday. I decline mentioning the year or the month. I had started as an attorney on my own account—say six weeks, more or less, and was sitting alone in my office on the Monday morning before the wedding-day, trying to see my way clear before me and not succeeding particularly well, when Mr. Frank suddenly bursts in, as white as any ghost that ever was painted, and says he's got the most dreadful case for me to advise on, and not an hour to lose in acting on my advice.

"Is this in the way of business, Mr. Frank?" says I, stopping him just as he was beginning to get sentimental. "Yes or no, Mr. Frank?" rapping my new office paper-knife on the table, to pull him up short all the sooner.

"My dear fellow"—he was always familiar with me—"it's in the way of business, certainly; but friendship——"

I was obliged to pull him up short again, and regularly examine him as if he had been in the witness-box, or he would have kept me talking to no purpose half the day.

"Now, Mr. Frank," says I, "I can't have any sentimentality mixed up with business matters. You please to stop talking, and let me ask questions. Answer in the fewest words you can use. Nod when nodding will do instead of words."

I fixed him with my eye for about three seconds, as he sat groaning and wriggling in his chair. When I'd done fixing him I gave another rap with my paper-knife on the table to startle him up a bit. Then I went on.

"From what you have been stating up to the present time," says I, "I gather that you are in a scrape which is likely to interfere seriously with your marriage on Wednesday?"

He nodded, and I cut in again before he could say a word:

"The scrape affects your young lady, and goes back to the period of a transaction in which her late father was engaged, doesn't it?"

He nods, and I cut in once more:

"There is a party, who turned up after seeing the announcement of your marriage in the paper, who is cognizant of what he oughtn't to know, and who is prepared to use his knowledge of the same to the prejudice of the young lady and of your marriage, unless he receives a sum of money to quiet him? Very well. Now, first of all, Mr. Frank, state what you have been told by the young lady herself about the transaction of her late father. How did you first come to have any knowledge of it?"

"She was talking to me about her father one day so tenderly and prettily, that she quite excited my interest about him," begins Mr. Frank; "and I asked her, among other things, what had occasioned his death. She said she believed it was distress of mind in the first instance; and added that this distress was connected

with a shocking secret, which she and her mother had kept from everybody, but which she could not keep from me, because she was determined to begin her married life by having no secrets from her husband."

Here Mr. Frank began to get sentimental again, and I pulled him up short once more with the paper-knife.

"She told me," Mr. Frank went on, "that the great mistake of her father's life was his selling out of the army and taking to the wine trade. He had no talent for business; things went wrong with him from the first. His clerk, it was strongly suspected, cheated him——"

"Stop a bit," says I. "What was that suspected clerk's name?"

"Davager," says he.

"Davager," says I, making a note of it. "Go on, Mr. Frank."

"His affairs got more and more entangled," says Mr. Frank; "he was pressed for money in all directions; bankruptcy, and consequent dishonor (as he considered it), stared him in the face. His mind was so affected by his troubles that both his wife and daughter, toward the last, considered him to be hardly responsible for his own acts. In this state of desperation and misery, he——" Here Mr. Frank began to hesitate.

We have two ways in the law of drawing evidence off nice and clear from an unwilling client or witness. We give him a fright, or we treat him to a joke. I treated Mr. Frank to a joke.

"Ah!" says I, "I know what he did. He had a signature to write; and, by the most natural mistake in the world, he wrote another gentleman's name instead of his own—eh?"

"It was to a bill," says Mr. Frank, looking very crestfallen, instead of taking the joke. "His principal creditor wouldn't wait till he could raise the money, or the greater part of it. But he was resolved, if he sold off everything, to get the amount and repay——"

"Of course," says I, "drop that. The forgery was discovered. When?"

"Before even the first attempt was made to negotiate the bill. He had done the whole thing in the most absurdly and innocently wrong way. The person whose name he had used was a stanch friend of his and a relation of his wife's — a good man as well as a rich one. He had influence with the chief creditor, and he used it nobly. He had a real affection for the unfortunate man's wife, and he proved it generously."

"Come to the point," says I. "What did he do? In a business way, what did he do?"

"He put the false bill into the fire, drew a bill of his own to replace it, and then—only then—told my dear girl and her mother all that had happened. Can you imagine anything nobler?" asks Mr. Frank.

"Speaking in my professional capacity, I can't imagine anything greener?" says I. "Where was the father? Off, I suppose?"

"Ill in bed," says Mr. Frank, coloring. "But he mustered strength enough to write a contrite and grateful letter the same day, promising to prove himself worthy of the noble moderation and forgiveness extended to him, by selling off everything he possessed to repay his money debt. He did sell off everything, down to some old family pictures that were heirlooms; down to the little plate he had; down to the very tables and chairs that furnished his drawing-room. Every farthing of the debt was paid; and he was left to begin the world again, with the kindest promises of help from the generous man who had forgiven him. It was too late. His crime of one rash moment—atoned for though it had been—preyed upon his mind. He became possessed with the idea that he had lowered himself forever in the estimation of his wife and daughter, and——"

"He died," I cut in. "Yes, yes, we know that. Let's go back for a minute to the contrite and grateful letter that he wrote. My experience in the law, Mr. Frank, has convinced me that if everybody burned everybody else's letters, half the courts of justice in this country might shut up shop. Do you happen to know whether the letter we are now speaking of contained anything like an avowal or confession of the forgery?"

"Of course it did," says he. "Could the writer express his contrition properly without making some such confession?"

"Quite easy, if he had been a lawyer," says I. "But never mind that; I'm going to make a guess—a desperate guess, mind. Should I be altogether in error if I thought that this letter had been stolen; and that the fingers of Mr. Davager, of suspicious commercial celebrity, might possibly be the fingers which took it?"

"That is exactly what I wanted to make you understand," cried Mr. Frank.

"How did he communicate the interesting fact of the theft to you?"

"He has not ventured into my presence. The scoundrel actually had the audacity——"

"Aha!" says I. "The young lady herself! Sharp practitioner, Mr. Davager."

"Early this morning, when she was walking alone in the shrubbery," Mr. Frank goes on, "he had the assurance to approach her, and to say that he had been watching his opportunity of getting a private interview for days past. He then showed her—actually showed her—her unfortunate father's letter; put into her hands another letter directed to me; bowed, and walked off; leaving her half dead with astonishment and terror. If I had only happened to be there at the time!" says Mr. Frank, shaking his fist murderously in the air, by way of a finish.

"It's the greatest luck in the world that you were not," says I. "Have you got that other letter?"

He handed it to me. It was so remarkably humorous and short, that I remember every word of it at this distance of time. It began in this way:

TO FRANCIS GATLIFFE, ESQ., JUN.

SIR—I have an extremely curious autograph letter to sell. The price is a five-hundred-pound note. The young lady to whom you are to be married on Wednesday will inform you of the nature of the letter, and the genuineness of the autograph. If you refuse to deal, I shall send a copy to the local paper, and shall wait on your highly respected father with the original curiosity, on the afternoon of Tuesday next. Having come down here on family business, I have put up at the family hotel—being to be heard of at the Gatliffe Arms. Your very obedient servant,

ALFRED DAVAGER.

"A clever fellow that," says I, putting the letter into my private drawer.

"Clever!" cries Mr. Frank, "he ought to be horsewhipped within an inch of his life. I would have done it myself; but she made me promise, before she told me a word of the matter, to come straight to you."

"That was one of the wisest promises you ever made," says I. "We can't afford to bully this fellow, whatever else we may do with him. Do you think I am saying anything libelous against your excellent father's character when I assert that if he saw the letter he would certainly insist on your marriage being put off, at the very least?"

"Feeling as my father does about my marriage, he would insist on its being dropped altogether, if he saw this letter," says Mr. Frank, with a groan. "But even that is not the worst of it. The generous, noble girl herself says that if the letter appears in the paper, with all the unanswerable comments this scoundrel would be sure to add to it, she would rather die than hold me to my engagement, even if my father would let me keep it."

As he said this his eyes began to water. He was a weak young fellow, and ridiculously fond of her. I brought him back to business with another rap of the paper-knife.

"Hold up, Mr. Frank," says I. "I have a question or two more. Did you think of asking the young lady whether, to the best of her knowledge, this infernal letter was the only written evidence of the forgery now in existence?"

"Yes, I did think directly of asking her that," says he; "and she told me she was quite certain that there was no written evidence of the forgery except that one letter."

"Will you give Mr. Davager his price for it?" says I.

"Yes," says Mr. Frank, quite peevish with me for asking him such a question. He was an easy young chap in money matters, and talked of hundreds as most men talk of sixpences.

"Mr. Frank," says I, "you came here to get my help and advice in this extremely ticklish business, and you are ready, as I know without asking, to remunerate me for all and any of my services at the usual professional rate. Now, I've made up my mind to act boldly—desperately, if you like—on the hit or miss, win all or lose all principle—in dealing with this matter.

"Here is my proposal. I'm going to try if I can't do Mr. Davager out of his letter. If I don't succeed before to-morrow afternoon, you hand him the money, and I charge you nothing for professional services. If I do succeed, I hand you the letter instead of Mr. Davager, and you give me the money instead of giving it to him. It's a precious risk for me, but I'm ready to run it. You must pay your five hundred anyway. What do you say to my plan? Is it Yes, Mr. Frank, or No?"

"Hang your questions!" cries Mr. Frank, jumping up; "you know it's Yes ten thousand times over. Only you earn the money and——"

"And you will be too glad to give it to me. Very good. Now go home. Comfort the young lady—don't let Mr. Davager so much as set eyes on you—keep quiet—leave everything to me—and feel as certain as you please that all the letters in the world can't stop your being married on Wednesday."

With these words I hustled him off out of the office, for I wanted to be left alone to make my mind up about what I should do.

The first thing, of course, was to have a look at the enemy. I wrote to Mr. Davager, telling him that I was privately appointed to arrange the little business matter between himself and "another party" (no names!) on friendly terms; and begging him to call on me at his earliest convenience.

At the very beginning of the case, Mr. Davager bothered me. His answer was, that it would not be convenient to him to call till between six and seven in the evening. In this way, you see, he contrived to make me lose several precious hours, at a time when minutes almost were of importance. I had nothing for it but to be patient, and to give certain instructions, before Mr. Davager came, to my boy Tom.

There never was such a sharp boy of fourteen before, and there never will be again, as my boy Tom. A spy to look after Mr. Davager was, of course, the first requisite in a case of this kind; and Tom was the smallest, quickest, quietest, sharpest, stealthiest little snake of a chap

that ever dogged a gentleman's steps and kept cleverly out of range of a gentleman's eyes.

I settled it with the boy that he was not to show at all when Mr. Davager came; and that he was to wait to hear me ring the bell when Mr. Davager left. If I rang twice, he was to show the gentleman out. If I rang once, he was to keep out of the way, and follow the gentleman wherever he went till he got back to the inn. Those were the only preparations I could make to begin with; being obliged to wait, and let myself be guided by what turned up.

About a quarter to seven my gentleman came.

In the profession of the law we get somehow quite remarkably mixed up with ugly people, blackguard people, and dirty people. But far away the ugliest and dirtiest blackguard I ever saw in my life was Mr. Alfred Davager. He had greasy white hair and a mottled face. He was low in the forehead, fat in the stomach, hoarse in the voice, and weak in the legs. Both his eyes were bloodshot, and one was fixed in his head. He smelled of spirits, and carried a toothpick in his mouth.

"How are you? I've just done dinner," says he; and he lights a cigar, sits down with his legs crossed, and winks at me.

I tried at first to take the measure of him in a wheedling, confidential way; but it was no good. I asked him, in a facetious, smiling manner, how he had got hold of the letter. He only told me in answer that he had been in the confidential employment of the writer of it, and that he had always been famous since infancy for a sharp eye to his own interests.

I paid him some compliments; but he was not to be flattered. I tried to make him lose his temper; but he kept it in spite of me. It ended in his driving me to my last resource—I made an attempt to frighten him.

"Before we say a word about the money," I began, "let me put a case, Mr. Davager. The pull you have on Mr. Francis Gatliffe is, that you can hinder his marriage on Wednesday. Now, suppose I have got a magistrate's warrant to apprehend you in my pocket? Suppose I have a constable to execute it in the next room? Suppose I bring you up to-morrow—the day before the marriage—charge you only generally with an attempt to extort money, and apply for a day's remand to complete the case? Suppose, as a suspicious stranger, you can't get bail in this town? Suppose——"

"Stop a bit," says Mr. Davager. "Suppose I should not be the greenest fool that ever stood in shoes? Suppose I should not carry the letter about me? Suppose I should have given a certain envelope to a certain friend of mine in a certain place in this town? Suppose the letter should be inside that envelope, directed to old Gatliffe, side by side with a copy of the letter directed to the editor of the local paper? Suppose my friend should be instructed to open the envelope, and take the letters to their right addresses, if I don't appear to claim them from him this evening? In short, my dear sir, suppose you were born yesterday, and suppose I wasn't?" says Mr. Davager, and winks at me again.

He didn't take me by surprise, for I never expected that he had the letter about him. I made a pretense of being very much taken aback, and of being quite ready to give in. We settled our business about delivering the letter, and handing over the money, in no time.

I was to draw out a document, which he was to sign. He knew the document was stuff and nonsense, just as well as I did, and told me I was only proposing it to swell my client's bill. Sharp as he was, he was wrong there. The document was not to be drawn out to gain money from Mr. Frank, but to gain time from Mr. Davager. It served me as an excuse to put off the payment of the five hundred pounds till three o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon. The Tuesday morning Mr. Davager said he should devote to his amusement, and asked me what sights were to be seen in the neighborhood of the town. When I had told him, he pitched his toothpick into my grate, yawned, and went out.

I rang the bell once—waited till he had passed the window—and then looked after Tom. There was my jewel of a boy on the opposite side of the street, just setting his top going in the most playful manner possible. Mr. Davager walked away up the street toward the market-place. Tom whipped his top up the street toward the market-place, too.

In a quarter of an hour he came back, with all his evidence collected in a beautifully clear and compact state. Mr. Davager had walked to a public-house just outside the town, in a lane leading to the highroad.

On a bench outside the public-house there sat a man smoking. He said "All right?" and gave a letter to Mr. Davager, who answered "All right!" and walked back to the inn. In the hall he ordered hot rum-and-water, cigars, slippers, and a fire to be lit in his room. After that he went up-stairs, and Tom came away.

I now saw my road clear before me—not very far on, but still clear. I had housed the letter, in all probability for that night, at the Gatliffe Arms. After tipping Tom, I gave him directions to play about the door of the inn, and refresh himself when he was tired at the tart-shop opposite, eating as much as he pleased on the understanding that he crammed all the time with his eye on the window. If Mr. Davager went out, or Mr. Davager's friend called on him, Tom was to let me know. He was also to take a little note from me to the head chamber-

maid—an old friend of mine—asking her to step over to my office, on a private matter of business, as soon as her work was done for that night.

After settling these little matters, having half an hour to spare, I turned to and did myself a bloater at the office fire, and had a drop of gin-and-water hot, and felt comparatively happy.

When the head chambermaid came, it turned out, as good luck would have it, that Mr. Davager had drawn her attention rather too closely to his ugliness, by offering her a testimony of his regard in the shape of a kiss.

I no sooner mentioned him than she flew into a passion; and when I added, by way of clinching the matter, that I was retained to defend the interests of a very beautiful and deserving young lady (name not referred to, of course) against the most cruel underhand treachery on the part of Mr. Davager, the head chambermaid was ready to go any lengths that she could safely to serve my cause.

In a few words I discovered that Boots was to call Mr. Davager at eight the next morning, and was to take his clothes down-stairs to brush as usual. If Mr. D—— had not emptied his own pockets overnight, we arranged that Boots was to forget to empty them for him, and was to bring the clothes down-stairs just as he found them. If Mr. D——'s pockets were emptied, then, of course, it would be necessary to transfer the searching process to Mr. D——'s room. Under any circumstances, I was certain of the head chambermaid; and under any circumstances, also, the head chambermaid was certain of Boots.

I waited till Tom came home, looking very puffy and bilious about the face; but as to his intellect, if anything, rather sharper than ever. His report was uncommonly short and pleasant. The inn was shutting up; Mr. Davager was going to bed in rather a drunken condition; Mr. Davager's friend had never appeared.

I sent Tom (properly instructed about keeping our man in view all the next morning) to his shake-down behind the office-desk, where I heard him hiccoughing half the night, as even the best boys will, when over-excited and too full of tarts.

At half-past seven next morning, I slipped quietly into Boots' pantry.

Down came the clothes. No pockets in trousers. Waistcoat pockets empty. Coat pockets with something in them. First, handkerchief; secondly, bunch of keys; thirdly, cigar-case; fourthly, pocketbook. Of course I wasn't such a fool as to expect to find the letter there, but I opened the pocketbook with a certain curiosity, notwithstanding.

Nothing in the two pockets of the book but some old advertisements cut out of newspapers, a lock of hair tied round with a dirty bit of ribbon, a circular letter about a loan society, and some copies of verses not likely to suit any company that was not of an extremely free-and-easy description. On the leaves of the pocketbook, people's addresses scrawled in pencil, and bets jotted down in red ink. On one leaf, by itself, this queer inscription:

"MEM. 5 ALONG. 4 ACROSS."

I understood everything but those words and figures, so of course I copied them out into my own book.

Then I waited in the pantry till Boots had brushed the clothes, and had taken them up-stairs. His report when he came down was, that Mr. D—— had asked if it was a fine morning. Being told that it was, he had ordered breakfast at nine and a saddle-horse to be at the door at ten, to take him to Grimwith Abbey—one of the sights in our neighborhood which I had told him of the evening before.

"I'll be here, coming in by the back way, at half-past ten," says I to the head chambermaid.

"What for?" says she.

"To take the responsibility of making Mr. Davager's bed off your hands for this morning only," says I.

"Any more orders?" says she.

"One more," says I. "I want to hire Sam for the morning. Put it down in the order-book that he's to be brought round to my office at ten."

In case you should think Sam was a man, I'd better perhaps tell you he was a pony. I'd made up my mind that it would be beneficial to Tom's health, after the tarts, if he took a constitutional airing on a nice hard saddle in the direction of Grimwith Abbey.

"Anything else?" says the head chambermaid.

"Only one more favor," says I. "Would my boy Tom be very much in the way if he came, from now till ten, to help with the boots and shoes, and stood at his work close by this window which looks out on the staircase?"

"Not a bit," says the head chambermaid.

"Thank you," says I: and stepped back to my office directly.

When I had sent Tom off to help with the boots and shoes, I reviewed the whole case exactly as it stood at that time.

There were three things Mr. Davager might do with the letter. He might give it to his friend again before ten—in which case Tom would most likely see the said friend on the stairs. He might take it to his friend, or to some other friend, after ten—in which case Tom was ready to follow him on Sam the pony. And, lastly, he might leave it hidden somewhere in his room at the inn—in which case I was all ready for him with a search-warrant of my own granting, under favor always of my friend the head chambermaid.

So far I had my business arrangements all gathered up nice and compact in my own hands. Only two things bothered

me—the terrible shortness of the time at my disposal, in case I failed in my first experiments, for getting hold of the letter, and that queer inscription which I had copied out of the pocketbook:

"MEM. 5 ALONG. 4 ACROSS."

It was the measurement most likely of something, and he was afraid of forgetting it; therefore it was something important. Query—something about himself? Say "5" (inches) "along"—he doesn't wear a wig. Say "5" (feet) "along"—it can't be coat, waistcoat, trousers, or undercloth-ing Say "5" (yards) "along"—it can't be anything about himself, unless he wears round his body the rope that he's sure to be hanged with one of these days. Then it is *not* something about himself.

What do I know of that is important to him besides? I know of nothing but the Letter. Can the memorandum be connected with that? Say, yes. What do "5 along" and "4 across" mean, then? The measurement of something he carries about with him? or the measurement of something in his room? I could get pretty satisfactorily to myself as far as that; but I could get no further.

Tom came back to the office, and reported him mounted for his ride. His friend had never appeared. I sent the boy off, with his proper instructions, on Sam's back—wrote an encouraging letter to Mr. Frank to keep him quiet—then slipped into the inn by the back way a little before half past ten. The head chambermaid gave me a signal when the landing was clear. I got into his room without a soul but her seeing me, and locked the door immediately.

The case was, to a certain extent, simplified now. Either Mr. Davager had ridden out with the letter about him, or he had left it in some safe hiding-place in his room. I suspected it to be in his room, for a reason that will a little astonish you—his trunk, his dressing-case, and all the drawers and cupboards, were left open. I knew my customer, and I thought this extraordinary carelessness on his part rather suspicious.

Mr. Davager had taken one of the best bedrooms at the Gatliffe Arms. Floor carpeted all over, walls beautifully papered, four-poster, and general furniture first-rate. I searched, to begin with, on the usual plan, examining everything in every possible way, and taking more than an hour about it. No discovery.

Then I pulled out a carpenter's rule which I had brought with me. Was there anything in the room which—either in inches, feet, or yards—answered to "5 along" and "4 across"? Nothing. I put the rule back in my pocket—measurement was no good, evidently. Was there anything in the room that would count up to 5 one way and 4 another, seeing that nothing would measure up to it?

I had got obstinately persuaded by this time that the letter must be in the room—principally because of the trouble I had had in looking after it. And persuading myself of that, I took it into my head next, just as obstinately, that "5 along" and "4 across" must be the right clue to find the letter by—principally because I hadn't left myself, after all my searching and thinking, even so much as the ghost of another guide to go by.

"Five along"—where could I count five along the room, in any part of it?

Not on the paper. The pattern there was pillars of trellis-work and flowers, enclosing a plain green ground—only four pillars along the wall and only two across. The furniture? There were not five chairs or five separate pieces of any furniture in the room altogether. The fringes that hung from the cornice of the bed? Plenty of them, at any rate!

Up I jumped on the counterpane, with my pen-knife in my hand. Every way that "5 along" and "4 across" could be reckoned on those unlucky fringes I reckoned on them—probed with my pen-knife—scratched with my nails—crunched with my fingers. No use; not a sign of a letter: and the time was getting on—oh, Lord! how the time did get on in Mr Davager's room that morning.

I jumped down from the bed, so desperate at my ill luck that I hardly cared whether anybody heard me or not. Quite a little cloud of dust rose at my feet as they thumped on the carpet.

"Hullo!" thought I, "my friend the head chambermaid takes it easy here. Nice state for a carpet to be in, in one of the best bedrooms at the Gatliffe Arms." Carpet! I had been jumping up on the bed, and staring up at the walls, but I had never so much as given a glance down at the carpet. Think of me pretending to be a lawyer, and not knowing how to look low enough!

The carpet! It had been a stout article in its time; had evidently began in a drawing-room: then descended to a coffee-room: then gone up-stairs altogether to a bedroom. The ground was brown, and the pattern was bunches of leaves and roses speckled over the ground at regular distances. I reckoned up the bunches. Ten along the room—eight across it. When I had stepped out five one way and four the other, and was down on my knees on the center bunch, as true as I sit on this chair I could hear my own heart beating so loud that it quite frightened me.

I looked narrowly all over the bunch, and I felt all over it with the ends of my fingers, and nothing came of that. Then I scraped it over slowly and gently with my nails. My second finger-nail stuck a little at one place. I parted the pile of the carpet over that place, and saw a thin slit which had been hidden by the pile being smoothed over it—a slit about half an inch long, with a little end of brown thread, exactly the color of the carpet

ground, sticking out about a quarter of an inch from the middle of it.

Just as I laid hold of the thread gently, I heard a footstep outside of the door.

It was only the head chambermaid. "Haven't you done yet?" she whispers.

"Give me two minutes," says I, "and don't let anybody come near the door—whatever you do, don't let anybody startle me again by coming near the door."

I took a little pull at the thread, and heard something rustle. I took a longer pull, and out came a piece of paper, rolled up tight like those candle-lighters that the ladies make. I unrolled it—and, by George! there was the letter!

The original letter! I knew it by the color of the ink. The letter that was worth five hundred pounds to me! It was all that I could do to keep myself at first from throwing my hat into the air, and hurrahing like mad. I had to take a chair and sit quiet in it for a minute or two, before I could cool myself down to my proper business level. I knew that I was safely down again when I found myself pondering how to let Mr. Davager know that he had been done by the innocent country attorney, after all.

It was not long before a nice little irritating plan occurred to me. I tore a blank leaf out of my pocketbook, wrote on it with my pencil, "Change for a five-hundred-pound note," folded up the paper, tied the thread to it, poked it back into the hiding-place, smoothed over the pile of the carpet, and then bolted off to Mr. Frank.

He in his turn bolted off to show the letter to the young lady, who first certified to its genuineness, then dropped it into the fire, and then took the initiative for the first time since her marriage engagement, by flinging her arms round his neck, kissing him with all her might, and going into hysterics in his arms.

So at least Mr. Frank told me.

It is evidence, however, that I saw them married with my own eyes on the Wednesday; and that while they went off in a carriage-and-four to spend the honeymoon, I went off on my own legs to open a credit at the Town and County Bank with a five-hundred-pound note in my pocket.

As to Mr. Davager, I can tell you nothing more about him, except what is derived from hearsay evidence, which is always unsatisfactory evidence.

My inestimable boy, Tom, although twice kicked off by Sam the pony, never lost hold of the bridle, and kept his man in sight from first to last. He had nothing particular to report except that on the way out to the Abbey Mr. Davager had stopped at a public house, had spoken a word or two to his friend of the night before, and had handed him what looked like a bit of paper. This was no doubt a clue to the thread that held the letter, to be used in case of accidents.

In every other respect Mr. D. had ridden out and ridden in like an ordinary sightseer. Tom reported him to me as having dismounted at the hotel about two. At half-past I locked my office door, nailed a card under the knocker with "not at home till to-morrow" written on it, and retired to a friend's house a mile or so out of the town for the rest of the day.

Mr. Davager, I have been since given to understand, left the Gatliffe Arms that same night with his best clothes on his back, and with all the valuable contents of his dressing-case in his pockets. I am not in a condition to state whether he ever went through the form of asking for his bill or not; but I can positively testify that he never paid it, and that the effects left in his bedroom did not pay it either.

When I add to these fragments of evidence that he and I have never met (luckily for me, you will say) since I jockeyed him out of his bank-note, I have about fulfilled my implied contract as maker of a statement with you, sir, as hearer of a statement. Observe the expression, will you? I said it was a Statement before I began; and I say it's a Statement now I've done. I defy you to prove it's a Story! How are you getting on with my portrait? I like you very well, Mr. Artist; but if you have been taking advantage of my talking to shirk your work, as sure as you're alive I'll split upon you to the Town Council!

OTHER WAYS OF SAYING "HOWDY DO?"

Various Nations Have Different Methods of Propounding This Time-Honored Query, But All Mean Pretty Much the Same Thing.

"HOW do you do?" That's English and American.

"How do you find yourself?" That's French.

"How do you stand?" That's Italian.

"How do you find yourself?" That's German.

"How do you fare?" That's Dutch.

"How can you?" That's Swedish.

"How do you perspire?" Egyptian.

"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.

"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.

"How do you live on?" That's Russian.

"May thy shadow never be less." That's Persian.

And all mean much the same thing.

"THE LITTLE CHURCH 'ROUND THE CORNER."

IN Twenty-Ninth Street, New York, and only a few paces distant from Fifth Avenue, stands a low, rambling, picturesque brown structure that has the appearance of a modest chapel to which various additions have been built from time to time. Between this building and the street is a well-shaded lawn, and there is scarcely a day in the year on which the twittering of birds among the boughs of the big trees does not attract the attention of passers-by. There is a sort of rural atmosphere about the quaint church and its yard that seems so singularly out of place in the heart of a big city that strangers invariably glance curiously at the board on which are inscribed the hours of service and the name "Church of the Transfiguration."

To most strangers this means nothing more than the name of any other church. But were some friend to add: "It is also known as the 'Little Church 'Round the Corner'" a new light would dawn on the stranger's mind, and he would know that he was standing before one of the most celebrated church edifices in the United States—a church supported largely by the members of the theatrical profession—a church that has been famous for many romantic wedding ceremonies and from which hundreds of dead actors and actresses have been borne to the grave.

The manner in which this church came by the name by which it is now popularly known is as follows:

In 1870 the veteran actor, George Holland, died in New York, and Mrs. Holland's sister desired the funeral to be held at her own church—a fashionable place of worship in Fifth Avenue. Joseph Jefferson, as an old friend of the family, went to the minister with one of Holland's young sons. Mr. Jefferson told the rector that his friend was an actor, and the rector replied that under the circumstances he should have to decline holding the services at the church.

The boy was in tears. Mr. Jefferson was too indignant to say a word, but as he and the boy left the room he asked if there was any other church from which his friend might be buried. The rector replied that there was a little church around the corner where it might be done.

Mr. Jefferson said: "Then if this be so, God bless 'the little church around the corner.'"

And it was in "The Little Church 'Round the Corner" that the ceremony was performed by the Rev. George H. Houghton, its rector, who, beloved by all members of the theatrical profession, continued in this pulpit until his death in 1897, when he was succeeded by his son.

The following lines were written at the time of the funeral by A. E. Lancaster, a popular dramatist:

BY A. E. LANCASTER.

BRING him not here, where our sainted feet
Are treading the path to glory;
Bring him not here, where our Saviour sweet
Repeats for us His story.

Go, take him where 'such things' are done—
For he sat in the seat of the scorner—
To where they have room, for we have none,
To 'that little church 'round the corner.'"

So spake the holy man of God,
Of another man, his brother,
Whose cold remains, ere they sought the sod,
Had only asked that a Christian rite
Might be read above them by one whose light
Was, "Brethren, love one another";
Had only asked that a prayer might be read
Ere his flesh went down to join the dead.

Whilst his spirit looked, with suppliant eyes,
Searching for God throughout the skies;
But the priest frowned "No," and his brow was bare
Of love in the sight of the mourner;
And they looked for Christ and found Him—where?
In "that little church 'round the corner."

Ah, well! God grant, when with aching feet
We tread life's last few paces,
That we may hear some accents sweet
And kiss to the end, fond faces;
God grant that this tired flesh may rest
(Mid many a musing mourner),
While the sermon is preached and the rites are read,
In no church where the heart of love is dead,
And the pastor a pious prig at best,
But in some small nook where God's confessed—
Some "little church 'round the corner."

A Case of Accident.

BY W. S. ROGERS.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE Honorable Adolphus C. Quinn, supereminent statesman, coal magnate, self-made pirate of industry, and quite the leading citizen of his State, found himself, on a dark and windy night, obliged to take passage on a certain steamboat yclept the Kenova Belle; this in order to reach a certain desired spot in his territories in time to keep a certain desired appointment.

Interests—his own and other people's, but chiefly his own—controlled the activities of Mr. Quinn, and he overcame his scruples and embarked on the wretched Belle.

Whereupon the Kenova Belle, after waddling half the night up the muddy current of the little river on which she lived, felt the sustained honor to be too great. At least they gave her more steam than was good for her, and she—blew up.

Mr. Quinn, on recovering consciousness, found himself lying on his back, staring upward at the sky. First he wondered dully what stars were doing on the ceiling of his bedroom, then he presently regarded it as an absurdity, then as an impossibility for them to be there.

Then he came to himself with a start and remembered what had happened. In the same thought he was shocked to observe that he felt no physical sensation.

"Great Scott! Am I dead?" he thought.

But he was not. When he attempted to move—ah!—he was not dead!

He lay in the water, mud and ooze beneath him, wet grass and weeds caressing his face. The current had gently pushed him ashore somewhere.

He had not seen fit to undress on board the Belle, so his clothes were on him. But he was absolutely unable to move.

"That—damned—steamboat!" he whispered heavily, and closed his eyes.

Voices came after a while—in either an hour or a minute—voices rising and falling, then the sound of gravel crunching, and finally the swish, swish of the tall grass as men strode through it.

The coal magnate groaned aloud. A moment later a light flashed into his face, and he opened his eyes. Two men were standing over him, holding an old-fashioned lantern.

One of them immediately knelt down in the water beside him.

"Sho! Air you bad hurted, cap?" said compassionate tones.

"Care—ful!" warned Quinn, with an intake of breath. "I'm broke—in two, I believe." He attempted a twisted smile, gave it up and gasped.

They were mountaineer-miners, evidently—gaunt, round-shouldered, and in big felt hats. The man who had questioned him stood up and spoke in a low tone to his companion. The lantern swung slightly in his hand, sending long, oblique shafts of light out over the water. He bent over Quinn again.

"Cap," said the man earnestly, "there hain't nothin' for it but us two toe pick you up an' tote you *up* the bank. My house, it's just beyon'," he indicated encouragingly, adding, as if an introduction might be deemed necessary, "This yere's my son."

Quinn beheld their faces by the light of the lantern. Even in his agony his thoughts ran on and classified them.

They were of the type he knew. Slightly different from the specimens he had met, but of the same type. They were Weaklings.

He knew all about Weaklings—had alluded to them in his speeches. The Weakling could be spared. "Let us not protect the Weakling lest we fly in the face of evolution—which is a crime against society." And—more to the same effect.

They were just alike, these two, except in point of age. Little heads, big ears, pale eyes, weak chins—Weaklings.

"Steamboat plumb *e*xploded," remarked the younger sententiously, as if he would somewhat apologize for the situation. The statesman merely closed his eyes and groaned.

"Cap," said the older man, soothingly, "I *moughty* sorry to hurt you, but there ain't *no* other way."

Quinn held back his breath and clinched his teeth. They picked him up somehow and bore him up the bank.

They staggered and stumbled among the loose stones, the younger man leading with the lantern in his teeth. They found a path through the bushes, climbed an almost perpendicular piece of embankment, and then came out on level ground above. They tramped on steadily.

Quinn became aware soon that he had entered a house. He felt the jar of the wood floor, lights seemed to hasten about, and he heard quick, anxious voices and the hurrying feet of women. Then he was laid down, and he promptly swooned.

When next he opened his eyes he was in bed, undressed, his whole body swathed in hot, wet cloths, and a small, bright-eyed old woman with very white hair was cajoling him back to life with ministrations of her hands and—some whisky.

"Don't say nuthin'!" said the little old woman as he opened his eyes. "*I* know."

Quinn took a spoonful of something that she gave him, and closed his eyes.

But at the sound of her voice a younger woman came stepping into the room. She stopped short half-way to the bed.

"Cyn'thy Ann," said the little old woman, "go away."

"Law, granny," coaxed the other woman, coming close and placing her hand on the little old woman's shoulder, "I want ye should go to bed now. You been up the hull blessed night. I can take care of him now, an' the doctor'll be yere directly. Go to my room, I want ye should, an' get some rest."

By this Quinn vaguely surmised that he was in the little old woman's room. He was too weak to think about it, but it seemed a very barren room, as revealed by the flare of the kerosene lamp; and the bed was extremely hard.

"Don't talk so," said the little old woman. "I'm goin' to stay right yere. This is where *I* belong."

"I'm younger'n what you air," protested the other woman. "I ain't got nuthin' for to do."

"Yes, you hev," said the little old woman. "Make some tea! That's what you can do, Cyn'thy Ann."

"Shucks!" said the other woman. But she withdrew.

"Bed!" said the little old woman as she gently smoothed the pillow. "I know *my* place." And Quinn, as far as he was conscious, was rather glad that she did.

The doctor came after a while—when he could. He and other doctors, and many who were not doctors but ought to have been, were rather busy that night. The Belle had a number of victims and the river had carefully distributed them.

The doctor looked at his patient with a prolonged stare. Quinn had passed into a kind of stupor. Then he scrutinized with a swift glance the face of the elder Weakling, who had come to the bedside to assist him. The doctor set about his work with a very peculiar expression.

There was much too little to do. "I'll be back at daylight," said the doctor at last. "Keep him as easy as you can." He stood ready to leave the sick-room when he suddenly fixed sharp eyes on the face of the Weakling. He laid his finger on his arm.

"John Hopkins," said the doctor, in low, cool tones, "do you know who's going to die under your roof?"

The Weakling's face expressed only blankness, and some added distress at the word "die."

Said the doctor: "That's 'Dolphus C. Quinn *him*self!"

The little old woman and her daughter-in-law were in the next room, waiting to assail him as he came out.

"He's pretty—bad," said the doctor. He paused a moment to put a cigar into his mouth, and went to a shelf for a match, which he scratched on the kitchen stove. "When I'm busy," he remarked, "I smoke."

"Jim Peters," said the little old woman, "do you consider yourself fittin' to pass judgment on *my* patients?"

"I don't," said the doctor. "You cure by witchcraft. But he's bad. Do what you can for him," he said, looking at her queerly.

He reached the door and then turned back. "Coming out, Johnnie?" he asked of the younger Weakling—who thereupon shambled after him.

"Look here," said the doctor on the outside. "This man's people must be notified—and everybody else. That's 'Dolphus C. Quinn you've got in there, and he's going to die." The doctor spoke quickly, and the Weakling gasped.

"I'd jump on a horse, if I were you, and ride to the nearest telegraph office. You won't need any address," he added as the young man started to say something. "That'll be the operator's business. If he don't know 'Dolphus C. Quinn's address he'll lose his job. There's news for the world to-night"—the doctor smiled shortly—"but I haven't time to deliver it.

"Tell the operator," he went on, as the Weakling still seemed inclined to inter-

pose, "if he doesn't know what else to do, to notify a newspaper office. They'll 'tend to it and be glad of the chance."

The doctor moved to his horse and swung up into the saddle. He was a country doctor, and was having the most strenuous night of his life.

"But he hain't dead yit," said the unsatisfied Weakling.

"He will be. Don't worry." The doctor clucked to his horse. "It's a question of hours." He added: "I'll be back at daylight," and was off into the night.

In the kitchen pain, consternation, and distress sat on the faces of the elder Weakling and his wife. The little old woman had returned to the bedside of her patient.

"I 'low it best *not* tell her," said the man.

"She'll find it out," said the woman, "then it'll be worse yet."

Then came the little old woman with a glass in her hand to get water. They looked at her guiltily. The little old woman peered at them quickly, and then set down her glass.

"What's the matter of you, Johnnie Hopkins?" she demanded.

"Why, mammy, it's this a-way," said the man—he was visibly embarrassed—"that man—he—he—— That hain't *no* else'n 'Dolphus C. Quinn. That's who it *is*."

"Jim Peters, he told you," said the little old woman. "But it's so." She nodded her head solemnly. "I knew him minit I set down by him. I knew him from the picters."

They watched her intently.

"It's a jedgment on me—that's what it is," said the little old woman. "I said I hated him. I told everybody I hated him. I stuck to it I hated him. Him gettin' soldiers to shoot down my son that had worked an' slaved twenty year in the mines for him! . . . Well!" The little old woman paused. "Don't *you* never hate nobody," she told them, and then picked up the glass and got the water she had come for. The man and woman stood merely looking in each other's faces.

The doctor kept his promise. He came again at daybreak, but not to remain. He looked at the millionaire critically, gave him some medicine, patted the little old woman on the shoulder, and then went away.

"Four dead in *that* little smash," he informed the Weakling, who was trying to eat breakfast. The doctor was mainly human, but he naturally leaned toward his profession.

Dawn streaked in at the window. The little old woman extinguished the lamp and raised the curtain a little.

In about an hour, almost with a start, Quinn came out of his stupor. The pain, except for a heavy strangeness in his head, seemed to have left him.

But he knew! The daylight was not for him. A dark shadow, hanging in the corner of the ceiling, was getting ready to fall and cover him. He looked at it comprehendingly. He knew he was to die, and he did not in the least object, but was still a little interested. "It seems—odd," he whispered.

The little old woman stirred in her chair. Their eyes met, and Quinn regarded her steadily. Something about her moved him and he smiled, at the same time wondering why he did so.

He was not in the habit of smiling at old women, but rather of considering them scientifically—with one eye on the poorhouse.

The little old woman did exactly the right thing. She took his hand. "I'm going to die," Quinn whispered affably.

"You air *not!*" said the little old woman. She spoke fiercely, almost tearfully.

Quinn studied her, marveling. How little, how weak, but how valiant! For hers had been the struggle—the battle. He realized that. He himself had given up—lay vanquished, willing—but *she* refused to permit it. Why?

"Do you know who I am?" he asked faintly.

The little old woman thought merely that he wished honorably to renounce all claim to her sympathy by proclaiming himself the murderer of her son. She did not realize that he had probably never heard of her son in all his life.

"You're a *good* man!" she answered unhesitatingly and finally.

Quinn marveled anew. "Good!" Because he was dying she accused him of being good.

Still, he did not regard it as particularly distasteful, and it was another evidence of her bravery. She was determined to do her best for him. He saw that, after all, he had come to the right place to die. But what had he done to deserve it?

He thought of the Weakling. This was the Weakling's mother, probably. He became possessed of a desire to see him.

The Weakling came, he and his wife and son. He came into the room—as gaunt, as ineffectual as ever. He expressed a queer mixture of servility and compassion as he uncouthly approached the bedside.

"I gave you—your trouble for nothing," whispered the millionaire with a sort of grim tightening to his features. "I'm going to die."

"You ain't!" sobbed the little old woman. She took his hand and held it firmly.

The Weakling had nothing to say. He opened his mouth, but shut it again, and stood there awkwardly. But the pity in his eyes was very real, and the man of force and character, striving to look up at him quizzically between his gasps, felt himself giving way before it.

The law of supply and demand seemed hardly relevant. He sighed briefly, closed his eyes and opened them again.

"Shake—hands!" he said.

How quickly the man changed! It was the acknowledgment. He bent beside his brother and took the weakening hand in his.

"I'm *sorry*, cap!" he said, love and pity shining in his eyes.

And Adolphus C. Quinn had discovered his relationship to his fellow man. But it came a trifle late, and he died a pensioner.

THE WORLD'S MOST NOTED ERAS.

Dates of the Beginnings of Several Historical Periods That Take Their Names from Individuals, Nations and Religions.

FEW words in the English language mean at once so much and so little as the word "era." It is applied now to almost everything under the sun that is capable of being developed. Thus we hear of the "era of electricity," the "era of labor unionism," the "era of the automobile," the "era of the subway," and the "era of the skyscraper."

Properly speaking, however, the era denotes a historical period, and of these the following are the more important:

The era of Abraham began October 1, B. C. 2016.

The era of Augustus began in the year of Rome 727, twenty-seven years before the Christian era.

The era of Tyre began B. C. 125, in the year of Rome 628, and in the 186th of the Seleucidæ or Grecian era.

The era of Antioch fixed the creation B. C. 5492. After 285, however, it coincided with the Alexandrian era.

The era of the Hegira dates from the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina on the 15th or 16th of July, A. D. 622.

The Chinese era begins B. C. 2277, but since the year 163 B. C. Chinese writers have dated the year from the accession of the reigning emperor.

The Cæsarean era of Antioch was instituted in consequence of the victory of Pharsalia, gained by Julius Cæsar in the year of Rome 706 and B. C. 48.

The era of Nabonnassar began February 26, B. C. 747. It lasted until the death of Alexander the Great, and was brought down to the reign of Antoninus Pius.

The Hindu era is quite complicated and its elucidation has given rise to much controversy. The current era—the fourth of the world's existence, the Kal Yug—began B. C. 3101.

The French Republic era began September 22, 1792. The republican calendar was first used on the 26th of November, 1793, and was discontinued December 31, 1805, when the Georgian was resumed.

The Persian era began on the accession of King Yezdegird to the throne of Persia, June 16, A. D. 632. The Persian year was readjusted in A. D. 1075, and the system continues to the present time.

The Jewish era was adopted in the fifteenth century. The Jews date from the creation of the world, which they consider to have taken place 3760 years and three months before the commencement of the Christian era.

The Alexandrian era of the creation of the world was fixed at 5502 years before Christ, so that A. D. 1 corresponds with the Alexandrian year of the creation 5503. This computation was continued until the year A. D. 284, but in A. D. 285 ten years were subtracted.

