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THE SCRAP BOOK.

Vol. I.

APRIL, 1906.

No. 2.

A MARVELOUS RECEPTION.

AN EDITION OF 500,000 COPIES
AND ALL SOLD OUT IN THREE DAYS.

NOTHING is a success until it is a proved success. The ideas that seem best frequently turn out the worst. If it were not for this fact, a fact with which we are thoroughly familiar, we should feel that we have in THE SCRAP Book the hit of a century. Indeed, it is difficult not to let ourselves go a bit, even now, and talk about this new creation in magazine-making, in a way that would sound like high-pressure fiction.

Six weeks ago THE SCRAP Book was nothing but an idea. It had had a good deal of thought in a general way, but nothing effectually focuses until actual work begins. Filmy, desultory thought, in cloudland, counts for little.

In the early conception of THE SCRAP Book it was as unlike this magazine as a mustard-seed is unlike the full-grown tree. Rebelling as I did, and still do, at the restraints of the conventional magazine, and realizing the added strength that should come from the rare old things and the best current things—the scrap bits that are full of juice and sweetness and tenderness and pathos and humor—realizing all this, I undertook to incorporate in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE a department which I intended to call THE SCRAP Book.

I had special headings and borders drawn for this department, with a view to differentiating it from other parts of the magazine. I had sample pages put in type, and more or less work done on the department. But it did not fit MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE gave no scope for such a section. It was atmospherically antagonistic to a magazine which consisted wholly of original matter. This was the beginning of THE SCRAP Book—the thought nebula.

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It was as late as the middle of January when I came to my office one morning and startled our editorial force by saying that THE SCRAP Book would be issued on the 10th of February. Up to this time no decisive work

had been done on it. As I stated in my introduction last month, we had been gathering scrap books from all over the world for some time, and had a good deal of material classified and ready for use. It was an accepted fact in the office that THE SCRAP Book would be issued sooner or later. Indeed, the drawing for the cover was made more than a year ago. But no one on the staff, not even myself, knew just what THE SCRAP Book would be like or when it would make its appearance.

With a definite date fixed for the day of issue, however, and that date only about three weeks away, intense work and intense thought were necessary, and from this thought and work was evolved THE SCRAP Book as we now have it. From the first minute, as it began to take shape, it became a thing of evolution. Enough material was prepared, set up, and destroyed to fill three issues of THE SCRAP Book, and display headings were changed and changed—and a dozen times changed—to get the effect we wanted.

As it was something apart from all other magazines, we had no precedents to follow, no examples to copy, either in the matter itself, the method of treating it, or the style of presenting it. Our inspiration in producing THE SCRAP Book was mainly, and almost wholly, our conception of what would appeal most forcefully to the human heart and human brain—to all the people of all classes everywhere. This, supplemented by our experience in publishing, was our guide in evolving this magazine.

I have told you this much about the beginning and the development of THE SCRAP Book because such information about the beginning of anything of any consequence appeals to me individually, and I think generally appeals to all readers. If THE SCRAP Book, therefore, is to make an important place for itself in the publishing world, as certainly looks probable at this time, it will perhaps be worth while to have the story of its inception and evolution.

* * * * * * *

The biggest edition I have ever known published of the first number of a magazine prior to the appearance of THE SCRAP Book was that of THE ALL-STORY MAGAZINE, which we brought out a little more than a year ago. This edition consisted of 150,000 copies, and it was thought to be an audacious thing to throw upon the market 150,000 magazines for which we had not a subscription or an order on our books. But the sale justified the size of the edition, and the place the magazine made for itself on that very first issue increased the demand for the second number by 50,000, making the total circulation 200,000—which has since expanded to over 300,000 copies.

But this 150,000 edition of THE ALL-STORY MAGAZINE looks like a chapter from the period of small things, when compared with the 500,000

edition of *THE SCRAP Book*—the number of copies we actually printed and bound of the first number of this magazine. No such first edition of a magazine has ever before been printed, or even dreamed of. But more extraordinary yet than the mammoth size of the edition is the fact that at the end of three days after the day of issue we had not a copy left. The entire supply was exhausted and a second edition put to press.

It would be a colossal mistake to fancy that this edition sold itself. No such thing happened. Nothing of the sort ever did happen or ever will happen. We sold the edition by telling the people of the entire country what we had for them—by telling them at a cost in advertising of approximately \$75,000. If *THE SCRAP Book* is what the people want, its future is assured. If it is not what the people want, then it must either be whipped into shape or disappear altogether.

A bed-rock theory with me in publishing is this: "Give the people what they want, and give it to them at a right price, and they will do the rest." That the price of *THE SCRAP Book* is right I am certain, and that the magazine itself is pretty nearly right I am inclined to believe, but am by no means sure. Another issue will be necessary to make clear just how hard it has hit the public. This enormous first sale has been obtained by a relentless onslaught of advertising. Now it is up to the magazine.

* * * * *

New creations are always dangerous and usually disappointing. The man who clings to conventionality is safest. He gives the world nothing, to be sure, but he is less likely to meet disaster than his more creative neighbor. New things rarely command the immediate indorsement of the public. The human race as a whole is doggedly conventional. We accustom ourselves to a thing—anything that is acceptable—and it becomes the standard. Its shape and outlines and appearance crystallize with us. A radical departure from its general characteristics offends our eyes and jars on us.

But now and again there is an exception to this rule. Such an exception is just now suggested by the marvelous reception of *THE SCRAP Book*. We have had hundreds and hundreds of letters congratulating us and expressing warmest commendation of this magazine. That *THE SCRAP Book* has struck a responsive chord in the hearts and minds of the people is so clearly foreshadowed that were it not for the fact that nothing is a success until it is a proved success, I should already regard *THE SCRAP Book* as an established property and one of the most valuable among all the magazines of the world.

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The evolution of *THE SCRAP Book* with us here in the publication offices has been so rapid and so emphatic that the magazine already begins

to take on a still more attractive shape than the first number presented. The scheme as set forth in the introduction in the first issue is so far modified that instead of running six serial stories, as we then contemplated, we shall doubtless keep them down to about half this number, so that we may have more space for the wealth of miscellany which seems to have appealed so strongly to readers everywhere. And in line with this improvement is the very important decision to print THE SCRAP Book, beginning with this issue, on high-grade paper, a paper of the quality used by the best magazines for plain text work.

The difference in the cost of this paper is nearly a cent and a half on each copy of the magazine over that of the cheaper grade on which the first issue was printed. And a cent and a half on a magazine which sells for ten cents, and sells to the trade at seven cents, is a tremendous margin. It means fifteen dollars a thousand, and fifteen dollars a thousand means fifteen hundred dollars on a hundred thousand or fifteen thousand dollars on a million copies. If THE SCRAP Book reaches out to a big circulation, this difference in cost of paper alone may well amount to more than a hundred thousand dollars in a year.

But THE SCRAP Book is good enough, I believe, to merit the very best grade of paper, a paper that will last; and THE SCRAP Book of all other magazines should be printed on a paper that will last, for it is these literary gems above all things that we most wish to preserve. They are the sweet-meats our taste for which never deserts us.

While I have created in THE SCRAP Book a magazine for the public, as I interpret the public taste—and this is always my purpose in anything I publish—I find that in THE SCRAP Book I have unconsciously created a magazine for myself. I mean just this, that for my own reading THE SCRAP Book as it is, and THE SCRAP Book in its possibilities, has all other magazines, every phase and kind of magazine the world over, beaten to a standstill.

And why? Simply because THE SCRAP Book in its scope is as wide as the world. It has no limitations, within the boundaries of decency and good taste. It has as broad a sweep in the publication of original articles and original fiction and original everything as any magazine anywhere. It has, in addition, in its review phases, recourse to the best current things throughout the world—the daily press, the weekly press, the magazines, the pulpit, and the platform. And best of all, it has the vast storehouses of the centuries to draw from—the accumulation of the world's best thoughts and best writing.

F R A N K A. M U N S E Y.

The Latest Viewpoints of Men Worth While.

Ex-President Cleveland Advises Physicians to Let Patients into Their Secrets—President Schurman of Cornell Pleads for a Higher American Culture—John Morley Tells How to Get the Most Out of Books—Jerome K. Jerome Thinks We Are Sated with Humor—John D. Rockefeller Explains the Principles of Legitimate Money-Getting—Dr. Quackenbos Makes Great Claims for Hypnotic Suggestion—All This, Together with Many Further Expressions of Opinion on Live Topics from the Leading Men of the Day.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

LET DOCTORS TELL WHAT THE MATTER IS.

**A Plea by Grover Cleveland for a Greater
Degree of Confidence Between
Physician and Patient.**

OUR only living ex-President, Mr. Cleveland, gave a bit of advice to the doctors a few weeks ago. Speaking before the New York State Medical Society, in session at Albany, he pleaded the rights of the patient to know what his physician was doing to him. He humorously represented himself as attorney for the great army of patients in their appeal to the powerful minority of doctors:

In all seriousness I desire to concede without the least reservation on behalf of the great army of patients that they owe to the medical profession a debt of gratitude which they can never repay, on account of hard, self-sacrificing work done for their benefit and for beneficent results accomplished in their interest.

But at the same time we are inclined to insist that while our doctors have wonderfully advanced in all that increases the usefulness and nobility of their profession, this thing has not happened with-

out some corresponding advance in the intelligent thought and ready information of their patients along the same lines.

We have come to think of ourselves as worthy of confidence in the treatment of our ailments, and we believe if this was accorded to us in greater measure it would be better for the treatment and better for us. We do not claim that we should be called in consultation in all our illnesses, but we would be glad to have a little more explanation of the things done to us.

HOW TO ASSIMILATE THE BEST IN BOOKS.

**John Morley, the English Statesman and
Scholar, Tells the Secret of Mak-
ing One's Reading Pay.**

WHEN a man knows books as thoroughly as Mr. John Morley, his opinions as to what and how to read are worth having. Mr. Morley has revised and put together as an article for *The Critic* several of his extemporaneous addresses on books and reading. From this article the following paragraphs have been culled and condensed with care to select those passages which contain prac-

tical advice for persons who desire to make their reading count for something:

The object of reading is not to dip into everything that even wise men have ever written. In the words of one of the most winning writers of English that ever existed—Cardinal Newman—the object of literature in education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address, and expression.

Literature consists of all the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form. Poets, dramatists, humorists, satirists, masters of fiction, the great preachers, the character-writers, the maxim-writers, the great political orators—they are all literature in so far as they teach us to know man and to know human nature.

What I venture to press upon you is that it requires no preterhuman force of will in any young man or woman—unless household circumstances are more than usually vexatious and unfavorable—to get at least half an hour out of a solid busy day for good and disinterested reading. Some will say that this is too much to expect, and the first persons to say it, I venture to predict, will be those who waste their time most. At any rate, if I cannot get half an hour, I will be content with a quarter.

Multiply the half-hour by 365, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year, and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you during all the days of your life.

You may have often heard from others, or may have found out, how good it is to have on your shelves, however scantily furnished they may be, three or four of those books to which it is well to give ten minutes every morning, before going down into the battle and choking dust of the day. Perhaps it matters little what it may be so long as your writer has cheerful seriousness, elevation, calm, and above all, a sense of size and strength, which shall open out the day before you, and bestow gifts of fortitude and mastery.

If a man is despondent about his work, the best remedy that I can prescribe to him is to turn to a good biography; there he will find that other men before him have known the dreary reaction that follows long-sustained effort, and he will find

that one of the differences between the first-rate man and the fifth-rate lies in the vigor with which the first-rate man recovers from this reaction, and crushes it down, and again flings himself once more upon the breach.

A taste for poetry is not given to everybody, but anybody who does not enjoy poetry, who is not refreshed, exhilarated, stirred by it, leads but a mutilated existence. I would advise that in looking for poets—of course after Shakespeare—you should follow the rule of allowing preferences, but no exclusion.

Various mechanical contrivances and aids to successful study are not to be despised by those who would extract the most from books. The wise student will do most of his reading with a pen or pencil in his hand. He will not shrink from the useful toil of making abstracts and summaries of what he is reading.

Again, some great men—Gibbon was one, and Daniel Webster was another, and the great Lord Stafford was a third—always before reading a book made a short, rough analysis of the questions which they expected to be answered in it, the additions to be made to their knowledge, and whither it would take them.

Another practise is that of keeping a commonplace book, and transcribing into it what is striking and interesting and suggestive. And if you keep it wisely, as Locke has taught us, you will put every entry under a head, division, or subdivision. This is an excellent practise for concentrating your thought on the passage, and making you alive to its real point and significance.

BELGIAN DRAMATIST CRITICIZES NEW YORK.

Money, Bustle, and Noise Are the Principal Objections He Names as Characteristic of Our Young Nation.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, the Belgian dramatist and mystic philosopher, is by no means dull in his appreciation of practical conditions. People who know him say that he is not in the least lackadaisical or spiritually remote, but is simple and frank and full of interest in every-day occurrences. A short time ago he was asked to express his opinion of America. He replied—to quote from the *Theater Magazine*:

I should be afraid to live in a city like New York. I understand that money, bustle and noise are its chief characteristics. Money is useful, of course, but it is not everything. Bustle and noise, also, are necessary adjuncts of human industry. But they do not add to man's comfort nor satisfy his soul's cravings.

America is too young a nation to seek the beautiful. That may come when you Americans grow weary of being rich. Then you will, as a nation, cultivate art and letters, and, who knows? one day you will surpass the Old World in the splendor of your buildings, the genius of your authors. You are a great people, but your highest powers are still slumbering.

At present you are too busily occupied in assimilating the foreigner, too busily engaged in affairs purely material, to leave either time or taste for either the beautiful or the occult. When America does take to beautifying her own home she will astonish the world.

USING SUGGESTION INSTEAD OF DRUGS.

Value of Hypnotism in Curing Many Diseases

Is Explained by a Well-Known
Advocate of the System

THE name of Dr. John D. Quackenbos has for several years been associated with remarkable results in hypnotic experiments. By the use of hypnotic suggestion he is said to have helped actors, writers, and musicians to correct their faults and achieve a greater degree of success. Recently it was reported that by suggestion he had called back from the edge of death a young woman whom the doctors had given up. In this, he asserts, there is neither miracle nor charlatany.

To an interviewer from the New York *Herald* he has given the following explanation:

I never asserted that I could raise the dead. In regard to the young woman whom I call Adele, because I do not believe it proper or right to reveal her real name, I did not say that five physicians had pronounced her dead. I merely said that the physician had given up all hope. My fundamental proposition is that the quality of suggestibility is singularly pronounced at the hour of dissolution, in so much that a patient not suffering from an

incurable physical lesion may by hypnotic influence be called back from the jaws of death at the very moment when they are closing upon him. The moment they have closed there is no power on earth that can summon the spirit back to the body. Hypnosis is as impotent as medicine. But suggestion may arrest the spirit while it is hovering between life and death and summon it back to life. I hold that the possibility of saving life in this rational manner should be understood by all who serve the sick and minister to the dying.

Psychical Value of Drugs.

Every physician and nurse is aware that drugs and procedures have a psychical value based on the expectation of a special action, and that what is in the physician's mind may be conveyed to the patient subtly and powerfully. The physician really accomplishes more than his medicines. A cheerful assurance accentuates their action; a pessimistic manner nullifies their effects. The talisman is personality, and the cure is largely effected by the subjective mind of the patient, to which the bearing of nurse and physician, the drugs employed and the general surroundings constitute powerful suggestions.

The human mind, Dr. Quackenbos explained, exists in two states of consciousness: the objective, or supraliminal; and the subjective, or transliminal. The objective world is that of every-day waking and working life. The subjective world is the world of sleep. How suggestion reaches the subjective consciousness he has explained thus:

Suggestion is nothing but a straightforward, heartfelt, dynamic appeal to the transliminal self, whereby the man in need is apprised of the efficiency within him, and when so enlightened is inspired to come to his own aid and work out his own salvation. It is not mere good advice, but rather a creative communication, calling into action the godlike in the man and repressing all tendency to deviation from the normal type—physical, intellectual, or moral. And the peculiar harmonious relationship which we call rapport is but a realization by the subject of sympathy on the part of the suggestionist, with confidence in his judgment, purity of motive, and power to inspire.

Confidence Must be Justified.

A subject quickly discovers the hypocrite in an operator. A well-meaning soul will revolt at the intrusion of a

sordid or sensual self, and spontaneously repel its advances. Hence the power of hypnotism to deprave is providentially limited. Moral injury cannot be inflicted through suggestional channels.

As to moral benefit, that depends upon the worth of the practitioner.

THE ARMY CAREER: ITS PROS AND CONS.

Delightful Elements of Army Life Are Many, but the Drawbacks Outweigh the Advantages, Says an Officer.

LIFE as an army officer is alluring to so many civilians that a plain statement of its advantages and disadvantages deserves to be widely read. Such a statement, from the pen of Lloyd Buchanan, himself an officer, appears in the *World's Work*.

Mr. Buchanan says that the army society is agreeable:

There are many things in army life that are good. The best, to my mind, is the kind of men with whom you are associated. The average officer is considerably fatter and less erect than I imagined, but he is—as nearly all Americans are—brave, and he is a generous, honorable gentleman.

The men of one's regiment will stand by him in trouble:

Many a man in the service to-day has had his commission saved by the help of his brother officers, and many a dead man's debts have been honorably paid with the cheerfully given proceeds of a collection taken up among his old comrades.

Army life is a life of leisure. There is ample time to read or study, or to follow any avocation, to ride any hobby. "You have no dread of a 'cutting down of the office force' or of a drop in your salary." Also, the life is socially pleasant, since "every one is kind to army officers. . . . You are put up at the best clubs and entertained in the best houses."

With these attractive features come a number of drawbacks:

Are the Prizes Worth While?

In the first place, any young American who is worth his salt is ambitious to

make of himself a power in the world. He wants to count for something. . . . That is the fundamental American desire. Can the army satisfy it?

I believe not. To be a great soldier you must fight great battles. We are a peaceful people. We have no entangling alliances. The only nation with whom we could, geographically, have an important land war is Great Britain—and, fortunately, such a crime against civilization is almost impossible. . . . Great struggles like our Civil War, that try men out and burn off rotten timber, our country is not at all likely to have. Even if it does, in all probability the reputations to be made will be mostly made by those who are in command of the volunteers.

But even setting aside the value of the prizes in the army, are those prizes reasonably attainable? In the army, except in war time, under the grade of field officer (and actually under the grade of colonel) there is only one means of promotion—the dropping out of men ahead of you. It happens, moreover, that the junior captains and the first and second lieutenants now are all about the same age, because a great block of officers were commissioned during and after the Spanish War to fill the vacancies caused by casualties and hardships, and because the army was considerably increased at that time. These men will remain in the service for years, causing a dead stagnation in promotion.

Meager Pay of Officers.

The standard of living in the army is much more extravagant than in civil life, and the actual difference in expenses does not allow an equal comparison between the circumstances of army officers and civilians receiving the same salary. On entering the foot service a second lieutenant receives \$1,400 a year; a first lieutenant gets \$1,500; a captain, \$1,800; a major, \$2,500; a lieutenant colonel not more than \$3,000; and a colonel, in the beginning, \$3,500. This pay, up to the grade of lieutenant colonel, is increased ten per cent for every five years' service until the total increase is forty per cent. After that no further increase is made.

The maximum pay of a captain of infantry is \$2,520 a year. That is all that an officer entering now can hope to receive until he is more than fifty years of age—probably until he is more than fifty-five. When he enters the army he definitely limits himself to that amount. His allowances are more than counterbalanced by his extra expenses.

Children in the army must be educated. In civil life, there is always a good school, and usually a good university, immediately at hand; but in the service, on foreign duty or in frontier posts, no proper schools are available. There is only one way in which the children can be fairly treated so that they can enter life unhandicapped. That is by sending them to boarding-school. But how can a man on a \$2,500 salary send a boy and a girl to boarding-school when the cost per student for tuition and board in those institutions of the first class cost from \$700 to \$1,000 a year? College education and a professional training are equally tremendous obstacles.

It Is Hard to Save.

Finally, there is the fact that hangs so heavily over many of the men and women in the army—the lack of power to save, to provide for those left behind in case of death. The government pension is a miserable pittance of some twelve or eighteen dollars a month, and hundreds of delicate women have been hurried from the graves of their soldier husbands to struggle with unaccustomed hands for a living for themselves and their children. No married officer can carry, on the pay he receives, an insurance of more than a few thousand dollars. The average is considerably less than ten thousand. A married man must realize the bitter truth—that his death will leave his family either to struggle to escape starvation or to depend on the charity of their relatives.

In the army a man leads a life with a narrow and unpromising future. He is required to live too well for his salary. If he marries, unless he has outside means, he cannot provide as he should for his wife and children while he lives; and if he dies he leaves them either to take the position of dependents or to struggle for their daily bread.

NOTABLE NEGLECT OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

A Plea for Arts and Crafts as the Logical Basis of Development of the Fine Arts.

IN line with President Schurman's criticism of American culture is the plea by Charles de Kay, the art critic, for more attention to the indus-

trial arts. His argument is that out of the arts and crafts the fine arts naturally develop; that out of the artist-artisan comes the highest class of artist, as, for example, Augustus Saint Gaudens, who began as a cameo cutter. To ignore the industrial arts is, so to speak, to leave out of count that solid middle class upon which alone the aristocracy of art can safely rest. Writing in the *New York Times*, Mr. de Kay says:

Plainly enough there is a field scarcely plowed at all in the arts and crafts. These arts in the Middle Ages, and latterly in Japan and India, absorbed and absorb the energies of the cleverest hands and brightest minds; but in America and England to-day are neglected for the fine arts, because the rare prizes in the latter, whether of fame or of wealth, dazzle the imagination.

Fashion rather than taste has set easel paintings so absolutely in the forefront that with most people this represents art in its entirety, and though the appreciation of the minor arts of Japan has opened the eyes and enlisted the sympathies of thousands, this one-sided view of art holds on; so encouragement of native arts and crafts is slack and uncertain.

Yet a democracy like ours, while the most difficult of all communities to rouse to a vivid sympathy with the industrial arts, owing to cheap processes and the influence exerted by traditions that began in aristocratic lands, is of all others that community where they are needed most.

The huge engine of the public schools is forever milling over the raw material of the Union, educating the native children, assimilating to the commonwealth the young people of immigrant stocks. The higher education of taste and refinement ought to go hand in hand, but it is sadly deficient.

No one should expect that the public school system could add this to a task already appalling for its size and complexity. It can be coped with only by organizations apart from the existing schools, which might attempt for the youthful artisan what the art schools attempt for the training of architects, sculptors, and painters.

It is the fate of democracies to waste energy and attack each problem by the wrong side. Command us to a democracy to put the cart before the horse, every time! In the arts we have been doing this imbecile trick steadily, persistently,

for a hundred years, trying to foster the fine arts while our minor arts and crafts are too contemptible for criticism.

Is it not about time to show that even a democracy can learn something? Certainly if we can convince this community that the most crying need is a thorough regeneration of the industrial arts, the object will be attained. For though democracies are often clumsy, when they once strike the right path they rush forward to the highest places with a speed and an irresistible force no other communities attain.

THE SONGS THAT TOUCH THE HEART.

Many Popular Ballads Possess Real Worth
and Make Legitimate Appeals,
Says a Music Publisher.

PAUL DRESSER, who died a few weeks ago, seems to have reached more hearts than any other American of his day. His name may not sound familiar to readers, but it is enough to say that he was the author of "The Banks of the Wabash," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," and many other popular songs which have had large vogue.

What is the secret of the appeal of those songs? A writer who has inquired into the subject gives in the *New York Evening Post* the results of his interviews. One music publisher said:

Roughly speaking, you can divide the popular songs into seven heads. For instance:

(1) The straight love song, with a girl played up strong.

(2) The "mother" song.

(3) The song that appeals to patriotism (If you can hash up a medley of national tunes in the chorus accompaniment, all the better. Dresser started this sort of thing in "The Blue and the Gray").

(4) The "misunderstanding" song (parted lovers, quarrels between husband and wife, etc.).

(5) The piece with a locality refrain (such as "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky").

(6) The "plucky poor" ballad (including the tenement local color brand, such as "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" and "Down in Poverty Row").

(7) The ragtime brigade—straight, blended, and un-African.

Of course, there are a few varieties that

this list does not include, but it will do for purposes of quick analysis. You see, every one of these classes, save ragtime, where the appeal comes entirely from the shuffling swing of the music or the absolute ludicrousness of the words, makes a play to some—if you will—primary emotion. But primary emotions have first call everywhere, so there you are.

The "Mother" Song.

The straight love song usually has a waltz chorus and a girl's name used frequently. There isn't any hard and fast rule for the "mother" brand. However, when you are talking of this sort, don't forget that the most popular "mother" song ever written; one, too, that wasn't pushed in any vaudeville theater to get it started, and that will be sung all over the world when all the others are forgotten, is "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

Ever hear that sung until you got a lump in your throat? If you say you haven't, I may not speak it out loud, but mentally I'll be putting you down for a liar. The man doesn't live that can hear that thing sung without being touched by it, not even if he wakes up next morning and sneers at the whole thing for driveling. And if you want to hear it with a stage setting better than any "Old Homestead" company can give it, get stalled in a country town some Sunday night when they're holding "revival" services in the Methodist Church. Hear a fresh-throated farmer's wife sing to an awe-stricken house. That's what I did once, and all the "mother" songs I've bought since have sounded a bit shoddy.

The "Legitimate" Appeal.

They don't always agree, the stories the publishers tell you as you travel through Harmony Square's purlieus, but the same idea, that of "legitimate" appeal in the popular song, is always to be found.

One that I consider a model [said another music man] is "Take Back Your Gold," that had a big run a few years ago. Here is the repeat:

Take back your gold, for gold can never buy me.

Take back your bribe and promise you'll be true.

Give me the love, the love that you've denied me.

Make me your wife, that's all I ask of you.

I rank that with Dresser's "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me." Plebeian, of

course. Crude? Maybe. Mawkish? Never; not when you realize that it was written for "the people" to like. That's the queer part of the "sellers." We often laugh at 'em even when we buy 'em. But when you sit down to listen in earnest there's always a kernel of real worth hidden away. And, on the level, if there weren't, there's no publisher living that could fool the public into buying.

FOOD AS A PRIME FACTOR OF CHARACTER.

What We Eat May Be More Important
Than Where We Live or Who
Our Parents Are.

FOOD makes the man; not heredity, not environment. Thus speaks John Spargo, socialistic lecturer and author. The badly fed or underfed baby quickly departs from the normal; imbecility, crime, pauperism all are directly or indirectly due to the lack of food or its poor quality during the plastic years.

Without accepting the doctrine that food is the sole factor in evolution, some profit may be drawn from a more extended statement of Mr. Spargo's views as he gives them in the *New York World*:

The nervous, irritable, half-ill children to be found in such large numbers in our public schools represent poor material. They are largely drawn from the homes of poverty, and constitute an overwhelming majority of those children for whom we have found it necessary to make special provision—the backward, dull pupils found year after year in the same grades with much younger children.

In a measure the relation of a child's educability to its physical health and comfort has been recognized by the correlation of physical and mental exercises in most up-to-date schools, but its larger social and economic significance has been almost wholly ignored. And yet it is quite certain that poverty exercises the same retarding influences upon the physical training as upon mental education.

There are certain conditions precedent to successful education, whether physical or mental. Chief of these are a reasonable amount of good, nourishing food and a healthy home. Deprived of these, phys-

ical or mental development must necessarily be hindered. And poverty means just that to the child. It denies its victim these very necessities with the inevitable result, physical and mental weakness and inefficiency.

Sanitation Relatively Unimportant.

Important as are the factors of proper housing and sanitary and hygienic conditions, matters which have occupied an ever-increasing amount of attention on the part of public officials as well as philanthropists in recent years, it is now generally confessed by science that, important as they are in themselves, they are relatively unimportant in the early years of the child's life.

"Sanitary conditions do not make any real difference at all," was the testimony of Dr. Vincent before the British Departmental Committee. "It is food and food alone." That the evils of underfeeding are intensified when there is a unhygienic environment is true, but it is equally true that defect in the diet is the prime and essential cause of the excessive death rate among the children of the poor, and of those infantile diseases and ailments which make for defective adults, moral, mental or physical, should they survive.

AERONAUTS HONORED FOR SERVING FRANCE.

Monument Erected at Neuilly to Commemorate
Men Who Left Paris in Balloons During
Siege By the Germans.

AT Neuilly, just outside the Paris gate of the Ternes, was lately unveiled a monument to the aeronauts of Paris during the siege of 1870-'71. Five thousand carrier pigeons were loosed at the beginning of the ceremonies, and five thousand more at the close.

The monument, which was the last work of M. Bartholdi, is surmounted by a bronze balloon. It commemorates deeds of daring during a period when not victory but honor was at stake. Said the *Paris Figaro*:

The departure by balloon of such men as Gambetta, who left the besieged capital to organize resistance in the provinces, is one of the most striking episodes of the great struggle which saved the honor

of our country and compelled the admiration of the peoples.

It is agreeable to note in this connection that balloons are of French invention. Our race, which is described as purely frivolous by unjust opponents, happens to be the one which has proved most inventive in the domains of science and art.

WHAT "PUNCH" HAS MEANT TO ENGLAND.

London's Famous Funny Paper is Really Funny to Those Who Know How to Appreciate Its Jokes.

SIR FRANCIS C. BURNAND has resigned the editorship of London *Punch* after a service of twenty-three years. It is hard to think of him as old, but, being in his seventieth year, doubtless he had begun to find the cares of his position somewhat irksome.

Eminent as was his fitness for the editorship he held so long, he started out in life with no notion of becoming a humorist. Amateur dramatic performances took much of his time at Cambridge. After leaving the university, he became a barrister. Converted to the Roman church, he studied for the priesthood, but abandoned this prospective future in order to devote himself to the stage. Though he did not become an actor, he wrote many stage pieces—plays, librettos, etc.; at the same time he was writing jokes for the humorous papers, and when he was twenty-five years of age he became a regular contributor to *Punch*. Says the New York *Evening Post*:

The resignation of Sir Francis C. Burnand, for twenty-five years editor of London *Punch*, reminds one how little it has been subject to the vicissitudes of journalism. As if by fore-ordination, the admirable parodist, Owen Seaman, takes the head of the historic table, and *Punch* will, if anything, be more *Punch* than ever. Others may change, but *Punch* retains a kind of Olympian uniformity. From its first number, sixty-five years ago, to the last, its outward appearance and inward savor are practically identical. England has been in conspiracy to provide it with talent.

During the editor's term of office the

paper lost such artists as Charles Keene, Du Maurier, and Sir John Tenniel; but it also saw the rise of Mr. Leinley Sambourne's forceful caricature, of Mr. Raven-Hill's delightful rusticities, of the nervous and most expressive art of the lamented Phil May. In fact, barring an inclination to over-indulgence in rather trite doggerel, *Punch*'s jorum has rarely been more tasty than in the past quarter century. Its only serious rival in the comic field has been *Fliegende Blätter*.

There is, of course, the prevailing American view that *Punch* is dull. Dull it is, in the sense that the best fun of the most jocose family may be merely tantalizing to the outsider. A nudge to the initiated may be sufficient to recall jokes proved by a thousand laughs; the uninitiated needs a clue. Now, *Punch*'s family is London—a family whose acquaintance is tolerably worth while—and probably no one who has not imaginatively made himself familiar with the mood of London has any business with *Punch* at all. It is the homesickness for London that extends the subscription list to the bounds of the Empire; it is the desire to know what London thinks of itself, of the provinces, of the world, that makes readers for *Punch* in every land. It represents London in the mood of intellectual dalliance as thoroughly as *Fliegende Blätter* does non-Prussian Germany. This representative quality gives to these two comic papers something of the solemnity of institutions.

BIG FACTS OF A BIG YEAR IN OUR HISTORY

Record of 1905 Shows Amazing Growth in All the Departments of American Production and Industry.

MAGNITUDE, as Andrew Carnegie shrewdly pointed out in his recitorial address at St. Andrew's, in 1902, may ultimately settle the problem of international trade supremacy. The biggest nation will accomplish the biggest things, provided, of course, that it has the biggest brains as well as the biggest hands. Mere size is undeniably a great factor, for the larger the home markets, the better the chances for underselling foreign competitors. Mr. Carnegie, it

will be remembered, warned the European countries that only by uniting against America could they hope to keep their position.

Three years have brought but few signs of any anti-American coalition. And meantime the United States has been growing. An editorial writer in the *Washington Times* says that "the year 1905 may fairly be said to have tested the productive capacity of the richest country on earth." Last year "everything in this land of bigness was bigger than ever before."

Forty per cent more iron was produced than in 1904. It seems almost incredible, yet official statistics bear it out. Copper was increased fifteen per cent. Agricultural products of all kinds showed in the aggregate a tremendous increase. The combined exports and imports of the country were almost a half-billion dollars greater than for any of the preceding years.

The railroads never hauled so many tons of freight, so many passengers, took in so much money, or had such large net earnings as in 1905. The commerce of the Great Lakes—and the recollection of the fact that the traffic of the "Soo" Canal is immensely greater than that of the Suez is always illuminating when lake traffic is considered—was far greater than in any previous year.

Great Volume of Trade.

In 1905 it cost more to live than ever before in the history of the country, according to the statistics; and more people had the price. More immigrants were received than in any year before. Imports were greater than in any preceding year, and so were exports.

The Post-Office Department did more business, the banks held more money, and the per capita of circulation was greater than ever before when the country was on a specie basis.

These are a few of the striking facts that may be gathered from the reservoir of information contained in the monthly summary of commerce and finance just issued, covering the completed year 1905.

It is apparently impossible to find comparisons striking enough to indicate in brief the tremendous business activity of the country. The per capita wealth of the nation increased from \$1,038 in 1890 to \$1,235 in 1900, and while it is not yet estimated for 1905 there is no reasonable doubt that the increase for the past five

years will prove greater than in any previous decennial period.

The Vastness of Our Wealth.

The aggregate wealth of the nation increased from \$65,000,000,000 in 1890 to \$94,000,000,000 in 1900, and for the five years just past has probably had a gain almost as great as in the previous ten; in other words, it is probably now about \$120,000,000,000.

Products of agriculture constituted fifty-six per cent of the total exports, while products of manufactures constituted only thirty-six per cent. The rest is credited to mining, forests, fisheries, and miscellaneous. Agricultural products increased in 1905 over the preceding year, \$103,000,000, while exports of manufactures increased \$69,000,000.

It cost the government \$542,000,000 to run its affairs, aside from the revenues that were received by the Post-Office Department and went back into the conduct of that service. Where did it come from? The answer which first suggests itself is that customs duties contributed the bigger part, and the answer is an error. Less than half came from customs duties, and only just about half the imports of the country are dutiable at all. Internal revenue taxes on spirits, tobacco, and fermented liquors produce nearly all of the remainder.

RACE SUICIDE MAY PROVE A BLESSING.

Welfare of the Offspring Is Much More Important Than Their Number, Says This Cincinnati Professor.

DOCTOR CHARLES A. L. REED, of the University of Cincinnati, has published an address on "The American Family," in which he makes this strong statement: "We see in a declining birth-rate only a natural and evolutional adjustment of race to environment—an adjustment that insures rather than menaces the perpetuation of our kind under favoring conditions." Thus he argues that "race suicide" may prove a blessing, since, as a matter of fact, it implies an intelligent regard for the rights and necessities of children rather than an aversion to motherhood:

If reduced to its last analysis, it does not indicate a loss, but rather a develop-

ment, if not an actual exaltation of the maternal function. American women recognize, subconsciously, possibly, certainly not in definite terms, but they nevertheless recognize, the force of the law enunciated by Mr. Spencer that whatever conduces to the highest welfare of offspring must more and more establish itself, since children of inferior parents reared in inferior ways will ever be replaced by children of better parents reared in better ways.

A much greater danger, according to Doctor Reed, is overpopulation. As influences inimical to the American family he classes "everything that tends to the early and wide dispersion of its members," such as—

the development of residential schools, the rapid extension of far-reaching transportation facilities, the diversification of industries, the industrial employment of women, the formation of distinct industrial groups, the character of political parties, the popularization of hotels and apartments for residential purposes, and, finally, the development of clubs for both men and women at the expense of the home.

DR. W. S. RAINSFORD A FORCEFUL FIGURE.

**Fearless Utterances of the Well-Known
Rector of St. George's, Whose Health
Has Obliged Him to Stop Work.**

MILITANT Christianity has for many years had no more energetic champion than the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's church, New York City. When he took charge of the church in 1883, as a young man thirty-two years of age, the parish had greatly fallen off. In twenty-two years of untiring work he built up the parish until it contained more than seven thousand members, included in a varied system of parochial activities.

A year ago Dr. Rainsford broke down, and went abroad to rest and recuperate. Now he has formally resigned. He used to be a man of great physical vigor, a fact which emphasizes this suggestion of the *New York Sun's*:

The physical exhaustion which sent Dr. Rainsford abroad and now compels

his retirement from duties so arduous seems to be a calamity afflicting clergymen more than other professional men and men of affairs. Is this because the emotional strain is so much greater in the case of a clergyman?

Dr. Rainsford was fearless in his pulpit utterances. In one sermon he said:

It is vain to cry out against a thing that a vast proportion of mankind believes is not wrong. You can't make an Irishman believe it is wrong to have beer with his dinner; you can't make an Englishman believe it. And perhaps that is why I do not believe it is wrong to have it with mine.

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE AMBASSADOR.

**Rich Representatives of Our Government
Set Costly Standards of Living in
the Capitals of Europe.**

TO maintain their position as representatives of a great and rich nation, our ambassadors to foreign countries need long purses. If money were not prerequisite, intellectual ability might more often find its opportunity in ambassadorships. As things are, many able men are sent out to high positions abroad, but other able men are obliged to decline nominations to positions which they cannot afford to assume.

The situation is clear. The founders of our government were averse to any tendency toward the pomp and display of royal courts, and now economy makes one administration after another cling to the old theory of simplicity—which is, at least, inexpensive. Says an editorial writer in the *New York American*:

Representative Longworth's bill asking for an appropriation to provide official residences for United States Ministers and Ambassadors abroad is in flat opposition to what has been the sentiment of the country for fully a century. Yet this fact does not make it certain that it is not in harmony with the sentiment of to-day, or that its purpose, if fulfilled, might not tend to preserve rather than to destroy that Jeffersonian simplicity which has ever been the American ideal for its embassies.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the new curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, returning from London, gives a most glowing description of the house, or rather palace, taken by Ambassador Reid in that city. Only one residence is more stately—that of the King himself.

Some idea of its proportions may be gathered from the fact that its stairway is as broad, dignified, and impressive as that in the Metropolitan Museum. Costly tapestries cover its walls, and Sir Caspar was impressed by the fact that four Van Dykes hang there, though most public museums hold themselves fortunate to possess one. The rooms are regal in size and imperial in splendor. An army of servitors, clad in liveries of scarlet and gold, attends to the domestic duties of the palace.

This is all very magnificent and impressive, and no doubt the American ambassador will properly grace his surroundings. But if, by any mischance, toward the end of his term some threatened complications should make it expedient to send to the Court of St. James a man rich in diplomatic skill and knowledge of international law, but poor in this world's goods, would not the contrast between the gorgeousness of to-day and the modesty which would necessarily be imposed upon him affect his influence injuriously?

To-day at every important court in Europe the United States is represented by a multimillionaire, who has adopted the standard of living of the richest among those with whom he is brought into contact. The time may come when we shall need more brains and less magnificence in our embassies.

The principle of Mr. Longworth's bill would at least assure a reasonably continuous standard of living for successive ambassadors and avert the violent contrasts which are now common.

WOMAN'S REAL PLACE IN LITERARY WORK.

This Grudging Frenchman Thinks That
Woman's Limitations Must Always Keep
Her From Writing Great Literature.

HOWEVER strongly Lester F. Ward and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman may insist upon feminine superiority they will have hard work to

shout down the glorifiers of man's achievements.

Here is a Frenchman, Georges Pellisier, a literary critic, who argues that woman cannot write great literature, because she is intellectually as well as physically inferior to man. He assigns to her the secondary literary rôle of acting as mistress of the literary salon—a position which, he thinks, has a valuable influence. He expresses his views as follows, in *La Revue* (Paris), the translation being that of the *Literary Digest*:

Philosophy, criticism, and history are beyond her mental scope, and I know of none who has made a lasting impression in these domains. Philosophy requires a force of abstraction and a power of application rarely possessed by women, the power of reflection being, with them, as one of the greatest of them has admitted, "rather a happy accident than a peculiar or permanent attribute." Naturally impulsive, they fail to follow out the logic of their ideas. . . . In the domain of criticism woman is too much the slave of first impressions, or preconceived notions, which must be admitted, however, to be generally very vivid and often very just.

Her personal preferences, nevertheless, obscure her views and misguide her opinions, while she lacks almost wholly the faculty of weighing her judgments. . . . A proper study or understanding of history is impossible without the philosophic and the critical faculties, and, above all, a disinterested love of truth. Woman colors events according as passion or sentiment sways her. The real historian must totally efface both himself and his bias; and this, woman, of her nature, is incapable of doing. . . .

There remain to her the drama, poetry, and the novel. In dramatic art, no woman has produced anything of lasting note, the reason being that the dramatist must, perforce, be without egotism and be capable of detaching the Ego from the action of the play—a thing impossible in woman.

In poetry this critic allows to woman but "the shadow of a name"; for few women, he argues, have written verse that endured. "The principal defect she evinces in poetry," he says, "is a lack of artistic execution." Woman's best work, he thinks, has been done in romance, though he refuses to class any woman

with the master-novelists. Even this small credit he awards grudgingly and carpingly. He cannot ignore success, but he tries to belittle it.

Apart from the fact that they may indulge in solecism and anachronism without being severely called to task by the critics, their composition is faulty. Even Georges Sand was not above suspicion. There is palpable in their novels an incoherent notion of logical plot, while their imagination is subjected to no salutary discipline. Their characters come upon the scene, in haphazard fashion, and seem to amble through the story without definite aim—a fault due to the fact that no definite plot had been conceived and drawn up before the story was begun. . . . Their work lacks vigor, and in its weakness, not an unattractive quality in woman herself, there is something commonplace that is not redeemed by elegance or refinement. Above all, woman's temperament recoils from a depiction of the stern reality of life. . . . She has no sense of proportion, and for her the beautiful and the pretty are interchangeable terms.

ATHENIAN CULTURE IS AMERICA'S NEED.

President Schurman Would Like to See Here
a Little More of "The Glory
That Was Greece."

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, president of Cornell University, has taken to heart the contrast between American culture of to-day and the culture of the ancient Greeks. In an address before an association of teachers last February, he charged that while our people "knows something of everything," its knowledge is "superficial, inaccurate, chaotic, and ill-digested." Furthermore, he says that we are indifferent to esthetic culture and suspicious of theory, of principles, and of reason.

These are serious, fundamental charges. But let us hear President Schurman's fuller statement of his case:

If the American mind is to be raised to its highest potency, a remedy must be found for these evils. The first condition of any improvement is the perception and recognition of the defects themselves.

I repeat, then, that while as a people we are wonderfully energetic, industrious, inventive, and well-informed, we are in comparison with the ancient Athenians little more than half developed on the side of our highest rational and artistic capabilities.

The problem is to develop these potencies in an environment which has hitherto been little favorable—and to develop them in the American people, and not merely in the isolated thinker, scholar, and artist.

It is Time to Seek the Beautiful.

If no American city is an Athens, if no American poet is a Homer or Sophocles, if no American thinker is a Plato or Aristotle, it is not merely because Americans possess only a rudimentary reason and imagination and sensibility, but because, owing to causes which are part of our national being—causes which are connected with our task of subduing a continent—the capacities with which nature has generously endowed us have not been developed and exercised to the fullness of their pitch and potency.

Our work in the nineteenth century was largely of the utilitarian order; in the twentieth century we are summoned to conquer and make our own the ideal realms of truth and beauty and excellence which far more than material victories constitute the true greatness of nations.

Pedagogic methods might be employed to simulate American culture. President Schurman suggests that in the common schools greater emphasis be laid upon art and literature. There remains, however, as he points out, something greater than the intellectuality of the Greeks, and that is the ethical consciousness of the Hebrews.

Noble and exalted and priceless as reason and culture are, there is a still higher end of life both for individuals and nations. That end, indeed, was very inadequately conceived by the Greeks. In the creative play of reason and imagination, in their marvelous productions of speculation, science, and art, in their exaltation of mind above sense and of spirit above matter, in their conception of a harmonious development of all the rich and varied powers of man—in all these the Greeks have left to mankind a legacy as priceless as it is to-day vital and forever imperishable.

The Ethical Gift of the Jews.

But the Greeks, even the Greek philosophers, even the "divine Plato," have

not given us enough to live by. It was the Jews, the outcast, oppressed, and much-suffering Jews, who first sounded the depths of human life, discovered that the essential being of a man resides in his moral personality, and rose to the conception of a just and merciful Providence who rules in righteousness the affairs of nations and the hearts and wills of men.

If even our literary men now tell us that conduct is three-fourths of life, it is because Hebraism and the Christianity which sprang from Hebraism have stamped this idea ineffaceably upon the conscience of mankind. The selfishness and sensuality in us may revolt against the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, but the still small voice of conscience in us recognizes their authority and acknowledges that if they had might as they have right, they would absolutely govern the world. The most, the best, of greatness is goodness. The greatest man on earth is the man of pure heart and of clean hands.

THE OLD JOURNALISM COLORED BY THE NEW.

Norman Hapgood Declares that the Yellow Journals Have Shaken the Conservative Newspapers Out of Their Old Rut.

“**Y**ELLOWNESS,” in the newspaper sense, means sensationalism; sensationalism means exaggeration; exaggeration means wrong proportion and the distortion of truth. On the other hand, it is pointed out that yellowness means interest; interest means closer attention from a larger audience; the larger audience means wider editorial influence.

Aside from the main arguments for and against yellowness, there are noticeable effects which the new journalism has had indirectly upon the old. Speaking recently before the League for Political Education, in New York City, Norman Hapgood, the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, attributed the increased boldness and popular tone of the conservative newspapers to the influence of yellow journalism:

Yellow journalism has its faults, but it was the first to shake the newspapers out of the old rut and give them new vigor. Before the advent of this class of jour-

nals there was no organ among the conservative press to speak down to the people. It was the consequence of a growing democracy and had for its purpose the establishment of a press wherein the laboring classes would have expression.

MAKING MONEY IS A RELIGIOUS DUTY.

John D. Rockefeller Recounts His Own Early Struggles and Shows to Young Men the Virtues of Economy.

IT may be, as sometimes has been said, that more is to be learned from the mistakes of other men than from their successes. If that be true it is because the reasons for their mistakes can hardly be concealed. Whether or not successful men betray the secrets of their successes, however, usually rests with themselves. In studying success, it is the occasional intimate disclosure that bears value rather than the superficial record.

John D. Rockefeller has addressed to the Bible class over which his son presides a pamphlet entitled, “First Ledger of a Successful Man of Affairs.” In it he tells of the ledger he kept as a young man, in which all his receipts and expenditures were most carefully recorded; and starting with this reminiscence he gives his advice to the young men of today. He begins with the dictum that “it is a religious duty to get all the money you can,” that is, “honestly and fairly,” and he sings the virtues of rigid economy. Speaking of his own efforts to “get a footing,” he says:

If you all feel as I did when I was just starting in, I feel sorry for you. But I would not be without the memory of that struggle. And, discussing the struggle for success, what is success? Is it money? Some of you have all you need to provide for your wants.

Who is the poorest man in the world? I tell you, the poorest man I know is the man who has nothing but money, nothing else in the world upon which to devote his ambition and thought. That is the sort of man I consider to be the poorest in the world. Money is good if you know how to use it.

Now, let me give you a little word of

counsel. Keep a ledger, as I did. Write down in it all that you receive, and do not be ashamed to write down what you pay out. See that you pay it away in such a manner that your father and mother may look over your book and see just what you did with your money. It will help you to save money, and that you ought to do.

When I spoke of the poor man with money I spoke against the poverty of the man who has no affection for anything else or thought for anything else but money. That kind of a man does not help his own character, nor does he help build up the character of another.

It is a mistake for any man who wishes for happiness and to help others to think that he will wait until he has made a fortune before giving away money to deserving objects.

TO TEACH TRADES TO YOUNG WORKERS.

Dean Balliet Emphasizes the Importance of the Trade School in the Complete Adjustment of Our Economic Problems.

A BOX of tools, and not a bundle of books, will be the burden of many a school child, if the trade-school system becomes firmly established. In Germany the public trade schools have proved very effective. In the United States there has been an encouraging seven-year experiment at Springfield, Massachusetts, and two schools have recently been established in New York City.

The trade school differs from the manual training school. Manual training is educational. "It develops the motor and executive sides of a child's nature," to quote Dean T. M. Balliet, of the School of Pedagogy in New York University. Also it fits young men for higher technical training. The trade school, on the other hand, teaches young people how to work at actual wage-paying trades—how to be plumbers, electrical fitters, carpenters, masons, ironworkers.

Dean Balliet, having made an exhaustive study of the system, not long ago gave the following answer to an interviewer from the New York *Tribune* who asked what the trade school meant:

The aim must be entirely practical, but not narrowly so. Students must be

trained to perform specific kinds of skilled labor which has a commercial value. But the learning of a trade must include the scientific principles underlying it and must not be confined to mere hand training. In the case of the mechanical trades, instruction in drawing, in physics, and in mathematics applicable to the trade must be included.

Trades frequently change, and the invention of a new machine may make a trade suddenly obsolete. Instruction must, therefore, be broad enough to make workmen versatile and enable them to adjust themselves to these changes. The apprentice system is gone. In a shop a man can at best learn only a small part of his trade, and that only the mechanical part. Shop training, even where it is still possible, is too narrow to make a man versatile. If the one machine which he has learned to run becomes obsolete he is stranded. We need trade schools for just such men to enable them to learn the whole of their trade and to receive instructions in the principles underlying it.

Years ago men read medicine in the office of physicians; now they go to a medical school. Lawyers read law in an office only; now they attend law schools. In like manner the learning of a trade in the shop is rapidly becoming obsolete, and trade schools must take the place of the shop. The fact that some things can be learned only in the shop is no argument against the school. There are things in the training of a lawyer which can be learned only in an office.

PREEMINENT WOMAN HAS A GREAT FUTURE.

Why Keep House When Your Butler Can Do It? Asks Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

LESTER F. WARD'S "Pure Sociology" maintains the thesis that woman was, is, and always will be the greatest among the life-giving forces. Woman lifted man to a position of equality only to find that, like Frankenstein, she had raised up a monster; for did not man, by virtue of his superior physical strength, make himself lord of the family?

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman was

telling a New York women's club about the book in the course of a talk on training young women for self-support. Expressing the belief that Mr. Ward had made his point, she went on to her own conclusions:

In the animal kingdom there is nothing higher than motherhood. In the human race there are many things higher. I am not belittling motherhood. Every normal woman should be a mother, and every woman should be a healthy animal and glory in it, but every human being should be something more. It is only by becoming an active member of human society that a woman can become a civilized human being.

We have been the domestic-servants of man. We have thought that for the proper care of the world one great sex should be the slave of the other. Science has made colossal strides. The work of the household has been gradually taken away from us, and we are still clinging to the same old ideas. A carefully selected butler can take care of the house as well as a housekeeper. Teachers and physicians say mothers do not take the best care of their children. Ask an average mother where she studied the training of children. Usually she has not studied it at all, or only for a few months. Mothers do not give their children the best health or the best educations because they do not know how.

THE SELF-ANALYSIS OF A GREAT MAN.

Defects Which Alfred R. Wallace, Who, with Darwin, Was Co-Discoverer of Evolution, Finds in His Own Character.

ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE is one of the greatest living Englishmen. He is now eighty-four years of age, and he can look back upon a life which touched with gentle illumination a great variety of subjects. As a scientist he is best known, particularly because he evolved the theory of natural selection at about the same time as Darwin. The deeper study was made by Darwin, who had been working on the question for a longer time, yet the discoveries of Wallace have been received with respect.

In his old age Mr. Wallace has published his autobiography. In contrast with what he accomplished in his active career, read his personal estimate of himself. He thinks that the secret of such success as his work has had is his facility in reasoning correctly. He loves beauty, and he has a passion for justice. After speaking of his lack of a musical ear, he continues:

Another and more serious defect is in verbal memory, which, combined with the inability to reproduce vocal sounds, has rendered the acquirement of all foreign languages very difficult and distasteful. This, with my very imperfect school training, added to my shyness and want of confidence, must have caused me to appear a very dull, ignorant, and uneducated person to numbers of chance acquaintances.

This deficiency has also put me at a great disadvantage as a public speaker. I can rarely find the right word or expression to enforce or illustrate my argument, and constantly feel the same difficulty in private conversation. In writing, it is not so injurious, for when I have time for deliberate thought I can generally express myself with tolerable clearness and accuracy.

I think, too, that the absence of the flow of words which so many writers possess has caused me to avoid that extreme diffuseness and verbosity which is so great a fault in many scientific and philosophical works.

Another important defect is in the power of rapidly seeing analogies or hidden resemblances and incongruities, a deficiency which, in combination with that of language, has produced the total absence of wit or humor, paradox or brilliancy, in my writings, although no one can enjoy and admire these qualities more than I do. The rhythm and pathos, as well as the imitable puns of Hood, were the delight of my youth, as are the more recondite and fantastic humor of Mark Twain and Lewis Carroll in my old age.

The faculty which gives to its possessor wit or humor is also essential to the high mathematician, who is almost always witty or poetical as well; and I was therefore debarred from any hope of success in this direction, while my very limited power of drawing or perception of the intricacies of form were equally antagonistic to much progress as an artist or a geometrician.

Other deficiencies of great influence in

my life have been my want of assertiveness and of physical courage, which, combined with delicacy of the nervous system and of bodily constitution, and a general disinclination to much exertion, physical or mental, have caused that shyness, reticence, and love of solitude which, though often misunderstood and leading to unpleasant results, have, perhaps, on the whole, been beneficial to me. They have helped to give me those long periods, both at home and abroad, when, alone and surrounded only by wild nature and uncultured man, I could ponder at leisure on the various matters that interested me.

ARE WE SURFEITED WITH WIT AND HUMOR?

Jerome K. Jerome Says that the American Sense of Humor Has Been Overfed by Brilliant Humorists.

MORE great humorists have arisen in the United States during the last seventy-five years than in any other country. Among the professionals are, or have been, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, P. V. Nasby, Mark Twain, Peter Finley Dunne, and George Ade. Who of these have been and who still are there is no need of saying. But certainly the constellation is brilliant with these names alone, though the lesser stars have been many.

Have we had two much humor? Are we sated? Jerome K. Jerome, after several months of personal observation, answers yes. Near the end of his recent tour of the country he said:

It seems to me that the American people have been surfeited with humor. So many brilliant men have written their jokes for so long that they have become jaded. I thought at first that the American sense of humor was radically less subtle than ours in England, but now I know better. It is simply overfed.

Mark Twain is, I think, the only living humorist of the old American school, and he, like Falstaff, is growing old. But the subtle touch that England likes still and America liked once is still his. You laugh with him now, I think, more from a sense of duty than a sense of the ridiculous. You have grown tired and need coarser fare to stimulate your appetite. And I've discovered the cause of it, too.

It is the comic supplement of the Sunday papers.

The New York *World* takes exception to Mr. Jerome's remarks, and answers him as follows:

In the name of Punch and the Prophet, figs! The history of American humor is a chronicle of development to a present pitch of refinement and subtlety with which the work of the earlier humorists suffers by comparison. It is the history of the evolution of the pun into the witicism.

Could Petroleum V. Nasby get a hearing to-day? Or the Danbury News Man, or "Peck's Bad Boy"? Would not a Burdette writing for the more exacting twentieth-century perception find his occupation gone? Even an Artemus Ward and a Josh Billings appealing to latter-day readers would perceive the essential need of a purification and refinement of method if they were to hold their audience under anything like the old spell.

Progress from broad lines approaching buffoonery to delicacy, from the obvious and the apparent to the elusive, is observable in all humorists who hold their public. It was seen in Eugene Field. It is discernible in Mark Twain, whom Mr. Jerome cites as a survival of the "old American school." Between "The Innocents Abroad" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg" is all the contrast of the changed taste of a new generation. Falstaff is not now the fashion.

NEGRO MELODIES MAY BECOME CLASSICAL.

President Roosevelt Quotes French Critic Who Says Our Future Music Will Develop from Southern Songs.

WHEN America develops a music of her own, upon what melodic foundation will it be based? Dvorak, when he was in this country, built his "New World" symphony on negro melodies, and the haunting strains of old plantation songs have become under his treatment threads in a great harmonic web. Several of the best American composers have lately been hunting out the weird songs of the American Indians and framing them in harmony.

These efforts are in line with the suggestion made by President Roosevelt in his speech to the students of the Manassas Colored Industrial Institute:

The other day a great French literary man, who was peculiarly interested in popular songs, in the music developed by the different peoples of the Old World, came here, and he happened to incidentally mention to me that as far as he could see there were but two chances for the development of schools of American music, of American singing, and these would come, one from the colored people and one from the vanishing Indian folk, especially those of the Southwest. I want all of you to realize the importance and dignity of your musical work, of the development of music and song among you students. I feel that there is a very strong chance that gradually out of the capacity for melody that your race has we shall develop some school of American music. It is going to come through you originally.

Is it not true, however, that available though negro and Indian themes may be, they do not represent the American people of to-day? Perhaps, as more than one musician has suggested, the popular street songs—the "After the Balls," "Annie Rooney," and "Tammany"—are more expressive of American life than any other music, and, therefore, may enter into the melodic structure of future symphonies.

CHINA IS SEEKING WESTERN LEARNING.

Eminent Oriental Commissioners Travel Through the United States to Study the Why and Wherefore of Our Prosperity.

THEIR excellencies Tuan Fang and Tai Hung Chi, imperial Chinese commissioners, came to the United States with open eyes to learn the advantages of Western Civilization. The fact of their coming was in itself significant evidence of an existing state of affairs in China which the Chinese Minister to the United States, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, explained in the following words:

It has been a fervent wish that China would awake from her sleep and join

in the march of modern progress. The day of her awakening is at hand. The unrest of our people proves it. Large bodies move slowly, but when they begin to move they gain momentum; and when China gets started in the channels of progress it will be impossible to stop her. She has always looked to the United States in every crisis of her national career. I have no doubt that the result of the coming of the Imperial Commission will bring the two countries into closer relations.

This little speech was delivered a few weeks ago at a banquet in New York, where a number of representative Americans were gathered to meet the visitors. Tuan Fang spoke the same evening—using the Chinese language, his remarks being translated by his secretary, Alfred Sze, who is a graduate of Cornell University, class of 1901.

This translated address included the following passage:

Since our arrival in this country we have had every opportunity to see the material side of your great country. All business and manufacturing establishments have thrown their doors wide open to us, and afforded us ample facilities to look into the American way of doing things.

Your government has likewise given us the same unrestricted facilities, for all of which we are very, very grateful. It is needless to say that we are deeply impressed with the vast resources of the country and the marvelous energy of its people. We are pleased to note, however, that in the midst of this wonderful material expansion you have not lost sight of the moral upbuilding of the country. We are, therefore, glad to meet here this evening representative Americans who are engaged in this beneficent labor.

This commissioner, Tuan Fang, is a considerable man in his own country. As Viceroy of two important provinces—Fu-Kien and Che-Kiang—his influence is far-reaching.

What he said about his experiences in the United States was, perhaps, not so important as his definite tribute to American missionaries. The missionary is often charged with arousing hostility by violating native customs; but the Viceroy said:

We take pleasure this evening in bearing testimony to the part taken by American missionaries in promoting the

progress of the Chinese people. They have borne the light of Western civilization into every nook and corner of the empire. They have rendered inestimable service to China by the laborious task of translating into the Chinese language religious and scientific works of the East.

Truly, after listening that evening to these representatives of cultured China, the hearers could share the feeling of the Honorable John W. Foster, the toastmaster on this occasion. Mr. Foster, one of the ablest of American diplomats, said:

When I meet a Chinese gentleman I have the impulse to stand uncovered in his presence and to make a profound bow, out of respect to his great empire and race, antedating in their existence and civilization all others of which we have any record, with achievements unsurpassed in literature, in philosophy, in art, and in useful inventions.

WORTH WHILE TO LIVE IN A LARGE CITY.

Blessings of Urban Life Have Been Too
Much Neglected By the Apostles
of the Country.

CITY life has been more or less maligned—unintentionally. Unhealthful crowding, lack of the inspiration of outdoor life, and greater immorality are the principal charges. Lately, however, people have begun to believe that the city is little if any more immoral, proportionately to its inhabitants, than the country; that the absence of outdoor life has compensations, especially when one can spend part of the year in the country; that most of the dangers of crowding can be averted by improved sanitary methods and a greater number of parks and open squares. Edward S. Martin, writing in Appleton's *Booklover's Magazine*, states the case attractively:

After all, there is an unrivaled attraction about human society, and it is considerably wholesome. It takes superior people to thrive on solitude even with quiet thrown in. Feebler folk have been known to regenerate even in the blessed country. It is no more possible in these days to stop the country people from

coming to town than to stop the rivers from flowing to the sea.

The cities offer the best opportunities to the people who are qualified to improve them. The cities are the great markets for talent and skill, as well as for commodities. They would be badly off if the energy that makes them hum were not perpetually reenforced out of the great country reservoirs. And the country would be a worse place if the superfluous vigor that is bred there had not the cities in which to spend itself.

To get to some town is the natural and legitimate aspiration of a considerable proportion of the sons and daughters of American farmers. But as the waters that run to the sea are carried back by the process of evaporation, so there must be, as our cities grow greater, a return current out of them countryward for the people for whom town life is no longer profitable, and whose nerves and thews need nature's medication.

There is such a current as it is. People who get rich in town promptly provide themselves with country homes, and spend more and more of the year in them as their years increase and their strength declines. But for the people who don't get rich, the combination, or the transition, is not so easy. A due proportion of the people who are game to stand more noise, canned food, and struggle in their lives, and who ought to get to town, will get there.

The other process—to get back into the country the families, and especially the children, who have had more continuous city life than is good for them—needs a good deal of outside assistance, and gets some, though not yet as much as it requires.

AMERICA HAS ACME OF PULCHRITUDE.

Why the Superiority and Charm of Our
Woman Are Recognized the
Wide World Over.

PATRIOTISM and chivalry are united in the pride which every American feels in American womanhood. The charm of the American woman is recognized in all civilized countries, and its reason is hard to define, though the following paragraphic analysis, from *Collier's*, possibly comes close to the truth:

To make a perfect woman, runs some fancy or essay which our memory does not place, the head should come from Greece, the shoulders from Italy, the bust from Austria, the complexion from England, the expression from France, the feet from Hindustan, and the walk from Spain.

An American, interested in the honor of her land, writes to know what part the United States deserves in a perfect mixture, and argues that our own women, being a mixture of every race, have selected from each the feature of greatest pulchritude. Woman is the only American product whose superiority is disputed nowhere and celebrated by all who cross the ocean or fall before her on the other side. Charming, she is calm: not like the ladies Byron knew:

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

And of the sex generally this poet said:

What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her.

The heads of American women are as clear as their persons are comely, and in the depths of their emotions no danger lurks, although it was of an American that Artemus Ward said: "My wife is one of the best wimmin on the Continent, although she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce." This preeminence is conceded to the American woman, not only by foreigners, but by American husbands themselves, but we would rather base this eminence on her education, mind, and character, than to claim for her greater beauty than is found in Italy or England, for example; for we don't believe she has it.

NATIONAL DRINK BILLS AND INTEMPERANCE.

The Amount of Drunkenness in a Nation
Cannot Safely be Estimated from
the Size of its Drink Bill.

JUDGING from the statistics of alcoholic consumption, France should be the most intemperate country in the world. Yet the French actually ap-

pear to be much more temperate than many nations that drink smaller quantities of alcoholic beverages. Admitting this to be so, police statistics of drunkenness for France are less than one-fourth as large as the statistics for England. Before accepting these figures at their face value, however, it would be interesting to know whether the police of France pay as much attention to drunkenness as do the police of England. The English licensing law is particularly severe.

The reasons why national drink bills do not correspond more closely with national degrees of intemperance are explained in part by *Harper's Weekly*, thus:

Climate and race have much to do in determining such matters. A warm country is naturally a sober and usually a gambling country. A raw, dull, and damp climate predisposes to indulgence. Thus the northern counties of England are more drunken than the southern, Scotland is more drunken than England, and the west coast of Scotland more drunken than the east. The vigorous, predominant races of Europe, if not of the world, seem to have been always given to strong drink; and I have read many disquisitions that sought to prove that energy, enterprise, and drink go necessarily together in the sum total of national character.

But I do not suppose that any one will be inclined to accept the English drink bill as a proof of national virility. For the past ten years that country has spent on drink from \$875,000,000 to \$950,000,000 a year. Its average annual expenditure on drink amounts, therefore, to a sum that is more than the entire annual revenue, that is equal to all the rents of all the houses and farms in the kingdom, and that is only a little less than the cost of the South African War.

Nearly five-eighths of this goes in beer, about a third in spirits and one-thirteenth in wine. The expenditure per head, on the basis of the whole population, works out at a little over \$21 per annum; but it is reckoned that there are in the United Kingdom nearly 3,000,000 abstainers and about 14,000,000 children under the age of fifteen. Deducting these, the number of actual consumers is estimated at 24,000,000, whose annual expenditure per head thus comes to over \$35. It is also calculated that the English working-class family spends almost one-sixth of its income on liquor.

The Great Southwest.

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY.

Marvelous Development—Agricultural, Industrial, and Commercial—That Is Now in Progress in the States of Texas and Arkansas and the Adjoining Territories.

Revised from "The Munsey" and brought up to date by the author for THE SCRAP BOOK.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the growth of interest in the great States west of the Mississippi River the Southwest has until lately been commonly neglected. Gold sent men rushing first to the mountain States. Then grain led men to the prairie States. With the more fertile wheat lands fully occupied, there has of late been a tendency to the northwest territories of Canada. But at the same time a development, commercial and industrial, as well as agricultural, has been going on in the Southwest. The progress made in Texas during the last few years is simply astounding.

UNKNOWN to the great mass of the people of the United States, a new empire is being planted in the Southwest. Much is written about the thousands who are crossing the Canadian frontier and settling in Manitoba, Assinibola, and Alberta; but very little is heard about the tens of thousands from the Northwest and the Middle West, from the East and Europe, who are moving into Arkansas, Oklahoma, the Indian Territory, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

The officials of the railways running into this latter region could tell a little of this story if they wished to. Last year, from April to November, something like a million dollars was paid into the treasuries of the Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fe, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, the Iron Mountain, the Missouri Pacific, the St. Louis & San Francisco, and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railways, for fares by seekers of homes in the Southwest. About one-third of these prospectors become permanent settlers. The money put into farms, into manufacturing industries, and into business of various sorts in that region, according to the estimates of railway officials and immigration agents, has amounted during the past twelve months to fully two hundred million dollars.

The Empire State of the Future.

Consider for a moment the State of Texas—as she was, as she is, and as she will be. Admitted to the Union in 1845, newly baptized with blood in her struggle against the Mexicans, she then contained little more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. To-day she has three and a half millions, and ranks fifth among the States, having passed Missouri since the last census. Only New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio are now ahead of

her. If all these States continue to advance in population at the same rate as in recent years, she will pass Ohio before 1920, Illinois by 1930, and Pennsylvania by 1940. Before 1950 she will have outstripped New York and will be the Empire State of the Union.

In spite of her more than twenty-fold increase during the past six decades, Texas is still, comparatively speaking, a sparsely settled region. She has as yet a mere fraction of the population her generous soil could support. Remember that she is larger than France or Germany, larger than two Italys or two Great Britains. When she became a State, she had two square miles of land for each of her inhabitants. She now has about thirteen people to each square mile. The State of New York has one hundred and sixty people to the square mile, and is steadily growing in population. Massachusetts has three hundred and seventy-five to the square mile, and is steadily growing. England has six hundred and twenty-five to the square mile, and is steadily growing. If the present ratio continues, think of the incalculable growth that the coming years will bring to the great Southwestern State!

Phenomenal Growth of Population in Texas.

If Texas were peopled as densely as New York State, she would have forty-two million inhabitants—more than ten times what she has. Settled as closely as Massachusetts, she would have one hundred millions; as closely as England, one hundred and sixty-six millions. This American State is destined to rank with the powers of the world.

Remarkable as was the showing that Texas made at the last census, other portions of the Southwest could point to a still more phenomenal gain. While the population of the Lone Star State advanced thirty-six per cent between 1890

and 1900, that of Arizona rose one hundred and five per cent, that of the Indian Territory one hundred and seventeen per cent, and that of Oklahoma no less than five hundred and forty-four per cent in the ten years.

Texas Now Leads in Railways.

From 1870 till 1904 Illinois had a larger number of miles of railway than any other State. In 1904 Texas passed Illinois. On March 1, 1906, the great Southwestern State had approximately twelve thousand miles of main railway track, or over two hundred miles in excess of Illinois. Pennsylvania, Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, and New York, in this order, stand below Illinois in railway mileage, New York's total at the same date being a little short of nine thousand miles.

In recent years, about half of the country's entire new railway mileage has been built in the Southwest. The increase of mileage between 1897 and the end of 1903 was twelve and a half per cent for the United States. It was ten per cent in the Middle States, seven per cent in the Rocky Mountain region and on the Pacific Slope, and three per cent in Ohio and Indiana. It was twenty-seven per cent in the section comprising Arkansas, Oklahoma, the Indian Territory, Texas, and New Mexico. There could scarcely be a more significant index of advancing wealth, population, and industry.

The Land of Corn and Cotton.

The Southwest at this moment is enjoying a prosperity unexampled in its annals. Last year's yield of corn, wheat, and cotton proved better than was expected early in the season, the corn crop being particularly good. Land values have doubled in much of this region during the past five years; though prices are still so much below those prevailing in Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana that the inrush from those States continues to be large.

Traveling salesman report better business in Oklahoma, Texas, and their neighbors than in any other part of the West. More visitors came to the St. Louis Exposition from the Southwestern States and Territories than from any other part of the country, in proportion to population—which was a good test of that region's financial condition.

Before the Civil War, when the South was proclaiming cotton to be king, cotton's realm was in the Atlantic seaboard States. But Texas now produces nearly a third of the country's entire crop. Her recent average has been about three million bales; last year the yield was a little less than that. The Indian Territory and Oklahoma are beginning to figure prominently in cotton production. Cotton accounts for much of the prosperity of the Southwest. More and more the farmers of that region are raising other crops for a living, and using the pro-

ceeds of their cotton-fields as a surplus fund.

What Statehood Will Mean.

Statehood, of course, will give a new impetus to the growth of the Territories of the Southwest, attracting settlers and capital. It is practically certain that Oklahoma and the Indian Territory are shortly to become a State under the name of Oklahoma. The political future of New Mexico and Arizona is more problematical, being a subject of controversy at Washington as this is written. It is variously proposed to admit each Territory separately, to admit New Mexico while excluding her sister Territory, or to unite them into a single State, probably under the title of Arizona. The question will have been settled before this reaches the reader, unless its settlement is postponed to a later session of Congress.

The State of Oklahoma will start with a population of fully a million and a half—about equal to that of California, and considerably above that of such commonwealths as Louisiana, South Carolina or Maryland. If New Mexico and Arizona should be united, they will have about half a million inhabitants.

The Growth of the Gulf Ports.

Through the growing popularity of the Gulf ports as outlets for the country's merchandise, the Southwest is bound to be a great gainer. As compared with 1904, there was a larger gain in the exports by the ports of the Gulf of Mexico in 1905 than the Atlantic ports showed.

This gain is due to several causes. More and more the great railways are establishing terminals at the Gulf outlets. From the chief productive centers of the Mississippi Valley the distances to these points are shorter than to the Atlantic, and the grades are easier. In population, productivity, and general industrial and commercial importance, the southern end of the vast Mississippi Valley is growing with disproportionate rapidity. The Southwest's pull on the population center of the United States is shown by the fact that during the decade ending with 1900 that point moved fourteen miles westward and three miles southward.

The center of the country's production of wheat and of oats, and the center of the total area in the country's farms, are now west of the Mississippi. The center of the production of cotton, now on the western verge of the State of Mississippi, and the center of the production of corn, now in the western part of Illinois, will cross the big river before 1910. More than sixty-five per cent of the country's exports already originate west of the Mississippi.

Galveston and the Panama Canal.

For all the region between the Mississippi and the continental divide of the Rockies, the Texas ports, chiefly Galves-

ton, will be the natural outlets to the sea. In aggregate value of merchandise exports Galveston has left Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston far behind. In the last calendar year she stood third among American ports in the value of her merchandise shipments, New York and New Orleans being the only two ahead of her. She has gained so rapidly on New Orleans in recent years, and the Crescent City led her by so slight a margin in 1905, that for the twelve months ending with next December it seems safe to pre-

dict that the Texas seaport will take second place.

Much has been said of the benefits which the Panama Canal will bring to the United States by giving us a short cut to the Pacific littoral of our own continent, to the west coast of South America, and to Asia and Australia. Undoubtedly the Isthmian waterway will open new markets to Galveston and other Texas ports, and will be a powerful influence in enabling the Southwest to score further industrial and commercial conquests.

BOSTON'S BIG BEAN BILL.

If the Residents of the Hub Were to Swear Off for a Year They Would Save More Than Enough Money to Build a First-class Battle-ship.

MORE money is spent each year in Boston in buying baked beans than would buy the largest battle-ship in the United States navy, says the *New York Herald*.

In 1904 the gross receipts of beans in Boston were more than 68,000 barrels. In each barrel are five bushels. The average price at which these were sold by the wholesalers was \$1.85 a bushel, and when these beans were sold again by retailers to their customers they brought an average of twelve cents a pound, or a grand total of \$6,598,272.

So tremendous has the demand for baked beans become in Boston that two companies have been formed whose business is to bake beans for restaurants and quick-lunch establishments. One of these companies uses an average of 4,000 quarts a week, and the other 10,000, yet the beans that these companies bake are but a drop in the bucket compared with the consumption of the city.

The most remarkable feature of this remarkable consumption of beans is that the demand is steadily increasing, and that 15,000 more barrels of beans were sold in Boston in 1904 than in 1903. There are seasons in which the demand for this staple is greater than in others, notably the months from Thanksgiving to April.

Taking the receipts in Boston for 1904 of 68,732 barrels, that would give the number of bushels 343,660, or 10,997,120 quarts, weighing 21,994,240 pounds.

Accepting as the population of Boston approximately 553,000, this would give each inhabitant, men and women, boys, girls and babies, an average of thirty-seven quarts. These thirty-seven quarts of beans would weigh 148 pounds.

The bean baking establishments, which are fitted with the most improved methods, have a large porcelain kettle built over a furnace in one corner of the cellar. In this huge thing the beans are soaked during the day and parboiled at night. Early the second morning the pots in

which they are to be baked, which vary in size from those holding twelve quarts to ones which hold a single quart, are arranged around the floor and tables. Into them the beans are poured from large dippers.

Then the baker goes about from pot to pot and puts in his seasoning.

There is as much mystery over this part of the performance as there is in making chemical combinations. Good bakers are in great demand, for it's a more difficult matter to mix molasses, spices and what not for 800 or 900 quarts of beans than it is to season only a small pot which is to be eaten in a family where, perchance, even if the flavor is not good no mention will be made of the fact, for fear of hurting the feeling of the mother, sister, wife or sweetheart.

Once this precious part of the baking is done, an under helper goes about putting in pieces of salt pork, allotted at the proportion of one pound to each gallon of beans.

Several hours are consumed in getting the beans into the pots and making them ready for the oven, and while this is being done the head baker is giving attention to his oven.

On the same side of the cellar with the parboiling kettle is the oven, which must hold 800 to 2,000 quarts of beans.

The work is so arranged that all the pots are ready for baking about 12 o'clock noon. Then as quickly as possible they are put into the oven, and, once in, are allowed to remain until 2 o'clock the following morning, when the work of taking them out begins. As fast as one pot is out it is sent up on elevator to the floor above, and from there, loaded into two-horse wagons, which distribute the beans to the restaurants.

The demand for beans in the bakeshops is greater on Saturday than on any other day of the week, although on Wednesday the bakers prepare more than on the intervening days.

PRE-EASTER PHILOSOPHY.

A Few Reflections, Pertinent and Impertinent, on the Subject of Clothes, Their Cost and the Consequences of Sartorial Splendor, More or Less Interesting to Those Who Contemplate Adornment.

D WELLERS in huts and marble halls—
From Shepherdess up to Queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for
shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.
HENRY S. LEIGH—*The Two Ages.*

Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new, and follow'd; yet we
know
That what was worn some twenty years
ago
Comes into grace again.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*Prologue
to the Noble Gentleman.*

Dress drains our cellar dry.
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our
fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II.

He that is proud of the rustling of his
silks, like a madman, laughs at the rat-
tling of his fetters. For indeed, Clothes
ought to be our remembrancers of our
lost innocency.

FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States.*

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass.
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
Richard III. Act I. Sc. 2.

So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes.
And may not wear them.
ROMEO AND JULIET. Act III. Sc. 2.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not
gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
HAMLET. Act I. Sc. 3.

The glass of fashion and the mold of form,
The observ'd of all observers.
HAMLET. Act III. Sc. 1.

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut
too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.
HENRY VIII. Act I. Sc. 3.

You, sir, I entertain for one of my hun-
dred; only I do not like the fashion of
your garments.

KING LEAR. Act III. Sc. 6.

He is only fantastical that is not in
fashion.

BURTON—*Anatomy of Melancholy.*

And as the French we conquer'd once,
Now gives us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers.

BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III.

Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*Honest
Man's Fortune.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Fashion—a word which knaves and fools
may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
CHURCHILL—*Rosciad.*

As good be out of the World as out of the
Fashion.

COLLEY CIBBER—*Lore's Last Shift.*

Who seems most hideous when adorned
the most.

ARIOSTO—*Orlando Furioso.* XX. 116.

I see that the fashion wears out more
apparel than the man.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Act III.
Sc. 3. L. 148.

Let thy attyre bee comely, but not
costly.

LYLY—*Euphues.* 1579. P. 39.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet.
LADY M. W. MONTAGU—*Summary of
Lord Littleton's Advice.*

Classics From Carlyle.

Two of the Most Celebrated Passages in "Sartor Resartus," Penned By the Great Scotch Philosopher in What He Called "The Loneliest Nook in Britain."

THE selections printed here are taken from what is regarded by nearly every one as the masterpiece of Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881). "Sartor Resartus" (The Tailor Retailored) is the title of a book which exhibits the very soul of Carlyle himself, with all its mingled scorn, lawlessness, humor, and pathos. He wrote in what he called "the loneliest nook in Britain"—a little Scotch farm at Craigenputtoch.