The era of Spain began at the conquest of that country by Augustus, B. C. 38. It was adopted in Portugal, Africa, and the southern provinces of France. It was abolished in Catalonia in 1180; in Aragon, 1350; in Valencia, 1358, and in Castile in 1393, but it prevailed in Portugal as late as 1415 or 1422.

The Grecian era commences in the year of Rome 442, twelve years after the death of Alexander, B. C. 311. This era is still in use among almost all the people of the Levant. The Jews, when they became subject to the kings of Syria, adopted it, and did not abandon it for the one now used by them until within the last four hundred years.

The era of Constantinople, which was adopted in that city before the middle of the seventh century, likewise commences with the creation of the world, which is assigned to B. C. 5508. The Russians followed this calculation until the reign of Peter the Great, having received it from the Greek Church, by which it is still used.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST HUNDRED.

Of the Five Score Men and Women Among Whom $6,760,000,000 is Divided Fifty are Citizens of the United States—England is Represented by Thirteen—Oil Yielded the Largest Individual Fortune.

WHEN the average present-day millionaire is bluntly asked to name the value of his earthly possessions he finds it difficult to answer the question correctly. It may be that he is not willing to take the questioner into his confidence. It is doubtful whether he really knows.

If this is true of the millionaire himself, it follows that when others attempt the task of estimating the amount of his wealth, the results must be conflicting. Still, excellent authorities are not lacking on this subject, and the list of the world's richest hundred persons, which is printed herewith, has been compiled from the best.

Rank.	Name.	Country.	How Made.	Total Fortune.
1	John D. Rockefeller	United States	Oil	$600,000,000
2	A. Beit	South Africa	Gold and diamonds	500,000,000
3	J. B. Robinson	South Africa	Gold	400,000,000
4	Czar	Russia	Inherited	350,000,000
5	Andrew Carnegie	United States	Steel	300,000,000
6	W. W. Astor	United States	Real estate	300,000,000
7	Prince Demidoff	Russia	Inherited	200,000,000
8	Emperor Franz Josef	Austria	Inherited	185,000,000
9	J. Pierpont Morgan	United States	Finance	150,000,000
10	William Rockefeller	United States	Oil	100,000,000
11	H. H. Rogers	United States	Oil	100,000,000
12	W. K. Vanderbilt	United States	Railroads	100,000,000
13	Senator Clark	United States	Copper	100,000,000
14	John Jacob Astor	United States	Real estate	100,000,000
15	Duke of Westminster	England	Real estate	100,000,000
16	Lord Rothschild	England	Banker	100,000,000
17	Baron E. de Rothschild	France	Banker	100,000,000
18	King Leopold	Belgium	Inherited and acquired	100,000,000
19	Grand Duke Vladimir	Russia	Inherited	100,000,000
20	Russell Sage	United States	Finance	80,000,000
21	H. C. Frick	United States	Steel and coke	80,000,000
22	D. O. Mills	United States	Banker	75,000,000
23	Marshal Field, Jr.	United States	Inherited	75,000,000
24	Henry M. Flagler	United States	Oil	60,000,000
25	J. J. Hill	United States	Railroads	60,000,000
26	Archduke Frederick	Austria	Inherited	60,000,000
27	The Sultan	Turkey	Inherited	50,000,000
28	Prince Lichtenstein	Austria	Inherited	50,000,000
29	Baron Bleichroder	Germany	Banker	50,000,000
30	M. Heine	France	Banker	50,000,000
31	Lord Iveagh	Ireland	Brewer	50,000,000
32	Señora Cousino	Chili	Inherited	50,000,000
33	Sir Jervin Clark	Australia	Sheep	50,000,000
34	John D. Archbold	United States	Oil	50,000,000
35	Oliver Payne	United States	Oil	50,000,000
36	J. B. Haggin	United States	Gold	50,000,000
37	Harry Field	United States	Inherited	50,000,000
38	Duke of Devonshire	England	Inherited	50,000,000
39	A. Brehr	Austria	Banker	45,000,000
40	James Henry Smith	United States	Inherited	40,000,000

Rank. Name.	Country.	How Made.	Total Fortune.
41—Henry Phipps	United States	Steel	$40,000,000
42—Alfred G. Vanderbilt	United States	Railroads	40,000,000
43—H. O. Havemeyer	United States	Sugar	40,000,000
44—Mrs. Hetty Green	United States	Finance	40,000,000
45—Thomas F. Ryan	United States	Finance	40,000,000
46—Lord Strathcona	Canada	Finance	40,000,000
47—Miss Bertha Krupp	Germany	Steel	40,000,000
48—Grand Duke Michael	Russia	Inherited	40,000,000
49—Mrs. W. Walker	United States	Inherited	35,000,000
50—George Gould	United States	Railroads	35,000,000
51—Prince Henry of Pless	Germany	Inherited	35,000,000
52—J. Ogden Armour	United States	Meat	30,000,000
53—E. T. Gerry	United States	Inherited	30,000,000
54—Robert. W. Goelet	United States	Real estate	30,000,000
55—Don Luis Wizperrazas	Mexico	Mines	30,000,000
56—Earl of Derby	England	Inherited	30,000,000
57—Count Henckel	Germany	Inherited	30,000,000
58—J. H. Flagler	United States	Finance	30,000,000
59—Claus Spreckels	United States	Sugar	30,000,000
60—W. F. Havemeyer	United States	Sugar	30,000,000
61—Bishop Kohn	Austria	Inherited	30,000,000
62—F. Schwarzenberger	Austria	Inherited	30,000,000
63—Jacob H. Schiff	United States	Banker	25,000,000
64—P. A. B. Widener	United States	Street cars	25,000,000
65—George F. Baker	United States	Banker	25,000,000
66—Duke of Sutherland	Scotland	Real estate	25,000,000
67—Duke of Bedford	England	Real estate	25,000,000
68—Duke of Portland	England	Real estate	25,000,000
69—Baron A. de Rothschild	England	Banker	25,000,000
70—Baron L. de Rothschild	England	Banker	25,000,000
71—Duc d'Arenberg	Belgium	Inherited	25,000,000
72—Angelo Quintieri	Italy	Inherited	25,000,000
73—M. Nobel	Russia	Oil	25,000,000
74—Baron Leitenberger	Austria	Inherited	25,000,000
75—Prince Yusupoff	Russia	Inherited	25,000,000
76—Lord Mountstephen	Canada	Real estate	25,000,000
77—Queen Louise	Denmark	Inherited	25,000,000
78—Grand Duke of Hesse	Germany	Inherited	25,000,000
79—Prince Anton Radziwill	Germany	Inherited	25,000,000
80—August Belmont	United States	Finance	20,000,000
81—James Stillman	United States	Banker	20,000,000
82—John W. Gates	United States	Finance	20,000,000
83—Norman B. Ream	United States	Finance	20,000,000
84—Joseph Pulitzer	United States	Journalist	20,000,000
85—James G. Bennett	United States	Journalist	20,000,000
86—John G. Moore	United States	Finance	20,000,000
87—D. G. Reid	United States	Steel	20,000,000
88—Frederick Pabst	United States	Brewer	20,000,000
89—William D. Sloane	United States	Inherited	20,000,000
90—William B. Leeds	United States	Railroads	20,000,000
91—James P. Duke	United States	Tobacco	20,000,000
92—Anthony N. Brady	United States	Finance	20,000,000
93—Geo. W. Vanderbilt	United States	Railroads	20,000,000
94—Fred. W. Vanderbilt	United States	Railroads	20,000,000
95—Duke of Northumberl'd	England	Inherited	20,000,000
96—Lord Armstrong	England	Inherited	20,000,000
97—Lord Brassey	England	Inherited	20,000,000
98—Sir Thomas Lipton	England	Grocer	20,000,000
99—Ex-Empress Eugenie	France	Inherited	20,000,000
100—Queen Wilhelmina	Holland	Inherited	20,000,000
		Total	$6,760,000,000

Speech on Duluth.

BY JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT.

JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT was born in Kentucky on August 29, 1830. He went to Missouri in 1850 and there began the practise of law. In 1858 he was elected to the Missouri Legislature and subsequently he became Attorney-General. He returned to Kentucky in 1862 and was elected to Congress from that State in 1866. It was while in Congress that Mr. Knott attained national fame as a humorist. As a satirist he had no equal among his fellow members and he was responsible for several bills being "laughed out of the House."

Mr. Knott's most famous speech was delivered in the House of Representatives, January 27, 1871, on the joint resolution extending the time to construct a railroad from the St. Croix River to the west end of Lake Superior. At that time Duluth was a small and almost unknown village. It now has a population of more than 55,000 persons, and as one of the principal shipping points of the great Northwestern grain-fields, it is world-famous. This speech, which has long been regarded as a model of its kind, is here given in full.

MR. SPEAKER: As to those great trunk-lines of railway spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, I confess my mind has never been fully made up. But with regard to the transcendent merits of the gigantic enterprise contemplated in this bill—to construct a raiload from the St. Croix River, or lake, to the west end of Lake Superior and to Bayfield—I never entertained a shadow of a doubt.

Now, sir, who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself will doubt for a moment that the Goshen of America is to be found in the sandy valleys and upon the pine-clad hills of the St. Croix?

Now, sir, I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for a railroad, it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix.

At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered by the draftsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring or down at the foot-log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction should it run, or where should it terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity, until I accidentally overheard some gentlemen the other day mention the name of "Duluth."

Duluth! The word fell on my ear with a peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accent of an angel's whisper in the bright joyous dream of sleeping innocence.

Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. But where was Duluth?

Never in all my limited reading had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profound humilation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draftsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road.

I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line diverging from the Mississippi near a place called Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix; but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless I was confident that it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times.

Thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening gates of paradise.

There, there for the first time my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word "Duluth."

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth not only in the center of this map, but represented in the center of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South, and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North.

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior; but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose."

But, however that may be, I am satisfied that Duluth is there or thereabout, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles so as to make the distance an even four thousand.

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the regions around Lake Superior it was cold enough, for at least nine months in the year, to freeze the smoke-stack off a locomotive.

But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly half-way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice; so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other may see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of Nature's choicest songsters.

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two million square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth.

Look at this map; do not you see from the broad brown lines drawn around this immense territory, that the enterprising inhabitants of Duluth intend some day to enclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce would be bound to go there whether it would or not? And on this map, sir, I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians, which of all the many accessories to the glory of Duluth I consider the most inestimable.

Fo,, sir, I see vast "wheat-fields" represented on this map in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and the Piegans; and though the idea of there being these immense wheat-fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity, to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever.

Here, you will observe, are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth, and here, on the right of Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on these immense wheat-fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning.

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth as depicted upon this map. But human life is far too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah! sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There

are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents for whom I am acting here have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted; and in the second place, these lands which I am asked to give away, alas! are not mine to bestow.

My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust?

Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix.

OUR INTEREST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Among the Impressive Memorials in the Ancient Edifice in Which England Lays the Bodies of Her Honored Dead Are Many That Possess Peculiar Interest for Americans.

To be buried in Westminster Abbey, or to be honored there by a memorial bust or tablet, is one of the highest posthumous honors that can be accorded an Englishman. The noble old structure enshrines many of the good and the great; and it is gratifying to Americans that a number of their fellow countrymen are there remembered. In the Poets' Corner is a beautiful bust of Longfellow, set up in 1884 by English admirers of the poet.

Before the tomb of Major André the American visitor pauses, and doubtless he agrees with the inscription, which says that the ill-fated André was "lamented even by his foes." André's remains were taken to England in 1821 from Tappan, New York, where he was originally buried.

Another memorial of the Revolutionary War is a monument to the memory of William Wragg, of South Carolina. Wragg stuck to the fortunes of England when the colonies revolted. On his way to England he was drowned. The monument was erected by his sister in 1779. A very beautiful urn surmounts it, and on this urn is pictured the incident of the shipwreck in which Mr. Wragg was drowned. His only claim to such consideration seems to have been the fact that he was disloyal to his country and loyal to his sovereign, even at the sacrifice of his fortune.

The visitor who does not penetrate to the remotest corner of the Abbey will look in vain for the James Russell Lowell memorial. It has been erected in the vaulted vestibule of the old chapel house. This chapel house is the most interesting feature of the entire Abbey. It is the oldest part of the building.

Originally the meeting place of the members of the convent and the scene of the floggings of the older monks, it became the meeting place of the Commons soon after the separation of the two houses of Parliament, in the reign of Edward I, and it remained their meeting place until they removed to the Chapel of St. Stephen, in the old Westminster Palace, in 1547.

The chapel itself is dark and gloomy. Far more so is the passageway which leads to it, and in the dimness of its obscurity one who looks closely will find a small tablet bearing the bust of James Russell Lowell in bas-relief. Above this tablet is a beautiful triple stained glass window to the memory of Mr. Lowell, erected by his friends in England.

The tributes to Americans which appear in the Abbey are the tributes of their English friends and admirers. Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester, an American little known to his countrymen, who edited the *Westminster Abbey Register*, figures among the distinguished dead. He was a native of Norwich, Connecticut, but lived for many years in London and died there in 1882. The dean and chapter of Westminster erected the memorial to his memory.

Though the memorials in Westminster to Americans are the gifts of Englishmen, St. Margaret's, Westminster, holds a beautiful memorial to two Englishmen erected by an American. George W. Childs, some years before his death, had some very fine stained glass windows placed in St. Margaret's in memory of Sir Walter Raleigh and John Milton.

They are among the most beautiful memorials in England, and though they are not a part of the decoration of the great Abbey, they are worth noting in connection with the American memorials there, because they were the gift of an American, erected to two of the greatest Englishmen in history.

A River Tangle.*

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK,

Author of "In the Web," "Jim Dexter—Cattleman," "Marooned in 1492," "A Round Trip to the Year 2000," and "Adrift in the Unknown."

An original serial story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

YOUNG RALPH WETHERELL, returning on a Mississippi River boat to his plantation, Belle Marie, with money enough to raise the mortgage upon it, meets with two card-sharpers, Joyce and Kissane, who win his money from him. Neil Preston, an ex-gambler, on the same boat with $2,500 in his carpetbag which he is bringing to his employers, wins back Ralph's money intending to return it to him.

The gamblers push Preston overboard, whence he is rescued by Pap Daniels and his son Scip, who steals the bag. Arriving at Belle Marie Preston discovers from Ralph's sister, Letty, that he has left to hunt up Kissane, and also that Mose Pringle, who holds the mortgage on the plantation, is in league with the gamblers, and knows the hiding-place of a large sum of money buried on the land. Pringle prevents Ralph shooting Kissane at their meeting, and promises to bring him the money to pay off the mortgage.

On his way to recover it from Scip he is arrested on the charge of embezzlement. Realizing that it is a plot of the gamblers to prevent the settlement he knocks the policeman down and hides in an apparently deserted shanty-boat. The boat also contains Joyce and Kissane, who are going down to Belle Marie to meet Pringle and steal the treasure. Preston shadows them to the shore where they find the cache empty, and they then return to the boat.

He remains by the house and sees Pringle enter the cellar window. A little later Letty Wetherell appears, and Ralph returns in despair to say that the place where Scip hid the stolen money has been looted. He accuses Pringle of entering the house, and orders him to leave, which Pringle refuses to do.

Affairs are at a standstill, when the sheriff appears, and again arrests Preston on the charge of embezzlement.

CHAPTER XV.

The Carpetbag.

"WHAT—what has happened?" faltered Miss Letty, coming to a breathless halt at the officer's side.

"Miss Wetherell?" queried the officer, deferentially.

"Yes," she answered impatiently. "What does this mean?"

"My name is Gaynor, Miss Wetherell, and I am an officer from New Orleans. I am sorry to make any trouble here, but this man is an embezzler and I came up the river to get him."

"He is not an embezzler!" cried Miss Letty, with a stamp of the foot. "It is cruel of you to put those handcuffs on him, cruel and unjust. Take them off—take them off this minute!"

Gaynor was thunderstruck. Neil himself was surprised at the tempestuous way Miss Letty was rallying to his relief.

A moment before she had distrusted him. Now she had leaped to the other extreme and was forcefully taking his part.

"Miss Wetherell," said Gaynor, screening his perplexity with an elaborate politeness, "you do not know what you are asking. This man escaped from me in Natchez because I failed to put the irons on him. He is a desperate rogue and I can't afford to take any chances with him.

"As to his being an embezzler, I assure you that he is. He made away with twenty-five hundred dollars belonging to his employers, Hamilton & Clay, of New Orleans——"

"I tell you it is not true!" flashed the girl, stepping to Neil's side and looking at Gaynor defiantly. "Take those hateful things from his hands," she added, pointing to the gyves. "I wonder that you had the audacity to use them in the first place."

"My dear young lady!" exclaimed Gaynor. "Really, you don't understand this matter at all."

"It is you who do not understand!" cried the girl. "Mr. Preston is our guest; if my brother were here he would call you to strict account for this summary proceeding. What you have done," she finished haughtily, "is an insult not only to Mr. Preston, but to us."

Gaynor, Southerner that he was, felt the thrust that had been leveled at him. Such exaggerated ideas of chivalry and honor were an echo of the old times, but they appealed to him in a way that made him uncomfortable.

"I wish," proceeded Miss Letty, artfully following up the advantage she had achieved, "to invite you into the house, Mr. Gaynor, and do my utmost to set you right in this matter that concerns Mr. Preston and my brother and me. But I cannot do that until *those*"—she indicated the handcuffs—"are removed."

*Began March SCRAP BOOK. Single copies, 10 cents.

"In what way are you and your brother involved in Mr. Preston's affairs, Miss Wetherell, if I may ask?"

"Will you come into the house and hear what I have to say?" she demanded.

Gaynor pulled at the wisp of grayish beard attached to his under lip and surveyed the prisoner doubtfully.

"Are you armed, Preston?" he inquired.

Neil assured him that he was not. After Gaynor had satisfied himself of this, the handcuffs were removed.

"I am doing this because you request it, Miss Wetherell," remarked Gaynor, "and not because I think it the proper thing. Preston is as quick as chain lightning, and if he took a notion to bolt he'd give me the time of my life."

"I will be personally responsible for Mr. Preston," said Miss Letty frigidly.

Scip presented himself at that moment and she called him to come and take the officer's horse. Thereupon officer and prisoner accompanied her to the house.

They had hardly gained the portico before Ralph came driving up from the main road. The situation was briefly explained to him, and he had Scip take his team and wagon to the stable along with the officer's horse.

"Of course, Gaynor," said he decisively, "you're not going to take Preston away from here. Hamilton is a friend of ours and he's coming here to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed Miss Letty.

"Hamilton coming *here?*" said Gaynor.

"I just got a letter from him at the Rodney post-office and he will arrive at Belle Marie some time to-morrow forenoon. Deucedly fortunate all around, Preston. It won't take ten minutes' talk with Hamilton to fix everything all right."

Gaynor thought Ralph Wetherell altogether too sanguine. Nevertheless, the officer was relieved, rather than otherwise, at the prospect of shifting the responsibility.

He was a large man, and his ride from Natchez had been a trying one, so he was perfectly willing to remain at Belle Marie until the following day. But he expressly stipulated that Neil was to be under his personal charge every minute of the time.

These arrangements were passively accepted by Neil. A ray of hope seemed to break through the clouds with the announcement that Mr. Hamilton was to come to the plantation.

Miss Letty and Ralph might be able to influence the senior partner in Neil's favor. Furthermore, it was not to be overlooked that the senior partner, as yet, had only one side of the story—the worst side, with none of the extenuating circumstances that had to do with the Wetherells.

Joyce, it developed, had been the source of most of Gaynor's information bearing upon Neil. It was Joyce who had communicated with Hamilton & Clay immediately after seeing Neil on the steamer at Natchez; Joyce who had met Gaynor and told him where he could find Neil on the night the latter was to have gone to Bayou Baptiste on the Half Moon; and, lastly, it was Joyce, returning to Natchez after the fiasco at Belle Marie, who had directed the officer to the plantation.

Gaynor knew Joyce, and knew him well. His description of the man tallied with Horace Quinn's.

The gambler was tricky and revengeful. Tragedy had more than once stalked into his swindling games, Joyce saving himself by his quickness and desperate courage.

A wrong, either real or fancied, aroused his venomous nature to killing pitch. It was told how his vengeance had slumbered for years against a side-partner who had once worsted him and then had flamed forth and done the man to death in a way as cruel as it was inhuman.

That was in war time, and in the general chaos of law and order the blackleg had escaped the consequences. Latterly he had been more careful—either less abandoned in his lawlessness or more cunning and secretive.

During the rest of that day Gaynor and Neil, as might be supposed, were inseparable; and when night came they were given a chamber with two beds, the officer locking the door and putting the key under his pillow.

Miss Letty and Ralph were indignant at such a display of officiousness; and even Neil himself had a quiet laugh at Gaynor's anxiety. The household retired early, and it was perhaps twelve o'clock when an emphatic summons on the chamber door brought the officer and Neil upright in their beds.

A light was burning for Gaynor's better convenience in watching the prisoner, and the two men exchanged looks of alarm and apprehension. There was something weird and portentous about the nocturnal summons.

"Stay right where you are, Preston," said Gaynor, jumping out of bed. "I'll see what's up." He stepped to the door. "Who's there?" he asked.

"Wetherell," came Ralph's voice, tremulous with excitement. "I want both of you men to dress at once and come down to the parlor."

"What's the matter?" demanded Gaynor.

"You'll find out when you come down," was the indefinite rejoinder.

Gaynor and Neil were not long in getting themselves in readiness and hurrying down stairs. Miss Letty was in the parlor, and Ralph, and Chloe, and Scip; and in one of the chairs sat no less a person than Pap Daniels.

The old negro was a picture of abject contrition and humiliation. He was bareheaded, his clothes were torn and splashed with mud; and on his knees was that important carpetbag.

Pap was doubled over the bag and was clasping it with both arms. In this un-

gainly attitude he was watching the others in the room, rolling up the whites of his eyes and mumbling to himself.

"I's been fightin' de temptah; yas, suh. I's been fightin' de temptah out dar in de swamp. Wrasslin' wif de debbil, dat's what I's been, en he come mighty nigh gittin' mah soul."

Then he broke into a crooning song:

"Mefodis', Mefodis', 'tis my name,
Mefodis' twell I die;
I's been baptized in de Mefodis' church,
An' a Mefodis' still am I!"

His voice was husky and shaking. It was plain that he had been through some terrible experience that had tried his endurance to the limit.

"I's won de fight; yas, suh," he continued almost incoherently. "De wiles ob Satan kain't prevail ag'in dis niggah's immortal soul. I's whupped de debbil eroun' de stump, en—en——" He halted suddenly and arose totteringly to his feet. "Marse Preston," he asked faintly, his eyes on Neil, "is dat yo'se'f?"

"Yes," Neil replied.

"I's brung yo' kya'petbag, Marse Preston! Hyah's yo' kya'petbag, suh. Fo'give a po' triflin' sinnah fo' listenin' to de voice ob de temptah, but it was mighty beseechin'. But I's won de fight, I's won de——"

He reeled as he stood. Dropping the bag, he clutched his throat with both hands and sprawled senseless on the floor.

"He came mighty near going wrong," said Ralph grimly, starting toward the prostrate form. "Get that bottle of whisky from the sideboard, Chloe."

CHAPTER XVI.

Hamilton Arrives.

At last the tide was beginning to turn in Neil's favor. While Pap Daniels was being revived by Miss Letty, Chloe and Scip, Neil, Ralph, and Gaynor examined the carpetbag.

The bag's appearance pointed indubitably to the vicissitudes through which it had passed. Outside and in it bore traces of the muddy water in which it had been immersed.

The oil-skin packet was brought out and opened. In some degree the oil-skin had preserved the money, so that the bills were in fairly good condition.

Ralph's two thousand dollars were found intact. Scip's inroads upon the funds had been confined to the twenty-five hundred Neil had been holding in trust for Hamilton & Clay.

Something like one hundred and fifty dollars had been abstracted from the packet. Gaynor's face was a study while the money in the bag was being examined and counted.

He had not disguised the fact that he regarded Neil's story as a fabrication. This proof that the prisoner had told the truth placed the officer in rather an embarrassing position.

He was more than ever glad that Hamilton was coming. When the senior partner arrived, Gaynor would turn Preston over to him.

A day or two in the swamp, "fighting the tempter," followed by the long, wearisome tramp to Belle Marie, had sapped the last of Pap Daniels' strength. He had fainted from exhaustion.

The liquor revived him, and the moment his wits returned he continued his morbid glorying over the fact that he had fought and won what may have been the hardest battle of his life. Little by little, Ralph secured his story.

Pap, suspicious of Scip's actions, had followed him into the swamp and had seen him drawing upon his bank. When Scip had disappeared, and after Pap had come through the excitement attendant upon his interview with Miss Letty, the gum tree was visited and the bag recovered.

Pap carried the bag to his cabin, intending to return it to Neil at the first opportunity. The sight of so much money, however, aroused the old negro's cupidity.

The voice of the tempter echoed in his ears. Why not take the money, go to New Orleans, and live there in peace and quiet all the rest of his days?

The voice became so insistent that Pap fled into the swamp. There he had battled with temptation until he had finally won.

The old negro was given into the care of Scip and sent to the servants' quarters, Miss Letty took charge of the money belonging to herself and her brother, Gaynor became responsible for the rest and once more the members of the household went to their rooms.

Neil was now ready to meet Mr. Hamilton. With the money secured from Quinn he could make up the shortage caused by Scip and turn over every penny that had been collected in Memphis.

Mr. Hamilton got off a boat at the plantation landing on the following morning. From the window of his room, Neil saw Miss Letty and Ralph welcome the newcomer and walk with him slowly up the slope toward the house.

They talked earnestly together as they approached. Pausing for a moment, Mr. Hamilton drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Ralph.

Ralph opened the envelope and read the contents of the enclosed sheet aloud to his sister. This, undoubtedly, was Uncle Whitney's final word to his brother, the major.

That this final word contained nothing of importance Neil was sure, from the passive demeanor of all three in the approaching group. At the edge of the old garden Gaynor presented himself.

Since the incident which had to do with the recovery of the carpetbag, the officer had left Neil to his own devices.

Mr. Hamilton showed surprise on meeting Gaynor. The officer talked rapidly and earnestly, and it was plain that Hamilton's surprise was deepening.

The quartet took seats on the portico overlooking the river. Neil could not see them after that, but the droning hum of their voices came to him faintly.

An hour passed. Neil did not go down, although he expected every moment to receive a summons from his employer.

At last a rap fell on the door. He answered it and found Mr. Hamilton in the hall. The senior partner was alone.

"Do you want me?" asked Neil.

"Yes," was the reply, "but I will talk with you here."

Hamilton was a tall, spare man, with sharp, penetrating eyes and a business-like air. As he spoke, he entered the room, closed the door and took a chair.

Neil silently deposited himself on the bed and waited. The senior partner was not over prodigal with words, but whatever he had to say was usually to the point.

"We have something of a *contretemps* here," he remarked. "I have just talked with Ralph, and Letty, and Gaynor, and heard what the two negroes had to offer. Before I can decide whether or not I have been disappointed in you, Preston, I want the whole affair direct from your own lips."

Neil gave it to him in detail. It was a straightforward statement, unembellished by any of his own sentiments or impulses.

Hamilton had lighted a cigar while he listened; and when Neil was done, he sat for some time, smoking and reflecting.

"The Wetherells are old friends of mine," he remarked, at last, "and I am glad that you were able to help them. But I am sorry you tried to help them by jeopardizing money that was not yours. In my opinion, the end did not justify the means.

"I regret, also, that Joyce influenced me to send Gaynor after you. Although, under the circumstances, I believe my course was justified.

"Why did you not tell me plainly what had happened in that letter? That might have saved you some inconvenience and myself a certain amount of worry.

"I do not think we can avail ourselves any further of your services as a collector. Lyman has resigned since you left New Orleans, however, and if you care to take his place——"

Neil sprang up and reached for his employer's hand. Lyman had been one of the buyers for the firm; to be advanced to *his* place meant that Neil's fault had been condoned—that he had been more than pardoned.

He was grateful, and tried to say so.

"It's all right, Preston," said Hamilton, rising abruptly. "Gaynor will go back to Natchez this afternoon, and thence to New Orleans. I shall be here for a day or two, and you may remain for a fortnight longer."

"It is not my desire to keep away from business, Mr. Hamilton," returned Neil. "I have already lost considerable time."

"You have had some strenuous experiences," said Hamilton, "and a rest will do you good. Besides, I have promised Ralph and Miss Letty"—his eyes twinkled—"and it isn't in line with strict business policy to break a promise."

"Thank you," said Neil. "You must know that I am interested in the affairs of the Wetherells, Mr. Hamilton, and they have told me about the papers you were trying to find in New Orleans."

"I found them," said Mr. Hamilton.

"Had they any bearing on——"

"On that money of Whitney Wetherell's? None whatever. Letty and Ralph are greatly disappointed and, for that matter, so am I. This man Pringle seems promising timber for an investigation, and I am going down to the office to talk with him.

"Somehow, it is borne in on me that there is a screw loose about this mortgage business, and if I can help Letty and Ralph in any way, I propose to do it."

Neil went down-stairs with Mr. Hamilton. At the foot of the stairs, Miss Letty met him and gave him her hand. She said nothing, but her look was eloquent of her feelings.

Ralph's congratulations were profuse and hearty. "I was sure it would come out all right, Preston," he whispered.

Gaynor was out on the rustic bench, near the sundial, whiffing one of Mr. Hamilton's cigars and very well satisfied with the way affairs were turning out. It was his intention to return to Natchez in the afternoon, but he dreaded a horseback ride and was thinking of sending Scip with the horse and going by boat.

Fate hung brooding over the old plantation that forenoon. Mighty events were making, and the momentary peace and serenity were but heralds of what was to come.

Ralph volunteered to go with Mr. Hamilton to see Pringle, but the broker demurred. He wanted to interview the son of the overseer alone.

The young planter went off in the direction of the stables and Miss Letty and Neil repaired to the portico that commanded a view in the direction of the office and the "pike." Gaynor could be seen lounging in the shade, and the tall form of Mr. Hamilton striding rapidly along the graveled drive.

"Do you feel, Miss Wetherell," asked Neil, "that I am entitled to your confidence—now?"

"I do not think I ever doubted you very seriously, Mr. Preston," she answered with a slight smile. "I felt that we were involved in your troubles, no less than you in ours. It was our responsibility for your misfortunes that jarred my pride."

"Then it was your wounded pride that made you demand that Gaynor should remove the handcuffs?" An undernote in his voice told of disappointment.

"Yes," she said frankly, vouchsafing him a curious glance. "What other reason did you think I could possibly have?"

"I don't know," was his absent rejoinder. "You are a difficult girl to understand."

"I have always had that distinction, and I am proud of it. By the way," she added, "did Mr. Hamilton tell you we expect you to stay and make us a little visit?"

"He told me, but I can't see any earthly reason why I should remain."

"You can't!" she exclaimed. "Up to this moment your sojourn at Belle Marie has been under circumstances too dramatic for your own enjoyment. Ralph and I both desire to show you the pleasant side of our life here. Perhaps you will be the last guest the Wetherells will ever entertain under the old roof."

"Have you talked with Mr. Hamilton about using your two thousand dollars and abandoning the place?"

"Not yet, but I can see that that is the only thing to be done." The girl's eyes had wandered in the direction of the office. "Ah!" she exclaimed in a startled tone. "I wonder what has happened down there?"

Ralph followed her glance with his own. Mr. Hamilton had entered the office and suddenly emerged again.

He was in an excited frame of mind, if his manner could be taken as an indication. He started toward the house, halted, whirled about and ran back into the office.

A few moments more and he was out again.

"Wetherell! Preston! Gaynor!" he shouted. "Come here at once, all of you."

Ralph was just returning from the stables, and Neil called to him. Gaynor was already hastening down the slope and Ralph bounded after him. Neil lingered to give his arm to Miss Letty.

"What can be the matter?" murmured Miss Letty in a shaken voice.

"We'll know very shortly," Neil replied.

"Not you, Letty!" Hamilton shouted again, waving the girl back. "Go back to the house and wait until we come."

This command merely increased the girl's fears. "Something awful must have occurred in the office," said she, paling.

"Perhaps not," returned Neil. "It would be well, though, for you to do as Mr. Hamilton says, Miss Wetherell. We will report to you in a little while just what has happened."

"Come as soon as you can," she implored, turning back.

Neil increased his pace to a run and soon reached the small building by the old gate. As he stepped through the entrance he saw a form lying on the office floor.

It was the form of the gambler, Joyce. He was unconscious, his vest was unbuttoned and his white shirt was stained with a splash of red.

Gaynor was kneeling and lifting his head. Hamilton had also bent down and was holding his wrist.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Neil. "Is he dead?"

"No," answered Hamilton, "but he can't be far from it. Send one of those negroes to Rodney for a doctor, Ralph."

Ralph sprang away to get Scip started for town, and Neil and Gaynor lifted the stricken gambler and laid him on a cot.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Wounded Gambler.

THERE was no denying the seriousness of Joyce's injury. A bullet had entered his left breast below the heart, and unconsciousness had resulted as much from shock as from loss of blood.

Gaynor bandaged the wound as well as he could, and when Ralph returned he brought with him a flask of whisky from the house.

"How do you suppose this happened?" Neil asked of Hamilton as Gaynor busied himself with the attempt to revive Joyce.

"Joyce alone can tell us that," said Hamilton. "When was Pringle last seen about the place?"

"Scip saw him here early this morning," Ralph answered.

"He doesn't appear to be in evidence now. Did Scip see Joyce here?"

"He didn't say anything about that. If there had been a stranger around I think he would have mentioned it."

Hamilton shook his head in a puzzled way.

"When I opened the office door," he went on, "Joyce was lying on the floor just as you saw him. He was the very last man I expected to see up here, or——"

"He's coming around," said Gaynor from the other side of the room.

They clustered about the cot as the gambler gasped for breath and opened his eyes. "Where's Pringle?" were Joyce's first words.

"We don't know," said Hamilton.

The gambler strangled over an oath. "Get the hound!" he exclaimed; "get him and put him through for this."

"Was he the one that shot you?" asked Neil.

"I came up here to get even with him for the way he fooled us about that money. It may be, though, he didn't fool Kissane as much as I think. Kissane may be standing in with him."

In the intensity of his pain and anger, Joyce clinched his fists and struck them down on the cot.

"What money are you talking about?" queried Hamilton.

"Whitney Wetherell's money—the money we came up here to get the other night."

"You didn't find it, did you?" said Ralph eagerly.

"No," and Joyce cursed again. "We didn't find it because Pringle had looted the cache before we got there. He was trying to beat us out of our share of the stuff.

"I came here to get what was mine, or play even with him. But he—he was too quick for me." Joyce ground his teeth savagely.

"When did this happen?" Hamilton was doing the questioning.

"I don't know—it couldn't have been long. My wits left me, and—and——" Joyce paused and raised himself fiercely. "By heaven, why do you stand here gaping at me? Why don't you start after the scoundrel and run him down?"

"Have you any idea where Pringle has gone?"

"How should I know that?" Joyce fell back weakly. "Get him, that's all, get him. The chances are he's committed murder."

"Is any of your live stock missing from the stable, Ralph?" asked Hamilton.

"No," replied Ralph; "I was just there a few minutes ago."

"If he's getting away along the road, he's on foot and it won't be difficult to overtake him."

"He may have gone by river," suggested Neil. "Has any boat stopped at the landing since the one that brought Mr. Hamilton?"

"A boat was whistling for the landing just as I started Scip for Rodney. Perhaps she hasn't got away yet."

"Several boats are coming up the river to-day—I had my choice of a number, but took the one that would get me here first." This from Mr. Hamilton as he started for the door. "Stay here, Gaynor," he called back, "until the doctor comes. We must do what we can to overhaul Pringle."

Hamilton, Neil, and Ralph hurried over the hill toward the landing. Miss Letty saw them from the front of the house and hurried forward to ask for news.

In a few words they described what had happened. From the crest of the "rise" they could see a steamer—a "stern-wheeler"—standing up the river in the direction of Rodney.

"Did that boat stop here?" cried Ralph.

"She did, Marse Ralph," said Chloe, who had appeared on the scene a moment before. "Dat triflin' Yank dat has been hangin' out at de office got aboa'd de boat—I seed him dat plain I couldn't be mistaken nohow."

"That means, Ralph," spoke up Hamilton, "that Pringle has given us the slip unless you can mount a horse and ride like the wind to Rodney, intercepting the boat at that point."

"There's nothing here to ride," said Ralph ruefully. "Scip took the mules and wagon when he went for the doctor."

"There's another boat coming up the river!" exclaimed Miss Letty excitedly. "Hurry down to the landing and you can get her to take you aboard."

It seemed too good to be true—another boat following so closely on the heels of the one Pringle had taken. But the girl was right.

Without halting for further words, Hamilton, Neil, and Ralph started for the landing at a run, waving their hats and shouting as they went.

"It's the Memphis," panted Ralph, "and she's as fast as any craft on the river."

"Will she stop for us?" said Hamilton. "That's the question."

"She'll have to stop!" returned Neil.

Nevertheless it looked for a few minutes as though the Memphis was going to keep right on up the river and pay no attention to their frantic signals. Just as they were on the point of giving up hope, the clang of a bell was heard, the engines stopped, and the bow of the boat was turned shoreward.

Then again came the bell, the great wheels reversed, and a mob of passengers rushed to the side as the plank was thrown out.

"Hustle up there, you fellows!" came a wild shout. "That's the Captain Kilby ahead there, and we're racing her to Vicksburg."

Hamilton, Neil, and Ralph were fairly hauled aboard, and the Memphis started back into the channel.

Circumstances could not have been more favorable for the pursuit of Pringle. A good deal of money had been bet on the outcome of that race to Vicksburg, and it was a wonder the passengers had allowed the captain to stop at Belle Marie landing at all.

Probably the captain would not have done so but for the fact that the Captain Kilby had put in to pick up Pringle. This was an implied taunt that the Kilby had time to spare.

The captain of the Memphis disdained accepting such an advantage, made the landing himself and picked up the pursuers.

"This is what I call luck!" declared Mr. Hamilton, and started for the upper deck to find the captain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Race.

THE Memphis was a large side-wheeler, of a class of steamers known as "Cincinnati tubs." She was modeled like a cheese-box, but she could go like a streak.

The Captain Kilby, on the other hand, was a small stern-wheeler. She was a curious craft and decidedly "cranky" in her habits, although it was generally admitted that, on occasion, she could run like a scared wolf.

The hull of the Kilby had formerly been a canal boat. A pair of heavy tow-boat engines had been put in this hull and a sort of box-cabin constructed.

She had balance rudders that somehow or other were never exactly in the position they should be, and taken altogether the craft was a terror to pilots.

While Captain Sims of the Memphis realized that the smaller craft might have him beaten in a straightaway race and for a short stretch, he was willing to bet

that the Kilby's crankiness from Natchez to Vicksburg would give him the victory.

Hamilton and his two companions found Sims on the hurricane deck watching the Kilby's smoke. A man who wanted to get off at Rodney was laboring with him and trying to get him to stop at the town.

"I won't promise," said Sims.

"You stopped at Belle Marie landing," expostulated the passenger.

"The Kilby stopped there," answered Sims; "if the Kilby stops at Rodney I'll put you ashore."

And with this the man for Rodney had to be satisfied.

"Captain," said Hamilton when the Rodney man had retired, "I want you to overhaul the Kilby before she lands any passengers."

"Maybe I can, and maybe I can't," growled Sims, his eyes on the boat ahead; "she's gaining on us now a little. But I'm expecting to see her take a sheer any minute and run her nose into the bank."

"There's a man on that boat," proceeded Hamilton, "that we want to get hold of; we don't want to give him a chance to get ashore."

"Owens, of the Kilby, has made his brags about what he could do to the Memphis if he ever got a chance," grunted Sims. "If I don't tie up at Vicksburg an hour ahead of him, I'll eat both of my own smokestacks. I'll do all I can to pass him—that ought to be satisfaction enough for you."

"The fellow we're after," said Hamilton, "shot a man back there at Belle Marie plantation."

Captain Sims showed considerable interest.

"You're the gentlemen I picked up at Belle Marie landing, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I hope I can help you get your man." Again he gave his attention to the Kilby. "Owens isn't going to stop at Rodney," he added; "he's continuing to gain on us, and I'll have to do something to develop more speed."

Sims went down to the other deck and confronted the crowd of excited passengers.

"Friends," said he, "what I want to say is this: the other boat is gaining on us. I don't know what sort of stuff Owens is crowding into the fire-box, but I do know that if we had a few 'sides' of meat and another deckhand on the safety valve, we could do the gaining instead of Owens. What do you say?"

A St. Louis trader stepped forward and said he had the meat. He donated some, and a purse was made up to buy the rest. Several hundred "sides" were ripped out of their cases and hustled to the engine room.

Sims rushed below. "Turn the boys loose, Bill!" he shouted to the engineer, and in a few minutes the choicest of inflammable material was being rammed into the yawning furnaces.

The indicator on the steam-gage crawled up slowly, and as it advanced the engineer opened the valves wider. The increased speed was noted at once.

So close together did the throbs of the engine come that they seemed like a steady vibration. By the time St. Joseph, four miles above Rodney on the left bank, was passed the Memphis was perceptibly lessening the distance that separated her from the other craft.

Abreast of Bruinsburg the boats were so close that Hamilton, Neil, and Ralph, who were watching breathlessly from the hurricane deck, were able to distinguish the faces of passengers aboard the Kilby. And among the faces they distinguished that of Mose Pringle.

"He's there, all right," exulted Ralph, "and we're overhauling the stern-wheeler hand over fist. We'll get him, sure!"

Steadily, inch by inch, the Memphis crept upon her rival. Neither boat thought of making any stops—the race was narrowing down to too exciting a point for that.

Nearly all the passengers destined for the intermediate landings were glad to stay. Many of them had bets on the outcome, and were so wrapped up in the race that they thought of nothing else. Even the Rodney man was now shouting and cheering with the rest.

Off Grand Gulf the boats were so close together that the passengers were able to shout their taunts and defiance across the intervening stretch of water. Pringle caught sight of the three men on the hurricane deck of the Memphis, and immediately afterward he disappeared.

"Do you think he would drop into the river and swim ashore?" asked Neil.

"I don't think he would attempt that," answered Hamilton. "If I could make myself heard in all this hubbub, I'd tell the people on the Kilby what sort of a man Pringle is, and they could hold him for us."

"What are they up to now?" queried Ralph.

A barrel was being rolled toward the engine room of the Kilby. The next moment a roar of delight burst from the Kilby's passengers.

"Turpentine! We're soaking our wood in turpentine!"

"If they do that," commented Hamilton, "they're likely to show us their heels."

The nose of the Memphis was nearly abreast of the Kilby's wheel. Observing this, an idea occurred to Preston.

"If we can gain a few feet more before that turpentine helps them out," said he, "it might be possible for us to spring from the guards to the Kilby's deck."

Hamilton dropped a restraining hand on Neil's arm. Before he could say a word, however, Ralph had started below.

"It's a rash idea, Preston," said Hamilton, "but Ralph has taken it up and we'll have to go after him and see that he doesn't get into trouble."

Ralph had posted himself on the forward

guard, ready to hurl himself aboard the other boat at the favorable moment. But the moment did not come then.

The Kilby was responding swiftly to the roaring fire caused by the turpentine. She lurched ahead amid shouts of derision from her passengers and groans of despair from the Memphis.

The St. Louis trader said there was a lot of butter aboard and, as the "sides" were almost gone, suggested that the tubs be broken open and the butter thrown on the fires. This wanton waste might have been carried out had not an accident that, for a time, promised direful things, happened aboard the Kilby.

In carrying the dripping wood to the furnace the track became saturated with turpentine which, in some manner, caught fire. Like a flash, exultation gave place to dismay.

All hands fell to in the endeavor to extinguish the flames before they should reach the barrel of turpentine. At this critical moment, the "crankiness" of the Kilby manifested itself in a most peculiar manner.

When probably a length ahead of the side-wheeler, she "took a sheer" and ran squarely across the bow of the big boat. The pilot of the Kilby saw there was no use trying to pull the boat back. To stop her was to let the side-wheeler run her down; so he simply pulled the wheel hard down, and the little stern-wheeler actually ran clear around the Memphis, coming up abreast on the starboard side and grinding against the guard.

The big side-wheeler shivered under the impact, and Neil and Ralph, who were standing close together, were almost thrown from their feet. But the moment had come for which they had been waiting.

"Now's the time!" shouted Ralph. "Jump, Preston!"

Simultaneously with the words, Ralph hurled himself to the deck of the Kilby. The boats were again drawing apart as Neil made his leap, yet he made it successfully.

Hamilton, from the deck of the Memphis, saw Ralph rush at Pringle; and then the smoke from the burning timbers of the boat rolled heavily over the scene and blotted it from his eyes.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Startling Disclosure.

PANDEMONIUM reigned on the Kilby. Had it not been for the clear heads of captain and crew, a terrible catastrophe would have resulted.

The barrel of turpentine was rolled into the river, and while the flames were being fought the pilot headed for the landing at New Carthage.

During this exciting time not much attention was paid to Ralph and Neil. Ralph had rushed at Pringle, and the latter had tried to fling something over the side of the boat.

Neil caught the object out of his hand and found it to be a long envelope. This he thrust into his pocket and then gave his assistance to Ralph.

Pringle fought with desperation. Again and again he attempted to pull a revolver from his coat, but the struggle was at such close quarters he found it impossible.

Naturally he could not hope to win with both Neil and Ralph against him, and when his strength was all but gone he surrendered. A rope was found, and the captive's hands were bound at his back, and he was disarmed.

By then the Kilby was lying at the New Carthage wharf, the flames had been extinguished, and the more collected of the passengers were doing their utmost to reassure the others. The Memphis followed the Kilby to the landing and some of her deckhands were sent over to see if they could be of any assistance.

Neil and Ralph took Pringle ashore, and Mr. Hamilton met them on the wharf. The broker's relief was too profound to find expression in words.

"You are well out of a serious predicament," said he, "and the captain of the Kilby has been taught a lesson which he will not soon forget. Of course we want to get back down the river as soon as we can, but I think we are entitled to a little rest and refreshment. We will go to the hotel here and return to Belle Marie to-morrow."

"You've no right to take me with you," demurred Pringle. "What have I done to be treated like this?"

"You shot Joyce," said Mr. Hamilton.

"Did I kill him?"

"He was alive when we left the plantation."

"I did it in self-defense. If I hadn't shot him he'd have done for me."

"You will have an opportunity to explain that all in good time. At present, however, it will be well for you to come with us and not attempt to make any trouble."

Mr. Hamilton led the way into the town, Neil and Ralph following with Pringle between them.

"You've got a package of papers belonging to me," said Pringle to Neil, "and I want it."

"If you are entitled to the package," said Neil, "I'll give it to you after we reach the hotel. If I am not mistaken, you were going to throw the papers over the side of the boat."

Pringle did not reply, but took refuge in a sullen silence. It was dark when they reached the hotel, and after they had been served with supper they took Pringle to a room where they could talk undisturbed.

The prisoner appeared disposed to make the best of his situation. His hands had been freed of the rope while he ate his supper, and it had not been thought necessary to bind them again.

Lighting a cigar, he tilted his chair back against the wall and awaited the further pleasure of his captors.

"What was the trouble between you and Joyce, Pringle?" inquired Mr. Hamilton.

"He came out from Natchez to do me up and got done up himself," was the reply.

"Had it anything to do with that money you tried to find in the basement of the house at Belle Marie?"

"I calculate it had everythin' to do with that. Joyce was fool enough to think I had taken it all without giving him and Kissane a chance at it."

"Did you take any of it?"

"There wasn't any there to take."

"Do you mean to say the cache was empty?"

"When I opened it it was. I wasn't calculatin' to find *all* the money that had been put there, but I was calculatin' to find some."

"Tell us what you know about that?"

"What's the use? You got me downed and the whole thing is bound to come out. Preston there has got a package of papers that will tell you everything. I tried to throw the package overboard, but he was too quick for me."

Neil took the long envelope from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Hamilton. The envelope was neither addressed nor sealed, and Mr. Hamilton drew out two folded papers comprising its contents. One of them was a legal document and the other was a letter.

The letter was addressed to Ralph Wetherell, Rodney, Mississippi, and ran as follows:

DEAR SIR:

I am lying at the point of death and am dictating this letter to my son, who has promised faithfully that he will deliver it into your hands. I have made it a sacred trust, and I am sure he will not fail me.

I have a confession to make that will no doubt astonish you greatly, but I cannot die with such a load of guilt on my soul. The confession concerns itself with your Uncle Whitney Wetherell's money, that was brought up to Belle Marie during the war.

As you perhaps know, your father, your Uncle Whitney, and myself carried the money from the boat and secreted it in the cellar of the house, back of a stone in the north wall, said stone being marked with an "X" so as to be readily found.

Your Uncle Whitney was killed in a duel in New Orleans, your father died suddenly, and I alone was left with the secret of the hidden wealth.

When the war was over, and you wished to borrow money and put the plantation in order, I offered to lend the amount you thought necessary. What I lent you was really your Uncle Whitney's money, which I had privately removed, sent North and exchanged into American funds.

My design was ultimately to secure the plantation, and this is the way I went about it. I do not think I took all the money your Uncle Whitney brought to Belle Marie; undoubtedly you will find more behind the stone in the north wall, but of this I will not be certain.

My conscience has so preyed upon me because of this crime that my life has been shortened by several years. All I can do is to make amends as best I may; and in this you will find, properly executed, a satisfaction of mortgage. All you will have to do will be to file it for record and you will have the plantation free and clear.

I was always well treated by the major, and there was no excuse for my turning upon his children in this way. Had I been arrested, and sent to prison, I could not have suffered one-tenth part as much as I have through the workings of my conscience.

I can only ask you and your sister to forgive me.

JOB PRINGLE.

This astonishing disclosure fairly took Ralph Wetherell's breath. He sat for a few moments as though stunned. Mose Pringle watched him with a leering smile.

"Sort of ridiculous, don't you think, for a man to go and give up a whole lot of money like that?" Mose remarked. "The old man had a pretty hard attack of conscience."

"He gave that letter and the satisfaction of mortgage to you to deliver, did he not?" asked Mr. Hamilton sternly.

"Don't he say so in the letter? Not only that, but he dictated the letter to me."

"Why did you not deliver it?"

"I wasn't so pesky foolish. In the first place, I thought there was more of that British gold in the north wall of the basement. In the next place, I wanted to get hold of the plantation. Nothing like conscience ever troubled me very much."

"I can easily grant you that," said Mr. Hamilton dryly. "It seems strange to me that your father, knowing you as he must have done, should ever have entrusted such important papers to you for delivery."

"It was me or no one. My cousin, Jim Kissane, was north at the time the old man died, but he'd have trusted me quicker than he would Jim."

"So Kissane is a relative of yours?" put in Neil.

"That's the how of it."

"He was interested in your scheme, wasn't he?"

"Yes; and he was the one that rung in Joyce. I showed Jim the old man's letter, and Jim calculated I'd be a fool if I let go my hold on the plantation.

"'Make 'em pay you for it,' says Jim; 'chances are they won't be able to pay, then you can get the place and what gold there is left in the old cellar. I guess I'll help you and get some of it myself,' he says.

"Jim was working the river boats with Joyce, and I told him how young Wetherell had gone to Louisville to collect in some money and made a payment of interest and a little on the principal. Jim allowed he and Joyce had better get the funds from Wetherell.

"They tried it, but Preston was there and called their game. Then they knocked Preston into the river and thought they would still have everything their way.

"Joyce was a graspin' villain. He wanted his share of anything Jim and I should find in the cellar, and said he'd talk if I didn't come to time. I got on a boat and went down the river with him, and he bulldozed me into letting him into the deal along with Jim.

"When we got to Natchez, where we was to meet Kissane, we saw Preston there, and I thought Joyce would have a fit. He didn't feel safe a minute while Preston was around, and sent word right down to New Orleans that Preston had been gambling with money belonging to the firm he worked for.

"Then Joyce found out that the money won from Wetherell, and some more belonging to Preston, was at Bayou Baptiste, and that Wetherell and his sister and Preston were to go after it. That looked like a favorable time for us to do some work at Belle Marie, and we laid our plans accordingly.

"I went to the plantation on the same boat that carried Miss Wetherell, and was considerably disappointed when she didn't get off at the wood-landing with her brother and the nigger. When Joyce and Kissane came along, that night, I met them and we made a try for what was left of Whitney Wetherell's money, but there wasn't any left.

"Jim was reasonable, but we couldn't do a thing with Joyce. He came to the plantation this morning to get even with me. He vowed he'd talk, and swore he'd do this, that and the other, and finally he pulled a gun. Right there, though, I was too quick for him.

"After I shot him, I hid in the woods and waited for a boat to come along. Didn't much care whether it was going up-stream, or down, just so it would take me out of the way for a spell. As hard luck would have it, it was the Kilby, ahead of the Memphis, and racing with her, that came along and took me aboard.

"If it hadn't been for the Kilby, and that race, I calculate I wouldn't be here now. And if Joyce had cashed in before he got a chance to talk, I'd still be after the plantation, and with a fair chance of gettin' it."

Mose Pringle set forth the various details of his villainy with ill-concealed zest. It was plain he labored under the delusion that he had attempted a brilliant *coup*, and had failed only because luck went against him at the last moment.

"You are a conscienceless wretch, Pringle," said Mr. Hamilton. "You deserve severe punishment, and I hope you will get it."

"I won't, though," he grinned, the lids half closing over his yellowish eyes. "Everybody knows what Joyce is, and I can put up a good case of self-defense. When I get clear, I'll travel the river with Jim, and we'll make so much money we won't know what to do with it."

The man who had turned his back on the cards, and the man who was looking to them for a career, gazed at each other fixedly for a few moments.

"Pringle," said Neil earnestly, "take my advice and leave gambling alone."

Pringle laughed cynically.

"Because you lost your nerve and quit," said he, "that ain't any sign some one else can't hang to the cards and win out."

"It is useless to talk to him, Preston," said Mr. Hamilton. "He can't take to the cards until the law is done with him on Joyce's account. If he gets what he deserves, he will have plenty of time to change his mind."

CHAPTER XX.

Neil Returns to New Orleans.

PRINGLE was taken care of by a local constable that night. The constable delivered him to Hamilton, Neil, and Ralph at the wharf, next morning, and they caught a down-river boat.

By a coincidence, the boat happened to be the Belle of Natchez. There were many stops en route to Belle Marie and the plantation was not reached until the middle of the afternoon.

Miss Letty had been on the alert, and when the whistle sounded for the landing she and Gaynor hurried down the slope. They were very anxious to learn whether or not Pringle had been captured, and were not kept long in suspense.

The prisoner, walking between Ralph and Neil, crossed the landing stage to the wharf, and the girl rushed forward to congratulate her brother. Mr. Hamilton followed the prisoner and his captors ashore, shook hands with Gaynor and asked about Joyce.

"The doctor took him to Rodney," the officer replied.

"Will he get well?"

"The doctor thinks his chances are promising."

Pringle turned to Hamilton with his old, leering smile.

"I'll get out of that all right, see if I don't," said he.

Gaynor volunteered to take Pringle to Rodney, and Ralph gave orders for Scip to get out the mules and the wagon. As soon as they had started the rest repaired to the house, and Miss Letty was made acquainted with the details of the exciting chase. Her astonishment equaled Ralph's when she learned that the money borrowed from Job Pringle had really been Uncle Whitney's.

"To think that we had not imagined something like that!" she exclaimed. "It seems so plausible now, it is wonderful we hadn't thought of it before."

"No matter if you had thought of it, Letty," said Mr. Hamilton, "you would have had a hard time proving it. That letter of Job Pringle's to Ralph, however, settles the matter for good and all.

"You no longer have that mortgage to worry you; and the next time you borrow money to fix up the estate you will know better how to expend it, I fancy."

Mr. Hamilton remained at Belle Marie for two days, going over the plantation with Ralph and giving him the benefit of his experience. He pointed out the different things to be done, and told of the best ways to do them; and while he did not discourage the young man in the idea of borrowing more money, he suggested that he and his sister could proceed in a small way with what they had.

This seemed like sound advice, and Miss Letty and Ralph concluded to follow it. After Mr. Hamilton left, Neil remained at the plantation for two weeks.

They were two delightful weeks, crowned with such hospitality as he had never before experienced. As was to be expected, he was thrown a great deal in Miss Letty's society.

During this time Joyce continued to improve until the doctor pronounced him out of danger. Pringle, as soon as it was known that Joyce would get well, was released on bail—Kissane depositing the amount of his bond in cash.

The two thereupon began their campaign on the river. For Pringle the campaign was short.

In a dispute over a game he was so badly beaten that his skull was fractured and he died from the effects of it. It was a fitting end for such a misspent life.

Now that prospects were brightening for the Wetherells, Pap Daniels and Scip were brought to the plantation and domiciled there permanently. It was a beneficial proceeding for both of them.

Pap was assured of peace and plenty in his declining years, and Scip was assured of the strong hand which he so much needed. Ultimately the boy developed into an industrious man and became a credit to his race.

When Neil returned to New Orleans, he and Miss Letty waited for the boat alone at the landing. Neil had something he wanted to say to the girl and had waited until that moment to say it.

"From what you have seen of me, Miss Wetherell," he observed, "do you think I am successfully atoning for the past?"

"From all I can hear," she answered, "there is not much in your past to atone for."

"If I should come back to you in a year——"

"Not for a year?" she echoed, lifting her eyes to his.

In the happiness that thrilled him at the moment, he clasped her hand impulsively.

"If I come back to you in a year," he persisted, his eyes glowing, "with a clear record and a successful name behind me, will you——" He paused, his voice failing him.

"Will I—what?" she asked archly.

"Will you let me tell you how I love you?"

She drew back from him and looked into his face searchingly with her wide, dark eyes. The boat had whistled, and would soon be at the landing.

From up the slope Ralph could be heard tearing down to the river to bid the departing guest good-by.

Letty smiled.

"Come back, Neil, and try," she answered softly. "But you must promise me something."

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"A year is so long!" she whispered; "don't wait a year."

And when the steamboat stood out into the river, Neil was on the cabin deck, leaning over the rail and waving his handkerchief to Letty and her brother.

Yes, he would come back, and before a year had passed. He was going to New Orleans, but his heart he was leaving behind him at Belle Marie!

The End.

HOW NATIONS WEAVE BRIDAL WREATHS.

THE custom of wearing bridal wreaths is observed in nearly all parts of the world where flowers are obtainable, but there is a vast deal of difference in the character of the wreaths themselves.

In Germany these are made of myrtle; in the Black Forest, of hawthorn; in Switzerland, of white roses; England, France, and America still cling to orange blossoms.

Pink carnations and red roses deck the brides of Spain, while those of the Ionian Isles wear vine leaves. Rosemary is the favorite in Bohemia, and in Pesthe ribbon and artificial flowers are blended.

The Norwegian, Swedish, and Servian bridal crowns of silver are very beautiful; and in Bavaria and Silicia one sees them made of fine wire, gold, glass beads, and tinsel, while in Athens filigree work is employed.

Even in pagan days bridal wreaths were important to the bridal toilet.

SONGS FOR MOSQUITO CHOIRS.

Though the Points of the Insect's Arguments Are Driven Home in Such a Manner That None of Their Meaning Is Lost, It May Be Well to Study Their Battle Hymns If One Wants to Join in the Chorus.

THE MOSQUITO'S SONG.

IN the dreary hour of night I'll hie,
When the hum is hushed of the weary fly,
When the lamps are lit and the curtains drawn,
In the festive hall where all is joy,
In the chamber hushed, where the sleepers lie,
In the garden bower, where the primrose smiles,
And the chirping cricket the hour beguiles;
In there I'll sport through the summer night,
And mortals to vex, I'll bite, I'll bite.

There's one I view with an evil eye;
A flame of pride in his breast I spy;
He breathes in a lute with a master's skill,
And listening souls the rich strain fill
With the rapturous thrill of melody;
But he carries his head so haughtily,
I'll play him a trick—in his happiest swell,
When the lingering thrill, with a magic spell,
Holds all entranced, I'll wing my flight,
And pop on his nose, and I'll bite, and I'll bite.

There's a poet I know—in the still midnight
He plies his pen by the taper's light,
And wearied of earth, in a world all his own,
With fancy he rambles where flowers are strown,
Of fadeless hue and he images there
A creation o' beauty in the pure still air,
With the world around from the senses shut out,
He heeds not the buzz of my round about;
But when a new image has broke on his sight,
Ere he gives it existence, I'll bite, I'll bite.

And the long courted vision shall vanish—while I
In a snug little corner shall watch him, so shy,
As he thumps his brow in a burning rage,
And dashes his pen o'er the well-filled page,
I see a young maid in her chamber napping;
And I know that love at her heart is tapping;
She dreams of a youth, and smiles in bliss,
As she pouts out her lips to receive a kiss,
But she shall not taste the gentle delight,
For I'll light on her lips, and I'll bite, I'll bite.

SURE DEATH TO MOSQUITOES.

EACH day we pick the papers up and read of some new way
To squelch the bad mosquito in his irritating play;
They tell us if we burn a lot of sulphur in the room
'Twill send the skeeter scurrying ahead to meet his doom—
But if you do not care to breathe the sulphuretic mist
You'll find it just as certain if you slap him on the wrist.

Also they've found a little worm—a parasitic pest
That loves to hit the skeeter in the center of his vest
And make him feel a bitter, green cucumber sort of twinge,
And twist his spinal column till it doubles like a hinge.
If there's no paregoric, then the skeeter will be missed—
But he is dead and done for if you slap him on the wrist.

'Tis said that giving him a bath in crude petroleum
Will make him fold his vibrant wings and make his voice be dumb;
Or if you spray him carefully with strong formaldehyde
Into the dim hereafter he will most serenely glide:

Some eucalyptus ointment, too, will cause
him to desist—
But you are sure to kill him if you slap
him on the wrist.

The latest theory is that if you will find
his key—
The note upon the scale that he regards
with lively glee,
The zippy, zoomy, zizzy note he sings as
swift he flies—
And play it for him; when you do, the
bold mosquito dies.
But why prolong the agony? Why finish
out the list?
It's safe to bet he's dead if you have
slapped him on the wrist.

Chicago Tribune.

WHAT THE MOSQUITO SANG.

"H—U—M! hum! shut your eyes, sir.
The noise you hear is flies, sir:
Awh—m! don't be scared, sir.
Go to sleep—your sheets are aired, sir.
Hu—m—a hymn it is I'm singing.
Its music in your ear is ringing.
I won't sting you, sting you, s—t—i—ng!
I'd scorn to do so mean a thing!
A h—u—m—*bug* it is. *I* don't bite.
Take care! don't slap; I never fight.
Slap! whang!
Take care, you nearly *hit* me.
'Twas me, 'twas *me*, my friend, that bit
ye.
There—there again! it comes to blows.
You fool, it didn't touch your nose!
What in the world's the use of slapping
Your own face, when you should be nap-
ping?
A he—m! Don't be alarmed;
You really ought to be quite charmed.
H—u—m! hum! Don't play the boy;
I merely sang your lullaby.
A whang again! there, *there* you go!
No use—you can't hit *me*, you know.
Now go to sleep. Oh ho! you're going.
Now for a feast, my friend: I 'go in.'
All right—he's gone; I'll have my fill.
So now, old Sleepy, here's my *bill*."

Harper's Magazine.
1854.

A HERALD OF SUMMER.

I'M the very first mosquito of the year—
(Hear my song.)
I am singing tenor solos in your ear
Good and strong.
I was bred on the Patapsco,
And I'll see where morning naps go.
What care I where all your slaps go!
Hear my song,
O hear my song.
I'm the very first mosquito of the year.

I'm the very first mosquito of the year—
(Hear my song.)
But I will not be the last one, never fear,
You're all wrong.
For in April there'll be millions,
And in May there will be billions,
And in August undecillions—
Hear my song,
My high G song.
I'm the very first mosquito of the year.

I'm the very first mosquito of the year—
(Hear my song.)
Thought I'd beat your bed's mosquito
cover here—
Was I wrong?
Always aim to strike the city.
Founders' Day, though the committee
Doesn't like my little ditty—
Hear my song,
My bugle song.
I'm the very first mosquito of the year.

When Lord Baltimore first landed I was
here—
With my song.
And I did my cornet solo in his ear
Good and strong.
Never saw a fellow swear so,
Fan the air and tear his hair so,
He declared he couldn't bear so
Bad a song—
My madd'ning song.
For I was the first mosquito of that year.

Yes, I'm the first mosquito of the year—
(Hear my song.)
And I am happier than you are 'cause I'm
here
With my gong.
You may bar me, smudge and smoke me,
You may slap me, you may poke me,
You may curse me or may joke me—
But my song,
Goes right along.
I'm the very first mosquito of the year.

They have found a bug to kill me, so I
hear—
(Hear my song.)
But it cannot with my pleasure interfere
Very long.
It will be the same old story
When I tune my bugle gory
With my song,
My killing song.
For I am the first mosquito of the year.

Baltimore American.

LIBRARIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Two Centuries Before the Beginning of the Christian Era Egypt Had a Collection of Seven Hundred Thousand Volumes of Manuscript, Which Finally Supplied Four Thousand Baths with Fuel for Six Months.

IN the United States there are several libraries that have on their shelves more than half a million volumes. The Congressional Library, in Washington, and the New York Public Library have more than a million each. Foreign libraries have even more. The Bibliothèque National, of Paris, has 3,000,000; the British Museum has 2,000,000; and the Imperial Library, of St. Petersburg, has 1,500,000. Some of these institutions have collections of manuscripts, but nearly all of the volumes mentioned above are products of the printing-press.

But however wonderful these vast treasuries of knowledge may appear, they sink back into the commonplace when we read of the libraries that were accumulated by the ancients. Since the invention of the printing-press the supply of books for big libraries has presented no very formidable obstacle. But when we consider that every volume in one of those ancient libraries was carefully written by hand, we are fairly staggered by the fact that the Alexandrian Library, in Egypt, held within its walls no fewer than seven hundred thousand volumes, two centuries before the birth of Christ.

The earliest library on record is that of Osymandyas, who reigned in Egypt B.C. 1754 (?). He caused this inscription to be placed over the door: "The Treasury of Remedies for the Soul."

Diodorus Siculus mentions a considerable library at Susa, the residence of the Persian kings. The Temple of Vulcan, at Memphis, in Egypt, contained a valuable library, as the assailants and defenders of Homer have ample reason to know, from the warm controversy respecting the alleged theft of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

All preceding collections of which we have any record are eclipsed by the Alexandrian Library, founded by Ptolemy Soter, B.C. 290. It was designed by him for the use of an academy of his institution, and was contained in the Bruchion, where were 400,000 volumes; to which Ptolemy Philadelphus added the library in the Serapeum, which was augmented until it numbered 300,000 volumes; making the Alexandrian Library to consist of 700,000 volumes.

Much zeal was evinced by Ptolemy Eurgetes in adding to his literary stores; the Athenians were not the only sufferers, but a vigilant watch was kept for all books imported into Egypt, which were seized, carried off to the academy, transcribed, and then placed on the shelves of the library.

It is but justice, however, to Eurgetes to state that he was careful to deliver the copies to the rightful owners of the originals. This is much more than modern book-borrowers do, as all who are mourning over lent volumes can testify.

After the lapse of two hundred and forty-three years (B.C. 47) the library in the Bruchion (of 400,000 volumes) was accidentally consumed by fire, by the auxiliary soldiers under Julius Cæsar. The library of the Serapeum, however, increased in numbers until it exceeded the whole of the former collections.

An important contribution was received from Mark Antony, who presented Cleopatra with the Peruragean Library, consisting of 200,000 volumes.

The Alexandrian Library was often plundered, but maintained its bulk by new accessions until A.D. 640, when it was barbarously destroyed by the Saracens by order of the Calif Omar.

The philosopher Philoponus, by his zealous effort to save his precious storehouse, precipitated its ruin. He solicited Amron, the Mohammedan chief, to give him the books of philosophy.

Amron declined acting until he could obtain permission from the Calif, and accordingly stated Philoponus' request to his master. The reply was brief, and, no doubt, to the Calif's mind, perfectly unanswerable.

"If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, or Book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved: if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed."

This noble collection, which had now numbered nine hundred and thirty years since its foundation by Ptolemy Soter, was distributed among the four thousand baths of Alexandria, and supplied them with fuel for six months!

Whether actuated by remorse or not, we cannot tell; but certain it is that the Saracens afterward collected large libraries—especially at Tripolis, in Syria, and at Cordova, in Spain, which latter contained 250,000 volumes.

Tournament Scene From "Ivanhoe."

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832) was the first of the great romantic writers of modern England. As a boy he showed an extraordinary fondness for collecting and learning by heart the legends and old-time ballads which were current in that part of Scotland where he was born. Grown older, he found equal pleasure in studying the records and traditions of early English and Scottish history.

From childhood he had a remarkable gift for story-telling, and would weave together strange and curious bits of antique lore for the delight of his companions. Later, he became for a while the most popular poet in Great Britain by publishing a series of romantic poems, among which "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Rokeby" have endured the test of time.

In 1814 Scott turned from poetry to prose and published anonymously the historical novel "Waverley," which took the whole English reading world by storm. This triumph was repeated in the splendid novels which followed in rapid succession. Between 1815 and 1825 twelve of these so-called Waverley novels came from his pen. They were translated into all the languages of Europe and exercised a profound influence upon the whole subsequent history of European fiction. Had Scott never written we would probably not have had the romances of Alexandre Dumas.

The Waverley novels may be grouped under two heads—novels of Scottish life, and novels based upon incidents of English history. Of the former, the greatest are "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," and "Old Mortality." Of the latter, the most famous are "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," and "The Talisman."

Scott may be said to have created the historical novel and to have quickened by means of it the national pride of his countrymen. At the time of his death he was recognized as a great public character, so that when in his last illness he went abroad in search of health, the British Government placed a man-of-war at his disposal.

The romance of "Ivanhoe," from which this selection has been taken, is the most spirited and stirring picture of the age of chivalry which English literature contains. It is a vivid fiction-drama, woven throughout with historic facts and vivified by the glow of a powerful imagination. It touches a remote period of the past and makes it live again, revealing with bold, free strokes a wonderful succession of thrilling adventures, while every page of it is true to life, instinct with human passion, and profound in its knowledge of human nature.

THE lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators, rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and at the same time, setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with the usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor.

The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honor to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!"—to which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments.

When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite end of the lists.

Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets, and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings.

It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little—

> The knights are dust
> And their good swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of their castles. The castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins—the place that once knew them, knows them no more—nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank!

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders.

As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced.

With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself.

The lower orders of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more specific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Boeuf rolled on the ground.

The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse.

The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds, and the clangor of the trumpets announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited.

The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, among whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the

challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them, seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success.

Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field; the challengers were still successful. One of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*—that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter there was a considerable pause: nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although with the arms of his Saxon ancestors he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier.

He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric in a marked tone; "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée*; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming, "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times.

Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists.

As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies by lowering his lance.

The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out: "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaler's shield; he has the least sure seat; he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de

Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun, for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; "and to requite it I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice, for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained.

Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon its haunches.

The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared at each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their vizors, each made a demivolte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter: the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible.

Fair and true he hit the Norman on the vizor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation, and had not the girths of his saddle burst he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment, and, stung with madness both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances between them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "to all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth encounter, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and, passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the award of the prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

The Damascus Seen by Saul of Tarsus Still Exists, Presenting the same Scenes and Cherishing the same Customs That Characterized it 1,000 Years Ago.

IF you were suddenly asked to name the oldest city in the world which is still in a flourishing condition, what would be your answer?

In nine cases out of ten, the person to whom such a query might be propounded would hark back to Egypt, Greece, or Rome. He would be wrong. The oldest city in the world is Damascus.

Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and the Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an isle of verdure in the desert; "a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries.

It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Strait, in which it was said "he prayed," still runs through the city.

The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height and was afraid to enter "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "Eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with gold and silver, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united—called damaskeening—with which boxes, bureaus, and swords are ornamented.

MISMATED MEN OF GENIUS.

Some Distinguished Writers, Artists, and Composers Who Were Rather Less Fortunate in Choosing Wives with Congenial Temperaments Than in Following the Paths That Led Them on to Fame.

IN writing on the subject of the influence of matrimony on men of genius, E. P. Whipple mentioned the cases of several who, like Molière and Rousseau, have had unsympathetic wives. Among these was Sir Walter Scott who, while walking with his wife in the fields one day, called her attention to some lambs, remarking that they were beautiful.

"Yes," echoed she, "lambs are beautiful —boiled!"

That incomparable essayist and chirping philosopher, Montaigne, married but once. When his good wife left him, he shed the tears usual on such occasions, and said he would not marry again, though it were to Wisdom herself.

A young painter of great promise once told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had taken a wife. "Married!" ejaculated the horrified Sir Joshua; "then you are ruined as an artist."

Michael Angelo, when asked why he never married, replied:

"I have espoused my art, and that occasions me sufficient domestic cares; for my works shall be my children."

The wives of Dante, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Steele, shed no glory on the sex, and brought no peace to their firesides.

The list of "unhappily married" is large and brilliant. It includes William Beckford, the author of "Vathek," who, however, does not seem to have deserved a happy life, whose enormous fortune and great talents were alike wasted.

Lord Lytton was also unhappily, though romantically, married, and a large part, at least, of the subsequent misery was due to his temper and conduct. But perhaps full justice has not been done to the ill effects of the long and hard struggle with poverty, which he maintained with such success, but with such constant labor, during many years.

The temperaments of Charles Dickens and his wife were so different that they lived apart for several years preceding the great novelist's death.

Lord and Lady Byron separated about a year after their marriage and they never met again.

Sir Henry Irving and his wife spent the last years of their married life in separate homes.

Haydn's marriage was unhappy. In 1758 Haydn had, after great struggles, got so far as to obtain a musical directorship with Count Morzin and settled in Vienna. His salary was only 200 florins, but he had board and lodging free. Many pupils came to him, and among others two daughters of the hairdresser Keller.

Haydn fell deeply in love with the younger, but his affection was not returned, for she entered a convent and became a nun.

Father Keller, who was very familiar with Haydn and had helped him often in earlier times with small loans, persuaded the young composer to marry his elder daughter, and the marriage was celebrated November 26, 1760.

Maria Anna was, however, no wife for Joseph Haydn. She was extravagant, bigoted, scolded all day, and was utterly uncompanionable to a musician.

Finally she became so bad that she only did what she thought would annoy her husband. She dressed in the prevailing fashion, unsuited to her position, invited clerical men to her table, tore Haydn's written musical scores and made curl-papers of them, etc., and yet Haydn bore it all as well as he could. How he was able to create those lovely, sunny tone-pictures in the "Seasons," including the love-making between Haanchen and Lucas, and that sweet duet between Adam and Eve in the "Creation," is a riddle.

In one letter he says: "My wife is mostly sick, and is always in a bad temper. It is the same to her whether her husband is a shoemaker or an artist."

After he had suffered this state of things in a miserable marriage of thirty-two years he seemed exhausted, and wrote, then a renowned composer, to a friend from London:

"My wife, that infernal woman, has written me such horrible things that I will not return home again."

At last Haydn separated from his wife and placed her as a boarder with a schoolmaster in Baden, where she died in 810. Her memory was always disagreeable to him, even after her death.

When showing her portrait to a friend in his household in 1805, Haydn answered, on being asked who she was: "That is my wife; she has often infuriated me."

THE OWNERS OF THE SOIL.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.*

THE man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that, by the law of the land in which he lives, he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, feels more strongly than another the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is *his*—his from the center to the sky! It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.

Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit-tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath-bell, which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents lay down to rest, and where, when *his* time has come, he shall be laid by his children.

These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the very life-springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.

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* EDWARD EVERETT was an American of culture, of elegance, of scholarship, at a time when culture and elegance and scholarship were not commonly met with in America. He was clergyman, professor, public lecturer, diplomat, statesman; he held positions as eminent yet as separated as president of Harvard College and Secretary of State, and at other times between his birth, in 1794, and his death, in 1865, he was editor of the *North American Review*, member of Congress and of the Senate, Governor of Massachusetts, minister to Great Britain. This is the man who pronounced so moving a panegyric on the life of the farmer.

Little Glimpses of the 19th Century.*

The Great Events in the History of the Last One Hundred Years, Assembled so as to Present a Nutshell Record.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

FOURTH DECADE.

1831 **POLITICAL** disorder in Greece becoming increasingly serious, the President, Capo d'Istria, attempted restrictive measures which were violently resented. His opponents burned the Greek fleet at Hydra to prevent its falling into his hands. On October 9 Capo d'Istria was assassinated; his brother succeeded him and headed the government for a short time.

To suppress the Polish rebellion, Russia sent an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men into Poland, under Diebitsch. A bloody but indecisive campaign followed. The Russians were defeated in several battles, but Polish expeditions into Lithuania and Volhynia failed completely; and cholera, which had spread from India, devastated both armies, General Diebitsch being among the first to die. The Polish struggle for independence, however, was a hopeless one. The Russians received assistance from Prussia and Austria, while the Poles ruined their cause by their internal dissensions. On September 7 Paskievitch, who had succeeded Diebitsch, took Warsaw, and the rebellion was crushed. The Polish language was forbidden in the schools, and all who had taken part in the rising were ruthlessly punished.

In Italy, a revolt of Modena and Bologna against Papal rule was put down by Austria, Metternich insisting on extirpating all attempts at reform; but France, which had approved Austrian intervention, compelled both the Papal States and Austria to grant a few concessions to the people. The disputed status of Belgium was settled by a conference in London, the country being separated from Holland and established as a kingdom, with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg as King. Luxemburg was claimed by both Holland and Belgium, and a Dutch army advanced to support the pretensions of the former. France thereupon sent an expedition into Belgium to defend her neighbor and protegée; but the other powers compelled both forces to withdraw, the question of Luxemburg being left for future settlement.

The States of the German Federation sought to stamp out liberalism, and there began a heavy emigration, many of the emigrants coming to America. Riots in England because the House of Lords rejected a bill to reform the election system, which the Commons had passed; the houses of several of the opponents of reform were burned. Trade in England unsettled, and cholera was added to destitution.

In the United States general prosperity prevailed, and there was a heavy westward migration. The abolitionist movement progressed; Garrison's *Liberator* was founded. France agreed to pay the United States five million dollars for damage to shipping during the Napoleonic wars. Schoolcraft discovered the source of the Mississippi. Chicago organized as a town. New York the first of the States to abolish imprisonment for debt.

Alizarin, the foundation of anilin dyes was separated by Robiquet and Colin, of Paris, and Michael Faraday made his great discovery of magneto-electric induction. James Monroe; Georg Hegel, German philosopher; Barthold Niebuhr, German historian; Mrs. Siddons, English actress, and James Northcote, English painter, died.

POPULATION — Washington, D. C., 18,826; New York (including boroughs now forming Greater New York), 242,278; New York (Manhattan), 202,589; London (Metropolitan District, census 1831), 1,447,069; London (old city), 125,574; United States, 12,860,702; Great Britain and Ireland (census 1831), 24,322,332.

RULERS—United States, Andrew Jackson; Great Britain, George IV, died June 26, succeeded by William IV; France, Charles X, deposed, succeeded by Louis Philippe; Spain, Ferdinand VII; Prussia, Frederick William III; Russia, Nicholas I; Austria, Francis I; Pope Pius VIII died March 31, 1830. The Papacy remained vacant until the following year. On February 2 Cardinal Capellari became Pope, with the title of Gregory XVI.

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1832 **OTTO**, son of the King of Bavaria, became King of Greece. Switzerland divided into two antagonistic federations of cantons; federal government intervened, and tranquillity was restored. Failure of the Duchesse de Berry to incite rebellion

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against the rule of Louis Philippe. Disturbances in Portugal, owing to the misrule of Dom Miguel, who was acting as regent for the girl queen, Maria da Gloria, daughter of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. Miguel impoverished the country and persecuted legitimists and foreigners; fleets were sent by France and England to protest; and with their support Dom Pedro, who had resigned the crown, landed in Portugal and attacked Miguel.

Malays at Quallah Buteau, in Sumatra, punished by an American force under Commodore Downs for killing American sailors and plundering the American vessel Friendship. President Jackson opposed "wild cat" banks, and vetoed bill for a renewal of the charter of the United States Bank at Philadelphia. Nullification in South Carolina and the Federal tariff laws repudiated. Calhoun resigned as Vice-President and was immediately elected United States Senator from South Carolina. Jackson sent troops to Charleston to collect the Federal revenues. Renewed trouble with the Seminoles, on an attempt being made to remove them from Florida. The Sacs and Foxes also rose in Wisconsin, but were defeated, Black Hawk being taken prisoner. Cholera epidemic in New York. Horse-cars began running in New York. Abolitionist Society founded in Boston.

Egyptians, under Mehemet Ali, invaded Turkish territory and defeated the Turks. Repressive measures in Germany against the press and political meetings. The actions of Papal soldiers caused renewed disturbances in Italy; Austria sent troops again, and France landed a force at Ancona to check Austria.

The Chartist movement in England assumed a definite organized form; Lord Grey's ministry resigned; insistent demands for reform; rioters tried, and several condemned to death; King William attacked by a mob; the Duke of Wellington insulted; Wellington tried to form a new ministry, failed, and Lord Grey was recalled; twenty new peers were created and the Reform Bill was finally forced through the Lords. Under the new order the Commons had 142 fewer seats, and 41 cities, including Manchester and Birmingham, hitherto without representation, were granted members.

Sir Walter Scott, Goethe, Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon; Charles Carroll, last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence; Georges Cuvier, naturalist; Sir James Mackintosh, philosopher, and George Crabbe, poet, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

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1833 **OPPOSITION** to the abolitionist movement bitter in America. Northern travelers in the South subjected to violence; antislavery meetings broken up; office of Berry's *Philanthropist*, at Cincinnati, and Lovejoy's *Observer*, at Alton, Ill., destroyed. Wendell Phillips became a leader of the antislavery movement. Nullification ordinance in South Carolina repealed; on the other hand, Congress adopted the Compromise Tariff, reducing duties on imports. Davy Crockett began a war for Texan independence. A convent in Charlestown, Mass., burned by a mob.

In Portugal, Dom Miguel was driven from Lisbon, and his navy destroyed by Dom Pedro's fleet, commanded by Sir Charles Napier. Civil war also arose in Spain, Don Carlos claiming the throne upon the death of Ferdinand VII. Peace treaty between Turkey and Egypt; Russia obtained concessions from Turkey by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, and thereby aroused the opposition of other European powers. Anti-tithe agitation in Ireland; resistance suppressed by force; state of the country deplorable. Tractarian movement in England. A Quaker was admitted to Parliament on affirmation, but a bill to relieve Jews of civil disabilities was thrown out. Slavery abolished in all British territory, twenty million pounds being voted as reimbursement to slave-owning planters in the colonies. On this bill Gladstone made his maiden speech, defending his father's record as a slaveholder.

The "young Italy" party active; Mazzini exiled. German States continued to use stringent methods for stamping out radicalism. Polish refugees expelled from Germany and many come to America.

Electromagnetic telegraph set up at Goettingen, Germany. Legendre, French mathematician; William Wilberforce, English statesman; John Randolph, of Roanoke; Edmund Kean, English actor, and Hannah More, English author, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that Isabella succeeded Ferdinand VII as ruler of Spain.

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1834 **SOUTH CAROLINA** Railroad built from Charleston, S. C., to Hamburg, S. C., a distance of one hundred and thirty-four miles—the longest line then in existence. Indian Territory set apart, and several tribes transferred to it. Thomas Davenport, of Brandon, Vt., built a toy electric road that embodied many of the principles used forty years later in trolley construction. Jackson censured by Congress for removing government deposits from the United States Bank; specie payments resumed after thirty years' suspension. Abolitionist movement gained in strength, and bitter debates resulted in Congress; accusation made that anti-abolition postmasters rifled the mails of abolitionist literature.

China took from the British East India Company its monopoly of the opium trade; British ships on the Canton River fired on. Trades union strikes general through-

out England. The houses of Parliament almost totally destroyed by fire. Violence and labor troubles in France. Civil disorders continued in Spain and Portugal; but the strife in the latter country was ended by the submission of Dom Miguel on May 22. In Spain the cause of Don Carlos was maintained by Zumalacarregui, a guerrilla chieftain of Navarre, whom the government was unable to suppress. Capital of Greece removed to Athens. University of Brussels founded.

Charles Lamb and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, English authors; Joseph Jacquard, inventor of the Jacquard loom; the Marquis de Lafayette; Schleiermacher, German theologian; Thomas Malthus, English economist; Thomas Stothard, English artist; Susan Cromwell, last direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

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1835 **ATTEMPT** made to remove the Seminoles from Florida, and war followed; Micanopy and Osceola, Indian leaders, were successful in fights at Fort King and near Wahoo Swamp, but were defeated by General Clinch on the Big Withlacoochee. Inhabitants of Texas successfully resisted a Mexican force under Santa Anna. Fire in New York City caused a loss of twenty million dollars. Colt revolver patented.

In England, Peel's ministry was wrecked on the Irish Church question; Melbourne again formed a cabinet. Orange lodges abolished by the Duke of Cumberland, head of the Orange order, it having been charged that the duke was conspiring to seize the crown on the death of his brother, William IV. South Australia became an English crown colony; Melbourne founded. War between the English and Kaffirs in South Africa; friction between the Dutch and English settlers; Dutch migration over the Orange River.

John Marshall, American jurist; Karl von Humboldt, German philologist and statesman; William Cobbett, English reformer and journalist, and Mrs. Hemans, English poet, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that Ferdinand succeeded Francis I as Emperor of Austria.

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1836 **FIGHTING** with the Creeks in Georgia and Alabama added to the trouble with the Seminoles; Creeks subdued, and many forced beyond the Mississippi; Seminoles driven to the Everglades. "Gag law" to exclude antislavery petitions passed by Congress. In Texas, the Mexicans under Santa Anna captured the Alamo at San Antonio, and slaughtered its defenders, including Bowie and Crockett; but on April 21 the Mexican general was decisively defeated at San Jacinto, and taken prisoner. Texas became an independent republic. Arkansas admitted to the union. James Smithson, an English merchant, left half a million dollars to the United States, "for the diffusion of knowledge"; it was used to establish the institution now bearing his name.

The French met with reverses in Algeria. Louis Bonaparte attempted an insurrection against the government of Louis Philippe, but failed, and fled to the United States. Magyar and Slav opposition to Austrian rule; Louis Kossuth sentenced to imprisonment for circulating speeches in Magyar language. First railroad in Canada opened. Continuation of Carlist rebellion in Spain; Portugal abolished its slave trade. Boers in South Africa continued their northward trek; many slaughtered by Zulus. Adelaide, South Australia, settled.

The British Parliament passed a bill for municipal reform in Ireland, granted the right of counsel to persons accused of felony, and abolished the law ordering the execution of a murderer within forty-eight hours of his conviction. Wheatstone sent messages for a distance of four miles with his electromagnetic telegraph. Alpaca cloth first manufactured in England and America. English stamp tax on newspapers reduced. Charles Dickens began the publication of "The Pickwick Papers."