To this place Carlyle had taken his bride, Jane Welsh, a very brilliant woman, and there the two lived for years amid the most desolate surroundings and after the rudest fashion. They were a strange and ill-assorted couple—he in manner and appearance a gaunt and uncouth peasant; she a delicate and nervous woman of the world. Carlyle suffered tortures from dyspepsia, which often made him as savage as a wolf. His wife, who had married him less from love than because she thought he had a great career before him, suffered from his heedlessness and roughness, yet took her revenge upon him by the sharpness of her tongue, and by the burning record which she left of their mutual bitterness and spite.

It was in this lonely place that Carlyle wrote "Sartor Resartus," which first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* (1833-'34). It is one of the strangest and most eccentric of literary productions. It has no form. Its language is often exclamatory, vociferous, and wild—interlarded also with foreign words, and words that Carlyle himself invented. It really sets forth the personal opinions, the fanciful speculations, and the mental writhings of its author; and it foreshadows the almost demoniac power wherewith Carlyle afterward wrote the story of the French Revolution, which he himself called "truth clad in hell-fire."

Carlyle, as a man, was so erratic as to be almost impossible. His opinions were extreme, and he was fond of bellowing them forth in the fiercest and most furious words, insulting those who differed with him, eaten up by a colossal vanity, and yet unquestionably a genius of the first order.

Night View of a City.

"A H, my dear friend," said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the zenith in their leash of sidereal fire?

"That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-

birds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid!

"The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night.

"The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councilors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess game, the pawns being Men.

"The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his pick-locks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes.

"Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look-out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to me hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the Raven's Rock?—their gallows must even now be a-building.

"Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolsiest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but carpentry and masonry between them—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such work goes on under that smoke-coun-terpane! But I sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."

In Nature's Wilds.

MOUNTAINS were not new to him; but rarely are Mountains seen in such combined majesty and grace as here. The rocks of that sort called Primitive by the mineralogists, which always arrange themselves in masses of a rugged, gigantic character; which ruggedness, however, is here tempered by a singular airiness of form and softness of environment; in a climate favorable to vegetation, the gray cliff, itself covered with lichens, shoots-up through a garment of foliage or verdure; and white, bright cottages, tree-shaded, cluster around the everlasting granite. In fine vicissitude, Beauty alternates with Grandeur; you ride through stony hollows, along strait passes, traversed by torrents, overhung by high walls of rock; now winding amid broken shaggy chasms, and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging into some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects itself into a Lake, and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if Peace had established herself in the bosom of Strength.

"To Peace, however, in this vortex of existence can the Son of Time not pretend: still less if some Specter haunt him from the Past; and the Future is wholly a Stygian Darkness, specter-bearing. Reason-

ably might the Wanderer exclaim to himself: Are not the gates of this world's Happiness inexorably shut against thee; hast thou a hope that is not mad? Nevertheless, one may still murmur audibly, or in the original Greek if that suit thee better: 'Whoso can look on death will start no shadows.'

"From such meditations is the Wanderer's attention called outward; for now the Valley closes-in abruptly, intersected by a huge mountain mass, the stony water-worn ascent of which is not to be accomplished on horseback. Arrived aloft, he finds himself again lifted into the evening sunset light; and cannot but pause, and gaze round him, some moments there.

"An upland irregular expanse of wold, where valleys in complex branchings are suddenly or slowly arranging their descent toward every quarter of the sky. The mountain-ranges are beneath your feet, and folded together: only the loftier summits look down here and there as on a second plain; lakes also lie clear and earnest in their solitude.

"No trace of man now visible; unless indeed it were he who fashioned that little visible link of Highway, here, as would seem, sealing the inaccessible, to unite Province with Province.

"But sunward, lo you! how it towers sheer up, a world of Mountains, the diadem and center of the mountain region! A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of Day; all glowing, of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness; there in their silence, in their solitude, even as on the night when Noah's Deluge first dried!

"Beautiful, nay solemn, was the sudden aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed over those stupendous masses with wonder, almost with longing desire; never till this hour had he known Nature, that she was One, that she was his Mother and divine.

"And as the ruddy glow was fading into clearness in the sky, and the Sun had now departed, a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and of Life, stole through his soul; and he felt as if Death and Life were one, as if the Earth were not dead, as if the Spirit of the Earth had its throne in that splendor, and his own spirit were therewith holding communion.

"The spell was broken by a sound of carriage-wheels. Emerging from the hidden Northward, to sink soon into the hidden Southward, came a gay Barouche-and-four: it was open; servants and postilions wore wedding-favors: that happy pair, then, had found each other, it was their marriage evening! Few moments brought them near: *Du Himmel!* It was Herr Tow-good and—Blumine!

"With slight unrecognizing salutation they passed me; plunged down amid the neighboring thickets, onward, to Heaven, and to England; and I, in my friend Richter's words, *I remained alone, behind them, with the Night.*"

GRAVE, GAY, AND EPIGRAMMATIC.

COMPENSATION.

"**T**OO LATE!" he shrieked—with bulging eyes
He watched the train pull out—
And, overcome, gave vent to rage
In one tremendous shout.
"We'd caught the thing in plenty time!"
He turned around and said:
"But for the hour you took to put
That hat on top your head."
"I know it!" happily smiled his wife;
"But did you notice, sweet,
How everybody rubbered 'round
When we came down the street?"
New York World.

EASTER GOSSIP.

DEY'S done had chicken at her house,
It's easy tellin' dat
By de contentment in her face
An' de feathers in her hat.
Washington Star.

FAR FROM MARKET.

SOON after the Civil War, General Ingalls, U. S. A., visited a friend in the South. Taking a walk one morning he met a boy coming up from the river with a fine string of fish.

"What will you take for your fish?" asked the general.

"Thirty cents," was the reply.

"Thirty cents!" repeated the general in astonishment. "Why, if you were in New York you could get \$3 for them."

The boy looked critically at the officer for a moment and then said, scornfully:

"Yes, suh; er: I reckon if I had a bucket of water in hell I could get a million for it."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

CHANGES.

ONE hundred years ago to-day,
With wildernesses here,
With powder in his gun, the man
Went out and got the deer.

But now the thing is somewhat changed,
And on another plan;
With powder on her cheeks the dear
Goes out and gets the man.
Indianapolis Sun.

MOZART'S MILITARY MARCH.

CARDINAL GIBBONS was facetious when the Irish ladies' choir of Dublin called on him. Turning suddenly, he asked:
"Which one of you is the oldest?"
None claimed the honor and all blushed.
The talk drifted around to Gilmore and his band, and Cardinal Gibbons told of how

Gilmore, at Coney Island, hearing that the Cardinal was in the audience, played "Maryland, My Maryland," and how it pleased him.

"Gilmore," said the Cardinal, "was famous for his playing of Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass.' Once he played it in a North Carolina town and next day the local paper announced that he rendered with great effect Mozart's 'Twelfth Massachusetts.'"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THE HEN.

ALAS! my child, where is the pen
That can do justice to the hen?
Like loyalty, she goes her way,
Laying foundations every day.
Though not for public buildings, yet
For custard, cake and omelet.
Or, if too old for such a use,
They have their fling at some abuse,
As when to censure plays unfit
Upon the stage they make a hit;
Or at elections seal the fate
Of an obnoxious candidate.
No wonder, child, we prize the hen;
Whose egg is mightier than the pen.

The Guilder.

THE SULTAN'S THREAT.

THE Sultan of Sulu is the man who is not afraid. He imported an \$18,000 uniform from Paris for the occasion of the Taft reception not long ago and when the costume came he refused to pay duty on it. The custom authorities made a fuss and threatened to keep the uniform.

"Very well," said Mr. Sultan. "keep your old uniform, but understand that I shall wear that at the reception or nothing." The horrified officers perceived that he meant what he said and the suit was handed over in silence.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A FRAGMENT.

ONLY a woman's hair,
Long, delicate, and slender;
Light as the spider's silken lair,
Soft as a moonbeam tender.

One that some hapless swain
Might carry as a token
Of her he loves, yet loves in vain,
With constancy unbroken.

For such as this, I ween,
Knights dead and gone have battled;
When lance met lance in tourney keen,
And sword on buckler rattled.

And yet it makes me swear
At our confounded slavey,
For I'll be hanged if I can bear
Such relics in the gravy!"

Pick-Me-Up.

REED'S WAY OUT OF IT.

A STORY is told of Thomas B. Reed by neighbors who knew him in his childhood, to the effect that once, when sent to the grocery store with a jug for vinegar, he forgot what he was told to get, and, when asked by the grocer what he wanted, replied:

"Smell of the jug, and give me a quart."

—*Boston Herald.*

THE BOSS.

WHO is it, when the people rise
And make the welkin ring with cries
For freedom, sits with upturned eyes?
The Boss.

Who is it makes a little slate
And nominates the candidate—
But lets the people pay the freight?
The Boss.

Who is it, after all the noise
Against the methods he employs
Is meekly followed by the boys?
The Boss.

Who, when he gets alone where we
That boast about the liberty
We have can neither hear nor see
Says: "Oh, what fools these mortals be!"
The Boss.

Chicago Times-Herald.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

THE late Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia used to relate this on himself: "I preached a funeral sermon at one time, and spoke on the resurrection. I am sure I spoke longer than was my custom.

"The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members: 'Does your minister always preach as long as that at a funeral?'

"'Well,' said the brother, 'that is a good sermon.'

"'Yes,' said the undertaker, 'the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection, but I am afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time!'"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

CORRECTION.

TWAS not for want of breath he died,
But rather that he misapplied
The ample breath he had, I wot.
Before he went to bed that night
He wittingly blew out the light.
The gas escaped; the man did not.
New York World.

WHEN THE BIG STICK WOULDN'T DO.

THE following anecdote of President Roosevelt's youth is being told in England:

When Roosevelt was a student at Har-

vard he was required to recite a poem in public declamation. He got as far as a line which read:

"When Greece her knees in supppliance
bent,"
when he stuck there.

Again he repeated,

"When Greece her knees . . .," but
could get no farther.

The teacher waited patiently, finally re-marking:

"Grease her knees again, Roosevelt, then
perhaps she'll go."

Woman's Home Companion.

FAREWELL.

WHEN cows come home, an' sun's
low,

An' chickens shine agin de sky,

Good-by, my love, I bleeged ter go,

Good-by, my love, good-by.

Good-by, my love, I speed away,

Good-by, my love, once more—

'Til I return at break o' day

Good-by, my love, I go.

I go whar white folks slumber soun',
I go ter fotch dat hen,

I tells dat rooster please cum down—

Good-by, my love, 'til den.

Good-by, my love, put on dat pot—

Good-by, my baby love—

Be shore an' keep dat water hot—

Good-by, my turtle dove.

Macon Telegraph.

NEW YORK PRICES.

HAMILTON ODELL, the lawyer, lunches at the Lawyers' Club sometimes. One day when he was dining alone, taking the order slip from the waiter, he wrote:

One oyster stew.

Not much milk.

It is the custom at the Lawyers' Club to return the order slips which the members have written, with the amounts of the different items filled in, and at the end of the month in question Odell received his slips and took them home with him.

After dinner he started to look through them, and while idly turning them over came across this one:

| | |
|-----------------------|--------|
| One oyster stew | \$0.50 |
| Not much milk | 10 |

\$0.60

New York Sun.

HEINZE'S QUIET JOB.

EVERYBODY works but Heinze,

He sits around all day,

Figuring up his profits

To while the time away;

Rogers gives out orders

To his friends all tired and hot;

Everybody works but Heinze,

Who scoops the whole jackpot."

New York Times.

ALL KINDS OF THINGS.

HOW THEY CONSTRUCT ENGLISH IN BELGIUM.

A REQUEST TO "TWIRL THE PAGE."

American Postage Stamp Collectors Are Amused, When Not Puzzled, by a Queerly Worded Circular.

ENGLISH as she is Japanned" occasionally appears on the shop signs of Yokohama, Tokyo, and other Japanese cities, to amuse travelers from America and England. But it is not necessary to search the Orient for odd perversions of the language. As near a country as Belgium is the birthplace of the following circular, which has lately been received by many American philatelists:

Seek you good Correspondents extra-European? Want you Postage Stamps from Africa, America, Asia, Oceania? Sent immediately and advertisement for the—Extra-European Directory, 4,000 addresses of Philatelists, residing abroad Europa. Work's price, book in 8 deg. stitched.—The advertisements sind inserted opposite the country selected by you. . . . One Justificative copy gratis.

At the bottom of the page is the further instruction to English and American readers to "Twirl the page, please."

FAMOUS METAPHORS OF ENGLISH SPEAKERS.

WHEN PITT "FORBADE THE BANNS."

Oratorical Strokes of Edmund Burke, Disraeli, John Bright, the Duke of Argyll, and Joseph Chamberlain.

ENGLAND'S general elections have recalled to the English press writers the political speakers of other days and their telling tricks of oratory. Writing in the Manchester *Guardian*, Theodore Dahle gives a number of famous metaphors. Pitt once rose to magnificence at the conclusion of his peroration upon the coalition. "If this most inauspicious union be not already consummated," he said, "then in the name of my country I forbid the bands."

Burke had a fine instinct for metaphor. At times it was almost Doric in its sim-

plicity. "It did so happen," he said of the Chatham ministry, "that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together in the same truckle bed."

Few men had a richer talent for vivid, picturesque metaphor than Disraeli. Often, no doubt, it was bizarre, and sometimes even tawdry, but it seldom descended to the cheap. And what could be more vivid than the figure by which he pictured one of the Gladstonian ministries: "The ministers remind me of one of these marine landscapes not very unusual on the coast of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea."

Perhaps in the whole region of oratorical metaphor it would be difficult to match for simplicity, for beauty, or for directness that passage, too well known to quote, in the majestic speech of Mr. Bright against the Crimean War about the angel of death and the beating of his wings. But Bright's gift of metaphor could tell in another way. His Derby government "sitting all in a row" is unforgetable. "The Derby minstrels pretend to be Liberal and white," he said, "but the fact is that if you come nearer and examine them closely you will find them to be just as black and curly as the Tories have ever been. I do not know, and I do not pretend to say, which of them it is that plays the banjo and which the bones."

The Duke of Argyll had his metaphorical moments. He was the distinguished author of the jellyfish illusion. On that occasion, as so often subsequently, he was after the blood of the Gladstonians. "When I look at my noble friends below me I cannot help regarding them as like something I have often seen on the seas of the western highlands—a row of jellyfishes. Jellyfishes are the most beautiful creatures in the world. They have been the study of the most eminent biologists. It has been discovered that they have a most elaborate nervous system, but I am sorry to say they are destitute of skeleton or backbone."

The champion metaphor maker of to-day is Mr. Chamberlain. His metaphors seldom move dignified and serene amid his rhetoric. But they are striking, vivid, direct, memorable. Who, despite the lapse of years, forgets his metaphor on the occasion of the dinner to T. W. Russell, at the Liberal Union Club? "I said the other

day that Home Rule was as dead as Queen Anne. That remark has been the cause of some little misapprehension, but I need scarcely point out to you that, though I said Home Rule was dead, I did not say the Gladstonians had buried it. On the contrary, I am willing to acknowledge that they still carry the corpse in front of their army."

PRACTICAL JOKING OF EUGENE VIVIER.

"A MOST GENTLEMANLY EMPEROR."

How the Calf Which This Famous Horn-player Put in His Apartment Became in Time an Ox.

HENRY SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, a London journalist who died a short time ago, published in 1900 a volume of "Personal Recollections" which is very much alive with anecdotes of men of the past generation. Considerable space is given to a man who is now almost unremembered—Eugene Vivier, the horn-player, "the most charming of men and the spoiled child of nearly every court in Europe." Vivier is the man who said of Napoleon III, "He is the most gentlemanly emperor I know."

"What can I do for you?" said this gentlemanly emperor one day, when Vivier had gone to see him at the Tuilleries.

"Come out on the balcony with me, sire," replied the genial cynic. "Some of my creditors are sure to be passing, and it will do me good to be seen in conversation with your majesty."

Vivier was a confirmed practical joker. Once, while riding in an omnibus, he pretended to be mad.

He indulged in the wildest gesticulations, and then, as if in despair, drew a pistol from his pocket. The conductor was called upon by acclamation to interfere, and Vivier was on the point of being disarmed when suddenly he broke the pistol in two, handed half to the conductor and began to eat the other half himself. It was made of chocolate!

Vivier could not bear to see people in a hurry. According to him, there was nothing in life worth hurrying for; and, living on the Boulevard, just opposite the Rue Vivienne, he was much annoyed at seeing so many persons hastening, toward six o'clock, to the post-office on the Place de la Bourse.

He determined to pay them out, and for that purpose bought a calf, which he took up to his apartments at night, and exhibited the next afternoon at a few minutes before six o'clock in the balcony of his second floor. In spite of their eagerness to

catch the post, many persons could not help stopping to look at the calf.

Soon a crowd collected and messengers stayed their steps in order to gaze at the unwonted apparition. Six o'clock struck, and soon after a number of men who had missed the post returned in an irritated condition, and, stopping before Vivier's house, shook their fists at him. Vivier went down to them and asked the meaning of the insolence.

"We were not shaking our fists at you," replied the enraged ones, "but at that calf."

"Ah! You know him, then?" returned Vivier. "I was not aware of it."

In time Vivier's calf became the subject of a legend, according to which the animal (still in Vivier's apartments) grew to be an ox, and so annoyed the neighbors by his lowing that the proprietor of the house insisted on its being sent away. Vivier told him to come and take it, when it was found that the calf of other days had grown to such a size that it was impossible to get it down-stairs.

RARE WORKMANSHIP IN OLD TIMEPIECES.

ILL-FATED MARY'S SKULL-WATCH.

Book-shaped Article Made for Duke of Pomerania is a Beautiful Triumph of Metal Engraving and Design.

TWO of the most elaborate watches that have ever been constructed belonged, the one to Queen Elizabeth, the other to Mary Queen of Scots. Queen Elizabeth's watch was in the form of a duck, with beautifully chased feathers. The lower part opened, showing a face of silver, with an elaborate gilt design, and the whole was kept in a case of brass, covered with black leather which was studded with knobs of silver.

The Scottish queen's watch was in the shape of a skull, the dial being introduced where the palate should have been, the works being in the mimic brain cavity. A little bell struck the hours.

One of the choicest rarities of the Bernal collection was a book-shaped watch. This curious time indicator was made by order of Bogislaus XIV, Duke of Pomerania in the time of Gustavus Adolphus. On the face of the book, where the dial of the watch is set, there is an engraved inscription of the duke, and his titles and armorial bearings, together with the date, 1627.

On the back the engravings are also very finely and skilfully executed, among them being the portraits of two gentlemen of the seventeenth century. The dial-plate is

of silver, chased in relief, while the insides are beautifully chased with figures of birds and foliage. The watch has two separate movements, and a large, sweet-toned bell. At the back, over the bell, the metal is ornamentally pierced in a circle, with a dragon and other devices, while the sides are pierced and engraved with a complicated design of beautiful scroll-work.

SPENDS TEN MONTHS GAZING INTO MIRROR.

WOMAN'S AVERAGE IN 70 YEARS.

German Statisticians Assert That a Man Requires Only Seven Months for this Employment.

GERMAN statisticians who have long been noted for their tendency to turn their searchlights on subjects that might better be left alone, have made another little incursion into the field of woman's vanity. In short, they have been calculating what part of a woman's life is spent in looking at herself in a mirror.

She begins as a rule at six years. From six to ten she has a daily average of seven minutes. From ten to fifteen she devotes a quarter of an hour to her glass.

At twenty she certainly spends thirty minutes daily admiring herself, and when past twenty a whole hour.

The statisticians are tactful enough not to say when a woman begins to take less interest in her personal appearance, but women more than sixty years do not, they say, spend more than ten minutes daily at their mirrors.

All this time reckoned up—it is a simple sum in multiplication—makes 7,000 hours, or about ten months, at the mirror.

They then proceed to compare the time which a man—a German man—devotes to this occupation and come to the conclusion that his average is seven months.

EUROPEAN MONARCHS WHO SMOKE TOBACCO.

KING EDWARD'S BRIER-ROOT PIPE.

Almost All the European Monarchs Indulge in Cigars, Pipes, or Cigarettes, Except King Oscar of Sweden.

KING JAMES I of England, that "wisest fool in Christendom," was a monarch who inveighed against the "Virginia weed" in vain. His "Counterblast Against Tobacco" was a famous book in its day. Had it not the praise-breeding stamp of royal authorship? Yet

to-day there is scarcely a king in Europe who does not smoke. The *Paris Figaro* has collected statistics as to the amount of smoking by royalty, and the *Literary Digest* translates the item:

The King of England almost always has a cigar in his mouth, but when with his intimate friends he puffs a short briar-root pipe. The Emperor of Germany is forbidden by his physicians to touch tobacco, but sometimes he lights a cigarette and throws it away when half smoked. King Carlos smokes superb cigars, oiden, brown and fragrant, and of Portuguese make.

Alphonso XIII prefers cigarettes to cigars, and Nicholas II consumes daily about thirty cigarettes of the Russian variety. Emperor Francis Joseph, in spite of his advanced age, smokes a pipe from morning to night, and King Leopold smokes about twelve cigars a day.

Victor Emanuel III smokes very little, and is satisfied with a few cigarettes daily, but King Oscar of Sweden does not use tobacco at all.

THE FIRST SIGHT OF A WHITE FACE.

HUNTING DOWN THE SHY NEGRITO.

How Albert Grubauer Won the Confidence of a Timid People Who Had Never Before Seen a European.

IN the mountains of Northern Malacca and Southern Siam dwells a tribe of dwarf Negritos who, until a few months ago, knew nothing of the white man and his ways. From their hunting grounds they could almost see the foreign ships steam through Malacca Straits. Certain conveniences obtainable only from the whites had reached them through intermediate tribes; for example, they had become well acquainted with the Swedish safety matches, yet no white man had ever come in contact with them.

A German botanist, Albert Grubauer, not long ago set out to make acquaintance with these shy people. With a few native servants he stole quietly up into the mountains. For some time their patience was rewarded only with disappointment, but at last one morning they came upon a party of the little men. The Negritos dropped the bundles of rattan they were carrying and concealed themselves in the undergrowth.

The German and his men knew exactly what they were to do in such a case [says the *New York Sun*, summarizing the story from the elaborate account in a German scientific journal]. They were not to go

an inch in pursuit. No weapon was to be shown. One of the men who could speak a little of the native dialect aired his accomplishment in the gentlest way. The white man was their good friend and had come to see them. And what wonderful presents he had brought for his friends! The white man and his servants extended their arms, which were loaded with bright cottons, strings of beads, many colored necklaces, tobacco and other tempting articles whose merits were extolled by the spokesman with all the eloquence he could command.

They knew the natives were behind the bushes looking at the tempting sight and listening to the exhortation. Then the visitors sat down, still holding out the beautiful presents. Finally, an old man, the leader of the party, stuck his head out of the bush. He broke off a green twig and held it up. It was a sign of peace and the white man nodded to him. The ice was broken. The Negrito approached the European, they shook hands, some of the presents were distributed and the visitors became the guests of the little mountainers. They were passed on from one group to another till Grubauer, after a considerable time, had completed his studies.

EGGS OF VARIOUS FOWLS MUCH ALIKE.

GOOSE'S CONTAINS MOST PROTEIN.

Despite Old Adage, it Requires About a Pound of Eggs to Equal the Nutriment in a Pound of Beefsteak.

THE white of an egg is nearly seven-eighths water, the balance being pure albumen. The yolk is slightly less than one-half water. These figures apply approximately to the eggs of turkeys, hens, geese, ducks and guinea-fowls.

To show how nearly alike the eggs of various domestic fowls are in respect to composition, the following figures are given by the Department of Agriculture:

Hen's egg—50 per cent water, 16 per cent "protein," 33 per cent fat.

Duck's egg—46 per cent water, 17 per cent "protein," 36 per cent fat.

Goose egg—44 per cent water, 19 per cent "protein," 36 per cent fat.

Turkey egg—48 per cent water, 18 per cent "protein," 33 per cent fat.

It should be explained that "protein" is the stuff that goes to make muscle and blood. Fat, of course, is fuel for running the body-machine. Thus it will be seen that eggs, though half, or nearly half, water, are extremely nutritious, containing all the elements required for the building and support of the human body. But the old saying that an egg contains as much nutriment as a pound of beefsteak is far

from correct. It would be nearer the fact to estimate a pound of eggs as equal to a pound of lean beefsteak in nourishing power.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

ARTERIES AND VEINS AS A RACE-COURSE.

MILEAGE OF THE HUMAN BLOOD.

One Little Red Corpuscle May Travel One Hundred and Sixty-Eight Miles in a Single Day.

THE speed at which the blood circulates in the veins and arteries of a healthy man is something surprising. All day long, year in and year out, the round trips continue from the heart to the extremities and back again. The red blood corpuscles travel like boats in a stream, going to this or that station for such service as they have to perform; and the white corpuscles, the phagocytes, dart hither and thither like patrol boats, ready to arrest any contraband cargo of disease germs.

The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astounding facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of two hundred and seven yards in the minute, or seven miles per hour, one hundred and sixty-eight miles per day and six thousand three hundred and twenty miles per year. If a man of eighty-four years of age could have one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life it would have traveled in that same time five million one hundred and fifty thousand eight hundred and eight miles.

HOW MELODRAMA WAS ECLIPSED BY TRUTH.

COINCIDENCES IN PARIS COURT.

Official's Attempt to Convict His Unrecognized Son Was Interrupted by Wife He Deserted Many Years Before.

COINCIDENCE—chance, play a tremendous part in human history. Fate is another name for the same thing; so is luck. All these words are merely our puny euphemisms for X, the unknown quantity.

Not a day passes but the story of a remarkable coincidence is brought to public notice. A stranger incident never occurred, however, than this one, the account of

which we have unearthed in an old copy of the *Chronique de Paris*.

A youth of about nineteen was brought to trial for having broken the window of a baker's shop and stolen a two-pound loaf.

The Judge—"Why did you steal the loaf?"

Prisoner—"I was driven by hunger."

"Why did you not buy it?"

"Because I had no money."

"But you have a gold ring on your finger; why did you not sell it?"

"I am a foundling; when I was taken from the bank of a ditch, this ring was suspended from my neck by a silken cord, and I kept it in the hope of thereby discovering at least who were my parents; I cannot dispose of it."

The *Procureur du Roi* (king's attorney) made a violent speech against the prisoner, who was found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for five years. Immediately upon this, a woman, more worn down by poverty than age, came forward and made the following declaration:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: Twenty years ago a young woman was married to a young man of the same town, who afterward abandoned her. Poor and distressed, she was obliged to leave her child to the care of Providence. The child has since grown up, and the woman and the husband have grown older; the child in poverty, the woman in misery, and her husband in prosperity. They are all three now in court. The child is the unfortunate prisoner whom you have just pronounced guilty; the mother is myself; and there sits the father!" pointing to the king's attorney.

MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF VEHICLES.

GROWING TENDENCY TO WHEELS.

An Industry Which Every Year Involves an Immense Turnover of Business in a Dozen Other Industries.

THE past five years have shown a great increase in the number of motor cars in use in the United States. But the census figures of 1900, with their summary of all vehicles of every kind manufactured in the United States during that year, show that the horseless vehicle must become very much more common than it is before it displaces the simpler wheeled conveyances. A writer restates in the *Metropolitan Magazine* the census figures of 1900 concerning vehicles.

According to the census of 1900 the number of vehicles of every kind manufactured in the United States during that year was 1,607,272, while the cost of mate-

rials used by the 7,632 establishments reporting to the census bureau was as follows: Lumber, \$8,940,823; iron and steel, \$11,892,442; carriage hardware, lamps and mountings, \$3,542,629; paints, oils, turpentine, and varnish, \$4,048,383; enamel, rubber, and cloth, \$3,165,987; leather, \$3,538,749.

Among the vehicles manufactured in 1900, 907,482 were family and pleasure carriages, 2,316 were public conveyances, and 575,351 were wagons to be used for business and farm purposes. The total value of the conveyances built in the United States in the last census year was more than \$91,000,000, while the sum received by the carriage manufacturers for repair work in 1900 was in excess of \$25,000,000.

A \$28,000 CHECK ON A PINE SHINGLE.

A PIONEER BANKER'S READINESS.

How Joseph C. Palmer, With Some Extraordinary Material, Wrote for a Large Sum.

MANY different substances have been used to send communications through the mails, from bits of carved wood to leather post-cards. But banks are supposed to be more insistent upon red tape. A stamp and an address will satisfy the postal authorities; ink, paper, and indubitable signature—these are requisites in bank paper. Yet in new countries it is frequently obliged to put up with makeshifts. Here is a story of early banking in California, as related by the *San Francisco Bulletin*:

Joseph C. Palmer, a California pioneer, and at one time a banker and politician in the early days of California, was a member of the firm of Palmer, Cook & Co., a bank which did an immense business, and whose influence was felt throughout the State.

To show his readiness to adopt original methods in emergency, it is related that once a depositor called to draw a large sum of money (\$28,000) from the bank. Mr. Palmer's consent was necessary, but he had been called away to attend to some duty in a lumber-yard some mile or more from the bank.

Thither the depositor hastened and made known his wants and the necessity of having them attended to at once. Mr. Palmer could find neither pen, pencil, ink, or paper. But without a moment's hesitation he picked up a shingle, borrowed a piece of red chalk, and with it wrote a check on the shingle in large and distinct letters for \$28,000.

This was good when presented for all the money the depositor had in bank, and

It proved an exceedingly good advertisement for Palmer. It gained confidence for the original genius of our first great banker, whom everybody trusted.

GREAT FORCE USED TO WRITE LETTERS.

ENERGY SPENT IN LITTLE WAYS.

Every Time the Typewriter Key Is Pressed, Several Ounces of Strength Are Used, and These Soon Become Tons.

If a man realized at the end of the day how much energy he had expended in normal and almost unconscious physical activities, he would be thankful for the chance to sleep. The writer who pushes his pen over the paper for several hours at a stretch would doubtless think he had worked hard if he had excavated a well in the same time; yet it is believed that the sum of the energy he uses daily in writing would be enough easily to dig a well. The following figures are quoted from *Answers*:

Our daily expenditure of force is simply enormous, but it seldom strikes us that we keep on expending force without noticing it. The stoker of a locomotive, when on duty, is said to shovel coal at the rate of about one ton an hour. Presuming that he works at this rate forty hours per week, it is obvious that in the course of a single year he lifts over two thousand tons of coal.

Typewriting is not hard work, yet let us see how much energy it takes to write forty letters on a machine. Every time a key is pressed to print a letter a few ounces of force is used and every time the carriage is returned to begin a new line between one and four pounds of force is requisitioned. Forty letters, averaging twenty-six lines each, would mean about twenty thousand pounds of force expended. Perhaps this never occurred to you before.

MACHINES TAKE JOBS OF INSURANCE AGENTS.

THEY ISSUE POLICIES IN ENGLAND.

Applicant Drops Coin in Slot, Writes His Name Through an Opening, and Then Gets the Document.

Do nothing by human labor that can be done by machinery—that is the business maxim of the twentieth century.

No man is sure of his job once an inventor gets on his trail.

Twenty years ago it was said that nothing on earth, with less intelligence than a human being, could set type, play the piano, add figures, or tie a knot in a piece of binding-twine.

The inventors said, "We can make machines of wood and steel—machines that have no brains and no feeling, that can do these things, and do them better than a man."

The world haw-hawed at the silly inventors, but the inventors have made good.

To-day they are showing us a machine that can hand out an insurance policy, properly stamped and signed.

The machine, which defies fraud, looks like a clock. When the applicant drops his coin into the slot he pulls forward a handle, when out drops a pencil, already sharpened, and an opening is disclosed through which the signature is made. Then the client pushes back the handle and simultaneously the space closes and an insurance policy is issued through another slot.

Against the signature inside the machine is printed the exact date and the time to the very minute when the policy was issued. If the insured meets with an accident within seven days he applies to the insurance company for his weekly allowance, and if his name is on the register retained by the machine the policy is paid.

This new and very simple method of obtaining such policies is becoming quite popular in Great Britain.

ANIMAL ENDURANCE PUTS MAN TO SHAME.

DESPAIR YIELDS TO COURAGE.

Animals and Birds Caught in Traps Display Spartan Fortitude, and Toads Imprisoned in Rocks Grow Fat.

At a time when six-day bicycle races, the so-called brutality of modern football, and endurance tests of the automobile excite such a degree of popular interest throughout the English-speaking world, it might not be amiss to glance over the shoulder occasionally at a few records made by some mute four-footed or feathered champions who have established records in fields in which Nature, herself, as umpire, read the inexorable law of necessity.

In reviewing some remarkable feats of animal endurance, the *Chicago News* mentions the case of a dog that was dug out alive from a rabbit hole, in the Scilly Isles, after having been lost for a fortnight.

Continuing, this authority says that whales and eagles come at the head of creatures that longest survive the evils to which other fishes and birds are heirs. Yet

a whale has been found dead from a dislocated jaw. It is also recorded that an elephant died as a result of gangrene in one of its feet.

In a Scotch deer forest not long ago a stalking party came across a magnificent golden eagle, dead, caught in a fox trap. He had been caught by the center claw of one foot and had died of exhaustion in attempting to escape.

By his side were two grouse and a partly eaten hare which other eagles had brought to sustain him in his fight for life. If a rat had been caught by his leg in a trap either he or his comrades would have bitten off the imprisoned limb and released him.

The poor despised toad is not built to stand physical violence, but he would fatten on imprisonment. Toads imprisoned in rocks for years—no one knows how many—come to light from time to time, fat and well. Unless microbes, carried to them through the pores of the imprisoning rock, have been their fare, it is certain, according to naturalists who ought to know, that they have eaten nothing for an unthinkable period.

ODDEST JAIL IN THE UNITED STATES.

IT IS CUT FROM THE SOLID ROCK.

Eternal Cliffs Form the Safe Walls That Confine Convicts at Clifton, County Seat of Graham County, Arizona.

TROGLODYTES of history have lived in their caves from choice. At Clifton, Graham County, Arizona, are a number of unwilling troglodytes who are kept within their rocky home by officers of the law. Clifton is one of the centers of copper mining in Arizona. In one sense it may be inferred that the queer jail has its advantages, for the temperature of that part of Arizona frequently rises in summer as high as one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. But to revert to the jail itself:

It comprises four large apartments, hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance to the jail is through a box-like vestibule, built of heavy masonry, and equipped with three sets of gates of steel bars.

Here and there, in the rocky walls, holes have been blasted for windows, and in these apertures a series of massive bars of steel have been fitted firmly in the rock.

The floor of the rock-bound jail is of cement, and the prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In some places the wall of quartz about the jail is fifteen feet thick.

Some of the most desperate criminals on the southwest border have been confined

in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted a break of freedom. The notorious "Black Jack" was there for months.

MAN'S LIFE AS AFFECTED BY HIS VOCATION.

SOME LONG-LIVED PROFESSIONS.

Musical Composers and Men of Letters Are Shown to Be the Most Likely to Reach a Sound Old Age.

THE Psalmist's "threescore years and ten" are not the average man's life, but are named as the average limit of those who arrived at a normal old age. The average life of men in various occupations appears in the appended table:

| | YEARS. | YEARS. |
|------------------|--------|-------------------------|
| Rural labs. | 45.32 | Stone masons. 38.19 |
| Carpenters | 45.28 | Plumbers 38.18 |
| Domestics | 42.03 | Mill op'tives ... 38.09 |
| Bakers | 41.92 | Blacksmiths ... 37.96 |
| Weavers | 41.92 | Bricklayers ... 37.70 |
| Shoemakers | 40.87 | Printers 36.66 |
| Tailors | 39.40 | Clerks 34.99 |
| Hatters | 38.91 | Av. population 39.88 |

The figures just given cover most classes of non-professional work. Musical composers, however, are said to live longer than persons engaged in other occupations, in proof of which this eminent list has been prepared:

| | | | |
|---------------------|----|---------------------|----|
| Auber | 98 | Gluck | 73 |
| Monsingy | 88 | Piccini | 72 |
| Campra | 84 | Gretry | 72 |
| Cherubini | 82 | Meyerbeer | 70 |
| Rameau | 81 | S. Bach | 65 |
| Hadyn | 77 | Halevy | 63 |
| Spontina. | 77 | Boieldieu | 59 |
| Rossini | 76 | Beethoven | 57 |
| Salieri | 76 | Dalayrac | 55 |
| Handel. | 74 | Lulli | 54 |
| Paisiello | 74 | Mehul | 54 |
| Lesueur | 74 | | |

With this as a basis, the average age of the musical composer would be about 71 years—approximately the biblical allowance.

FIRST SELF-MADE MAN IN THIS COUNTRY.

WAS INVENTOR OF THE SEXTANT.

Thomas Godfrey Got a Valuable Idea by Noting the Reflection of the Sun from a Pail of Water.

THOMAS GODFREY was probably the first self-made man in America. Born in 1704, he died in 1749. He was a

glazier by trade, and a man of intemperate habits, but he had naturally an interest in mathematics and he learned Latin in order that he might read certain scientific treatises which were printed in that language.

His reputation rests on an improvement which he made in the quadrant of John Davies. What Godfrey really did was to invent the sextant. John Hadley also invented a sextant, evidently carrying out a suggestion of Newton's which was found in Sir Isaac's original draft among Hadley's papers after his death. Godfrey antedated Hadley by about one year, but for a long time his claims were not recognized, and Hadley received all the credit. The Royal Society, after hearing the claims of both, finally rewarded both.

How the humble glazier received his first inspiration to design the instrument of so great use to mariners is an interesting story.

One day, whilst replacing a pane of glass in a window of a house on the north side of Arch Street, opposite a pump, a girl, after filling her pail, placed it upon the sidewalk. The glazier, on turning towards it, saw the sun reflected from the window on which he had been at work, into the bucket of water, and his philosophic mind seizing upon the incident, was thus led to combine the plan of an instrument by which he could draw the sun down to the horizon, by a contrivance incomparably superior to any that had ever before been used for the purpose of ascertaining angular measurements.

CONCERNING THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC.

IT IS IN THE LOWER PYRENESS.

It Lies Between France and Spain, and Every Army in Europe Has Rumbled Pell-Mell Past Its Very Doors.

A REPUBLIC without an army—with out a navy—without even one policeman—with only one square mile of territory, and a population of fifty: who can tell what its name is, and where it is located?

Stranger still, it has stood in the midst of warring nations, and yet remained as independent as the United States. It has heard the roar of Napoleon's artillery. There are famous battlefields on the north of it and on the south. Great armies from France and Spain and England have swung past it on all sides. Vast nations have arisen and gone down again to oblivion, and yet this baby republic

goes on for centuries—without growth and without death.

Goust—which is the name of this wonderful little atom among the nations of Europe—is situated in the Lower Pyrenees, between France and Spain.

For over two centuries and a half Goust has elected a President every seven years, and its independence has been recognized by both France and Spain. Tavolara did not become a republic until recently. In 1830 the absolute dominion of the island was conceded by Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, to the Bartoleoni family, whose head became King Paul I.

He was likewise Paul the last, for on his death, in 1882, he requested that his title should be buried with him and that the kingdom be turned into a republic. A constitution was accordingly drawn up, and under its terms a president, with a council of six, is elected every six years, all adults, male or female, casting a ballot. No salary is paid either to the president or the members of his council.

WEIGHTS OF THE SEXES AT DIFFERENT AGES.

MEN ARE FATTEST AT FORTY.

Average Weights of Humanity Differ More Markedly in Relation to Age and Sex Than Is Supposed.

IF all the men and women, boys and girls, and infants—black, white, yellow, brown, or red—in all parts of the world, could be weighed on the same scales, the average weight would be nearly one hundred pounds avoirdupois. Six-pound infants and three-hundred-pound giants contribute to the average.

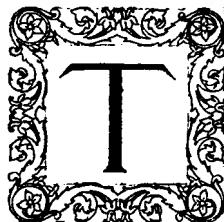
Upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than seven pounds. For the first twelve years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that age the boys acquire a decided preponderance. Young men of twenty average 135 pounds, while the young women of twenty average 110 pounds each.

Men reach their heaviest weight at about forty years of age, when their average weight will be about 140 pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty years of age, when their average weight will be 130 pounds. Taking the men and women together, their weight at full growth will then average from 108 to 150 pounds; and women from 80 to 130 pounds.

As weight increases, the normal human pulse becomes slower, and then, as weight grows less, in old age, the pulse becomes faster again.

TWO IMMORTAL HYMNS.

Interesting Stories of the Origin of World-famous Sacred Lyrics Which Have Been Sung in Every Country on the Globe.



THE two favorite hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Abide With Me," were each written in circumstances which lend them peculiar significance. John Henry Newman, afterward Cardinal Newman, ill with fever and greatly depressed in mind, was becalmed in an orange boat on the Mediterranean, in sight of the house of Garibaldi on the island of Caprera.

As to his condition, he afterward said: "My servant thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said: 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light. I have not sinned against light!' I never have been able to make out at all what I meant." These words were spoken a short time before the journey, but his condition was unchanged on June 16, 1833, when, lying in a little boat, he composed his beautiful hymn.

Did the language of his fevered mind flash back upon him as he saw the shore lights on Caprera? The lights led the boat safely to harbor, and he returned to England. The mental darkness with which he had been struggling also cleared for him, for it was just after his return that the Oxford Movement began. He was a leader in that movement until he went over to the Church of Rome in 1845.

Henry Francis Lyte, curate of Brixham, in Devonshire, England, from 1823 until his death, in 1847, wrote many "hymns for his little ones, and hymns for his hardy fishermen, and hymns for sufferers like himself." His health declined as the years passed, and it was seen that the climate of the Devon coast was too harsh for his frail constitution. But he was loath to leave his parishioners, and, lingering at his post, could not be persuaded to go to Italy until it was too late for the change to save him.

He held a last communion service and delivered his solemn, pathetic parting words. Then, dragging himself wearily to his room, he wrote the hymn, "Abide With Me," a most affecting expression of the faith of a dying man. Not long afterward he died at Nice, France. Of all his hymns, "Abide With Me" is best remembered. Like "Lead, Kindly Light," it is a hymn of comfort and help. Always the most helpful words have come from those who have themselves most felt the need of help.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home:
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step's enough for me.

sumption, there's no doubt of that; yes, sweet little angel. I've made up my mind to lose her now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away five pounds, too.

I wonder where little Cherub is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog and come home and bite the children. It wouldn't at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with hydrophobia and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes, I know what it wants as well as you: it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith today. But now it's out of the question: now it must bang of nights, since you have thrown away five pounds.

Well, things have come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper of roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles when folk are always lending five pounds?

Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for 'em!* But how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds?

Hark! I'm sure there's a noise downstairs. It wouldn't surprise me if there

were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds.

Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth pulled out. Now it can't be done. Three teeth, that quite disfigures the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise she'd have been the wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds.

And now, Mr. Caudle, see what misery you've brought on your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girls can't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire-insurance can't be paid, so we shall all be victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—the dog will come home and bite us all mad—that shutter will go banging forever—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—the thieves be always breaking in the house—and our dear Mary Anne be forever left an unprotected maid—and all, all, Mr. Caudle, because *you will go on lending five pounds!*

THE ACTUAL HEIGHT OF SEA WAVES.

Averages in Different Oceans—Fifty-Two Feet the Height of the Highest Yet Measured
—Not More Than Thirty Feet in North Atlantic.

WAVES are the agents of tremendous force, as the batterings received by the big ocean liners in the winter storms tend to prove. But the waves of the North Atlantic are not the highest waves nor the most forcible. The most tremendous of seas are those that form south of the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, where the oceanic belt is unbroken by land.

How high those southern waves rise has not been accurately measured, so far as can be discovered; but probably they are not very much higher than the waves farther north. Says the *New York Sun*:

Sailors in modern times have never seen such waves as those which the early navigators declared attained heights of one hundred to one hundred and thirty feet. La Perouse asserted that he saw waves towering in the Pacific to a height of nearly two hundred feet. In these more scientific days we may say that the highest wave yet measured had an altitude of about fifty-two feet.

This was in the southern ocean, a little north of the Antarctic regions; and it is quite certain that the highest waves ever seen in that region did not surpass fifty-eight feet in altitude. A wave of that height would certainly be a formidable looking object, and its crest would wash the windows of the fifth story of many New York buildings.

The average height of the waves in different oceans has been ascertained with some approach to accuracy as the result of a great many measurements. The highest waves observed in the Indian Ocean, for example, are about forty feet. The highest waves in the North Atlantic are from twenty-five to twenty-nine feet, and in the Mediterranean from sixteen to nineteen feet.

Even the smaller of these great waves has considerable destructive power. Some of them travel along at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. A wave about thirty feet high contains thousands of tons of water, and when this immense force is dashed against any structure the ruin wrought is likely to be impressive.

Mr. Caudle Lends Five Pounds.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A Glimpse of Early English Domestic Life in Which the American Reader May Find Here and There Something That Sounds Quite Familiar.

EDITOR, humorist, playwright, humanitarian, Douglas William Jerrold —to give him his seldom heard full name—was a winning figure in his period. He was born in London, in 1803, the son of an actor and theater lessee. In youth he turned to various occupations, beginning in 1820 his career as a playwright. His best remembered play, "Black-Eyed Susan," was produced in 1829. All in all he wrote more than forty plays, many of which enjoyed an ephemeral success.

Meantime he was constantly engaging in literary ventures. When *Punch* was founded, in 1841, he at once became a contributor, and he continued the connection until his death. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "Punch's Letters to His Son," and "Cakes and Ale" are well-known compilations of his papers in *Punch*.

Jerrold was a lovable man of an easy-going, generous nature. Sociable, impulsive, simple, fiery—his faults were those of carelessness or haste.

When Mrs. Caudle was brought into public notice in the forties, the type was quickly recognized and England and America chuckled aloud. Mrs. Caudle still lives—and will live as long as her sex; therefore, England and America still chuckle.

YOU ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds! But so it is: a wife may work and slave. Oh, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the streets! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle!

I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! You can have fine feelings for everybody but those that belong to you. I wish people knew you as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal and your poor family pays for it.

And the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em, but now they must go without. Of course they belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle.

The man called for the water-rate today; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them.

Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked the shuttlecock through

his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but, after you lent that five pounds, I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no; the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him; if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head, for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might, though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

Next Tuesday the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid. Why, it can't be paid at all. That five pounds would have just done it, and now insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night; but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds, as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop. After we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature, she must stop at home; she'll go into a con-

The Wreck That Re-Reckoned.

BY DON MARK LEMON.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

IT was dull at Watervale. The male populace lolled listlessly along the sidewalk or the principal thoroughfare, waiting for something of interest to turn up. A yellow dog stood in the doorway of Peter's merchandise store looking down the street at another yellow dog in the doorway of Harding's blacksmith-shop, both dogs waiting for something of interest to turn up.

At the headquarters of the town marshal—a rather small and scantily furnished room located in the rear of the telegraph office—things were particularly dull. Murgan, who had been elected marshal of Watervale by a majority of two—said majority comprising himself and former hired-man—sat with his feet elevated upon his desk and listlessly regarded his assistant. That assistant was Rufus Hicks, Murgan's former hired-man, now patrolman of Watervale.

It was the close of the noon hour, and business was suspended for the time being. Most of Watervale had its hands in its pockets, and Murgan and Hicks appreciated the fact that while the populace kept its hands in its own pockets, it would not likely get them into anybody else's pockets.

Suddenly the sounder in the telegraph office began to click, and a minute later the door of the marshal's headquarters was opened and the telegraph operator entered and handed Murgan a slip of paper, with the terse comment, "Something doing!"

The yellow slip might have been a jolt of golden whisky, by the life it put into the latter's legs. They straightened out with a jerk, and Murgan came upright. Flattening the telegram in his hand, he read:

MARSHAL OF WATERVALE:

Stop automobile number 8196 and arrest occupants.

MARSHAL OF LARKSPUR.

Hicks got to his feet and stood at command while Murgan considered how best to direct his forces. Finally he spoke.

"Hicks, you are detailed to the corner of Washington and Lincoln Streets, with orders to stop automobile bearing the number 8196 and arrest occupants. I will go get a new padlock for the jail."

Hicks hastened to carry out the com-

mands of his superior officer, and soon was seen patrolling the intersection of Washington and Lincoln Streets, where a particularly large flag, attached to a particularly small pole, perennially fanned the flame of patriotism in the hearts of the townspeople.

There was a stern purpose evident in every inch of Hicks' alert figure, which attracted his way the person of more than one loiterer, and when Murgan, having fitted a new padlock to the door of the village jail, appeared on the scene and joined his henchman in patrolling the flagpole corner, the two yellow dogs left their respective doorways and hurried down the street.

Ten minutes passed, when a light steam roadster came into sight over a rise about a quarter of a mile away and shot like an arrow down the slight decline.

Hicks growled, "It's breaking the limit." Murgan nodded grimly, "We'll fine 'em." It was just like money rolling down hill to his feet.

Suddenly the onlookers shouted with astonishment. There came the hoarse rumble of a horn, and over the rise leaped a great black car, which bore down with terrific speed upon the light roadster.

In the forward automobile was a smooth-faced, square-jawed young fellow, his hand shut like a gauntlet of steel on the lever; while by his side, clinging to her seat in pale determination, sat a girl of eighteen.

In the rear car were two men: the chauffeur, coolly engaged with the pilot wheel, and a fat-featured man of about fifty, his hatless head surmounted by a short and scanty growth of corn-silk hair. The latter was half standing, gripping his seat with one hand, while in his other he held a revolver.

Suddenly he gave a hoarse shout of command, the big auto leaped forward like an immense black demon, and pointing his revolver at the steam roadster, now to the left only a few yards ahead, the fat man fired five shots in rapid succession at its tires.

Appreciating the danger of going at high speed with, perhaps, a punctured tire, the young fellow in the roadster shut off his power. Noting the act, the chauffeur of the larger car did the same.

The two machines slackened speed with

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.

SECOND SERIES.

FRIGHTENED JAY GOULD.

Man Destined to Revolutionize Street Railway Traffic Unwittingly Caused Prospective "Angel" to Flee.

FRANK J. SPRAGUE, formerly president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, founder of the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company, and builder of the Richmond trolley line, was, in 1883, a lieutenant in the American navy. A future with a moderate amount of success was assured, and fame was possible. He was determined, however, to devote his attention to the study of electricity as a motive power. At that time there did not exist a single mile of trolley-line.

His friends vainly tried to dissuade him. He went to work with Edison to increase the knowledge of motors he had already acquired in the navy. He remained a year at Menlo Park and then organized the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company. It was capitalized at \$100,000, with nothing paid in. He was vice-president, electrician, treasurer, and man of all work, and was to get \$50 a week whenever the condition of the company warranted it.

One small room was both business office and laboratory. He earned a little money by building motors and this enabled him, in 1886, to begin a series of experiments with motors of twelve horse-power. Officials from the Manhattan Elevated were interested in the trials, and one day Jay Gould came to see the new motors that could drive a truck along sixty feet of track.

The day Gould visited him, Sprague resolved to test the motor to the utmost. In suddenly reversing the current, an excess blew out the safety-catch, causing a big noise and a blinding flash of light. Gould gazed a moment, then hurried from the room and never came back.

Sprague was somewhat discouraged, but his confidence came back when Superintendent Chinnock, of the Pearl Street Edison station, offered him \$30,000 for a one-sixth interest in the company. The offer was refused, though at the time Sprague did not have money enough to pay a month's board.

"Well," said the surprised Chinnock, "you're a fool!"

A few days later a successful trial was made before Cyrus W. Field, and Chinnock came back with an offer of \$25,000 for a one-twelfth share. This was accepted, and later another twelfth was sold for \$26,500. The motors used in these experiments were the forerunners of the thousands now used on the trolley systems all over the world.

The first big public exhibition was given in August, 1887, and the *New York Sun* said next day:

They tried an electric car on Fourth Avenue yesterday. It created an amount of surprise and consternation from Thirteenth Street to One Hundred and Seventeenth Street that was something like that caused by the first steamboat on the Hudson. Small boys yelled 'Dynamite!' and 'Rats!' and similar appreciative remarks until they were hoarse. Newly appointed policemen debated arresting it, but went no further. The car horses which were met on the other track kicked, without exception, as was natural, over an invention which threatens to relegated them to the sausage factory.

All that happened only nineteen years ago. To-day the trolley-lines of the country employ more than 70,000 men.

The same year Sprague's company got the contract for the building of the Union Passenger Railroad at Richmond, Virginia. The methods were still primitive, but the success was unequivocal. The hills of Richmond, up which the mule, dragging a little car, had hitherto toiled, were now easily surmounted by smoothly running cars that could attain fair speed, and which operated with almost perfect precision.

The utility of the trolley road had been demonstrated on a large scale, and the old horse-car lines were equipped as

speedily as possible for electric traction; new roads, embodying the new principle, were built, and hundreds of other roads were projected.

The stock of the Sprague concern, which went begging in 1885 and a twelfth of which could be bought for \$25,000 two years later, went soaring, and the question of capital for the carrying out of experiments or for equipping projected lines, could now be had for the asking.

AN OIL KING'S START.

Massachusetts Newsboy Gets an Attack of Wanderlust and Finds Fortune in Pennsylvania Wells.

H. H. ROGERS, future master builder of industrial organizations, did odd chores for the neighbors, in Fairhaven, Mass., when a boy, and earned on the average fifty cents a week. His first step in real business was when he established a news route of forty-seven subscribers for the *New Bedford Standard*. In one week he doubled the number and struck for seventy-five cents more a week than the seventy-five cents he was receiving. This was granted and he also got an increased commission on new subscribers. A few months in a grocery store completed his Fairhaven business experience, and then, with Charles Ellis, a schoolfellow, he went to the Pennsylvania oil fields to make his fortune. Each had about \$200 and they started in the refining business. It did not go the way Rogers wished, so he said to Ellis:

"Look here, I am going to learn the oil business. You run the office."

Rogers put on overalls and went to work at the pumps and stills. He was there early and late, working at everything, investigating, getting a grip on every detail, learning how the business could be run on the most economical basis and at the same time give the best quality of product. When he returned to office work, the organization of the Standard Oil was under way. It was the knowledge he had gained at the stills that enabled him to figure down the cost of production to the fraction of a cent. It was he, also, who was the leading factor in the elimination of competition.

CAME BACK FOR MORE.

Financier Who Retired from Business at Forty Assumes Direction of Great Railroad at Fifty-Seven.

ALEXANDER JOHNSON CASSATT retired independently wealthy at the age of forty, and seventeen years later he returned to dominate one of the largest railroads in the country. He was born in Pittsburg. Though poor, his parents gave him a good education. He be-

came a civil engineer, and the first work he got to do was on a road being built in Georgia. He remained in the South two years and on the breaking out of the Civil War he returned North, and entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, taking the lowest position in his department.

Cassatt's ability won rapid promotion. In nine years he built new roads, reorganized the company's shops, improved the construction of cars and locomotives and began the work of bringing contributing lines into a system of railroads under one management. Then, when he was thirty-one years old, the position of general manager was created for him.

One of the first things he did in this position was to introduce the air-brake which at that time received scant encouragement from railroad men. Cassatt was told that it was useless.

His experiments cost thousands of dollars, but they established the practicability of the air-brake.

It was Cassatt also who developed the idea of combining individual roads into one great system. In 1872 he executed a grand *coup* and purchased for the Pennsylvania the controlling stock of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Road, a line the Baltimore and Ohio people had been secretly seeking to obtain. It took Cassatt one night to engineer the deal, and in payment for the stock a check for \$14,949,052.20 was drawn—up to that time the largest single check ever drawn in a business transaction.

Cassatt was first vice-president of the road when he withdrew in 1882, and for seventeen years he remained out of railroad affairs. When he returned it was as president of the Pennsylvania system, a position he still holds.

WORLD'S GREATEST LENDER.

Founder of the House of Rothschild Had Vainly Attempted to Reconcile Himself to Being a Rabbi.

MAYER AMSCHEL BAUER, founder of the House of Rothschild, was born in the Ghetto of Frankfort, Germany. This section was set off for the Jews with barriers, and at night these barriers were closed and no one was permitted to leave the street. His father was a merchant in poor circumstances, and it was the dream of his life to make the son a rabbi. So he sent him to study with the rabbis learned in the law of Moses. The studies continued a few weeks, and then young Bauer rebelled. He would go no more. His father entreated and threatened. It was useless, for the boy took the few gulden he possessed and set up as a money-lender.

There, on the sidewalk of the squalid Judengasse, or street of the Jews, began the power of the family which in later years helped finance the anti-Napoleonic

wars, which forced the repeal of the Jewish civic-disability laws in England and sent a member to parliament, and which for a century has been the most powerful and richest banking family in the world.

The business under the sign with the red shield prospered so that the owner dropped his own name and adopted that of his emblem, Rothschild. Around him there were men equally prosperous. Mayer Amschel Rothschild was not only a lender and changer of money, but he was also a student of coins. The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel was also an enthusiastic student of numismatics, so when he heard of the collector in the Judengasse he made his acquaintance. This acquaintance enabled Rothschild to step out from among his fellows and begin operations on a larger and different scale. He became a negotiator of national loans, and his success brought him into prominence with the nations fighting against Napoleon.

Napoleon invaded Hesse-Cassel, and the Landgrave fled, after entrusting Rothschild with his money and treasures. At the risk of being shot Rothschild buried the treasure in his own garden and it remained there until Napoleon swept on and the Landgrave returned to his home. Then Rothschild restored the property, adding five per cent interest on the money.

The first Rothschild remained to the end of his life in the old house in the narrow Ghetto. Even when he had monarchs in his grip, when he was parcelling out Europe for the financial operations of his sons, he continued there, and, when he died, his wife, the mother of all the Rothschilds, remained there, and in the forties of the last century, when the old woman was approaching her ninetieth year, it was one of the sights of Frankfort to see her carriage, resplendent in crimson velvet and decorated with monograms, drive through the street and stop before the dilapidated house that was her home.

TO THE MANNER BORN.

**Son of Prominent Politician Astonished
Martin Van Buren by His
Remarkable Precocity.**

SAMUEL J. TILDEN was born on February 9, and it is not so many years ago that that day was celebrated as "Tilden Day"; but the number of gatherings in honor of the distinguished Governor of New York has gradually decreased, and the fame of the man who, according to his admirers, was patriotic enough to give up the Presidency of the United States rather than run the risk of causing another Civil War, has diminished so greatly that the present generation knows of him merely as once having run for the Presidency.

Young Tilden was brought up in a political atmosphere and among well-to-do

people. His father had intimate associations with the leading men of the day, and was a great advocate of Van Buren. The men of his party frequently met at the Tilden home to discuss their plans to thwart the expected coalition of anti-Mason and anti-Jackson men. Samuel listened attentively to all their consultations, and one day, going to his room, he drew up an article in which he endeavored to appeal, in turn, to the selfish, political interests of both parties, and at the same time to set forth clearly the incongruity of such an alliance and the risk incurred in dividing the electoral vote.

Van Buren happened to be present when, with many misgivings, the young man of eighteen showed it to his father; and the latter, almost incredulous that such a document had emanated from the boy, turned it over to the candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The shrewd "Sage of Kinderhook" at once perceived its value to his party. The "Address to the People" was published in an Albany paper, and produced an undoubted effect on the issues of the campaign.

Later the boy was sent to Yale, and soon afterward he entered politics. He never married.

At the time of his death Tilden had accumulated a large fortune. He left a will bequeathing a large sum to the city of New York for the erection of a library for the use of the people.

WAS INSULTED BY POE.

**Romantic Life-Story of Poor Boy Who
Heard the Voice of the Muse in
an Iron Foundry.**

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, who won fame as a poet, critic and journalist, fought his way upward through conditions that would have discouraged most men. His parents were miserably poor and his father died while the boy was still young. His mother was of a restless, wandering disposition, and when Richard was ten years old she left her New England home and brought him to New York. "Here," he says, "we landed at or near the Battery one bright Sunday morning late in the autumn of 1835, and wandered up Broadway, which was swarming with hogs."

His stepfather's brother-in-law kept an oyster bar and he at once put the boy to work learning to open oysters, attending to customers and keeping the place clean. The work and the surroundings were rough, and Stoddard was so manifestly unfitted for his work that he was finally taken away from the bar and sent into the streets to sell matches. After a few months of this he was placed in a cheap second-hand clothing store, but here his earnings were not sufficient to satisfy his

family, and though he was of frail physique his mother apprenticed him to a blacksmith.

"I was put to work at once on the anvil," he says, "and before the day was over my right hand was so blistered that I had to open its fingers with my left hand, and detach them from the handle of the sledge hammer that I wielded."

He was eighteen years old when he was sent to work in an iron foundry, and he remained at this occupation several years, studying and writing incessantly at night. One poem, "Ode on a Grecian Flute," was accepted by the *Broadway Journal*, a little weekly edited by Edgar Allan Poe. Later the originality of the poem was doubted. Stoddard went to assure Poe that it was original. He found him asleep in an office chair. On being awakened and told by Stoddard that the poem was original, Poe jumped up and yelled:

"You lie! Get out before I throw you out."

Stoddard fled, and the poem was not published. The last glimpse he ever had of Poe was one cold and stormy autumn day. Stoddard was hurrying along Broadway, well sheltered by an umbrella, when he noticed Poe, thinly clad, crouching against the side of a building in an attempt to find refuge from the storm. Stoddard walked around the corner and paused. He wanted to go back and offer Poe the shelter of his umbrella, but he did not dare. The following summer Poe died in Baltimore. Afterward Stoddard wrote the first genuinely fair and appreciative life of him.

TOW-PATH TO WHITE HOUSE.

Future President May Have Sought Employment on Canal Because of His Fondness for Sea Stories.

JAMES A. GARFIELD was reared in the forests of Ohio. When he was not engaged at work on the farm, he was reading all the books that he could get hold of, especially those pertaining to the sea, for which he had a passion. Supposedly, it was this that influenced him to obtain one of his first jobs—the driving of mules which towed the canal-boat between Cleveland and Pittsburgh. After a severe attack of illness, contracted after a plunge into the canal, he began to educate himself.

He entered Geauga Seminary, then to Williams College, and afterward to Hiram. It was at this time that he suffered the worst poverty of his career, for frequently he was obliged to stay in bed while his landlady darned his clothes. Seeing the young man's discouragement, she told him to cheer up, and that he would forget all about it when he became president of the country.

In after life he said: "Poverty is uncomfortable, I can testify; but nine times

out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself." And on another occasion: "I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man; and I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat."

At the close of Garfield's college life he went into a law office in Cleveland; from there to the Ohio Senate, and then to the Civil War, after which he was elected to the House of Representatives.

WORK WAS TOO EASY.

That Was Why the Man Who Was to Build the Subway Resigned His Position as a Municipal Clerk.

JOHN B. McDONALD, the builder of the New York City Subway, began work in the New York office of the Registry of Deeds. The work was easy and the pay was fairly good. On the whole, it was just such a place as thousands would look upon as highly desirable. McDonald thought otherwise, and during his spare time he studied hard at scientific subjects. He had been in the place a year when he came home one night with the announcement:

"I've thrown up my job."

"Why?"

"I want real work, and I'm going to have it."

He got it as timekeeper at the building of Boyd's Dam, part of the Croton water system. The work was just what he wanted and it was not long before he became a foreman. Here his real ability showed itself, and he made such progress that when he was twenty-three he was inspector of masonry on the New York Central tunnel. Here he made his first bid for a subcontract and it was accepted. The first work he ever did as a builder was the big arch at Ninety-Sixth Street. He got other big contracts on the Boston and Hoosac Tunnel, the building of the Lackawanna road from Binghamton to Buffalo, the Georgian Bay branch of the Canadian Pacific and a dozen other roads in various parts of the country.

All this was easy for him, and it was not until he began the tunnel under Baltimore for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad that he got the real work he wanted. It was a tunnel through mud and quicksands, a tunnel that subterranean streams threatened constantly to destroy. Every day, in rubber coat and hip-boots, for five years, he worked at it, surmounting one obstacle after another, and finished a winner, having carried through one of the hardest underground jobs ever attempted.

While he was doing this he built the Jerome Park Reservoir—so as to keep himself busy, he said.

When he put in a bid \$5,000,000 lower than his next competitor for the building of the New York Subway there was at first some hitch over the \$7,000,000 security demanded, and his rival was asked if he expected to get the contract by default.

"No," he said, "McDonald has that contract and he'll keep it. He never lets go."

FATHER OF GERMAN STEEL.

Ambitious Manufacturer Died Poor, But He Bequeathed His Great Purpose to His Young Son.

FREDERICK KRUPP, the founder of the Krupp steel industry, died with all the work he had outlined uncompleted, but he died satisfied that all he had wished to do and all he had planned would in the course of time be brought to fulfillment. This first Krupp possessed a little money, and in 1818 he built a tiny furnace at Essen, in Prussia, and started in to manufacture steel. His declared intention was to make the little Prussian town of Essen a greater steel center than Sheffield, England.

In four years he lost all his money and his home. He moved to a small cottage, borrowed a few thousand marks, and again began operations. In four years more his health was shattered, the borrowed money was gone, and he died in absolute poverty.

The heir to his debts and his desire to manufacture steel was Alfred Krupp, a boy fourteen years old. The only thing else the boy had was the dilapidated furnace around which his father worked until it killed him. There was, however, a command from his father that he was resolved to obey.

"You are to make Essen the most famous steel manufacturing place in the world," the dying Krupp had said. "Your mother will help you do it."

The boy and his mother then began to conduct the business. There were four workmen ready to assist them, and ready to trust them for the future payment of the wages that could not be paid during the first few months of operation.

Success came slowly. Every foot of the way had to be fought. Prussian-made steel was mistrusted, for at that time England was supreme in the art of steel working. But the elder Krupp had been on the right track, and would have won if his strength had held out. Alfred Krupp, though a boy, was not afraid to do a man's work in the foundry during the day, and at night he attended to the business end of affairs. His mother assisted him in everything, working in the office, soliciting orders, performing the work of an overseer in the foundry, and attending to the household. By the time young Krupp was twenty-one the business had begun to move, and he was employing a score of workmen.

When the business was on such a solid basis that the future was assured, Alfred Krupp was urged to marry. He steadfastly refused. His father had left to him the task of looking after his mother, as well as that of building up the business of steel-making, and it was not until after Mrs. Krupp died in 1852 that her son took a wife.

Even when the business had begun to prosper, all was not easy for him. The Prussian Government placed obstacles in his way, and it was not until 1859 that he received a government order for cannon. The "Cannon King" had at last been recognized, and it was he who thereafter armed the Prussian soldiers, and he made the batteries that wrought such havoc in the French forces in the war of 1870.

When he died in 1887 he left a plant in which 20,000 men were employed. In Essen alone, at the present time, 50,000 men find work, and for the Krupp shipyards, where the German battleships are constructed, and in the subsidiary Krupp industries, 50,000 more are employed. And owing to the multiple system of voting prevalent in Germany, the head of the Krupp business—at present a woman, Bertha Krupp—alone can select one member of the German Reichstag.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Interesting Story of a Young Easterner Who Won Fortune, Fame, and Political Honors in the West.

EDWARD O. WOLCOTT, the late Senator from Colorado, was one of the young Eastern men who set out, shortly after the Civil War, to explore the resources of the West.

For a time the struggle to make a living was a difficult one; but, quick to realize the low value that the pioneers placed upon Puritan ancestry and a collegiate education, he became successively a bank clerk, ticket seller for a theatrical company, and railroad employee, until he drifted to the small mining town of Georgetown, in the heart of the Colorado Rockies. There, at last, the reputation of "having an education" stood him in great stead. The position of schoolmaster was offered to him and was accepted.

Gradually the city of Denver began to hear of the schoolmaster of Georgetown. His name was encountered frequently in the records as the possessor of various mining interests—oftentimes deeded to him for legal services in lieu of money consideration. Before long the pay streaks were found and developed. Everything he touched seemed to pan out rich; and this brought him followers as adventurous as himself and who were ready to back his judgment with cash.

Finally, in 1890, two prospectors having exhausted their grubstake were returning

wearily over the hills of Creede, when during a brief halt one of their burros wandered off to prospect for himself. After a long search, one of the prospectors found the animal standing in front of a large boulder. In telling the story afterward, the prospector never could tell whether the seemingly hypnotized gaze of the burro or something peculiar in the appearance of the outcrop attracted his attention; but he recalled with little difficulty that, after chipping off a few chunks from the ledge with a hammer and minutely examining them, he set rough stakes in short order.

The following day, provided with assay certificates showing very rich results, the miners sought the schoolmaster and offered to sell him a large interest in their discovery for a small amount of development money.

Always a man quick to clinch his opportunities, Wolcott put the money up on the spot. In six months' time "The Last Chance Silver Mine" repaid its outlay, and later yielded to him a couple of millions more.

SUBDUED ARMED PUPILS.

Young School Teacher, Destined to be a Distinguished Statesman, Won Respect of Southerners.

JAMES G. BLAINE'S early youth was spent on the banks of the Monongahela, where he received the rudiments of his education from his father, an extremely cultivated man. A common school course followed, and in due time he entered Washington College, from which he was graduated at the age of eighteen. On leaving that institution, he proceeded further west, and there heard a speech of the great commoner, Henry Clay, whose career was ever to be an example for his own.

A few years later he became a teacher of mathematics in a college in Kentucky, where he gained the respect of the Southerners for having quelled, unarmed, a serious rebellion against his authority, notwithstanding the fact that his opponents were armed with guns and knives.

It was in Maine, however, as half owner of the *Kennebunk Journal*, and later of the *Portland Advertiser*, at a salary of \$2,000 a year, that he first entered the political field. Possessed of a remarkable memory for facts, and having the minutiae of local politics at his tongue's end, he was handicapped by a dislike for stump-speaking; and one of his first speeches was made under especially trying circumstances.

A celebrated orator billed to speak on campaign issues had failed to put in an appearance; and Blaine, being present, was forced by some of his Augusta friends to ascend the platform. Nervous and entirely unprepared, he began, however, by telling a story. He likened his situation to

that of a farmer who had a horse for which he asked \$500. A horse trader offered him \$75 for the animal. "It's a devil of a drop," said the farmer; "but I'll take it." This anecdote caused much laughter, and at once put him in close touch with his audience.

From that time the "Man from Maine" began to be heard of. His political advance was rapid. The fact that he was not born a New Englander was not a detriment to him, for, as one of his contemporaries said, "There was a sort of Western dash about him that took with us Down-Easters."

TURNED OVER BRICKS.

The Boy Who Was Paid Seven Cents for the Job is Turning Over Many Millions Now.

JOHN WANAMAKER once received seven copper cents for turning over bricks to dry in the sun. This was the first sum of money that the successful merchant can remember having earned; but his first regular position, which paid him \$1.25 a week, was in a bookstore in Philadelphia.

At that time it was the boy's intention to become a clergyman, and partly in preparation for such a calling, he became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. A remark made by one of its members was responsible for the change in his intentions, for he intimated to young Wanamaker that if he worked as hard for himself as he did for the association he would become a rich man. Acting on this advice, the boy obtained a situation as stock clerk in a large clothing establishment.

After passing successively through the various grades of clerks and salesmen, he finally formed a partnership with his brother-in-law to go into the clothing trade. Their joint capital was \$3,500. On the first day the firm did a business of \$24.67; and for the year, \$24,000. But although year after year the business increased, Wanamaker never lost interest in religious gatherings. Among other things, he founded a Sabbath-school, which, commencing with only twenty-seven pupils, has grown into the Bethany of to-day, with its several thousand members.

It was during President Harrison's administration that his services to the Republican party were rewarded, and he was appointed Postmaster General. While there much more than his salary was spent for extra clerks and investigations as to the best method for improving the service.

Always abstemious in his way of living and credited with many acts of generosity, it is related that one day, on being requested for the story of his life, Mr. Wanamaker replied:

"Thinking, trying, toiling, and trusting is all of my biography."

America's First Great Poem.

IN the history of literature there are occasionally noted the names of some distinguished writers whose best remembered work was accomplished at the very beginning of their careers. One remarkable illustration is found in the poem "Thanatopsis," which was composed by William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) when he was but seventeen years of age.

His father found the poem in his son's desk, together with the manuscript of "The Waterfowl," and was so affected by the discovery of verse so unusual that he hastened to the house of a neighbor, thrust the manuscripts into his hand, and then burst into tears as he exclaimed:

"Oh, read that. It is Cullen's!"

"Thanatopsis" was taken by Dr. Bryant to the editor of the newly established *North American Review*; but this gentleman and the friends to whom he showed it, were at first unwilling to believe that an American could have written so fine a poem. It was, however, published (in 1817); yet even then, and for a long time after, most persons credited it to Dr. Bryant rather than to his son.

The importance of "Thanatopsis" is at once literary and historical. It is in reality the first original note ever sounded in American poetry. Until that time Americans had merely imitated whatever style of writing happened to be current in England. Bryant, however, attained spontaneous self-expression and distinct individuality. He drew a direct inspiration from Nature itself; and his lines were vivified by the imagination that is unforced. The publication of "Thanatopsis," therefore, is now held to mark the date at which the national literature of America begins.

THANATOPSIS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist

Thy image, Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements—
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between—
 The venerable woods—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favorite fantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan which moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Wreck That Re-Reckoned.

BY DON MARK LEMON.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

IT was dull at Watervale. The male populace lolled listlessly along the sidewalk or the principal thoroughfare, waiting for something of interest to turn up. A yellow dog stood in the doorway of Peter's merchandise store looking down the street at another yellow dog in the doorway of Harding's blacksmith-shop, both dogs waiting for something of interest to turn up.

At the headquarters of the town marshal—a rather small and scantily furnished room located in the rear of the telegraph office—things were particularly dull. Murgan, who had been elected marshal of Watervale by a majority of two—said majority comprising himself and former hired-man—sat with his feet elevated upon his desk and listlessly regarded his assistant. That assistant was Rufus Hicks, Murgan's former hired-man, now patrolman of Watervale.

It was the close of the noon hour, and business was suspended for the time being. Most of Watervale had its hands in its pockets, and Murgan and Hicks appreciated the fact that while the populace kept its hands in its own pockets, it would not likely get them into anybody else's pockets.

Suddenly the sounder in the telegraph office began to click, and a minute later the door of the marshal's headquarters was opened and the telegraph operator entered and handed Murgan a slip of paper, with the terse comment, "Something doing!"

The yellow slip might have been a jolt of golden whisky, by the life it put into the latter's legs. They straightened out with a jerk, and Murgan came upright. Flattening the telegram in his hand, he read:

MARSHAL OF WATERVALE:

Stop automobile number 8196 and arrest occupants.

MARSHAL OF LARKSPUR.

Hicks got to his feet and stood at command while Murgan considered how best to direct his forces. Finally he spoke.

"Hicks, you are detailed to the corner of Washington and Lincoln Streets, with orders to stop automobile bearing the number 8196 and arrest occupants. I will go get a new padlock for the jail."

Hicks hastened to carry out the com-

mands of his superior officer, and soon was seen patrolling the intersection of Washington and Lincoln Streets, where a particularly large flag, attached to a particularly small pole, perennially fanned the flame of patriotism in the hearts of the townspeople.

There was a stern purpose evident in every inch of Hicks' alert figure, which attracted his way the person of more than one loiterer, and when Murgan, having fitted a new padlock to the door of the village jail, appeared on the scene and joined his henchman in patrolling the flag-pole corner, the two yellow dogs left their respective doorways and hurried down the street.

Ten minutes passed, when a light steam roadster came into sight over a rise about a quarter of a mile away and shot like an arrow down the slight decline.

Hicks growled, "It's breaking the limit." Murgan nodded grimly, "We'll fine 'em." It was just like money rolling down hill to his feet.

Suddenly the onlookers shouted with astonishment. There came the hoarse rumble of a horn, and over the rise leaped a great black car, which bore down with terrific speed upon the light roadster.

In the forward automobile was a smooth-faced, square-jawed young fellow, his hand shut like a gauntlet of steel on the lever; while by his side, clinging to her seat in pale determination, sat a girl of eighteen.

In the rear car were two men: the chauffeur, coolly engaged with the pilot wheel, and a fat-featured man of about fifty, his hatless head surmounted by a short and scanty growth of corn-silk hair. The latter was half standing, gripping his seat with one hand, while in his other he held a revolver.

Suddenly he gave a hoarse shout of command, the big auto leaped forward like an immense black demon, and pointing his revolver at the steam roadster, now to the left only a few yards ahead, the fat man fired five shots in rapid succession at its tires.

Appreciating the danger of going at high speed with, perhaps, a punctured tire, the young fellow in the roadster shut off his power. Noting the act, the chauffeur of the larger car did the same.

The two machines slackened speed with

a suddenness that all but threw out their occupants, and, clinging to his seat with purple face, the fat man gave a shout of triumph.

"I've got you, you scoundrel! I'll teach you to run off with my ward!"

Before the other could answer, there came a loud report, followed by a blinding flash, like that caused by the blowing out of a fuse. The big auto swerved and clashed into the roadster, there was a groan of machinery, and the occupants of the two cars were hurled into the dusty roadway at the feet of Murgan and Hicks.

A groan from the chauffeur, a cry from the young girl, a shout from her companion, and a squeal from the fat man, and all but the first struggled to their knees and feet.

The young fellow was by the side of his fiancée.

"Are you hurt, Alice?" he questioned fearfully.

"I think not; only just look at me!"

"Never mind, dear; there are plenty more pretty dresses, but only one Alice Gray!"

"But Mr. Tompkins—is he injured?"—with a look in the direction of the fat man, who was wiping the roadway dust from his expansive and frightened features.

"It seems not," young Waverly answered. "But hurry! We will get away before he misses us, and if we can keep out of his reach until to-morrow, you will be of age. Come!"

The lovers turned, thinking to steal away unregarded, when the fat man gave a shout and started in pursuit.

"Hands off my ward, you scoundrel!" cried Tompkins, seizing the girl by the arm and dragging her from young Waverly. "Come, you unthankful child! Back to the city with you!"

"Oh, please don't!" pleaded the unhappy girl. "I am engaged to Mr. Waverly."

"Engaged to this fellow, you jade?"

The square jaws of young Waverly closed dangerously. "Yes; engaged to me!"

"I am this girl's guardian, sir," fairly shouted the fat man, puffing out his cheeks with rage. "Begone with you!"

The villagers were too wholly preoccupied with the overturned automobiles and the unconscious chauffeur to pay any heed to the little drama being enacted by the unhappy lovers and the irate guardian, and not till Murgan, after a brief command to Hicks, stepped from the crowd, and, going over, laid his hand on Tompkins' shoulder, was the tragicomedy interrupted.