Among the famous people who died in 1836 were Aaron Burr, ex-President James Madison, James Hogg, Scottish poet; André Ampère, French scientist, and Mme. Malibran, Spanish singer.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

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1837 **A YEAR** of financial panic and specie stringency in the United States. Attempt in the Senate to censure ex-President John Quincy Adams, who had become a Congressman from Massachusetts, for his attitude on antislavery petitions. Henry Clay began a movement for international copyright. Michigan admitted to the Union. Chicago incorporated as a city. Work begun on the Croton aqueduct, to supply New York with water. First railroad in Cuba opened.

Queen Victoria's reign began June 20, her first prime minister being Lord Melbourne. The kingdom of Hanover was now separated from the British crown; Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and brother of William IV, became its King. There was a short-lived revolt in Goettingen because of King Ernest's action in substituting a less liberal constitution for the one then in operation, and in dismissing professors who protested.

A rebellion broke out in Canada, under the leadership of Papineau in Lower Canada (Quebec) and of Mackenzie in Upper Canada (Ontario). Froebel opened

his first kindergarten at Blankenburg. Constantine, Algeria, captured by the French. In South Africa, the Boers, under Maritz and Potgieter, defeated Dingaan's Zulus, December 16; the anniversary of the battle has ever since been celebrated as Dingaan's Day.

François Fourier, French socialist; Alessandro Leopardi, Italian poet, and Alexander Pushkin, Russian author, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that Martin Van Buren became President of the United States, and Queen Victoria succeeded her uncle, William IV, as sovereign of England.

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1838 THE remainder of the Cherokees ejected from their lands in Georgia by State troops, in violation of treaties with the Federal government. Nearly five thousand of the Indians died of hunger and exposure in making their way to the Indian Territory. The Seminoles renewed war in Florida; Osceola treacherously captured, and died in Fort Moutrie; Zachary Taylor, leader of the American troops, forced the Indians back to the Everglades. The Mormons were driven from their settlement at Nauvoo, Ill., and started westward to the Great Salt Lake.

Papineau's rebellion in Canada suppressed by loyalists and British troops; Lord Durham, sent out as special commissioner to investigate the causes of Canadian discontent, proclaimed an amnesty. Father Theobald Mathew began his temperance crusade in Cork, Ireland. Chartist movement strong in England; demands for the ballot and other reforms presented to Parliament. Heroic action of Grace Darling in rescuing survivors of the wrecked vessel Forfarshire, in the Farne Islands.

Mexico and the Argentine Republic became involved in war with France; the French bombarded Vera Cruz and blockaded Buenos Ayres. Continued conflict between Boers and Zulus and friction between Boers and English in South Africa. The steamer Great Western crossed from Bristol to New York in fifteen days.

Talleyrand, French diplomat, and John Stevens, American engineer, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

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1839 ANTI-RENT disturbances in New York State; settled by the Dutch patroonates of tenants being permitted to purchase the ground. Abolitionists met at Warsaw, N. Y., and planned to form a political party. Goodyear patented his method of vulcanizing rubber. First normal school for teachers started in Massachusetts.

Queen Victoria betrothed to her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Chinese Emperor tried to stop the opium trade, and ordered the destruction of eighteen million dollars' worth of the drug, imported from British India, at Canton. Several encounters ensued between the Chinese and British, and a strong naval force was ordered to the scene of the trouble. England also at war with Afghanistan; Candahar and Kabul captured; Shah Shuja made ruler under British protection. Aden, in Arabia, captured and annexed to the British dominions.

In England, a uniform penny postal rate was introduced by Sir Rowland Hill. Civil war in Spain temporarily ended; Spain almost ruined financially and industrially. France withdrew from Mexico, having received six million dollars indemnity; revolt in Paris suppressed with much bloodshed. Austria and France withdrew their troops from the Papal States. War between Egypt and Turkey; Egypt victorious. Perpetual neutrality of Belgium guaranteed.

Dr. Theodore Schwann published his theory of the cellular construction of plants and animals. Daguerre announced his invention of the sun prints since known as daguerreotypes. Bonaparte's mother, William Smith, English geologist; Lady Hester Stanhope, Joseph Schelling, German philosopher, and John Galt, Scottish author, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

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1840 FAMOUS "hard cider and log cabin" campaign in the United States, ending in the defeat of Van Buren and the election of William Henry Harrison as President, with John Tyler as Vice-President. New Mexico declared itself independent of Mexico. Upper and Lower Canada reunited. Hawaii recognized as an independent kingdom.

On February 10 Queen Victoria was married to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. Young Ireland movement started. Continuation of the war between China and England; England successful in many engagements. Khelat, in Baluchistan, lost by the British in July, regained in November. Chartist petition with a million and a quarter signatures presented to Parliament; demands refused. Sir James Brooke helped the Sultan of Borneo to quell a native uprising.

In France, Louis Napoleon landed at Boulogne and made another attempt at insurrection; captured and imprisoned in the fortress of Ham. Napoleon's body removed from St. Helena to Paris. Maria Cristina, Queen Regent of Spain, forced to leave the country; General Espartero made regent.

Among the celebrities who died in 1840 were Nicolo Paganini, Italian violinist; Marshal MacDonald, French soldier; Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the great

Napoleon, and George Bryan, famous as Beau Brummel.

RULERS—United States, Martin Van Buren; Great Britain, Victoria; France, Louis Philippe; Spain, Isabella II, with her mother, Maria Cristina, as regent; Prussia, Frederick William IV; Russia, Nicholas I: Austria, Ferdinand; Pope, Gregory XVI.

POPULATION — Washington, D. C., 23,364; New York (including boroughs now forming Greater New York), 391,114; New York (Manhattan), 312,710; London (Metropolitan District, census 1841), 1,873,676; London (old city), 125,009; United States, 17,017,723; Great Britain and Ireland (census of 1841), 27,019,558.

WIT OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

A Garnering of Old Jokes from the Classics Impresses the Reader with the Fact that Modern Wit Isn't as New as it Ought to Be.

WE moderns find it hard to improve on the ancients, except in such insignificant conveniences as speed in traveling. Even our humor is in large part no more than the retailored mummies of Roman, Greek, and Egyptian humor—which means, of course, that those ancients merely resurrected the jokes of their own dim ancestors. Humor comes before speech.

The Greeks had a pretty wit. And how modern the old Greek jokes do sound!

A truly didactic saying is attributed by Aelian to the Spartan magistrates. "When certain persons from Clazomenæ had come to Sparta and smeared with soot the seats on which the Spartan magistrates sat discharging public duties; on discovering what had been done and by whom, they expressed no indignation, but merely ordered a proclamation to be made, 'Let it be lawful for the people of Clazomenæ to make blackguards of themselves.'"

A number of apothegms, proverbs, or sayings of more or less wit occur in the collected works of Plutarch, although Schneidewin does not hesitate to attribute those to some impostor usurping his name. At any rate, they are handily classified, and form a bulky addition to Mr. Paley's translated specimens.

Here is a brief and bright saying which this writer attaches to King Archelaus, when a talkative barber, trimming his beard, asked him, 'How shall I cut it?"

"In silence," replied the king.

The anecdote recalls one of Charles II's bragging barbers, who boasted to him he could cut his majesty's throat when he would—a boast for which he was only dismissed; though for a like rash vaunt, according to Peter Cunningham, the barber of Dionysius was crucified.

To return to Plutarch, he tells the following stories, both good in their way, of Philip of Macedon.

In passing sentence on two rogues, he ordered one to leave Macedonia with all speed, and the other to try to catch him.

No less astute was his query as to a strong position he wished to occupy, which was reported by the scouts to be almost impregnable.

"Is there not," he asked, "even a pathway to it wide enough for an ass laden with gold?"

Philip, too, according to Plutarch, is entitled to the fatherhood of an adage which retains its ancient fame about "calling a spade a spade."

Another sample of a witty saying from Plutarch's mint is one attributed to Themistocles, that his son was the strongest man in Greece.

"For," said he, "the Athenians rule the Hellenes, I rule the Athenians, your mother rules me, and you rule your mother."

Others are connected with ornithology, like the apothegm of one who plucked the feathers from a nightingale, and, finding it a very small bird, exclaimed:

"You little wretch, you're nothing but voice!"

And again, the repartee of a Laconian to a man of Sparta who twitted him with being unable to stand as long as himself on one leg.

"No!" replied the other, "but my goose can."

An anecdote of Strabo gives a vivid picture of the clashing of a harper's performances with the sounding of a bell for opening of the fish market. All the audience vanished at once save a little deaf man.

The harper expressed himself unutterably flattered at his having resisted the importunity of the bell.

"What!" cried the deaf man, "has the fish bell rung? Then I'm off, too. Good-by!"

A Chapter on Puns.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

THEODORE HOOK (1788-1841) belonged to that singularly fortunate class of writers whose fame was greater while they lived than after death closed the book of life. To present-day readers Hook is known only as the subject of many a merry anecdote, the coiner of epigrams and one of the most celebrated practical jokers of his time.

But among his contemporaries Theodore Hook was something more. Before he was twenty years old farces and comic operas from his pen had been successfully produced on the London stage, and he was a pet of London society. When he was thirty he was the editor of the Tory paper *John Bull*, and the novels that he published at this period attained a high degree of popularity.

As a punster Hook had few equals, and "A Chapter on Puns," which is herewith reprinted for the readers of THE SCRAP BOOK constitutes an excellent specimen of the sort of humor for which its author was famous.

THERE is one class of people who, with a depravity of appetite not excelled by that of the celebrated Anna Maria Schurman, who rejoiced in eating spiders, thirst after puns. If you fall in with these, you have no resource but to indulge them to their heart's content; but in order to rescue yourself from the imputation of believing punning to be wit, quote the definition of Swift, and be, like him, as inveterate a punster as you possibly can, immediately after resting everything, and hazarding all, upon the principle that the worse the pun the better.

In order to be prepared for this sort of *punic* war (for the disorder is provocative and epidemic), the moment any one gentleman or lady has, as they say in Scotland, "let a pun," everybody else in the room who can or cannot do the same sets to work to endeavor to emulate the example. From that period all rational conversation is at an end, and a jargon of nonsense succeeds which lasts till the announcement of coffee, or supper, or the carriages puts a happy termination to the riot.

Addison says, "One may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound"; and in another place he tells us that "the greatest authors in their most serious works make frequent use of puns; the sermons of Bishop Andrews and the tragedies of Shakespeare are full of them; if a sinner was punned into repentance as in the latter, nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and grumbling for a dozen lines together"; but he also says "it is indeed impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art."

Here is something like a justification of the enormity; and, as the pupil is to mix in all societies, he may as well be prepared.

Puns may be divided into different classes; they may be made in different ways, introduced by passing circumstances, or by references to by-gone events; they may be thrown in *anecdotically*, or conundrumwise.

It is to be observed that feeling, or pity, or commiseration, or grief are not to stand in the way of a pun—that personal defects are to be made available, and that sense, so as the sound answers, has nothing to do with the business.

If a man is pathetically describing the funeral of his mother or sister or wife, it is quite allowable to call it a "black-

burying party," or to talk of a "fit of *coffin*"; a weeping relative struggling to conceal his grief may be likened to a commander of "*private tears*"; throw in a joke about the phrase of "funerals *performed*," and a re-*hearsal;* and wind up with the anagram *real-fun*, funeral.

I give this instance first, in order to explain that nothing, however solemn the subject, is to stand in the way of a pun.

It is allowable, when you have run a subject dry in English, to hitch in a bit of any other language which may sound to your liking. For instance, on a fishing party. You say fishing is out of your *line*; yet, if you did not keep *a float*, you would deserve a *rod;* and if anybody affects to find fault with your joke, exclaim: "Oh, vous *bête!*"

There you have *line, rod, float,* and *bait* ready to your hand.

Call two noodles from the city in a punt, endeavoring to catch small fry, "*East Angles*"; or, if you please, observe that "the *punters* are losing the fish," "catching nothing but a cold," or that "the fish are too deep for them." Call the Thames a "*tidy*" river; but say you prefer the *Isis* in hot weather.

Personal deformities or constitutional calamities are always to be laid hold of. If anybody tells you that a dear friend has lost his sight, observe that it will make him more hospitable than ever, since now he would be glad *to see anybody.*

If a clergyman breaks his leg, remark that he is no longer a clergyman, but a *lame man.* If a poet is seized with apoplexy, affect to disbelieve it, although you know it to be true, in order to say—

Poeta nascitur non *fit;*

and then, to carry the joke one step further, add, "that it is not a *fit* subject for a jest."

A man falling into a tan-pit you may call "sinking in the *sublime*"; a climbing boy suffocated in a chimney meets with a *sootable* death; and a pretty girl having caught the smallpox is to be much *pitted.*

On the subject of the ear and its defects, talk first of something in which *a cow sticks,* and end by telling the story of the man who, having taken great pains to explain something to his companion, at last got in a rage at his apparent stupidity, and exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, don't you comprehend? The thing is as plain as A, B, C." "I dare say it is," said the other; "but I am D, E, F."

It may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he may make of the most ordinary words, for the purpose of quibbleism. For instance, in the way of observation: The loss of a hat is always *felt;* if you don't like sugar, you may *lump* it; a glazier is a *pane*s-taking man; candles are burnt because *wick-ed* things always come to *light;* a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her *carriage,* and you say "Nunc est *ridendum*" when you step into it; if it happen to be a chariot, she is a *charitable* person; birds'-nests and king-killing are synonymous, because they are *high trees on;* a bill for building a bridge should be sanctioned by the Court of *Arches* as well as the House of *Piers;* when a man is dull, he goes to the seaside to *Brighton;* a Cockney lover, when sentimental, should live in *Heigh Holborn;* the greatest fibber is the man most to *re-lie* upon; a dean expecting a bishopric looks *for lawn;* a *suicide* kills pigs, and not himself: a butcher is a gross man, but a fig-seller is a *grocer;* Joshua never had a father or mother, because he was the son of a *Nun*; your grandmother and great-grandmother were your *aunt's sisters;* a leg of mutton is better than heaven, because nothing is better than heaven, and a leg of mutton is better than nothing.

Races are matters of *course;* an ass never can be a horse, although he may be a *mayor;* the Venerable Bede was the mother of Pearl; a baker makes bread when he *kneads* it; a doctor cannot be a doctor all at once, because he comes to it by *degrees;* a man hanged at Newgate has taken a *drop* too much; the *bridle* day is that on which a man leads a woman to the *halter.* Never mind the aspirate; punning's all fair, as the archbishop said in the dream.

Puns interrogatory are at times serviceable. You meet a man carrying a hare: ask him if it is his own *hare,* or a wig?—there you stump him. Why is Parliament Street like a compendium? Because it goes to *a bridge.* Why is a man murdering his mother in a garret a worthy person? Because he is above committing a crime. Instances of this kind are innumerable; and if you want to render your question particularly pointed, you are, after asking it once or twice, to say "D'ye give it up?"—then favor your friends with the solution.

Puns scientific are effective whenever a scientific man or men are in company, because, in the first place, they invariably hate puns, especially those which are capable of being twisted into jokes which have no possible relation to the science of which the words to be joked upon are terms; and because, in the next place,

dear, laughing girls, who are wise enough not to be sages, will love you for disturbing the self-satisfaction of the philosophers, and raising a laugh or titter at their expense.

Where there are three or four geologists of the party, if they talk of their scientific tours made to collect specimens, call the old ones "ninny-hammers," and the young ones "chips of the old block"; and then inform them that claret is the best specimen of *quartz* in the world.

If you fall in with a botanist who is holding forth, talk of the quarrels of flowers as a sequel to the loves of the plants, and say they decide their differences with *pistols*.

In short, sacrifice everything to the pursuit of punning, and in the course of time you will acquire such a reputation for waggery that the whole company will burst into an immoderate fit of laughing if you only ask the servants for bread, or say "No" to the offer of a cutlet.

GREAT WRITERS OFTEN POOR TALKERS.

Among Those Who Were Singularly Deficient in the Art of Conversation were Corneille, Addison, Milton, Dante, and Goldsmith.

"HE wrote like an angel and talked like poor poll," was the manner in which Oliver Goldsmith was described by one of his contemporaries, and all accounts agree that the author of "The Deserted Village" made a sorry figure as a conversationalist. But Goldsmith was far from being the only writer of undoubted genius whose conversation was devoid of charm. Indeed, there is a wealth of evidence to prove that the art of writing well and talking well are not akin.

Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation.

Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after an interview, that he must go and read his tales to recompense himself for the weariness of hearing him.

As to Corneille, the grandest dramatist in France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another.

Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II, the wittiest monarch that sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be introduced in the character of a private gentleman to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book.

Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered a model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence.

In conversation Dante was taciturn and satirical.

Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him.

Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by talk of others.

GOOD BUTTONS MADE OF POTATOES.

Only Experts can Detect the Difference Between Bits of Bone and Ivory and Chemically Treated Pieces of the Homely Tuber.

DO you button your clothes with potatoes?

Well, well, well, there's no use in getting excited about it! No offense was intended, and the question is not as impertinent as it appears. Thousands of persons button their clothes with potatoes.

A large number of the buttons now in use, purporting to be made out of horn or bone or ivory, are in reality made out of the common potato, which, when treated with certain acids, becomes almost as hard as stone.

This quality of the potato adapts it to button-making, and a very good grade of button is now made from this tuber.

The potato button cannot be distinguished from others save by a careful examination, and even then only by an expert, since they are colored to suit the goods on which they are to be used, and are every whit as good-looking as a button of bone or ivory.

A HOROSCOPE OF THE MONTHS.*

BY MARION Y. BUNNER.

The Nature of the Destiny and Some of the Idiosyncrasies Which Have To Do with Persons Born Under the Sign "Gemini," Representing the Period Between May 20th and June 18th.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

GEMINI: THE TWINS.

MAY 20th to JUNE 18th.
CUSP: RUNS MAY 20th to MAY 26th.

THE constellation Gemini—the third sign of the zodiac—is the positive pole of the Air Triplicity, governing the shoulders, arms, and hands. It is a masculine, common, double-bodied, commanding sign. The higher attributes are reason and sensation.

A person born in the period of the cusp, when the sun is on the edge of the sign, does not receive the full benefits of the individuality of either sign, but partakes of the characteristics of both Gemini and Taurus.

Most Gemini persons have two natures, and these are of a contradictory character. They are affectionate, generous, courteous, and kind to all. They are endowed with probity, an accommodating disposition, a temper quickly irritated but just as quickly calmed. The sign gives the subjects natural inventive genius, and with it a love of science, talent for commerce, a saving disposition, and moderation in the use of all things.

In judgment they can be relied upon to give a far-sighted view, supported by argument of a very clear and convincing nature. They are intensely aspiring and energetic; are great lovers of education, and they set great value upon attainments in literature, science, and art. They take a practical and philosophical view of all subjects. Many literary geniuses come out of this sign.

They can adapt themselves to any condition of affairs, and through this ability and their natural ambitions they rapidly rise to important and executive positions.

The Gemini people are usually well-formed, of dark hair and bright complexion, round forehead; a cold but intellectual and restless expression of the eyes. The physical temperament is sanguine-bilious in a Southern latitude, and bilious-nervous in a Northern one.

They will find their truest friends born under Aquarius and Virgo.

The chief fault of this sign is impatience. Gemini people are prone to scatter their forces. They are continually finding fault, and they invariably look upon the dark side of life.

The union of these with persons born under Aquarius or Virgo will be harmonious, and the offspring is usually very bright and quick of intellect. Children born in this sign should be associated with persons who are quiet and restful.

The governing planet is Mercury, and the gems are beryl, aquamarine, and dark-blue stones. The astral colors are red, blue, and white.

April and August are the lucky months, and Wednesday is the fortunate day of the week for a Gemini subject. The ancient Hebrew tribe over which this sign rules is that of Issachar. The ruling angel of the sign is Ambriel. The floral emblem is the mayflower.

June, according to Ovid, was named in honor of Juno. Others connect the term with the consulate of Junius Brutus. Without doubt, it has an agricultural reference, and originally denoted the month in which crops grow to ripeness.

At the time of the Julian reform of the calendar its days were only twenty-nine. To these Julius Cæsar added the thirtieth. The Anglo-Saxons had several names for the month of June. They called it "the dry month," "midsummer month," and in contradistinction to July, "the earlier mild month."

In modern times June has been called "the month of roses," and "the month of

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brides." There is an old rhyme to the effect that—

> Married in month of roses, June—
> Life will be one long honeymoon.

A prediction which, unfortunately, has not always been carried out.

No month in the year has inspired so much verse. There has scarcely been a poet, from the greatest to the most humble, who has not dedicated at least a few lines to the festal month of June.

The summer solstice occurs in June. The principal days now observed are: June eleventh, St. Barnabas; twenty-fourth, Midsummer Day (Nativity of St. John the Baptist); and twenty-ninth, St. Peter.

Jay Gould, born during the Gemini period, was a type of the mental ability and restless aspirations of this sign. Julia Ward Howe, Emerson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Alexander Pope are excellent illustrations of the literary genius of Gemini people. Queen Victoria was born upon the cusp of the sign.

THE ZODIACAL SIGNS.

1. Aries	The Ram.	Reigns from March 21 to April 19.
2. Taurus	The Bull.	Reigns from April 20 to May 19.
3. Gemini	The Twins.	Reigns from May 20 to June 18.
4. Cancer	The Crab.	Reigns from June 19 to July 23.
5. Leo	The Lion.	Reigns from July 24 to August 23.
6. Virgo	The Virgin.	Reigns from August 24 to September 21.
7. Libra	The Scales.	Reigns from September 22 to October 21.
8. Scorpio	The Scorpion.	Reigns from October 22 to November 20.
9. Sagittarius	The Archer.	Reigns from November 21 to December 20.
10. Capricorn	The Sea-Goat.	Reigns from December 21 to January 19.
11. Aquarius	The Water Bearer.	Reigns from January 20 to February 18.
12. Pisces	The Fishes.	Reigns from February 19 to March 20.

This is the fourth instalment of "A Horoscope of the Months." The first was printed in the March issue of THE SCRAP BOOK. In subsequent numbers we will give the sign for the month of issue and explain its significance to those whose birth-month it may happen to indicate. Watch for your month and note whether the characteristics given will apply to yourself and to your friends.—The Editor.

THE AVERAGE AGES OF ANIMALS.

Elephant Holds the Record for Longevity if we are Content to Regard the Whale, With His Thousand-Years Possibility, as a Fish.

ELEPHANTS are probably the longest-lived members of the animal kingdom, averaging between 100 and 200 years.

It is said that when Alexander conquered India he took one of King Porus' largest elephants, named Ajax, and turned him loose with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun," and that this elephant, bearing this inscription, was captured 350 years later.

As a general rule, it may be said that there is a direct relation between the duration of life and the time required to develop fully; but to this there are exceptions. The cat is mature before it is a year old, and may live twenty years.

Size also seems to have a certain relation to longevity, the elephant and whale being the longest lived of mammals, but here again we have the little beaver with a life more than twice as long as that of the rhinoceros.

The average ages of other animals are as follows:

	Years.		Years.
Ass	30	Jaguar	25
Bear	20	Leopard	25
Beaver	50	Lion	40
Camel	75	Monkey	17
Cat	15	Moose	50
Chamois	25	Mouse	6
Cow	15	Ox	30
Deer	20	Pig	15
Dog	14	Rabbit	7
Fox	14	Rat	7
Goat	12	Rhinoceros	20
Guinea-pig	4	Sheep	10
Hare	8	Squirrel	8
Hippopotamus	20	Stag	50
Horse	25	Tiger	25
Hyena	25	Wolf	20

While the average age of the whale is somewhere between one hundred and two hundred years, Baron Cuvier, the celebrated French naturalist, asserted that it was probable that some whales attain the age of one thousand years.

FAMOUS LOVE POEMS.

An Elizabethan Dramatist and One of the Cavaliers of Charles I Gave to Our Language Two of Its Most Charming Lyrics.

THE English language is particularly rich in poetical expressions of the tender passion, but among these two have long been regarded as preeminent.

One, "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," was written by Christopher Marlowe, the only great predecessor of Shakespeare in the British drama. This lyric, which is described by old Izaak Walton as "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe," is one of the most beautiful of its kind that has come down to us from the Elizabethan period. It has frequently been imitated by minor poets, and a delightful reply to it was made by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The second famous love poem published herewith was from the pen of the gay, loyal, brave, but unfortunate Cavalier, Sir Richard Lovelace (1618-1658). The exquisite verses constituting his address "To Althea From Prison" were written while the young poet was confined as a prisoner, by order of the Puritan Parliament, in the Gatehouse of Westminster, for presenting to the Commons a petition from Kentish Royalists in the king's favor. He was released on bail which amounted to two hundred thousand dollars. The young woman to whom the lines "To Althea" were written subsequently became the wife of another. Lovelace died in the most abject poverty.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

BY RICHARD LOVELACE.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When like committed linnets I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

When Fate Casts the Dice.*

BY W. BERT FOSTER,

Author of "When Time Slipped a Cog," "Into the Thin Air," "The Outcast," "The Land of the Long Night," and "The Rift in the Honeymoon."

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A CHARGE of bigamy has been brought against the deceased Lord Armadone, thus destroying Lady Alice's claim to the estate, in favor of Irma Kent, a former child born in America. Two unscrupulous men, Elder and Carringford, are pushing her claim for their own ends, when Major Harcourt arrives in America to disprove the legality of Armadone's first marriage under the name of Kent.

With the aid of a crook named Kirby the two manage to imprison the major in an unoccupied house. The only three men he knows in New York, besides his valet, whom he discharged on arriving, are Dick Onslay, journalist, Danny Ginn, his cabman, and John Degnan, an ex-pugilist, whose acquaintance he made when, the night before, he was trapped by Kirby to fight with Carmack, and, contrary to the other's expectations, successfully.

Harcourt attracts the attention of a house-cleaner, and Elder is notified that there is a man in his house. There is no alternative but for him and Carringford to release Harcourt, which they do, expressing great surprise at his presence there, and Carringford takes him to his club. While there, Harcourt becomes the sole witness of a suicide, and Carringford manages to throw the suspicion of murder upon him, and hurries him off to his own house, where the major discovers his ex-valet, Fledgely. His suspicion that some conspiracy is afoot becomes a certainty.

As he is looking for a means of escape, Irma Kent appears and he introduces himself. She is on her way to a friend's house, and asks him to drive there with her. As they are going through the park, Carringford and Elder come up in a hansom and stop them. Realizing that he is again in Carringford's hands, Harcourt attempts to leave the carriage, but sprains his ankle. Irma is sent home and Carringford and Elder bundle him into the hansom.

CHAPTER XV.

Five Sixes Needed.

AND all that has just been set down had happened in the small hours of the morning, while the paper was going to press and Dick Onslay was seeking his bed. His call at the Carringford house, and his later discovery at the dock of the Black Triangle Line, did little to explain the mystery which he connected with Harcourt, or to put him on that elusive person's track.

But he suspected enough to make his appetite keen for more. He had been fooled by Carringford, and Dick Onslay was vexed that any man should trick him.

He made up his mind that Harcourt had fallen among the very people against whom that cable message—which had not reached him—had warned the Englishman.

Having identified the man Fledgely as the servant who had met him at Carringford's house, Dick was sure that the fellow had never given the cablegram to Harcourt. The latter had fallen into the toils of "the other side" blindfolded.

"And it's up to me to get him out!" he repeated, as he left the steamship dock. "Either Harcourt, or this Carringford, has sent for some of his clothes. He does not propose to come back at once to the steamer.

"Now, is Harcourt really in that house where I called, or did Mr. Carringford tell me a half truth? I'd like to know what his game is, anyway. I wonder would he call a bluff?"

Dick went over the cards in his hand as he rode up-town, aiming directly for the Carringford residence again. Some points he could make looked good, and the reporter rang again and asked for Mr. Carringford with some secret confidence besides that air of assurance which he always assumed.

Mr. Carringford came down to see him. Mr. Carringford was smiling and bland. He had evidently made up his mind to meet the reporter's inquisitiveness cheerfully.

"Now, my dear fellow," he said, "I really can tell you nothing more than I did this morning. You are very insistent."

"That's my trade—to be insistent," said Dick grimly. "Especially when I have the best reason in the world to know that

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several minor matters connected with Major Harcourt—and with this shooting affair—have slipped your memory."

"Oh, no—I think not."

"And I think yes!" exclaimed Dick sternly. "For instance, you do not know where the major is, you say, and yet the man who let me into your house when I was here before, just went to the steamship and brought away some of Major Harcourt's clothing."

"Oh, ah? Indeed!" returned Carringford coolly. "I will speak to Fledgely. Probably Major Harcourt gave him some directions that I knew nothing about."

"Fledgely—yes, that's his name. An old servant of yours?"

"Quite," said Carringford languidly.

"Now, that's odd," exclaimed Dick, leaning forward and shaking a long finger at the other. "They say at the steamship Fledgely is Major Harcourt's valet."

Carringford sat up, and a dull flush came into his face while his eyes narrowed. The change was sudden, and ugly.

"You are an impertinent puppy!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; most men are so considered when they bring a lie home to one," remarked Dick coolly.

"Why, confound you!" exclaimed Carringford, half rising.

"Sit down, sir!" exclaimed the reporter. "I'll tell you something else about Fledgely. There was a warning cablegram sent from London to meet Major Harcourt when he landed. The message was given to Fledgely to be handed to his master. Do you think Harcourt saw it?"

"Confound you!" muttered Carringford. "Who are you, anyway? You are sticking your nose into something that does not concern you. You'll wish you hadn't."

"I think not. This concerns me. Major Harcourt is an acquaintance of mine. I want to know where he is."

"Find out!"

"I shall. And I shall find out all about you—and what your game is, too!"

Carringford sank back into his chair again. His momentary anger had fled. He laughed.

"You are a fool," he said. "Go ahead and see what you can find out. You'll only succeed in stirring up trouble for your friend, as you call him. Major Harcourt has reason for remaining under cover, as you know. It isn't a nice thing—to be accused of murder."

"Nobody accuses him of murder."

"You'd better see what the Badgers have to say."

"The kid isn't dead, anyway," said Dick, scornfully. "Everybody knows that he was on the verge of the tremens. He tried to commit suicide, it's likely. And it would be like Harcourt to endeavor to stop him."

Carringford laughed his nasty laugh again.

"Oh, I'll prove that before I get through," exclaimed Dick, stung by the laugh.

"How will you do it?"

"First, I'll find him."

Carringford shrugged his shoulders and threw out his empty hands. "Help yourself," he said.

"I will. First, you say he went out with your cousin, Miss Sloan?"

"He did."

"And he did not return?"

"Major Harcourt was not dressed for an evening function. He naturally did not go into the house where my cousin stopped. I can tell you nothing about him after he left her."

"Perhaps she can."

"What?"

"I'll see your cousin, Miss Sloan, Mr. Carringford."

"You'll go to the devil!"

"Not yet. In the meantime I'd like to interview her."

Carringford rose up then.

"Sir," he said, "I don't care to put you out myself, nor do I wish to call the servants to do it for me. I advise you to go. You will not see Miss Sloan."

"You will not call her?"

"You cannot see her," declared Carringford harshly.

"What will you bet?"

"Anything you like, my friend."

"Make it an even hundred—indeed, I'll give you odds. Two hundred to one that I see and speak to her, and get out of her just exactly what I want!" and Dick made a note in the book he drew from his vest pocket.

"You are very cool, and you are very impudent, and I only bet, as a usual thing, with gentlemen," said Carringford. "But I'll take you on this occasion."

"Very good. Good day, Mr. Carringford," rejoined the reporter, putting up his notebook, and the next moment he was gone.

Dick went down-town to fulfil his usual engagements at the office. "Your Carolus Club story doesn't pan out very strong, Onslay," said his editor.

"Humph! We'll see about that later," grunted Dick.

"Can I do anything else for you on that business up-town?" whispered George, the cub, sidling up to the older reporter.

"Yes. You go out and count the cats on the upper East Side, from Fifty-Ninth to the Harlem line," growled Onslay, who was in no pleasant mood.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Strange Pair.

By the time the cab reached Elder's home, which was some distance from the Carringford residence, Harcourt judged, the injured ankle was swollen to twice its natural size, and the Englishman was glad of the assistance of the lawyer and

his younger companion in entering the house.

This was a strange kidnaping—a deal stranger, in truth, than when Kirby and his fellow blacklegs had harried the major away to the deserted down-town residence of "Alfred K. James."

Not by word nor look did either Elder or Carringford intimate that he was in durance. Carringford paid the cabby, and then Harcourt hobbled up the steps between the two gentlemen.

The ankle pained him so greatly that it took first place in Harcourt's mind. He knew no bodily injury was intended by his companions, and beyond that he did not, at the moment, care.

Elder lived as well as Carringford. These men were not of the middle class; they were wealthy and evidently traveling in good society.

They were taking great risks in trying to restrain Harcourt from doing as he pleased, or from leaving them when he wished. It was preposterous to think that they should try to seclude him against his will.

And, indeed, even did they suspect that he had become doubtful of their honorable intentions, they seemed undisturbed by the fact. Nor did they take any precautions to keep him from seeing other people.

Elder called a man servant and with his help they fairly carried Harcourt up-stairs and into a room where they laid him upon a couch.

"I'll have the doctor here in a jiffy," declared the fat lawyer, bustling out.

And Harcourt heard him ringing up somebody on the telephone a moment later. Carringford hadn't much to say, nor did Harcourt speak to him. He had a good excuse for keeping silent, for when the physician came they had to cut off the Englishman's shoe.

It was only a strain, however, and the professional man made light of it.

"You'll be out as good as new in forty-eight hours," he said. "Only you'll have to be careful not to turn it again. I'll give you a brace to wear for a while. First to reduce the swelling and the fever."

Now was the time for Harcourt to take a disinterested person into his confidence, if he wished to do so. But if the thought entered his mind it was only a fleeting idea, to be ridiculed the next instant by his common sense.

What should he say?

"Doctor, these two gentlemen have designs upon me. They wish to keep me from sailing for England next Monday, or otherwise intend to put a ban upon my free movements."

How would that sound? What would the doctor think?

Certainly he could not put upon either Carringford or Elder the onus of his present helplessness. He had leaped from the carriage himself, and the wet roadway had done the rest.

It was a far cry to the sailing of the Quirinal yet. Besides, Harcourt desired very much to probe deeper into the reasons for his mix-up with the claimants of the property of the late Lord Armadone.

He had promised to see that girl again the next evening, and he proposed to keep his promise. Why give these men the advantage over him of knowing that he distrusted their good intentions?

While they could be made to believe that he did not suspect their underhanded work, did he not have an advantage over them?

They might wonder what he and Irma Sloan had talked about in the carriage, and why he had gone with her from Carringford's house. But *he* would not tell them. He would leave that to the girl, and he judged her to be a very close-mouthed person.

He had a measure of her confidence, and she showed that she had begun to doubt the disinterestedness of her cousin and her other advisers.

So the physician made the ankle comfortable and departed. Then it was Carringford's turn to go. He said with a laugh that it was past time for decent folk to be abed. Indeed, he grew quite effusive before he left.

"Don't you be under any worriment of mind, major," he said. "I'll bluff those reporters, and the police can be fixed until Mr. Elder looks over the case. There is no need of your giving yourself up until you have to—especially as you don't care to have your name mixed up in the shooting."

"You are very kind," rejoined Harcourt grimly, thinking the reverse.

Carringford seemed determined to look at the matter as though young Badger had been shot with malice prepense.

Mr. Elder sent up his own man to attend the invalid and Harcourt managed to get to bed, and slept until past noon. Indeed, he might have slept longer had he not felt the presence of somebody in the room, and found a man bustling silently about, laying out clean linen and underclothing for him.

"Fledgely!" he exclaimed, and actually this turn of affairs startled the major.

"Yes, sir," said the valet quietly. "Mr. Elder sent down to the boat, sir, and I was there. I was a bit worried about ye, sir——"

"I thought you wanted the week to stop with your folks?" said Harcourt curiously, and making no mention of having seen the traitor at Carringford's the night before.

"It didn't seem just what I expected, sir. So I went back to the ship. And you did not come."

"No," said Harcourt dryly. "I might say I have been detained."

"I heard of your haccident, sir," went on the valet, playing his part to perfection. "The doctor will be here soon. Will you get up, sir? Mr. Elder's butler will

send you up a bit of breakfast when you are ready."

"I see you have brought me some clothes?"

"And your evening dress, sir," said Fledgely. "Mr. Elder said you'd likely need it."

"Oh, he did?" grunted Major Harcourt. "Well, I'll get up."

Major Harcourt saw none of the lawyer's family until after Elder himself appeared. He was being treated as an honored guest, and really it would have been boorish to complain.

Elder brought in with him one of the afternoon papers, the front page of which was a smutty expanse of black and red ink, shrieking forth "Mystery in Carolus Club Shooting."

Deprived of its padding, the point made by the sheet was that there was plainly an endeavor on foot to keep the real facts of the shooting from the public. Whether young Badger had tried to shoot himself, or not, was a question as yet officially unanswered.

The club guest, name unknown, who was said to have been struggling with the young man when the pistol exploded remained under cover, and Mr. Carringford, the only person who seemed able to identify him, refused to speak.

Badger Senior had been heard to say, it was reported, that he would find the man who shot his son if he spent every dollar he owned. The wounded youth was doing better than the physicians had at first expected.

"This is a really serious matter, Mr. Elder," Major Harcourt said, having read the article. "I must see this man, Badger. It is preposterous for them to say that I shot the boy; but if his father is determined to have the matter aired in the courts, the sooner done the better."

"Now, Major Harcourt, as your legal adviser," replied Elder unctuously, "I deny your motion. You would be very foolish to go to old Badger while he is in his present mood.

"The whole scandal of the affair has nettled Badger. He is ugly. He only sees one side of the affair yet. The boy can't speak for himself, I understand. The doctors will not let him say a word, for his condition is precarious. Even the police have been allowed to obtain no statement from him. The doctors have hope of saving him if he is let alone.

"Your name is unknown as yet. We think—Mr. Carringford and I—that we can keep it out of the papers altogether. But if you precipitate matters——"

"Oh, have your own way, sir—have your own way!" exclaimed Harcourt testily, and the matter was dropped.

He hobbled to the dinner-table with Fledgely's assistance, and met Mrs. Elder, the Misses Elder, and several hulking boys of various ages who rounded out the family numerically.

Harcourt was inclined to laugh now at his first idea that he would be a prisoner in the lawyer's house. In so far as his injured ankle made him a prisoner, he was confined to the place—and that was all.

Still, he could not help thinking most of the time about what the intentions of the lawyer and Carringford could be. This puzzled him.

When the doctor came Thursday the ankle was pronounced on the rapid mend, and the physician left a brace that he recommended his patient to wear whenever he went out for some weeks to come.

And Harcourt had made up his mind to go out that very night. He had promised Miss Sloan that he would call upon her.

He dressed for dinner, with the assistance of Fledgely, and after the meal excused himself from the lawyer's table and went back to his room, intending to put on his coat and leave the house quietly.

But the valet seemed to be waiting for him. Fledgely brought his master's coat before Harcourt could ask for it.

"There is a cab at the door, major," he said quietly.

"What's that?" demanded Harcourt. "How did you know that I was going out?"

"Mr. Elder, sir, said as how you were going to call upon Miss Sloan after dinner. I knew you couldn't walk so far, sir, so I sent the footman for a cab."

"Quite right, Fledgely; quite right," grunted the major.

The valet put on his own hat and coat and offered his shoulder for Harcourt's assistance down the stairway and out of the house. It was evident that the plotters did not intend to lose sight of him, and that Fledgely was the spy in this emergency.

But when the valet had helped him into the cab, he waited upon the sidewalk, saying:

"Shall I come with you, sir? You'll need me to help you out at Mr. Carringford's."

"Oh, come along," snapped Harcourt.

But when the valet got in, and the carriage rolled away, the Englishman was smitten with a sudden panic. Suppose the conspirators were taking this means to get him hidden away again in some such place as that old house down-town, where he had spent his first night ashore? He seized Fledgely by the shoulder with a grip that made the valet wince and cry out.

"See here, where are you taking me?" he demanded.

"Why, sir—oh, oh!—to Mr. Carringford's. I gave the cabman the orders myself, sir."

The master slid his hand over the man's pockets, for concealed weapons. Not a bulge. Fledgely was apparently amazed and frightened by these actions.

"No tricks!" said Harcourt sternly, at last. "I know you, Fledgely. I'm not to

be fooled with; I'm dangerous. Remember that I've warned you."

"Bless me, sir!" gasped the valet.

"If we don't drive straight to that house, and if there is any hanky-panky business about this, I'll throttle you! Do you understand? I'll throttle you!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Out of the Game.

DICK ONSLAY had made his bluff to Carringford, and had carried it off well, bet and all.

But he knew well enough that to see and speak with Miss Irma Sloan would not be an easy matter.

Carringford was on his guard, and was evidently determined that his cousin should not be interviewed by the reporter.

The latter learned, after a talk with the paper's society man, that Carringford and Miss Sloan were not so nearly related that their friends did not look for a still closer relationship in course of time. It was understood that they were engaged.

"Naturally he doesn't want the girl mixed up in any scandal," Dick thought. "But I'm going to find out what became of Harcourt, just the same, if I drag a dozen women into it."

And he went home that night, after studying the society man's list of receptions and teas for the next day, and looked over a bunch of invitations and cards which he usually pitched, as they arrived, into a drawer of his desk.

When Dick Onslay "did the society act" it was an event. He had been so lionized when he returned from South Africa that the whole game had sickened him, and he appeared at fashionable functions as infrequently as his conscience would allow.

He happened to find two or three cards for teas and "at homes" for Thursday which he thought might do. They were rather nice folks, too—and he would meet people who were worth while.

He had an assignment of importance for the forenoon, and after he had turned in his copy he begged off for the rest of the day. So behold him, at mid-afternoon, arrayed in frock-coat and a "topper," making a round of calls!

At a certain "tea" he had scarcely shaken hands with the hostess at the door, when his roving eye lighted on the person he had been looking for. She was better looking, he found, than her photograph (which he had seen in the window of a certain Fifth Avenue photographer) had led him to believe.

"Which one is it, Mr. Onslay?" asked his hostess, noting his start as he saw the girl.

"The girl in black," returned the newspaper man. "Introduce me, will you? She—she's a stunner!"

"It's Miss Sloan. And she *is* beautiful, isn't she? She's so dark that I like to have her here; I'm so light, you know. Wait a moment and I'll take you to her. I know she'll be glad to meet a man like you. She is not unintelligent."

"Thanks!" murmured Onslay, for the compliment, and a minute later he was bowing before the girl in black.

Harcourt had had somebody in his memory with whom to compare this wonderfully pretty girl. But Dick Onslay had never seen one whose beauty so impressed him as did Irma Sloan's.

Her face was as vivacious as can be imagined. The color came and went in her cheeks as she talked, and her eyes seemed on fire with youthful feeling.

It must be confessed that Dick monopolized her for an hour; and likewise he had to admit that he came near forgetting his reason for wishing to meet Irma Sloan. But he brought the conversation around to where he wanted it at last; or, rather, Miss Sloan innocently gave him the opening.

"I read once about your achievements in the African war, Mr. Onslay. I used religiously to read the articles which you sent from the firing line, too. Wasn't it difficult to keep your immediate companions from knowing that you were a newspaper correspondent?"

"Well, to tell the truth, most of them knew who I was, and what I was. My immediate companions, I mean. As long as the powers in charge did not know that an American reporter had volunteered in the ranks it didn't matter. Oh, yes, they knew me—fine fellows they were, too: Bramwell Harcourt, and Chugsby, and Captain Lally Pope, and——"

He stopped and looked at her, for Miss Sloan had jumped and uttered a little exclamation when he mentioned Harcourt's name.

"What's the matter?" asked Dick shrewdly. "Know any of 'em?"

"Oh—I—ye-es, I have met your Major Bramwell Harcourt."

Dick laughed, and it was a seemingly careless and unaffected laugh.

"And recently, too, I'll wager!" he exclaimed. "He's over here. I haven't seen him yet, but I understand he arrived on the Quirinal Monday. How do you like him? Do you know him well?"

"No-o. Not well. Not yet. I don't know what to say about him. Maybe I shall form a better opinion of him to-night. You—you evidently admire him, Mr. Onslay?"

"Vastly. He's great! He improves on acquaintance, too. A bit stiff and self-contained, as most Englishmen are; but he's all right."

And beyond this Dick did not press the matter. Why? Because of two items which he dovetailed together in his thought.

Miss Sloan had said "Maybe I shall form a better opinion of him to-night." And their hostess stopped before the newspaper man and his companion to say:

"Awfully sorry not to come to-night, Irma. Both you and Mrs. Carringford receive, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Carry my excuses to her also, won't you?"

Dick was shrewd enough to see that there was to be a reception at the Carringford house that evening, and in all probability Harcourt would be there. At least, Irma Sloan expected to see him.

"No use making her think I'm cad enough to try to pump her," he thought. "I've practically won my bet, anyway. I've met her, and through her I'll meet the major—for as sure as he shows up at that reception so shall I!"

He was belated, however, in arriving at the Carringfords', and the reception was in full swing. Boldness was not a quality that Onslay lacked, and he walked into the hall as coolly as though he was an invited guest of the first importance.

But suddenly he was confronted by the pale, sleek-haired serving man whom he had twice before seen. This was the person whom the steamship officers said was Harcourt's valet, although Carringford had claimed him as an old servant.

"What do you wish, sir?" asked Fledgely, barring his progress toward the parlors.

Onslay had hoped to attract Miss Sloan's attention before he was challenged. Nevertheless, he was equal to this situation.

He flashed his card, thrusting the pasteboard into the serving man's hand.

"Take that to Major Bramwell Harcourt," he said quietly. "I must see him at once."

Fledgely displayed no emotion.

"You have come to the wrong place, sir. Major Harcourt is not here."

"But I have reason to believe differently," said Onslay. "Take the card to your mistress—to Miss Sloan—and tell her whom I wish to see."

"I cannot do it, sir. Miss Sloan is engaged."

"You refuse to take my card to her?" asked Dick, raising his voice a little.

"I must, sir. You must call at another time."

"No time like the present, my man," declared Dick sternly. "Unless you do as I tell you——"

"Who is it making threats here?" demanded a cold voice, and Carringford himself appeared behind Fledgely. "What! another reporter?"

Carringford's face was flushed and he looked slightly disheveled. Unless Dick was greatly mistaken, there was a mark under his eye that betokened a blow—and a blow heavy enough to result later in a most prominent bruise.

"I swear I'll call the police in to put you fellows out!" declared Carringford. "What do you want now? To see Harcourt? He isn't here, I tell you!"

The excited voices attracted the attention of those near the parlor doors. Dick caught sight suddenly of Miss Sloan (and if he had thought her pretty in the afternoon, she was magnificent now!) and of an older lady dressed in quiet black. They were evidently receiving the guests, and the girl hurriedly approached the little group near the house entrance.

"Who is it, Larry? What is the matter?" she asked anxiously. "For pity's sake, don't make another scene to-night!"

"This damned reporter——" began her cousin.

Then Irma recognized Dick, and uttered a little cry.

"Mr. Onslay! Stop, Larry! He is a friend of mine. What do you mean?"

For Carringford had seized Dick roughly by the collar.

"I wish to see Major Harcourt," said Dick sternly. "I must see him—and at once."

The girl's face was deeply suffused with red. She looked about as though frightened by the request, and what she might have said was nipped in the bud by a most unlooked-for incident.

A carriage, furiously driven, had ground its wheels against the curb without, and from it sprang a gray-haired man with every evidence of excitement and anger about him. He bolted up the Carringford steps and burst into the hall at this juncture, panting for breath.

"Your name's Carringford!" he exclaimed, recognizing the young man instantly and seizing him much as Carringford had seized Dick Onslay. "I know you! I've seen you at the club. Now, I want to know what you mean by your actions in this matter, hey?"

While he shot out these remarks, the vigorous old chap was weaving Carringford about the hall in a most undignified manner.

"You refuse to talk to my lawyer, and the police can get nothing out of you; but, by gad, *I'll* make you talk, you cur! I want to know who shot my boy? Who is he? You're hiding him, but you're not going to shelter him from *me!* I'll put him where the dogs won't bite him. I'll——"

Carringford broke away here, and was only restrained by Irma from planting his fist in the face of the irate Badger.

"Stop, Larry!" she commanded. "Take him into the library. This must *not* go on here. It is disgraceful. Think of your mother—of me! Mr. Badger, do be calm!"

"I want that blooming Britisher! I tell you I'll see him!" roared the old man.

"He isn't here," said Carringford sullenly. "You don't suppose I'm hiding him *here*, do you?"

Dick saw Irma look at her cousin sharply. That look seemed to imply that she doubted his statement.

Harcourt was—or had been recently—in the house.

"Come here with me," said Carringford, beckoning to the angry man. "Don't make any more riot." And he led him through a side doorway, the curtains of which fell behind them.

Miss Sloan had turned back to the parlor. There was a group of surprised and interested people there, and the elderly lady in black was evidently troubled by the disturbance.

"It is all right, Mrs. Carringford," Dick heard the younger woman say.

Then he was confronted by the man Fledgely again.

"You cannot come in here," said the servant, as quietly as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. "I must ask you to go. You have heard Mr. Carringford say that Major Harcourt is not here."

And actually the reporter was backed out of the house and the outer door was closed in his face. He descended the steps in a maze of perplexity.

The Carringford mansion stood upon the corner. As Dick came to the lamp-post and stopped to recover his equilibrium, he suddenly heard a disturbance along the side street.

He wheeled and looked in that direction. The door of a carriage slammed and he saw the vehicle itself whirled away along the quiet street.

"What does that mean?" he gasped, and walked hurriedly toward the spot where the carriage had stood.

There was a gateway here leading into the yard behind the Carringford house.

Somebody had just left the house by the rear way and escaped in the carriage. Who was it?

The reporter gazed after the carriage in perplexity. When his eyes fell to the walk he observed a hat lying there. He picked it up quickly and hurried back to the street light.

It was a top-hat of English make, and under the leather band were the initials "B. H."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Dice Get Loose.

THE minute after he had done it, Major Harcourt knew in his inmost soul that he had made an error in thus treating Fledgely.

Panic will sometimes strike the bravest men, and certainly nothing but panic—a regular blue funk—had inspired the major to seize the valet and threaten him.

He should have waited until the moment arrived for the plotters to make their move, instead of showing his own hand in this egregiously foolish manner! And as the cab rolled on and deposited them before the Carringfords' door, the major was assured of his mistake.

Fledgely, pallid of face and sleek of manner, helped him up the steps and into the house as though nothing had happened.

But the major knew the fellow would report to his principals at the first chance.

"Shall I remain, sir?" asked the obsequious valet.

"You can wait," said the major, disgusted with the whole business—and with himself.

Besides, he saw at once, upon entering the house, that he was not likely to be set upon by Carringford and Elder, or any of their hired thugs, here.

The rooms were ablaze with lights, servants were hurrying to and fro, and at the curtained entrance to the parlors stood Irma Sloan and an older lady, evidently ready to receive the first arrivals.

"Major Harcourt!" exclaimed the girl, coming toward him with sweeping train and holding out her hand.

She was so beautiful, and looked so much like that other girl whom he knew across the ocean, that Harcourt's greeting could not fail of being warm.

"I heard you had hurt your foot. It is unfortunate. Indeed, you seem to get yourself entangled in all manner of unpleasant affairs!"—and she laughed. "Come and meet Mrs. Carringford. Major Harcourt, Mrs. Carringford."

The major shook hands with the sad-looking little woman in black, evidently the mother of the fellow for whom the Englishman had conceived such a dislike.

"It is so early that I believe I will give you a few minutes of my precious time now, major," continued Miss Sloan. "You must lean on my arm; I see you are limping yet. Don't be afraid—I am quite strong. Here is the conservatory. Come in here out of the way. I must talk to you."

Her manner and tone changed instantly as the door swung to upon their entrance.

They were alone in the glass-roofed apartment, where the air was heavy with the odor of growing vegetation. She stood before him, weaving her slender fingers together, her little teeth holding her lower lip while she plainly tried to control some emotion that welled within her. Her bosom heaved, and although the tears did not fall, the major, looking deep into her eyes, saw that they swam with the unbidden drops.

"Tell me," she panted at last—"tell me what manner of man you are! Can I trust you?"

"Do you wish to trust me, Miss Sloan?" he asked gravely.

"I—I—God knows! I feel that I must confide in somebody."

"Make no mistake, then," he said. "Do not give me your confidence if you hope by so doing to change my own opinion in this matter. I spoke more frankly to you than I should, perhaps, the other night. Remember my warning——"

"I do not want to be warned. I wish

to be dealt with fairly," she cried impulsively. "Your warnings mean nothing."

"I tell you frankly, Miss Sloan, you have been ill-advised. Your friends are not your friends in the best sense of the word——"

"And they tell me the same of you. I—I have heard that you are engaged to that other girl, and that, therefore, you will be a biased witness before the courts."

The major started angrily, his face flushed, and he drew away from her.

"Will you please tell me *who* says that?"

"That you are going to marry Lady Alice Kent?"

"That I am a biased witness," he returned, ignoring the other statement.

"No, no. I am doing enough harm as it is. I must not set men at each other's throats. But if—if you love her, you cannot fail to wish to see her win."

"I cannot fail to wish the right to win. And you are not in the right, Miss Sloan," he declared sternly.

"Why not? My mother was Lord Armadone's first wife. I am his eldest child."

"True. And in my opinion you should be provided for. Indeed," he added, with hesitation, "I believe if you had gone about it right some provision might have been made for you——"

"Stop!" she cried, anger lighting her eyes as it had during their former interview. "You are determined to consider me as being after the filthy money which they tell me should be mine. I already have money enough. I have plenty. I desire a name—a *name!* Do you understand, sir?

"I wish the world to know who I am by right. I want every breath of scandal swept from my mother's memory. And I want to know if *you*, sir, will tell the truth when you are called to the witness-stand?"

"You insult me, Miss Sloan," the Englishman said quietly.

"Insult you!" she exclaimed. "If you are honest, and intend to play us fair, it is no insult. I hear all kinds of stories about you, and I do not know which to believe are true—nor can I trust my own judgment of your character.

"One tells me that you are a cold, unchivalrous man—that you deliberately followed up a quarrel with a drunken boy at the Carolus Club, and that in the trouble he was shot, perhaps to death; another tells me that you are a brave, high-minded gentleman——"

"At least," broke in Major Harcourt, with a sardonic smile, "if you will not tell me who gives me the ill-name, say who the person is who so praises me."

"A man I met to-day for the first time—Mr. Richard Onslay, the war correspondent."

"Good fellow, Onslay. I always liked him," murmured the major.

The door opened behind them, and Harcourt heard a quick step on the marble floor of the conservatory. He turned to see the angry face of Carringford.

"So you two are together again, eh?" he exclaimed gratingly. "I wish you luck, Irma, of all you get out of him."

"I presume," said the major, speaking to the girl, "that this is the gentleman who, on the other hand, maligned me?"

"Oh, she's been tattling, has she?" exclaimed Carringford.

Harcourt's face flushed deeply, and he swung squarely about and took a limping step toward the fellow.

"Have a care what you say and how you say it—before Miss Sloan," he said, between his teeth.

"As you have probably found out from your man Fledgely, I know your game, and I have known it for some time. Now, when Miss Sloan releases me I shall leave this house, and I warn you that if you undertake to interfere with me again, in any way, you will regret it."

"I'll talk to you myself a bit, I think," snarled Carringford. "You get out, Irma. This is a man's job."

"Don't speak so, Larry!" cried she. "It—it is not right."

"You don't know the kind of a cad he is," returned Carringford.

Harcourt turned himself to the girl.

"I beg of you to retire, Miss Sloan," he said gently. "What your cousin evidently has to say to me is not fit for your ears."

"I—I will not leave you two alone!" she cried, in fear.

Carringford grabbed her roughly by her arm. His fingers sank into the tender flesh as he dragged her harshly toward the door.

It was too much for the Englishman's self-possession.

"You hound, you!" he muttered, and his fist caught Carringford under the eye.

The fellow went down with a thud on the marble floor.

Miss Sloan screamed under her breath.

The door flew open, and the bulky figure of Elder entered and clashed it to behind him.

But Harcourt had eyes only for the livid marks of Carringford's fingers on the girl's bare arm.

He did not even glance at the half-stunned brute at his feet.

"He has hurt you, Miss Sloan?" the Englishman said, with anxiety.

"He has, sir; but he shall never hurt me again," was her proud reply, and biting her lip again to keep back the tears, she swept from the conservatory and left the three men alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Smuggled Hand.

"FOR God's sake, Carry, what have you done now?" stuttered the attorney, as he helped the younger man to his feet. "Now

the fat *is* in the fire. Will you never be guided by me? You let me go about so far, and then you put your foot in it."

"Shut up!" roared Carringford. "It's gone too far for peaceful measures, I tell you. I'll have his life, damn him!"—and he glared at the Englishman, all the hatred in his nature sparkling in his eyes.

"I like to have a man come out fair and square and say what he means, don't you know," drawled Harcourt. "I know—always—how to meet open enmity."

"Why, bless you, Major Harcourt, we are not your enemies," exclaimed Elder soothingly. "We are far from being that. If Carry was hasty——"

"As for *you*," interposed the Englishman, with his glass at his eye and coolly looking the fat attorney over, "you are one of those slimy sort of fellows that I never could abide. Your friend there is merely a cad, by Jove! But you are as unsafe to handle as a cobra. I would not trust you for a minute."

"You misunderstand me!" cried Elder pathetically.

"I know you. I know that you are the brains of this scheme that has been hatched up to disgrace a noble family of England, and to bring sorrow upon two noble women. Two, mind you! For this girl here"—with a gesture toward the door through which Irma had disappeared—"is not, I believe, a party to your dirty plot. You hope to use her as a catspaw. You wished to bribe or otherwise influence me to testify in your favor next month. Or else——"

He stopped and looked over the cringing Carringford and the pale and gasping lawyer.

"Tell me, gentlemen, did you really think you could hold me a prisoner in this city of New York—that you could kidnap a man and hold him against his will? You are a pair of fools."

"Are we?" snarled Carringford, at last getting his voice again. "Wait! You'll see. By God! if you sail in the Quirinal next Monday you'll be a smarter man than I think you."

"That's right! Come out squarely and say what you mean," laughed Harcourt, while Elder tried to stifle his companion's unwise observations.

"Don't talk this way—stop it! stop it, I say!" groaned the attorney. "You'll ruin us, Carry!"

"I'll ruin him!" roared the other. "Who shot Harry Badger? Answer me that?"—and he shook his fist in Harcourt's face. "If I say the word, you'll be shut up in jail this very night. Don't forget that, you damn Johnny Bull! I saw it done! I was the only witness to *that* matter, Major Bramwell Harcourt. And let me tell you——"

"Stop!" cried Elder, under his breath. "Somebody is coming. The parlors are filling up, Carry. For God's sake take us up-stairs by the back way, and we can talk it over there. Do you want to disgrace your mother and Miss Irma?"

Carringford turned sullenly to another door, which masked a steep stairway.

"Come this way, do!" begged the attorney, of Harcourt. "Don't let us go through those rooms. They'll all know something has happened."

"Lead on," said the major grimly. "You understand it is not safe to fool with me any further."

"Great heavens!" groaned the lawyer; "I only want to see you out of the house quietly. The boy is a fool. He has spoiled everything."

"Has he?" grunted Carringford from the top of the stairs.

But he did not turn back, leading his companions into the very sitting-room which Harcourt had first seen on Tuesday night.

But as the trio entered the apartment, loud voices rose from the lower hall.

Carringford stared at Elder.

"What can that be?" he muttered. "Wait; I'll see."

"Is it time?" whispered Elder, as the other passed him. "Are they here yet?"

"They must be," was the rapid reply; and this aside was unheard by Harcourt.

"You must know, Mr. Elder," the Englishman said quietly, "that your game—whatever it was—is up. You cannot fool me any longer. I have a good case of kidnaping against you, for I believe that I can prove it was by your orders I was taken to that house the other night by those blacklegs.

"It is true that I do not fancy being mixed up in any law case on this side of the water; but if your young friend puts any obstacle in my way—regarding this shooting, for instance—I shall swear out warrants for your and his arrest. If I am to be delayed here, I'll make it a costly affair for you——"

"Pardon me, sir!" interrupted Elder. "Do you hear that? Something certainly has occurred."

The angry voice of old man Badger now came up from the hall. The attorney was excited.

"Wait till I see what it is," he gasped, and fled from the room.

Harcourt, believing that some further trick was being hatched against him, started to follow him; but Elder was back, and with Harcourt's own hat and coat, as well as his own, almost instantly.

"The most unfortunate thing, sir! Do you hear him?" Indeed, the roarings of the angry Badger had not yet died away. "It is Harry Badger's father. He is sure you are here. He demands to see you. He is a madman. Will you please hurry away, major? I'll show you out by the rear door. If you attempt to go by the front entrance he will see you, and there will be a disgraceful scene."

"I might as well meet him now as later," said the Englishman coldly.

"But think of Miss Sloan, sir! Think of Carry's mother! Don't let us have any more trouble. Do come."

Harcourt saw the wisdom of this; nor did he wish to draw Miss Sloan into another unpleasant situation. He slipped into his coat, put on his hat, and followed the heated and panting lawyer.

Down they went to the basement, where the servants stared at them, and out into the dark yard behind.

"There is a gate here—is it locked?" exclaimed Elder, fumbling at the latch. "No—thank heaven, it's open!"

He swung it back and stood aside for Harcourt to pass through. The instant he stepped upon the sidewalk the Englishman saw that a closed carriage stood beside the curb, the door nearest him being open.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, doubt springing to life in his mind again.

Elder's avoirdupois charged him from behind. In spite of himself, and hampered as he was with his lame ankle, the major was shunted across the sidewalk to the carriage door.

A hand shot out of the black interior of the vehicle and gripped his collar. Even then he might have broken away, for Elder was little help against him excepting as a dead weight.

But as he struggled, panting, with his two assailants, the driver on the box leaned suddenly over him. He held a heavily loaded whip about two feet from the butt.

Swinging it through the air, he brought this weapon down with a resounding crack upon Harcourt's head, knocking off his hat and bringing the Englishman to his knees.

The next moment, with the man inside pulling, and Elder pushing from the rear, the major was shot into the carriage, the lawyer followed, the door was shut with a bang, the horses dashed off along the street and the vehicle quickly disappeared around the nearest corner!

CHAPTER XX.

The Dice Get Mixed.

YOUNG George, laboring under the stigma of "cub reporter," seldom had a chance to distinguish himself. His was the portion of newspaper work which can well be called "the demnition grind."

His short term as assistant to the star man seemed to have glorified his path but little, and when he was sent up to the Tenderloin on Thursday night to take the place of the regular man who watched the Thirtieth Street Station for the paper, George, the pessimistic, saw nothing promising in it.

"It's a dead night—that's what," he grumbled, as he sat on a step opposite the green eyes of the police station late in his grim session. "No likelihood of a Jerome raid, even. They'd never sent me up here if there'd been the shadow of a chance of anything doing——"

He was brought up short by the sight of a policeman—actually a uniformed officer—running. A policeman and a messenger boy are never supposed to run.

"Wow! There's Fatty Gilligan!" breathed the young reporter, tumbling off the steps and diving across the street. "Somethin's up!"

And something truly was up. The policeman, from the Sixth Avenue corner, had heard and seen a wreck at Greeley Square.

A carriage being driven furiously and obliquely down from Thirty-Fourth Street had failed to escape the bumper of a Broadway car. The crash could be heard for several blocks, and a crowd ran from all directions.

George did not wait for the ambulance, but ran up to the scene ahead. The police whose beats center at this square had driven back the mob and formed a hollow square about the wreck.

One horse had been killed and the other was so tangled in the harness that he could not get up. The carriage was a private vehicle, and the coachman, through either fright or panic, had run away.

George noted a monogram, the principal letter of which was "C" on the broken door of the carriage. Three gentlemen seemed to have been the occupants.

One was a fat man whom George thought he recognized as somebody well known about town; another was a black-eyed and black-mustached man, rather loudly dressed, and evidently a person who did not ordinarily travel in the same class as his companions.

The third person was taking very little interest in the proceedings. He had received a blow on the side of his head, above the left temple, from which the blood ran in a thin stream and which seemed to have completely stunned him.

He lay on the asphalt in his evening clothes, a grim and stark figure enough, and, George believed, a man of importance. The young reporter stuck to the group closely, and rode back to the station in the ambulance, holding the head of the injured man in his lap.

It looked more like a hospital case than a subject for police interference, which the sergeant on the desk observed when the three wrecked citizens were brought into the station.

The fat man, whose clothing had been injured a deal more than his person, took charge of affairs at once. The motorman was sent back to a cell until the company should bail him, and the fat man got the sergeant's ear, and the pedigree of himself and his two friends was not taken.

The reporter noted, too, knowing glances passing between the black-mustached man and some of the patrolmen, and the longer he looked at the fellow the deeper became

the conviction in George's mind that he had seen him before.

The tall man who had been hurt was seated in a chair before the sergeant's desk and a doctor had come in to see him. The physician advised his removal to the hospital for, although it might be that he had sustained nothing but a scalp wound, there might be need of an operation.

"How long since the man was hurt?" George heard the physician ask.

"Why, the carriage was just wrecked—not ten minutes ago."

"Humph! He's lost a deal of blood by it. It would seem," said the medical man slowly, "as though the wound is older than that. Strange! And the blood has dried here on his coat, too."

"Better send for a hospital ambulance," suggested the sergeant.

"No, no!" rejoined the fat man. "We'll have a private carriage. There! he's coming to."

Indeed, the wounded man seemed to revive for a moment. His eyes, which had been half closed, rolled open and he struggled to his feet, wavering there like a toppling tree with the woodman's ax at its roots. It was plain that he had heard and understood something of what was said.

"No carriage!" he muttered feebly. "Take me in the public ambulance. These —these men—I do not trust them——"

He fell silent again, and would have fallen had the doctor not eased him back into the chair.

"My God!" exclaimed the fat man. "What's the matter with him, doctor? What makes him talk like that?"

"He's not just himself. The shock and the wound have seriously affected him. Who is he?"

Again the stranger roused. He spoke quickly.

"Major Bramwell Harcourt—at your service. I—I claim protection from these men——"

He was off again, breathing stertorously, and with heavy lidded eyes.

"Poor Harcourt is quite out of his head," cried the fat man. "For pity's sake bring that carriage soon."

The young reporter stood by in much perplexity. He had recognized the Englishman's name as that of the man Dick Onslay had telephoned to Tuesday night.

And now that he was reminded of the occasion, he recognized the third member of the wrecked carriage party as the man Kirby, whom Onslay had hunted for around the lower Bowery and whom the older reporter seemed to mistrust.

The half muttered expressions of Major Harcourt troubled the reporter, too. The man expressed himself as doubting, or fearing, his companions.

What was the game? George had his eyes opened all right, and knew that queer things sometimes happen in the Tenderloin.

Yet the police believed the man was out of his head, and that his companions were all right. It certainly would be unwise for any "kid reporter" to put his oar into the business.

The carriage, for which one of the station-house "runners" had gone, was now announced. Harcourt half roused again, and reiterated his desire to be taken to the hospital in the public ambulance.

But they hustled him out and into the closed carriage. George followed.

His assignment was supposed to keep him in sight of the station; but he could not make up his mind to let this party out of his ken. Suppose they did not take the wounded man to the hospital, after all?

As the carriage started slowly, after the trio had climbed in, a hansom stopped right beside George. The rest of the crowd had dwindled away, the excitement being over.

"What's doin'?" asked the driver of the hansom, leaning from his seat to speak to the reporter. "Is thot man hurted?"

"Yes. Got a crack on the head in a runaway wreck just now. They're taking him to the hospital—or, I suppose they are."

"Who is he?" asked the cabby, eagerly.

"An Englishman named Major Harcourt——"

"Be th' powers, I knowed ut!" exclaimed the driver of the hansom. "Oi knowed thot face."

George had looked up at him searchingly.

"And I know you," he said. "Your name's Ginn, isn't it?"

"Danny Ginn, at yer sarvice," declared the little Irishman.

"You were looking for a fare you lost—an English tourist—down at police headquarters the other day, weren't you?"

"I was thot. An' if me eyes do not desave me, the mon they jist tumbled inter that kerridge was th' identikal wan I want to see."

"Gee! He was the fellow who licked Billy Carmack, the prize fighter. Say! there's something in this, Ginn."

"What is ut, sor?"

"The Englishman didn't want to go with these men who took him away. He's hurt some, and they claim to be taking him to the hospital—the New York. But I have my doubts——"

"Hop in!" exclaimed Danny Ginn suddenly. "That kerridge has jist turned th' corner. We'll follty ut."

George did not hesitate now. He was in the cab in a jiffy and Danny started the old mare along the block with a sharp snap of his whip.

"Oi've no fare, anyway, an' Oi moight be able to meet up wid th' Britisher an' git what's due me," said the cabby, through the trap, as he skilfully turned his vehicle down Sixth Avenue.

The carriage in which the wounded man and his two companions rode continued

slowly down-town and actually turned eastward on Fifteenth Street. George made up his mind that he had stirred up a mare's nest.

The carriage stopped before the entrance to the hospital, and although Danny's cab was more than half a block away, the reporter saw the fat men get out and help his wounded companion up the steps.

The third man remained in the carriage, which drove swiftly away from the hospital, rounding the corner into Fifth Avenue, up which it turned and was out of sight before Danny Ginn's cab arrived opposite the entrance.

By that time, too, the fat man and the wounded one had gone inside. The reporter jumped out of the cab.

"Guess it's all straight," he said. "What you going to do? Wait to see the Englishman when he comes out?"

"Thot Oi will. If he's well enough to walk op thim shteps, he'll be well enough to walk down 'em—and well enough to pay me what he's owin' me."

George hung about for a while, but the two men did not come out. Perhaps, he thought, Major Harcourt had proved to be seriously hurt, after all.

"I tell you what, Ginn," he said to the cabman. "I'll go inside and make inquiries."

He did this, saw the hallman and, after some delay, one of the night surgeons in charge.

"Englishman named Harcourt? Why, we have no such case," was the declaration of the hospital physician.

"Just brought in? Nonsense! We haven't had a case for two hours."

"But I saw two men come in here—the wounded one leaning on the other's arm. The other was a fat man——"

"Why, I know whom you mean. You are mixed in your deductions, my young Sherlock Holmes. You newspaper boys are wonders—sometimes! That man was not wounded at all. He was suffering from rheumatism, he told me, but he did not come for treatment.

"In fact they came to inquire about young Harry Badger, the millionaire's son, you know. But his folks removed him to a private sanitarium yesterday afternoon."

"Those men haven't come out again!" exclaimed the excited reporter.

"Oh, I believe they said something about having a carriage waiting for them at the other entrance. They went out by the day-patient gate on Sixteenth Street."

One other question George stopped to ask. He saw that he had been fooled—oh, so easily!—and he was mad. But he did not lose his head.

"What sort of a looking man was the one who claimed to be rheumatic?" he demanded.

"Why—black-haired and dark complexioned, I believe. Yes! he had a heavy dark mustache——"

George darted away without waiting to hear anything else. The wounded Englishman had not left the carriage at the hospital at all!

CHAPTER XXI.

The Element of Bad Luck.

AND young George was quite right. Harcourt, sunken into a comatose condition on the carriage seat, had been left by his two companions at the hospital door, while they went inside the building.

Elder was a shrewd old fox. He had noticed the interested face of the reporter at the police station, and he feared pursuit.

He gave orders to the carriage driver to whip around the block and meet them at the other entrance of the hospital, and there the lawyer and Kirby embarked again, finding their prisoner still in his trance.

"If we were followed, we've turned them off the track nicely," chuckled the fat attorney.

He gave the driver the address of a well-known surgeon on the East Side, and they were on their way again.

"We'll get into trouble yet, dragging him around from place to place," growled the black-mustached man. "Damn Jack, anyway! If he hadn't got in front of that car we'd been all right."

"Well, we came out of the smash-up easily. And we certainly can't allow this man's wound to go improperly dressed any longer. If that sawbones back at the station had known his business, he would have fixed him up and then we need not have done this."

"If the Britisher wakes up again he'll put up a holler. You see what he did at the station."

"We'll have to risk that," said Elder, decidedly. "We are not barbarians. We cannot let the man's wound go unattended."

At the doctor's office they had some difficulty in rousing anybody. It was now long past midnight and the surgeon was not in the habit of taking cases like this.

Elder, however, sent in his card and, when the doctor appeared finally in dressing-gown and slippers, explained that the case was urgent.

"To tell you the truth, doctor," said the slick Mr. Elder, "we did not wish to take Major Harcourt to a public clinic because of his condition of mind.

"His friends are greatly worried about him, and are keeping him in retirement for a few days. To be frank, he was unfortunately drawn into that shooting affray at the Carolus Club——"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the physician. "When young Badger was shot?"

"Yes. The major had had some words with the little fool, and he was trying to take the pistol away from Badger when the thing exploded.

"Naturally the major felt very bad about it, especially as there is little doubt that Badger will die. It has worried him until we have thought it unsafe to allow him to be alone.

"And then this carriage wreck has about finished his nerves. There! you see he is coming-to now. I hope the wound is not serious."

Kirby and the driver had brought the wounded man into the office. Harcourt was just struggling back to consciousness.

The surgeon made his examination quickly.

"A scalp wound only," he decided. "But he has lost a lot of blood. I'll have to take a few stitches."

In half an hour the Englishman's head was bandaged and the doctor had given him a stimulating drink. He gradually came to a knowledge of his condition.

Meanwhile Kirby had got rid of the carriage which had brought them here, telling the driver that the wounded man would remain. In ten minutes, however, after he had used the doctor's telephone, another carriage stood before the office door.

"A man we can trust," Kirby told Elder, in an aside. "I know him well. He'll not dare peach on us."

"Demmit!" muttered the lawyer, "now begins a part of the scheme of which I can't approve. You and Carringford are unwise, I believe."

"Just you suggest a better game, that's all," grunted the other.

Harcourt, with his head finally eased, and quite himself once more despite his weakness, was ready for the plotters. When Elder came into the operating-room, the Englishman said to the physician:

"Doctor, I do not know you, but I wish to ask your assistance. I want you to allow me to remain here. These men——"

"There, there! That's a good fellow, Harcourt," exclaimed Elder, bustling up. "We know all about it. The doctor knows."

"What does the doctor know?" asked the Englishman, looking at the physician pointedly.

"That you'll be as right as a trivet in a few days, my dear fellow," said the doctor.

He was only anxious to get back to his bed and be rid of these unseasonable callers.

"You look like a sensible man, sir," said Harcourt, flushing angrily. "Do you mean to tell me that you will allow yourself to be drawn into a flagrant violation of the laws?"

"Now, now, Harcourt! Don't excite yourself," begged the lawyer.

"I tell you, sir," cried the Englishman, standing erect with difficulty, "these men are blacklegs. One of them—or one of their comrades—struck me on the head and made this wound. They are determined to keep me a prisoner——"

Elder was shaking his head sadly.

"You see how it is, doctor," he said. "I am dreadfully troubled by the case—especially since he was hurt."

"Come, come, sir! It will be all right," said the doctor, in his most professional tone. "Go with your friends——"

"Damn you!" exclaimed the exasperated Britisher. "Are you merely a fool, or a tool of these villains?"

Said the doctor: "Mr. Elder, he is getting violent. I really think you should restrain him somewhere, until the fever of this wound can be assuaged."

"So you are merely a fool!" exclaimed Harcourt. "Then I can hope for nothing from you, for a medical fool is the most unreasonable of all boobies!

"Go on!" he cried, waving his arms wildly. "Lead me where you will. It is your turn now, Elder; but, by heaven! I'll have the last laugh!"

"Really, quite a serious case," whispered the surgeon, as he bowed Elder and Kirby, with their disgusted prisoner, out of the office.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Game Goes On.

MAJOR HARCOURT had shown some panic when he seized Fledgely by the throat while driving to the Carringfords' Thursday evening. But he was calm enough now.

Once he had recovered from the dazing effect of the blow which had felled him when he was forced into the closed carriage at Carringford's side door, the Englishman displayed no fear at his situation.

He was now simply angry and disgusted that the surgeon should have sided against him, and with his two captors. It seemed utterly absurd that an intelligent human being could be so easily befooled.

On reaching the sidewalk, with Elder on one side and Kirby on the other, Harcourt saw that, save for this new carriage that had been called, there was nothing in sight along the street but the lamp-posts.

The driver was the only human being to be seen and to him Harcourt addressed himself:

"My man! I want you to drive me to one of the best hotels—and at once. Don't take your orders from these two scoundrels, for if you do you'll pay for it later. Drive me to the Fifth Avenue; that cannot be far from here."

"All right, boss. Jump in!" said the driver gruffly.

Kirby chuckled, and thought it too good a joke to keep to himself.

"Go on, Tommy!" he said to the driver. "Take the gent just where he says."

"Sh!" muttered Elder, crowding his bulk into the carriage ahead of the prisoner.

Harcourt saw that the carriages had

been changed for an obvious purpose. This was probably no public equipage. The man on the box was one of Kirby's henchmen.

He said nothing, seeing that to object would be useless, and stepped into the vehicle. Kirby followed, after a low-toned order to the driver, and they left the doctor's office.

But Major Harcourt had no intention of giving up so easily. With Kirby alone, or with Carringford, he might have feared some personal violence; but Elder was not that kind of a man.

True, he had received a heavy blow from a whip butt; but that, Harcourt was sure, had not been by Elder's orders.

The rough who posed at that time as the driver of the Carringford carriage (he knew it was not Jerome, the coachman who had driven Miss Sloan and himself through the Park on Tuesday evening)—this fellow, it was probable, had seen the Englishman about to escape from the trap set for him, and had known no other way to secure the victim but by brute force.

Indeed, neither Kirby nor Elder tried to hamper the major in any way. They urged him into the carriage, it was true; but he was neither bound nor gagged.

What they intended doing with him was an anxious query in Harcourt's mind; nevertheless he did not broach the subject. He sat in his corner of the carriage seat, with Kirby beside him and Elder in front, and made no childish move for escape.

Nevertheless, through the uncurtained window by his side he watched the streets closely. He had a well-developed bump of direction, and despite his wound and the twists and turns they had taken since leaving the police station, Harcourt knew that the carriage was going south.

He remembered that the old house in which he had first been a captive was in this direction. The thought was not encouraging, for he had seen, on his escape from the place, that it was a regular prison. Once within it again, he would be utterly unable to communicate with the outside world.

He suddenly caught sight of a tall figure standing motionless on the curb just ahead—a figure upon the front of which glistened the brass buttons of the American police. The carriage was bound to pass almost within arm's reach of the statuesque guardian of the law.

Harcourt's hand was upon the strap of the window sash. He jerked it suddenly toward him and dropped the sash into its socket.

His action was so quick that neither of his guards suspected it until he had his head at the open window.

"Officer! I say, officer!" exclaimed the Englishman. "I want to see you! Stop this carriage!"

With an oath, Kirby seized him by the neck and jerked him back; but Elder made him desist.

"Stop it! Stop, I say! You want to spoil everything, do you?" grunted the fat lawyer. At the same instant he snapped open the trap and sang out to the driver: "Stop, driver! Call that policeman over here."

This last was not necessary. The copper had caught a glimpse of Harcourt's bandaged head at the carriage window, and had started along the walk after the vehicle.

By Elder's command the cab stopped and the policeman overtook it.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded, looking suspiciously into the window.

"Officer, I want your assistance," said the Englishman quietly. "These men refuse to allow me to leave them, or to take me to a respectable hotel. I wish you to call another carriage for me, take the cabman's number, and send me to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. You see, I have been slightly hurt"—and he pointed to his bandaged head—"and I need rest and quiet."

"Fur th' love of hiven!" exclaimed the officer. "Is it a kidnapin'?"

Kirby was careful to keep his face out of sight; but Elder leaned forward and passed the astonished officer his card.

"I'm sorry he troubled you, officer," said the lawyer, "but my friend is not just himself, you see. We were wrecked at Herald Square, and our carriage smashed; besides, my friend received a bad cut on the head. We are trying to get him home to Brooklyn, and he is really making us some little trouble——"

"Officer, don't decide this matter yourself," interposed Harcourt. "Take us to your station."

"Och, sure! thot's ahl right—ahl right, Oi tell ye!" exclaimed the patrolman soothingly.

Elder's card had done its work.

"Sure, th' man's bad hurted, yer honor," he added, to the lawyer. "Oi kin see thot—poor man!"

"Drive on!" said the lawyer cheerfully, and Harcourt's hopes were dashed again.

(To be Continued.)

SHELLEY ON CHILDREN.

They were earth's purest children, young and fair,
With eyes the shrines of unawaken'd thought,
And brows as bright as spring or morning.

VICTOR HUGO ON WOMAN.

You gaze at a star for two motives: because it is luminous and because it is impenetrable. You have by your side a sweeter radiance and greater mystery—woman.

Les Misérables.

THE GLORY OF THE CORN.

An Eloquent Appreciation of One of the Greatest Agricultural Staples Produced in the United States, to Which Richard J. Oglesby, the Famous Old War Veteran and Governor of Illinois, Gave Expression.

THE corn! the corn! the corn! that in its first beginning and in its growth has furnished aptest illustration of the tragic announcement of the chiefest hope of man. If he die he shall surely live again. Planted in the friendly but somber bosom of mother earth, it dies. Yea, it dies the second death, surrendering up each trace of form and earthly shape until the outward tide is stopped by the reacting vital germs which, breaking all the bonds and cerements of its sad decline, come bounding, laughing into life and light, the fittest of all the symbols that make certain promise of the fate of man. And so it died, and then it lived again.

See it—look on its ripening, waving field. See how it wears a crown, prouder than monarch ever wore; sometimes jauntily, and sometimes, after the storm, the dignified survivors of the tempest seem to view a field of slaughter and to pity a fallen foe. And see the pendent caskets of the cornfield filled with the wine of life and see the silken fringes that set a form for fashion and for art.

And now the evening comes, and something of a time to rest and listen. The scudding clouds conceal the half and then reveal the whole of the moonlit beauty of the night; and then the gentle winds make heavenly harmonies on a thousand thousand harps that hang upon the borders, and the edges, and the middle of the field of ripening corn, until my very heart seems to beat responsive with the rising and the falling of the long, melodious refrain. The melancholy clouds sometimes make shadows on the field and hide its aureate wealth; and now they move, and slowly into sight there comes the golden glow of promise for an industrious land.

Aye, the corn, the royal corn, within whose yellow hearts there is of health and strength for all the nations. The corn triumphant! That with the aid of man hath made victorious procession across the tufted plain and laid foundation for the social excellence that is and is to be. This glorious plant, transmitted by the alchemy of God, sustains the warrior in battle, the poet in song, and strengthens everywhere the thousand arms that work the purposes of life.

Oh! that I had the voice of song or skill to translate into tone the harmonies, and symphonies, and oratorios that roll across my soul when, standing, sometimes by day and sometimes by night, upon the borders of the verdant sea, I note a world of promise; and then before one-half the year is gone I view its full fruition and see its heaped gold await the need of man.

Majestic, fruitful, wondrous plant! Thou greatest among the manifestations of the wisdom and the love of God that may be seen in all the fields, or upon the hillsides, or in the valleys. Glorious corn that, more than all the sisters of the field, wears tropic garments. Nor on the shore of Nilus nor of Ind does Nature dress her forms more splendidly. My God! to live again that time, when half the world was good and the other half unknown.

And now again the corn! that in its kernel holds the strength that shall (in the body of the man refreshed) subdue the forest and compel response from every stubborn field; or, shining in the eye of beauty, make blossoms of her cheeks and jewels of her lips, and thus make for man the greatest inspiration to well-doing, the hope of companionship of that sacred, warm, and well-embodied soul, a woman.

RICHARD J. OGLESBY, from whose lips came this eloquent praise of Indian corn, was himself a son of the Corn Belt. He was born in Oldham County, Kentucky, July 25, 1824. He was elected governor of Illinois in November, 1864, holding the office continuously until 1869. Again, in 1872, he was elected governor. From 1873 to March 3, 1879, he was a United States senator from Illinois, when he declined reelection. In November, 1884, he was once more elected governor, serving four years. He died at Elkhart, Indiana, April 24, 1899.

The above speech was delivered before the Fellowship Club in Chicago, September 9, 1892, on the occasion of the Harvest Home Festival. At the speaker's table that night ex-Governor Oglesby sat between Joseph Jefferson and A. Conan Doyle.

Blind Men Who Won Fame.

Sightless, but Courageous, Persons Who Became Distinguished Professors, Authors, and Inventors, While Others Were Skilful Athletes— One Served as Postmaster-General of Great Britain.

JOHN MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

MISS HELEN KELLER'S attainments, her emergence from a life in which there was neither light nor sound to a communicative relationship with others, are a marvel of the present day. The best things have all become hers through the single medium of touch. The compound obstacles which she has had to overcome make her case, perhaps, the most remarkable on record.

There have been, however, many famous blind persons in history. Stengel mentions a young cabinet-maker of Ingolstadt, who, having lost his sight, amused himself by carving wooden pepper-mills, using a common knife. His want of sight seemed to be no impediment to his manual dexterity.

Sir Kenelm Digby has given particulars about a gifted blind tutor. He surpassed the ablest players at chess; at long distances he shot arrows with such precision as almost never to miss his mark; he constantly went abroad without a guide; he regularly took his place at table, and ate with such dexterity that it was impossible to perceive that he was blind; when any one spoke to him for the first time he was able to tell with certainty his stature and the form of his body; and when his pupils recited in his presence he knew in what situation and attitude they were.

Uldaric Schomberg, born in Germany toward the beginning of the seventeenth century, lost his sight at the age of three years; but as he grew up he applied himself to the study of *belles-lettres*, which he afterward professed with credit at Altorf, at Leipsic, and at Hamburg.

Bourcheau de Valbonais, born at Grenoble in 1651, became blind when very young—soon after the naval combat at Soibaye, where he had been present. But this accident did not prevent him from publishing the "History of Dauphine," in two volumes, folio. He had made profound researches into the history of his province, and, besides the work just mentioned, published a "Nobiliare of Dauphine."

Mastered Chemistry and Mathematics.

Dr. Nicholas Sanderson, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, was one of the most remarkable men of his time. Born in 1682, at a small town in the County of York, he died at Cambridge in 1739, at the age of fifty-six years. He invented a table for teaching arithmetic palpably to the blind.

Dr. Henry Moyes professed the Newtonian philosophy, which he taught with considerable success as an itinerant lecturer. He was also a good chemist, a respectable mathematician, and a tolerable musician.

Mr. Phefel, of Colmar, who lost his sight

when very young, composed a great deal of poetry, consisting chiefly of fables, some of which were translated into French. Among the pupils of this learned blind man were Prince Schwartzenberg and Prince Eisemberg. He died at Colmar, 1809.

Weissemburgh, of Mannheim, became blind at the age of seven years. He wrote perfectly, and read with characters which he had imagined for his own use. He was an excellent geographer, and composed maps and globes, which he employed both in studying and teaching this science. He was the inventor of an arithmetical table differing but little from that of Sanderson.

An Extraordinary Questioner.

The blind man of Puiseaux must be known to all who read Diderot's celebrated "Lettres sur les Aveugles." He was the son of a professor of philosophy in the University of Paris, and had attended with advantage courses of chemistry and botany at the Jardin du Roi. After having dissipated a part of his fortune, he retired to Puiseaux, where he established a distillery, the products of which he came regularly once a year to dispose of.

There was an originality in everything that he did. His custom was to sleep during the day, and to rise in the evening; he worked all night, "because," as he himself said, "he was not then disturbed by anybody." His wife, when she arose in the morning, used to find everything perfectly arranged.