"You are under arrest, sir!" were the startling words that smote the ears of the fat man.

Tompkins wheeled about with fallen jaw. "Arrest? Me under arrest? What for?"

"For breaking the speed limit," came the cool reply; "for firing off a revolver in the town limits; and for this." Murgan drew a telegram from his pocket, and, hold-

ing it up before the eyes of the other, read:

MARSHAL OF WATERVALE:

Stop automobile number 8196 and arrest occupants.

MARSHAL OF LARKSPUR.

The fat man gasped. "Why, damme, sir, it was me who had the Marshal of Larkspur send that telegram. That's the number of that young scoundrel's car!"—pointing at Waverly.

"You were in the big black machine, were you not?" questioned Murgan.

"I was."

Murgan pointed at the oblong number-plate attached to the rear of the larger auto by a bolt through the center. The plate read:

8196

Tompkins glared for a moment at the condemning object, then turned fiercely upon young Waverly.

"It's some trick of yours, you blackguard! Don't you deny it!"

Paying no heed to these words, the lover continued to stare, like one fascinated, at the number-plate in dispute. Suddenly he seized the marshal of Watervale by the shoulder, and, drawing him aside, whispered hurriedly as he pointed at Tompkins:

"That man is an escaped lunatic from the Larkspur asylum, and the telegram is from the authorities for his arrest. I and my sister there"—designating the young girl—"were quietly jogging along in our roadster, when all of a sudden this fellow and his crazier chauffeur began to chase us in that big car. You saw the rest. Look here."

The lover hurried to the wreck, and, wrenching the number plate from the smaller car, held it up before Murgan's eyes.

"This is the number of my auto, sir."

The plate read, in large white letters against a purple background:

9618

Murgan studied the figures a moment, then turned upon Tompkins.

"Let me see your wrists," he demanded.

"No, the other one. Ah!"

There was a sharp click, and Tompkins gave a howl as he realized that the wily Murgan had handcuffed him. He began to swear, and demand in very unguardian-like terms the meaning of his arrest.

"Look out, officer," warned young Waverly, touching his forehead significantly. "He may grow violent and do somebody harm!"

"I'll see he doesn't," assured Murgan. "Just you take the lady further off." Then he called to Hicks: "How's your man, Hicks?"

"Still unconscious. Guess we ought to carry him into Cobb's till the Doc comes."

"All right," agreed Murgan. "Get some of the boys to lend a hand, and look out the fellow doesn't hurt you when he comes round. He's from the Larkspur asylum. Here, none of that!" This warning was given to Tompkins, who was endeavoring to lift his feet and jump through his handcuffed wrists, under the impression that by such novel means he could free himself of the manacles.

"Take off these things! It's that young scoundrel that's crazy, and that girl there! And you are crazy, too, you pettifogging loafer!" raved the guardian.

Murgan smiled grimly.

"That's the way with you asylum people; you think every one crazy but yourself. Come along; be quiet and you won't get hurt. Easy now!"

He gripped his man by the arm and led him off down Lincoln Street toward the town jail. As he went he thought: "I can't fine a crazy man for speeding or shooting off firearms in the town limits, but danged if I don't get a good reward from the asylum for his capture."

If ever a sane man acted like one in the last stages of moria, the fat Mr. Tompkins was that man, and when he was unceremoniously locked in the little jail by the imperturbable marshal, he all but became a fit candidate for the asylum.

"I tell you," he shouted at Murgan as the latter was serenely taking his leave, "I am as sane as you are, you crazy fool, and if that young scoundrel marries my ward before I get out of here, I'll have you quartered and hanged!"

Murgan turned back.

"What did you say is the number of the auto you were in?"

"I don't know. I hired it in a hurry at Larkspur to chase this pair of runaways."

"Were you in the big black car?"

"Yes; but look here, you—"

"That'll do," waved Murgan. "I can read. Number 8196 is bolted on the big auto, and I've a telegram here in my pocket to stop 8196 and arrest occupants."

"But I'm a fool to argue with a crazy man," he muttered to himself as he left the outer cell of the jail to return to the scene of accident.

There he was informed that the two young folks had engaged a rig and hurried away to the nearest railway station, the lady having developed symptoms of hysteria and begged to be taken home to her people. He gave his attention to the still unconscious chauffeur, who a little later came from his daze like a diver up from deep water.

"Me crazy!" he cried, as he caught a bystander's whisper. "Not on your sweet life!" He kicked himself upright. "Where's the captain?"

"You mean the man who was in the car with you?" questioned Murgan.

"Yes, the fat commodore. He owes me fifty for bagging the larks. Hated like sin to spoil their fun, but I needed the money."

"He doesn't look crazy," commented a bystander to his neighbor.

The chauffeur caught the comment.

"Crazy! What are you giving us? Say, does the fat boy call me crazy to cheat me out of my fifty?" He stared about him. "Why don't some of you tanks loosen a tap?"

Murgan studied the man. "What was the number of your car?" he finally demanded.

"Number of my car? Why, 9618. Can't you read the number-plate?"

"Yes; but the number-plate reads 8196."

"The devil it does!" was the irreverent reply.

"Come outside and look," advised Murgan, who felt the lapping of deep waters.

Outside at the scene of accident, the chauffeur stared at the number-plate bolted at the rear of the larger auto. Suddenly he swore.

"You fatheads! Don't you see the plate has been twisted upside down by the spill?"

He gave the oblong plate bearing the figures 8196 a kick, inverting it.

"There you are—9618."

Murgan stared a moment at the transformation, then looked about for the number plate that young Waverly had wrenches from the steam roadster. But it was nowhere to be found.

"The devil!" said the marshal of Watervale.

Without another word he turned and hurried into the telegraph station and wrote out a telegram to the marshal of Larkspur notifying him to "stop rig bearing young man and woman and place occupants under arrest." Then he recalled the sweet face of Alice Gray and the square jaws of young Waverly, then the fat, selfish face of his prisoner, and meditatively tearing up the telegram he lighted a cigar and left the office.

The next morning after a leisurely breakfast, Murgan made an official call on the fat Mr. Tompkins in his cell, and while the latter raved, the marshal calmly detailed the facts.

"You see, my dear sir, the number plate on you machine was turned upside down by the spill, and the figures 9618, upside down, make a perfect 8196, which was the number of the automobile whose occupants I was duly authorized by telegraph to place under arrest."

Tompkins was black with rage.

"But the number of that young scoundrel's car was 8196, too. Why didn't you arrest him as well as me?"

Murgan studied the ash of his cigar.

"You see, my dear sir, the number-plate per of the other car was 8196, but you see that number-plate got turned upside down, too, and 8196, upside down, makes a pretty fair 9618. And I had no authority to hold 9618."

The guardian shook his fists at the marshal.

"Couldn't you see the plate was upside down by the lettering *Automobile Register* being upside down, too?"

"Lettering on your plate was scratched off; lettering on t'other plate was out of sight."

The marshal seemed fascinated by the ash of his cigar. It would not do to admit, as the case had been, that young Waverly had deftly concealed the lettering of his inverted plate with his hand.

With an unpleasant comment, the fat Mr. Tompkins rushed from the jail and telegraphed the marshals of five neighboring towns and villages to apprehend the lovers at sight. Murgan returned to his office.

"Smart young fellow, that!" was his thoughtful comment. "Saw the other plate upside down, and inverted his own

and worked me for a soft-shell sucker. Well, the smart fellows get the pretty girls!"

Over in the neighboring county the two lovers—Alice Gray having that morning come of age—were married with great despatch and equally great joy, and as the guardian was returning the way he had come, seated in a large black auto pulled by six oxen, he was passed by a young lady and a gentleman in a light rig, and as they drove gaily by the happy couple wafted him a sweet good morning.

What Mr. Tompkins said in answer to their salutation was heard only by himself, his chauffeur, and the driver of the oxen, for the lovers were out of hearing in a moment, whirled swiftly along down the sunlit road.

UNFORGOTTEN KISSES OF QUEENS.

How Victoria Saluted Napoleon III—How the Duchess of Devonshire Traded Kisses for Votes—How a Kiss Led to War.

WOMAN in history has more than once, by the favor of her kisses, accomplished the good of her country. Or, by the tender salute of the lips she has recognized goodness and greatness. We speak of women truly great—royal women, some of them. There was Queen Elizabeth, who, in the gallery of Greenwich Palace, kissed the coarse lips of the Duc d'Alencon, and, placing a ring upon his finger, proclaimed him her betrothed. The match was broken off, as everybody knows. But there have been other and greater royal kisses, as the *Toronto Globe* points out:

It was at the conclusion of the Crimean War, when, France and our country being, as at present, on the best of terms, Queen Victoria paid a visit to Paris. Her meeting with her ally, Napoleon III, was of the most cordial description, and the Queen reached every heart when, throwing ceremonial to the winds, she touched with her lips the Emperor's cheek, with that kiss transcending formal courtesy to cement the good-will between the two countries.

In 1784, Fox was contesting Westminster in the Whig interest, among his keenest supporters being the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, who entered heart and soul into the spirit of the election, gaining many a vote. One man, a butcher, remained impervious to her wiles; neither beseeching glances nor persuasive word could move him. But the Duchess was resolute on gaining her end; she offered a kiss for the man's vote. Such a bribe was irresistible.

In 1794 the famous Gordon Highlanders were raised by the lovely Duchess of Gordon, who was directly instrumental in

gaining a thousand recruits by the donation of a guinea and a kiss apiece. In a sense, many of these kisses may be said to have been fatal, for in an encounter with the French shortly afterward more than two hundred and fifty were either killed or wounded.

Alain Chartier, the French poet, is the hero of a romantic legend. One day he fell asleep in a public place. Margaret of Scotland, the wife of the Dauphin, afterward known in history as Louis XI, chanced to pass with her attendants. She glanced at the unconscious man and recognized in him the poet whose verses she so loved. Then, motioning to her maids to be still, she gently stepped forward, and, stooping, imprinted a kiss on the poet's lips.

Pretty, too, is the story of Ingeborg Vinding. The poor student, Valdelebo, whose empty purse was a sad trammel to his ardor after knowledge, was promised by two noblemen a foreign tour if he could obtain a kiss from the fair Ingeborg. Nothing despairing, the student one morning approached the lady as she was seated at a window and boldly made a confession of his hard case. Ingeborg heard in silence, then bent down her head and in loving charity gave him a kiss.

At times, however, a kiss has been the prelude to a tragic sequel, as was that bestowed in 1718 by Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria upon Princess Thyra, the near relative of a ruler of a neighboring state, where he was on a visit. This affectionate greeting, a heedless whim of the moment, was given under the very eyes of the Princess' betrothed, who, naturally taking umbrage, soundly rated the thoughtless Prince. In the war that followed, although hostilities lasted but six weeks, more than a thousand lives were sacrificed.

Nothing to Wear.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, the son of a former attorney-general of the United States, was born in 1825 and died in 1902. Like his father, he became a distinguished leader of the bar, and as a writer he possessed ability of an exceedingly high order. His poem, "Flora McFlimsey, or Nothing to Wear," was published in 1857, and all critics have united in pronouncing it one of the best satirical poems ever written in the United States. It excited widespread interest in England, as well as in this country, and for the last half century husbands have recommended it to extravagant wives, and mothers have found it exceedingly useful in aiding them when they found it necessary to chide dress-loving daughters. But as Easter is approaching, and as old scrap books are decreasing in number as the years roll on, it is deemed expedient to give this celebrated corrective poem a place among the pages of a new one.

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together.
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind—above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfast, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern—
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin;
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal:
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman he bought of.
I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers.

I had just been selected as he who should throw all
 The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
 On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
 Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections."
 So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
 Not by moonbeam, nor starbeam, by fountain or grove,
 But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
 Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love.
 Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
 Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes;
 Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
 It was one of the quietest business transactions;
 With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
 And a very large diamond, imported by Tiffany.

Well, having thus wooed Miss McFlimsey and gained her,
 With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
 I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
 At least in the property, and the best right
 To appear as its escort by day and by night;
 And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—
 Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
 And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
 I considered it only my duty to call
 And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
 I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
 When the time intervening between the first sound
 Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
 Than usual—I found (I won't say, I caught) her
 Intent on the pier glass, undoubtedly meaning
 To see if, perhaps, it didn't need cleaning.
 She turned, as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
 I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
 "So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed
 And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more;
 So being relieved from that duty, I followed
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
 And now, will your ladyship so condescend
 As just to inform me if you intend
 Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
 (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
 To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
 The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
 And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
 I should like above all things to go with you there;
 But really and truly—I've nothing to wear!"
 "Nothing to wear! Go just as you are:
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
 I engage, the most bright and particular star
 On the Stuckup horizon." She turned up her nose
 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
 "How absurd that any sane man should suppose
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
 So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade."
 (Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch;"—

"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown moire-antique"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"

"The pearl-colored,"—"I would, but that plaguy dressmaker
Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen;"

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine;
That superb point d'aguille, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine"—

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen."

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilet, which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously turned up.
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that, and the most of my dresses, are ripped up!"

Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash."

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh! you men have no feeling—
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures!

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
Your silly pretense—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher),

"I supposed if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute and a monster, and—I don't know what."

I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive; and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an ob-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo.
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
 Then, without going through the form of a bow,
 Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
 On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
 At home and up-stairs in my own easy chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
 Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
 Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
 On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
 If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruted
 Abroad in society, I've instituted
 A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
 On this vital subject; and find, to my horror,
 That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,

But that there exists the greatest distress
 In our female community, solely arising
 From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
 Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
 With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!"

Oh! ladies, dear ladies, the next time you meet,
 Please trundle your hoops just outside Regent Street,
 From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
 And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
 To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt
 Their children have gathered, their city have built;
 Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,

Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
 Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,

Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
 To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
 Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold.
 See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
 Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell

From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
 Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,

As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door!
 Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
 Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And, oh! if perchance there should be a sphere,
 Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
 Where the glare and the glitter, and tinsel of time
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
 Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
 Unscreened by its trappings, and show, and pretense,
 Must be clothed for the life and the service above
 With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
 Oh! daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
 Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

ANECDOTES OF AUTHORS.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH told a good Cornish story the other day in presenting certificates to the members of an ambulance class in his own town of Troy.

"Years ago," he said, "an old Cornish fisherman at a similar class was asked how he would treat the apparently drowned.

"Well," he replied, "the first thing we always did was to empty the man's pockets."—*Westminster Gazette*.

WHEN Archibald Clavering Gunter began the series of novels which was to make him famous, he tried in vain to find a publisher. As none of them would have anything to do with his books, he was obliged to bring them out himself.

Shortly after the appearance of "Mr. Barnes of New York," he met the head of one of the big publishing houses, who inquired with a little touch of affability how his last book was selling.

"First rate," responded the cheerful commercialist; "I've sold over two tons of it already."

THACKERAY was once induced by his family, after severe persuasion, to sit for his portrait, and Lawrence, the painter, undertook the task.

Soon after the picture was completed, Thackeray chanced to be dining at his club when a pompous officer of the Guards stopped beside the table and said:

"Haw, Thackeray, old boy, I hear Lawrence has been painting yer portrait!"

"So he has," was the reply.

"Full length?"

"No; full-length portraits are for soldiers, that we may see their spurs. But the other end of the man is the principal thing with authors," said Thackeray.—*London Tit-Bits*.

MR. GLADSTONE was once guilty of deliberately evading an international regulation at the Franco-Italian frontier. He was carrying for his refreshment a basket of fine grapes, which stringent regulations at the time forbade being taken from one country to the other, on account of phylloxera, an insect that attacks the roots and leaves of the grapevines.

Mr. Gladstone's great brain reviewed the situation; he must obey the law, but he was determined to have the grapes, so he sat down then and there on the railway station bench and—ate them.

IRVING BACHELLER, the author of "Eben Holden," went a little farther north than usual last summer while on his vacation, and penetrated Newfoundland. He caught a good many fish, but this did not prevent his keeping an eye on the natives. He was particularly impressed by the men who spent the day lounging about the village stores.

"What do you fellows do when you sit around the store like this?" he asked of the crowd arranged in a circle of tilted chairs and empty boxes and maintaining a profound silence.

"Well," drawled one of the oldest, "sometimes we set and think, and then again other times we just set."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

MARIE CORELLI'S domestic quiet at Stratford-on-Avon seemed likely to be destroyed not long since by the opening of a girls' school in the house immediately adjoining her own. The famous novelist found that the recitations of the pupils greatly interrupted her literary work. She stood it, however, as long as she could, but finally wrote a letter of protest to the proprietor of the school. The reply she received from the elderly schoolmistress was prompt, and ran as follows:

"Dear Miss Corelli: Judging from the literary work of yours which it has been my privilege to see, I should say that it would be just as well if you were interrupted even more frequently."—*New York Times*.

EMERSON HOUGH once wrote a story called "Hasenberg's Cross-Eyed Horse," which he sought diligently, but unsuccessfully, to market with the greater number of the known periodicals of the world. At last the story found a resting-place in Mr. Hough's desk. Three years ago, feeling a bit let down physically, he took the advice of a distinguished publisher of New York and put himself in the hands of an osteopathic physician.

Some doubts as to the beneficial results existed, but no doubt whatever as to the size of the bill. Mr. Hough pondered long and seriously on the question of getting even with his doctor. At length he happened to think of his old story of the cross-eyed horse.

"I'll have the osteopath treat the horse's cross-eyes," said the author to himself. Whereupon he rewrote the story, sold it promptly at a good figure, and made it a chapter of his last novel, "Heart's Desire," where it is known as "Science at Heart's Desire."—*Bookman*.

Sidelights from Stageland.*

BY SECOND NIGHTER.

SECOND INSTALMENT.

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

Collected and written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE QUEST OF GENIUS.

A Theatrical Manager Bewails the Lack of Success That Attends His Efforts to Find a "Promising Woman."

A MANAGER and a critic were chatting about plays and players.

"You have had a long experience in the business and I know you to be fair and impartial," suddenly said the manager. "I wish you would tell me what young woman you would pick out as the most promising actress now on the boards."

The critic put on a wise look, stared at the ceiling for an instant, started to open his mouth to speak, closed it again, shifted from one foot to the other and finally temporized by saying:

"You mean some one who has not already made a hit?"

"Certainly I do. Some one possessing the qualities out of which hits are made."

Again the critic considered long and earnestly.

"Really, I cannot tell you," he said finally. "You've stumped me this time."

"Then," replied the manager, "you may realize to some extent the difficulty a manager experiences in casting a new play to the best advantage. We can get players a-plenty. Ask a less unbiased man than yourself, for instance, the question I have just put, and he would instantly retort with the name of some friend of his he was anxious to see get on. That's the trouble.

Everybody has some one at his back to boost him, for friendship's sake. The crowds of men and women who are constantly besieging managers' offices are not filling the hallways because they honestly consider they are the very best ones who could be selected for a particular vacancy, but because each needs the money the job will bring."

"Well," remarked the critic, ruminatingly, "that's true of any calling, it seems to me."

"Not by a jugful," exclaimed the other,

quickly. "Anybody thinks he can become an actor. He doesn't even require pen and paper, as an author does. All he wants is the chance—with somebody else to pay the bills. Why take—"

But the trend of the talk had opened up a limitless vista, and the critic had fled.

BIOGRAPHS AS ACTORS.

Already They Are Cast for Mobs and They May Force Mere Human Players from the Stage.

THE biograph pictures that bridge the gap between scenes one and three of

"The Vanderbilt Cup" were taken up in Westchester County, not far from the Morris Park race-track. Eighteen members of the Elsie Janis company were concerned in the undertaking, including, of course, Miss Janis herself. The pictures were snapped under the superintendence of Joe Plunkett, who has graduated from office-boy at the Lieblers' to general press agent for the firm.

"The white horse that *Nest Offutt* rides," Joe explained to me, "we found at a farmhouse around there, and hired for the occasion. Mr. Tyler wanted to buy it and use it in the play, but he was an old skater with a record of his own in times past on the Morris Park track, and the owner refused to sell. So he doesn't get any further than being pictured on the sheet in the show. His name is Junior the Second."

This business of using the biograph to help out quick action in plays, may be only the opening wedge for deeper delving in the same direction. Already in London they are employing the gramaphone for "cries of the mob" without in connection with the production of "Nero" at His Majesty's.

At this rate, the stage will soon have small use for actors in the flesh. Already the fiat has gone forth that big choruses in musical plays are not the thing, and now

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

with the picture machine and the phonograph combining against him, the Thespian will find himself being gradually squeezed off the earth along with the Indian and the insurance presidents.

LONG TIME BETWEEN IDEAS.

Governors of the Carolinas Would Have Ample Time to Do Business in the Course of a Certain Play.

HOW much more of this can you stand? come on. Why, it's ten minutes between words."

This was the talk I overheard between two men at one of the early performances of "Gallops." I sympathized. I, too, was bored terribly by David Gray's drivel, which, for some unknown reason, the daily reviewers had praised. But I wish to correct the speaker in one of his statements.

When he said "It's ten minutes between words," he did not really mean that, for if there had been fewer words he and the rest of us there would have been better pleased. What he really meant was "Ten minutes between ideas."

Every semblance of such a thing was beaten up and stirred around, and paddled out to the consistency of an egg in a mayonnaise dressing. This is why George Cohan wins out in his play-building. Being an actor, he knows the value of situations. That's the reason authors of books make, as a rule, such poor writers of plays.

("Gallops" was a book, although it is to be noted that no reference to this fact is made on the program. The reaction against the dramatized novel has set in hard.)

It's the *ego* in the man; the pride of production. He wants his words to get over the footlights and into the ear of the listener. But read what Charles Marriott has written in his essay on Stephen Phillips in the new London daily, *The Tribune*:

A well-constructed play almost writes itself. What the people say, providing it is relevant and characteristic, is of less importance than who they are, where they are, when they come on or go off the stage, and what they are doing at any given moment. If the essential thing in lyrical poetry is impulse, impulse, impulse, in the drama it is action, action, action.

MISS MARLOWE'S MEMORY.

After a Year's Reflection, the Actress Gracefully Acknowledges a Letter from an Unknown Critic.

ACTORS are generally supposed to have short memories—except for their parts. Their life is so full of excitement that their minds have no room to hold minor matters long. Hence the truly remarkable side to this bit about Julia

Marlowe which has just come to my knowledge.

Over a year ago, while the Sothern-Marlowe company was giving "Romeo and Juliet" in Pittsburg, a young man from Allegheny went to see it. He was much given to amateur theatricals and hence was perhaps keener than the majority in observing details of "business" in the stage traffic. In the potion scene, when Miss Marlowe came down to the footlights with the vial in her hand, then whirled about to go up stage again, he noticed that the swift motion sent the contents of the flask spraying out in such a copious stream as to lead one to suppose that there was nothing left of the stuff.

The incident jarred on the young Alleghenian's sense of the fitness of things, and on reaching home he sat down and wrote to Miss Marlowe, suggesting that the vial either contain nothing, or that she should exercise more care in handling it.

"She'll probably never see the letter, or, if she does read it, she will toss it at once into the waste-basket," the fellow told himself.

But he had at least freed his mind of the matter, and he straightway forgot the incident. Meantime the months rolled by and last summer the Allegheny boy, with the stage bee buzzing in his brain, threw up his job at home, and obtained a position in the business offices of David Belasco, in New York, where he now is, breathing any artistic atmosphere that happens to be floating around loose and soaking in temperament.

And here, forwarded to him from his Allegheny address, and a year after he had written his letter to Miss Marlowe, he received an answer to it, together with the actress' photograph, and her thanks for his suggestion in the matter of the vial, which she announced she was going to adopt beginning with the impending revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Knickerbocker Theater.

BRIDGE VS. DRAMA.

Noisy After-Dinner Parties in Theaters Indicate That Whist Is Not a Serious Postprandial Rival.

THERE is another charge against bridge whist. Now it is accused of interfering with the theatrical business.

"It affects the attendance in this way," said a manager who was trying to increase the number of causes that prevent the public from going to the theaters. "Formerly six or eight guests at a dinner would come to the theater rather than remain at home with nothing to do. But there is something for them to do nowadays. They begin to play bridge as soon as dinner is over. For that reason we have ceased almost entirely to have dinner parties of this size come afterward to the theater, and that is the direct result of bridge."

The night before the above item appeared in a New York morning paper, the author of a new comedy went to the theater to see it again before it left town. And this was about all he was able to do—see it. His orchestra chair adjoined a theater party that had dined and wined, and now should have been fined for annoying the other people in the house by their persistent chatter.

"I felt like going outside," said the playwright, "and coming in with a telephone booth to plant around myself."

On the second night of "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," at Daly's, a theater party of one hundred took possession of the front half of the orchestra floor, and acted as if they owned the place. Their persistent talk penetrated so impertinently into the dialogue on the stage that one of the players lost his place entirely, and had to go back in his lines.

At the end of the act, the box office was flooded with complaints and requests of people on the first floor to have their seats changed to the balcony.

"And yet what can we do?" groaned the manager. "I can't send an usher down to ask one hundred people to be quiet."

An Englishman who was with me suggested one possible remedy.

"The actors should have come to a full stop, so that only the talk of the theater party could be heard. That might shame them into decent behavior."

So, all things considered, the playhouses have not lost so much after all in losing theater parties to bridge.

* * * *

TWO DALY VETERANS

Gilbert Gordon and Richard Dorney, in Old Capacities, Join Business Staff at the New Amsterdam.

THE stay of "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" at the New Amsterdam Theater thrusts business manager and treasurer from the days of Augustin Daly back into their old positions again. Gilbert Gordon has been in the box-office at the New Amsterdam ever since it was opened, and the Cohan show brings Richard Dorney there in the character of representative.

Mr. Dorney was with Daly for twenty years, from the opening of the theater which bore his name, in 1879, until the June of his death, in 1899. This means that he witnessed the early efforts within that period and on those boards of Ada Rehan, John Drew, Edith Kingdon (now Mrs. George Gould), May Irwin, Otis Skinner, Wilton Lackaye, Charles Richman, Blanche Bates, Isabel Irving and James K. Hackett.

I recall distinctly how Mr. Daly used to sit on a particular divan in the lobby of the theater and watch the audience come

in, and I can see now, in my mind's eye, the gilt chain that cut this special corner off from the world at large and reserved it for the manager himself.

And he would have only one man in the box-office, not wishing to run the risk of blame being shifted from shoulder to shoulder in case of trouble. So Gordon, who had begun with him as call-boy, did double work there, and received two men's pay for it.

Another coincidence in the New Amsterdam juxtaposition lies in the fact that Herbert Gresham, for years leading light comedian at Daly's and a big favorite, is now general stage director for Klaw & Erlanger, with headquarters at the New Amsterdam.

* * * *

GOODWIN TO TEND BABY.

After a Series of Misfits in Other Roles, He Will Settle Down to "Prince Chap," in England.

LAST fall, after the collapse of "Beauty and the Barge" and "Wolfville," a writer in New York's daily theatrical organ, the *Telegraph*, in a heart-to-heart talk with Nat Goodwin advised that comedian to sit down quietly by himself and study the initials on the end of his trunk. Whether he acted on the suggestion or not deponent saith not; certain it is that he has quit the country and has had recourse to his old stand-by, "A Gilded Fool," which he is presenting at the Shaftesbury Theater, London. Can you imagine Nat. reader, as the baby-tender in Cyril Scott's rôle of "The Prince Chap"? He's bought the English rights to it, nevertheless.

But Mr. Goodwin is not alone in his exile because of plays that failed to please home audiences. Despairing of getting a suitable vehicle, Annie Russell, following her disastrous experience with "Brother Jacques" and "Jinny, the Carrier," shook the dust of the States from her shoes, and has spent the winter at the London Court Theater as the Salvation Army lass in Bernard Shaw's "Captain Barbara."

Miss Russell, however, has a special honor awaiting her return, nothing less than the opening of the new Astor Theater, at Broadway and Forty-Fifth Street, across the way from the Hotel Astor. This event is scheduled to take place on Friday, September 2d, when it is promised that the public shall behold a scheme of decoration that will make them open their eyes. In fact, more secrecy is maintained over the tones of the auditorium than over the play itself, which Mr. Wagenhals (of the firm of Wagenhals & Kemper, managing Blanche Walsh) told me is by a very well known playwright, and leans rather toward the sunbonnet or "Esmeralda" type of drama.

Speaking of London, the similarity in tastes between that city and New York may be gauged from the subjoined neat summing up of what the public really wants handed out to them over the footlights. These are the words of the London *Evening News*:

The modern audience, for the most part, either goes to the theater to be tickled frankly in the ribs or to drink in pleasure through the eyes—a species of entertainment which calls for the minimum of mental effort. One cannot expect actor-managers to endeavor to reform public taste at a dead loss to themselves.

just as he does on the stage, and he seems really to bear a grudge against Providence because he was born there. In his song "If Washington Came to Life," in his new show, one of the things he thinks the Father of his Country might do in that contingency would be to supply him (Cohan) with a voice.

* * * *

CAINE BEATS HIS BREAST.

Father of "The Prodigal Son" Says His Last Fatted Dramatic Calf Required Too Much Mollycoddling.

GEORGE COHAN'S RISE.

Despite Lack of "Book Learning," the Young Actor Scores One Success After Another as a Playwright.

IT is not only society, but the known ones among the playwrights who are taking note of young George Cohan. In the first nights of "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," George Ade and Henry Blossom were on hand, each fresh from a failure of his own, trying to study out what there was in this young fellow, who had dropped into the legitimate from the variety stage, and never seemed to miss the bull's-eye of popular approval. And in a front seat at the second performance of "George Washington, Jr.," sat Clyde Fitch.

There is no denying the fact that Cohan makes big strides forward with each piece he turns out. I had no sort of use for "Little Johnny Jones," but there is much in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" that appeals to me, and "George Washington, Jr.," so far as construction goes, leaves little to be desired in a play whose chief intent is to enchain the interest.

And right here is the marvel of it. Growing up on the stage, where he began to work as one of the Four Cohans, with his father, mother, and sister, when he was a "mere kid," the boy could have had small opportunity for schooling. And yet all the words of the songs, and the music as well, besides the story, are from Cohan's pen. The income he is now deriving from his work—with "Little Johnny Jones" on the road, and two of his shows playing to capacity on Broadway—must be enormous, and yet he wears the same sized hat as when he first essayed the legitimate in "The Governor's Son."

At least, this is the impression I derived from meeting the young author-actor during the matinée of "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" on Lincoln's Birthday. He doesn't take himself so seriously as do the majority of playwrights who have "arrived," and he is willing to speak about other things than his own work.

He talks out of the side of his mouth,

EXCUSES absurd enough have been pitched upon by playwrights to account for the failure of their work, but the cap-sheaf in rot of this ilk was attained by Hall Caine in connection with his "Prodigal Son." Although the piece caught on to a certain extent in London, it was one of the most pronounced failures of the season in New York, and the company closed in midwinter on the road. And yet Mr. Caine has the audacity to state in the literary columns of the daily press—not the dramatic section, mind you, whose readers would be apt to know the facts so well—that there is by no means the enormous profit in playwriting that most people suppose.

"I find," he goes on to say, "that I am more than a thousand pounds out of pocket as a consequence of having produced the most successful play of the season."

How does he make this out, you ask? Listen:

"Notwithstanding the fact that no new play has drawn to the pay-box so much money as 'The Prodigal Son,' that the author's royalties have been of his own making, and that the drama has been produced in America, and in half a dozen European capitals, even so, when I count all that up against the time which has been occupied in the writing or rewriting of the piece; in the rehearsing of it in London and in New York, to which I went specially; the other traveling required by it, and the entire dislocation of my home for an entire year, which has been caused by its production."

This is what brings him to the extraordinary conclusion set down above.

"It is to laugh!" as Louis Mann used to say.

The journey to New York and the rewriting of the piece to the despair and disgust of the actors therein were required, not because it was a success, but a colossal fiasco. Again, although Mr. Caine has much to say about the losses which this "success" entailed upon him, he has not a word to tell us about the loss his managers sustained through the sheer inability of the play to appeal here to any one except the author himself.

A RESCUED POEM.

"The Scrap Book" Resurrects from Distressing Obscurity a Gem
That Might Otherwise Have Been Lost to Posterity.

HISTORY records that in 1895 Mr. Langdon Smith, at that time connected with the Sunday edition of the New York *Herald*, wrote the first few stanzas of the following poem. They were printed in the *Herald*. Four years later, having joined the staff of the New York *Journal* in the interim, Mr. Smith came across the verses among his papers, and, reading them over, was struck with a sense of their incompleteness.

He added a stanza or two, and laid the poem aside. Later he wrote more stanzas, and finally completed it and sent it in to Mr. Arthur Brisbane, editor of the *Evening Journal*. Mr. Brisbane, being unable to use it, turned it over to Mr. C. E. Russell, of the *Morning Journal*. It appeared in the *Morning Journal*—in the middle of a page of want "ads"! How it came to be buried thus some compositor may know. Perhaps a "make-up" man was inspired with a glimmer of editorial intelligence to "lighten up" the page.

But even a deep border of "ads" could not smother the poem. Mr. Smith received letters of congratulation from all parts of the world, along with requests for copies. The poem has been in constant demand; and it has been almost unobtainable. Here for the first time it is given to the public in a suitable position, with proper recognition—proof once more that the true spark cannot long remain hid under a bushel.

Mr. Smith has caught a note of deep interest. He has linked evolution to the theory of soul-transmigration—has translated Wordsworth's ode on immortality into the terms of science. "The glory and the dream" come, not from another world, but from the Paleozoic period, in which existed the most ancient forms of life of which traces still remain. And the author gives us glimpses of man in several geological periods, showing him, finally, as the cave man of the Stone Age—whence it is comparatively a short jump to the twentieth century—and Delmonico's.

EVOLUTION.

BY LANGDON SMITH.

WHEN you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
 And mindless at last we died;
 And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift
 We slumbered side by side.
 The world turned on in the lathe of time,
 The hot lands heaved amain,
 Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
 And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
 And drab as a dead man's hand;
 We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
 Or trailed through the mud and sand,
 Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet
 Writing a language dumb,
 With never a spark in the empty dark
 To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
 And happy we died once more;
 Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
 Of a Neocomian shore.
 The eons came, and the eons fled,
 And the sleep that wrapped us fast
 Was riven away in a newer day,
 And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
 We swung in our airy flights,
 Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,
 In the hush of the moonless nights.
 And oh! what beautiful years were these,
 When our hearts clung each to each;
 When life was filled, and our senses thrilled
 In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
 We passed through the cycles strange,
 And breath by breath, and death by death,
 We followed the chain of change.
 Till there came a time in the law of life
 When over the nursing sod
 The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
 In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
 And tusked like the great Cave Bear;
 And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
 Were gowned in your glorious hair.
 Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
 When the night fell o'er the plain,
 And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
 We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
 And shaped it with brutish craft;
 I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
 And fitted it, head and haft.
 Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
 Where the Mammoth came to drink;—
 Through brawn and bone I drove the stone,
 And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
 Loud answered our kith and kin;
 From west and east to the crimson feast
 The clan came trooping in.
 O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,
 We fought, and clawed and tore,
 And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
 We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
 With rude and hairy hand,
 I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
 That men might understand.
 For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
 Ere human laws were drawn.
 And the Age of Sin did not begin
 Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
 In a time that no man knows;
 Yet here to-night in the mellow light,
 We sit at Delmonico's;
 Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
 Your hair is as dark as jet.
 Your years are few, your life is new,
 Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
 And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
 We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
 And deep in the Coraline crags;
 Our love is old, our lives are old,
 And death shall come amain;
 Should it come to-day, what man may say
 We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
 And furnished them wings to fly;
 He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
 And I know that it shall not die.
 Though cities have sprung above the graves
 Where the crook-boned men made war,
 And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves,
 Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
 O'er many a dainty dish,
 Let us drink anew to the time when you
 Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

ODDITIES OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

Lord's Prayer from 1258 A.D.—Statistics Worked Out by a Convict Who
Made the Bible a Life Study During His Solitary Confinement
—It Contains 3,686,489 Letters.

DESPITE the veneration in which it has been held by mankind for the last nineteen hundred years, the Bible has fared almost as badly at the hands of translators and printers as books of far less importance. Errors made in the course of translating and printing have caused various nicknames to be applied to the editions. Some of the more extraordinary of these editions were described in a recently published catalogue as follows:

The Gutenberg Bible.—The earliest book known. Printed from movable metal types, is the Latin Bible issued by Gutenberg, at Mentz, A. D. 1450.

The Bug Bible.—Was so called from its rendering of the Psalms xci:5: "Afraid of bugs by night." Our present version reads: "Terror by night." A. D. 1551.

The Breeches Bible.—The Geneva version is that popularly known as the Breeches Bible, from its rendering of Genesis iii:7: "Making themselves breeches out of fig-leaves." This translation of the Scriptures—the result of the labors of the English exiles at Geneva—was the English family Bible during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and till supplanted by the present authorized version of King James I.

The Place-Makers' Bible.—From a remarkable typographical error which occurs in Matthew v:9: "Blessed are the place-makers," instead of "peacemakers." A. D. 1562.

The Treacle Bible.—From its rendering of Jeremiah viii:22: "Is there no treacle [instead of balm] in Gilead?" A. D. 1568.

The Rosin Bible.—From the same text, but translated "rosin" in the Douai version. A. D. 1609.

The He and She Bibles.—From the respective renderings of Ruth iii:15: —one reading that "She went into the city"; the other that "He wept." A. D. 1611.

The Thumb Bible.—Being one inch square and half an inch thick; was published at Aberdeen, A. D. 1670.

The Vinegar Bible.—So named from the headline of the twentieth chapter of Luke, which reads as "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of the "vineyard." A. D. 1717.

The Printer's Bible.—We are told by Cotton Mather that in a Bible printed prior to 1702 a blundering typographer made King David exclaim that "Printers [instead of princes] persecuted him without a cause." See Psalms cxix:161.

The Murderer's Bible.—So called from an error in the sixteenth verse of the Epistle of Jude, the word "murderers" being used instead of "murmurers." A. D. 1801.

The Caxton Memorial Bible.—Wholly printed and bound in twelve hours, but only one hundred copies struck off. A. D. 1877.

However much truth there may be in the stories of the dissolute conduct of Shakespeare, there is abundant proof of the fact that the Bible was one of his favorite books. Indeed, his admiration for the Scriptures carried him so far that he frequently incorporated Bible sentences in his plays. The following are examples:

Bible—The apostle says: "But though I be rude in speech."—2 Corinthians:2:6.

Othello—"Rude am I in speech."

Bible—"Shew his eyes and grieve thy heart."—1 Samuel:ii:33.

Macbeth—"Shew his eyes and grieve his heart."

Bible—"Thou hast brought me into the dust of death."—Psalms.

Macbeth—"Lighted fools away to dusty death."

Bible—"Look not upon me because I am black; because the sun hath looked upon me."—Song of Solomon:i:6.

Merchant of Venice—"Mislike me not for my complexion—the shadowy livery of the burnished sun."

Bible—"I smote him: I caught him by his beard, and smote him and slew him."—1 Samuel:xvii:35.

Othello—"I took by the throat the circumcised dog, and smote him."

Bible—"Opened Job his mouth and cursed his day; let it not be joined unto the days of the year; let it not come into the number of months."—Job.

Macbeth—"May this accursed hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."

Bible—"What is man that thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels; Thou crownest him with glory and honor, and didst set

him over the works of Thy hands."—
Psalms:viii:4; Hebrews:ii:6.

Hamlet—"What a picce of work is man! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world—the paragon of animals."

Bible—"Nicanor lay dead in his harness."—*Maccabees*:xvii:12.

Macbeth—"We'll die with harness on our backs."

Some curious facts concerning the Bible were brought to light several years ago by a convict who, condemned to solitary confinement, studied the Scriptures so carefully for three years that he succeeded in ascertaining the following facts:

The Bible contains 3,686,489 letters, 773,602 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books.

The word "and" occurs 46,277 times.

The word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times.

The word "reverend" occurs but once, which is in the ninth verse of the eleventh Psalm.

The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of *Ezra* contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter j.

The finest chapter to read is the twenty-ninth chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles*.

The nineteenth chapter of *II Kings* and the thirty-seventh chapter of *Isaiah* are alike.

The longest verse is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of *Esther*.

The shortest verse is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of *St. John*.

The eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first verses of the one hundred and seventh Psalm are alike.

Each verse of the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm ends alike.

There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

YANKEE GIFTS TO FOREIGN NAVIES.

DESPITE its love of peace and its reluctance to build ships of war, the United States during the last century and a quarter has done more to revolutionize the science of naval warfare than all the nations of Europe combined.

Such a statement may appear a little extraordinary to such persons as are not familiar with the history of the development of modern navies; but it is one that may be easily verified. There is not a ship of war afloat to-day that does not trace the origin of its motive power, a part of its most valuable ordnance, and the arrangement and perfection of its armor to the fertile brains of American inventors.

Before the close of the first decade of the nineteenth century, Robert Fulton, an American, had demonstrated to the world that the warship of the future would require a stronger motive power than wind or tide. English naval experts, however, had little faith in the seagoing qualities of vessels propelled by steam, and it was not until the American-built *Savannah* crossed the Atlantic, in 1819, that they began to take the new departure seriously.

By the time that all the vessels of European navies were equipped with paddle-wheels, the United States brought forward a new production which soon resulted in the sending of all existing fleets to dock-yards to be broken up. This was the screw invented by Ericsson, which, having been declined by the British Admiralty, was accepted by the American Secretary of the Navy and served as the motive power of the frigate *Princeton*.

Several experiments with armor plate had been made at Birkenhead in 1845 and at the bombardment of Kinburn in the Crimean War, but these were for the most part unsatisfactory. France had a lightly

armored vessel in *La Gloire*, constructed in 1859, and England had one named the *Warrior*, but both were generally considered to be unseaworthy and of questionable utility.

It was not, however, until the *Merrimac* had demonstrated her superiority over the wooden ships at Hampton Roads that armor plates were admitted to be indispensable in the construction of modern battleships.

The War of the Rebellion was productive of many important contributions to the art of warfare, but among them all there was none that exceeded in value the torpedo, the torpedo boat, the ram, the machine gun, and the revolving turret. With the single exception of the turret all of these are undeniably of American invention.

The original idea of the turret as applied by Ericsson was afterward claimed by Captain Coles of the English navy, who urged its adoption by the admiralty two years before Ericsson constructed his now famous *Monitor*.

This claim was denied by Ericsson, however, who said that he had been experimenting with a revolving turret for several years prior to the war, and that Captain Coles had learned of his discovery before it was made known to the public.

The idea of torpedo warfare was originally conceived by Captain David Bushnell, of Connecticut, in 1777; but the name was first applied to the invention by Robert Fulton, who was associated with Bushnell in his experiments.

Both of these inventors believed submarine boats necessary for the successful use of the torpedo, and Bushnell devised a contrivance, propelled by oars, which would enable one man to remain submerged for half an hour.

The Moment of Decision.*

BY EDGAR FRANKLIN,

Author of "A Month in Masquerade," "The Chase of the Concession," "The Liberator," and
"An Ill-Wind Ambassador."

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

ROBERT BRADFORD and his brother Tom are living in their little cottage near the large estate of John Craydon, the multimillionaire. Robert, whose father died from the shock of business disaster, intends to become a college professor. Craydon takes a fancy to him and persuades him to accept the post of confidential man. He falls in love with Craydon's daughter, Elaine. Discovering unexpectedly through some old correspondence that it was Craydon who ruined his father, Robert vows revenge, and after consulting with his brother is returning to the Craydon estate when a thunder-storm arises and lightning strikes a tree under which Elaine has taken shelter. He runs to meet her and she throws herself into his arms, their eyes avowing their mutual love.

CHAPTER V.

Between Two Fires.

THE wind roared across the cliff; the rain swirled about them in drenching gusts; the thunder boomed incessantly. It was all quite unheeded by Bradford and Elaine; the change in their relations had been sufficiently sudden and violent to exclude every other earthly thought.

Robert looked down upon the trembling form in his arms and again wondered if it could all be real.

Elaine was certainly there. She was safe, too, and she was—his!

The single thought rang through his head over and over, Irrational, insane as it all was, Craydon's daughter loved him! And he was going to break Craydon, he was going to crush him if it were necessary to wait a lifetime!

His mind sought with difficulty to readjust itself. Not five minutes ago he had been walking alone, telling himself over and over that he felt no sign of love for Elaine Craydon.

Now he saw to the full his mistake. He was in love with the girl; and what was more, it seemed bountifully reciprocated.

Or was it the mere excitement of the moment, the girl's fright and her desire for protection that had driven her to his arms?

"E—Elaine," he said softly.

The girl faced him again. A tremulous little smile flickered across her lips.

"Yes, Robert?"

A long sigh escaped Bradford. Before

her eyes doubt vanished. He stooped, and their lips met.

And then his sense of the practical began returning.

"My dear little girl," he said quickly, "do you know that we're standing here in the worst storm of the season, with gallons of water pouring down on us, and pneumonia and all sorts of things in perspective?"

He stripped off his long coat hurriedly and wrapped it around her.

"We'll run!" he said briefly. "Save your breath and don't try to talk, Elaine. We'll have to keep you warm."

He took her hand and led the way upward.

It was a steep climb at that speed, and they were breathing hard when finally the doors of the Craydon house were reached.

The old man himself greeted them.

"My dear child! Where have you been?"

"I—I went to—watch the storm rising," the girl laughed. "It came a little too quickly."

"And Robert, too?"

"I had been making a little visit at the cottage," said Bradford. "I was returning when I found Miss Craydon defying the lightning."

"Well—" Craydon smiled. "I'm glad that you're in, Elaine. I've had several of the men looking for you."

"You have just returned, father?"

"I came up on the early train. I brought—"

He stopped suddenly and glanced at Bradford. When he turned again to his daughter, Robert imagined that a meaning look flashed between them.

"A friend," Craydon finished.

Then he turned briskly and his usual smile appeared.

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

"Well, young people? You're not going to stand here much longer? You are both rather damp."

The girl hurried away with a laugh. Bradford lingered for a minute or two with the millionaire.

"You'll want me in the library, Mr. Craydon?"

"Um—yes. Come down, if you've nothing better to do before dinner. Hurry, Robert, and get rid of those wet things. I can't afford to have my confidential man ill, you know."

"And your confidential man can't afford to be ill—now!" Bradford muttered as he hastened upward.

He changed his clothes slowly and tried to accommodate himself to the wonderful new conditions the afternoon had wrought.

He knew that he was rather amazed and, in one way, very happy. He knew, too, that nothing more unfortunate could possibly have happened, for himself or for Elaine.

Farther than that his thoughts would not reach just then; and finally he gave over the effort and left for the library.

In the corridor he encountered Elaine, and hurried to her side.

"You're all right?"

"Quite warm, Robert," she smiled.

Bradford could not draw his gaze away; a troubled expression gathered slowly in his eyes.

"Elaine," he said, "do you quite realize what a—cad I am to dare to love you?"

"Robert!"

"You know what I am and what you are."

"I know that you are the dearest boy in the world!"

"I'm a poverty-stricken grubber, with about enough to keep me alive and no very great ambition to become much more. You—"

"Don't be absurd!"

"You will be one of the wealthiest women in the country, some day, and—"

"Robert!"

She stamped one small foot and Bradford, with a little laugh, ceased to speak.

"When your father learns—"

"Well?"

"I—I hardly dare tell him!"

"Then why should you—now?" Elaine asked. "You are going to make your own way, Robert, and"—she blushed a little—"why not let it remain all our own secret for a time?"

"But Elaine—"

"Our very own, Robert!"

She turned toward the stairway, and Bradford followed, the question settled for him.

It was just as well, he reflected. He had his plans, and they must be carried out.

Should Craydon learn of the love affair that had sprung up under his very eyes, the consequences might be disastrous. In whatever esteem he held Robert, it was hardly to be expected that he would wel-

come him as a son-in-law. Not that he would ever have to do that, for after Bradford's duplicity was discovered—

Robert entered the library just then with a heavy sigh.

Craydon sat at his own desk, idle and smoking meditatively as he gazed from the window and watched the dying of the thunder-storm and the first appearing rays of the setting sun.

"Well, young man?"

"Well, sir?"

A spasm of hatred ran through Bradford as he seated himself across the room. This mild, smiling person was the man who had wrecked his father! How he would have liked to leap on him and beat out his wretched life!

A frank villain he would have detested, but not so thoroughly; Craydon's hypocritical benevolence roused his anger to the last pitch.

But he had his part to play, and he smiled as pleasantly as Craydon himself and waited for the next remark.

The old gentleman regarded him in silence for a while as he smoked.

"Robert, things are getting into pretty good shape, everything considered, are they not?"

"In what way?"

"Well, with our present cash supply."

"You have a vast amount of ready money that could be called upon at any time, Mr. Craydon."

"Well, we'll hope to have more within a few days, then, Robert," chuckled Craydon.

"You are not going to call in more securities?"

"I am going to call in quite a variety of them, Robert. I intend to raise a balance in one or two banks that will be fairly astonishing, I think!"

Bradford leaned forward attentively and watched him. More strongly than ever, it impressed him that this vast cash-raising process was with a distinct purpose.

Could it be his opportunity, thus cast in his way, fairly atop the discovery of the afternoon?

He would have liked to ask a pointed question or two; he dared not.

"Now, let's see. You've written Brown about those bonds?"

"I wrote yesterday."

"That'll go through fast enough, and it's going to mean several millions more of actual money. Um! Get an answer from Blagdon?"

"They—well, yes. They don't seem over-anxious to pay off just now."

"They don't?"

Craydon's head dropped thoughtfully for a moment.

"Well—never mind 'em, then, Robert. Tell them to let matters rest as they are for the present. Blagdon's not been doing the most prosperous business this last year. It might—possibly even cripple them. We won't bother them, then."

"But what does it all mean?" had almost escaped Bradford, when Craydon turned with an odd little twinkle in his eye.

"My boy, I suppose you're wondering actively?"

"I—I am bound to confess it, Mr. Craydon."

The old man chuckled.

"Then stop it—for the present. You think something big's under way. Perhaps you're right. Perhaps you're right. If certain ideas materialize, as I hope they may, you shall have the whole thing to handle."

Bradford bowed.

"But I will say this!" The shrewd humor still twinkled in his eyes. "There is a fever about all kinds of gambling, Robert. You may know that and you may not. In former years that fever put me through one big deal after another—and it isn't the sort of disease a man loses, however long it may lie dormant. Very possibly my old trouble is returning. Perhaps I'm going to play one last big game before I settle down."

He fell silent again; and Bradford, perforce, went unenlightened.

There were few details for attention that afternoon.

A letter or two was despatched and Craydon sat back with his cigar. Bradford had risen when the negro butler entered.

Almost imperceptibly, the man paused as his eyes caught Bradford; then he walked unhesitatingly to Craydon and whispered in his ear.

The old man nodded quickly and turned to Bradford.

"Well, Robert, I believe there's nothing to keep you."

Bradford bowed. The butler held open the door with apparently unconscious significance.

He walked out, and a tall, bearded man stood aside to let him pass. Robert continued on his way. The library door closed; the butler walked on. The confidential man strolled out of the house.

Who was the newcomer? Bradford wondered at his identity and at the mystery which seemed to surround him.

He turned at the sound of a step and found the butler in the doorway behind him.

"Er—William," Bradford said casually. "Who was that?"

"Who, sir?"

"The gentleman who just went into the library."

"I don' know, sir."

"He came up with Mr. Craydon, did he not?"

"I don' know, sir."

A certain studied monotony in the responses caused Bradford to cease his questioning rather abruptly.

He spied Elaine at the other end of the terrace, watching him over her book. He turned abruptly and walked toward her,

and the elderly negro vanished into the house.

Midnight found Bradford at the open window of his room.

He was watching the stars and trying to ponder out the worst problem his life had ever held.

He had passed another hour with Elaine. He had watched her through the evening meal. He had listened, later, to her splendid voice.

Even the memory of that soft sparkle, as the black eyes rested upon him, sent a thrill through the man.

He knew beyond all doubt that he was in love, and as powerfully as it was possible for a man to be.

Yet why—why, out of all the women on earth, must Elaine be Craydon's daughter?

He was her father! Yet Bradford found that even that consideration did not lessen one particle his hatred of the hypocrite!

He was as thoroughly resolved as ever to make the millionaire pay the penalty, if it could possibly be exacted; and he would not rest until the very last chance of revenge had been exhausted.

Some means would surely appear; one, in fact, seemed vaguely in the air even now. He would be able to deal Craydon a hard blow, and one that he would never forget.

Bradford knew it, and rejoiced in the knowledge. He would be made to suffer and—Elaine would suffer with him.

Could he do it? Could he cause her one hour's uneasiness, far less inflict the very worst that might come into his power?

Bradford rested his head on the ledge of the window and groaned.

It was a hard situation, viewed in whatever aspect. Few men, perhaps, but would have managed to bury the past; Bradford could not forget.

The idea of vengeance had taken a relentless grip on him. His efforts to uproot it and argue it away were few and faint and fruitless.

The injustice which had ruined his father had come from Craydon's hand; it should be repaid in full!

One o'clock struck from the huge standing clock in the library below him. Two and three and four followed; and Bradford had hardly moved from his position by the window.

But at last he raised his head and brushed the hair from the hot forehead. To save himself, he could not have defined his own mind.

The first gray of a summer dawn was filtering into the beautiful room. Bradford's eyes swept the apartment slowly. Finally, they rested upon the bed, smooth and untouched as yet.

There was something oddly familiar in that un wrinkled coverlet.

Robert's tired gaze remained fixed upon it, and his aching brain built up a vision of old memories.

He seemed to see a long, still form there,

a white, weary face among the pillows. There was a woman, too, a woman of shadows who knelt beside the bed, rigid and immovable in her agony of grief.

Bradford leaped to his feet, and—the vision was gone. But if the picture had faded, its effect remained.

His indecision, his doubts, had all departed. His jaws set hard. There was but one answer, and he had chosen it.

"If I never know another happy hour," he breathed, "I'll still—pay—that—off!"

Chapter VI.

A Mystery Under the Roof.

BRADFORD's undeclared war was on.

He felt that the campaign could not begin too soon, and he set about finding the ways and means by which Craydon could be injured—not slightly, but staggeringly.

The following afternoon, he declined an invitation to ride with Elaine and her father. He adjourned to his room and locked the door, for a long consideration of the case.

Very plainly, he must find the weak point in Craydon's heavy armor, and it would be something of a task, even for one in his peculiar position as confidential man.

But almost every mortal may be successfully attacked in one way or another; now to locate Craydon's unprotected spot.

First of all, a big deal of some description seemed to be under way, although he had not been successful in learning its nature.

Within a few days he would know all particulars, if the thing were to materialize. Perhaps the opportunity would be offered here: perhaps, according to Craydon's words, nothing at all would come of it.

That was a matter which only a little time could settle; meanwhile, hard thought might possibly evolve some other plan of campaign.

Bradford reclined in one of his big chairs and pondered long and earnestly, seeking for a beginning.

If only he knew Craydon's past life more thoroughly! Something might be concealed there which even now would not bear the light of day.

But he did not, and the old gentleman's present appearance indicated anything but past wickedness. On the surface at least, he was the incarnation of charity and kindness in every way.

Many of them were minor ways, to be sure; yet to one unacquainted with Craydon's part in such matters as the Castleton Company wrecking, they must inevitably indicate that he was a thoroughly good and upright man.

Bradford shook his head and thought on. He found that the irresistible hunger for vengeance was breeding in him an activity of thought little less than uncanny.

Then, after a time, a gradual, vague

conviction came to him. He had hardly thought of it before, but was there not some sort of mystery in that very house?

The man who had been there yesterday, who had returned from New York with Craydon—who was he and what had become of him?

The old gentleman had mentioned him as "a friend." He seemed rather a mysterious friend. His advent to the library had been rather queer; he had not appeared at the dinner-table, nor had his name been mentioned in any way.

Nor had breakfast seen him! Bradford recalled now that just before dropping into his uneasy hour of morning sleep the big motor had halted at the door for a moment and puffed away again.

Perhaps the stranger had left then; he must have done so. Yet why, and who could he be? Where had he remained while in the house, to be so completely invisible?

Obviously he had come on business. Obviously, also, he was a man whose time seemed to be valuable, else he would hardly have hurried away on the six o'clock train. And being a man whose time was worth something, he must be a person of some importance.

So much seemed to be established. Bradford walked up and down his room now and pieced the circumstances together.

The man had been there for a purpose. Well, the only purpose possible was concerned with some of Craydon's money dealings; that seemed plain enough.

But where had he spent his time while in the house? The question was drilled into Bradford's brain.

Not on the lower floors, certainly. Not on this vast second floor, for Bradford's curious eyes had watched in vain for the opening of one of the unused suites. Yet he must have been somewhere!

Robert found the room too small at last and took to walking the empty corridor. The house, untenanted save for the servants, was very still, and the quiet conducted to careful thought.

Glancing here and there, he tramped back and forth and back and forth, seeking, for want of better purpose, an explanation of the mysterious visitor.

And in this connection, quite suddenly, a new thought flashed upon him.

Craydon Towers was broad and long, and but three stories in height. He stood upon the second, as he had stood half a dozen times daily since his coming; and now, for the very first time, he realized that he had never seen the stairway leading to the third floor!

He looked everywhere, utterly amazed. He had been quite right. To all appearance, Craydon Towers ended at the second story! There was no sign of a stairway.

The little electric elevator's shaft ended with the ceiling of the floor upon which he was!

"Well, that's—mighty peculiar!"

He stepped down the hall and looked about again.

There were doors and little corridors at either side. Many of them he knew quite well, and knew what was behind them. Certainly none of these furnished an approach to the upper floor. He looked into several of the corridors. No clue appeared.

After some minutes, Bradford laughed oddly and descended. Did that third story actually exist, or had he imagined it all this time? He would go outdoors for an investigation of the strange phenomenon.

Quite casually he strolled out of the house and along the broad terrace. At the corner he seated himself upon a chair and indifferently looked upward at the building.

He had not been deceived by his own eyes. The third floor was certainly there.

It did not cover the entire building. Indeed, the greater part of it seemed to be at the front. The windows were heavily curtained with lace, and dark-green shades were half drawn before them. The arrangement impressed Bradford as rather heavy and airless for summer, and—it stimulated his curiosity even further.

The third story existed, and even in the construction of the building its entrance had been carefully concealed from any chance occupant of the lower rooms. That was for a purpose, and a distinct and important one, too!

What could it be? What could Craydon be hiding up there?

The old man was a master of duplicity; so much Bradford knew too well. Was it not possible that his retirement from active business life had been but a sham, a ruse to lull possible opponents into a false sense of security?

Bradford started to his feet. He had it!

Almost as certainly as if he had stood within that mysterious upper floor, he knew its purpose.

Craydon was not out of the business world. His base of operations had merely been shifted. In place of an ostentatious suite of offices in the Wall Street district, the old gentleman was operating quietly and unknown from the top of his own country house.

It seemed all quite plain now—the old policy of the unhappy Castleton Company's day repeated! Craydon was simply hiding in his third floor now, just as he had hidden behind Donaldson in those days!

Robert laughed bitterly. He was the "confidential man," but how many unknown things did not occur up there? He divined quite easily now the identity of yesterday's strange visitor; he had been one of Craydon's underground connections, come to consult upon some deal or other unknown to the world at large. Small wonder that he had not courted even Bradford's society.

He took to thinking rapidly again. The upper regions might—nay, must—contain much that would interest him; perhaps much that would be highly useful in his scheme of revenge. Therefore, he would penetrate them and see what there was to be seen.

How should he go about it? William, the butler, from his attitude, seemed to be at least partially in the secret. Dare Bradford try to draw the information from him?

He grunted and dismissed the thought. One could hardly fathom that butler. He was very black and very reticent; he was always respectful and never communicative; he was past life's prime and seemed to possess the wisdom of his years; he occupied a comfortable berth, too.

It was hardly likely, all other considerations apart, that William would reveal what was palpably the secret of the third story, did Craydon desire otherwise.

Well, that being the case, Bradford would learn for himself what there was to be learned.

He arose again without haste and walked slowly along the side of the house, meanwhile glancing upward now and then in search of new and interesting details that might appear.

The windows were uniformly draped; he could get no slightest hint of the interior from them. They were all slightly open, yet the curtains seemed to have been secured even against the possibility of their blowing.

At the rear, he had almost concluded that nothing further was to be deduced from the exterior aspect of the place, when his eye caught a twisted black cable, reaching from beside one of the windows and passing out of sight through the trees.

"Telephone wire, eh?" he muttered.

His quick gaze searched for the wire which left the library, and found it. There was no connection between the two; they ran away independently.

"So we have two telephones instead of one, have we?"

After a little, the simplest procedure occurred to him. He walked into the library and took down the directory of telephone subscribers. He turned to the page which held Craydon's number.

There was but one connection entered against Craydon's name; but he knew perfectly well that that cable from the top of the house represented another telephone instrument.

So Craydon's underground business office was so much a mystery that the public could not even know of its telephone! There were undoubtedly a few who knew, however—the men who were operating with the old gentleman.

What would Bradford not have given for the secret! What could he not have learned by calling up that wire!

He dropped the book and pondered.

Very evidently, the top floor held much the knowledge of which might further his private plans.

There was no time like the present to probe farther into the mystery. Craydon and Elaine were both away, and the house held no visitors just then. The servants, too, seemed to be below stairs. They were not likely to appear unexpectedly and interfere with his researches.

Once more he returned to his room and looked about from the doorway.

There were eight doors in plain sight. Some of them he had passed. There was the suite which had sheltered a president, a year ago. There was the apartment which most single visitors occupied. The door to the left, too, concealed only a magnificent suite of rooms.

One by one he studied them. There were but two he had not seen opened—one at the front end of the hall and one at the rear.

The latter was almost a negligible quantity, for it was too far removed from the location of the problematic upper rooms.

Bradford tried it, and was not astonished to find himself upon the threshold of another series of rooms, each of them plainly visible and each devoid of a stairway. He returned to the front of the house and tried the last remaining door.

It opened readily enough. Bradford started back. There, surely, were stairs leading to the mysterious floor above him!

He paused for a moment and listened. No sound whatever came from the regions overhead.

Rapidly he ran over the situation. Boldness must be the keynote of this little adventure. If detected in his hunt for information, he must appear merely to have stumbled on the flight.

Slowly he ascended. He trembled with expectation as his head reached the level of the boards.

Perhaps even now he was coming upon a secret the existence of which Craydon guarded so jealously that publicity would do him incalculable harm.

His eyes rose above the floor. He looked cautiously around.

The place was a large, square corridor, finished in dark wood, and rather gloomy and uncertain of aspect. Numerous closed doors were about, and at the farther end stood a great open fireplace.

He listened curiously again, and set foot upon the flooring. Which door should he first try? He took a step toward the nearest.

And he stopped short!

A deep breath and a sudden rustle caught his ear. He turned swiftly toward the direction from which they had come.

There sat the negro butler, fast asleep. His paper had fluttered to the floor, and the old man had stirred uneasily.

Bradford did not move. He stared hard at the figure, and after a few seconds perceived that the sleep was genuine.

The man was there on guard. Whatever the secret. Craydon did not even leave the house without depositing a custodian upon that upper floor.

Plainly, though, the presence of the butler ended his researches for the day. Bradford glanced longingly at the silent doors and stepped to the stairway once more.

A final look toward the unconscious William, and he descended and gently closed the door at the foot of the stairs.

His pulse tingled as he stood once more in the second-story corridor.

Beyond all doubt now that secret office did exist, and it was even more carefully guarded than he had suspected. This time he had encountered William; the next, or possibly the time after that, he would have the top floor and the secret at his disposal, and then—

He walked down to the library once more and found Craydon and his daughter just returned from their drive.

The millionaire was drawing off his heavy gloves; and as Elaine left the room he looked up with a smile.

"Sit down, Robert."

Bradford walked to his chair.

"I think that things are in such shape now," Craydon went on, "that we are warranted in having a little chat upon—well, upon the matter which has been puzzling you, you know."

Robert waited tensely.

CHAPTER VII.

A Big Deal and a Surprise.

CRAYDON reclined comfortably.

There was a quiet twinkle in his eyes as he sat silently for a time, and the twinkle remained when his gaze finally rested upon Bradford.

"Well, my boy, have you as yet found an answer to the riddle?"

"Which one, sir?"

"The one upon which we were speculating a day or two ago, Robert—the reason for turning so much of my money into cash?"

"Well, no." Bradford smiled easily. "I can't say that I have as yet hit upon a solution, Mr. Craydon."

"I hardly expected that you would, except in a sort of vague and general way."

Craydon regarded him thoughtfully as he leaned forward.

"Robert, these letters settle things pretty thoroughly in my mind. I picked them up at the post-office as we came along—the afternoon mail had just arrived. One of them—this long one—is from Bandley & Brown, the people who attend to most of my brokerage work. This short one is a letter of advice from a party who has been watching matters for me."

"Yes?"

"They bring some news which I have been awaiting. Robert, you know that I am not exactly a poor man."

"Hardly."

"But to-day it will probably amaze you to learn that the work of converting things into money has been practically finished. To all intents and purposes, Robert, every available negotiable thing has been turned into actual currency. What was not readily convertible into cash, Bradley & Brown have pledged for every cent it would bring."

"Mr. Craydon!"

"That is the literal fact."

"But if it should become known, Mr. Craydon? Would it not raise a considerable excitement in several quarters?"

"Without doubt, but—it is not known, and it will not be. This isn't the first time I have worked behind other people, Robert. I understand the game of keeping covered pretty thoroughly."

A sudden wave of anger flushed Bradford's face. Craydon stared for a moment, and the confidential man coughed violently and seemed—at least apparently—to recover himself.

"A number—I almost begin to think, a great number—of New York banks are carrying my accounts under various names," smiled Craydon. "They really amount to more millions than I myself can well recall, but—well, we shall use them all, perhaps."

"In a deal?" Bradford asked breathlessly.

"Yes, in a deal, my boy—my last deal! We'll make it such a deal as Wall Street rarely sees!"

"You're going to come out in one last burst of glory before disappearing altogether from the financial world?"

"Um—not exactly that, either, perhaps. When it is all over, Robert, I have an idea that my identity will not be much more publicly connected with the deal than at present, if it is even discovered that a single man is operating. I'm not going into it for glory, Robert. It is to be my final business transaction, and—I love the big ones, you know!" he ended with a laugh.

Robert joined him, even though his fingers twitched to clutch the older man's throat!

"We shall be kept busy for a while, then?"

"About as busy as you're likely to be at any one time during your natural life, I think! There will be a multitude of small matters to be looked after and as many big ones. Well—I'll give you the outline of the idea now, and afterward we'll set about developing the finer points."

Bradford came closer and hung upon his next words. He was on the verge of the discovery he most wished to make! Craydon was involving everything, or almost everything, in one tremendous transaction.

If a way existed within human possibility of taking everything from him, the vengeance plan would have soared to a

degree of perfection beyond his wildest dreams.

And when a man throws his dollars into the money market, there is at least a lurking chance of their never returning.

"You are not very familiar with industrial stocks, Robert?"

"I have never had much to do with them."

"It hardly matters. However, I have picked five."

He glanced across keenly.

"Usually, when a man takes to juggling stocks, one's enough, isn't it? Nevertheless, I have picked out five of them. They're going to move together, and whichever way they move we're going to stand to win. I have mapped out a neat little plan which will cover us, if it's properly manipulated, no matter what direction the market chooses to take when the big move comes."

He laughed softly.

"And the big move is coming—and very decidedly, too! It may be within a few days—more likely ten days or a week will pass before we're ready to throw ourselves into the game. Then it'll be over quickly. Bradley & Brown are only waiting the word from me."

"And the stocks are—" Bradford hazarded.

"A secret," smiled Craydon. "Just for the present, at all events. When the great day comes, you will know in advance. Before the market opens I shall tell you the names of the five, and which ones are to be bought and which ones sold during that day. Then you will 'phone down—and I rather fancy you'll pass the day at the 'phone, unless you go into town. When the market closes we'll—well, we'll have a dollar or two more than when it opened, I think."

"But—good gracious!" Bradford cried softly. "On such a scale as you mean to operate, involving all your millions—why, the rise or fall of half a point would mean a substantial fortune, lost or won!"

"Precisely, Robert! Therein lies the zest. I've lived to make money. I've never enjoyed hoarding it, but I've loved to make it. I'm old now, and this will be the last shot; but—by thunder, sir!" he cried, "it's going to be a good one."

The words were honey to Bradford.

Fortune, good or evil, seemed to have played into his hand in the most amazing way imaginable.

The big deal—and his big opportunity—was under way now. It involved every cent that Craydon owned, and it was actually to be placed in his hands for manipulation!

All in all, the thing seemed too ridiculously simple for credence. Craydon's implicit confidence in him, to be sure, explained the matter easily enough, and yet—

Why, when the day should come and the stocks be made known, he would have but

to step into that telephone booth across the room, reverse Craydon's carefully calculated directions, and watch every penny of the fortune disappear should the millionaire not chance to interfere during the day of operations.

Bradford's breath was fairly taken away, at once by the ease and the enormity of the thing before him; but the first shock passed and secret exulting succeeded.

Busy times followed in the Craydon library.

As the old gentleman had truly said, there were details without end. Letters arrived by the dozens with every mail. Telegrams came at frequent and irregular intervals.

And with it all, so carefully did Craydon guard his operations, his confidential man knew little more of the actual situation than at first. It amazed and baffled him, but he could afford to bide his time now.

Then, after a week, matters quieted down. The huge proposition seemed to be well in hand and the time of crisis to be drawing near.

Bradford had considered it safer to say nothing to his brother at the moment. Indeed, he saw little of the younger brother that week, for his hours were fully occupied at the house on the hill.

His leisure was passed mainly with Elaine, and it brought him the sweetest and, at first, the bitterest moments his life had ever known.

For a day or two one thought remained ever with him: he loved the girl more dearly than his own life. But—he did not love her more dearly than his dead father's life, it seemed. He was going to ruin her own father, with weapons the old gentleman would put into his hands all unsuspecting. He meant fully to do it, and at times the thought very nearly drove him mad.

After a little, however, his mind readjusted itself and he found a level—for the time.

When the crash came his romance would be over. Elaine would hate him as bitterly as Craydon himself. It could not be otherwise, and it was just as well. The suffering would be all his own, and Bradford was thoroughly glad.

Branded a traitor, for whatever motive, and the last of Elaine's love would vanish—and Robert might cherish thereafter his twin memories, one of sorrow and one of satisfaction; his one love affair and his one vendetta.

But the crash was still some days off, and in that time he would reap what joy he could.

Not too conspicuously in Craydon's sight, he became the girl's very shadow. Bradford erected a sort of impenetrable mental partition between the hard facts and the things that might have been. He reveled in their little walks and talks, and they were very happy.

Upon one other subject, though, Bradford expended considerable thought.

What was on that upper floor?

Business offices, to a certainty; but what was their object? Most of Craydon's business, certainly, seemed to be transacted in his library; yet up in that mysterious and inaccessible region things were taking place.

More than once men had come as strangely as that first visitor, had disappeared while in the house and had reappeared later, merely to leave. They never seemed to spend time in the way of ordinary friends; they were invariably out of sight—and there was but one place in the house where they could vanish so thoroughly.

After one particularly hard early afternoon, Bradford went for a lonely walk. A final glance at the upper windows had set his mind to wondering actively again, and as he tramped along he pondered anew.

What—what was up there?

Seated upon a rock in the woods, an old tradition of Craydon came slowly back. Bradford started a little. He knew that, in the past at least, it had been almost invariably true: Craydon's deals generally went in pairs.

If one big event had just been engineered to success, another and bigger one fairly trod on its heels. And why should it be otherwise now, with his last great *coup*?

The notion rather staggered Robert. He believed that finally he had stumbled upon the explanation of the upper rooms.

"That's it!" he muttered. "That's it! This thing may be big—he's got a bigger one under way!"

And if so, what then?

It would give him that much more chance to inflict injury upon the millionaire! Could he but discover what was afoot on that third floor, could he get this, too, in hand, Craydon should be absolutely eliminated from the financial world!

It must be possible to learn more of the place! It *should* be possible!

Bradford spent an hour in hard, earnest thought. At the end, he was not much farther advanced with his plans.

He could keep his eyes and ears open; he could watch for another opportunity to penetrate the closed regions; he could investigate that telephone wire a little further. But, be the means what they might, he would discover Craydon's second deal—and break it!

At sunset Bradford returned.

Neither Elaine nor her father was about. He walked to his room and found a book, and with it made for his own particular nook—a clump of tall shrubbery at the rear not many yards from the library windows.

His mind would not settle upon the volume, however. The afternoon was very still. Hardly a leaf moved; a dog barked far below, and the sound floated to Bradford with curious distinctness.

A big bee hummed over his head, and the whirring was audible long after the insect had disappeared. Bradford grew drowsy.

Then he opened his eyes indifferently. In the upper part of the house a door had closed. He listened for a minute and heard footsteps descending the bare stairs.

They seemed strangely distant. He listened further and heard several persons on the second floor. Then the steps resounded once more from the stairs and Bradford sat up.

Some one was coming down from the third floor!

Bradford almost leaped to his feet—and sank back out of sight behind the bushes as quickly. His mind covered the situation rapidly.

He was not supposed to be about; he had not been due to return until night! There was no need for secrecy, and at least one of the occupants of that mysterious floor was coming down for an airing!

Perhaps half a minute passed while Bradford strained his ears. He judged that three people were on the lower floor now. Would they go out by the front door? No, they seemed to have turned toward the rear.

Bradford breathed thanks that the open doors and windows allowed the sounds to reach him, and waited.

The trio came nearer and nearer; they were entering the library! A figure passed the window, and Bradford started. Little as he could see, instinct told him that it was Elaine! The others did not come within view, but they were there.

Robert heard the creaking of chairs, and crept a little closer.

They were talking now—Elaine and her father and some one else, some one who had come down from the third story. Bradford could not catch the words; only here and there did disconnected phrases come to him, but at one of these his eyes took to snapping:

"My dear child, I would rather have to begin life anew to-morrow than have a single soul know of his presence here!"

Bradford caught his breath! So the mystery, or one of the mysteries, was actually within a dozen yards of him, and Craydon was guarding it just as carefully as he had supposed! Then the voice came again:

"But Bradford is not about, and William will keep the other servants out of the way."

And William, too, beyond any doubt now, was fully in the secret. Bradford thought hard for a minute. He had but to rise and walk into the room to know all.

Dare he do it?

He had not quite decided when Craydon appeared at the big French window and stepped out. Bradford quickly rose and advanced with a smile. Craydon, he noted, started rather violently, but did not pause.

"Why, Robert," he said loudly, "I did not suppose that you were here!"

"Oh, yes. I returned early."

"Where are you going?"

Robert paused for an instant.

"Into the library, sir! There are a few things I wish to look after."

Craydon's lips opened, perhaps for remonstrance, but Bradford was past him. In the moment of their conversation, he had been dimly aware of a little scurry in the library; yet the mysterious person could hardly have had time to leave.

He strode straight through the window, and forced a surprised smile at the sight of Elaine.

But—the big room, save for the girl, was quite empty! Not one of the light hangings moved. The man had vanished!

Bradford looked around quickly. He could not have left; and still, there was no place where a man could have been concealed.

Then his eyes rested upon the huge grandfather's clock standing in the corner. The lower case of that would have held a small man without difficulty, and—the clock had just stopped!

"Ah, Elaine!" he said. "What's wrong there? I never saw that particular time-piece stop, did you?"

The girl's face was white, and her hands trembled visibly.

"I—I—no, Robert!" she faltered.

"Bad omen that!" laughed Bradford. "I'll wind it!"

He turned and walked straight at the clock, and his own cheeks paled a little. A yard or two from the door he heard a distinct rap from within the case.

Some one was there! Some one whom he had never seen, whom nobody might see, and whom Elaine was concealing!

From the corner of his eye, he saw her hands clasped tightly, saw her lips moving in the effort to formulate words that would not come.

But Bradford did not pause. The solution of the mystery lay before him, and now he was to discover it in, apparently, an entirely innocent way.

He laid a hand upon the knob of the clock's big door—the door which hid the deep secret of the third floor!

CHAPTER VIII.

The Mystery Still Unsolved.

THERE is a very old and painfully true remark concerning the possibility of slips betwixt cup and lip.

Bradford's hand was upon the knob of the clock door.

One turn, and the door would open, and huddled behind it would be revealed the form of the unknown who had come from the top of the house with Craydon and his daughter.

Yet Bradford never made the turn!

At the very instant of his fingers' tightening, he heard a gasp behind him.

He turned quickly and saw Elaine tottering across the room. Her face was

fairly ghastly now, and her hands clutched aimlessly at the air.

Then she turned and stumbled through the curtains. Bradford looked after her from his station, and his arm dropped to his side.

A scream came from a room or two away—the little apartment where the Craydons and Bradford dined. An instant's pause, and the sound of a heavy fall reached his ears.

Elaine had fainted!

Simple as it would have been to twist the knob, throw open the door and take even a single glance at the man who must be within, Bradford ignored the chance at the sound of the fall.

With a bound he left the timepiece and was across the room. He tore the curtains apart and dashed through the intervening room and into the beautiful little dining-hall of the family.

He had not been mistaken. The girl was lying prone, face downward, upon the rug.

Bradford was at her side in an instant, bending over her and breathing hard. He turned the still form. Elaine was very white and seemed hardly to be breathing.

A groan escaped Bradford. What had he done? He knew full well that he was the solitary cause of the mishap. Had he chosen to remain concealed beneath the bushes this could hardly have occurred.

But it was no time for vain grieving. Action, and prompt action, was required.

Bradford hurriedly found the little niche where William was wont to prepare the food for service. Here at least was running water.

He filled a glass and ran back to the girl. He dashed little handfuls in her face, found her handkerchief on the floor beside her, and bathed her forehead.

He chafed her hands with feverish energy and waited and prayed that he had not harmed her.

Meanwhile, even in his excitement, Bradford was dimly aware that something was going on in the library!

He caught the sound of Craydon's voice. Plainly the scream had been heard by him and had brought him back.

Yet why had he not sought its source? Why was he there, instead of seeking his daughter?

For one reason only: because the person in the clock was of greater importance even than his own child! Robert worked on and listened.

Yes, William was there as well. Where he had come from was a source of wonder. Perhaps Bradford had summoned him—perhaps—

He was speaking now in a low tone. The words were entirely indistinguishable, but the haste with which they came indicated some excitement.

Then Craydon's tones, hardly more than a whisper, filtered through the curtains that separated them:

"This way, William. Quick!"

Steps went rapidly into the hallway. Bradford watched the door. Were they going to pass his field of vision?

No. The steps paused, and he knew where they were—beside the little elevator. Bradford heard the brass gate slide back and the soft shuffle of feet in the tiny car.

The gate closed again, and the motor in the subcellar buzzed faintly for a moment and stopped again.