To Diderot, who visited him at Puiseaux, he put some very singular questions as to the transparency of glass, and as to colors, and other facts and conditions which could be recognized only through sight. He asked if naturalists were the only persons who saw with the microscope, and if astronomers were the only persons who saw with the telescope; if the machine that magnified objects was greater than that which diminished them; if that which brought them near were shorter than that which removed them to a distance. He believed that astronomers had eyes of different conformation from those of other men, and that a man could not devote himself to the study of a particular science without having eyes specially adapted for that purpose.

"The eye," said he, "is an organ upon which the air ought to produce the same effect as my cane does upon my hand." He possessed the memory of sounds to a surprising degree, and recognized by the voice those whom he had only heard speak once.

A Blind Naturalist.

He could tell if he was in a thoroughfare or in a *cul-de-sac*, in a large or in a small place. He estimated the proximity of fire by the degree of heat; the comparative fulness of vessels by the sound of the liquor in falling; and the neighborhood of bodies by the action of the air on his face. He employed characters in relief, in order to teach his son to read, and the latter never had any other master than his father.

M. Huber, of Geneva, an excellent naturalist, and author of a treatise on bees and ants, was blind from infancy. In executing his great work he had no other assistance than what he derived from his domestic, who mentioned to him the color of the insects, and then he ascertained their size and form by touch, with the same facility he would have recognized them by their humming in the air. This laborious writer also published a valuable work on education.

Beggar Becomes a Student.

Francis Lesneur, born of very poor parents at Lyons, in 1766, lost his sight when six weeks old. He went to Paris in 1778, and was begging at the gate of a church when M. Hauy, discovering in the young mendicant some inclination to study, received him, and undertook the task of instructing him, at the same time promising him a sum equal to that which he had collected in alms.

Lesneur began to study in October, 1784. Six months later he was able to read, to compose with characters in relief, to print, and in less than two years he had learned the French language, geography, and music, which he understood very well. It is painful to add that he proved ungrateful to his benefactor and master, to whom he owed everything.

Avisse, born in Paris, embarked when very young on board a vessel fitted out for the slave trade, in the capacity of secretary or clerk to the captain; but on the coast of Africa he lost his sight from a violent inflammation. On his return his parents procured his admission into the institution for the blind, where, in a few years, he became professor of grammar and logic.

He produced a comedy in verse, in one act, entitled "La Ruse d'Aveugle," which was performed; and several other pieces, which were all printed in one volume, in 1803. He died before he had completed his thirty-first year, at the very time when the high hopes entertained of him were being realized.

Some Distinguished Churchmen.

Although blind from birth Robert Wauchope became not only a priest but the Archbishop of Armagh. It was he who, in 1541, introduced Jesuits into Ireland. In 1543 he was appointed Archbishop by Paul III; he attended the Council of Trent in 1547.

Richard Lucas, D. D., called the blind prebendary of Westminster, was another prominent blind churchman. He was the author of several well-known books on religious subjects. He lived from 1648 to 1715.

John Ziska, the famous Hussite general, was born near Budweis, Bohemia, in 1360. From childhood he was blind in one eye and later he lost the other in battle, but that did not interfere with his aggressive and determined spirit, for after gaining several victories over the Emperor Sigismund, that monarch early in 1424 proposed a meeting at which Ziska was granted full religious liberty for his followers, and was appointed governor of Bohemia and its dependencies. Unfortunately, the old warrior did not live long enough to enjoy his well-earned peace, for he died of the plague October 11, 1424.

Of blind musicians, "Henry the Minstrel," or "Blind Harry," is a notable example. He lived about 1470-1490 and was Minstrel in the Court of James IV of Scotland. He was the author of a poem on William Wallace which was very famous in its time and is still preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

Sightless Poets.

There were several blind poets, of whom Milton is, of course, the most famous; he became totally blind in May 1652, being then forty-one years of age. A large number of his works, "Paradise Lost" among others, were written after his misfortune. He lived in darkness for twenty-two years, dying November 8, 1674.

Homer was known as "The blind bard of Chio's rocky isle," but he did not become blind until late in life.

Another blind poet of note was Luigi Grotto, an Italian, known as "Il Cieco d'Adria." He lived 1541-1585.

Giovanni Gonelli (1610-1664) was a noted Tuscan sculptor, and much of his work may be seen to-day. Though totally blind, he made admirable likenesses, and his portrait bust of Pope Urban VIII is very celebrated.

In more modern times we have the late Henry Fawcett, of Salisbury, England. Born in 1833, he was graduated from Cambridge in 1856. In 1858 he became totally blind, through an accident while hunting. This terrible misfortune at the outset of a promising career would have been enough to daunt most men, but in spite of it Fawcett soon became an authority on economic and political subjects, and in 1863 he was made a professor of political economy at the University of Cambridge. He was elected to the British House of Commons, and in 1880 he entered the cabinet as postmaster-general of England, in which position he proved himself an active and efficient minister. He died in 1884.

Another notable modern example is the great yacht designer, John B. Herreshoff. Although he became blind at fifteen, he has built up and managed the enormous business that bears his name—The Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, which succeeded Edward Burgess as the builders of defenders of the America Cup. In spite of his blindness it is he who does most of the actual designing, and the perfect freedom of his movements on board ship or in the shop is wonderful.

He was born in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1841, and is still the active head of the business.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH.

On this Subject Our Planet Is as Secretive as a Woman, and Inquisitive Scientists Obtain Vastly Different Results.

THE earth is almost as secretive on the subject of its age as is a woman who has passed the thirty mark. Several years ago Richard A. Proctor, the celebrated astronomer, addressed himself to an investigation of the subject, and then wrote as follows:

The age of the earth is placed by some at five hundred millions of years; by others, one hundred million years; and still others, of later time, among them the Duke of Argyll, place it at ten million years. None place it lower than ten millions, knowing what processes have been gone through.

Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in so much earlier or later stages of existence. The earth must become old.

Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would lose all its water and become perfectly dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct.

As the earth keeps cooling, it will become porous, and great cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress, so far that the water diminishes at the rate of the thickness of a sheet of paper each year.

At this rate, in six million years the water will have sunk a mile, and in fifteen million the water will have disappeared from the face of the globe.

The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is in an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creature we know could breathe it and live; the time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come death.

BALZAC'S VIEWS OF WOMEN.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC (1799-1850) has been pronounced by many eminent critics the most truly great of all the writers of fiction that France has produced. This judgment has been questioned at times by admirers of Hugo and Dumas, but on one point all students of French literature agree—that as an analyst of human character Honoré de Balzac never has had a peer.

As might have been expected of such a profound student of human nature, Balzac on various occasions attempted to analyze the character of woman. Many millions of men had essayed this task before Balzac's time and had failed, as millions of other men have been failing ever since. Philosophers have been the first to despair, for they contend that no woman ever thoroughly understands herself or any other member of her sex—in short, that she is to be understood only by the angels. But it is generally believed that Balzac came nearer the truth in his estimate of woman than any other novelist has done. Naturally his views were conflicting. THE SCRAP BOOK herewith presents some of them.

WHEN a woman pronounces the name of a man but twice a day, there may be some doubt as to the nature of her sentiment—but three times!

In courting women, many dry wood for a fire that will not burn for them.

No man has yet discovered the means of successfully giving friendly advice to women—not even to his own.

A man who can love deeply is never utterly contemptible.

Women are constantly the dupes, or else the victims, of their extreme sensitiveness.

A man must be a fool who does not succeed in making a woman believe that which flatters her.

A woman when she has passed forty becomes an illegible scrawl; only an old woman is capable of divining old women.

A woman full of faith in the one she loves is but a novelist's fancy.

The mistakes of a woman result almost always from her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.

In the elevated order of ideas, the life of man is glory; the life of woman is love.

Marriage has its unknown great men as war has its Napoleons and philosophy its Descartes.

The Indian axiom, "Do not strike even with a flower a woman guilty of a hundred crimes," is my rule of conduct.

Most women proceed like the flea, by leaps and jumps.

When women love us, they forgive us everything, even our crimes. When they do not love us, they give us credit for nothing, not even for our virtues.

Marriage should combat without respite or mercy that monster which devours everything—habit.

There is one thing admirable in women: they never reason about their blameworthy actions; even in their dissimulation there is an element of sincerity.

PROS AND CONS OF "KICKING."

A Compound of Rhymed Parables and Morals That May be Found Useful to Well-Meaning Readers When Confronted by the Problem Expressed in the Phrase "To Kick, or Not To Kick?"

THE STORY OF A KICKER.

By Holman F. Day.

THERE lived two frogs, so I've been told.
In a quiet wayside pool;
And one of those frogs was a blamed bright frog,
But the other frog was a fool.

Now a farmer man with a big milk can
Was wont to pass that way;
And he used to stop and add a drop
Of the aqua pura, they say.

And it chanced one morn in the early dawn
When the farmer's sight was dim,
He scooped those frogs in the water he dipped
—Which same was a joke on him.

The fool frog sank in the swashing tank,
As the farmer bumped to town.
But the smart frog flew like a tugboat screw,
And he swore he'd not go down.

So he kicked and splashed and he slammed and trashed,
And he kept on top through all;
And he churned that milk in first-class shape
In a great big butter ball.

Now when the milkman got to town
And opened the can there lay
The fool frog drowned; but hale and sound,
The kicker he hopped away.

Moral.

Don't fret your life with needless strife,
Yet let this teaching stick.
You'll find, old man, in the world's big can
It sometimes pays to kick.

Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

THE MULE AND THE MAN.

THE mule—he is a gentle beast;
He's satisfied to be the least;
And so is man.
Like man he may be taught some tricks;
He does his work from 8 to 6;
The mule—when he gets mad he kicks;
And so does man.

The mule—he has his faults, 'tis true;
And so has man.
He does some things he should not do;
And so does man.
Like man he doesn't yearn for style,
But wants contentment all the while,
The mule—he has a lovely smile;
And so has man.

The mule is sometimes kind and good;
And so is man.
He eats all kinds of breakfast food;
And so does man.
Like man he balks at gaudy dress
And all outlandish foolishness.
The mule's accused of mulishness;
And so is man.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NO USE.

IT'S mighty disappointing when you've sat and fished all day,
And had to grin and bear it while the fish all got away.
You've done the very best you could with hook and line and bait,
And nothing else remained except to trust to luck and wait.
You may as well take comfort in the lazy summer day
And feel the breeze and watch the shifting shadows in the bay,
And do your best to tell the truth when you go home at night,
'Cause there's no use kicking if the fish refuse to bite.

And when the years are passing—'most as swiftly as the days,
And you find the things you longed for have all turned to other ways,
It's better to appreciate the laughter and the song
Than take a solemn vow that all the world is going wrong.
It's hard to be convinced that you have struck a losing chance
No matter if the game be love, ambition, or finance.
But the days are full of sunshine and the stars all shine at night
And there's no use kicking if the fish refuse to bite.

Washington Star.

The Companions of Jehu.*

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

TWO travelers enter Avignon on October 9, 1799, and dine at a table d'hôte. Others at table relate their experience with the Companions of Jehu, a body of Royalists who are fighting the Republic and robbing the diligences of government money in order to support their cause. One of the Companions of Jehu, calling himself "Morgan," enters the room, masked and armed, and returns the money of a wine merchant, which had been taken by mistake along with the government money. Morgan then departs. Some of those present, and particularly a young noble, de Barjols, defend the Companions of Jehu, and de Barjols, in the course of the discussion, insults General Bonaparte. The younger of the two travelers first named throws a plate into the face of de Barjols. A duel is arranged between de Barjols and the young man, who proves to be Louis de Montrevel, called "Roland," aide-de-camp to Bonaparte. The older traveler bids de Montrevel farewell and continues his journey. Sir John Tunlay, a traveling Englishman, acts as de Montrevel's second. De Barjols is killed. Roland invites Sir John to visit the de Montrevel estate, near Bourg.

Meantime "Morgan," after riding out of Avignon, by a roundabout route, makes his way to the Chartreuse of Seillon, a deserted monastery, where he finds the "Companions" in secret conclave and gives over the money taken from the diligence the day before. A message from Brittany tells how the insurrection, led by Gen. Cadoudal, is progressing. Morgan, leaving, goes to the Château des Noires-Fontaines, the house of de Montrevels, and plays Romeo to the Juliet of Amélie, the young daughter of the house. The arrival of Roland and Sir John makes an end of the lovers' meeting.

The following day Sir John is entertained with a hunt. The peasants refuse that night to fetch the boar that was killed near the Chartreuse of Seillon, saying there are ghosts about the place.

In spite of the pleadings of Amélie, his sister, Roland decides to investigate. He takes his stand in the old monastery, and a ghost appears, who he feels is more of flesh than of spirit. Sir John then becomes desirous of beholding an apparition, and, in the same spot, encounters twelve, who declare themselves the Companions of Jehu, and stab him. Roland finds him on the verge of death.

Leaving his friend in good care, Roland starts off to keep his appointment at Bonaparte's house, where are matured those arrangements which, a few days later, enable Napoleon to take the title of First Consul.

Through Roland Morgan gains admittance to the First Consul, and gives him a letter from the exiled Bourbon, seeking his assistance to place him upon the throne. Napoleon refuses. Morgan declares the eternal enmity of the Vendée.

Roland returns Napoleon's answer to Tinfagues, at the Ball of the Victims.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Bear's Skin.

WITH a rapidity and good nature that did honor to his courtesy, Morgan went close to the candelabra, which were burning on the chimneypiece. The waistcoat and trousers seemed to be of the same stuff; but what was that stuff? The most experienced connoisseur would have been puzzled.

The trousers were tight-fitting as usual, of a light tint between buff and flesh color; the only remarkable thing about them was the absence of seam, and the closeness with which they clung to the leg. The waistcoat, on the other hand, had two characteristic signs which attracted attention: it had been pierced by three balls, which had the holes gaping, and these were stained a carmine, so like blood that it might easily have been mistaken for it. On the left side was painted a bloody heart, the distinguishing sign of the Vendéans. Morgan examined the two articles with the closest attention, but without result.

"If I were not in such a hurry," said he, "I should like to look into the matter for myself. But you heard for yourself; in all probability, some news has reached the committee; government money probably. You can announce it to Cadoudal; only we shall have to take it first. Ordinarily, I command these expeditions; if I delay, some one may take my place. So tell me what your waistcoat and trousers are made of."

"My dear Morgan," replied the Vendéan, "perhaps you have heard that my brother was captured near Bressure, and shot by the Blues?"

"Yes, I know that."

"The Blues were retreating; they left the body at the corner of the hedge. We were pursuing them so closely that we arrived just after them. I found the body of my brother still warm. In one of his wounds a sprig was stuck with these words; 'Shot as a brigand by me, Claude

*While "The Companions of Jehu" is doubtless not so well known to readers of THE SCRAP BOOK as "The Count of Monte Cristo" and the D'Artagnan romances (which include "The Three Musketeers"), it possesses qualities for which one may vainly look in a novel written by any author other than Dumas. It is charged with vigorous action, lively dialogue, and thrilling situations. Not for a moment does the author lose his grip on the reader's interest.—*Editor*, THE SCRAP BOOK.

Flageolet, corporal of the Third Battalion of Paris.' I took my brother's body, and had the skin removed from his breast. I vowed that this skin, pierced with three holes, should eternally cry vengeance before my eyes. I made it my battle waistcoat."

"Ah!" exclaimed Morgan, with a certain astonishment, in which, for the first time, was mingled something akin to terror—"Ah! then that waistcoat is made of your brother's skin? And the trousers?"

"Oh!" replied the Vendéan, "the trousers, that's another matter. They are made of the skin of Claude Flageolet, corporal of the Third Battalion of Paris."

At that moment the voice again called out, in the same order, the names of Morgan, Montbar, Adler, and d'Assas.

Morgan rushed out of the study, crossed the dancing-hall from end to end, and made his way to a little salon on the other side of the dressing-room. His three companions, Montbar, Adler, and d'Assas, were there already. With them was a young man in the government livery of a bearer of despatches, namely, a green and gold coat. His boots were dusty, and he wore a vizored cap and carried the despatch-box, the essential accouterments of a cabinet courier.

D'Assas was a man from thirty-five to thirty-eight years of age, with bushy hair that was turning gray, and mustaches as black as ebony. His eyes were of that wonderful shade of Indian eyes, verging on maroon. He was formerly a captain of dragoons, admirably built for struggle, whether physical or moral, his muscles indicating strength, and his face, obstinacy. For the rest, a noble bearing, great elegance of manners, scented like a dandy, carrying, either from caprice or luxury, a bottle of English smelling-salts, or a silver-gilt vinaigrette containing the most subtle perfumes.

Montbar and Adler, whose real names were unknown, like those of d'Assas and Morgan, were commonly called by the Company "the inseparables." Imagine Damon and Pythias at twenty-two—one joyous, loquacious, noisy, the other melancholy, silent, dreamy; sharing all things, dangers, money, one the complement of the other; each rushing to all extremes, but forgetting self when in peril to watch over the other, like the Spartan youths on the sacred legions—and you will form an idea of Montbar and Adler.

It is needless to say that all three were Companions of Jehu. They had been convoked, as Morgan suspected, on business of the Company.

On entering the room, Morgan went straight to the pretended bearer of despatches and shook hands with him. "My dear Lecoq," he exclaimed, "tell us why this costume?"

"The deuce!" retorted the young man. "If you don't know already, it's your fault and not mine. If I hadn't been obliged to call you twice you'd know as much as these gentlemen, and I wouldn't have to sing an encore. Well, here's what it is: simply of the remaining treasure of the Berne bears, which General Lecourbe is sending to the citizen First Consul by order of General Masséna. A trifle, only a hundred thousand francs, that they don't dare send over the Jura on account of M. Teysonnet's partizans, who, they pretend, are likely to seize it: so it will be sent by Geneva, Bourg, Mâcon, Dijon, and Troyes; a much safer way, as they will find when they try it."

"Very good!"

"The treasure should reach Genoa today, duodi, and leave to-morrow, tridi, by the diligence from Geneva to Bourg; so that, by leaving this very night, by the day after to-morrow, quintidi, you can, my dear sons of Israel, meet the treasure of messires the bears between Dijon and Troyes, near Bar-sur-Seine or Châtillon. What say you?"

"By heavens!" cried Morgan, "we say that there seems to be no room for argument left; we say we should never have permitted ourselves to touch the money of their highnesses the bears of Berne so long as it remained in their coffers; but as it has changed hands once, I see no objection to its doing so a second time. Only how are we to start?"

"The difficulty is foreseen, my children," said the courier; "a messenger has been sent to Troyes. You will leave your post-chaise at Delbauce; there you will find four horses all saddled and stuffed with oats. You will then calculate your time, and the day after to-morrow, or rather to-morrow, for it is past midnight, between seven and eight in the morning, the money of Messires Bruin will pass an anxious quarter of an hour."

"Shall we change our clothes?" inquired d'Assas.

"What for?" replied Morgan. "I think we are very presentable as we are. No diligence could be relieved of unnecessary weight by better dressed fellows. Let us take a last glance at the map, transfer a pâté, a cold chicken, and a dozen of champagne from the supper-room to the pockets of the coach, arm to the teeth in the arsenal, wrap ourselves in warm cloaks, and—clack! postilion!"

"Yes!" cried Montbar, "that's the idea."

"I should think so," added Morgan. "We'll kill the horses if necessary, and be back at seven in the evening, in time to show ourselves at the opera."

"That will establish an alibi," observed d'Assas.

"Precisely," said Morgan, with his imperturbable gaiety. "How could men who applaud Mademoiselle Clotilde and M. Vestris at eight o'clock in the evening have been at Bar and Châtillon in the morning settling accounts with the conductor of a diligence?"

Morgan pulled out one of the two

watches whose chains were dangling from his belt; it was a masterpiece of Petitot's enamel, and on the outer case which protected the painting was a diamond monogram. The pedigree of this beautiful trinket was as well established as that of an Arab horse; it had been made for Marie Antoinette, who had given it to the Duchesse de Polastron, who had given it to Morgan's mother.

"One o'clock," said Morgan; "come, gentlemen, we must relay at Lagny at three."

From that moment the expedition had begun, and Morgan became its leader; he no longer consulted, he commanded.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Family Matters.

LET us leave our four *hunters* on their way to Lagny—where, thanks to the passports they owed to the obligingness of certain clerks in citizen Fouché's employ, they exchanged their own horses for post-horses and their coachman for a postilion—and see why the First Consul had sent for Roland.

After leaving Morgan, Roland had hastened to obey the general's orders. He found the latter standing in deep thought before the fireplace. At the sound of his entrance General Bonaparte raised his head.

"What were you two saying to each other?" asked Bonaparte, without preamble, trusting to Roland's habit of answering his thought.

"Why," said Roland, "we paid each other all sorts of compliments, and parted the best friends in the world."

"How does he impress you?"

"As a perfectly well-bred man."

"How old do you take him to be?"

"About my age, at the outside."

"So I think; his voice is youthful. What now, Roland, can I be mistaken? Is there a new royalist generation growing up?"

"No, general," replied Roland, shrugging his shoulders; "it's the remains of the old one."

"Well, Roland, we must build up another, devoted to my son—if ever I have one."

Roland made a gesture which might be translated into the words, "I don't object." Then he said with a laugh: "There is my little brother."

"How old is he?"

"Eleven or twelve."

"Why did you never tell me about him?"

"Because I thought the sayings and doings of a youngster of that age could not interest you."

"You are mistaken, Roland; I am interested in all that concerns my friends. You ought to have asked me for something for your brother."

"Asked what, general?"

"His admission into some college in Paris."

"Pooh! You have enough beggars around you without my swelling their number."

"You hear; he is to come to Paris and enter college. When he is old enough I will send him to the Ecole Militaire, or some other school which I shall have founded before then."

"Faith, general," said Roland, "just as if I had guessed your good intentions, he is this very day on the point of starting for Paris."

"What for?"

"I wrote to my mother three days ago to bring the boy to Paris. I intended to put him in college without mentioning it, and when he was old enough to tell you about him—always supposing that a bullet had not carried me off in the mean time. But in that case——"

"In that case?"

"Oh! in that case I have left a bit of a will addressed to you, and recommending to your kindness my mother, and the boy and the girl—in short, the whole raft."

"The girl! Who is she?"

"My sister."

"I'll take charge of her establishment."

Roland began to laugh.

"What's the matter?" demanded the First Consul.

"General, I'm going to put a placard over the grand entrance to the Luxembourg."

"What will you put on the placard?"

"'Marriages made here.'"

"Why not? Is there any reason for your sister to remain an old maid? I don't like old maids."

"I did not say, general, that my sister should remain an old maid."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Only that, as the matter concerns my sister, she must, if you will allow it, be consulted."

"Ah, ha! Some provincial love-affair, is there?"

"I can't say. I left poor Amélie gay and happy, and I find her pale and sad. I shall get the truth out of her; and if you wish me to speak to you again about the matter I will do so."

"Yes, do so—when you get back from the Vendée."

"Ah! So I am going to the Vendée?"

"You are."

"When?"

"Oh, you need not hurry, provided you start to-morrow."

"Excellent; sooner if you wish. Tell me what I am to do there."

"Something of the utmost importance, Roland."

"The devil! It isn't a diplomatic mission, I presume?"

"Yes; it is a diplomatic mission for which I need a man who is not a diplomatist."

"Then I'm your man, general! Only,

you understand, the less a diplomatist I am, the more precise my instructions must be."

"I am going to give them to you. Do you see that map?"

And he showed the young man a large map of Piedmont stretched out on the floor, under a lamp suspended from the ceiling.

"Yes, I see it," replied Roland, accustomed to follow the general along the unexpected dashes of his genius; "but it is a map of Piedmont."

"Yes, it's a map of Piedmont."

"So there is still a question of Italy?"

"There is always a question of Italy."

"I thought you spoke of the Vendée?"

"Secondarily."

"Why, general, you are not going to send me to the Vendée and go yourself to Italy, are you?"

"No; don't be alarmed."

"All right; but I warn you, if you did, I should desert and join you."

"I give you permission to do so; but now let us go back to Mélas."

"Excuse me, general; this is the first time you have mentioned him."

"Yes; but I have been thinking of him for a long time. Do you know where I shall defeat him?"

"The deuce! I do."

"Where?"

"Wherever you meet him."

Bonaparte laughed.

"Ninny!" he said, with loving familiarity. Then, stooping over the map, he said to Roland, "Come here."

Roland stooped beside him.

"There," resumed Bonaparte; "that is where I shall fight him."

"Near Alessandria?"

"Within eight or nine miles of it. He has all his supplies, hospitals, artillery, and reserves in Alessandria; and he will not leave the neighborhood. I shall have to strike a great blow; that's the only condition on which I can get peace. I shall cross the Alps"—he pointed to the great Saint-Bernard—"I shall fall upon Mélas when he least expects me, and rout him utterly."

"Oh, trust you for that!"

"Yes; but you understand, Roland, that in order to quit France with an easy mind I can't leave it with an inflammation of the bowels—I can't leave war in the Vendée."

"Ah! now I see what you are after. No Vendée! And you are sending me to the Vendée to suppress it."

"That young man told me some serious things about the Vendée. They are brave soldiers, those Vendéans, led by a man of brains, Georges Cadoudal. I have sent him the offer of a regiment, but he won't accept."

"Jove! He's particular."

"But there's one thing he little knows."

"Who—Cadoudal?"

"Yes, Cadoudal. That is that the Abbé Bernier has made me overtures."

"To you, to Bonaparte, to the First Consul he deigns to——? Why, that's very kind of the Abbé Bernier. Have you accepted them?"

"Yes, Roland; if the Vendée will give me peace, I will open her churches and give her back her priests."

"And suppose they chant the *Domine, salvum fac regem?*"

"That would be better than not singing at all. God is omnipotent, and He will decide. Does the mission suit you, now that I have explained it?"

"Yes, thoroughly."

"Then, here is a letter for General Hédouville. He is to treat with the Abbé Bernier as the general-in-chief of the Army of the West. But you are to be present at all these conferences. He is only my mouthpiece; you are to be my thought. Now start as soon as possible; the sooner you get back, the sooner Mélas will be defeated."

"General, give me time to write to my mother, that's all."

"Where will she stop?"

"At the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs."

"When do you think she will arrive?"

"This is the night of the 21st of January; she will be here the evening of the 23d, or the morning of the 24th."

"And she stops at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs?"

"Yes, general."

"I take it all on myself."

"Take it all on yourself, general?"

"Certainly; your mother can't stay at a hotel."

"Where should she stay?"

"With a friend."

"She knows no one in Paris."

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur Roland; she knows citizen Bonaparte, First Consul, and his wife."

"You are not going to lodge my mother at the Luxembourg. I warn you that that would embarrass her very much."

"No; but I shall lodge her in the Rue de la Victoire."

"Oh, general!"

"Come, come; that's settled. Go, now, and get back as soon as possible."

Roland took the First Consul's hand, meaning to kiss it; but Bonaparte drew him quickly to him.

"Embrace me, my dear Roland," he said, "and good luck to you."

Two hours later Roland was rolling along in a post-chaise on the road to Orleans. The next day, at nine in the morning, he entered Nantes, after a journey of thirty-three hours.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Geneva Diligence.

About the hour when Roland was entering Nantes, a diligence, heavily loaded, stopped at the inn of the Croix-d'Or, in

the middle of the main street of Châtillon-sur-Seine.

In those days the diligences had but two compartments, the coupé and the interior; the rotunda is an adjunct of modern times.

The diligence had hardly stopped before the postilion jumped down and opened the doors. The travelers dismounted. There were seven in all, of both sexes. In the interior, three men, two women, and a child at the breast; in the coupé, a mother and her son.

The three men in the interior were, one a doctor from Troyes, the second a watchmaker from Geneva, the third an architect from Bourg. The two women were a lady's maid traveling to Paris to rejoin her mistress, and the other a wet-nurse; the child was the latter's nursling, which she was taking back to its parents.

The mother and son in the coupé were people of position; the former, about forty years of age, still preserving traces of great beauty, the latter a boy between eleven and twelve. The third place in the coupé was occupied by the conductor.

The doctor, the watchmaker, the architect, and the mother and son entered the inn, and, after warming themselves hastily at the large kitchen-fire, entered the dining-room and took seats at the table.

The mother contented herself with a cup of coffee with cream, and some fruit. The boy, delighted to prove himself a man by his appetite at least, boldly attacked the viands. The first few moments were, as usual, employed in satisfying hunger. The watchmaker from Geneva was the first to speak.

"They say in Geneva that the roads in France are not safe."

"That's according to circumstances," said the architect.

"Ah! how's that?" inquired the watchmaker.

"Oh!" replied the architect; "if, for example, we were carrying government money, we would surely be stopped, or rather we would have been already."

"Do you think so?" queried the watchmaker.

"That has never failed. I don't know how those devils of Companions of Jehu manage to keep so well posted; but they never miss an opportunity."

The doctor nodded affirmatively.

"Ah!" exclaimed the watchmaker, addressing the doctor; "do you think so, too?"

"I do."

"And if you knew there was government money in the coach, would you be so imprudent as to take passage in it?"

"I must admit," replied the doctor, "that I should think twice about it."

"And you, sir?" said the questioner to the architect.

"Oh, I," replied the latter—"as I am on important business, I should have started anyway."

"I am tempted," said the watchmaker, "to take off my valise and my cases, and wait for to-morrow's diligence, because my boxes are filled with watches worth something like twenty thousand francs. We've been lucky so far, but there's no use tempting Providence."

"Did you not hear these gentlemen say," remarked the lady, joining in the conversation for the first time, "that we run the risk of being stopped only when the coach carries government money?"

"That's exactly it," replied the watchmaker, looking anxiously around. "We are carrying it."

The mother blanched visibly and looked at her son. Before fearing for herself, every mother fears for her child.

"What! We are carrying it?" asked the doctor and the architect in varying tones of excitement. "Are you sure of what you are saying?"

"Perfectly sure, gentlemen."

"Then you should either have told us before, or have told us in a whisper now."

"But perhaps," said the doctor, "the gentleman is not quite sure of what he says."

"Or perhaps he is joking," added the architect.

"Heaven forbid!"

"The Genevese are very fond of a laugh," persisted the doctor.

"Sir," replied the Genevese, much hurt that any one should think he liked to laugh, "I saw it put on the coach myself."

"What?"

"The money."

"Was there much?"

"A good many bags."

"But where does the money come from?"

"The treasury of the bears of Berne. You know, of course, that the bears of Berne received an income of fifty or even sixty thousand francs."

The doctor burst out laughing.

"Decidedly, sir, you are trying to frighten us," said he.

"Gentlemen," said the watchmaker, "I give you my word of honor——"

"Take your places, gentlemen," shouted the conductor, opening the door. "Take your places! We are three-quarters of an hour late."

"One moment, conductor, one moment," said the architect; "we are consulting."

"About what?"

"Close the door, conductor, and come over here."

"Drink a glass of wine with us, conductor."

"With pleasure, gentlemen; a glass of wine is never to be refused."

The conductor held out his glass, and the three travelers touched it; but just as he was lifting it to his lips the doctor stopped his arm.

"Come, conductor, frankly, is it true?"

"What?"

"What this gentleman says?" And he pointed to the Genevese.

"Whether I have government money? Yes, I have. Now, if we are stopped, say nothing and all will be well."

"Are you sure?"

"Leave me to arrange matters with these gentry."

"What will you do if we are stopped?" the doctor asked the architect.

"Faith! I shall follow the conductor's advice."

"That's the best thing to do," observed the latter.

"Well, I shall keep quiet," repeated the architect.

"And so shall I," added the watchmaker.

"Come, gentlemen, take your seats, and let us make haste."

The boy had listened to this conversation with frowning brow and clinched teeth.

"Well," he said to his mother, "if we are stopped I know what I'll do."

"What will you do?" she asked.

"You'll see."

"What does this little boy say?" asked the watchmaker.

"I say you are all cowards," replied the child unhesitatingly.

"Edouard!" exclaimed his mother, "what do you mean?"

"I wished they'd stop the diligence, that I do!" cried the boy, his eyes sparkling with determination.

"Come, come, gentlemen, in heaven's name take your places," called the conductor once more.

"Conductor," said the doctor, "I presume you have no weapons!"

"Yes, I have my pistols."

"Unfortunate!"

The conductor stooped to the doctor's ear and whispered: "Don't be alarmed, doctor: they're only loaded with powder."

"Good!"

"Forward, postilion, forward!" shouted the conductor, closing the door of the interior. Then, while the postilion snapped his whip and started the heavy vehicle, he also closed that of the coupé.

"Are you not coming with us, conductor?" asked the lady.

"Thank you, no, Madame de Montrevel," replied the conductor; "I have something to do on the imperial." Then, looking into the window, he added: "Take care that Monsieur Edouard does not touch the pistols in the pocket of the carriage; he might hurt himself."

"Pooh!" retorted the boy, "as if I didn't know how to handle a pistol. I have handsomer ones than yours, that my friend Sir John had sent me from England; haven't I, mama?"

"Never mind, Edouard," replied Madame de Montrevel. "I entreat you not to touch them."

"Don't worry, little mother." Then he added softly, "All the same, if the Companions of Jehu stop us, I know what I shall do."

The diligence was again rolling heavily on its way to Paris.

Suddenly, about an hour after leaving Châtillon, the diligence stopped at a bend of the river without any apparent cause. Four horsemen quietly approached, walking their horses, and one of them, a little in advance of the others, made a sign with his hand to the postilion, ordering him to draw up. The postilion obeyed.

"Oh, mama!" cried Edouard, standing up and leaning out of the window in spite of Madame de Montrevel's protestations; "oh, mama, what fine horses! But why do these gentlemen wear masks?"

Madame de Montrevel was dreaming. A woman always dreams a little; young, of the future; old, of the past. She started from her reverie, put her head out of the window, and gave a little cry.

Edouard turned around hastily.

"What ails you, mother?" he asked.

Madame de Montrevel turned pale and took him in her arms without a word. Cries of terror were heard in the interior.

"But what is the matter?" demanded little Edouard, struggling to escape from his mother's encircling arms.

"Nothing, my little man," said one of the masked men in a gentle voice, putting his head through the window of the coupé; "nothing but an account we have to settle with the conductor, which does not in the least concern you travelers. Tell your mother to accept our respectful homage, and to pay no more heed to us than if we were not here." Then passing to the door of the interior, he added: "Gentlemen, your servant. Fear nothing for your money or jewels." Then to the conductor: "Now, then, Père Jérôme, we have a hundred thousand francs on the imperial and in the boxes, haven't we?"

"Gentlemen, I assure you——"

"That the money belongs to the government. It did belong to the bears of Berne: seventy thousand francs in gold, the rest in silver. The silver is on the top of the coach, the gold in the bottom of the coupé. Isn't that so? You see how well informed we are."

At the words "bottom of the coupé" Madame de Montrevel gave another cry of terror; she was about to come in contact with men who, in spite of their politeness, inspired her with the most profound terror.

"But what is the matter, mother, what is the matter?" demanded the boy impatiently.

"Be quiet, Edouard; be quiet!"

"Why must I be quiet?"

"Don't you understand?"

"No."

"The coach has been stopped."

"Why? Tell me why? Ah, mother, I understand."

"No, no," said Madame de Montrevel, "you don't understand."

"Those gentlemen are robbers."

"What, you mean they are not robbers? Why, see they are taking the conductor's money."

Sure enough, one of the four was fastening to the saddle of his horse the bags of silver which the conductor threw down from the imperial.

"No," repeated Madame de Montrevel, "no, they are not robbers." Then lowering her voice, she added: "They are Companions of Jehu."

"Ah!" cried the boy, "they are the ones who assassinated my friend, Sir John."

And the child turned very pale, and his breath came hissing through his clinched teeth.

At that moment one of the masked men opened the door of the coupé, and said with exquisite politeness: "Madame la Comtesse, to our great regret we are obliged to disturb you; but we want, or rather the conductor wants, a package from the bottom of the coupé. Will you be so kind as to get out for a moment? Jérôme will get what he wants as quickly as possible." Then, with that note of gaiety which was never entirely absent from that laughing voice, he added, "Won't you, Jérôme?"

Jérôme replied from the top of the diligence, confirming these words.

With an instinctive movement to put herself between the danger and her son, Madame de Montrevel, while complying with that request, pushed Edouard behind her. That instant sufficed for the boy to seize the conductor's pistols.

The young man with the laughing voice assisted Madame de Montrevel from the coach with the greatest care, then signed to one of his companions to give her an arm, and returned to the coach.

But at that instant a double report was heard. Edouard had fired a pistol with each hand at the Companion of Jehu, who disappeared in the smoke.

Madame de Montrevel screamed, and fainted away. Various cries, expressive of diverse sentiments, echoed that of the mother.

From the interior came one of terror; they had all agreed to offer no resistance, and now some one had resisted. From the three young men came a cry of surprise—it was the first time such a thing had happened.

They rushed to their companion, expecting to find him reduced to pulp; but they found him safe and sound, laughing heartily, while the conductor, with clasped hands, was exclaiming: "Monsieur, I swear there were no balls, Monsieur, I protest, they were only charged with powder."

"The deuce," said the young man, "don't I see that? But the intention was good, wasn't it, my little Edouard?" Then, turning to his companions, he added: "Confess, gentlemen, that he is a fine boy—a true son of his father, and brother of his brother. Bravo, Edouard! you'll make a man some day!"

Taking the boy in his arms, he kissed him, in spite of his struggles, on both cheeks.

Edouard fought like a demon, thinking no doubt that it was very humiliating to be embraced by a man at whom he had just fired two pistols.

In the mean time one of the Companions had carried Edouard's mother to the bank by the roadside a little distance from the diligence. The man who had kissed Edouard with so much affection and persistence now looked around for her.

"Ah!" cried he, on perceiving her, "Madame de Montrevel still unconscious? We can't leave a woman in that condition, gentlemen. Conductor, take Master Edouard." Placing the boy in Jérôme's arms, he turned to one of his companions: "Man of precautions," said he, "haven't you smelling salts or a bottle of essence with you?"

"Here!" said the young man he had addressed, pulling a flask of toilet vinegar from his pocket.

"Good," said the other, who seemed to be the leader of the band. "Do you finish up the matter with Master Jérôme; I'll take charge of Madame de Montrevel."

It was indeed time. The fainting-fit was giving place to a violent nervous attack; spasmodic movements shook her whole body and strangled cries came from her throat.

The young man leaned over her and made her inhale the salts.

Madame de Montrevel presently opened her frightened eyes, and called out: "Edouard! Edouard!" With an involuntary movement she knocked aside the mask of the man who was supporting her, exposing his face.

The courteous, laughing young man—our readers have already recognized him—was Morgan.

Madame de Montrevel paused in amazement at sight of those beautiful blue eyes, the lofty brow, and the gracious lips smiling at her. She realized that she ran no danger from such a man, and that no harm could have befallen Edouard. Treating Morgan as a gentleman who had succored her, and not as a bandit who had caused her fainting-fits, she exclaimed: "Ah, sir! how kind you are!"

In the words, in the tones in which she uttered them, there lay a world of thanks, not only for herself, but for her child.

With singular delicacy, entirely in keeping with his chivalric nature, Morgan, instead of picking up his fallen mask and covering his face immediately, so that Madame de Montrevel could only have retained a fleeting and confused impression of it—Morgan replied to her compliment by a low bow, leaving his features uncovered long enough to produce their impression; then, placing d'Assas' flask in Ma-

dame de Montrevel's hand—and then only—he replaced his mask. Madame de Montrevel understood the young man's delicacy.

"Ah! sir," said she, "be sure that, in whatever place or situation I see you again, I shall not recognize you."

"Then, madame," replied Morgan, "it is for me to thank you and repeat, 'How kind you are.'"

"Come, gentlemen, take your seats!" said the conductor, in his customary tone, as if nothing unusual had happened.

"Are you quite restored, madame, or should you like a few minutes more to rest?" asked Morgan. "The diligence shall wait."

"No, that is quite unnecessary; I feel quite well, and am much indebted to you."

Morgan offered Madame de Montrevel his arm, and she leaned upon it to reach the diligence. The conductor had already placed little Edouard inside. When Madame de Montrevel had resumed her seat, Morgan, who had already made his peace with the mother, wished to do so with the son.

"Without a grudge, my young hero," he said, offering his hand.

But the boy drew back.

"I don't give my hand to a highway robber," he replied.

Madame de Montrevel gave a start of terror.

"You have a charming boy, madame," said Morgan; "only he has his prejudices." Then, bowing with the utmost courtesy, he added, "A prosperous voyage, madame," and closed the door.

"Forward!" cried the conductor.

The carriage gave a lurch.

"Oh! pardon me, sir!" exclaimed Madame de Montrevel; "your flask!"

"Keep it, madame," said Morgan; "although I trust you are sufficiently recovered not to need it."

But Edouard, snatching the flask from his mother's hands, flung it out of the window, crying: "Mama doesn't receive presents from robbers."

"The devil!" murmured Morgan, with the first sigh his Companions had ever heard him give. "I think I am right not to ask for my poor Amélie in marriage." Then, turning to his Companions, he said: "Well, gentlemen, is it finished?"

"Yes," they answered with one voice.

"Then let us mount and be off. Don't forget we have to be at the Opera at nine o'clock this evening."

Springing into his saddle, he was the first to jump the ditch and reach the river.

When he reached the opposite bank, followed by the other young men, d'Assas said to him: "Say, didn't your mask fall off?"

"Yes; but no one saw my face but Madame de Montrevel."

"Hum!" muttered d'Assas. "Better no one had seen it."

Putting their horses to a gallop, all four disappeared across the fields in the direction of Chacource.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Citizen Fouche's Report.

On arriving the next day, toward eleven in the morning, at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, Madame de Montrevel was astonished to find, instead of Roland, a stranger awaiting her. The stranger approached her.

"Are you the widow of General de Montrevel, madame?" he asked.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Madame de Montrevel, not a little astonished.

"And you are looking for your son?"

"Yes; and I do not understand, after the letter he wrote me——"

"Man proposes, the First Consul disposes," replied the stranger, laughing. "The First Consul has disposed of your son for a few days, and has sent me to receive you in his stead."

Madame de Montrevel bowed.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?" she asked.

"To citizen Fauvelet de Bourrienne, his first secretary," replied the stranger.

"Will you thank the First Consul for me," replied Madame de Montrevel, "and have the kindness to express to him the profound regret I feel at not being able to do so myself?"

"But nothing can be more easy, madame."

"How so?"

"The First Consul has ordered me to bring you to the Luxembourg."

"Me?"

"You and your son."

"Oh! I am going to see General Bonaparte! I am going to see General Bonaparte!" cried the child, jumping for joy and clapping his hands. "What happiness!"

"Edouard, Edouard!" exclaimed Madame de Montrevel. Then, turning to Bourrienne, "You must excuse him, sir; he is a little savage from the Jura Mountains."

Bourrienne held out his hand to the boy.

"I am a friend of your brother's," said he. "Will you kiss me?"

"Oh! willingly, sir," replied Edouard. "You are not a thief, I know."

"Why, no; I trust not," replied the secretary, laughing.

"You must excuse him once again, sir. Our diligence was stopped on the way."

"Stopped?"

"Yes."

"By robbers?"

"Not exactly."

"Monsieur," asked Edouard, "when people take other people's money, are they not thieves?"

"That is what they are generally called, my dear child."

"There, you see, mama."

"Come, Edouard, be quiet, I beg of you."

Bourrienne glanced at Madame de Montrevel, and saw clearly from the expression of her face that the subject was disagreeable to her; he therefore dropped it.

"Madame," said he, "may I remind you that I have orders to take you to the Luxembourg, and to add that Madame Bonaparte is expecting you?"

"Pray give me time to change my gown and to dress Edouard, sir."

"How long will that take, madame?"

"Is half an hour too much to ask?"

"No, indeed; if half an hour really suffices I shall think you most reasonable."