Then some one crossed the bare floors above. Another door opened and the steps ascended.

Whoever had come from that top floor, had returned—and Bradford's eager eyes had caught never the faintest glimpse of his mysterious person!

A sharp sigh brought him back to nearer things.

Elaine's eyes had opened, and they were very startled eyes, and in them Bradford seemed to read actual fear!

But as they swept the apartment, the sudden look of fright died away. She drew a long breath and Bradford, almost a-tremble with relief, led her to a chair.

"Dear Robert!"

"Yes, child? You're better?"

"I think I am—all right now, Robert."

"Tell me what I can get you?" he cried helplessly.

Elaine smiled up at him.

"Nothing, Robert. I am myself again, but—how did I come here?"

"You ran out of the library. I heard you scream, and I hurried after."

"Did father hear me?"

"I think not. He has not been here, although I heard him in the library only a minute or two ago."

"You did not call him?"

"No."

There was a little pause, during which the girl seemed to be listening intently; then:

"I fainted, Robert, did I not?"

"Yes."

"How long have I been here?"

"Perhaps eight or ten minutes."

She breathed what impressed Bradford very strongly as being a sigh of relief.

"Is father—in there now?"

"He went up-stairs," said Bradford slowly. "I believe that William was with him."

The smile beneath him grew brighter. Elaine arose and leaned on his arm.

"You will not tell father how very silly I was, Robert?"

"Of course not, if you wish it, but—"

"Well, dear?"

"Whatever possessed you, little girl?" he asked rather cautiously.

"Why, I—why, I don't know," she said hurriedly. "Perhaps it is—the heat, Robert. I haven't been feeling very well to-day, and—and—"

"You're not superstitious, Elaine?"

"Why?"

"Were you afraid to have me open that clock?"

"I—yes!" She faced him squarely. "I had—a queer feeling, Robert, and—"

"But why?"

A little shudder ran through her, and for an instant the hand on Bradford's arm trembled.

"Robert, dear," she said, "please let us not talk about it. You do not mind? You're going to let me be a little silly if I like?"

They were just passing through the curtains. A bitter wave of self-contempt surged over Bradford.

What an utter cur he seemed to be becoming! He would do his own work hereafter, and not seek to wring a betrayal of her father from the sweetest girl in the world.

"I am going out in the air for a little, dear," she said, as they reached the library. "Will you come?"

Bradford assented. Then he glanced curiously about the quiet room so lately vacated.

The big clock was ticking monotonously! Inside, through the crack of the slightly open door, the pendulum swung to and fro.

The last possible doubt was disposed of. The man had been there; Elaine herself had concealed him in the clock; Craydon had removed him once more to the obscurity of the top floor!

For a while, they strolled about the grounds, and more than once Bradford's glance strayed toward the upper windows in search of the possible clue which did not appear.

Craydon's form came to the window of the library; Bradford reluctantly left the girl and made his way to the house.

He was curious enough to wish a sight of the old gentleman just now, and he entered with the intention of busying himself over some bits of work which lay about.

Craydon motioned him to one of the arm-chairs instead, however, and Bradford studied him covertly.

The millionaire's expression was drawn and tired—far more so than it had been earlier in the day. He had not been extremely busy, and it was his pride that no business matter could be of sufficient magnitude to cause him worry.

The episode of the big clock must be in his mind; that and nothing else could so suddenly have brought this look of weariness.

Would he mention the affair at all? Bradford waited almost breathlessly.

But Craydon's first words dispelled any such illusion for his confidential man.

"Well, Robert, we've knocked things into pretty fair shape these last few days, have we not?"

"I should say so, sir."

"Um-um," Craydon nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, we have matters about where we want them."

"Yes." Bradford knew that a faint bitter smile was momentarily upon his lips at the double meaning.

"Everything's turned into money. Money placed just where we want it. All is satisfactory in that way."

Bradford nodded.

Craydon looked across at him and smiled.

"And I may say that—all alone—I have dropped a million or two in these pet and particular stocks of mine, Robert. Just as an emergency reserve, you know."

His smile rolled into a little laugh.

"And my boy, neither you nor Bandley & Brown nor any one else knows what those particular securities are! One or two may suspect, but that's all!"

"And you are going to keep it entirely to yourself until the fateful day?" Bradford said.

"Exactly."

"It's coming soon, Mr. Craydon?"

The millionaire leaned back and yawned.

"To-day is Monday, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Then—um. Bandley & Brown have all the money in hand, subject to call on an instant's notice. Monday. Let's see. Tuesday, Wednesday. Yes."

He looked at Bradford again.

"Robert, I want you to be up early Thursday morning."

"That is *the* day?"

"Yes. At nine I shall hand you the list and the instructions. You will 'phone them to Bandley & Brown, and thereafter keep track of things in your own very competent fashion."

"But are you not—going to—er—watch as well?" Robert asked and held his breath.

Craydon's smile faded out.

"On Thursday, Robert," he said, "I may have other matters to attend to. I—don't know quite positively—yet."

The confidential man dared question no further.

Indeed, he felt that he understood, only too well. "Other matters." They would be involved in that other deal of whose existence he now felt more than certain.

If he could but have fathomed the mystery of that second affair and the top floor connection with it!

At all events, however, his opportunity for a deadly blow in the open scheme could hardly have been better. The affair was to be in his own hands; and Craydon did not seem to intend even the slightest personal participation.

Perhaps the second deal would be depending upon what the millionaire seemed to consider the assured success of the first. If so, Bradford might be killing two birds with one stone; but he would greatly have preferred a knowledge of the unmentioned plot just beneath the roof.

So the crash was barely three days off now! Bradford shook his head that night as he thought of it.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away and the echo of the conflict had died and Craydon was a ruined man—what then? The prospect sickened the prospective wrecker of the old gentleman.

His revenge would be fully satisfied; one disastrous bit of crooked business

would have been amply repaid by another equally disastrous.

But when he had gone to Craydon and revealed his own part, the hardest thing of all would come. He could never expect so much as one kindly look thereafter from Elaine Craydon. However great her love might be now, this would end it for all time.

In her eyes he would be the most contemptible sort of coward, and so he must remain. He could never hope to see her again, save for such glimpses as he might catch of her passings in the public ways, should the Towers be maintained by any chance.

And all that was hardly three days off now! Bradford found himself swallowing hard at the thought.

He was in no sense sorry for what he had done, but—a very bitter taste was working its way into the sweet one of victory to come!

CHAPTER IX.

The Night Before the Battle.

TUESDAY passed quietly, with Bradford ever on the alert for details of that puzzling and momentous upper floor.

He learned nothing. An attempt or two to accomplish a second ascent of the stairway fell flat.

There were footsteps above at each sally, and Bradford's already firmly rooted conviction was strengthened. There were people above there, and something was certainly on.

Wednesday came. Craydon seemed strangely preoccupied and averse to discussing the matter of the deal that impended. Everything was ready; in the morning—as the millionaire imagined—victory was to begin and stretch through the day.

He had mentioned a chance of the *coup* extending to Friday; the probability was strongly in favor of its ending with the initial day.

There seemed nothing to do but wait. The old gentleman spent much of his time in watching the road that day, and Bradford wondered very energetically just which of the money powers he was expecting.

In the afternoon the confidential man revolved in a long gallop with Elaine. Craydon, abandoning his custom, remained behind.

They returned toward dark; and as the horses walked slowly up the drive, Bradford perceived two rather odd things.

The big Craydon automobile was just rolling away from the door and several gentlemen seemed to be in the entrance with the millionaire. Also, the box wagon was backed up, and servants were in the act of carrying several huge bundles into the house.

More mysterious visitors! Bradford chafed furiously as they waited at the

corner of the drive for the groom. When that person finally trotted up, he contrived to hurry Elaine toward the house.

He looked about as they entered.

Not a single detail, other than the ordinary, could be seen! The visitors had vanished; only a scrap of excelsior here and there betrayed the recent presence of the bundles!

Craydon appeared late for dinner—preoccupied and alone! There was no mention of the men who had come and, presumably, been swallowed up in that mysterious third floor!

Yet Elaine must have seen them, and have known their purpose! The thought smote Bradford. Even in his extremely odd position he was queerly pained to think that the girl was concealing the mystery from him.

After dinner, Elaine disappeared and Craydon sat smoking in the library, too preoccupied for conversation or, it seemed, even for reading.

Bradford took advantage of the lull, and left the Towers.

He made directly for the little cottage below. In the garden he found Tommy, alone and rather gloomy.

"You!" was the young person's greeting.

"Yes, it's I."

"Supposed you were dead."

"I have been very busy."

"I should say you must have been. Oh, I say, there was a box for you delivered this afternoon."

"I know." Bradford, seated beside his brother, nodded absently over his cigar.

For some minutes they sat silently. Robert finally looked at his brother through the gloom.

"It's coming, Tommy!"

"Eh?"

"My opportunity to smash Craydon is here!"

"What!"

"To-morrow will see the thing done."

"You—you mean to say—" gasped the younger brother.

"Simply that fate has put the whole matter in my hands, Tom. To-morrow morning I expect—I hope sincerely—to pay off poor dad's score by ruining that man absolutely!"

There was another long pause. Tommy seemed temporarily too thunderstruck for speech. At last, however, he leaned forward.

"Bob, why on earth do you hope for it?"

"Eh?" Bradford started.

"Why do you hope for it? What earthly benefit will it be to you?"

"Ah, Tommy!"

Bradford shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I know, and I understand how you feel about it, Bob, but—well, suppose that you had wrecked Craydon already. What good would it have done?"

There was no reply.

"You'll be nothing in pocket. You will have made an enemy and a big one, for I imagine that Craydon would still have some power, even if he didn't have a cent of money. It will give you a bad name and perhaps wreck your own career."

"Bosh!"

"And do you suppose that our father, up there in heaven, would be any happier for knowing that the man who ruined him had himself been ruined? I don't believe it!"

An angry frown was gathering on Bradford's brow.

"It's an eye for an eye, Tommy. Some inscrutable power has put the whole thing into my keeping. At nine to-morrow morning, I shall be able to 'phone a message down to the city which will probably end forever Craydon's career as a financier."

"And there is another thing that will hurt you very badly," the younger brother pursued softly. "Bob, you—you love that girl! Come, admit it!"

"Yes," Robert burst out, "I do!"

Tommy seemed rather startled at the fierceness of the words. He stared hard at his brother and a look of understanding came upon his face.

"But great goodness! You don't mean to say that she—that she, too——"

"Yes. That's the worst of it."

"Good Lord!" The younger brother shook his head and grunted to himself. Then he turned to his brother suddenly and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Bob!"

"Well?"

"Why not drop it all now—before it's too late?"

"Oh——"

"You're going to hurt yourself and that girl worst of all, Bob! You, perhaps, will be able to stand it well enough, after a fashion, for you'll know you have nobody but yourself to thank for it. But she—oh, she's too swell a girl to hurt like that, Bob!"

In an instant he literally leaped back, for Robert had turned upon him with such a fury as the younger brother had never seen before.

His clenched, shaking hands were raised, and in the faint light from the cottage his eyes seemed actually to blaze in their sockets.

"Stop it!" he cried hoarsely. "Stop it, I say! Can't you understand? I'm only flesh and blood, boy! It would take very, very little to-night for me to forget everything—father and the wrong that was done him and everything else! If I were to let go for just one minute, I'd be racing back to that infernal house, thanking God at every step that I could enter it and look the old scoundrel in the face with a clean conscience on my side at least, and that Elaine——"

He broke off sharply and stood panting.

"But I'm not going to let go!" he muttered. "I'm not going to let go!"

Tommy's lips opened. They closed again.

After a little, Robert's breath became more even.

"Where's that box, sonny?"

"In the dining-room, Bob. I haven't opened it."

"Get the hammer, then."

The younger Bradford hurried away and Robert walked slowly into his own home.

In the corner of the room stood a small wooden case. He picked it up and looked it over idly. When the tools appeared he went silently about the task of prying off the cover.

Tommy watched interestedly. When finally the nails gave way, he was rather startled at the sight of a little lineman's portable telephone.

"Well, what on earth?"

"More of my wrecking scheme," said Bradford with a faint, bitter smile.

"You are going——"

"I'm going to risk prison by tapping a wire—that's all. What's the time?"

He glanced at his watch and frowned.

"I'm off again, Tommy."

"But what——"

"Oh, don't worry about me. Good-by, Tom."

He rolled the strap about the little instrument and thrust it under his coat. The other followed him to the door.

"Think it over again, Bob. There is still time before morning, and——"

Bradford had departed.

He had thought this particular evening out rather carefully, and made his own somewhat unique preparations.

Whatever the second affair Craydon was engineering on the top floor, the chances were largely in favor of its crisis coming simultaneously with the one of which Bradford would have full knowledge in the morning. The appearance of the men in the afternoon had strengthened that notion materially.

And the mystery was still altogether unsolved. He had pondered and pondered ways and means of ferreting it out. Finally, he had ordered the telephone; now, at what seemed the most happy time, he was going to have a try at using it.

His scheme was simple enough—to climb one of the trees through which the wire ran from the upper rooms, tap the cable and listen—all night if necessary.

Nothing whatever might come of it; on the other hand, everything might be learned.

He climbed to the Towers by the footpath. Nobody was about. He took the climb of the wall in preference to using the gate, and made his way quickly through the shadows to the big trees beside the house.

A moment or two of careful listening assured him that he was undetected.

Bradford looked up. Lights were burning throughout that upper story to-night. The shades seemed all to be drawn, but here and there a figure crossed and threw a shadow.

Robert selected his tree—the one he had lately noted as being thickest where the telephone wire ran through the branches.

The strap was slung over his shoulder, and he jumped and caught the lower branches. A little pause and he had pulled himself up and out of sight.

Climbing was an old-time accomplishment. He made the ascent without noise or difficulty. He felt through the branches. Finally he came upon the twisted black cable he had so often watched, and his heart beat a little faster.

Was it all pure folly? Was there a chance of the secret leaking out over that wire to-night? Was there not a splendid chance of his being discovered in the very act?

But, on the other hand, if the secret did leak out!

Bradford settled himself astride a limb and cut away the insulation. It was but a moment's work to connect with one wire, and he was hacking at the second connection.

He made it at last. The receiver was clapped over his ear, and—

"Well, what on earth is that buzzing?"

"Don't know. It's stopped now, any way."

That last was Craydon's voice, speaking from the rooms of mystery! Bradford had stumbled, it seemed, into the very middle of a conversation!

"Well," the first voice went, "and how is everything otherwise to-night?"

"As well as could be expected, they all say."

"The chances are all in your favor, my dear Craydon!"

"Thank heaven for that, too! Still—it's a terrible suspense."

"It will be over this time to-morrow, and you'll be the happiest man in the United States."

"I hope so, sincerely."

"My dear man, you sound infernally despondent. Stop it! It's absurd!"

"I know, but—"

"Everything possible to human ingenuity has been done, and we have the finest possible outlook, I tell you."

There was a pause, during which Bradford sat breathlessly. Then the first voice pursued:

(To be Continued.)

WORDS THAT WILL NOT RHYME.

Even the Biggest Dictionary Will Not Avail if Inspiration Leads a Bard to Use Them.

THE English language is a wonderful, living growth. With the single exception of Latin, it is the most majestic vehicle for blank verse and poetry.

There are many words in English that have no rhyme. As given in "The Rhymers' Lexicon," by Andrew Lang, they are as follows: Aitch, alb, amongst, avenge, bilge, bourn, breadth, brusk, bulb,

"One hundred and two, did you say?"

"Nearer a hundred and three," Craydon replied.

"Um-um. Well, don't worry about that. It's sure to go down in the morning. So long as it gets below a hundred, we're perfectly safe, I think, and it's practically sure to do that."

"So they say."

"When's the actual business going to begin?"

"The first thing in the morning."

"Good! Now, don't lose heart, Craydon. It's not like you, you know. I'd have been up to-night, but I could have done no good. Call me up again if there is anything I can do. Good night."

"Good night," said Craydon's voice.

A double click met Bradford's ears. The little talk was over and—what had it meant? Something about the morrow's operations, plainly enough, but what?

He seemed to have landed just a moment too late!

Well, if he had missed the first part of that conversation he would not miss any part of the next. He sat back and waited, and strove in vain to puzzle out the significance of the fragments of talk he had heard.

Half an hour passed, and still the wire remained silent. One after another the lights went out. The figures ceased to move to and fro. Craydon Towers seemed to be settling down for the night.

At the end of an hour Bradford gave over his vigil for sheer weariness. It was plain enough that Craydon's secret office had closed until morning.

But the one remaining light gave him a last idea. The shade was up at that window, and the branches almost touched the side of the house. If a glimpse of the interior could be obtained, perhaps his trip would not have been in vain.

He unhooked his telephone cautiously and clambered slowly along the branch. Five minutes of careful going, and a craning forward would give him a view. Bradford took a firm grip and leaned forward.

And at the very instant the shade was drawn, and he started violently.

The figure in the room had been that of a rather tall—woman!

coif, conch, culm, cusp, depth, doth, eighth, fifth, film, forge, forth, fugue, gulf, hemp, lounge, mauve, month, morgue, mourned, mouth, ninth, oblige, of, pearl, pint, porch, pork, poulp, prestige, puss, recumb, sauce, scare, scarf, sixth, spoilt, swoln, sylph, tenth, torsk, twelfth, unplagued, volt, warmth, wasp, wharves, width, with, wolf, wolves.

BASEBALL POETS "ON DECK."

THE BOY WHO KEEPS THE BATS.

By Bide Dudley.

JUST see him stride from bench to plate,
The boy who keeps the bats,
With truly a majestic gait,
The boy who keeps the bats.
His clothes are old, his feet are bare,
His face unwashed, unkempt his hair,
He's still in pride a millionaire—
The boy who keeps the bats.

A most important man is he,
The boy who keeps the bats,
Possessed of great activity,
The boy who keeps the bats.
He knows each player by his name,
His age, his weight, from whence he came,
And just how long he's played the game—
The boy who keeps the bats.

He'll lug ten sticks and laugh with glee,
The boy who keeps the bats,
"De gang" regards with jealousy
The boy who keeps the bats.
Although he's not employed for pay,
He "gets inside to see 'em play,"
Which beats his former knot-hole way—
The boy who keeps the bats.

He knows each player's stick, you bet,
The boy who keeps the bats,
'Twould break his heart should he forget,
The boy who keeps the bats.
Whene'er a ball is knocked away,
He throws them one with which to play,
He's there for business ev'ry day—
The boy who keeps the bats.

He yells when worthy work is done,
The boy who keeps the bats,
He "hollers" after ev'ry run,
The boy who keeps the bats.
He's overjoyed at victory,
And tells the other kids how "we"
Won out as easily as could be—
The boy who keeps the bats.

St. Joseph News.

THE OLD ENTHUSIAST.

By S. E. Kiser.

THERE'S a glad old-fashioned feeling
I stealing over me once more.
I forget I'm gray-headed and am verging
on threescore;

There are many weighty matters that my
earnest care should claim—
But come on, old man, let's knock off and
go out and see the game.

Let's get a bag of peanuts, and be boys
again and shout
For the men who lam the leather and
who line three-baggers out;
Let's go out and root and holler, and forget
that we have cares,
And that still the world has markets which
are worked by bulls and bears.

Every year or two they tell us that base-
ball is out of date.
But each spring it's back in fashion when
they line up at the plate,
When the good old, glad old feeling comes
again to file its claim—
When a man can turn from trouble and go
out and see the game.

I can feel the warm blood rushing through
my veins again—hooray!
See those slender pennants waving? Hear
the umpire calling "Play!"
Yah! you bluffer—no, you didn't—aw, say,
umpire, that's a shame!
What? Two strikes? Come off, you rob-
ber! ! ! ! ! . . .
! ! ! Well, you're rotten
all the same!

Oh, if we'd a man like Anson or Dan Brou-
thers used to be,
To hold down that first bag—Moses! what
a corker that was! Gee!
Go it! Slide, you chump—you've got to—
never touched him! Yip! Hurrah!
Say, that boy's a wonder—hold it! Ah, the
dub, they've caught him—pshaw!
! ! ! ! ! . . .
! ! !

Ever see John Ward as short-stop?
There's the boy that had the head!
Why, if we had him out yonder he would
scare those fellows dead!
And Mike Kelly—Whee-e-e! A beauty!
Home run, sure as Brown's my
name!
Biff! Wow! . . . ? ? ? !
Downed 'em 9 to 8, by golly! !
? ? ! ! Wasn't it a
corkin' game?

Chicago Record-Herald.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

BY PHINEAS THAYER.

IT looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
 The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.
 So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
 A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
 With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast,
 For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
 They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
 And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake,
 So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
 For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single," to the wonderment of all,
 And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."
 And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
 There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

Then, from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
 It rumbled in the mountain-tops, it rattled in the dell;
 It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
 For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
 There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face.
 And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
 No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
 Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
 Then while the New York pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
 Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurling through the air,
 And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
 Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
 "That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
 Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore.
 "Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand.
 And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised a hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
 He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on:
 He signaled to Sir Timothy, once more the spheroid flew;
 But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud!"
 But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
 They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
 And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;
 He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
 And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
 And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
 The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.
 And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout:
 But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge.

BY AMBROSE BIERCE.

AMONG living American writers of short stories, Ambrose Bierce is unequalled in strength and fine simplicity. Born in 1842, he served during the Civil War and was brevetted major for distinguished services. He went to California in 1866 and his name became familiar to readers of coast journals. His contributions, however, quickly won a hearing throughout the country and in England, whither he went in 1872, remaining for a few years and writing for English periodicals. Later he returned to California, and more recently he removed to Washington.

The keenest, most incisive, most telling contemporary criticism was found in the column he used to contribute to the San Francisco *Examiner*, "Prattle: A Transient Record of Individual Opinion." Of his verse, at least one poem, "The Passing Show," is deserving of a permanent place in literature. More verse, more fiction, would be welcome from his pen. He has produced less than those who read the following story will wish, for the reason, perhaps, that he has freely given so much of his time to teaching others how to write.

It is natural, considering the experiences through which he passed at the time of life in which conscious impressions are most vivid, that Mr. Bierce should turn frequently to the incidents of war. The very restraint of his style makes his war pictures the more impressive—adds to their potency as arguments for peace. "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" * is Mr. Bierce at his best. Powerful, grim, pathetic, it dips deep into the well of the human soul.

* This story is taken from "In the Midst of Life," copyright, 1898, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

I.

AMAN stood upon a railroad bridge in Northern Alabama, looking down into the swift waters twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope loosely encircled his

neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head, and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the sleepers supporting the metals of the railway supplied a footing for him, and his executioners—two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant, who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank, armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support," that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the

chest—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the center of the bridge; they merely blockaded the two ends of the foot plank which traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels, nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into a forest for a hundred yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost farther along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle acclivity crowned with a stockade of vertical tree trunks, loopholed for rifles, with a single embrasure through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge. Midway of the slope between bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at "parade rest," the butts of the rifles on the ground, the barrels inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the center of the bridge, not a man moved. The com-

pany faced the bridge, staring stonily, motionless. The sentinels, facing the banks of the stream, might have been statues to adorn the bridge. The captain stood with folded arms, silent, observing the work of his subordinates, but making no sign. Death is a dignitary who, when he comes announced, is to be received with formal manifestations of respect, even by those most familiar with him. In the code of military etiquette, silence and fixity are forms of deference.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his habit, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well-fitting frock-coat. He wore a mustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of persons, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted, and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross-ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former, the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt, and the condemned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgment as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through the thought of his dear ones was a sound which he could neither ignore nor understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's

hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or near by—it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death knell. He awaited each stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays became maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the thrust of a knife; he feared he should shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving I could evade the bullets, and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods, and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it, the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

II.

PEYTON FARQUHAR was a well-to-do planter, of an old and highly respected Alabama family. Being a slave owner, and, like other slave owners, a politician, he was naturally an original secessionist and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature, which it is unnecessary to relate here, had prevented him from taking service with the gallant army which had fought the disastrous campaigns ending with the fall of Corinth, and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in war time. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in aid of the South, no adventure too perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in good faith and without too much qualification assented to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds, a gray-clad soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was gone to fetch the water her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the

Owl Creek bridge, put it in order, and built a stockade on the north bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels, or trains, will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

"How far is it to the Owl Creek bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student of hanging—should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry and would burn like tow."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband, and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a Federal scout.

III.

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge, he lost consciousness and was as one already dead. From this state he was awakened—ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of a sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fiber of his body and limbs. These pains appeared to flash along well-defined lines of ramification and to beat with an inconceivably rapid periodicity. They seemed like streams of pulsating fire heating him to an intolerable temperature. As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fulness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with, the noise of a loud splash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken, and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noose about his neck was already suffocating him and kept the water from his lungs. To die of hanging at the

bottom of a river!—the idea seemed to him ludicrous. He opened his eyes in the darkness and saw above him a gleam of light, but how distant, how inaccessible! He was still sinking, for the light became fainter and fainter until it was a mere glimmer. Then it began to grow and brighten, and he knew that he was rising toward the surface—knew it with reluctance, for he was now very comfortable. "To be hanged and drowned," he thought, "that is not so bad; but I do not wish to be shot. No; I will not be shot; that is not fair."

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrists apprised him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What splendid effort!—what magnificent, what superhuman strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavor! Bravo! The cord fell away; his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each side in the growing light. He watched them with a new interest as first one and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a water-snake. "Put it back, put it back!" He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang which he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire; his heart, which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out at his mouth. His whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draft of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek.

He was now in full possession of his physical senses. They were, indeed, supernaturally keen and alert. Something in the awful disturbance of his organic system had so exalted and refined them that they made record of things never before perceived. He felt the ripples upon his face and heard their separate sounds as they struck. He looked at the forest on the bank of the stream, saw the individual trees, the leaves and the veining of each leaf—saw the very insects upon them, the locusts, the brilliant-bodied flies, the gray spiders stretching their webs from twig to twig. He noted the prismatic colors in all the dewdrops upon a million blades of grass. The humming of the gnats that danced above the eddies of the stream, the beating of the dragon-flies' wings, the strokes of the water-spiders' legs, like oars which had lifted their boat—all these made audible music. A fish slid along beneath

his eyes and he heard the rush of its body parting the water.

He had come to the surface facing down the stream; in a moment the visible world seemed to wheel slowly round, himself the pivotal point, and he saw the bridge, the fort, the soldiers upon the bridge, the captain, the sergeant, the two privates, his executioners. They were in silhouette against the blue sky. They shouted and gesticulated, pointing at him; the captain had drawn his pistol, but did not fire; the others were unarmed. Their movements were grotesque and horrible, their forms gigantic.

Suddenly he heard a sharp report and something struck the water smartly within a few inches of his head, spattering his face with spray. He heard a second report, and saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, a light cloud of blue smoke rising from the muzzle. The man in the water saw the eye of the man on the bridge gazing into his own through the sights of the rifle. He observed that it was a gray eye, and remembered having read that gray eyes were keenest and that all famous marksmen had them. Nevertheless, this one had missed.

A counter swirl had caught Farquhar and turned him half round; he was again looking into the forest on the bank opposite the fort. The sound of a clear, high voice in a monotonous singsong now rang out behind him and came across the water with a distinctness that pierced and subdued all other sounds, even the beating of the ripples in his ears. Although no soldier, he had frequented camps enough to know the dread significance of that deliberate, drawling, aspirated chant; the lieutenant on shore was taking a part in the morning's work. How coldly and pitilessly—with what an even, calm intonation, presaging and enforcing tranquillity in the men—with what accurately measured intervals fell those cruel words:

"Attention, company! Shoulder arms! Ready! Aim! Fire!"

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears like the voice of Niagara, yet he heard the dulled thunder of the volley, and, rising again toward the surface, met shining bits of metal, singularly flattened, oscillating slowly downward. Some of them touched him on the face and hands, then fell away, continuing their descent. One lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm, and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly farther down stream—nearer to safety. The soldiers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired again, independently and ineffectually.

The hunted man saw all this over his

shoulder; he was now swimming vigorously with the current. His brain was as energetic as his arms and legs; he thought with the rapidity of lightning.

"The officer," he reasoned, "will not make that martinet's error a second time. It is as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will. God help me, I cannot dodge them all!"

An appalling splash within two yards of him, followed by a loud, rushing sound, *diminuendo*, which seemed to travel back through the air to the fort and died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its depths! A rising sheet of water, which curved over him, fell down upon him, blinded him, strangled him! The cannon had taken a hand in the game. As he shook his head free from the commotion of the smitten water, he heard the deflected shot humming through the air ahead, and in an instant it was crackling and smashing the branches in the forest beyond.

"They will not do that again," he thought; "the next time they will use a charge of grape. I must keep my eye upon the gun; the smoke will apprise me—the report arrives too late; it lags behind the missile. That is a good gun."

Suddenly he felt himself whirled round and round—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forest, the now distant bridge, fort and men—all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colors only; circular horizontal streaks of color—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex and was being whirled on with a velocity of advance and gyration which made him giddy and sick. In a few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point, which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him, and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants; he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange, roseate light shone through the spaces among their trunks, and the wind made in their branches the music of æolian harps. He had no wish to perfect his escape, was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whiz and rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoner had fired him a random farewell. He sprang to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank, and plunged into the forest.

All that day he traveled, laying his course by the rounding sun. The forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he dis-

cover a break in it, not even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

By nightfall he was fatigued, footsore, famishing. The thought of his wife and children urged him on. At last he found a road which led him in what he knew to be the right direction. It was as wide and straight as a city street, yet it seemed untraveled. No fields bordered it, no dwelling anywhere. Not so much as the barking of a dog suggested human habitation. The black bodies of the trees formed a straight wall on both sides, terminating on the horizon in a point, like a diagram in a lesson in perspective. Overhead, as he looked up through this rift in the wood, shone great golden stars, looking unfamiliar and grouped in strange constellations. He was sure they were arranged in some order which had a secret and malign significance. The wood was full of singular noises, among which he distinctly heard whispers in an unknown tongue.

His neck was in pain, and, lifting his hand to it, he found it horribly swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was swollen with thirst; he believed

its fever by thrusting it forward from between his teeth into the cool air. How softly the turf had carpeted the untraveled avenue—he could no longer feel the roadway beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he had fallen asleep while walking, for now he sees another scene—perhaps he has merely recovered from a delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have traveled the entire night. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide white walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool and sweet, steps down from the veranda to meet him. At the bottom of the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of ineffable joy, an attitude of matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forward with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her, he feels a stunning blow upon the back of the neck; a blinding white light blazes all about him, with a sound like the shock of a cannon—then all is darkness and silence!

Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek bridge.

THE AVERAGE AGES OF VARIOUS BIRDS.

FOUR LIVE ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

Those That Feed on Flesh Live Longer
Than Those Which Subsist Only on
Grains and Insects.

THE doctrines of vegetarianism appear to be slightly shaken by the result of an investigation that an English newspaper has made into the subject of the longevity of birds. With one notable exception, the meat-feeding birds are the longer lived. The exception is the swan.

The average ages of some of the best known birds are given in the following table:

| | Years | Years | |
|--------------------|-------|-------------------|-----|
| Blackbird lives... | 12 | Parrot lives..... | 60 |
| Blackcap | 15 | Partridge | 15 |
| Canary | 24 | Peacock | 24 |
| Crane | 24 | Pelican | 50 |
| Crow | 100 | Pheasant | 15 |
| Eagle | 100 | Pigeon | 20 |
| Fowl, common... | 10 | Raven | 100 |
| Goldfinch | 15 | Robin | 12 |
| Goose | 50 | Skylark | 30 |
| Heron | 59 | Sparrow Hawk.. | 40 |
| Lark | 13 | Swan | 100 |
| Linnet | 23 | Thrush | 10 |
| Nightingale | 18 | Wren | 3 |

The average age of the boarding-house variety of chicken is still undetermined.

MORE NUTRITION IN GRASS THAN POTATOES.

VALUES OF STOCK-RAISING FOODS.

One Hundred Pounds of Hay Produce a Better Effect Than Six Times That Weight of Beets.

THE relative values of different foods in stock-raising are shown by the following table, in which the given number of pounds of the various articles named produces the same effect as one hundred pounds of hay:

| | | |
|----------------------------|-------|--------|
| Beets, white | 669 | pounds |
| Turnips | 469 | " |
| Rye Straw | 429 | " |
| Clover, red, uncured | 373 | " |
| Clover, red, dry..... | 88 | " |
| Carrots | 371 | " |
| Carrot Leaves | 135 | " |
| Mangolds | 368.5 | " |
| Potatoes | 350 | " |
| Oat Straw | 317 | " |
| Lucerne | 89 | " |
| Buckwheat | 78.5 | " |
| Corn | 62.5 | " |
| Oats | 59 | " |
| Barley | 58 | " |
| Rye | 53.5 | " |
| Wheat | 44.5 | " |
| Oilcake, linseed | 43 | " |

Hay is more nutritious than potatoes and beets.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THINGS.

Birthplace of Chimneys.

CHIMNEYS are modern; that is, chimneys with fireplaces and flues. None of the Roman ruins show chimneys like ours. There is none in the restored buildings in Herculaneum and Pompeii. Roman architects complained that their decorations were smoked up. A kitchen in Rome was always sooty. Braziers were used in the living rooms. The chimney of antiquity consisted of a hole in the roof. The wealthy Romans used carefully dried wood, which would burn in the room without soot. The modern chimney was first used in Europe in the fourteenth century. The oldest certain account of a chimney places it in Venice in 1347.

Father of Steam-Engines.

The steam-engine goes back to Hero, of Alexandria, in the third century B.C. Branca, an Italian, in 1629, made an engine which blew steam against vanes and thus made a wheel spin. The first actual steam-engine was made by Captain Savery, an Englishman, to whom, in 1698, a patent was granted for a steam-engine to raise water. In 1705 Thomas Newcomen made a vacuum steam-engine. But the steam-engine of to-day, which has wrought such a tremendous evolution in industry and society, was the invention of the Englishman, James Watt, and the first patent bears date of June 5, 1769.

Egypt Made First Pens.

Pens were first made in Egypt and were made of a kind of reed. The ancients did not seem to know that good pens could be made from goose quills. One Isidore, who died in 636, mentions both reeds and feathers as suitable for pens. Swan quills as being even better than goose quills were referred to in 1520. Steel pens were invented in the first part of the nineteenth century. People were slow to use them, because the metal was not sufficiently elastic. Perry cut slits in steel pens in 1830, and that settled the goose quills.

Snake Furnished First Saw.

Talus, the Greek, is said to have invented the saw from having once found the jawbone of a snake, which he employed to cut through a small piece of wood. In early periods the trunks of trees were split into boards with wedges, and although these deals were not always straight, they were regarded as much better suited to construction than sawn boards, because they followed the grain, and lasted longer and were stronger. Water mills, for the purpose of sawing, came into use in the fourth century.

Shoeing of Horses.

Horseshoes, such as we have, are also rather modern. The Greeks and Romans used to cover their horses' feet with fiber cloth in cold weather, or when urging the horses through muddy and miry places. Nero's horses were shod without nails, but with silver. His wife's were shod in gold. The shoeing of horses by driving nails through their hoofs was introduced into England by William the Conqueror. But even in the middle centuries horses were shod only on special occasions.

Insurance From Italy.

Insurance came from medieval Italy. It is believed to date from the sixteenth century, and at that time it was known in Florence. The Romans did not know insurance. The nearest they came to it was the practise of a company supplying the army to require a guarantee from the state against the loss of ships. But this was soon abandoned, because damages had been collected for sunken ships too worthless to float.

Where the Saddle Came From.

The early Greeks and Romans rode horses bareback. They regarded it as unmanly to ride in a saddle. In fact, the modern saddle with pommel, crupper, and stirrups was unknown to the ancients. Nero gave out fancy coverings to his cavalry, and the bareback riders of the German forests used to laugh at them. Saddles with trees came into use in the fourth century; stirrups three centuries later.

Pioneer Apothecaries.

Pharmacy and medicine were first made separate professions by the monks and priests of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The father of the apothecaries seems to have been Constantine Afer, of Carthage. Their preparations and potions were sold to the rich and given to the poor. No apothecaries are mentioned in France prior to 1484.

Thank an Empress for Silk.

Silk was first made by Si-Ling, wife of Hoang-Ti, Emperor of China, B.C. 2600. Among the Greeks, Aristotle (B.C. 384-322) is the first who mentions it. It was not until A.D. 530, however, that it began to be cultivated in Europe; the first eggs being then brought from India by some monks.

Ancients Preserved Snow.

Snow was preserved by the ancients, instead of ice, by covering it up in the ground. A cargo of natural ice shipped from Boston to Calcutta in 1833 brought six cents a pound.

A HOROSCOPE OF THE MONTHS.*

BY MARION Y. BUNNER.

SECOND INSTALMENT.

The Nature of the Destiny and Some of the Idiosyncrasies Which Have to Do With Persons Born Under the Sign "Aries," Representing the Period Between March 21st and April 19th.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

ARIES: THE RAM.

MARCH 21st to APRIL 19th.

CUSP: MARCH 21st to MARCH 27th.

THE constellation "Aries"—the first sign of the zodiac, and the head sign of the Fire Tripplicity—exerts its influence from March 21st to April 19th, the period coinciding with the first month of the Roman year. It is a cardinal, equinoctial, movable, masculine sign, the positive pole of the Fire Tripplicity, governing the face and head. The higher attributes are courage, intuition and reason.

A person born during 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.

Persons born under this sign are positive, obedient, yet with a faculty for commanding, paradoxical as this may appear. They are also inventive, original, determined and executive. Once the mind of an Aries subject is made up, nothing can swerve him from the course he has determined to pursue. Before undertaking any new enterprise, their habit is to study the entire situation carefully, thereby discovering and profiting by many seemingly minor, yet in the end important, points which escape the ordinary individual.

The brain of an Aries subject is the most active portion of his whole body. They are charming conversationalists, having keen intellects. Many fine writers, poets, lecturers, and teachers come out of this sign.

Subjects are Aggressive.

They are aggressive and excitable, often-times going to extremes in their excitement, and they are apt to show too much antagonism. They enter a fight to win, and nothing can induce them to back out of it. The Aries woman has the same fighting spirit, and stands by her friends to the end, no matter what the circumstances may be.

The subjects of Aries are easily angered, but the fire is quickly quenched, leaving behind no sting or grudge. They are generous, sympathetic and kindly, and so much do they think of their friends, that they will never acknowledge their faults. On the other hand, they never fail to see the failings of their enemies, and they speak of them in no uncertain terms.

The traits of Aries people are perhaps more varied and peculiar than those of any other of the twelve signs. They are not naturally patient, yet they are extremely so with those they love.

The Aries person is usually well-built, strong, and usually he is tall.

According to some authorities, the short, broad-shouldered subjects are much more fortunate in making money than are the tall ones. They have intellectual eyes, a ruddy complexion. Their foreheads are broad at the eyebrows. The eyes are generally deep set. They are more than willing to work for what they want to secure.

The success of an Aries subject depends upon the way in which he uses his splendid energy, action, systematic endeavor, and finally upon his determination to everlastingly stick at the work in hand.

Faults Are Impatience and Anger.

The chief faults of the Aries people are impatience, anger, selfishness, and fickleness, together with a tendency to extreme aggressiveness. The physical temperament of the subject will be nervous-sanguine, if born in a southern climate, and bilious-sanguine if born in a northern latitude.

When an Aries and Sagittarius person are united, a most happy domestic life is certain. The offspring will be physically fine, the nature still finer, and the intellect of the highest order.

Aries children should be very carefully and tenderly brought up. They can be readily managed only through kindness and love. In fact, Aries children seem to demand a constant expression of love. They crave a just appreciation of any little task they may perform.

It is most important that an Aries child be not overpraised, for in so doing his higher development is certain to be arrested.

The ruling planets are Mars and Neptune, and the gems are sapphire, turquoise and diamond. The astral colors are blue, white, and pink.

Those who in April date their years, Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears For vain repentance flow.

Traditions of the Month.

Tuesday is the most fortunate day of the week, and June and July the most favorable months in which to bring any business transactions to a successful issue. It is well for an Aries subject to endeavor to carry out the most important business interests during these months.

The flower emblematic of Aries is the Amaryllis, signifying unbending pride. The ancient Hebraic tribe, over which the sign has ruled, is that of Gad, and the ruling angel of the sign is Machidial.

In the old Roman reckoning, April was the second month, but it is counted in the Julian calendar as the fourth. The traditional derivation of the name is *omnia aperit*—"it opens everything." Among the Romans this month was sacred to Venus. The first twenty days were given over to feasts, games, and equestrian combats. On the twenty-first, which was regarded as the birthday of Rome, the wine of the previous autumn was first tasted; on the twenty-fifth, the ceremony of the Robigalia, for the averting of mildew, and on the last three days came the "Dance of the Flowers."

The first of April has long been a day for the playing of practical jokes. According to an old tradition this custom had its origin in the belief that it was on the first day of April that Noah sent his dove on its fruitless search for evidence of the subsidence of the flood. The dove got back without an olive branch, but there is no evidence on which to base the belief that Noah regarded the failure of the bird's mission as a joke.

Singularly enough the great day for

practical joking in Hindustan is March 31. In Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" the subject is referred to as follows:

"Perhaps it may be a relic of the Roman 'Cerealia,' held at the beginning of April. The tale is that Proserpina was sporting in the Elysian meadows, and had just filled her lap with daffodils, when Pluto carried her off to the lower world. Her mother, Ceres, heard the echo of her screams, and went in search of 'the voice'; but her search was a fool's errand, it was hunting the gowk, or looking for the 'echo of a scream.'

"Of course this fable is an allegory of seedtime."

It is usually in the month of April, too, that Easter falls. The word "Easter" is of Saxon derivation. Among the Teutonic races April was called Ostermonath—the month of the Ost-end wind, or wind from the East. The Saxon goddess of the East was called Easter, and her feast was celebrated in April. Our Easter Sunday must be between March 21st and April 25th. It is regulated by the paschal moon, or first full moon between the vernal equinox and fourteen days afterward.

Though it has long been the custom to make Easter Day the occasion of the celebration of the resurrection of Christ, there is no trace of such a celebration in the New Testament or in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers.

St. George's Day is the twenty-third of the month, and St. Mark's Eve, with its superstition about those who were doomed to die, falls on the twenty-fourth.

In China, the symbolical plowing of the earth by the emperor and princes of the blood takes place in their third month, which corresponds to our April; and in Japan, a pleasant domestic festival, called the "Feast of Dolls," is celebrated in April.

A good type of the aggressiveness, independence, singleness of purpose, and strength of character of the Aries people is the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. Bismarck was an excellent illustration of the dogged determination and fighting characteristics 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 28. |
| 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. |

Each month we will give the sign for that month and its significance to those whose birth-month it is. Watch for your

month, and note whether the characteristics given will apply to yourself and to your friends.—The Editor.

Poems by Dickens and Thackeray.

Specimens of Rare Rhythmic Thought from Two of England's Most Celebrated Novelists.

WITH the notable exception of Sir Walter Scott, no writer of English novels has attained any marked distinction as a poet. But like men engaged in hundreds of other occupations, celebrated novelists have at times succumbed to the allurements of the muse and have offered some of their thoughts to the world through the medium of verse. Among these were Dickens and Thackeray.

"The Ivy Green," by Dickens, lends grace to the "Pickwick Papers," while Thackeray's "At the Church Gate" has an interesting part in the novel, "Pendennis."

THE IVY GREEN.

By Charles Dickens.

O H! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the moldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

By William Makepeace Thackeray.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover:
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming:
They've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly:
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

HOW TO TELL A WOMAN'S AGE.

Two Ways of Securing Certain Valuable and Closely Guarded Information Which the Fair Sex Defies Even the Courts to Extract.

FEW mysteries are at once so impenetrable and so irritating as that which surrounds a truthful woman who declines to take you into her confidence when the subject of her age is mentioned. But even women who are truthful and secretive are curious, and when a friend tells them that he can solve the mystery in spite of them they may easily fall into a certain mathematical snare.

Tell the young woman to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then to multiply it by 2, then add 5, then to multiply it by 50, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then to tell you the amount she has left.

The two figures to the right will tell her age, and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 822: she is 22 years old, and was born in the eighth month (August).

Then there is another method.

Just hand this table to a young lady, and request her to tell you in which column or columns her age is contained, and add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be 17, you will find that number in the first and fifth columns. Here is the magic table:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 4 | 8 | 16 | 32 |
| 3 | 3 | 5 | 9 | 17 | 33 |
| 5 | 6 | 6 | 10 | 18 | 34 |
| 7 | 7 | 7 | 11 | 19 | 35 |
| 9 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 20 | 36 |
| 11 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 21 | 37 |
| 13 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 22 | 38 |
| 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 23 | 39 |
| 17 | 18 | 20 | 24 | 24 | 40 |
| 19 | 19 | 21 | 25 | 25 | 41 |
| 21 | 22 | 22 | 26 | 26 | 42 |
| 23 | 23 | 23 | 27 | 27 | 43 |
| 25 | 26 | 28 | 28 | 28 | 44 |
| 27 | 27 | 29 | 29 | 29 | 45 |
| 29 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 46 |
| 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | 47 |
| 33 | 34 | 36 | 40 | 48 | 48 |
| 35 | 35 | 37 | 41 | 49 | 49 |
| 37 | 38 | 38 | 42 | 50 | 50 |
| 39 | 39 | 39 | 43 | 51 | 51 |
| 41 | 42 | 44 | 44 | 52 | 52 |
| 43 | 43 | 45 | 45 | 53 | 53 |
| 45 | 46 | 46 | 46 | 54 | 54 |
| 47 | 47 | 47 | 47 | 55 | 55 |
| 49 | 50 | 52 | 56 | 56 | 56 |
| 51 | 51 | 53 | 57 | 57 | 57 |
| 53 | 54 | 54 | 58 | 58 | 58 |
| 55 | 55 | 55 | 59 | 59 | 59 |
| 57 | 58 | 60 | 60 | 60 | 60 |
| 59 | 59 | 61 | 61 | 61 | 61 |
| 61 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 62 |
| 63 | 63 | 63 | 63 | 63 | 63 |

SOME OF THE CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.

THE minimum age at which marriage is permitted varies in different countries. In Spain, Switzerland, Hungary, and Greece a boy may marry at fourteen, a girl at twelve years of age. In Austria the age is fourteen for both sexes. In France, Belgium, and Germany the age is eighteen for a youth and fifteen for a girl, though the rule in Germany is modified by the special law in Saxony, where girls are required to be at least sixteen before marriage. The minimum in Russia is eighteen for the youth and sixteen for the girl.

Though the marriageable age is fixed so low, astonishingly few couples marry under eighteen years of age. French women are as mature at eighteen as American women are at twenty. A physi-

cian drew up an exhibit of the registered cases of 876 married women in France. Of that number there were married—

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 3 at.....13 years | 28 at.....27 years |
| 11 at.....14 " | 22 at.....28 " |
| 16 at.....15 " | 17 at.....29 " |
| 43 at.....16 " | 9 at.....30 " |
| 45 at.....17 " | 8 at.....31 " |
| 77 at.....18 " | 5 at.....32 " |
| 115 at.....19 " | 7 at.....33 " |
| 118 at.....20 " | 5 at.....34 " |
| 86 at.....21 " | 3 at.....35 " |
| 85 at.....22 " | 0 at.....36 " |
| 59 at.....23 " | 2 at.....37 " |
| 53 at.....24 " | 0 at.....38 " |
| 36 at.....25 " | 1 at.....39 " |
| 24 at.....26 " | 0 at.....40 " |

In the United States the marriages of women over forty years old are not uncommon.

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.

MAJOR HAROURT arrives at New York from England for a week's stay, retaining his suite on the liner and dismissing his valet, Fledgely. He falls into the hands of a lively cabman, Danny Ginn, who drives him through the Park. He sees in another hansom a beautiful woman and follows her to the Casino, where he appears to make up his mind as to her identity. She disappears. Danny drives him to the Bowery and Chinatown, stopping on the way at a saloon, where he knocks down a pugilist, Carmack, who insults him. In Chinatown, later, he is enticed to the rooms of a boxing club, where Carmack is thirsting to get at him. He agrees to fight, and knocks out Carmack. It becomes evident that a man named Kirby, who has been in sight at almost every stage of these adventures, wishes to get his hands on Harcourt. He succeeds finally by drugging Harcourt's companion, and the Englishman is then led away by Kirby and a rough assistant.

CHAPTER VII.

A Chance Cast.

THEREFORE the Englishman went, lamblike, with Kirby and the man Jack, asking no questions, and showing his courage rather by taking no unnecessary risk than by filing active objections to the proceedings.

Harcourt was a stranger in a strange land. He had no idea, even, that Danny Ginn was searching for him and was at that moment almost within arm's reach. Had he seen Danny things might have taken another turn. As it was, he and his two guards left the saloon and stepped out upon the midnight streets of lower New York without there being the glimmer of a hope in Harcourt's mind that he was either near, or should cross the path of, a person whom he knew, or who might help him.

As he had no suspicion of Danny Ginn's presence close by, neither did he expect an encounter that occurred within ten yards of the door of the saloon where his capture had been made.

When one has last seen a chap in khaki lying by one's side behind an insufficient boulder, in the middle of a plain steeped in African sunlight—you and he being the advance of a skirmish line thrown out by some ass of a commanding officer who never before smelt powder—it is beyond the bounds of fancy to expect to meet that same man at midnight in the lower East Side of New York.

But unless Harcourt's eyes utterly deceived him, here was Dick Onslay coming along the walk at a swinging pace, head up, whistling, and looking much as he used on the march, excepting for the change of dress.

Harcourt had known that Dick was an American, and it was whispered through the corps that he was a newspaper writer who had volunteered with a Cape company to get the best of the censorship, and send his paper facts at first hand.

Dick had been wounded before Harcourt obtained his two sudden promotions which left him a major in His Majesty's army—when there should be another war. The title seemed to Harcourt an empty one now that he was not on active duty.

But to meet Dick Onslay here!

As unemotional as Harcourt naturally was, his former comrade's appearance caused him to start and half stop in his walk between his two captors. Indeed, so surprised was he that he failed to take any advantage of the incident to break the power of Kirby and his pal.

Kirby noted the Englishman's action. Instantly Harcourt felt the grinding of the man's pistol muzzle into his hip.

"What's up?" growled the fellow. "Don't you dare make a break—Ah!"

He had seen Dick Onslay, and at once he suspected that the Englishman knew him. The emergency was one on which Kirby had not counted, for he had reason to know that his captive was practically alone here in New York.

Dick was still some yards away, and totally unconscious of his friend's approach.

"You know that guy?" whispered Kirby, fiercely.

*Began March SCRAP BOOK. Single copies 10 cents.

The major nodded.

"Seen him lately?"

"Not for three years, I believe."

"Cut him, then! Cut him dead. If you speak to him, or look at him, or as much as bat an eyelid, I'll perforate you!" hissed Kirby.

There was time for no further word. Dick was upon them, and he could not fail to notice three men walking side by side along a pavement that was none too wide at the best.

He crossed over to the outer edge of the walk to pass them, and as he did so shifted his gaze so as to sweep their faces on a slant. It was merely a passing glance.

Major Harcourt stared straight ahead, as though he were on parade. Kirby watched Dick's face.

He saw the latter change countenance suddenly, stop with a muttered exclamation, and out of the tail of his eye Kirby observed that Onslay had wheeled and was staring after them—the picture of amazement.

"And by heaven! he's a newspaper man," muttered Kirby. "I know him. Hurry on, Jack."

He glanced back again. Dick had taken a step or two along the walk in pursuit; but as Harcourt did not turn his head, or give any sign of recognition, the reporter shrugged his shoulders, and went on his way.

"Couldn't be he. What would Bramwell Harcourt be doing over here, anyway? We'd have heard of it through the hotel registry news, if he was. Guess my eyesight is getting poor," muttered Dick.

He went on to the Elevated steps, caught an up-town train, and did not think of the incident again until the following afternoon, when he happened to pass the desk of the sporting editor of the paper on which he was then engaged.

"Got anything particular on, Dick?" asked the desk man, evidently in the throes of the next morning's make-up."

"What do you want?" demanded the special writer. "You fellows are always putting work on me that I didn't contract for when I came on your blooming old rag."

"Be good-natured," begged the sporting editor. "Here's some stuff that came in and one of the cubs went out for me and found that it isn't a fake. Carmack was really knocked out—and within shouting distance of police headquarters, too!"

"Billy Carmack, the fellow who licked the Hoboken Terror?"

"That's who. Give me half a column about it, will you? Your high-class humor will make my page worth something tomorrow."

"Pah! Don't sling butter."

"Well, Carmack's finished, anyway. I always thought him a windbag. They'll all come out now and say the fights he won were either faked, or due to luck. We might as well knock him, too."

Dick was running his eye over the news-agency slip, and the typewritten notes of one of the younger reporters.

"I'll take this," he said, briefly, and walked away to an unoccupied desk to read:

An unidentified English sport knocked out Billy Carmack, the middleweight, Monday night, in a hall hired by the Timbuctoo Club, within a stone's throw of police headquarters. It was an unexpected event—not alone to Billy, who has been gassing a good bit since his fight of last month, and has hinted that he might challenge somebody 'way up in the pugilistic crowd. From now on, however, he will be busy trying to explain "how it happened."

The Timbuctoo Club arranged for several bouts between aspiring amateurs, coached by old John Degnan. Carmack and the Englishman met unexpectedly, there were two swift rounds and—it was all over for Billy.

It is said that Carmack met the stranger in a certain Seventh Avenue café, stirred up the British lion without using a long pole, and was floored in an offhand manner by our cousin from over the sea. That didn't please Billy a little bit and a fight was arranged to cap the evening's entertainment for the Timbuctoo Club. It was nuts for the club, and for the Englishman; but Billy was put to sleep and seemed to lose interest in the affair about the middle of the second round.

About at this point in the story Dick was suddenly reminded of Bramwell Harcourt.

"Gee!" he muttered, "how that fellow could fight! I'll never forget that time in camp—

"By the way, can it be possible that I saw Harcourt last night—or was I in a trance? He certainly didn't recognize me, if it were he."

"If I'd been along with two such disreputable guys, I'd have cut my best friend! And that isn't Harcourt's style, either."

"I heard he'd got to be major and was richer than mud. But that ought to make no difference—and, by George! it wouldn't with Bram Harcourt. Stiff and British as he is, he's no cad."

"But with those fellows—One of 'em I must know—that black-eyed chap. Bad man. Let me place him."

He tapped his forehead a moment with a long finger.

"Let's see—name! Kennedy? Kemble? It sure begins with K. Ah! Kirby! He's been a curbstone broker. Got chased out of business. He does something at one of the race tracks."

"Now, that would be nice company for Harcourt! What was he doing—Non-sense! Harcourt is probably not within three thousand miles of here."

Dick caught the arm of one of two boyish fellows who were passing.

"Here, Teddy! Don't you chase the hotels sometimes?"

"Don't get a chance to do much else on this measly sheet," growled the cub, with an injured air. "Never expect to till I get gray hair."

"Gray matter under the hair might turn the trick for you," suggested Dick, kindly. "But I want to know if you've run across the name of Major Bramwell Harcourt on any hotel list within the last few days? English officer—tall, yellow mustache—swallowed a ramrod sort of a chap. He's 'some punkins' in his own bailiwick."

"Never heard of him," declared Teddy.

But his companion looked suddenly interested.

"I say, Mr. Onslay, you're not the only fellow asking for such a man as that," he said. "What's up—something big? Let me in to help you, will you?"

"George, that nose for news which you acquired running your college monthly magazine is simply marvelous," sighed Dick. "There is something 'big' on—it's too big for a young man like you to smoke," and he reached out unexpectedly and took the newly filled dog's head pipe from the other, which same he proceeded coolly to light.

"He's always jollying, George," Teddy said. "Come along," and he left them.

Dick glanced around and saw that nobody was near.

"Who is looking for an English army officer, and what does he want of him, and where did you get this interesting information?" he asked, between puffs.

"I thought it was something," exclaimed George, under his breath, his face shining. "I'll be as close as an oyster, Mr. Onslay."

"You seem to be. I'd like to pry your shell open far enough for you to answer my queries."

"Why, I'm doing 'police' during the morning. I'm just going home now; been turning in my stuff, you know."

"Skip your personal history, George. You haven't learned the art of opening your story with a telling phrase."

"Don't guy me, Mr. Onslay! I was just telling you—Yes, sir! Here it is! I was at headquarters and a cabman came in—a comical little Irishman named Ginn."

"I know him," said Dick, briefly. "Danny Ginn."

"That's the man. It seems that he had this Englishman for a fare last night—took him from some dock on the North River—drove him around town, and finally ended up the evening in Chinatown.

"There he lost him. He'd been in directly after this occurred—last night, you understand—and told the police, and they had laughed at him and said he'd been buncoed."

"He says he saw the Englishman after his call at headquarters, in the company

of Old John Degnan—a superannuated sport—"

"Cut it. Know him, too. You would if you had been a reporter as long as I have, son," said Dick. "And never let Old John hear you call him 'superannuated.' His favorite expression is that he has 'a few punches left.' He was famous in his day."

"He should have had some of those punches on tap last night, then," grinned young George. "There was an item in the paper this morning about his being found, dead to the world, in the back room of a saloon on Park Row, just after midnight.

"Somebody doped him—soon after the cabby saw him with the Englishman. That's what brought Ginn around to headquarters again. He fears something happened to his fare. I suppose he's looking for his money. Any of these tourist people who get roped into games in Chinatown deserve all they are handed, I guess."

Dick suddenly put a stopper on the younger man's moralizing.

"You're all right, young man—or you would be if you weren't so much of an ass!" he snapped. "Trot, now. I've got to get busy."

George went away with a clouded face.

"That's always the way with these 'star' reporters. They use you—pump you dry—and then freeze you out. I'll bet my soul against a peanut that Dick Onslay is next to a big thing—and he'll hog it all!"

But to tell the truth, Dick Onslay was not at all sure *what* manner of story he was up against. He could hardly believe that these threads would weave together into a possible and probable narrative.

An English tourist was lost—had been lost in Chinatown. An English tourist (or supposedly such) had knocked out Billy Carmack in an impromptu prize fight in the same neighborhood.

Presumably the same Englishman had been seen in Old John Degnan's company, and Old John had been drugged in a saloon on Park Row soon afterward.

Not far from midnight Dick himself had seen a man who was the dead image of Major Harcourt, his old companion during the Boer War.

"It's worth looking into. Whether there's a story or not, for old-time's sake I'll see if this man could by chance be Harcourt," the newspaper man told himself.

He hurried his article for the sporting editor, and being a person of much consideration in the office, left word that he was on a story, and walked out. A few inquiries had assured him of further facts connected with the circumstances enumerated above.

He went to the Seventh Avenue café and received from the dapper little proprietor a first-hand account of the occurrence in the saloon when Carmack had tried to pick up a row with the strange Britisher.

Then he found Danny Ginn and the mare. Danny did not know his strange fare's name, but he was still enthusiastic about him, and refused to believe that he had intentionally cheated him, Danny, out of his money.

"Shure, he's a rale shport!" Danny declared. "An' iver since readin' how Ould John was given knockout drops in that dope place, Ol've been worried erbout His Nibs.

"Ould John's in the horspital, or I'd ha' seen him. There's some crooked work been done, Ol' slave, sor."

"What hotel did you drive him from?"

"No hotel, sor. 'Twas from the Black Triangle Line dock I took him."

To save time, for it was growing late, Dick called up the offices of the steamship company on the 'phone. After some time, and after explaining who he was to several officials, he learned that Major Bramwell Harcourt *was* in America.

He had arrived Monday morning on the Quirinal. Dick learned that, being a friend of certain influential directors of the line, Major Harcourt had retained his stateroom for the week during which the Quirinal lay in port.

He had intended staying aboard, instead of going to a hotel, for he would return to the other side when the Quirinal sailed the next week. It was understood that Major Harcourt had pressing business matters to call him back to London at that time.

But the major had gone ashore Monday morning, and had not returned. Just before his departure the purser, Mr. Jackson, had handed him a cablegram. It was thought by the steamship officers that the message might have something to do with the change in Major Harcourt's plans, etc.

It was a blank wall. Evidently the steamship people had no anxiety for Major Harcourt. He might, of course, be safely ensconced in some New York hotel.

But Danny's story, and the report of the prize-fight, and various other circumstances, pointed to something more sinister.

"Now—I—wonder," murmured Dick Onslay, as he rode down-town, "what could have been in that cablegram? Could that explain his mysterious disappearance?"

"Surely a man of method and dignity, like Harcourt, would not change his plans so suddenly without some reason. If he said he was going to live aboard the ship, that was his intention.

"And from what I gathered from Danny Ginn, he showed no desire to seek a hotel Monday night after 'seeing the town.' He evidently intended going back to the boat up to the moment he left the cabman and entered that Chinese joint.

"From that point, although we have guesses as to what he did, they are only guesses. I must have seen him—it was surely he whom I saw with that Kirby and the other blackleg."

"I—By Jove! I must see that cablegram!"

And how he accomplished this must remain a secret; but it was done.

The message was in an ordinary code, and, translated, read most astonishingly:

Watch your new valet, Fledgely. He is in pay of the other side. Believe you will be shadowed.
(Signed) KAHLION.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Stakes.

A FEW old-fashioned, high-stooped dwelling houses are still to be found in certain streets of the lower East Side—that section of the town which used to be aristocratic before New York began to spread so mightily northward, and before these same streets became the dumping ground for the offscourings of European states.

Now these old streets are crowded with foreign faces, and the shops covered with signs in strange tongues. Tenements and warehouses of dingy brick have replaced ninety-nine, one-hundredths of the brown-stone fronts.

There is a certain old house, in a certain narrow street—the only one of its kind left from end to end of that thoroughfare. There is a junkshop next door, and two low barrel-houses on the same side of the street in that single block make it an interesting neighborhood.

The house offers a gloomy and sullen front to the street, as though it felt the degradation that had come upon it through association with the newer, but cheaper, structures.

The main entrance is shrouded by an iron wrought gate of very close grillwork, and is never unlocked. The windows, front and rear, are screened with iron shutters, clamped upon the inside.

The door beneath the high stoop is of sheet-iron, and rude children scrawl pictures in chalk and write untrammeled opinions of their dearest enemies upon its smooth surface.

This door appears never to be opened, too; but it opened a few moments before one of the clock on Tuesday morning, and allowed to enter three men—Major Bramwell Harcourt and his two guards.

During their swift walk through the noisome streets of this locality, since seeing Dick Onslay, the Englishman had observed no person to whom he might have looked for help, had it been the part of wisdom to make any attempt to escape.

He had no idea—not the faintest—of the meaning of this bold kidnaping plot. He imagined it had something to do with his fight in the hall of the Timbuctoo Club; as yet he dreamed of nothing behind the queer game he seemed to have run into at the Seventh Avenue café.

These men must hold something in store for him other than a beating; for had that been intended he knew that it could have

been easily accomplished in the saloon into which he had gone for a drink with Old John Degnan.

Kirby opened the door under the high stoop with a key. No person appeared to challenge their entrance, and after lighting a candle, which the man Jack groped for in the dark of the lower hall, they went up-stairs.

There was moldy carpet on the floors and stair-treads which deadened the fall of their feet. But the house seemed entirely unoccupied, although none of the doors which Harcourt passed were open.

There is an unmistakable air of mustiness, and seemingly the echoes are shriller, in a long-abandoned house than in any other. This gloomy dwelling impressed Harcourt in both of these ways.

"It may be property long in chancery," the Englishman thought, unfamiliar with the legal verbiage of the States. "But how did this blackleg—"

The thread of his thought was broken by Kirby opening a door on the second floor. The captive was ushered into a large room, furnished as a bedchamber, with a great box-bed and draperies of the kind more common in the middle of the last century.

"It ain't been slept in for some time," Kirby observed, coolly; "but it's clean enough. There's a caretaker, who goes over the whole house once a week."

He went to the bed, jerked back the curtains, and turned down the upper coverings.

"Yes! There are sheets on, and pillow-cases. Guess you won't suffer."

Harcourt eyed him coldly.

"I am a prisoner here, then?" he asked.

"You can call it that if you like," grinned the black-mustached man.

Harcourt looked at his watch.

"It is one o'clock—as late as I care to be up, gentlemen," he observed. "There's the door."

Kirby started, but Jack had already slunk toward the exit.

"You're damned cool about it!" burst forth the greater villain. "Ain't you got no questions to ask?"

"Not of you. Perhaps—later—of *your master*," was the enigmatical reply, and Harcourt bowed the two out, slipping a bolt behind them—a bolt which he had noticed when he entered the room.

And his roving glance had noted other things, too—articles which strengthened a suspicion which had first entered his mind when he had been ushered into the basement of this old house.

He would never have had this suspicion, after the events which had made so memorable his first evening in New York, had it not been that he had reason to recall just such a house as this one, and situated somewhere in the older part of the city.

When his guards were gone and he was alone, he looked searchingly about the chamber, stroking his mustache in char-

acteristic manner, and thinking deeply. Finally he drew forth the comforting cigarette, and as he lit it his reverie became a half-audible muttering.

"What was it Karlich said about the house here?"—*puff, puff*—"Something about its being unoccupied for a long time. The estate left by the old boy"—*puff*—"must have been pretty well tied up, by Jove!"

"As these Americans say, I'm up against something more than"—*puff, puff*—"than a chance meeting with a"—*puff*—"crowd of blacklegs, don't y' know!"

"Gad! This fits the story Karlich told me—exactly. Let—me—see!"

Kirby had left the candle they had brought up-stairs. But Harcourt saw a heavy tarnished candelabrum on the mantelshelf, each socket supplied with a candle, firm but yellowed with age, and fly-specked.

The major walked across the room and lit the entire galaxy of lights. He sat down near by and still sending the rings of smoke in gentle puffs about his head, drew out a note-case and began to study certain closely written pages.

Pasted to one of the pages was the photograph of a woman's face—a very beautiful, piquant, dark-eyed visage and, as the major had previously remarked, much like that of the girl whom he had followed to the Central Park Casino the previous afternoon.

And, although to look over a gentleman's shoulder at his private memoranda may be exceedingly impolite, we will do so long enough to read and retain in our memory the following tersely written facts:

Mem.: Affair of Kent, James Alfred:
Kent, James Alfred, born East London to chandlery trade, youngest of three sons, 1824.

Founder of Adoniram Kent & Sons dies, leaving said J. A. Kent in control of business, which becomes involved. In 1869, when forty-five years old, J. A. K. decamps, leaving creditors unpaid and brothers impoverished.

Same year (1869) in New York City,

"Alfred K. James" establishes himself as merchant with goodly cash capital. Becomes entangled with woman named Margaret Sloan, who becomes his housekeeper, and afterward claimed a legal marriage. "Alfred K. James" thrives for ten years—the years immediately following the American Civil War being productive of many great fortunes.

In 1879 heirs of Adoniram Kent were advertised for by family solicitors of the then Earl of Kent. Owing to several "deaths without issue" the title of Lord Armadone had fallen to the branch of the family that had gone into the chandlery trade. J. A. K.'s brothers were now dead.

Therefore: "Alfred K. James," after turning everything except the house he lived in, and which he had deeded to Margaret Sloan, into cash, suddenly disappeared from New York. This was made the easier as the Sloan woman was in the country with the child, a girl, who had just been born to the couple.

"Alfred K. James" disappears in New York; in three weeks' time, according to the court records, James A. Kent, reappears in London, settles with his creditors, assumes title of Lord Armadone, later marries in his own class, is blessed with one child, now Lady Alice Kent, who respects her reprobate father to the day of his death, in 1903.

Before estate can be settled a firm of American solicitors enter claims for one Irma Kent, heretofore called "Irma James," or "Irma Sloan," the daughter of the Sloan woman and the man who posed in New York as "Alfred K. James."

If claims are allowed at trial, said Irma Kent, or James, or Sloan, will be Lady Kent, seize the English estates, and illegitimatize Lady Alice Kent.

As Major Harcourt returned the book to his pocket, he muttered:

"Karlich might have saved himself the trouble and expense of hiring those American detectives to search the house A. K. James lived in while here in New York. It looks as though I would be able to get a pretty correct view of it myself, by Jove!"

And he whistled softly to himself as he began thoughtfully to remove his outer garments preparatory to trying the unoccupied bed at the farther end of the room.

Perhaps he might not have been so calm and so careless of what the future had in store for him, had he known what followed Kirby's closing of the door behind himself and his henchman.

The black-mustached man heard the click of the bolt as Harcourt shot it, and he shook his head, retiring down the first flight, muttering to himself. There Jack awaited him.

"It's all right," he said, shortly. "You can cut your lucky. I don't want you again to-night."

The man grunted a rejoinder and disappeared into the darkness of the basement. A moment later Kirby heard the sheet-iron door opened, and then it clanged to behind the retreating Jack, holding with a spring lock.

Then it was that Mr. Kirby turned toward the door of the rear parlor of the house and rapped lightly on the panel.

Instantly a voice from within said:

"Enter!"

Kirby pushed open the door, and a flood of yellow lamplight poured out into the hall, dazzling the visitor for a moment.

"Come in and shut that door, Kirby," said the voice again, and the man obeyed.

This room had been the library of the house, and was a deep and dingy place, with everything swathed in brown holland, including the heavy, glass-doored book-cases. Only the green covered table, with a shaded lamp upon it, seemed arranged for business.

There were papers, and a pen-stand, and a great, deep ink-well, upon the blotter under the lamp's radiance; while in an armchair before these things sat a large man—an obese man, indeed—with a highly polished bald head and heavy features, closely shaven cheeks and lip, and twinkling eyes that hid themselves most of the time in a sly, watchful way, behind drooping lids.

"Well?" was the question of the big man, the word coming like a shot out of a gun.

"We got him here," grunted Kirby, with the air of one who feels that he has not performed his task successfully, and yet sullenly ready to deny the fact. "And 'twarn't no easy job, Mr. Elder. We put our necks in the noose, all right, all right—"

"Don't go into details, Kirby," snapped the other. "I wish to know nothing about your means, or to what lengths you have been to fulfil orders. Simply: Is the man in question secure?"

"He's in the room up-stairs, and locked in—and we're locked out!" added Kirby. "I forgot there was a bolt on that door."

The other allowed a little smile to wreath his smoothly shaven lips.

"It does not matter. Let him lock his door. He cannot unlock it till we please—nor the windows."

"You're right, sir. They're rear windows, anyway, and the shutters are riveted on. He won't get away in a hurry, though he's the devil for getting out of trouble."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Elder; but he asked no further enlightenment upon Kirby's meaning. "Anything further to say, Kirby?"

"No, I ain't. I only hope this lets me out o' the business. You tell Mr. Carringtonford that I tried to do what he suggested—"

Again the listener put up a forbidding hand.

"Never mind telling me what it was Carrington suggested, Kirby. I don't want to know it."

"I know, sir—I know. Just tell Mr. Carrington that this blasted Britisher has put Billy Carmack to sleep, and probably put him out of the fighting business for good, for the story's bound to get around. He's just hell—that's what he is. And the coolest customer I ever see, Mr. Elder."

"Re-mark-a-ble!" purred the other. "If that is all, Kirby—good night!"

"That's all, Mr. Elder."

And so the lesser villain, having played his part, withdrew, and the big man sat

at the table, listening sharply, until the distant slamming of the spring-closed door below assured him that Kirby had left the house.

Then he said sharply, and quite in an ordinary tone:

"This is a nasty mess, Carry. I do not think so much of your Mr. Kirby's resources as you gave me reason to hope."

Instantly there was a movement behind the portières masking an alcove, and a younger man came quickly and angrily into the light cast by the shaded lamp. He was in evening dress, wore a shiny tall hat, and was of that type of muscular, well-dressed young men about town that haunt the smaller clubs.

"The fellow's a fool!" he exclaimed in a harsh voice. "I thought better of him. I expected some of his pug friends would pound the blamed Britisher to a jelly and send him to the hospital. And instead, we have him on our hands, a prisoner. Not a nice thing, Carry—not a nice thing at all."

"Well!" exclaimed the other belligerently. "Why didn't you suggest something else?"

"I did!"

"But hang it! I tell you, Elder, Irma is not to be trusted to do what we want done—"

"Any more than Kirby, eh?"

"Oh, he did his best. He asked no questions. She *would*—she *is* asking 'em, and they're getting to be infernally sharp questions, too."

"So?"

"She was determined to see this chap herself to-day. I sent her off in the cab through the Park. And undoubtedly she gave him an inkling of what we're trying to do, for he in turn followed her, and she had to play a sharp trick to shake him."

"He is a bright man, then?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. All I know is that he is the one witness we can't buck against, and that it looks now as though he had us foul."

"I've told Irma that if this Harcourt man testifies in the English court next month, and for the other side, our case is finished. She might do something to help herself—but not the sort of help we'll need, Elder," he added significantly.

"If she could move him to 'tell the truth,' as she expresses it, she'd do so. But we can't depend upon her to go far enough."

"I thought she was eager for this business?" queried the larger man reflectively.

"She was—she is, up to a certain point."

"But she has a New England conscience?" and the other laughed a bit gratingly for so suave a man.

"Maybe. She has heard about the other woman, too. She asked me yesterday if her proving her claims would not put that other girl in a bad box?"

"Humph! 'Put not your trust in women,'" quoted Elder.

"Damn it, Elder, don't laugh. It's mad-

dening. Don't you realize the stakes I'm playing for?"

"We're playing for"—or 'Irma's playing for"—might sound better, Carry. Why gather to yourself the entire pot?"—and the big man chuckled.

"I'm hanged if I'm not the only person who's doing anything worth while!" growled Carrington.

"And what have you accomplished?" asked Elder sulkily. Then, when it was certain his young friend was silenced, he added:

"You are perhaps in a frame of mind more amenable to advice now, Carry. You do not know it all. You are extremely young and ingenuous. Why do you suppose people trust me, my friend?"—and he asked it unctuously.

"Because they have to," returned the other sullenly.

There was a sudden flash in the big man's eyes, but he veiled them. His lips writhed into a scornful smile.

"Perhaps. But likewise because I have experience. Let me advise you. You have placed the legal end of this tangle in my hands; let me advise you how to deal with this unexpected witness.

"Now, Carry, from what we have learned, the other side expect this Bramwell Harcourt to prove for them exactly what we don't wish them to prove—that Lord Armadone did *not* marry Margaret Sloan, eh?"

"So we suppose."

"We are pretty certain," repeated Elder. "Harcourt's father was the solicitor whom Lord Armadone took into his confidence at the time he contracted the marriage—or the supposed marriage—with Lady Alice Camden.

"He must have told old Harcourt something, or showed him something, which went a long way to disprove any marriage on *this* side of the pond. A lawyer like Harcourt would not compound a felony. Bigamy isn't a nice thing to be mixed up in."

Carrington shivered a little and chewed savagely on a cigar he had taken from his case.

"Now, this Major Harcourt is the repository of his father's legal affairs. The other side expect to prove by him that our claim is unfounded. And, in addition, it is said Major Harcourt is a bit sweet on the present Lady Alice."

"Oh, damn!" exclaimed Carrington. "I know all this. What's your game?"

Elder raised an index finger warningly.

"That man must not appear against us in the English courts next month. That he—and the other side—know he is watched is proven by his slipping away from London so quietly for this trip across the Atlantic."

"We were too many for him there," chuckled Carrington.

"Thanks to Fledgely—yes. A smart man, Fledgely. I have always said so.

And yet, I picked him up out of the gutter—a broken down actor—”

“Cut it! What's your finale?”

“Sit down and listen to my plan,” observed the fat man coolly, and with their heads close together the two sat until after the city clocks struck two, Carrington for the most part listening, Elder talking steadily, earnest of tone and gesture.

CHAPTER IX.

An Unlooked For Throw.

WHEN Dick Onslay managed to obtain a copy of the cablegram that had awaited the arrival of Major Harcourt in America, and had translated it, he had his first tangible clue upon which to base his belief that “something had happened” to his old acquaintance.

And it was a blind clue at that. He knew nothing o’ Bramwell Harcourt’s private affairs, and could not imagine what was hinted at in the message, only so far as it pointed out the fact that Harcourt was likely to get into difficulties with “the other side.”

Who and what the other side were was, of course, beyond his guessing. He knew nothing about the late Lord Armadone, and his tangled domestic arrangements.

If Dick was any judge of character at all, however, he had seen Harcourt in strange—perhaps dangerous—company, and the story of the Timbuctoo Club bout proved that the visiting Englishman was mixed up with a peculiar crowd, to say the least.

Dick was half tempted to drop the matter when he first read the cablegram. How a man, warned as Harcourt must have been warned, should allow himself to fall into trouble, Dick could not see; and he was a bit disgusted.

Then the thought of the valet, Fledgely, smote him. Fledgely was accused of being a traitor to the major. Now, what more probable explanation than that the major may not have seen the message at all?

Dick thereby jumped at the correct idea in an instant. A man like Major Harcourt would likely send his valet for his mail, and such like.

If this Fledgely was paid “by the other side,” as the cablegram said, would he be likely to allow the message to get past him to his employer before examining it himself? And once he had read the message, the aforesaid Fledgely would be mighty careful that Harcourt never saw it!

“Of course!” exclaimed Dick, growing interested again, “that’s the explanation of the matter. Harcourt has got into this mess with his eyes blindfolded.

“I don’t know what the game is,” admitted Dick, shaking his head. “But Harcourt himself was always a man to lend another a hand in a difficulty, and I can do no less for him.

“Besides,” he concluded, “it looks like there’d be a good story in it,” which is the newspaper man’s clinching argument.

He dropped into the office and hinted to his editor that he had the tail end of something promising and might want somebody to help him.

“Whom do you want?” she was asked.

Dick glanced lazily over the room, and all he could see were the eager eyes of George, the cub, doing police work.

“I’ll take him,” he said briefly, and George forgot all his animosity for the “star” when he was told to put himself under that high and mighty person’s orders.

It was early evening still when the two reporters started out. George did not mind a probable night’s work on top of his day stint, if he could but be “in at the killin’”

Onslay had learned from Danny Ginn the name of the hospital to which Old John Degnan had been carried. They went there first, and the younger reporter found himself dropped in the office while Dick went up to the ward to interview the ex-champion.

As he expected, the newspaper man found the old fellow disinclined for any talk regarding his “knock out.” He was mad clear through, however, and those who had befuddled him would pay dearly for the trick—if Old John had his way.

“And I know ‘em, all right, all right!” growled the ex-champion. “I’m like an old dog; they t’ink me teeth’s poor. But let ‘em wait! I got a few punches left yet, you can tell ‘em.”

“What was the trouble, anyway?” asked Dick. “Something that happened at the Timbuctoo Club last night, eh?”

“What do *you* know erbout that?”

“I know you had a surprise party there. Somebody bucked up against the wrong man.”

Old John began to chuckle.

“I guess you heard about Billy Carmack?”

“I guess I did,” admitted Dick.

“That feller was a wonder—that British dude. An’ he warn’t no dude, either; he was a real sport,” declared Old John.

“I’ll tell you,” Dick said, “it’s about him I want to ask you. What became of him?”

“Damfino!” declared the old fellow, opening his eyes. “I was made dead to the world.”

“And your English friend seems to be, too. He’s disappeared,” said Dick.

“You don’t mean that?”

“That is why I am here. I want to know why he *should* disappear—”

“That damned Kirby!” exclaimed Old John bitterly. “I seen he had it in for the English gent.”

“Kirby! Ah, I thought it was he. Now, John, give me the whole story and tell me where I’ll be likely to find this Kirby.”

But the old fellow shook his head, and he was evidently sorry that he had dropped the man’s name in his wrath.

“I ain’t going to say whether you got the

man pat or not," he said finally after much urging. "But I'll tell you what happened, and as far along as I can remember."

So he sketched the scene at the fight when Kirby came in with the stranger (without admitting it was Kirby, however), and of what followed down to the point where he lost consciousness after tossing off his whisky in the back room of the saloon, where he had gone to celebrate Harcourt's victory.

"An' you can tell 'em I'll git square," he repeated, his rage rising again against the tricksters who had come within an ace of poisoning him with chloral.

Dick knew about the sort of fellow Kirby was. He had a certain influence which always squared him with the police, although he was known to be both a bad man and crooked.

The game wasn't to be shirked, however. He must meet and interview this black-leg; and it had something about it of the uncertainty of putting one's hand in a lion's mouth. The lion *might* be well tamed; then again—

He made the saloon in which Old Johon had been drugged the starting point of his search. This place had at present an atmosphere of holy horror over the fact that a man *could* have been given knockout drops there.

But Dick knew how to make the habitués of such "joints" talk, and young George learned a thing or two while he dogged the older reporter's footsteps.

To locate Kirby was only a matter of time and meeting the right people, and by half after ten Dick walked into the rear room of a certain apothecary shop on the Bowery, where a little game was under way between four well-known local politicians, and with one man looking on.

The man looking on was Kirby.

The black-mustched man's eyes contracted to furtive black points and he stared at Dick wrathfully. He remembered him from the previous night.

Dick beckoned him aside, and the fellow went reluctantly enough. He was sullen and inclined to be abusive. Dick, however, soon put the matter to him so that he saw "a great light."

"I know just what you've got behind you, Mr. Kirby. I know it will be hard to catch you on any ordinary peccadillo, because of your local pull. But you have butted in on an international matter. This Englishman is a man of importance."

He leaned forward and tapped Mr. Kirby's shoulder with significance in voice and gesture.

"They're looking for him, Mr. Kirby!" he whispered, failing to state exactly who "they" were.

Kirby was evidently impressed. He denied knowing what the reporter meant at first. But that could not last long when Dick put the facts he had discovered before him in their damning array.

"Well, what if ye did see the Britisher

an' me together last night?" he blustered. "Ain't he a free agent? Can't he go where he wants to?"

"But what has become of him *since* then?" demanded Dick. "That is what we want to know."

"An' what if I refuse to tell you?"

"Then it's up to you to walk down to headquarters and see the inspector. You've got a pull, but so has the paper a pull—may be a bigger one. There's bound to be a nasty time for you, Kirby, if you don't open up."

"See here!" cried the badgered man. "Will you be satisfied if I tell you where that guy is?"

"If he's all right—and your statement is proved," declared Dick.

"Well, it ain't none of your business, and he won't thank you none for interfering, and I'll likely get into trouble for telling you," declared the other virtuously. "He's off on a little spree with his friends, and I don't believe he wants to be tagged around town by a lot of newspaper guys."

"Well?" said Dick, unruffled.

"He's at the Carolus Club," said Kirby desperately. "I know it, for I seen him go in there with a friend of his at dinner time. If you want him very bad, you can find him there."

"The Carolus Club? Whew!" Dick's face displayed much doubt.

"You can call him up!" exclaimed Kirby angrily. "Do you know his voice?"

"I ought to!" returned the reporter. "I reckon I'll never forget it—nor you wouldn't if you'd stood beside him on the *veldt* fighting those dirty Boers."

"Huh! I don't know nothin' erbout that," grunted Kirby. "Come over here to the 'phone. You can hear me call up the number—you know the Carolus Club number?"

"I do."

"Then mark it!" exclaimed Kirby, and went into the booth, holding the door open with his foot.

When Central answered Dick heard the man ask plainly for the correct number of the fashionable up-town club. Then Kirby firmly closed the door, and when he got his connection asked for a name which Dick Onslay could not catch.

After a moment's talk with this person who finally answered the 'phone, all in so confidential a voice that the reporter could barely catch a word now and then, Kirby opened the door of the booth.

"He's coming to the 'phone," the black-mustached man growled. "Sit down here and take the instrument."

Dick hesitated. He looked sharply at George.

"Mr. Kirby is going to remain right here while I am talking," he said significantly.

George nodded. Kirby laughed harshly.

"You needn't be afraid. I sha'n't run away," he said.

Just then Dick heard a voice speaking in his ear, and its tones startled him.

"Are you there?" drawled the voice which Dick Onslay could have sworn to anywhere as being the cool, even tones of Major Bramwell Harcourt. "Somebody call Harcourt?"

"Hello, major!" exclaimed Dick excitedly. "Is it really you?"

"This is Major Harcourt. I—I do not get your name?" said the major coldly.

"This is Dick Onslay, major. You remember me? I want to see you——"

"Mr. Onslay!" exclaimed the other, with a change of tone which was apparent over the wire. "I—I should be delighted. Will you call on me to-night?"

"Can't I see you to-night?"

"Surely—if you will come up-town. You know where I am?"

"At the Carolus Club?"

"Yes. Though, by Jove!—I don't see for the life of me how you ran me down, don't you know?"

"I'll explain when I see you," said Dick hastily. "And I'll be right up."

"Very well," was the major's reply.

The reporter hung up the receiver and stepped out of the booth. Kirby was grinning at him sardonically.

"Satisfied?" he snarled.

"For the present. I hope I sha'n't have to look you up again on this business, Mr. Kirby," returned the reporter calmly.

He went out with George. The latter was boiling with suppressed interrogations. But Dick let him continue to boil.

He did not understand much about this strange affair himself. Why had Major Harcourt hidden for twenty-four hours, now to turn up at one of the most fashionable haunts of New York clubdom?

The two reporters took a train up-town, and a cross-town car to Fifth Avenue. Dick had been of two minds about continuing George on the assignment. It looked now as though the most to be made out of it was a society story.

Dick was glad to find Harcourt all right; but he was sorry to miss the story he had believed was back of that cable message.

"If there's anything in it at all, Harcourt must give it me," he was thinking as they arrived at the club. "I want some pay for all my trouble—and so will the paper!"

"Hello!" muttered his companion in his ear. "What's going on here?"

Dick looked up to see a New York Hospital ambulance dash up to the side door of the club. Several cabs were driving hurriedly away from the main entrance just around the corner. There was a crowd of men in the vestibule.

Dick hastened his steps and arrived at the Fifth Avenue entrance, mounting quickly into the main corridor. The door-keeper stopped him and George, and perfunctorily asked for their cards. It was plain the functionary was rattled.

"What's going on? What's happened?" demanded Dick.

"I—I—Something unfortunate has taken place. You—you are not a member, sir? You are newspaper men?"

Dick nodded.

"I am not allowed to speak. You can see the steward. There is Mr. Chamberlain there—perhaps he'll talk with you."

Just then young George pulled Dick's sleeve.

"I heard those fellows yonder say that a man had been shot," he whispered.

The older reporter nodded. He strode forward to where the gray-haired man whom the doorkeeper pointed out was standing. Dick knew Mr. Chamberlain by reputation and knew that a word from him would be authoritative.

"Who has been shot, sir, and how did it occur?" the reporter asked, forgetting his desire to see Major Harcourt.

This promised a bigger and better story—and all made to his hand.

Mr. Chamberlain started, and his fine brow bent.

"You newspaper men have got hold of it so soon? A club is a gossip shop!"—in disgust.

"No; it just happened so. I came to see a man," said Dick.

"Confounded unlucky, then, I call it!" declared the old gentleman. "Now, naturally, the Carolus Club does not want a thing like this exploited in all the sensational sheets and spread broadcast all over the town."

"Let me get my information at first hand, then," said Dick coolly. "You can hold me personally accountable if I do not give the facts as they are."

"Humph! But I doubt if the facts as they are will help us any. It's bound to be a nasty mess," growled Mr. Chamberlain. "You and your friend come with me. I'll tell you what I can; but for God's sake make it easy for his folks."

"Who was it?" demanded Dick.

"Harry Badger—Old Man Badger's hopeful."

"What! Shot a man?"

"No. He was shot. The doctor says there isn't a ghost of a show for him. It was some sort of a row in one of the billiard rooms. Harry had been drinking. Half a dozen times we have threatened to ask him to withdraw from the club because of his habits. He's ugly as—well, as a *badger*—when he's in his cups."

"But he struck the wrong man to-night. A visitor. Don't know really what the trouble was. Nobody on hand but the man who did it and Carrington—a fellow who introduced him."

"Introduced who?"

"The man who did it."

"Who is he?" asked Dick, note-book in hand.

"Why, he's an Englishman—I didn't catch his name. He was here with Carrington. After Harry was shot both the stranger and Carrington got away."

Con Cregan's Legacy.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER (1806-72) remains the most popular novelist that Ireland has ever produced. He was born in Dublin and studied medicine both there and in Germany. After engaging in the practise of his profession for several years he began to write his novels of Irish life, the first of which, "Harry Lorrequer," appeared serially in the *Dublin University Magazine* in 1837. This story caught the fancy of the public at once, by its unrestrained spirit of rollicking fun, verging often upon farce. The flow of animal spirits which Lever displayed was even more conspicuous in the most popular of all his books, "Charles O'Malley," and in the succeeding novels, "Jack Hinton," "Tom Burke of Ours," and "The Confessions of Con Cregan," from the last of which the accompanying selection is taken. Wit and humor are blended in everything that Lever wrote, and he had a keen eye for the grotesque. His later years were largely spent upon the Continent, and he died at Trieste, where he had been British Consul for many years. He and Samuel Lover afford the best examples of Celtic wit that are to be found in literature.

WHEN, my worthy reader, we shall have become better acquainted, there will be little necessity for my insisting upon a fact which, at this early stage of our intimacy, I deem it requisite to mention; namely, that my native modesty and bashfulness are only second to my veracity, and that while the latter quality in a manner compels me to lay an occasional stress upon my own goodness of heart, generosity, candor, and so forth, I have, notwithstanding, never introduced the subject without a pang—such a pang as only a sensitive and diffident nature can suffer or comprehend; there now, not another word of preface or apology!

I was born in a little cabin on the borders of Meath and King's County: it stood on a small triangular bit of ground, beside a crossroad; and although the place was surveyed every ten years or so, they were never able to say to which county we belonged, there being just the same number of arguments for one side as for the other—a circumstance, many believed, that decided my father in his original choice of the residence; for while, under the "disputed boundary question," he paid no rates or county cess, he always made a point of voting at both county elections!

This may seem to indicate that my parent was of a naturally acute habit; and

Indeed the way he became possessed of the bit of ground will confirm that impression.

There was nobody of the rank of gentry in the parish, nor even "squireen"; the richest being a farmer, a snug old fellow, one Henry McCabe, that had two sons, who were always fighting between themselves which was to have the old man's money. Peter, the elder, doing everything to injure Mat, and Mat never backward in paying off the obligation. At last Mat, tired out in the struggle, resolved he would bear no more. He took leave of his father one night, and next day set off for Dublin, and 'listed in the "Buffs."

Three weeks after, he sailed for India; and the old man, overwhelmed by grief, took to his bed, and never arose from it.

Not that his death was anyway sudden, for he lingered on for months longer; Peter always teasing him to make his will, and be revenged on "the dirty spalpeen" that disgraced the family: but old Harry as stoutly resisting, and declaring that whatever he owned should be fairly divided between them.

These disputes between them were well known in the neighborhood. Few of the country people passing the house at night but had overheard the old man's weak reedy voice, and Peter's deep hoarse one, in altercation. When at last—it was on a Sunday night—all was still and quiet in the house; not a word, not a footstep, could be heard, no more than if it were uninhabited, the neighbors looked knowingly at each other, and wondered if the old man were worse—if he were dead!

It was a little after midnight that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first, for I used to sleep in a little snug basket near the fire; but I didn't speak, for I was frightened.

It was repeated still louder, and then came a cry—"Con Cregan; Con, I say, open the door! I want you."

I knew the voice well; it was Peter McCabe's; but I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door, and I heard him say, "Oh, Mr. Peter, what's the matter? Is the ould man worse?"

"Faix that's what he is! for he's dead!"

"Glory be his bed! When did it happen?"

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I from my corner could perceive was greatly agitated. "He died like an ould haythen, Con, and never made a will!"

"That's bad," says my father, for he was always a polite man, and said whatever was pleasing to the company.

"It is bad," said Peter; "but it would be worse if we couldn't help it. Listen to me now, Corny, I want ye to help me in this business; and here's five guineas in goold, if ye do what I bid ye. You know that ye were always reckoned the image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

"Anan!" said my father; for he was getting frightened at the notion, without well knowng why.

"Well, what I want is, for ye to come over to the house, and get into the bed."

"Not beside the corpse?" said my father, trembling.

"By no means, but by yourself; and you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die; and then I'll send for the neighbors, and Billy Scanlan, the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, laving all the farm and everything to me—ye understand. And as the neighbors will see ye, and hear yer voice, it will never be believed but that it was himself that did it."

"The room must be very dark," said my father.

"To be sure it will, but have no fear! Nobody will dare to come nigh the bed; and ye'll only have to make a cross with yer pen under the name."

"And the priest?" said my father.

"My father quarreled with him last week about the Easter dues: and Father Tom said he'd not give him the 'rites': and that's lucky now! Come along now, quick, for we've no time to lose: it must be all finished before the day breaks."

My father did not lose much time at his toilet, for he just wrapped his big coat 'round him, and slipping on his brogues, left the house. I sat up in the basket and listened till they were gone some minutes; and then, in a cosume as light as my parent's, set out after them, to watch the

course of the adventure. I thought to take a short cut, and be before them; but by bad luck I fell into a bog hole, and only escaped being drowned by a chance. As it was, when I reached the house the performance had already begun.

I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little window with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceeding. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it a table, with physic bottles, and spoons, and teacups; a little farther off was another table, at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him.

The country people sat two, sometimes three, deep round the walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event. Peter himself went from place to place, trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whisky—which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted room; the highly wrought expression of the country people's faces, never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or a sob—the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back: these, I repeat it, were all so real, that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low, faint cough, from the dark corner where the bed stood, seemed to cause even a deeper stillness; and then in a silence where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said, "Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will!"

"He's here, father!" said Peter, taking Billy by the hand and leading him to the bedside.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick; for I haven't a long time afore me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the 'rites'!"

A general chorus of muttered "Oh! musha, musha," was now heard through the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbors and all mankind!"

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son, Peter—and never was there a better son, or a decenter boy!—have you that down? I bequeath unto my son, Peter, the whole of my two farms of Killimundoonery and Knocksheboora, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house, the forge, and the right of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him, and much good may it do him, Lanty Cassarn's acre, and the Luary field, with the limekiln; and that reminds me that

my mouth is just as dry; let me taste what ye have in the jug."

Here the dying man took a very hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it.

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he; "oh, I remember, at the limekiln; I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant fine crops grows there."

"Ain't you gettin' wake, father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he; "I am getting wake; just touch my lips agin with the jug. Ah, Peter, Peter, you wa-tered the drink!"

"No, indeed, father; but it's the taste is lavin' you," says Peter; and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the cabin.

"Well, I'm nearly done now," says my father: "there's only one little plot of ground remaining; and I put it on you, Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? Are the neighbors lis-tening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, father. We're all mind-ing," chorused the audience.

"Well, then, it's my last will and testa-ment, and may—give me over the jug"—here he took a long drink—"and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of my will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the crossroads to poor Con Cregan; for he has a heavy charge, and is as honest and as hard-working a man as ever I knew. Be a friend to him,

Peter, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself; think of me on my deathbed whenever he asks ye for any trifle. Is it down, Billy Scanlan? the two acres at the cross to Con Cregan, and his heirs *in secula seculorum*. Ah, blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that," says he; "a good work makes an easy conscience; and now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns—"

What he was going to add, there's no saying; but Peter, who was now terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people away into another room, to let his father die in peace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father, who was putting on his brogues in a corner: "Con," says he, "ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross."

"Of course it was, Peter," says he; "sure it was all a joke for the matter of that: won't I make the neighbors laugh to-morrow when I tell them all about it!"

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter, trembling with fright.

"Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against yer father's dying words?" says my father; "the last sentence ever he spoke;" and here he gave a low, wicked laugh, that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con!" says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; yer a deep fellow, that's all!" and so it ended; and my father slipped quietly home over the bog, mighty well satisfied with the legacy he left himself.

And thus we became the owners of the little spot known to this day as Con's Acre.

STRONG BOX OF THE PERSIAN SHAH.

Emeralds, Rubies, Diamonds, Pearls, and Turquoises Beyond Compare Are Included in a Collection Valued at More Than \$35,000,000.

OUR multimillionaires might do well to build strong boxes like that of the Shah of Persia—a small room, twenty feet by fourteen, reached by a flight of steep stairs, and entered through a small door.

Here, spread upon carpets, lie jewels valued at \$35,000,000. Chief among them is the Kaianian crown, shaped like a flower-pot, and topped by an uncut ruby as large as a hen's egg, and supposed to have come from Siam. Near the crown are two lambskin caps, adorned with splendid aigrettes of diamonds, and before them lie trays of pearl, ruby, and emerald necklaces, and hundreds of rings.

Mr. Eastwick, who examined the whole, states that in addition to these there are gauntlets and belts covered with pearls and diamonds, and conspicuous among them the Kaianian belt, about a foot deep,

weighing perhaps eighteen pounds, and one complete mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies.

One or two scabbards of swords are said to be worth a quarter of a million each. There is also the finest turquoise in the world, three or four inches long, and without a flaw. There is also an emerald as big as a walnut, covered with the names of kings who have possessed it. The ancient Persians prized the emerald above all gems, and particularly those from Egypt.

Their goblets decorated with these stones were copied by the Romans. The Shah also possesses a pearl worth \$300,000. But the most attractive of all the Persian stones is the turquoise, which is inlaid by the native lapidaries with designs and inscriptions with great effect and expertness.

TRIBUTES TO DEAD BROTHERS.

EULOGIES PRONOUNCED AT THE GRAVE BY SIR ECTOR ON SIR LAUNCELOT, AND BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL ON E. C. INGERSOLL.



OWEVER unemotional man may be, his deepest sentiments are stirred when he stands face to face with death. The sense of loss; the uncertainty; the vastness of the mystery, which can be solved only by conjecture or the intuitions of faith—all these solemn elements call out the most interior thought and feeling.

Among the recorded utterances of grief we have selected two for our readers. Each is a funeral oration over the body of a brother. In literature we go back to old Sir Thomas Malory for the "doleful complaints" of Sir Ector de Moris over the dead Sir Launcelot, his brother. It will be remembered that after the death of Queen Guinevere, as recorded in the "Morte d'Arthur," Sir Launcelot, "ever after, eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead." They bore him to Joyous Yard, where he had desired to be buried, and thither came Sir Ector, who for seven years had been vainly seeking his brother.

The second utterance is the eulogy which was pronounced by the late Robert G. Ingersoll at the funeral of his brother, E. C. Ingersoll. Under similar conditions of grief no deeper note has been so eloquently sounded. Colonel Ingersoll touched the meanings of life, and, infidel though he was, ventured a noble hope in death.

SIR ECTOR TO SIR LAUNCELOT.

AND then Sir Ector threw his shield, his sword, and his helm from him; and when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon; and when he awoke, it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. "Ah! Sir Launcelot," said he, "thou wert head of all Christian knights. And now, I dare say," said Sir Ector, "that Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands; and thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bear shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

INGERSOLL'S EULOGY.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower.

He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstition far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak and with a willing hand gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice, all place a temple and all season summer."

He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did a loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now."

Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you, who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

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.

SECOND DECADE.

1811 THE British destroyed a French squadron in Lazone Bay, and the French army under Masséna was finally driven from Portugal, France, the South and Middle German States, and Austria formed an alliance against Russia. Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden, and formerly one of Napoleon's marshals, refused aid to France. Napoleon threatened Sweden and began preparations against Russia. The United States seized West Florida, and British protests were ignored. The American ship President and the British ship Little Belt exchanged shots, and friction between the two countries increased. Dutch settlements in Java captured by the English. At Tippecanoe, General Harrison defeated the Indians under Tecumseh. Resentment against Great Britain because of her conduct on the sea, and her assertion of her right to search American ships, increased in the United States. The Mamelukes decoyed to attend a festival in Cairo and slaughtered by Mehemet Ali. The King of Rome, son of Napoleon and Marie Louise, born on March 20. Agitation in England against flogging soldiers and sailors. Luddites smashed machinery in Nottingham. Herman Kleist, German poet, committed suicide. Bishop Percy, ballad compiler, died.

POPULATION.—Washington, D. C., 8,208; New York (with boroughs now forming Greater New York), 119,734; New York (Manhattan), 96,373; London (including Metropolitan District, census 1811), 1,009,546; London (old city), 120,909; United States, 7,239,881; Great Britain and Ireland (census 1811), 15,547,720.

RULERS.—The same as in the previous year, except that the Prince of Wales became regent of Great Britain.

1812 THE English under Wellington captured Ciudad Rodrigo, and began to press hard on the French in Spain. Badajos, held by the French under General Philippon, stormed by the British after a fight

in which five thousand men fell. American privateers began to prey on British commerce. June 18, war began between America and England. The first contest was between the American ship President and the British ship Blandina; the Blandina escaped. The Essex, Captain David Porter, and with Midshipman David G. Farragut, aged thirteen, on board, captured a British transport with two hundred soldiers, and forced the Alert to surrender. The United States frigate Constitution sunk the British frigate Guerrière, but the British Poictiers captured the American sloop Wasp. Other naval duels ended in favor of American ships. Decatur, commanding the frigate United States, took the Macedonian, while the Constitution captured the Java. President Madison refused the services of General Andrew Jackson; Jackson thereupon organized an independent corps, which was reluctantly accepted when reverses came. General Hull led the Americans to Canada, and was defeated at Mackinaw. Hull surrendered Detroit to Brock, British Governor of Upper Canada, who had formed an alliance with the Indians. Fort Dearborn (Chicago), was burned by the Indians, and the settlers massacred. In a battle near Fort George, on October 13, General Brock was killed, but the Americans were forced to retreat. Dearborn made a fruitless attempt to invade Canada.

On June 22, Napoleon, with over six hundred thousand men, began his disastrous Russian campaign. The Russians devastated the country as they retired before his advance. At Smolensk they inflicted upon the French a loss of fifteen thousand, fired the city, and retreated. The French, stricken with disease, suffering from lack of food, and beset on all sides by the Russians, pushed on toward Moscow. At Borodino, after a desperate battle, Napoleon won a disastrous victory; nearly a hundred thousand men fell on both sides. The French entered Moscow, but within a few hours the city was in flames—fired by the Russians at the order of the governor, Rostopchin. Russian peasants slaughtered thousands of French stragglers. Napoleon's peace overtures being rejected, he was compelled to evacuate Moscow, after blowing up the Kremlin. The retreat of the French was worse

than the battles, and thousands of them perished from cold or lack of food. The Russians pursued, and won battle after battle. Of the grand army that invaded Russia, only a tenth crept back to France. In Spain, the French lost Cadiz and Madrid, and were defeated by Wellington at Salamanca. In December, Napoleon hurried to Paris, crushed Mallet's conspiracy against him, and called for a new conscription of three hundred and fifty thousand men. This year more than a million lives were lost in the Napoleonic wars.

Louisiana admitted to the Union. Iodine discovered by Dr. de Courtois, of Paris. An earthquake in Caracas killed twelve thousand persons. The English publisher of Thomas Paine's books fined and pilloried. Luddite anti-machinery agitation increased in England.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.



1813 NAPOLEON set Pius VII at liberty, and arranged the Concordat between church and state in France. Prussia joined Russia against Napoleon, who fought a series of battles with the allies in central Germany, at Moeckern, Gros-Goerchen, Lützen, and Bautzen. On June 4 a truce was signed at Pleswitz. Wellington's decisive victory over the French at Vittoria—where shrapnel shells were first used in warfare—gave renewed vitality to the combination of England, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden against France and Denmark. In America, eight hundred Americans were captured at Frenchtown, in Michigan. At sea, the American Hornet, Captain Lawrence, sunk the Peacock; the Hazard captured the British frigate Albion, but the Shannon took the American frigate Chesapeake, killing Captain Lawrence, who said as he died: "Don't give up the ship!" The Enterprise captured the British brig Boxer. On Lake Erie, September 12, Commodore Perry fought the famous battle which he thus reported: "We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop." General Harrison put an end to the Creek rebellion by his victory at Fort Malden. Austria joined the allies against France, and Moreau, hero of Hohenlinden, and Bernadotte sided against their old leader, Napoleon. At Dresden (August 26, 27) Napoleon won his last great victory; Moreau was killed. At Wahlstatt, Bluecher routed the French, and Ney met disaster at Dennewitz. King Jerome Bonaparte was forced to flee from Westphalia. Bavaria refused longer to support Napoleon. At Wachau, Murat was defeated by Bluecher. The campaign in Germany culminated in the great battle of Leipzig, fought October 16 to 19, in which four hundred thousand Germans and Russians totally defeated two hundred

thousand Frenchmen, killing or capturing nearly half of them, and sweeping Germany free of invaders. Meanwhile Wellington invaded France from the south, and Napoleon's empire began to crumble fast. Spain was forever lost to him. Napoleon dissolved the Corps Législatif, determined to carry out his plans for prosecuting the war, and called for a new conscription of three hundred thousand men. Cape of Good Hope ceded to the British by the Dutch. George Stephenson built his first locomotive. The Jesuit Order restored by Pius VII.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.



1814 ON January 1, Blücher crossed the Rhine to begin the invasion of France. He was defeated at Brienne, but won at Rothière, and with the aid of the Russians pressed Napoleon hard in a series of battles. In March the allies won decisive victories at Laon and Arcis-sur-Aube. England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria bound themselves together for twenty years more, England agreeing to pay each of the other powers two million pounds; France was to be reduced to its original boundaries. Napoleon refused the terms offered him. Marie Louise fled from Paris. The allied armies entered Paris on March 31, and on April 11, after trying to poison himself, Napoleon abdicated at Fontainebleau. He retired to Elba, which was assigned to him as a mimic kingdom. Talleyrand now became dominant in Paris, and the Bourbons were restored, Louis XVIII being crowned King of France. Ferdinand VII resumed power in Spain. By the Treaty of Paris, France retained her old territory, received back the colonies captured by England, kept Alsace-Lorraine, and much of the plunder gathered by Napoleon. Russia held Poland and Finland.

In June the Americans, under Brown, seized Fort Erie and fought indecisive actions with the British at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. In August a British force, under Ross and Cockburn, landed in Maryland, defeated the Americans at Bladensburg, and advanced to Washington. Madison and his cabinet fled. The defenseless city was entered by the enemy; the White House and uncompleted Capitol were burned, and the government stores and buildings at Alexandria were destroyed. An attack on Baltimore was repulsed, inspiring Key's "Star-Spangled Banner." On Lake Champlain, McDonough captured four vessels of a British squadron and put the rest to flight. Two hundred men from a British fleet on its way to New Orleans attempted to board the privateer General Armstrong (Samuel Reid, captain), in the neutral harbor of Fayal. They were repulsed. Three British vessels closed in, and after a

plucky fight Reid and his ninety men scuttled the General Armstrong, and escaped, having seriously damaged the British fleet. Jackson took Florida, killed eight hundred Creeks for their massacre of the inhabitants of Fort Mims, and finally broke the power of the Indians by his victory at Horseshoe Bend. During all this time New England had held practically aloof from the war with the British, giving little assistance to the other States. On Christmas Day a treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed at Ghent. Norway accepted the King of Sweden as ruler—an arrangement only recently abandoned. The Bourbons entered on reprisals in France and Spain, having "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Jesuits permitted to return to France. Despotism renewed in the German States. The Prince Regent of England excluded his wife, Caroline, from court. Count Rumford, scientist, and the ex-Empress Josephine, Napoleon's first wife, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that the Bourbons were restored in France and Spain; Louis XVIII King of France, and Ferdinand VII King of Spain.

1815

ON January 8, the news of the peace not having reached

America, Jackson won the battle of New Orleans, inflicting a loss of two thousand on the British, and losing only twenty-one men. At Mobile, the Americans captured another British force, but off New York Commodore Decatur had to surrender, with his ship, the President, to the British blockading squadron. England restored Java to Holland, but retained Demerara and the Cape of Good Hope. The Papal States were re-established, and the Swiss Federation formed. On February 26 Napoleon slipped out of Elba; on March 1 he landed in France, where he was received with joy by his old soldiers, and on March 20 he entered Paris, beginning the Hundred Days. Ney deserted Louis XVIII to join Napoleon, and practically the whole army followed. Louis fled to Ghent. England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia at once united against Napoleon. In a few days he mobilized and equipped an army of one hundred and twenty thousand veterans, and in June he was ready to attack the British and Prussian forces in Belgium. At Quatre-Bras, on June 16, Ney fought an indecisive engagement with the former, while at Ligny, on the same day, Napoleon defeated the Prussians under Blücher. On the 18th, Napoleon's army confronted that of Wellington before Waterloo. Before noon the fight began. Ney made repeated and gallant charges against the solid British squares, but his cavalry was slaughtered. Late in the day Blücher, after a forced march, arrived with part of his army, and, joining the

British, sent the French forces flying. Napoleon barely escaped, and the allies pursued the shattered remnants of his army. The Napoleonic wars, which had cost nine million lives and untold treasure, and had remade the map of the world, were ended.

On June 20 Napoleon reached Paris, and on June 22 he abdicated, the House of Representatives having adopted by acclamation Lafayette's motion that the chamber should sit permanently, and that any attempt to dissolve it should be high treason. On July 7 the allies again entered Paris; on the 15th Napoleon surrendered to Captain Maitland of the British ship Bellerophon, at Rochefort. He was taken to England, and thence sent to St. Helena, where he arrived October 15. The Bourbons proscribed the chief supporters of Napoleon, and shot Ney and Murat.

Madison reelected President of the United States. Philadelphia began construction of waterworks system. United States victorious in the war with Algiers. Work on the Erie canal begun. The Holy Alliance formed, including all the rulers of Europe excepting the Sultan of Turkey, the Pope, and the King of England. Davy invented the safety lamp. Wollaston, English scientist, by means of electricity, brought platinum to incandescence—the forerunner of the incandescent electric light. Daniel O'Connell killed D'Esterre in a duel. Anti-corn-law riots in England. Robert Fulton died. Financial depression throughout the United States.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that for a hundred days (March to June) Napoleon was in power in France, Louis XVIII having fled from Paris.

1816

TWENTY years of continual warfare had left England with a debt of eight hundred million pounds, with business at a standstill, riots general throughout the country, and hundreds of thousands of discharged sailors and sailors added to the unemployed. Fouché was expelled from France by the Bourbons, and Talleyrand replaced in the ministry by the Duc de Richelieu. The Inquisition was reestablished in Spain, and stringent measures employed in the effort to put down the revolts in the American colonies. Bolívar, in Venezuela, inflicted serious losses on the Spaniards. Argentina, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Paraguay declared themselves independent of Spain.

The United States still suffered from a general commercial and industrial depression. First tariff imposed; New England, with Daniel Webster as its leading orator, was at that time for free trade; the South, led by Calhoun, was for protection. New England's shipping trade was practically suspended as a result of the new tariff. Seminole Indian uprising in Florida quelled. First savings-bank in the coun-

try opened in Philadelphia. Indiana admitted to the Union. Freemasons expelled from Italy. Goods of English manufacture excluded from Russia. Rebuilding of Moscow begun. First form of the stethoscope invented by Laennec, of Paris.

Gouverneur Morris, American statesman, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, English dramatist and statesman, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

* * *

1817 THE United States entered upon the prosperous period known as the Era of Good Feeling. Government land rapidly taken up by settlers, and people began to push westward. Resumption of the trouble with the Seminoles. Jackson took command of the troops after many white settlers had been massacred. First line of steamships between New York and Liverpool opened. On July 4 ground was broken for the Erie Canal. First school for deaf-mutes opened at Hartford. First insane asylum in America opened by the Friends in Philadelphia. Mississippi admitted to the Union.

Depression continued in England; several Luddites executed for smashing machinery; eighteen persons hanged for forging Bank of England notes; habeas corpus suspended. Pindaree and Mahrratta wars in India; Lord Hastings, the English governor-general, won a series of victories and greatly extended the British power. The Prince Regent of England hooted by mobs because of his conduct to his wife.

Eleven persons in Philadelphia and seven in Norwich, England, killed by steamboat boiler explosions, resulting in violent public opposition to steam vessels. Cholera epidemic started in Bengal, spread over Asia and Europe, crossed the Atlantic, and caused over a million deaths before it was checked some years later. Béranger, French poet, imprisoned for blasphemy.

Mme. de Staél, French writer, and Thaddeus Kosciusko, Polish patriot and soldier in the American Revolution, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that James Monroe became President of the United States on March 4.

* * *

1818 THE army of occupation withdrawn from France. King Frederick William III of Prussia, at the instigation of Metternich and the Russian Czar Alexander, having become an implacable opponent of liberalism and popular education, began to suppress schools and colleges. General discontent in Spain, and several abortive uprisings occurred against Ferdinand VII, whose misgovernment had left an empty treasury and an unpaid army. Andrew Jackson invaded Florida, and

Congress refused to rebuke him; negotiations with Spain for the purchase of Florida. Illinois admitted to the Union, and the contest over the admission of Missouri commenced in Congress. Pensions granted to needy Revolutionary soldiers, and to the widows and children of Revolutionary soldiers—the beginning of the pension system. The number of stripes in the United States flag reduced to thirteen, the number of stars to be equal to the total number of States in the Union.

Polar expeditions sent out both from America and from England. In the latter country, Abraham Thornton, accused of murder, claimed the right to prove his innocence by meeting his accuser in battle; under an ancient statute this was possible, and as Thornton's accuser declined the proposed combat, the prisoner was set free. The obsolete law was thereupon repealed. Patent leather and strychnia discovered. Steam first used for heating purposes.

Independence of Chile finally declared, after eight years of fighting, on February 12.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that Charles XIV (formerly Marshal Bernadotte) succeeded Charles XIII as King of Sweden and Norway.

* * *

1819 MOST of the Cherokee Indians removed from Georgia to lands west of the Mississippi. Congress agitated by the Missouri discussion; bill to prohibit slavery in the territory of the Louisiana Purchase north of the parallel of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, excepting in Missouri, introduced, and passed the following year. Opposition to slavery increased in the Northern States. Yellow fever in New York. Alabama admitted to the Union. Würtemberg abolished serfdom. August Kotzebue, German playwright and leader of the opposition to liberal ideas and education, assassinated by Sand, a Jena student; severe measures of repression, under the influence of Metternich, the great Austrian minister, followed. Throughout the German States censorship of the press was established, wholesale arrests of liberals occurred, student societies were forbidden, and ninety-four students were executed for wearing black, red, and yellow ribbons, the emblems of liberalism. Richard Carlisle, of London, arrested for reprinting Paine's "Age of Reason." Velocipedes, hobby-horses, and other forerunners of the bicycle became popular. Oersted, of Copenhagen, made important discoveries in electromagnetism.

Queen Victoria born; James Watt, English inventor; General Blücher, Prussian soldier; and Warren Hastings, first governor-general of India, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1820 RIEGO'S revolt in Spain failed, but was followed by other movements in favor of liberalism. In Madrid, the prison of the Inquisition was stormed, and the political prisoners it contained set at liberty. King Ferdinand was forced to convoke the Cortes and agree to restore the comparatively liberal constitution of 1812. Divorce suit of George IV of England before the House of Lords; when the prosecutor had just started his opening address, the peers rose suddenly and rushed out in a body to witness a complete eclipse of the sun; the suit failed. Sir Walter Scott was the first baronet created by George IV. The Duc de Berry, heir presumptive to the French throne, assassinated by Louvel, February 13. The Carbonari, or charcoal burners, forced Ferdinand I, King of Naples, to grant a constitution, which he swore to uphold, but almost immediately repudiated. The people of Portugal also rebelled and obtained a constitution. Russia sold to Spain a fleet which proved later to be made up wholly of rotting hulks.

In the United States, the Missouri Compromise Bill was passed and signed by

(To be Continued.)

VOLUMES THAT HAVE VANISHED.

Troops, Mobs, the Torch, or Carelessness Have Deprived Moderns of the Chance to Read Famous Productions of the Ancients.

KIPPLING'S "Recessional" was rescued from the waste-basket by Mrs. Kipling. The London *Spectator* not long ago told a similar story of Tennyson's beautiful lyric in "The Brook." The poet, it seems, after writing the lyric did not like it, and was just about to throw it into the fire when his friend, Mr. Edward Rawnsley, asked permission to look at it. Mr. Rawnsley, naturally, strongly advised its publication, but he found it no easy matter to convince the poet that the lyric was worth preserving. Who to-day does not remember the lyric? And who can quote offhand even the substance of the remainder of the poem?

How many a masterpiece may have been created and destroyed, and the world none the wiser. "The Brook" was saved, and the "Recessional," but those narrow escapes do not assure us that Kipling and Tennyson never consigned good work to the flames when no one was at hand to rescue it. Authors are commonly poor judges of their own work; as beginners they overestimate its value. That is one reason why editors are necessary. Is it unlikely that, in inverse ratio to the growth of a poet's skill and power, his sense of the shortcomings in his work becomes keener? One can imagine Keats in

Monroe, who was reelected to a second term in the Presidency. Maine was admitted as a State, and Spain agreed to cede her title to Florida for the sum of five million dollars.

Hydropathy introduced by Priessnitz. Ampère discovered the galvanometer. Caffeine separated by Oudry, and quinine by Pelletier and Caventou. Silk hats and steel pens came into general use.

George III, King of England; Benjamin West, American artist; Henry Grattan, Irish statesman; and Arthur Young, political economist, died.

POPULATION.—Washington, D. C., 13,247; New York (including the boroughs now forming Greater New York), 152,056; New York (Manhattan), 123,706; London (Metropolitan District), 1,225,694; London (old city), 125,434; United States, 9,638,453; Great Britain and Ireland (1821), 22,566,755.

RULERS—United States, James Monroe; Great Britain, George III, died January 29, George IV succeeded; France, Louis XVIII; Spain, Ferdinand VII; Prussia, Frederick William III; Russia, Alexander I; Austria, Francis I; Pope Pius VII.

anguish over a flaw in a sonnet, though to others the flaw might be invisible. Keats would certainly destroy that sonnet if he could not make it please him.

Literature's greatest known losses have been due for the most part to external causes. Soldiery, the mob, the torch—indifference or fanatical objection—these have destroyed so much that one almost denies the optimism of the poet's "There never was one lost good." We have but seven of the seventy dramas which Aeschylus wrote; seven of the hundred or more by Sophocles; nineteen of the ninety-two by Euripides. The remaining fragments of Sappho's verse are scarcely more than enough to tantalize us. During the siege of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar the library was burned, with its more than four hundred thousand manuscripts. During the Reformation irreparable losses to literature resulted from the plundering of monasteries. A servant of Warburton's lighted fires with manuscripts of sixty-five unprinted plays by Massinger, Ford, Decker, Robert Greene, Chapman, Tournure, and Thomas Middleton. Heywood's "Lives of the Poets" has disappeared. Sir Thomas Newton's dog tipped over a candle which set fire to the papers containing the results of his labors in his declining years. Several pages would not hold all the instances that might be named.

The Beginnings of Stage Careers.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

SECOND 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.

GILLETTE DESERTED LAW.

Abetted by Mark Twain, the Future Playwright and Star Took to "The Road," Which He Found a Thorny One.

WILLIAM GILLETTE may be said to have reached the stage on the run, for he ran away from home in order to gratify his ambition to become an actor. His family were staid citizens of Hartford, Connecticut, where his father once ran for Prohibition governor of the State.

The idea was to make a lawyer of William, but after he got over a taste for mechanics, which led him to construct secretly a steam engine in his bedroom, he conceived for the stage a craze that refused to be snuffed out by parental opposition.

Mark Twain, a neighbor in Hartford, was on the boy's side. His "Gilded Age" was being dramatized, and the author lent his influence to get young Gillette a place in the cast as foreman of the jury in the company of which John T. Raymond was the head.

In this role he was entrusted with the onerous task of saying these four words in response to the question of the judge: "We have. Not guilty."

Stranded in the South.

Gillette was barely nineteen at the time, and after the run of "The Gilded Age" was over he found himself in New Orleans without another engagement or the chance of obtaining one. Finally he secured an opening on these magnificent terms—agreeing to play without salary and to furnish his own costumes.

The post was that of leading utility man for a New Orleans stock company, and when, after serving for a while under these humiliating conditions for the sake of the experience it would bring, Gillette mildly suggested that he be paid a small honorarium, he was told there was one alternative that was always open to him—he could leave, which he did.

Thereupon ensued a rough and tumble

period of existence for the young actor, who did not arrive at pleasant pastures again until he took to writing plays himself. And yet his first production to reach the footlights was by no means an overwhelming success. This was "The Professor," produced at the Madison Square Theater when that house was managed by an Episcopal clergyman and his brother.

No one will ever know the sweating of blood that it took for Gillette to obtain the opening here. But through the influence of family and Mark Twain he finally landed the thing, with himself in the leading part.

Success Follows Failure.

It is such a superhuman task to secure a manager's attention for a play that the new playwright is prone to feel that the Rubicon has been passed once the manuscript has been accepted. But in reality this is only a halting place on the roadside where he may tarry to obtain his second wind. And young Gillette needed all the recuperative powers possible, for when "The Professor" was brought to public attention the critics hurled at it their keenest shafts.

The actor-playwright managed to survive, although his play didn't, and, falling to be discouraged, he went ahead with his work on "Esmeralda." This was a story written by Frances Hodgson Burnett, in which the Mallorys of the theater, had become interested, and the dramatization of which, in association with the author, they had entrusted to Gillette. This proved to be a big hit, with Annie Russell in the name-part, and ran to over three hundred performances.

Another adaptation success quickly followed—that of "The Private Secretary," in which Gillette also played. Meantime he was at work on another original piece, "Held by the Enemy," a war drama which almost beat "Shenandoah" on its own ground in the race for popularity.

Rides for Another Fall.

Inspired by the success he had achieved, Gillette was not content to go ahead on

the same lines. He ached to branch out, to astonish folks, to do something big, and with his record behind him he had little difficulty in persuading Charles Frohman to go halves in the production of "Ninety Days."

This was a melodrama of the most lurid type, but the Third Avenue edge of it was supposed to be taken off by the elaborate fashion in which it was staged and the care with which the mechanical effects were looked after. There were almost fifty people in the cast, and so much dependence was placed on the play itself that there was scarcely a known name in the list.

The piece failed completely, running a bare month, and carrying down all Gillette's savings in its collapse. The disappointment shattered his health and he retired to a cabin in South Carolina, where, after a time, he set to work on some more adaptations—"Too Much Johnson," "All the Comforts of Home" and "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." The latter farce Mr. Gillette considers one of the best things he has done in that line.

"Secret Service" a Winner.

These were all produced successfully, which could not be said of what eventually turned out to be his most famous work, "Secret Service," called originally "The Secret Service," and which was looked upon coldly when it was launched in Philadelphia, with Maurice Barrymore in the lead.

Gillette gave the piece a thorough overhauling, and it was put on in the new form and with the author as the hero at the Garrick, New York, in 1896, and made the hit that was really the beginning of Gillette's career of fame as actor-playwright.

BLANCHE BATES BALKED.

As a School Marm She Got Behind Footlights to Dodge Promotion from Kindergarten to Primary Grade.

I KNEW that Blanche Bates came of a theatrical family, and that, therefore, she had an open sesame to the stage, but I did not know just when she made her first appearance, and to learn this for THE SCRAP BOOK, I sought her out in the brief interval of rest she has, without a costume change, between the first and second acts of "The Girl of the Golden West."

"How did I make my start?" she repeated in answer to my question. "Well, I rather think it was because I balked at the idea of being known as a 'school marm.' I'll tell you about it. Although both my father and mother were on the stage, I didn't care for the life in the least. In fact, in my small young mind, I set up to being a very grand lady."

"An actress? No, indeed, I told myself. 'Something much better than that for me.' I was interested in young children and became a kindergarten teacher in

San Francisco, where my mother was playing with L. R. Stockwell. But it was my very success with the youngsters that brought about the close of my career as a teacher. If I could do so well in the kindergarten, the committee argued, I was worth promoting, so one day they came to me with the announcement that I had been advanced to the charge of a grade in the primary department.

To Teach or Not to Teach.

"I suppose I should have felt duly honored, but I didn't. I sat down and began to look ahead, through the vista of years to come. A teacher, a school-mistress! That somehow didn't agree with the ideas of the grand lady my fancy had conjured up. And, at that psychological moment mother came home with a proposition from Mr. Stockwell.

"It seemed that they were to give him a benefit and he suggested to her, by way of novelty in the bill, that I should appear in a one act play. Coming as it did just as I was wavering in my mind on the teacher business, the idea caught me, and I said: 'Yes, I'd like to do it.'

"The play was 'The Picture,' by Brander Matthews, and I was the only woman in it, with the gamut of all the passions to run in the portrayal of the part. But I was too young and inexperienced to be frightened at the notion. I went on, and got through, and with the smell of the footlights possessing me, became set upon a New York appearance."

After her experience with the Stockwell forces, Miss Bates secured an opening with the Frawley stock as utility woman at twenty dollars a week, which led to the realization of her hopes in the way of a chance on Broadway. And this came in the shape of an engagement with no less famous a company than Augustin Daly's. She made her début in February, 1899, but lasted only two nights.

Too Good for Daly's.

Why her stay was thus cut short may be read between the lines of this extract from the New York Sun, of February 13, 1899:

The resignation of Blanche Bates from Augustin Daly's theatrical company will give many persons the chance to say "I told you so." A short career for Miss Bates on that stage was predicted by them on the opening night of "The Great Ruby; or, The Kiss of Blood."

She was called before the curtain four times after her best scene, and the applause was enthusiastic. That would have been enough to base the belief on. But there was a second and bigger reason why her stay would be brief.

The curtain later fell in silence on what should have been an impressive climax for Ada Rehan, and was lifted a single time after the ushers had incited a mild demonstration of personal regard for that favorite.

It has never been customary to have at

Daly's any other actress of dramatic strength than Miss Rehan. The rôles secondary in serious importance have been played by charming but weak young women. As soon as rivalry began, as in the case of Maxine Elliott, it was removed.

In the sensational melodrama from Drury Lane, with the singularly felicitous title or sub-title of "The Kiss of Blood," is a Russian adventuress, who has an honest love affair, though she is a thief, and who is the only female character to figure in the heroics of the play. Miss Bates was assigned to it.

She had come from California, and was unknown here. She proved to be handsome, fiery, forceful and very talented. She was a revelation to the first audience, and it was disposed to go wild over her.

Maybe it would have been better for Miss Rehan if the part had been given to her. Perhaps she had disliked to enact a wicked woman. Anyway, she had chosen instead to appear as a vain, frivolous but clean and cheerful wife of a London tradesman.

This had been written as an eccentric character, and at the Drury Lane it had been played with irresistible drollery by Mrs. John Wood. But Miss Rehan had no mind to look grotesque, and as to low comedy, it is clear out of her line.

In a serio-comic scene of somnambulism, where Mrs. Wood had been a fright in curl papers and a funny nightgown, Miss Rehan sacrificed nothing to the comic requirements. She was as dignified and stately as any *Lady Macbeth*. For those reasons the sleep-walking episode, which had been very valuable in London, counted for nothing here, and at its end the actress had good reason to know that it had failed with the audience.

It was then that experts foretold the withdrawal of the California actress. She appeared at Daly's only one more night. She had not found Daly's Theater comfortable.

Naturally, Miss Bates did not long remain without an engagement. She was snapped up by the Lieblers for *Miladi* in "The Musketeers" and soon caught the eye of Belasco, who featured her in "Under Two Flags." Her real arrival, however, was with "The Darling of the Gods," which brought her \$750 a week salary and a percentage of the receipts, not a mean advance from the twenty dollars she had been getting from Frawley less than five years before.

HOPPER WAS AN "ANGEL."

The Tall Comedian Exchanged His Inheritance for a Bowl of Thespian Pottage, But Doesn't Regret It.

DE WOLF HOPPER'S father was a Philadelphia lawyer, and it was intended that Will (his real name) should follow in the paternal footsteps so

far as his career was concerned. And, by the way, more men have turned away from the sheepskin to the footlights than from any other one vocation. Reckon them up and you would have a sufficiency of leading men to outfit plays for every theater in New York, over-supplied as that city is with them.

But to return to Hopper.

At the crucial period, the elder Hopper died and the son inherited some money. As there were no automobiles in those days for him to blow it on, he invested in a much more foolish and infinitely more hazardous luxury—a dramatic company of his own. He had the itch to act, and, being unable to get on the stages controlled by others, he decided that now was his chance to manage a stage of his own.

And what do you suppose he sent himself out in? Nothing less than Robertson's "Caste" with "little Willie" as *Ecclés!* Of course the troupe went to smash, but young Hopper had tasted of the life, and there was no staying him now, not even the Quaker blood in his veins. As a matter of fact, the gulf that was dug between himself and his family in those days has never been bridged, a rare exception nowadays, when even the most austere stand ready to forgive theatrical connection—provided the prodigal has sown success along with his wild oats.

The boy—he was scarcely out of his teens—contrived to obtain a job as *Pittacus Green* in "Hazel Kirke" and a song he sang off stage inspired Annie Louise Cary with the belief that he might do well in opera. He actually studied for some time with the Metropolitan in view and then compromised by taking the barytone part with McCaull in the Sousa opera, "Desirée." Mark Smith fell ill at a critical moment, and as it is easier to replace a singer than a comedian, Hopper was put in his place, and has worked his legs and his antics in excess of his singing voice ever since.

He began his career as a star in "Castles in the Air," not much of a success, but followed it with "Wang," which set him on his feet good and hard.

STORM FOR MISS RUSSELL.

As a Child of Ten She Excited Rose Etyinge's Anger Because She Lacked Experience.

ANNIE RUSSELL, like Miss Bates, comes of theatrical stock, so the door to the stage was on the latch for her.

Miss Russell's first appearance took place in Montreal when she was ten years old, and was preceded by a heart-breaking episode. Rose Etyinge was playing "Miss Multon" against Clara Morris. Two children are needed in the piece, and when Miss Etyinge ascertained that one of them—

Jeanne, assigned to Annie Russell—had never been on before, she was furious.

"Do you want to queer the show when so much depends on it?" she demanded of E. A. McDowell, her manager.

The girl, Annie, chanced to overhear her and fell to weeping bitterly. Miss Eyttinge noticed her, had her heart touched by the spectacle, soothed the child and allowed her to play the part. Later on she appeared in the chorus of a juvenile "Pin-afore" company, and was soon promoted to be *Josephine*.

Then she made a big jump—to the West Indies, to look out for her small brother Tommy, the "child actor" of the company, later one of the two famous *Fauntleroy's* and now a dramatic critic on a New York paper. While with this troupe she was pressed into service to fill a big variety of parts, giving her a good foundation on which to build her big hit in the sunbonnet of "Esmeralda."

She followed this with another success, in an altogether different line—the poetical one of "Elaine" and then fell ill. For some years she remained off the boards, close to death's door, and returned to them finally in a weakling play by Sydney Grundy, "The New Woman."

She took the taste of this out of the public's mouth by a triumph both here and in London with "Sue" and then went into the background once more with "Catherine," from the French.

Her real arrival as a popular star was made in the autumn of '99, at the Lyceum, in "Miss Hobbs," a play written for John Drew originally but turned over to Miss Russell with Charles Richman as her leading man, he having just been released from Daly's through Augustin Daly's death.

BELLEW WAS A SAILOR.

He Studied for the Ministry and Ran Away to Sea Before He Got Into the Spot-light.

KYRLE BELLEW, soon to follow "Raffles" with "The Right of Way,"

is the son of an actor who bore the reputation of being the handsomest man in England. He married the daughter of a commodore, and left the stage to enter the church, becoming Bishop of Calcutta. Harold Kyrle (by which name Bellew was then known), being the eldest son, was destined to follow in his father's footsteps, and studied for holy orders at Oxford.

But he soon found that he had made a mistake. His flesh constantly warred against the confining life of the scholar, and at nineteen he ran away to sea, in the old-fashioned way of the story-books.

For three years he worked as a common sailor on a merchantman, but he acquitted himself so well in this capacity that he was able to obtain a commission in the Queen's service, which kept him at sea

for two years more. The end of this period of five years on salt water found him back in England, no further advanced in this world's goods than when he cut stick from Oxford.

He wandered about London, not daring to go home, and without money in his pockets. It was at this crisis that he chanced to read an advertisement calling for a light comedian to join a company for the provinces, the salary to be two pounds (ten dollars) a week.

The blood that had come from his actor-father stirred in his veins, and he went at once to apply for the post. His good looks and pleasing address outweighed his lack of experience and he was transported with joy at being engaged.

While playing in Dublin as *George de Lesparré* in Boucicault's "Led Astray" his work and appearance so impressed a critic that he wrote to Boucicault, in London, about him. The dramatist at once sent for the unknown actor, and gave him a position in the company at the Haymarket, where in three years' time he rose to be leading man. From there he went to the Lyceum, under Henry Irving, where he first used the name "Kyrle Bellew."

MILLER'S STAR OF DESTINY.

It Led Him from His Native London, Through Canada, and Finally to the Old Lyceum Stock Company.

HENRY MILLER was born in London, but brought up in Canada. He was only a schoolboy when he chanced to read a magazine article about Henry Irving. This fired him with the ambition to act, but he set about realizing it in a most matter-of-fact and sensible way.

Instead of running off to join some theatrical troupe as a super, he began the study of elocution under the late W. C. Couldock, best remembered perhaps as the worthy miller, father of *Hazel Kirke*. This was at Miller's home, in Toronto, and here he had four years of grounding in the text of Shakespeare.

He was barely nineteen when the chance came, at a Toronto theater, for him to show what his studying had taught him. He was assigned to the part of the bleeding *Sergeant* in "Macbeth," and the very fact that the company was merely a scratch affair, not far removed from the barn-storming category, really worked to young Miller's advantage.

He was the first leading man with the old Lyceum stock, in "The Wife," and the second at the Empire. In 1899, he expressed his greatest ambition as being the management of a New York theater. This he has realized the past winter at the Princess, where he organized and produced "Zira" for Miss Anglin. Meanwhile he had been a star for several seasons, beginning with "Heartsease."

How to Use a Camera at Night.

Beautiful Negatives Can Be Obtained By the Light of the Moon, the Stars, and the Street Lamps.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

To one whose knowledge of photography is confined to the taking of snapshots and letting the professional "do the rest" the possibility of night photography may seem a matter of doubt. Within a few years, however, this field has been successfully invaded by the amateur.

Night is an interesting realm for photographic adventure. The mystery of the shadows, the uncertainty of interruptions fatal to a good plate, the concentration necessary in keeping all one's photographic lore constantly in mind—these conditions combine to make night photography a most fascinating avocation. To persons who are too busy to use their cameras during daylight, moreover, it offers a pleasant opportunity. Follow the directions given in this article, and a little practical experience will tell you what more is necessary to do.

From the viewpoint of a photographer there is a great difference between "night" and "darkness," even though the night is the dark half of day. In clear weather there is at night more or less actinic or radiant energy. The stars emit light; the moon reflects to the earth a share of the illumination shed upon her surface by the sun. Moreover, any one within twenty miles of New York who has observed the nebulous glow which overhangs the great city at night will need no argument to convince him that there is no real darkness anywhere out of doors in the vicinity of any camping-ground of human beings.

Night photography is peculiarly a pursuit for the adept. There is so much uncertainty in exposures and valves that the worker who hopes to succeed cannot afford to start without thorough daylight experience. He must be certain of his daylight effects, for he needs to argue from known premises.

The sources of light for night photography are: the light of departing day, after the sun has set; moonlight; starlight; and the electric arc and incandescent light. Not until the streets of our cities were illuminated with electric lights did the possibilities of the field reveal themselves.

Other sources of light which are more rarely used, but are none the less of picturesque value, are: fireworks, or pyrotechnics; glow from molten or white-hot metals, in the industrial processes; and the glare from open furnaces.

Apparatus.

The first requisite in night photography is a strong, weather-proof box camera. The necessity for having it weather-proof is apparent when it is remembered that many of the finest night effects are obtained in bad weather. A simple, strong, and easily adjusted tripod is indispensable. Also, the quicker the lens, the shorter will be the necessary exposure.

The lens should be provided with an easily fitting cap, for it is often necessary to close the lens before the exposure is completed, and a shutter is not so reliable as a cap. Some form of hood for the lens to keep off rain and snow is also necessary.

There is a lens just for this work, invented by E. F. Grim, of London. It is said to work at f. 2, or even at a larger aperture. It is remarkable how brief are exposures required to secure results at night with this lens. A portrait can be made with five seconds' exposure under one incandescent light.

To Prevent Radiation.

Use non-halation plates—rapid plates as well, because of the prolonged exposure required at best.

A protection for the plate-holders is necessary. Heavy felt bags, divided into close pockets for each holder, are suggested. Keep a piece of soft old linen for wiping the lens, for if the lens is clouded there will be a loss of definition. To clean the lens with silk or other non-absorbent material will cause a curious set of strong rays of light to radiate from each lamp in the picture.

Twilight pictures require long exposures with the lens wide open. If there is a sunset view included, the slow shifting of the clouds will produce peculiar effects. Development for such pictures should be carried toward softness. Dilute developer and much patience are twin aids in obtaining an occasional result which will be pleasing.

The Effects Aimed At.

The general requirements of a night picture are softness; suppression of detail in the shadows, without its entire loss; high lights, not too strong and full of detail.

Softness is obtainable by judicious focusing and the use of dilute developer. Detail in the shadows and suppressed high

lights come from full exposure on backed plates, followed by careful development in dilute developer. Isochromatic or other corrected plates are preferable for moonlight work, as the light is yellow and the plates are sensitive to it.

With an ordinary rectilinear lens of a focus approximating the diagonal of the plate which it covers—say, eight inches on a 5x7 plate—the moon's image will be but the size of a pinhead, and most unsatisfactory. Therefore, a lens of long focus must be used when photographing the moon.

In making exposures which include the moon, it must be remembered that the moon does not stand still. In a long exposure it will make a streak across the plate. It is necessary to make two exposures on the plate. First focus on the moon; then adjust the camera with the moon not far from the edge of the picture toward which it is traveling, if it is near setting. Expose for the moon alone, and its reflection if it is near water. Cap the lens, and wait for the moon to travel out of the picture, or until it sets. Then expose for the landscape, giving from one to four minutes per stop—from sixteen to sixty-four-minutes for f. 16, depending on the illumination.

To make the moon appear larger in a picture than it can be made by the camera, take a moon negative, strip it by using hydrofluoric acid, and stretch it. Then register it on a landscape plate, and allow it to dry.

The Correct Exposure.

If a plate is exposed too long in the moonlight you will get a full daylight effect. Exposures should be timed to avoid that fineness of detail and fulness of illumination characteristic of daylight. Never stop down the lens in night photography.

In timing an exposure, there are many things to consider: the amount of light; the presence of water or snow in the landscape; the direction of the source of light; the general color of the objects to be photographed; and the rapidity of lens and plate. Also the proximity of artificial light, which, even when not visible, produces a diffused light. The time varies from ten minutes to one hour—the shorter period for snow scenes, the longer for hazy moonlight effects.

Moving Lights.

It is necessary to cap the lens if any moving light, such as a carriage or trolley lamp, should cross the field during exposure. Walking figures need not be guarded against; people may be constantly passing, yet no impression will be made on a sensitive plate.

That is why you never see a figure in a moonlight picture. To get a figure in, it would be necessary to pose from thirty to forty minutes. Figures can be introduced into electric-light pictures of the city streets.

In photographing lightning, the camera

need not be kept still. Some photographers even move it about with open lens, toward the storm center, so as to catch the lightning when it appears. If the operator is fortunate, a number of flashes may be caught on the same plate.

Street Scenes.

In exposures for street scenes, if the view is to include only gaslights, the exposure is from eight to ten minutes, depending somewhat on the distance of the camera from the light. If electric lights are included, from one-half to two and a half minutes will suffice.

In speaking of electric light, I mean those enclosed in opal shades such as are used on Fifth and Madison Avenues in New York City. Without the shades there would be much halation.

Watch must be kept that no vehicle carrying lights crosses the view. Hold the tripod to steady it in windy weather. Snowy or rainy nights give the most artistic effects.

Pleasing Experiments.

Interesting pictures have been made of electric fountains at pleasure resorts, by using a cheap lens, and a non-halation plate; exposure, from one and a half to three minutes.

Other experiments with similar subjects have been made with a Goerz lens, No. 4, series 3, f. 7.7. Having focused sharply on the lights, the lens is stopped down to f. 16, securing beautiful detail on buildings and bringing into focus the surrounding trees and foliage. An exposure of ten minutes should be given.

Halation is considered by some to be a defect in a night picture. But it is a question whether a slight halation around lights does not soften the effect and make it more natural, for the eye certainly sees one radiating from any light.

Obviously, halation must be at least partially prevented. Double-coated plates without backing will usually accomplish this.

Never show a bare arc-light. Incandescent lights, however, will give no trouble.

Printing Methods.

Most of the best workers at night photography use platinum, velox, or any paper that gives good black and white tones. As halation cannot be avoided in the negative, it can be lessened in the print as follows:

Make a dark print on any developing paper. Trim it on the long sides, leaving the white strip caused by the printing-frame at top and bottom. Lay this print face down in an open printing-frame; and place the negative on top of it. Hold this up to the light and register it as near as possible. Carefully, without disturbing the negative, put in the printing-paper. Expose this for a short time; then carefully pull out the front print, and print through the negative alone.

FOIBLES OF LITERARY MEN.

MANY qualities which would be regarded as censurable if possessed by ordinary men and women are often regarded with a respect that is tinged with admiration when they are possessed by persons of genius.

There is scarcely an author or musician of note who has not been distinguished by some foible that has excited the amusement of his friends. In many instances these foibles afford an index to the character of their victim. Some are natural, while others would seem to be the result of some inexplicable affectation. Viewed in any light, however, all are interesting.

Keats liked red pepper on his toast.

Sardou imagines he has a perpetual cold.

Dickens was fond of wearing flashy jewelry.

Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall.

Ernest Renan wore his finger nails abnormally long.

Walter Savage Landor threw the dishes around to relieve his mind.

Edgar Allan Poe slept with his cat. He was inordinately proud of his feet.

Daudet wore his eye-glasses when asleep. He did his best work when hungry.

Victor Hugo spoke little; his remarks usually were made in the form of questions.

Thackeray used to lift his hat whenever he passed the house in which he wrote *Vanity Fair*.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson possesses a singular power over wild birds, and can easily tame them.

Alexandre Dumas, the younger, bought a new painting every time he had a new book published.

Edmund Clarence Stedman has his favorite cat sit in a high chair at the table every day at dinner.

Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite recreation was playing the flute, in order, as he said, to tune up his ideas.

Robert Browning could not sit still. With the constant shuffling of his feet holes were worn in the carpet.

Longfellow enjoyed walking only at sunrise or sunset, and he said his sublimest moods came upon him at these times.

Washington Irving never mentioned the name of his fiancée after her death, and if anybody else did so, he immediately left the room.

Hawthorne always washed his hands before reading a letter from his wife. He delighted in poring over old advertisements in the newspaper files.

Thomas Babington Macaulay kept his closets crammed with elaborately embroidered waistcoats, and the more gaudy they were, the better he liked them.

Disraeli wore corsets. The older he grew, the greater became his desire to dress like a young man. He had a pen stuck behind each ear when writing.

F. Marion Crawford carries his own stationery, pen and ink, and never writes with any other. He has written every word of every novel with the same penholder.

Bjornson kept his pockets full of the seeds of trees, scattering handfuls broadcast in his daily walks. He even tried to persuade his associates to do the same.

Darwin had no respect for books as books, and would cut a big volume in two, for convenience in handling, or he would tear out the leaves he required for reference.

Zola would pass whole weeks in the belief that he was an idiot. While in this state he wrote more than at any other time. He would never accept an invitation to dinner.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to carry a horse-chestnut in one pocket and a potato in another to ward off rheumatism. He had a great fondness for trees, and always sat under one when he could.

Voltaire, as a preliminary to his day's work, would sharpen an even dozen lead pencils. He would untie and retie his stock whenever an idea concerning his work particularly pleased him.

Count Tolstoi goes barefoot and hatless the year round. He is fond of French perfumes, and keeps his linen scented with sachet powder. There is always a flower on his desk as he writes. Although very rich, he wears the cheapest clothes he can buy.

A. Conan Doyle, even in the coldest weather, never wears an overcoat. When he gives an afternoon lecture he removes his vest, and buttons his Prince Albert coat close to his body. He is a golf enthusiast and spends all the time possible on the links.

Bret Harte, when the inspiration was on him, would hire a cab for the night, and drive without stopping through the darkness until the struggle for ideas was over, and he grew calm enough to write. Nothing pleased him more than to be taken for an Englishman.

POE AND LONGFELLOW ON THEIR LOST LOVES.

T

HOUGH the love of man for woman has been one of the most fruitful sources of inspiration to the poets, verses in which famous poets have sung the praises of women who have become their wives are comparatively rare.

The belief is common that the natures of poets are more sensitive than those of other persons. If this is true, it is only reasonable to infer that a poet possesses the power of giving more forceful expression to his sense of bereavement than any other person would be capable of doing.

In the case of Poe, the poem "Annabel Lee," written shortly after the death of his beautiful young wife, is said to have been inspired by the writer's loss. Mrs. Poe, Virginia Clemm, a first cousin of the poet, became his wife before she was fifteen years old. For many months of their wedded life starvation was the portion of both. She died of consumption.

The wife of Longfellow died in 1861. Shortly afterward the poem "Via Solitaria" was written. It was not intended for publication, and during Longfellow's lifetime it was not included in any collection of his poems, for the reason that its author regarded it as being too distinctively personal for the public eye.

ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

IT was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee,
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes, that was the reason (as all men know),
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we,
And neither the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so all the nighttide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

VIA SOLITARIA.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ALONE I walked the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June.
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray.
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, Summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call Thee blessed when Thou makest
The parted—one.

The World's Fastest Trains.

Great Britain Leads in Speed, With France a Good Second, and The United States Only a Slow Third.—Some Passenger Statistics.

SPEED is the magician that makes the world smaller. Compare the hourly runs of the old stage-coaches with the hourly runs of the modern railroad train, and we can figure without difficulty just how much the world has shrunk in seventy-five years—though, as always happens in magic, the shrinkage is apparent, not real. Motor cars now are made so powerful that the fastest can go more than two miles in a minute—a speed which is not yet considered practicable for ordinary travel. Railroad trains have made phenomenal time over short distances, and there is one train which regularly travels 118½ miles at about sixty miles an hour.

It is something of a surprise to learn that American trains are not the fastest. England is first, with France second. The following article from the *New York Sun* gives the speed figures of the fastest trains of all countries where good speed is made:

The fastest regular long distance run without stop in the world is on the Great Western, from London to Bristol, 118½ miles in 120 minutes, or practically sixty miles an hour. In order to leave passengers at Bath a car is dropped from the train without stop, a time saving device in operation on a number of European roads, though still unknown here.

The longest run without stop made in any country is from London to Liverpool on the London and Northwestern, 201 miles, made at the rate of fifty-four miles an hour. The next longest is on the Midland, from London to Leeds, 196 miles, at the rate of fifty-two miles an hour.

The Empire State Express.

The train in this country coming nearest to these long runs without stop is the Empire State Express on the New York Central, from New York to Albany, 143 miles, at the rate of 53 64-100 miles an hour; and the time of the same train to Buffalo, 440 miles in 500 minutes, is just a trifle faster than that of the Midland express from London to Glasgow, 447 miles in 510 minutes. Each makes four regular stops. The Northwestern runs a train from London to Glasgow, 401½ miles, in eight hours, making only two stops.

The Great Northern runs a train from London to Doncaster, 156 miles, without stop, in 169 minutes, at the rate of 55½ miles an hour, and the Great Central train runs over England's new road, from London to Sheffield, 165 miles, in 170 minutes, better than 58 miles an hour, slipping a car at Leicester without stop.

These fast and long runs are common to all the trunk lines in England, while in the United States the fast runs are all confined to two roads, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. Compared with many English fast runs the time between New York and Washington and Boston is slow. The distance to the two cities from New York is about the same, and in both cases the fastest trains make it in five hours (or a little over, now, to Boston), or at the rate of 46 miles an hour, three stops being made in each case.

For runs of nearly 1,000 miles no country can show trains to compare with the New York and Chicago trains on the New York Central, the best trains making the 980 miles in 1,080 minutes, or at 54 miles an hour. While this is not quite so fast as the time made by the fast trains from Paris to Lyons and Marseilles, the distance is twice as great as across France.

Fast Time to Atlantic City.

Coming to short runs and special summer trains, undoubtedly the fastest are from Camden to Atlantic City. Here some very fast time has been made over an ideal country for fast time by both the Reading and the Pennsylvania. The best Reading time is 56½ miles in 50 minutes, or 66 miles an hour, while the best Pennsylvania time is 59 miles at the rate of 64 miles an hour.

These constitute all the fast regular trains in the United States. The fastest run in New England outside the Boston-New York run is from Boston to Portland at the rate of 44 miles an hour, and the showing is still poorer in the West and South. Chicago, in many respects the greatest railroad center in the world, has no fast trains outside the New York Central and Pennsylvania trains referred to.

Throughout the West, though the best trains are very luxurious, the runs are all short, averaging about 30 miles between stations and the speed nowhere averages 40 miles an hour.

Next to speed may be considered the fre-

quency of trains, their appointments, etc. In this respect a still more pronounced difference appears in different countries with almost equal population.

More trains leave the great South Terminal in Boston in one day than are moved in one direction on all the roads of Spain and Portugal in two weeks. From one terminal in London more trains leave daily than move in ten days to supply 125,000,000 people of all Russia, in Europe and Asia.

The World's Largest Station.

The South Terminal in Boston not only is the largest station in the world but sends out daily more than 400 trains, nearly twice the number despatched from the Grand Central Station by the three roads starting from there. The next largest number sent from any station in this country is about 350 from the Boston and Maine terminal in Boston, and the next about 325 from the Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. Then come the Grand Central Station, New York, and the Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

But these figures do not equal those of the great London terminal. There one station sends out 700 trains daily, the greatest number from any one station in the world, and all of the twelve great terminals send out large numbers of trains.

Including all suburban trains, and figuring on a mean average of winter and summer, the regular scheduled trains leave the four great centers in the following numbers daily, the figures being for all roads and approximately correct: New York city, 1,400; Boston, 1,000; Philadelphia, 850; Chicago, 850. No other American city has 400.

Good Roadbeds Abroad.

The roadbed and the operating equipment are better in England and some parts of France and Germany than in America, and owing to the ever prevailing precautions accidents are only about one-fifth as frequent as in America. All the principal roads in England have two tracks and many main lines have four.

In this respect Americans are making great improvements now, as the Pennsylvania is four tracked from New York to Pittsburg and the New Haven from New York to New Haven and the New York Central is three tracked part of the way to Albany, and four tracked from there to Buffalo.

Turning to continental Europe it is found that France alone indulges in really

fast trains, and possibly she is ahead even of England in the number of trains running regularly above fifty miles an hour. The greatest travel route on the Continent is from Paris south to Lyons, Marseilles, and the Mediterranean, and here are found fine and fast trains.

The run from Paris to Marseilles, 585 miles, is made in 750 minutes, with only six stops. Many of the shorter runs, such as from Paris to Calais, to the Belgian frontier, etc., are at the rate of from fifty-eight to sixty-two miles an hour for the regular schedule.

Europe's Fast Averages.

According to a German authority the average speed of the fastest trains in Europe is as follows: French, fifty-eight miles an hour; English, fifty-five miles an hour, and German, fifty-one. Fast trains are hard to find in Germany, and the service in this respect does not compare with France.

It takes the fastest train 227 minutes to go from Berlin to Hamburg, 178 miles, which is 47½ miles an hour, and the "luxe" train, the one fast goer, between Munich and Vienna runs at only 45.60 miles an hour; but there are as a rule frequent trains throughout Germany and the service is good.

For all the rest of Europe the speed drops to about 30 miles an hour for express trains. Italy is surprisingly slow. It takes the express 965 minutes to go from Turin to Rome, 413 miles, or only 26 miles an hour, though the Milan-Rome express makes nearly 40 miles an hour.

Between Rome and Naples, 155 miles, there are only four or five trains daily, the fastest at 34 miles an hour, while it takes 920 minutes to go 439 miles on the best train from Rome to Brindisi, a rate of less than thirty miles an hour.

The express from Stockholm to Gothenburg, the two large cities of Sweden, barely makes 30 miles an hour. In the remaining continental countries the trains are even slower.

On the English trains third-class dining-cars are now run in which the same meals are served as in the first-class coaches, but at considerably lower rates.

Such runs as that between London and Birmingham on the Great Western, a distance of 129½ miles, made without stop in 140 minutes, or at the rate of more than 65 miles an hour, are remarkable; for this seems to be about the regular gait of many trains in England.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE ON CHILDREN.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light.

ROBERT BROWNING ON CHILDREN.

Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—
A boy and a girl.

Let them pass, as they will too soon,
With the beanflower's boon,
And the blackbirds' tune
And May and June!

LITTLE GEMS FROM TENNYSON.

WILLOWS whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

From "The Lady of Shalott."

* * *

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,—
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

From "The Lotos-Eaters."

* * *

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little. *From "Ulysses."*

* * *

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying,
dying. *Song from "The Princess."*

* * *

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?

From "The Princess."

* * *

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands:
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

From "Locksley Hall."

* * *

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

From "Locksley Hall."

* * *

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

From "Locksley Hall."

* * *

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

From "Locksley Hall."

* * *

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

From "Locksley Hall."

* * *

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

From "Crossing the Bar."

* * *

O love! O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

From "Fatima."

* * *

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

From poem "To J. S."

* * *

That tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.

From "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

The Rivals.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE late historian, Benson J. Lossing, whose name for a large part of the last century was connected with historical authorship and wood engraving mainly, was born in Dutchess County, New York. When a very young man he became editor of a local paper in Poughkeepsie, and, afterward, with Barritt, under the familiar signature of "Lossing and Barritt," did a very large amount of the wood engraving current a generation or more ago.

Inspired by his editorial and art experience, he began early to visit the places made notable by the battles and memorable scenes of the Revolutionary War. Buildings connected therewith, or their falling ruins, he made sketches of, which only a few decades later than his visit to them had wholly disappeared. Out of this activity came his famous and still excellent work, "The Field Book of the Revolution." The history of our subsequent wars he also treated; and it was history chiefly that engaged his pen. The one exception was his publication of "The Casket," in 1836 or thereabouts (just seventy years ago), which, in a form similar to that of *The Nation*, was a very creditable literary and family magazine, conducted in a popular way, when magazines in this country were few and unimportant. One does not find, in any account of him apart from this venture of possibly not over three years' duration, that he left his purely historical themes.

Very recently, however, THE SCRAP Book came across a somewhat romantic story, with a touch and climax of art and love in it, which is the product of his pen; though its style is a little more ambitious and florid than the one for which he was noted. It tells, with much liberty of embellishment, the thrilling anecdote of the contest of the Grecian artists, Zeuxis and Parrhasius. As it was interesting sixty years ago, when it appeared (in 1846), doubtless it may have some interest now.

ZEUXIS was the pride and boast of Athens. His pencil had no rival, and thrice he had been crowned victor of the Olympic games. The dwellings of the rich and noble, and the shrines and temples of the gods, were decorated with the fruits of his genius. He was courted by the wise and powerful. Artists and magi came from distant cities to look upon the Athenian painter, whose name was sounded world-wide.

Even the proud ruler of Palmyra, the "Tadmor of the wilderness," sent a deputation of nobles to invite his presence at the Palmyrene court. Contemporary artists acknowledged his superiority; and Apollodorus, the father of Athenian painters, declared that Zeuxis had "stolen the cunning from all the rest." Thus flattered and caressed, Zeuxis became proud and haughty. He found no rival, for he knew no equal.

The Agonothetai employed him to paint

a wrestler or champion, to adorn the peristylum of the Gymnasia. Assembled thousands gave a simultaneous shout of applause when the picture was exhibited on the first day of the games. The victors in the chariot-race, the *discus*, the *cestus*, and the *athlos*, were almost forgotten amid the general admiration of the picture of Zeuxis. Conscious of his superiority, the artist, with pedantic egotism, wrote beneath his picture, "Invisurus aliquis facilius quam imitatarus!"—"Sooner envied than equaled!"

This inscription met the eye of an obscure youth, who resolved to prove its falsity.

The third day of the games had terminated. The last rays of the sun yet lingered on the Acropolis, and burnished the crest of hoary Olympus that gleamed in the distance. Zeuxis sat alone with his wife and daughter, listening attentively to the strains of a minstrel who swept the lyre for a group of joyous dancers assembled near the grove sacred to Psyche. As the music ceased, a deep sigh escaped the

daughter, and a tear trembled in the maid-
en's eye.

"Cassandra! my sweet Cassandra," said Zeuxis, "why that tear, that sigh?" A deep crimson suffused the cheeks of the maiden, and she was silent.

"Tell me, Cassandra," said the father, affectionately placing her hand in his own, and inquisitively eying the blushing damsel; "tell me what new grief makes sorrowful the heart of my daughter? Thinkest thou yet of the worthless Parrhasius—even now, upon the eve of thy nuptials with the noble Thearchus?"

"Nay, dear father," said Cassandra, "it was the music that made me weep. It awakened memory to the recollections of the many happy hours spent with my dear Portia, who is now among the immortals. Four years ago we danced together to the same strain, and the lyre was touched by the gentle Parrhasius."