"Be easy, sir; it will be sufficient."

"Well, madame," said the secretary, bowing, "I will attend to an errand, and return in a half hour to place myself at your orders."

"Thank you, sir."

"Don't be annoyed if I should be punctual."

"I shall not keep you waiting."

Bourrienne left. Madame de Montrevel dressed Edouard first, then herself, and was ready five minutes before Bourrienne reappeared.

"Take care, madame," said Bourrienne, laughing, "lest I tell the First Consul of your extreme punctuality."

"What should I have to fear if you did?"

"He would keep you near him to give lessons in punctuality to Madame Bonaparte."

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame de Montrevel, "you must forgive unpunctuality in a creole."

"But I believe you are a creole also, madame."

"Madame Bonaparte sees her husband every day," said Madame de Montrevel, laughing, "whereas I am to see the First Consul for the first time."

"Come, mother, let us go!" said Edouard.

The secretary drew aside to allow Madame de Montrevel to pass out. Fifteen minutes later they had reached the Luxembourg.

Bonaparte occupied the suite of rooms on the ground floor to the right. Josephine's chamber and boudoir were on the first floor; a stairway led from the First Consul's study to her room.

She was expecting Madame de Montrevel, for as soon as she saw her she opened her arms as to a friend. Madame de Montrevel had stopped respectfully at the door.

"Oh! come in, come in, madame!" said Josephine. "To-day is not the first that I know you; I have long known you through your excellent son, Roland. Shall I tell you what comforts me when Bonaparte leaves me? It is that Roland goes with him; for I fancy that, so long as Roland is with him, no harm will befall him. Well, won't you kiss me?"

Madame de Montrevel was confused by so much kindness.

"We are compatriots, you know," continued Josephine. "Oh! how well I remember M. de la Clémencière, and his beautiful gardens with the splendid fruit. I remember having seen a young girl who seemed its queen. You must have married very young, madame?"

"At fourteen."

"Yes, you could not have been older to have a son of Roland's age. But pray sit down."

She led the way, making a sign to Madame de Montrevel to sit beside her.

"And that charming boy," she said, pointing to Edouard, "is he also your son?" And she gave a sigh. "God has been prodigal to you, madame, and as He has given you all you can desire, will you not implore Him to send me a son?"

She pressed her lips enviously to Edouard's forehead.

"My husband will be delighted to see you, he is so fond of your son, madame! You would not have been brought to me in the first instance, if he were not engaged with the minister of police. For that matter," she added, laughing, "you have arrived at an unfortunate moment; he is furious!"

"Oh!" cried Madame de Montrevel, frightened; "if that is so, I would rather wait."

"No, no! On the contrary, the sight of you will calm him. I don't know just what is the matter; but it seems a diligence was stopped on the outskirts of the Black Forest in broad daylight. Fouché will find his credit in danger if the thing goes on."

Madame de Montrevel was about to answer, when the door opened and an usher appeared.

"The First Consul awaits Madame de Montrevel," he said.

"Go," said Josephine; "Bonaparte's time is so precious that he is almost as impatient as Louis XV, who had nothing to do. He does not like to wait."

Madame de Montrevel rose hastily and turned to take Edouard with her.

"No," said Josephine; "leave this beautiful boy with me. You will stay and dine with us, and Bonaparte can see him then. Besides, if my husband takes a fancy to see him, he can send for him. For the time, I am his second mama. Come, what shall we do to amuse ourselves?"

"The First Consul must have a fine lot of weapons, madame," replied the boy.

"Yes, very fine ones. Well, I will show you the First Consul's arms."

Josephine, leading the child, went out of one door, and Madame de Montrevel followed the usher through the other.

On the way the countess met a fair man, with a pale face and haggard eye, who looked at her with an uneasiness that seemed habitual to him. She drew hastily aside to let him pass. The usher noticed her movement.

"That is the minister of police," he said.

Madame de Montrevel watched him as he disappeared, with a certain curiosity. Fouché was already at that time fatally celebrated. Just then the door of Bonaparte's study opened and his head was seen through the aperture. He caught sight of Madame de Montrevel.

"Come in, madame," he said; "come in."

Madame de Montrevel hastened her steps and entered the study.

"Come in," said Bonaparte, closing the door himself. "I have kept you waiting much against my will; but I had to give Fouché a scolding. You know I am very well satisfied with Roland, and that I intend to make a general of him at the first opportunity. When did you arrive?"

"This very moment, general."

"Where from? Roland told me, but I have forgotten."

"From Bourg."

"What road?"

"Through Champagne."

"Champagne! Then when did you reach Châtillon?"

"Yesterday morning at nine o'clock."

"In that case you must have heard of the stoppage of the diligence."

"General——"

"Yes, a diligence was stopped at ten in the morning, between Châtillon and Bar-sur-Seine."

"General, it was ours."

"Yours?"

"Yes."

"You were in the diligence that was stopped?"

"I was."

"Ah! now I shall get the exact details! Excuse me, but you understand my desire for correct information, don't you? In a civilized country which has General Bonaparte for its chief magistrate diligences can't be stopped in broad daylight on the highroads with impunity, or——"

"General, I can tell you nothing except that those who stopped it were on horseback and masked."

"How many were there?"

"Four."

"How many men were there in the diligence?"

"Four, including the conductor."

"And they didn't defend themselves?"

"No, general."

"The police report says, however, that two shots were fired."

"Yes, general, but these two shots——"

"Well?"

"Were fired by my son."

"Your son? Why, he is in Vendée."

"Roland, yes; but Edouard was with me."

"Edouard! Who is Edouard?"

"Roland's brother."

"True, he spoke of him; but he is only a child."

"He is not yet twelve, general."

"And it was he who fired the two shots?"

"Yes, general."

"Why didn't you bring him with you?"

"I did."

"Where is he?"

"I left him with Madame Bonaparte."

Bonaparte rang, and an usher appeared.

"Tell Josephine to bring the boy to me." Then, walking up and down his study, he muttered. "Four men! And a child taught them courage! Were any of the robbers wounded?"

"There were no balls in the pistols."

"What! no balls?"

"No; they belonged to the conductor, and he had taken the precaution to load them with powder only."

"Very good; his name shall be known."

Just then the door opened, and Madame Bonaparte entered, leading the boy by the hand.

"Come here," Bonaparte said to him.

Edouard went up to him without hesitation and made a military salute.

"So you fired at the robbers twice, did you?"

"There, you see, mama, they were robbers!" interrupted the child.

"Of course they were robbers! I should like to hear any one declare they were not! Was it you who fired at them when the men were afraid?"

"Yes, it was I, general. But unfortunately that coward of a conductor had loaded his pistols only with powder; otherwise I should have killed their leader."

"Then you were not afraid?"

"I?" replied the boy. "No, I am never afraid."

"You ought to be named Cornelia, madame," exclaimed Bonaparte, turning to Madame de Montrevel, who was leaning on Josephine's arm. Then he said to the child, kissing him: "Very good; we will take care of you. What would you like to be?"

"Soldier first."

"What do you mean by first?"

"Why, first a soldier, then later a colonel like my brother, and then a general like my father."

"It won't be my fault if you are not," answered the First Consul.

"Nor mine!" retorted the boy.

"Edouard!" exclaimed Madame de Montrevel timidly.

"Now, don't scold him for answering properly"; and Bonaparte, lifting the child to the level of his face, kissed him.

"You must dine with us," said he, "and to-night Bourrienne, who met you at the hotel, will install you in the Rue de la Victoire. You must stay there till Roland gets back; he will then find you suitable lodgings. Edouard shall go to the Prytanée, and I will marry off your daughter."

"General!"

"That's all settled with Roland." Then, turning to Josephine, he said: "Take Madame de Montrevel with you and try not to let her be bored. And, Madame de

Montrevel, if *your friend* (he emphasized the words) wishes to go to a milliner, prevent it; she can't want bonnets, for she bought thirty-eight last month."

Then, giving Edouard a friendly tap, he dismissed the two women with a wave of the hand.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Son of the Miller of Leguerno.

WE have said that at the very moment when Morgan and his three companions stopped the Geneva diligence between Bar-sur-Seine and Châtillon Roland was entering Nantes.

If we are to know the result of his mission we must not grope our way, step by step, through the darkness in which the Abbé Bernier wrapped his ambitious projects, but we must join him later at the village of Muzillac, between Ambon and Guernic, six miles above the little bay into which the Vilaine River falls.

There we find ourselves in the heart of the Morbihan—that is to say, in the region that gave birth to the Chouannerie. It was close to Laval, on the little farm of the Poiriers, that the four Chouan brothers were born to Pierre Cottereau and Jeanne Moyné. One of their ancestors, a misanthropical woodcutter, a morose peasant, kept himself aloof from the other peasants as the *chat-huant* (screech-owl) keeps aloof from the other birds; hence the name Chouan, a corruption of *chat-huant*.

The name became that of a party. On the right bank of the Loire they said Chouans when they meant Bretons, just as on the left bank they said brigands when they meant Vendéans.

At the time of which we are now speaking—that is to say, the 26th of January, 1800, Cadoudal commanded three or four thousand men with whom he was preparing to blockade General Harry in Vannes.

During the time that he awaited the First Consul's answer to the letter of Louis XVIII he had suspended hostilities; but Tiffauges had arrived a couple of days before with it.

That letter was already on the way to England, whence it would be sent to Mittau; and since the First Consul would not accept peace on the terms dictated by Louis XVIII, Cadoudal, commander-in-chief of Louis XVIII in the West, renewed his warfare against Bonaparte, intending to carry it on alone, if necessary, with his friend Tiffauges. For the rest, the latter was at Pouancé, where conferences were being held between Châtillon, d'Autichamp, the Abbé Bernier, and general Hédouville.

He was reflecting—this last survivor of the great warriors of the civil war—and the news he had just received was indeed a matter for deep reflection.

General Brune, the conqueror of Alkmaar and Castricum, the savior of Holland, had just been appointed to the command of the Republican forces in the West. He had reached Nantes three days previous, intending at any cost to annihilate Cadoudal and his Chouans.

At any cost, therefore, Cadoudal and his Chouans must prove to the commander-in-chief that they knew no fear, and had nothing to expect from intimidation.

Just then the gallop of a horse was heard; the rider no doubt had the countersign, for he passed without difficulty the various patrols stationed along the road to La Roche-Bernard, and entered the village of Muzillac, also without difficulty.

He stopped before the door of the cottage in which Georges was sitting. The latter raised his head, listened, and, by way of precaution, laid his hands on his pistols, though it was probable that the newcomer was a friend.

The rider dismounted, strode up the path, and opened the door of the room where Georges was waiting.

"Ah! it's you, Cœur-de-Roi," said Cadoudal. "Where do you come from?"

"From Pouancé, general."

"What news?"

"A letter from Tiffauges."

"Give it to me."

Georges snatched the letter hastily from Cœur-de-Roi's hand and read it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed.

Then he read it a second time.

"Have you seen the man whose coming he speaks of?" inquired Cadoudal.

"Yes, general," replied the courier.

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A handsome young fellow of twenty-six or seven."

"What manner?"

"Determined."

"That's it. When does he arrive?"

"Probably to-night."

"Did you safeguard him along the road?"

"Yes; he'll come safely."

"Do it again. Nothing must happen to him; he is protected by Morgan."

"That's understood, general."

"Anything more to say?"

"The advanced guard of the Republicans has reached La Roche-Bernard."

"How many men?"

"About a thousand. They have a guillotine with them, and the commissioner of the executive power, Millière."

"Are you sure?"

"I met them on the road. The commissioner was riding near the colonel, and I recognized him perfectly. He executed my brother, and I have sworn he shall die by my own hand."

"And you'll risk your life to keep your oath?"

"At the first opportunity."

"Perhaps it won't be long coming."

The gallop of a horse echoed through the street.

"Ah!" said Cœur-de-Roi, "that is probably the man you expect."

"No," replied Cadoudal, "this rider comes from the direction of Vannes."

The sound became more distinct, and it proved that Cadoudal was right.

The second horseman, like the first, halted at the gate, dismounted, and came into the room. The royalist leader recognized him at once, in spite of the large cloak in which he was wrapped.

"Is it you, Bénédicité?" he asked.

"Yes, general."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Vannes, where you sent me to watch the Blues."

"Well, what are the Blues doing?"

"Scaring themselves about dying of hunger if you blockade the town. In order to produce provisions General Hatry intends to carry off the supplies at Grandchamp. The general is to command the raid in person: and, to act more quickly, only a hundred men are to go."

"Start in two hours. Be at Grandchamp by daybreak. Give the order in my name to evacuate the village. I'll take care of General Hatry and his column. Is that all you have to say?"

"No, I heard other news."

"What is it?"

"That Vannes has a new bishop."

"Ha! so they are giving us back our bishops?"

"So it seems; but if they are all like this one, they can keep them."

"Who is he?"

"Audrein!"

"The regicide?"

"Audrein the renegade."

"When is he coming?"

"To-night or to-morrow."

"I shall not go to meet him; but let him beware of falling into my men's hands."

Bénédicité and Cœur-de-Roi burst into a laugh which completed Cadoudal's thought.

"Hush!" cried Cadoudal.

The three men listened.

"This time it is probably he," observed Georges.

The gallop of a horse could be heard coming from the direction of La Roche-Bernard.

"It is certainly he," repeated Cœur-de-Roi.

"Then, my friends, leave me alone. You, Bénédicité, get to Grandchamp as soon as possible. You, Cœur-de-Roi, post thirty men in the courtyard; I want messengers to send in different directions. By the way, tell some one to bring the best that can be got for supper in the village."

"For how many, general?"

"Oh! two."

"Are you going out?"

"No, only to meet the man who is coming."

Two or three men had already taken the horses of the messengers into the courtyard. The messengers themselves disappeared.

Georges reached the gate on the street just as a horseman, pulling up his horse, looked about him and seemed to hesitate.

"He is here, sir," said Georges.

"Who is here?"

"He whom you seek."

"How do you know whom I am seeking?"

"I presume it is Georges Cadoudal, otherwise called Round Head."

"Exactly."

"Then I bid you welcome, Monsieur Roland de Montrevel, for I am the person you seek."

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed the young man, amazed.

Then, dismounting, he looked about as if for some one to take his mount.

"Throw the bridle over your horse's neck, and don't be uneasy about him. You will find him when you want him. Nothing is ever lost in Brittany; you are in the land of honesty."

The young man made no remark, threw the bridle over his horse's neck as he had been told, and followed Cadoudal, who walked before him.

"Only to show you the way, colonel," said the leader of the Chouans.

They both entered the cottage, where an invisible hand had just made up the fire.

CHAPTER XXXI.

White and Blue.

ROLAND entered, as we have said, behind Georges, and as he entered cast a glance of careless curiosity around him. That glance sufficed to show him that they were alone.

"Are these your quarters, general?" asked Roland with a smile, turning the soles of his boots to the blaze.

"Yes, colonel."

"They are singularly guarded."

Georges smiled in turn.

"Do you say that because you found the road open from La Roche-Bernard here?" he asked.

"I did not meet a soul."

"That does not prove that the road was not guarded."

"Unless by the owls, who seemed to fly from tree to tree, and accompanied me all the way, general. In that case, I withdraw my assertion."

"Exactly," replied Cadoudal. "Those owls were my sentinels, sentinels with good eyes, inasmuch as they have this advantage over the eyes of men, they can see in the dark."

"It is not the less true that I was fortunate in having inquired my way at La Roche-Bernard; for I didn't meet even a cat who could have told me where to find you."

"But if you had raised your voice at any spot on the road and asked: 'Where shall I find Georges Cadoudal?' a voice would have answered: 'At the village of Muzillac, fourth house to the right.' You

saw no one, colonel; but at that very moment fifteen hundred men, or thereabout, knew that Colonel Roland, the First Consul's aide-de-camp, was on his way to a conference with the son of the miller of Leguerno."

"But if they knew that I was a colonel in the Republican service and aide-de-camp to the First Consul, how came they to let me pass?"

"Because they were ordered to do so."

"Then you knew that I was coming?"

"I not only knew that you were coming, but also why you have come."

Roland looked at him fixedly.

"Then it is useless for me to tell you; and you will answer me even though I say nothing?"

"You are about right."

"The deuce! I should like to have a proof of this superiority of your police over ours."

"I shall supply it, colonel."

"I shall receive it with much satisfaction, especially before this excellent fire, which also seems to have been expecting me."

"You say truer than you know, colonel; and it is not the fire only that is striving to welcome you warmly."

"Yes, but it does not tell me, any more than you have done, the object of my mission."

"Your mission, which you do me the honor to extend to me, was primarily intended for the Abbé Bernier alone. Unhappily the Abbé Bernier, in the letter he sent his friend Martin Duboys, presumed a little on his strength. He offered his mediation to the First Consul."

"Pardon me," interrupted Roland, "you tell me something I did not know: namely, that the Abbé Bernier had written to General Bonaparte."

"I said he wrote to his friend Martin Duboys, which is very different. My men intercepted the letter and brought it to me. I had it copied, and forwarded the original, which I am certain reached the right hands. Your visit to General Hédouville proves it."

"You know that General Hédouville is no longer in command at Nantes. General Brune has taken his place."

"You may even say that General Brune commands at La Roche-Bernard, for a thousand Republican soldiers entered that town to-night about six o'clock, bringing with them a guillotine and the citizen commissioner-general Thomas Millière. Having the instrument, it was necessary to have the executioner."

"Then you say, general, that I came to see the Abbé Bernier?"

"Yes; the Abbé Bernier has offered his mediation. But he forgot that at the present there are two Vendées—the Vendée of the left bank and the Vendée of the right bank—and that, after treating with d'Autichamp, Châtillon, and Suzannet at Pouancé, it would still be necessary to negotiate with Frotté, Bourmont, and Cadoudal—and where? That no one could tell——"

"Except you, general."

"So, with the chivalry that is the basis of your nature, you undertook to bring me the treaty signed on the 25th. The Abbé Bernier, d'Autichamp, Châtillon, and Suzannet signed your pass, and here you are."

"On my word, general, I must admit that you are perfectly well-informed. The First Consul desires peace with all his heart. He knows that in you he has a brave and honorable adversary, and being unable to meet you himself, since you were not likely to come to Paris, he expedited me to you in his behalf."

"That is to say, to the Abbé Bernier."

"That can hardly matter to you, general, if I bind myself to make the First Consul ratify what may be agreed upon between you and me. What are your conditions of peace?"

"They are very simple, colonel: that the First Consul shall restore His Majesty Louis XVIII to the throne; that he himself be constable, lieutenant-general, general-in-chief by land and sea, and I his first subordinate."

"The First Consul has already replied to that demand."

"And that is why I have decided to reply myself to his response."

"When?"

"This very night, if occasion offers."

"In what way?"

"By resuming hostilities."

"But are you aware that Châtillon, d'Autichamp, and Suzannet have laid down their arms?"

"They are the leaders of the Vendéans, and in the name of the Vendéans they can do as they see fit. I am the leader of the Chouans, and in the name of the Chouans I shall do what suits me."

"Then you condemn this unhappy land to a war of extermination, general."

"It is a martyrdom to which I summon all Christians and royalists."

"General Brune is at Nantes with the eight thousand prisoners just returned to us by the English after their defeats at Alkmaar and Castricum."

"That is the last time they will have the chance. The Blues have taught us the bad habit of not making prisoners. As for the number of our enemies, we don't care for that; it is a mere detail."

"If General Brune with his eight thousand men, joined to the twenty thousand he has received from General Hédouville, is not sufficient, the First Consul has decided to march against you in person with one hundred thousand men."

Cadoudal smiled.

"We will try to prove to him," he said, "that we are worthy to fight against him."

"He will burn your towns."

"We shall retire to our huts."

"He will burn your huts."

"We will live in the woods."

"Reflect, general."

Do me the honor to remain here forty-eight hours, colonel, and you will see that my reflections are already made."

"I am tempted to accept."

"Only, colonel, don't ask for more than I can give—a night's sleep beneath a thatched roof or wrapped in a cloak under an oak tree. a horse to follow me, and a safeguard when you leave me."

"I accept."

"Have I your word, colonel, that you will not interfere with any orders I give, and will do nothing to defeat the surprises I may attempt?"

"I am too curious to see for that. You have my word, general."

"Whatever takes place before your eyes?"

"Whatever takes place before my eyes. I renounce the rôle of actor and confine myself wholly to that of spectator. I wish to say to the First Consul: 'I have seen.'"

Cadoudal smiled.

"Well, you shall see," said he.

At that moment the door opened, and two peasants brought in a table all laid, on which stood a smoking bowl of cabbage soup and a piece of lard; an enormous pot of cider just drawn from the cask was foaming over the edges of the jug between two glasses. A few buckwheat cakes served as a dessert to this modest repast. The table was laid for two.

"You see, Monsieur de Montrevel, that my lads hoped you would do me the honor to sup with me."

"Faith! they were not far wrong. I should have asked for supper had you not invited me; and I might have been forced to seize some had you not invited me."

"Then fall to!"

The young colonel sat down gaily.

"Excuse the repast I offer you," said Cadoudal; "unlike your generals, I don't make prize money; my soldiers feed me. Have you anything else for us, Brise-Bleu?"

"A chicken fricassee, general."

"That's your dinner, Monsieur de Montrevel."

"A feast! Now, I have but one fear, general."

"What is it?"

"All will go well for the eating; but when it comes to the drinking——"

"Don't you like cider? The devil! I'm sorry; cider or water, that's my cellar."

"Oh! that's not it; but whose health are we going to drink?"

"Is that all, sir?" said Cadoudal, with great dignity. "We will drink to the health of our common mother, France. We are serving her with different minds, but, I hope, the same hearts. To *France*, Monsieur," said Cadoudal, filling the two glasses.

"To *France*, general?" replied Roland, clinking his glass against that of Georges.

And both gaily reseated themselves, their consciences at rest, and attacked the soup with appetites that were not yet thirty years old.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Law of Retaliation.

"Now, general," said Roland, when supper was over and the two young men, with their elbows on the table and their legs stretched out before the blazing fire, began to feel that comfortable sensation that comes of a meal which youth and appetite have seasoned—"now for your promise to show me things which I can report to the First Consul."

"You promised not to object to them."

"Yes, but I reserve the right, in case you wound my conscience too severely, to withdraw."

"Only give time to throw a saddle on the back of your horse, or of mine if yours is too tired, colonel, and you are free."

"Very good."

"As it happens," said Cadoudal, "events will serve you; I am here, not only as general, but as judge, though it is long since I have had a case to try. You told me, colonel, that General Brune was at Nantes; I knew it. You told me his advanced guard was only twelve miles away, at La Roche-Bernard; I knew that also. But a thing you may not know is that this advanced guard is not commanded by a soldier like you and me, but by citizen Thomas Millière, commissioner of the executive authorities. Another thing of which you may perhaps be ignorant is that citizen Thomas Millière does not fight like us with cannon, guns, bayonets, pistols, and swords, but with an instrument invented by your Republican philanthropists called the guillotine."

"It is impossible, sir," cried Roland, "that under the First Consul any one can make that kind of war."

"Ah! let us understand each other, colonel. I don't say that the First Consul makes it; I say it is made in his name."

"And who is the scoundrel that abuses the authority given him, to make war with a staff of executioners?"

"I have told you his name; he is called Thomas Millière. Question whom you please, colonel, and throughout all Vendée and Brittany you'll hear but one voice on that man. From the day of the rising in Vendée and Brittany, now six years ago, Millière has been, always and everywhere, the most active agent of the Terror. For him the Terror did not end with Robespierre. He denounced to his superiors, or caused to be denounced to himself, the Breton and Vendéan soldiers, their parents, friends, brothers, sisters, wives, even the wounded and dying; he shot or guillotined them all without a trial. He is the same in 1800 that he was in 1793. Well, this man——"

Roland looked at the general.

"This man," continued the general with the utmost calmness, "is to die. Seeing that society did not condemn him, I have condemned him."

"What! Die at La Roche-Bernard, in the midst of the Republicans; in spite of his bodyguard of assassins and executioners?"

"His hour has struck; he is to die."

Cadoudal pronounced these words with such solemnity that no doubt remained in Roland's mind, not only as to the sentence, but also the execution of it. He was thoughtful for an instant.

"And you believe that you have the right to judge and condemn that man, guilty as he is?"

"Yes; for that man has judged and condemned, not the guilty, but the innocent."

"If I said to you: 'On my return to Paris I will demand the arrest and trial of that man,' would you not trust my word?"

"I would trust your word, but I should say to you: 'A maddened wild beast escapes from its cage, a murderer from his prison; men are men, subject to error. They have sometimes condemned the innocent, they might spare the guilty.' My justice is more certain than yours, colonel, for it is the justice of God. The man will die."

"And by what right do you claim that your justice, the justice of a man liable to error like other men, is the justice of God?"

"Because I have made God a sharer in that justice. Oh! my condemnation of that man is not of yesterday."

"How will you strike him?" Roland asked.

"Oh!" said Georges, "I do not trouble myself about that; he will be executed."

One of the two men who had brought in the supper-table now entered the room.

"Brise-Bleu," said Cadoudal, "tell Cœur-de-Roi that I wish to speak to him."

Two minutes later the Breton presented himself.

"Cœur-de-Roi," said Cadoudal, "did you not tell me that the murderer Thomas Millière was at Roche-Bernard?"

"I saw him enter the town side by side with the Republican colonel, who did not seem particularly flattered by such companionship."

"Did you not add that he was followed by his guillotine?"

"I told you his guillotine followed between two cannon, and I believe if the cannon could have got away the guillotine would have been left to go its way alone."

"What precautions does Millière take in the towns he visits?"

"He has a special guard about him, and the streets around his house are barricaded. He carries pistols always at hand."

"In spite of that guard, in spite of that barricade and the pistols, will you undertake to reach him?"

"I will, general."

"Because of his crimes I have condemned that man. He must die."

"Ah!" exclaimed Cœur-de-Roi, "the day of justice has come at last!"

"Will you undertake to execute my sentence, Cœur-de-Roi?"

"I will, general."

"Go, then, Cœur-de-Roi. Take the number of men you need; devise what stratagem you please, but strike."

"If I die, general——"

"Fear not; the curate of Leguerno shall say enough masses in your behalf to keep your poor soul out of purgatory. But you will not die, Cœur-de-Roi."

"That's all right, general. Now that I am sure of the masses, I ask nothing more. I have my plan."

"When will you start?"

"To-night."

"When will he die?"

"To-morrow."

"Go. See that three hundred men are ready to follow me in half an hour."

Cœur-de-Roi went out as simply as he had entered.

"You see," said Cadoudal, "the sort of men I command. Is your First Consul as well served as I, Monsieur de Montrevel?"

"By some, yes."

"Well, with me it is not some, but all."

Bénédicité entered and questioned Georges with a look.

"Yes," replied Georges, with voice and nod.

Bénédicité went out.

"Did you see any one on your way here?" asked Cadoudal.

"Not one."

"I asked for three hundred men in half an hour, and they will be here in that time. I might have asked for five hundred, a thousand, two thousand, and they would have responded as promptly."

"But," said Roland, "you have, in number at least, a limit you cannot exceed."

"Do you want to know my effective? It is easily told. I won't tell you myself, for you wouldn't believe me. Wait. I will have some one tell you."

He opened the door and called out:

"Branche-d'Or!"

Two seconds later Branche-d'Or appeared.

"This is my major-general," said Cadoudal, laughing. "He fulfils the same functions for me that General Berthier does for the First Consul. Branche-d'Or——"

"General."

"How many men are stationed along the road from here to La Roche-Bernard, which the gentleman followed in coming to see me?"

"Six hundred on the Arzal moor, six hundred among the Marzan gorse, three hundred at Péaule, three hundred at Billiers."

"Total, eighteen hundred. How many between Noyal and Muzillac?"

"Four hundred."

"Two thousand two hundred. How many between here and Vannes?"

"Fifty at Theix, three hundred at the Trinité, six hundred between the Trinité and Muzillac."

"Three thousand two hundred. And from Ambon to Leguerno?"

"Twelve hundred."

"Four thousand four hundred. And in the village around me, in the houses, the gardens, the cellars?"

"Five to six hundred, general."

"Thank you, Bénédicité."

He made a sign with his head and Bénédicité went out.

"You see," said Cadoudal simply, "about five thousand. Well, with those five thousand men, all belonging to this country, who know every tree, every stone, every bush, I can make war against the hundred thousand men the First Consul threatens to send against me."

Roland smiled.

"You think that is saying too much, don't you?"

"I think you are boasting a little, general; boasting of your men, rather."

"No; for my auxiliaries are the whole population. None of your generals can make a move unknown to me; send a despatch without my intercepting it; find a retreat where I shall not pursue him. The very soil is royalist and Christian! In default of the inhabitants, it speaks and tells me: 'The Blues passed here; the slaughterers are hidden there!' For the rest, you can judge for yourself."

"How?"

"We are going on an expedition about twenty-four miles from here. What time is it?"

Both young men looked at their watches.

"Quarter to twelve," said they.

"Good!" said Georges; "our watches agree; that is a good sign. Perhaps some day our hearts will do the same."

"You were saying, general?"

"I was saying that it was a quarter to twelve, colonel, and that at six o'clock, before day, we must be twenty miles from here. Do you want to rest?"

"I!"

"Yes; you can sleep an hour."

"Thanks; it's unnecessary."

"Then we will start whenever you are ready."

"But your men?"

"Oh, my men are ready."

"Where?"

"Everywhere."

"I should like to see them."

"You shall."

"When?"

"Whenever agreeable to you. My men are very discreet, and never show themselves till I make the signal."

"So that whenever I want to see them——"

"You will tell me; I shall give the signal and they'll appear."

"Let us start, general."

"Yes, let us start."

The two young men wrapped themselves in their cloaks and went out. At the door Roland collided against a small group of five men. These five men wore Republican uniforms; one of them had sergeant stripes on his sleeve.

"What is all this?" asked Roland.

"Nothing," replied Cadoudal, laughing.

"But who are these men?"

"Cœur-de-Roi and his party; they are starting on that expedition you know of."

"Then they expect by means of this uniform——"

"Oh! you shall know all, colonel. I have no secrets from you." Then, turning to the little group, Cadoudal called "Cœur-de-Roi!"

The man with the stripes on his sleeves left the group and came to Cadoudal.

"Did you call me, general?" asked the pretended sergeant.

"Yes. I want to know your plan."

"Oh, general, it is very simple."

"Let me judge of that."

"I put this paper in the muzzle of my gun." Cœur-de-Roi showed a large envelope with an official red seal, which had once, no doubt, contained some Republican despatch intercepted by the Chouans. "I present myself to the sentries, saying: 'Despatch from the general of division.' I enter the first guardhouse and ask to be shown the house of the citizen-commissioner; they show me; I thank them; always best to be polite. I reach the house, meet a second sentry, to whom I tell the same tale as to the first; I go up or down to citizen Millière accordingly as he lives in the cellar or the garret. I enter without difficulty, you understand—'Despatch from the general of division.' I find him in his study or elsewhere, present my paper, and while he opens it I kill him with this dagger, here in my sleeve."

"Yes, but you and your men?"

"Ah, faith! In God's care; we are defending His cause: it is for Him to take care of us."

"Well, you see, colonel," said Cadoudal, "how easy it all is. Let us mount, colonel! Good luck, Cœur-de-Roi!"

"Which of these two horses am I to take?" asked Roland.

"Either; one is as good as the other. Each has an excellent pair of English pistols in its holsters."

"Loaded?"

"And well-loaded, colonel; that's a job I never trust to any one."

"Then we'll mount."

The two young men were soon in their saddles, and on the road to Vannes; Cadoudal guiding Roland, and Branche-d'Or, the major-general of the army, as Georges called him, following about twenty paces in the rear.

When they reached the end of the vil-

lage Roland darted his eyes along the road, which stretches in a straight line from Muzillac to the Trinité. The road, fully exposed to view, seemed absolutely solitary.

They rode on for about a mile and a half, then Roland said: "But where the devil are your men?"

"To right and left, before and behind us."

"Ha, what a joke!"

"It's not a joke, colonel; do you think I should be so rash as to risk myself thus without scouts?"

"You told me, I think, that if I wished to see your men I had only to say so."

"I did say so."

"Well I wish to see them."

"Wholly, or in part?"

"How many did you say were with you?"

"Three hundred."

"Well, I want to see one hundred and fifty."

"Halt!" cried Cadoudal.

Putting his hands to his mouth, he gave the hoot of the screech-owl, followed by the cry of an owl; but he threw the hoot to the right and the cry to the left.

Almost instantly, on both sides of the road, human forms could be seen in motion, bounding over the ditch which separated the bushes from the road, and then ranging themselves beside the horses.

"Who commands on the right?" asked Cadoudal.

"I, Moustache," replied a peasant, coming near.

"Who commands on the left?" repeated the general.

"I, Chante-en-hiver," replied another peasant, also approaching him.

"How many men are with you, Moustache?"

"One hundred."

"How many men are with you, Chante-en-hiver?"

"Fifty."

"One hundred and fifty in all, then?" asked Georges.

"Yes," replied the two Breton leaders.

"Is that your number, colonel?" asked Cadoudal, laughing.

"You are a magician, general."

"No; I am a poor peasant like them; only I command a troop in which each brain knows what it does, each heart beats singly for the two great principles of this world, religion and monarchy." Then, turning to his men, Cadoudal asked: "Who commands the advanced guard?"

"Fend-l'air," replied the two Chouans.

"And the rear-guard?"

"La Giberne."

The second reply was made with the same unanimity as the first.

"Then we can safely continue our way?"

"Yes, general; as if you were going to mass in your own village."

"Let us ride on then, colonel," said Cadoudal to Roland. Then turning to his men, he cried:

"Be lively, my lads."

Instantly every man jumped the ditch and disappeared. For a few seconds the crackling of twigs on the bushes and the sound of steps among the underbrush was heard. Then all was silent.

"Well," asked Cadoudal, "do you think that with such men I have anything to fear from the Blues, brave as they may be?"

Roland heaved a sigh; he was of Cadoudal's opinion.

They rode on. About three miles from Trinité they caught sight of a black spot approaching along the road with great rapidity. As it became more distinct this spot stopped suddenly.

"What is that?" asked Roland.

"As you see, a man," replied Cadoudal.

"Of course; but who is this man?"

"You might have guessed from the rapidity of his coming; he is a messenger."

"Why does he stop?"

"Because he has seen us, and does not know whether to advance or retreat."

"What will he do?"

"Wait before deciding."

"For what?"

"A signal."

"Will he answer the signal?"

"He will not only answer but obey it. Will you have him advance or retreat; or will you have him step aside?"

"I wish him to advance; by that means we shall know the news he brings."

Cadoudal gave the call of the cuckoo with such perfection that Roland looked about him for the bird.

"It was I," said Cadoudal. "You need not look for it."

"Is the messenger going to come?"

"Not going to: he is coming."

The messenger had already started and was rapidly approaching; in a few seconds he was beside his general.

"Ah!" said the latter, "is that you, Monte-à-l'assaut?"

The general stopped, and Monte-a-l'assaut said a few words in his ear.

"Bénédicité has already warned me," said Georges. Then, turning to Roland, he said: "Something of importance is to happen in the village of the Trinité in a quarter of an hour, which you ought to see. Come, hurry up."

And, setting the example, he put his horse to a gallop. Roland did the same.

When they reached the village they could see from a distance, by the light of some pine torches, a tumultuous mob in the market square. The cries and movements of this mob bespoke some grave occurrence.

"Fast, fast!" cried Cadoudal.

Roland asked no better; he dug his spurs in his horse's belly.

At the clatter of horses' hoofs the peas-

ants scattered. There were five or six hundred of them at least, all armed.

Cadoudal and Roland found themselves in a circle of light in the midst of cries and agitation.

The crowd was pressing more particularly toward the opening of a street which led to the village of Tridon. A diligence was coming down that street, escorted by a dozen Chouans; two on either side of the postilion, ten others guarding the doors.

The carriage stopped in the middle of the market square. All were so intent upon the diligence that they paid but scant attention to Cadoudal.

"Hola," shouted Georges. "What is all this?"

At this well-known voice every one turned round, and heads were uncovered.

"The Big Round Head!" they murmured.

"Yes," said Cadoudal.

A man went up to Georges.

"Didn't Bénédicité and Monte-à-l'assaut notify you?" he inquired.

"Yes. Is that the diligence from Ploermel to Vannes that you are bringing back?"

"Yes, general. It was stopped between Tréfléon and Saint-Nolf."

"Is he in it?"

"We think so."

"Act according to your consciences; if it is a crime toward God, take it on yourselves; I take only the responsibility toward men. I will be present at what takes place; but I will not share in it—either to hinder or help."

"Well," demanded a hundred voices, "what does he say, Sabre-tout?"

"He says we must act according to our consciences, and that he washes his hands of it."

"Long live the Big Round Head!" cried all the people, rushing toward the diligence.

Cadoudal remained motionless in the midst of this crowd. Roland stood near him, also motionless, but full of curiosity; for he was completely ignorant of who, or what, was in question.

The man who had just spoken to Cadoudal, and whom his companions called Sabre-tout, opened the door. The travelers were huddled together and trembling in the darkness within.

"If you have nothing to reproach yourselves with against God or the king," said Sabre-tout in a full sonorous voice, "descend without fear. We are not brigands, we are Christians and royalists."

This declaration no doubt reassured the travelers, for a man got out, then two women, then a mother pressing her child in her arms, and finally another man. The Chouans examined them attentively as they came down the carriage steps; not finding the man they wanted, they said to each traveler, "Pass on."

One man alone remained in the coach. A Chouan thrust a torch in the vehicle, and by its light they could see he was a priest.

"Minister of the Lord," said Sabre-tout, "why did you not descend with the others? Did you not hear me say we were Christians and royalists?"

The priest did not move; but his teeth chattered.

"Why this terror?" continued Sabre-tout. "Does not your cloth plead for you? The man who wears a cassock can have done nothing against royalty or religion."

The priest crouched back, murmuring: "Mercy! mercy!"

"Why mercy?" demanded Sabre-tout, "do you feel that you are guilty, wretch?"

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Roland, "is that how you royalists and Christians speak to a man of God:"

"That man," said Cadoudal, "is not a man of God, but a man of the devil."

"Who is he, then?"

"Both an atheist and a regicide; he denied his God and voted for the death of the king. That is the Conventional Audrein."

Roland shuddered. "What will they do?" he asked.

"He gave death, he will receive death," answered Cadoudal.

During this time the Chouans had pulled Audrein out of the diligence.

"Ha! is it you, bishop of Vannes?" cried Sabre-tout.

"Mercy!" begged the bishop.

"We were informed of your arrival, and were waiting for you."

"Mercy!" repeated the bishop for the third time.

"Have you your pontifical robes with you?"

"Yes, my friends, I have."

"Then dress yourself as a prelate: it is long since we have seen one."

A trunk marked with the prelate's name was taken from the diligence and opened. They took the bishop's robes from it, and handed them to Audrein, who put them on. Then, when every vestment was in its place, the peasants ranged themselves in a circle, each with his musket in his hand. The glare of the torches was reflected on the barrels, casting evil gleams.

Two men took the priest and led him into the circle, supporting him beneath his arms. He was pale as death. There was a moment of lugubrious silence.

A voice broke it. It was that of Sabre-tout.

"We are about to judge you," said the Chouan. "Priest of God, you have betrayed the Church; child of France, you have condemned your king to death. What have you to say in justification?"

"Citizens——"

"We are not citizens," said Sabre-tout, in a voice of thunder, "we are royalists."

"Gentlemen——"

"We are not gentlemen; we are Chouans."

"My friends——"

"We are not your friends; we are your judges. Your judges are questioning you; answer."

The regicide bowed his head; the renegade bent his knee. But suddenly drawing himself up, he cried: "I voted the king's death, it is true, but with a reservation——"

"What reservation?"

"The time of the execution."

"Sooner or later, it was still the king's death which you voted, and the king was innocent."

"True, true," said the priest, "but I was afraid."

"Then you are not only a regicide, and an apostate, but also a coward. We are not priests, but we are more just than you. You voted the death of the innocent; we vote the death of the guilty. You have ten minutes in which to prepare to meet your God."

The bishop gave a cry of terror and fell upon both knees; the church bells rang, as if of their own impulse, and two of the men present, accustomed to the offices of the church, intoned the prayers for the dying. It was some time before the bishop found words with which to respond. He turned affrighted glances in supplication to his judges, one after the other, but not one face met his with even the consolation of mere pity. The torches, flickering in the wind, lent them, on the contrary, a savage and terrible expression. Then at last he mingled his voice with the voices that were praying for him.

The judges allowed him time to follow the funeral prayer to its close. In the meantime others were preparing a pile of wood.

"Oh!" cried the priest, beholding these preparations with growing terror; "would you have the cruelty to kill me thus?"

"No," replied his inflexible accuser, "flames are the death of martyrs; you are not worthy of such a death. Apostate, the hour has come!"

"Oh, my God! my God!" cried the priest, raising his arms to heaven.

"Stand up!" said the Chouan.

The priest tried to obey, but his strength failed him, and he fell again to his knees.

"Will you let that murder be done before your eyes?" Roland asked Cadoudal.

"I said that I washed my hands of it," replied the latter.

"Pilate said that, and Pilate's hands are to this day red with the blood of Jesus Christ."

"Because Jesus Christ was a righteous man; this man is a Barabbas."

"Kiss your cross! kiss your cross!" cried Sabre-tout.

The prelate looked at him with a terrified air, but without obeying. It was evident that he no longer heard.

"Oh!" cried Roland, making an effort to dismount, "it shall never be said that I let a man be murdered before me, and did not try to save him."

A threatening murmur rose around him; his words had been overheard. That was all that was needed to excite the young man.

"Ah! is that the way of it?" he cried, carrying his hand to one of the holsters.

But with a movement rapid as thought, Cadoudal seized his hand, and, while Roland struggled vainly to free himself from this grip of iron, he shouted: "Fire!"

Twenty shots resounded instantly, and the bishop fell, an inert mass.

"Ah!" cried Roland. "What have you done?"

"Forced you to keep your promise," replied Cadoudal; "you swore to see all and hear all without offering any opposition."

"So perish all enemies of God and the king," said Sabre-tout, in a solemn voice.

"Amen!" responded the spectators with one voice of sinister unanimity.

Then they stripped the body of its sacerdotal ornaments, which they flung upon the pile of wood, invited the other travelers to take their places in the diligence, replaced the postilion in his saddle, and, opening their ranks to give passage to the coach, cried: "Go with God!"

The diligence rolled rapidly away.

"Come, let us go," cried Cadoudal, "we have still twelve miles to do, and we have lost an hour here." Then, addressing the executioners, he said: "That man was guilty; that man is punished. Human justice and divine justice are satisfied. Let prayers for the dead be said over his body, and give him Christian burial; do you hear?" And sure of being obeyed, Cadoudal put his horse to a gallop.

Roland seemed to hesitate for a moment whether to follow him or not; then, as if resolving to accomplish a duty, he said: "I will go to the end."

Spurring his horse in the direction taken by Cadoudal, he reached the Chouan leader in a few strides. Both disappeared in the darkness, which grew thicker and thicker as the men left the place where the torches were illuminating the dead priest's face and the fire was consuming his vestments.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Diplomacy of Georges Cadoudal.

THEY had ridden five hours and a half, and the day was breaking.

Beyond the village of Tridon they turned across country; leaving Vannes to the left, they reached Tréfléon. At Tréfléon, Cadoudal, still followed by his major-general, Branche-d'Or, had found Monte-à-l'assaut and Chante-en-hiver. He gave them further orders, and continued on his way, bearing to the left and skirting the edges of a little wood which lies between Grandchamp and Larré. There Cadoudal halted, imitated, three separate times in succession, the cry of an owl, and was presently surrounded by his three hundred men.