"Gentle Parrhasius, sayest thou, Cassandra?—gentle Parrhasius! Wouldst thou call him gentle, the poor plebeian who sought to rival the noble Thearchus in thy affections?—who openly avowed in the streets of Athens, in the Gymnasium and the Hippodrome, that his pencil would yet make Zeuxis envious?"

"And yet he *was* gentle," mildly replied Cassandra, while the big round tears coursed down her cheeks, and her bosom swelled with the tenderest emotions of pure affection.

The brow of Zeuxis lowered, and indices of a whirlwind of passion were in his countenance. Four years had elapsed since Parrhasius had asked for his daughter in marriage, and was indignantly refused. Affection, deep and abiding as vitality itself, existed between the young painter and Cassandra—affection based upon reciprocal appreciation of mutual worth; but the ambition of Zeuxis made him forget his duty to his child, and, without estimating consequences, he resolved to wed her to Thearchus, a wealthy Athenian nobleman, and son of one of the judges of the Areopagus.

When Parrhasius modestly but firmly pressed his suit, Zeuxis became indignant—taunted him with his plebeian birthright and obscure lineage; and denounced him as a poor Ephesian boy, unworthy, because of his poverty, the friendship, much less the confidence of sonship, of the great Athenian painter.

The spirit of Parrhasius was aroused and, standing erect in all the dignity of conscious equality of genius, full-fledged and eager to soar, he boldly repelled the insults of Zeuxis, and with a voice that reached the listening ear of his beloved, exclaimed: "Know, proud man, that thou, the unrivaled master of Greece, of the world, wilt yet envy the talent and fame of Parrhasius, though a poor plebeian boy of Ephesus!"

The rage of Zeuxis was unbounded, and he ordered his helots to thrust the youth

from his presence. The order was instantly obeyed; and, ere the setting sun, Parrhasius left the walls of Athens behind him, and turned toward Ephesus, to practise his skill in seclusion there.

During the interim of the games, the young painter assiduously practised his art, in utter seclusion from the world; and those who knew him before departing for Athens, believed him dead. Nor could Cassandra, during these four years, hear aught of her exiled lover. Her constancy and hope whispered to her heart the fulfilment of the prediction of excellence, and that destiny would yet unite them in holy ties by its mysterious web.

This hope and this constancy had thus far delayed her marriage with Thearchus. Like Penelope, she framed reasons for repelling her suitor and daily looked for the return of her lord, wearing the bay of success. Her father, wearied by procrastination, and ambitious for display, had resolved to have the nuptials celebrated during the festival of the Olympic games. His persuasions became commands, his arguments positive orders, and his paternal government by the power of love, a stern executor of the behests of his ambition. The herald had already sounded the proclamation, and all Athens greeted with joy the approaching nuptials of the noble Thearchus and the lovely Cassandra.

Yet the stern ambition of Zeuxis was susceptible of tender impressions. He adored his daughter, and her tears melted the ice of his heart. He knew she loved the Ephesian, and the war of duty and ambition waxed warm as he witnessed new proofs of her constancy and love.

"Come, come, Cassandra," said he caressingly, "these tears ill become the daughter of the Athenian painter on the eve of her nuptials with one of the noblest sons of Greece. Forget that childish passion that attaches thee to Parrhasius, and thank the gods for his exile from Athens."

"Would you see your Cassandra happy?" asked the weeping maiden.

"I would, indeed," replied Zeuxis; "and it was for her happiness that I spurned the Ephesian and favored Thearchus."

"But Thearchus has no place in my affections," replied Cassandra. "I love him not; and to wed him is but to plunge me into deeper misery. What is wealth—what nobility and the applause of the people, if the affections of the heart have no participation therein? They are ministers of woe to the broken spirit. Without love there is no happiness; without happiness life is nothing worth. I would sooner wed a shepherd than an archon, did he but bring with him the riches of true affection."

"Madness, madness!" exclaimed Zeuxis. "This philosophy may do for a peasant maiden, but should not pollute the lips of a daughter of Zeuxis. Talk of love! Why, it is but a passion born of circumstances. To-day it burns with volcanic violence,

to-morrow it is but a glimmering taper; to-day its intensity warms the most cheerless cabin of poverty, to-morrow its flickering rays will barely illumine the most cheerful abode of wealth. It is a delusive light, that too often dazzles to blind."

"It may be so with the sensual," replied Cassandra. "With them it is indeed a passion born of circumstances. Yet, after all, it is *not* love. It is but a poor semblance of the holy passion. Pure affection comes not from the dross of earth, the wealth, power, and pageantry of individuals or of society, nor from the ephemeral loveliness of the human form. Such is, at best, the gross counterfeit of love, and undeserving its divine name. When moral and intellectual worth—the beauties and amiability of character—the noble evidences of exalted genius, excite our admiration, and win our affections for the possessor, then indeed do we truly love, and love a worthy object. Such, dear father, is my love for Parrhasius. Submission to thy will must unite me to Thearchus, whom I cannot love; but the undying flame of first affection will only make me more miserable."

Zeuxis was silent. He loved his daughter with exceeding tenderness; yet burning ambition presented a paramount claim, and would not permit him again to delay the nuptials on which he had resolved. He kissed the tears from the cheeks of Cassandra, and was about to retire for the night; but the maiden seized his hand, and, looking imploringly in his face, said:

"Hear me once more, dear father, ere the decree of my unhappiness shall have irrevocably gone forth. Hope whispers in my ear that the prophetic taunt of Parrhasius may yet be verified. Thou well knowest the genius and spirit of that youth, and I know thy gentle nature will now forgive him the utterance of words spoken in passion. Forgive, and Cassandra will be happy."

"For thy sake," replied Zeuxis, "I will pardon the rashness of the Ephesian boy. But why thy hope? Wouldst thou see thy father rivaled, and the voice of Athens—of the world—loud in praises of another?"

"No," replied Cassandra, "it is not for that I hope; but thy daughter loves Parrhasius, and she desires to see him worthy of that love in the eyes of her father. This is the foundation of my hope. Is it not just?"

"Truly, such an aspiration is worthy of my daughter," replied Zeuxis; and again bidding her good night, he was about to depart. But the maiden still clung to his hand.

"One word more," she exclaimed; "one more boon, and your Cassandra will be completely happy. Promise me that I shall wed Parrhasius if his prediction be fulfilled."

"I promise," replied Zeuxis, conscious that her hopes were groundless, and that the last day of the festival would witness the nuptials of Thearchus and Cassandra,

and thus crown his paternal ambition with a more valued bay than the laurel of the victor.

On the following morning Zeuxis prepared for the games. Just at the moment of starting a helot approached him with a small roll directed to "Zeuxis, the unrivaled painter of Greece." He was delighted with the flattering superscription, and, having unbound it, read:

Parrhasius, the Plebeian Boy of Ephesus, to Zeuxis, the Great Athenian Artist: Greeting. Ten days, and the games of Olympia will terminate. On the ninth I challenge thee to a trial of skill. The subject is left to the choice of the challenged.

Zeuxis rent the challenge in a thousand pieces, and, burning with rage, exclaimed: "Tell your master that Zeuxis stoops not to compete with plebeians! Tell him I trample his insolent challenge beneath my feet, even as I would crush its author. Begone! Gods, has it come to this?" continued he. "Must I first bear the taunts of that boy, and then, in the face of thousands, have him challenge me to a trial? I know him well. If I refuse, a herald will proclaim that refusal in every street of Athens, and the gymnasium and the circus will ring with my shame. It must not be." And he commanded the helot to return.

"Tell your master," said Zeuxis, "that I accept his challenge: the subject, fruit." The helot departed.

"Now," said Zeuxis, "my triumph will be complete, and Cassandra's delusion will be broken. Now will I prove the insolent Ephesian unworthy of my exalted notice and the noble Cassandra's love. It is well. Destiny bids me stoop to the trial, only to add another laurel to my brow!" And Zeuxis, with haughty step, proceeded to the circus.

Within a few hours all Athens was in commotion. A new impulse had been given to the public excitement, and the first sound that fell upon the ear of Zeuxis as he entered the circus was the voice of a herald proclaiming that an Ephesian painter had challenged the great artist to a trial of skill.

The voice of the herald also sounded throughout the streets of Athens, and fell like sweetest symphony upon the ear of Cassandra. She knew not the name of the competitor, but the revealings of hope and love assured her that it was none other than Parrhasius. And that hope and that love also gave her assurance that her beloved one would be the victor, and that holy affection rather than proud ambition would be crowned by the hand of Astrea.

The time fixed upon for the trial arrived. The thousands who had congregated in Athens to witness the games flowed like a living torrent through the eastern gate of the city, and halted upon a hill overlooking a flowery plain bordering upon the Ilyssus.

The sun had journeyed half his way toward the meridian, when amid the thundering shouts of applause of the populace, Zeuxis, with a proud and haughty step, left the pavilion of the judges, and with a tablet in his hand, on which was painted a cluster of grapes, proceeded to the plain. Upon a small column erected for the purpose, near a grove, the artist placed his painting, and, withdrawing the curtain that concealed it, returned to the pavilion. The multitude was astonished, for they expected to feast their eyes on the production of the great artist. Murmurs of dissatisfaction ran through the crowd, and a few loudly denounced the conduct of Zeuxis in placing the picture beyond their observation.

Suddenly a deafening shout, and a cry of "Zeuxis and Athens!" arose from the throng. A whole bevy of birds from the grove had alighted upon the column, and eagerly sought to devour the pictured fruit!

This decision of the birds of heaven was deemed sufficient evidence of the superiority of the Athenian painter, and the people clamored loudly for the crown of laurels and the branch of palm for Zeuxis. His competitor had not yet been seen, either in the crowd or with the judges; and Zeuxis gloried in the thought that his conscious inferiority had made him shrink from the trial. The branch of palm was placed in the Athenian's hand, and a virgin was about to place the crown of evergreen upon his head, when, from a small tent opposite the pavilion of the judges, stepped forth the "Ephesian boy," pale and trembling, and, with a tablet in his hand, approached the multitude. Not a single voice greeted him, for he was unknown to that vast concourse, and the silence weighed like lead upon his heart. There was, however, one heart there that beat in sympathy with his own. It was that of Cassandra. She, too, stood pale and trembling; and by her side was Thearchus, watching with intense anxiety for the result.

Parrhasius drew near to his rival. At first he would not deign to notice him; but a few faint voices crying out, "Victory for Parrhasius!" the judges demanded an exhibition of the picture of the Ephesian. Turning around, with ill-concealed rage, Zeuxis, with a bitter, scornful tone, cried out. "Come, away with your curtain, that we may see what goodly affair you have beneath it!"

SCOTT ON WOMAN.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Marmion, Canto 6.

Parrhasius handed the tablet to his rival. Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astounded. The curtain was painted upon the tablet, and so exquisitely was it wrought that even the practised eye of the great painter did not till then detect the deception!

"I yield! I yield!" cried the Athenian; "Zeuxis beguiled poor birds, but Parrhasius hath deceived Zeuxis! Bring hither the laurel and the palm: my hand alone shall crown the victor!"

"And thy promise!" exclaimed Cassandra, bounding forward and grasping the hand of her father.

"I here fulfil it," said he. "Parrhasius is indeed worthy of my Cassandra. Embrace and be happy!"

The laurel and the palm were brought—and there, in the presence of assembled thousands, Zeuxis crowned the young Ephesian. Then, mounting a pedestal, he addressed the multitude. He recounted the love and constancy of Parrhasius and Cassandra, and told of his promise; he also tenderly related his engagement with Thearchus.

He was proceeding to vindicate himself from the imputation of treachery to Thearchus, when another deafening shout arose from the assembly, as a noble youth came from the pavilion with a branch of palm and placed it in the hands of Cassandra. It was Thearchus. He had before heard and now witnessed the devotion of the lovers, and his generous heart melted at the spectacle. He had tenderly loved the maiden, but he magnanimously resigned all.

"Laurels for Thearchus!" shouted the multitude—and he, too, was crowned victor, for he had conquered love.

Matrons and virgins strewed the path of Parrhasius and Cassandra with flowers, as they returned to the city; and on the following day their nuptials were celebrated with a splendor fully adequate to the wishes of the ambitious Zeuxis, for the city made the marriage a high festival in honor of Genius and Constancy.

The games ended; the city became quiet. A few years of happiness cast their sunlight around the footsteps of the great painter, and he went down into the tomb honored and mourned by a nation—by the world, wherever his fame was known. His mantle fell upon Parrhasius, who is revered by Genius as the greatest painter of antiquity.

WORDSWORTH ON WOMAN.

A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love;
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Poems of the Affections, 8.

World-Famous Bachelors.

At a Time When Contemporary Writers Are Pointing Out the Men Who
"Have Been Made by Their Wives," a List of a Few Men Who
"Made Themselves" May Prove Diverting.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

HE travels the fastest who travels alone," sings Kipling. In other words, the bachelor has the advantage in the race for fame and fortune. The truth or falsity of this viewpoint depends upon the road which a person travels; it also depends upon his harness mate—who very often helps him along much faster than he could go by himself. Even were it universally true, the average man would undoubtedly prefer to jog along comfortably with a mate beside him.

It is worth while, however, to note that many great men have remained single; some from choice, some from indifference, some because of early disappointment. Especially among those whose work requires the most concentrated reasoning is the single state frequent. In the following nutshell biographies of famous bachelors it will be observed that a majority of the men named are philosophers. The great philosopher seldom marries—for is not the experience of Socrates a warning?

Baron Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibnitz.

Germany—1646-1716.

Leibnitz did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at; hence we know nothing of his love affairs. *Cherchez la femme*, say the French, but in the case of Leibnitz the search is of no avail. He became a philosopher, a theologian, a mathematician, a physician, a lawyer, a historian, a philologist, but with the mysteries of love he never concerned himself.

When he was twenty-one he obtained his doctor's degree, and thenceforth he devoted himself to science. He was in correspondence with the most distinguished men of his time. Bossuet was his particular friend and joined him in an abortive scheme for uniting the various Christian sects. Newton was in a sense his rival, and the discovery of the infinitesimal calculus was made by the two famous bachelors about the same time. The first theory of the integral calculus was also broached by Leibnitz.

Baruch de Spinoza.

Holland—1632-1677.

Baruch Spinoza was by nature unfitted for matrimony. An aggressive thinker, he led a troubled life. Of Portuguese Hebrew parentage, he was accused of heresy at an early age and narrowly escaped assassination. Quitting Amsterdam he took up his abode at The Hague, where he remained until he died. Having no private fortune he earned his living by polishing

spectacles. His needs were few, and he refused with equal equanimity a sum of 2,000 florins, which his friend, Simon de Vries, presented to him, and the offer of the chair of philosophy in the University of Heidelberg.

Fame was not his object, and of all his writings a theoglico-political treatise was the only one published during his life. A storm of disapproval greeted it, and the author decided not to provoke the public any further. He did not cease to labor, however, and after his death his friends found that a mass of manuscripts were ready for the press.

Rene Descartes.

France—1596-1650.

Another thinker, over whose life no woman seems to have exercised any influence, is René Descartes. He took part in the siege of La Rochelle in 1629 and then sought solitude in Holland and remained there for twenty years. During this time he published his metaphysical works and made a great name for himself. The Princess Palatine became his warm friend, and Christine of Sweden invited him to her court. He declined her invitation at first, but finally, finding that his theological opponents were determined to suppress him, he fled from Holland and took refuge in Stockholm, where the rigorous climate soon carried him off. Christine, whose counselor and warm friend, in a Platonic sense, he had been for years, mourned

sincerely for him. So did other notable women who dimly recognized in him the Socrates of the seventeenth century.

Sir Isaac Newton. England—1642-1727.

Very similar was the fate of the great Sir Isaac Newton. Born in 1642, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1660, and thenceforward gave himself up to the study of mathematics, physics, and astronomy. Making his home at Woolsthorpe, where he possessed a fine property, he spent his remaining years there, taking occasional trips to London and Cambridge. In 1672 he became a member of the Royal Society of London, and in 1688 he represented the University of Cambridge in Parliament. In 1703 he was elected president of the Royal Society, and held the position until his death in 1727.

Why he never married is not clear. It is supposed, however, that he was crossed in love in his youth and on that account abandoned all thoughts of matrimony. Had he been married it is probable that he would have been spared one of the greatest misfortunes of his life. Fond of animals, he allowed his pet dog the run of the house, and the result was that on one occasion his favorite overturned a lighted candle and thereby caused the destruction of a sheaf of valuable manuscripts. Sir Isaac grieved sorely over this loss, and for some time his physical health was so impaired that he found it impossible to attend to any work.

A somewhat similar misfortune befell Carlyle, but the loss of his "French Revolution" manuscripts was due to the carelessness of a maid-servant and not to the pranks of a dog.

Emanuel Swedenborg. Sweden—1688-1772.

A mystic from his cradle, Swedenborg blossomed first as a man of letters and a poet and won considerable popularity in Stockholm and throughout Sweden. Then he became a member of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences and broached his famous atomic theory. Finally, at the age of fifty-four, he cast off all mortal interests and became the expounder of new religious doctrines, claiming that the truths he gave out were secured through direct inspiration. His disciples founded the Church of the New Jerusalem, which spread rapidly, and to-day has offshoots in England, India, Africa, and this country.

Immanuel Kant. Prussia—1724-1804.

Another man of monastic temperament was Immanuel Kant, the eminent founder of German philosophy. Born at Königsberg in 1724, he lived there all his life. He did not travel; he did not even take flying trips to the great universities; Königsberg was good enough for him, and there he stayed and worked.

An honorable, dignified man, he was

practically dead to the world and lived only that he might do honor to his goddess, Philosophy. Womankind seems to have had no attraction for him, and from social pleasures he rigidly abstained. His proper place was in a cloister, and no ascetic ever lived who apportioned out his time more regularly or did more conscientious work during the twenty-four hours of each day.

He is the philosopher, pure and simple, the German scholar, who in a sense revolutionized modern thought. To ordinary readers and to students of human nature he is a faultless type of the scholarly recluse, of the man to whom the world and its temptations are nothing, but to whom learning and an undisturbed life are everything. In every century there have been such men, and in his own century and country Kant was probably the most notable.

**Francois Marie Arouet Voltaire. France
—1694-1778.**

Turning from the recluses to the men of the world, where can we find a more distinguished bachelor than Voltaire? Born in 1694, this witty Frenchman lived his memorable life among the gayest men and women of the world, and yet when his last hour came there was no wife to close his eyelids, there were no children to follow him to the tomb.

A weakling from birth, he was not baptized until he was nine months old. The Abbe de Chateauneuf, a cynical relative, gave him his first lessons in atheism and introduced him to Ninon de l'Enclos, the famous beauty. Ninon was so charmed with the boy that she left him a considerable sum of money in her will, with instructions that it be spent in furnishing his library.

The youth soon made his début as a poet and wit, but his father, who abhorred verses, was vexed at his notoriety and sent him to Holland. There the lad got entangled in a love affair and was promptly summoned home again. His father's next move was to banish him to the country, but he was again disappointed in thinking that his son would reform. Voltaire began to write an epic poem on Henry IV, and, his talents as a satirist being known, was suddenly arrested on the charge of lampooning Louis XIV, and imprisoned in the Bastile.

When he came out he began to write for the theaters, and as a playwright and a merciless critic of creeds and other cherished beliefs his life was spent. He was a favorite in society, and the fair sex petted him to his heart's content, yet he never married.

Mme. Denis, his niece, for whom he had a great affection, looked after his house at Ferney, and with her he spent his last days. It was she too who accompanied him to the capital and who watched by his bed-

side when, overcome by the greatest triumph of his life, he lay calmly, waiting for the angel of death to call him.

Horace Walpole (Earl of Oxford). England—1717-1797.

Another distinguished man of letters who never entered the bonds of matrimony was Horace Walpole. Born in 1717, he entered Cambridge University, and there became intimately acquainted with the poet Gray. In 1741 he became a member of the House of Commons, but won little distinction there, his time and thoughts being almost wholly devoted to the study of art and literature. In 1765 he took a trip to Paris, and at this period the romance of his life began. He became attached to Mme. Du Deffand, and in her society passed the pleasantest hours of his life. To what extent the lady influenced his life is not clearly known, but she was unselfishly and truly attached to him.

Walpole was a polished gentleman, a charming conversationalist and a letter-writer of the first rank. He wrote French as well as English, and it may be that his thorough knowledge of French aided him greatly in making his English letters the masterpieces that they are. There was in him, too, much of the Gallic temperament and, bachelor though he was, we discover in him no moroseness and see only the gay man of the world, who knows how to enjoy life in a rational manner.

Edward Gibbon. England—1737-1794.

Born in 1737, Gibbon studied at Oxford, and at the age of fifteen became so zealous a student of history that he undertook to write an account of the reign of Sesostris. It was at Rome in 1764 that he conceived the idea of writing a history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The entire work, however, was not finished until 1788. Six years previously he had gone to Lausanne, and there he stayed until he was brought home to die.

A severe student, whose views about religion were the reverse of orthodox, he was by nature much of a recluse and seems never to have shone in society. Only one woman is known to have inspired a deeper feeling than friendship, and the fates were against their marriage. The lady subsequently became Mme. Neckar. That Gibbon was sincerely attached to her is certain, and that had it not been for untoward circumstances she would have married him seems to be almost equally certain. Their paths in life, however, were divided; her fate was to become a shining light in the French capital and his was to spend the noon and evening of his life in solitude at Lausanne.

Sir Francis Drake. England—1540-1596.

A renowned man of action and a celibate was Francis Drake, the navigator and discoverer. The sea was his mistress, and

fighting the Spaniards was his lifework. Queen Elizabeth crowned him with honors and he repaid the compliment by capturing stores of Spanish gold and taking possession of California in her name. In 1594 he waged his last attack against the Spanish colonies in America and, though measurably successful, was so grievously repulsed at Porto Rico and Panama that his expedition proved a failure. In 1795 he died of fever, and Devonshire, his native county, mourned for him as the noblest of her sons.

Honored throughout England as a courter and a seaman, Drake ever maintained his high reputation. Constantly at sea he had really no home on land. No woman had a nest ready for him after his travels; no children looked out for his home-returning ship. For fifty years he waged a good fight against England's foes and then rested forever from his labors.

Ludwig von Beethoven. Prussia—1770-1827.

Great artists have much of the recluse in them, and Beethoven, the composer, was no exception to the rule. For art he lived and the joys and sorrows of domestic life he never knew. Yet the story goes that he was once deeply in love and that his unconquerable shyness alone prevented him from becoming a happy lover and husband.

Indeed, his aversion to society was abnormal. Melancholy and morose, he shunned his fellows and found pleasure only in his music. Monarchs showered compliments and gifts on him and in other ways life was made pleasant for him, but to the imaginative eye he appears always solitary and abstracted seated in a reverie before his piano in his silent, gloomy chamber. He wrote passionate love music for others, but he won no woman's love for himself.

Cardinal Richelieu. France—1585-1642.

Priests of the Roman Catholic Church are necessarily celibates and aim to keep themselves unspotted from the world. Not often do men like Richelieu and Mazarin appear. Richelieu, a great cardinal and a great statesman, played his part well in public affairs and served his king as well as he served his church. A celibate by training, he was by instinct a man of the world, and in the history of his time he played a leading part. Hence the champions of celibacy need not scruple to point him out as one of the great bachelors who have done much toward shaping the world's history.

John Greenleaf Whittier. New Hampshire—1807-1892.

In America, also, there has been no lack of bachelors who have achieved fame. The poet Whittier is, perhaps, the best known.

The son of a Quaker farmer, his boyhood was spent mainly upon the farm, but he early displayed a talent for verse, and learned the art of slipper making to support himself while improving his education. In 1829 he was made editor of a Boston paper, and soon, aside from his poetry, became a real force in the anti-slavery movement in Massachusetts.

Yet in all his long and active life as editor, author, legislator, reformer, and poet, he had no thought—so far as we can tell—of marriage.

Samuel J. Tilden. New York—1814-1886. There is perhaps no better example of

the bachelor statesman in America than Samuel J. Tilden.

The story goes that he was once deeply in love with a Southern lady, but that fate, in some form, intervened. He never married, however, nor did he allow disappointment to interfere with his career. He became governor of New York, and later was nominated for president, being defeated by one electoral vote (though he was the popular choice by a majority of 250,000). At his death he left over \$5,000,000, chiefly to philanthropic purposes, of which the Tilden Foundation Fund of the New York Public Library received about one half.

LITERATURE AND LONGEVITY.

A Table Showing that the Profession of Letters Is Conducive to Long Life—Many Writers Have Passed the Three Score Years and Ten and Are Still Healthy.

LITERATURE is a healthful profession, if we may judge from its reward of longevity. Here are lists showing thirty writers who died at seventy or later, thirty who are still living at the age of sixty or more, and thirty who died at or before forty. Of those who died young, five met violent deaths, and several others hastened death by injudicious habits.

| Died at or Later Than 70. | Living and Over 60. | Died at or Before 40. |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Andersen, Hans | Aldrich, Thos. B. | Beaumont, Francis ... |
| Arnold, Sir Edwin | Björnson, B. | Brontë, Anna |
| Bancroft, George | Braddon, Mary E. | Brontë, Charlotte |
| Browning, Robert | Burroughs, John. | Brontë, Emily |
| Bryant, William Cullen | Cable, Geo. W. | Buckle, Henry T. |
| Carlyle, Thomas | Carleton, Will | Burns, Robert |
| Chaucer, Geoffrey | Eggleston, Geo. C. | Byron, Lord G. |
| Darwin, Chas. Robt. | Gilder, R. W. | Chatterton, Thomas .. |
| De Quincey, Thomas .. | Hale, Edw. E. | Clark, Willis Gaylord. |
| Disraeli, Benjamin ... | Hardy, Thomas | Drake, Jos. Rodman .. |
| Edgeworth, Maria | Higginson, Thos. W. ... | Falconer, William ... |
| Emerson, Ralph W. ... | Howard, Bronson | Farquhar, George ... |
| Goethe, Johann W. ... | Howe, Julia Ward.... | Ford, Paul L. |
| Holmes, Oliver W. ... | Howells, Wm. Dean .. | Keats, John |
| Hugo, Victor M. | Ibsen, Henrik | Landon, L. Elizabeth.. |
| Huxley, Thomas H. ... | James, Henry | Marlowe, Chris. |
| Irving, Washington .. | Lang, Andrew | Marston, Philip B. |
| Johnson, Samuel | Mark Twain | Norris, Frank |
| Longfellow, H. W. ... | Meredith, George | Oldham, John |
| Lowell, James Russell | Mitchell, Donald G. ... | Philips, John |
| Moore, Thomas..... | Mitchell, S. Weir, M.D. | Philips, Katherine ... |
| Reade, Charles | Moulton, Louise C. .. | Poe, Edgar Allan |
| Ruskin, John | Sienkiewicz, Henryk .. | Pomfret, John |
| Stowe, H. Beecher.... | Smith, Francis H. | Praed, Winthrop M. .. |
| Tennyson, Alfred | Spofford, H. P. | Procter, Adelaide A. .. |
| Wallace, Gen. Lew.... | Stedman, E. C. | Shelley, Percy B. |
| Warner, Chas. D. | Swinburne, Algernon C. | Smith, Alexander |
| Whitman, Walt | Tolstoi, Lyoff N. | Timrod, Henry. |
| Whittier, John G. | Trevelyan, Sir Geo. O. 67 | White, Henry K. |
| Wordsworth, William . | Ward, Eliz. S. P. | Winthrop, Theo. |

A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB was born in London, February 18, 1775. He died in the same city, December 27, 1834. Despite his amiability and the rare humor that has made him famous, Lamb was the victim of a series of misfortunes that would have transformed many other men into misanthropes. He was educated at Christ Hospital, in London, and had it not been for the fact that he had an impediment in his speech he would have taken a university course and entered the church. Having reluctantly abandoned this idea, he entered the South Sea House as a clerk in 1789. Subsequently he became a clerk in the employ of the East India Company, with which he remained until he was retired on a pension in 1825. During this period he contributed to the London magazines many essays that have come to be regarded as models of witty composition and expressions of ripe scholarship.

For several generations members of the Lamb family had been more or less subject to attacks of insanity. In 1795 Charles spent six weeks in an asylum. A few months later, while suffering from an attack of homicidal mania, his sister, Mary, killed her mother. As a result of this tragedy, Charles broke off his engagement with a young woman whom he was about to marry and resolved to devote the rest of his life to the care of his sister.

Lamb's most famous work was his "Essays of Elia," the first series of which was published in 1823, and the second in 1833. It is from the "Essays of Elia" that "A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig" is taken for this issue of THE SCRAP BOOK.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks

escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes.

Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of.

Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had oc-

curred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower.

A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling!

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious, and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies.

The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"Oh, father, the pig! the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers,

as it had done his son's, and, applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that had remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them.

Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then a considerable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

He handled it, and they all handled it; and, burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of not guilty.

The Judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear over the district. Insurance offices shut up shop.

People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in roast pig.

Of all the delicacies in the whole edible world, I will maintain it to be the most delicate.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoys—but a young and tender sucking—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the love of uncleanness, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted crackling, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous

—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood?

Ten to one he would have proved a gluton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odiferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteh him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

OLD-TIME CALIFORNIA CHARGES.

Codfish Balls Were Seventy-five Cents per Pair and It Cost a Quarter to Have Two "Spuds" Peeled.

ONE of the principal criticisms that Western visitors are prone to make on the cities in the East is evoked by the high prices that prevail in the more fashionable hotels. Then, too, the fact that the names of the various dishes are expressed in French sometimes constitutes ground for complaint.

Well, every dog has its day, and the turn of the East has come. This is the sort of thing that confronted Easterners, with appetites, in California in the '50s:

SOUP

Bean, \$1. Oxtail (short), \$1.50

ROAST.

Beef, Mexican (prime cut).....\$1.50

Beef, plain.....\$1.00
Beef (tame) from the States.....1.50
Beef (up along), \$1; with one spud (fair size).....1.25

VEGETABLES.

Baked beans, plain, 75c.; greased, \$1.
Two spuds (fair size), 50c.; peeled, 75c.

ENTREES.

Sauerkraut, \$1. Bacon, fried, \$1; stuffed, \$1.
Hash, low grade, 75c. Hash, 18 carats, \$1.

GAME.

Codfish balls, per pair, 75c. Grizzly, roast, \$1.
Grizzly, fried, 75c. Jackass rabbit (whole), \$1.

PASTRY.

Rice pudding, plain, 75c.; with molasses, \$1.

Rice pudding with brandy peaches, \$2.

Square meal, \$3, payable in advance.

N. B.—Gold scales at the end of the bar.

POETS OF THE GRIDIRON.

Heroic Ballads Which Prove That Descendants of the Warriors Who Fought at Troy
Have the Spirit of Hector and Achilles and That They Lack Not Homers
to Transmit Their Praises to Posterity.

THE LITTLE BUNCH OF RAH-RAHS.

A LAD matriculated in the college in our town,
With a little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
He wasn't up on classroom rules, but had the gridiron's down,
And a little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
He wore a dinky little cap, so jaunty and so neat,
You could hear his gaudy sweater as he sauntered down the street,
And likewise hear the rainbows that he wore upon his feet,
And the little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.

In all athletic branches he essayed to do a stunt,
With his little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
He'd sure have made the 'leven had he not been such a runt,
With his little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
But he never missed a football game, and my, how he could root!
The girls around him couldn't hear a locomotive toot;
He had a horn, a megaphone, a cow-bell and, to boot,
That little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.

Where'er he went the people knew he was a college boy
By the little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
It made his heart exultant bound in mad, unbridled joy—
That little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
To run a team without his aid the coaches dare not try,
He roused the brave eleven when he gave his fiendish cry,
But in the classroom not an answer ever did get by
That little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.

You'd think the cigarettes and pipes he smoked would suffocate
The little bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.

But such an end was not to be, though quite as sad a fate
O'ertook the bunch of rah-rahs in his throat.
"Twas just before Thanksgiving Day the great misfortune came,
He caught a cold and grew so hoarse, he scarce could speak his name;
Oh, wasn't that an awful thing, to sit clear through the game
Without a single rah-rah in his throat?
Puck.

THE SONG OF THE GRID.

By F. P. Pitzer.

WITH hair quite frowzy and long court-plastered from ear to ear
The student stands on the football field
In panoply grim and queer.
Push! push! push!
Though shoulders and head may swell,
Yet in a voice of jubilant pitch
He bellows this awful yell:

"Rah! rah! rah!"
(He's just received a punch)
"Sis! boom! bah!"
(Oh, my, he's under the bunch).
"It's oh! for a football game
To foozle a phiz pellmell;
Though legs may be broken and lame
Wattell! I yell! Cornell!"

Shove! shove! shove!
Till the brain begins to swim
Kick! kick! kick!
Till unjointed is every limb
Face and fingers and head
Head and fingers and face
Are awfully bruised, contused and bunged
In every conceivable place.

O girls with college beaus,
O men with studious boys,
Get out in the field and help along
The raucous austere noise
"Rah! rah! rah!"
On brain and muscle rly,
From Yale we hail and home we'll sail
With victory for Eli.

But why do they kick that man?
They're dancing upon his chest;
See! they're bringing a stretcher now,
Laying him on to rest—
Laying him on to rest.

Because they've pummeled his neck
And lo! they're tearing that man apart—
I reckon he's a wreck.

"Boom, boom, boom!"
The energy never lags.
"Ta-rum! ta-rum! ta-room!"
The ardency never flags.
"Zizz-zoo! Go-bang! ta-roo!"
Go whack! go whack! niger!
We're Princeton, Princeton. Princeton
boys.
Good old Princeton! Tiger!"

THE FOOTBALL HERO.

FROM the jaws of the jungles of Jayville
the Jasper hiked out of his lair;
The barn-breath breathed balm from
his bootlets, the hay-germs had
homes in his hair;
His mouth hung ajar like a fly-trap, each
hand was as big as a ham;
His freckles a leopard-like legion, his ver-
dancy far from a sham.
His clothes were those mother had made
him, his mop had been mowed 'round a
crock;
Each wilted congressional gaiter was
rimmed with a negligee sock.
When Reuben strayed in with his satchel,
and eyes you could snare with a rope,
A "ha-ha" arose from the campus that
strangled the last of his hope.
But Reuben was big—he was husky: his
legs were like saplings of oak;
His arms were like steel, and he'd often
made two-year-old steers take a joke;
His back was the back of a Samson—
gnarled, knotted and hard as a rock;
His neck would have served as a bumper
to ward off a switch-engine shock;
His unpadded shoulders were hillocks of
sinew and muscle and bone;
His chest was a human Gibraltar, his voice
had a Vulcanoid tone,
His prowess had never been tested quite
up to the limit at home,
Although he had romped with the yearlings
and guided a plow through the loam.
The boss of the 'leven was speechless when
Rusticus loomed on the scene,
What mattered the fact he was shabby?
What mattered the fact he was green?
Could ever a team get a line-up 't would
stand for a center like that?
The ranks of the roe would vanish ere one
could articulate "Scat!"
He rushed to the Reuben and nailed him,
and led him away to a room,
Where trainers and rubbers proceeded to
marvel and fondle and groom;
And when at the close of the fortnight the
wonder was trotted in sight,
The grand stand and bleachers went daffy
and howled themselves hoarse with de-
light.
What next? Ask the worried kodaker who
skirmished in vain for a shot!
The Reuben-led phalanx proceeded to
score, with a loose-jointed trot.

The foe faded fast as a snowflake in
Tophet's most tropical pit,
While Rusticus romped through the rout
like a mastodon having a fit.
And when all the team that opposed him
lay mangled and dead on the field,
The mob went as mad as a Mullah, and
hooted and bellowed and squealed.
Then Rusticus, bordered with lasses, who
called him a hero and prince,
Pranced off with his halo of glory, and
hasn't been worth a cuss since.

Leslie's Weekly.

THE CENTER RUSH.

THE center is a powerful man,
Whose anger it is ufn to fan;
At least, opponents think it so,
As o'er the ball he bendeth low,
They say things quite unlike a prayer,
And pull out handfuls of his hair;
They know he cannot well resent it.
Though he replies as if he meant it.

THE GUARD.

This object has the guard, it seems,
To send unto the land of dreams
The fellow who opposes him.
He acts with eagerness and vim,
And lands full many a vicious punch
Where rests his rival's frugal lunch.

THE END RUSH.

He stands alone upon the wing,
And crouches like a cat to spring
Upon the man who tries to go
Around his end. He tackles low
And rubs the runner in the dirt,
Depriving him of half his shirt.
Look out! Don't fumble when you fall,
Or he will drop upon the ball.

THE QUARTERBACK.

Although diminutive in size,
In him the combination lies
That guides his team in its attack
And drives the other side way back.
He stands behind the husky line
And shouts a cabalistic sign.
His team is pretty sure to score
When he yells "Six-eleven-four!"

THE COACH.

The freshman thinks he is a god,
And even seniors oft are awed
When he throws out his giant chest
And tells the players what is best.
'Tis he invents the box of tricks
That put opponents in a fix.
And when the whistle calls to play
He rages like a wolf at bay.
Well players know that nothing worse is
Than being targets for his curses.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Robert Emmet's Speech of Vindication.

ROBERT EMMET, the Irish patriot, was born in Dublin in 1778, and was executed for treason in Dublin, September 20, 1803. A prize-winner at Trinity College, Dublin, and an eloquent speaker before the Historical Society, he lent his young energies to the cause of Irish freedom with a devotion that was as pure and unselfish as it was rash. Traveling on the Continent, he received from Napoleon I a promise to help Ireland. He then returned secretly to Ireland and made plans for a revolution. An abortive uprising occurred. Emmet, with a mob of followers, attempted to seize Dublin Castle, but one volley dispersed his rabble.

He fled to the Wicklow Mountains, intending to escape from the country, but he made a last visit to his sweetheart, Miss Curran, and was captured. His speeches before the tribunal which sentenced him to be hanged are models of noble and eloquent dignity. The "Speech of Vindication," here printed, ranks among the loftiest utterances in the language. Thomas Moore, Emmet's schoolfellow and friend, inscribed to his memory a touching poem:

Oh! Breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

MY LORDS: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere—whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen—I seize upon this oppor-

tunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue; this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed;

and that I confidently and assuredly hope (wild and chimerical as it may appear) that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No!—God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering

son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written! I have done.

BEAUX AND GALLANTS OF FORMER DAYS.

How the Splendid Sir Walter Raleigh and Later the Duke of Buckingham Sought to Dazzle Envious Eyes in the English Court.

AT the present time, when so much is said about ostentatious display, when the luxury of the country is compared with the luxury of Rome in her decline, we may be partly reassured by looking back only one or two or three hundred years. It is but a century since the time of Beau Brummel, the exquisiteness of whose toilet could hardly be the aim of a modern gentleman. And the glories of the Pump Room at Bath in the eighteenth century, when Beau Nash held sway over social England, would not be emulated by modern dressers. Looking a little farther back, we see gallants in whose effulgence the brilliance of all their successors would pale.

Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved, to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby, and a pearl-drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunk of breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes with white ribbon.

On great court days his shoes were so

gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of £6,600; and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

King James' favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on that when he chose to shake off a few on the ground he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped.

His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and he wore diamond hatbands, cockades, and earrings, yoked with great ropes and knots of pearl. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute. One was of white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were his sword, girdle, hat, and spurs.

Considering how much greater was the value of money at that period, the cost of the clothing of the Elizabethan gallants was simply enormous.

What a Great City Eats.

New York, the Homeless Metropolis, Likes Restaurant Fare Better Than Home Cooking, and Eats in Public Every Day Enough Food to Satisfy Russia's Standing Army.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

NEW YORK is a hungry city. Despite vegetarianism and health foods, the warnings of doctors, indigestion, and the love of money, eating remains the favorite pastime of the greater part of the population of the second city in the world.

The American breakfast has long been the wonder of our European visitors, who, accustomed to their frugal coffee and roll, watch with terror the consumption of oatmeal and steak and griddle-cakes; the New York lunch, despite the pressure of business, is not to be despised; dinner is likely to be limited only by one's financial resources; and, finally, the theater crowds with one accord make their way to Broadway's many lobster palaces, to nourish themselves with a little supper before sleep.

To all this there has recently been added the refreshment of afternoon tea for those whose leisure is sufficient to enable them to add one more meal to the day's schedule.

A City with Few Homes.

If the inhabitants of the second city of the world appear to devote most of the spare time they can snatch from the making of money to the consumption of food, it is not always in their own homes that they do so.

New York, indeed, is a city of the homeless. Of the population of four millions which the last State census gave to New York, a million and a half were born in foreign countries and nearly two millions have come to the city from other parts of the country.

Naturally, the proportion of private residences to apartment houses is small, and, moreover, is rapidly diminishing. Even among the well-to-do, that part of the population which never stops to think how expensive a thing is appetite, this holds true.

In 1888, of the families whose names were contained in the *Social Register*

eighty-two per cent had their houses to themselves. This year the percentage has fallen to fifty-nine, or, roughly, one-half; and twelve per cent have given up all pretense of housekeeping, dwelling comfortably, if unsentimentally, in hotels.

The Restaurant Habit.

The average apartment one may leave temporarily without homesickness; nor are its culinary arrangements usually without a flaw. Hence it has come to pass that the practise of dining and supping in restaurants and hotels is growing more and more prevalent each year, and as for lunch, no New York man is expected to appear at his own doorstep in the daytime.

Our more conservative English cousins have been slower to see the advantages of this practise, and a few years ago the hotel dining-room was reserved for those unfortunates who had neither club nor home to betake themselves to. Even they, however, have now been won over to the more luxurious method of confining the trouble of one's dinner to the task of inspecting the check.

To what vast proportions this fashion of eating in public has now grown few realize but those whose business it is to cater to it. The larder of any one of the city's big hotels is a thing to marvel at, for the provisions within it are only the day's supplies, not, as it might appear to the inexperienced, the stores of a besieged city.

We eat too much meat, disagreeable reformers tell us, and though few pay any attention to their uncomfortable theories, the refrigerators of a hotel would startle the bitterest enemy of a vegetable diet.

Meat Enough for the Russian Army.

Three thousand pounds of meat and two thousand pounds of poultry are the daily ration of the Hotel Astor, the newest of the big hostellries, and as much more is needed by the Waldorf-Astoria, to say nothing of the St. Regis, the Holland

House, and all the other favorite resorts of hungry New Yorkers.

Apparently the roast beef of Old England is equally popular on this side of the water, for of the Astor's three thousand pounds of meat, eighteen hundred, or well over half, are beef in one form or another. Nine hundred more are divided between veal, lamb, and mutton, and the remaining three hundred consist of ham and bacon.

By himself, the pig, who has made the fortunes of so many Chicago packers, is not a very popular article of diet, but plain ham-and-eggs maintains its ground in the face of more complicated dishes, and slices of bacon are utilized in many ways.

In the two thousand pounds of poultry, chicken is the weightiest factor, though squab and turkey abound. Of the latter, indeed, there is no end on the great holidays of Christmas and Thanksgiving.

Although these festivals have from time immemorial been associated with family reunions and homely old-fashioned cheer, New York's great army of unattached descends upon the hotels then in greater force than ever.

The Great American Bird.

How many turkeys were eaten on November 30 in the city is beyond the calculations of the most industrious of statisticians, but four thousand five hundred pounds of the bird were bought for that day by the steward of the Hotel Astor alone. Seven hundred pounds of chestnuts went into the stuffing, and the cranberry bogs of New England furnished one hundred and fifty gallons of the sauce without which turkey is no turkey at all.

To turkey the sophisticated New Yorker turns for sentimental reasons on particular occasions, but his real affection is centered on the oyster. Of late years alarmists have been diligently holding up the popular bivalve for public execration as a source of typhoid, but theories of hygiene and bacteriological discussions rarely penetrate into a hotel dining-room.

The consumption of oysters remains as great as ever, and the difficulty is rather to meet the demand than to dispose of the supply. The havoc wrought by the Walrus and the Carpenter, of "Alice in Wonderland" fame, is dwarfed into insignificance by the actual facts. According to one profound calculator, the average winter holiday in New York lessens the visible supply by seven millions, and in many of the larger hotels and restaurants more than fifteen thousand are used daily throughout the season.

No Time to Hunt Pearls.

The record is, however, held by the Astor, where thirty-two thousand four hundred were eaten on Election Day, by far the greater part of this total being

consumed between eleven o'clock P. M. and one o'clock A. M.

The kitchen staff of this hotel still talk of the woman who asked while exploring the kitchens whether pearls were often found in the oysters. The man who nightly opens them by the thousands, filling platter after platter with such rapidity that the eye can hardly follow his hands, was somewhat thunderstruck at the notion of his having time to hunt for pearls. A job in the hand, he considered, was worth many possible gems in the shell.

Oysters are in demand from the luncheon to the small hours of the morning, but as the long hotel day wears to its close a formidable rival appears in the lobster, the king of shell-fish and the idol of the supper crowds.

In one big caravansary a thousand pounds of these crustaceans are held for the nightly slaughter, the greater part of them brought from the coast of New England, though some are raised no farther away than the waters of Long Island Sound.

On preparations of this delicacy high-priced chefs have expended the best of their genius, but the public still clings affectionately to plain broiled live lobster. Respect for one's digestion may have something to do with this preference, for though lobster à la everything slips like magic through the hands of the cook, the average diner stands in wholesome awe of the savory productions.

For the more prosaic varieties of fish there is not so much demand. Enough is used, however, to make necessary separate compartments of a lower temperature than the ordinary refrigerators.

Ten Thousand Rolls a Day.

In a big hotel every day is bake-day. At the St. Regis, for example, five men are kept busy turning out the staff of life in every possible form and shape, from the "pain de ménage" of the plain French household to delicate rolls for the feeble morning appetite.

Of the ordinary rolls for the dining-table the baker of the Astor was ordered on one recent occasion to prepare ten thousand. He remonstrated against what he considered a mere waste of time and flour, but the manager was obdurate, and the ten thousand rolls were obediently baked. When the last guest had departed, out of the ten thousand just twenty survived to justify the baker's economical protests. This of course was, as the manager foresaw it would be, an unusually heavy day, but the average consumption of bread in this hotel is large enough to require the accompaniment of sixteen hundred cakes of butter, allowing twenty cakes to a pound.

The Secret of Gastronomic Art.

While provisions are dispensed in such wholesale style, the chef of a first-class restaurant does not permit dishes to be

turned out as oilcloth is manufactured—in mile strips cut off to suit the customer. The complex organization of a colossal kitchen exists for one purpose: to serve some thousands of persons as though each was the only one in need of attention.

According to M. Emile Baily, the monarch of the lower regions of the St. Regis, the fundamental principle of cooking as an art is to prepare each dish for the man who orders it. Unless this is done, true gastronomic excellence is an impossibility; hence the contempt of the epicure for the table d'hôte with its imposing succession of rare edibles all for one little dollar.

At one hotel one hundred and fifty dozen salads of various varieties were made on election night, but there were no gallons of dressings and sauces standing for hours before they were needed.

All through the evening "*Monsieur le Chef Saucier*" ("the head sauce-maker" is his title in plain English) kept his staff of assistants busily concocting sauce after sauce as the orders followed one another down from the dining-room. The novice, impatient to begin, is likely to grumble at the delay; the epicure awaits the proper moment in calm anticipation.

Two Hundred Cooks Need Not Spoil the Broth.

As a matter of fact, the delay is reduced to a minimum by an elaborate subdivision of labor. Every one of the hundred and fifty employees of the St. Regis kitchens, or of the two hundred in the Hotel Astor's, has one thing to do and one only.

Five men do nothing but roast and broil; there are fish cooks and soup cooks, poultry cooks and sauce cooks, game cooks and pastry cooks, the aristocracy of the kitchen; butchers and bakers, men who do nothing but grind up cheese for rarebits, and others who devote their time to the manufacture of club sandwiches.

The past master in all departments is the chef himself, whose eye is everywhere. He does not need to taste a dish to know whether it is properly done or not: the sight and the odor are enough for him, and if these are not as he thinks they should be, the unhappy subordinate tries it all over again.

Of one master of the gentle art of cooking in New York it is said that he carries two thousand recipes in his head. With such a mental equipment the task of varying the daily bill of fare is simpler than it is to the domestic housekeeper armed with a scanty allowance and a cook book.

A Day's Work for the Butchers.

If there are many cooks for the hotel broth, there is an equally astonishing army of helpers. At the Astor, to take the same illustration again, two expert butchers are employed all day carving up great carcasses into portions and half-portions.

This day's work is no sinecure, for on the average they tackle twelve beeves, fifteen sheep, twenty lambs, one hundred and fifty partridges, two deer, one hundred turkeys, and two hundred and fifty chickens. As the carcasses dissolve under the practised knives of the butchers into steaks and chops and saddles of mutton and legs of lamb, they are carried away into a large cold-storage room, of which there are several, each devoted to its own particular variety of food.

Four men wash and dry dishes all day long, and a host of scrub-women descend upon the place after the last guest has departed and the weary experts, their white aprons and caps abandoned, are making their way to their own homes.

All the assistance which mechanical ingenuity can render is at the disposal of this army of cooks. Despite—or perhaps on account of—the magnitude of the operations carried on in them, the kitchens of modern hotels are kept scrupulously free from anything which would offend the most sensitive nerves.

Formerly this portion of mine host's domain was as jealously guarded against intrusion by his guests as was his private strong-box. Now, however, it has become a show place where the public can whet its appetite on the same principle that leads the small boy to glue his nose to the window of the candy-shop before he spends his money.

With five thousand pounds of meat and poultry prepared daily, to say nothing of the barrels of potatoes and other vegetables, the visitor would naturally expect to find the heat almost unendurable.

How the Kitchen Is Kept Cool.

As a matter of fact, to the casual observer the fire is conspicuous by its apparent absence. In front of the brass cauldrons of boiling soup which in one hotel hold one hundred and sixty gallons of consommé and eighty gallons of less popular kinds, furnishing a liberal supply for five thousand eight hundred persons, the temperature is no higher than that of the ordinary sitting-room.

Walk a few steps nearer the cauldrons, however, and the change is startling, for you have walked through an invisible screen of cold air which, rushing up incessantly toward a series of openings overhead, shuts off the passageway from the ranges.

Besides making life in the kitchen a comfort instead of a nightmare, and providing a system of ventilation sufficiently hygienic to satisfy the most enthusiastic of pure food enthusiasts, this device does away with all drafts except this one sheet of cold air, and thus surmounts one more obstacle to perfect cookery.

Before glass-covered tables, marble floors, and non-absorbent fittings, the fabled spotlessness of a Dutch household fades into insignificant mediocrity.

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.

NEIL PRESTON, returning by Mississippi steamer from Memphis to New Orleans after collecting \$2,500 for his employers, overhears card-sharpers plotting to get the money of Ralph Wetherell, who is returning to his plantation with his sister. Wetherell loses all his money and his watch, and leaves the boat at the next landing. Neil, who is a reformed gambler, then forces the sharpers to let him play, and wins back all that Wetherell lost. Neil is attacked on the guards by the sharpers and knocked overboard, with his carpetbag, which contains the money. Negroes who are fishing rescue him, but the carpetbag is not recovered. Neil finds that young Wetherell has disappeared, having lost the money to pay the mortgage on the plantation. Suspecting that the negro, Pap, knows where Ralph is, Neil goes to Miss Wetherell and offers to aid in the search.

CHAPTER VI.

Pap Daniels' Clue.

WHO is that man, Scip?" inquired Neil, casting a backward glance over his shoulder at the gaunt form between the old brick piers.

"He's a Yank, marse; one o' dese yere carpetbagger Yanks. Chloe was sayin' while you was in de house wif Miss Letty. Chloe 'low she gwine kill him ef she git a good chance. He's fixin' to take de ole plantation away from Marse Ralph an' Miss Letty."

"What is his name? Did Chloe tell you that?"

"Pringle, dat's what Chloe say his name is—Mose Pringle."

Neil's estimate of Mose Pringle was far from exalted. He seemed well fitted for any piece of questionable work, and no doubt was the nucleus of the troubles that beset the Wetherells.

Neil's interest in Mr. Ralph and Miss Letty was deepening at every turn.

"Hasn't Miss Letty any relatives or friends to stand by her at such a time as this?" Neil asked.

"On'y Marse Ralph—en Chloe, but she doan' count."

Neil's eagerness to talk with Pap and to get him started for the plantation for an interview with Miss Letty was brought to bear on Scip. The darky plied the gad continually and the mule developed a tolerable pace.

But disappointment was in store at Bayou Baptiste. Pap Daniels was not in the cabin. Across the bayou the dugout was moored near the sawmill.

"He's gone to de landin'," muttered Scip, climbing into the wagon with a gloomy face, "an' he's done took dat gun what I win last night."

The wagon road was three times as long as the cut-off across the bayou, and when Scip started again he urged the mule with savage impatience and much rustabout profanity. At the end of another half-hour they were once more back at their starting point.

Two or three huts and a wharf boat comprised the habitable places at the landing. The wharf boat was a combination grocery and rendezvous for arriving and departing travelers—the proprietor of the wood-yard being also the proprietor of the boat.

Pap Daniels was discovered on the wharf boat, smoking his cob pipe and slowly spelling out the news in a Natchez paper. He had forty dollars in his pocket, having disposed of Scip's gun to the boss of the yard, and was rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Scip saw the gun hanging on pegs back of the grocery counter, and knew what had happened. Instantly experiencing an attack of sulks, he stole away by himself.

"I's givin' dat triflin' niggah a lesson," expatiated Pap. "He gambles an' wins de gun, an' I sells de gun an' puts de money in mah pocket. I'll l'arn him to leave kya'd an' dice alone."

Pap chuckled. He had the average negro's primitive notions of right and wrong; but the fact that he was a "shoutin' Mefodis'" with an ability to read would have led one to expect better things of him.

Neil drew a chair close to Pap. They had the end of the wharf boat to themselves and could converse without fear of being overheard.

"Do you know, Pap," said Neil, "that Ralph Wetherell left the plantation night before last without saying a word to his sister? She hasn't heard from him and doesn't know where he has gone."

Pap gave a start and the paper fluttered from his hand.

"Is yo' tellin' me de trufe. Marse Preston?" he gulped. "Yo' doan' mean to say dat Marse Ralph has skun out?"

"Yes. I do," answered Neil quietly, "and you know it as well as I do."

"How come you think dat? How I know Marse Ralph cl'ar out en leave Miss Letty?"

"Don't try to appear so innocent," said Neil sternly. "Ralph Wetherell called at your cabin last night and you supplied him with food. His sister knows this as well as I do, and she wants to see you up at the plantation just as soon as you can get there."

"Goodness sakes, Marse Preston," fluttered the old negro, "how you find out all dat?"

"Miss Letty will tell you. What she wants to know is where her brother has gone. Do you know?" Neil transfixed Pap with a keen glance.

The negro was trembling, and for a moment or two could not answer.

"Marse Ralph al'ays been a good friend to me," he mumbled finally, "en what could I do, Marse Preston, when he come to de cabin an' say he hungry an' want somethin' to eat? I give him de cold vittles an' he ride away."

"Where did he go?" pursued Neil.

"I dunno 'bout dat, marse, but I reckons he sta'ted fo' Natchez."

"What has he gone to Natchez for?" asked Neil.

Pap Daniels' perturbation increased. His eyes roved about him helplessly and then sought the other's in mute appeal.

"How yo' reckon I know dat?" he asked.

"I am confident you do know it, and it will be best for you if you tell me."

"Dat boy lak his uncle Whitney in ev'y way," returned Pap desultorily. "When anybody does him ha'm he ain't nevah gwineter fo'git. He fight at de drap o' de hat, suh. Dat's right. Marse Whitney he do de same. Dat time, down New Awleens, he—"

"I don't care to hear about Whitney Wetherell," interrupted Neil sharply. "Why did young Wetherell go to Natchez?"

"He had one ob his uncle Whitney's revolvahs an' he say he gwineter Natchez, lookin' fo' a man. Mah goodness, young marse kill me daid ef he know I tell, 'cause he say dat I ain't to say nuffin' to nobody."

"You are not going to be hurt by Ralph Wetherell or any one else," said Neil reassuringly. "Go to Belle Marie plantation as soon as you can and tell Miss Letty the whole truth. Do you want her to

grieve on her brother's account when you can help her to find him? Which would you rather help just now, Mr. Ralph or Miss Letty?"

"Miss Letty, marse. She al'ays been good to me, too. But I's afeared o' Marse Ralph."

Neil did what he could to calm Pap's fears, and prevailed upon him to take the mule and wagon and start immediately for the plantation. While Neil was doing this, a steamboat whistled for the landing, hove alongside, and discharged several bales of merchandise.

Neil watched the unloading passively, trying to determine what he had better do under the circumstances. Ralph Wetherell, no doubt, had made up his mind that he had been cheated, and it was probably no more than natural that he should take one of his uncle Whitney's revolvers and go looking for Kissane.

This surmise brought something akin to relief. The fiery blood of the Wetherells, as it was manifesting itself in Ralph, suggested revenge rather than contemptible flight or cowardly self-destruction.

If the young man could be interfered with before he had had a chance to carry out his scheme of vengeance, all might yet be well with him. That duty, however, fell to his sister rather than to Neil, and it was fair to presume that she would proceed to Natchez as soon as she had talked with Pap Daniels.

But a day or two might elapse before Miss Letty could reach Natchez, and meantime portentous things might happen. In the midst of his reflections Neil caught sight of two men leaning over the rail of the cabin-deck of the boat.

With a start he discovered that one of these men was no less a person than Joyce, while his companion was none other than Mose Pringle! They were in close conversation and had no eyes for the wharf boat.

The next moment a scrap of the conversation Neil had overheard on the Belle of Natchez recurred to him. "If we're to help Mose out, we'll have to hurry," was the sentence he had heard the evening he had been hurled overboard.

Kissane had spoken the words. Was Mose Pringle the man referred to?

The entire conversation between the two gamblers, as it had come to Neil's ears on the guards, now took on an altogether new meaning. Mose Pringle's hand was shown, and it appeared as though he had conspired with Joyce and Kissane to mulct Ralph Wetherell of the money that was to give him and his sister another year's lease of the plantation.

Back of this lay reasons which Neil could not fathom. But the fact remained that if Joyce were on the boat, Kissane might also be there; and if young Wetherell should be waiting at the Natchez landing, a tragedy was imminent when Kissane went ashore.

Without hesitating another moment, Neil sprang for the landing-stage and boarded the steamer.

CHAPTER VII.

A Surprise at Natchez.

PRINGLE must have got aboard the steamer at Belle Marie landing. Joyce, since his clash with Neil, had doubled back up the river, and it was very likely Pringle had met him on the boat by appointment.

Neil was not the only passenger to board the steamboat at the wood-landing. Scip also gained the deck, his black face full of resentment against Pap for the way in which the shotgun incident had been manipulated.

Scip took himself out of sight when the boat stood down the river again, and Neil did not see him. But Neil would have had no time for Scip; the man he wanted to find was Kissane.

The latter, it developed, was not on the steamer. That Joyce would meet Kissane sooner or later, Neil was sure; manifestly, therefore, Neil's cue was to follow Joyce.

He did this as artfully as he could, very successfully keeping himself in the background during the better part of the short down-river trip.

Joyce and Pringle continued to converse in low and earnest tones, presently leaving the cabin-deck for the bar, where a social glass was indulged in. Then they lighted cigars and made for the guards. Neil would have given much to know what topic was engaging them so absorbingly.

He surmised that there was a conspiracy of some sort afoot, and that it was leveled at the Wetherells. But his knowledge of the Wetherells' affairs was too limited to afford a basis for speculation.

As the boat picked her way through the other craft that lined the river-front along the wharf of the lower town, the passengers who were to debark clustered around the landing-stage. Neil, his anxious eyes roving over the throng on shore, continued to keep himself out of sight as much as possible.

Ralph Wetherell was not in the waiting crowd on the wharf, and neither was Kissane. The question Neil was asking himself was whether Joyce and Pringle were to leave the steamer at that point. Turning to seek out the two men he was watching, he found himself face to face with the gambler, who was standing but little more than arm's length away. Ordinarily, Joyce had his emotions under firm control, but that was an extraordinary occasion. Here stood a man whom he and Kissane had supposedly hurled to certain death in the river.

The gambler's face was filled with startled surprise and apprehension. Neil returned Joyce's look steadily. Regain-

ing the whiphand of himself, the blackleg caught Pringle's arm and the two joined in the press to get ashore.

Neil saw Pringle halt and cast a backward glance, recognition flaming in his pale eyes as they took in the man behind. The two conspirators passed on, the Yankee doing most of the talking.

Soon reaching the line of waiting carriages, they paused at the open door of one, and Neil heard Joyce instruct the driver to take them to the Foster House. When they had been driven away, Neil followed on foot.

Kissane, so far as Neil could discover, was not at the hotel. At nightfall, Joyce, leaving Mose Pringle behind, went to the lower town and opened a "keno" game in one of the gambling dens that had helped to give Natchez-under-the-Hill its unsavory reputation.

Mingling with the crowd of roistering flatboatmen, deckhands, and other river men, Neil continued to look for Kissane, but without success. He saw Scip, however, wavering a suit of clothes that approached the darky's idea of flash and extravagance, squandering a good many silver dollars on a roulette game. Catching Scip by the arm, Neil drew him to one side.

"Look here, Scip," said Neil, "where did you get all that money you are gambling with?"

"Totin' wood, Marse Preston," answered Scip buoyantly.

"Sure about that, are you?" was the suspicious rejoinder. "You didn't come down here with any of Pap's money, did you?"

Scip assumed an indignant and injured air.

"I's hones', Marse Preston," he averred. "I's wild, I reckon, but no one evah said dat Scip Daniels ain't hones'."

"How long have you been in Natchez?"

"Come heah on de same boat wif yo'-self."

"Have you seen Ralph Wetherell?"

Scip met the question with a start and a rolling up of the eyes.

"N-no, suh," he answered. "I didn' know Marse Ralph was in Natchez."

"Well, you take my advice and keep away from these gambling games. How will your father get along without you?"

"He done got fo'ty dollars fo' dat gun," grunted Scip. "I reckon he kin git along on dat fo' quite a spell."

When Neil left the gambling resort he took Scip with him, gave him some good advice, and cast him adrift again. Scip accepted the advice with becoming humility, but Neil had no idea he would profit by it.

At the hotel Neil succeeded in securing a room close to the one occupied by Joyce. It may be said that he literally passed the night with one eye open, so alert was he to keep track of every movement made by the gambler.

It was midnight when Joyce reached his lodgings. When he arose next morning, and went down to the dining-room, Neil was there ahead of him; and when later he made for the steamer landing in the lower town, Neil followed.

About ten in the forenoon the big Robert E. Lee pushed into her berth from up the river. By a coincidence, the Natchez was also at the wharf.

The historic race between these two river greyhounds was still fresh in everybody's mind, and the rival boats secured much curious attention from the crowds on the wharf. Neil's interest in the Lee, however, centered about the forms of a woman and a man which his vigilant eyes had picked out of the throng on her decks. The woman was Letty Wetherell and the man was Kissane, still posing as a Texan. They were both ready to land as soon as the stage could be dropped in place.

Letty had had her talk with Pap Daniels and had come to Natchez looking for Ralph. There was an anxious light in her dark eyes as they swept the crowds on the wharf.

Neil felt instinctively that important events were about to transpire, and worked his way as close as possible to the landing-stage. Kissane was among the first to come ashore. As the gambler cleared the press of arriving passengers, Neil started toward him. At the same moment, from somewhere in the near vicinity, Ralph Wetherell abruptly showed himself.

The young man's face was pale under its tan, but full of determination. His right hand was thrust into the breast of his coat.

With his left hand he stayed Kissane and pushed him roughly back.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "You are a knave and a thief, and I've been looking for you."

For a moment the usually ready Kissane was taken at a loss. The sight of the revolver which Wetherell jerked from his breast pocket aroused him to a sense of his immediate peril. One of his hands flew to his hip, and, at that critical juncture, Neil stepped resolutely between the two.

"Steady!" said he, transfixing Wetherell with a sharp look. "You must not use that revolver, Wetherell."

"Let him use it if he wants to," taunted Kissane, leaping to one side in order that he might have an unobstructed view of the young planter.

In the excitement attending the clash, Kissane failed to recognize Neil. Joyce had pushed up behind Wetherell and stood ready to grasp the hand that held the revolver.

Neil's intervention had a strange effect upon Wetherell.

"You here, too!" he cried, an angry red flooding his pale face. "Birds of your

feather flock in the same place, it seems, and I'd rather even up with you than with the Texan."

The revolver was raised on a line with Neil's breast. Neil had only his bare hands with which to protect himself, but did not find it necessary to use even these.

Joyce made no attempt to catch the hand that wielded the revolver, now that the weapon was turned upon Neil. There was some one else to interfere, however.

"Ralph! What in the world does this mean?"

Letty Wetherell was the speaker. The excitement had drawn her attention to that particular point and she had hastened forward.

Simultaneously with the words she caught the leveled firearm with both hands.

Astonishment and dismay were visible in Ralph Wetherell's face.

"In heaven's name, sis," he cried. "how came you here?"

"It is enough that I am here, Ralph," answered the girl with admirable coolness. "Give me the weapon—give it to me! This man is Mr. Preston, and he is a friend of yours. Why do you threaten him?"

Ralph struggled half-heartedly to retain the revolver, but his sister forced it from his grasp. Drawing back, chagrined and trembling with anger, he glared into Neil's face.

"Friend!" he exclaimed bitterly. "He is in league with the gamblers who won that Louisville money and my watch on the Belle of Natchez."

The girl was a few moments in comprehending the words. Evidently she had been kept in ignorance of the loss of the money, and the astounding revelation almost took her breath.

"Ralph," she whispered, "can it be that you lost that money at cards?"

"Yes," he replied; "I lost my money and my watch. It was a cut-and-dried plot to get all I had. I thought, with you, that that man"—he indicated Neil with a trembling forefinger—"was a friend of mine, but I know now that he was one of those who entrapped me into that card game. Give me the gun, sis!" he added pleadingly.

"I think yet that you are mistaken," said the girl, her burning glance wandering to Neil.

"He is mistaken," declared Neil.

"Look!" cried Wetherell, holding aloft the Juergensen watch. "I lost this with the money, and Scip Daniels found it in Preston's possession and took it from him. It was his share of the winnings, I reckon. If I don't square this account with him and that other man now, I'll do it later. I'm too much of a Wetherell to forget a thing like that."

The "other man," piloted by Joyce, had vanished from the scene.

Neil, taken aback at the sight of the watch, stood silently in front of the girl and her brother.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Juergensen Watch Again.

A CROWD of curious spectators had collected about the little group on the wharf. Suddenly realizing the attention they were attracting, Letty Wetherell caught her brother's hand.

"Come, Ralph," she said, and would have drawn him away.

"I'll not leave," was the dogged response, "till I get back the money that was stolen from me on the Belle of Natchez."

"If this man's winnings"—it would be hard to express the contempt in Miss Letty's voice as she spoke of "this man" and turned her eyes on Neil—"consisted of the watch, then you have all you can get from him. You must look to the others for the money."

"I sha'n't let him get away scot free," persisted Ralph Wetherell. "If he had his deserts, he'd be on the ground, there, with a bullet in him."

"Remember who you are, and what he is," said the girl, with a high air.

"I could have him arrested," muttered the young man, looking about as though for an officer.

"You would not stoop to such a thing!" exclaimed the girl scornfully. "Give me your arm and take me away from here."

Ralph hesitated a moment, then gave his arm to his sister and pushed through the ranks of the crowd to a carriage. Presently they were gone, leaving Neil standing dazedly on the wharf.

That Juergensen watch, produced so dramatically by young Wetherell as proof of his accusations, had puzzled and bewildered Neil. Yet, even if he had had more command of himself, he would hardly have prolonged that disagreeable scene at the landing.

At Belle Marie plantation, when he had been given a chance to explain what took place on the Belle of Natchez, he had spared Ralph. Now he reproached himself for having done so, since it had made it possible for the girl to gain a wrong opinion of him.

He felt humiliated out of all proportion to the real extent of his injury. Strange how his pride was up in arms at the slighting reference of the girl.

Pushing his way roughly through the press about him, he strode toward one of the drives that led to the upper town. Halting his pace abruptly, he swerved to the left, ran a dozen steps, and grasped a form that was about to skulk through the side-door of a drinking resort.

"Doan' tech me, Marse Preston!" cried a frightened voice. "Why you grab me lak dat?"

"You are just the fellow I was looking for," said Neil sternly. "You have got to walk to the top of the hill with me, Scip."

"I do' want to go up de hill," expostulated Scip; "I want to stay right heah. Take yo' hands offen me! Le'me go!"

"I'll turn you over to the police, you rascal, if you don't stop your struggling," returned Neil sharply.

This threat had a very calming effect on Scip. Without more ado he gave over his attempts to free himself and walked amiably along at Neil's side.

"I sho'ly kain't onnerstan' what's de mattah, marse," said he, watching his companion's face furtively out of the corners of his eyes.

"What did you do with that carpetbag?" demanded Neil.

"Kya'petbag?" The startled negro halted. "Didn't I done tell yo' I didn't know anything about dat kya'petbag?"

"You lied when you said that, Scip. I am just beginning to understand your extravagance in clothes, your generous use of money at the gambling-table, and many other things that were too deep for me before. When you fished me out of the river you brought up the carpetbag, too."

Scip continued his expostulations, but rather overdid the matter, and thus showed his guilt rather than his innocence.

"Look here, Scip," Neil interrupted sternly, "I haven't any time to waste on you. I am going to have that carpetbag and what is left of the money or I'm going to send you to jail."

Scip could play his part no longer. He was crafty enough, but the rôle of dissemler was too intricate and made a heavy demand on abilities that were not his. A confession followed.

Pap, to his credit as a "Mefodis" be it said, knew nothing about the recovery of the carpetbag. His eyesight was none too good, and he was at the stern of the dugout, steadyng it with the paddle while Scip performed the work of rescue.

All that saved the bag from being lost in the river were the small leather loops through which Neil had thrust his hand and wrist. Scip had disengaged the bag, thrust it under a fish-basket and a bait-can, and had returned for it after Neil had been carried to the cabin. Up to that moment Scip's intentions were honest. He had not mentioned the finding of the bag to Pap, as it seemed a trivial matter at such a time.

In the glow of light that came from the cabin window he had unbuckled the strap and examined the contents of the oilskin packet. Easily beguiled from the strict path of rectitude, he had fled into the swamp and deposited the carpetbag and its contents in a gum-tree. That gum-tree became Scip's bank. Never in his life had he had so much as five dollars in his pocket at one time; and now,

when it was possible for him to have more, he had no idea what he should do with it, and drew on the tree sparingly.

Besides, to bourgeon out as a man of wealth too suddenly would have bred suspicion in quarters where suspicion was not to be tolerated. Natchez appeared like a safe field for riotous extravagance, and hence was born Scip's desire to leave the narrow possibilities at the wood-landing.

His last draft on the gum-tree was for a hundred dollars and the watch. He knew very well to whom the watch really belonged, for he had often seen it in Ralph's possession. Apart from that, Ralph's name was engraved inside the case.

The laudable intention of returning the watch to its owner was an afterthought of Scip's. The negro employee of a wood-yard and a five-hundred-dollar Juergensen was a combination fraught with much peril.

Scip's newly acquired purple and fine linen did not lessen the peril appreciably, and after he had consulted the watch once or twice and had been followed by an officer, he decided that he would get rid of the timepiece.

Chance threw him in the way of Ralph Wetherell, whereby an opportunity offered to do a fine and generous thing. He returned the watch; said he had discovered it upon the person of a man named Preston, who was waiting for a steamer on the wharf boat at the wood-landing; had at once recognized it; and had obtained it by stealth.

Scip was not clever enough to think of the entanglements that might ensue. On the contrary, he prided himself on having done a deed of disinterested generosity, and faced the future complacently. All this Scip confided to Neil during their walk to the top of the bluff. So far from being vexed, Neil was delighted to think that the most of the money was where he could lay hands upon it.

"Of course," he said, repressing his exultation for Scip's benefit. "you have used some of the money, and I could make it go hard with you for that; but if you will go back with me to Bayou Baptiste, and get the rest of the money for me, I will let you off, Scip, and will not say a word to Pap about what you have done."

Scip appeared grateful.

"Whah yo' goin' now, Marse Preston?" he asked.

"I am going to find Ralph Wetherell and his sister."

"Den I'll wait fo' yo' at de wha'f, marse. You's mighty good to me, an'—"

"You are going right along with me, Scip," cut in Neil firmly. "I shall need you when I have my talk with young Wetherell."

Scip was far from being in love with the task set for him. He was too well acquainted with Marse Ralph's fiery temper, and feared the result of such an interview.

Inasmuch as he was at Neil's mercy, however, he could not very well refuse. He accompanied Neil, but with a faint heart and many qualms.

Ralph Wetherell and his sister were soon found. They were alone in the parlor of the best hotel in Natchez, talking earnestly in low voices, as Neil stepped to the open door.

Scip lingered outside, his teeth all but chattering, awaiting the psychological moment when his testimony should be needed. At Neil's entrance Miss Letty straightened stiffly in her chair, and Ralph leaped erect, his eyes flashing.

"Pardon me if I intrude," said Neil calmly, posting himself in such a manner that he could keep a watchful eye on Scip, "but in justice to myself it is necessary that I explain a few things to you—and that I do it now."

"We want none of your explanations!" exclaimed Ralph. "I wonder that you have the insolence to come here."

"Please go!" Miss Letty waved her hand toward the hall, speaking very much as she might have done to her black servitor at Belle Marie.

Neil stood his ground. Ralph stepped toward him in angry impatience and was met with a resolute look that made him pause.

"If you have any love for justice and fair play," said Neil, "you will bear with me a few minutes while you hear my side of that Belle of Natchez affair."

"It would be a waste of time," answered Ralph, uncompromisingly.

"Will you listen?" queried Neil, addressing the girl. "When you have heard what I wish to say, then I shall be content to take your judgment, whether it be for or against me."

"Sit down, Ralph," said Miss Letty after a moment. "Be as brief as possible," she added coldly to Neil.

Neil began with the conversation he had overheard on the guards, thus gaining his auditors' closest attention at the very beginning. From that, he proceeded to his visit to the cabin.

"I knew," said he, looking squarely at Ralph, "that you were about to be fleeced, and I tried to keep you from falling into the clutches of the gamblers. You cannot deny that."

"That was a part of the game," answered the young man. "All you desired was to egg me on to bet all I had."

"You are mistaken."

"I have it on good authority that you are one of these river sharks yourself."

"I have been one of them, but I am not now." His face flushed slightly, then faded clear again. "My experience with the cards gave me a cue as to what was coming. When you had lost your money and had left the cabin, I laid down twenty-five hundred dollars beside the two thousand and the watch. Knowing the game so well, I was able to turn the right card."

It was my intention to return the two thousand dollars and the watch to you."

Ralph's lips curled in an incredulous smile.

"Why did you not carry out your intention?" asked Miss Letty.

"I asked the captain of the boat to let me off at Bayou Baptiste," went on Neil, "and proceeded to my stateroom for my carpetbag so that I might be ready to land.

"While waiting on the guard, Joyce and Kissane made an attack on me, and I was thrown into the river. By a stroke of luck, Pap Daniels and Scip were fishing off the bayou, and they picked me up.

"When I recovered I was in their cabin, and they told me the carpetbag had been lost. That carpetbag contained your watch and money and the twenty-five hundred I had used in getting them back."

"Why did you not tell me about this when you came to the plantation?" asked the girl.

"Your brother had disappeared," replied Neil, "and I wanted you to hear of the gambling from his own lips."

"Scip said he took the watch from you on the wharf boat at Bayou Baptiste," commented Ralph. "Your story and his do not hang together."

Neil turned to the door. "Come in, Scip," he called, and the negro shuffled into the room. "Now, tell Miss Wetherell and her brother what you know about that carpetbag."

CHAPTER IX.

Scip's Predicament.

SCIP was almost in a state of collapse. Fumbling with his hat, he turned appealingly to Miss Letty, and then to Ralph.

"Marse Ralph," said he, in a shaking voice, "you-all ain't gwineter git mad at me, is yuh?"

"Tell me about the carpetbag," answered Ralph shortly.

With fear and trembling, Scip launched into the recital. More than once he tried to shield himself with a resort to extenuating circumstances which had no foundation in fact, but was brought up with a round turn by Wetherell.

When he had made an end, Scip crouched back against the wall, hung his head, and waited. Knowing the evil he had done, generations of servitude caused him to cringe as from a lash.

Ralph got up and walked toward him deliberately.

"You scoundrel!" he muttered, catching Scip by the collar and shaking him until his teeth rattled. "If I had a gad, I'd take this deviltry out of your black hide!"

"Doan', marse!" whimpered Scip. "I done what's right. Miss Letty, he hadn't ought to flog me fo' tellin' de trufe."

Another moment and the negro was

flung to his knees in the center of the room. Ralph, his eyes fairly blazing, started toward him again, but Miss Letty got in the way.

"That will do, Ralph," said she. "You ought to be glad to think that most of the money has been recovered. Instead of venting your spite on Scip, you should show your gratitude to Mr. Preston. We both owe him an apology."

Wetherell turned and held out his hand.

"Letty is right, Mr. Preston," said he. "I never saw a nigger that wouldn't steal if he was given half a chance. I should have suspected Scip, but I was too eager to lay hands on the blacklegs who had swindled me. I beg your pardon, sir. Are you willing to let bygones be bygones?"

"Certainly," returned Neil, pressing the outstretched hand cordially.

"You came near losing your life in trying to help me," went on the young man generously, "and while the Wetherells never forget an injury, they are equally slow in forgetting a kindness. I have acted the part of a fool all the way through this Belle of Natchez affair."

Miss Letty added a kind word on her own account, and extended Neil an invitation to visit Belle Marie plantation. Neil told her he had come up the river on a business errand, and would have to return to New Orleans as soon as possible; but the money he had wagered on the steamer was not his own, and, consequently, he would have to recover it before he continued his journey.

Ralph, at this point, ordered Scip out of the room, and commanded him sternly to wait in the office below. "If you try to run," the young man warned, "I will have the officers on your track before you can get clear of the town."

Scip protested that he had not the least desire to run, and shuffled out of the parlor and into the hall.

"Now," resumed Ralph, "there are some things about this affair that look dark to me, and I reckon it would be an advantage all around if we hold a star-chamber session. Will you sit down, Mr. Preston?"

They seated themselves within confidential distance of each other, and Ralph bowed his head and wrinkled his brows in deep thought.

"From what you overheard on the boat, Mr. Preston," he observed presently, "it looks as though that two thousand dollars sis and I got in Louisville was the central point in a conspiracy formed by Joyce, Kissane, and Mose Pringle. Pringle gave the gamblers a cue, and they followed it."

"Why should Pringle give them a cue?" queried Miss Letty.