A grayish light was spreading through

the sky beyond Tréfléon and Saint-Nolf; it was not the rising of the sun, but the first rays of dawn. A heavy mist rose from the earth and prevented the eye from seeing more than fifty feet beyond it.

Cadoudal seemed to be expecting news before risking himself further.

Suddenly, about five hundred paces distant, the crowing of a cock was heard. Cadoudal pricked up his ears; his men looked at each other and laughed.

The cock crowed again, but nearer.

"It is he," said Cadoudal; "answer him."

The howling of a dog came from within three feet of Roland, but so perfectly imitated that the young man, although aware of what it was, looked about him for the animal that was uttering such lugubrious plaints. Almost at the same moment he saw a man coming rapidly through the mist, his form growing more and more distinct as he approached. The newcomer saw the two horsemen, and went toward them.

Cadoudal rode forward a few paces, putting his finger to his lips, as if to request the man to speak low. The latter, therefore, did not pause until he was close beside his general.

"Well, Fleur-d'épine," asked Georges, "have we got them?"

"Like a mouse in a trap; not one can reenter Vannes, if you say the word."

"I desire nothing better. How many are there?"

"One hundred men, commanded by the general himself."

"How many wagons?"

"Seventeen."

"When did they start?"

"They must be about a mile and three-quarters from here."

"What road have they taken?"

"Grandchamp to Vannes."

"So that, if I deploy from Meucon to Plescop——"

"You'll bar the way."

"That's all."

Cadoudal called his four lieutenants, Chante-en-hiver, Monte-à-l'assaut, Fend-l'air, and La Giberne, to him, gave each of them fifty men, and each with his men disappeared like shadows in the heavy mist, giving the well-known hoot as they vanished. Cadoudal was left with a hundred men, Branche-d'Or and Fleur-d'épine. He returned to Roland.

"Well, general," said the latter, "is everything satisfactory?"

"Yes, colonel, fairly so," replied the Chouan; "but you can judge for yourself in half an hour."

"It will be difficult to judge of anything in that mist."

Cadoudal looked about him.

"It will lift in half an hour," said he. Then, turning to the man who seemed to be in charge of the provisions, Cadoudal added, "Brise-Bleu, is there anything for breakfast?"

Brise-Bleu nodded affirmatively, went into the wood, and came out dragging after him a donkey loaded with two baskets. He spread a cloak on a rise of the ground, and placed on it a roast chicken, a bit of cold salt pork, some bread and buckwheat cakes. This time Brise-Bleu had provided luxury in the shape of a bottle of wine and a glass.

Cadoudal motioned Roland to the table and the improvised repast. The young man sprang from his horse, throwing the bridle to a Chouan. Cadoudal likewise.

"Now," said the latter, turning to his men, "you have half an hour to do as we do. Those who have not breakfasted in half an hour are notified that they must fight on empty stomachs."

The invitation seemed equivalent to an order, so promptly and precisely was it executed. Every man pulled from his bag or his pocket a bit of bread or a buckwheat cake, and followed the example of his general, who had already divided the chicken between Roland and himself. As there was but one glass, both officers shared it.

While they were thus breakfasting, side by side, like two friends on a hunt, the sun rose, and, as Cadoudal had predicted, the mist became less and less dense.

On the road from Grandchamp to Plescop, a line of wagons were now visible, the tail of which was still hidden in the woods. This line was motionless; evidently some unforeseen obstacle had stopped it.

In fact, about a quarter of a mile before the leading wagon they perceived the two hundred Chouans, under Monte-à-l'assaut, Chante-en-hiver, Fend-l'air, and Giberne, barring the way.

The Republicans, inferior in number—we said that there were but a hundred—had halted and were awaiting the complete dispersion of the fog to determine the number and character of the men they were about to meet. Men and wagons were now in a triangle, of which Cadoudal and his hundred men formed one of the sides.

At sight of this small number of men thus surrounded by triple forces, and of the well-known uniform, of which the color had given its name to the Republican forces, Roland sprang hastily to his feet. As for Cadoudal, he remained where he was, nonchalantly finishing his meal. Of the hundred men surrounding the general, not one seemed to perceive the spectacle that was now before their eyes; it seemed almost as if they were waiting for Cadoudal's order to look at it.

Roland had only to cast his eyes on the Repulicans to see that they were lost. Cadoudal watched the various emotions that succeeded each other on the young man's face.

"Well," asked the Chouan, after a moment's silence, "do you think my dispositions well taken?"

"You might better say your precautions, general," replied Roland, with a sarcastic smile.

"Isn't it the First Consul's way to make the most of his advantages when he gets them?" asked Cadoudal.

Roland bit his lips; then, instead of replying to the royalist leader's question, he said: "General, I have a favor to ask which I hope you will not refuse."

"What is it?"

"Permission to let me go and be killed with my comrades."

Cadoudal rose. "I expected that request," he said.

"Then you will grant it?" cried Roland, his eyes sparkling with joy.

"Yes; but, first, I have a favor to ask of you," said the royalist leader with supreme dignity.

"Ask it, sir."

"To bear my flag of truce to General Hatry."

"For what purpose?"

"General Hatry and his hundred men are surrounded by a triple force. I offer them their lives; but they must lay down their arms, and make oath not to serve again in the Vendée for five years."

Roland shook his head.

"Better that than to see his men annihilated."

"May be so; but he would prefer to have his men annihilated and be annihilated with them."

"Don't you think," asked Cadoudal, laughing, "that it might be as well, in any case, to ask him?"

"True," said Roland.

"Well, colonel, be so good as to mount your horse, make yourself known to him, and deliver my proposal."

"Very well," replied Roland.

"The colonel's horse," said Cadoudal, motioning to the Chouan who was watching it. The man led it up. The young man sprang upon it, and rapidly covered the distance which separated it from the convoy.

A group of men were gathered on its flank, evidently composed of General Hatry and his officers. Roland rode toward them, scarcely three gunshots distant from the Chouans. General Hatry's astonishment was great when he saw an officer in the Republican uniform approaching him. He left the group and advanced three paces to meet the messenger.

Roland made himself known, related how he came to be among the Whites, and transmitted Cadoudal's proposal to General Hatry.

As he had foreseen, the latter refused it. Roland returned to Cadoudal with a proud and joyful heart.

"He refuses!" he cried, as soon as his voice could be heard.

Cadoudal gave a nod that showed he was not surprised by the refusal.

"Then, in that case," he answered, "go back with my second proposition. I don't wish to have anything to reproach myself with in answering to such a judge of honor as you."

Roland bowed. "What is the second proposition?"

"General Hatry shall meet me in the space that separates the two troops, he shall carry the same arms as I—that is, his saber and pistols—and the matter shall be decided between us. If I kill him, his men are to submit to the conditions already named, for we cannot take prisoners; if he kills me, his men shall pass free and be allowed to reach Vannes safely. Come, I hope that's a proposition you would accept, colonel?"

"I would accept it myself," replied Roland.

"Yes," exclaimed Cadoudal, "but you are not General Hatry. Content yourself with being a negotiator this time, and if this proposition, which, if I were he, I wouldn't let escape me, does not please him, come to me. I'm a good fellow, and I'll make him a third."

Roland rode off a second time; his coming was awaited by the Republicans with visible impatience. He transmitted the message to General Hatry.

"Citizen," replied the general, "I must render an account of my conduct to the First Consul. You are his aide-de-camp, and I charge you on your return to Paris to bear testimony on my behalf to him. What would you do in my place? Whatever you would do, that I shall do."

Roland started; his face assumed the grave expression of a man who is arguing a point of honor in his own mind. Then, at the end of a few seconds, he said: "General, I should refuse."

"Your reasons, citizen?" demanded the general.

"The chances of a duel are problematic; you cannot subject the fate of a hundred brave men to a doubtful chance. In an affair like this, where all are concerned, every man had better defend his own skin as best he can."

"Is that your opinion, colonel?"

"On my honor."

"It is also mine; carry my reply to the royalist general."

Roland galloped back to Cadoudal, and delivered General Hatry's reply.

Cadoudal smiled. "I expected it," he said.

"You couldn't have expected it, because it was I who advised him to make it."

"You thought differently a few moments ago."

"Yes; but you yourself reminded me that I was not General Hatry. Come, what is your third proposition?" said Roland impatiently; for he began to perceive, or rather he had perceived from the beginning, that the noble part in the affair belonged to the royalist general.

"My third proposition," said Cadoudal, "is not a proposition, but an order; an order for two hundred of my men to withdraw. General Hatry has one hundred men; I will keep one hundred. My Breton forefathers were accustomed to fight foot

to foot, breast to breast, man to man, and oftener one to three than three to one. If General Hatry is victorious, he can walk over our bodies and tranquilly enter Vannes; if he is defeated, he cannot say it is by numbers. Go, Monsieur de Montrevel, and remain with your friends. I give them thus the advantage of numbers, for you alone are worth ten men."

Roland raised his hat.

"What are you doing, sir?" demanded Cadoudal.

"I always bow to that which is grand, general; I bow to you."

"Come, colonel," said Cadoudal, "a last glass of wine; let each of us drink to what we love best, to that which we grieve to leave behind, to that we hope to meet in heaven."

Taking the bottle and the one glass, he filled it half full, and offered it to Roland. "We have but one glass, Monsieur de Montrevel; drink first."

"Why first?"

"Because, in the first place, you are my guest, and also because there is a proverb that whoever drinks after another knows his thought." Then he added, laughing: "I want to know your thought, Monsieur de Montrevel."

Roland emptied the glass and returned it to Cadoudal.

The latter filled his glass half full, as he had done for Roland, and emptied it in turn.

"Well," asked Roland, "now do you know my thought, general?"

"No," replied Cadoudal, "the proverb is false."

"My thought," said Roland, with his usual frankness, "is that you are a brave man, general. I shall feel honored if, at this moment when we are going to fight against each other, you will give me your hand."

The two young men clasped hands, more like friends parting for a long absence than two enemies about to meet on the battlefield. There was a simple grandeur, full of majesty, in this action. Each raised his hat.

"Good luck!" said Roland to Cadoudal; "but allow me to doubt it. I must even confess that it is from my lips, not my heart."

"God keep you, sir," said Cadoudal, "and I hope that my wish will be realized. It is the honest expression of my thoughts."

"What is to be the signal that you are ready?" inquired Roland.

"A musket-shot fired in the air, to which you will reply in the same way."

"Very good, general," replied Roland. And putting his horse to a gallop, he crossed the space between the royalist general and the Republican general for the third time.

"Friends," said Cadoudal, pointing to Roland, "do you see that young man?"

All eyes were bent upon Roland. "Yes," came from every mouth.

"He came with a safeguard from our brothers in the Midi; his life is sacred to you; he may be captured, but it must be living—not a hair of his head must be touched."

"Very good, general," replied the Chouans.

"And now, my friends, remember that you are the sons of those thirty Bretons who fought the thirty British between Ploermel and Josselin, ten leagues from here, and conquered them." Then, in a low voice, he added with a sigh, "Unhappily we have not to do with the British this time."

The fog had now lifted completely, and, as usually happens, a few rays of the wintry sun tinged the plain of Plescop with a yellow light.

It was easy therefore to distinguish the movements of the two troops. While Roland was returning to the Republicans, Branche-d'Or galloped toward the two hundred men who were blocking the way. He had hardly spoken to Cadoudal's four lieutenants before a hundred men were seen to wheel to the right and a hundred more to wheel to the left and march in opposite directions, one toward Plumergat, the other toward Saint-Ave, leaving the road open. Each body halted three-quarters of a mile down the road, grounded arms and remained motionless. Branche-d'Or returned to Cadoudal.

"Have you any special orders to give me, general?" he asked.

"Yes, one," answered Cadoudal, "take eight men and follow me. When you see the young Republican, with whom I breakfasted, fall under his horse, fling yourself upon him, you and your eight men, before he has time to free himself, and take him prisoner."

"Yes, general."

"You know that I must have him safe and sound."

"That's understood, general."

"Choose your eight men. Monsieur de Montrevel once captured, and his parole given, you can do as you like."

"Suppose he won't give his parole?"

"Then you must surround him so that he can't escape, and watch him till the fight is over."

"Very well," said Branche-d'Or, heaving a sigh; "but it'll be a little hard to stand by with folded arms while the others are having their fun."

"Pooh! who knows?" said Cadoudal; "there'll probably be enough for everybody."

Then, casting a glance over the plain and seeing his own men stationed apart, and the Republicans massed for battle, he cried: "A musket!"

They brought one. Cadoudal raised it above his head and fired in the air. Almost at the same moment, a shot fired in the same manner from the midst of the Republicans answered like an echo to that of Cadoudal.

Two drums beating the advance and a bugle were heard. Cadoudal rose in his stirrups.

"Children," he cried, "have you all said your morning prayers?"

"Yes, yes!" answered almost every voice.

"If any of you forgot them, or did not have time, let them pray now."

Five or six peasants knelt down and prayed.

The drums and bugle drew nearer.

"General, general," cried several voices impatiently, "they are coming."

The general motioned to the kneeling peasants.

"True," replied the impatient ones.

Those who prayed rose one by one, according as their prayers had been long or short. By the time they were all afoot, the Republicans had crossed nearly one-third of the distance. They marched, bayonets fixed, in three ranks, each rank three abreast.

Roland rode at the head of the first rank, General Hatry between the first and second. Both were easily recognized, being the only men on horseback. Among the Chouans, Cadoudal was the only rider, Branche-d'Or having dismounted to take command of the eight men who were to follow Georges.

"General," said a voice, "the prayer is ended, and every one is standing."

Cadoudal looked around him to make sure it was true; then he cried in a loud voice: "Forward! Enjoy yourselves, my lads!"

This permission, which to Vendéans and Chouans, was equivalent to sounding a charge, was scarcely given before the Chouans spread over the fields to cries of "Vive le roi!" waving their hats with one hand and their guns with the other.

Instead of keeping in rank like the Republicans, they scattered like sharpshooters, forming an immense crescent, of which Georges and his horse were the center.

A moment later the Republicans were flanked and the firing began. Cadoudal's men were nearly all poachers, that is to say, excellent marksmen, armed with English carbines, able to carry twice the length of the army musket. Though the first shots fired might have seemed wide of range, these messengers of death nevertheless brought down several men in the Republican ranks.

"Forward!" cried the general.

The soldiers marched on, bayonets fixed; but in a few moments there was no enemy before them. Cadoudal's hundred men had turned skirmishers; they had separated, and fifty men were harassing both the enemy's flanks.

General Hatry ordered his men to wheel to the right and left. Then came the order: "Fire!"

Two volleys followed with the precision and unanimity of well-disciplined troops; but they were almost without result, for the Republicans were firing upon scattered men. Not so with the Chouans, who fired on a mass; with them every shot told.

Roland saw the disadvantage of the position. He looked around and, amid the smoke, distinguished Cadoudal, erect and motionless as an equestrian statue. He understood that the royalist leader was waiting for him.

With a cry he spurred his horse toward him. As if to save him part of the way, Cadoudal put his horse to a gallop. But at a hundred feet Cadoudal drew rein.

"Attention!" he said to Branche-d'Or and his companions.

"Don't be alarmed, general; here we are," said Branche-d'Or.

Cadoudal drew a pistol from his holster and cocked it.

Roland, saber in hand, was charging, crouched on his horse's neck. When they were twenty paces apart, Cadoudal slowly raised his hand in Roland's direction. At ten paces he fired.

The horse Roland was riding had a white star on its forehead. The ball struck the center of that star, and the horse, mortally wounded, rolled over with its rider at Cadoudal's feet.

Cadoudal put spurs to his own horse and jumped both horse and rider.

Branche-d'Or and his men were ready. They sprang, like a pack of jaguars, upon Roland, entangled under the body of his horse. The young man dropped his sword and tried to seize his pistols, but before he could lay hand upon the holsters two men had him by the arms, while the four others dragged his horse from between his legs. The thing was done with such unanimity that it was easy to see the maneuver had been planned.

Roland roared with rage. Branche-d'Or came up to him and put his hat in his hand.

"I do not surrender!" shouted Roland.

"Useless to do so, Monsieur de Montrevel," replied Branche-d'Or with the utmost politeness.

"What do you mean?" demanded Roland, exhausting his strength in a struggle as desperate as it was useless.

"Because you are captured, sir."

It was so true that there could be no answer.

"Then kill me!" cried Roland.

"We don't want to kill you, sir," replied Branche-d'Or.

"Then what do you want?"

"Give us your parole not to fight any more, and you are free."

"Never!" exclaimed Roland.

"Excuse me, Monsieur de Montrevel," said Branche-d'Or, "but that is not loyal!"

"What!" shrieked Roland, in a fury, "not loyal! You insult me, villain, because you know I can't defend myself or punish you."

"I am not a villain, and I didn't insult you, Monsieur de Montrevel; but I do say that by not giving your word, you deprive

the general of nine men who might be useful to him and who are obliged to stay here to guard you. That's not the way the Big Round Head acted toward you. He had two hundred men more than you, and he sent them away. Now we are only eighty-nine against one hundred."

A flame crossed Roland's face; then almost as suddenly he turned pale as death.

"You are right, Branche-d'Or," he replied. "Succor or no succor, I surrender. You and your men can go and fight with your comrades."

The Chouans gave a cry of joy, let go their hold of Roland, and rushed toward the Republicans, brandishing their hats and muskets, and shouting: "Vive le roi!"

Roland, freed from their grip, but disarmed physically by his fall, morally by his parole, went to the little eminence, still covered by the cloak which had served as a tablecloth for their breakfast, and sat down. From there he could see the whole combat; not a detail was lost upon him.

Cadoudal sat erect upon his horse amid fire and smoke, like the demon of war, invulnerable and implacable.

Here and there the bodies of a dozen or more Chouans lay stretched upon the sod. But it was evident that the Republicans, still massed together, had lost double that number. Wounded men dragged themselves across the open space, meeting, rearing their bodies like mangled snakes, to fight, the Republicans with their bayonets, and the Chouans with their knives. Those of the wounded Chouans who were too far off to fight their wounded enemies hand to hand, reloaded their guns, and, struggling to their knees, fired and fell again.

On either side the struggle was pitiless, incessant, furious; civil war—that is war without mercy or compassion—waved its torch above the battlefield.

Cadoudal rode his horse around these living breastworks, firing at twenty paces, sometimes his pistols, sometimes a musket, which he discharged, cast aside, and picked up again reloaded. At each discharge a man fell. The third time he made this round General Hatry honored him with a fusillade. He disappeared in the flame and smoke, and Roland saw him go down, he and his horse, as if annihilated.

Ten or a dozen Republicans sprang from the ranks and met as many Chouans; the struggle was terrible, hand to hand, body to body, but the Chouans, with their knives, were sure of advantage.

Suddenly Cadoudal appeared, erect, a pistol in each hand; it was the death of two men; two men fell. Then through the gap left by these ten or twelve he flung himself forward with thirty men.

He had picked up an army musket, and, using it like a club, he brought down a man with each blow. He broke his way through the battalion, and reappeared at the other side. Then, like a boar which returns upon the huntsmen he has ripped up and trampled, he rushed back through the gaping wound and widened it.

From that moment all was over.

General Hatry rallied a score of men, and, with bayonets down, they fell upon the circle that enveloped them. He marched at the head of his soldiers on foot; his horse had been killed. Ten men had fallen before the circle was broken, but at last he was beyond it. The Chouans wanted to pursue them, but Cadoudal, in a voice of thunder, called them back.

"You should not have allowed him to pass," he cried, "but having passed he is free to retreat."

The Chouans obeyed with the religious faith they placed in the words of their chief.

"And now," said Cadoudal, "cease firing; no more dead; make prisoners."

The Chouans drew together and surrounded the heaps of dead, and the few living men, more or less wounded, who lay among the dead.

Surrendering was still fighting in this fatal war, where on both sides the prisoners were shot—on the one side, because Chouans and Vendéans were considered brigands; on the other, because they knew not where to put the captives.

The Republicans threw their guns away, that they might not be forced to surrender them. When their captors approached them every cartridge-box was open; every man had fired his last shot.

Cadoudal walked back to Roland.

During the whole of this desperate struggle the young man had remained on the mound. With his eyes fixed on the battle, his hair damp with sweat, his breast heaving, he waited for the result. Then, when he saw the day was lost, his head fell upon his hands, and he still sat on, his forehead bowed to the earth.

Cadoudal reached him before he seemed to hear the sound of footsteps. He touched the young man's shoulder. Roland raised his head slowly without attempting to hide the two great tears that were rolling down his cheeks.

"General," said Roland, "do with me what you will. I am your prisoner."

"I can't make the First Consul's ambassador a prisoner," replied Cadoudal, "but I can ask him to do me a service."

"Command me, general."

"I need a hospital for the wounded, and a prison for prisoners: will you take the Republican soldiers, wounded and prisoners, back to Vannes?"

"What do you mean, general?" exclaimed Roland.

"I give them, or rather I confide them to you. I regret that your horse was killed; so is mine. But there is still that of Brise-Bleu; accept it."

The young man made a motion of rejection.

"Until you can obtain another, of course," added Cadoudal, bowing.

Roland felt that he must put himself, at least in simplicity, on a level with the man with whom he was dealing.

"Shall I see you again, general?" he asked, rising.

"I doubt it, sir. My operations call me to the coast near Port-Louis; your duty recalls you to Luxembourg."

"What shall I tell the First Consul, general?"

"What you have seen, sir. He must judge between the Abbé Bernier's diplomacy and that of Georges Cadoudal."

"After what I have seen, sir, I doubt if you ever have need of me," said Roland; "but in any case remember that you have a friend near the First Consul."

And he held out his hand to Cadoudal. The royalist took it with the same frankness and freedom he had shown before the battle.

"Farewell, Monsieur de Montrevel," said he. "I need not ask you to justify General Hatry. A defeat like that is fully as glorious as a victory."

During this time Brise-Bleu's horse had been led up for the Republican colonel.

He sprang into the saddle.

"By the by," said Cadoudal, "as you go through La Roche-Bernard, just inquire what has happened to citizen Thomas Millière."

"He is dead," said a voice.

Cœur-de-Roi and his four men, covered with mud and sweat, had just arrived, but too late for the battle.

Roland cast a last glance at the battlefield, sighed, and, waving a last farewell to Cadoudal, started at a gallop across the fields to await, on the road to Vannes, the wagon-load of wounded and the prisoners he was asked to deliver to General Hatry.

Cadoudal had given a crown of six ecus to each man.

Roland could not help reflecting that the gift was made with the money of the Directory sent to the West by Morgan and the Companions of Jehu.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Proposal of Marriage.

ROLAND'S first visit on arriving in Paris was to the First Consul. He brought him the twofold news of the pacification of the Vendée and the increasingly bitter insurrection in Brittany.

Bonaparte listened gravely, almost sadly; ardent as he was for foreign war with its glorious halo, his soul revolted at the internecine strife which drained the life-blood of the nation and rent its bowels.

It was a case in which, to his thinking, negotiation should be substituted for war. But how negotiate with a man like Cadoudal?

Bonaparte was not unaware of his own personal seductions when he chose to exercise them. He resolved to see Cadoudal, and, without saying anything on the subject to Roland, he intended to make use of him for the interview when the time came.

In the meantime he wanted to see if Brune, in whose talent he had great confidence, would be more successful than his predecessors.

He dismissed Roland, after telling him of his mother's arrival and her installation in the little house in the Rue de la Victoire.

Roland found Madame de Montrevel as happy and as proud as a woman and a mother could be. Edouard had gone, the day before, to the Prytanée Français, and she herself was preparing to return to Amélie, whose health continued to give her much anxiety.

As for Sir John, he was not only out of danger, but almost well again. He was in Paris, and Roland found him sitting before an English breakfast, a thing rarely seen in those days, drinking large cups of tea and eating bloody chops.

As soon as the Englishman saw Roland he gave a cry of joy and ran to meet him. Roland himself had acquired a deep affection for that exceptional nature, where the noblest qualities of the heart seemed striving to hide themselves beneath national eccentricities.

He begged Roland to share the meal, telling him to order his own breakfast, à la Française. Roland accepted. Sir John's attention in asking him to make a French breakfast was scarcely noticed by him at all.

But what Roland did notice was Sir John's preoccupation of mind. It was evident that Sir John had something on his lips which he hesitated to utter. Roland thought he had better help him.

So, when breakfast was nearly over, Roland, with his usual frankness, which almost bordered upon brutality at times, leaned his elbows on the table, settled his chin in his hands, and said: "Well, my dear Sir John, you have something to say to your friend Roland that you don't dare put into words."

Sir John started, and, from pale as he was, turned crimson.

Roland closed his eyes as if to concentrate all his attention on what Sir John was about to say. But the matter was evidently, from Sir John's point of view, so extremely difficult to make known, that at the end of a dozen seconds, finding that Sir John was still silent, Roland opened his eyes.

The Englishman was pale again; but this time he was paler than before. Roland held out his hand to him.

"Why," he said, "I see you want to make some compliment about the way you were treated at the Château des Noires-Fontaines."

"Precisely, my friend; for the happiness or misery of my life will date from my sojourn at the château."

Roland looked fixedly at Sir John.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed; "can I be so fortunate——" Then he stopped, remembering that what he was about to say was most unconventional from the social point of view.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sir John, "my dear Roland, finish what you were saying."

"But if I am mistaken; if I should say something nonsensical."

"My friend, my friend, go on."

"Well, as I was saying, my lord, can I be so fortunate as to find your lordship in love with my sister?"

Sir John gave a cry of joy, and with a rapid movement, of which so phlegmatic a man might have been thought incapable, he threw himself in Roland's arms.

"Your sister is an angel, my dear Roland," he exclaimed, "and I love her with all my heart."

"Are you entirely free to do so, my lord?"

"Entirely. For the last twelve years, as I told you, I have had my fortune under my own control; it amounts to twenty-five thousand pounds sterling a year."

"Too much, my dear fellow, for a woman who can only bring you fifty thousand francs."

"Oh!" said the Englishman, with that national accent that returned to him occasionally in moments of strong excitement, "if I must get rid of a part of it, I can do so."

"No," replied Roland, laughing, "that's not necessary. You're rich; it's unfortunate, but what's to be done? No, that's not the question. Do you love my sister?"

"I adore her."

"And she," resumed Roland, "does she love you?"

"Of course you understand," returned Sir John, "that I have not asked her. I was bound, my dear Roland, to speak to you first, and if the matter were agreeable, to beg you to plead my cause with your mother. After I have obtained the consent of both, I shall make my offer. Or rather, you will make it for me, for I should never dare."

"Then I am the first to receive your confidence?"

"You are my best friend, and it ought to be so."

"Well, my dear friend, as far as I am concerned, your suit is won—naturally."

"Your mother and sister remain."

"They will be one. You understand that my mother will leave Amélie free to make her own choice; and I need not tell you that if it falls upon you she will be delighted. But there is a person whom you have forgotten."

"Who is that?" said Sir John in the tone of a man who, having weighed all chances for and against, believes he knows them all, and is met by an obstacle he has never thought of.

"The First Consul," said Roland.

"God——" ejaculated the Englishman, swallowing the last word of the national oath.

"He spoke to me just before I left for the Vendée of my sister's marriage," continued Roland, "saying that it no longer concerned my mother and myself, for he would take charge of it."

"Then," said Sir John, "I am lost."

"Why so?"

"The First Consul does not like the English."

"Say rather that the English do not like the First Consul."

"But who will present my wishes to the First Consul?"

"I will."

"And will you speak of them as agreeable to yourself?"

"I'll turn you into a dove of peace between the two nations," said Roland, rising.

"Oh! thank you," cried Sir John, seizing the young man's hand. Then he added regretfully: "Must you leave me?"

"My friend, I have only a few hours' leave. I have given one to my mother, two to you, and I owe one to your friend Edouard. I want to kiss him and ask his masters to let him scuffle as he likes with his comrades. Then I must get back to the Luxembourg."

"Well, take him my compliments and tell him I have ordered another pair of pistols for him, so that the next time he is attacked by bandits he needn't use the conductor's."

Roland looked at Sir John. "Now, what is it?" he asked.

"What! Don't you know?"

"No. What is it I don't know?"

"The attack on the diligence."

"The diligence my mother was in was attacked?"

"You have seen Madame de Montrevel, and she didn't tell you?"

"Not a word about that, anyway."

"Well, my dear Edouard proved a hero: as no one else defended the coach, he did. He took the conductor's pistols and fired."

"Brave boy!" exclaimed Roland.

"Yes, but unluckily or luckily the conductor had taken the precaution to remove the bullets. Edouard was praised and petted by the Companions of Jehu as the bravest of the brave; but he neither killed nor wounded them."

"Are you sure of what you are telling me?"

"I tell you your sister almost died of fright."

"Very good," said Roland.

"How very good?" exclaimed Sir John.

"I mean, all the more reason why I should see Edouard."

"What makes you say that?"

"A plan."

"Tell me what it is."

"Faith! no. My plans don't turn out well for you."

"But you know, my dear Roland, that if there are any reprisals to make——"

"I shall make them for both. You are in love, my dear fellow; live in your love."

"You promise me your support?"

"That's understood! I am most anxious to call you brother."

"Are you tired of calling me friend?"

"Faith! yes. It is too little."

"Thanks."

They pressed each other's hands and parted.

A quarter of an hour later Roland reached the Prytanée Français. The boy was sent for. Edouard flung himself into the arms of his "big brother" with that passionate adoration he had for him.

After the first embraces were over, Roland inquired about the stoppage of the diligence. Madame de Montrevel had been chary of mentioning it; Sir John had been sober in statement, but not so Edouard. It was his Iliad, his very own. He related it with every detail—Jérôme's connivance with the bandits, the pistols loaded with powder only, his mother's fainting-fit, the attention paid to her by those who had caused it, his own name known to the bandits, the fall of the mask from the face of the one who was restoring his mother, his certainty that she must have seen the man's face.

Roland was above all struck with this last particular.

Then the boy related their audience with the First Consul, and told how the latter had kissed and petted him, and finally recommended him to the director of the Prytanée Français.

Roland learned from the child all that he wished to know, and as it took but five minutes to go from the Rue Saint Jacques to the Luxembourg, he was at the palace in that time.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Ambassador.

BONAPARTE was busy with the minister of police. The affair on which the First Consul was engaged, and which seemed to absorb him a great deal, concerned the recent stoppages of diligences by the Companions of Jehu.

A curious fact was connected with these stoppages. A sum of four thousand francs and a case of jewelry had been mixed up by mistake with the money-bags belonging to the government. The owners of the money had thought them lost, when the justice of the peace at Nantua received an unsigned letter telling him the place where these objects had been buried, and requesting him to return them to their rightful owners, as the Companions of Jehu made war upon the government and not against private individuals.

In another case, that of the Carronnières—where the robbers, in order to stop the mail-coach, which had continued on its way with increased speed in spite of the order to stop, were forced to fire at a horse—the Companions of Jehu had felt themselves obliged to make good this loss to the postmaster, who had received five hundred francs for the dead horse. That was exactly what the animal had cost eight days before; and this valuation proved that they were dealing with men who understood horses.

The *procès-verbaux* sent by the local authorities were accompanied by the affidavits of the travelers.

Bonaparte was humming to himself, which showed that he was furious.

"Well," said he, "your part of the country is certainly in revolt against me; just look at that."

Roland glanced at the papers and understood at once.

"Exactly what I came to speak to you about, general," said he.

"Then begin at once. But first go ask Bourrienne for my department atlas."

Roland fetched the atlas, and made a pencil mark on the paper to show the exact spot where the last stoppage occurred.

"What!" exclaimed Bonaparte; "why it happened less than a mile and a half from Bourg!"

"Scarcely that, general; that explains why the wounded horse was taken back to Bourg and died in the stables of the Belle-Alliance."

"Do you hear all these details, sir!" said Bonaparte, addressing the minister of police.

"Yes, citizen First Consul," answered the latter.

"You know I want this brigandage to stop?"

"I shall use every effort——"

"It's not a question of your efforts, but of its being done."

The minister bowed.

"It is only on that condition," said Bonaparte, "that I shall admit you are the able man you claim to be."

"I'll help you, citizen," said Roland.

"I did not venture to ask for your assistance," said the minister.

"Yes, but I offer it; don't do anything that we have not planned together."

The minister looked at Bonaparte.

"Quite right," said Bonaparte; "you can go. Roland will follow you to the ministry."

Fouché bowed and left the room.

"Now," continued the First Consul, "your honor depends upon your exterminating these bandits, Roland. In the first place, the thing is being carried on in your department; and next, they seem to have some particular grudge against you and your family."

"On the contrary," said Roland, "that's what makes me so furious; they spare me and my family."

"Let's go over it again, Roland. Every detail is of importance. It's a war of Bedouins over again."

"Just notice this, general. I spend a night in the Chartreuse of Seillon, because

I have been told that it was haunted by ghosts. Sure enough, a ghost appears, but a perfectly inoffensive one. I fire at it twice, and it doesn't even turn around. My mother is in a diligence that is stopped, and faints away. One of the robbers pays her the most delicate attentions, bathes her temples with vinegar and gives her smelling-salts. My brother Edouard fights them as best he can; they take him in their arms, kiss him, and make him all sorts of compliments on his courage: a little more and they would have given him sugar-plums as a reward for his gallant conduct. Now, just the reverse; my friend Sir John follows my example; goes where I have been; he is treated as a spy and stabbed, as they thought to death."

"But he didn't die."

"No. On the contrary, he is so well that he wants to marry my sister."

"Ah, ha! Has he asked for her?"

"Officially."

"And you answered?"

"I answered that the matter depended on two persons."

"Your mother and you: that's true."

"No; my sister herself—and you."

"Your sister I understand; but I?"

"Didn't you tell me, general, that you would take charge of marrying her?"

Bonaparte walked up and down the room with his arms crossed; then, suddenly stopping before Roland, he said:

"What is your Englishman like?"

"You have seen him, general."

"I don't mean physically; all Englishmen are alike—blue eyes, red hair, white skin, long jaws."

"That's their *th*," said Roland, gravely.

"Their *th*?"

"Yes. Did you ever learn English, general?"

"Faith! I tried to learn it."

"Your teacher must have told you that the *th* was sounded by pressing the tongue against the teeth. Well, by dint of punching their teeth with their tongues the English have ended by getting those elongated jaws, which, as you said just now, is one of the distinctive characteristics of their physiognomy."

Bonaparte looked at Roland to see if that incorrigible jester was laughing or speaking seriously. Roland was imperturbable.

"Is that your opinion?" said Bonaparte.

"Yes, general, and I think that physiologically it is as good as any other. I have a lot of opinions like it, which I bring to light as the occasion offers."

"Come back to your Englishman."

"Certainly, general."

"I asked you what he was like."

"Well, he is a gentleman; very brave, very calm, very impassible, very noble, very rich, and, moreover—which may not be a recommendation to you—a nephew of Lord Grenville, prime minister to his Britannic Majesty."

"What's that?"

"I said, prime minister to his Britannic Majesty."

Bonaparte resumed his walk; then, presently returning to Roland, he said:

"Can I see your Englishman?"

"You know, general, that you can do anything."

"Where is he?"

"In Paris."

"Go find him and bring him here."

Roland was in the habit of obeying without reply. He took his hat and went toward the door.

"Send Bourrienne to me," said the First Consul, just as Roland passed into the secretary's room.

Five minutes later Bourrienne appeared.

"Sit down there, Bourrienne," said the First Consul, "and write." And he dictated:

> Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland:
>
> Called by the will of the French nation to the chief magistracy of the Republic, I think it proper to inform your Majesty personally of this fact.
>
> Must the war, which for two years has ravaged the four quarters of the globe, be perpetuated? Is there no means of staying it?
>
> How is it that two nations, the most enlightened of Europe, more powerful and strong than their own safety and independence require; how is it that they sacrifice to their ideas of empty grandeur or bigoted antipathies the welfare of commerce, internal prosperity, the happiness of families? How is it that they do not recognize that peace is the first of needs and the first of a nation's glories?
>
> These sentiments cannot be foreign to the heart of a king who governs a free nation with the sole object of rendering it happy.
>
> Your Majesty will see in this overture my sincere desire to contribute efficaciously, for the second time, to a general pacification, by an advance frankly made and free of those formalities which, necessary perhaps to disguise the dependence of feeble states, only disclose in powerful nations a mutual desire to deceive.
>
> France and England can, for a long time yet, by the abuse of their powers, and to the misery of their peoples, carry on the struggle without exhaustion; but, and I dare say it, the fate of all the civilized nations depends on the conclusion of a war which involves the universe.

Bonaparte paused. "I think that will do," said he. "Read it over, Bourrienne."

Bourrienne read the letter he had just written. After each paragraph the First Consul nodded approvingly, and said: "Go on."

Before the last words were fairly uttered he took the letter from Bourrienne's hands and signed it with a new pen. It was a habit of his never to use the same pen twice. Nothing could be more disagreeable to him than a spot of ink on his fingers.

"That's good," said he. "Seal it and put on the address: 'To Lord Grenville.'"

Bourrienne did as he was told. At the same moment the noise of a carriage was heard entering the courtyard of the Luxembourg. A moment later the door opened and Roland appeared.

"Well?" asked Bonaparte.

"Didn't I tell you you could have anything you wanted, general?"

"Have you brought your Englishman?"

"I met him in the Place de Buci; and, knowing that you don't like to wait, I caught him just as he was, and made him get into the carriage. Faith! I thought I should have to drive round to the Rue Mazarine, and get a guard to bring him. He's in boots and a frock-coat."

"Let him come in," said Bonaparte.

"Come in, Sir John," cried Roland, turning round.

Lord Tanlay appeared on the threshold. Bonaparte had only to glance at him to recognize a perfect gentleman. A trifling emaciation, a slight pallor, gave Sir John the characteristics of great distinction. He bowed, awaiting the formal introduction, like the true Englishman he was.

"General," said Roland, "I have the honor to present to you Sir John Tanlay, who proposed to go to the Third Cataract for the purpose of seeing you, but who has, to-day, obliged me to drag him by the ear to the Luxembourg."

"Come in, my lord; come in," said Bonaparte. "This is not the first time we have seen each other, nor the first that I have expressed the wish to know you; there was, therefore, positive ingratitude in trying to evade my desire."

"If I hesitated," said Sir John, in excellent French, "it is because I could scarcely believe in the honor you do me."

"And besides, very naturally, from national feeling, you detest me, don't you, like the rest of your countrymen?"

"I must confess, general," answered Sir John, smiling, "that they have not got beyond admiration."

"And do you share the absurd prejudice that claims that national honor requires you to hate to-day the enemy who may be a friend to-morrow?"

"France has been almost a second mother country to me, and my friend Roland will tell you that I long for the moment when, of my two countries, the one to which I shall owe the most will be France."

"Then you ought to see France and England shaking hands for the good of the world, without repugnance."

"The day when I see that will be a happy day for me."

"If you could contribute to bring it about would you do so?"

"I would risk my life to do it."

"Roland tells me you are a relative of Lord Grenville."

"His nephew."

"Are you on good terms with him?"

"He was very fond of my mother, his eldest sister."

"Have you inherited the fondness he bore your mother?"

"Yes; only I think he holds it in reserve till I return to England."

"Will you deliver a letter for me?"

"To whom?"

"King George III."

"I shall be greatly honored."

"Will you undertake to say to your uncle that which cannot be written in a letter?"

"Without changing a syllable; the words of General Bonaparte are history."

"Well, tell him——" but, interrupting himself, he turned to Bourrienne, saying: "Bourrienne, find me the last letter from the Emperor of Russia."

Bourrienne opened a box, and, without searching, laid his hand on a letter that he handed to Bonaparte.

The First Consul cast his eye over the paper and then gave it to Lord Tanlay.

"Tell him," said he, "first and before all, that you have read this letter."

Sir John bowed and read as follows:

> CITIZEN FIRST CONSUL—I have received, each armed and newly clothed in the uniform of his regiment, the nine thousand Russians, made prisoners in Holland, whom you have returned to me without ransom, exchange, or condition of any kind.
>
> This is pure chivalry, and I boast of being chivalrous.
>
> I think that which I can best offer you in exchange for this magnificent present, citizen First Consul, is my friendship. Will you accept it?
>
> As an earnest of that friendship, I am sending his passports to Lord Whitworth, the British ambassador to Saint Petersburg.
>
> Furthermore, if you will be, I do not say my second, but my witness, I will challenge personally every king who will not take part against England and close his ports to her.
>
> I begin with my neighbor the King of Denmark, and you will find in the "Gazette de la Cour" the ultimatum I have sent him.
>
> What more can I say to you? Nothing, unless it be that you and I together can give laws to the world.
>
> I am your admirer and sincere friend. PAUL.

Lord Tanlay turned to the First Consul. "Of course you know," said he, "that the Emperor of Russia is mad."

"Is it that letter that makes you think so, my lord?" asked Bonaparte.

"No; but it confirms my opinion."

"It was a madman who gave Henry VI of Lancaster the crown of Saint-Louis, and the blazon of England still bears—until I scratch them out with my sword—the fleur-de-lis of France."

Sir John smiled; his national pride revolted at this assumption in the conqueror of the Pyramids.

"But," said Bonaparte, "that is not the question to-day; everything in its own time. Here is the letter in which I ask it of your king, my lord, and it is to be quite sure that it reaches his Britannic Majesty that I ask Lord Grenville's nephew to be my messenger."

"It shall be done as you desire, citizen; and were I the uncle, instead of the nephew, I should promise more."

"When can you start?"

"In an hour I shall be gone."

"You have no wish to express to me before leaving?"

"None. In any case, I leave my affairs to my friend Roland."

"Shake hands with me, my lord; it will be a good omen, as you represent England and I France."

(To be Continued.)

JUNE, THE MONTH OF BATTLES.

In the Season of Roses Have Been Fought Some of the Most Sanguinary and Decisive Contests of Modern Times—It was a Period Fatal to Charles I and Napoleon.

THOUGH June is frequently called the "Month of Roses," it might with just as much propriety be designated the "Month of Battles." In it have been fought some of the most memorable battles of history. Among these were Naseby, Bunker Hill, Marengo, and Waterloo. In the following list will be found the names of some of the more important engagements that have been fought in this month:

June.

1. Lord Howe defeated and almost destroyed the French fleet 1794
   Battle between the Shannon and the Chesapeake 1813
2. The Reign of Terror began 1793
3. Admiral Blake's decisive defeat of Van Tromp 1653
   Hobson sank the Merrimac in Santiago Harbor 1898
4. Kleber defeated the Austrians at Altenkirchen 1796
6. Capture of Memphis, Tenn. 1862
7. Capture of Mamelon earthworks at Sebastopol, by the French.. 1855
   Siege of Jerusalem begun by the Crusaders 1099
10. Russia defeated Napoleon at Hielsburg 1807
    Russia captured Khiva from the Mohammedans 1873
14. Final defeat of Charles the First, at Naseby, by Cromwell 1645
    Battle of Marengo 1800
    Napoleon's decisive overthrow of the Russians at Friedland.. 1807
    Napoleon's defeat of the Austrians at Raab 1809
16. Napoleon's defeat of Blücher at Ligny 1815
    Marshall Ney's indecisive attack on the English at Quatre Bras. 1815

June.

17. The battle of Bunker Hill 1775
18. Frederick the Great's defeat by the Austrians at Kolin 1757
    War declared against England by the United States 1812
    The battle of Waterloo 1815
19. Sinking of the Alabama by the Kearsarge 1864
21. Encounter between the Leopard and the Chesapeake 1707
23. Lord Clive, with three thousand men, defeated sixty thousand at Plassey, making England mistress of India 1757
24. The Austrians defeated the Italians at Custozza 1866
25. Battle of Little Big Horn—The Custer Massacre 1876
    Battle of Bannockburn 1314
26. First of the "Seven days before Richmond" 1862
    Invasion of Denmark by the Prussians 1864
28. Capture of Silistria by the Russians 1829
    Battle of Fort Moultrie, Charleston, S. C. 1776
    Battle of Monmouth 1778
30. Battle of Petersburg 1864