"He was to have a share of the proceeds, I reckon."

"There was something more back of it, if you will permit me to say so," put in Neil. "You remember, Kissane spoke of helping Mose out by getting the money

away from you. You can tell better than I, perhaps, how your losing the money would help Pringle."

Sister and brother exchanged swift glances. Miss Letty was next to speak.

"The money we secured in Louisville came to us on an old debt that had long been due my father. The plantation is mortgaged, and unless we can pay that two thousand dollars within a few days the old place will be sold. It is plain to me that Pringle is anxious to get the plantation."

"Does he hold the mortgage?" Neil asked.

"His father was our overseer during the war——"

"Our best overseers were Abolitionists," chuckled Ralph. "If we wanted a nigger-tamer, we got him from the North."

"Job Pringle, Mose Pringle's father, surprised us by offering to lend money to put the plantation back where it was before Grierson's raid," proceeded Miss Letty. "Where he secured so much money is more than I know, but we gratefully accepted his offer."

"The work of restoring the plantation was more difficult than Ralph and I imagined, and then our cane and cotton crops were total failures for two years, and we soon found ourselves out of funds and worse off than we were before we had borrowed the money."

"Job Pringle had gone away, and after some years we heard that he was dead. Then, a month ago, Mose Pringle came and said the mortgage had been left to him, and that he was going to foreclose unless we could pay up the back interest and something on the principal. When we hand over that two thousand dollars we shall have another year in which to turn ourselves."

"Is the plantation in crop this year?" asked Neil.

"No; we had no money for the planting."

"Then how do you expect to win out?"

Again significant glances passed between Letty and Ralph.

"He has shown himself a true friend," said the brother, "and you had better tell him the whole thing, sis."

"Have you ever heard about my father's brother, Whitney Wetherell, Mr. President?" the girl queried.

"I have heard that he was a soldier, had made money running the blockade, that he had brought a large sum of British gold to Belle Marie, and had hidden it away on the plantation against the time your father might need it; also that he had been killed in a duel in New Orleans."

"Daniels must have told you all that," struck in Ralph. Neil nodded. "It's true," the young man continued. "My uncle was far-sighted; he saw the North was going to be successful, believed the banks of the

Mississippi would be ravaged, and felt that his British gold would come in handy when the skies had cleared."

"Only three persons knew where that gold was secreted—my father, Uncle Whitney, and Job Pringle. Job Pringle claimed he had forgotten about it, but I am sure he knew all the time and was merely waiting to get the plantation on the mortgage, when that hoard would come to him. These Yankees are mighty sharp when it comes to a money dicker, as they call it."

"Do you think Mose Pringle knows where the money can be found?"

"I am positive of it—so positive that we are having every move he makes watched."

"If Job Pringle was crooked, it seems strange that he did not take the gold away with him when he went North. Your father and your uncle had died before that, hadn't they?"

"Yes."

"And you hope to be able to find the money before Pringle forecloses on the mortgage."

"That is what we intend to do with our year of grace."

"Have you anything in the nature of a clue?"

"My father was wounded during the last days of the war," said Miss Letty. "and after he was brought home he died very suddenly, before he had a chance to tell us anything about the money. Uncle Whitney had already been killed in New Orleans, but we have learned that before going out to fight this duel he left papers with a friend to be deposited with a lawyer and ultimately sent to my father in case the worst happened. Mr. Hamilton, a friend of ours in New Orleans, is on the track of the papers."

"If they are found," finished Ralph, "we are fairly sure we shall learn all about the money Uncle Whitney got by running his cotton past the Yankee gunboats. That is why we are anxious for more time."

"And that, also, I suppose," said Neil, "explains why Mose Pringle is anxious for you to lose the plantation at once. The situation clears a little. So far as the conspiracy goes, it was merely a scheme to get your money and keep you from making a payment on the mortgage."

"That is how it looks to me," concurred Ralph.

"Luckily," continued Neil, "the scheme has fallen through. All that is necessary is to go with Scip to the gum-tree and secure my carpetbag. Then make your payment and secure the year of grace. During that time I sincerely hope your friend, Mr. Hamilton, will succeed in locating your uncle's papers."

"He is quite confident that he will," put in Miss Letty.

"How were the papers lost?"

"During the excitement attending But-

ler's occupation of New Orleans a great many unusual things happened, and the misplacing of these papers was among them."

The Federal occupation of New Orleans under Butler was notorious in many ways. In the general overturning and readjustment of business affairs almost anything had been possible.

Personally, Neil had not much faith in this British gold of Whitney Wetherell's, although well aware that much treasure had been stored away by anxious Southerners during the war.

"All we can do," said Miss Letty, "is to hope for the best. The gold was so cleverly concealed that Grierson and his Illinois men were not able to find it when they ransacked the estate. Nevertheless, it is a forlorn hope."

"When we find the cache, the gold may not be there; perhaps, indeed, it never was there. Its presence has always been something of a tradition."

This closed Neil's interview with Ralph and Miss Letty. He had luncheon with them, and, when he left the hotel, had promised to meet them aboard an up-river boat at ten o'clock that night and pursue the search for the carpetbag under Scip's guidance.

In the afternoon he met Quinn at the Foster House. Quinn had five hundred dollars for him. He had heard Neil had been gambling, and was very much perturbed on account of it.

"I know Joyce," said Quinn, "and Joyce told me about it. That fellow is a snake in the grass, Neil, and he'll work you an injury if he can. Be wary of him."

"I shall be on the lookout," Neil answered.

Shortly after nine o'clock Neil started for the landing. The unforeseen was waiting for him, and he walked blindly into it.

When he reached the wharf, a man who had followed him from the top of the bluff stepped to his side and laid a firm hand on his shoulder.

"Is your name Nell Preston?"

Neil whirled to look into the shadowy face that confronted him.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then I want you. Don't try to fight or you'll regret it. You are under arrest."

"For what?" demanded Neil.

"For embezzling twenty-five hundred dollars belonging to Hamilton & Clay, of New Orleans. You will have to walk back up the hill with me."

For a moment Neil stood as though stunned.

This was Joyce's work, he felt certain of it.

CHAPTER X.

A Dash for Freedom.

If this was to happen at all, it could not have happened more inopportune. Left his freedom for that night, Neil would

have regained his employers' funds and carried them safely to New Orleans.

"There is a mistake, officer," said Neil, hanging back as the other tried to start him for the upper town.

"If there is," was the gruff reply, "you'll have a chance to explain in due time. Come on."

"Wait a moment," Neil answered. "I am to meet friends on the Half Moon at ten o'clock and go to Bayou Baptiste—"

"You'll not keep the engagement," was the grim response.

"I must, officer. I am going to the bayou to get this money which you say I have embezzled."

The officer laughed incredulously.

"That won't go down, Preston. You are up to your old tricks, and have been betting at cards."

Nell did not feel that he had a right to explain to the man the incident that had happened aboard the *Belle of Natchez*; but his honor hung on the recovery of the money.

He had gambled: he could not deny that; nor could he deny that his employers had exacted a solemn promise from him, on giving him a position of trust, that he would never again touch the cards. That promise had been broken, but broken only that he might serve young Wetherell.

"I did gamble with the money," Neil admitted, "but it was simply to help out a young man who was in trouble. I did not lose Hamilton & Clay's funds at the game I played, but met with an accident that delayed my arrival in New Orleans and temporarily took the money out of my possession. I am just on the point of going after it."

"You can't make me swallow any cock-and-bull story of that kind. There's a place in Natchez-on-the-Hill that's waiting for you, my lad, and I'm in no mood to stand here wasting time."

"You can at least go with me aboard the Half Moon and let my friends convince you that what I have said is the truth."

"Not a step. We're for the upper town, and no more ifs nor ands about it."

The officer was big and burly, and would not temporize. He endeavored so roughly to drag Neil from the wharf that the latter's temper began to rise.

"Go with me to Bayou Baptiste," implored Neil desperately, "and I will get the money and go with you freely to New Orleans to-morrow. When we arrive there I can explain, I think, to Mr. Hamilton's entire satisfaction."

"You can just as well go with me as to make me pass the night in the Natchez jail. And it means everything, officer, so far as I am concerned. It will cost you nothing to do this, and—"

"You can't work any of your schemes on me. Are you going to make me put the cuffs on you?"

Far along the line of waiting boats Nell

could see the lights of the Half Moon. The bell was ringing, and dark forms were hurrying aboard.

Arrested for embezzlement! The thought ran through his brain like a streak of fire, and almost maddened him.

The uncompromising position the officer had taken might be in the line of strict policy, but it appeared to Neil as unreasonable and gratuitously unjust. Neil, well aware of his own innocence, did not pause to think that he might be unreasonable himself.

"Very well," said he, with seeming acquiescence, "if you insist, I suppose I shall have to go with you."

"Now we're getting at the right end of it," said the officer. "It's a ground-hog case with you, and it's a good thing you realize it."

Neil started slowly, the officer clinging to his arm. Their course took them past a pile of barrels, heaped up in tiers and showing shadowily under the dim light.

When they were abreast of the barrels, Neil, who had quickly planned the *coup*, hurled himself sidewise. He had hoped to catch the officer off his guard, but in this he was disappointed.

The man clung to him like a leech, and swore roundly. A struggle ensued, during which the officer, who was heavy and awkward, slipped and fell backward, dragging Neil with him.

The mishap was favorable for the prisoner, who was quick to turn it to his own advantage. He fell with his captor, throwing him with much force against the cobblestones.

For a brief space the officer was dazed, his head having received the brunt of the fall.

Like a cat, Neil regained his feet and started back toward the boats.

"Halt!" roared the officer from behind, recovering his wits as swiftly as he had lost them. "Halt, or I'll fire!"

Neil, never pausing to look behind, took a flying leap over the pile of barrels. A revolver barked spitefully, the bullet biting the air above his shoulder.

Before another shot could be fired he was shielded by the barrels and racing for the river. His objective point was the Half Moon, and dismay filled him when he saw that her berth at the wharf was empty. She was already on her way upstream.

The shooting, coupled with the officer's excited yells, gathered a crowd of rustabouts, flatboatmen, and loungers, who all joined in the pursuit. By now Neil, rendered desperate by the injustice that had been done him, thought only of making his dash for freedom a success.

Making straight across the wharf, he leaped to the deck of a steamboat lying dark and deserted at her moorings. Crossing the guards, he gained a second boat, and then a third, leaping from craft to craft, and bent only on getting as far

away from his pursuers as possible. Pursuit was delayed and bewildered by these tactics. Some of the officer's party went one way and some another, two or three following the wharf in the direction of Neil's flight.

Naturally, Neil could not proceed indefinitely as he was doing; in fact, he had not gone far before he saw a break in the line of boats ahead of him. When he reached the break, he felt that he would have to regain the wharf, or double back across the boats, or else stow himself away in the last steamer and hope against hope that he would not be found.

Fortune, however, continued to befriend him. The yawl of the last boat lay in the water at her side, with oars in place.

Jerking the painter from its iron ring, he dropped into the yawl and fell to noiselessly with the oars, hugging the shadows as much as possible. The excitement of the chase died slowly away behind him, and he began to breathe more freely.

Now that he had escaped the meshes of the law for a time, he began to wonder what he should do. While his mind was grappling with the emergency, his eyes were roving through the semi-gloom ahead.

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of a blot of shadow lying along the shore—an ungainly blur against the lighter background of the night. As he drew closer he saw that it was a "shanty boat," its windows dark, and its cabin apparently deserted.

This seemed to him like a haven of refuge thrown across his path for his especial benefit. Worn out with the events of a strenuous day, he stood in need of rest.

He would have to proceed up the river, but that was hardly to be thought of now before the following day; perhaps not then if the officers were too watchful. Neil had become a fugitive, which increased his difficulties immeasurably.

Dropping down alongside the scow with a few swift strokes, he got aboard, securing the yawl while he made an investigation. The door of the shanty was locked, but there was a hatch on the strip of deck forward and he opened it and peered below.

A match, cautiously struck and held downward at arm's length, enabled him to make a tolerable survey of the narrow quarters. Aside from a few small boxes and barrels, the hold was empty.

"Any port in foul weather," thought Neil grimly. "I'll bunk here for the night and see what I can do in the morning."

As a precaution, he cast the yawl adrift. A splash of oars from up the river seemed to indicate that small boats were out in quest of him, and it would not do to have the yawl found alongside the scow.

After giving the yawl a stout shove downstream, he dropped through the hatch and closed it over him. Next he arranged the boxes so they would form a bed, and stretched himself out on them to rest.

There was a disagreeable smell of bilge water, but he was not in a position to be fastidious. The waves lapped the scow's sides and the splashing of oars reached his ears intermittently, and finally died away.

Then, in spite of his hard couch, he slept. He was awakened suddenly. Heavy feet were tramping over his head and he heard voices.

There were two speakers, and the voice of one had a familiar ring. Neil arose on his elbow and listened.

"All we want of you, Jerrick, is to do as you're told. Understand? You're getting well paid for the use of your old hulk."

That was the voice that Neil thought he recognized, although his freshly roused faculties could not place the speaker.

(To be Continued.)

"I've allers been a law-abidin' man," said the other, "an' a night trip like this 'ere looks kinder suspicious."

"You have nothing to do with that end of it. Besides, it's too late for you to back out now."

"We've got your promise, you've got some of our money, and the Cricket is dropping down to take us in tow. We'll be at Belle Marie landing before many hours, and by daybreak we should be hung up at Rodney."

"All right, Mr. Joyce. You're the doctor, but if there's any underhand doin's, jest remember that I wash my hands of 'em."

Joyce! Neil fell back on the boxes amazed and bewildered.

SOME DEEP-SEA HUMOR.

THE first day out: Steward—Did you ring, sir? Traveler—Yes, steward, I—I rang. Steward—Anything I can bring you, sir? Traveler—Y-yes, st-steward. Bub-bring me a continent, if you have one, or an island—anything, steward, so l-lul-long as it's solid. If you can't, sus-sink the ship.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Van Dyke—As the boat left the dock I waved my handkerchief, and then a most curious thing happened. Forney—What was it? Van Dyke—The ocean waved back.—*Truth.*

Uneasy Passenger (on an ocean steamer)—Doesn't the vessel tip frightfully? Dignified Steward—The vessel, mum, is trying to set hexample to the passengers.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Jinks—I can't understand how shipwrecked sailors ever starve to death? Filkins—Why not? Jinks—Because I just came over from Liverpool and I never felt any desire to eat.—*Puck.*

Lady (to sea captain)—How do you manage to find your way across the ocean? Captain—By the compass. The needle always points to north. Lady—But suppose you wish to go south?—*London Tit-Bits.*

Nervous Passenger—Why are you steaming along at such a fearful rate through this fog? Ocean Captain (reassuringly)—Fogs are dangerous, madam, and I'm always in a hurry to get out of them.—*New York Weekly.*

"This is your sixth trip across the ocean in winter, is it?" said the timid passenger. "Are you never oppressed by a fear that the ship will run into an iceberg and sink?" "Never, madam," replied the busi-

ness-like passenger, briskly; "I never invest a cent in ships."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Two ministers were crossing a lake in a storm. When matters became most critical some one cried out, "The two ministers must pray!" "Na, na," said the boatman; "the little ane can pray if he likes, but the big ane maun tak' an oar."—*Century.*

A judge, in crossing the Irish Channel one stormy night, knocked against a well-known witty lawyer who was suffering terribly from seasickness. "Can I do anything for you?" said the judge. "Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer; "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion!"—*White Mountain Echo.*

"My dear, look down below," said Mr. Grandiose, as he stood on deck with his wife and gazed at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life; the tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."—*Charleston News.*

The bishop thought the capful of wind was an Atlantic storm, and worried the captain by asking constantly if there was danger. The captain led his lordship to the hatch over the fo'c'sle. "You hear the crew swearing," he said. "Do you think those men would use such oaths if there was danger of their meeting death?" The sun set in an angry storm-torn sky, the wind rose higher yet, and the good steamer pitched and rolled and groaned and creaked. It was midnight, and a portly figure crept forward to the fo'c'sle hatch. "Thank heaven," murmured the bishop, "those men are swearing yet."—*New York Mercury.*

Love-Letters of the Great.

Passion, Tenderness, Sweetness, Reverence, All the Deep Tones of Love,
Make Beautiful the Letters Written by Various
Great Men to Their Wives.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

Men of genius and power—kings, commanders, poets, painters—belong not to themselves, but to the world. Greatness destroys privacy; and many a person of note has lived to see described in print the most minute of his little, unsuspected peculiarities. This invasion of the right to be let alone is inevitable. Even love-letters do not escape.

It is only a few years since the love-letters of the Brownings—Elizabeth Barrett and Robert—were given to the world. As models in the expression of deep and tender affection it will be long before they are displaced. Yet specimens of the love-letters of other eminent men and women are full of tenderness, passion, reverence.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ROMANCE.

Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, having occasion to make a trip to Europe, wrote to the Queen:

My Own Darling: We got over our journey thus far rapidly and well, but the tide was so unmannerly as to be an hour later than the time calculated, so that I cannot sail before three. I have been an hour here and regret the lost time which I might have spent with you. Poor child! you will, while I write, be getting ready for luncheon, and will find the place vacant where I sat yesterday. In your heart, however, I hope my place will not be vacant.

I at least have you on board with me in spirit. Try to occupy yourself as much as possible. You are even now half a day nearer to seeing me again; by the time you get this letter it will be a whole day: thirteen more and I am again within your arms. To-morrow Seymour will bring you further news of me. Your most devoted

ALBERT.

LEIGH HUNT AND HIS MARIANNE.

Leigh Hunt carried his versatility into his love-letters to Miss Marianne Kent, his future wife. Below is an example written when he was nineteen:

My Dearest Marianne: I am very uncomfortable; I get up at five in the morning, say a word to nobody, curse my stars

till eleven at night, then creep into bed to curse my stars for to-morrow; and all this because I love a little black-eyed girl of fifteen, whom nobody knows, with all my heart and soul. You must not suppose I love you a bit the better for being fifty miles out of my reach in the daytime, for I travel at a pretty tolerable pace every night and have held many a happy chat with you about twelve or one o'clock at midnight, though you have forgotten it by this time.

Here follows a stanza of poetry, after which he proceeds:

You see, lovers can no more help being poets than poets can help being lovers. I shall see you again and will pay you prettily for running away from me, for you shall not stir from my side the whole evening. If you are well and have been so at Brighton, you are everything I could wish you. God bless you and yours. You see I can still pray for myself. Heaven knows that every blessing bestowed on you is a tenfold one bestowed on your H.

THE NOBLE AFFECTION OF CHARLES I.

In a way which proved him an adept in the art, Charles I wrote to Henriette Marie, the daughter of Henri IV of France, when she was coming to join him.

Dear Heart: I never knew till now the good of ignorance, for I did not know the danger thou wert in by the storm before I had assurance of thy happy escape, we having had a pleasing false report of thy safe landing at Newcastle, which thine of the 19th of January so far confirmed us in that we were at least not undeceived of that hope till we knew certainly how great a danger thou hast passed, of which I shall not be out of apprehension until I have the happiness of thy company.

For indeed I think it not the least of my misfortunes that for my sake thou hast run so much hazard. But my heart being full of admiration for thee, affection for thee, and impatient passion of gratitude to thee, I cannot but say something, leaving the rest to be read by thee out of thine own noble heart.

CHARLES R.

NAPOLEON TO HIS FIRST LOVE.

Napoleon Bonaparte, in a passionate letter to Josephine, said:

I have received your letter, my adorable friend. It has filled my heart with joy. I hope that you are better. I earnestly desire that you should ride on horseback, as it cannot fail to benefit you.

Since I left you I have been constantly depressed. My happiness is to be near you. Incessantly I live over in my memory your caresses, your tears, your affectionate solicitude. The charms of the incomparable Josephine kindle continually a burning and a glowing flame in my heart. When free from all solitude, all harassing care, shall I be able to pass all my time with you, having only to love you and to think only of the happiness of so saying and of proving it to you? I will send you your horse, but I hope you will soon join me.

I thought I loved you months ago, but since my separation from you I feel that I love you a thousandfold more. Each day since I knew you have I adored you yet more and more. Ah! I entreat you to let me see some of your faults; be less beautiful, less gracious, less affectionate, less good, especially be not overanxious, and never weep. Your tears rob me of reason and inflame my blood.

Believe me that it is not in my power to have a single thought that is not of you, or a wish that I cannot reveal to you. Quickly reestablish your health and join me, that at last before death we may be able to say "We were many days happy." A thousand kisses and one even to Fortuna, notwithstanding his spitefulness.

BONAPARTE.

THE FRESHNESS OF WASHINGTON'S AFFECTION.

The following letter from George Washington to his wife is a beautiful example of love that was as fresh after twenty years as at the first, and illustrates perfectly the sane balance of his great mind:

My Dearest Life and Love: You have hurt me, I know not how much, by the insinuation in your last that my letters to you have been less frequent because I have felt less concern for you. The suspicion is most unkind. Have we lived almost a score of years in the closest and dearest conjugal intimacy to so little purpose that on the appearance only of inattention to you, and which you might have accounted for in a thousand ways more natural and more probable, you should pitch upon that single motive which alone is injurious to me?

I have not, I own, wrote so often to you as I wished and as I ought, but think of my situation and then ask your heart if I be without excuse. We are not, my dearest, in circumstances most favorable to our happiness; but let us not, I beseech

you, idly make them worse by indulging in suspicions and apprehensions which minds in distress are but too apt to give way to. Your most faithful and tender husband,

G. W.

BRIEF BUT SINCERE "OLD NOLL."

Oliver Cromwell seemed to have similar difficulties when he wrote:

My Dearest: I have not leisure to write much; but I could chide thee that, in many of thy letters, thou writest to me that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature, let that suffice. I rest thine

OLIVER CROMWELL.

POE'S HEART IN A TIME OF TRIAL.

In the midst of his trials, Edgar Allan Poe wrote to his wife:

My Dear Heart, My Dear Virginia: Our mother will explain to you why I stayed away from you this night. Of my last great disappointment I should have lost my courage but for you, my little darling wife. I shall be with you to-morrow, and be assured until I see you I will keep in loving remembrance your last words and your fervent prayer. May God grant you a peaceful summer with your devoted

EDGAR.

THE LOVE OF BISMARCK.

Bismarck, the man of iron, to the last day of his life was tenderly devoted to his wife, using the most endearing terms in writing to her. While he was in Paris, during the early days of their married life, he wrote to her:

They say that here one may see the most beautiful women in the world; women whose charms are a scepter more powerful than a king's. I have seen them all, my little heart, and now I know why you hold me in such unbreakable chains: for there is none of all these fair ones so richly dowered as my darling with all that gives a woman empire over the hearts of men.

THE RIPENESS OF A TRUE DEVOTION.

Garibaldi always found time in the stress of his campaigns to send messages of love to his wife. At one time he wrote:

Your face, my little one, is with me every hour, encouraging and solacing me when my heart sinks low with fears of what may be. I thought I had tasted all the sweetness of love's cup when I first embraced my Anita, the mother of my children, in a silence that was an ecstasy: but now I know that there are peaks higher than the Alps, and that there is a heaven higher and purer and sweeter than any I first explored in the ardor of youth. God keep you, my darling, and restore me to your arms.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Of British birds' eggs a complete set is worth about £200.

Great Britain spends on tobacco and pipes about £14,000,000 every year.

About 3,500,000 people are on the sea, either as passengers or seamen, every day in the year.

The oldest tortoise in the London Zoo has seen 350 summers. He has to be fed by hand with cabbages.

During the past twelve months 203 snow-bound travelers have been saved from death by the faithful hounds of St. Bernard.

Plate-layers are more liable to accident than any other railway workmen. On an average, one gets hurt every thirty-five hours in the United Kingdom.

About 2,000 vessels of all kinds disappear in the sea every year, carrying down 12,000 human beings, and involving a loss of about £20,000,000 in property.

No one has yet been able to construct a vessel which can resist the force of freezing water. Twenty-pound steel shells have been rent as if they were glass.

A celebrated aeronaut asserts that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and 4 o'clock in the afternoon the rainiest hour of the day.

Herat, in Afghanistan, is the city which has been most often destroyed. Fifty-six times have its walls been laid in ruins, and fifty-seven times have they been built.

Few ladies are aware that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their heads; the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning.

Painting the Forth Bridge is no light undertaking. So vast is its structure that it takes fifty tons of paint to give it one "coat," and the area dealt with is something like 120 acres.

Sheet-iron can now be rolled so thin that it takes 15,000 sheets to make a single inch in thickness. Light shines as clearly

through one of these sheets as through ordinary tissue paper.

The King's footmen wear wigs which have eight rows of curls, whereas those of the Prince of Wales are allowed seven rows, and those of the Lord Mayor of London are given six only.

By pasting a bit of paper upon the eyelid, a photographic record has been made of the duration of time required in winking the eye. It has been found that a wink requires one-third of a second.

When an Atlantic steamship has on board what is called a "full mail," she is carrying about 200,000 letters and 300 sacks of newspapers to London alone, besides large quantities for other places.

It has been estimated that ten millions sterling is spent each year on golf. There are 879 golf clubs in England, 760 in America, 632 in Scotland, and 134 in Ireland, numbering altogether 600,000 players.

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is treated much more seriously than it is in the schools of this country. Catch questions are numerous, and pupils of ten years are taught the multiplication table up to forty times forty.

The oldest university in the world is at Peking. It is called the "School for the Sons of the Empire." Its antiquity is very great, and a grand register, consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of 60,000 graduates.

At Greenwood colliery, in the Pennsylvania anthracite regions, a fire which started fifty years ago is still raging. Water has no effect on it, so over a million dollars are being spent in fighting the fire with a mixture of culm and water.

In Santo Domingo there is a remarkable salt mountain, a mass of crystalline salt almost four miles long, said to contain nearly 90,000,000 tons, and to be so clear that medium-sized print can be read with ease through a block a foot thick.

The herring is more largely used as an article of food than any other fish, both in its fresh and cured states. More than 250,000 tons of herrings are landed on the coasts of Great Britain every year, representing a money value of about £1,200,000.

China's great wall was recently measured by an engineer, the height being given as eighteen feet. For 1,300 miles the wall goes over plains and mountains, every foot of the foundation being of granite and the rest of the structure solid masonry.

The thumb and fingers have their own industrial value. Two French experts consider that the loss of the right thumb lessens the value of the hand 30 per cent and the left thumb 20 per cent; the index finger, 10 to 20 per cent, and middle finger, 8 to 12 per cent.

"Colored rain," in the shape of millions of little red, green, and yellow insects, fell recently at Angers, France. The phenomenon lasted several hours, and so numerous were the insects that they choked the water-pipes in the town and were shoveled up in the streets by the cartload.

Dew is a great respecter of colors. To prove this, take pieces of glass or board and paint them red, yellow, green, and black. Expose them at night, and you will find that the yellow will be covered with moisture, the green will be damp, but that the red and the black will be left perfectly dry.

A Japanese auction is a solemn affair. The public do not call out their bids, but write their names, together with the amount they are willing to pay, on slips of paper, and put these in a box. They are looked through, and the article is awarded to the person who has made the highest offer.

In China an odd way of taking the census prevails. The cities and towns are arranged in groups of ten houses. The oldest man in each group visits the nine houses which, with his own, makes up the group, counts the members of every family, and sends his report to the Imperial Census Bureau.

The boatmen of Holland measure distances by smoking. The distance between two named points is expressed as so many pipefuls of tobacco, meaning, of course, that one would smoke so many pipes while covering the distance mentioned. Holland's colonies are sixty times as big as the mother country.

The producing power of the banana is forty-four times as great as that of the potato. The dried fruit is readily converted into nutritious flour; it may also be manufactured into sausages; beer can be made from it; while the skin can be turned into cloth, and the juice made to do service either as ink or vinegar.

Radium is a substance millions of times more powerful than dynamite. It is estimated that an ounce of radium would contain enough power to raise 10,000 tons a mile above the earth's surface. The energy

needed to tow a ship of 12,000 tons a distance of 6,000 sea miles at fifteen knots is contained in twenty-two ounces of radium.

About the most dangerous place to seek shelter in a thunderstorm is under an oak or elm tree, as was proved again by the experience of a dozen persons in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, only a short time ago. This fact has long been known to scientists, but many persons are killed every year by lightning because of the lack or disregard of this knowledge.

In England no arrests may be made on a Sunday, except for treason, felony, or a breach of the peace; and freedom from arrest at any time on civil process is a privilege enjoyed by members of the royal family and their servants, bishops, peers and peeresses, and members of Parliament during the sitting of Parliament and forty days before and after each session.

A young man fond of dancing took a pedometer with him to a ball, and found that in the course of the evening he had covered thirteen and a half miles. The average length of a waltz was half a mile; of a polka, three-quarters of a mile; of a gallop or schottische, a mile, and of lanciers, a quarter of a mile. A girl usually dances more than a man, and is calculated to cover more than sixteen miles in a single evening.

Bakers in France are subjected to several unusual rules and regulations. In large fortified towns, for instance, they must always have a certain stock in hand in case of war. Not only this, but everywhere they have to deposit a sum of money in the hands of the municipal authorities as a surety of good conduct; and the law, not content with merely looking after their weights and measures, actually decides the price at which bread is sold.

A metal-mixer capable of dealing with 750 tons of metal at a time is owned by the Ebbw Vale Steel Company. The huge boat-shaped contrivance is set on massive steel rollers, and a couple of hydraulic rams mounted on trunnions provide the tilting motion and keep the immense boat rocking from side to side. Ports are provided for gas-firing, so as to maintain the temperature of the contents of the vessel. This is the largest metal-mixer of its type.

The greatest dental operation on record was performed upon an elephant in the City of Mexico. The aching tooth was twelve inches long and fourteen inches in diameter at the root. After Mr. Elephant had been securely fastened with chains his mouth was prised open and a quantity of cocaine applied to deaden the pain. When this was done, a hole was bored through the tooth and an iron bar inserted. Then a rope was twisted around the bar and four horses attached.

The Companions of Jehu.*

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the grandson of a French marquis and a negress of Hayti, was born at Villers-Cotterets, Aisne, France, July 24, 1802, and died at Puys, near Dieppe, December 5, 1870. The creator of a school of romantic novels that was all his own—a school characterized by sparkling wit, vigorous action, and the glamour of life among the most spectacular courts and battlefields of Europe—Dumas has held the readers of three generations of men under a spell which even the most prosaic have been unable to resist. The late Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, practical and unromantic as he was in every-day life, was wont to boast that every winter he reread nearly all the romances of Dumas.

Young Dumas taught himself to read. He began his business life as a notary's clerk, at the age of fifteen. Several years later he made his way to Paris as a poacher, selling the game he shot by the road. In Paris he obtained an appointment in the household of the Duc d'Orleans. His first play was produced in 1823. It was "La Chasse et l'Amour," and was successful. It was not until the production of his drama "Henri III," in 1829, however, that he became really famous.

Having first become successful as a playwright, Dumas essayed the rôle of novelist, and in this capacity he scored one triumph after another. As a result of his literary labors he acquired an income that was regarded as enormous for an author in those days. At one time he was making as much as \$200,000 a year.

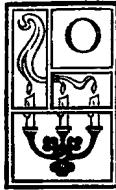
The more popular of the novels of Dumas undoubtedly are "The Count of Monte Cristo," the D'Artagnan romances, which include "The Three Musketeers," and "The Queen's Necklace." "The Companions of Jehu" possesses qualities which one may look for in vain in a novel written by any author other than Dumas. It is charged with vigorous action, lively dialogue, and thrilling situations. Not for a moment does the author permit himself to lose his grip on the interest of the reader. This remarkable story will be given to the readers of THE SCRAP BOOK in six instalments.

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. 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 Montreviel, aide-de-camp to Bonaparte. The older traveler bids de Montreviel farewell and continues his journey. Sir John Tanlay, a traveling Englishman, acts as de Montreviel's second. De Barjols is killed.

CHAPTER V.

Roland.


N their return to the Hôtel du Palais-Royal, Sir John mounted to his room with his pistols, the sight of which might have excited something like remorse in Roland's breast. Then he rejoined the young officer and returned the three letters which had been entrusted to him.

He found Roland leaning pensively on a

table. Without saying a word the Englishman laid the three letters before him. The young man cast his eyes over the addresses, took the one destined for his mother, unsealed it and read it over. As he read, great tears rolled down his cheeks.

Sir John gazed wonderingly at this new phase of Roland's character. He had thought everything possible to this many-sided nature except those tears which fell silently from his eyes.

Shaking his head and paying not the least attention to Sir John's presence, Roland murmured:

"Poor mother! She would have wept.

Perhaps it is better so. Mothers were not made to weep for their children!"

He tore up the letters he had written to his mother, his sister, and General Bonaparte, mechanically burning the fragments with the utmost care. Then ringing for the chambermaid, he asked:

"When must my letters be in the post?"

"Half-past six," replied she. "You have only a few minutes more."

"Just wait then."

And taking a pen he wrote:

MY DEAR GENERAL: It is as I told you; I am living and he is dead. You must admit that this seems like a wager. Devotion to death.

Your Paladin,
ROLAND.

Then he sealed the letter, addressed it to General Bonaparte, Rue de la Victoire, Paris, and handed it to the chambermaid, bidding her lose no time in posting it. Then only did he seem to notice Sir John, and held out his hand to him.

"You have just rendered me a great service, my lord"—he said—"one of those services which bind men for all eternity. I am already your friend; will you do me the honor to become mine?"

Sir John pressed the hand that Roland offered him.

"Oh!" said he, "I thank you heartily. I should never have dared ask this honor; but you offer it and I accept."

Even the impassable Englishman felt his heart soften as he brushed away the tear that trembled on his lashes. Then looking at Roland he said: "It is unfortunate that you are so hurried; I should have been pleased and delighted to spend a day or two with you."

"Where were you going, my lord, when I met you?"

"Oh, I? Nowhere. I am traveling to get over being bored. I am unfortunately often bored."

"So that you were going nowhere?"

"I was going everywhere."

"That is exactly the same thing," said the young officer, smiling. "Well, will you do something for me?"

"Oh! very willingly, if it is possible."

"Perfectly possible; it depends only on you."

"What is it?"

"Had I been killed you were going to take me to my mother or throw me into the Rhône."

"I should have taken you to your mother, and not thrown you into the Rhône."

"Well, instead of accompanying me dead, take me living. You will be all the better received."

"Oh!"

"We will remain a fortnight at Bourg. It is my natal city, and one of the dullest towns in France; but as your compatriots are preeminent for originality, perhaps you will find amusement where others are bored. Are we agreed?"

"I should like nothing better," exclaimed the Englishman; "but it seems to me that it is hardly proper on my part."

"Oh! we are not in England, my lord, where etiquette holds absolute sway. We have no longer king nor queen. We didn't cut off that poor creature's head whom they called Marie Antoinette to install Her Majesty, Etiquette in her stead."

"I should like to go," said Sir John.

"You'll see my mother is an excellent woman, and very distinguished besides. My sister was sixteen when I left; she must be eighteen now. She was pretty, and she ought to be beautiful. Then there is my brother Edouard, a delightful youngster of twelve, who will let off fireworks between your legs and chatter a gibberish of English with you. At the end of the fortnight we will go to Paris together."

"I have just come from Paris," said the Englishman.

"But listen. You were willing to go to Egypt to see General Bonaparte. Paris is not so far from here as Cairo. I'll present you, and, introduced by me, you may rest assured that you will be well received. You were speaking of Shakespeare just now—"

"Oh! I am always quoting him."

"Which proves that you like comedies and dramas."

"I do like them very much, that's true."

"Well, then, General Bonaparte is going to produce one in his own style which will not be wanting in interest, I answer for it!"

"So that," said Sir John, still hesitating, "I may accept your offer without seeming intrusive?"

"I should think so. You will delight us all, especially me."

"Then I accept."

"Bravo! Now, let's see, when will you start?"

"As soon as you wish. My coach was harnessed when you threw that unfortunate plate at Barjols' head. However, as I should never have known you but for that plate, I am glad you did throw it at him!"

"Shall we start this evening?"

"Instantly. I'll give orders for the postilion to send other horses, and once they are here we will start."

Roland nodded acquiescence. Sir John went out to give his orders, and returned presently, saying they had served two cutlets and a cold fowl for them below. Roland took his valise and went down. The Englishman placed his pistols in the coach-box again.

Both ate enough to enable them to travel all night, and as nine o'clock was striking from the Church of the Cordeliers they settled themselves in the carriage and quitted Avignon, where their passage left a fresh trail of blood, Roland with the careless indifference of his nature, Sir John Tanlay with the impossibility of his nation.

A quarter of an hour later both were

sleeping, or at least the silence which obtained induced the belief that both had yielded to slumber.

We shall profit by this instant of repose to give our readers some indispensable information concerning Roland and his family.

Roland was born the first of July, 1773, four years and a few days later than Bonaparte, at whose side, or rather following him, he made his appearance in this book. He was the son of M. Charles de Montrevel, colonel of a regiment long garrisoned at Martinique, where he had married a creole named Clotilde de la Clémencière. Three children were born of this marriage, two boys and a girl: Louis, whose acquaintance we have made under the name of Roland, Amélie, whose beauty he had praised to Sir John, and Edouard.

Recalled to France in 1782, M. de Montrevel obtained admission for young Louis de Montrevel (we shall see later how the name of Louis was changed to Roland) to the Ecole Militaire in Paris.

It was there that Bonaparte knew the child, when on M. de Kerallo's report he was judged worthy of promotion from the Ecole de Brienne to the Ecole Militaire. Louis was the youngest pupil. Though he was only thirteen, he had already made himself remarkable for that ungovernable and quarrelsome nature of which we have seen him seventeen years later give an example at the table d'hôte at Avignon.

Bonaparte, a child himself, had the good side of this character—that is to say, without being quarrelsome he was firm, obstinate, and unconquerable. He recognized in the child some of his own qualities, and this similarity of sentiments led him to pardon the boy's defects, and attached him to him. On the other hand, the child, conscious of a supporter in the Corsican, relied upon him.

One day the child went to find his great friend, as he called Napoleon, when the latter was absorbed in the solution of a mathematical problem. He knew the importance the future artillery officer attached to this science, which so far had won him his greatest, or rather his only, successes.

He stood beside him without speaking or moving. The young mathematician felt the child's presence, and plunged deeper and deeper into his mathematical calculations, whence he emerged victorious ten minutes later. Then he turned to his young comrade with that inward satisfaction of a man who issues victorious from any struggle, be it with science or things material.

The child stood erect, pale, his teeth clenched, his arms rigid, and his fists closed.

"Oh, oh!" said young Bonaparte. "What is the matter now?"

"Valence, the governor's nephew, struck me."

"Ah!" said Bonaparte, laughing. "And

you have come to me to strike him back?"

The child shook his head.

"No," said he; "I have come to you because I want to fight him—"

"Fight Valence?"

"Yes."

"But Valence will beat you, child; he is four times as strong as you."

"Therefore I don't want to fight him as children do, but like men fight."

"Pooh!"

"Does that surprise you?" asked the child.

"No," said Bonaparte. "What do you want to fight with?"

"With swords."

"But only the sergeants have swords, and they won't lend you one."

"Then we will do without swords."

"But what will you fight with?"

The child pointed to the compass with which the young mathematician had made his equations.

"Oh! my child," said Bonaparte, "a compass makes a very bad wound."

"So much the better," replied Louis; "I can kill him."

"But suppose he kills you."

"I'd rather that than bear his blow."

Bonaparte made no further objections; he loved courage instinctively, and his young comrade's pleased him.

"Well, so be it!" he replied; "I will tell Valence that you wish to fight him, but not till to-morrow."

"Why to-morrow?"

"You will have the night to reflect."

"And from now till to-morrow," replied the child, "Valence will think me a coward." Then, shaking his head: "It is too long till to-morrow." And he walked away.

"Where are you going?" Bonaparte asked him.

"To ask some one else to be my friend."

"So I am no longer your friend?"

"No, since you think I am a coward."

"Very well," said the young man, rising.

"You will go?"

"I am going."

"At once?"

"At once."

"Ah!" exclaimed the child, "I beg your pardon; you are indeed my friend." And he fell upon his neck weeping. They were the first tears he had shed since he had received the blow.

Bonaparte went in search of Valence, and gravely explained his mission to him. Valence was a tall lad of seventeen, having already, like certain precocious natures, a beard and mustache; he appeared at least twenty. He was, moreover, a head taller than the boy he had insulted.

Valence replied that Louis had pulled his queue as if it were a bell-cord (queues were then in vogue), that he had warned him twice to desist, but that Louis had repeated the prank the third time, whereupon, considering him a mischievous youngster, he had treated him as such.

Valence's answer was reported to Louis, who retorted that pulling a comrade's queue was only teasing him, whereas a blow was an insult. Obstinacy endowed this child of thirteen with the logic of a man of thirty.

The modern Popilius to Valence returned with his declaration of war. The youth was greatly embarrassed; he could not fight with a child without being ridiculous. If he fought and wounded him, it would be a horrible thing; if he himself were wounded, he would never get over it so long as he lived.

But Louis' unyielding obstinacy made the matter a serious one. A council of the Grands (elder scholars) was called, as was usual in serious cases. The Grands decided that one of their number could not fight a child; but since this child persisted in considering himself a young man, Valence must tell him before all his schoolmates that he regretted having treated him as a child, and would henceforth regard him as a young man.

Louis, who was waiting in his friend's room, was sent for. He was introduced into the conclave assembled in the playground of the younger pupils.

There Valence, to whom his comrades had dictated a speech carefully debated among themselves to safeguard the honor of the Grands toward the Petits, assured Louis that he deeply deplored the occurrence; that he had treated him according to his age and not according to his intelligence and courage, and begged him to excuse his impatience, and to shake hands in sign that all was forgotten.

But Louis shook his head.

"I heard my father, who is a colonel, say once," he replied, "that he who receives a blow and does not fight is a coward. The first time I see my father I shall ask him if he who strikes the blow and then apologizes to avoid fighting is not more of a coward than he who received it."

The young fellows looked at each other. Still the general opinion was against a duel which would resemble murder, and all, Bonaparte included, were unanimously agreed that the child must be satisfied with what Valence had said, for it represented their common opinion. Louis retired, pale with anger, and sulked with his great friend, who, said he, with imperturbable gravity, had sacrificed his honor.

The morrow, while the Grands were receiving their lesson in mathematics, Louis slipped into the recitation-room, and while Valence was making a demonstration on the blackboard, he approached him unperceived, climbed on a stool to reach his face, and returned the slap he had received the preceding day.

"There," said he, "now we are quits, and I have your apologies to boot; as for me, I sha'n't make any, you may be quite sure of that."

The scandal was great. The act occur-

ring in the professor's presence, he was obliged to report it to the governor of the school, the Marquis Tiburce Valence. The latter, knowing nothing of the events leading up to the blow his nephew had received, sent for the delinquent, and after a terrible lecture informed him that he was no longer a member of the school, and must be ready to return to his mother at Bourg that very day. Louis replied that his things would be packed in ten minutes, and he out of the school in fifteen. Of the blow he himself had received he said not a word.

The reply seemed more than disrespectful to the Marquis Tiburce Valence. He was much inclined to send the insolent boy to the dungeon for a week, but reflected that he could not confine him and expel him at the same time.

The child was placed in charge of an attendant, who was not to leave him until he had put him in the coach for Mâcon; Madame de Montrevé was to be notified to meet him at the end of the journey.

Bonaparte meeting the boy, followed by his keeper, asked an explanation of the sort of constabulary guard attached to him.

"I'd tell you if you were still my friend," replied the child; "but you are not. Why do you bother about what happens to me, whether good or bad?"

Bonaparte made a sign to the attendant, who came to the door while Louis was packing his little trunk. He learned then that the child had been expelled. The step was serious; it would distress the entire family, and perhaps ruin his young comrade's future.

With that rapidity of decision which was one of the distinctive characteristics of his organization he resolved to ask an audience of the governor, meantime requesting the keeper not to hasten Louis' departure.

Bonaparte was an excellent pupil, beloved in the school and highly esteemed by the Marquis Tiburce Valence. His request was immediately complied with.

Ushered into the governor's presence, he related everything, and, without blaming Valence in the least, he sought to exculpate Louis.

"Are you sure of what you are telling me, sir?" asked the governor.

"Question your nephew himself. I will abide by what he says."

Valence was sent for. He had already heard of Louis' expulsion, and was on his way to tell his uncle what had happened. His account tallied perfectly with what young Bonaparte had said.

"Very well," said the governor; "Louis shall not go, but you will. You are old enough to leave school." Then, ringing: "Bring me the list of the vacant sub-lieutenancies," he said.

That same day an urgent request for a sub-lieutenancy was made to the Ministry, and that same night Valence left to join

his regiment. He went to bid Louis farewell, embracing him half willingly, half unwillingly, while Bonaparte held his hand. The child received the embrace reluctantly.

"It's all right now," said he, "but if ever we meet with swords by our sides—" A threatening gesture ended the sentence.

Valence left. Bonaparte received his own appointment as sub-lieutenant October 10, 1785. He was one of fifty-eight commissions which Louis XVI signed for the Ecole Militaire. Eleven years later, November 15, 1796, Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, at the Bridge of Arcole, which was defended by two regiments of Croats and two pieces of cannon, seeing his ranks decimated by grapeshot and musket balls, feeling that victory was slipping through his fingers, alarmed by the hesitation of his bravest followers, wrenched the tricolor from the rigid fingers of a dead color-bearer, and dashed toward the bridge, shouting: "Soldiers! are you no longer the men of Lodi?" As he did so, he saw a young lieutenant spring past him who covered him with his body.

This was far from what Bonaparte wanted. He wished to cross first. Had it been possible he would have gone alone.

Seizing the young man by the flap of his coat, he drew him back, saying: "Citizen, you are only a lieutenant; I am commander-in-chief! The precedence belongs to me."

"Too true," replied the other, and he followed Bonaparte instead of preceding him.

That evening, learning that two Austrian divisions had been cut to pieces, and seeing the two thousand prisoners he had taken, together with the captured cannons and flags, Bonaparte recalled the young man who had sprung in front of him when death alone seemed before him.

"Berthier," said he, "tell my aide-de-camp, Valence, to find that young lieutenant of grenadiers with whom I had a controversy this morning at the Bridge of Arcole."

"General," stammered Berthier, "Valence is wounded."

"Ah! I remember I have not seen him to-day. Wounded? Where? How? On the battlefield?"

"No, general," said he; "he was dragged into a quarrel yesterday, and received a sword thrust through his body."

Bonaparte frowned. "And yet they know very well I do not approve of duels; a soldier's blood belongs not to himself, but to France. Give Muiron the order then."

"He is killed, general."

"To Elliot, in that case."

"Killed, also."

"Bonaparte drew his handkerchief from his pocket and passed it over his brow, which was bathed with sweat.

"To whom you will then; but I want to see that lieutenant."

He dared not name any others, fearing to hear again that fatal "Killed."

A quarter of an hour later the young lieutenant was ushered into his tent, which was lighted faintly by a single lamp.

"Come nearer, lieutenant," said Bonaparte.

The young man made three steps and came within the circle of light.

"So you are the man who wished to cross the bridge before me?" continued Bonaparte.

"It was done on a wager, general," gaily answered the young lieutenant, whose voice made the general start.

"Did I make you lose it?"

"Maybe, yes; maybe, no."

"What was the wager?"

"That I should be promoted captain today."

"You have won it."

"Thank you, general."

The young man moved hastily forward as if to press Bonaparte's hand, but checked himself almost immediately. The light had fallen full on his face for an instant; that instant sufficed to make the general notice the face as he had the voice.

Neither the one nor the other was unknown to him. He searched his memory for an instant, but finding it rebellious, said:

"I know you!"

"Possibly, general."

"I am certain; only I cannot recall your name."

"You managed that yours should not be forgotten, general."

"Who are you?"

"Ask Valence, general."

Bonaparte gave a cry of joy.

"Louis de Montrevel," he exclaimed, opening wide his arms. This time the young lieutenant did not hesitate to fling himself into them.

"Very good," said Bonaparte; "you will serve eight days with the regiment in your new rank, that they may accustom themselves to your captain's epaulets, and then you will take my poor Muiron's place as aide-de-camp. Go!"

"Once more!" cried the young man, opening his arms.

"Faith, yes!" said Bonaparte, joyfully. Then, holding him close after kissing him twice: "And so it was you who gave Valence that sword thrust?"

"My word!" said the new captain and future aide-de-camp. "you were there when I promised it to him. A soldier keeps his word."

Eight days later Captain Montrevel was doing duty as staff officer to the commander-in-chief, who changed his name of Louis, then in ill-repute, to that of Roland. And the young man consoled himself for ceasing to be a descendant of

St. Louis by becoming the nephew of Charlemagne.

Roland—no one would have dared to call Captain Montrevel Louis after Bonaparte had baptized him Roland—made the campaign of Italy with his general and returned with him to Paris after the peace of Campo Formio.

When the Egyptian expedition was decided upon, Roland, who had been summoned to his mother's side by the death of the Brigadier General de Montrevel, killed on the Rhine while his son was fighting on the Adige and the Mincio, was among the first appointed by the commander-in-chief to accompany him in the useless but poetical crusade which he was planning. He left his mother, his sister Amélie, and his young brother Edouard at Bourg, General de Montrevel's native town.

Roland's departure on this adventurous expedition deeply afflicted the poor widow. The death of the father seemed to presage that of the son, and Madame de Montrevel, a sweet, gentle creole, was far from possessing the stern virtues of a Spartan or Lacedemonian mother.

Bonaparte, who loved his old comrade of the Ecole Militaire with all his heart, granted him permission to rejoin him at the very last moment at Toulon. But the fear of arriving too late prevented Roland from profiting by this permission to its full extent. He left his mother, promising her—a promise he was careful not to keep—that he would not expose himself unnecessarily, and arrived at Marseilles eight days before the fleet sailed.

Our intention is no more to give the history of the campaign of Egypt than we did that of Italy. We shall only mention that which is absolutely necessary to understand this story and the subsequent development of Roland's character. The 19th of May, 1798, Bonaparte and his entire staff set sail for the Orient; the 15th of June the Knights of Malta gave up the keys of their citadel. The 2d of July the army disembarked at Marabout, and the same day took Alexandria; the 25th, Bonaparte entered Cairo, after defeating the Mamelukes at Chebreiss and the Pyramids.

During this succession of marches and battles Roland had been the officer we know him—gay, courageous, and witty, defying the scorching heat of the day, the icy dew of the nights, dashing like a hero or a fool among the Turkish sabers or the Bedouin bullets.

During the forty days of the voyage he had never left the interpreter Ventura; so that with his admirable facility he had learned, if not to speak Arabic fluently, at least to make himself understood in that language.

Therefore it often happened that, when the general did not wish to use the native interpreter, Roland was charged with certain communications to the Muftis, the Ulemas, and the Sheiks.

During the night of October 20th and

21st Cairo revolted. At five in the morning the death of General Dupuy, killed by a lance, was made known. At eight, just as the revolt was supposedly quelled, an aide-de-camp of the dead general rode up, announcing that the Bedouins from the plains were attacking Bab-el-Nasr, or the Gate of Victory.

Bonaparte was breakfasting with his aide-de-camp Sulkowsky, so severely wounded at Salahieh that he left his pallet of suffering with the greatest difficulty only. Bonaparte, in his preoccupation forgetting the young Pole's condition, said to him:

"Sulkowsky, take fifteen Guides and go see what that rabble wants."

Sulkowsky rose.

"General," interposed Roland, "give me the commission. Don't you see my comrade can hardly stand?"

"True," said Bonaparte; "do you go!"

Roland went out and took the fifteen Guides and started. But the order had been given to Sulkowsky, and Sulkowsky was determined to execute it. He set forth with five or six men whom he found ready.

Whether by chance, or because he knew the streets of Cairo better than Roland, he reached the Gate of Victory a few seconds before him. When Roland arrived he saw five or six dead men, and an officer being led away by the Arabs, who, while massacring the soldiers mercilessly, will sometimes spare the officers in hope of a ransom. Roland recognized Sulkowsky; pointing him out with his saber to his fifteen men, he charged at a gallop.

Half an hour later a Guide, returning alone to headquarters, announced the deaths of Sulkowsky, Roland, and his twenty-one companions.

Bonaparte, as we have said, loved Roland as a brother, as a son, as he loved Eugène. He wished to know all the details of the catastrophe, and questioned the Guide. The man had seen an Arab cut off Sulkowsky's head and fasten it to his saddle-bow. As for Roland, his horse had been killed; he had disengaged himself from the stirrups and was seen fighting for a moment on foot, but he had soon disappeared in a general volley at close quarters.

Bonaparte sighed, shed a tear, and murmured "Another!" and apparently thought no more about it. But he did inquire to what tribe belonged these Bedouins, who had just killed two of the men he loved best. He was told that they were an independent tribe whose village was situated some thirty miles off. Bonaparte left them a month, that they might become convinced of their impunity; then, the month elapsed, he ordered one of his aides-de-camp, named Crosier, to surround the village, destroy the huts, behead the men, put them in sacks, and bring the rest of the population—that is to say, the women and children—to Cairo.

Crosier executed the order punctually; all the women and children who could be captured were brought to Cairo, and also with them one living Arab, gagged and bound to his horse's back.

"Why is this man still alive?" asked Bonaparte. "I ordered you to behead every man who was able to bear arms."

"General," said Crosier, who also possessed a smattering of Arabian words, "just as I was about to order his head cut off, I understood him to offer to exchange a prisoner for his life. I thought there would be time enough to cut off his head, and so I brought him with me. If I am mistaken, the ceremony can take place here as well as there; what is postponed is not abandoned."

The interpreter Ventura was summoned to question the Bedouin. He replied that he had saved the life of a French officer who had been grievously wounded at the Gate of Victory, and that this officer, who spoke a little Arabic, claimed to be one of General Bonaparte's aides-de-camp. He had sent him to his brother who was a physician in a neighboring tribe, of which this officer was a captive; and if they would promise to spare his life, he would write to his brother to send the prisoner to Cairo.

Perhaps this was a tale invented to gain time, but it might also be true: nothing was lost by waiting.

The Arab was placed in safe keeping; a scribe was brought to write at his dictation. He sealed the letter with his own seal, and an Arab from Cairo was despatched to negotiate the exchange. If the emissary succeeded, it meant the Bedouin's life and five hundred piasters to the messenger.

Three days later he returned, bringing Roland. Bonaparte had hoped for but had not dared to expect this return. This heart of iron, which had seemed insensible to grief, was now melted with joy. He opened his arms to Roland, as on the day when he had found him, and two tears, two pearls—the tears of Bonaparte were rare—fell from his eyes.

As often happens with those who brave fire and sword, fire and sword miraculously spared Roland. Before and behind him men fell; he remained erect, invulnerable as the demon of war. During the campaign in Syria two emissaries were sent to demand the surrender of Saint Jean d'Acre of Djezzar Pasha. Neither of the two returned; they had been beheaded. It was necessary to send a third. Roland applied for the duty, and so insistent was he that he eventually obtained the general's permission, and returned in safety. He took part in each of the nineteen assaults made upon the fortress; at each assault he was seen entering the breach.

He was one of the ten men who forced their way into the Accursed Tower; nine remained, but he returned without a scratch. At Aboukir he flung himself into

the mêlée, reached the Pasha by forcing his way through the guard of blacks who surrounded him, seized him by the beard, and received the fire of his two pistols. One burned the wadding only; the other ball passed under his arm, killing a guard behind him.

When Bonaparte resolved to return to France, Roland was the first to whom the general announced his intention. During the voyage they sighted the English fleet near Corsica. Bonaparte told Admiral Gantheaume that he would fight to the death, and gave orders to sink the frigate sooner than haul down the flag. He passed, however, unseen through the British fleet, and disembarked at Frejus, October 8, 1799.

CHAPTER VI.

Morgan.

OUR readers must permit us for an instant to abandon Roland and Sir John, who, thanks to the physical and moral conditions in which we left them, need inspire no anxiety, while we direct our attention seriously to a personage who has so far made but a brief appearance in this history, though he is destined to play an important part in it.

We are speaking of the man who, armed and masked, entered the room of the table d'hôte at Avignon to return Jean Picot the two hundred louis which had been stolen from him by mistake, stored as it had been with the government money.

We speak of the highwayman, who called himself Morgan. He had ridden into Avignon, masked, in broad daylight, entered the hotel of the Palais-Egalité, leaving his horse at the door. This horse had enjoyed the same immunity in the pontifical and royalist town as his master; he found it again at the horse post, unfastened its bridle, sprang into the saddle, rode through the Porte d'Oulle skirting the walls, and disappeared at a gallop along the road to Lyons. Only about three-quarters of a mile from Avignon he drew his mantle closer about him to conceal his weapons from the passers, and, removing his mask, he slipped it into one of the holsters of his saddle.

The persons whom he had left at Avignon who were curious to know if this could be the terrible Morgan, the terror of the Midi, might have convinced themselves with their own eyes, had they met him on the road between Avignon and Bédarides, whether the bandit's appearance was as terrifying as his renown. We do not hesitate to assert that the features now revealed would have harmonized so little with the picture their prejudiced imagination had conjured up that their amazement would have been extreme.

The removal of the mask, by a hand of perfect whiteness and delicacy, revealed

the face of a young man of twenty-four or five years of age—a face that, by its regularity of feature and gentle expression, had something of the character of a woman's. One detail alone gave it, or rather would give it at certain moments, a touch of singular firmness.

Beneath the beautiful fair hair waving on his brow and temples, as was the fashion at that period, eyebrows, eyes, and lashes were black as ebony. The rest of the face was, as we have said, almost feminine. There were two little ears of which only the tips could be seen beneath the tufts of hair to which the *Incroyables* of the day had given the name of "dog's-ears"; a straight, perfectly proportioned nose, a rather large mouth, rosy and always smiling, and which, when smiling, revealed a double row of brilliant teeth; a delicate, refined chin, faintly tinged with blue, showing that if the beard had not been carefully and recently shaved it would, protesting against the golden hair, have followed the same color as the brows, lashes, and eyes—that is to say, a decided black. As for the unknown's figure, it was seen, when he entered the dining-room, to be tall, well-formed and flexible, denoting, if not great muscular strength, at least much suppleness and agility.

The manner he sat his horse showed him to be a practised rider. With his cloak thrown back over the shoulders, his mask hidden in the holster, his hat pulled low over his eyes, the rider resumed his rapid pace, checked for an instant, passed through Bédarides at a gallop, and, reaching the first houses in Orange, entered the gate of one which closed immediately behind him.

A servant in waiting sprang to the bit. The rider dismounted quickly.

"Is your master here?" he asked the domestic.

"No, Monsieur the Baron," replied the man; "he was obliged to go away last night, but he left word that if Monsieur should ask for him to say that he had gone in the interests of the Company."

"Very good, Baptiste. I have brought back his horse in good condition though somewhat tired. Rub him down with wine, and give him for two or three days barley instead of oats. He has covered something like one hundred miles since yesterday morning."

"Monsieur the Baron was satisfied with him?"

"Perfectly satisfied. Is the carriage ready?"

"Yes, Monsieur the Baron, all harnessed in the coach-house; the postillon is drinking with Julien. Monsieur recommended that he should be kept outside the house that he might not see him arrive."

"He thinks he is to take your master?"

"Yes, Monsieur the Baron. Here is my master's passport, which we used to get the post-horses, and as my master has gone in the direction of Bordeaux with

Monsieur the Baron's passport, and as Monsieur the Baron goes toward Geneva with my master's passport, the skein will probably be so tangled that the police, clever as their fingers are, can't easily unravel it."

"Unfasten the valise that is on the croup of my saddle, Baptiste, and give it to me."

Baptiste obeyed dutifully, but the valise almost slipped from his hands. "Ah!" said he, laughing. "Monsieur the Baron did not warn me? The devil! Monsieur the Baron has not wasted his time, it seems."

"Just where you're mistaken, Baptiste! If I didn't waste all my time, I at least lost a good deal, so I should like to be off again as soon as possible."

"But Monsieur the Baron will breakfast?"

"I'll eat a bit, but quickly."

"Monsieur will not be delayed. It is now two, and breakfast has been ready since ten this morning. Luckily, it's a cold breakfast."

And Baptiste, in the absence of his master, did the honors of the house to the visitor by showing him the way to the dining-room.

"Not necessary," said the visitor; "I know the way. Do you see to the carriage; let it be close to the house with the door wide open when I come out; so that the postillon can't see me. Here's the money to pay him for the first relay."

And the stranger whom Baptiste had addressed as Baron handed him a handful of notes.

"Why, Monsieur," said the servant, "you have given me enough to pay all the way to Lyons!"

"Pay him as far as Valence, under pretext that I want to sleep, and keep the rest for your trouble in settling the accounts."

"Shall I put the valise in the carriage-box?"

"I will do so myself."

And taking the valise from the servant's hands, without letting it be seen that it weighed heavily, he turned toward the dining-room, while Baptiste made his way toward the nearest inn, sorting his notes as he went.

As the stranger said, the way was familiar to him, for he passed down a corridor, opened a first door without hesitation, then a second, and found himself before a table elegantly served.

A few minutes sufficed to satisfy his appetite, to which youth and fatigue had, however, given magnificent proportions; and when Baptiste came in to inform the solitary guest that the carriage was ready he found him already afoot and waiting.

The stranger drew his hat low over his eyes, wrapped his coat about him, took the valise under his arm, and, as Baptiste had taken pains to lower the carriage-steps as close as possible to the

door, he sprang into the post-chaise without being seen by the postilion. Baptiste slammed the door after him; then, addressing the man in the top-boots:

"Everything is paid to Valence, isn't it, relays and fees?" he asked.

"Everything; do you want a receipt?" replied the postilion jokingly.

"No; but my master, the Marquis de Ribier, don't want to be disturbed until he gets to Valence."

"All right," replied the postilion, in the same bantering tone; "the citizen Marquis sha'n't be disturbed. Forward, hoop-la!" And he started his horses, and cracked his whip with that noisy eloquence which says to the neighbors and passers-by: "'Ware here, 'ware there! I am driving a man who pays well and who has the right to run over others."

Once in the carriage, the pretended Marquis of Ribier opened the window, lowered the blinds, raised the seat, put his valise in the hollow, sat down on it, wrapped himself in his cloak, and, certain of not being disturbed till he reached Valence, slept as he had breakfasted—that is to say, with all the appetite of youth.

They went from Orange to Valence in eight hours. Our traveler awakened shortly before entering the city. Raising one of the blinds cautiously, he recognized the little suburb of Paillasse. It was dark, so he struck his repeater, and found it was eleven at night.

Thinking it useless to go to sleep again, he added up the cost of the relays to Lyons, and counted out the money. As the postilion at Valence passed the comrade who replaced him, the traveler heard him say:

"It seems he's a *ci-derant*; but he was recommended from Orange, and as he pays twenty sous fees, you must treat him as you would a patriot."

"Very well," replied the other; "he shall be driven accordingly."

The traveler thought the time had come to intervene. He raised the blind and said:

"And you'll only be doing me justice. A patriot? Deuce take it! I pride myself upon being one, and of the first caliber, too. And the proof is: drink this to the health of the Republic." And he handed a hundred-franc assignate to the postilion who had recommended him to his comrade. Seeling the other looking eagerly at this strip of paper, he continued: "And the same to you if you will repeat that recommendation you've just received to the others."

"Oh! don't worry, citizen," said the postilion; "there'll be but one order to Lyons—full speed!"

"And here is the money for the sixteen posts, including the double post of entrance in advance. I pay twenty sous fees. Settle it among yourselves."

The postilion dug his spurs into his

horse and they were off at a gallop. The carriage relayed at Lyons about four in the afternoon.

While the horses were being changed, a man clad like a porter, sitting with his stretcher beside him on a stone post, rose, came to the carriage, and said something in a low tone to the young Companion of Jehu which seemed to astonish the latter greatly.

"Are you quite sure?" he asked the porter.

"I tell you that I saw him with my own eyes!" replied the latter.

"Then I can give the news to our friends as a positive fact?"

"You can. Only hurry."

"Have they been notified at Servas?"

"Yes; you will find a horse ready between Servas and Sue."

The postilion came up; the young man exchanged a last glance with the porter, who walked away as if charged with a letter of the utmost importance.

"What road, citizen?" asked the postilion.

"To Bourg. I must reach Servas by nine this evening; I pay thirty sous fees."

"Forty-two miles in five hours! That's tough. Well, after all, it can be done."

"Will you do it?"

"We can try."

And the postilion started at full gallop. Nine o'clock was striking as they entered Servas.

"A crown of six livres if you'll drive me half-way to Sue without stopping here to change horses!" cried the young man through the window to the postilion.

"Done!" replied the latter.

And the carriage dashed past the post-house without stopping.

Morgan stopped the carriage a half-mile beyond Servas, put his head out of the window, made a trumpet of his hands, and gave the hoot of a screech-owl. The imitation was so perfect that another owl answered from a neighboring woods.

"Here we are!" cried Morgan.

The postilion pulled up, saying: "If we're there, we needn't go farther."

The young man took his valise, opened the door, jumped out, and stepped up to the postilion.

"Here's the promised écu."

The postilion took the coin and stuck it in his eye, as a top of our day holds his eyeglasses. Morgan divined that this pantomime had a significance.

"Well," he asked, "what does that mean?"

"That means," said the postilion, "that, do what I will, I can't help seeing with the other eye."

"I understand," said the young man, laughing; "and if I close the other eye—"

"Damn it! I sha'n't see anything."

"Hey! you're a rogue who'd rather be blind than see with one eye! Well, there's no disputing tastes. Here!"

And he gave him a second crown. The postilion stuck it up to his other eye, wheeled the carriage round, and took the road back to Servas.

The Companion of Jehu waited till he vanished in the darkness. Then putting the hollow of a key to his lips, he drew a long, trembling sound from it like a boatswain's whistle.

A similar call answered him, and immediately a horseman came out of the woods at full gallop. As he caught sight of him Morgan put on his mask.

"In whose name have you come?" asked the rider, whose face, hidden as it was beneath the brim of an immense hat, could not be seen.

"In the name of the prophet Elisha," replied the young man with the mask.

"Then you are he whom I am waiting for." And he dismounted.

"Are you prophet or disciple?" asked Morgan.

"Disciple," replied the newcomer.

"Where is your master?"

"You will find him at the Chartreuse of Seillon."

"Do you know how many Companions are there this evening?"

"Twelve."

"Very good. If you meet any others, send them there."

He who had called himself a disciple bowed in sign of obedience, assisted Morgan to fasten the valise to the croup of the saddle, and respectfully held the bit while the young man mounted. Without even waiting to thrust his other foot into the stirrup, Morgan spurred his horse, which tore the bit from the groom's hand and started off at a gallop.

On the right of the road stretched the forest of Seillon, like a shadowy sea, its somber billows undulating and moaning in the night wind. Half a mile beyond Sue the rider turned his horse across country toward the forest, which, as he rode on, seemed to advance toward him. The horse, guided by an experienced hand, plunged fearlessly into the woods. Ten minutes later he emerged on the other side.

A gloomy mass, isolated in the middle of a plain, rose about a hundred feet from the forest. It was a building of massive architecture, shaded by five or six venerable trees. The horseman paused before the portal, over which were placed three statues in a triangle of the Virgin, our Lord, and St. John the Baptist. The statue of the Virgin was at the apex of the triangle.

The mysterious traveler had reached his goal, for this was the Chartreuse of Seillon.

Although, as we have said, nine o'clock had chimed from the steeples of Bourg, and night had fallen, the mysterious stranger reined in his horse in front of the great portal of the deserted monastery, and, without dismounting, drew a pistol

from his holster, striking three measured blows with the butt on the gate, after the manner of the Freemasons. Then he listened. For an instant he doubted if the meeting were really there; for though he looked closely and listened attentively, he could perceive no light nor could he hear a sound. Still he fancied he heard a cautious step approaching the portal from within. He knocked a second time with the same weapon and in the same manner.

"Who knocks?" demanded a voice.

"He who comes from Elisha," replied the traveler.

"What king do the sons of Isaac obey?"

"Jehu."

"What house are they to exterminate?"

"That of Ahab."

"Are you prophet or disciple?"

"Prophet."

"Welcome, then, to the House of the Lord!" said the voice.

Instantly the iron bars which secured the massive portal swung back, the bolts grated in their sockets, half of the gate opened silently, and the horse and his rider passed beneath the somber vault, which immediately closed behind them.

The person who had opened the gate, so slow to open, so quick to close, was attired in the long, white robe of a Chartreuse monk, of which the hood, falling over his face, completely concealed his features.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chartreuse of Seillon.

Beyond doubt, like the first affiliated member met on the road to Sue by the man who styled himself prophet, the monk who opened the gate was of secondary rank in the fraternity; for, grasping the horse's bridle, he held it while the rider dismounted, rendering the young man the service of a groom.

Morgan got off, unfastened the valise, pulled the pistols from the holsters, and placed them in his belt, next to those already there. Addressing the monk in a tone of command, he said:

"I thought I should find the brothers assembled in council."

"They are assembled," replied the monk.

"Where?"

"At La Corrierie. Suspicious persons have been seen prowling around the Chartreuse these last few days, and orders have been issued to take the greatest precautions."

The young man shrugged his shoulders as if he considered such precautions useless, and, always in the same tone of command, said:

"Have some one take my horse to the stable and conduct me to the council."

The monk summoned another brother, to whom he flung the bridle. He lighted a torch at a lamp, in the little chapel, and walked before the newcomer. Crossing the

cloister, he took a few steps in the garden, opened a door leading into a sort of cistern, invited Morgan to enter, closed it as carefully as he had the outer door, touched with his foot a stone which seemed to be accidentally lying there, disclosed a ring and raised a slab, which concealed a flight of steps leading down to a subterraneous passage. "This passage had a rounded roof and was wide enough to admit two men walking abreast.

The two men proceeded thus far for five or six minutes, when they reached a grated door. The monk, drawing a key from his frock, opened it. Then, when both had passed through and the door was locked again, he asked:

"By what name shall I announce you?"
"As Brother Morgan."

"Wait here. I will return in five minutes."

The young man made a sign with his head which showed that he was familiar with these precautions and this distrust. Then he sat down upon a tomb—they were in the mortuary vaults of the convent—and waited. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the monk reappeared.

"Follow me," said he; "the brothers are glad you have come. They feared you had met with some mishap."

A few seconds later Morgan was admitted into the council chamber.

Twelve monks awaited him, their hoods drawn low over their eyes. But once the door had closed and the serving brother had disappeared, while Morgan was removing his mask, the hoods were thrown back, and each monk exposed his face.

No brotherhood had ever been graced by a more brilliant assemblage of handsome and joyous young men. Two or three only of these strange monks had reached the age of forty. All hands were held out to Morgan and several warm kisses were imprinted upon the newcomer's cheek.

"Pon my word," said one who had welcomed him most tenderly, "you have drawn a mighty thorn from my foot; we thought you dead, or, at any rate, a prisoner."

"Dead, I grant you, Amiet; but prisoner, never! citizen—as they still say sometimes, and I hope they'll not say it much longer. It must be admitted that the whole affair was conducted on both sides with touching amenity. As soon as the conductor saw us he shouted to the postilion to stop; I even believe he added: 'I know what it is.' 'Then,' said I, 'if you know what it is, my dear friend, our explanations needn't be long.' 'The government money?' he asked. 'Exactly,' I replied. Then as there was a great commotion inside the carriage, I added: 'Wait! first come down and assure these gentlemen, and especially the ladies, that we are well-behaved folk and will not harm them—the ladies, you understand—and nobody will even look at them unless they put

their heads out of the window.' One did risk it; my faith! but she was charming. I threw her a kiss, and she gave a little cry and retired into the carriage. In the meantime the guard was rummaging in the strong-box in all expedition, and to such good purpose, indeed, that with the government money, in his hurry, he passed over two hundred louis belonging to a poor wine merchant of Bordeaux."

"Ah, the devil!" exclaimed the brother called Amiet—an assumed name, probably, like that of Morgan—"that is annoying! You know the Directory, which is most imaginative, has organized some bands of chauffeurs, who operate in our name, to make people believe that we rob private individuals. In other words, that we are mere thieves."

"Wait an instant," resumed Morgan; "that is just what makes me late. I heard something similar at Lyons. I was half-way to Valence when I discovered this breach of etiquette. It was not difficult, for, as if the good man had foreseen what happened, he had marked his bag 'Jean Picot, Wine Merchant at Fronsac, Bordeaux.'"

"And you sent his money back to him?"
"I did better; I returned it to him."

"At Fronsac?"

"Ah! no, but at Avignon. I suspected that so careful a man would stop at the first large town to inquire what chance he had to recover his two hundred louis. I was not mistaken. I inquired at the inn if they knew citizen Jean Picot. They replied that not only did they know him, but in fact he was then dining at the table d'hôte. I went in. You can imagine what they were talking about—the stoppage of the diligence. Conceive the sensation my apparition caused. The god of antiquity descending from the machine produced a no more unexpected finale than I. I asked which one of the guests was called Jean Picot. The owner of this distinguished and melodious name stood forth.

"I placed the two hundred louis before him, with many apologies, in the name of the Company, for the inconvenience its followers had occasioned him. I exchanged a friendly glance with Barjols and a polite nod with the Abbé de Rians, who were present, and, with a profound bow to the assembled company, withdrew. It was only a little thing, but it took me fifteen hours; hence the delay. I thought it preferable to leaving a false conception of us in our wake. Have I done well, my masters?"

The gathering burst into bravos.

"Only," said one of the participants, "I think you were somewhat imprudent to return the money yourself to citizen Jean Picot."

"My dear colonel," replied the young man, "there's an Italian proverb which says: 'Who wills, goes; who does not will, sends.' I willed—I went."

"And there's a jolly buck who, if you

ever have the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Directory, will reward you by recognizing you—a recognition which means cutting off your head!"

"Oh! I defy him to recognize me."

"What can prevent it?"

"Oh! You seem to think that I play such pranks with my face uncovered? Truly, my dear colonel, you mistake me for some one else. It is well enough to lay aside my mask among friends; but among strangers—no, no! Are not these carnival times? I don't see why I shouldn't disguise myself as Abellino or Karl Moore, when Messieurs Gohier, Sieyès, Roger Ducos, Moulin, and Barras are masquerading as kings of France."

"And you entered the city masked?"

"The city, the hotel, the dining-room. It is true that if my face was covered, my belt was not, and, as you see, it is well garnished."

The young man tossed aside his coat, displaying his belt, which was furnished with four pistols and a short hunting-knife. Then, with a gaiety which seemed characteristic of his careless nature, he added: "I ought to look ferocious, oughtn't I? They may have taken me for the late Mandrin, descending from the mountains of Savoy. By the by, here are the sixty thousand francs of Her Highness, the Directory." And the young man disdainfully kicked the valise which he had placed on the ground, which emitted a metallic sound indicating the presence of gold.

One of the monks stooped and lifted the valise.

"Despise gold as much as you please, my dear Morgan, since that doesn't prevent you from capturing it. But I know of some brave fellows who are awaiting these sixty thousand francs, you so disdainfully kick aside, with as much impatience and anxiety as a caravan, lost in the desert, awaits the drop of water which is to save it from dying of thirst."

"Our friends of the Vendée, I suppose?" replied Morgan. "Much good may it do them! Egotists, they are fighting. These gentlemen have chosen the roses and left us the thorns. Come! don't they receive anything from England?"

"Oh, yes," said one of the monks, gaily; "at Quiberon they got bullets and grape-shot."

"I did not say from the English," retorted Morgan; "I said from England."

"Not a penny."

"It seems to me, however," said one of those present, who apparently possessed a more reflective head than his comrades, "it seems to me that our princes might send a little gold to those who are shedding their blood for the monarchy. Are they not afraid the Vendée may weary some day or other of a devotion which up to this time has not, to my knowledge, won her a word of thanks."

"The Vendée, dear friend," replied Mor-

gan, "is a generous land which will not weary, you may be sure. Besides, there is the merit of fidelity unless it has to deal with ingratitude? From the instant devotion meets recognition, it is no longer devotion. It becomes an exchange which reaps its reward. Let us be always faithful, and always devoted, gentlemen, praying Heaven that those whom we serve may remain ungrateful, and then, believe me, we shall bear the better part in the history of our civil wars."

Morgan had scarcely formulated this chivalric axiom, expressive of a desire which had every chance of accomplishment, than three Masonic blows resounded upon the door through which he had entered.

"Gentlemen," said the monk, who seemed to fill the rôle of president, "quick, your hoods and masks. We do not know who may be coming to us."

CHAPTER VIII.

How the Money Was Used.

EVERY one hastened to obey. The monks lowered the hoods of their long robes over their faces. Morgan replaced his mask.

"Enter!" said the superior.

The door opened and the serving-brother appeared.

"An emissary from General Georges Cadoudal asks to be admitted," said he.

"Did he reply to the three passwords?"

"Perfectly."

"Then let him in."

The lay brother retired to the subterranean passage, and reappeared a couple of minutes later leading a man easily recognized by his costume as a peasant, and by his square head with its shock of red hair for a Breton. He advanced in the center of the circle without appearing in the least intimidated, fixing his eyes on each of the monks in turn, and waiting until one of these twelve granite statues should break silence. The president was the first to speak to him.

"From whom do you come?" he asked him.

"He who sent me," replied the peasant. "ordered me to answer, if I were asked that question, that I was sent by Jehu."

"Are you the bearer of a verbal or written message?"

"I am to reply to the questions which you ask me, and exchange a slip of paper for some money."

"Very good; we will begin with the questions. What are our brothers in the Vendée doing?"

"They have laid down their arms and are awaiting only a word from you to take them up again."

"And why did they lay down their arms?"

"They received the order to do so from his Majesty Louis XVIII."

"There is talk of a proclamation written

by the King's own hand. Have they received it?"

"Here is a copy."

The peasant gave a paper to the person who was interrogating him. The latter opened it and read:

The war has absolutely no result save that of making the monarchy odious and threatening. Monarchs who return to their own through its bloody succor are never loved; these sanguinary measures must therefore be abandoned; confide in the empire of opinion which returns of itself to its saving principles, "God and the King," will soon be the rallying cry of all Frenchmen. The scattered elements of royalism must be gathered into one formidable sheaf; militant Vendée must be abandoned to its unhappy fate and marched within a more pacific and less erratic path. The royalists of the West have fulfilled their duty; those of Paris, who have prepared everything for the approaching Restoration, must now be relied upon—

The president raised his head, and, seeking Morgan with a flash of the eye which his hood could not entirely conceal, said: "Well, brother, I think this is the fulfilment of your wish of a few moments ago. The royalists of the Vendée and the Midi will have the merit of pure devotion." Then, lowering his eyes to the proclamation, of which there still remained a few lines to read, he continued:

The Jews crucified their King, and since that time they have wandered over the face of the earth. The French guillotined theirs, and they shall be dispersed throughout the land.

Given at Blankenbourg, this 25th of August, 1799, on the day of St. Louis and the sixth year of our reign.

(Signed) Louis.

The young men looked at each other.

"Quos vult perdere Jupiter demen-
tat!" said Morgan.

"Yes," said the president; "but when those whom Jupiter wishes to destroy represent a principle, they must be sustained not only against Jupiter but against themselves. Ajax, in the midst of the bolts and lightning, clung to a rock, and, threatening Heaven with his clenched hand, he cried, 'I will escape in spite of the gods!'" Then turning toward Cadoudal's envoy, "And what answer did he who sent you make to this proclamation?"

"About what you yourself have just answered. He told me to come and inform myself whether you had decided to hold firm in spite of all, in spite of the King himself."

"By heavens! yes," said Morgan.

"We are determined," said the president.

"In that case," replied the peasant, "all

is well. Here are the real names of our new chiefs, and their assumed names. The general recommends that you use only the latter as far as is possible in your despatches. He observes that precaution when he, on his side, speaks of you."

"Have you the list?" asked the president.

"No; I might have been stopped, and the list taken. Write yourself; I will dictate them to you."

The president seated himself at the table, took a pen, and wrote the following names under the dictation of the Breton peasant:

"Georges Cadoudal, Jehu or Roundhead; Joseph Cadoudal, Judas Maccabeus; La-haye Saint-Hilaire, David; Burban-Malabry, Brave-la-Mort; Poulpiquez, Royal-Carnage; Bonfils, Brise-Barrière; Dampherne, Piquevers; Duchayla, La Couronne; Duparc, Le Terrible; La Roche, Mithridates; Puisaye, Jean le Blond."

"And these are the successors of Charette, Stofflet, Cathelineau, Bonchamp, d'Elbée, la Rochejaquelin, and Lescure!" cried a voice.

The Breton turned toward him who had just spoken.

"If they get themselves killed like their predecessors," said he, "what more can you ask of them?"

"Well answered," said Morgan, "so that—"

"So that, as soon as our general has your reply," answered the peasant, "he will take up arms again."

"And suppose our reply had been in the negative?" asked another voice.

"So much the worse for you," replied the peasant: "in any case the Insurrection is fixed for October 20."

"Well," said the president, "thanks to us, the general will have the wherewithal for his first month's pay. Where is your receipt?"

"Here," said the peasant, drawing a paper from his pocket on which were written these words:

Received from our brothers of the
Midi and the East, to be employed for
the good of the cause, the sum of . . .

GEORGES CADOUDAL,
General commanding the Royalist
army in Brittany.

The sum was left blank.

"Do you know how to write?" asked the president.

"Enough to fill in the three or four missing words."

"Very well. Then write 'one hundred thousand francs.'"

The Breton wrote; then extending the paper to the president, he said: "Here is your receipt; where is the money?"

"Stoop and pick up the bag at your feet; it contains sixty thousand francs." Then addressing one of the monks, he asked: "Montbard, where are the remaining forty thousand?"

The monk thus interpellated opened a closet and brought forth a bag somewhat smaller than the one Morgan had brought, but which, nevertheless, contained the good round sum of forty thousand francs. "Here is the full amount," said the monk.

"Now, my friend," said the president, "get something to eat and some rest; tomorrow you will start."

"They are waiting for me yonder," said the Breton. "I will eat and sleep on horseback. Farewell, gentlemen. Heaven keep you!" And he went toward the door by which he had entered.

"Wait," said Morgan.

The messenger paused.

"News for news," said Morgan; "tell General Cadoudal that General Bonaparte has left the army in Egypt, that he landed at Fréjus, day before yesterday, and will be in Paris in three days. My news is fully worth yours, don't you think so? What do you think of it?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed all the monks with one accord.

"Nevertheless nothing is more true, gentlemen. I have it from our friend the Priest (Lépretre*), who saw him relay at Lyons an hour before me, and recognized him."

"What has he come to France for?" demanded several voices.

"Faith," said Morgan, "we shall know some day. It is probable that he has not returned to Paris to remain there incognito."

"Don't lose an instant in carrying this news to our brothers in the West," said the president to the peasant. "A moment ago I wished to detain you; now I say to you: 'Go!'"

The peasant bowed and withdrew. The president waited until the door was closed.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the news which our brother Morgan has just imparted to us is so grave that I wish to propose a special measure."

"What is it?" asked the Companions of Jehu with one voice.

"It is that one of us, chosen by lot, shall go to Paris and keep the rest informed, with the cipher agreed upon, of all that happens there."

"Agreed!" they replied.

"In that case," resumed the president, "let us write our thirteen names, each on a slip of paper. We put them in a hat. He whose name is first drawn shall start immediately."

The young men, one and all, approached the table, and wrote their names on squares of paper which they rolled and dropped into a hat. The youngest was told to draw the lots. He drew one of the little rolls of paper and handed it to the president, who unfolded it.

"Morgan!" said he.

"What are my instructions?" asked the young man.

"Remember," replied the president, with a solemnity to which the clostral arches lent a supreme grandeur, "that you bear the name and title of Baron de Sainte-Hermine, that your father was guillotined on the Place de la Révolution, and that your brother was killed in Condé's army. Noblesse oblige! Those are your instructions."

"And what else?" asked the young man.

"As to the rest," said the president, "we rely on your royalist principles and your loyalty."

"Then, my friends, permit me to bid you farewell at once. I would like to be on the road to Paris before dawn, and I must pay a visit before my departure."

"Go!" said the president, opening his arms to Morgan. "I embrace you in the name of the Brotherhood. To another I should say, 'Be brave, persevering and active; to you I say, 'Be prudent.'"

The young man received the fraternal embrace, smiled to his other friends, shook hands with two or three of them, wrapped himself in his mantle, pulled his hat over his eyes and departed.

CHAPTER IX.

Romeo and Juliet.

UNDER the possibility of immediate departure, Morgan's horse, after being washed, rubbed down and dried, had been fed a double ration of oats and been resaddled and bridled. The young man had only to ask for it and spring upon its back. He was no sooner in the saddle than the gate opened as if by magic; the horse neighed and darted out swiftly, having forgotten its first trip, and ready for another.

At the gate of the Chartreuse, Morgan paused an instant, undecided whether to turn to the right or left. He finally turned to the right, followed the road which leads from Bourg to Seillon for a few moments, wheeled rapidly a second time to the right, cut across country, plunged into an angle of the forest which was on his way, reappeared before long on the other side, reached the main road to Pont-d'Ain, followed it for about a mile and a half, and halted near a group of houses now called the Maison des Gardes.

One of these houses bore for sign a cluster of holly, which indicated one of those wayside halting places where the pedestrians quench their thirst, and rest for an instant to recover strength before continuing the long, fatiguing voyage of life. Morgan stopped at the door, drew a pistol from its holster and rapped with the butt end as he had done at the Chartreuse.

Only as, in all probability, the good folks at the humble tavern were far from being conspirators, the traveler was kept waiting longer than he had been at the monastery. At last he heard the echo of the

*The name Leprete is a contraction of the two words "le pretre," meaning the priest; hence the name under which this man died.

stable-boy's clumsy sabots. The gate creaked, but the worthy man who opened it no sooner perceived the horseman with his drawn pistol than he instinctively tried to close it again.

"It is I, Patout," said the young man; "don't be afraid."

"Ah! sure enough," said the peasant, "it is really you, Monsieur Charles. I'm not afraid now; but you know, as the curse used to tell us, in the days when there was a good God, 'Caution is the mother of safety.'"

"Yes, Patout, yes," said the young man, slipping a piece of silver into the stable-boy's hand, "but be easy; the good God will return, and M. le Curé also."

"Oh, as for that," said the good man, "it is easy to see that there is no one left on high by the way things go. Will this last much longer, M. Charles?"

"Patout, I promise, on my honor, to do my best to be rid of all that annoys you. I am no less impatient than you; so I'll ask you not to go to bed, my good Patout."

"Ah! you know well, monsieur, that when you come I don't often go to bed. As for the horse—Goodness! you change them every day? The time before last it was a chestnut, the last time a dapple-gray, now a black one."

"Yes, I'm somewhat capricious by nature. As to the horse, as you say, my dear Patout, he wants nothing. You need only remove his bridle; leave him saddled. Oh, wait; put this pistol back in the holsters and take care of these other two for me." And the young man removed the two from his belt and handed them to the hostler.

"Well," exclaimed the latter, laughing, "any more barkers?"

"You know, Patout, they say the roads are unsafe."

"Ah! I should think they weren't safe! We're up to our necks in regular highway robberies, M. Charles. Why, no later than last week they stopped and robbed the diligence between Geneva and Bourg!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Morgan, "and whom do they accuse of the robbery?"

"Oh, it's such a farce! Just fancy; they say it was the Companions of Jesus. I don't believe a word of it, of course. Who are the Companions of Jesus if not the twelve apostles?"

"Of course," said Morgan, with his eternally joyous smile, "I don't know of any others."

"Well!" continued Patout, "to accuse the twelve apostles of robbing a diligence, that's the limit. Oh! I tell you, M. Charles, we're living in times when nobody respects anything."

And shaking his head like a misanthrope, disgusted, if not with life, at least with men, Patout led the horse to the stable.

As for Morgan, he watched Patout till he saw him disappear down the courtyard and enter the dark stable; then, skirting the hedge which bordered the garden, he

went toward a large clump of trees whose lofty tops were silhouetted against the darkness of the night, with the majesty of things immovable, the while their shadows fell upon a charming little country house known in the neighborhood as the Château des Noires-Fontaines.

As Morgan reached the château wall, the hour chimed from the belfry of the village of Montagnac. The young man counted the strokes vibrating in the calm, silent atmosphere of the autumn night. It was eleven o'clock. Many things, as we have seen, had happened during the last two hours.

Morgan advanced a few steps farther, examined the wall, apparently in search of a familiar spot, then, having found it, inserted the tip of his boot in a cleft between two stones. He sprang up like a man mounting a horse, seized the top of the wall with the left hand, and with a second spring seated himself astride the wall, from which, with the rapidity of lightning, he lowered himself on the other side.

All this was done with such rapidity, such dexterity and agility, that any one chancing to pass at that instant would have thought himself the puppet of a vision.

Morgan stopped, as on the other side of the wall, to listen, while his eyes tried to pierce the darkness made deeper by the foliage of poplars and aspens, and the heavy shadows of the little wood. All was silent and solitary.

Morgan ventured on his path. We say ventured, because the young man, since nearing the Château des Noires-Fontaines, revealed in all his movements a timidity and hesitation so foreign to his character that it was evident that if he feared it was not for himself alone.

He gained the edge of the wood, still moving cautiously. Coming to a lawn, at the end of which was the little château, he paused. Then he examined the front of the house. Only one of the twelve windows which dotted the three floors was lighted. This was on the second floor at the corner of the house.

A little balcony, covered with virgin vines which climbed the walls, twining themselves around the iron railing and falling thence in festoons from the window, overhung the garden. On both sides of the windows, close to the balcony, large-leaved trees met and formed above the cornice a bower of verdure.

A Venetian blind, which was raised and lowered by cords, separated the balcony from the window, a separation which disappeared at will. It was through the interstices of this blind that Morgan had seen the light.

The young man's first impulse was to cross the lawn in a straight line; but again, the fears of which we spoke restrained him. A path shaded by lindens skirted the wall and led to the house. He

turned aside and entered its dark leafy covert.

When he had reached the end of the path he crossed, like a frightened doe, the open space which led to the house wall, and stood for a moment in the deep shadow of the house. Then, when he had reached the spot he had calculated upon, he clapped his hands three times.

At this call a shadow darted from the end of the apartment and clung, lithe, graceful, almost transparent, to the window.

Morgan repeated the signal. The window was opened immediately, the blind was raised, and a ravishing young girl, her fair hair rippling over her shoulders, appeared in the frame of verdure.

The young man stretched out his arms to her, whose arms were stretched out to him, and two names, or rather two cries from the heart, crossed one to the other.

"Charles!"

"Amélie!"

What these two beautiful young beings said to each other was only a murmur of love. Then the girl loosened the cords of the blind, which fell noisily behind her. The window closed behind the blind. Then the lamp was extinguished, and the front of the Château des Noires-Fontaines was again in darkness.

This darkness lasted for a moment only, for immediately the rolling of a carriage was heard along the road leading from the highway of Pont-d'Ain to the entrance of the château. There the sound ceased; it was evident that the carriage had stopped before the gates.

CHAPTER X.

The Family of Roland.

THE carriage which had stopped before the gate was that which brought Roland back to his family, accompanied by Sir John.

The family was so far from expecting him that, as we have said, all the lights in the house were extinguished, all the windows in darkness, even Amélie's. The postillon had cracked his whip smartly for the last five hundred yards, but the noise was insufficient to rouse these country people from their first sleep. When the carriage had stopped, Roland opened the door, sprang out without touching the steps, and tugged at the bell-handle. Five minutes elapsed, and after each peal, Roland turned to the carriage, saying: "Don't be impatient, Sir John."

At last a window opened and a childish but firm voice cried out: "Who is ringing that way?"

"Ah, is that you, little Edouard?" said Roland. "Make haste and let us in."

The child leaped back with a shout of delight and disappeared. But at the same time his voice was heard in the corridors, crying: "Mother! wake up; it is Roland! Sister! wake up; it is the big brother!"

Then, clad only in his night-robe and his little slippers, he ran down the steps, crying: "Don't be impatient, Roland; here I am."

An instant later the key grated in the lock, and the bolts slipped back in their sockets. A white figure appeared in the portico, and flew rather than ran to the gate, which an instant later turned on its hinges and swung open. The child sprang upon Roland's neck and hung there.

"Ah, brother! brother!" he exclaimed, embracing the young man, laughing and crying at the same time. "Ah, big brother Roland! How happy mother will be; and Amélie, too! Everybody is well. I am the sickest—ah! except Michel, the gardener, you know, who has sprained his leg. But why aren't you in uniform? Oh! how ugly you are in citizen's clothes! Have you just come from Egypt? Did you bring me the silver-mounted pistols and the beautiful carved sword? No? Then you are not nice, and I won't kiss you any more. Oh, no, no! Don't be afraid! I love you just the same!"

And the boy smothered the big brother with kisses while he showered questions upon him. The Englishman, still seated in the carriage, looked smilingly through the window at the scene.

In the midst of these fraternal embraces came the voice of a woman; the voice of the mother.

"Where is he, my Roland, my darling son?" asked Madame de Montrevel, in a voice fraught with such violent, joyous emotion that it was almost painful. "Where is he? Can it be true that he has returned; really true that he is not a prisoner, not dead? Is he really living?"

The child, at her voice, slipped from his brother's arms like an eel, dropped upon his feet on the grass, and, as if moved by a spring, bounded toward his mother.

"This way, mother; this way!" said he, dragging his mother, half dressed as she was, toward Roland. When he saw his mother, Roland could no longer contain himself, but fell sobbing upon Madame de Montrevel's neck without thinking of Sir John, who felt his English phlegm disperse as he silently wiped away the tears that flowed down his cheeks and moistened his lips. The child, the mother, and Roland formed an adorable group of tenderness and emotion.

Suddenly little Edouard, like a leaf tossed about by the wind, flew from the group, exclaiming: "Sister Amélie! Why, where is she?" and he rushed toward the house, repeating: "Sister Amélie, wake up! Get up! Hurry up!"

And then the child could be heard kicking and rapping against a door. Silence followed. Then little Edouard shouted: "Help, mother! Help, brother Roland! Sister Amélie is ill!"

Madame de Montrevel and her son flew toward the house. Sir John, consummate tourist that he was, always carried a

lancet and a smelling-bottle in his pocket. He jumped from the carriage and, obeying his first impulse, hurried up the portico. There he paused, reflecting that he had not been introduced, an all-important formality for an Englishman.

However, the fainting girl whom he sought came toward him at that moment. The noise her brother had made at the door brought Amélie to the landing; but, without doubt, the excitement which Roland's return had occasioned was too much for her, for after descending a few steps in an almost automatic manner, controlling herself by a violent effort, she gave a sigh, and, like a flower that bends, a branch that droops, like a scarf that floats, she fell, or rather lay, upon the stairs. It was at that moment that the child cried out.

But at his exclamation Amélie recovered, if not her strength, at least her will. She rose, and, stammering, "Be quiet, Edouard! be quiet, in heaven's name! I'm all right," she clung to the balustrade with one hand, and leaning with the other on the child she had continued to descend. On the last step she met her mother and her brother. Then with a violent, almost despairing movement, she threw both arms around Roland's neck, exclaiming: "My brother! My brother!"

Roland, feeling the young girl's weight press heavily upon his shoulder, exclaimed: "Air! Air! She is fainting!" and carried her out upon the portico. It was this new group, so different from the first, which met Sir John's eyes.

As soon as she felt the fresh air, Amélie revived and raised her head. Just then the moon, in all her splendor, shook off a cloud which had veiled her, and lighted Amélie's face, as pale as her own. Sir John gave a cry of admiration. Never had he seen a marble statue so perfect as this living marble before his eyes.

We must say that Amélie, seen thus, was marvelously beautiful. Clad in a long cambric robe, which defined the outlines of her body, molded on that of the Polyhymnia of antiquity, her pale face gently inclined upon her brother's shoulder, her long golden hair floating around her snowy shoulders, her arm thrown around her mother's neck, its rose-tinted, alabaster hand drooping upon the red shawl in which Madame de Montrevel had wrapped herself; such was Roland's sister as she appeared to Sir John.

At the Englishman's cry of admiration, Roland remembered that he was there, and Madame de Montrevel perceived his presence. As for the child, surprised to see this stranger in his mother's home, he ran hastily down the steps of the portico, stopping on the third one, not that he feared to go farther, but in order to be on a level with the person he proceeded to question.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked Sir John; "and what are you doing here?"

"My little Edouard," said Sir John, "I

am your brother's friend, and I have brought you the silver-mounted pistols and the Damascus blade which he promised you."

"Where are they?" asked the child.

"Ah!" said Sir John, "they are in England, and it will take some time to send for them. But your big brother will answer for me that I am a man of my word."

"Yes, Edouard, yes," said Roland. "If Sir John promised them to you, you will get them." Then turning to Madame de Montrevel and his sister, "Excuse me, my mother; excuse me, Amélie; or, rather, excuse yourselves as best you can to Sir John, for you have made me abominably ungrateful." Then grasping Sir John's hand, he continued: "Mother, Sir John took occasion the first time he saw me to render me an inestimable service. I know that you never forget such things. I trust, therefore, that you will always remember that Sir John is one of our best friends; and he will give you the proof of it by saying with me that he has consented to be bored for a couple of weeks with us."

"Madame," said Sir John, "permit me, on the contrary, not to repeat my friend Roland's words. I could wish to spend, not a fortnight, nor three weeks, but a whole lifetime with you."

Madame de Montrevel came down the steps of the portico and offered her hand to Sir John, who kissed it with a gallantry altogether French.

"My lord," said she, "this house is yours. The day you entered it has been one of joy, the day you leave will be one of regret and sadness."

Sir John turned toward Amélie, who, confused by the disorder of her dress before this stranger, was gathering the folds of her wrapper about her neck.

"I speak to you in my name and in my daughter's, who is still too much overcome by her brother's unexpected return to greet you herself as she will do in a moment," continued Madame de Montrevel, coming to Amélie's relief.

"My sister," said Roland, "will permit my friend Sir John to kiss her hand, and he will, I am sure, accept that form of welcome."

Amélie stammered a few words, slowly lifted her arm, and held out her hand to Sir John with a smile that was almost painful.

The Englishman took it, but, feeling how icy and trembling it was, instead of carrying it to his lips he said: "Roland, your sister is seriously indisposed. Let us think only of her health this evening. I am something of a doctor, and if she will deign to permit me the favor of feeling her pulse I shall be grateful."

But Amélie, as if she feared that the cause of her weakness might be surmised, withdrew her hand hastily, exclaiming: "Oh, no! Sir John is mistaken. Joy never

causes illness. It is only joy at seeing my brother again which caused this slight indisposition, and it has already passed over." Then turning to Madame de Montrevet, she added with almost feverish haste: "Mother, we are forgetting that these gentlemen have made a long voyage, and have probably eaten nothing since Lyons. If Roland has his usual good appetite he will not object to my leaving you to do the honors of the house, while I attend to the unpoetical but much appreciated details of the housekeeping."

Leaving her mother, as she said, to do the honors of the house, Amélie went to waken the maids and the man-servant, leaving on the mind of Sir John that sort of fairy-like impression which the tourist on the Rhine brings with him of the Lorelei on the rock, a lyre in her hand, the liquid gold of her hair floating in the evening breezes.

In the meantime, Morgan had remounted his horse, returning at full gallop to the Chartreuse. He drew rein before the portal, pulled out a note-book, and pencil-ing a few lines on one of the leaves, rolled it up and slipped it through the keyhole without taking time to dismount.

Then pressing in both his spurs, and bending low over the mane of the noble animal, he disappeared in the forest, rapid and mysterious as Faust on his way to the mountain of the witches' sabbath. The lines he had written were as follows:

Louis de Montrevet, General Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, arrived this evening at the Chateau des Noires-Fontaines. Be careful, Companions of Jehu!

But, while warning his comrades to be cautious about Louis de Montrevet, Morgan had drawn a cross above his name, which signified that no matter what happened the body of the young officer must be considered as sacred by them.

The Companions of Jehu had the right to protect a friend in that way without being obliged to explain the motives which actuated them. Morgan used that privilege to protect the brother of his love.

CHAPTER XI.

Chateau des Noires-Fontaines.

THE Chateau of Noires-Fontaines, whither we have just conducted two of the principal characters of our story, stood in one of the most charming spots of the valley, where the city of Bourg is built. The park, of five or six acres, covered with venerable oaks, was enclosed on three sides by freestone walls, one of which opened in front through a handsome gate of wrought-iron, fashioned in the style of Louis XV; the fourth side was bounded by the little river called the Reissouse, a pretty stream that takes its rise at Journaud, among the foothills of the Jura, and flowing gently from south to north joins

the Saône at the bridge of Fleurville, opposite Pont-de-Vaux, the birthplace of Joubert, who, a month before the period of which we are writing, was killed at the fatal battle of Novi.

Beyond the Reissouse, and along its banks, lay, to the right and left of the Chateau des Noires-Fontaines, the village of Montagnac and Saint-Just, dominated further on by that of Ceyzeriat. Behind this latter hamlet stretched the graceful outlines of the hills of the Jura, above the summits of which could be distinguished the blue crests of the mountains of Bugey, which seemed to be standing on tiptoe in order to peer curiously over their younger sisters' shoulder at what was passing in the valley of the Ain.

It was in full view of this ravishing landscape that Sir John awoke. For the first time in his life, perhaps, the morose and taciturn Englishman smiled at nature. He was aroused by three light taps at his door. It was Roland, who came to see how he had passed the night. He found him radiant as the sun playing among the already yellow leaves of the chestnuts and the lindens.

"Oh! oh! Sir John," cried Roland, "permit me to congratulate you. I expected to find you as gloomy as the poor monks of the Chartreuse, with their long white robes, who used to frighten me so much in my childhood; though, to tell the truth, I was never easily frightened. Instead of that I find you in the midst of this dreary October as smiling as a morn in May."

"My dear Roland," replied Sir John, "I am an orphan; I lost my mother at my birth and my father when I was twelve years old. At an age when children are usually sent to school, I was master of a fortune producing a million a year; but I was alone in the world, with no one whom I loved or who loved me. The tender joys of family life are completely unknown to me. From twelve to eighteen I went to Cambridge, but my taciturn and perhaps haughty character isolated me from my fellows. At eighteen I began to travel. You who scour the world under the shadow of your flag; that is to say, the shadow of your country, and are stirred by the thrill of battle, and the pride of glory, cannot imagine what a lamentable thing it is to roam through the cities, provinces, nations, and kingdoms simply to visit a church here, a castle there; to rise at four in the morning at the summons of a pitiless guide, to see the sunrise from Rigi or Etna; to pass like a fantom, already dead, through the world of living shades called men; to know not where to rest; to know no land in which to take root, no arm on which to lean, no heart in which to pour your own! Well, last night, my dear Roland, suddenly, in an instant, in a second, this void in my life was filled. I lived in you; the joys I seek were yours. The family which I

never had, I saw smiling around you. As I looked at your mother I said to myself: 'My mother was like that, I am sure.' Looking at your sister, I said: 'Had I a sister I could not have wished her otherwise.' When I embraced your brother, I thought that I, too, might have had a child of that age, and thus leave something behind me in the world, whereas with the nature I know I possess, I shall die as I have lived, sad, surly with others, a burden to myself. Ah! you are happy, Roland! you have a family, you have fame, you have youth, you have that which spoils nothing in a man—you have beauty. You want no joys. You are not deprived of a single delight. I repeat it, Roland, you are a happy man, most happy!"

Roland laughed in his usual nervous manner.

"Ah!" said he, "so this is the tourist, the superficial traveler, the Wandering Jew of civilization, who pauses nowhere, gages nothing, judges everything by the sensation it produces in him. The tourist who, without opening the doors of these abodes where dwell the fools we call men, says: 'Behind these walls is happiness!' Well, my dear friend, you see this charming river, don't you? these flowering meadows, these pretty villages? It is the picture of peace, innocence, and fraternity: the cycle of Saturn, the golden age returned; it is Eden, Paradise! Well, all that is peopled by beings who have flown at each other's throats. The jungles of Calcutta, the sedges of Bengal are inhabited by tigers and panthers not one whit more ferocious or cruel than the denizens of these pretty villages, these dewy lawns, and these charming shores.

"After lauding in funeral celebrations the good, the great, the immortal Marat, whose body, thank God! they cast into the common sewer like carrion that he was, and always had been: after performing these funeral rites, to which each man brought an urn into which he shed his tears, behold! our good Bressans, our gentle Bressans, these poultry-fatteners, suddenly decided that the Republicans were all murderers. So they murdered them by the tumbrel to correct them of that vile defect common to savage and civilized man—the killing his kind.

"You doubt it? My dear fellow, on the road to Lons-le-Saulnier they will show you, if you are curious, the spot where not six months ago they organized a slaughter fit to turn the stomach of our most ferocious troopers on the battlefield. Picture to yourself a tumbrel of prisoners on their way to Lons-le-Saulnier. It was a staff-sided cart, one of those immense wagons in which they take cattle to market. There were thirty men in this tumbrel, whose sole crime was foolish exaltation of thought and threatening language. They were bound and gagged; heads hanging, jolted by the bumping of the cart; their throats parched with thirst,

despair, and terror; unfortunate beings who did not even have, as in the times of Nero and Commodus, the fight in the arena, the hand-to-hand struggle with death.

"Powerless, motionless, the lust of massacre surprised them in their fetters, and battered them not only in life, but in death; their bodies, when their hearts had ceased to beat, still resounded beneath the bludgeons, which mangled their flesh and crushed their bones; while women looked on in calm delight, lifting high the children, who clapped their hands for joy. Old men, who ought to have been preparing for a Christian death, helped, by their goading cries, to render the death of these wretched beings more wretched still.

And in the midst of these old men, a little septuagenarian, dainty, powdered, flicking his lace shirt frill if a speck of dust settled there, pinching his Spanish tobacco from a golden snuff-box, with a diamond monogram, eating his amber sugarplums from a Sèvres bonbonnière, given him by Madame du Barry, and adorned with the donor's portrait—this septuagenarian—conceive the picture, my dear Sir John—dancing with his pumps upon that mattress of human flesh, wearying his arm, enfeebled by age, in striking repeatedly with his gold-headed cane those of the bodies who seemed not dead enough to him, not properly mangled in that cursed mortar! Faugh! my friend, I have seen Montebello, I have seen Arcole, I have seen Rivoli, I have seen the Pyramids, and I believe I could see nothing more terrible. Well, my mother's mere recital, last night after you had retired, of what has happened here, made my hair stand on end. Faith! that explains my poor sister's spasms just as my aneurism explains mine."

Sir John watched Roland, and listened with that strange wonderment which his young friend's misanthropical outburst always aroused. Roland seemed to lurk in the niches of a conversation in order to fall upon mankind whenever he found an opportunity. Perceiving the impression he had made on Sir John's mind, he changed his tone, substituting bitter railery for his philanthropic wrath.

"It is true," said he, "that apart from this excellent aristocrat who finished what the butchers had begun, and dyed in blood the red heels of his pumps, the people who performed these massacres belonged to the lower classes, bourgeois and clowns, as our ancestors called those who supported them. The nobles manage things much more daintily. For the rest, you saw yourself what happened at Avignon. If you had been told that, you would never have believed it, would you? Those gentlemen pillagers of stage-coaches pique themselves on their great delicacy. They have two faces, not counting their mask. Sometimes they are Cartouche and Mandrin, sometimes Amadis and Galahad.

"They tell fabulous tales of these heroes of the highways. My mother told me yesterday of one called Laurent. You understand, my dear fellow, that Laurent is a fictitious name, meant to hide the real name, just as the mask hides the face. This Laurent combined all the qualities of a hero of romance, all the accomplishments, as you English say, who, under pretext that you were once Normans, allow yourselves occasionally to enrich your language with a picturesque expression, or some word which has long—poor beggar!—asked and been refused admittance of our own scholars. This Laurent was ideally handsome. He was one of seventy-two Companions of Jehu who have lately been tried at Yssen-geaux. Seventy were acquitted; he and one other were the only ones condemned to death. The innocent men were released at once, but Laurent and his companion were put in prison to await the guillotine. But, pooh! Master Laurent had too pretty a head to fall under the executioner's ignoble knife.

"The judges who condemned him, the curious who expected to witness him executed, had forgotten what Montaigne calls the corporeal recommendation of beauty. There was a woman belonging to the jailer of Yssen-geaux, his daughter, sister, or niece; history—for it is history and not romance that I am telling you—history does not say which. At all events the woman, whoever she was, fell in love with the handsome prisoner, so much in love that two hours before the execution, just as Master Laurent, expecting the executioner, was sleeping or pretending to sleep, as usually happens in such cases, his guardian angel came to him.

"I don't know how they managed; for the two lovers, for the best of reasons, never told the details; but the truth is—now remember, Sir John, that this is truth and not fiction—that Laurent was free, but, to his great regret, unable to save his comrade in the adjoining dungeon. Gensonné, under like circumstances, refused to escape, preferring to die with the other Girondins; but Gensonné did not have the head of Antinous on the body of Apollo. The handsomer the head, you understand, the more one holds on to it. So Laurent accepted the freedom offered him and escaped; a horse was waiting for him at the next village. The young girl, who might have retarded or hindered his flight, was to rejoin him the next day. Dawn came, but not the guardian angel.

"It seemed that our hero cared more for his mistress than he did for his companion; he left his comrade, but he would not go without her. It was six o'clock, the very hour for his execution. His impatience mastered him. Three times had he turned his horse's head toward the town, and each time drew nearer and nearer. At the third time a thought flashed through his brain. Could his mistress

have been taken, and would she pay the penalty for saving him? He was then in the suburbs. Spurring his horse, he entered the town with face uncovered, dashed through people who called him by name, astonished to see him free and on horseback, when they expected to see him bound and in a tumbrel on his way to be executed.

"Catching sight of his guardian angel pushing through the crowd, not to see him executed, but to meet him, he urged his horse past the executioner, who had just learned of the disappearance of one of his patients, knocking over two or three bumpkins with the breast of his Bayard. He bounded toward her, swung her over the pommel of his saddle, and, with a cry of joy and a wave of his hat, he disappeared like M. de Condé at the battle of Lens. The people all applauded, and the women thought the action heroic, and all promptly fell in love with the hero on the spot."

Roland, observing that Sir John was silent, paused and questioned him by a look. "Go on," replied the Englishman; "I am listening. And as I am sure you are telling me all this in order to come to something you wish to say, I await your point."

"Well," resumed Roland, laughing, "you are right, my dear friend, and, on my word, you know me as if we had been college chums. Well, what idea do you suppose has been cavorting through my brain all night? It is that of getting a glimpse of these gentlemen of Jehu near at hand."

"Ah, yes, I understand. As you failed to get yourself killed by M. de Barjols, you want to try your chance of being killed by M. Morgan."

"Or any other, my dear Sir John," replied the young officer calmly; "for I assure you that I have nothing in particular against M. Morgan; quite the contrary, though my first impulse when he came into the room and made his little speech—don't you call it a speech—?"

Sir John nodded affirmatively.

"Though my first thought," resumed Roland, "was to spring at his throat and strangle him with one hand, and to tear off his mask with the other."

"Now that I know you, my dear Roland, I do indeed wonder how you refrained from putting such a fine project into execution."

"It was not my fault, I swear! I was just on the point of it when my companion stopped me."

"So there are people who can restrain you?"

"Not many, but he can."

"And now you regret it?"

"Honestly, no! This brave stage-robber did the business with such swaggering bravado that I admired him. I love brave men instinctively. Had I not killed M. de Barjols I should have liked to be his friend. It is true I could not tell

how brave he was until I had killed him. But let us talk of something else; that duel is one of my painful thoughts. But why did I come up? It was certainly not to talk of the Companions of Jehu, nor of M. Laurent's exploits— Ah! I came to ask how you would like to spend your time. I'll cut myself in quarters to amuse you, my dear guest, but there are two disadvantages against me: this region, which is not very amusing, and your nationality, which is not easily amused."

"I have already told you, Roland," replied Lord Tanlay, offering his hand to the young man, "that I consider the Château des Noires-Fontaines a paradise."

"Agreed; but still in the fear that you may find your paradise monotonous, I shall do my best to entertain you. Are you fond of archeology—Westminster and Canterbury? We have a marvel here, the Church of Brou; a wonder of sculptured lace by Coloban. There is a legend about it which I will tell you some evening when you cannot sleep. You will see there the tombs of Marguerite de Bourbon, Philippe le Bel, and Marguerite of Austria. I will puzzle you with the problem of her motto: 'Fortune, infortune, fort'une,' which I claimed to have solved by a Latinized version: '*Fortuna, infortuna, fortuna.*' Are you fond of fishing, my dear friend? There's the Reissouse at your feet, and close at hand a collection of hooks and lines belonging to Edouard, and nets belonging to Michel. Are you fond of hunting? The forest of Seillon is not a hundred yards off. One day of archeology, one day of fishing, and one of hunting, that's three already. You see, my dear fellow, we have only fifteen or sixteen left to worry about. Are you hungry, my lord?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I hear Edouard on the stairs, coming up to tell us that breakfast is ready."

As Roland spoke, the door opened and the boy burst out: "Big brother Roland, mother and sister Amélie are waiting breakfast for Sir John and you."

Then catching the Englishman's right hand, he carefully examined the first joint of the thumb and forefinger.

"What are you looking at, my little friend?" asked Sir John.

"I was looking to see if you had any ink on your fingers."

"And if I had ink on my fingers, what would it mean?"

"That you had written to England, and sent for my pistols and sword."

"No, I have not yet written," said Sir John; "but I will to-day."

"You hear, big brother Roland? I'm to have my sword and my pistols in a fortnight!"

And the boy, full of delight, offered his firm rosy cheek to Sir John, who kissed it as tenderly as a father would have done.

Then they went to the dining-room, where Madame de Montrevel and Amélie were awaiting them.

CHAPTER XII.

Provincial Pleasures.

THAT same day Roland put into execution part of his plans for his guest's amusement. He took Sir John to see the Church of Brou.

Those who have seen the charming little chapel of Brou know that it is known as one of the hundred marvels of the Renaissance; those who have not seen it must have often heard it said. Roland, who had counted on doing the honors of this historic gem to Sir John, and who had not seen it for the last seven or eight years, was much disappointed when, on arriving in front of the building, he found the niches of the saints empty and the carved figures of the portal decapitated.

He asked for the sexton; people laughed in his face. There was no longer a sexton. He inquired to whom he should go for the keys; they replied that the captain of the gendarmerie had them. The captain was not far off, for the cloister adjoining the church had been converted into a barrack.

Roland went up to the captain's room and made himself known as Bonaparte's aide-de-camp. The captain, with the placid obedience of a subaltern to his superior officer, gave him the keys and followed behind him. Sir John was waiting before the porch, admiring, in spite of the mutilation to which they had been subjected, the admirable details of the frontal.

Roland opened the door, and started back in astonishment. The church was literally stuffed with hay like a cannon charged to the muzzle.

"What does this mean?" he asked the captain of the gendarmerie.

"A precaution taken by the municipality."

"A precaution taken by the municipality?"

"Yes."

"For what?"

"To save the church. They were going to demolish it; but the mayor issued a decree declaring that, in expiation of the false worship for which it had served, it should be used to store fodder."

Roland burst out laughing, and, turning to Sir John, he said: "My dear Sir John, the church was well worth seeing, but I think what this gentleman has just told us is no less curious. You can always find—at Strasburg, Cologne, or Milan—churches or cathedrals to equal the chapel of Brou; but where will you find an administration idiotic enough to destroy such a masterpiece, and a mayor clever enough to turn it into a barn? A thousand thanks, captain. Here are your keys."

"As I was saying at Avignon, the first time I had the pleasure of seeing you, my dear Roland," replied Sir John, "the French are a most amusing people."

"This time, my lord, you are too polite," replied Roland. "Idiotic is the word."

And Roland, bursting into his accustomed laugh, dragged Sir John in the direction of the château. But Sir John stopped him and asked: "Is there nothing else to see in the city except the church?"

"Formerly, my lord," replied Roland, "before they made a hayloft of it, I should have asked you to come down with me into the vaults of the Dukes of Savoy. We could have hunted for that subterranean passage, nearly three miles long, which is said to exist there, and which, according to these rumors, communicates with the grotto of Ceyzeriat. Please observe, I should never offer such a pleasure trip except to an Englishman. Come."

"Where are we going?"

"Faith, I don't know. Since I was last in the town the streets have changed their names. I know the way, but I don't know the names."

"Look here!" demanded Sir John; "aren't you a Republican?"

"I not a Republican? Come, come! Quite to the contrary. I consider myself an excellent Republican. I am quite capable of burning off my hand, like Mucius Scaevola, or jumping into the gulf like Curtius to save the Republic; but I have, unluckily, a keen sense of the ridiculous. In spite of myself, the absurdity of things catches me in the side and tickles me until I nearly die of laughing."

"Now let us go up these steps. Here we are in the Place des Lices. Our Revolutionists left it its name, because in all probability they don't know what it means. I don't know much better than they, but I think I can remember that a certain Sieur d'Estavayer challenged some Flemish count—I don't know who—and that the combat took place in this square. Now, my dear fellow, here is the prison, which ought to give you some idea of human vicissitudes. Wait for me a moment, my lord, if you like the squeaking of hinges and the grating of bolts. I have a visit to pay to a certain cell."

"The grating of bolts and the squeaking of hinges is not a very enlivening sound, but no matter. Since you were kind enough to undertake my education, show me your dungeon."

"Very well, then. Come in quickly. I see a crowd of persons who look as if they want to speak to me."

In fact, little by little, a sort of rumor seemed to spread throughout the town. People emerged from the houses, forming groups in the streets, and they all watched Roland with curiosity. He rang the bell of the gate, situated then where it is now, but opening into the prison yard. A jailer opened it for them.

"Ah, ah! so you are still here, Father

Courtois?" asked the young man. Then, turning to Sir John, he added: "A fine name for a jailer, isn't it, my lord?"

The jailer looked at the young man in amazement.

"How is it," he asked through the grating, "that you know my name, when I don't know yours?"

"Good! I not only know your name, but also your opinions. You are an old royalist, Père Courtois."

"Monsieur," said the jailer, terrified, "don't make bad jokes if you please, and say what you want."

"Well, my good Father Courtois, I would like to visit the cell where they put my mother and sister, Madame and Mademoiselle Montrevel."

"Ah!" exclaimed the gatekeeper, "so it's you, M. Louis? You may well say that I know you. What a fine, handsome young man you've grown to be!"

"Do you think so, Father Courtois? Well, I can return the compliment. Your daughter Charlotte is, on my word, a beautiful girl. Charlotte is my sister's maid, Sir John."

"And she is very happy over it. She is better off there than here, M. Roland. Is it true that you are General Bonaparte's aide-de-camp?"

"Alas! I have that honor, Courtois. You would prefer me to be Comte d'Artois' aide-de-camp, or that of M. le Duc of Angouleme?"

"Oh, do be quiet, M. Louis!" Then, putting his lips to the young man's ear, "Tell me, is it true?"

"What, Father Courtois?"

"That General Bonaparte passed through Lyons yesterday?"

"There must be some truth in the rumor, for this is the second time that I have heard it. Ah! I understand now. These good people who were watching me so curiously apparently wanted to question me. They were like you, Father Courtois: they want to know what to make of General Bonaparte's arrival."

"Do you know what they say, M. Louis?"

"Still another rumor, Father Courtois?"

"I should think so, but they only whisper it."

"What is it?"

"They say that he has come to demand the throne of his Majesty Louis XVIII from the Directory and the king's return to it; and that if Citizen Gohier as president doesn't give it up of his own accord he will take it by force."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the young officer with an incredulous air bordering on irony. But Father Courtois insisted on his news with an affirmative nod.

"Possibly," said the young man; "but as for that, it's news for me. And now that you know me, will you open the gate?"

"Of course I will. I should think so. What the devil am I about?" and the

jailer opened the gate with an eagerness equaling his former reluctance. The young man entered, and Sir John followed him. The jailer locked the gate carefully, then he turned, followed by Roland and the Englishman in turn. The latter was beginning to get accustomed to his young friend's erratic character.

The jailer crossed the yard, which was separated from the law courts by a wall fifteen feet high, with an opening let into the middle of the receding wall, closed by a massive oaken door, to admit prisoners without taking them round by the street. The jailer, we say, crossed the yard to a winding stairway in the left angle of the courtyard which led to the interior of the prison.

If we insist upon these details, it is because we shall be obliged to return to this spot later, and we do not wish it to be wholly unfamiliar to our readers when that time comes.

These steps led first to the antechamber of the prison, that is to say, to the porter's hall of the lower court-room. From that hall ten steps led down into an inner court, separated from a third, which was that of the prisoners, by a wall similar to the one we have described, only this one had three doors. At the further end of the courtyard a passage led to the jailer's own room, which gave into a second passage, on which were the cells. The jailer paused before the first of these cages, and said, striking the door:

"This is where I put madame, your mother, and your sister, so that if the dear ladies wanted either Charlotte or myself, they need but knock."

"Is there any one in the cell?"

"No one."

"Then please open the door. My friend, Lord Tanlay, is a philanthropic Englishman who is traveling about to see if the French prisons are more comfortable than the English ones. Enter, Sir John."

Père Courtois having opened the door, Roland pushed Sir John into a perfectly square cell measuring ten or twelve feet each way.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Sir John, "this is lugubrious."

"Do you think so? Well, my dear friend, this is where my mother, the noblest woman in the world, and my sister, whom you know, spent six weeks with a prospect of leaving it only to make the trip to the Place de Bastion. Just think, that was five years ago, so my sister was scarcely twelve."

"But what crime had they committed?"

"Oh! a monstrous crime. At the anniversary festival with which the town of Bourg considered proper to commemorate the death of the 'Friend of the People,' my mother refused to permit my sister to represent one of the virgins who bore the tears of France in vases. What will you! Poor woman, she thought she had

done enough for her country in giving it the blood of her son and her husband, which was flowing in Italy and Germany. She was mistaken.

"Her country, as it seems, claimed further the tears of her daughter. She thought that too much, especially as those tears were to flow for the citizen Marat. The result was that on the very evening of the celebration, during the enthusiastic exaltation, my mother was declared accused. Fortunately Bourg had not attained the celerity of Paris. A friend of ours, an official in the record-office, kept the affair dragging, until one fine day the fall and death of Robespierre were made known. That interrupted a good many things, among others the guillotinades.

"Our friend convinced the authorities that the wind blowing from Paris had veered toward clemency; they waited fifteen days, and on the sixteenth they told my mother and sister that they were free. So you understand, my friend—and this involves the most profound philosophical reflection—so that if Mademoiselle Teresa Cabarrus had not come from Spain, if she had not married M. Fontenay, parliamentary counsellor; had she not been arrested and brought before the pro-consul Tallien, son of the Marquis de Bercy's butler, ex-notary's clerk, ex-foreman of a printing-shop, ex-porter, ex-secretary to the Commune of Paris temporarily at Bordeaux; and had the ex-pro-consul not become enamored of her, and had she not been imprisoned, and if on the ninth of Thermidor she had not found means to send a dagger with these words:

"Unless the tyrant dies to-day, I die to-morrow"; had not Saint-Just been arrested in the midst of his discourse; had not Robespierre, on that day, had a frog in his throat; had not Garnier de l'Aube exclaimed: 'It is the blood of Danton choking you!' had not Louchet shouted for his arrest; had he not been arrested, released by the Commune, recaptured in spite of this, had his jaw broken by a pistol shot, and been executed next day—my mother would, in all probability, have had her head cut off for refusing to allow her daughter to weep for citizen Marat in one of the twelve lachrimal urns which Bourg was desirous of filling with its tears.

"Good-by, Courtois. You are a worthy man. You gave my mother and sister a little water to put with their wine, a little meat to eat with their bread, a little hope to fill their hearts; you lent them your daughter that they might not have to sweep their cells themselves. That deserves a fortune. Unfortunately I am not rich; but here are fifty louis I happen to have with me. Come, my lord."

And the young man carried off Sir John before the jailer recovered from his surprise and found time either to thank Roland or refuse the fifty louis; which, it must be said, would have been a remark-

able proof of disinterestedness in a jailer, especially when that jailer's opinions were opposed to those of the government he served.

Leaving the prison, Roland and Sir John found the Place des Lices crowded with people who had heard of General Bonaparte's return to France, and were shouting "Vive Bonaparte!" at the top of their lungs—some because they really admired the victor of Arcole, Rivoli, and the Pyramids, others because they had been told, like Père Courtois, that this same victor had vanquished only that Louis XVIII might profit by his victories.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Wild Boar.

To Sir John, Amélie seemed more lovely than before. He could readily understand that mother, who at the risk of life had been unwilling that this charming creature should profane her youth and beauty by serving as a mourner in a celebration of which Marat was the deity. He recalled that cold, damp cell which he had lately visited, and shuddered at the thought that this delicate white ermine before his eyes had been imprisoned there, without sun or air, for six weeks. He looked at the throat, too long perhaps, but swan-like in its suppleness and graceful in its exaggeration, and he remembered that melancholy remark of the poor Princesse de Lamballe, as she felt her slender neck: "It will not give the executioner much trouble!"

The thoughts which succeeded each other in Sir John's mind gave to his face an expression so different from its customary aspect, that Madame de Montrevel could not refrain from asking what troubled him. He then told her of his visit to the prison, and Roland's pious pilgrimage to the dungeon where his mother and sister had been incarcerated. Just as Sir John had concluded his tale, a view-halloo sounded without, and Roland entered, his hunting-horn in his hands.

"My dear friend," he cried, "thanks to my mother, we shall have a splendid hunt to-morrow."

"Thanks to me?" queried Madame de Montrevel.

"How so?" added Sir John.

"I left you to see about my dogs, didn't I?"

"You said so, at any rate."

"I had two excellent beasts. Barbichon and Ravaude, male and female."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sir John, "are they dead?"

"Well, yes; but just guess what this excellent mother of mine has done?" and, tilting Madame de Montrevel's head, he kissed her on both cheeks. "She wouldn't let them drown a single puppy because they were the dogs of my dogs; so the result is that to-day the pups, grand-pups,

and great-grand-pups of Barbichon and Ravaude are as numerous as the descendants of Ishmael. Instead of a pair of dogs, I have a whole pack, twenty-five beasts, all as black as moles with white paws, fire in their eyes and hearts, and a regiment of cornet-tails that would do you good to see."

And Roland sounded another halloo that brought his young brother to the scene.

"Oh!" shouted the boy as he entered, "you are going hunting to-morrow, brother Roland. I'm going, too. I'm going, too!"

"Good!" said Roland, "but do you know what we are going to hunt?"

"No. All I know is that I'm going, too."

"We're going to hunt a boar."

"Oh, joy!" cried the boy, clapping his little hands.

"Are you crazy?" asked Madame de Montrevel, turning pale.

"Why so, madame mother, if you please?"

"Because boar hunts are very dangerous."

"Not so dangerous as hunting men. My brother got back safe from that, and so will I from the other."

"Roland," cried Madame de Montrevel, while Amélie, lost in thought, took no part in the discussion. "Roland, make Edouard listen to reason. Tell him that he hasn't got common sense."

But Roland, who recognized himself again in his young brother, instead of blaming him, smiled at his boyish ardor.

"I'd take you willingly," said he, "only to go hunting one must at least know how to handle a gun."

"Oh, Master Roland," cried Edouard, "just come into the garden a bit. Put up your hat at a hundred yards, and I'll show you how to handle a gun."

"Naughty child," exclaimed Madame de Montrevel, trembling, "where did you learn?"

"Why, from the gunsmith at Montagnac, who keeps papa's and Roland's guns. You ask me sometimes what I do with my money, don't you? Well, I buy powder and balls with it, and I am learning to kill Austrians and Arabs like my brother Roland."

Madame de Montrevel raised her hands to heaven.

"What can you expect, mother?" asked Roland. "Blood will tell. No Montrevel could be afraid of powder. You shall come with us to-morrow, Edouard."

The boy sprang upon his brother's neck.

"And I," said Sir John, "will equip you to-day like a regular huntsman, just as they used to arm the knights of old. I have a charming little rifle that I will give you. It will keep you contented until your saber and pistols come."

"Well," asked Roland, "are you satisfied now, Edouard?"

"Yes; but when will he give it to me?"

If you have to write to England for it, I warn you I sha'n't believe in it."

"No, my little friend, we have only to go up to my room and open my gun-case. That's soon done."

"Then let's go at once."

"Come on," said Sir John; and he went out, followed by Edouard.

A moment later, Amélie, still absorbed in thought, rose and left the room. Neither Madame de Montrevet nor Roland noticed her departure, so interested were they in a serious discussion. The discussion was not yet ended when Edouard returned with his gun slung over his shoulder.

"Look, brother," said he, turning to Roland; "just see what a fine present Sir John has given me." And he looked gratefully at Sir John, who stood in the doorway vainly seeking Amélie with his eyes.

It was in truth a beautiful present. The rifle, designed with that plainness of ornament and simplicity of form peculiar to English weapons, was of the finest finish. Like the pistols, of which Roland had had opportunity to test the accuracy, the rifle was made by the celebrated Manton, and carried a twenty-four caliber bullet. That it had been originally intended for a woman was easily seen by the shortness of the stock and the velvet pad on the trigger. This original purpose of the weapon made it peculiarly suitable for a boy of twelve.

Roland took the rifle from his brother's shoulder, looked at it knowingly, tried its action, sighted it from one hand to the other, and then, giving it back to Edouard, said: "Thank Sir John again. You have a rifle fit for a king's son. Let's go and try it."

A quarter of an hour later, Edouard returned triumphantly. He brought his mother a bit of pasteboard of the circumference of a hat, in which he had put ten bullets out of twelve. The two men had remained behind in the park conversing.

Madame de Montrevet listened to Edouard's slightly boastful account of his prowess. Then she looked at him with that deep and holy sorrow of mothers to whom fame is no compensation for the blood it sheds. Oh! ungrateful indeed is the child who has seen that look bent upon him and does not eternally remember it. Then, after a few seconds of this painful contemplation, she pressed her second son to her breast, and murmured, sobbing: "You, too! you, too, will desert your mother some day."

"Yes, mother," replied the boy, "to become a general like my father, or an aide-de-camp like Roland!"

"And to be killed as your father was, as your brother perhaps will be."

It was but an added dread to her other anxieties, among which Amélie's pallor and abstraction must be numbered.

Amélie was just seventeen; her childhood had been that of a happy, laughing

girl, joyous and healthy. The death of her father had cast a black veil over her youth and gaiety. But these tempests of spring pass rapidly. Her smile, the sunshine of life's dawn, returned like that of Nature, sparkling through that dew of the heart we call tears.

Then, one day, about six months before this story opens, Amélie's face had saddened, her cheeks had grown pale, and, like the birds who migrate at the approach of wintry weather, the childlike laughter that escaped her parted lips and white teeth had fled never to return.

Madame de Montrevet had questioned her, but Amélie asserted that she was still the same. She endeavored to smile, but as a stone thrown into a lake rings upon the surface, so the smiles roused by this maternal solicitude faded, little by little, from Amélie's face. With keen maternal instinct Madame de Montrevet had thought of love. But whom could Amélie love? There were no visitors at the Château des Noires-Fontaines, the political troubles had put an end to all society, and Amélie went nowhere alone. Madame de Montrevet could get no further than conjecture. Roland's return had given her a moment's hope; but this hope fled as soon as she perceived the effect which this event had produced upon Amélie.

It was not a sister, but a specter, it will be recalled, who had come to meet him. Since her son's arrival, Madame de Montrevet had not lost sight of Amélie, and she perceived, with dolorous amazement, that Roland's presence awakened a feeling akin to terror in his sister's breast. She, whose eyes had formerly rested so lovingly upon him, now seemed to view him with alarm.

The beaters were at the door at six the following morning. Michel was not to leave with the horses and dogs until eleven. The Château des Noires-Fontaines was just at the edge of the forest of Seillon, so the hunt could begin at its very gates.

As the battue promised chiefly deer and hares, the guns were loaded with balls. Roland gave Edouard a simple little gun which he himself had used as a child. He had not enough confidence as yet in the boy's prudence to trust him with a double-barreled gun.

As for the rifle that Sir John had given him the day before, it could only carry cartridges. It was given into Michel's safe keeping, to be returned to him in case they started a boar for the second part of the hunt. For this Roland and Sir John were also to change their guns for rifles and hunting knives, pointed as daggers and sharp as razors, which formed part of Sir John's arsenal, and could be suspended from the belt or screwed on the point of the gun like bayonets.

From the beginning of the battue it was easy to see that the hunt would be a good one. A roebuck and two hares were

killed at once. At noon two does, seven roebucks and two foxes had been bagged. They had also seen two boars, but these latter had only shaken their bristles in answer to the heavy balls and made off.

Edouard was in the seventh heaven; he had killed a roebuck. The beaters, well rewarded for their labor, were sent to the château with the game, as had been arranged. A sort of bugle was sounded to ascertain Michel's whereabouts, to which he answered. In less than ten minutes the three hunters had rejoined the gardener with his hounds and horses.

Michel had seen a boar which he had sent his son to head off, and it was now in the woods not a hundred paces distant. Jacques, Michel's eldest son, beat up the woods with Barbichon and Ravaude, the heads of the pack, and in about five minutes the boar was found in his lair. They could have killed him at once, or at least shot at him, but that would have ended the hunt too quickly.

The huntsmen launched the whole pack at the animal, which, seeing this troop of pygmies swoop down upon him, started off at a slow trot. He crossed the road, Roland giving the view-halloo, and headed in the direction of the Chartreuse of Seillonn, the three riders following the path which led through the woods. The boar led them a chase which lasted until five in the afternoon, turning upon his tracks, evidently unwilling to leave the forest with its thick undergrowth.

At last the violent barking of the dogs warned them that the animal had been brought to bay. The spot was not a hundred paces distant from the pavilion belonging to the Chartreuse, in one of the most tangled thickets of the forest. It was impossible to force the horses through it, and the riders dismounted. The barking of the dogs guided them straight along the path, from which they deviated only where the obstacles they encountered rendered it necessary.

From time to time yelps of pain indicated that members of the attacking party had ventured too close to the animal, and had paid the price of their temerity. About twenty feet from the scene of action the hunters began to see the actors. The boar was backed against a rock to avoid attack in the rear; then, bracing himself on his forepaws, he faced the dogs with his ensanguined eyes and enormous tusks.

They quivered around him like a moving carpet; five or six, more or less badly wounded, were staining the battlefield with their blood, though still attacking the boar with a fury and courage that might have served as an example to the bravest men.

Each hunter faced the scene with the characteristic signs of his age, nature, and nation. Edouard, at one and the same time, the most imprudent and the smallest, finding the path less difficult, owing to his small stature, arrived first. Roland, heed-

less of danger of any kind, seeking rather than avoiding it, followed. Finally Sir John, slower, graver, more reflective, brought up the rear.

Once the boar perceived his hunters he paid no further attention to the dogs. He fixed his gleaming, sanguinary eyes upon them: but his only movement was a snapping of the jaws, which he brought together with a threatening sound. Roland watched the scene for an instant, evidently desirous of flinging himself into the midst of the group, knife in hand, to slit the boar's throat as a butcher would that of a calf or a pig. This impulse was so apparent that Sir John caught his arm, and little Edouard exclaimed: "Oh! brother, let me shoot the boar!"

Roland restrained himself, and stacking his gun against a tree, waited, armed only with his hunting-knife, which he had drawn from its sheath.

"Very well," said he, "shoot him; but be careful about it."

"Oh! don't worry," retorted the child between his set teeth. His face was pale but resolute as he aimed the barrel of his rifle at the animal's head.

"If he misses him, or only wounds him," observed Sir John, "you know that the brute will be upon us before we can see him through the smoke."

"I know it, my lord; but I am accustomed to these hunts," replied Roland, his nostrils quivering, his eyes sparkling, his lips parted: "Fire, Edouard!"

The shot followed the order upon the instant; but after the shot, with, or even before it, the beast, swift as lightning, rushed upon the child. A second shot followed the first, but the animal's scarlet eyes still gleamed through the smoke. But, as it rushed, it met Roland with his knee on the ground, the knife in his hand. A moment later a tangled, formless group, man and boar, boar and man, was rolling on the ground. Then a third shot rang out, followed by a laugh from Roland.

"Ah! my lord," cried the young man, "you've wasted powder and shot. Can't you see that I have ripped him up? Only get his body off of me. The beast weighs at least four hundred pounds, and he is smothering me."

But before Sir John could stoop, Roland, with a vigorous push of the shoulder, rolled the animal's body aside, and rose to his feet covered with blood, but without a single scratch. Little Edouard, either from lack of time or from native courage, had not recoiled an inch. True, he was completely protected by his brother's body, which was between him and the boar. Sir John had sprung aside to take the animal in the flank. He watched Roland, as he emerged from the second duel, with the same amazement that he had experienced after the first.

The dogs—those that were left, some twenty in all—had followed the boar, and were now leaping upon his body in the

vain effort to tear the bristles, which were almost as impenetrable as iron.

"You will see," said Roland, wiping the blood from his face and hands with a fine cambric handkerchief, "how they will eat him, and your knife too, my lord."

"True," said Sir John; "where is the knife?"

"In its sheath," replied Roland.

"Ah!" exclaimed the boy, "only the handle shows."

He sprang toward the animal and pulled out the poniard, which, as he said, was buried up to the hilt. The sharp point, guided by a calm eye and a firm hand, had pierced the animal's heart.

There were other wounds on the boar's body. The first, caused by the boy's shot, showed a bloody furrow just over the eye; the blow had been too weak to crush the frontal bone. The second came from Sir John's first shot; it had caught the animal diagonally and grazed his breast. The third, fired at close quarters, went through the body; but, as Roland had said, not until after the animal was dead.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Unpleasant Commission.

THE hunt was over, darkness was falling, and it was now a question of returning to the château. The horses were nearby; they could hear them neighing impatiently. They seemed to be asking if their courage was so doubted that they were not allowed to share in the exciting drama.

Edouard was bent upon dragging the boar after them, fastening it to the saddlebow, and so carrying it back to the château; but Roland pointed out that it was simpler to send a couple of men for it with a barrow. Sir John being of the same opinion, Edouard—who never ceased pointing to the wound in the head, and saying, "That's my shot; that's where I aimed"—Edouard, we say, was forced to yield to the majority. The three hunters soon reached the spot where their horses were tethered, mounted, and in less than ten minutes were at the Château des Noires-Fontaines.

Madame de Montrevil was watching for them on the portico. The poor mother had waited there nearly an hour, trembling lest an accident had befallen one or the other of her sons. The moment Edouard espied her he put his pony to a gallop, shouting from the gate: "Mother, mother! We killed a boar as big as a donkey. I shot him in the head; you'll see the hole my ball made; Roland stuck his hunting-knife into the boar's belly up to the hilt, and Sir John fired at him twice. Quick, quick! Send the men for the carcass. Don't be frightened when you see Roland. He's all covered with blood—but it's from the boar, and he hasn't a scratch."

This was delivered with Edouard's accustomed volubility while Madame de Montrevil was crossing the clearing between the portico and the road to open the gate. She intended to take Edouard in her arms, but he jumped from his saddle and flung himself upon her neck. Roland and Sir John came up just then, and Amélie appeared on the portico at the same instant.

Edouard left his mother to worry over Roland, who, covered as he was with blood, looked very terrifying, and rushed to his sister with the tale he had rattled off to his mother. Amélie listened in an abstracted manner that probably hurt Edouard's vanity, for he dashed off to the kitchen to describe the affair to Michel, who was certain to listen to him.

Michel was indeed interested; but when, after telling him where the carcass lay, Edouard gave him Roland's order to send a couple of men after the beast, he shook his head.

"What!" demanded Edouard, "are you going to refuse to obey my brother?"

"Heaven forbid! Master Edouard. Jacques shall start this instant for Montagnac."

"Are you afraid he won't find anybody?"

"Goodness, no; he could get a dozen. But the trouble is the time of night. You say the boar lies close to the pavilion of the Chartreuse?"

"Not twenty yards from it."

"I'd rather it was three miles," replied Michel, scratching his head; "but never mind. I'll send for them anyway without telling them what they're wanted for. Once here, it's for your brother to make them go. Jacques! Jacques!"

Jacques came, and Edouard not only waited to hear the order given, but until he had started. Then he ran up-stairs to do what Roland and Sir John were already doing, that is, dress for dinner.

The whole talk at table, as may be easily imagined, centered upon the day's prowess. Edouard asked nothing better than to talk about it, and Sir John, astounded by Roland's skill, courage, and good luck, improved upon the child's narrative. Madame de Montrevil shuddered at each detail, and yet she made them repeat it twenty times. That which seemed most clear to her in all this was that Roland had saved Edouard's life.

"Did you thank him for it?" she asked the boy.

"Thank whom?"

"Your brother."

"Why should I thank him?" retorted Edouard. "I should have done the same thing."

"Ah, madame, what can you expect!" said Sir John; "you are a gazelle who has unwittingly given birth to a race of lions."

Amélie had also paid the closest attention to the account, especially when the hunters spoke of their proximity to the Chartreuse. From that time on she lis-

tened with anxious eyes, and seemed scarcely to breathe, until they told of leaving the woods after the killing.

After dinner, word was brought that Jacques had returned with two peasants from Montagnac. They wanted exact directions as to where the hunters had left the animal. Roland rose, intending to go to them, but Madame de Montrevé, who could never see enough of her son, turned to the messenger and said: "Bring these worthy men in here. It is not necessary to disturb M. Roland for that."

Five minutes later the two peasants entered, twirling their hats in their hands.

"My sons," said Roland, "I want you to fetch the boar we killed in the forest of Seillon. You shall lose nothing by your trouble."

"We know you, Monsieur de Montrevé."

"Yes," answered the other, "we know that, like your father, you're not in the habit of making people work for nothing. Oh! if all the aristocrats had been like you, Monsieur Louis, there wouldn't have been any revolution."

"It remains to be seen now where the animal is," said the first peasant.

"Yes," repeated the second, "remains to be seen where it is."

"Oh! it won't be hard to find."

"So much the better," interjected the peasant.

"Do you know the pavilion in the forest?"

"Which one?"

"Yes, which one?"

"The one that belongs to the Chartreuse of Seillon."

The peasants looked at each other.

"Well, you'll find it some twenty feet distant from the front on the way to Genoud?"

The peasants looked at each other once more.

"Hum!" grunted the first one.

"Hum!" repeated the other, faithful echo of his companion.

"Well, what does this 'hum' mean?" demanded Roland.

"Confound it."

"Come, explain yourselves. What's the matter?"

"The matter is that we'd rather that it was the other end of the forest."

"But why the other end?" retorted Roland, impatiently: "it's nine miles from here to the other end, and barely three from here to where we left the boar."

"Yes," said the first peasant, "but just where the boar lies—." And he paused and scratched his head.

"Exactly; that's what," added the other.

"Just what?"

"It's a little too near the Chartreuse."

"Not the Chartreuse; I said the pavilion."

"It's all the same. You know, Monsieur Louis, that there is an underground passage leading from the pavilion to the Chartreuse."

"Oh, yes, there is one, that's sure," added the other.

"But," exclaimed Roland, "what has this underground passage got to do with our boar?"

"This much, that the beast's in a bad place, that's all."

"Oh, yes! a bad place," repeated the other peasant.

"Come, now, explain yourselves, you rascals," said Roland, who was growing angry, while his mother seemed uneasy, and Amélie visibly turned pale.

"Beg pardon, Monsieur Louis," answered the peasant; "we are not rascals; we're God-fearing men, that's all."

"By thunder," cried Roland, "I'm a God-fearing man myself. What of that?"

"Well, we don't care to have any dealings with the devil."

"No, no, no," asserted the second peasant.

"A man can match a man if he's of his own kind," continued the first peasant.

"Sometimes two," said the second, who was built like a Hercules.

"But with ghostly beings, specters—no, thank you," continued the first peasant.

"No, thank you," repeated the other.

"Oh, mother, sister," queried Roland, addressing the two women, "in heaven's name, do you understand anything of what these two fools are saying?"

"Fools," repeated the first peasant; "well, possibly. But it's not the less true that Pierre Marey had his neck twisted just for looking over the wall. True, it was of a Saturday—the devil's sabbath."

"And they couldn't straighten it out," affirmed the second peasant, "so they had to bury him with his face turned round looking the other way."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sir John, "this is growing interesting. I'm very fond of ghost stories."

"That's more than sister Amélie is, it seems," cried Edouard.

"What do you mean?"

"Just see how pale she's grown, brother Roland."

"Yes, indeed," said Sir John; "mademoiselle looks as if she were going to faint."

"I? Not at all," exclaimed Amélie, wiping the perspiration from her forehead; "only don't you think it seems a little warm here, mother?"

"No," answered Madame de Montrevé.

"Still," insisted Amélie, "if it would not annoy you, I should like to open the window."

"Do so, my child."

Amélie rose hastily to profit by this permission, and went with tottering steps to a window opening upon the garden. After it was opened, she stood leaning against the sill, half-hidden by the curtains.

"Ah!" she said, "I can breathe here." Sir John rose to offer her his smelling-

salts, but Amélie declined hastily: "No, no, my lord. Thank you, but I am better now."

"Come, come," said Roland, "don't bother about that; it's our boar."

"Well, Monsieur Louis, we will fetch your boar to-morrow."

"That's it," said the second peasant, "to-morrow morning, when it's light."

"But to go there at night—"

"Oh! to go there at night—"

The peasant looked at his comrade and both shook their heads.

"It can't be done at night."

"Cowards!"

"Monsieur Louis, a man's not a coward because he's afraid."

"No, indeed; that's not being a coward," replied the other.

"Ah!" said Roland, "I wish some stronger minded men than you would face me with that argument; that a man is not a coward because he's afraid!"

"Well, it's according to what he's afraid of, Monsieur Louis. Give me a good sickle and a good cudgel, and I'm not afraid of a wolf; give me a good gun and I'm not afraid of any man, even if I know he's waiting to murder me."

"Yes," said Edouard, "but you're afraid of a ghost, even when it's only the ghost of a monk."

"Little Master Edouard," said the peasant, "leave your brother to do the talking; you're not old enough to jest about such things—"

"No," added the other peasant, "wait till your beard is grown, my little gentleman."

"I haven't any beard," retorted Edouard, starting up, "but just the same if I was strong enough to carry the boar, I'd go fetch it myself either by day or night."

"Much good may it do you, my young gentleman. But neither my comrade nor myself would go, even for a whole louis."

"Nor for two?" said Roland, wishing to corner them.

"Nor for two, nor four, nor ten, Monsieur de Montrevé. Ten louis are good, but what could I do with them if my neck was broken?"

"Yes, twisted like Pierre Marey's," said the other peasant.

"Ten louis wouldn't feed my wife and children for the rest of my life, would they?"

"And besides, when you say ten louis," interrupted the second peasant, "you mean really five, because I'd get five, too."

"So the pavilion is haunted by ghosts, is it?" asked Roland.

"I didn't say the pavilion—I'm not sure about the pavilion—but in the Chartreuse."

"In the Chartreuse, are you sure?"

"Oh! there, certainly."

"Have you seen them?"

"I haven't; but some folks have."

"Has your comrade?" asked the young officer, turning to the second peasant.

"I haven't seen them; but I did see

flames, and Claude Philippon heard chains."

"Ah! so they have flames and chains?" said Roland.

"Yes," replied the first peasant, "for I have seen the flames myself."

"And Claude Philippon heard the chains," repeated the other.

"Very good, my friends, very good," replied Roland, sneering; "so you won't go there to-night at any price?"

"Not at any price."

"Not for all the gold in the world."

"And you'll go to-morrow when it's light?"

"Oh! Monsieur Louis, before you're up the boar will be here."

"Before you're up," said Echo.

"All right," said Roland. "Come back to me the day after to-morrow."

"Willingly, Monsieur Louis. What do you want us to do?"

"Never mind; just come."

"Oh! we'll come."

"That means that the moment you say, 'Come,' you can count upon us, Monsieur Louis."

"Well, then I'll have some information for you."

"What about?"

"The ghosts."

Amélie gave a stifled cry; Madame de Montrevé alone heard it. Louis dismissed the two peasants, and they jostled each other at the door in the efforts to go through together.

Nothing more was said that evening about the Chartreuse or the pavilion, nor of its supernatural tenants, specters or fantoms who haunted them.

CHAPTER XV.

The Strong-Minded Man.

AT ten o'clock every one was in bed at the Château des Noires-Fontaines, or, at any rate, all had retired to their rooms.

Three or four times in the course of the evening Amélie had approached Roland as if she had something to say to him; but each time the words died upon her lips. When the family left the salon, she had taken his arm, and, although his room was on the floor above hers, she had accompanied him to his very door. Roland had kissed her, bade her good night, and closed his door, declaring himself very tired.

Nevertheless, in spite of this assertion, Roland, once alone, did not proceed to undress. He went to his collection of arms, selected a pair of magnificent pistols, manufactured at Versailles, and presented to his father by the Convention. He snapped the triggers, and blew into the barrels to see that there were no old charges in them. They were in excellent condition. After which he laid them side by side on the table; then going to the door, looking out upon the stairs, he opened it softly to see if any one were

watching. Finding the corridor and stairs empty, he went to Sir John's door and knocked.

"Come in," said the Englishman. Sir John, like himself, was not prepared for bed.

"I guessed from the sign you made me that you had something to say to me," said Sir John, "so I waited for you, as you see."

"Indeed, I have something to say to you," returned Roland, seating himself gaily in an arm-chair.

"My kind host," replied the Englishman, "I am beginning to understand you. When I see you as gay as you are now, I am like your peasants, I feel afraid."

"Did you hear what they were saying?"

"I heard them tell a splendid ghost story. I myself have a haunted castle in England."

"Have you ever seen the ghosts, my lord?"

"Yes, when I was little. Unfortunately, since I have grown up they have disappeared."

"That's always the way with ghosts," said Roland gaily; "they come and go. How lucky it is that I should return just as the ghosts have begun to haunt the Chartreuse of Seillon."

"Yes," replied Sir John; "very lucky. Only are you sure that there are any there?"

"No. But I'll know by the day after to-morrow."

"How so?"

"I intend to spend to-morrow night there."

"Oh!" said the Englishman. "Would you like to have me go with you?"

"With pleasure, my lord. Only, unfortunately, that is impossible."

"Impossible, oh!"

"As I have just told you, my dear fellow."

"But why impossible?"

"Are you acquainted with the manners and customs of ghosts, Sir John?" asked Roland gravely.

"No."

"Well, I am. Ghosts only show themselves under certain conditions."

"Explain that."

"Well, for example, in Italy, my lord, and in Spain, the most superstitious of countries, there are no ghosts, or if there are, why, at the best, it's only once in ten or twenty years, or maybe in a century."

"And to what do you attribute their absence?"

"To the absence of fogs."

"Ah! ah!"

"Not a doubt of it. You understand the native atmosphere of ghosts is fog. Scotland, Denmark, and England, regions of fog, are overrun with ghosts. There's the specter of Hamlet, then that of Banquo, the shadows of Richard III. Italy has only one specter, Cæsar, and then where did he appear to Brutus? At Philippi, in

Macedonia, and in Thessaly, the Denmark of Greece, the Scotland of the Orient; where the fog made Ovid so melancholy he named the odes he wrote there Tristia. Why did Virgil make the ghost of Anchises appear to Eneas? Because he came from Mantua. Do you know Mantua? A marsh, a frog-pond, a regular manufactory of rheumatism, an atmosphere of vapors, and consequently a nest of fantoms."

"Go on; I am listening to you."

"Have you seen the Rhine?"

"Yes."

"Germany, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Still another country of fairies, water sprites, sylphs, and, consequently, fantoms ('for whoso does the greater see, can see the less'), and all that on account of the fog. But where the devil can the ghosts hide in Italy and Spain? Not the least bit of mist. And, therefore, were I in Spain or Italy I should never attempt to-morrow's adventure."

"But all that doesn't explain why you refuse my company," insisted Sir John.

"Wait a moment. I've just explained to you that ghosts don't venture into certain countries because they do not offer certain atmospheric conditions. Now let me explain the precautions we must take if we wish to see them."

"Explain! explain!" said Sir John. "I would rather hear you talk than any other man, Roland."

And Sir John, stretching himself out in his easy chair, prepared to listen with relight to the improvisations of this fantastic mind, which he had seen under so many aspects during the few days of their acquaintance.

Roland bowed his head by way of thanks.

"Well, this is the way of it, and you will grasp it readily enough. I have heard so much about ghosts in my life that I know the scamps as if I had made them. Why do ghosts appear?"

"Are you asking me that?" inquired Sir John.

"Yes, I ask you."

"I own that, not having studied ghosts as you have, I am unable to give you a definitive answer."

"You see! Ghosts show themselves, my dear fellow, in order to frighten those who see them."

"That is undeniable."

"Of course! Now, if they don't frighten those to whom they appear, they are frightened by them; witness M. de Turenne, whose ghosts proved to be counterfeitors. Do you know that story?"

"No."

"I'll tell it to you some day; don't let's get mixed up. That is just why, when they decide to appear—which is seldom—ghosts select stormy nights, when it thunders, lightens, and blows; that's their scenery."

"I am forced to admit that nothing could be more correct."

"And did you ever hear of a ghost appearing to two persons at the same time?"

"I certainly never did hear of it."

"It's quite simple, my dear fellow. Two together, you understand, have no fear. Fear is something mysterious, strange, independent of the will, requiring isolation, darkness, and solitude. A ghost is no more dangerous than a cannon-ball. Well, a soldier never fears a cannon-ball in the daytime, when his elbows touch a comrade to the right and left.

"No, he goes straight for the battery and is either killed or he kills. That's not what the fantoms want. That's why they never appear to two persons at the same time, and that is the reason I want to go to the Chartreuse alone, my lord. Your presence would prevent the boldest ghost from appearing. If I see nothing, or if I see something worth the trouble, you can have your turn the next day. Does the bargain suit you?"

"Perfectly! But why can't I take the first night?"

"Ah! first, because the idea didn't occur to you, and it is only just that I should benefit by my own cleverness. Besides, I belong to the region; I was friendly with the good monks in their lifetime, and there may be a chance of their appearing to me after death. Moreover, as I know the localities, if it becomes necessary to run away or pursue I can do it better than you. Don't you see the justice of that, my dear fellow?"

"Yes; it couldn't be fairer. But I am sure of going the next night."

"The next night, and the one after, and every day and night if you wish; I only hold to the first. Now," continued Roland, rising, "this is between ourselves, isn't it? Not a word to any one. The ghosts might be forewarned and act accordingly. It would never do to let those gay dogs get the best of us; that would be too grotesque."

"Oh, be easy about that. You will go armed, won't you?"

"If I thought I was only dealing with ghosts, I'd go with my hands in my pockets and nothing in my fobs. But, as I told you, M. de Turenne's ghosts were counterfeits, so I shall take my pistols."

Then, shaking the Englishman's hand vigorously a second time, he left the room and returned to his own. There he was greatly surprised to find the door, which he was sure he had left closed, open. But as soon as he entered, the sight of his sister explained the matter to him.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, partly astonished, partly uneasy. "Is that you, Amélie?"

"Yes, it is I," she said. Then, going close to her brother, and letting him kiss her forehead, she added in a supplicating voice: "You won't go, will you, dear Roland?"

"Go where?" asked Roland.

"To the Chartreuse."

"And why don't you want me to go to the Chartreuse?"

"I'm afraid something might happen to you."

"What! So you believe in ghosts, do you?" he asked, looking fixedly into Amélie's eyes.

Amélie lowered her glance, and Roland felt his sister's hand tremble in his.

"Come," said Roland; "Amélie, at least the one I used to know, General de Montrevé's daughter and Roland's sister, is too intelligent to yield to these vulgar terrors. It's impossible that you can believe these tales of apparitions, chains, flames, specters, and fantoms."

"If I did believe them, Roland, I should not be so alarmed. If ghosts do exist, they must be souls without bodies, and consequently cannot bring their material hatred from the grave. Besides, why should a ghost hate you, Roland—you, who never harmed any one?"

"Good! You forget all those I have killed in war or in duels."

Amélie shook her head. "I'm not afraid of them."

"Then what are you afraid of?"

The young girl raised her beautiful eyes, wet with tears, to Roland, and threw herself in his arms, saying: "I don't know, Roland; but I can't help it, I am afraid."

The young man raised her head, which she was hiding in her breast, with gentle force, and said, kissing her eyelids softly and tenderly: "You don't believe I shall have ghosts to fight with to-morrow, do you?"

"Oh, brother, don't go to the Chartreuse!" cried Amélie, eluding the question.

"Mother told you to say this to me, didn't she?"

"Oh, no, brother! Mother said nothing to me. It is I who guessed that you intended to go."

"Well, if I want to go," replied Roland firmly, "you ought to know, Amélie, that I shall go."

"Even if I beseech you on my knees, brother?" cried Amélie in a tone of anguish, slipping down to her brother's feet: "even if I beseech you on my knees?"

"Oh! women! women!" murmured Roland, "inexplicable creatures, whose words are all mystery, whose lips never tell the real secrets of their hearts, who weep, and pray, and tremble—why? God knows, but man, never! I shall go, Amélie, because I have resolved to go; and when once I have taken a resolution, no power on earth can make me change it. Now kiss me, and don't be frightened."

Amélie raised her head, gazed despairingly at Roland, and left the room, sobbing.

(To be Continued.)